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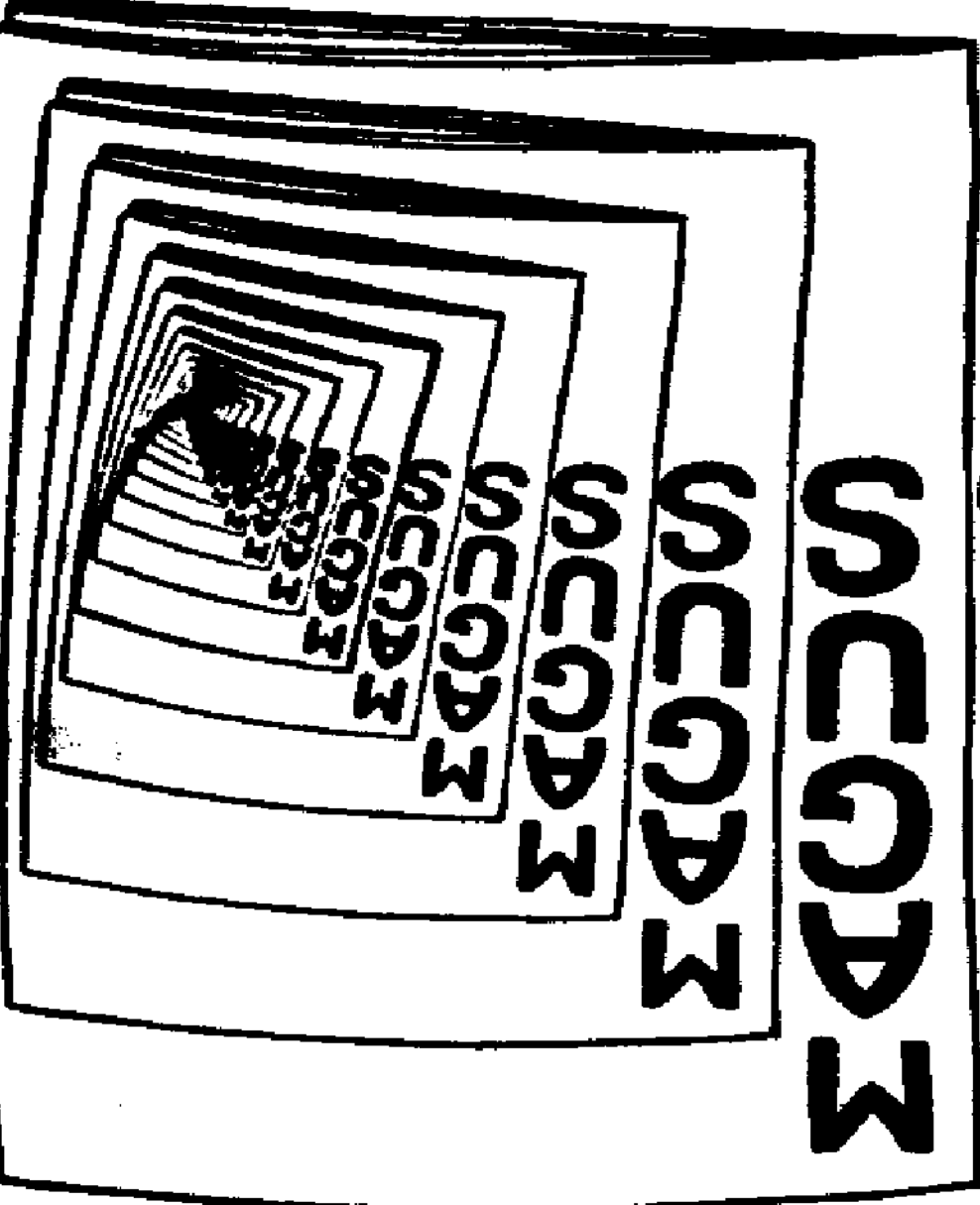
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EXIT STAGE LEFT once again. This is a strange issue. One game ends, another falters for lack of players, the GM is feeling sort of depressed about the latter, and already misses the former. The hobby news I had hoped to include as soon as there was space got left out. I had about a page and a half of news, some of it dated by what I've just read, and neither time nor interest to clean it up and pad it out to four pages. Maybe next time. I think I have figured out another way to use this computer to put together an up-to-date hobby news page. We will see what we will see when we see it, of course.

