

An *With* EVENING Clarence



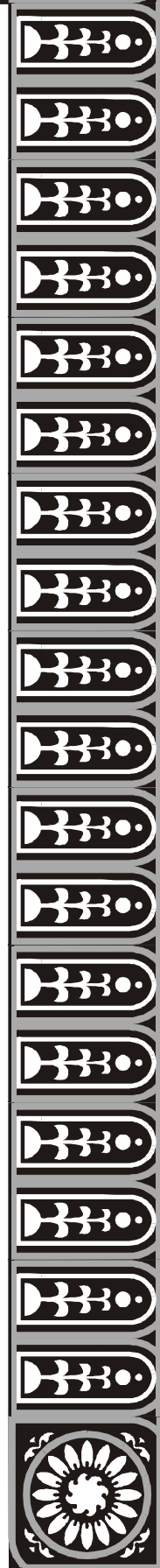
An Evening
with
Clarence



A LIGHT ENTERTAINMENT FOR
SIX TO TWELVE
GAY COUPLES

Originally Written and Produced 1903
by
Henrietta Wallace, Horatio King,
Wilhelm Bucher, Abraham Marsden &
Thaddeus Walker

Revised by
Gordon and Stephanie
Olmstead-Dean
For Presentation at
Intercon C



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When Clarence had Runs

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Purchased and extensively rewritten by Mikhail Jung, 1919
Run by Jung in summer 1919 and in 1924

Disclaimer

It would be unrealistic to say that the characters of Clarence bear “no resemblance to any persons living or dead.” So instead, I’ll tell the truth.

None of the principals in Clarence is based on any specific person. All of the characters are archetypes, based on nearly twenty years of LARPing. Characters may be attributed a quote that someone once said, or involved in an anecdote that is recognizable, but that does not mean that they are “based on” a specific person.

A few very minor characters must be presumed to be based on specific people - that is to say, some anecdotes are told which are true, and by needs the people in them must be the people that the anecdote is about. However this is true only of a few persons who appear nowhere but in anecdotes, and they are not persons who as far as I know have any contact with, or interest in, the LARP Community at this date.

I have parodied everyone and everything not least of all myself. But I have nowhere tried to make crisp points, or point a direct finger. The story is about LARP itself and the people that are involved in it, not about embarrassing, or haling before an audience any specific persons.

I think it’s a good yarn about LARP, and I hope you’ll read it in that light.

- Gordon Olmstead-Dean, Hagerstown, 2003



An *With* EVENING Clarence

General Introduction

*In 1903 the first LARP ever - "An Evening With Clarence, an Entertainment for Six to Twelve Gay Couples" - premiered at the Cleveland Hotel in Baltimore, Maryland. If you've heard of Clarence at all, of course, you haven't heard of this game. You've heard of the popular 1919 and 1928 Mikhail Jung production, which continued to be produced well into the 1950s. Unfortunately, everything you remember is probably wrong, since Jung fundamentally rewrote the entire game, making it playable in the meantime. In many ways, "Clarence" is a testament to the stoicism, and determination of early LARPer, who faced with a game that was more or less an imbecilic mishmash of mismatched parts, nevertheless forged ahead and made a LARP out of it. It is also a testament to the fact that, before the days of Radio, people had a good bit of time on their hands. **What to Expect:** At the time it was a brilliant entertainment. A hundred years and three major revisions later, it is a hopelessly dated and unplayable nightmare. "Clarence" is a LARP for by and about LARPer.*

If you enjoy the interplay of player and GM, the folly of bad rules, weddings, time travellers, vampires, and other canned plots - in short pastiche of everything LARPish, this is the game for you. If you've played some of the "classic" LARPs so many times that you know each character by heart, this is the game for you.

"Clarence" is not a freewheeling anti-game in the style of "Hose-a-Rama" or "Flog-a-Thon," but rather an elaborate pastiche, requiring players to engage in a lively amount of cooperative metagaming in order to maintain conflicts and tension, while attempting to play the game. It is intended to be amusing and light, not a mechanics heavy "salvage the game" scenario.

Clarence is a highly iconoclastic game. If you don't feel you would enjoy the game, you will have little luck in pushing it into a different paradigm. Our advice is to seek one of the many other excellent games available.

Here is what you can expect. We hope to have substantial material out. Unfortunately most of this will not be your character sheet. Most of this will be decades of incidental reviews of the game, articles about it and reminiscences. You will probably be handed a character sheet of some sort. It may be of grandiose length (though it may also contain errors in crossreference, references to characters that weren't written, etc.) It may also be two or three words. No matter what, we will virtually guarantee that you will have less guidance than you would actually like.

This may not matter a great deal, because in fact, everyone knows both your character, and how the game comes out. Like *Mary Celeste* and other "oft run" games, Clarence is no secret, and most of the game is published or known from the much better 1928 version.

The game revolves around a series of "scenes" which form its

structure. The scenes always existed and they were always played. There will be Gamemasters (who rather tackily also play characters) to drive you from scene to scene, but it is hoped that you will be somewhat willing to help in this process.

Unfortunately there is no subject/verb agreement whatsoever between the Gamemasters as to what the outcome of the scenes should be. In fact the Gamemasters are players (there is also an actual GM) who fill the role of "faction leaders" as they fight each other for control of the game and its plots. Since the GMs cannot act directly except through "the characters" this forms a sort of natural balance that should make these interesting, but not pre-emptive, roles. Players must beware...as many GM roles were written to "screw" long dead friends or enemies as to "suck up" to them. Therefore, your GM may be out to get you...or you may be out to get them.

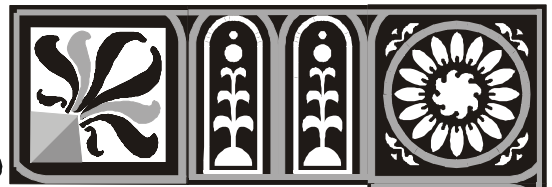
However this is not a shooting war, and there is some acknowledgement that the "show must go on" so for the most part there will be a balance between infighting and attempting to make sense of a largely skeletal game that was probably never, in fact, properly written down.

The object, however, is not an "antigame" with minimal material, but rather an exercise in reconstruction from a wealth of peripheral material.



Hotel Cleveland - Baltimore - 1903

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From "A Century of LARP"

by Miriam Jung, (Oxford University Press, 2002)

Except for William Bucher, none of the members of the Set was married when "Clarence" first ran in 1903 at the Cleveland Hotel. Surprisingly, the group has been relatively overlooked, though of course Marsden is famous for his later work with Expatriate Austro-Russian LARP author Mikhail Jung, and Cooke is fairly well known for her subsequent work with Margaret Sanger.

The generally authoritative biography on Marsden was written in 1957, and is thus somewhat dated. There has never been a biography of any of the other writers, though Thaddeus Walker published his own somewhat confused "Anonymous Confessions of Thaddeus Walker," in 1946, shortly before his death from heroin addiction.

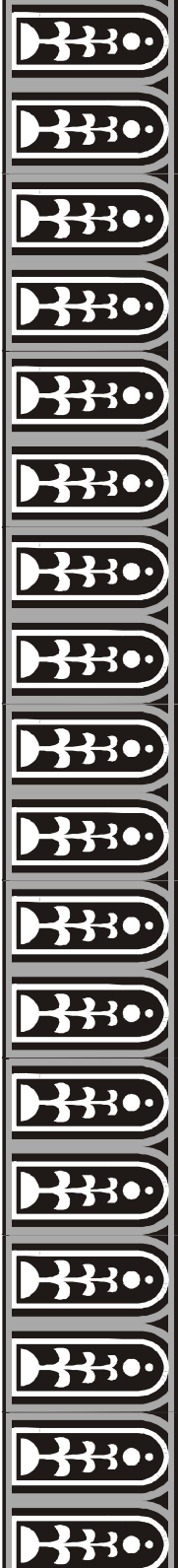
Henrietta Wallace was lampooned mercilessly in Mikhail Jung's "The Woman who Came to Dinner," and filed a lawsuit against Jung after his inaugural run of the game at the Waldorf Astoria in 1931. The suit was dropped after an out of court settlement and it is thought that Wallace's agent induced her to drop the suit in order to avoid adverse publicity for her then popular play-by-radio LARP which aired over WNBC. Wallace enjoyed a fairly lengthy career and died in 1952 of a spastic colon. Her epitaph, supplied by her ex-husbands reads "Died Sept 3, 1952, not one day too soon." Wallace's immense body of LARP work was preserved by her literary executor Fred Woodley, and her name is given to the "Wally" an annual award for best character performance by a taciturn non-larping girlfriend.

William Bucher would end up at odds with the rest of the staff, particularly King, against whom he participated in an armed conflict. Bucher, who had an American Mother, was Prussian by birth, serving as a Military Attache at the German Embassy in Washington

D.C. Bucher returned to Germany in 1915 to assume an active field commission with the Imperial German 13th Infantry Division, 55th Regt., and earned an Iron Cross at Le Hamel 4th April, 1918, before his leg and arm were blown off by an Australian Shell, 4th July 1918. He subsequently served as administrator of a Prisoner-of-War camp. He was never again highly active in LARP, however he served on the German General Staff, and was credited with being one of the major influences in Operation 'Marita' the German Battle Plan against the Soviet Union.



Four of the "six" GMs - from left to right, with the Martian War Machine Prop ("lectric ray" not installed) Horatio King, Henrietta Wallace, William Bucher, Abraham Marsden. Not Pictured - Thaddeus Walker, and nominally Dolores Cooke.





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He died in an Allied interment camp while awaiting indictment for crimes against humanity, on February 12, 1946.

Horatio King left the field of LARP in 1911 after the abject failure of his one and only attempt at a solo game, "Being Horatio King." King climaxed the Dead Dog, at which he revealed the many secrets that his players had failed to discover, with announcing his withdrawal from the field of LARP, "because players are just too stupid, and LARP not important enough for me to bother with." Several different individuals are credited with saving King's life after the announcement, which culminated a three hour wrap in which he explained over sixty plots which were nowhere documented in the written materials of the game, of which there were in fact, according to period accounts "a paucity."

In many ways King is perhaps the tragic member of the group. King had recently returned from serving with the U.S. Army in the Phillipines, and upon the outbreak of the First World War managed to arrange an officer's Commission. His short biography in "Who is Who in Interactive Literature" (1967, Knopf), says that he was killed when horses pulling a caisson trod upon him, however it is generally acknowledged that he was shot in the back by his own men. His contemporary in the artillery said that Bucher was possessed of a "Unique combination of a strong self assurance, and a complete absence of any understanding whatsoever of even the most basic fundamentals of gunnery." Friends would remember his ability to explain every single detail of every battle of the American Civil War, and his ability to turn almost any conversation to the subject.

It would have surprised most players of "Clarence" to know that Abraham Marsden would go on to write over a hundred and twenty LARPs, including sixteen which received Academy Prize nominations, and marry in succession Henrietta Walker, Dolores Cooke, and in 1951 a twenty year old model who he met in California. Marsden died in 1971 of heart failure at his home in Santa Monica. At the time of Clarence, Marsden was a confirmed virgin, and was dropped from the group before their abortive attempt at a sequel game in 1904 because his writing was "substandard." Horatio King suggested that Marsden was incapable of writing a character sheet more than twenty eight pages in length, and Henrietta Wallace concluded that his spelling was "Abysmil."

The contribution of Thaddeus Walker has been poorly understood by historians. Certainly Walker was an inspiration, and he would go on to produce several works, which generally received critical, rather than popular, acclaim. However, he was often best defined by his co-writers, and his attempts in the 1920s to launch solo productions resulted in financial disaster, culminating in his bankruptcy in 1932. He produced no work for several years, before coming together with Marsden to write the "Film Noir

Game" in 1943. Due to wartime paper shortages, and paper rationing, the game was not produced for the public until September 1946, though it ran very successfully at a Long Island USO Club in 1945. Walker borrowed heavily against his rights in the game, and apparently borrowed a great deal of money privately from Marsden. He was hospitalized and attempted to go off Heroin in January 1946, taking a trip to Florida with Dolores Cooke. His health had been ruined, and there is evidence that he began using Heroin again in May, and he died in August at the Mount Sinai Hospital, leaving nothing to his six children by two wives and three lovers other than debt.

Despite Abraham Marsden's famous quote that "the estate of Thaddeus Walker was acquired by Henrietta Wallace, who promptly burned it," much of his work was owned by Marsden's publishing concern, LARPham House, which produced 'the complete Thaddeus Walker' in 1954. In the preface, Marsden wrote:

"Thaddeus Walker was certainly a womanizer, and there are those who said he drank. Most of us did not bother with stating the obvious. I am offering Walker's work to the public not because he is a great example of moral conduct, but because he was a good writer, a friend, and moreover because he died owing me a debt equivalent to the entire income of several small South American Republics."

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Henrietta Odeline Wallace

The Group was organized by Henrietta Wallace

“A lot of people are unfair about Henrietta. I suppose she was a woman of her time. She didn’t like that little hussy who later went to work for the abortionist that Sanger woman, and I can’t blame her for that. That girl was a disreputable little harlot and God knows what sort of improprieties she and Walker may have committed. Walker ruined Marsden’s character you know? And Henrietta so tried to counter that influence. That’s really the only reason she would associate with Walker. But Henrietta was not without a warm personal side. She held “at home” on Wednesdays and I attended her “at home” nearly every week. She was very proper about it - I know it was a source of some argument with her and the other GMs that she insisted on having her Wednesday “at home” instead of doing some of the last-minute work. She always wrote all of the invitations herself and send them out in the morning post I would reply by the afternoon post.

She always had some nice little tea cakes and such - not a whole lot but very pleasant - if it was winter she had the gas she had a coal-fired going in the great and her little apartment was very warm and comfortable and the Woods said he and it was always very polite and artistic much like appearance alarm which I think she consciously modeled after. She was not as conservative as a lot of people think. She had a painting by a Monet that she bought in Paris before he was terribly popular I suppose that would be worth a lot of money now. I guess her niece got it with the rest of her estate. She was very well traveled and nearly every year went Bayreuth for the Wagner festival. I believe she had met Blucher there backed in the 80’s or 90s traveling abroad and actually introduced him to Horatio King when he came to work in Washington. She had some peculiarities. It drove even King crazy that she would not take a public streetcar, but would call a hansom cab just to go up Wisconsin avenue, which always made her rather late to meetings, since she wouldn’t think to call for a hansom before she left. King took to calling one for her, early, but she’d have her girl send it away because she wasn’t ready yet.

King and Bucher were in the same war gaining group - they met at King’s bachelor digs with some other folks. King had a sand table, and a lot of lead figures, and they would re-enact battles. King was marvelously enthusiastic about the American Civil War, and of course Bucher was more interested in more modern warfare. They had a lot of arguments about the Franco-Prussian war, concerning tactics and what not. I remember their most heated argument was what would have happened if Marshal Patrice Mac-Mahon had been General William T. Sherman.

When Henrietta decided to do the project she of course recruited some people with a knowledge of games, and what could be more natural than one’s war gaming group. King spun the idea to Bucher and he apparently was enthusiastic about it, though I think he never really cared all that much for

Live Roleplay. And she recruited Marsden who was somewhat her protege, and came to her “At Home” and he suggested his marvelously talented and witty friend Thaddeus Walker. And Walker had a habit of making a very good first impression, and it wasn’t until he was firmly on board that Henrietta came to despise him. That’s why they moved the meetings to King’s, because Henrietta banned Walker from her house, allegedly for suggesting some sort of sexual impropriety with her girl during whist, which Walker didn’t play except for money.

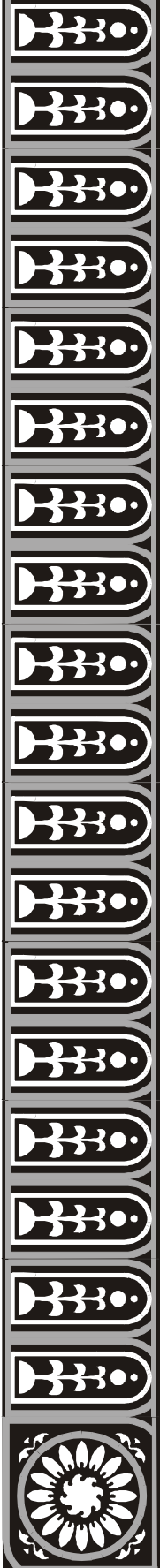
It seemed the most natural thing in the world that you would get a GM out of war gaming group because that was a gaming background. There was theater of course and of course Marsden and Walker came out of theater but you don’t think about that - it seemed natural that we thought of it as the game and we wanted to see people involved who were gamers.

At any rate I was recalling “at homes” with Henrietta. In the evening or late afternoon after the light had gone down and that gas light had been turned up - Henrietta never had electricity when I knew her - she didn’t hold with it and thought it was somewhat dangerous - King was merciless about this though I don’t think Bucher had electricity in his house either, and always seemed kind of suspicious of it as well - she would pour a little Madiera or Brandy and we all played whist and she would get very excited, so that she talked in a sort of high pitched and squeaky voice. She could really be very warm and personable, and was very fun, telling “little jokes” sometimes even about people she knew.

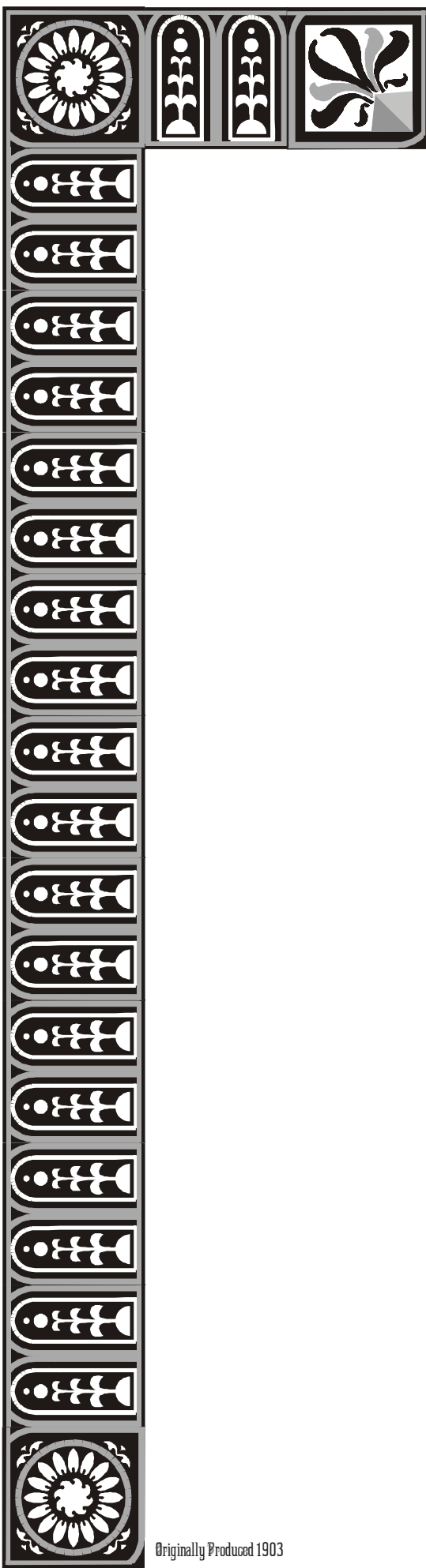
She didn’t like to converse about what she called sex matters though she talked pretty often about how bad it was that everything was about sex matters these days. A lot of people held the opinion that this was the final Romanized decadence of Western civilization. When Theda Bara came into the movies, Henrietta considered that an abomination. Not that she was an apocalyptic or anything - her attitude towards the fall of our civilization was more along Roman and secularist lines - She was an Episcopalian and attended St. John’s Church on Lafayette Square “with the President, you know.”

She was really not very outspoken about religion, and I don’t think religion was a big part of her life. She despised William Jennings Bryan. She was very progressive in a Christian way - she gave to a lot of charities and believed in the equality of man. I knows she had some real tussles with Bucher about his plots about natural selection of the white race and such, though King and Bucher outtalked her because she didn’t know anything about science nor did he want to. For a very talkative woman she often got out talked, and I admit she did have a tendency not to know just precisely what it was that she was saying. But she had a very good heart, and really tried to take care of her players, that is those that she did not already despise.

Wilson, Veoma L. “Henrietta Wallace Dead at 76, Remembered,” *Metagame* Vol XLVII, No. 10, October 1952



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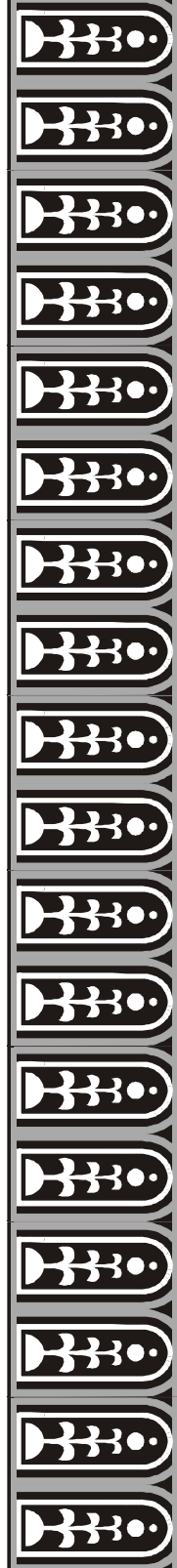
Originally Produced 1903

By Wallace, King, Bucher, Marsden, Walker, and Cooke

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CHARACTERS
SECTION
II.



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Introduction

How do I play my Clarence Character... In some cases you have a lengthy background but not much plot. In some cases you have only an idea of what the previous player did...what do we want you to do.

We want you to have fun. If the character we gave you seems to be "traditionally" playable, then you probably will have some fun playing it. If the character we gave you is straight, then try to play it straight.

On the other hand if the character is pathetic, then we didn't mean for you to get your fun from playing the character. We expect you to cause problems, misbehave, cause problems for other players, and potentially break character. All the things you wouldn't do in a normal game, because you're not a bad player.

If your character is a "ringer" - a no show, badly described, etc., then you have more flexibility.

In any case you should ultimately do what is entertaining.

Why do I have all the background:

Well, for starters, we're simulating a weekend game here. So we don't have time for you to wait ten hours to figure out that maybe Svengali knows something about the Beetle. So if you can look up Svengali, see that he's the Beetle's contact, and be suspicious and start shadowing him, that cuts down on the lag time a little. He should notice and start making a few slips for you to catch.

Now in a normal game, this wouldn't be any fun, because you'd be trying to beat Svengali. But in this game, you already KNOW he's the guy you want so there's precious little glory in collaring him.

You want to work together with that player to build the story of how you interact during the game, building to a climax. You'll be doing things to screw each other, evade, outsmart, etc. But you're working together, playing off one another...

Essentially everything is open rivalry.

What's fun about that - aren't we supposed to be surprised?

Going through the motions of playing a game probably wouldn't be all that much fun. But in this case the real game is the game of the players trying to play the game. You'll be surprised not by the plot, but by what other PCs do to it.

Do I play the character straight. What if the former player thought they were a Dragon?

The way we see it, with those type of sheets you have three options:

- 1) Try to figure out what the character was about and play it straight
- 2) Play it as it was played originally - i.e. a 400 year old Cockney Vampire or a Dragon
- 3) Figure out a new and different screw-headed take
- 4) Whine until the GMs hand you a backup character and generally play a player who is not having fun and is intent on causing problems

So what are we DOING. Why are we playing if we know everything. What keeps us going - what is the point?

Clarence is a game of *scenes*. There are certain activities that *will* happen. The players and GMs do need these activities to occur, and will be willing to compromise enough to play through them. That's the structure of the game. On it's own it's rather empty - but the necessity to play the scenes overrides all other concerns. Not that you'd throw your goals away. But you do realize that getting the scene to come off is more important in the long run than screwing Henrietta. You don't want to be the person who stopped the game! So you have to do a certain amount of compromise and cooperation to play through the scenes. The show must go on!!!

Why are the GMs characters, and aren't they more important than me?

Well, they probably will be kind of busy. But they are players with checks and balances. Most importantly they have to play through you in order to checkmate and screw each other. Most of you with one or two exceptions are your own GMs favorites. They'll be forming coalitions to get you what you need to get through game.

The deal is that while any GM can create an ability or item, ultimately whether it is valid or not comes down to the GM to GM combat system. That means the GMs argue about it, and the majority of GMs present win. So the GMs need to maneuver in alliances with other GMs. The problem is most of them aren't on speaking terms.

If the game were cast randomly, of course, there is a chance they would ignore you and play with each other.

But we've selected people who showed a special interest in creating fun for other players to be our "anti-GMs." Don't expect reason, mercy or good GMing from them though! But they *should* be willing to work with you and engage you. To a certain extent this is a faction game, and your

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default faction is your GM (unless your GM is out to screw you).

The GMs are not set up to make you so miserable you don't have fun playing. If they are, tell them, and they'll stop. They are working hard to be miserable in character, so that there is a dynamic to drive the inertia of the game. We signed them on for that, and they may be kind sadistic, because that's their character. Play with them. Blame the authors.

GMs have different qualities

Bucher is only moderately protective of his characters and tends to be willing to see them tormented, though he'll defend them in the long run against active GM abuses. But he'll gladly let you fail.

Horatio King only likes his players as long as they suck up to him. He is also prone to playing cruel (but non terminal) practical jokes on them, or making them the butt of jokes. But he's most likely to blatantly give them special abilities or items and have the clout to make them stick.

Henrietta is helpful but carries less clout and is in an open vendetta against some of her players.

Marsden is a good GM and helpful, but he really wants the game to work, and might be willing to sell you down the river in the interests of fair play or game balance. He's conservative about items that effect play balance. But he's a solid shooter.

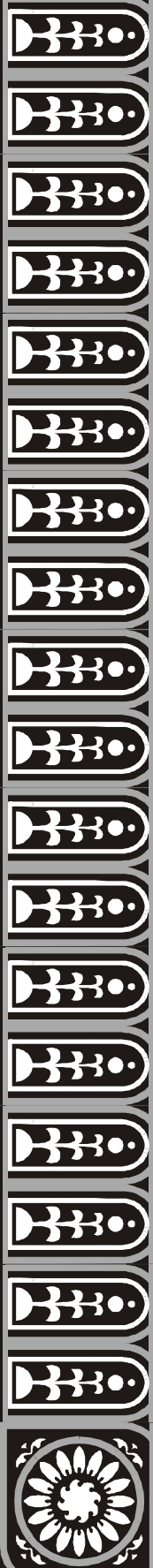
Walker is usually too incoherent to be of help, though he can do random wonderful things if he comes round enough.

Dolores is a really nice person, but none of the other GMs listen to her about anything even though she knows more about the game than many of them, having typed most of it. Dolores is a real Metagame GM, and should only be needed in rare instances.

What to do? Depending on your GM and your status, you may want to suck up to your own GM, or you might want to "hire out" as a mercenary to other GMs. Or you might want to doublecross your GM, pretending loyalty while agreeing to help screw them to get help from another GM.

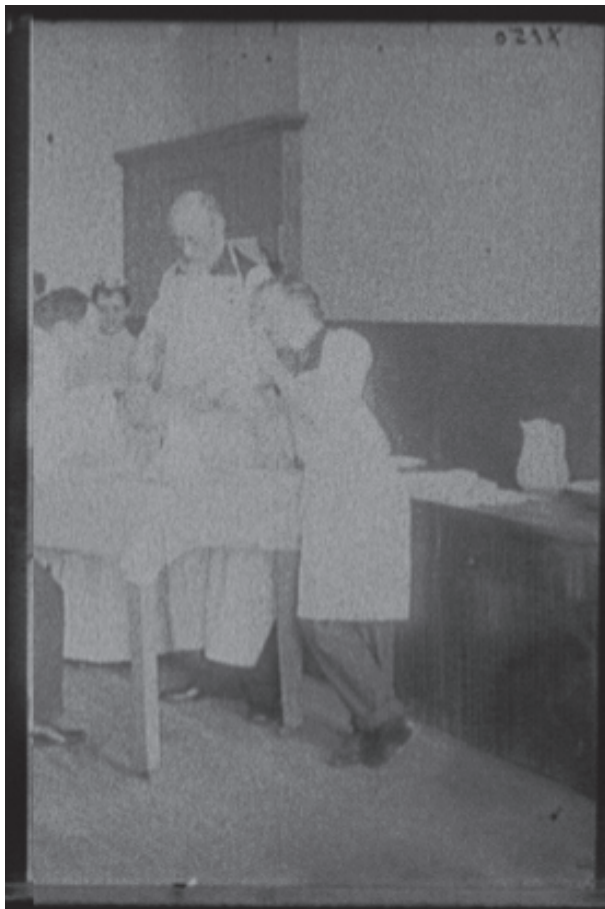
Who Wrote Who:

Original Character	Original Player (Balt.)	Author
1. The Eugenicist Dr. Schultze	Paul Blaylock	Bucher
2. The General	Clyde Griffin	Bucher
3. Captain Mors	Draco Draugiaun (C. Beck)	Bucher
4. Nemo II (Harold Duggan)	Homan Arch Harbour	Bucher
5. Aleriel Dr. Pekoe	Robert Edward Lee Henry	Bucher
6. Dr. Frankenstein	Clyde Morrisson	Hen/King
7. The potted palm	Cammie Dunn	Hen/Walk
8. Trilby	Sydney Lenore Dodson	Henrietta
9. The Lunatic Carry Nation	Myrtis Toole	Henrietta
10. Tess of the D'Urbervilles	Ruby Lennie Ebarb	Henrietta
11. William J. Bryant "Yen How"	John Dodson	King
12. Tom Edison Jr.	Bradley Wilcox	King
13. Dick Lightheart	Clyde Ransberger	King
14. Peedee Boyd	Marie Isla Delleney	King
15. Dr. Ollie Raleigh	Mr. Ivan Collins	Marsden
16. The Alienist Dr. Roquelare	Frank Taylor	Marsden
17. Hartmann the Anarchist	Tommie Saunders	Marsden
18. Nick Carter	Todd Hopkins	Marsden
19. Lady Grey	Grace Dreeka Dodd	Marsden
20. Signor Niccolo Davelli	Milton Gibbs	Walker
21. Dr. Nikola / Svengali	Guy Jay	Walker
22. Flaxman Low	Dr. Milton Moore	Walker
23. Camilla	Lena Collins	Walker
24. The Beetle	Millicent Enroe	Walker



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Dr. Schultze, The Eugenics Doctor



On a jury-rigged surgery table in front of the hotel water service, The Eugenics Doctor removes "antisocial" lobes from the brain of a female patient, probably the lunatic Carry Nation. The player is probably Paul Blaylock at the original run.

Bucher had a lot of queer ideas which he put into the game. I don't suppose they struck anyone as so very unusual at the time, but he had read a lot of Gobineau and had some firm ideas on the ascendancy of white race that got written pretty heavily into his plots in the game. His characters are pretty indicative of this. I think a lot of them got cut in the subsequent runs, though they didn't really cut most of them for the 1918 run or change most of the plots. You'd think that, but you have to remember that war wasn't with the Nazis and it wasn't over racism. I think in 1918 most Americans thought those plots were just fine or if they were a little eccentric just kind of conservative. The Yellow Peril thing was a screaming success, and is really King's only good work, and where Bucher's characters were tied into the game, they were tied into that. His Eugenics plots certainly didn't raise the eyebrows in 1918 or even in subsequent years I think Mikhail Jung cut those plots - he may have

been a little more progressive and sensitive about that sort of thing but he also cut almost all of Bucher's characters.

Really he cut or really re wrote almost all of the characters except for Marsden's, and a couple of Walker's, but the fact that none of Bucher's characters survived with one exception - "the General" - and that one highly changed, is notable I don't think that Jung and Bucher ever met but one can assume they might not have liked each other very much. Jung had nothing of the military man about him and was Austrian and Russian and there was some blood between those groups and the Prussians.

I don't know how far the Eugenics plots ever really got. I know that in a review of the game back before the war Todd Hopkins called Bucher's characters "a virtual vade mecum of the unplayable or destructive character types." It certainly wasn't one of those plots that you have a lot of people signing up for, saying make me about Eugenics. It was just something you had in games back then it was a good sciences plot because it was interactive. One problem with science plots was how to make them sort of action oriented. With Eugenics, you dealt with the other characters and had some actions. Now admittedly you dealt with other people mostly in terms of trying to waylay them in combat and strap them to tables and remove parts or organs of their brain. But you had a reason to form alliances in order to jump other characters for the good of the game.

Still playing your Eugenics character was going to cause a lot of trouble in combat. The Eugenics doctor was about capturing players. I think sometimes he was let to get a few, but he had precious little else to do. Of course the Alienist was set up to oppose him. Really it was a very disruptive character type. Paul Blalock played the first Eugenician and that character is sort of worked in with of Frankenstein's monster plots. I think those characters may have been blended later on.

I think what plot there was in the Eugenics Doctor ended up in the Dr. Frankenstein sheet in the Jung rewrite. Frankenstein was a good character because the rights were already in the public domain. A lot of the other sources that they were writing had to be thinly disguised because after all it was still under copyright. I don't think they ever got challenged by Stoker but his estate blocked the American release of Nosferatu a few years later around the time of Jung's first run of Clarence. I know that in various versions the vampire plot references Polidori and Varney both of which were out of copyright by then. Horatio King was particularly careful about copyrights and of course Blucher backed him up on that. Henrietta was a law and order sort but only when it didn't pertain to her.

- Louise Kramer, 1885 - 1953, Harris, Beatrice, Interview for WPA LARP History Project, 1932

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The General

If written by anyone else this take on Frankenstein's monster would be pretty clever. Unfortunately, written by Bucher it has all the warmth of a Prussian Army Staff Report, and provokes all the pathos of a provisions list. Which isn't to say the writing is dispassionate. Bucher's writing was affected by the Sturm und Dang school of Goetheian 19th century Germany. Unfortunately to quote Walker "his writing is long on Dang, and kinda short on Sturm."

Bucher seems to have been genuinely offended by the concept that any self respecting German scientist, having created life, would behave as a "foolish hysterical ninnie," or that, for that matter, any self respecting German homunculus would fail to immediately don a uniform and begin clicking his boot heels together. Probably the single best attribute of this sheet is its comparative brevity.

All that said, "The General" is a genuinely clever character (at least in concept), and the only one of Bucher's catalog of unplayable follies that Jung kept. It would be interesting if we knew more about the sheet for Kaptien Mors - the concept seems playable enough, despite poor execution, but apparently contemporaries thought the material weak.

Obviously the reference for "The General" is Mary Shelley's "Frankenstein: or the Modern Prometheus." With of course the proviso that Bucher clearly loathed the novel.

A letter of Marsden's to Lena Collins (sister of Ivan Collins) is dated April 3, 1903, and reads in part:

"We met last night at King's 'bachelor digs.' I cannot argue for want, for his flat is very well furnished, and neat, in that cluttered yet spartan way that a chief's office is neat. There was a great mass of paper much of which pertains to the military simulations which he discusses endlessly with the Lieutenant [i.e. Bucher] whether the rest of us will or no. At length after Henrietta arrived, and some disagreement over her fare was resolved, we settled in, and discussion got underway. Several sources were put forward, all in my opinion quite solid. However I would not count on the wonderful works of Mary Wollstonecroft's daughter, whom I know you adore, reaching the end gate without being hobbled, if indeed they leave the starting gate without being doped. Our kraut has got ahold of them, and seems bent on reforming Victor Frankenstein for the good of Kaiser and Kountry. I offered to write the characters, but it was decided that the Lieutenant should write them as he is German. I objected on the grounds that Victor is Swiss, but Henrietta "shushed" me in that way of hers, and as I am but the Junior, the assignment shall stand. We talked of many other things late into the night, and I found the company manageable, though there is no love lost between Henrietta and Thaddeus. He was however very sedate through the meeting, which he explained afterwards was the effect of a very mild inhalation of ether."

The General

In the dark thunder of the night, you were called into existence unwilling! Lightning crashed, and with a great cry and the crackle of man's triumph over nature, you were alive!

Alive!!!

Your body breathed, and your manly thews coursed with sweat from the electrical exertions that had fired manmade life through your inert limbs!

Alive!!!

The work of Victor Frankenstein, a Doctor of Ingoldstadt! You gave thanks to your creator in a courteous manner. You the first man born of science. It is fitting!

You began to sort your memories. For after trifling with experiments, the good Doctor had thought that if he was to bring a new life into the world, it ought to be a superior one! Therefore to the cemeteries of Europe he had sent his servants, in the dark moonlit night with burlap bag and sexton's tools, to rip unhallowed from the earth those things he needed.

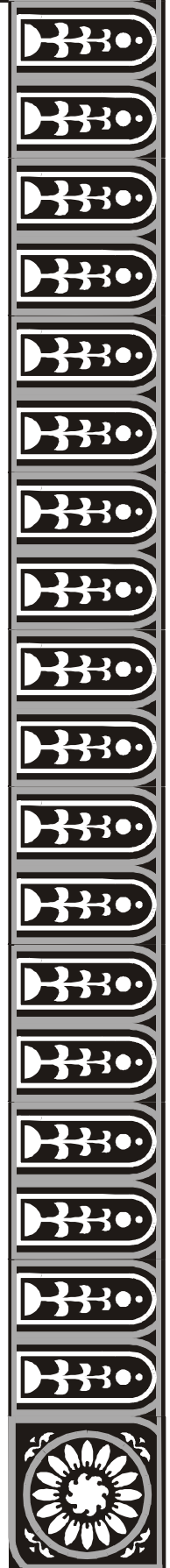
Brass lock and lead coffin gave up their treasures. Iron bar on mason'd tomb gave way to the hammer. And piece by piece that which would be your form was brought together. The Greats leaders of the destruction of France in 1870! Gunther-Fritz von Sandvort, Joachim Voights-Rhetz,* and heroes of the Austrian War of 1866. And finally, to the United States for the body of Robert E. Lee, who had perished in 1870. All these elements brought together knitting sinew and intelligence with clever skills. Then the force of lightning channeled through iron and wire! The ocean roar of life filled your ears! You stood and saluted, born of man to lead to final victory the greatest armies of the world!

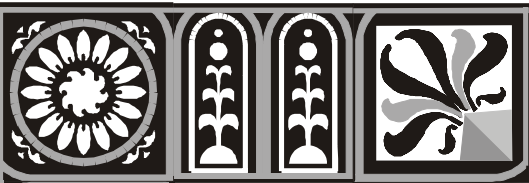
You are the model man! The very model of a modern major-General!**

Your hand reach's over the whole earth, and you are all in all. Yet, when you meet a man you'd greet you just as one neighbour greets another,-and if he were frightened, you know so well how to put him at his ease-you walk out, ride out, just as it comes into your head, with very few followers. You are another sort of man, a man majestic.

* Before you concern yourself, it would be well to understand that these are not people that the American reader in 1903 had heard of any more than you have.

** The Phrase was likely suggested by Walker. Bucher abhorred comic opera and never attended one. It would be very much like King to let it stand - he was more than willing to make jokes at Bucher's expense.





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Those who follow you are devoted to you, because one can read in your face that you loves them; because joyousness, open-heartedness, and good-nature, speak in your eyes; because you possess nothing that you do not share with him who needs it, ay, and with him who needs it not!***

Of arm you are strong and of countenance severe, but filled with joy and the mirth of your new life!

In service of your new goals you have come to the United States. First you will revive the noble cause of the Confederacy, then place all the states into a superior new union born of bravery, the cannon, and your sword!

You have gained the assent of the next President of the United States, William Jenner Bryan [sic] that you shall be given your way! Else you shall take it, for you are a man of majesty and fire!

You seized for your purpose the great aerial ship Astronef, which shall bear you and some of your men to heroic ends!

You have the heart of the beautiful damsel Peedec Boyd, who served you long ago in a former life, and shall serve you again. You also know of a Captain, who is called Nemo, who would command a submarine boat in your service!

You shall raise your banner, and all shall flee before you! Yea, you shall raise the black flag if you must! Death before Dishonor! Blood and Honor! A new era shall come!!

*** Here, Bucher is paraphrasing...or rather butcherin...Goethe's Egmont - also not the first word on the lips of early twentieth century American readers.



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Captain Mors "The Dragon"

We'll likely never know how well the character of Captain Mors actually played, because the character seems to be mentioned only in the first run - whether it was dropped or reworked is up in the air. About seventeen of the Clarence Characters are mentioned in reviews, but a few are never mentioned though we believe they were played. In some of the later runs, Mors may have been cast as the game was under-reg. It is not unusual that if a character is played poorly in the original run of a game, and subsequently the game is rewritten, the character may be "written out." to some extent, because the GMs simply don't know what to do with the character, since the game got along fine without them.

Captian Mors is a very interesting and unique character, an early SF hero brought to the game by Bucher from a German pulp which was popular through both wars.

However, Curtis Beck, who was elected to play Captain Mors did something....very different.



"Of course there are many things in Eura Mac Coker's review that I object to most strenuously. I want to say again that there was no dragon in the first run, thus there was no dragon to "be left out!" That is to say we wrote no part of a dragon, nor did we wish one to be played. The player who was cast in the role of Captain Mors "turned into" a dragon without any ruling on my part, and I have gotten the consensus of all of the GMs that none of them had any part in his draconization.

Mr. Walker remembers telling him that he could not breathe fire, in as lucid and constant a manner as he ever musters. I certainly did not tell him he could breathe fire. He should not have gotten your items, and should have had to fight normal combat like everyone else.

He was not of course the only person who did not seem to understand that it was the GMs not themselves who "made up" the characters. Several other players got very irregular rulings by means of going to first one GM and then the other until they came to an answer that they liked.

Mr. King assures me that you would have had any better or worse chance against the War Machine with or without the "Dragon Breath" of that character, and assures me that the "Dragon Breath" did nothing in the first run, as it was not a real thing, in that it was not something contrived by the GMs.

- Metagame, Vol. II, No. 3, Fall, 1906, p. 8 - Henrietta Wallace, Letter to the Editor



"Curtis Beck played 'the Dragon' in every game in which he was allowed, and some in which he was not. He called himself "Draco Draguignan" or some such horrible rot. I do not know whatever became of him after the Great War. I have heard that he enlisted with the Army Air Corps and flew an aircraft into someone's domicile, but I have also heard that he was a salesman of patent leather shoes after the war, and came around one of Mikhail Jung's games with a big cardboard suitcase, trying to sell quality footwear.

I suppose he was a harmless enough sort....I had him in "Wu Wu Wu!" back in ought-nine. I was a ninja master, and he was my ninja. He shouldn't really have been an ninja of course, as we were in China, which would make him a...Chinese Monk. But that didn't sound very scary...people yelling "look out...MONKS!," so our warrior types were called Ninjas. The game stole about as much from "The Mikado" as anything else, so I suppose it was a good enough term.

Anyway, after the game, I was talking to Abe Marsden, who had been cast as the other, Evil, Ninja master. He had quite a bit to say about the incompetence of his Ninjas. He'd "killed" a character in his hotel room, and sent them to put on their costumes and come back and pick up the body, to take it and drop it in front of Game Central because he rightly thought this would be good camp after the fashion of the Tong in Chinatown.

Alas they forgot his room number and so traipsed about the place in full ninja garb, with their masks off, until they managed to raise him on a house phone. By that time a long line of people had come into the room, including a room-mate who wanted to use the toilet, which was of course where he'd "hidden" the body, and it had required all his skill at prevarication to keep them from discovering the "murder."

I was able to go one better though. Curtis Beck was my assistant. He had this Oriental Sword, of the sort that you see in secondhand stores as were brought back in such numbers from the Orient during the Philippines campaign. At any rate, he managed to get the strap twisted around his neck and came up to me, red-faced and gesturing frantically.

So there was my ninja-warrior, who I had to save from suffocation by his own sword strap. I don't know how he contrived to get it around his neck like that.

At any rate, he had his dragon mask with him, and he later was wearing it though I don't know if the GMs broke down and let him play a dragon, or if he just decided he ought to be one.

- Dr. Milton Moore, *Thirty Years Lost: A LARP Doctor's Memoir*, Gerald Durrell Publishing by arrangement with John Cushman Associates, Inc., 1958



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Captain Nemo II - Harold Duggard

The character origin of Captian Nemo II is discussed elsewhere in the Dick Lighthouse sheet, so we present this character with little notation. It is among the longest of the surviving characters and Samuel Johnston's famed words could well be applied to it to. In defense it should be noted that to incorporate literary sources within the character sheets was typical of the period, and in fact represents a better practice and presentation than many other GMs. However, that said, possibly more relevant choices for flights of literary fancy could be chosen.

Overall, Nemo II is not really much worse than other characters, and is hardly unplayable. He's probably the best of the Bucher characters, and it is only fair to note that while one doubts Bucher objected much to the racism of Hemmyng's work, or of Duggard's beloved Confederacy, Duggard is nominally a villain.

Unlike most of the other villains he generally seems to have come out alright. One suspects that in Field combat he had the guardian angel of a loving author. In other arenas, he is the darling of Henrietta, for the match of Duggard and Boyd represents the best hope of a wedding in the game.

Captain Nemo II - Harold Duggard

From such sweetness ripp'd were you. Often on nights when the sea is not enrag'd with tempestuous wind do you stand on the foredeck stern brow turned toward the east, and think of those sweet days gone by!

She was engaged for the second country dance, but promised you the third, and assured you, with the most agreeable freedom, that she was very fond of waltzing. "It is the custom, here," she said, "for the previous partners to waltz together; but my partner is an indifferent waltzer, and will feel delighted if I save him the trouble. Your partner is not allowed to waltz, and, indeed, is equally incapable: but I observed during the country dance that you waltz well; so, if you will waltz with me, I beg you would propose it to my partner, and I will propose it to yours." You agreed, and it was arranged that your partners should mutually entertain each other.

You set off, and at first delighted ourselves with the usual graceful motions of the arms. With what grace, with what ease, she moved! When the waltz commenced, and the dancers whirled round each other in the giddy maze, there was some confusion, owing to the incapacity of some of the dancers. You judiciously remained still, allowing the others to weary themselves; and when the awkward dancers had withdrawn, you joined in, and kept it up famously together with one other couple, -Andran and his partner. Never did You dance more lightly. You felt yourself more than mortal, holding this loveliest of creatures in your arms, flying with her as rapidly as the wind, till you lost sight of every other

object; and vowed at that moment, that a maiden whom you loved, or for whom you felt the slightest attachment, never, never should waltz with any one else but with me, if you went to perdition for it!

You took a few turns in the room to recover your breath. The lovely Peedee sat down, and felt refreshed by partaking of some oranges which you had had secured, -the only ones that had been left; but at every slice which from politeness she offered to her neighbours, you felt as though a dagger went through your heart.

You were the second couple in the third country dance. As you were going down (and Heaven knows with what ecstasy you gazed at her arms and eyes, beaming with the sweetest feeling of pure and genuine enjoyment), you passed a lady whom you had noticed for her charming expression of countenance, although she was no longer young.

She looked at Peedee with a smile, then holding up her finger in a threatening attitude, repeated twice in a very significant tone of voice the name of "Albert."

"Who is Albert," said you to Peedee, "if it is not impertinent to ask?" She was about to answer, when you were obliged to separate, in order to execute a figure in the dance; and as you crossed over again in front of each other, you perceived she looked somewhat pensive. "Why need I conceal it from you?" she said, as she gave you her hand for the promenade. "Albert is a worthy man, to whom I am engaged." Now, there was nothing new to you in this (for the girls had told me of it on the way); but it was so far new that you had not thought of it in connection with her whom in so short a time you had learned to prize so highly. Enough. you became confused, got out in the figure, and occasioned general confusion; so that it required all Peedee's presence of mind to set you right by pulling and pushing you into your proper place.

The dance was not yet finished when the lightning which had for some time been seen in the horizon, and which you had asserted to proceed entirely from heat, grew more violent; and the thunder was heard above the music. When any distress or terror surprises us in the midst of our amusements, it naturally makes a deeper impression than at other times, either because the contrast makes us more keenly susceptible, or rather perhaps because our senses are then more open to impressions, and the shock is consequently stronger. To this cause you must ascribe the fright and shrieks of the ladies. One sagaciously sat down in a corner with her back to the window, and held her fingers to her ears; a second knelt down before her, and hid her face in her lap; a third threw herself between them, and embraced her sister with a thousand tears; some insisted on going home; others, unconscious of their actions, wanted sufficient presence of mind to repress the impertinence of their young partners, who sought to direct to themselves those sighs which the lips of our agitated beauties intended

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for heaven. Some of the gentlemen had gone downstairs to smoke a quiet cigar, and the rest of the company gladly embraced a happy suggestion of the hostess to retire into another room which was provided with shutters and curtains. You had hardly got there, when Peedee placed the chairs in a circle; and when the company had sat down in compliance with her request, she forthwith proposed a round game.

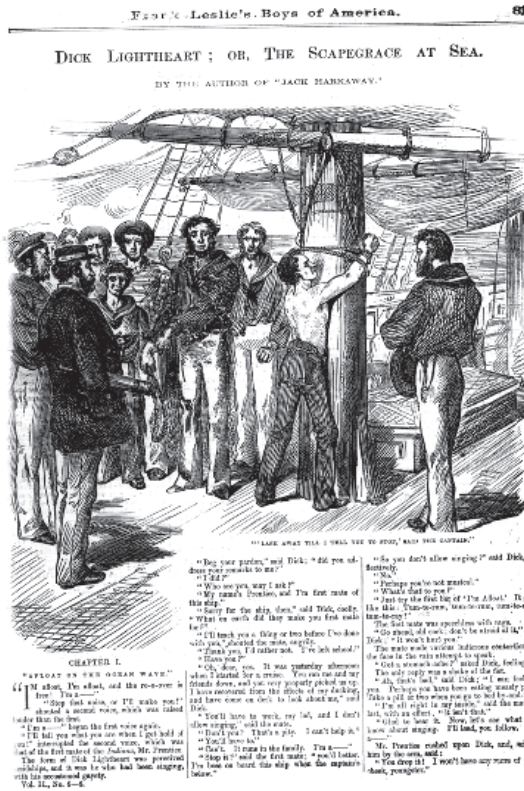
You noticed some of the company prepare their mouths and draw themselves up at the prospect of some agreeable forfeit. "Let us play at counting," said Peedee. "Now, pay attention: I shall go round the circle from right to left; and each person is to count, one after the other, the number that comes to him, and must count fast; whoever stops or mistakes is to have a box on the ear, and so on, till we have counted a thousand." It was delightful to see the fun. She went round the circle with upraised arm. "One," said the first; "two," the second; "three," the third; and so, till Peedee went faster and faster. One made a mistake, instantly a box on the ear; and amid the laughter that ensued, came another box; and so on, faster and faster. You yourself came in for two. You fancied they were harder than the rest, and felt quite delighted. A general laughter and confusion put an end to the game long before your company had counted as far as a thousand. The party broke up into little separate knots; the storm had ceased, and you followed Peedee into the ballroom. On the way she said, "The game banished their fears of the storm." You could make no reply. "I myself," she continued, "was as much frightened as any of them; but by affecting courage, to keep up the spirits of the others, I forgot my apprehensions."