Special note to Le Ronde players and Bourse players. The Le Ronde game will be postponed until I receive a set of orders for Turkey. I expect the postponement to be one month, since I have a fair confidence in the person currently asked to standby. (He's sent me moves before!) In any case, the Bourse will continue. Buying and selling, business as usual as it were.

The pagecount took a nosedive this time. Not that I'm complaining, mind you. We are down to what I had originally thought was more pages than I would ever run. Best laid plans and all like that...

There are no new game openings, nor likely to be for quite some time. The subscriber count is holding steady at 65. There are a couple of sample requests this time, and one subscriber seems to have moved away and left no forwarding address. Anyone know where James Bragg is these days?

This month's offering looks a bit like this:

EXIT STAGE LEFT	(the afterward)	page 1
PATTER	(the Magician expounds)	page 2
FIAT BELLUM	(Don William's subzine)	page 4
ILLUSIONS	(the games, of course)	page 24
OUT OF THE HAT	(Conundrums)	page 41
OTHER ESCAPES	(Movies, TV and books)	page 42

The standby list: Larry McCloud, Mark Keller, Dick Martin, John Crow, Fiat Evil, John Huestis, Mark Coldiron, Scott Hanson, David Schaubert, Jim Keeney, Don Swartz, Gregory Stewart. If you want either on, or off, please let me know and I'll adjust the list (just for you). If you are called to standby, the issue that you send me standby orders will be yours for free, whether the orders are used or not.

MAGUS can be obtained through the inferior method of paying me, Steve Langley, \$6.00 for 10 issues, or through the far superior method of writing for these pages. I pay for all submissions used with sub credits. The zine comes out once a month, with it's mailing date set to be the Wednesday following the first Friday of the month. The first Friday of the month is ZAT for all games in MAGUS that I GM.

The above changes what I changed last month. Now I'm going to change it all again. This month, ZAT will be the second Friday, not the first. FIAT BELLUM was held up a couple days by Don William's high living schedule, and an additional three by the speedy delivery the Postal Authorities gave his Special Delivery package. It left Redlands on the 5th of June and was delivered here on the 8th. This is a problem that seems to have no happy solution. Something will have to be done! Wish I knew what it is to be. Maybe five week deadlines for MAGUS to give Don some additional time for the mail delivery lag.

MARK BERCH DEPARTMENT: My mother visited and insisted that I would look lots better if I would get my hair cut. I think I'll braid it instead. It rained, a cloudburst, for us the first of June. The rest of the week has been hot and getting hotter. It does seem that Spring was omitted this year.

PATTER two months back has been parodied by Julie Martin. That's fair, since she, Dick and Konrad were partially the subject. I do have one complaint...her version was funnier than mine. Especially the line about my sending Konrad's "NFP" letter to the entire 1982 Hobby census. Oh well, I guess when you get into feuds, you have to learn to take your lumps. Send a stamp or so to Dick for a copy if you are interested. And, speaking of Konrad's letter, please don't any more of you send for the copy of the 'NFP' letter I advertised. I don't have a copy. I sent everyone who did send me a SASE an envelope and a stamp, and the explanation that my offer was a joke...perhaps not a very good joke...but a joke none the less. Considering some of the responses, not from those who sent in SASEs, I'm satisfied that the joke was a success.

The following is actually press...Black Press if you will...but it fits here, and so I am presenting it here.

PATIENT PASTOR to LAUGHABLE LANSLEY: The "not for print" situation is similar to a common, everyday thing. We all have said things to friends on occasion that we did not wish repeated in certain other circles. Sometimes we prefaced these comments with, "Please don't tell anyone, but..." But whether or not we indicated our desire that the story not be repeated, we left ourselves at the mercy of the listener to use his discretion not to repeat it. The listener was bound only by his conscience and his loyalty to the originator not to repeat the story carelessly. Of course, should he repeat the story and the teller learn of it, the friendship between them could well be affected.