We went to the window. It was still thundering at a distance; a soft rain was pouring down over the country, and filled the air around us with delicious odours. Peedee leaned forward on her arm; her eyes wandered over the scene; she raised them to the sky, and then turned them upon me: they were moistened with tears; she placed her hand on mine and said, "Duggard!" At once you remembered the magnificent ode which was in her thoughts; you felt oppressed with the weight of my sensations, and sank under them. It was more than you could bear. You bent over her hand, kissed it in a stream of delicious tears, and again looked up to her eyes.

*Soon, she had obtained a release from her engagement, and you were to be married! The date was set, and a reception at her family's fine column'd manor on the Floridian Savannah, for so you had journeyed from New Orleans for the relief of the summer heat.

Those were fine days and the two of you rode together on matching palfreys, watching the humble niggers gather cotton in the fields and sing their spirited songs, passing evenings by brandied fire, as spring gave way to summer!

Yet into this idyll intruded news and martial strains. Your manly heart could not but beat faster as the news came.



Succession! Fort Sumter fired upon! A horse! Tears upon that beautiful bosom you so cherished, and a promise that you would return ere the Yule Log burned and carols echoed through the drifted snows of winter.**

Foe, Fire, Alarm!!! To the struggle did you go, manly striving against the enemy, though your horse fell, and all about you perished. Great wounds did you sustain and long in the recuperation. Fever rode you. Letters were dispatched, but in the storm of war went undelivered!

A commission was asked of you, for no other would do. Your family had before the war some fortune, and it happened that some of it rested in banks of commerce in the British Isles. You had thought to put it at the disposal of your State and Country, but thus far there had been no good opportunity. You passed quickly, and had hoped to journey through Florida to Cuba, and there see the face of the one you loved, but instead were shipped from Wilmington to Nassau, and thence to London.

***The Clyde was the first river whose waters were lashed into foam by a steam-boat. It was in 1812 when the steamer called the Comet ran between Glasgow and Greenock, at the speed of six miles an hour. Since that time more than a million of steamers or packet-boats have plied this Scotch river, and the inhabitants of Glasgow must be as familiar as any people with the wonders of steam navigation.



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any more than usual. The Clyde had received many a ship of heavier tonnage, and the launching of the Peedee would take place in the usual manner.

In fact, when the water was calm, the moment the ebb-tide set in, the workmen began to operate. Their mallets kept perfect time falling on the wedges meant to raise the ship's keel: soon a shudder ran through the whole of her massive structure; although she had only been slightly raised, one could see that she shook, and then gradually began to glide down the well greased wedges, and in a few moments she plunged into the Clyde. Her stern struck the muddy bed of the river, then she raised herself on the top of a

gigantic wave, and, carried forward by her start, would have been dashed against the quay of the Govan timber-yards, if her anchors had not restrained her.

The launch had been perfectly successful, the Peedee swayed quietly on the waters of the Clyde, all the spectators clapped their hands when she took possession of her natural element, and loud hurrahs arose from either bank.

But wherefore these cries and this applause? Undoubtedly the most eager of the spectators would have been at a loss to explain the reason of his enthusiasm. What was the cause, then, of the lively interest excited by this ship? Simply the mystery which shrouded her destination; it was not known to what kind of commerce she was to be appropriated, and in questioning different groups the diversity of opinion on this important subject was indeed astonishing.

However, the best informed, at least those who pretended to be so, agreed in saying that the steamer was going to take part in the terrible war which was then ravaging the United States of America, but more than this they did not know, and whether the Peedee was a privateer, a transport ship, or an addition to the Federal marine was what no one could tell.

"Hurrah!" cried one, affirming that the Peedee had been built for the Southern States.

"Hip! hip! hip!" cried another, swearing that never had a faster boat crossed to the American coasts.

Thus its destination was unknown, and in order to obtain any reliable information one must be an intimate friend, or, at any rate, an acquaintance of Vincent Playfair & Co., of Glasgow.

A rich, powerful, intelligent house of business was that of Vincent Playfair & Co., in a social sense, an old and

However, on the 3rd of December, 1862, an immense crowd, composed of shipowners, merchants, manufacturers, workmen, sailors, women, and children, thronged the muddy streets of Glasgow, all going in the direction of Kelvin Dock, the large shipbuilding premises belonging to Messrs. Tod & MacGregor. This last name especially proves that the descendants of the famous Highlanders have become manufacturers, and that they have made workmen of all the vassals of the old clan chieftains.

Kelvin Dock is situated a few minutes' walk from the town, on the right bank of the Clyde. Soon the immense timber-yards were thronged with spectators; not a part of the quay, not a wall of the wharf, not a factory roof showed an unoccupied place; the river itself was covered with craft of all descriptions, and the heights of Govan, on the left bank, swarmed with spectators.

There was, however, nothing extraordinary in the event about to take place; it was nothing but the launching of a ship, and this was an everyday affair with the people of Glasgow. Had the Peedee, then -- for that was the name of the ship built by Messrs. Tod & MacGregor -- some special peculiarity? To tell the truth, it had none.

It was a large ship, about 1,500 tons, in which everything combined to obtain superior speed. Her engines, of 500 horse-power, were from the workshops of Lancefield Forge; they worked two screws, one on either side the stern-post, completely independent of each other. As for the depth of water the Peedee would draw, it must be very inconsiderable; connoisseurs were not deceived, and they concluded rightly that this ship was destined for shallow straits. But all these particulars could not in any way justify the eagerness of the people: taken altogether, the Peedee was nothing more or less than an ordinary ship. Would her launching present some mechanical difficulty to be overcome? Not

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honourable family, descended from those tobacco lords who built the finest quarters of the town. These clever merchants, by an act of the Union, had founded the first Glasgow warehouse for dealing in tobacco from Virginia and Maryland. Immense fortunes were realised; mills and foundries sprang up in all parts, and in a few years the prosperity of the city attained its height.

The house of Playfair remained faithful to the enterprising spirit of its ancestors, it entered into the most daring schemes, and maintained the honour of English commerce. The principal, Vincent Playfair, a man of fifty, with a temperament essentially practical and decided, although somewhat daring, was a genuine shipowner. Nothing affected him beyond commercial questions, not even the political side of the transactions, otherwise he was a perfectly loyal and honest man.

However, he could not lay claim to the idea of building and fitting up the Peedec; she belonged to his nephew, Harold Duggan, which is to say yourself!

Well your initial voyage fared, but the enemy pressed hard. There was no time to do more than send a cursory letter and a rich gift, when you needs must sail again. This time, you were away for long. The Frigate Iroquois caught you, and did grave damage, though you lost her in a fog. You were a long time at Brest for repairs, where you gave a neutral name for your vessel. This proved your undoing, for the Iroquois claimed you, and in both Northern and Southern papers the notice of your death ran prominent, and many prayers were said.

Thus it was that when as the Floridian you reached Wilmington again you learned of the marriage of Peedec to a Mr. Boyd her engaged beau of long ago. Since that time

sun, moon, and stars may pursue their course: you knew not whether it is day or night; the whole world is nothing to you.

So you sailed away again, but before you had returned your cause was doomed. For a while after the war, you sailed aimlessly, yet you had a plan. You heard of a great invention made by a boy inventor who lived along the Mississippi River. By night you ran up that river, and seized as a prize the submarine Enigma, and taking a domino named yourself "Captain Nemo the Second" after the hero of that name, and made war upon the Union as he did upon the British!

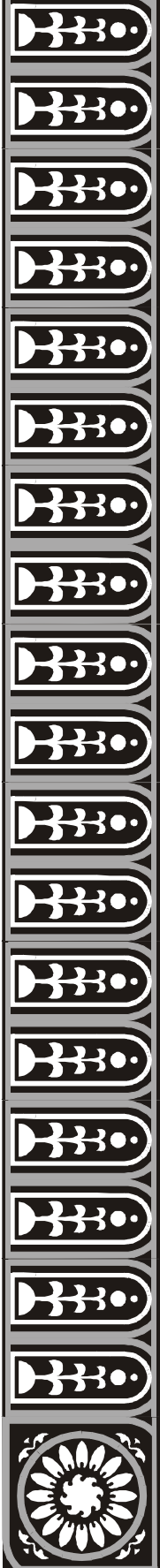
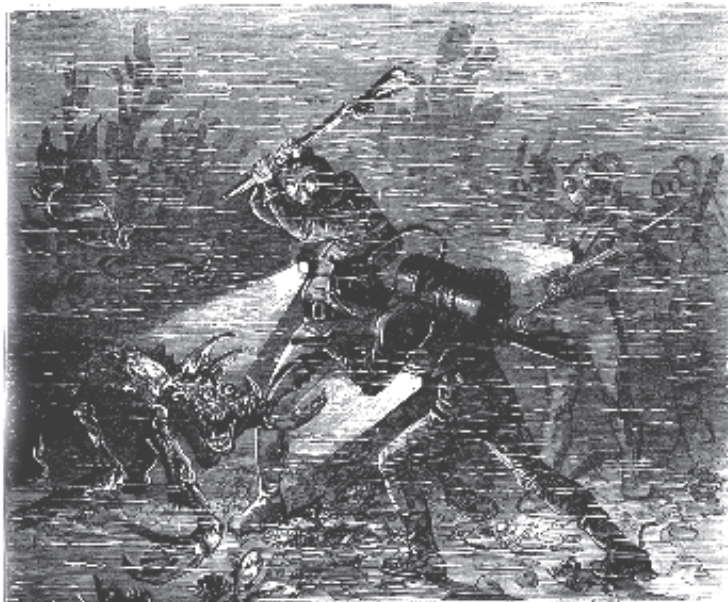
Thus you have been a privateer - by your reckoning - of the seven seas, and taken many prizes. In the Orient you rivaled the fleet of the pirate Yen How.

Now you have returned to the United States, for you have heard rumors of a great General. He is a noble man, and combines the countenance of that great leader of the Southern Cause, with the ferocity of a Prussian! You shall urge him to renew the war and this time your struggle shall result in glorious success!!!

** Here Bucher ceases a liberal plagiarizing of Goethe's "Werner", and actually begins the sheet, presumably because his hand was getting cramped.*

*** Presumably, in addition to a general ignorance about the plight of African-Americans in the antebellum south, Bucher had never actually travelled to Florida, where snow is precisely as likely as any of the rest of his plantation idyll.*

**** Here Bucher begins plagiarizing Verne's "The Blockade Runners" which he apparently read without absorbing any of its general condemnation of the Confederate cause.*



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Aleriel - (Dr. Pekoe)

Marsden commented that "I went to the box late Friday night for an exclamation mark, and found that we hadn't got any. Our Kraut had used them all up trying to be Goethe on Government-Office Stationery. So I used a question mark instead and thought I was pretty French." There is a discussion of the source and origin of Aleriel under the "Five Conventions."

The original sheet may have run six pages - unfortunately only two survive, and those largely by accident - apparently short of paper in 1907, copies of the replacement characters were printed on "scrap" - slightly smudged copies of primary characters. So two smudged pages of Aleriel survive, though fortunately we can deduce a great deal about his plot.

Aleriel - (Dr. Pekoe)

Long ago your world fell into decadence! Men - if such as you can be called men! Forgot the old ways of manliness and vigor! They clove instead to the ways of the home and hearth and came to value these things above all else. In cowardice they forsook vigor, and twilight came to your race.

They embraced French poetry and other foreign ways. Instead of war they studied in the traffic of white slavery and languished in opium dens. In time Communism came, and those who would not give up their property were slaughtered by the indifferent masses, and thus the last seeds of vigor passed from your decayed race!!

Yet you falsely consider yourself, on account of the age of your culture and the false Communist teachings of your home world to be superior to humans, because of the wonders of your science.

Your world has cars which operate on principles of anti-gravity, and great power stations, and crystalline machine-men who do the work of all men, so that there is nothing to do except lie around and be engaged in debauched and effeminate pursuits!

In your world, universal suffrage led to atheistic communism and thence to chaos. An elite Council of Scientists has rejected God, and imposed a rigidly materialistic culture. Though your people have electric lights and appliances, moving pictures, dictating machines, great airships, photo-electric relays, hovercraft, instant cameras, artificial foods, electric anti-gravity cars, and submarines, there is no joy in your world. Women are held as chattels, and children must be raised in state nurseries!

Despite your wretched condition, you imagine yourself to be the superior of men, and in your cringing way you imagine your intelligence equal to theirs. You have come in peace (for you cannot summon the courage to come as a

conqueror, or even in good force) as a skulking spy, to attempt to help humanity in its hour of need. Perhaps your race senses that Humanity possesses something you lack!

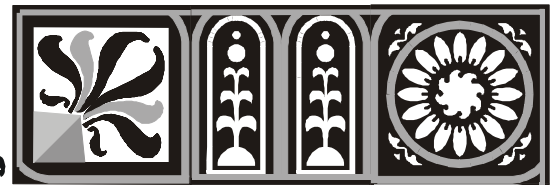
[the next several pages are lost]

will surely launch a renewed attack on the Earth and wipe out all life. Their agents may be present already, and they may well be carrying the fatal Germ-Cultures that proved so injurious to them. You would be immune, but the Earth would perish.

In addition your advanced psychic powers allow you to identify another threat. There is a woman or man of great psychic power nearby, who can take the form of a giant beetle, a man a woman, or a sexless androgyne. This being will not support the Martians, but means no good to mankind, for it would impose a slavery nearly as complete as that of the Communist State.

You hope your abilities will serve you well, and that you may live to return to your world, or better remain here among vital people. Perhaps even it might be possible to redeem your world, if not yourself, by opening it to the Earthmen and setting them like a cleansing fire among your enfeebled brethren!

An *Evening* with Clarence



Dr. Frankenstein

Their Irresponsibility Will Destroy us ALL!!!

The mad shenanigans of the gang of miscreants who produced the fatally flawed Pittsburgh run of "Clarence" have finally caught up with them. Now it is about time that they paid the piper for their lunatic pursuits. They have caused someone to be nearly killed! What will be next? The "White Slavery Game!"

I have been involved in LARP nearly as long as any of the hooligans connected with Clarence. The best of them, Miss Wallace, being by no means temperate. And I can tell you that they have been begging for this sort of disaster.

I enjoy LARP. Do not get me wrong. However, LARP is about play-acting of some funny characters. When I go to a LARP I want to laugh, and perhaps say a few lines as if I were a different person, maybe even pitching my voice differently.

However the sort of immersive experience that the "Clarence" gang offers is not to my liking! It may seem very harmless to pick up a sheet of paper and thereon read not the passive description of a character, but a sort of strange gloss written in second person, so that instead of saying "Dick Grey is a policeman and you are acting as him" it says "You are Dick Grey and you are a policeman."

This is not something which modern sensibilities can tolerate. It is to LARP what the degenerate Moscow Art Theatre is to the stage - a sort of cesspool summoning up the worst of human traits. The Lord God created us as who we are. Now it is all very well to play act to be someone else. But when we cross the boundary and begin to talk as them - not merely occasionally to pass a few sentences, then reverting to the more comfortable form of "Dick Grey tells you that you are full of bunk," we are entering a dangerous area. The monster emerges. We become Dick Grey. And if we can become Dick Grey, what else might we do - Dick Grey has no soul, Dick Grey will not stand for judgement! What is to keep us from becoming anarchists, or cannibals!

Indeed this whole type of theatre embodies the anarchist ideal. In breaking down the rules of behavior and spending not minutes but hours talking and walking as someone else, we not only take the fun out of LARP, but we destroy the humanity within us. We become anarchists as surely as if we hurled a bomb in Haymarket Square.

In particular the acting out of a character like the Lunatic Carry Nation is destined to deal a blow to the human mind.

I knew I did not like this sort of LARP, but my Emma had heard "positive things" about Clarence. Such are the trifling gossips of women who hound after fashion even if the lit

fuse of anarchy is just out of site. So like Du Maurier's innocent Trilby, we sat on Svengali's couch and let him wave his hands before our eyes.

I had firmly told Emma that I was not willing to undertake any of the "new" roleplaying. I have playedLARPs, Charades and other Parlor type games for years without walking around and talking as if I were deranged and thought I was someone else. She had spoken on the telephone with Henrietta Wallace and assured me that it would not be necessary.

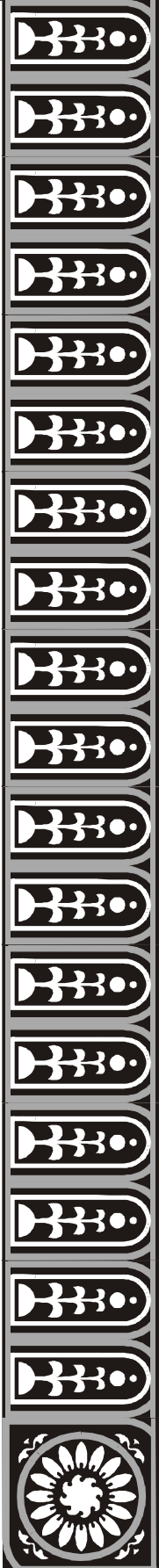
I picked up my "packet" and retired to my room for a cigar, and to read the blasted thing. Right then and there I should have packed Emma into our Surrey and gotten out of that damnable place.

I was told that "You" meaning myself "are Dr. Frankenstein." In principle this should have been fine, for while I had never read Mary Shelley's novel, I vaguely remembered that Dr. Victor Frankenstein was a fairly earnest young doctor, and seemed to recall childhood illustrations of men with torches. It was not at all clear who it was that he was supposed to kill, but I was attempting to be in a good humor, and I assumed that my victims would be disclosed to me as I went along.

I gave a quick glance at the rather lengthy sheet provided, which seemed to have all sorts of irrelevant information about Dr. Frankenstein's background, romances, and mannerisms, which I could not imagine there would be any reason for me to know, as he was a character in a book, and I was Mr. Clovis Lee Munger, Jr. I had a perfectly good name badge to let anyone who wished to know who was hunting them know that I was Dr. Frankenstein, and it was a mystery to me what anyone would want to know all of those details for.

I cut the end of a Big Wolf Robusto, and began thumbing the plethora of confusing and generally useless paper for my combat stats. Why anyone should put all sorts of other detritus on top of them was a mystery to me, unless it was out of fear that someone else would take my packet and see them on the top.

What I found was very disappointing indeed. There were a set of cards which appeared to have some function in combat, but the rules provided were very vague. Well then! I had been to games that had weak systems before. I would be on comfortable ground here. I looked at my strength, which had a numerical value of 5. I did not of course know what the other characters had, but based on a game I had played last month, I concluded that I was probably fairly well off. I did not see any rules for ambush by surprise, but I thought I should probably progress to the stairwell and begin waylaying other people with badges. If I could trim a few of them before they had read the system, I might have whatever items had been theirs, and perhaps get a revolver or knife or something which would confer an advantage. If



An Evening ^{With} Clarence

any GM did not see it my way I certainly had the strength of will to give what for to them.

I did fairly well. Combat was resolved by comparison of numbers with the higher number prevailing. If victorious I could take either a random item, a specific item I wanted if I named it and they had got it, or I could tie them up and leave them incapacitated for ten minutes. In the event of a tie, one would play "Rochambeau" to determine the outcome.

In this way I collected an assortment of "Elephant Parts," of which everyone seemed to have at least one, my evening ended when I accosted a little miscreant hiding near the entry to the ladies lounge who informed me that he was not in fact "Captain Mors," but that his character was a Dragon, and that he had breath of fire and a strength of 20. Now nobody I had run into had anything like that strength, so I went down and grabbed hold of the nearest Gamebody, and propelled him hence, whereupon he confirmed my Suspicion. "Captain Mors" was not indeed a Dragon, and did not have any flaming breath. I maintained I should have pickings of him for free as he had cheated, however the Gamebody was rather weary, and declared that I must best him. As we both had a strength of 5 (a not uncommon situation) we played Rochambeau, and I bested him getting for my troubles a treasure map of some sort to a lost kingdom of Amazons.

He proceeded to ramble for some little time about how he was in fact a dragon, and left me confirmed in my opinion that mental games such as these Gamemeisters engaged in lead to derangement!

In the case of this lad his unhingement had occurred quicker than otherwise might because of his obvious history of self-abuse. His lackluster eyes, and flaccid, nearly palsied throw made me to firmly believe that he was a chronic self abuser of the sort who will end up in an alleyway somewhere. Dragon! Bah!

He had put me in a foul mood, and I sought the comforts of bed.

An Outrage!

The next day was a further compilation of outrages such as one might only imagine in a three ring circus where the performers have run amok and taken control of the place.

A young woman to whom I had not even been introduced appealed to me that she was my long lost love and asked me to ask her to wed. Obviously I could do no such thing!

For this I was to pay by listening to the shrill squaking of a female hen who was deputized as a GM. I suppose that there might be something to the idea of having a female GM for the lady players, but I cannot see how one might expect a man to listen to the hysterical rulings of a lady-GM.

If there need be such creatures at all they must understand that they cannot GM for male players, for they do not understand the crafting of rules.

I would have had a miserable time, but I happened to stumble upon the bluff William Jennings Bryan (or some such alike), who had just become President of the United States. A Democrat myself, I was happy to help Mr. Bryan with his war games. He commissioned me a General in the Army and set me to handling the troops of a Civil War. There was something to this that I had missed, but the important thing is that a new Confederacy, with the help of some millions of Chinese who had, it is supposed, finished with their work on the railways, rather handily took over the rest of the country and Mexico, until we were stopped by the arrival of the Martian War Machine.

Now it is the case that in Mr. Wells novel poor planning is the lot of humanity. Should sapping and mining have been done early enough, and enough ships been committed, the Martians should have been stopped. Even so it was well given that humanity would do passing well having gotten a feel for the brutes, for by accident they felled two. However despite my vast plethora of Chinks (all of whom it should be pointed out might well know mining and dynamiting from working on the railroad), I was not able to overcome this single machine, which I thought to be a fairly raw deal.

Finally humiliated, I left the girl to pack my bags, and took a hansom to my club to keep the evening from being a total waste, and know not how anything fared after my departure.

At home, an Outrage sir, I learned that my Emma had been put through the motions of marriage to another. An Outrage! Though she assured me it was as if in a stage play, neither of us are actors. Another man! I shall not have it! I vowed to call the responsible party out, but that turned out to be Miss Wallace, and champions having fallen out of favor, I shall have to remain unsatisfied for my wife's debauchment. And of all the crass nerve, apparently much had been made of my name at the Wrap for not having given up my hard earned map and elephant parts before I left, as well as some sort of blueprint which had done me not one whit of good in any of the fights I was in.

Emma said that she had a fine time - entirely too fine a time, as I have forbid this entertainment forthwith, and you can, sir, cancel my subscription!

- Mctagame Vol. II, No 4, Winter 1906, Letters to the Editor, Mr. Clovis Lee Munger, Jr.

An Evening *With* Clarence



The Potted Palm

The character of the Potted Palm will be new to modern players. The Potted Palm was a fixture in the game as it was run in the years before the First World War, and period letters indicate that it was considered wildly undesirable.

"I had been looking forward to the new run of the old warhorse 'Clarence,' at the Hotel Harrington here in Washington, my dear, however having received my character sheet in the morning post, I am now rethinking it, and have considered returning my character sheet in the afternoon post with a brusque note. The whole weekend is going to end up costing close to twenty five dollars once two nights lodging for myself and Mrs. Thacker are paid, and luncheon, as well as dinner which one must take in the hotel restaurant, unless one wants to risk the vagaries of the diner on the corner where the newsmen eat, and then there is carfare for me, and probably on the return trip a cab for Mrs. Thacker who refuses to get upon a streetcar. On the whole, I thought it was a good bargain, however I have found I am to be cast as the potted palm. As I am neither green nor date-bearing I find myself rather insulted. I placed a telephone call to a mutual friend who says that it is because I have already played the role of Dr. Raleigh, however I find that logic spurious"

- Thacker, W.D. E. to Millicent Enroe; private correspondence from the collected papers of Dallas and Julia Englewood, University of San Antonio; dated July 1916.

A story that I heard about Potted Palm was the fact it was something that Henrietta wrote. Apparently the day before the game someone announced that they were bringing a friend I think it may have been Walker. I was never very clear on who though we talked about it in the bar during the game.

Henrietta was furious she had been asked to write another character and so she took out a sheet of paper in wrote on it in pen "you are a potted Palm -- you sit in the hotel lobby and do nothing."

Upon hearing about it Walker thought it was a brilliant care here and said he had a lot of ideas for the character. I don't know if this is one of those cases where he actually had something in mind or whether he was overreaching, or just saying that to keep Henrietta from thinking she had "one up" on him. He was brilliant but would sometimes commit to things or say he could do things that he couldn't. Then he'd drink and use that as an excuse for having "forgotten," as if he could have done it but just happened to be drunk and didn't remember. But he may actually have had something in mind whatever it was it didn't come out as far as I know, he wasn't a "great communicator."

I don't think he talked to the player at all he may have assumed that they'd start out a went innd not have a lot of

fun and then be surprised. Nowadays we understand that you need to talk to players about expectations and enlist their help in pacing but no one had any idea of that back then. The GMs just threw these characters at people and they either sank or swam.

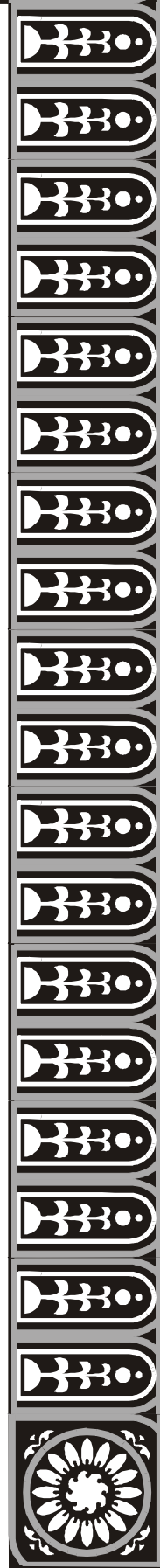
I don't know what the player ended up doing, the character was a loss. I'm pretty sure they walked Friday evening or maybe the next day or maybe they got a new character -- that's possible. I later read that Walker said he'd been up in the bar until two writing characters for Saturday to "fix" the game, and have even seen Marsden write about this, but I was in the bar until about 11pm, and it was closing at midnight, and I didn't see either of them, though Walker had been in earlier in the evening, he wasn't writing.

The player who started out as the potted palm may have been the one who was to play the green fairy. I remember customs looked something alike only if there was less to the green fairy costume and that was one of the things that Henrietta was wrathful about. It well may have been that the potted palm became the green fairy I was never very clear on that it certainly would have been like Walker and I don't know as the green fairy was originally in the game. I can't imagine Henrietta would've permitted it - it isn't on the cast list, but only nineteen of the twenty four original characters are. On the other hand Henrietta lost a lot of battles with Walker because he could out talk her, and though he was young and somewhat timorous, Marsden supported Walker more often than not.

- Farquarson, Walter J., *My Life: Stories and Scenes, Durand et Cie, Paris, 1929*

What I heard about the potted Palm character is that it was originally written by Walker, because that's about what he was up to at four that afternoon, and was written to accommodate some friend of Henrietta's who she sprang on them at a last-minute that was just like an eye and to a stone that the other writers could accommodate one of her friends I can't imagine why she had Marsden write a sheet other than probably he was the only one who would do it. The woman who played the palm originally I think was rather young. She certainly wasn't going to write anything, though she had her whole desk set there and I can't imagine that Horatio would've been willing to - he only wrote in his office. Occasionally Henrietta could coax work out of him, and he did produce all his characters. Henrietta flattered him. It was notable that sometimes she got the most out of Horatio because she flattered him him and would bolster his ego. The two of them often stood against the rest of the group or the total them plus Bucher stood against everyone else. The problem is that Bucher was frequently at odds with Henrietta - he had the strong Germanic ideas about LARP.

- Muhler, Edward "Battydog," "Letter to the Editor - Response to Rolf Wigersand's 'Remembering Clarence'", *Metagame vol. XXXVI, no 7, Aug 1941, p.3*



An *Evening* *With* *Clarence*

Trilby O'Farrell

In 1894, *Trilby*, by George Du Maurier was published serially in *Harper's Monthly*. The novel's hero is an artist, Little Billie (won the award for 'best name in a periodical' for 1894 - doesn't that just exude sexual magnetism...Little Billie. It's like Tinky-Winky...it says 'I'm small down there and I don't care who knows it'), and the heroine, Trilby, is a grisette, his true love, who models for him.

For Henrietta this character is moderately racy. However it should be noted that Henrietta was reasonably supportive of sex in literature - just not in real life.

Trilby is Svengali-dependent. If she has a Svengali that keeps her busy, she stays busy. She might also luck out and get lent out to an activist beetle. But on her own, her plot is thinner than a pre-depression dime.

Trilby O'Farrell

When you first met Svengali, he was an impoverished music teacher living in Paris with his companion Gecko. You were a model, so he pretended to be an artist in hopes that you would pose for him. You were raised in Egypt where your will was strangely broken by terrible orgiastic rites you were subjected to as a young girl. These rites claimed your parents but you were for some reason let go.

Fortunately, Gecko announced that Taffy and the Laird were returning and they must flee. As they left, you began to sing - Svengali was apparently impressed by your voice, and thus began your troubles. You had no idea that he was also a Jew, and a master hypnotist.

You met Billie, who was also smitten with you. You guess you just inspire that kind of devotion. Billie was of a higher social class than you, but that didn't seem to matter to him.

You decided to move in with Taffy and The Laird to look after them. Someone had to. Over the next few weeks, you and Billie fell in love and you agreed to marry him. However, when Billie mentioned taking you back to England with him, you weren't so sure.

A few minutes later, Svengali showed up saying that he'd been looking everywhere for you. You told him you hadn't worked that day because of a headache. Seizing the opportunity, Svengali offered to cure your headache and proceeded to hypnotize you. While you were under, he said that he discovered that "the roof of your mouth is like the dome of the Pantheon" (perhaps he meant Parthenon). He also cured your headache, as promised, and told you to come to him if the headache returned.

That night, you rose from your bed, donned your blue dress, and shuffled off into the darkness. Arriving at Svengali's, you had no idea where you were or how you'd

gotten there, or why you'd chosen that particular piece of clothing, but couldn't seem to leave. Svengali asked if your headache had returned. You said it had, but when he tried to hypnotize you again, you resisted and ran away.

The next day, Billie walked in on you posing naked for an art class and fled in disgust. Shamed, you fled the room. Later, Svengali encountered you, obviously upset. While he comforted you, you realized that you were not good enough to marry Billie. You left a note for Billie saying goodbye, and letting him know you were going away forever.

You didn't realize that when Billie got your note, he'd vow to find you; nor did you think that when the police found some of your clothing on the banks of the river they'd assume that you committed suicide.

The truth is that Svengali transformed you into a great singer and was touring Europe with you posing as his wife. You felt there were two of you, the singing machine, and the real Trilby. Conceited, derisive, and malicious, Svengali alternately bullied and fawned in a harsh, croaking voice. Though you were repelled at first by his greasy, dirty appearance and regarded him as a spidery demon or



Trilby by DuMaurier

An *Evening* with Clarence



"SVENGALI! . . . SVENGALI! . . . SVENGALI!"

incubus, you became completely his creature under his hypnosis. Gecko, a young fiddler, small, swarthy, shabby, brown-eyed, and pockmarked, helped Svengali train you so that Svengali might exploit you.

The tour traveled to England, where Taffy, The Laird and Billie attended a performance, discovering that you were still alive. Completely under Svengali's control, you didn't recognize them, except for a brief moment when Svengali's control lapsed. With one look he snapped you back into his power.

Back at the hotel, Svengali put you into another trance. He once again made you say you loved him. You hated him, but you had no choice.

Unknown to you, Billie followed Svengali across Europe, vowing to break Svengali's spell on you. Fearing that Billie's love might actually be able break his hold on you, Svengali canceled appearance after appearance. Finally, Svengali confronted Billie and told him that you would be giving your last performance that night and then you could decide on your future.

The performance began but Svengali soon collapsed, dying of a heart attack. Billie ran to your side as you collapsed too, no longer able to sing in tune. Knowing he was about to die, Svengali prayed to God to "grant him in death what he denied him in life."

You were very weak. It was as if part of you was lost. You began to write your will, and discovered a portrait of Svengali. Once again you were entranced, singing Chopin's Impromptu in A flat as you had on the stage. You realized that you must seek him out.

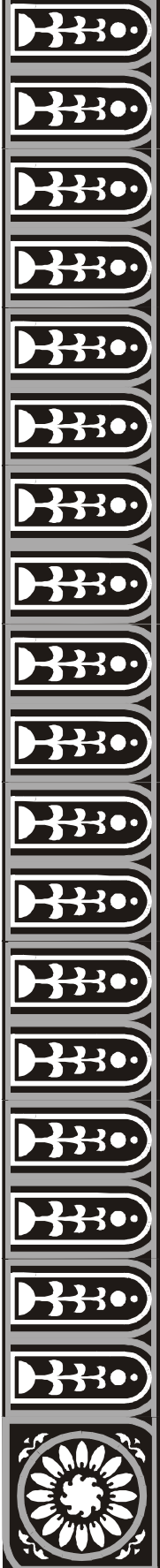
You thought you were free, however you soon discovered that it was merely a ruse. Svengali was not dead, he had merely faked his own death and taken up the guise of Dr. Nikola, an Italian.

You are thoroughly under his sway, and will do as he commands. Recently he has commanded you to carry messages back and forth the a horrible Egyptian deity - a terrible deformed beetle. You cannot talk to anyone about these messages, or about the beetle, though you can say that you have seen something that is terrible, and tell how it makes you feel. You are certain your parents were sacrificed to this thing, and you have been forced to be involved against your will in its orgiastic rites. Its call to you is stronger even than Svengali's

This terrible creature is somehow concerned with the production of gold which you carry back to Svengali.

You have been seeing Dr. Roquelaure to be treated for your feelings of depression and hysterical anxiety, however you cannot tell him any of what upsets you.

What you most want is to get married.



An *With* EVENING Clarence

Garrie A. Nation

Carrying on at Clarence

by Gussie Irene Broad

I was not unhappy to be offered the role of "Carrie Nation" in Clarence in its recent run in the Rose Ballroom at the Bellvue-Statford Hotel here in Philadelphia. I should say by way of introduction that my father is a member of the Friends Meeting here - what most of you would know as the Quaker Church, and my mother is the daughter of a Lutheran Minister from Ohio. I am a churchgoer, and a member of the Women's Christian Temperance Union for which I have done organization and community work.

I was pleased to learn that Clarence would be played here in Philadelphia, and I was told that it was a good and pleasant entertainment for decent Christian folk. I should say that I am by no means a fanatic of any kind, and that I do not refuse to associate with those who choose to drink a small quantity of liquor socially. My work, like that of most other Temperance folk is aimed at the millions - and I use that number informedly - of laboring class persons whose poverty and poor estate is profoundly effected by the easy availability of liquor - those who live in squalor and let their neglected children roam the streets while they drink cheap liquor in a subterranean den where the "bar" is a few boards or an old door, and the object of patronage is to become drunken as rapidly as possible to better bear insensate conditions in which no man should be forced to live.

To anyone who doubts this sort of place exists, I will recommend the excellent book: *How the Other Half Lives: Studies Among the Tenelements of New York* by Jacob Riis.

To say that Miss Nation is represented unfairly in Clarence is an understatement. I realize that the game was written three years past, however, Miss Nation's biography, *The Use and Need of the Life of Carrie A. Nation* has been published since last year, and I cannot but wonder if it would trouble the GMs to learn something about the characters that they write, rather than assembling the snippets of a few articles in the Hearst Paper written by journalists who see the world through the bottom of a whisky-glass.

I do not have room here to engage in a biography of Miss Nation, nor is it my intent to do so - to anyone who is interested - and everyone ought to be interested - I commend the aforesaid book. I will suffice it to say that while startling, Miss Nation's conduct in Kiowa and later has been directed against the saloons

of the slums, and at the closing of "joints" of a sort that I should hope not even the vilest civilized person would wish anyone to attend. She has raised a hue and cry and done much good. I cannot always agree with her methods, but she is a person of pure heart.

The point of LARP as I understand it is to be entertained. Despite being handed a scrap of paper in which it was explained that I was a clear lunatic, and must wave my hatchet about and attempt to chop up things belonging to people of the better classes, possibly allying myself with anarchists and criminals, I endeavored to play the character as I had read in Miss Nation's Biography. I had come to be entertained and not in fact to lecture upon temperance, but having been given the person of someone who must do that, I certainly wished to uphold my end.

Let me say that I was not entertained. I was not entertained by being tied down to a table, and having the top of my



An *With* EVENING Clarence



skull removed by mawkish boys who used such as an excuse to touch my hair and fondle it rather rudely. I was not entertained by being told that as the "anti social gland" had been extracted from my brain, I was now no longer a danger to society and should go find "some good character to ally myself with," with a strong suggestion that should be the slavering schoolboy who had just filched my braincase, with whom I should say I would not go on a chaperoned date were he the last boy living on earth save the chaperon.

I did not appreciate being lectured by Mr. Walker about the "spirit of the game." It was clear that the "spirits of the game" were having their way with Mr. Walker, and can only say that if he is let out like that he should be made to walk straight lest he injure himself.

I was not entertained! I was not entertained by a discussion among male players which touched on the subject of my genitalia, specifically their removal for the betterment of the race. I do not care one whit for the scientific principles of sterilization - that is no excuse to hover one's hands suggestively over the torso of a member of the fairer sex, and speak words such as u _____ [it is not clear whether Miss Broad did not actually write the word, or whether the Editorial policy of Metagame at the time prohibited the printing of the word - ed.] which are better passed among real men of medicine in private.

Following my forced lobotomization and sterilization, I was turned back into the game with Mr. Walker's admonitions to seek "the spirit of the game" and to "play the character."

I feel I visited upon the GMs no more than they deserved, and I very much resent being told that I "broke the rules" or "played against character." If my actions which seemed sane to me before my "anti social gland" were removed constituted irrationality, then it seems only fair that my actions afterward in which I embraced irrationality must be seen by the GMs as "rational" as they wished.

If it was "wrong" of me to side with Lady Grey, then so be it. It was after all originally suggested that I seek out anarchists! She seemed to be one of the few characters in possession of her faculties, and her rhetoric about the starving masses moved me more than did that of any of the other characters. If it is irrational so be it...I was cured of rationality by having my gland and reins removed!!!

I know there are those who feel that in helping Lady Grey both in the matter of the War Machine, and in the matter of withholding the components of the Astronef, I was a poor sport, and sided with her merely because I felt betrayed by the GMs. But this is not the case. I had good reason for my actions, and had hardly met Mr. King who wrote this character before the game, though I can say I should not receive him now though he perished of pneumonia in the rain.

If I am to be strapped down, and have my vitals and reason

carved out, there is no telling what I or others might do! At last I was entertained, though I felt cheated when the GMs overturned a clear victory for the forces of anarchy and chaos on the flimsiest of pretexts!

- Metagame, Vol. III, No. 1, Spring 1908



Horatio King's response is largely off topic, and generally too long to quote in its entirety. We excerpt a few important segments below

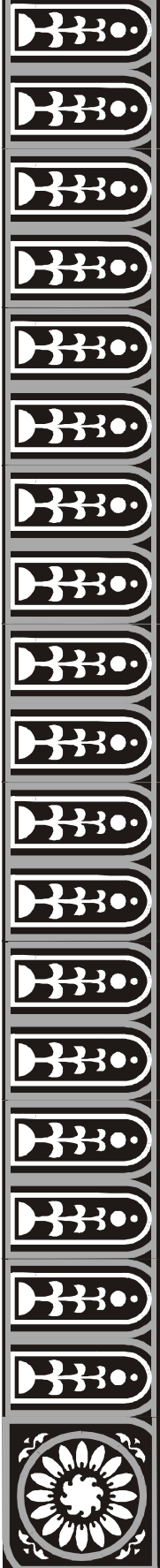
If my brain were to be carved up by someone who was an expert on the matter - as Dr. Schultze specifically was, I suppose I should think just what they wanted me to think! I should not have the cheek to go thinking otherwise. While I may fault the way in which Mr. Walker handled the detail of this scene, I have spoken with him and feel he was clear enough that Miss Nation's volition was not her own to do as she would, but rather to do as the good doctors would have her....

...it is vital to the game that the forces of anarchy be defeated. Lady Grey whilst charming and clever must in the end perish with the rest. In deference to my fellow GM she may be allowed to enjoy the sanctity of marriage, but it is my opinion that even if she repudiates her ways her past acts leave her no final destination other than a lethal chamber, though I have not always been heeded in this regard and some lesser punishments have been agreed to!

I am not suggesting that the forces of evil and anarchy not be given a fair shot, and I resent any implication that the game is not firmly and fairly balanced. Of course they are given a fair chance, but being evil, needs must fail, and can expect no better - the world of the game will progress as the decent world does, in which all villains get their comeuppance, except perhaps for Big Bill Haywood. Or one supposes ff we cannot have decency in the real world, we can at least have it in the game world. There is nothing unfair about this. They must be given a fair chance and fail because the good characters shall overcome them. The GMs have never engaged in any deus ex machina to insure their victory, nor biased the game in that direction. It simply always so happens and always will!

...I wish to make it clear for one and all that in the game, the rule of law is supreme, and that I shall tolerate no dissent from my own rulings, or those of the GMs who serve with me!

- Metagame, Vol. III, No. 2, Summer 1908



An *With* EVENING Clarence

Tess of the D'Urbervilles

Few characters in Clarence are less fortunate than Tess of the Durbervilles. Obviously Henrietta Wallace was taken with the story. Henrietta was observably somewhat more tolerant of sexual themes in literature than LARP, and Thomas Hardy was restrained rather than shocking by 1903.

In Henrietta's pastoral fantasy, one imagines that Tess was to come to a good end at last. We are given no idea how she escaped hanging, but she ends up in America, given a second chance.

Alas, that was the only thing she was given.

We have only the first page of her sheet, again, largely by accident, being a scrap page struck with a different character for one of the cancelled Philadelphia runs. It is well written to the extent that it is entirely the words of Thomas Hardy with some changes of spelling and tense for the worse....

Tess of the D'Urbervilles

In your youth you was a fine and handsome girl -- not handsomer than some others, possibly - but your mobile peony mouth and large innocent eyes added eloquence to colour and shape. She wore a red ribbon in her hair, and was the only one of the white company who could boast of such a pronounced adornment.

You at this time of her life was a mere vessel of emotion untinged by experience. The dialect was on your tongue to some extent, despite the village school: the characteristic intonation of that dialect for this district being the voicing approximately rendered by the syllable UR, probably as rich an utterance as any to be found in human speech.

The pouted-up deep red mouth to which this syllable was native had hardly as yet settled into its definite shape, and her lower lip had a way of thrusting the middle of her top one upward, when they closed together after a word. Phases of her childhood lurked in her aspect still. As she walked along today, for all her bouncing handsome womanliness, you could sometimes see her twelfth year in her cheeks, or her ninth sparkling from her eyes; and even her fifth would flit over the curves of her mouth now and then.

Fortunately for herself, if not for Clarence as a whole, the first player of Tess was not kept from full enjoyment of the game by a mere character sheet....

"The first Tess was a young lady named Ruby Ebarb. She was actually pretty well known socially, and knew Myrtis Toole, who was cast as the unfortunate Carrie Nation."

It was a collision from several directions resulting in conflagration. It helps first to understand how casting worked. There were certain people whom Henrietta liked,

and of course she was principally involved in casting, with Horatio, because the registration cards came to her home address and nobody else saw them unless she chose to pull one out and read them. And of course she had it in her mind to give the "good" roles to her friends and secondary roles to everyone else. Her stated belief here was that her friends represented the "highest caliber of amateur dramaticians."

The problem with this, however, was her interpretation of "good roles" which started of course with the presumption that anything written by herself was good, followed in rough order by King (who said his writing was good), Bucher (whose writing King said was good), Marsden, and Walker whom she despised.

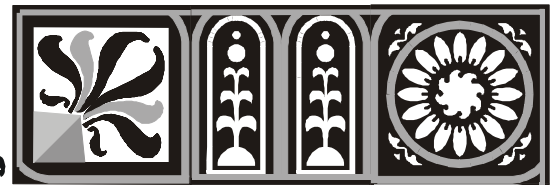
To some extent this resulted in a "briar patch" phenomenon, a la brer rabbit. The women who Henrietta disliked - which included anyone who she thought was loose - particularly the divorced Grace Dodd (she had not yet begun her own extensive collection of husbands), and the sensual Lena Collins, both artists, and artists' models - that is to say anyone she felt threatened by - were pawned off on other GMs. Except for the role of Carrie Nation, which she kept as her especial torment, to be visited in the first case on the unfortunately Myrtis Toole, who was neither "loose" nor a rival, but had in fact insulted Henrietta at her own "Salon."

Thus some of the persons Henrietta liked least got very good roles, while her favorites languished in a series of roles with no real goal other than marriage. The arrangement was bound to cause her problems, and in her later games she seldom was able to fix it, leading to an eventual circle of female friends made up of marriage-fascinated women.

Even the loyal Fred Wooley writes "Henrietta wrote some of the best drawing room comedies, and attracted a certain caliber of male player. She lost a lot of the male audience, those who wanted action and lots of shooting. But she draw another segment, and never understood why. They cared little one way or the other for her games, but where Henrietta struck there would be women - plenty of them - with romantic hooks and little to do. To the way of thinking of a certain type of lothario, this was a goldmine, and to this Henrietta ever turned a blind eye. Her games were a circus of flirting, and it is arguable that the women playing her game felt safe under the mother hen's watchful eye. Even talk would not go very far with Henrietta on watch.

- Metagame Vol. LI No. 8, August 1956, "The Collected Works of Henrietta Wallace 1903-1950, (promotional review)"

An *With* EVENING Clarence



Tess by Ebarb

However the first Tess was to throw Henrietta - and the other GMs - for a long loop.

It isn't clear why Ruby Ebarb was cast as Tess. She was friends with Myrtis Toole, but apparently hadn't come out either way in Myrtis spat with Henrietta, and one can assume that Henrietta was courting her support.

"What nobody knew at that point is that Ruby Ebarb had at best a tenuous grasp on reality. She arrived on Friday night, and after picking up her packet, proceeded to affect an appalling sounding cockney accent and tell numerous players that she was a four hundred year old cockney vampire who was also the lover of a prominent Ragtime Musician. She was dressed in a very 'fast' manner after a saloon girl of the day. She also wrote poetry in the style of Coleridge and Byron and had of course been their intimate.

She played the character as a sort of demure harridan.

Now the problem was that there were enough other odd characters in Clarence that nobody knew for sure whether this was true or not, though it seemed unlikely even at the depths of desperation and bad taste that the GMs had served up a four hundred year old Cockney vampire with a penchant for modern clothes and music, as well as a strong background among the Gothic literati. One guesses Byron might have grown a bit tired of her Cockney accent.

She was in short a game unto herself. Regrettably, the GMs were disorganized and quite busy and she came to nobody's notice Friday night.

The game were evenly divided between the appalled and hurt. Some were merely hurt because she had a much more exciting role than they, and began to go singly and in numbers to the GMs to complain, and some were appalled that they had created such a ridiculous thing, and so would have nothing to do with her. Nevertheless she had her friends - for in LARP no matter how stupid or badly presented a player is, if they appear to oppose the GMs they will never lack for at least a few allies - had a good morning of running roughshod over the rest of the game.

The matter was complicated because either she or a confederate (as in partner, not as in one of that faction) had gone to Walker at some point and gotten him to scrawl out a couple of badly phrased abilities that lent her some legitimacy. It is likely that Walker would have cheerfully signed his own death warrant at that time, as long as he could keep the pen going straight.

Eventually the GMs held a conference, or rather exchanged messages through Miss Cooke, since in fact they were mostly not speaking to one another. I believe that Bucher and King were speaking taciturnly, Henrietta was speaking to nobody but Marsden (she had nothing to say to Bucher, and was having a tantrum at King about some last minute

changes she had insisted get made, though she'd nowhere made them) and Marsden was speaking to Walker and Henrietta but not both at the same time as they would not get within ten paces of each other, but not to King and Bucher, who had advised he should be cut from the staff (largely it is reckoned because King could see that Marsden's characters were getting along better than his), and Walker had been so indiscreet as to say so.

The upshot was that King and Henrietta both wished to publicly confront and defrock her for "cheating" while Walker could care less. Marsden ultimately made the point that she was at that point carrying several plots, if badly, and had better be left alone, for if she went away a substantial little portion of the game might collapse. Henrietta charged Marsden to 'control' her, and he passed the task to Walker.

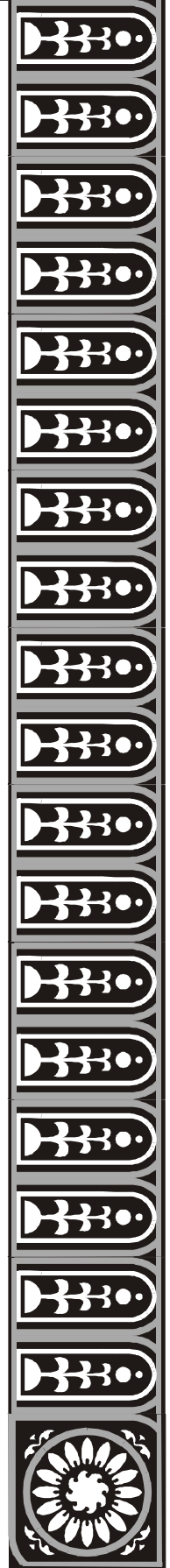
Walker was never good at handling confrontational players - though less hysterical than Henrietta, he was not in fact a confrontationalist, and preferred to retreat and cast slingstones from a distance. Faced with the fait accompli of handling the mess he had created, he borrowed some Chloral Hydrate from Dr. Moore, and put it into her drink. Then as they say 'she played no more that night,' and was decidedly quieter in the morning.

- Abraham Marsden: *An Artist in Transition*, Lloyd Rittenhauer, Random House, 1957

The irony of course did not come for years. During the "roaring twenties" when a new generation of LARPer embraced a wildly popular "Vampire" genre, in which Vampire Clans ruled subterranean clubs and consorted with gangsters and jazz babies, Marsden wrote.

"What irony. We were convinced that to play a four hundred year old cockney vampire, who was also a gothic poetess and jazz artiste was the wildest flight of circus geekery. But it turned out that we were wrong. She was the wave of the future. My God, how much money we could have made if we had known that in twenty years everyone would want to be a four hundred year old gothic cockney vampire jazz baby. To quote Mencken (or maybe it's Mencken quoting Barnum) 'No one in this world has ever lost money by underestimating the taste of the American people.' [sic]"

- Abraham Marsden, letter to Ivan Collins, Jun 22, 1928 (courtesy of the Walter and Jessica Collins Gallery "Collected Papers of Ivan and Lena Collins," New York)



An *With* EVENING Clarence

William Jenner Bryant

[Full Text]

You were born in Salem, Marion County, Ill., May 19, 1860. You've said "My early life ran quiet as a brook, and although I was fond of books I also delighted in outdoor sports. The pleasantest memory of my boyhood is that of my mother, who taught me until I was ten years of age."