A "not for print" letter differs in that the people who will hear the story is completely uncontrolled. It practically guarantees that the harm to the originator that caused the originator to request "not for print" is almost certain to occur. And if it is presented despite the request, the person printing the story has intentionally abandoned friendship with the person.

So to summarize, each person writing a "not for print" letter takes a gamble that his wishes will not be followed. If he is writing to a close friend, the risk is small, if he is writing to an enemy, he knows the risk is considerable. The receiver in both cases is free to do as he likes, but to always as a matter of principle go public with the information is to isolate oneself from one's friends.

LAUGHABLE LANSLEY to PATIENT PASTOR: The similarity between the "NFP" label on a letter and the gossip's lead-in to a juicy story is more apparent than real. It's been a long time since someone has stood up in church and denounced another for repeating a story that was told in "confidence", yet the printing of "NFP" is, and has been, a serious charge brought before the court of Dipdoo many many times. Printing a "not for print" letter does give it wider exposure than say, passing along a good story on a party line. That is certainly the risk that an "enemy" takes in sending me a letter full of slander and insult about my family and friends. As you point out, that is a risk any "enemy" takes. I differ from most in confessing up front that I will not respect the "not for print" wishes of such an "enemy".

That I will print all "NFP" simply because it is so marked is not the case. I may have so implied two months back. I'm not always as clear as I would like to be. In fact, a couple of people who saw the humour in what I have done, purposely sent me "NFP" letters as jokes.

The real case is, what I print or do not print will be my decision. I will not be ruled by "NFP", rather, I will be ruled by common good sense and civility. If a friend tells me something in a letter that is to go no further, it will go no further. If a self-righteous jerk tells me how to run my life, he may see his suggestions in print.

Despite predictions, my personal mail has not dropped off all that much. Most of my friends know me well enough to know that I still respect their confidences. Notably, the only "NFP" letters I have received have been jokes. Even so, I have been let in on some personal items that will not be printed in MAGUS, and the insulting letters are nil.

And now, PATTER turns to other sources. I will quote from a couple of zines, make a few observations, and then present a silly-giss for you to solve. First, from APPALLING GREED, a letter from Julie Martin, rather a line from a letter...the subject is Gary Coughlan.

"And I have never written anyone that he is an alcoholic. Period."

Interesting. It is the case that Julie has used the term "Memphis Drunkard" to describe Gary in the pages of RETALIATION. She has also defended her use of the term by relating how, at both of her two meetings with Gary, at Dipcons, he drank! In AG, Julie makes the point that she has never called Gary an alcoholic in a letter (I'm assuming she isn't picking a nit here. If she has called him a drunkard but not an alcoholic in letters, then the observation I am about to make will fail.). Since Julie has called Gary a drunkard, but, only in a zine, not in a letter, it seems natural enough that she sees an important distinction between the two as far as the presentation of opinion is concerned.

And now, a quote from RETALIATION, in response to a letter from Kathy Byrne, on the subject of "Not For Print".

"((Funny you should ask me that, Kathy. In my opinion, "Not For Print" and "Not For Publication" are equivalent statements; hence, no, it would not be ethical to send copies of a "Not For Print" letter to other people. But this is precisely what Steve Langley is offering to do in his latest PATTER. Anyone who sends him a SASE marked "letter" will receive a copy of a not-for-print letter which Konrad sent him a while back. As a matter of fact, the only reason Konrad marked that letter not-for-print was because he didn't want to start an open hobby discussion of the matters therein, not because he was ashamed of what he had to say, or whatever. But if Stevie thinks it's OK to send out copies of a not-for-print letter, it must be ethical, right?!)"

Also interesting. The first quote implies that a letter is different and somehow more important than presentation in a zine. The second implies that Konrad didn't want his letter to be published in a zine, not out of shame for the content. What can we conclude? Well, perhaps Konrad doesn't agree with Julie; or, perhaps he wanted the letter to be taken seriously and feared it would not if it were published in a zine; or, perhaps Julie is wrong, and Konrad was secretly ashamed of the letter's contents. I think it would be unfair to conclude that simply because Julie says that if I am doing something, it must be ethical. Although, perhaps that was meant sarcastically - in which case, it would be no more fair to conclude that just because I do something that it must be unethical. That makes about as much sense as concluding that there is no difference between a 'Lady' and a 'Traep' because Kipling once wrote, "Rosie O'Grady and the Colonel's lady are sisters under the skin." I mean, after all, what does Kipling really know about women, or Julie about ethics, for that matter?

Confusing, isn't it? I really should have let Julie in on the joke before she made her ethical stand based on what I would or would not do. Considering that the joke, in part, was on her, it hardly seemed the thing to do at the time. Still, just to settle some of the dust, let me state my position (this week's position...we all change you know).

I see no distinction between any of the tags that may be put on a letter or whatnot. Not For Print, Do Not Quote, Keep Mute, Burn Before Reading, Confidential...all are one. They are obviously a statement forbidding the receiver of the letter to publish or pass along the contents. When accompanied by "cc" (code for 'courtesy copy sent') listing 15 names, it makes one wonder just such privacy the sender really wanted. That does not alter the basic intent - DO NOT DISSEMINATE!!!

FIAT BELLUM!

Number IX

"LET THERE BE WAR!"

June 1, 1982

Welcome to the subzine FIAT BELLUM, which is published monthly by Don Williams; 217-C Kays Ct., Redlands, CA 92373. Ph: (714) 793-6751. Fiat Bellum! is still the Official Diplomacy Subzine of the 1984 Olympics, (and will continue to be so, until I get tired of saying it.) It is also this California LIBERAL Democrat's answer to the East Coast ~~Massachusetts~~ ~~Florida~~ Clique of Republicans. So come on, all you Democrats...LET'S STAND UP and BE COUNTED!!!! I know there's got to be a few of us out there, (I know for sure of at least one...but he swears he'll deny it if I blow his cover...what a chicken...he's afraid Hightler or Michalski will send their Gestapo goons around, but anyway...where was I...sigh, already side-tracked and not even to...

CAVEAT EMPTOR*****let the buyer beware

...here! (Pretty nifty trick, eh? Say, did you ever stop to think about all the neat stuff you learn to do with a typewriter after you get into this hobby that you didn't know how to do before? (Like writing long and convoluted run-on sentences about nonsensical subjects? Well, just for the record, I was writing such "verbal and semantic gymnastic contortions" (as one tearful ex-English teacher of mine put it shortly before his breakdown) long before I ever got involved with typewriters, ZATs, deadlines or bagladies.) Hmm...I'd best go back to see if I closed all my parenthesis, some nit-picker like Swider or Grady is sure to write and point out my failures as a writer...yep, all closed. This month's FB is once again late, I'm afraid, because the last two weeks have been very hectic, both at work and at home, AND at school... (I'm sure a few of you students out there know exactly what I'm talking about...finals at CSCSB are next week...sigh... I spent this last weekend (well...all day Friday and half of Saturday) in Vegas... My third trip up there in two years, and the first time I've ever come back with some of their money--usually when they see me walk in the door they ask if I've got enough gas in the car to get home... that always makes me a bit uneasy, y'know? Anyway, I didn't get much, (about \$60.00), but they did pay my way up, back, and for my vittles. I went up with Howard Friedman and Jim Grady, you should know the names by now if you've been subbing for even a few months; Jim is in Leviathan and Howard is the "Resident Comedian". And so, we went up, and met with four of Jim's friends, to celebrate Jim's last few weeks of bachelorhood...you see, Jim's getting married (I can hear the Baglady screaming now!) at the end of June. Congrats to you and Diane, Jim, and may you two succeed in everything you do.

Only one bad incident marred the otherwise great trip. Jim's car was burgled in the parking lot of Circus-Circus...Jim lost about \$150 in tapes and I lost an expensive black leather jacket...but, HEY!, at least they didn't take the car. Live and learn, I guess.

Because of the above mentioned trip, I didn't attend THIS year's US Festival as same as I didn't attend last year's US Festival. Oh, well, a few of my friends went. They said it was fun, but only barely worth

(Caveat Emptor continues, next page.)