You attended the public schools until he was fifteen years old when he entered Whipple Academy, at that time the preparatory department of Illinois College, located at Jacksonville. In 1877 you entered the college proper, took the classical course, and graduated in 1881 as valedictorian and class orator.

Although a profound student, you yet manifested a tendency for athletic sports. Your favorite exercise was jumping, and your record for the standing or broad jump was twelve feet and four inches.

In 1881 you entered the Union College of Law in Chicago, from which you was graduated in 1883. You were admitted to the bar in 1883, and began the practice of his profession at Jacksonville, Ill., where you remained for four years. You then removed to Lincoln, Neb., where you formed a partnership with A. R. Talbot, a former classmate.

You was married on October 1, 1881, to Miss Mary E. Baird, of Perry, Ill. The acquaintance had been formed while both were in college. Miss Baird graduated from the Illinois Female Academy in 1881, and after her marriage she studied law and was admitted to the bar, not with any idea of practicing, but merely that she and her brilliant young husband might have more subjects in common.

In 1887 the young couple moved to Lincoln, Neb., where Mr. Bryan entered upon the practice of your profession and where you also engaged in politics. You at once gave promise of a bright future as a political leader. . . . you have taken part in all the political struggles since 1880, and entered the campaign of 1888 as a supporter of Grover Cleveland. Two years later you received the nomination for Congress in the First Nebraska District and were elected by a

plurality of 6,700.

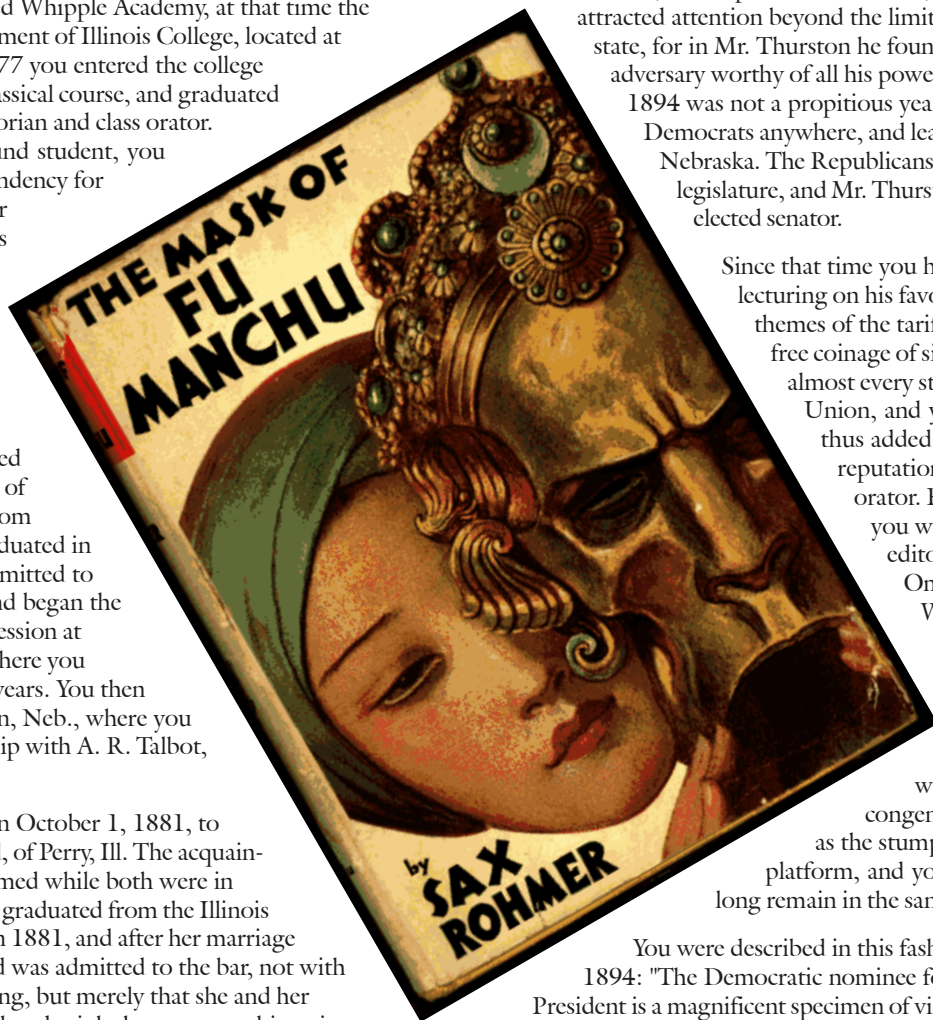
Your first speech in the house--the one on the tariff in 1892--fixed your status as one of the crack orators of this generation. It astonished old stagers, electrified the country and stimulated the ambition of every young man in the land. . . . In 1894 you refused the nomination to Congress, but aspired to the Senate, and was nominated at the Democratic state convention in Nebraska for that office. You canvassed the state and had two joint debates--one at Omaha and one at Lincoln--with John M.

Thurston, the Republican candidate, which attracted attention beyond the limits of the state, for in Mr. Thurston he found an adversary worthy of all his powers. But

1894 was not a propitious year for the Democrats anywhere, and least of all in Nebraska. The Republicans carried the legislature, and Mr. Thurston was elected senator.

Since that time you have been lecturing on his favorite themes of the tariff and the free coinage of silver in almost every state of the Union, and you have thus added to his reputation as an orator. For a time you were the editor of the Omaha World-Herald, but the editorial tripod was not as congenial to him as the stump and the platform, and you did not long remain in the sanctum.

You were described in this fashion in 1894: "The Democratic nominee for President is a magnificent specimen of virile manhood, with the physique of an athlete. His complexion is swarthy, his eyes are dark, his hair is jet black and slightly worn away in front. His nose is aquiline and his mouth extraordinarily large, but handsome, strong and sensitive. His chin is broad, square and immense, while his head is poised like that of a Grecian statue. . . . An indefatigable worker, his labor goes on twelve, fourteen, eighteen hours, if necessary, and he never tires. His stock of vitality is inexhaustible."



An *With* EVENING Clarence



You were the youngest candidate that was ever named for the Presidency by any party in all United States history, being little more than one year past the constitutional age.

You were nominated again in 1894, but were soundly licked by Teddy Roosevelt. Nobody but ignorant Southerners and a few westerners with primitive religious beliefs had ever voted for you anyway.

In 1898, the Democrats actually had the sense to nominate Alton B. Parker from New York with an octogenarian ex-Senator from West Virginia as a concession to the ignorant hinterlands where most of your support originates. However he got pretty decently clobbered too, and so you're back in the running. If everything goes well in Denver, you'll be the Democratic Nominee again, and it looks like you may be in luck. In '04 Roosevelt, cocky from his victory vowed not to run for re-election.

Instead, he's backing his hand picked successor William Howard Taft. Now Taft shouldn't be a tough man to beat. Admittedly your supporters are mostly ignorant zealots from tent-meetings and Chatauquas, but how much work should it take to beat a man so fat that they say he's the most polite man in Washington. When he gets up on the streetcar, he gives up his seat to two women.

Also you are not actually William Jenner Bryant.

You are actually secretly Yen how, the sinister master of the "Yellow Danger." Half-Japanese and Half-Chinese you were given the opportunity to get a civilized education in England, but you developed an unnatural passion for Ada Seward an English servant.

You felt her inevitable rejection to be an insult to the entire "yellow race" - but you also realized that the white race had progressed so far that the days of yellow rule might never come about. Returning home you became the Second-in-Command to the Emperor of China. Using your English Education, you have secretly united China and Japan, and are prepared to set the Great Powers at war with each other.

To do so you only need to get the United States out of the way. Once you are President, you will rally the ignorant masses of southern zealots, and provoke another Civil War.

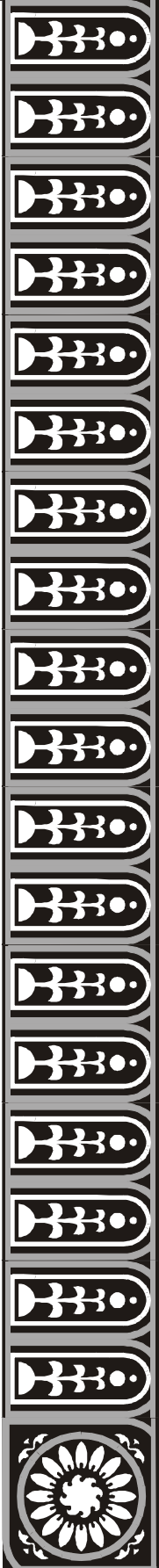
To accomplish your master stroke you'll need to secure the Presidential nomination, and then provoke the next Civil War. When that is down, you will call in the fleet of 180 million Chinese and Japanese troops, and destroy the Americas and then the Civilized world, imposing a Yellow regime.



To be nominated as President your best plan is to steal one of the Inventions of Tom Edison Jr. and use it to force the Convention in Denver to nominate you. You might also steal the Accelerator Drug, and run around and alter all the ballots.

Finally, you might be able to get into contact with the Evil Divinity known as "the Beetle" which you have heard of through your mastery of the Oriental Arts and secure the Nomination by Occult means.

Then with armies behind you the white men's day will have come.



An *With* EVENING Clarence

Tom Edison, Jr.

Tom Edison, Jr. was replaced by Tom Swift in the Mikhail Jung re-write of 1919. Written by Horatio King, Edison's sheet is "just adequate." Bland, short and uninteresting. Mikhail Jung said "King's sheets were actually among the easiest to work with. They had most if not all the actual plot points, and little else. King was to LARP writing what the Congressional Record is to Literature, only slightly less informative."

Tom Edison, Jr. is what has been called in the modern era an "Edisonade," a novel in which a hagiographic portrayal of Thomas Alva Edison is made into the main character. These were enormously popular during the 90's when most of the GMs were teenagers, and no game would have been complete without them.

Other examples of this sort of character were Johnny Brainerd, Tom Swift, Jack Wright and the wonderful "Electric Bob." The genre survived for decades, driven by Tom Swift, and "Johnny Quest" of the later 20th century can be seen as a direct descendant.

Generally White with a capital "W," upright, and "morally priggish" the Edisonade character was a master scientist, and had some wonderful creation or creations.

Except for Henrietta, all the Clarence authors read Edisonade novels in their youth, and as with other dime genres, by the turn of the century the Edisonades were "following their audience" by producing adult material. One obvious influence on the authors was Garrett P. Serviss' 1898 serial Edison's Conquest of Mars, which was the American answer to War of the Worlds. Following the unlicensed Cosmopolitan serial of the Wells story Thomas Edison - and in this case it's the Edison easily deduces all the Martian science from their wreckage, and calling the great governments together builds a fleet to journey to Mars and conquer it.

Tom Edison Jr. is taken from a series of Street and Smith serials written by "Philip Reade," as mentioned elsewhere a house name. In this case, we don't actually know who wrote most of the stories, which is probably less embarrassing for the author. The Tom Edison Jr. stories featured villains such as Louis Gubrious, and may have been the source of the Clarence GMs fixation on amateurish puns, though the significance of tea as a subject of such vast merriment still escapes us.

Since there is no other provenance given for the Sky Courser in the game, it seems likely that Tom Edison Jr. built it, though there isn't actually any firm evidence. It hardly matters, since he is one of the few characters that does not seem to have a fixation on getting it back.

He is primarily interested in refurbishing his "Electric Elephant" for battle against the Astronard, and the widget hunt for "Elephant Parts" is likely to take him most of the game. It is suggested that the "Electric Elephant" is the intended counter to the Martain War machine, however since assembly of it was patently impossible, it seems unlikely. However it did get into action in a few games, probably the result of some sort of advantageous ruling by the GMs.

The Sea Spider is a spider like submersible which can crawl on the sea floor as well as drive through the sea. It is armed with a giant claw, like Nemo's Nautilus it can be electrified, it has a water cannon, and is equipped with torpedoes and dynamite guns. These are a very real, though insanely dangerous weapon - at this point the U.S. Navy operated its one and only "dynamite cruiser" U.S.S. Vesuvius, launched 1880.

There are references in various notes to an "adaptation" of Fred T. Jane's rules for scale torpedo boat combat to handle a confrontation between the Sea Spider and the Enigma, however there is no record that this was actually done, and like so many other climatic combats, we assume that it was handled orally by the GMs at the time.

Thomas Edison Jr.

You are Thomas Edison Jr. Your father was Thomas Edison, Sr., not to be confused with Thomas Alva Edison. Your father the inventor disappeared many years ago under mysterious circumstances - he had invented a "wonder balloon" and was working on a true aircraft. You grew up as an orphan living on the left bank of the Mississippi.

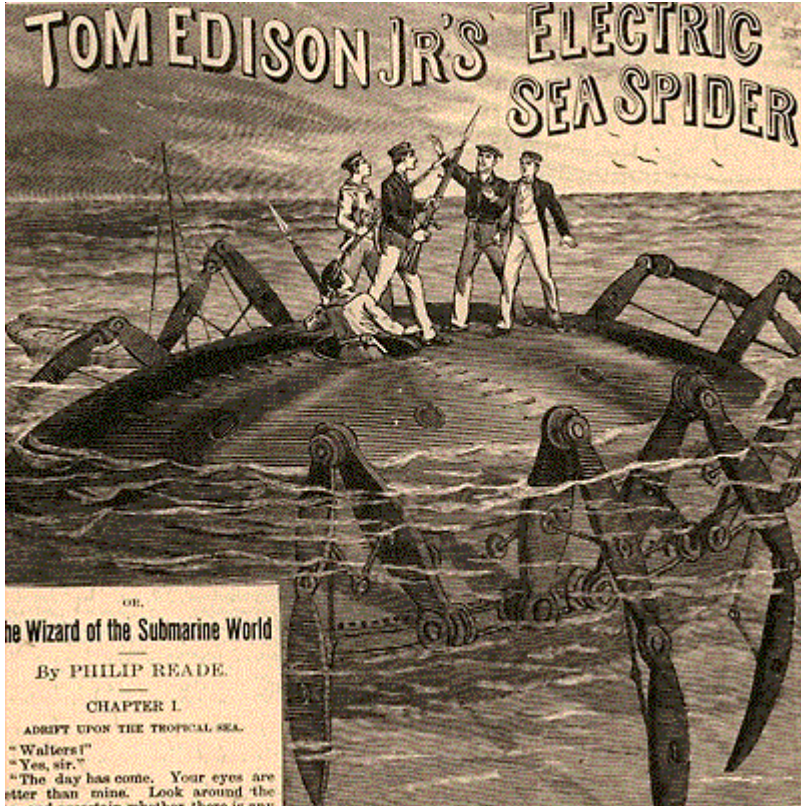
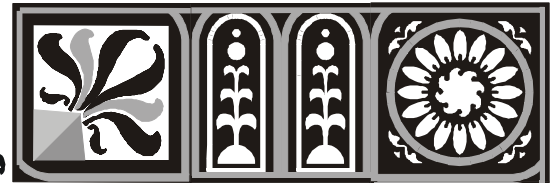
You developed some good inventions in your father's shop - a "flying-squirrel suit" with a gas-filled bladder that permitted you to leap a long way, or float was the first. You also invented "footsprings" for your horses, so that they could trot at 50 miles an hour, and an armoured landrover full of weapons.

You faced Indians, and your evil cousin Louis Gubrious. You found that your father had gone bad, and had to fight him and your cousin. Your cousin was driven away to become a pirate, and you kept your father safe at home for a while, but he escaped.

Then you heard about the gold that was coming into the United States from Detective Carter. The President had asked everyone to investigate. So you built the Astronard, a metal aircraft which was one hundred and twenty feet long, had vacuum lift, and was powered by electricity, being steered by rotating helices and flapping wings. It was armoured and has a full complement of cannon.

You gave it to the brave Dick Lighthouse (because you were busy) to go find the man-made gold which threatened to ruin the economy, causing Anarchy. He flew to the Tibetan mountains. You had also given him a giant electric elephant

An EVENING *With* Clarence



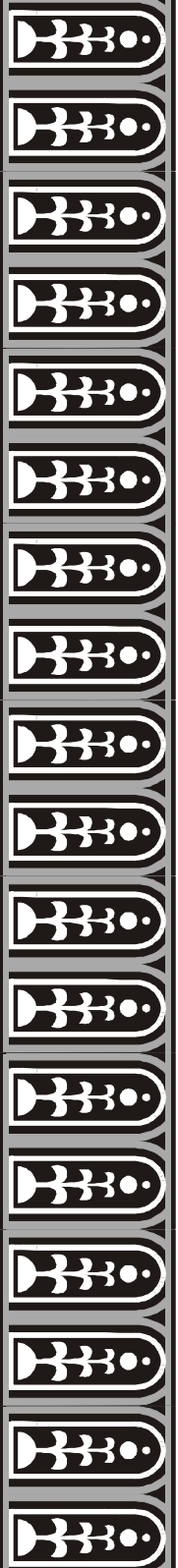
to use if he needed to travel on the ground in India. The Astronard crashed not due to Dick's bravery, and the elephant was broken up. Pieces ended up in many different places. You would like to put it back together again, because it represents the last of your wealth as you were broke after that.

When Dick was out you had built another ship which got stolen before it was finished. Then you built a submarine and that was stolen too.

You also built the Electric Sea Spider which is all that you have left now. You have plans for the Improved Machine Gun, but you have no money to build it. You have a fine crew of "bright-looking young Yankees," led by Mr. Liston and Mr. Donnerblitz.

When Yen How was pirating ships in the far east you used the Electric Sea Spider to destroy his pirate port and sink his submarine. You've heard he's out again, and you'd like to get hold of him.

Perhaps you should run for President. You could easily gain the nomination with your reputation. Then you could have money to build new inventions.



An EVENING With Clarence

Dick Lighthouse

It is irresistible to open by quoting a modern-era review, by Victorian Fantasy aficionado Jess Nevins:

Dick Lighthouse is a typical, and tiresome, square-jawed two-fisted self-righteous Victorian adventurer, a young man full of his own moral superiority and willing to shove it down everybody else's throats. (He's also a racist, which is quite typical of much of the young man's adventure fiction of the time) He is on the Indiana when they find the survivor of an encounter with a "sea monster." The ship goes after it, but when they find it only bonthead Lighthouse and his chums are willing to try to kill it; the rest of the crew has more sense than that. Sure enough, when they do try to harpoon it, the monster sinks the Indiana (how many deaths on your conscience now, Dick Lighthouse?) and Lighthouse and his boys are sent into the water, where they are rescued, after a time, by the sea monster, which turns out to be... a submarine.

Is any of this sounding familiar yet?

Sure enough, Dick and his posse are brought into the submarine (which is called the Enigma) and made the guests/prisoners of its chief, Captain Nemo. Like the Verne character, he is a moody misanthrope, and as in the Verne novel, the Hemyng story features an underwater burial, an attempted escape to a cannibal-filled island, a visit to a giant pearl that only Nemo knows about, a trip through a submarine tunnel, and an attack by a giant squid.

The crew of the Enigma use special rifles to hunt and kill undersea creatures, and Hemyng's Captain Nemo is a Confederate veteran whose fiancée, convinced that he was dead, married someone else. For this "Nemo" (née Harold Duggan) swears vengeance, sinking ships and acting much as the Verne Nemo does.

Dick Lighthouse and his chums eventually escape, thanks to the Enigma suffering from mechanical difficulties. Unfortunately for the reader, our escape is not so easy; we'll carry the memory of the ripoff of Verne with us for a long, long time. Shame on you, Bracebridge Hemyng! Shame!

- Jess Nevins (Victorian Fantasy Website, 2003)

Of course the character of Dick Lighthouse was dropped for the character of Allan Quartermain in the playable 1919 Jung Version, and "Captain Nemo II" was re-written as the original Verne Captain Nemo. In a letter to Dolores Cooke April 1925, Jung says that "Quartermain was of course better known, and somewhat less of a horse's ass."

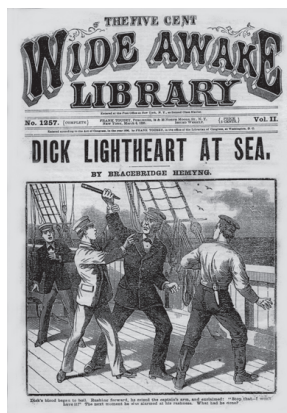
The substitution sparked some outrage even in 1903, since the Bracebridge Hemyng's adaptation was not nearly as well known or remembered as Verne's, though it had been published in the U.S. by the American News Company in Frank Leslie's American Boys. Apparently, however, King had read it as a boy and adored it, and had a copy of the

UK Novel "The Scapegrace at Sea," which he passed to Bucher, who found it delightful.

Possibly they were attracted by passages such as this, cited by modern reviewer James D. Keeline: "When the group tries to escape, they kill one of Captain Nemo's crew, one of

Duggard's former slaves, who speaks in dialect. When Lighthouse learns what they have done, Teddy replies "it was only a nigger."

Certainly, the use of the Hemyng version allows for the introduction of a square jawed Muscular Christian hero, of the sort that King fancied himself to be and Bucher admired rather than Professor Arronax, who Bucher would have called "an effete Frog."



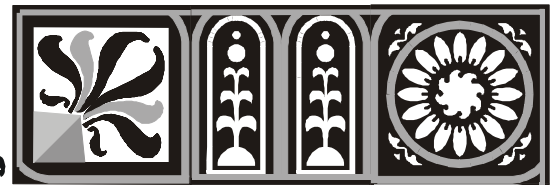
Principally, Captain Nemo II is an ex-Confederate, and the Civil War element simply delighted Horatio King, while the entire story entertained Bucher. Henrietta Wallace refused to read the character at all, on no other principal than that "she did not wish to read Boys' Stories," an example of her refusal on several counts to read many of the male or adventure characters in the game on the simple basis that a lady did not read that sort of writing.

Ironically, Hemyng was pirated by a pirate himself. From August - Sept 1895, his Scapegrace novel ran in Young Sports of America as "The Wizard of the Deep; or the Search for the Million Dollar Pearl," under the pseudonym "Theodore Edison," and this made it into hardcover as "The Wizard of the Sea" (Mershon, 1900). It survived to be reprinted in 1907 and even later, using the pseudonym "Roy Rockwood" and thus it was probably written by or commissioned by Edward Stratemyer, whose publishing Syndicate hired authors to complete works on his outline. Stratemyer created such characters as "The Bobbsey Twins," "Tom Swift," "The Hardy Boys," and "Nancy Drew."

It is reasonably to suppose that the authors relied on the recent publication for recognition, but they used most of the names from the Hemyng version, probably because the Stratemyer plagiarism omitted the Confederate sub-plot that King and Bucher adored.

Regrettably, no trace whatsoever of the Dick Lighthouse Character Sheet survives, and there is some evidence that after 1907, the character may have become Mont Folsom from the Stratemyer version. However there is no extant copy of that sheet either, which is unusual since Lighthouse/Folsom was a fairly significant character.

An *With* EVENING Clarence



Peedee Boyd

It should be noted for starters that Peedee Boyd is one of the many obscure puns in the game which revolve around teas. Just why the original authors found tea to be so universally hilarious is unclear.

P.D. Boyd was the proprietor of a fairly well known West Coast firm of tea importers, known for its "Red Wagon." Peedee was a river in South Carolina (though apparently the GMs believed it was in Florida), the name of which apparently drastically amused Walker, sending him into "paroxysms of laughter from which we feared...or in Henrietta's case hoped...he would not recover." Therefore to name a Confederate "Peedee Boyd" was to them great sport, though it is unclear that even at runtime anyone else found it particularly amusing.

The character of course also reflects King and Bucher's obsession with the American Civil War, and dovetails into the Submarine plot centering on Captain Nemo II, which is arguably one of a few valid reasons for including the character.

Henrietta was fixated on the absolute concept that Boyd and Nemo II (Harold Duggan, or Duggard, depending on who was writing the name) must be wed.

The majority of the character was cribbed whole cloth from Belle Boyd in Camp and Prison, New York, Bielock and Company, 1866. King starts out revising the person, then gives up about halfway through. This sort of thing was considered "character reference" at the time, and if done well could be useful.

Note how King demolishes Bucher's Goethian fantasy from Duggard in two lines..."You met at a dance, where you played a party game." Of the two men, Bucher emerges as the most romantic, an odd case. He also does not follow the timeline in Duggard's sheet - though Peedee is married in 1864, it is not to "Albert." However perhaps the confusion is excusable, though it seems unlikely Duggan wouldn't have heard the full story. However he might well not have known Hardinge was dead or ill when he sailed on his last voyage.

A few lines at the end constitute plot.

Henrietta foresaw a joyous reunion in which the two Confederates would gallantly wed, and then fail gloriously; perhaps seeking exile together.

Peedee Boyd

You play the role of spy as if the war were a lighthearted game of charades. And you live as if you were fashioning your days into the plot of a romantic story. During your lifetime you could have read about herself in at least two historical novels, although neither did justice to your dashing exploits.

Before the War you were engaged to be married to Harold

Duggan. But he was wounded in battle, then volunteered to go to England to build a blockade runner. He called once in Wilmington, but then was killed when his blockade runner Peedee was sunken off Brest by the Federal Frigate Iroquois. You met at a dance, where you played a party game.

You became an espionage agent when you were seventeen, and served the Confederacy throughout the war, in Dixie, the North, and England as well. You matched the boldness of any man, galloping headlong into the dark with cipher messages, or creeping into rooms to eavesdrop on Union Army conferences. On at least one occasion (when you could persuade none of the men to do it for you), you daringly entered battle lines to carry back important information.

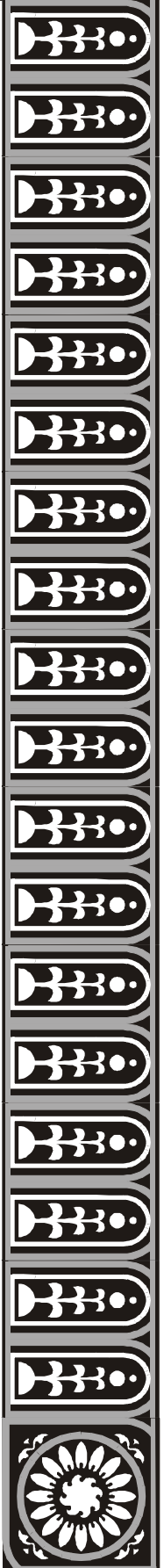
But above all you are overwhelmingly feminine, and make good use of your womanly appeal. Unlike others who impersonated the inconspicuous female and made themselves up as a drab housewife or dowdy traveler, you play your own personality to the hilt, with a dramatic air and sweeping gestures, wearing rich reds and greens and feathers in your hat. You look at men through her long lashes, assuring them that you have no intentions hostile to the North, while you steal whatever secrets were at hand and filch others practically from their pockets. You possess at least one additional asset--perhaps the best pair of legs in the Confederacy. Even a lady must get in and out of a carriage or with a flurry of petticoats dismount from a horse; at such times you show a pretty confusion, and very fine ankles.

Your actions are apparently puzzling to your opponents, for at times you are described as cunning, at others naive. Always an individualist, you spy "by ear," after your own special fashion. What you think, you generally say.

You love the South passionately, but you don't think of yourself as a spy. You only want to help your people. Arguably, you could have been legally convicted and shot at sunrise on the basis of the evidence against you. Yet you have critics among Southerners themselves. You travel alone, to the horror of more conventional women. You find that you converse easily with nearly anyone you meet, and unlike many a woman of your class, you are not particularly self-conscious.

By visiting camps, calling on generals and colonels in their tents, and accepting carriage rides in the warm afternoons, you shock your more conservative friends. You even dance and flirt with Northerners as well as Southerners. When you bother to defend yourself, you point out that it is necessary for you to be on good terms with both sides. Sure, there is no doubt that you like the boys in blue as well as those in gray. You perform your duty to the South and have a nice time, too.

Also, you can always rely on a hidden weapon--male



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gallantry. When Federal commanders discover that you have given information to the South that might wreck their plans, you look sad, speak half gaily, half pathetically, and Northern chivalry would prove as strong as Southern; they release you. Before you reach twenty-one you will have been imprisoned twice, "reported" nearly thirty times, and arrested six or seven. In one romantic feat you will persuade your Northern captor to marry you and switch sides. In Piccadilly, English crowds hail you as if you were a Sir Walter Scott heroine. French newspapers termed you "La Belle Rebelle," a title that amuses you.

Your birthplace was the Georgetown, South Carolina, which is in a region that produced almost half the rice grown in the United States.

You once told a Chicago interviewer that you came of a "well known family of Virginia," having ties among the best in the state." The Boyds trace themselves back to an ancient Scottish clan; they have highly placed kin in New Orleans and parts of Kentucky, and a family connection with George Randolph, later Confederate Secretary of War. Although it is unfortunate, your branch of the Boyds has done less well than others. Your father runs a store and manages a rice farm.

To your English admirers you describe an idyllic childhood in a "pretty two-storied house," its walls "hidden by roses and honeysuckle." Idyllic it was, for you were a reckless tomboy who climbed trees, raced through the woods on a nettlesome mount, and dominated brothers, sisters, and cousins. Some say that your mild-mannered mother never disciplined you. When you made a visit to Tennessee relatives you encountered a stricter home regime and, to your surprise, liked it, although it was the first time in your life you ever had to conform to family rules. You did not conform for long; you preferred to be "on the go."

Despite their lack of money, your family gave you a good education. After some preliminary schooling, you were sent at the age of twelve to the Mount Washington Female College at Baltimore. A minister was head of the college, but despite his influence you remained "on the go." At sixteen your training was "supposed to be completed," and your family and friends arranged debuts in Charleston and Washington. Cousins made certain that you met the proper hostesses and received invitations to the best affairs.

Secretary of War Floyd, soon to join the Confederacy, was one in whose drawing rooms. You are happy to say you became a favorite. The waltzes and cotillions, the bright conversations with uniformed officers, judges, and senators were a heady experience. The season was that of late 1860, however, and more and more often you heard the echoes of clashes over slavery's extension. Then came secession.

With Sumter's fall you headed home for Georgetown, "enthusiastic in my love for my country, the South." There you discovered that your forty-four-year-old father had

volunteered for military service. Sedentary, highly unmilitary, Ben Boyd nevertheless insisted on taking his part in the war. Offered "that grade in the army to which his social position entitled him," he had instead enlisted as a private. Beside younger and more hardy men, Ben was to suffer greatly in the war; but Belle you could only react with hearty approval, contributing to town funds for his regiment, and joining other Confederate causes as they sprang up.

To nobody's surprise, you soon found these employments too tame and monotonous to satisfy your temperament. When your father went to the camp in Charleston, you helped organize a festive visiting party. Officers and men were and joyous," you wrote in your diary, and "many true hearts" were pledged. After all: "A true woman always loves a real soldier." Not yet seventeen, you considered yourself a "true woman."

Early in July 1861, Ben Boyd's regiment prepared for battle, and sorrowfully you and your mother bade him good-by, and returned to Georgetown. You promptly went to the hospitals to help the wounded, and you were there when a triumphant Union officer entered. Waving a flag over the soldier's beds, he referred to them as "damned rebels."

Commenting scornfully on the bravery of a man who insulted men when they were "as helpless as babies," you snapped at the damned Yankee.

The Federal soldier was taken by surprise. "And pray, who may you be, Miss?"

Your maid spoke up before you did: "A rebel lady."

"A damned independent one, at all events," remarked the Northerner as he left the hospital. But then you learned to be friendly to the boys in blue, much to the consternation of your neighbors. And they spoke rather freely to you.

Whatever you learned, you "regularly and carefully committed to paper" and sent to Stonewall Jackson or to Jeb Stuart. Soon your first mistake tripped you. A true novice, you had no cipher and made no effort to disguise your handwriting. One of your notes reached Union headquarters, and the colonel in command summoned her. Reading the articles of war, he asked sternly if you knew you could be sentenced to death.

Declining to appear frightened, you made a full curtsy, and your eyes swept over the officers in the room. "Thank you, gentlemen of the jury," you murmured in irony, and swirled out. But you had to be more careful, and for a time you used as helper an old Negro, who carried messages in a big watch from which the insides had been removed. A certain Sophie B. also assisted you. Lacking superlative horsemanship, Sophie once had to walk seven miles each way to Jackson's camp.

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One day you heard of the exploit of Rose Greenhow's famous helper, Betty Duvall, with her market girl's disguise and the dispatch hidden in her black locks. Spy inspired spy, and you sought out Colonel Turner Ashby, Jackson's sharp-faced cavalry leader, head of military scouts in the Shenandoah Valley.

Ashby was no mean spy himself when he put on civilian clothes and rode around Union camps in the role of a dreary veterinarian. For days Ashby would treat ailing horses, then jog back to his own lines with all he needed to know about the enemy. From him you received several assignments as courier for the Confederate forces. You learned the use of a cipher, and in the shifting battle areas you frequently carried messages on brief runs, pounding through backcountry and over shortcuts on your horse. Your tomboy days were paying off.

Restless as ever, you worked in one town after another, until you heard in late March of 1862 that fighting was on again at Martinsburg. Your place was there, you felt, but as you passed through nearby Winchester an enemy tipped off Union authorities. At the railroad station, officers begged your pardon--and arrested you. You would have to go all the way to Baltimore with them. The experience might have been terrifying to the girl, but, while friends watched glumly, you adjusted a bright new beribboned hat and assured them that nothing was going to happen to you! They'd see.

They did. Your prison in Baltimore was a comfortable hotel, where you held court and chuckled at, then with your captors. A week passed pleasantly as officials puzzled over what to do about you. General Dix, who had presided at the Greenhow hearing, found no specific evidence, and let you leave with a fatherly warning. With a deep bow and a raised eyebrow, you swished out.

After this adventure you rejoined her family at Front Royal, forty miles south of Martinsburg, where your aunt and uncle had a small hotel. To your surprise, Union forces had taken over the building and the remaining members of your family had moved to a cramped cottage. Such restriction made you Confederate heart sink. You knew precisely where you wanted to be--in Richmond, the heart of everything that interested you. As you understood life, the way to get a thing was to ask for it, especially if the one to be asked were a man. So you sought out the commander, General James Shields.

The good-humored Irishman beamed at you. Ah, he clicked his tongue, if he gave you the pass you wished, you would have to go through General Jackson's lines. Shields shook his head in mock regret; those Confederates had been so demoralized that he dared not trust you to their mercies. Then with a twinkle he added that in a few days Jackson's men would all be wiped out, and you could go through!

So assured was the Union officer that he forgot a woman can sometimes listen and remember. Sensing a chance for a real exploit, you changed your plans in a second. You would stay right there. When you twinkled back at Shields, he grew expansive and introduced her to his staff. A younger, handsomer Irishman seemed definitely worthy of cultivation and quickly you let Captain Keily think he was cultivating you.

You rode out with the captain, and Keily talked freely. To him, as you said wryly, you were "indebted for some very remarkable effusions, some withered flowers, and last, not least, for a great deal of very important information. . . ." You gathered that a major Federal drive would soon be mounted, and your aunt's hotel was a rare observation point. One night in mid May you learned that a war council was about to be held in the hotel parlor. Directly above was a bedroom with a closet, and, as you had once noticed, the closet floor had a small knothole.

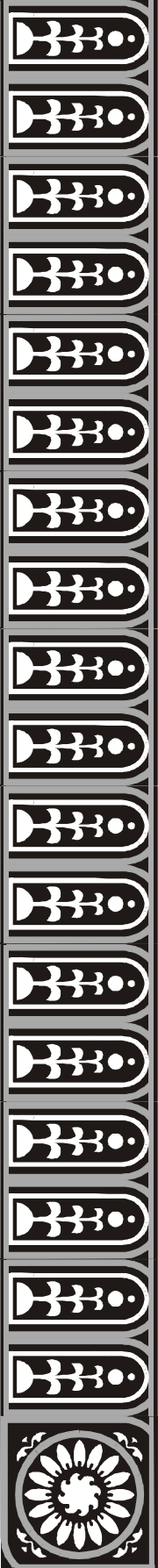
When the men gathered, you lay down in the closet and put her ear to the opening. For hours you stayed there, motionless, cramped, catching every murmur as the men, sitting over cigars and maps, argued strategy. Your mind filled with names, figures, placement of scattered armies. There was much you did not understand, so you memorized most of it. The meeting ended about one in the morning, and, after waiting for the halls to clear, you scurried to your cottage and wrote out a cipher message.

You had to leave with it at once. To wake a servant was too great a risk, so you saddled her horse and led him softly away. A few minutes later you were galloping toward the mountains. In her pocket you had a pass left her by a paroled Confederate. A sentry stopped you, and as you thrust it into his hands you talked nervously of sickness in the family, your need for haste. He let you by.

You had to rein in and chatter out your story to another guard, and he nodded. With that you sped across fields, along marshes, past cabins. Fifteen miles away was a house where you had been told you could send an emergency message to Colonel Ashby, Jackson's head spy. At last, breathless, you jumped from your horse and hammered at the door of the dark building. A suspicious voice demanded who you were. After you gave your name, the friend opened the door and gaped at you: "My dear, where'd you come from?"

You ignored his questions as male irrelevance, and asked your own. Where was Ashby? How soon could you reach him? Told that his party was quartered up the road, you started to turn, when another door opened, and Ashby himself frowned at you. "Good God! Miss Peedee, is that you?"

You told all you knew and left hurriedly, for you had to get back home before dawn. You were nearly there when a drowsy sentry, waking just as you rode by, fired after you.



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But you were lying exhausted in your own bed by the time General Shields forces rolled out of Martinsburg. The next ten days or so would see vigorous action, you felt sure.

Rumors arrived soon of Federal movements at Winchester. Feeling the need to be "on the go" once more, you asked for a pass. The provost marshal was suspicious, and put you off with one excuse after another. He sometimes left on short absences, however, and you waited until he rode out of town. Then you applied prettily to a young cavalry lieutenant in the provost's office. You, a girl cousin, and her maid were anxious to make the trip, and surely he wouldn't object. The lieutenant hesitated, and you moved closer. . . . Well, he had to go thereabouts himself, Miss Peedee, and he'd just ride along. Though you had not expected quite that arrangement, you took full advantage of it. For the young Union officer the trip was a gay adventure. He escorted you girls through the lines and you stayed briefly at Winchester.

There, unexpectedly or perhaps not so unexpectedly, a new opportunity opened to the you. A "gentleman of high social standing" found you and murmured an anxious message: He had several papers that should go to General Jackson or one of his subordinates. He shoved them into your hands. They all dealt with the impending clash between Confederate and Northern forces and were of varying importance. The first packet you examined was vital, and you slipped it to her maid, reasoning that the Federals would probably not search a Negro. A paper of less import the girl dropped casually in a small basket; another of the same sort you gave to the bemused lieutenant to hold. A final document, of great significance, you held in your own hand. The blithe party started back.

You did not get far, for you had just reached Winchester's outskirts when a pair of detectives flagged down your group. You were all under arrest. At headquarters the colonel in charge asked a direct question: were you carrying any disloyal messages? The lieutenant was flustered. You knew that the less important packet in your basket would quickly be found, so you promptly passed it to the colonel. In your hand you still held the most vital of the papers. "What's that?" the colonel demanded.

You employed elementary psychology. "This scrap? Nothing. You can have it." You moved forward as if to give the note to him; had he reached out, you said later, you would have swallowed it. Instead, the colonel turned his attention to the lieutenant. From his pocket that luckless man fished your paper, and caught the brunt of the older man's rage. What did this mean--carrying messages for the secesh! Didn't the unwitting fool know. . . ?

To your regret, the lieutenant stayed under arrest. You yourself, according to a newspaper of a few days later, "with her usual adroitness and assumed innocence, got clear of the charges of treachery." You had not only kept the essential note in your hand, but also the valuable one in your maid's

possession!

In May of 1863 Jackson had launched perhaps the most astonishing action of his career, his first Valley campaign, which bewildered and terrified his Northern opponents. He started several times in one direction, and the Union shifted forces to meet him; a day or so later he reversed himself in a long, secret march in the opposite direction, and fell on other units of the unprepared enemy, smashed them, and moved on to repeat the performance. Each time the Federal military leaders declared that the maneuver was incredible, impossible-- yet there it was.

Jackson had fewer than twenty thousand men in the Valley; the Union had several times that number, at different points, under Generals Banks, Fremont, and McDowell. McDowell was preparing his army to join McClellan in a mighty drive to take Richmond. But now Stonewall had gone to work to wreck that plan. Furthermore, he was making such a powerful movement toward Washington that the Union would have to divert thousands of men from the push against Richmond.

In Front Royal, you were puzzled: what could you do with your accumulated information? Then, on May 23, 1862, you found a way to make proper use of it.

As you sat in her living room, your reliable maid announced excitedly: "Rebels comin!" From the door you saw Northern soldiers running in every direction. When you called out to a friendly officer, he told you nervously what had happened:

Southerners under Generals Jackson and Ewell had surprised the Union pickets. Stonewall was within a mile or so of town before the Federals had wind of an attack!

"Now," explained this talkative fellow, "we're trying to get the ordnance and quartermaster's stores out of reach."

"And the stores in the big depot?" you asked quickly.

"We'll burn 'em!"

"Suppose Jackson's men come too fast?"

"We'll fight as long as we can show a front. If we have to do it, well draw back on Winchester--fire the bridges as we cross, and join General Banks. . . ." As he disappeared, you snatched up opera glasses and ran to the balcony. The Confederate advance guard was about three quarters of a mile from town. You thought of your poor father, trying to hold his own with younger men, advancing with that army, and all at once your hopes overcame her fears.

You went over her assorted information: the messages handed to her in Winchester, the military conference overheard at the hotel, and data gathered on her visits to the camps. It added up to a great deal. In her own words, you knew "that General Banks was at Strasbourg with 4,000 men; that the small force at Winchester could be readily

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reinforced by General White, who was at Harpers Ferry, and that Generals Shields and Geary were a short distance from Front Royal, while Fremont was beyond the Valley; further, and this was the vital point, that it had been decided all these separate divisions should co-operate against General Jackson." The Confederates had to be advised of these facts. . . . you hurried downstairs.

Out on the street Peedee spoke to several men whom you knew were Southern sympathizers. Wouldn't one of them carry her information to General Jackson? "No, no. You go!" they urged her gallantly.

Snatching up a sunbonnet, you went. you edged her way through the Union soldiers, past heavy guns and equipment. Finally reaching the open fields, Peedee was fired on by Union pickets. you felt the rifle balls "flying thick and fast" around her in a cross lire between Confederate and Northern skirmishers.

A Federal shell hit the earth twenty yards ahead of the girl and just before it burst Peedee threw herself to the ground. A moment later you was dashing on again, in terror and determination: "I shall never run again as I ran ... on that day." you scrambled over fences, crawled along the edges of hills and fields, and at last approached the oncoming Southern line.

Her Confederate spirit leaped within her, and you waved her bonnet to the soldiers as a sign to press on. Astonished at the sight of a woman at this exposed spot, Hays Louisiana Brigade and the First Maryland Infantry cheered and quickened their pace. (Three years later Peedee still heard in her dreams "their shouts of approbation and triumph.") Exhausted, tearful, you fell to her knees, then rose as the main body of men moved toward her. you recognized an old friend, Major Harry Douglas. In his own memoirs Douglas, taking up the story, explained that Stonewall Jackson had been trying to take in the situation facing him, when: I observed, almost immediately, the figure of a woman in white glide swiftly out of town on our right, and, after making a little circuit, run rapidly up a ravine in our direction and then disappear from sight. you seemed, when I saw her, to heed neither weeds nor fences, but waved a bonnet as you came on, trying, it was evident, to keep the hill between herself and the village. I called General Jacksons attention to the singular movement just as a dip in the land hid her, and at General Ewells suggestion, he sent me to meet her and ascertain what you wanted. That was just to my taste, and it took only a few minutes for my horse to carry me to meet the romantic maiden whose tall, supple and graceful figure struck me as soon as I came in sight of her. (Even at such moments Peedee's proportions were not to be overlooked!)

As I drew near, her speed slackened, and I was startled, momentarily, at hearing her call my name. But I was not much astonished when I saw that the visitor was the well-known Peedee Boyd, whom I had known from her earliest

girlhood. you was just the girl to dare to do this thing.

"Great God, Peedee, why are you here?" He asked the same question that others often put to her. Trying to catch her breath, the girl spoke in gasps.

I knew it must be Stonewall, when I heard the first gun. Go back quick and tell him that the Yankee force is very small--one regiment of Maryland infantry, several pieces of artillery and several companies of cavalry. Tell him I know, for I went through the camps and got it out of an officer. Tell him to charge right down and he will catch them all. I must hurry back. Goodbye. My love to all the dear boys--and remember if you meet me in town you havent seen me today.

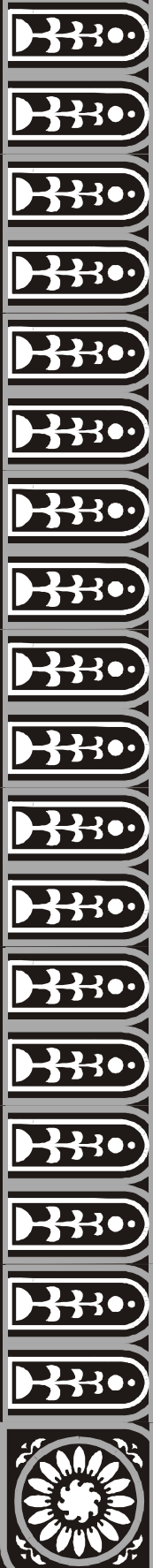
Harry Douglas raised his cap, Peedee kissed her hand to him and started back. While he stood talking over her message with Jackson, you waved the white bonnet and re--entered the village. Some of what you told Douglas the Confederates had already heard; but you confirmed the facts, and you gave them new data on which to act. Now they moved on with brilliant effect. While Maryland and Louisiana troops raced forward, Jackson "with a half smile" suggested that Douglas might see if he could "get any more information from that young lady."

More than willing to try, Douglas galloped off. A bit later he met Miss Boyd in conversation with Federal officer prisoners and a few Confederate Army friends. Forever Peedee! "Her cheeks were rosy with excitement and recent exercise, and her eyes all aflame. When I rode up to speak to her you received me with much surprised cordiality, and as I stooped from my saddle you pinned a crimson rose to my uniform, bidding me remember that it was blood-red and that it was her 'colors.'"

Spurred by Peedee's information, Jackson and his men pounded through the town. According to plan, the Union troops set fire to the bridge, which had begun to blaze when Jackson galloped up. The Confederates defied the smoke and flame, burned hands and feet as they pulled and kicked at the scorching timbers and tossed them into the water. They succeeded in saving the bridge and pushed on in another of Jacksons unorthodox performances.

To Bankss amazement two days later, on May 25, Jackson hit his column near Middletown, smashed it in half, and chased it in a rout back to the Potomac. In this campaign Jackson had taken three thousand prisoners, thousands of small arms, and hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of stores that the Federal army lacked time to destroy. In years to come, men of both sides would study with admiration this military performance.

As Stonewall intended, Washington officials felt a flash of terror. The Union capital itself was endangered; Lincoln sent out peremptory orders, and hastily the Federal armies took action to save the situation. Tens of thousands of men had to be pulled out of the drive on Richmond. On May



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29 Stonewall could draw back satisfied. He snatched a moment to express his regard for Peedee and her work:

I thank you, for myself and for the Army, for the immense service that you have rendered your country today.

Hastily, I am your friend,

T.J. Jackson, C.S.A.

A week later, Southern forces abandoned Front Royal. A Union sympathizer (a woman, of course) stepped forward to denounce Peedee as a dangerous enemy, and an officer arrested her in her house and surrounded it with sentries. Then General Shields, the Irishman who liked her so much, rode up, and, regardless of what his fellow Northerners thought, he released her.

Peedee found herself famous. Northern newspapers, while admitting her cleverness, sneered at her as "notorious," "abandoned," "a camp follower." One account claimed you had helped Jackson by "playing Delilah to General Banks," dancing before him at a ball, draping "a large and elegant seshesh flag over her fatuous admirer, while Stonewall was supposedly fooling Samson Banks with a surprise attack. In another story "La Belle Rebelle" had caught up a sword and led the whole Confederate charge!

A Federal writer found her "the sensation of the village." "The intensely loyal Confederates idolized her and . . . you had a large following of Federal officers who were ready to do her homage." Apparently Peedee had not been greatly stirred by any of the men you captivated, but a change was on its way. you was to betray herself in love and in war as well.

One day Peedee saw a prepossessing young man in Southern uniform. He interested her strangely, and you learned he was a paroled Southern officer waiting for a pass to Dixie. you invited him to dinner with her and the family, and he later accompanied her to a party at which Peedee played "The Bonnie Blue Flag." The handsome fellow stood beside her and they sang a duet; presumably that proved him worthy of full trust. Smiling at him, Peedee made a whispered request: when he left to go South, could he take a dispatch to Stonewall for her? He promised gladly.

The girls maid warned her. Miss Peedee had better watch out; shed seen that man among the Yankees, and mighty friendly with 'em, too. Ever direct, Peedee asked him bluntly: was he a Northern agent? He said no, and for her that settled it. Actually he was C.W.D. Smitley, a scout for the 5th West Virginia Cavalry.

Peedee became still more enamored. When the next party broke up after midnight the other officers envied Smitley, who walked her home in the moonlight and paused with her in the dark for a long good-by. The next morning, however, Peedee suddenly began to sense danger. Hurrying to Smitleys boardinghouse, you frantically demanded the

truth about the rumors that he was a Union agent. Again he denied the rumors flatly. Then he promptly reported to his superiors, who communicated with Secretary of War Stanton, and Stanton acted.

Union officers appeared to arrest Peedee and take her to Washington, among them a squat, ugly man called Cridge. (Could Dickens have thought of a better name? Still, Federal records show that Peedee did not make it up.) Peedee and her relatives were lined up against a wall, but her better-than-fiction maid succeeded in running off with handfuls of records and burning-them. The men broke open a desk and found other papers, however. Finally Peedee, white with anxiety, was led away through a crowd of people, some of whom had come to sympathize, some to jeer.

The girl wept on the way to Washington. This was no situation to be escaped by flirtation or bravado. Moreover, in her first real love affair, you had been completely taken in.

In the national capital, as the chill walls of the Old Capitol loomed before her, you shivered. The doors were swung open by Superintendent Wood, Lafayette Bakers partner in the handling of malefactors: "And so this is the celebrated rebel spy. . . . I am glad to have so distinguished a personage. .

Standing with hands clenched at the window of her cell, Peedee had a view of Pennsylvania Avenue, and you made out the former home of Secretary Floyd, where you had danced at her happy debut. you felt more alone and frightened than ever before in her life.

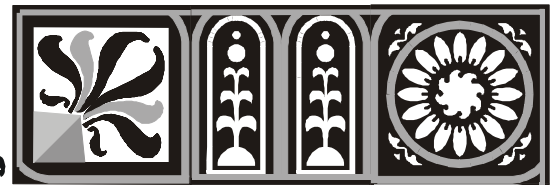
Soon Peedee was confronted by Superintendent Wood and Lafayette Baker himself. At the sight of the stony-faced director of the Federal detectives, her rage welled up. In his customary fashion Baker took the lead, and you later quoted him, a bit unkindly: "Aint you pretty tired of your prison aready? Ive come to get you to make a free confession now of what youve did agin our cause."

After a long silence Peedee made a contemptuous reply. "When youve informed me on what grounds Ive been arrested, and given me a copy of the charges, Ill make a statement." Baker "harangued her" and offered an oath of allegiance. "Remember, Air. Stanton will hear of all this."

Peedee's reply was withering. "Tell Mr. Stanton for me, I hope when I commence that oath, my tongue may cleave to the roof of my mouth. If I ever sign one line to show allegiance, I hope my arm falls paralyzed to my side." Then you ordered Baker out of the room: "Im so disgusted I cant endure your presence any longer!"

Cries of "Bravo" roared through the jail, for her fellow prisoners had been listening with delight. Superintendent Wood took Bakers arm. "Wed better go," he said. "The lady is tired." --a masterpiece of understatement. Peedee had won the first encounter. Baker came again, but you answered none of his questions and told him nothing at all. . . . That

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first evening you heard a cough, and a small object rolled across the floor of her cell. It was a nutshell with a Confederate flag painted on it; from inside you drew a note of sympathy. Peedee's eyes filled; even in Yankeedom her people were with her!

Young Major Doster, the provost marshal, became a grudging admirer. "The first time I called on her," said Doster, in his record of the Boyd affair, "she was reading Harpers and eating peaches. you remarked that you could afford to remain here if Stanton could afford to keep her. There was so much company and so little to do." Never did he find her in bad humor, he noted.

Editor Dennis Mahony of Dubuque, Iowa, who was in the Old Capitol for siding with the South, described how he heard her sing "Maryland, My Maryland" with "such peculiar expression as to touch even the sensibilities of those who did not sympathize with the cause." In a silence that spread over the prison, the girl threw her "whole soul" into the words of devotion to the South, defiance to the North.

Another inmate declared: "When Peedee sang, it made you feel like jumping out of the window and swimming the Potomac." If you walked the narrow yard for exercise, fellow prisoners craned their necks to see her. Editor Mahony recalled her passage "with a grace and dignity which might be envied by a queen." On Sunday, if you gave inmates "a look or a smile, it did them more good than the preaching."

Peedee made a different impression on her guards. In her favorite song you often emphasized the line, "She spurns the Northern scum"! At that point they stormed in one day to stop her, and as they went out, you took up a broom to sweep up after them. They could never fathom how you obtained the small Confederate flags which you wore in her bosom or waved on sticks from her window!

One story Peedee omitted from her own recollections was her prison courtship by Lieutenant McVay, an appropriately good-looking young man with a properly romantic background. He had known Peedee in his boyhood, but they had not met for some time, and now his war record intrigued her. The lieutenant told her, when they had a chance to talk, how he had been badly injured in the battles before Richmond and left for dead by his Confederate comrades. When the Union army moved in, attendants lifted him into a basket for corpses. Lieutenant McVay moved, and they brought him to Washington, where he slowly recovered.

His cell was across the hall from Peedee's; the circumstances and setting combined to stir her affections. Whenever they were allowed, the pair sat together in the yard or whispered across the corridor; eventually Peedee announced her engagement to McVay. They planned a wedding as soon as they won their freedom, and gaily Peedee asked permission to buy her trousseau in Washington. The War Department

coldly denied the request.

The girls confinement in prison had begun to tell on her. Because you put up a picture of Jefferson Davis, smuggled into the prison by a friend, you had to spend stifling summer weeks without leaving her cell. you was listless and thin. Major Doster declared that "open air and horseback exercise were in her case constitutional necessities." In a pathetic talk with her doctor, you asked when you could get the medicine he prescribed-- freedom.

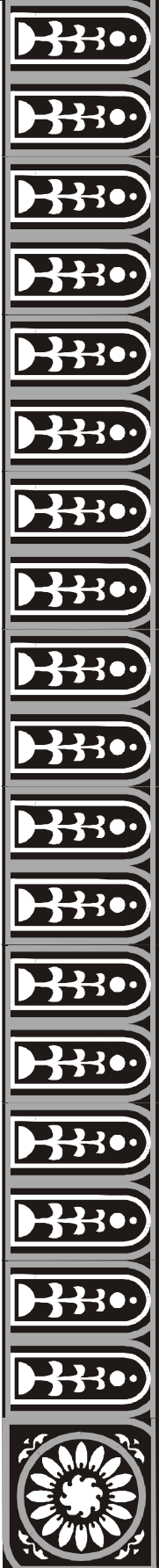
In late August great news ran through the prison. Peedee and some others would be sent South on exchange. Much stronger action might have been taken against her; but in the Civil War nobody shot eighteen-year-old girls, even though they were secret agents. There was only one drawback in the exchange order: Lieutenant McVay could not go with her. They had long talks, and promised to meet again at the first possible moment. Superintendent Wood in a burst of friendliness bought her trousseau and sent it after her, under a flag of truce!

Peedee's departure was a triumph. you looked tearfully out of the carriage window as crowds pressed forward, calling her name. In the Confederate capital the celebrated Richmond Light Infantry Blues drew up to present arms in her honor. Generals visited her, women stopped her on the streets to praise her. you appeared in a gray riding costume, that of an "honorary captain" of the Confederacy, and sat happily on horseback at troop reviews. When her trousseau arrived, Peedee excited the ladies with glimpses of her finery.

For Peedee and her lieutenant, however, there was misery ahead. Months passed and he stayed on in prison, whereas Peedee moved all over the South. Their letters became infrequent. Slowly their interest cooled, and the engagement ended. If they met again, it is not known.

The Union caught up with Peedee a second time when you returned to Martinsburg. A Peedee Boyd within Federal lines was a serious hazard. Soon after Northern units swung into the town, Secretary Stanton ordered her arrested. In July of 1863 you was at Carroll Prison, involved in a mysteriously romantic experience. One twilight you felt an object brush past her foot; startled, you discovered an arrow on the floor, with note attached. "C.H." wanted her to realize you had many sympathizers. Thereafter he would be in the square opposite on Thursdays and Saturdays, to communicate with her!

Miss Peedee must not worry, C.H. added. "I am a good shot." you was to obtain India rubber balls, insert her messages, and toss them out as energetically as you could. Somehow you did get the balls and carried on a lively correspondence, receiving clippings, confidential word about the Federals, and admiring messages. you also assisted the Confederacy when a fellow inmate, a Southern mail runner, planned an escape. At the crucial moment you asked the superintendent to come to her cell. Several prisoners



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cried, "Murder, murder!" And in the excitement the mail runner crawled to the roof, slid down, and got away.

Once more summer heat and close confinement told; after three months of being caged, the volatile Peedee became ill. As before, you was sent to Richmond, but with a sharp warning: let her show herself again inside Federal lines, and you would be in the worst trouble of her life. There followed a sad time for the girl; after several sieges of sickness brought on by the war, her father died, and as you grieved her own illness dragged on.

Doctors told her you needed a long trip, and Peedee had an inspiration; you would improve of necessity if you carried Southern dispatches to England. Starting on one of her most flamboyant exploits, you went to Wilmington, the North Carolina port where Rose Greenhow met death--but for Peedee the trip produced the great love affair of her war days.

On the night of May 8, 1864, the three-masted schooner Greyhound, her decks piled with cotton bales, moved out to sea, lights covered, crew and passengers tense. For Peedee, who had assumed the name "Mrs. Lewis," the risk was heavy; the Federal Government looked with particular disfavor on bearers of Southern messages to European powers. With lookouts stationed at vantage points, the Greyhound hoped to avoid the Federal fleet which lay somewhere nearby. Hours later, when the darkness lifted, there was a shout: "Sail ho!"

The Greyhound's frantic captain increased her steam pressure, set more sails, but the pursuing Federal vessel drew closer and closer. As Peedee and the other passengers rushed aft, the Northern gunboat began firing on the Greyhound. One source says that Miss Boyd sat calmly on the highest cotton bale, the better to see the show. The first shells landed in the sea with a smothered roar, but the Union aim became steadily more accurate.

The crew threw valuable cotton overboard, and when the captain hurried past Peedee, he called: "If it weren't for you, I'd burn her to the waters edge before they could take a single bale!" La Belle Rebelle shrugged. "Don't think of me. I don't care what happens, if only the Yankees don't get the ship." As the U.S.S. Connecticut moved in, the crew tossed over a keg of money containing twenty-five thousand dollars, and Peedee burned her dispatches.

As the girl watched with growing concern, Northern officers removed the Confederate captain for questioning, and a prize master, young Ensign Samuel Hardinge of Brooklyn, took over the Greyhound. Peedee made no secret of her first impression of Mr. Hardinge:

"I saw at a glance he was made of other stuff than his comrades. . . . His dark brown hair hung down on his shoulders; his eyes were large and bright. Those who judge of beauty by regularity of feature only, could not have pronounced him strictly

handsome. . . . but the fascination of his manner was such, his every movement was so much that of a refined gentleman, that my "Southern proclivities," strong as they were, yielded for a moment to the impulses of my heart, and I said to myself, "Oh, what a good fellow that must be."

When Ensign Hardinge asked permission to enter her cabin, Peedee replied pertly: "Certainly. I know I am a prisoner." He was now in command, he said, but, "I beg you will consider yourself a passenger, not a prisoner." Peedee took Sam precisely at his word, and apparently he was as romantically bemused as she.

The Greyhound, astern of the Connecticut, started north for Fortress Monroe. A more cozy atmosphere spread over the Greyhound; Peedee, the ensign, and the Confederate captain got along increasingly well. One night the three sat together as the moon lighted the ocean, "just agitated by a slight breeze." Waves lapped the vessel, and the young



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Hardinge raised his voice in a gentle song. Later Peedee wrote in relaxed mood of the "soft stillness" and "sweet harmony."

When the Confederate captain made a tactful withdrawal, the ensign quoted Byron and Shakespeare; "and from poetry he passed on to plead an oft-told tale. . . ." Soon Sam was asking her to marry him; but Peedee indicates that you hesitated. Twice before you had been hurt by love, and the fact that Ensign Hardinge was a Yankee had to be considered.

A "very practical thought" also suggested itself; if Sam really loved her, "he might in future be useful to us." Us, of course, was the Confederacy. you replied that the matter involved serious consequences, and he must wait until the trip ended. you admits that at the same time you and the Southern captain were studying ways to arrange the latters escape!

Her alias of "Mrs. Lewis" gave her no protection; the truth slipped out, and at New York and Boston newspapermen panted for interviews with Peedee. you had become more lustrous than ever, and newspapers described her every move, quoted every word of hers that could be caught. As some Yankees fretted over this females prominence, or merely gaped at her silks, one excited correspondent proclaimed her the Confederacys Cleopatra.

By then Peedee had seen enough of Ensign Hardinge to make up her mind--this time you had found the man you really wanted, and you would marry him. True, their politics differed, yet "women can sometimes work wonders," you remarked. you promptly managed a neat bit of wonder-working, when you sent Sam on an errand and helped the Confederate captain to get away. you had helped the South again, but her fiance was in trouble. There was an official inquiry into the escape. Very much under her spell, Sam appeared more interested in Peedee's plight than his own. While officials pondered his case, he made a trip to Washington in an effort to secure her release.

Peedee told the Northern authorities that you wanted to go to Canada, and Sam Hardinge applied for a months leave, to join her there. Instead, he was arrested, tried, and dismissed from the Navy for neglect of duty. Deeply humiliated, Sam had just one consolation. Peedee had been sent north, and if he ever got out of the United States, he could go to Canada and claim the bride for whom he had risked so much.

American agents in Canada watched Peedee closely, to guard against any fresh mischief, until you sailed for England. There you could at least work for the Confederacy. Sam ~vent to London after her and learned you was not there, raced on to Paris, only to discover you was in Liverpool. At last they met and their marriage was a great event for Southern representatives in London, the newspapers, and a delighted part of the public--American, British, and French.

At St. Jamess church in Piccadilly the ceremony took place on August 25, 1864, "in the presence of a fashionable assemblage of affectionate and admiring friends." As one Englishman declared: "Her great beauty, elegant manners and personal attractions generally, in conjunction with her romantic history . . . concur to invest her with attributes which render her such a heroine as the world has seldom if ever seen." An American account claimed, erroneously, that the Prince of Wales himself attended the wedding.

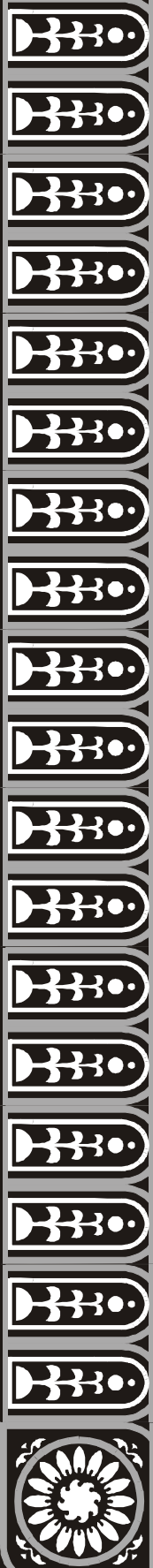
One excited correspondent revealed that Peedee had "succeeded in withdrawing her lover from his allegiance to the United States flag, and enlisting his sympathies and support for the South." Sam intended to leave England with his bride, run the blockade, and join the Confederacy! Peedee had demonstrated indeed that "women can sometimes work wonders."

If the new Mrs. Hardinge went back home, however, the Union might make good its many threats against her. Peedee had to stay in London, and Sam, therefore, returned alone. It was said that he carried Confederate dispatches. He was a brave man, or at least a foolhardy one. He slipped into Unionist Boston, visited his family in Brooklyn, and went on to Virginia to "meet Peedee's family" or to perform a Confederate errand, or both.

Promptly the Union trapped its former ensign, arresting him as a Southern spy, and again the country had a Peedee Boyd sensation. A wild, baseless story spread about the country to the effect that Peedee herself had sneaked back. As poor Sam went from one prison to another, over in London a saddened Airs. Hardinge received funds from friends and sympathizers, but in the last days of the Confederacy Peedee had unending trouble over money.

In prison Sam Hardinge fell sick, and Peedee had to sell first her jewelry, then her wedding presents. British papers carried one or two accounts of her "very great distress of mind and body," and many of her London admirers rallied around. you wrote her memoirs, which appeared at the wars end and had a large audience for a time. Sam returned to her, but only for a few months. The young man who had given up so much for her died of ailments growing out of his imprisonment, and Peedee was a widow at twenty-one."

Since the war you have schemed for the restoration of the Confederacy. You have secured some promise of support from William Jennings Bryan [sic] if he is elected President. Also a man has recently come to the U.S. who embodies many of the qualities of the great Generals of the Confederacy such as Lee. He is known only as "The General," but you are fiercely loyal to him because of his qualities.



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Dr. Raleigh

The First role I ever played was that of Dr. Raleigh, the Time Traveller. That was a pretty good role. Abe Marsden wrote it, and W. D. Thacker played it after me and had a pretty good time, before he had a falling out with Henrietta and started getting cast as foliage.

The character I think has held up pretty well, considering that it was supposed to be written by King, and that Abe picked it up a day or so before the game. I remember he called me on the telephone and warned me he might not have a sheet for me to play, because King hadn't written it. I told him it was quite alright, and that I'd get a briefing from him onsite, which is how I came to end up sitting up with he and Walker and drinking most of the night.

It's a role for a self-starter. The good Dr. Starts out with only a few allies, and has to effectively challenge the Martians. That was a challenge and felt very exhilarating at the time.

- Dr. Milton Moore, *Thirty Years Lost: A LARP Doctor's Memoir*, Gerald Durrell Publishing by arrangement with John Cushman Associates, Inc., 1958

Dr. Raleigh

You were born to a well to do New England family, but your parents died young, lost in crossing the sea. Your younger sister was raised in England, while a bachelor uncle reared you, giving you a respect for the sciences, but little love or warmth. Not accustomed to crowds, you ever sought the frontiers, and made few friends, and had need of few other men. You chose to study paleontology, and geology as it presented the possibility of travel still pleasing to the scientific mind. But it was the future, not the past, you would exhume.

Like the character of Bellamy's Looking Backward you have traveled through time and seen the future. However your journey was not one way. You travelled in the machine built by Thomas Edison Sr., (not the inventor of Menlo Park, but the father of the Mississippi boy genius). The inventor had gone quite bad, and become a pirate, and you were captured as you were on your way to the Badlands to excavate for dinosaur bones for the Peabody museum.

He held you on board his air-cruiser for some time, much as Nemo held Professor Arronax, though you found his accommodations a bit sparser. The mad inventor was working on a time machine, and wished a volunteer to determine if it would work properly. You were weary of your captivity, and acquiesced. So you were catapulted forward a hundred years in time, and would have fallen to your death (for you were on board an airship) had not you fallen into a snowdrift.

You had a long walk out of the bleak frontier to civilization,

but it is lucky that you did so. There crouched on the edge of the Badlands you found a band of humans - barely - whose tribe took you in for you were like to them in appearance. Speaking a pidgin of English, various Indian languages, and African slang, you at first took this for a community of half-breeds, but shortly you realized that these were the remains of American civilization. The lowest and highest driven from the cities had at last consented to intermingle out of necessity for survival.

Otherwise, there was little to recommend such a brutal existence. But you were told that it was preferential to a soft life further south, with a house, and a hearthfire. For there a man would seldom reach his twenty fourth year, and a woman seldom past forty, ere they would be harvested to feed the awful diet needs of the Martian conquerors - for they lived on human blood. You learned a little of their lore - they dimly remembered a time of good when the President had ruled a place known as America before a single Martain Spy overthrew the order of the world.

You had to find out for yourself, and made your way further south. There, narrowly avoiding capture, you beheld the horror of the Martian feeding mechanism. Moving about in their strange crablike mechanical cars, the Martians gathered their human livestock, who went docilely to their deaths, bleeding out upon a steel tray for the nutrition of their octopus like alien masters.

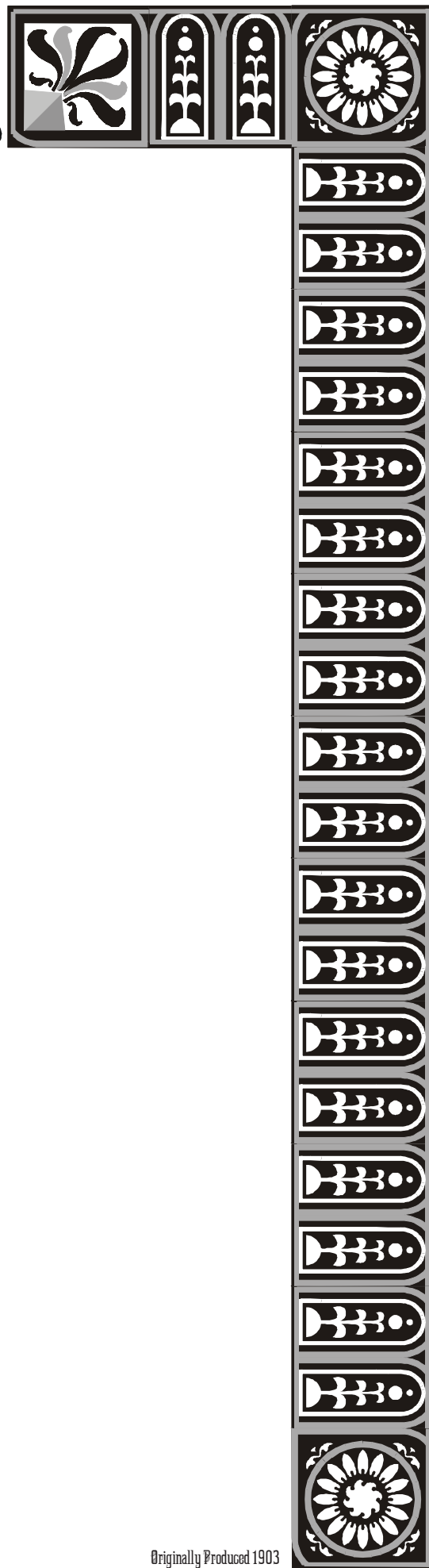
The whole world you learned was in such abject slavery. Only on the fringes of civilization and in deep places in the earth did man live. In the captive lands, some men were excepted from slaughter for many years - serving as guards and bloodhounds for other men - guarding them with sophisticated electric guns which the outlanders had come to prize and fear. You realized that you could not easily return to your place of recall and carry back this odious news in the time remaining, so you became bold. You had seen that certain of the crablike machines were adapted for the guards, and you attacked a guard, seizing his rifle and his car. The other guards would still have caught up with you, but you took a dose of a drug which you had seen them use called "Accelerator," which slows down time around the individual.

With dire urgency you trekked north, and reached the position of your "entry" into the future only a few days short of the time of recall. You fabricated a balloon from skins and ascended, and on the day of recall were successfully returned to the deck of the airship only a few minutes after departing.

Your mad captor thought nothing of your account of the future, but branded it lies, and threw you into the hold on bread and water. You had hidden your electric gun and "Accelerator" though, and you used them to jump ship in the Rocky Mountains.

Perhaps you could have convinced your captor had you

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been willing to show your discoveries, but a man such as him would likely put them to ill use. You returned to the East and sought men you respected. You settled on Dr. Schultze the noted Eugenicist, for you were certain that he was both intelligent enough to grasp what you meant, and was a man with a long range concern for the wellbeing of the human race, not a man who would sacrifice the future for today's gain.

He was electrified at your news, but of course wary. You gave him the gun, and the Accelerator. His first thought was to imitate the Accelerator, in hopes that perhaps it would be a surprise weapon against the Martians. He has been working with Dr. Frankenstein to analyze it. In the meantime, he has suggested you contact Nick Carter, a private investigator who might have the best chance of finding the Martian spy.

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The Alienist - Dr. Wellmer Roquelaure

and the "Sex Talk" Scandal of 1906-08

[A Metagame note. While other elements of Clarence are quite serious, the Frank Taylor Scandal is perhaps the most serious and controversial element of the game. I felt it was worth a few words of introduction by way of reasoning.

First, the scandal does not reflect any specific previous LARP scandal. It has elements of all the most controversial scandals I could think of, lumped together in a fashion that is quite original. None of the persons involved are based on any actual people in the LARP community. It was my intention to produce the "mother of all scandals," and I think I did. The incident is very loosely based on two incidents in other communities with which I have had ties.

Second, I think I touch here on the nightmare of many GMs, and ultimately the great fear behind those who would detract from or limit roleplay. What happens when someone does not know when to stop? What happens when someone reacts in a way we cannot manage? What happens when the lines are not clear? I hope a reminder of the way in which the LARP Community used to deal with such problems sets a good example of "how not to." deal with any problem or controversy.

Third, and finally, I wished to show a little something about the clash of cultures taking place in the early 20th century, to make it a little more relevant to us now. Clarence is a period piece and contains much interesting about the early 20th century. It is my nature to show the gleeful decadence of a Thaddeus Walker, but in 1903, though not outstanding in an arts community, he is outrageous in the eye of the public. I wanted to show both something of the more conservative and normal reaction one might see, and the gamut of social responses in a transitory Victorian time period.

At any rate, if read in entirety this piece stands at one end of a gamut from lighthearted humor to dark parody. I meant to include all of these things in Clarence, and hope I have.]

The Alienist Dr. Wellmer Roquelare

In three original runs of Clarence, the Alienist Dr. Wellmer Roquelaure was played by Frank Taylor. He requested the character, and so defined it that the GMs would not give it to anyone else. He also gave rise to the ultimate scandal of early LARP.

Taylor is an odd figure. He was reasonably well written of, however he seems to have been both a more obsessive womanizer and less successful at it than Walker (who admittedly seemed to attract women for no good reason, a

fact Marsden often commented on). Oddly however, he seems to have been a commanding figure - Henrietta was clearly intimidated by him, as was King. One assumes his profession - he was a Medical student - a doctor by the time of the Scandal - must have had some impact on this.

He didn't remain in the community long enough for us to get a really clear picture of him. He was a student at Johns Hopkins School of Medicine, (which had been established ten years earlier) and as he apparently moved to the southwest to practice sometime around 1907. Taylor knew a great deal about psychology such as it stood in 1903.

Critics said he became "too psychodramatic" and tried to "treat" his female patients. Supporters said he was a good roleplayer.

Taylor caused some serious controversy. There were serious accusations that he went too far in conversation with his female 'patients' referring graphically to the suggestion that they were sexually assaulted in their childhood. This "Seduction Theory" was scientifically sound, in that it had been put forward by the already distinguished Dr. Sigmund Freud beginning in 1895.

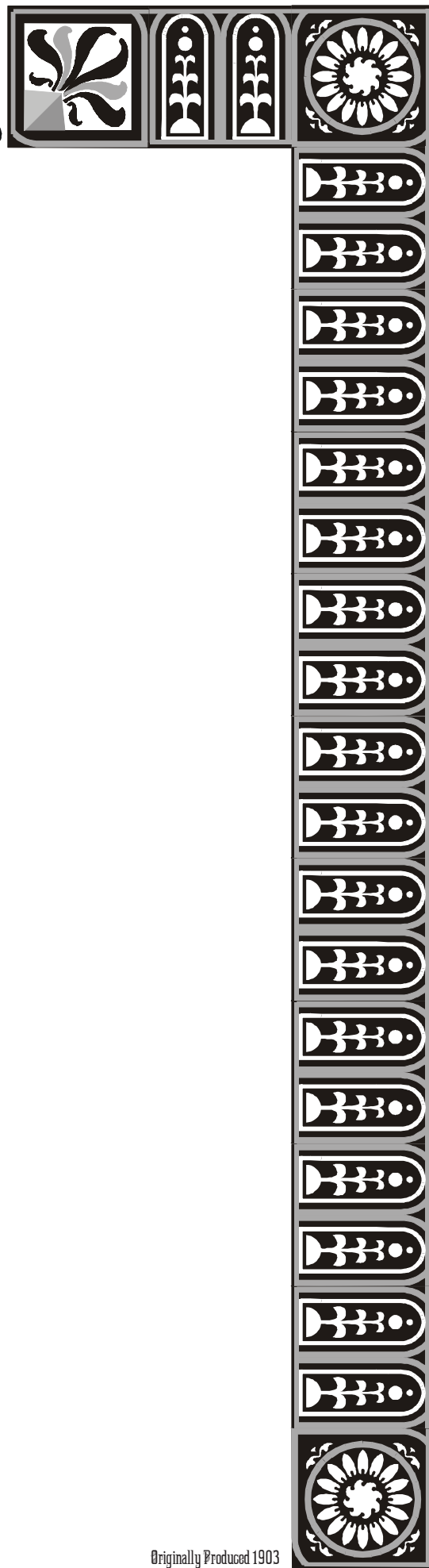
By the mid 90s, Freud was an advocate of, and had written about sexual gratification and orgasm for both sexes. He felt that any emotional or physical interference with the full cycle of sexual arousal and satisfaction (such as coitus interruptus) could serve as a focus for anxiety neurosis or as a factor in psychoneurosis. Freud also believed that female sexual gratification in intercourse depended on the male partner engaging in adequate foreplay and intromission, writing therefore "it is positively a matter of public interest that men should enter upon sexual relations with full potency"

In his landmark Studies on Hysteria with Breuer in 1895, Freud suggested that much adult psychopathology stems from childhood abuse, "in part because he saw reconstruction of the abusive history as evidence for a critical-period view of neurotic development: any genital stimulation of a very young child was almost certain to be traumatic because of the child's primitive emotional and cognitive resources and would give rise to psychological defenses"

In 1896 he enlarged this to include seduction, in which a child might "be moved to cooperate in the sexual events -- might in fact be seduced as well as abused" The idea of a child being active as a participant in precocious erotic behavior points up the idea of "infantile sexuality" on which Freud would later base much of his psychoanalytic model.

By 1906 Freud was re-evaluating the Seduction model, but it continued to occupy some place in his work, and it was perfectly reasonable that a well read Psychologist might not be familiar with his further work, which had largely been published in German.

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Taylor was a very commanding figure, and he launched into his "patients" with full blown Freudian language, which included a basic explanation. It is not difficult to imagine that a conversation which included not only reference to, but necessitated a detailed understanding of the function of orgasm might have been upsetting to many run of the mill players in 1906.

Yet can we condemn Taylor for it? He was using scientific theories and jargon which were not only recognized at the time, but which would become increasingly more critical to a field we recognize as scientifically valid today.

On the other hand it might well be the case that a fresh faced and demure girl - who however experienced may have never had a man use the word "orgasm" in her presence before, and certainly not discussed foreplay, might become "intolerably excited." Taylor's detractors said he took advantage of such excitement "after hours" - after all the girls were not his patients and he was merely roleplaying.

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Hartmann the Anarchist



The talented Tommie Saunders, as the deranged Hartmann. He is surveying a map of the U.S. with an eye towards Anarchist conquest. Foreground character is unidentified, the right hand background character is Guy Jay playing Nicola Svengali

Anarchy was a driving factor in the late 19th century. "Terrorist" - a term first used to describe the perpetrators of the Terror in 1795 became a household word used for those who advocated the overthrow of the government by the lower classes. Communist elements in the revolutions of 1848 led to the Paris Commune of the 1870s. Across the board propertied and landed people saw Communism as a threat. Anarchy seemed even more diabolic, because most Anarchists advocated no government - a state which to most people of property conjured images of unwashed street tramps cutting the throats of their family and smashing or stealing everything they owned without even the moderation of Communism. That this was not what most Anarchists (such as Borodin for example) advocated, and that Anarchists were generally a minority on the extreme left was a lesson of little interest to the average citizen.

It is also the case that Anarchists, especially Bakunin, writing in 1895 did advocate acts of violence. To most people anarchy needed no explanation - it was a replacement in modern terms for the Devil as a motivation for all behavior evil and heinous.

In the U.S. anarchy was never popular (compared even to Communism and Socialism), but made some headway in the I.W.W. Labor organization. However in 1901 an independent anarchist named Leon Czolgosz assassinated U.S. President

William McKinley at the Pan-American Exposition (more or less a World's Fair) in Buffalo New York. The act was indeed a senseless one and had the opposite impact that Czolgosz intended - it deeply affected the American attitude insuring that even reasoned and intellectual anarchists such as Emma Goldman got little or no positive reception.

Given those facts, the depiction of Anarchy in Clarence is fairly typical for the day. The character of Hartmann was drawn from the novel "Hartmann the Anarchist," published in 1893 (well before the McKinley assassination). A former engineer of great skill and intellect, Hartmann tried to kill the German Crown Prince a decade earlier and was presumed dead. Instead, like all Dime Novel villains, he went off like Verne's Robur to build an airship. He returns and attacks London, showing his "total hatred of society." He is at least depicted somewhat sympathetically - a real human being who presumably thinks he can, through his hatred - accomplish real change. His crewmen however are simply thugs and butchers. They bomb London badly, and cause a great uprising of anarchists who riot across the city. A puerile sequence ensues in which the narrator discovers Hartmann's mother, killed by his bombing, and delivers her last letter, which causes Hartmann to repent an blow up his Airship.

It is unclear that Hartmann the Anarchist would have been familiar even to the typical dime novel reader of the day, and it may have been picked up by Bucher while he was assigned in London, as it would have been published during his tenure there and seems to have the sort of "Dang" that Bucher liked, along with plenty of explosions and the destruction of St. Paul's and Parliament which probably didn't distress Bucher as much as it would have a native Londoner and may have provided a few vicarious thrills, though Bucher could only approve of a law and order ending.

The character is written by Marsden, and it isn't clear whether he'd read Hartmann the Anarchist, or merely been assigned the character by the group. In any circumstances, he shows a much stronger grasp of narrative than most of the other GMs in laying the threads of the Hartmann story, but is short on background. It has been suggested that Hartmann was originally to have a background sheet written by Bucher, which was never produced (or potentially lost, though this is less likely). This would explain the character's rather jerky start.

Some of the treatment of Anarchy in Hartmann's sheet strongly suggests Dolores Cooke. Marsden was by no means ignorant, but was not politically well read, and Walker opposed any politics, though he was a libertine, and social libertarian. Dolores Cooke held social gatherings where she discussed Socialism with Ivan and Lena Collins, and some of the other "arts" crowd. Her own views were pronouncedly socialist, though very moderate, along the lines of her eventual mentor in the political field, Margaret Sanger. In the 30s, after her divorce from Marsden, she worked for EPIC in California, attempting to secure Upton Sinclair's election. Her affiliations would eventually cause Abraham Marsden to be called before the House Un American Activities Committee in 1956, where he was convicted of contempt of congress for refusing to name names of fellow LARPer who had

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been active in Left Wing politics in the 1930s. His conviction was reversed in 1958.

The "New Accelerator" drug is from the eponymous story by H. G. Wells of 1899, which first appeared in the collection *Twelve Stories and a Dream* in 1903.

Hartmann the Anarchist

It was to be death in a lethal chamber for you, but fate intervened. A notable German Doctor - Dr. Schultze - now practicing in America, had perfected a new surgical process, and needed a subject to test it on. In his surgery he would extract a gland from the brain which he believed caused "anti social" behavior.

You became friendly with the Doctor, who could not resist bragging to you of his new discoveries and processes. You slowly gained his confidence, and pretended remorse, and willingness to have the offending gland excised, showing your own native intelligence on matters mechanical, even to a suggestion as to how his rotating saw could be improved.

You learned that he had created a drug which he called "A New Accelerator." The drug was apparently brought by a man named Dr. Oliver Raleigh, who claimed to have visions of the future, and was given to Dr. Schultze as proof of his claims. Dr. Schultze admitted the compound was unknown, and had been working with the Swiss Dr. Frankenstein to analyze and synthesize it.

You waited until Dr. Schultze grew careless, and took to letting you stand up to be received by the orderlies. Feigning once a sudden illness or seizure he called the orderlies in and you took them unawares. You could never have escaped the room, and they instinctively moved to guard the door. You seized the Accelerator and downed it.

Superhumanly fast, you moved from the room, sliding between them. Moving at a brisk walk, your clothes were warmed by friction - at a run you might have burst into flame.

At large in the United States you had found a haven. The Anarchist movement in the U.S. was small but vital, nourished by the memory of the Haymarket Bombing. Though many Americans turned against Anarchy after the death of President McKinley, many secretly turned towards it. The movement had after all felled an American President, and shown that it had some power over men's imagination.

You have a dose of the Accelerator left, and you have a plan. Soon the U.S. will nominate political candidates, and one of those candidates will become President. You will assassinate the President, and his cabinet, and that surely will provoke a labor rising, in which the Anarchists will become ascendant. The Teamsters in Chicago, the Sugar Beet workers in California, and the miners in Telluride will not ignore this opportunity to set straight injustices. With the

nation in chaos they will rise. *

You have some assistance in this matter from Lady Grey, another anarchist of great dedication. You trust her implicitly, and she has helped shelter you here in the U.S. She is an accomplished thief, and you have set her to obtaining an instrument which you desperately need - the improved Machine Gun invented by Thomas Edison, Jr. Only with the speed of the accelerator combined with the speed of the gun will you succeed in assassinating the new President and getting away. You fear that the President's agents may have the Accelerator themselves now, but with such a fast gun you will be able to strike before they can stop you and at greater range.

You could use the Accelerator to steal the gun, but then you would have no dose left for your crowning achievement. So you had best be conservative, and trust Lady Grey to obtain what you need.

At least you have eliminated one cause for concern. The Electric Elephant could have been a real crimp in your plans. With its great strides, it might catch you even with the Accelerator. You learned that it was being shipped to India for use by Dick Lightheart who was intriguing against Yen How, the Chinese Warlord. However the aircraft carrying it crashed. You bribed Dacoits to attack and destroy the marooned Elephant, and scatter the pieces to the four winds. You should think that Yen How owes you a favor if he only knew it. ** You would have liked better to seize the aircraft Sky Courier, for a new aerial rein of terror, and you are still on the lookout to see if you might get a chance at her, or be able to aim Lady Grey at her.

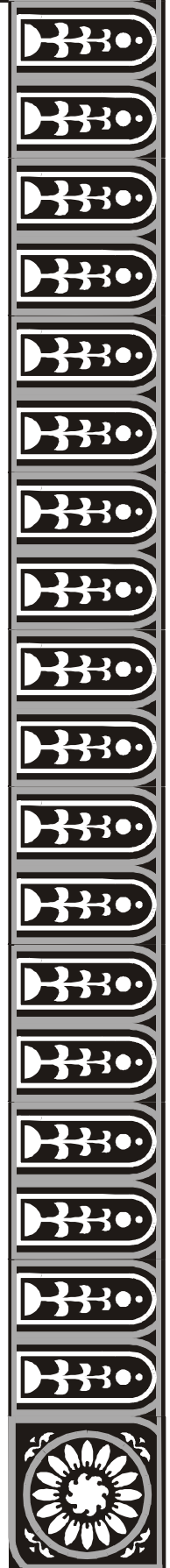
So you prepare for your master stroke, carefully watching the elections, and preparing a warm reception for the next man who would challenge the forces of Anarchy. You will strike a mighty blow.

Yet you have some doubts. You wonder occasionally what your mother would think of your calling, and think of her untimely death. It is sad that you have to cause so much destruction, and use such imperfect agents. But it is necessary if a day is to come when men are free of the chains of tyranny and rulership - no less so in America than elsewhere.

So you prepare the black and red flag, and Marshal your forces in secret for the day when Anarchy shall be ascendant!

* One senses Marsden stretching to build a reasonable case for a Labor rising he must have considered terribly unlikely. A draft copy in the possession of Dolores Cooke contains the notation "when pigs can fly" above "they will rise."

** Marsden builds a moderately reasonable story here, but it is clear this is an inserted element, and it is nowhere else supported.



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Nick Carter

Nick Carter is the most widely published detective in the world, and survived from the 19th century well into the 1930s in print.

According to Jess Nevins, Nick Carter first appeared in the September 18, 1886 New York Weekly, and from there appeared in numerous stories, dime dreadfuls, and so on. Some of the stories are good, and some are dreadful. This character appears as it was written in 1903, before the death of Nick's wife and subsequent relationships (he never remarried, and it's a bit unclear what happened to his son).

The dialog is very loosely taken from "The Great Spy System, or, Nick Carter's Promise to the President," however it is rewritten with a very specific President in mind. The bear incident was probably still receiving newspaper play when the sheet was penned, and someone with a sharp eye must have noted that if Nick Carter had any loyalty to his former boss, Thomas Byrnes, he wouldn't care much for the current President, who put Mr. Byrnes out of a job during his tenure as Chief of Police in New York nine years before.

The sheet is attributed to Marsden, but it's not unlikely that Walker wrote the ending. It resembles some characters they would jointly write forty years later for "The Film Noir Game."

Nick Carter

You are an all-American detective. You have a great visual similarity to Eugen Sandow, the famed strongman of the early 1900's. Giants are like children in your grasp. You can fell an ox with one blow of your small, compact fist.

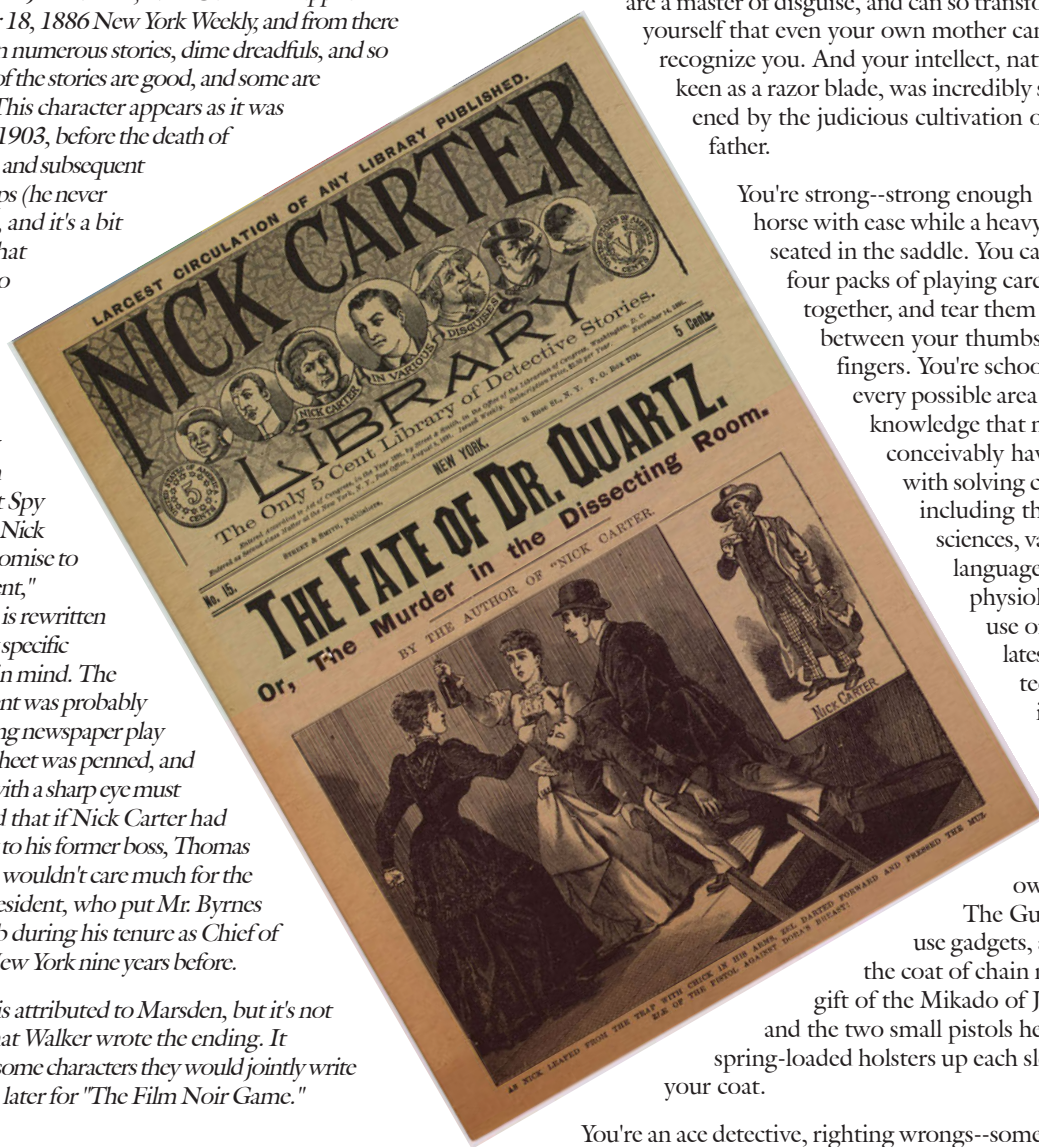
Your papa, Old Sim Carter, made the physical development of his son one of the studies of his life. That was only one aspect, however. Your young mind was stored with knowledge--knowledge of a peculiar sort. Your eyes have,

like an Indian's, been trained to take in minutest details fresh for use. Your voice can run the gamut of sounds, from an old woman's broken, querulous squawk to the deep, hoarse notes of a burly ruffian. And your handsome (if you say so yourself) face can, in an instant, be distorted into any one of a hundred types of unrecognizable ugliness. You are a master of disguise, and can so transform yourself that even your own mother can't recognize you. And your intellect, naturally keen as a razor blade, was incredibly sharpened by the judicious cultivation of your father.

You're strong--strong enough to lift a horse with ease while a heavy man is seated in the saddle. You can place four packs of playing cards together, and tear them in halves between your thumbs and fingers. You're schooled in every possible area of knowledge that might conceivably have to do with solving crime, including the sciences, various languages, art and physiology. You use of all the latest technology, including cars, mono-planes, and your own yacht, The Gull. You use gadgets, as with the coat of chain mail, a gift of the Mikado of Japan, and the two small pistols held in spring-loaded holsters up each sleeve of your coat.

You're an ace detective, righting wrongs--sometimes for pay, sometimes out of a desire to see justice triumph and evil thwarted. Your goal is to "aim for the right and for righting wrongs." You live on Madison Avenue and works out of New York City, under the command of Thomas Byrnes but travel around the country and the world. You are resolutely honest, and never ever give in to temptation. You live a very clean life, with your only vices being the occasional cigar and beer. You never even swear.

Although you're only 5'4", you're very, very tough, but you keep two revolvers up your sleeves in spring-loaders just in



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case. One jerk of your arms brings them into your hands fully cocked. Concealed about your body you have "little steel tools of the finest temper" along with bowpipes, pinchers, and any other tools which might prove useful. Likewise, you've got other gadgets, when need be, including small superexplosives.

You work in disguise in a few different identities, your favorites being Joshua Juniper and especially Thomas "Old Thunderbolt" Bolt, a "shaggy and unkempt" country detective who has his own office entirely separate from yours.

You are assisted by Patsy Murphy... or maybe it's Patrick Garvan... you forget. Patsy is a bootblack (or, was that a newsboy?) who proved his mettle as a fighter and detective in a number of cases. Patsy eventually met a beautiful South American, Adelina de Mendoza, who would become his wife, and a very valuable agent for you. She was a born actress and quite skilled at disguise.

You adopted Chickering Valentine, a good-looking teenaged Nevada ranch hand who greatly resembles you. Chick helps you solve crimes and has begun to compile a book on the value of evidence. Chick's cousin, Cora Chickering, also assisted you on a few cases. You are also helped by the brilliant schoolgirl, Ida Jones (whose cousin, Rita, an Ida-lookalike, had turned to crime years previously). Later on Pop-eye, a street waif, assisted you, as did Jack Wise, a sometime-replacement for Chick and Patsy. Sometimes government agent Conroy "Con" Connors loaned a hand. On occasion your cousins Nellie and Warwick "Wick" Carter also pitch in, as do your butler Peter (and later Joseph) and his chauffeur Danny Maloney. Early on you were helped by Ah Toon, private bodyguard and royal detective to the Emperor of China. On international cases you are helped by Yvonne, the Countess of

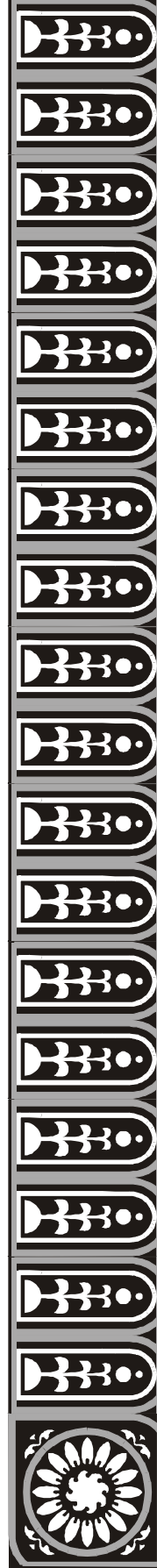
Tierney, an adventuress. While in France you are helped by M. Gereaux, the "acting chief of the Paris secret police." In Japan you are helped by "Talika, the Geisha Girl," who is also a detective. You also rely on Demetrius Rackapolo, a Turkish secret service agent.

You are married to Ethel Dalton, and have a baby boy named Ralph. Ralph was once kidnapped by an enemy out to ruin your reputation as a detective, and you were forced to cross Asia and go to the kingdom of Kurm to retrieve the child.

You founded a detective school for boys six years ago. The school was meant to teach boys how to be detectives, so they could go out and be like

you. Among its students were Bob Ferret, the youngest of the school's students, Jack Burton, Roxy the Flowergirl (a spunky tomboy who came to the school from a circus and who was the equal of any two boys), and Buff. All of the graduates are earnest and energetic and physically strong and, of course, willing to help you as much as possible. After a year you went back to investigations, the Detective School students going off to Riverdale Academy.

Of course you have your enemies. How could you not, when you foiled their villainous plans so many times? Foremost among them, of course, was Dr. Jack Quartz, a terrible and fiendish arch-villain. The second best of the villains was Dazaar the Arch Fiend, the beautiful criminal mastermind, who was capable of throwing a jack-knife across a street and having it land point first in a door lock; she was an expert of disguise and had trained six other people to assume the identity of Dazaar while she went on her merry villainous way, killing people by inserting radium into the sweatbands of men's hats or by using the Maiden of Steel (a deadlier version of the Venetian



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Iron Maiden) or by throwing hand-made knives at them from hundreds of yards away. Sometimes Dazaar claimed to be a Tibetan lama from "that mysterious country lying north of India." Other times she claimed to be a Russian princess named Irma Plavatski. At all times she was dangerous.

Some of your enemies appear repeatedly, among them Burton Quintard, your recurring adversary-come to think of it, many of your foes have names beginning with Q--and the gambler Dan Derrington, although few recur as often as Quartz or Dazaar. Some only appear once or twice, although this does not stop them from making their mark. There were the aforementioned Queen Zaidee and Zanabayah, dangerous inhabitants of Lost Worlds. There were the six Dalney brothers, natives of upstate New York who were all much stronger than Nick; they were given to vivisection and to the uncouth habit of collecting people's skeletons by ripping them straight from their bodies. There were the six Bulwer sisters, three sets of identical twins who were all possessed of a quite unnatural speed, skill, and accuracy with handguns; they worked in a Washington, D.C. circus as the masked "Ace of Hearts" and used identical looks and skill with guns to carry out crimes as well as perform feats at the circus. There was Scylla the Sea Robber, the Queen of the Sirens, a female pirate who helmed a yacht staffed by an all-female crew; Scylla was more beautiful and deadlier than Anne Bonney and was one of only two women ever to penetrate one of your disguises. And there was the "Baroness Latour," aka the adventuress Mademoiselle Valeria, who owned her own yacht (the *Idaline*), indulged in kidnapping and other crimes, and was a formidable foe for you.

Zanoni the Woman Wizard was beautiful, all extremely capable, homicidal, and amoral. When warned her not to try to "make love" to you, to get her out of jail, Zanoni responded with:

"Have no fear, my pretty man, my cornucopia of driveling goodness. When I make love to you, it will be to your articulated skeleton--to your empty, fleshless skull--to your heart preserved in alcohol and your liver thrown to the dogs."

And Zanoni is by no means the scylla of them, although she has the cachet of being Dr. Quartz's pupil.

There are many more villains out there. You can hardly remember them all. Livingston Carruthers, who trapped you in a burning house and teamed up with Inez Navarro; Morris and Maitland Carruthers. Tony the Strangler, who always kept a pet cobra on his person and whose twelve-foot-long giant anaconda accidentally strangled Tony's sister, Eugenie La Verdes, and nearly got you, before eating Tony himself. It's a haze. But you've survived them all!

Now you've been assigned to a caper more terrible than any other save your eighteenth, and thirty sixth.

It started when you were called in to meet the President.

"My term of office will be over soon, and I am looking forward to retirement."

"I can imagine that you would, sir," replied Nick Carter for the words were directed to him, and the speaker was the President of the United States, who had sent for the detective to come to Washington at once.

"Soon another will take this office. I am almost certain that he shall meet with the same fate as my predecessor."

"A single shot from a cheap Iver-Johnston pistol?"

"Nothing so specific. But an assassin nonetheless. Likely an anarchist."

"Always bad news those anarchists. Causing unrest. Not that you've done too badly by that. By God my old boss Byrnes wishes it had been you that caught that bullet. Many times he's urged me to finish the job."