-FB 2-

(Caveat Emptor continues.)

the hassle to get in and out; let's face it...300,000 bodies is mucho crowded, no matter how you stack 'em and pack 'em. Anyway, my group wasn't playing (Queen) (please, no jokes about their last three ~~stuffy~~ albums, okay?) so I didn't really feel motivated enough to subject myself to a contact high (they tell me you could smell the grass from the freeway!). Maybe next time, Woz, okay? I suspect that I should get around to the business of this subline sometime soon (but I'm having so much FUN!) Still, I must be mature about this, so, on with...

***** END CAVEAT EMPTOR *****

...an Elephant Joke, but this one has a twist. Seems like this guy, probably a New Yorker, had a very bad problem. Quite simply put, he was underendowed in the last-place-in-the-world-a-man-wants-to-be-underendowed-department. He was shorter than the Desperate Man's short dickey...I mean, this guy was miniscule. Short. Got it? Okay, so he goes to see this doctor and asks the doctor if there's anything the doc can do to help him gain some "stature", (that means make his dick longer, Woody). Well, the doctor looks over the problem and says, "Hmm, yes, I can see you have a problem. Unfortunately," says the doc, "there is no easy remedy. My only option is to replace your manhood," and here the doc snickered very unkindly, "with a baby elephant trunk." The guy's aghast, but he's also pretty desperate, so he says, "Doctor, I'll do anything."

The operation is a success; no complications and the trunk grafts on quite nicely. A few weeks of recuperation and the guy is ready to try things out, you know, 'give it a whirl'. So, he asks out this really hot number from his office (she's probably a Cathy Summing look-alike... or something.) She accepts, and he's in heaven. So, they go out, probably a show and then dinner...but you can make it anything you want, as long as they end up at dinner...cause what they do before dinner has nothing to do with this joke, got it? OK. So, they're at dinner and he's feeling great, self-assured--a man of action. Suddenly, the elephant trunk, which has been quietly minding its own business down his left trouser leg all night, WHIPS out onto the table, grabs a hard biscuit, and WHIPS back down under the table. The lady friend is visibly impressed and she asks him, "Wow! Can you do that again?" to which he replies, "I guess so, but I don't think my ass could take another hard biscuit..."

THE BURN WARD: Greg Stewart, Hank Nichols, John Malacek, Bob Slossar, Daf Fritz, Jim Grady, ~~Donald Reagan~~, Scott Williams and, GASP, Evans Givan. To get on, contact me here at FB's home office, and you're on. To get off, contact Woody or Brux...they'll think of something... If you are called as a stand-by, you will receive our free issue of Magus, (God and Langley permitting), whether your orders are used or not. If they are used, you then inherit a ~~probably suitable position~~ the spot.

QUICK LIT SECTION: Quick Lit is about to die, through a complete and total lack of interest...sigh...oh well, perhaps I should have needed the author of last month's, and the month's before it, quote, which was, "Believe everything you here about the world; nothing is too impossibly bad." The author? The Frenchman, BALZAC...eh, those French, such joyful cynics! And now, say good-bye to Quick Lit....

OKEE Department: As we all know, if we've faithfully been reading MOS, (I know, I know...I don't really read it either but, look, we've been humoring him this long...) John ~~Michalski~~ Michalski is in the Reserves and must spend two weeks of his life a year in extreme depravity at an AFB (that's Air Force Base, for you non-military types.) Well, it

(...it? It whate? To find out, see next page...the nonsense continues.)

-FB 4-

LEVIATHAN

MN: 1982Ngr15
 NR: 007

FINAL CONFLICT

GM: Don Williams
 NEXT SEASON: FALL 2003
 ZAT: JUNE 30, 1983.



Head for the Fallout Shelters! Brazil and China learn about Ground Zero...the hard way...Meanwhile, the nooses tighten around Russia and China--it looks bad for the Commies folks, but hey, this IS...

L*B*V*I*A*T*H*A*N

"Where life is nasty, brutish and short..."

Leviathan

The Players

AUS (James Brady)	425 Merrimac Way #B-308, Costa Mesa, CA 92626.
BRA (Tom Swider)	1183 Robinson Hill Rd., Endwell, NY 13760.
CHI (Dave Anderson)	219 Oakland Ave. Apt. #2, Pontiac, MI 48058.
PAL (Greg Stewart)	618 Short Dickey, Greenfield, OH 45123.
RUS (John Cholacek)	95 36 W. Mohawk Dr., Mystic Islands, NJ 08087.
SAF (John Crow)	13326 Mahan Rd. #227, Dallas, TX 75240.
USA (Mike Mazzer)	1338-B Harvard St., Santa Monica, CA 90404.