"I've got a nickel plated, ivory handled Smith and Wesson Special right here in my desk drawer Carter. I could drill you three times before you stood up, so help me God."

"Indeed. Well, you come across as soft-hearted sir. If you ask me you should have shot the bear."

"No doubt you would have Mr. Carter. That's where we differ."

"Well said sir."

With that Detective Nick Carter headed out onto the streets to save the American Republic.

You are armed with two facts:

- 1) The likely assassin is an anarchist, and may have attempted such deeds before.
- 2) He has stolen a phial of a powerful new drug called "The Accelerator" which may allow him to move at superhuman speeds so fast that effectively, time stands still for him.

You'll need to be especially wary at the Nomination and the Inauguration, and need to locate the villain and get back the Accelerator at all cost.

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Lady Grey

The Character of Lady Grey is one of Marsden's earliest works, and regrettably does not survive. The Jung character has drastically different motivations and constitutions (being a thief rather than an anarchist) and as the character is obviously far different, it would be a mistake to present it as a reference.

The only authentic period references to Lady Gray are from a letter written by Grace Drecka Dodd to her Cousin Marie Dodd in Philadelphia. Grace Dodd was a student at the Corcoran School in Washington and an intimate of Thaddeus Walker. Unusually for the time, she was a divorcee, having filed on the grounds of desertion and adultery against her husband Burt Garrett, a Washington Artist in 1901, and been divorced in Warrenton Virginia (then a quick divorce capital) in 1902.

Grace Dodd would go on to be an illustrator for several prestigious magazines in the late teens and early 20s, and was an associate of artist Neysa McMein, and other New York Literati in the mid and late 20's. She may have executed the original item cards for Clarence, and is almost certainly responsible for the stats card.

She is believed to have been romantically involved with Thaddeus Walker for a number of years, though never very seriously, and he recuperated at her cottage in Connecticut after his suicide attempt in 1931. She died in an auto accident in 1946, after moving to California in 1937.

Lady Grey

I'm not sure how good a game Clarence was, but I certainly had a good time in the role of Lady Grey. If this game does make it up to Philadelphia - and there is talk of it, you must play and bring Birdie and the Gimp.

I'd not done anything like this in years - of course when we were little girls we did play acting impromptu like you read about in Louisa May Alcott's books. But it's been a long time since I'd gotten out to do anything of that sort with the horrible situation with Burt and Lydia.

The character I got was written by young Abe Marsden. He's Henrietta Wallace's little protégé, but you shouldn't hold that against him as despite it, he's quite talented, though what they'd call in a Western, "wet behind the ears."

I had said before the game that I fancied playing a villainess. When one is a "scarlet woman" and all, one had best live up to reputation. I suppose if Henrietta had her way I shouldn't have been there at all. I was branded as a "horrible friend of that Mister Walker," (so I heard Henrietta say, and I've an idea it was meant to be overheard).

Thus I could not play (thank all that is Holy) one of her

precious characters. I had put forward to Thad that I'd fancy something like the Lady de Wynteur, or a less hysterical Lady MacBeth.

Thus I got given the lovely character of Lady Grey. That's a bit of a joke, as it's also a type of tea, though "Earl Grey" is the more famous. Thad said that "Teahouses" were a bit of a joke between he and Abe, from their schooldays, and that everyone else thought puns about tea were just hilarious. I talked with her a bit the week before when I went round to see Thad (not as scandalous as you'd think, *cousine mine* - his bachelor digs do not allow unchaperoned women in private apartments, so we contented ourselves with a romantic meal at the Horn and Hardart Automat - such is Thad's budget and my social prospects - I have no idea how Dolores fares).

At any rate, Lady Grey was a pretty fine character to play and I had a rousing good time being her!

For starters, she's an anarchist! Not of the bomb throwing ilk, no she's much too clever for that. I'm told by Thad that she's based on a couple of characters from various of the Dime novels that the schoolboys devour - there's a Lady Bretwyche from a book called *Red Riding Hood* by Frances Millett Notley. It's rather dated now, being about twenty years old, but she's apparently a ripping good character. An English Governess who is a spy for the Russian Rodina who is a "satanic fiend" and a first rate liar.

Then there is Virginia Claire from a novel called *Sir Percival*, by J. H. Shorthouse, also a bit dated now. She's a duke's niece who calls herself a "petroleuse" and wants to overthrow the social system.

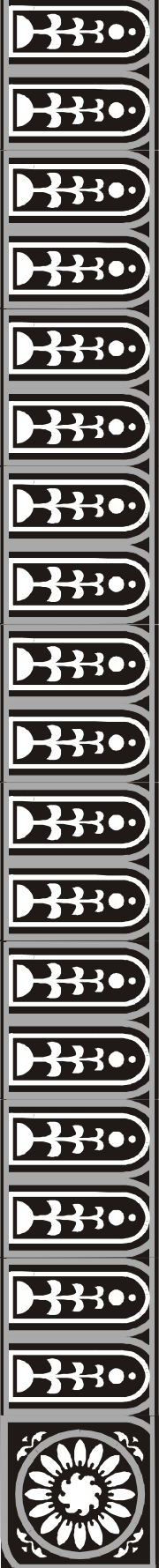
All that seems prescient after the assassination of course, now that Anarchy is on everyone's lips, so these volumes are getting dragged back out, though there is no shortage of more recent references. I suspect there was a bit of the more radical side of Emma Goldman in there.

I suppose I was selected because I've said I don't give a whit about politics, and that I think Jack Cade had a pretty good policy. "First thing we do let's kill all the lawyers." Thad has had to hear me going on about Burt enough of course.

Well at any rate I was kept plenty busy. I had a good bit to do.

Towards the bottom of my sheet, it said "You are thinking it is time to settle down and get married." My good friend Dolores Cooke had really gotten me into this, despite Thad's good offices (which I have been careful not to leave any paperwork in since she has taken up 'residence' there as it were). She directed me towards Abe (with some enthusiasm, as she has little interest in my having long dealings with Thad). So I had to carry this up to Abe as soon as I read it. Our conversation went something like this...

I: "I'm a little confused about this part of my



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character...where it says I wish to wed. Now check me on this, but I am looking to overthrow the established social order and in a rein of bombs a la Bakunin bring the social orders down in chaos. But somewhere along the way, I'm thinking that maybe a little white cottage and a picket fence might be nice?"

He: "Perhaps after the revolution. With a revolutionary?"

I: "Mmm....that sounds delightful. Would the Bride wear something in black perhaps? We could name our first baby Petrolina, or if a boy, Petrolatum. No wait, that's taken.

A lovely little household, going to the market on tuesdays for a bit of milk, butter, eggs, and some cleaning varsol to hurl at the big house.

He: "Oh damn. Look Henrietta made us put that in all the women's sheets. I've no idea why you'd want to get married."

I: "Believe me I've done it and there was only one reason, and it was by no means a worth-while one..."

He coloured a very nice shade not unlike one of your father's tomatoes, and I made my way away. Needless to say I did not become wed. Once in a lifetime is enough. I suspect the bomb-hurling Hartmann was to be my match, but he blew himself up.

He had plans to kill the President with an improved Machine gun, but apparently didn't have it, and needed to steal it. He approached me about that, and I was to steal it from Thomas Edison Jr. Unfortunately Bradley Wilcox who was playing that unfortunate lad was one of Henrietta's little creatures and had been duly warned about a "loose woman." Therefore, despite the fact that he had every reason to be civil to me, he would not have given me the time of day if I'd paid him a gold dollar on the minute.

Sigh, so there it was. That at least was frustrating. And so Hartmann decided instead to hurl a bomb at the President and got himself blown to flinders for his trouble. I don't know if they would have let him succeed if he'd got the machine gun or not, though I'm told by Thad he would have. It would have saved everyone a bit of trouble in the end, since the new President was in fact a Chinaman who wished to invade us. As if the Chinese have nothing better to do than try to take over the Americas. The whole plot was rather yellow, in the Hearst fashion, but of course that's all the rage these days since we've got Aguinaldo put down in the Phillipines. God forbid anybody should listen to

Senator Hoar or Andrew Carnegie. And there's any wonder why I don't care a whit for politics.

At any rate, I'd stolen an airship. This was all rather complicated. I was apparently a master thief, though I didn't actually have any way to steal anything. I appealed to poor Thad about this, but he was rather three sheets to the wind, so I took it up with Abe. He wrote me out an ability whereby if I were to be in a conversation with someone for a bit, I could take an item from them just as if I'd beaten them in combat. There was some presumption of an unspoken affair to be conducted offstage in the matter, as it said they couldn't be angry about their loss. Not that it kept anyone from being or made them take it gracefully.



I had stolen, or rather secured this airship for a Dr. Nicola, a charming gentleman (and the player was quite charming), before the start of game, as it had crashed into some mountains where Dick Lighthouse had crashed it. There was a good bit of detail mostly aimed at making this seem reasonable, as it is rather wild. It read well the way Abe wrote it.

Fortunately, I was not forced to depend for my entertainment upon the good offices of Brad Wilcox. Mr. Ivan Collins was cast as Dr. Raleigh, a time traveller from the future who had seen the desolation of the Earth by the Martains, who it turned out by some turn of fortune was my long lost brother. Mr. Collins was a very convincing roleplayer and as the evening wore on, suffice it to say that I eased his weary mind about the terrible future he had beheld. His sister quite approved as she's been an occasional caller on Mr. Walker. Nothing ignoble of course, but Mr. Collins was to say the least grateful, and many glasses were shared in a very warm spirit (sisterly of course!)

Ivan had little to do, as Dr. Raleigh's plots were largely accomplished or derailed. Having reported the Martian invasion he could do little to prevent it. He had given a drug called "Accelerator" to some of his allies before the start of game, but as Dr. Schultze was a disturbing fellow (the player was Paul Blaylock) who gave us both the shivers, and was largely concerned with hunting down persons of my sort, sawing their brain cases open, and extracting their "anti social glands," Ivan wanted little to do with him, finding his dialog about putting inferior sorts of people into lethal chambers a bit too convincing and deciding he was one of those sorts of people whose obsessions we might do well to avoid after witnessing his glee at excising the anti-social gland of Miss Carrie Nation. Other persons have since vouched for Paul being no more than a brilliant actor, but I should find it hard to have dinner with him after his

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"performance."

His other partner Dr. Roquelaure was quite absorbed in the personal issues of Tess of the D'Urbervilles, and preferred such attentions to any strong concerns for the salvation of the world which he accounted when challenged by Mr. King upon the matter "begins with the individual." Miss D'Urbervilles (is that how one should address her) seemed quite gratified by his attentions, though I am certain his discussions of the "Seduction Theory" of psychoanalysis which is put forward by a German Doctor, the theory being I believe that since the Germans don't practice the sexual arts, they must write about them. At any rate it passed as an excuse to mention repeatedly sex topics in conversation with the dear girl. I cannot say whether she was appalled or thrilled, though I frankly thought it a bit forward. Not, after Burt that I am given to any great desire for discourses upon sex (though one thinks perhaps I should, be having little enough knowledge of it from experience with one who was master of its arts).

I felt rather bad for the inevitable betrayal that must come. Poor Mr. Collins could probably have been persuaded to do any bomb hurling that was necessary, but he felt rather poorly in the morning, and Mr. Hartmann was blown up and had become through the magic of the game a policeman.

I had my work cut out for me to obtain a sufficient device of terror, however it was my fortune to have made the acquaintance of the unfortunately named Mrs. Peedee Boyd, who was a spy for the Confederacy, whose fortunes ran high that morning, having taken much of the United States through the arts of war. She should have been able to lay quantity on a good amount of gunpowder, but Horatio King was unwilling to issue a card for any such thing.

Dr. Nicola was at that point getting on rather well with Mrs. Boyd (a widow) and so was more than willing to assist by designing a "small and effective engine of destruction, such as the anarchists are prone to use."

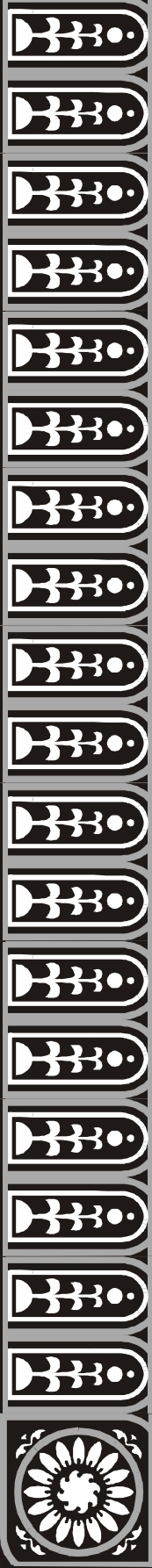
I found from Thad that I was slated to be married to Mr. Collins. Henrietta had observed our friendly exchanges, and concluded that whatever our estate in her eyes, we were fit to be wed. My understanding is that she was critically short of candidates, and I later found that was due to the good offices of Thad who had conspired at great length to deprive her of wedding, which was apparently her one true goal in the game. After a brief consultation, I volunteered to be wed at the glorious climax of the game, by which time Ivan should be up and about (Lena having let us know that he was stirring, but far from making his toilet, though he'd gotten a bit of solid food).

Alas poor Mr. Collins. Poor Dr. Raleigh was not to know the consummation of his passions. For it was not Mr. King alone who could issue cards indicating the possession of items.

The shriek which Henrietta let out when at the climax of our ceremony I detonated a bomb was really quite remarkable! I believe the word was "What!" however it became a long keening wail which left a hush in its wake. I smiled, blushed demurely and curtsied, showing my card, duly inscribed by Thaddeus Walker, indicating my possession of a large bomb made from nitrocellulose. There was some brief consternation about whether or not I could have detonated it, but Henrietta had been thoughtful enough to provide candles for the altar setting, and this gave undeniably the necessary spark. In truth with Dr. Nicola's offices this should not have been necessary as gun cotton requires only a mercury fuse (so I am learned now in the arts of mayhem), but Henrietta would hear none of it.

Mr. King was called in to referee between the smirking Thaddeus and the shrieking harridan that was Henrietta. She was convinced that the presence of a policeman should have kept me from introducing a bomb, but the ex-Hartmann was quite partial to me, and avowed that he would not have seen the engine of destruction hidden in the Bride's Boquet. After some consideration, he ruled, much to Henrietta's grief, that he could see no reason why I could not set off a bomb, and set those about to arguing the case for their survival. I was thus incinerated at my own nuptials. Mr. Collins was a trifle disappointed, but I have promised to make it up by having dinner with him next week.

And that is how I fared, and how your "scarlet cousin" spent a most enjoyable time this week past....



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Signor Niccolo Davelli

In previous writing about Davelli, the character is universally attributed to "an adaptation of H.G. Wells 'War of the Worlds.'" Oddly this is not the case, and in fact the actual source is mentioned in a letter from Walker to Dolores Cooke which is in Cooke's papers and has been noted by researchers. Walker was romantically involved with Cooke during the time he was writing Clarence, and after several tempestuous rounds of courtship, they were married in 1919, only to divorce in 1925. It was not his divorce, but Marsden's engagement to Dolores Cooke in 1930 that (along with alcoholism, drug addiction, and financial ruin) provoked Walker's best known suicide attempt.

Nearly the whole source for the character is an 1892 novel "The Germ Growers," which may have served as an inspiration to Wells also. It was penned by an Australian clergyman of Irish origin, named Robert Potter, and is described as "the first serious attempt at portraying the alien invasion of Earth, being published six years before Wells."

The novel concerns a group of Martians who have the ability to change shape, and are led by...if you haven't already guessed "Signor Niccolo Davelli." They are attempting to create new forms of plague in order to conquer the world, and this well night forgotten work is also a very early portrayal of germ warfare.

With this in mind, it is easy to see almost the entirety of the Davelli sheet. In fact Walker does a neat job of integrating the "shapeshifting" of "The Germ Growers," by use of the bipedal feeder creatures referred to in the Wells novel, and really presents a somewhat more plausible picture. The Wells work was major canon for the game, and it's possible that nobody other than Walker had read "The Germ Growers."

It is worth noting that where Walker excerpts Wells, he credits it. His writing is high strung, and has some of the same tone of hysteria as Bucher, but his characters have more than one mental dimension - both "Sturm" and "Dang" to borrow the earlier example.

Alas, Davelli is a near unplayable character. He has one goal - to unleash an attack that fundamentally must fail.

He is the holder of the proverbial "battleship." It is a piece of standard LARP doctrine that players should never be given a battleship in the presumption that they will not use it, because of course they will. Obviously Walker does not intend Davelli to use the War Machine. He is to become obsessed with Carmilla, and pursue her, and probably fall victim to the Venusian spy (we could use some idea how their mental abilities should work against each other, but get none - there are suggestions that such decisions were made in runtime, and were often acrimonious).

In practice, Davelli more often than not unleashed his War

Machine, bringing the game to a stop, as frantic GMs struggled to find legitimate ways to combat it. The Elephant is never available, and it is clearly superior to both Sky Courser and Astronef. The regimen of deus ex machina required to oppose the War Machine is impressive.

There is some thought that Walker actually intended the War Machine to be a "spanner in the works" of the vast military plottings of King and Bucher. In that case, it succeeds too well, and threatens to overturn the game. The march of the War Machine and the destruction of the human race is a major element in Clarence but is seldom resolved with grace and alacrity.

Signor Niccolo Davelli

Warm. It is too warm. A nightmare of heat. You live in a fever, seeing images which excite your vast cold mind.

You were born to the cold of a dying world. Not far wrong is the Italian Astronomer who studied the world of your birth. Great canals conduct the ice of the dead seas across the surface. Deserts there, but not the hot deserts of earth. Instead they are cold and arid steppes, where rest the remains of the crumbled civilizations that followed the dying waters.

Your natural form is, to the people of this vital world, terrible to behold. Tentacles, mouth, and simple and elegant internal organs. Mr. H. G. Wells described well how you must appear to the peoples of this primitive world:

"They were huge round bodies--or, rather, heads--about four feet in diameter, each body having in front of it a face. This face had no nostrils--indeed, the Martians do not seem to have had any sense of smell, but it had a pair of very large dark-coloured eyes, and just beneath this a kind of fleshy beak. In the back of this head or body--I scarcely know how to speak of it--was the single tight tympanic surface, since known to be anatomically an ear, though it must have been almost useless in our dense air. In a group round the mouth were sixteen slender, almost whiplike tentacles, arranged in two bunches of eight each. These bunches have since been named rather aptly, by that distinguished anatomist, Professor Howes, the HANDS. Even as I saw these Martians for the first time they seemed to be endeavouring to raise themselves on these hands, but of course, with the increased weight of terrestrial conditions, this was impossible. There is reason to suppose that on Mars they may have progressed upon them with some facility.

The internal anatomy, I may remark here, as dissection has since shown, was almost equally simple. The greater part of the structure was the brain, sending enormous nerves to the eyes, ear, and tactile tentacles. Besides this were the bulky lungs, into which the mouth opened, and the heart and its vessels. The pulmonary distress caused by the denser atmosphere and greater gravitational attraction was only too

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evident in the convulsive movements of the outer skin.

And this was the sum of the Martian organs. Strange as it may seem to a human being, all the complex apparatus of digestion, which makes up the bulk of our bodies, did not exist in the Martians. They were heads--merely heads. Entrails they had none. They did not eat, much less digest. Instead, they took the fresh, living blood of other creatures, and INJECTED it into their own veins. I have myself seen this being done, as I shall mention in its place. But, squeamish as I may seem, I cannot bring myself to describe what I could not endure even to continue watching. Let it suffice to say, blood obtained from a still living animal, in most cases from a human being, was run directly by means of a little pipette into the recipient canal. . . .

The bare idea of this is no doubt horribly repulsive to us, but at the same time I think that we should remember how repulsive our carnivorous habits would seem to an intelligent rabbit.

The physiological advantages of the practice of injection are undeniable, if one thinks of the tremendous waste of human time and energy occasioned by eating and the digestive process. Our bodies are half made up of glands and tubes and organs, occupied in turning heterogeneous food into blood. The digestive processes and their reaction upon the nervous system sap our strength and colour our minds. Men go happy or miserable as they have healthy or unhealthy livers, or sound gastric glands. But the Martians were lifted above all these organic fluctuations of mood and emotion.

Their undeniable preference for men as their source of nourishment is partly explained by the nature of the remains of the victims they had brought with them as provisions from Mars. These creatures, to judge from the shrivelled remains that have fallen into human hands, were bipeds with flimsy, silicious skeletons (almost like those of the silicious sponges) and feeble musculature, standing about six feet high and having round, erect heads, and large eyes in flinty sockets. Two or three of these seem to have been brought in each cylinder, and all were killed before earth was reached. It was just as well for them, for the mere attempt to stand upright upon our planet would have broken every bone in their bodies.

And while I am engaged in this description, I may add in this place certain further details which, although they were not all evident to us at the time, will enable the reader who is unacquainted with them to form a clearer picture of these offensive creatures.

In three other points their physiology differed strangely from ours. Their organisms did not sleep, any more than the heart of man sleeps. Since they had no extensive muscular mechanism to recuperate, that periodical extinction was unknown to them. They had little or no sense of fatigue, it would seem. On earth they could never have moved without effort, yet even to the last they kept in action. In twenty- four hours they did twenty-four hours of work, as even on earth is perhaps the case with the ants.



In the next place, wonderful as it seems in a sexual world, the Martians were absolutely without sex, and therefore without any of the tumultuous emotions that arise from that difference among men. A young Martian, there can now be no dispute, was really born upon earth during the war, and it was found attached to its parent, partially BUDDED off, just as young lilybulbs bud off, or like the young animals in the freshwater polyp.

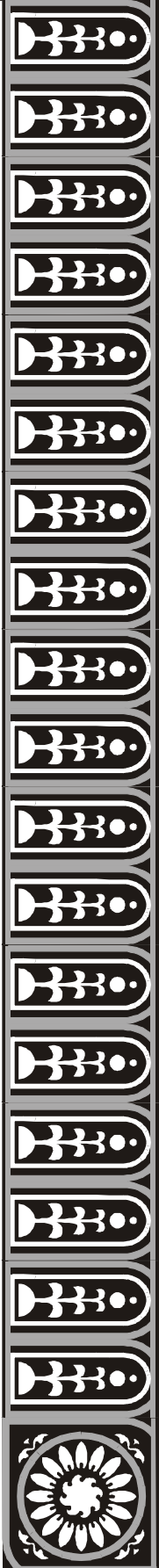
In man, in all the higher terrestrial animals, such a method of increase has disappeared; but even on this earth it was certainly the primitive method. Among the lower animals, up even to those first cousins of the vertebrated animals, the Tunicates, the two processes occur side by side, but finally the sexual method superseded its competitor altogether. On Mars, however, just the reverse has apparently been the case."

Intelligent rabbits. Yes!

Such they are.

It was a miscalculation to send the first projectiles perhaps. But if they did not go, and report, how were you to learn of the weaknesses of Earth. And it's strengths. Germs. Yes, long dispersed on your world, only the most ancient of records concerned such things.

For of course reports were sent. That no projectiles rose from Earth is of no consequence. Even now the people of Earth send such signals daily across the English Channel for a fee, and who among them has not read of the experiments of Marconi aboard the Philadelphia - and the signals sent from St. John's to the British Isles. Far greater distances are



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spanned by your clever machinery. And the impulse of pure thought is transmitted.

Thought!

It was the work of months to adapt the form of the docile biped of Mars to a form physically identical to the biped herd animal of earth. To situate your brain in such a body was of course distasteful, the moreso because there can be no practical reversal - your own body is by now drained and given to fertilizer (for on Mars nothing may be wasted). But it is not possible for you to think emotionally, and so your debasement and death, serving as it does the higher cause is to you as reasonable as it is to an Englishman to join the Navy.

You are driven by neither pride, nor arrogance, nor passion. Your icy intellect sees only food and survival for your dying race. Indeed there are those who question why the race should survive, having outlived joy and artistry. But there is an imperative, a base thing of biology though it be, and cold though the faculties that analyze it be.

Earth shall fall first. Then soft Venus.

But disturbance courses through your troubled orb.

In order to manipulate the body in which you travel, ganglions of the biped were attached to your own nerves. Long it took you to learn to manipulate it's clumsy limbs and feeble hands.

And could it not be that in doing so, some contamination was received. That encased in the spongy bone of its braincase, your own magnificent globe is affected? That something of its bestial passions, fears, hatreds and emotions has somehow affected you.

It must be the heat! The heat of earth is great, living world! It has driven you to fever in which the brain, unbalanced, generates fantasy.

You are touched by a hesitation you can think of only as...name it not. FEAR!

You are touched by somewhat of pity for these bipeds you must destroy. Too you hold them in contempt. You see how they act towards each other. The pale ones holding in contempt the dark, and calling them epithets that provoke ill emotion. HAH! They are more equal than they know for their blood nourishes equally. That they have contempt for each other when such as you walk among them who are to them as they are to the deer of the forest or the rabbits of the field. Yet.

Yet... finally you are touched by some strange longing that you cannot describe. DARE not describe, for the one known as Carmilla.

You have watched and learned much of her. She is not a mere biped herd rabbit like the others. She preys upon

them drinking pure blood, even as you do. And her mind! You can feel great power there, as if she could send thoughts as you do.

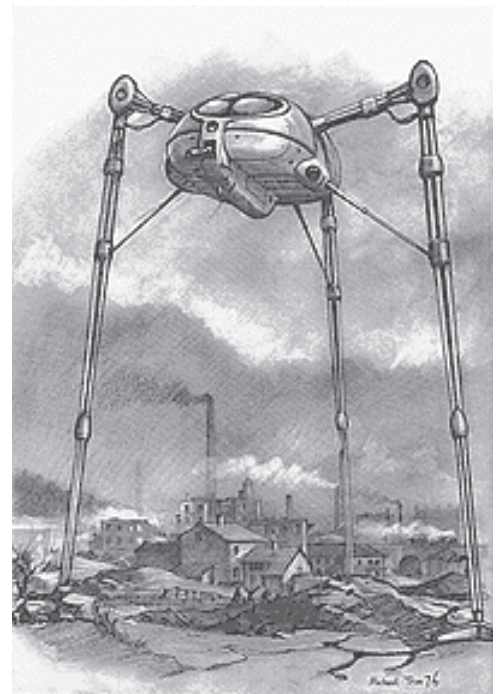
You have reported well on this world, and must soon commence your final work. But somehow you yearn for a union with her, a union such as your kind has never known. And deep within your vast and logical mind, you are troubled by such unnaturalness.

You must find the spy. The soft creatures of Venus - more like unto Earthmen than your own race, though winged - have sent a vessel here. Your astronomers observed it though the men of Earth would not have seen sign of it. One of them walks among these folk, and may bring warnings and tidings, even secrets!

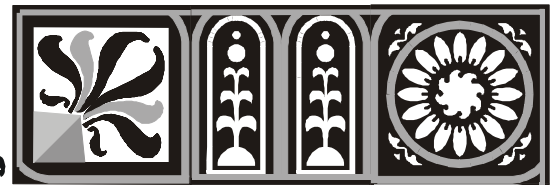
And when chaos comes, you must unleash your War Machine upon them and bring about the end of their days. No mere rays of death or clouds of ink do you bring. But germs! A return gift. From deep within the arctic ices were pulled cadavers a thousand centuries dead. And they bear the germs of your world. To them you have for millennia been immune. But even so, ere they perished of your race's vast science, they were mightier than any mere disease of bipeds on this world. They shall lay waste!!!

But not all shall die, and you shall need to make war upon them in order to throw them into complete chaos. Then you shall send your signal, and the new rain of projectiles will fall!

If only you were not troubled by these feverish longings. Unnatural sentiment, begone!



An *Evening* with Clarence



Doctor Nikola Svengali

Doctor Nikola Svengali

Doctor Nikola Svengali is an amalgam of two villains: Svengali, from George L. Du Maurier's novel *Trilby*; and Doctor Nikola, an arch-villain created by Guy Boothby. Since the game had a *Trilby*, it needed a Svengali, but since Nikola, who had already been written, has some knowledge of mesmerism, the gamemasters found it easier to combine the two. "Certainly," commented Henrietta Wallace, "it was simpler than trying to get another coherent character out of Mr. Walker."

Doctor Nikola, whom Jess Nevins refers to as "one of the classic (and sadly forgotten) arch-villains," appeared first in an eight-part serial in *Windsor Magazine* in 1895 and then in collected form in *A Bid for Fortune, or Doctor Nikola's Vendetta* (1895). He also appeared in *Doctor Nikola* (1896), *The Lust of Hate* (1898), *Doctor Nikola's Experiment* (1899), and *Farewell, Nikola* (1901). Svengali is the villain in Du Maurier's *Trilby*, mesmerizing the beautiful artists' model Trilby O'Farrell into becoming his "singing machine." In appearance the two are substantially different; Nikola is described as neat, handsome, and "irreproachably dressed," while Svengali is described as "dirty" and "greasy."

Both men behave in ways that the Victorians would consider reprehensible, of course.

The Doctor is a vivisectionist, owning a laboratory is filled with human and other more revolting specimens. Svengali is a man who drives a woman to suicide by rejecting her (it's unclear whether he uses mind control to do so, but it is implied), poses as an artist to get Trilby to pose nude for him, and worst of all, hypnotizes Trilby into traveling as his wife when she is not. Both are potent mesmerists.

On the other hand, Nikola is somewhat sympathetic and can be a generous villain. He lets his archnemesis escape several times, and even sends flowers to his wedding. He is the prototype of the polished "Bond Villian." It's certainly a lot easier to see how Trilby could fall for him.

These two villains were combined into one through the opium-ridden and deranged mind of Thaddeus Walker.

Doctor Nikola Svengali

God only knows how you came to be what you are. Perhaps it was simply a fault of nature, which creates all beasts. Yet also, it could simply be that your mind is so much more powerful than other men. More likely, it might have been the buggery back in boys' school. No matter, you persevere in one great thing - Science!

You are a punctual man, tidy, well-groomed, and very very

organized. You expect those who serve you to be yours body and soul. You had the misfortune to be described in a narrative by some ingrate named Dick Hatteras, whom, if you ever find him, you intend to kill in a way as slow and painful as you can devise.

It was your desire to have vengeance on a fellow by the name of Wetherell. Ridiculously, Wetherell's daughter showed interest in that dolt Hatteras, around whom you ran mental circles. Worst of all, he prated at length about it in what should have been your tale of vengeance.

You are a mesmerist of unusual power, and a vivisectionist. Some people would find your practices horrifying. You simply find them intoxicating.

You collect skeletons of men, monkeys, and other animals. You decorate your laboratory with skulls, bones, and the apparatus for every kind of murder known to the fertile brain of man -- European rifles, revolvers, bayonets, and swords; Italian stilettos, Turkish scimitars, Greek knives, Central African spears and poisoned arrows, Zulu knobkerries, Afghan yataghans, Malay kris, Sumatra blowpipes, Chinese dirks, New Guinea head-catching implements, Australian spears and boomerangs, Polynesian stone hatchets, and numerous other weapons the common man would not be able to name. Collected also are implements for every sort of wizardry known to the superstitious; from old-fashioned English love charms to African Obi sticks, from spiritualistic planchettes to the most horrible of Fijian death potions. All with good use.

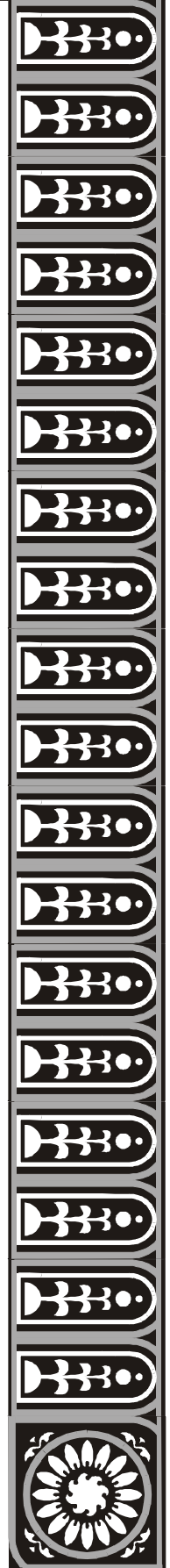
You have an albino dwarf to assist you in your... experiments, yes, experiments.

You kidnapped Lord Beckenham, placing an iron collar about his neck and chaining him to a wall. What excitement and delight that brought you! How much it reminded you of school! You wanted to put him with your monkey-boy in the laboratory, but damned if Beckenham didn't get away. What on earth could the boy have wanted with the outside world?

But you allowed him and his annoying companion Hatteras their freedom, having your servant Prendergast blindfold them and leave them at the harbor. You sincerely hoped that once there, they'd be sodomized by sailors. Hatteras, at least, considered himself an Australian, so it could hardly have been a new experience for him.

Somehow you managed to find your way to Paris, and met a beautiful young lady by the plebian name of Trilby O'Farrell. She was a model, so you pretended to be an artist in hopes that she would disrobe. No such luck, but later you heard her sing and decided to pursue the matter.

You hypnotized Miss Trilby and made her your creature. Ah, and such a delightful creature she was, too. She became a glorious singer, and you toured around the world with



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her, making a great deal of wealth and glory for you. She was known as the great singer Svengali.

You posed as her husband and traveled with her, alternately bullying and fawning for her best behavior. Always you had to keep her in your presence to keep her under your spell. Gecko, a young fiddler, small, swarthy, shabby, brown-eyed, and pockmarked, helped you train her properly.

The tour traveled to England, where Taffy, The Laird and Billie attended a performance, discovering Trilby was still alive. Completely under your control, she didn't recognize them, except for a brief moment when your control lapsed. With one look you snapped her back into your power.

Back at the hotel, you put Trilby into another trance. Once again you made her tell you that she loved you. You despaired, knowing she was only echoing your words.

Billie, Trilby's damned former fiancé (not as annoying as Hatteras, but all the same a right bastard) followed you across Europe, vowing to break your spell on the girl. Fearing that Billie's love might actually be able break your hold on Trilby, you canceled appearance after appearance. Finally, you confronted Billie and told him that Trilby would be giving her last performance that night and then she could decide on her future.

The performance began but you faked your own death. Trilby collapsed too, no longer able to sing in tune. You had planted a post hypnotic suggestion for Trilby to write her will and fake her own death to rid you of the annoying and unfortunately named Billie.

Trilby rejoined you, and you sent her to contact the Beetle. This supernatural force has been creating gold and channeling it into the world economy. In a few more months the economy will collapse, and bring ruin to the world, and you intend to take over.

This supernatural creature giant, malignant, deformed beetle. However, it hosts the soul of an ancient Egyptian Princess, who is an avatar of Isis. As the leader of an African Sect - the Children of Isis - who gain magical powers from human sacrifice, she is a dangerous enemy. She can take the form of the Beetle, and also an old man, and a sinister androgynous figure.

She has hypnotic powers and can read and control minds. Except for yours. You can detect supernatural mental influences, and they cannot affect you because of your training and discipline.

You found that she knew Trilby having

sacrificed her parents in an obscene ceremony and involved her in orgiastic rites at a young age. This doubtless rendered her mind plastic, having infused her with neuroses beyond human comprehension. Making her the perfect vehicle for your arts.

You have been helping the Beetle place gold into the world economy, and considering what other women you could kidnap. The Vampiress Carmilla came to feed upon you, but you have deceived her. Your powers are greater than hers. She thinks she is controlling you, but every time she "feeds" upon you, she gains only a little blood, and you may implant one post-hypnotic suggestion which she must perform.

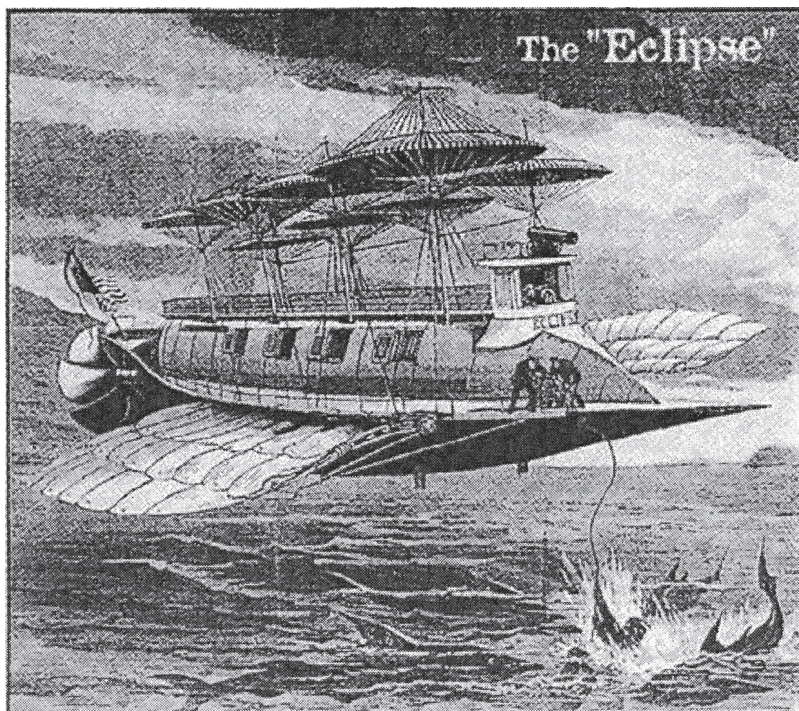
You want to avoid the Eugenicist Dr. Schultze. He might be able to identify the part of your brain that gives you your extra-human powers.

You had Lady Grey steal the Airship Astronard for you. You paid her in gold created by the Beetle. Now you will use the Astronard to become master of the world.

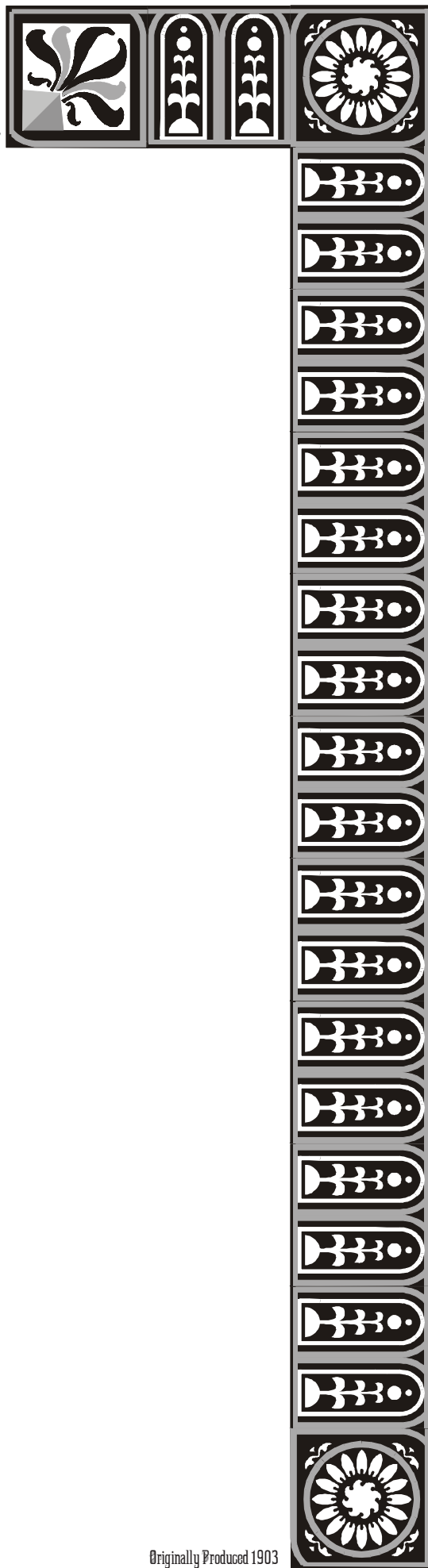
The Beetle wants only that you will capture Dr. Frankenstein's plans, and pass them to her. These are for a device which restores life. You suspect the Beetle wishes to be a living human once again.

You will watch, and manipulate everything to your advantage, and influence the right persons so that when all is done, you will be made master of the world.

Bwahahahahaha!



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An *With* EVENING Clarence

Flaxman Low

Flaxman Low was created by "E. and H. Heron," the pseudonym of Hesketh V. Prichard (1876-1922) and Kate O'Brien Ryall Prichard (1851-1935). They were a mother-son writing team, and both were successful writers outside these stories. There is not a lot of information available about Mrs. Prichard. Hesketh, however, was known for being a big-game hunter and for favoring sniper tactics rather than mass charges in the Great War.

Appearing first in Pearson's Magazine in 1898 and 1899, Flaxman Low was the original true Occult Detective. Rather like Nick Charles in The Thin Man stories, he's called in on cases at the request of his friends or the law, rather than being directly hired. Still, it does appear that he might be the first (in literature anyway) full-time specialist summoned specifically to investigate and solve supernatural mysteries.

The "Occult Detective" genre was very popular going into the 1920s, and saw characters such as Saxe Rohmer's "Dream Detective" and "Doctor Thirteen" as well as various creations of novelist Dion Fortune. Flaxman Low as one of the first "Occult Detectives" first appearing around the turn of the century.

While a decent character in concept, Flaxman Low has two problems. First, there is little evidence of who the Beetle is, and there are few leads on how to capture her. The one clue Flaxman does have is probably the result of a plot disconnect. It points at Yen How, who has nothing to do with the Gold plot.

Even if he could, it is unclear he has any result but getting a gang of people together to go attack the character (which in fact happened) to get some of her dung. However, in some runs, Walker may have made dung available. Sadly the Dung doesn't do anything (violating an implicit genre concept in which mystical sources are invariably correct). Walker's sense of humor - the lesson being that "old papyruses" are often wrong. At least the dung was usually simulated by some sort of chocolate pastry.

This must have been a fun character to pose, and generally is seen as "mixing it up" successfully with the "good guys" despite handicaps.

Finally, Flaxman Low contains a poison pill. He is supposed to have knowledge that would keep Dr. Raleigh from accidentally marrying Lady Grey his sister. However Walker outright perverted that, and added a completely different paragraph which leads Low to encourage Dr. Raleigh's marriage to Lady Grey.



Flaxman Low

"In time, my dear Monsieur Flaxman, you will add another to our sciences. You establish your facts too well for my peace of mind."

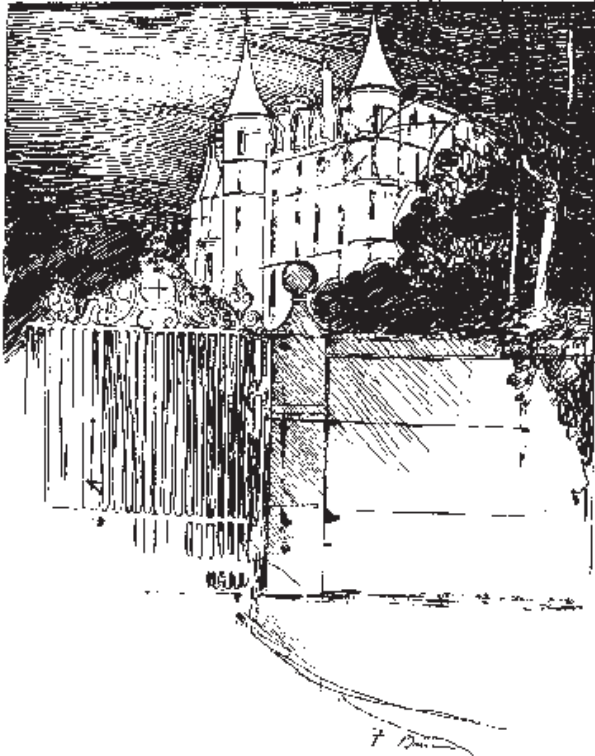
--M. theirry, "The Story of Yand Manor House"

As a psychologist, you are proud to say that you are the sort of man one could rely on in almost any emergency. When your old school chum Roderick Houston called upon you to investigate his "unlucky" house, you did. When Professor Jungvort, of Nuremburg, asked you to look into his troubles with the Baelbrow Ghost, you did. You visited the Yand Manor House. And the Konnor Old House. And so on, and so on.

You reach your conclusions through logic, rather than relying upon tomes of forgotten lore. You are a learned man, but you try not to seem a braggart when you use your native intellect and knowledge to solve puzzles. You try to be genial and reasonable, but one must be persistent to get to the bottom of things. You strongly believe that "everybody who, in a rational and honest manner, investigates the phenomenon of spiritism will, sooner or later, meet in them some perplexing element, which is not to be explained by any of the ordinary theories."

You have had to deal with Chinese secret societies, always a terrible thing. The Yellow Peril is a menace that cannot be discounted. Chinamen are inscrutable, always looking to take over the world. Time travel cannot be discounted, and if Chinamen from the future should appear, woe betide the United States!

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You have encountered apparitions, mummies, ghosts, and vicious African fungi. The Shining Man. Your arch-enemy, the evil Dr. Kalmarkane, is an occult investigator with more knowledge but far fewer morals than you.

In this adventure, you are on the trail of the sinister "Beetle." Some supernatural force has been creating gold and channeling it into the world economy. In a few more months the economy will collapse, and bring ruin to the world, probably allowing for an Anarchist uprising.

Your alchemical analysis indicates the gold is being made by supernatural means - and there is only one creature who has the wherewithal to do such a thing - "The Beetle."

This supernatural creature giant, malignant, deformed beetle. However, it hosts the soul of an ancient Egyptian Princess, who is an avatar of Isis. As the leader of an African Sect - the Children of Isis - who gain magical powers from human sacrifice, she is a dangerous enemy. She can take the form of the Beetle, and also an old man, and a sinister androgynous figure.

She has hypnotic powers and can read and control minds. Except for yours. You can detect supernatural mental influences, and they cannot affect you because of your training and discipline.

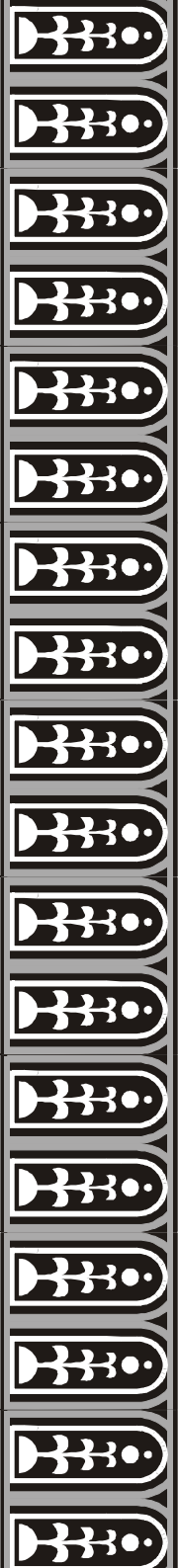
You know of one way to destroy the beetle. An ancient Egyptian papyrus details how to take the supernatural dung of the beetle (in Egyptian lore, the ball of dung rolled by the beetle has special supernatural powers, and is often used

in cures and potions), which contains its essence, and by consuming it, symbolically consume the beetle, and take its power. But few have the will to commit such an act.

You have traced the origin of the gold to Tibet. One expedition there has already failed, as the Airship Astronard and its elephant conveyance was destroyed under the command of Dick Lighthouseart.

You must determine what needs to be done, identify the servants of the Beetle, and halt the dispersal of the gold. Perhaps your friend Dr. Roquelaure can help.

You would also like to help Dr. Roquelaure's acquaintance Dr. Raleigh. He is a very upset and frustrated man, full of neuroses. You would like to calm him. Possibly he needs a relationship. You happen to know that Lady Grey is his sister, however it is obvious that there is a sexual attraction between them. The odds of a major problem in reproduction are actually fairly slight in one generation (according to Mendel) so you see little reason to interfere - in this case the need for neurotic release outweighs the relatively remote chance of misadventure. Perhaps you can facilitate them getting together.



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Carmilla

The sheet for Carmilla is excessive, and requires a bit of warning before reading. First, it was one of the last characters written and it was handed to Lena Collins, the sister of Ivan Collins, who was a student and artists model. It is generally assumed that Lena Collins was involved with Walker at the time (despite the offices of Dolores Cooke) and she was generally probably the one person to whom he could have handed such a sheet. She apparently shrieked gaily and chased him about the room with it, striking him blows upon the head and shoulders.

It isn't clear that anyone had ever seen the sheet, however it was printed on at least one other occasion, quite possibly because Henrietta edited it and saw no problems. Some stories say it was written on a dare from Ivan Collins.

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To be appreciated, it may be well for the reader to read the actual text of Sheridan Le Fanu's Carmilla, which Walker without doubt had in front of him (along with, one would guess, some spirits and hashish) when he wrote the Carmilla sheet. Despite initial appearances, it is not a word for word copy.

It is not for the weak stomach. It is generally believed that Dora Belle Henderson walked out of the Carrolton Run after being presented with the sheet. Her brother Edward Henderson is said to have called later in the day to demand satisfaction, at which time Walker was not sufficiently conscious to answer him.

Walker was the author of several anonymous books of late Victorian pornography, which he wrote to supplement his income, and one imagines, out of perverse pleasure in the subversion of the literary art. The tone is just slightly reminiscent of Roald Dahl's My Uncle Oswald, within of course the constraints of a direct parody.

Carmilla

In Styria, we, though by no means magnificent people, inhabit a castle, or schieiss. A small income, in that part of the world, goes a great way. Eight or nine rusty farthings a year is more than most of the peasantry would get if they whored out their own mother on the street twice a day. Scantily enough ours would have answered among wealthy people at home. My father is English, and I bear an English name, although I never saw England, from which my father fled perforce after some act of perversity so exceptional as to raise even the usually blank English eyebrow. But here, in this lonely and primitive place, where you can take a torpedo boat up the back alley of the burger's daughter for two quid (such is the Germanic obsession with vehicles of destruction), I really don't see how ever so much more money would at all materially add to our comforts, or even luxuries, considering that there are only so many times per day that one might perform the balsamic injection.

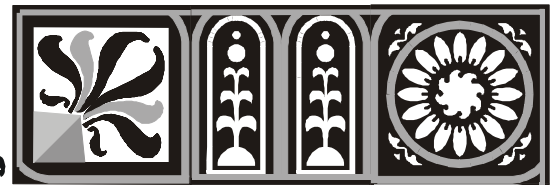
My father was in the Ethiopian service where the proliferation of Nubian boys saw to it that I had no siblings, and retired upon a pension (granted only after certain letters had been proposed for publication) and his parsimony, and purchased this feudal residence, and the small estate on which it stands, a bargain, the previous inhabitants having degenerated into troll-men of some sort and made off into the hills. They were decently fast, but made a fair breakfast if one could catch them with a fowling piece about daylight, and didn't mind the stench of cleaning them.

Nothing can be more picturesque or solitary. It stands on a slight eminence in a forest...but I digress...I was describing the castle, or in the local parlance, schieiss.

The road, very old and narrow, passes in front of its drawbridge, a reminder of days when the place still had a roof, and might conceivably have been of strategic entrance to anyone that could not be driven away by a three legged and near sighted guard poodle.



An *Evening* with Clarence



The moat, was periodically stocked with perch, which as it was also the outflow for the garderobe, spent most of their time floating on its surface in white fleets among the well nourished water-lilies.

Over all this the Schiess shows its many-windowed front, having much the aspect of an aging prizefighter - what isn't knocked out isn't pretty, but it's still standing so one can't complain.

Looking from the hall door towards the road, the forest in which our castle (now that I've impressed you with my command of German, I'll call it a castle, like every other English speaking man) stands extends fifteen miles to the right, and twelve to the left. The nearest inhabited village is about seven of your English miles to the left. The nearest inhabited schloss of any historic associations, is that of old General Spielsdorf, nearly twenty miles away to the right, who is distinguished both by the speed of his haste away from the French at Sedan, and the various body parts which he left behind without recovering as they liberally salted his backside with the spray of a milltrauce.

I have said "the nearest inhabited village," because there is, only three miles westward, that is to say in the direction of General Spielsdorf's schloss, a ruined village, with its quaint little church, now roofless (much like our home), in the aisle of which are the mouldering tombs of the proud family of Karnstein, now extinct, the chains largely broken due to their fondness for plundering the immediately past generation every time their appalling gambling debts caused burly collectors with hobnail boots to come a calling, who about ten thousand glasses of Liebfraumilch ago owned the equally desolate chateau which, in the thick of the forest, overlooks the silent ruins of the town.

Respecting the cause of the desertion of this striking and melancholy spot, there is a legend which I shall relate to you another time.

I must tell you now, how very small is the party who constitute the inhabitants of our castle. I don't include servants, lascars, chinamen, merinos, pomeranian dogs, or any of the other inferior sorts my father kept about to vent his unnatural lust, or those dependents who occupy rooms in the buildings attached to the schloss. Listen, and wonder! My father, who is the kindest man on earth (if only everyone else upon it were chill and dead), but whose mind wanders from the deprivations of the ; and I, at the date of my story, only nineteen.

I and my father, a half dozen tins of dried cod, ten quarts of cheap gin and fourscore cartons of Flanigan's patented Phanerogam Rendering Tube constituted the family at the schloss. My mother, a Styrian lady, died in my probably of my father's sadistic deprivations as I periodically encountered items of memory to her - her hand for example, embalmed and laid upon the table, and her bones forming a quaint candelabra in the foyer. But I had a good-natured

governess, an ex nautch girl who had been with me from, I might almost say, my infancy. I could not remember the time time when her fat, benignant face was not a familiar picture in my memory, nor her eighteen stone of quivering flesh absent from my daily exertions.

But enough about the author, and let me tell you about Carmilla the Vampire...

Not of course that I knew she was a vampire at the time. She was pretty in that "I have been dead for about a century and must subsist on the blood of the living" charm, and I remembered her from my childhood, she having slipped into my nursery to put her lips to use. In our house having this or that bit of the anatomy suckled or bitten off was all part of a day, and I thought no more of it, though she forms one of my earliest sexual memories which does not involve fornication within the bounds of consanguinity or dairy animals.

She came to live with us, by a clever turn of the narrator, which I shall not recount here.

All I could learn of her was:

Her name was Carmilla.

Her family (like that of every other gypsy in the environs) was very ancient and noble and etc.

Her home lay in the direction of the west.

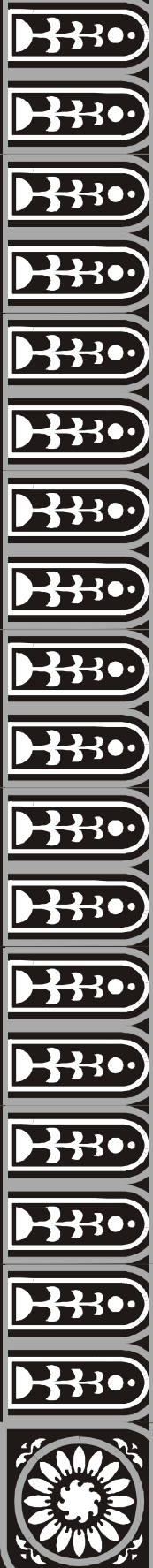
She would not tell me the name of her family, nor their armorial bearings, nor the name of their estate, nor even that of the country they lived in.

You are not to suppose that I worried her incessantly on these subjects. We had a new scullery maid who had not yet lost all of her teeth, and was desperate enough to try her chances with us, and my father was by now feeble enough that with a few harsh blows with the fireplace instruments I was able to keep him off her.

For Carmilla's part, she used to place her pretty arms about my neck, draw me to her, and laying her cheek to mine, murmur with her lips near my ear, "Dearest, your little heart is wounded; think me not cruel because I obey the irresistible law of my strength and weakness; if your dear heart is wounded, my wild heart bleeds with yours. In the rapture of my enormous humiliation I live in your warm life, and you shall die-die, sweetly die-into mine. I cannot help it; as I draw near to you, you, in your turn, will draw near to others, and learn the rapture of that cruelty, which yet is love; so, for a while, seek to know no more of me and mine, but trust me with all your loving spirit."

And when she had spoken such a rhapsody, she would press me more closely in her trembling embrace, and her lips in soft kisses gently glow upon my cheek.

I suppose I should have paid more attention, but at my age



An *With* EVENING Clarence

when faced with a woman who still had the dentistry God gave her (Ha! Not God as I was later to learn!!!) One had a hard time making out exact words when one's ears were plugged with a surefeit of thigh.

From these foolish embraces, which were not of very frequent occurrence, I must allow, I used to wish to extricate myself; but my energies seemed to fail me. Her murmured words sounded like a lullaby in my ear, and soothed my resistance into a trance, from which I only seemed to recover myself when she had reached the pinnacle of active delight.

In these mysterious moods I did not like her. I experienced a strange tumultuous excitement that was pleasurable, ever and anon, mingled with a vague sense of fear and disgust, much like when sponge bathing my father's sores.

I had no distinct thoughts about her while such scenes lasted, but I was conscious of a love growing into adoration, and also of abhorrence. Except in these brief periods of mysterious excitement her ways were girlish; and there was always a languor about her, quite incompatible with a masculine system in a state of health - in short I was frustrated..

In some respects her habits were odd. Perhaps not so singular in the opinion of a town lady like you, as they appeared to us rustic people. She used to come down very late, generally not till one o'clock, she would then take a cup of chocolate, but eat nothing; we then went out for a walk, which was a mere saunter, and she seemed, almost immediately, exhausted, and either returned to the schleiss or sat on one of the benches that were placed, here and there, among the trees. I suppose I should have guessed at something by the languid manner in which she snatched squirrels and other small rodents off of trees and snapping their heads off sucked their blood down in sharp wheezing gulps. But I gathered from these chance hints that her native country was much more remote than I had at first fancied, and imagined her to be French.

As we sat thus one afternoon under the trees a funeral passed us by. It was that of a pretty young girl, whom I had often seen, the daughter of one of the rangers of the forest. The poor man was walking behind the coffin of his darling;

she was his only child, and he looked quite heartbroken.

Peasants walking two-and-two came behind, they were singing a funeral hymn.

I rose to mark my respect as they passed, and joined in the hymn they were very sweetly singing.

My companion shook me a little roughly, and I turned surprised.

She said brusquely, "Doesn't that make you hungry?"

"I think it very sweet, on the contrary," I answered, vexed at the interruption, and very uncomfortable, lest the people who composed the little procession should observe and resent what was passing.

"Well it makes me think of dinner!"

said Carmilla, almost angrily. "For I live upon the flesh and blood of the living and gnaw the bones of the dead."

She sat down. Her face underwent a change that alarmed and even terrified me for a moment. It darkened, and became horribly livid; her teeth and hands were clenched, and she frowned and compressed her lips, while she stared down upon the ground at her feet, and trembled all over with a continued shudder as irrepressible as ague. All her energies seemed strained to suppress a fit, with which she was then breathlessly tugging; and at length a low convulsive cry of suffering broke from her, and gradually the hysteria subsided.

Despite her culinary irregularities I thought no more of it, though I suppose it should have occurred to me that this was not an ordinary reaction to a funeral. But then neither was my father's wild capering and anxious attempts to purchase the corpse, for "at least an evening or so!" My concern passed away like a summer cloud; and never but once afterwards did I witness on her part a momentary sign of anger save when she was binding the scullery maid into the nail laced steel frame from which she was wont to drink her blood. But I will tell you how it happened.

She and I were looking out of one of the long drawing-room windows, when there entered the courtyard, over the drawbridge, a figure of a wanderer whom I knew very well. He used to visit the schloss generally twice a year.



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It was the figure of a hunchback, with the sharp lean features that generally accompany deformity or German ancestry. He wore a pointed black beard, and he was smiling from ear to ear, showing his white fangs. He was dressed in buff, black, and scarlet, and crossed with more straps and belts than I could count, from which hung all manner of things. Behind, he carried a magic-lantern, and two boxes, which I well knew, in one of which was a salamander, and in the other a mandrake. These monsters used to make my father laugh in ways that would make the most debased of men take notice.

He advanced to the window with many smiles and salutations, and his hat in his left hand, his fiddle under his arm, and with a fluency that never took breath, he gabbled a long advertisement of all his accomplishments, and the resources of the various arts which he placed at our service, and the curiosities and entertainments which it was in his power, at our bidding, to display.

"Will your ladyships be pleased to buy an amulet against the oupire, which is going like the wolf, I hear, through these woods," he said dropping his hat on the pavement. "They are dying of it right and left and here is a charm that never fails; only pinned to the pillow, and you may summon the Devil whenever you wish."

These charms consisted of oblong slips of vellum, with cabalistic ciphers and diagrams upon them. I purchased one in the thoughts I might give it to my father and suggest he read it over his night-cap.

The Mountebank was looking up, and we were smiling down upon him, amused; at least, I can answer for myself. His piercing black eye, as he looked up in our faces, seemed to detect something that fixed for a moment his curiosity,

In an instant he unrolled a leather case, full of all manner of odd little steel instruments.

"See here, my lady," he said, displaying it, and addressing me, "I have many arts with these tools which I am wont to practice upon the local maidens and they are most pleased. However in your case, I profess, among other things less useful, the art of dentistry. Your noble friend, the young lady at your right, has the sharpest tooth, -long, thin, pointed, like an awl, like a needle; ha, ha! With my sharp and long sight, as I look up, I have seen it distinctly; now if it happens to hurt the young lady, and I think it must, here am I, here are my file, my punch, my nippers; I will make it round and blunt, if her ladyship pleases; no longer the tooth of a fish, but of a beautiful young lady as she is. Hey? Is the young lady displeased? Have I been too bold? Have I offended her?"

The young lady, indeed, looked very angry as she drew back from the window.

"How dares that mountebank insult us so? Where is your father? I shall demand redress from him. My father would

have had the wretch tied up to the pump, and flogged with a cart-whip, and burnt to the bones with the castle brand!"

My father though like minded in his entertainments was not so energetic these days, and I had not the interest, preferring girls.

My father was out of spirits that evening. Carmilla suggested slaughtering the hunchback and drinking his blood, which I remember thinking a bit odd, but instead I walked to the village and sold myself to the innkeeper for a half jar of toxic beer.

On coming he told me that there had been another case very similar to the two fatal ones which had lately occurred. The sister of a young peasant on, only a mile away, was very ill, had been, as she described it, attacked very nearly in the same way, and was now slowly but steadily sinking.

It would be vain my attempting to tell you the horror with which, even now, I recall the occurrence of that night. It was no such transitory terror as a dream leaves behind it. It seemed to deepen by time, and communicated itself to the room and the very furniture that had encompass the apparition.

So, since vain, I'll knock off here. They don't let me have much paper in this place after all.

And now Carmilla a few tender notes of special interest to you:

- 1) You have since entered the service of the Beetle, a supernatural creature even more majestic and terrible than yourself. You are one of her principal evil minions. It's not bad work if you can get it, pays well enough.
- 2) Having had your fill of Narrator, you've recently taken to vampirizing Dr. Nikola Svengali. You've been drawn back to him again and again, though you don't seem to feel but a little less hungry. Still he's better than nothing, and a nice enough chap.





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The Beetle

It is generally believed that the Beetle is a quick re-write to replace another sheet very similar to Carmilla. There was some thought that Lena Collins would play the Beetle, and Walker may have written another pornographic sheet. The Beetle is fairly quick and efficient and shows the evidence of Marsden's hand.

The Beetle

You were an Egyptian Princess. Now you are a supernatural creature - a giant, malignant, deformed beetle. However, it suffices to host your soul as you are also an avatar of Isis. As the leader of an African Sect - the Children of Isis - who gain magical powers from human sacrifice, you are a dangerous supernatural entity. You can take the form of the Beetle, and also an old man, and a sinister androgynous figure.

Your sacrifices are performed in bizarre orgiastic rituals at secret temples in Egypt. There your cultists keep your power flowing by massacring the innocent upon your altar and bathing your pitted carapace in the blood.

Recently you have been creating gold by means of alchemical power, which you have been funneling into the world's economies. Slowly the edge closer and closer to collapse. In the chaos that results, you will rise up and with your loyal cultists, rule the world and rear great temples to yourself (which will bring you power untold)

You have hypnotic powers and can read and control ordinary minds. Those with strong psychic training and

discipline are too powerful for you, however.

There are two known ways to destroy you. The best known is from an ancient Egyptian papyrus, which details how to take the supernatural dung of the beetle (in Egyptian lore, the ball of dung rolled by the beetle has special supernatural powers, and is often used in cures and potions), which contains your essence, and by consuming it, symbolically consume the beetle, and take its power. But few have the will to commit such an act.

Even if they do it won't do them a lot of good. You had that papyrus forged centuries ago. You thought the ritual was especially amusing. The real way to kill you is much harder. You can only be slain by a pure innocent, or by one who loves you, who slays you in order to bring you perfect peace. You can do without perfect peace at the moment thank you very much.

You have several allies. You get along well with Dr. Nikola Svengali, and he has been helping disperse your gold. He usually sends his messenger Trilby. You recognized the dear girl as her parents had been slaughtered on your bloody altar years before. You never forget a psychic aura. You find her a useful tool.

You are willing to lend your not inconsiderable assistance to anyone forwarding the cause of evil or chaos. Provided they will agree to help make you ruler of the world, and rear temples in your name. You're perfectly willing to make concessions of course - actually ruling the world on a day to day basis sounds dreadfully dull. As long as you're all powerful, and have great temples, and your word is law, you're not too concerned about the administrative details.

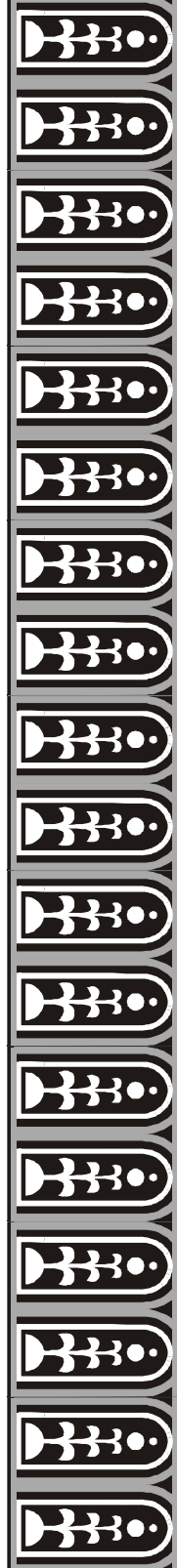


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DISCUSSION:
SECTION

III.



An *With* EVENING Clarence

Who the Hell Was Clarence?

It should be borne in mind that all other failures aside, Henrietta Wallace organized Clarence. Her original inspiration was a sort of expansion on amateur thespianism, and the impromptu children's plays of "Little Women."

Walker would say "aware on some level of her own comparative illiteracy, and unaware that if that quality was in her a placid pool, it was in King a mighty ocean, she recruited him to help her. King had not read anything in years which had to be got for more than a dime, and his pretensions to "reading" were limited largely to the pages of Argosy and its numerous paltry predecessors. Such works at least made him not feel outclassed, even if his lips moved, but if he had ever read a page of Tolstoy I should be roundly amazed."

(Metagame Vol. XVII, No. 11, November 1922 Letter in response to "Clarence has Runs Once More Under Jung's Tender Ministrations")

However it was Henrietta whose hand drawn flyer was first distributed at her birthday party in 1902. And the name she selected was "An Evening with Clarence."

Marsden suggested "The game was to be a series of couples engaged in a sort of comedy of manners along the lines of Oscar Wilde, but of course far more polite and erudite. Frankly that was sabotaged by King's dime novel literacy, and the game became rather crass and garish, though I admit it might well have played better, and it would be a long time before something of a different nature would garner more than a handful of players." (Marsden - his Life and Work, by Miriam Jung, LARPham House, 1974)

"At a meeting many months later, it was pointed out that we had in fact somewhat more than the requisite twenty four characters, and that we had not written any Clarence. The original concept had been more or less that Clarence was some dignified figure who had called the entire group together. There were the standard recriminations, but ultimately there was little interest. It was Marsden who suggested a graceful out, which anticipated Samuel Beckett by forty five years - that Clarence should not in fact be a character at all, but rather that every player should receive a handsome invitation from Clarence, who never in fact appears at all. King was to print up the invitations on his Mimeograph. There would then be some plot regarding why Clarence was not present.

Needless to say this never got done. The first run it was never done, and of course the second run was actually worse in regards to materials with Marsden gone, and the Typewriter Incident. Afterwards as far as I know it was forgotten, though I later heard that some version of Clarence appeared in one of the games, but I am fairly sure this was a GM throw in, and a late one, probably something pulled out for Atlantic City. By then Walker and Marsden

were much more sure of themselves and were attempting to get the old horse to run, though it did little better than trot.

It may seem strange that we were not willing to add characters in the early stages, though later we would be desperately trying to sell walk-ons at the door, thus the late night writing sessions. Remember however that the recession of 1903 first hit in September '02, but we didn't really feel it's teeth for some months. It wasn't until near production time that things were beginning to get tight, with both Thad and Abe out of a job. The Recession in May '07 resulted in the cancellation of the second Philadelphia run downtown, and the game ran with minimal players at the Cox' private house. That was a tough time - things were a little brighter in '09, but the economy soured again in '10 and stayed that way for two whole years, during which you just couldn't get anything off the ground.

But even in the panic, we never managed to get Clarence written, though that might have gotten done in '07, because they hoped the second Philly run would be rather big, which of course it wasn't - just the opposite.

- **Cooke, Dolores**, *My Life and Times - A Struggle and a March*, Fortress Books, 1937

An *With* EVENING Clarence



Clarence, Copyrights, and Art

The use of copyrighted materials in "Clarence," is worth a substantial discussion.

Copyrights existed in 1903, however by contemporary standards they were very weak. Until 1891, for example, U.S. publications could reproduce European publications with impunity.

The term of copyrights was only twenty-eight years with the possibility of a fourteen-year extension, so in 1903, any work composed before 1861 was indisputably in the public domain (this would stand until the revised act of 1909).

In practice, the notion of copyrights hardly applied at all to magazine articles and fantastic fiction. Not all of the magazines in question even carried a copyright notice, and those that did had little incentive to enforce copyrights. For example in 1897, *Cosmopolitan* had printed a drastically altered "unofficial" rewrite of H.G. Wells "War of the Worlds." The martians in the *Cosmopolitan* version were humanoid and fifteen feet tall.

Close imitations of works were hardly considered a "violation" no matter how blatant. Fundamentally, while pseudo-intellectuals like King might devour cheap fiction, they held the authors and the work in contempt, and did not regard the work as "real."

Thus, Clarence made considerable use of copyrighted sources, despite the strong influence of Bucher, Wallace, and Marsden, all of whom were fundamentally disposed to careful honoring of the rights of authors (Horatio King cannot seriously be considered to be in this category - he speaks strongly of such subjects, but "Being Horatio King" caused Marsden to paraphrase Samuel Johnston in sayingt "as a LARP it was both good and original - unfortunately the part that was good was not original, and the part that was original was not good." Walker, who was no mean plagiarizer himself, would later say that, "The shame in that game was not the extent of King's plagiarism, but the discredit he did to those he stole from."

Nevertheless, "Clarence" cannot reasonably be regarded as Plagiarized by the standards of the day.

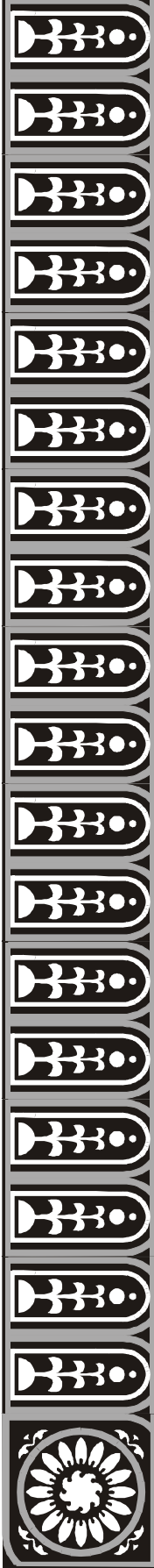
The use of copyrighted material does have some interesting effects, however. For example the use of the ill-starred "Captain Nemo II" from Bracebridge Hemyng's "Dick Lighthouse; or, the Scapegrace at Sea," is an example. Hemyng's work incorporates many episodes of the Verne work, however it is bloodier and badly written, with an idiot hero. The description by contemporary reviewer Jess Nevins is quoted elsewhere, but is profoundly irresistible.

LARP as Art

King would be particularly vociferous in this direction. Both before and after "Being Horatio King," he ridiculed Live Roleplay as a serious subject, and mocked Marsden and Walker most heartily.

I was horrified to see Ollie Atkinson refer to the work of the European LARPtiste Mikhail Jung as "a fine work of art" (Vol. XI, No.4, Winter 1916 p 23 "Jung Hearts Beat Until Stopped"). What balderdash and bumptiousness! I have begun to see this pretension to artistry among American LARPaesters. When I desire to see art I shall walk over to the Corcoran Gallery, or see the Opera. The suggestion that LARP is art is offensive and ludicrous, on a par with the suggestion that the discordant strains commonly known as negro music and nowadays called "jazz," are "art." Or wilder those who suggest that films, which have emerged from the nickelodeon to be shown in Gayety houses where minstrel shows used to caper, when dressed up with the French word "Cinema" become "art."

I suppose that in some cases the actual written content of LARP could be art, but I know of only one case where such a thing has occurred, and I feel safe in saying that the mass of LARP players (who are likely those who want to go to a converted music house and watch a the near-nude filmed cavortings of the likes of Theda Bara) did not understand a work of LARP with artistic content and unanimously failed to master it. I speak of course of "Being



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Clarence and The Dime Novel

Keen observers of LARP have often been able to identify two games in any written work. The game that actually ran, and described in a few characters, the game that would have run if only the GMs had more time, and in some cases been more uniformly literate. A more subtle, cerebral game - but in some cases one less satisfying.

We know that Henrietta planned a Comedy of Manners, and that Marsden supported her on that. Walker was of all the GMs probably the most literate. He had largely “grown out” of dime novels (though even he didn’t go so far as to repudiate them, and still read Argosy on occasion), and read the major authors of his day

- Joseph Conrad, Jack London. At Henrietta’s second wedding, he is said to have been drunk (an occurrence not surprising in itself) and said that King, Bucher, and Marsden “ruined” Clarence by introducing a parade of “fantastic savages” by which apparently he meant the Dime Dreadful characters that make up the bulk of the game.

So it ever was with LARP. Despite literary aspirations, most LARPer were born and bred in the mold of Science-Fiction and Fantasy (though it was not called so then), and in the end cleave to it. As time compresses, and leisure for sublime writing trickles away, the tried and true plots of the “dime dreadful” pour in to fill a void.

And many would argue that is for the best. The old plots still please, and no matter how jaded, we still thrill at the revelation of the vampire.

Around Clarence there have formed two schools of criticism. One, nominally inspired by Walker, has insisted that it was the influence of King and Bucher and the “Dime Dreadful,” that “poisoned” LARP at the outset, with the genre only truly realizing it’s promise in the bleak post-war realistic genre games of the late 50s and early 60s. In this, the influence of the “Dreadfuls” and “Pulps” is seen as an

antithesis - schlock plots and characters hastily thrown into a void in the interests of “completing characters” on a deadline. These characters, say the critics, carried LARP away from mainstream literature and settled it as a sort of second rate cousin to Science Fiction for at least three decades. Driven by the lynch-mob anartists such as Munger (notable for never having written a game of his own) LARP was held down by its Dime Dreadful roots, as a true artistic genre in its own right.

Other Critics disagree. LARP was always a subculture, and LARPer were drawn from a community that was just dawning in 1903 with the publication of Argosy. Adults who read pulp literature. Likewise, they say, LARPer were drawn from the upper 10% of educated middle class citizens who read pulps because they were the only consistent source of interesting fantastic literature (Horatio King notwithstanding).

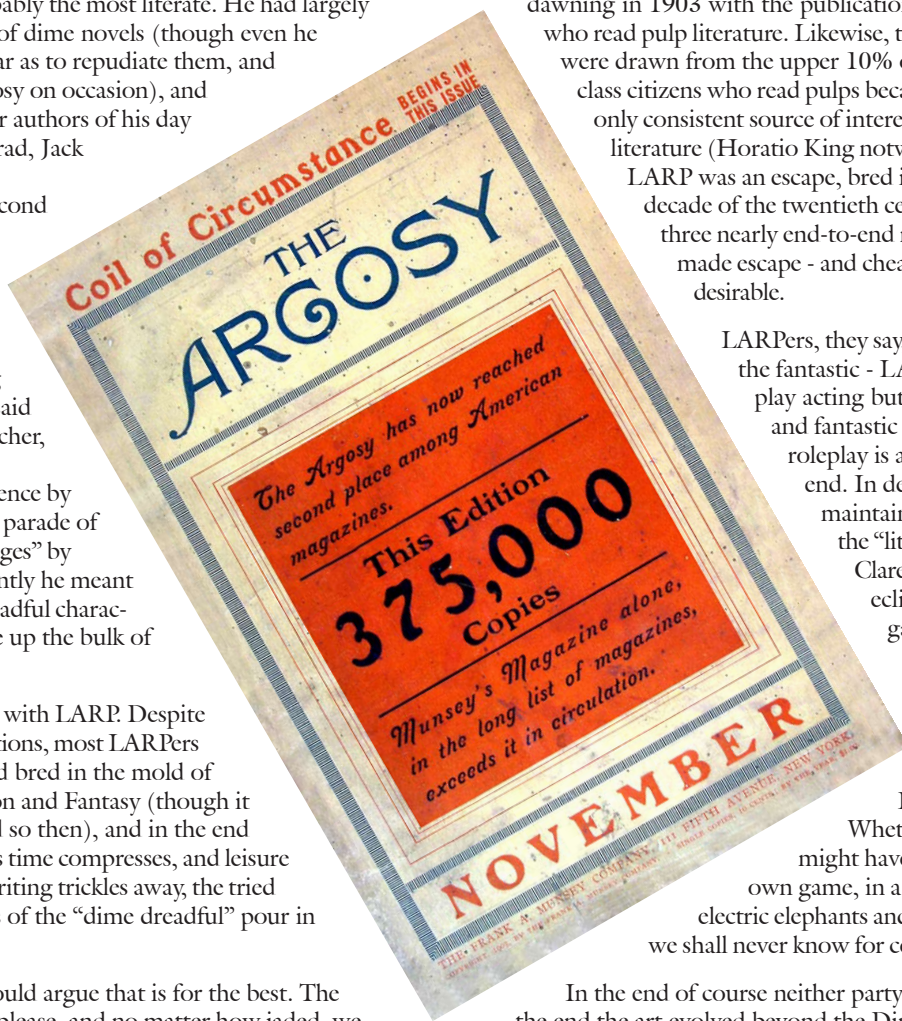
LARP was an escape, bred in the difficult first decade of the twentieth century, warmed by three nearly end-to-end recessions which made escape - and cheap entertainment - desirable.

LARPer, they say, want and desire the fantastic - LARP is not about play acting but about adventure and fantastic things - and roleplay is a medium to that end. In defense, it can be maintained that most of the “literary” characters in Clarence are failures, eclipsed by the gadgets, special abilities and muscular Christian “derring do” of their Dime

Dreadful rivals. Whether or not they might have prospered in their own game, in a world free of electric elephants and flying submarines, we shall never know for certain.

In the end of course neither party proved right. In the end the art evolved beyond the Dime Dreadful, and beyond the bleak surrealist characters of the 1950s into a vast healthy genre which incorporated all of its roots, with of course occasional missteps such as the . And in the end, it is difficult to tell if the shooting war over plot and character drove, or hindered, the development of the art. Whether it did or not, it was a shaping fact that gave us LARP as it exists today.

Above: In November 1903, Argosy claims place as the #2 magazine in the U.S.



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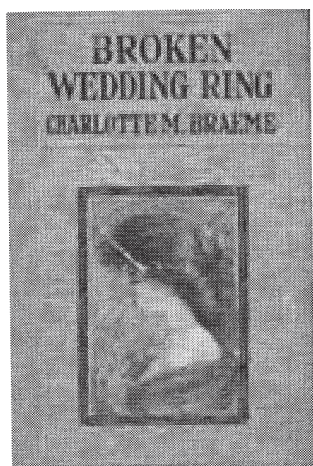


The Five Conventions

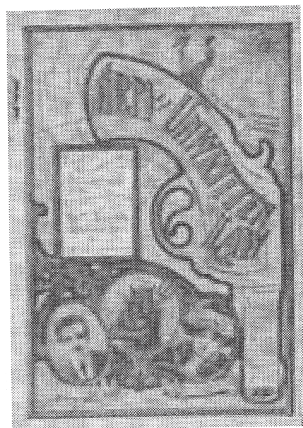
There has been significant controversy over whether or not Clarence embodies the five great conventions of LARP (cited here from the *Instruction to the Academy* for the 1998 “Golden Penguin” award in the “Unlimited International Full Length Class” as: *Wedding, Vampire, Space Alien, Time Traveler, and the Character of Fu Manchu disguised as someone else.*

The Wedding:

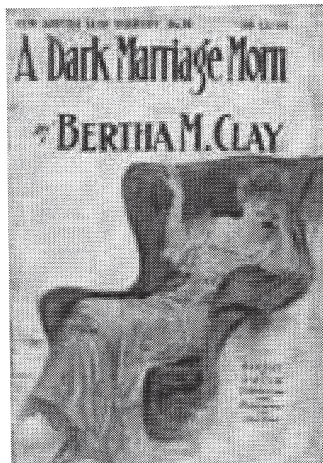
There can be little doubt about the Wedding. Marsden says “Henrietta’s interest in making sure that there was a wedding bordered on some sort of psychotic compulsion. Her initial intention was that everyone in the game should end up married, in a sort of sexless orgy reminiscent of an obscene Shakespeare Comedy. There were of course several issues with this. Thus the original advertisement that the game was to be for “six to twelve couples”



First, it quickly became clear that an even pairing of couples would be unlikely, and that we should in fact be quite lucky to have even our minimal six couples, nevermind twelve. Beyond that, the further coupling of our players would have to range into the unnatural. Walker put this rather bluntly to Henrietta, saying “if you wish the rest of them to be married this shall become ‘a light entertainment for six to twelve queer couples,’” which remark Henrietta simply pretended not to hear.



Her obsession with weddings led to a number of unlikely suggestions, such as that the characters who had no partner should “pretend” to have partners for purposes of marriage. Eventually through long nights we disoblged Henrietta of the notion that each and every player had to be



married.

She was nevertheless relentless in her pursuit of marriage, and it is chiefly that, and the humiliation of players such as Katherine Gillespie (The Lunatic Carrie Nation, Trilby) that was her primary motivation. Often marriage was her weapon of choice. For example, Henrietta was shamed into giving Trilby to Katherine Gillespie in Pittsburgh.

While Trilby has been roundly condemned as a “hopeless and unplayable” character with “no plots or volition,” She was actually a favorite of Henrietta, who simply did not understand that her internal tragedy made for little real story. However, Henrietta fabricated, out of whole cloth, reasons to keep Trilby even from the glum satisfaction of a coupling with her Svengali, the evil Dr. Nikola, preferring instead to allow Nikola to join in matrimony with Peedee Boyd, despite her usual matrimonial obsessions regarding that character.

The Vampire

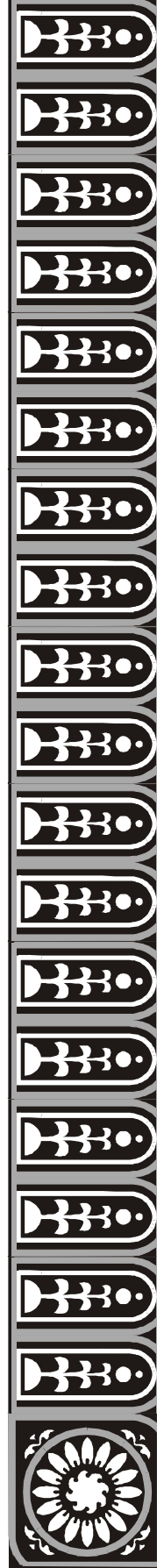
In this area, one can actually give Clarence a mild round of applause. Of course the Vampire was immensely popular in the years after Stoker’s *Dracula*, however the GMs chose to be just a trifle evasive in this case, and hearkened back to steal Sheridan Le Fanu’s “Camilla.”

Walker was charged with the Character, and aside from being more literate than King (who read only dime novels, though he claimed great literacy), or Bucher (whose reading seemed to include Von Clausewitz, and various authors on the Napoleonic and Civil Wars), Walker found the idea of a female vampire “rather delicious.” The character was originally slated to be *Dracula*, however Marsden says that Walker had “an intense dream about the character while smoking hashish, and decided to write the character as a woman.”

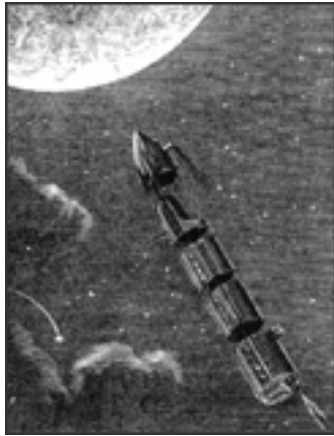
Apparently his argument, which was enough to convince King and Bucher, is that the plot called for the vampire to be out during the day, which *Dracula* could not do, but Camilla could. Therefore ‘logic’ prevailed and Camilla became a “she.”

The Space Alien

Of course the penchant for aliens was at a fever pitch by 1903. Aliens were well known before H.G. Wells “War of



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the Worlds,” in 1897, but various unofficial sequels and their increasing inclusion in dime novels drove a public interest, and also tended to make them more seriously presented as characters.

The Alien plots of Clarence are drawn from a number of sources.

In fact, Clarence has some legitimacy in the sequence of historic science fiction. Washington D.C. Medical doctor Gustavus W. Pope, had written two such stories *Romances of the Planets No. 1: Journey to Mars*, 1894, and *Romances of the Planets, No. 2: Journey to Venus* (1895) - they are chiefly known as potential influences on Edgar Rice Burroughs *A Princess of Mars*. Initially one of Horatio King's "claims to fame" was that he actually knew Pope, and would of course prevail upon him to come and play the game. While he had in fact known Pope, the author was merely one in a long line of people who had found Horatio King impossible (apparently Horatio had proposed further "Romances" sequels, with the proposition that he, King, would plot and outline them, and Pope do the "simple work" of writing them out at length - a system King initially proposed for character writing, until he saw Walker's draft of one of his characters.

The "Captain Mors" series of German "Luftpirate" stories which was adored by Bucher, was certainly one source. And the Martians and Venusians are ultimately a blend of a dozen different authors, and constitute a hash no more or less original than the other work of the day.

Oddly a very obvious influence is the character of "Aleriel," a Venusian who disguised himself as a human in *A Voice from Another World* (1882) by Reverend Wladyslaw Somerville Lach-Szyrma, an expatriate Polish nobleman with labor sympathies. The problem is that it's unclear how or why the GMs had ever seen the work, as it is nowhere referred to by any of them. King and Bucher were the fans of dime novel aliens, and certainly Aleriel was far too effete for them, lacking any disintegrating Ray or other godlike weapon. The most likely case is that Bucher read one of the Aleriel novels when he was stationed in London, (undoubtedly a used copy as it was long out of print), and disliked it, but recalled the plot device of an alien disguised as a human. It is quite conceivable that Bucher pursued the work for its references to the Siege of Paris, though he must have despised the fact that Aleriel rescued the narrator from Prussians.

Full of fairly enlightened and non-militant aliens, Lach-

Szyrma's work is an obvious influence on C.S. Lewis' much later "Perelandra" trilogy.

A longstanding resentment against Aleriel would explain a great deal about the rather poor position the sympathetic alien is placed in. Dr. Pekoe (another tea pun - the name given by Aleriel is Dr. Posela) Few characters are screwed as thoroughly as he!

The Time Traveler

One may be rather surprised that Clarence included the last of the Four Conventions. We of course tend to think of the Fourth Convention as the "Time Traveling Nazi," however that convention has only existed since 1939 when Dawn Roz' parody "Hitler on Ice" presented the barbarous dictator dealing with a perfect world in which there were no inequalities for him to exploit. Like Chaplin's "The Great Dictator," Roz' work is foresightful and funny, but seldom reproduced in the wake of the Nazi tragedy. Nevertheless, the image of the gleefully Ice-Skating Furher (who is preserved for posterity when the first bomb of a war he has launched traps him in ice in the Berchtesgaden) left its mark on future generations.

Later LARPer's following Roz' tradition of high-budget musical LARPer's would sing:

*"It's a long way...to Argentina,
it's a long way...by plane
it's a long way...to Argentina
but we've come for Hitler's Brain
Heil Heil Heil
From Buenos Aires
To the Covention
We will make the Fourth Reich Great
It's a long long journey back to Deutschland...
...and we're forty YEARS LATE!"*

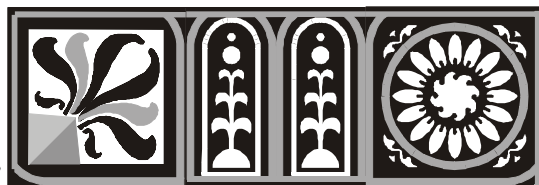
- J. Brunckhart et. al.*, Covention XVII

**Attributed to John Brunckhart - if anyone can confirm or clarify the authors of this particular song, the current author would be indebted*

References for real "Time Travel" were rather sparse in the time of Clarence. Obviously there were examples of "one way" time travel, or "dream travel" such the 1889 "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court" or the 1888 "Looking Backward."

As early as 1881 author Edward Page Mitchell suggested a mechanical device to travel in time in "Clock that Went Backward." And of course the seminal time travel story was that of H.G. Wells, published in several different venues - as "The Chronic Argonauts" in 1888, as "The Rediscovery of the Unique" for "The Fortnightly Journal" in 1892, as "The Time Travellers Story" in 1894 in the "National

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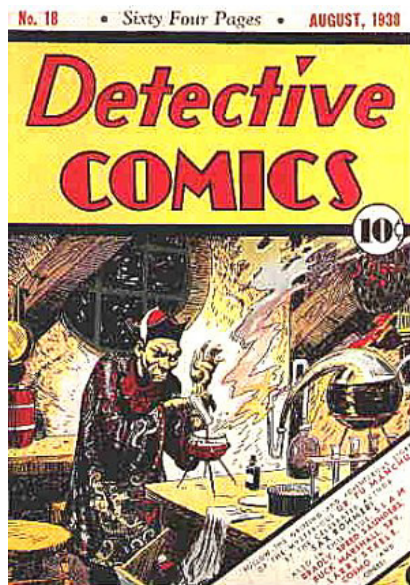


Observer,” and as “The Time Machine” in “The New Review” in 1895. It has been suggested that the next time travel story was Raymond Cummings “The Man Who Mastered Time” (Argosy, 1924).

However, it seems fairly certain that it was not Wells novel directly that brought the idea of time travel to the minds of the authors. King, Bucher, and Marsden all read Argosy, which had moved the “boyhood” stories of the authors into the realm of the “adult,” so that grown men could read them without feeling quite so silly. In 1902 and 1903, during the very months that Clarence was being written, the pages of Argosy were splashed with

William Wallace Cook’s “A Round Trip To The Year 2000; Or A Flight Through Time,” a story which also was one of the earlier examples of “robots” though the name would wait until “R.U.R.”

Thus the “Time Travel” story of Clarence was inspired. A quick look at the story indicates that it was clumsily grafted on, though the story in itself is good. The general consensus is that King demanded it, and Marsden did the actual writing - in fact it is speculated that many of King’s apparently adequate characters were in fact outlined by King and handed off to Marsden to finish. Since Cooke was the copyist for both, it is not always clear which author actually finished the character, unless the original sheet survives and preserves the typographical errors not caught by Cooke. Since Marsden’s sheets as edited by Cooke tend to be cleaner than King’s, it is also possible that Cooke corrected Marsden’s spelling, but refused to alter King’s simply because she did not particularly like him.



Fu Manchu

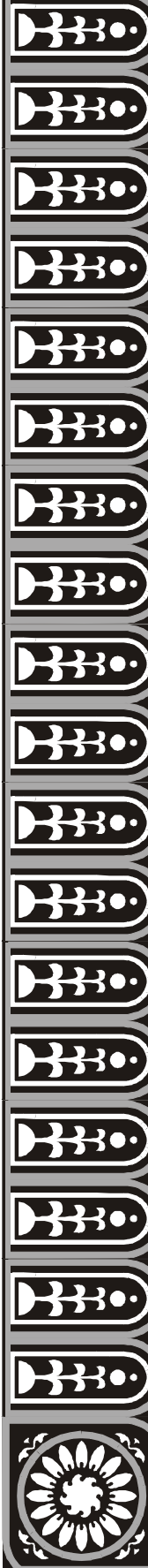
This last of the five conventions is probably the most debated, especially since the Academy dropped it in 1999 (affecting Golden Penguin eligibility for LARPs that premiered on or before January 1, 1998) - some would strike it entirely, while some would insist that the formal convention is “I’m Fu Manchu - So What!” - that the evil Manchu must not be revealed until game wrap, that there must be no plausible method of discovery, and that the character’s identity has little or no real impact on the game.

The last is certainly not the case. William Jenner Bryant drives a lot of chaos. There is no plausible method of

exposing him though oddly in at least one run he was exposed.

We tend to feel the essential element of the Fu Manchu plot is that Fu Manchu must be disguised as someone absolutely implausible. While the mastermind often took on disguises in literature, his disguises tended to be plausible - he once passes as a westerner, but under favorable circumstances - in LARP, the converse is true - the archfiend must be disguised as someone of an improbable complexion, build and height, who has speech mannerisms that would be almost impossible to imitate, and a background that could not reasonable be faked.

The character is dealt with at greater length elsewhere, and so doesn’t warrant a lot of additional discussion here, however though Fu Manchu is years in the future, in the form of one of his Villainous Asiatic Predecessors, Bryant fulfills the convention as well as could be hoped.



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The Yellow Peril

Clarence found a rich target in its parody of William Jennings Bryan. The original character sheet was badly cribbed from John Wesley Hanson's, *The Parties and the Men, or, Political Issues of 1896* (Chicago: W. B. Conkey, 1896). It's not clear precisely who copied the text. Bucher and Cooke are of course quite out of the question. Bucher's only misspellings are clearly Germanic - an occasional slip such as "kontrol." However his spelling is painfully precise. Cooke was a professional copyist and seldom made errors. Marsden was a poor speller and had irregular grammar, largely as a result of writing in haste. He'd later have editors, and admitted in *New Yorker* in 1934 "In my youth my orthography was wildly irregular, and Ross White tells me that it has improved with age as a white wine would." However the sheet doesn't show Marsden's typical errors - poor spelling and colloquial speech.

Walker was well educated, however he wrote quickly and his grammar could become downright dysfunctional on occasion. The best fit for the sheet is Walker, since the mistakes are largely failures to change person and tense while typing. However Walker had little to do with the political plots and frankly found the "Yellow Danger" plot rather distasteful, probably because he was at that time under the influence of Dolores Cooke who condemned it as "frankly racist" (though her recorded comment on the subject was recorded only in Marsden's biography years later).

Henrietta Wallace is unlikely to have agreed to the task of copying out something from a book. The most likely scenario is that it was given to Marsden to type, and that for some reason Marsden asked Walker to do it. Under any circumstances, Henrietta's spelling and grammar was impeccable, and her penchant for editing well known.

Horatio King is of course also a possibility. Walker considered King "an ignoramus" and while his spelling is probably better than Marsden's, his grammar was poor, though never colloquial (though his criticism of failures in the grammar and spelling of others was scathing). However King would have been unlikely to have failed to add material to the political background, and the joke about William Howard Taft, which was very popular in Washington at the time, again suggests Wallace.



The Character of "Yen How" is from M.P. Shiel's "The Yellow Danger," which ran as a series of short stories, and was then published as a novel, in 1898. Shiel is credited with introducing the "Yellow Peril" concept into western literature. Oddly the character survived into the Mikhail Jung re-write - though as the vastly more familiar character of Dr. Fu Manchu. Fu-Manchu, the creation of author Saxe

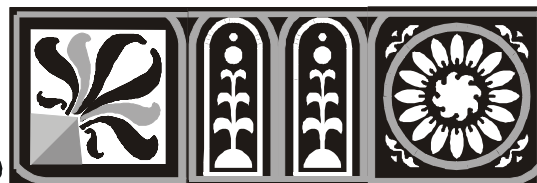
Rohmer (Arthur Sarsfield Ward), originates from the novel "The Mystery of Dr. Fu-Manchu" which was published in June of 1913, and was in its sixth printing when Jung re-wrote the problematic "Clarence." Shiel's work was undoubtedly an influence on Rohmer.

The enthusiasm for "The Yellow Danger" as a source was limited. Henrietta Wallace, who was an ardent anglophile, happened to adore the book, though all evidence indicates that she had in fact only read a few portions of it. Horatio King liked it, though he disliked Shiel's treatment of America, which he marginalizes - in the end after a devastating war with the Yellow men, America becomes a minor ally of Britain. Bucher apparently loved the fact that a substantial number of the chapters are painstaking descriptions of the Battles of the European wars - down to formations and tactics, and even including battle diagrams, however he vehemently disagreed with Shiel's assessment of Britain's relative merit, and steadfastly insisted that Germany, not Britain, would be the bulwark against the yellow onslaught, and could easily best Britain in a war. King and Bucher apparently argued incessantly over the novel's battle diagrams, and even re-ran some of the fights with lead soldiers in order to prove or argue the author's points.

Shiels, who was of mixed racial ancestry himself, born in the Carribean at Montferat, passed as white, and covered his own insecurity about his racial ancestry by an ultra-zealous anti-asian and anti-semitic bias. To be fair, his work comes highly rated, though little of it remains in print. Ellery Queen considered him a "master," and Hugh Walpole called Shiels "A flaming genius! At his best he is not to be touched, because there is no one else like him."

Shiels wasn't the only author to produce the "Yellow Peril" archetype before Saxe Rohmer. One of the earliest examples is Kiang Ho, from "Tom Edison Jr.'s Electric Sea Spider, or, The Wizard of the Submarine World." (Nugget Library No. 134. New York: Street & Smith, February 11, 1892.) Kiang Ho is a Harvard educated Chinese Warlord who attacks western shipping. Ironically, the author "Philip Reade" was a house pseudonym, so the true author is in fact unknown.

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The Late Night Drinking Incident

The source of the infamous "stayed up in the bar writing" story seems to come from a comment by Walker in an article in the 1909 Metagame, when he was being interviewed for the Pittsburgh run. There was already a lot of friction between Walker and Henrietta by then, and the article nearly caused the cancellation of the run. Reading carefully, Walker never indicates where the drinking took place.

We stayed up drinking and writing characters, and reviling Henrietta until about three in the morning. I had the foresight to purchase some cocaine at the pharmacy, and we put that into bourbon. I was accustomed to the damnable stuff, but it had a great impact on Marsden, who was not in the habit of taking it. I am told that he found me sometime after three with my face resting on the keyboard of my Smith-Premier No. 4 (a lovely machine which I later had the misfortune to hurl out the window of the Carrolton Hotel in Baltimore).

- Sydenstricker, Oscar, "Clarence has Runs in Pittsburgh, Cleveland!" Metagame, Vol IV, No. 2, Spring 1909.

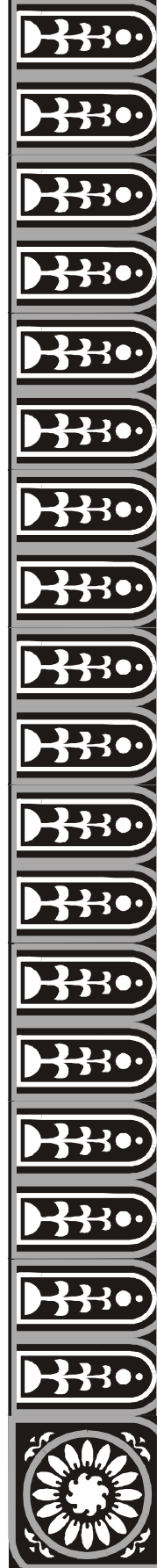


"Marsden and Walker were in Marsden's room with a typewriter propped up on the bed. They were both in unusual spirits, and Marsden was agitated and sweating. He had stripped off his tie, and had his collar unbuttoned, and kept pacing back and forth in the small space available. They were mostly making abominable stories up about King and Henrietta, which featured Walker imitating Henrietta's high pitched voice while making sexual overtures to King. Even today, one couldn't print most of what they said, it was scatological, and as Freud - or Dr. Roquemere [sic], would have said 'anally fixated.' It seems rather embarrassing now, but at the time it was the greatest fun. Marsden would sit down with a pen and paper and both would vow that they were going to write and be still, and for a few moments there would be soft scratching and the desultory tap of typewriter keys. Then Walker would intone "Ohhhhoratio!" in a falsetto, and both would collapse in giggles and laughter, Marsden wheezing out (in a false bass...he was through most of his life a baritone, and in those days being very young, was a soprano) "Ohh...Ettttter" which was apparently the name they had decided was King's lover's endearment for Henrietta. This would provoke gales of laughter until both were almost insensate. I am ashamed to admit I laughed along with them, though as much at Marsden's antics - he was usually a very earnest and studious boy - as at anything else.

I gave up about two in the morning, and staggered back to my room with a half quart of some astonishingly bad brandy in my gullet. I was later given to understand by

Marsden that he found Walker face down on the keyboard at about three, absolutely lifeless except for some drool puddling under the keyboard. He couldn't sleep at all apparently, and not only did some actual writing around four a.m., but got up and painted a backdrop that hadn't gotten finished, which was still wet the next afternoon, and thus rather smudged, but was nonetheless a respectable piece of work. He was very energetic the next morning, but ate little and asked me some questions about what color human urine ought to be."