ERRATA SECTION (Where monthly you will see your kindly GM remove his foot from his mouth!)-

Well, I screwed up again; shit, Tom didn't tell me it would be so complicated when he made me start this game! It really IS a lot tougher than I thought it would be. But enough with the apologies, let's get down to correcting last month's SNAFU's:

- 1) Brazil F RIO was omitted last month which means that the maint. costs listed (\$18) were wrong...\$21 is correct cost.
- 2) USA maint. cost was \$18, not \$15, but...
- 3) USA has ONT, which I incorrectly listed as a non-sc. So add \$2 and he has \$33, thus nearly offsetting my error.

In all cases, sorry. I hope it doesn't detract from the enjoyment of the game...I will try harder in the future to avoid such mistakes.

In line with that intent, starting this year the Winter season will become a separate turn: the nature of the game makes it nearly impossible to make contingency moves based on your neighbor's builds. Any objections? I thought not. Seriously, let me know. And now, back to the game, still in progress...

Autumn 2002

CHINESE F mly Retreats CHS.
 RUSSIAN F sib Retreats OTB, A sib Retreats LEN.

Winter 2002 Adjustments

AUS (Jim)	Builds N SYD, F BOR. Removes F nez. Has \$9 saved.
BRA (Tom)	Builds A VEN. Removes F pru. Has \$6 saved.
CHI (Dave)	No builds. No removals. Has \$0 saved.
PAL (Greg)	Builds F SAU, A BAG, A IBE. Has \$2 saved.
RUS (John Ch)	Removes F man. Has \$0 saved.
SAF (John Cr)	No builds. No removals. Has \$2 saved.

-FB 5-

(Leviathan Winter 2002 Adjustments, continue.)

USA (Mike) Builds F ALA, F NEW, N CAL. Has \$0 saved.

1982Ngr16 Leviathan

Spring 2003

AUS (Jim) N syd-L-Chu, A bur-THA, F bor-CHS(F MLY S), F per-MLY,
F neg-JAS.

BRA (Tom) A eng-FRA(F NEA S), A ven-CON(F MAO C), F arg-SWA (P SEN S,
F RIO S)

CHI (Dave) F chs-CAN, A kas-SIN, F SIB-kan, A chu-pib(nsu; *),
F chu-man(nsu; *)

PAL (Greg) A ben-HUN(F TUR S), F mor-MED, A nig-GHA, A ira-KUR,
A bag-TUR, A IBE-fra, F EGY-sud F SAU-psg.

RUS (John Ch) F nth-BEN, F hun S F nth-BEN(**;r len,pol,sca,OTB),
A MOS H(F MOS S, A LEN S).

SAF (John Cr) F saf-SOM, A rho-ZAN, P MOZ-sud(impossible;***), F WAF-swa,
F WIO-psg, A SUD-egy.

USA (Mike) N cal-L-FOR, F jap-SOJ, F ala-ARC(F ALA S), A bri-YUK,
F new-CAR, F HAW S F KAM, P KAM S F jap-SOJ, F CEN-col(****)

* Unit was destroyed by nuclear attack.

** Support not cut, but plane unit must retreat at end of turn.

*** See "Planes", paragraph 2 of Revised 2nd Ed. Rules.

**** Coastal designation (ec or wc?) not given.

2AY for Summer 2003 Retreats and Fall 2003 orders is June 30, 1963.
And now, on to the press...

BLACK PRESS SECTION BLACK PRESS SECTION BLACK PRESS SECTION BLACK PRESS
SAF: I only like dreaming, all the day long, where no one is screaming...
GM: Be good!--Be good! Be good!--Be good! Be good!--Be good! Johnny...
REAL GM: I didn't say that...I really didn't!
END BLACK PRESS END BLACK PRESS END BLACK PRESS END BLACK PRESS END BLACK
PRESS:

SAF-GAME: Oops. Fell asleep--did I miss much?