Dr. Milton Moore, *Thirty Years Lost: A LARP Doctor's Memoir*, Gerald Durell Publishing by arrangement with John Cushman Associates, Inc., 1958



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The Machinery Wars

When you hear people talk about the group, you generally think of it as King and Bucher against the romantic Henrietta, and the dissipated Walker, with Marsden as a sort of long suffering leader. And you think of him as being Walker's friend and defender. It's almost inevitable that you picture Marsden as kind of the peacemaker and leader, because his later work was so important. But anything Marsden did during the original runs was background. He was friends with Walker, but remember it was Henrietta who brought Marsden in. They were married for two years, later on. But he was the "boy." He was much younger than the rest of them, which meant that he lived longer, and so our views of them are shaped by what he said. He recognized Walker's genius, but Walker was never a consistent writer like Marsden. Remember they fired Marsden after the first run. Can you imagine that, firing, the man who would eventually run On Common Ground. A six time Golden Penguin winner, one of the first three members of the LARP Hall of Fame in Cambridge - and at that, Marsden should have been put before Mikhail Jung and Dawn Roz, because he was running LARP when Jung was still running from the Orcharna. And they fired him. Because he didn't, in King's words "contribute enough to the electricity of the group."

If King and Bucher could have gotten along, we might not have LARP today. Together, I genuinely believe they may have run the genre into the ground before it got good and started. Fortunately for history and the art, while they were friends of a sort - as much as either of them ever had a friend - they didn't actually get along at all.

One of the things I remember most vividly was their fighting over the office equipment. I got lectured on it quite a bit, while being put through the humiliating routine of working as "Office Boy" for both of them to "make myself useful."

Bucher had a Hectograph in his Office at the Consulate, or Hektograph as he spelt it. This was a gelatin duplicator, like ones they used in Germany, though this one was made by J. R. Holcomb & Co.'s and was called a "Transfer Tablet." Hektograph was a generic name, unlike mimeograph, anybody could make a Hektograph Machine. Now when we think of duplication, we tend to think of Spirit copiers...what you call "ditto" machines today, but those weren't around until several years after the war and were made by Ditto, Inc. This was a flatbed copier. It was ancient even then, I think they'd been around since the 1870s, when the Germans developed aniline dyes. The things were still moderately common, but the better ones were the Simplex Printer made by Lawton & Co., and the Heyer machines. There was a nice new Hektograph from Heyer that had just come out around the time Clarence was first run that used a roll of paper coated with gelatin, glue, and

glycerin instead of a gelatin pad. But we didn't have that.

You made a copy with a special ink, then transferred it to a pad which was made from a mixture of gelatin, glycerine and glue. Now there were some really nice things about this system. The ink came in eight different colors, though you typically used purple for high contrast, just like we do now. But it came as ink for pens, pencils, carbon paper, and typewriter ribbon. So you could type up very nice copy then duplicate it. The typewriter at the German Embassy was dreamlike...it was a brand new Blickensderfer Electric.

Now the problem was that you could only make up to fifty copies, and about the last five were pretty iffy. However, Bucher said this didn't matter, because there were only twenty four characters and five GMs - and even if they gave everyone a copy of something, they'd never need more than twenty nine copies. I certainly didn't rate a copy of the characters - I was expected to read off Thad's copy. Even at the time King had grandiose schemes for running the game multiple times. Bucher simply planned to have me retype the entire game every run.

By '03 it was rather hard to find supplies for the Holcomb machine, especially in all the colors Bucher wanted for his battle diagrams. I was able to order the stuff through Brewood Engravers and Printers over near the Executive Office Building, and it was rather expensive. Bucher wouldn't consent to using any supplies which had been paid for by the "German Crown" of course.

King hated the Hectograph. He had a Rotary Neostyle machine at his office on K Street. This worked very much like the mimeograph that had been introduced by A.B. Dick about fifteen years beforehand, and was pretty much the standard copier up until we got Ditto machines. We called it a "mimeograph" even though the treadle-powered drum machine was made by Neostyle Co. The mimeograph was wonderful because it used ordinary ink, and there was none of the mess that you had to deal with in using the Hectograph. And you could make a lot of copies, I don't know how many but it was advertised that it could make two thousand or so, and I never saw it run out. It was an altogether neater machine. And by the time we ran Clarence you could use it with a Typewriter. There was a special type of typewriter made by Edison, I suppose that was introduced about ten years before we ran Clarence, though that still wasn't something you saw in every office. But King had one. So really it was in all ways superior to the Hectograph, except you didn't have color. I could type up a stencil and crank out a hundred copies just as quick as you pleased, with no mess. King and Bucher had fierce arguments about the relative merits of the Hectograph and the Mimeograph.

At his office King had the Edison Typewriter for the Mimeograph (which wasn't made by Edison at all of course) The thing was fairly new, but it was a travesty. The type were on the tops of vertical type-bars (three of which are identified by blue highlights in the photograph to the

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WRITING MACHINES



AUTOMATIC.
Time Saved is Money Earned.
This is good business philosophy, and you know it. Mr. Thomas A. Edison had you in mind when he invented the

HAND.
EDISON MIMEOGRAPH,
this simple, serviceable, reproducing device that is twin brother to the typewriter. With it you can increase one typewritten original 1,000 fold, and rapidly too. With it you can take 3,000 perfect facsimiles from one handwritten original. With it you can pile up 1,500 copies from one drawing, or one sheet of music, or anything of like character, and all perfect. Catalogue and samples of work free.
A. B. DICK COMPANY, 152-154 Lake St., Chicago; 47 Nassau St., New-York.

ne for other things. You wrote with a grease pen, then it sed parchment to make a lithographic transfer.

haddeus of course differed from everyone. He had otten hold of an old Trypograph, which hadn't even cen sold in three years. This wasn't too different from Ienrietta's Cyclostet, except it used an alternative ethod for producing stencils. A wax-covered stencil was laced on a metal plate with a file-like surface with ousands of perforating points. When a metal stylus was sed to write on the stencil, the stencil was perforated from below by the file. I think poor Thaddeus must have been the last person in the world to get one, as I'm certain I never saw one on sale after 1900, though I recall you could get them before then.

The thing you wanted of course was a Gammeter Multigraph, from the American Multigraph Co. but there were brand new. They'd only been introduced the year before Clarence, and sold for outrageous sums...the cheapest were around \$200, and the most expensive around \$800. From time to time Thaddeus had plans for getting the use of one that was owned by an advertising house, and we wasted some time in the belief that he could actually successfully do this. I don't know how much print time we wasted because Thaddeus breezily said "I have a friend of a friend who works at this place...we'll just go in one evening and multigraph it." Not that any of us were trained multigraph operators. They supposed I should be able to do it of course, because I had learnt typing.

The first run went fairly well although I didn't sleep for about forty hours and wandered around drunk on the fumes from the analine inks, occasionally calling out "Schnell!" at the top of my lungs. A patrolman found me wandering around Woodward and Lothrop (the old building at 10th and F streets NW, which they moved from in 1910) calling out "Schnell" at the clerks. I was probably only minutes from a hasty deportation when Thaddeus found me and dragged me off to the Hotel.

The real trouble came when we went to Baltimore. Poor Marsden was gone by then, and with him the only portable duplicator other than Henrietta's (Thaddeus' machine gave up the ghost, the little perforators becoming dull, possibly because of something he did to it with a carving knife)

So there we were onsite. I was the typist, but Henrietta's machine didn't take typed paper. Thaddeus had a new experiment which proved messy and disastrous and left my nails black with cyclostet ink. That left writing things by hand and there was of course only one cyclostet pen. Henrietta's writing was rather slow, and of course I was a faster copyist, but Henrietta felt it her duty to lean over my shoulder and make grammatical objections...some of them rather obscure.

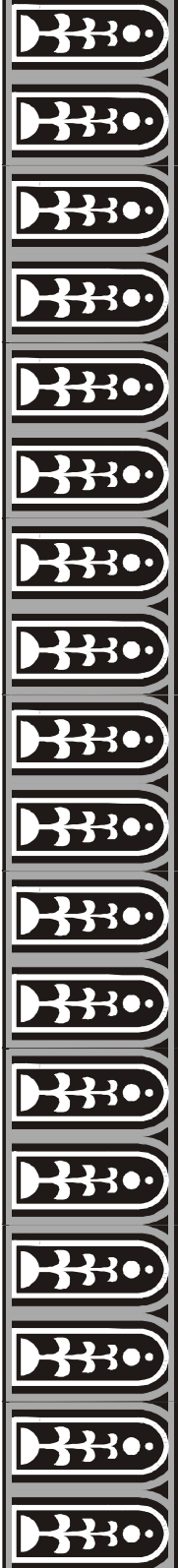
- **Cooke, Dolores, *My Life and Times - A Struggle and a March*, Fortress Books, 1937**

To select a letter, you rotated a disk with letters on it located on the bottom of the machine. This caused a vertical rod (identified by the red dot) to rotate, and this in turn caused the circle of type-bars to rotate so that the correct type-bar came into position. You then pressed a lever (yellow dot) to activate a hammer (green dot) that struck the lower end of the type-bar with the selected letter. The plunger-like type-bar moved up and the type struck the underside of the platen. The typewriter was therefore a blind-writer; you had to lift the hinged carriage in order to see her work. I was an old hand at it, having learned on an old Sholes & Gliddens upstrik, which was constructed so you couldn't see what you were typing. It had the QUERTY keyboard, thank goodness.

Henrietta of course bucked both of them. She favored the Cyclostyle machine. These were made by Gestetner which as a British Company. This worked a lot like the mimeograph, except one couldn't use a typewriter. There was a little perforating pen, and as one wrote with it, a wheel broke the stencil.

Thaddeus tried adapting the stencils I had for home, but they didn't work well. At the time of the game I owned a secondhand National Upstrik at home, which was about fourteen years old. I could put stencil paper in it to make a Mimeograph. To cut a stencil with a typewriter, one covered the stencil with a fine "perforating silk" cloth and typed without a ribbon. Henrietta had one at the office at the Ladies Literary Society on which they produced their newsletter. So she used this, and of course it meant that all of her characters were hand written rather than typed. This made King and Bucher both furious, though Henrietta had a nice copperplate hand, and really what she wrote was legible enough. But they could always be counted on to pronounce what a piece of junk the Cyclostet was.

I was the only one that could type of course. King was frantic that Marsden should learn to type as he was "young and flexible" and even tried to buy him a typewriter so he could make copies of his characters with a carbon. Instead he had an old Black's Autocopyist which wasn't less than fifteen years old. It was secondhand of course, and you needed lithographic ink for it, which at least didn't cost so much. It was rather good for copying drawings, but not so



The "Sex Talk" Scandal

Most of the argument revolves around the ill-fated 1906 Philadelphia run, in which Taylor cornered a distraught Annette Spath for the better part of an afternoon. Cast as Tess of the D'Urbervilles, Taylor had found fertile ground. There is no "agreed on" version of the story. It ranges from rape to succor. It was one of the first "flame wars" in the pages of *Metagame*, inciting flames not only about the issue, but about whether or not the word "orgaic" (of or pertaining to an orgasm) should be printed in its pages.

Reprinting the entirety of the debate would be outside the scope of this game - the debate ran from Fall 1906 to Summer 1908, and occupied at its height more than seventy percent of the fledgling LARP magazine. Ironically, the debate also popularized the magazine, which had a circulation of only forty to fifty going into 1906, but was nearly 150 strong by 1909.

We've pulled key comments out of the magazine attempting to illustrate both sides of the acrimonious debate.

Even now it is difficult to say who was "right" and who was "wrong." Time to some extent was on the side of the Taylorites. The issue had subsided by the time the war broke out, and the loosening of sexual mores - both during the racy teens, and the Jazz era 1920s made the Anti-Taylorites seem stodgy and frankly provincial. However the real issue goes deeper. The fact is not that time made Taylor's actions acceptable or unacceptable - time merely made them unremarkable and clouded our ability to reasonably analyze them. By 1925, conversations about Freud and sex were commonplace, and to affect distress at simply hearing such things would in fact be ludicrous.

But in 1903, these matters were on the cutting edge of "modern" behavior. Certainly throughout the "gay nineties" there were subcultures in which such matters were discussed with comparative freedom. It can be historically argued that such things "definitively were subjects of everyday discussion" and "definitively were not subjects of everyday discussion," with equal ardor. In the 1880s and 90s, middle class Victorian women flocked to matinees of Ibsen's "sex problem plays" which discussed many of these same issues. By 1921 such topics were firmly in bounds. But in 1900 the young Urugayan erotic authoress Delmira Agustini had been murdered by her husband for writing about the same.

Certainly time has favored the explicit. Freud was the fundament of psychological thought throughout the early 20th century. By 1919 film and magazines had taken Freud into the mainstream, and while it would be the late 30s before "orgasm" would see print in a typical publication, it was certainly no more than mildly scandalous in person. But to base our assessment on what later became the case is to miss the point of the Taylor Scandal.

The basic question remains as valid today as it did in 1903. What rights does a player have to expression "in character" if it makes other players uncomfortable. And what obligation does the uncomfortable party have to make this clear, and how much should they be able to rely on reserve and manners? Unfortunately these issues were, in 1903, as clear as mud. Slowed by being argued in the pages of a quarterly publication, and sidetracked by endless digressions the sharp relief of the question would not be seen until as recently as 1994, when Miriam Jung presented an article on the scandal in *JALARPA* (Journal of the American LARP Academy).

In 1903, the manners and expectations of one group of players collided with another. The relatively liberal Arts crowd from DC and Baltimore - heavily biased towards persons with an active interest in stage drama or visual arts - collided with a Philadelphia Social Community which had only the faintest of such connections. And the collision was dynamite. The extremes of behavior like Thaddeus Walker (who knew he was outrageous) aside, moderates like Ivan Collins felt they were well within their rights to defend Taylor. And likewise, the Philadelphians - citizens of the city that bored W.C. Fields the most - felt that he was painfully out of line. Were either right? There is no firm answer.

We still do not have an answer. In general we rely more on guidelines and the clearly delineated expectations of GMs. In the days of *Clarence* the game tended to be either a dictatorship or an anarchy - the modern spirit of cooperation was lacking, and the players acted as if any rights not specifically reserved to the GMs were absent - to some extent as if GMs were only players themselves, bound by the rules they had written. Most games contained an 'elastic clause' however by its very vagueness it was so weak as to hold no power. Games were a power struggle between GM and player, and as often as not between GM and GM. Where a GM would now explain the need for a ruling, GMs at the time spoke "ex cathedra" or maintained the right of the players to run amok provided they had not broken a written rule, no matter how badly the game fared as a result.

But situations still come up where player behavior raises questions that cannot quickly and easily be answered.

Argument in print was no stranger to Edwardians. In the late Victorian era, and the early 20th century the pages of the local newspaper were the site of a free-for-all among the more vocal minded members of any community. Well into the 80s a man might be scandalized to the point of dueling in the newspapers, and biting personal criticisms were the rule - in short the Newspaper was a public forum for private argument.

By the early 20th century, the worst excesses had faded away, but newspapers were still a forum for heated and often very personal battle, and despite magazine pretensions, *Metagame* of 1906 was little more than a newspaper for LARPerS, modeled more on a Broadsheet than a true magazine. Likewise many newspapers would run any number of

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anonymous letters, and absent a policy of rejecting them, Metagame accepted them.

A few Facts

This is largely paraphrased from Miriam Jung's conclusions, which include not only the Metagame articles, but various private letters and interviews.

It is reasonably well agreed that Taylor did not have sexual intercourse with Annette Spath. It has been suggested that if he did the whole case would be different - the accusation much more serious. However Miriam Jung has concluded that there was never any credible allegation of such, and that the charge does not show up until 1932, when an article in a conservative Philadelphia paper in discussing the banning of Dawn Roz' "One Hundred Sheiks and a Shicksa" referred to "a game some years ago where a girl was raped."

But it wasn't seen that way at the time, and though the case has been made in years since that the family covered it up, that would seem contrary to the point of running a public letter about it. Of course nothing can be proven. But nobody who was involved - on either side of the fight - ever made that allegation in writing.

The question was one of impropriety. Nobody during the entire debate even suggested that Taylor had taken Spath to his room (though he may have briefly). The issue was what Taylor had said to her, and the reaction it had caused.

It is generally agreed that Taylor sat next to Spath on a couch in the Rose Room for most of Saturday afternoon. Nobody knows what happened after about four, but there is no evidence that either of them left the playing floor. Walker later said that he thinks they did, only for a few moments, so that Taylor could get a headache powder for Spath. Dr. Moore later wrote that he gave Taylor a powder but that he was alone. Neither of them was gone long enough to elicit comment. The Hotel Detective did not note any "unusual activity."

Taylor says that he lost track of Spath shortly after dinner. He sat with her through the meal, which she said she did not feel like eating, in order to "keep company," and "as she was obviously feeling poorly I did not expect any advantage of it, but merely sought to distract her from her state with stimulating conversation."

Annette Spath was found by her friend Agnes Johnson at about ten o'clock, and was in a state of "excited hysteria." She cried and was uncommunicative for several hours. Johnson called a cab at about midnight, after she refused to see Dr. Moore, and asked her cousin Coleman Love to see Annette home, but she adamantly refused to get into the cab with Love (who she had never met). At about half past midnight, Agnes Johnson rang Leonard Spath, her brother, who came and got her in his motor-car. She did not return the next morning.

The Chronology

Fall 1906

An Injurious Presence - Anonymous

It has never been firmly established who circulated the initial complaint. It is fairly poorly worded, though the English is perfectly fine, and frankly makes a poor case. It is generally believed to have been written by Leonard Spath, after speaking with Agnes Johnson. It uses very general terms and says that "at a performance of a sort of dramatic entertainment in our city," there was a "most ungentlemanly man" who caused a young lady "traumatic distress from which she has not - and may not - recover. It goes on to say that another young woman left the entertainment because she was given a written sheet with "improprieties of the gravest sort." It suggests that such an "injurious presence" should be "blackballed or worse."

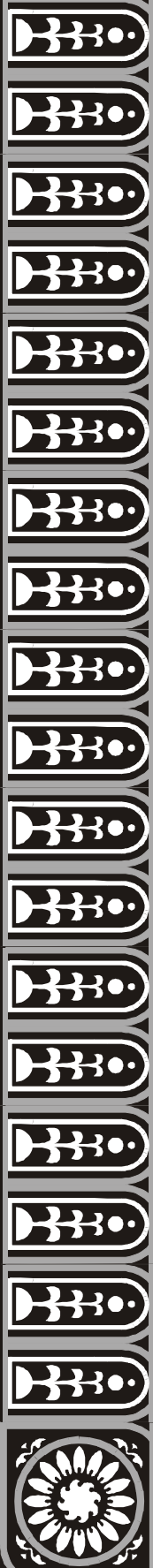
It is suggested that Agnes Johnson is unlikely to have used the term blackball, whereas Leonard Spath, who was a member of several exclusive clubs, would be very familiar with it.

Another theory says that it may have been composed by Coleman and Imogene Love, both of whom played the game. If so then the responses served only to pour gasoline on flames.

Spring 1907

GM Meeting - Shortly after Metagame came out, the full staff met at Henrietta's - for once even Walker being allowed in. The meeting focused on what we would now call "spin control." It was decided that King would write one letter on behalf of all the GMs and explicitly deny having issued an "improper" sheet. It is clear that if the original Carmilla sheet had been given to Dora Belle Henderson, it had not been used in Philadelphia, and the GMs felt their slate was clean. None of them had any doubt what was being referred to.

Second Anonymous Letter - it was revealed before the end that the Second Anonymous letter came from Taylor, and it destroyed any hope of peaceful resolution. By February the general sentiment was running against the poorly worded complaint, and Walker thought that King's response would not be "dismissive" enough. Walker's critical mistake (aside from taking pen in hand) was that his point of view was largely warped by his perception of support from the Collinses, and their immediate friends, and the fact that Henrietta did not take the matter too seriously. Walker's note is incendiary, and rambles about "people with their heads buried ostrichlike" and ends up more or less accusing the Philadelphia writer of being the sort of person "responsible for the death of talent like Oscar Wilde." It should be remembered that De Profundis had been published the year before, and had a strong impact on Walker - he quotes De Profundis - mostly the unapologetic parts - in writing. Here



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Walker makes his second error, in misjudging his audience. He believes that like his limited circle of artist friends, most of the readers enthusiastically endorse sexual conversation and Freudianism, and that anyone who doesn't is at needs "little more than a Neanderthal." In fact the general feeling against the letter is because most people assume that the things referred to never occurred, or are gross exaggerations. Walker's letter virtually insists that they did occur, and thus a confrontation is ignited.

Nothing Improper about Clarence - for a blustering egomaniac, King did a fairly good job in this response which it is suspected that Bucher edited. On the positive side, next to Walker's invective it reads rather moderately. On the negative side, despite being a decent piece of diplomacy it is less than a sixth the length of Walker's tirade, and makes a typical derisive King reference to "the fantasies of hysterical females," which while far more typical at the time than today, was not likely to inspire love and forgiveness from the Spath or Cole families.

Anonymous Philadelphia Response - Because Metagame published so infrequently, and people talked between times, it was not uncommon for two letters essentially in response to each other to appear in the same issue. As we'll learn later this was something of a political issue in itself.

It will later be maintained that the writer of this response, who was probably Coleman Love, possibly with help from his cousin or Leonard Spath, that they had seen the Walker Letter. For years it was maintained that this was not the case, however Miriam Jung uncovered a letter from Metagame Editor K. Walton Barrett to Millicent Enroe, written in 1926, in which he admitted giving the "particulars" of the letter to Imogene Love, "because it was so extraordinarily vituperative." He is never very clear about why this made it a good idea to show Imogene the letter beforehand, however it seems unlikely that his intent was malicious. Apologists at the time suggested he feared a lawsuit, but the more likely reason is that he was concerned over the ugly turn the thing was taking, and wished not to appear to be on the "other side" in printing such an item.

The anonymous Philadelphia response is brief and defamatory. It names Frank Taylor, and says that he has "used role playing as a basis for taking advantage of several young women, including the previous Tess (Julia Lederer) 'with whom he engaged in illicit sexual relations of the sort that are termed, among more decent folks, fornication.'

Summer 1907

Anonymous - Ban him from Games - An anonymous correspondent proposes a "blackball" policy by which those who have committed "grievous offenses against womanhood" ought to be "cut off from LARPdom." Given the standards in clubs of the day the proposal isn't particularly outrageous, however it fails to recognize an obvious fact - there is no central structure or organizing body which has

"authority" over individual LARPs. And little likelihood that one would be accepted if it were formed.

In Defense of the Game Clarence - King, never knowing when to shut up presents a lengthy defense of the written materials in Clarence, and in clinical terms says that a certain discussion of "the more advanced theories of the human mind," ought to be acceptable to anyone whether it is ugly or not - just as talk of war or other topics needs be acceptable. Really it's not a bad summary, but he's digging the hole deeper here, without giving enough information, and his snide superior tone which was restrained in the previous issue shines through in such a way as to make even his allies cringe. With both he and Walker having dug a thorough pit, he then falls in by suggesting that perhaps the girl in question was not really so offended, and if she was she ought to speak up for herself. That "perhaps some jealous beau is more the one who is offended than the gilded lily they seek to 'protect.'" If Hitler had Walker and King as propagandists, the mid 20th century would have been a time of peace, because between them they could doom any cause.

Shut up already - Millicent Enroe writes a shrill screed in which she tells everyone to shut up and discuss something else as this has gone on "too long." An outburst of this type is inevitable in round two of any discussion but it of course adds little other than pressure. There is a significant question in the air, and it will not go away merely because it is inconvenient to think about.

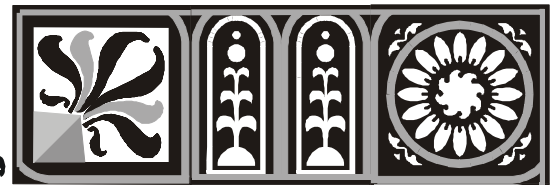
The Perspective from a Woman's View - Lena Collins comes out with a quiet, well reasoned piece. She points out that most women are not "given to the hysterical sensibilities of the former day," and that even then most women did not have that luxury. It's fairly obvious that Lena shopped this around, and bits of Ivan, Dolores, and even Thaddeus Walker show up in it, though there is no reason to think that the talented Lena was not the primary composer. She makes a nod toward understanding that a topic may make someone uncomfortable, but in "matters of real life or real science," puts the onus on the person who is discomfited to "politely bow out, and only claim grounds for outrage if they are pursued at an unbecoming interval." She refers to the issue as a "misunderstanding."

Fall 1907

Walker makes it worse - the real title of this is "When Ignorance runs Rife" however the above is a more accurate appellation. Walker is all over himself here, quoting Freud, more of De Profundis, and Mary Wollstonecraft's (the mother not the daughter) Vindication of the Rights of Women. It says little or nothing, but manages to say it loudly and at great length. It also contains a little invective at Millicent Enroe, which is both deserved, and unwise.

The Lady in Question Speaks for Herself - though it is all of three paragraphs, this is one of the most heavily

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deconstructed messages of the scandal. It is signed by Annette Spath, and Imogene Love vowed that Spath wrote it. It is a strongly worded note saying that at thus and so time, a certain gentleman "imposed himself upon her at her grave displeasure," and "caused her great upset by discussing clearly and with great pleasure topics which ought not be discussed by decent persons in normal conversation" despite her "obvious discomfort." There is a bow to science at the end - "leave to the medical profession those things medical - neither the dissection of a carcass, or the matters of sex are fit for polite conversation in the parlour with strangers." Here whoever the author was hits on one very valid note. LARP does tend to make a group of strangers behave in a suddenly familiar fashion, and that sudden familiarity can be disconcerting. There is little doubt that Annette Spath saw and signed the letter, but it is widely supposed to have been prepared for her by Leonard and Imogene Love.

Female Counterperspective - Imogene Love writes at some greater length about her feelings of frustration and outrage at the treatment of her friend, and how LARP ought to be a "protected refuge for the expression of delicate feelings" not "a haven for the very worst class of cads and bounders." Unfortunately while she makes some legitimate and visceral points, she is, like Walker, over the top, and ends up damaging her own case.

Winter 1907

Munger makes it worse - Do we really need to go into this? Munger gives his typically clear opinion on everything. He would call out the offender if it were not for his wife. Here is another classic problem. So far the persons engaged in debate have more or less been those with a direct connection to the issue. But with Munger joining the battle, 'associates' with an opinion are called in - meaning by this time everyone.

The problem is that Munger's idiocy gets considered right alongside Imogene Love's Letter, and colors the perception of the "Anti-Tyler Faction" as being wildly irrational.

Don't use the O ___ word - Millicent Enroe is outraged at the use of the word Orgasm in Walker's last letter. Metagame should not print such things.

An Apology - Dr. Franklin Taylor offers a formal and lukewarm apology. He was merely trying to take care of the girl, and keep an eye on her after she complained of feeling poorly, and had no idea that "ideas so commonplace today" would have upset her, but realizes she must have been "formally and narrowly reared." He suggests that the girl may be "beyond blame due to feverishness and ill health," and says that "as a gentleman I must offer an apology for any behavior at which offense was taken," while making it fairly crisply clear that he doesn't consider anything he did unreasonable. He denies having any relations with Julia Lederer, and says the accusation is so "baseless and wicked as to be not worth any further response" All in all it's a good,

if not endearing, defense. Absent his allies, he makes a good case for himself. The problem is that a good many people know he slept with Julia (which she'll confirm, though not until 1928), and so it throws a cloud of doubt onto his whole case. Probably the belief that there was an accusation of physical congress comes from this issue, which was quite separate. Nobody suggested Julia Lederer was unwilling, however, and she wasn't. However no relationship followed, and both parties felt it better to keep "mum" about the affair. Julia had begged Frank not to apologize in print or dignify the matter with a reply, however Taylor was leaving to go west, and felt that those who had "defended him" deserved "some thanks for their support."

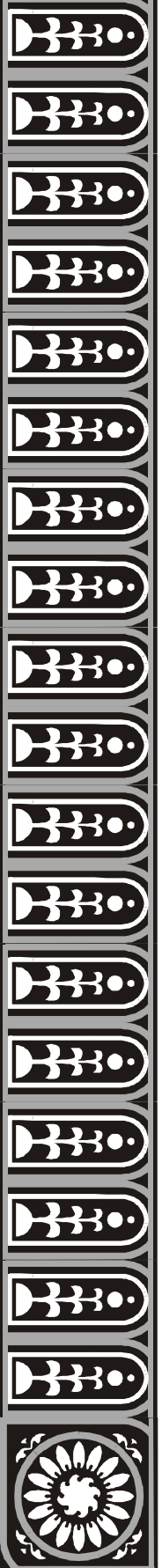
Spring 1908

Negative publicity causing Clarence to fail - From Henrietta. The under-registered re-run of Clarence was forced to cancel its contract with the Bellvue Stratford, and move to the private home of the Cox family in the new suburb of Bala Cymwyd. Certain persons are "planting rumors and falsehoods about the moral character of the game....as much with intention to damage its registration as with any belief in the truth of what they say." Henrietta may have known about a whispering campaign against the game - she was a gossip, and there is anecdotal evidence that the Loves actively discouraged registration in the second run. However, in print it comes off as paranoiac.

Outrage among Taylor's Supporters - Three short pieces - Walker, Ivan Collins, and Marsden are run. They are all reasonably moderate in tone, and actually lay out a fair case that the affair has been taken too far, pointing out that Taylor's character has been assassinated, and a major game damaged over "a misunderstanding." One gets the feeling Marsden and Dolores stood over Walker's desk when he wrote his piece. There's evidence of informal strategizing by this point. The three pieces are well written and seem to provide a show of strong support. Everyone says that Taylor was "polite and decent" to apologize after being "wronged in print."

Orgasm reasonable - We get Dr. Moore of all people writing in to say that "Orgasm" is a medical word, giving its derivation from French and Greek. He admits it is a "delicate" term, but that it is no more indecent than the terms used in dozens of advertisements for hygiene products in catalogs and magazines.

Response to Taylor Supporter's outrage in same issue - Here it gets deadly. Coleman Love does a point by point dissection of the Taylorites in the same issue, including quotes from their letter. The refutation is reasonable but the case was made better on emotional distress. He is now arguing "rights" of players, and on less tenable ground trying to make the case one of clear black and white, and prove Taylor definitively "in the wrong."



Summer 1908

Outrage at the Editor - Marsden writes in genuine outrage that Coleman Love responded to his letter in the same issue. He proposes that the Editor is biased in the matter, and has treated one side of the question unfairly, citing the earlier probable case of having showed the Loves a letter before it was published. Marsden has sharp eyes.

Henrietta Chimes in - Essentially saying the same thing as Marsden, and stating that the group is "unable" to stage a game during the year because of "hurtful actions" by certain "Philadelphians." Henrietta pouts well, and probably scores a few points in a case where the Loves have largely held the emotional high ground.

Barrett Defends his Policies - Barrett gives a weak defense on the grounds that the magazine comes out so seldom, however he states his new policy will be to show no piece to anyone before it is printed. He also says "no more" on the Taylor topic.

Love Makes his Points - Again - Arguments do not improve with time. Love is way off his ground here, citing all manner of legalistic and moralistic arguments that prove his side is "right." He's strayed a long way from the emotional impact of last year, and lost ground every step of the way. He needs to make the simple point again that his cousin's friend was hurt and he manages to do everything but this.

Fall 1908

Anti Metagame Circular - When good LARPer do stupid things. Having had a letter returned by Metagame, Marsden circulates it to as many people as he can get addresses for. His argument is that Barrett gave Love a chance to do a point by point refutation of his arguments, but that he let Love close the show with no response allowed. Here Marsden errs. Love's points have little impact, and we're about ready to take Millicent Enroe's advice and shut everyone up. But Marsden wants to refute them point by point. The refutation is good, but it's beating a dead argument and Marsden should have known better. Apparently they are sitting on Walker's hands at this point.

Winter 1908

Two final perspectives - you can't say Barrett didn't try to please everyone. He runs a piece by Love and a piece by Marsden side by side. This apparently satisfied both sides that justice was done, however the points were simply a rehash of the Summer articles. Marsden's refutation is as cold and technical as Love's and both are simply arguing points of precedence at this point.

The story has an epilogue:

Washington Dramatist Arrested as White Slaver!

The Atlantic City Herald November 6, 1909

Washington Dramatist Henrietta Wallace arrived in Atlantic City this morning with a Company of players to play the Interactive Stage Drama "Clarence's Evening Party." [sic]. Acting on a citizen complaint, the Atlantic City Police arrested Miss Wallace who was suspected of using her drama company as a front for the recruitment of women into white slavery. Her scripts were also seized and turned over to the District Attorney. Miss Wallace was held for several hours while the complaints were investigated, and a male individual was sought and was arraigned on charges of "operating a public entertainment without an appropriate license."

The outraged Wallace was represented by Mr. Meyer Stanbaum before Judge Harold Waltz. The D.A. declined to file Comstock Charges, and no substantiation could be found to indicate that Miss Walker had in any way engaged in the White Slave Trade. The complaint was put down to a disgruntled former actor in the company. Judge Waltz dismissed the licensing charge, though he pointed out that the Strand was an "unusual venue" for a dramatic performance, and that this irregularity had aroused "reasonable suspicion" in combination with a complaint.

Miss Wallace returned to the Hotel Strand where her partner, Mr. Harold [sic] King said "the show must go on."



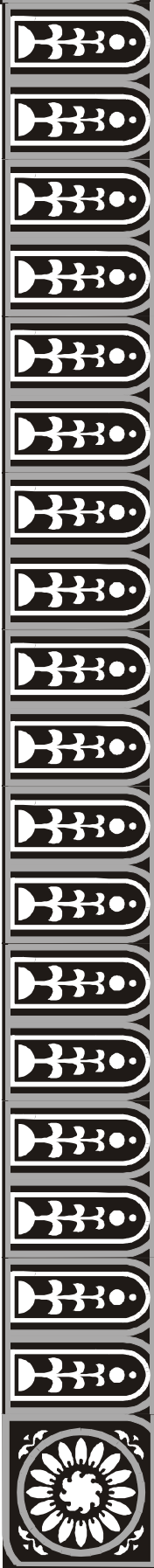
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RULES AND PLAY:

SECTION

IV



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Death and Law Enforcement

A driving fact in Clarence is that there are only a handful of replacement characters, and they are all very bad. In the First and Second runs the game wasn't full, so the GMs actually wanted to kill some PCs who had gotten their "information" into the game, in order to cycle in other PCs. In at least one situation, a dead villain was given the man who should have been chasing him.

In other runs, however, the GMs need to "go slowly" to keep players from dying. Since virtually all deaths are at "GM discretion" this isn't too hard. The level of solicitousness that one sees in modern GMs for a player's emotional welfare in regards to losing a character was more or less absent in those days, and GMs had not yet learned the dead players are seldom happy. "On the fly" replacement characters created problems, and caused discontent.

Law Enforcement, it should be noted, is absent in Clarence. The sole exception is that if Dick Grey is ever played, while he has no sheet, he does have a Special Ability "Arrest" which can take a player out of the game for ten minutes automatically.

Obviously late in the game, this becomes a problem, so "disguise" abilities tended to proliferate. There are also some accounts of establishing a "neutral territory" where players would not be arrested if they did not start fights, etc.

This is a bit frustrating for the Detectives since they are intent on tracking down criminals. Of course at the end of the game, they may be allowed to "arrest" a defeated villain. For the most part the Detectives serve to help polarize the "good guys" and "villians," and in some cases even cause sudden about faces.

A Rough Schedule.

The game is divided into four parts. Traditionally this was Friday, Saturday Noon-Dinner, Saturday Night, and Sunday. However, since Clarence occasionally failed to start Friday, the game could be condensed as needed.

Clarence introduces the convention of Theatre Style LARP whereby there is no strict accounting for time. Fights and other events take place in "real time" but armies also march back and forth in the space of a day.

The Structure of the Game has the typical problems with a first-generation LARP. The female plot is pallid and fairly dull - women want to get married. Even Henrietta later bettered that, though it could be argued that she was better at writing the drawing room comedy she had wanted to write than at a "standard LARP," and criticism aside performed credibly in that genre for years.

So the plot is heavy with diplomacy, and wars, including a badly organized wargame. The economy is actually remarkably robust - in most early games money had no value, but since Kriegspiel troops need to be paid, there is at least one brief period where money is worth something.

There is a first class widget hunt, which is usually unresolvable except through deus-ex-machina. It can be assumed that the GMs never expected all the parts to be assembled, but that the money and time required to repair the elephant is proportionate to their success in gathering the 24 parts.

The game is "hero centric" meaning that it is almost a foregone conclusion that the forces of good will win. The GMs tended to universally back the "good guys" winning. However, there's a lot of room for granularity within that general paradigm. Some "bad guys" turn out not to be so bad. Some "good guys" play in a neutralistic way that is almost villainous. The bad guys by no means always lose. Lady Grey ended the 1916 run as President of New York, with a treaty granted to her by the United States, which had needed her help against the Confederacy. The Confederates (who are by no means seen as all "bad guys" - Bucher, in particular seemed to consider "The General" a hero - have often ended up with territories or concessions, and in one game, were Victorious, with Duggard as President of the U.S. and "The General" victorious on the Board. The two players were good wargamers, and managed to work the Currency Crisis to their advantage, and effectively swept all opposition - even the GMs could not seriously suggest that the U.S. had a recognizable presence on the field. That game had a number of odd situations. Thomas Edison Jr., died early and Yen How's player apparently left the game. But the point is that odd endings can and did occur. The Beetle is the only "absolute" villainess, and even she has escaped death as often as not.

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Scene I

The Ball

The Ball is the standard game “non event.” Some punch and cookies were set out, and if everyone was very lucky a gramophone record was put on with some classical music (Bucher despised Ragtime, and King mocked it). It was supposed to be a gay party, but since nobody knew each other, or had any idea why they were there, it was sort of like a funeral. Still, it’s the necessary “dead time” for people to “get to know” each other, and occasionally a couple would waltz. At one of the later games, there were even instructors to help people dance, though it didn’t get very far.

The Nomination

This was the first big event of the game. Everyone must stand on one side of the room or the other and nominate candidates for President. Generally Marsden handled the Democratic Nomination (in Denver for this run), and King handled the Republican (in Chicago), since Walker was unreliable, and Bucher’s idea of politics involved forced marches and leather pants.

William Jenner Bryant has a special ability card that allows him to win the Democratic nomination, however players who opted for the Democratic Convention can’t just switch sides and help select a Republican.

In later runs of the game, some players declared a “Bull Moose” party, and Hartmann obligingly shot their candidate in the chest so he could finish his speech. The idea had been toyed with for a while, so it may come up.

The nomination was handled by show of hands, with Bryant playing his special ability card to negate any results from the Democratic Convention that didn’t favor him.

For the next game period the two (or more) players canvass for votes. Some players had special abilities giving them extra votes. King and Marsden agreed on being rather insistent that the other GMs not unbalance the system, and the votes were pre-printed, so the other GMs usually didn’t.

Being “nominated” for the Nomination usually required a second, then everyone no matter how unlikely who was seconded could be voted on. In some runs, something was made of having American Citizenship, which should disqualify Svengali and a few others, but since it was nowhere writ, this usually wasn’t a major issue.

To accept the Nomination, you must have a running mate (Vice President) willing to run with you. At this time by the way, it was very unusual for anyone to think of a woman, though in the 1916 run, a woman was a Vice

Presidential Candidate, and there was also a “Suffrage Party” Candidate.

It was not unusual for Tom Edison Jr., to be the Republican Nominee.

The President has the ability to collect a tax, allowing him to pay his troops from tax money. Once the Confederacy is declared, the Confederate President can declare a tax, but there’s no guarantee anybody will pay it. In the 1916 run, New York became an “Independent Universal Suffrage State” and the President of New York (Lady Grey) also collected taxes, and in fact did somewhat better than her competitors.

Scene II

First Military Move

The Kriegspiel system is detailed elsewhere, along with the troop values.

Trilby’s Performance

Usually someone brought a record for the poor girl to lip synch to. On a few occasions, Trilby may have actually been able to sing - that wasn’t as unusual back then as it is now. The point of the performance is to distract the players a little. Generally Carmilla tries to feed during this period, resulting in someone collapsing.

The Election

The Second Military move immediately follows the election which sort of sets the social disintegration of the game into motion. If Bryant wins, which isn’t terribly likely, but did happen, there is generally peace for another half turn while he secretly negotiates to recognize the Confederacy. When the Confederacy proclaims itself, he then usually makes a rousing speech (betraying them) and says that he has arranged for powerful foreign allies to help the Union put the Confederacy down.

If he fails to win, then *he* tends to proclaim the Confederacy and announce he’ll march on Washington with - big surprise here - powerful foreign allies.

If Hartmann assassinates the President (only likely if it isn’t Yeng How or Thomas Edison, Jr.) then the VP becomes President.



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Second Military Move

Generally units begin popping up on the map about this time at their start points. If Bryant doesn't get his Chinese Horde into play by this turn, they generally have little chance of getting into the fray, even with one of the engineers helping to move them by railroad (if Bryant appears to still be on the level, Edison may help him move his "allies.") Bucher tended to fan the flames because he wanted to get a war underway as quickly as possible, but Marsden and Henrietta both felt that the game ran better if battle wasn't actually joined until Scene III.

Scene III

Dr. Schultze's Demonstration

Dr. Schultze should have, by this time found some hapless anti-social to strap down. The throwaway is Hartmann if he didn't succeed in assassinating the President.

Third Military Move

War generally starts on this move or the next. By now there are forces clearly visible, but it isn't necessarily clear who they answer to.

The Wedding

If Henrietta has done well, she usually has someone to try and get married at this point. At one game, it is said that she actually forced a man to marry a hatrack, but that's never been confirmed, and is probably an apocryphal story. The wedding stops action for a little while and is a big deal. It also provides the Anarchists with another target. Generally kidnapping the bride was a popular goal for all the villains. It seems to have been a foregone conclusion that if you had an airship you could kidnap the bride on it.

Fourth Military Move

If war hasn't started by now, it's going to be rather short.

Scene IV

The Evil Ritual

The Forces of Evil are generally called by the "Beetle" to an evil ritual about this time. Walker may have had the ritual in

the Beetle's original sheet, but apparently she got a verbal briefing most games, or was simply nudged by the GMs that she needed people to worship her. Often the ritual was to sacrifice the Bride kidnapped in the previous Frame. Of course the "Good Guys" usually try to intervene and combat results. Sometimes players are killed..

Fifth Military Move

By now, war will have started. Sometimes this move got truncated, or was played pretty much directly into the Sixth, with everyone standing about, since nobody's movements are secret anymore.

Sixth Military Move

The results of this move determine who controls the United States at the end of the game. Bucher and King usually made an announcement. Often to get a decisive result there were extra rules or double ammo.

The "Climax"

Nobody agreed on what the Climax to Clarence should be and often there wasn't one. Henrietta of course wanted it to be *another* wedding. Bucher often tried to get some sort of "final battle scene" together, for example Tom Edison Jr. Storming the White House to dethrone Yen How.

Spontaneous Events

These are events that might happen at any time during the game, based on player actions. There are of course other things that may happen, but these are events that almost always occurred. To some extent these events were GM guided, in terms of pressuring or holding players, and represent the very most primitive version of "Pacing Controls"

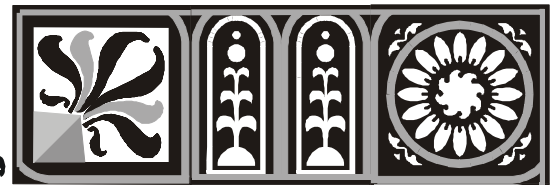
The March of The War Machine

"Never Give a Player a Battleship if you Don't Expect them to Use it"

The Martian War machine was indestructible, and was meant to be a sort of apocalypse weapon - like we might use a hydrogen bomb in game today. Realistically it was over-rated, however since the player had no other sling stones, this one had to be fairly good.

The GMs *never* learned to handle it well. Unlike the Astronard, and Sky Courser, it didn't fight in the Kriegspiel system. It just sort of came in and trashed the place.

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Usually the players were told it was marching on Washington (or Baltimore or wherever - the GMs wrote the political plots with the idea the game would be in DC, then found a cheaper site in Baltimore) and would arrive at the beginning of the next turn. They then had to scrape the bottom of the barrel and come up with ad-hoc attacks on it, which the GMs handled in a fairly random and chaotic fashion. The War Machine usually ended up destroyed however it had a tendency to kill characters and in one game killed three PCs before it was stopped.

The Anarchist Attack

At some point - usually the Inauguration - Hartmann makes an attempt on the President. If Hartmann has the Machine Gun, then he may succeed. In two runs Presidents were killed. Hartmann's escape is largely a matter of GM fiat and panache - Marsden tended to let him escape, because there was usually a shortage of replacement characters, and because he felt it was more dramatic if he took refuge with the other villainous characters to be hounded down.

The Fall of The Beetle

Because virtually nothing really points toward the Beetle, the character tends to be "set up" by the GMs acting through Flaxman Low. Eventually Low "senses" information about the Beetle, usually just in time to prevent the Evil Ritual. However this sometimes mapped out differently, depending on what friends the Beetle had made. Whether the Beetle dies or is merely banished again is largely a matter of luck and fiat. The GMs had different interpretations of the death condition. In at least one version, the Beetle had been assisting the New Confederacy (led by Bryant) and had a Cleopatra-esque suicide scene as the Confederacy fell.

The Attack of the Astronard

The Attack of the Astronard is a chance for the GMs to dole out some random damage, scare the players a little bit, and provide a chance for various thieves, assassins, what have you to do their job. Sometimes the Astronard is shot down at this point by some good planning on the part of the other PCs, but more often it is not. It usually ends up a victim to the Kriegspiel game, where it has considerable value.

Elephant Parts

As it becomes clear that the Elephant would have a strong value in the Kriegspiel game, various leaders start to get interested in assembling it. Since it is patently impossible to get all the parts, they usually get as many as possible, then

try to build replacements. Depending on the number of scientist/inventor types this can work or not.

The Attack of the Yellow Danger

The Yellow Danger is mostly a Kriegspiel event, but it does sometimes run over into the main game, with the GMs and a few other loose bodies taking the roles of marauding Chinese invaders, who must be combated. One suspects this could be pretty tasteless by modern standards.

The Currency Collapse

When the Currency Collapses, it becomes drastically more expensive to provision and pay for armies. This is a real problem, since armies in the field may desert or defect (based on a game of Rocheambeau) if they are not paid for. Money theoretically suddenly has a meaning as various leaders scramble around to dig up enough money to pay bills. Once the Beetle is brought down, Money immediately returns to normal value.

Expedition to the Lost City

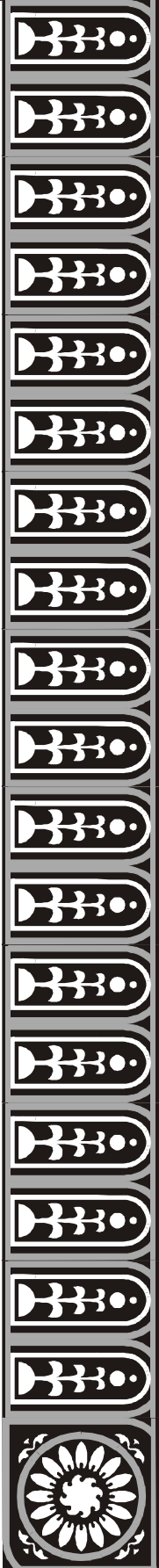
It is clear that the Lost City plot never got fully written, and in fact there is evidence that it was completed for one of the later runs, along with about eight additional characters. However, in early runs, it was handled on an "ad hoc" basis, with players climbing on chairs to simulate being "on the airship" and flying to Tibet, where one or the other of the GMs would imitate various Tibetan Lamas and Mandarins and perhaps reward the players, or fight them. The non-existence of cast, and the banality of the combat system made combat challenges unusual and fairly ineffectual. In one cast a "Great Lhama" thumbed through a stack of Special Abilities reading out...

"Death comma instant comma painful..."

Death comma slow comma painful..."

Until the combined might of several of the Psychic characters led by Flaxman Low brought him down. The players were then given some aid against evildoers, though exactly what isn't recorded.

The Expedition didn't happen in every game, but it's a necessary on the fly fudge if the players follow up the incorrect trail that points toward the Gold coming from Tibet, and the GMs seemed to manage to work together - though largely through player intermediaries - to resolve the situation.



An ^{With} EVENING Clarence

Original Combat:

Combat is resolved in the following manner:

Each character will have a combat card on which is written their strength.

High strength wins.

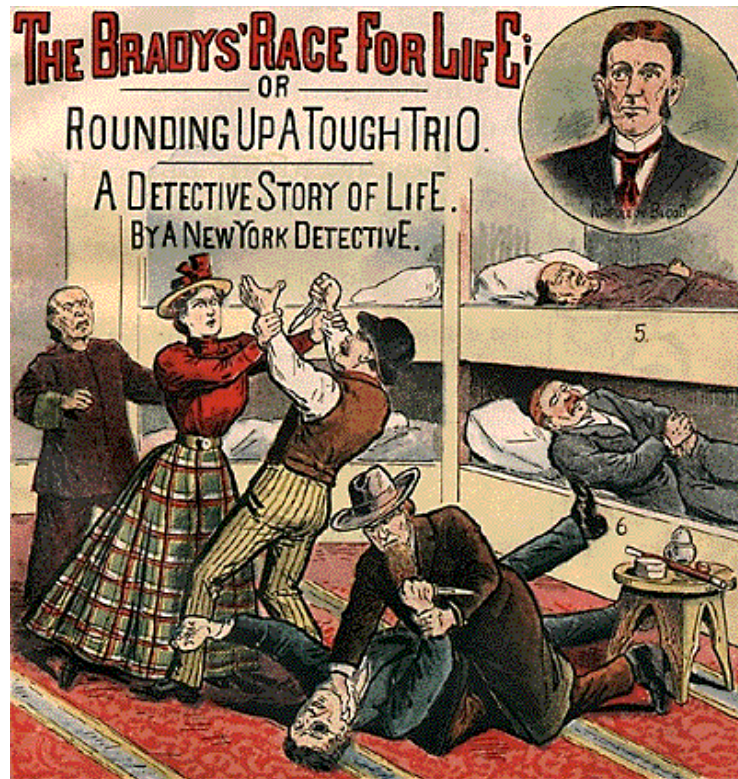
In the event that two or more players attack one player high strength wins.

In the event of a tie, the players will throw Rochambeau (or as it is also known, Jan-Ken) to determine the outcome.

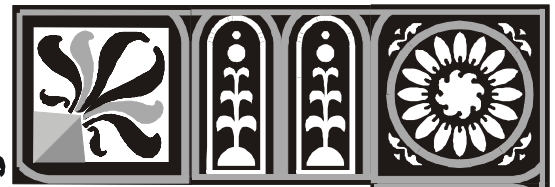
The winner may

- 1) Takes any one random item
- 2) specify an item. If the victim has it, they get it, if not, they get nothing
- 3) Put the victim out of action for ten minutes by inconstipating them.

In actual practice the initial rules, written by King and Henrietta, were vastly revised during almost every run. The fact that a fatal result is impossible (though several characters were killed) in the basic system makes many of the plots in the game actively dysfunctional.



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Field Combat

The Origin of Wargaming in any meaningful sense is of course Prussian. In 1824, the Prussian Lieutenant von Reisswitz modified and published a game system created by his father, which he published as Instructions for Representation of Tactical Maneuvers under the Guise of a Wargame.

Since the Early 19th Century, the Prussian Army has produced the most superior miniature wargames, vast improvements on their 16th century antecedents, involving exacting measurements, etc. These systems are on the whole known as Kriegspiel (not to be confused with the South African Chess variant of the same name developed by Michael Henry Temple), and fall into two categories. "Rigid Kriegspiel" is rather slow to play, and relies on a massive compendium of charts drawn from actual combat experience. "Free Kriegspiel" relies on an impartial umpire, who makes rulings as to the fate of units and is better adopted for our needs.

In our system our guide shall be the quote of Fred T. Jane "Nothing may be done contrary to what could or would be done in actual war." [*Jane is familiar to us as the father of Jane's Fighting Ships, however he would be more familiar to Bucher and King as a wargamer, and illustrator of many of the dime novels they relished - ed.*]

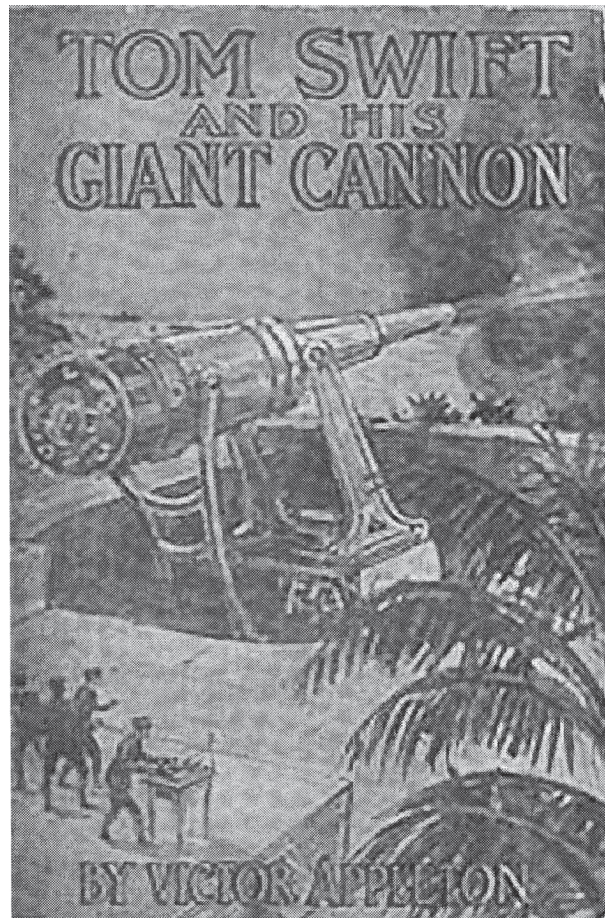
To this end the players need not concern themselves overly much with tables or rules, but need only move their units in the manner indicated on their card, and the Kriegspiel Umpire will rule on their movement.

With the departure of Bucher, in 1914, the GMs redrew the Field Combat System almost immediately. King planned to write a definitive 200 page system, however there is no evidence that he got past notes, still smarting from "Being Horatio King." He maintained up until the last week that he would deliver the system, but it never materialized, and the final 1916 rulebook carried this notice:

It was our initial intention to include a definitive Kriegspiel system herein, however we have been stymied by three factors:

- I. The work of translating such a system would be a major effort in itself.
- II. It is the adjudgement of our Wargame GM that most of our players are not sufficiently sophisticated at the art of War-Gaming to pick up such a system in an afternoon.

Therefore, with some trepidation we have agreed to settle for the popular system published by Mr. H.G. Wells, "Little Wars: A Game for Boys From Twelve Years of Age to One Hundred and Fifty and for That More Intelligent Sort of Girl Who Likes Boys' Games and Books; With an Appendix on Kriegspiel.

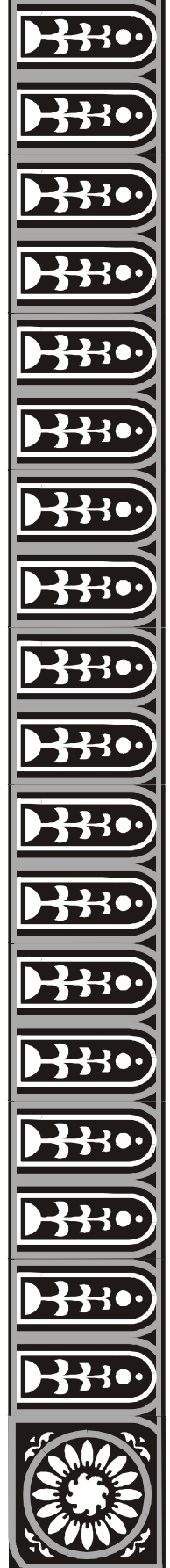


A copy will be available for perusal in Game Central from 18:00 Friday.

However you dear player can obtain it here [[Text](#)] [[ZIP file](#)] in advance (Courtesy of Project Gutenberg). It is worth pursuing "Little Wars" however we exert you not to lose too much sleep on it. The Field Combat system never ran correctly in any of the runs of Clarence, and in particular for the first version, many elements were dropped, radically altered, or run according to obscure Prussian Methodology. Bucher was known for decisions which were termed "arbitrary and capricious" even by some of his closest friends. The equipment such as can be managed for the game will be provided.

Finally, very little knowledge of actual wargame tactics will be required. We actually believe that our version of Kriegspiel/Little Wars will be fairly fun and playable, as it involves hurled objects.

It is noteworthy that Bucher certainly *intended* there to be restrictions on who could command troops. In practice of course that broke down, nowhere worse than in the case of Confederate General Tess of the D'Urbervilles. It is nowhere clear who is allowed to command troops, and seems to have been determined by Bucher on one hand, and King on the other, with pressure from the other GMs in some circumstances.



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Troop Information:

Combatant	MC	MI	MA	RC	RG	RI	RA	MG	SU
<i>The General</i>	MC 1	1			6	5			
<i>Captain Mors</i>		2							
<i>Nemo II (Harold Duggan)</i>			1	1		5			
<i>The Lunatic Carry Nation</i>		1							
<i>William Bryant "Yen How"</i>					5	15	4		1
<i>Tom Edison Jr.</i>	MC 2	2	1*	3					
<i>Dick Lightheart</i>		1		2					
<i>Peedec Boyd</i>				1		3			
<i>Hartmann</i>		1	1*					1*	
<i>Lady Grey</i>				5	2	7			
<i>Dr. Nikola / Svengali</i>				6	6	5			
<i>The Beetle</i>	MC 1	1			5				
President of the USA				4	8	5	6		3
President of the CSA				7	5	5	2		2

Combatant

The General
Captain Mors
Nemo II (Harold Duggan)
The Lunatic Carry Nation
William Bryant "Yen How"
Tom Edison Jr.
Dick Lightheart
Peedec Boyd
Hartmann
Lady Grey
Dr. Nikola / Svengali
The Beetle

Start

Any Major East Coast Seaport, starts touching coastline
Any Location at least 8" from enemy units
Location of Enigma, may be any port or major riverport (Oh, Miss)
Kansas
California
Mississippi
Any Location at least 8" from enemy units
Any U.S. Southern State
Any Major U.S. Industrial City (2" range)
Any Major U.S. Industrial City (2" range)
Any Location at least 8" from enemy units
Any Location at least 8" from enemy units
Any non-Confederate state, except Mar., W.V., Del., Missouri - may start units 1" from Washington DC
Any Confederate State except KY, Missouri

President of the USA

President of the CSA

Available Forces

4	MC	Irregular Modern Shock Cavalry Divisions (Plain Grey)*
7	MI	Irregular Modern Shock Troop Divisions*
2	MA	Modern Artillery
36	RC	Regular Cavalry Divisions
32	RG	Regular Artillery/Garrison Divisions (blue low hats)
50	RI	Regular Infantry Divisions (blue high hats)
12	RA	Regular Artillery - Cannon*
2	MG	Machine Guns (Special)
6	RS	Supply units

An *Evening* Clarence



Detailed Field Combat Rules:

Take one shot for each CV (Combat Value) of the piece, from a launcher in any unobstructed position that is further from the target than the piece (as allowed by the Kriegspiel GM)

Movement

Until fighting has broken out, players may place a penny on the board for every unit they have paid for that has moved beyond its starting zone. Units not placed on the board do not cost money, but will appear at the perimeter of their start zone. Remember that since units are destroyed by being hit by projectile fire, it is not particularly wise to group them close together.

Troop Types

Modern Shock Troops

These are basically the "Dime Novel" type troops - Cultists with special equipment, electric guns, body armor, machine guns and automatic rifles, flying devices. They probably have fewer men per division than regular troop types. All troops have been paid on the first turn.

MA Modern Artillery - Giant Gun (Plain Grey)

Move: 1"
CV: 7
Cost: \$40 per turn

MC Irregular Modern Shock Cavalry Divisions (Plain Grey)

Move: 6"
CV: 3
Cost: \$25 per turn

MI Irregular Modern Shock Troop Divisions

Move: 4"
CV: 2
Cost: \$20 per turn

RC Regular Cavalry Divisions (Metallic Grey)

Move: 4"
CV: 2
Cost: \$15 per turn

RG Regular Artillery/Garrison Divisions (low hats)

Move: 2"
CV: 1
Cost: \$10 per turn

RI Regular Infantry Divisions (high hats)

Move: 3"
CV: 1
Cost: \$5 per turn

Artillery and Special Weapons

RA Cannon

Move: 2"
CV: 3
Cost: \$25 per turn

MG Machine Guns

Move: 3"
CV: 2
Cost: \$10 per turn

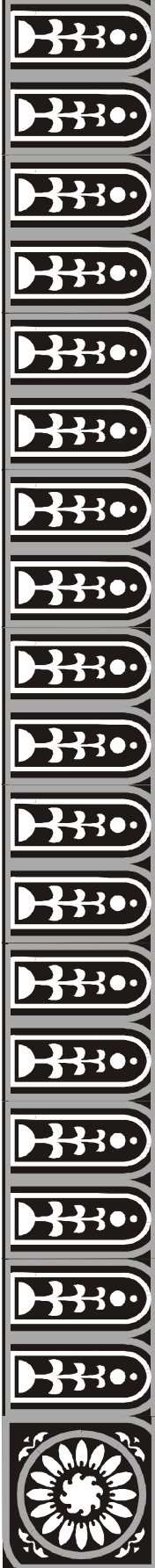
SU Supply Units

May "Revive" up to 4 units within 8" of their final location at the end of the turn

Move: 8"
CV: 0
Cost: \$40 per turn

Fortifications

Cost: Set by Kriegspiel GM - cost is to construct, once constructed, they remain. Have no function other than to protect units on the map.



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Special Weapons

Astronard

Can be hit two times, third hit destroys
Move: 12"
CV: 4
Cost: \$30 per turn

Submersible Enigma

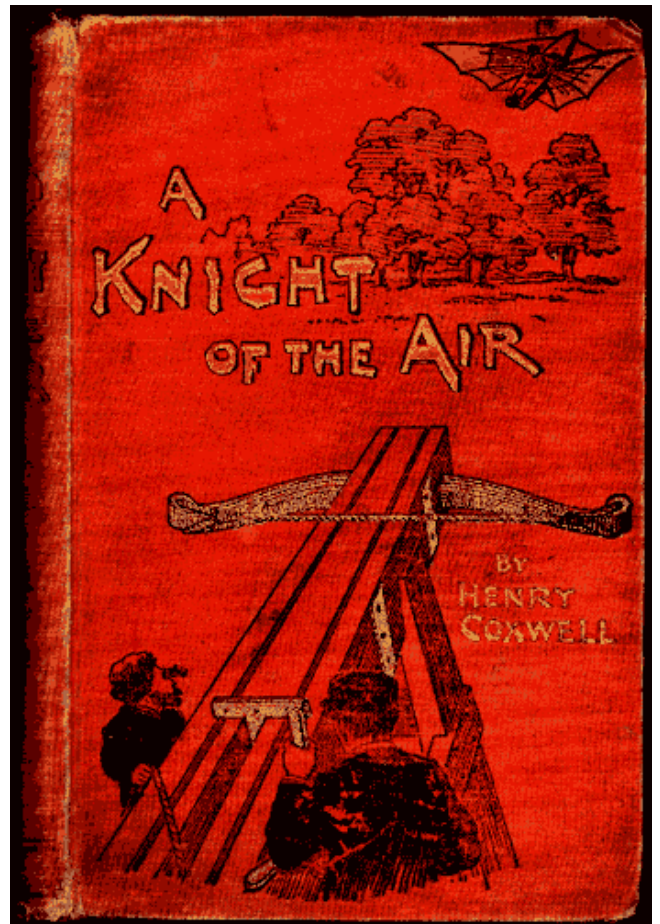
Move: 6"
CV: 3
Cost: \$20 per turn
Must be at sea, or along a major river (i.e. Mississippi) Cannot be hit, but must have one friendly unit on land still standing to fight.

Sky Courser

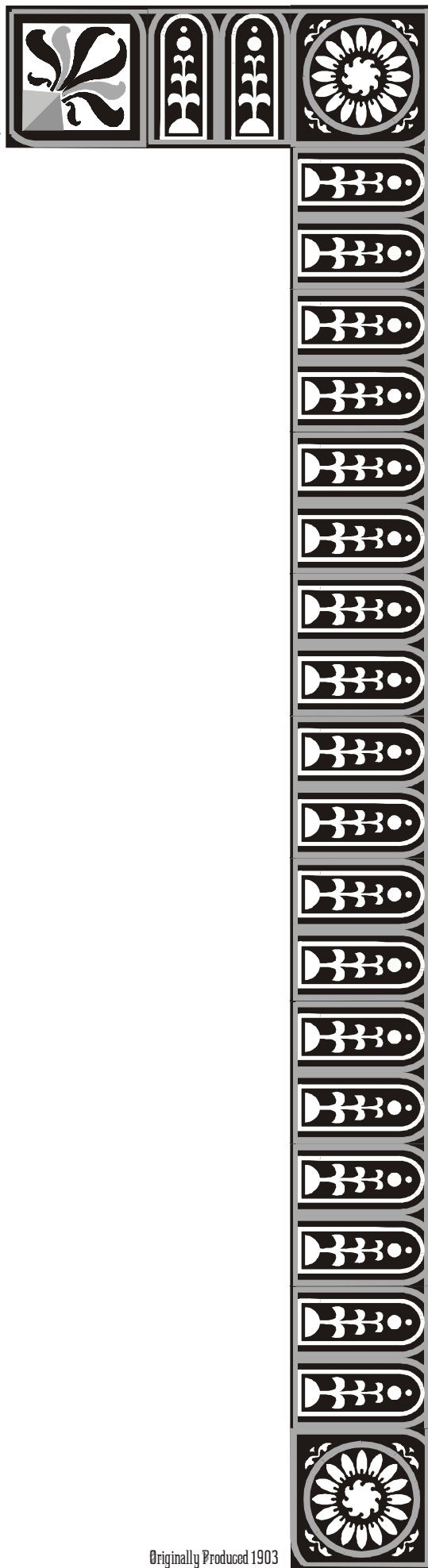
Can be hit three times, fourth hit destroys
Move: 12"
CV: 5
Cost: \$30 per turn

Electric Elephant

Can be hit four times, fifth hit destroys
Move: 2"
CV: 6
Cost: \$15 per turn



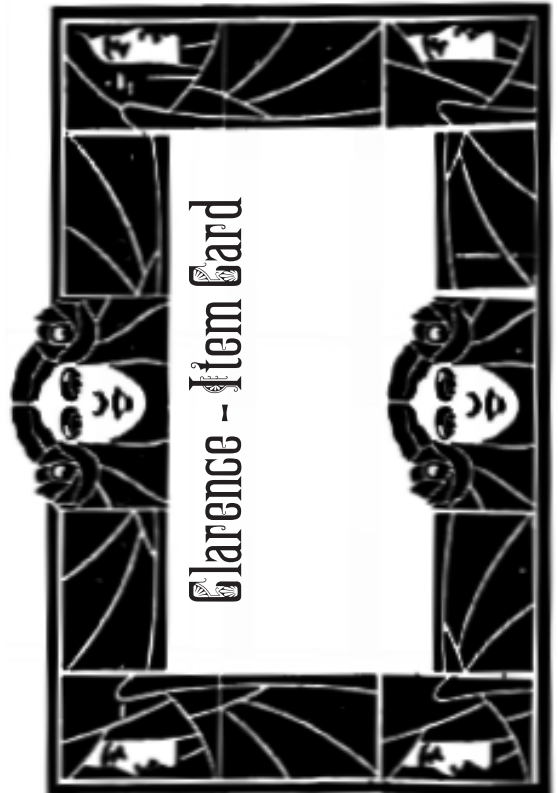
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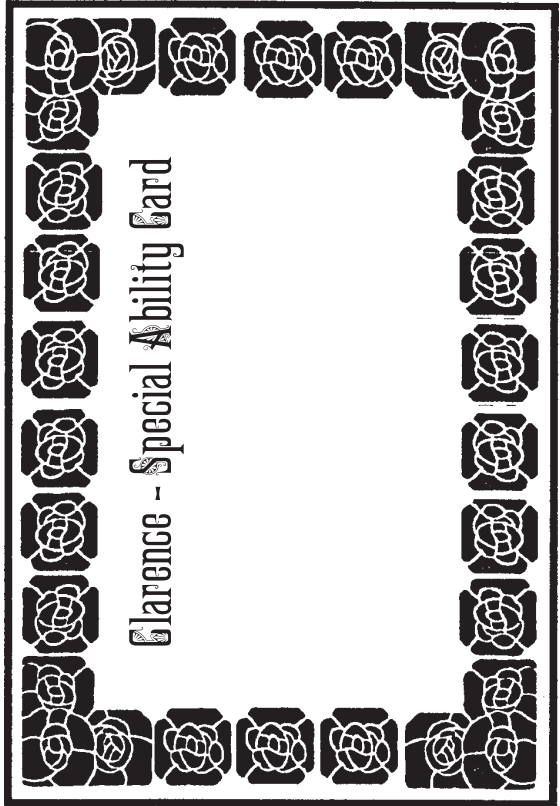
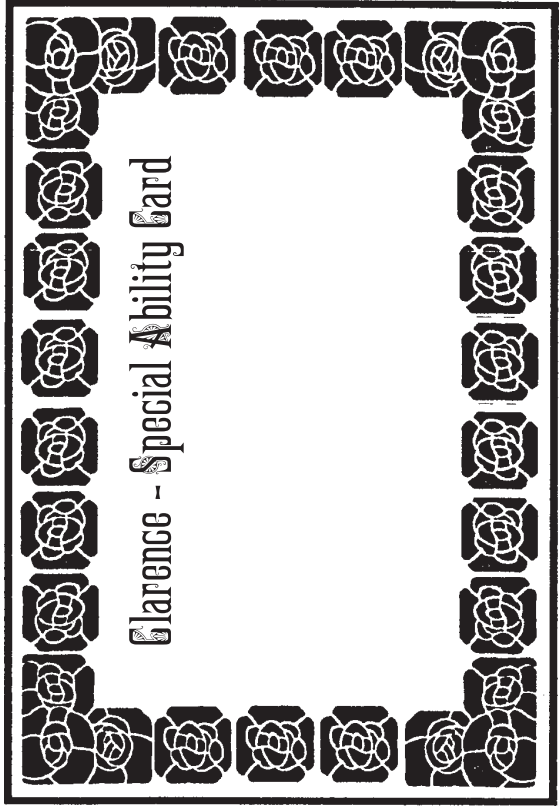


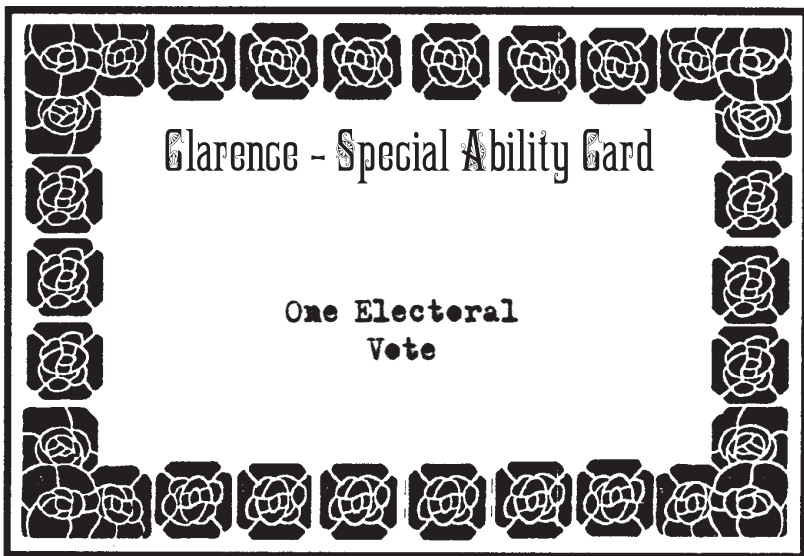
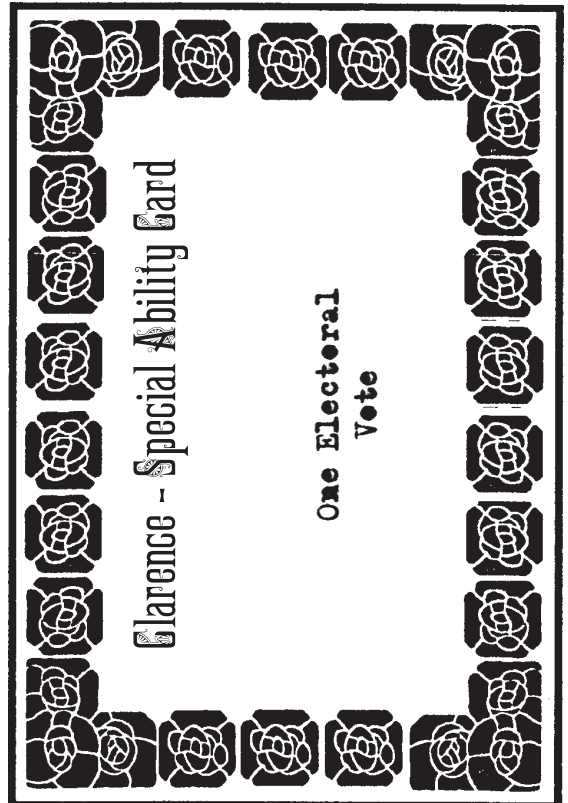
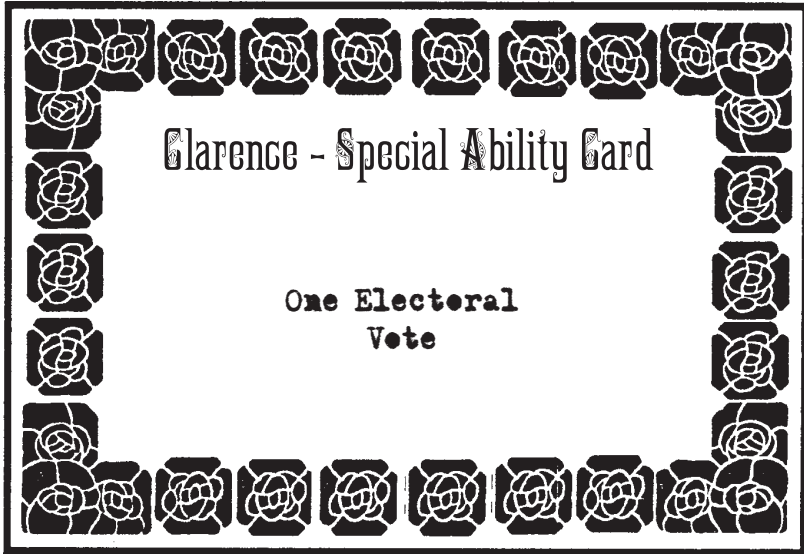
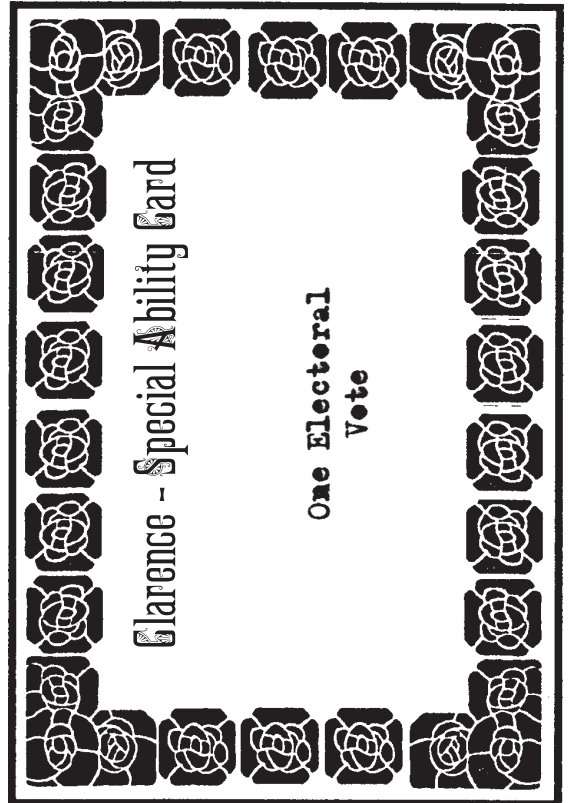
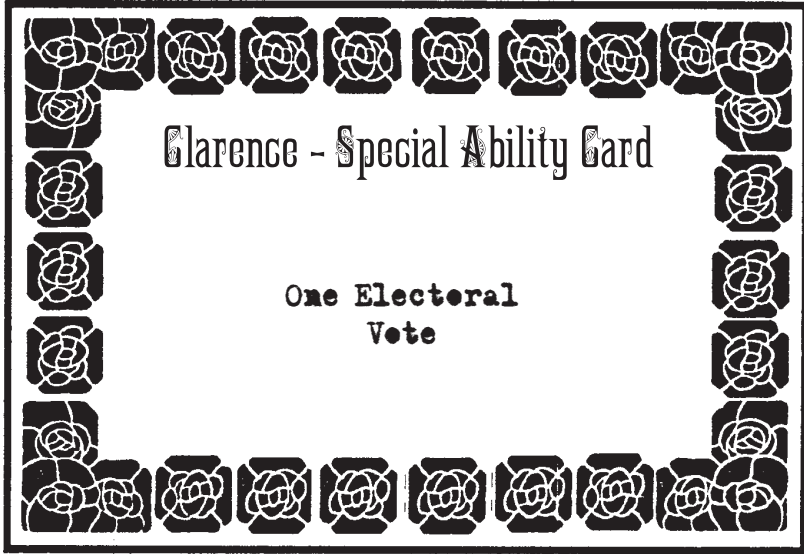
CARDS

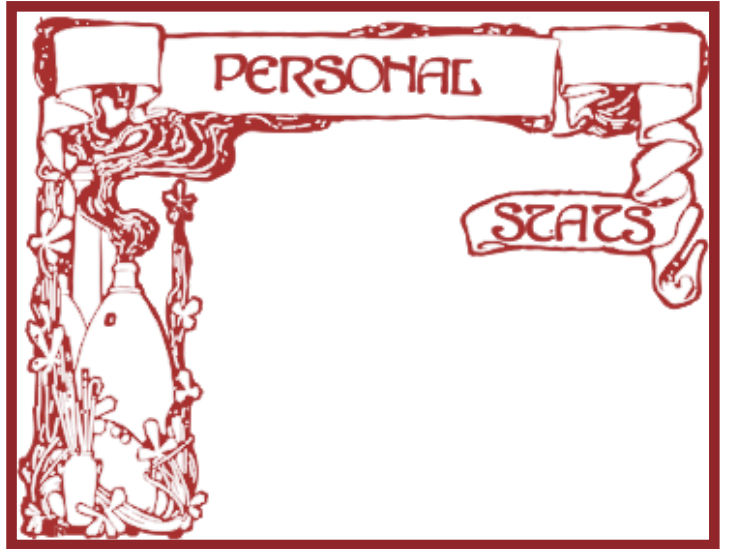


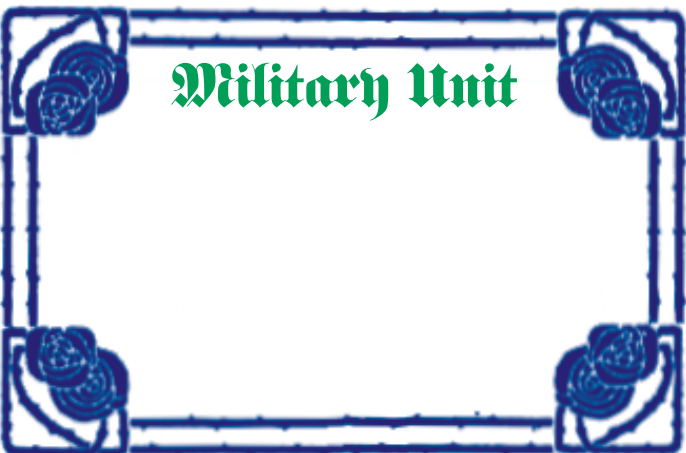
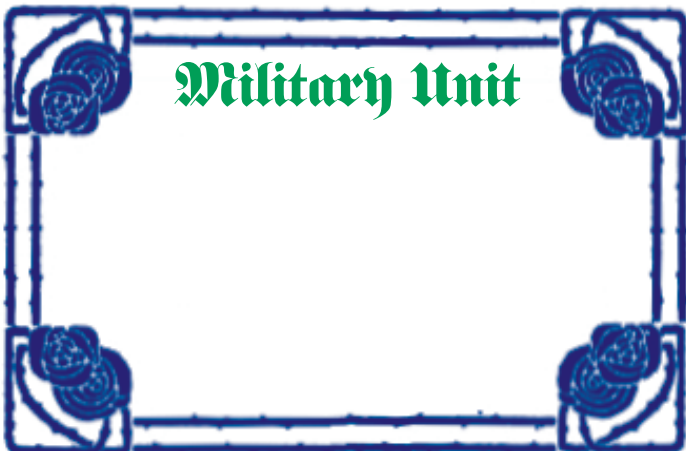
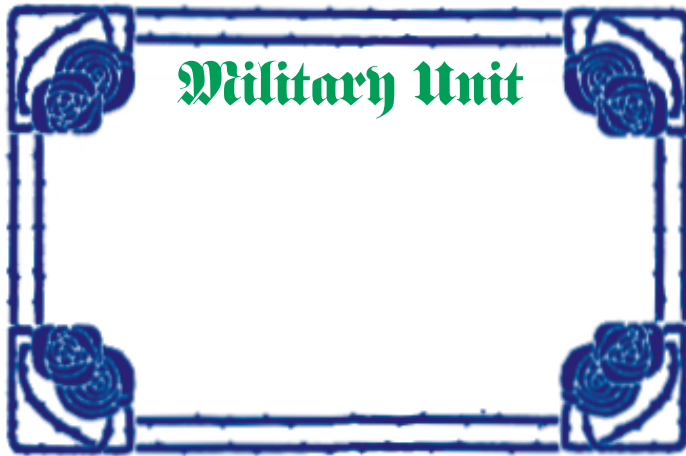
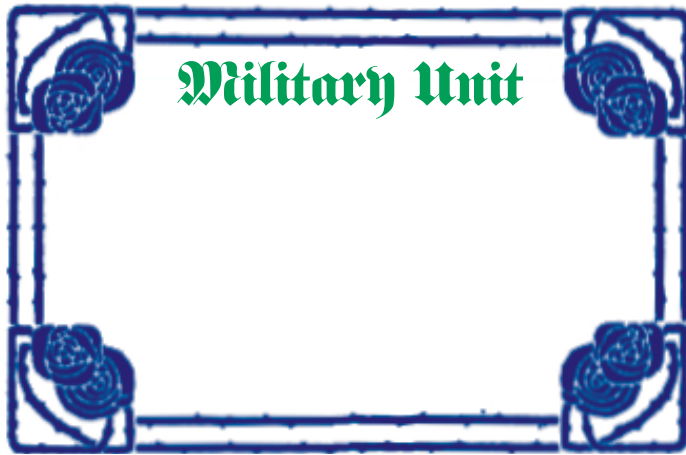


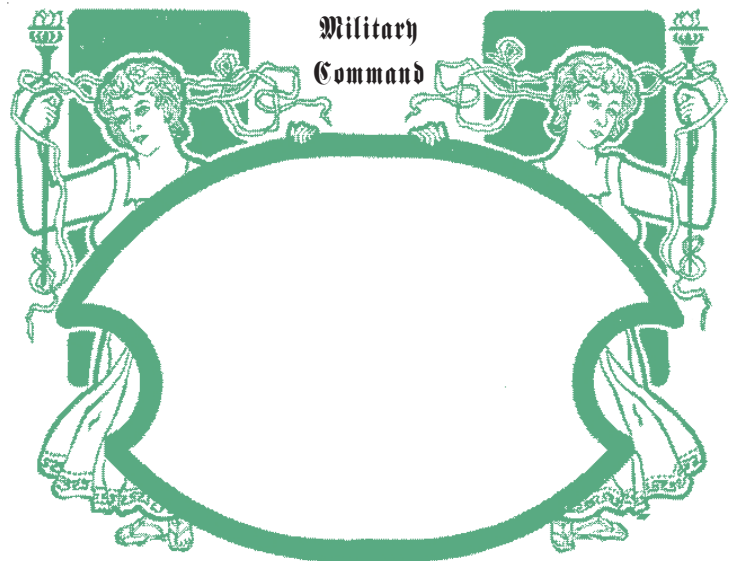
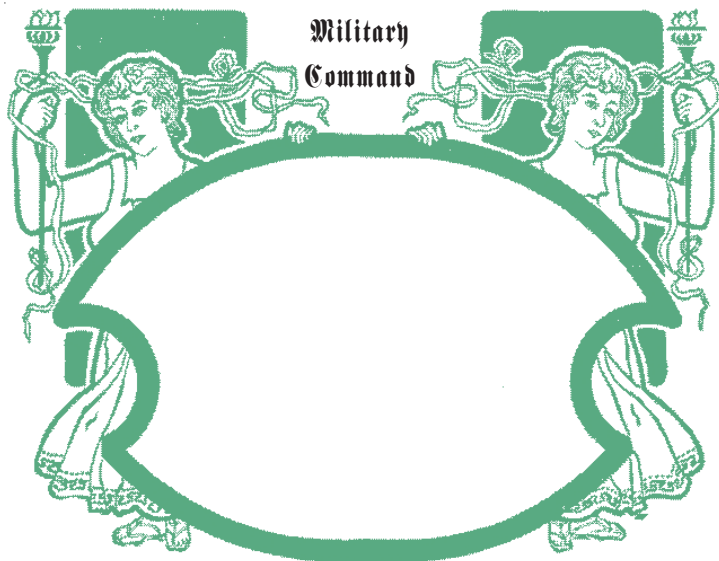
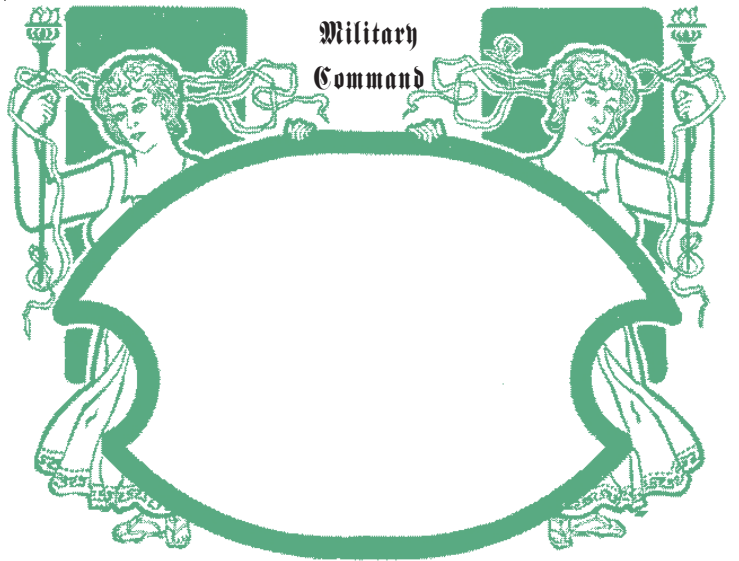
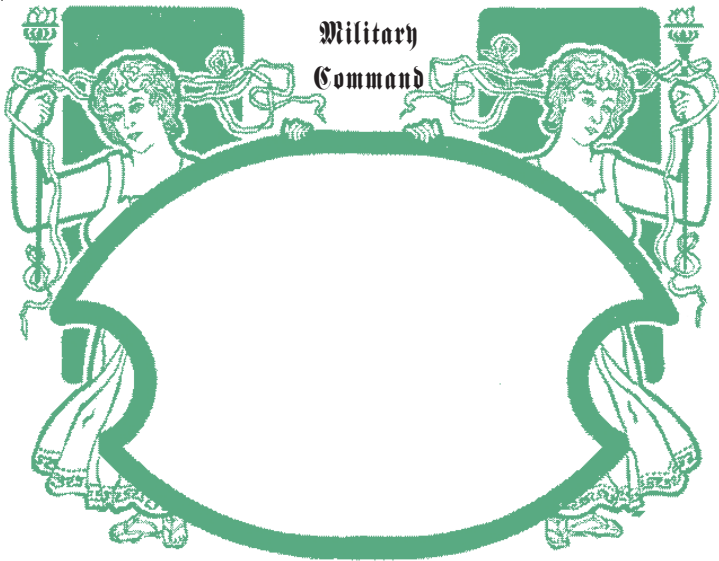
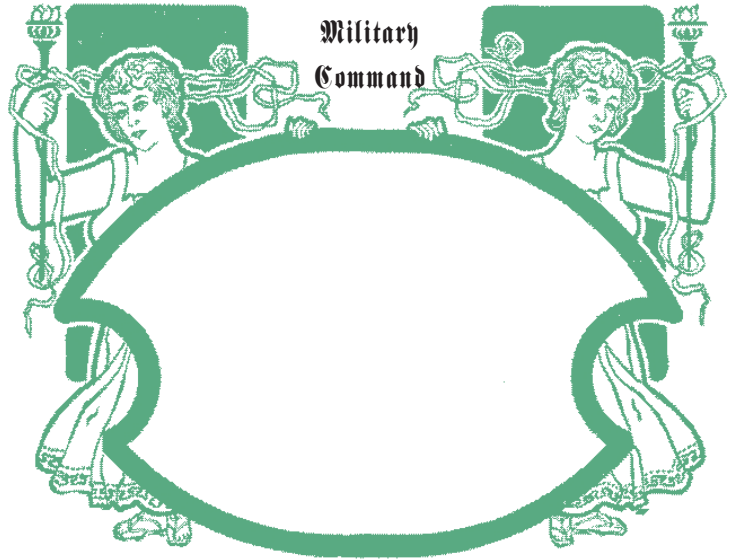
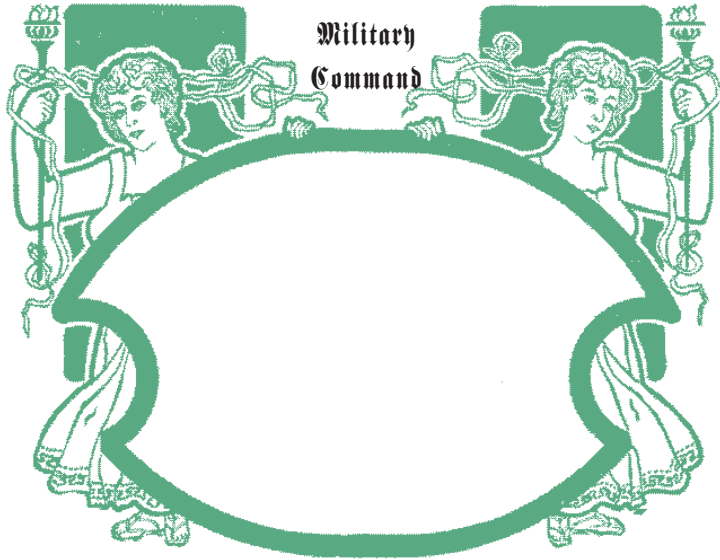












MONEY

VI

An *Evening* with Clarence

A Note about the Graphics

Graphics are an odd sideline of the world of LARP. In the Washington area, where Clarence was originally run, there was a fairly high premium set on appearance. Game materials were expected to - at least - be visually appealing, and potentially even beautiful. Further north this tendency did not prevail. As late as 1937, games run in Philadelphia, New York, and points north were more likely to have simple Cyclostyle item cards, functional but inelegant. In Baltimore and Washington, where LARP had caught on principally among an arts and theatre crowd, there were many artists, and several GMs who were either talented artists themselves - such as Dolores Cooke and Ivan Collins, or who had access to artists in their immediate family.

Graphics however had their own risks. Often the job was subcontracted - long before anyone had thought of subletting other elements of the game, such as modularized production of characters or scenes, or even properties manufacture, it was not unusual to recruit an artist to design the visual elements - especially the cover and the money.

Subcontractors could make a game look "better than it was." Likewise artistically talented GMs risked spending too much time on props and appearance, and having the game suffer. It was an embarrassment to have a game that looked wonderful, but was missing half of its characters. Yet it happened more than once.

Money was, in particular, a mark of pride and elegance in Washington and Baltimore games. In the early days of LARP, games vied to create the most elegant and unique money, often launching fanciful and abstract designs. The Depression Era - when real money became scarce - saw the end of this custom - later games would use readily available stage money or some other easy to render prop.

How the Elements were produced:

Cards:

Lena Collins produced all the item cards

The Borders were struck using the fairly new technique of linoleum block printing. Linoleum had been around since the 1860s, and Linoleum block printing, which would be popularized by Picasso, was developed shortly before the turn of the century.

The Titles were inked using J. R. Holcomb & Co.'s Hektograph, carefully tracing outlines from a book of steel type samples. The Hektograph was used because it offered several color choices, and was much faster than Linoleum, since only a stencil had to be cut.

The two classes of Military Card were not in fact used, unless Bucher used them to make notations during runtime. Presumably it was originally intended to have a control card for every single unit, but that degree of granularity was never reached. No characters had Military Leadership Cards again, unless Bucher wrote them during runtime.

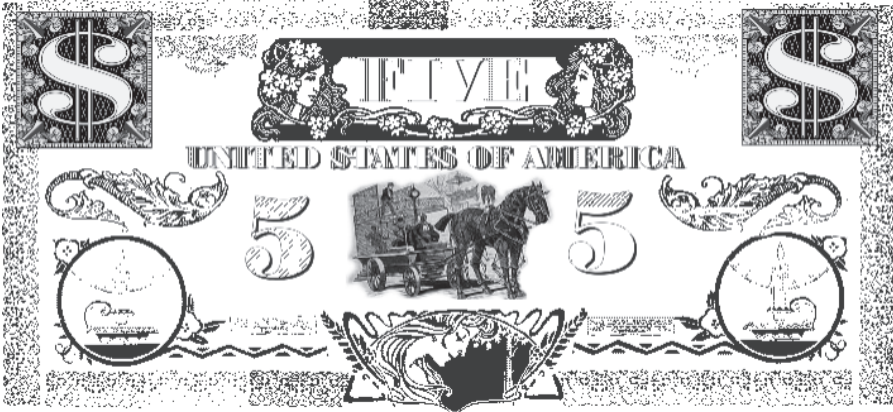
Money:

The money was principally produced by Lena Collins, however Ivan Collins produced the final plates. The entire bill was drawn, then set up and photographed, with the focal art in the center, which had been cut out.

Ivan then made heliogravure plates, allowing the entire rather sophisticated piece to be struck. Lena had originally wanted to make two plates, striking the money in two or even three colors, but there simply was not time, and the money, while very attractive, was monochrome.



Lena Collins produced the cover for Metagame Vol. II No. II, and several other editions. Early Metagames were issued quarterly, but often carried the month of issue instead of the quarter. By 1909, issues were labelled Spring, Summer, etc. Under K. Walton Barrett, Metagame carried no Article headers on the cover. Later editors would adopt a more "newsy" style, and use cheaper methods of production.

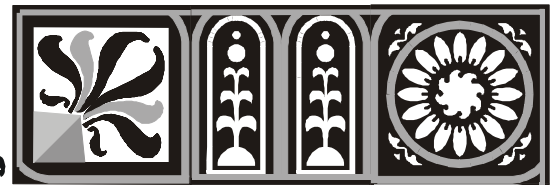


An *With* EVENING Clarence

APPENDICES

VII

An *With* EVENING Clarence



Items

Each Player Receives 1
"Elephant Part"

Part of a Scientific Formula for something called "The Accelerator"
Dr. Schultze

The Airship "Sky Courser"
This also has stats as a Combat Unit
The General

Map of a Lost Tibetan City
Captain Mors

The Submersible Enigma
This also has stats as a Combat Unit
Capt. Duggan

Electric Guns
Can Equip one Combat Unit, or be used by the bearer as a weapon
Capt. Duggan

Part of a Scientific Formula for something called "The Accelerator"
Dr. Frankenstein

Blueprints to an Electrical Device which will revive the dead
Dr. Frankenstein

Inventor
Special ability
Inventions require Money
Dr. Frankenstein

Hatchet
Carry Nation

Sea Spider
This also has stats as a Combat Unit
Tom Edison Jr.

Body Armor
Tom Edison Jr.

Plans for improved Machine Gun
Tom Edison Jr.

Gun +1 to Combat
Dick Lightheart

Gun +1 to Combat
Peecee Boyd

Electric Gun +2 to Combat
Dr. Ollie Ralceigh

Parts of an Electric Gun
Dr. Roquelaure

Gun
Hartmann

Accelerator
Doses 0 0
Hartmann

Gun +1 to Combat
Nick Carter

War Machine
Davelli



An *Evening* with Clarence

Special Abilities

Inventor
Special ability
Inventions require Money
Tom Edison Jr.

Modern Artillery
For \$300 can build one unit of
Modern Artillery
Tom Edison Jr.

The Procedure - If you can immobilize a patient (win combat, and have at least two helpers to restrain them) you can remove the anti-social gland from the Brain. They will lose all anti-social or Anarchist tendencies. They may choose to voluntarily submit.
Dr. Schultze

Inventor
Special ability
Inventions require Money
Dr. Schultze

Modern Artillery
For \$200 can build one unit of
Modern Artillery

Psychic Abilities Beyond Mortal Men
Dr. Pekoe

Answer One Question Truthfully - Useable once per player
Dr. Pekoe

"You do not want to attack me" - Useable once per player
Dr. Pekoe

Yellow Danger
Summon the Asiatic Hordes
Yen How

Inventor
Special ability
Inventions require Money
Tom Edison Jr.

Modern Artillery
For \$300 can build one unit of
Modern Artillery
Tom Edison Jr.

Machine Gun
For \$200 can build one unit of
Improved Machine Gun Troops
Tom Edison Jr.

Seduction
Surrender one Item (per player) without combat if you lose at Rochambeau. You do not mind giving up the item.
Pecdee Boyd

Southern Belle
You can't declare combat on me
Pecdee Boyd

Psychic
Dr. Nikola

Machine Gun
If you are able to secure the plans ,
For \$200 can build one unit of
Improved Machine Gun Troops
Hartmann

Strong Willed
Immune to Psychic Influence
Can Lie on "Answer One Question Truthfully"
Lady Grey

Carmilla - you must obey any one command I give you.
Dr. Nikola

Psychic
Flaxman Low

Psychic and Vampire
Carmilla

Immobilization
You cannot declare combat on me
Carmilla

Psychic Control
The Beetle

Terror
You cannot declare combat on me
Psychics Only may declare combat if they prevail at
Rochambeau
The Beetle

Can Move or delegate movement of the Military Forces of
the Confederate States
The President USA

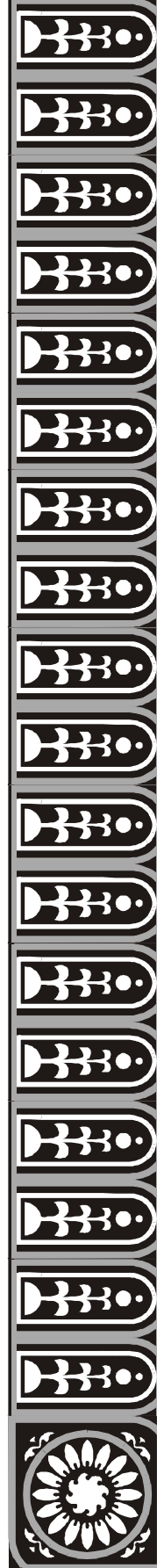
Can Move or delegate movement of the Military Forces of
the United States
The President CSA

Arrest
Lose 10 minutes without a Combat
Dick Grey

An *Evening* Clarence



The Eugenist	The Eugenist	The potted palm	Psychic Power: 0	Generalship: 3
Dr. Schultze	Dr. Schultze	Strength: 5		Psychic Power: 5
Strength: 5		Generalship: 0	Peedec Boyd	
Generalship: 0		Psychic Power: 0	Strength: 5	Dr. Nikola
Psychic Power: 0		Trilby	Generalship: 2	Strength: 6
		Strength: 2	Psychic Power: 1	Generalship: 3
The General	The General	Generalship: 0	Dr. Ollie Raleigh	Psychic Power: 5
Strength: 6		Psychic Power: neg 2	Strength: 5	Flaxman Low
Generalship: 6		The Lunatic	Generalship: 0	Strength: 4
Psychic Power: 1		Carry Nation	Psychic Power: 0	Generalship: 1
		Strength: 5	The Alienist Roquelare	Psychic Power: 5
Captain Mors		Generalship: 2	Strength: 4	Camilla
Strength: 5		Psychic Power: 1	Generalship: 0	Strength: 6
Generalship: 1		Tess of the D'Urbervilles	Psychic Power: 4	Generalship: 0
Psychic Power: 0		Strength: 4	Hartmann	Psychic Power: 4
		Generalship: 0	Strength: 5	Mrs. Beadle
Capt Harold Duggan		Psychic Power: 0	Generalship: 4	Strength: 7
Strength: 5		William Jenner Bryant	Psychic Power: 2	Generalship: 5
Generalship: 2		Strength: 5	Nick Carter	Psychic Power: 6
Psychic Power: 0		Generalship: 4	Strength: 5	The Vicar
		Psychic Power: 2	Generalship: 1	Strength: 4
Dr. Pekoc		Tom Edison Jr.	Psychic Power: 1	Generalship: 0
Strength: 2		Strength: 5	Lady Grey	Psychic Power: 1
Generalship: 0		Generalship: 2	Strength: 5	Dick Grey the Policeman
Psychic Power: 5		Psychic Power: 1	Generalship: 2	Strength: 5
		Dick Lightheart	Psychic Power: 2	Generalship: 0
Dr. Frankenstein		Strength: 6	Signor Niccolo Davelli	Psychic Power: 0
Strength: 5		Generalship: 1	Strength: 6	The Green Fairy
Generalship: 0				
Psychic Power: 1				





An *With* EVENING Clarence



Errata

- 1) Much of the Game is missing
- 2) The Backup characters were never written. We only know their names because they had stat cards
- 3) Chinese Horde Troops do not require payment for upkeep
- 4) I itch