NUKE SYDNEY-CHUNGKING: I come from the land Down-Under; see the glow,
hear the thunder! Can you hear, can you hear the thunder? Oh, you'd
better run, you'd better take cover!

GM-NUKE: I think it's a little late for the warning, don't you?

USA-USSR: Oops! Another Chinese enclave is Siberia. The little devils
are popping up everywhere! Gotta flush them buggers out. Don't worry,
John, it's still the Chinese I'm after. Trust me!

GM-HIMSELF: Trust Muzzer? HAW! HAW! HAW! HAW! HAW! HAW! Snicker...

CHINA-USA, AUSTRALIA: I, Premier Ander-san, do hereby declare war on
you, until, you are defeated. This is not what I wanted, I wanted peace.
But, as it was forced upon me, I will fight to the death of the Russian.

GM-RUSSIA: Care to say anything about that, First Secretary Cholacek?

IRAN-AUSTRALIA: Storms at Sea? Hmmm?? You must have rolled a three
on the Random Events Table.

GM-IRAN: Wrong, boy-o. Jim here is a die-hard Yorkist in the AH game,
Kingsmaker. That "event" is drawn from a deck of cards. You're thinking
about Divine Right!, aren't you?

AYATOLLAH DESPERATEMANI-ARIES: It is well known that humor is forbid-
den by strict religious codas. See Koran: Chapter LXXI, paragraph 3;
"Hogga nogga yokes warrant removal of the offending limb."

GM-AYATOLLAH: So, THAT'S what happened...Tommy didn't send in any press
this turn...and he phoned in his moves...Does it hurt, Tom?

(Leviathan press continues, after map page.)

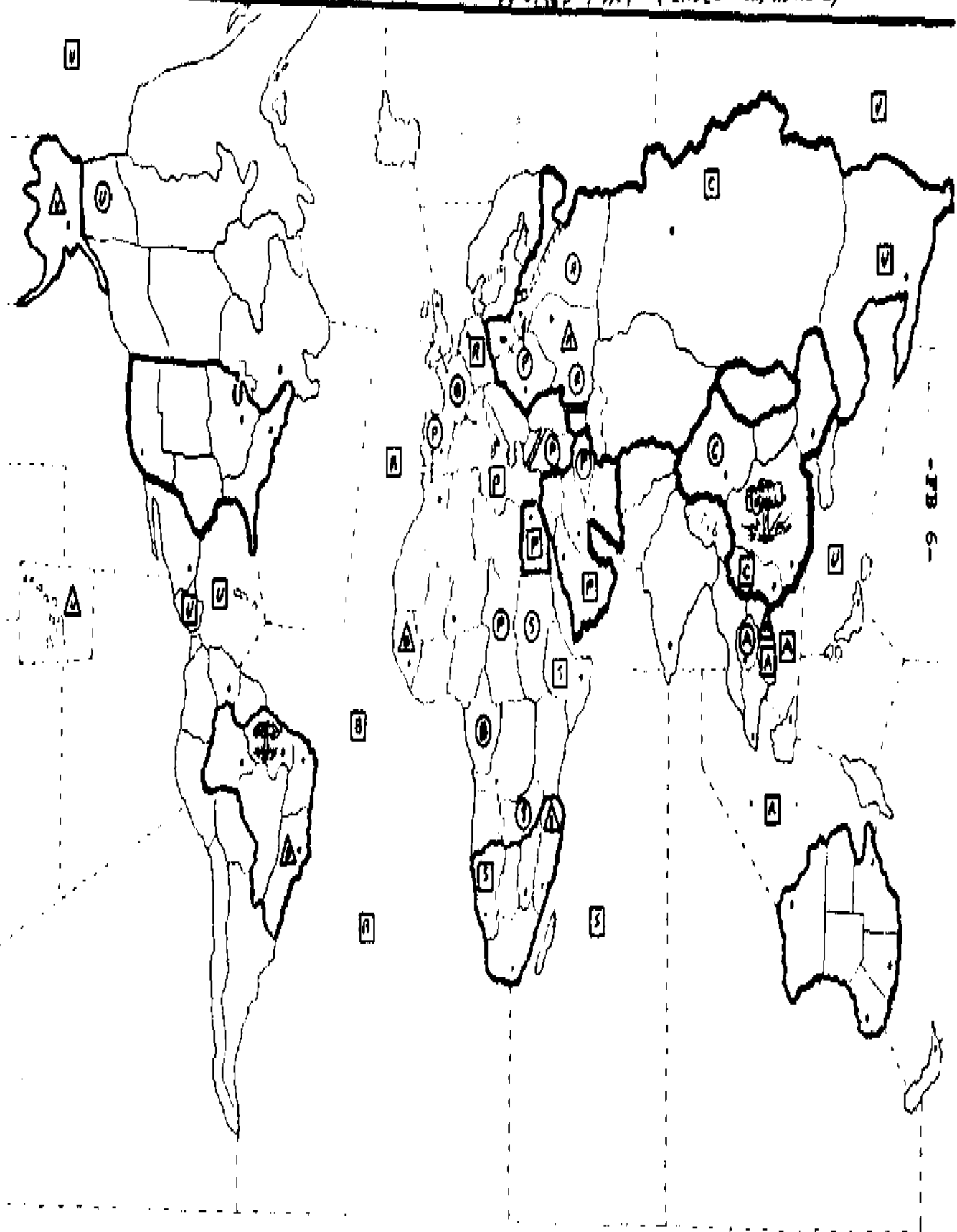
FINAL CONFLICT



L*E*V*E*L*O*F*H*E*A*N

Situatio Map for Spring '03
(Does not show retreats)

WORLD MAP (2ND EDITION, REVISED)



-FB 6-

-FB 8-

CHESHIRE CATS

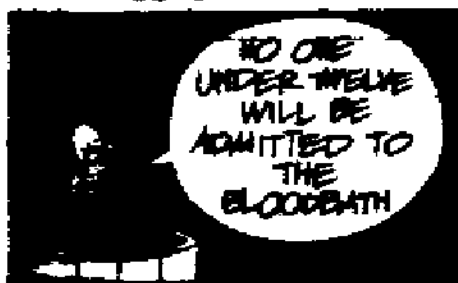
MN: 1982Mrb32

GUNBOAT DIPLOMACY

GM: Don Williams

NEXT SEASON: SPRING '04

ZAT: JUNE 30, 1983.



A Bloodbath? Maybe, but not this season. Just about everyone bumps heads this time. Still, France looks to have a problem coming up as Italy shifts to the West!

CHESHIRE CATS

Fall 1903

- AUS A tri-VIE, A alb-TRI, F gre-ION, A BUL S A BUD-rum, A BUD-rum,
A SER S A BUL.
- ENG F LPL-wal, A PIC-lon, F ENG C A PIC-lon, F NWY S GER F DEN-swe,
F BEL H.
- FRA A bre-PAR, F mac-BRE, A bur-bel dir gas,war,OTB , F WAL-lon,
A PIE S ITA A TRI-TYD, USA.
- GER A tur-BUR, A sil-GAL, A MON S A tur-BUR, A HOL H, F DEN-swe.
- ITA F tys-GOL, F ion-TYN, A VEN-ita, A TUN waves at passing fleet with
thumb up nose(H).
- RUS A sev S F RUM, A gal-WAR, A mos-LIV, F RUM S TUR A ARM-bul,
F SWP-nwy, F SWP S F SWP-nwy.
- TUR A ARM-bul, F CON S A ARM-bul, F BLA C A ARM-bul.

Winter 1903

Actually, there is no need to list it this time...no dots gained or lost by anybody. Still, as I didn't list them in Winter '02 I will list them here, just in case someone gets confused.

Austria	Has Home, Ser, Gre, Bul.	Equals 5, has 5;	EVEN.
England	Has Home, Nwy, Bel.	Equals 5, has 5;	EVEN.
France	Has Home, Spa, Por.	Equals 5, has 5;	EVEN.
Germany	Has Home, Den, Hol.	Equals 5, has 5;	EVEN.
Italy	Has Home, TUN.	Equals 4, has 4;	EVEN.
Russia	Has Home, Swe, Rum.	Equals 6, has 6;	EVEN.
Turkey	Has Home.	Equals 3, has 3;	EVEN.

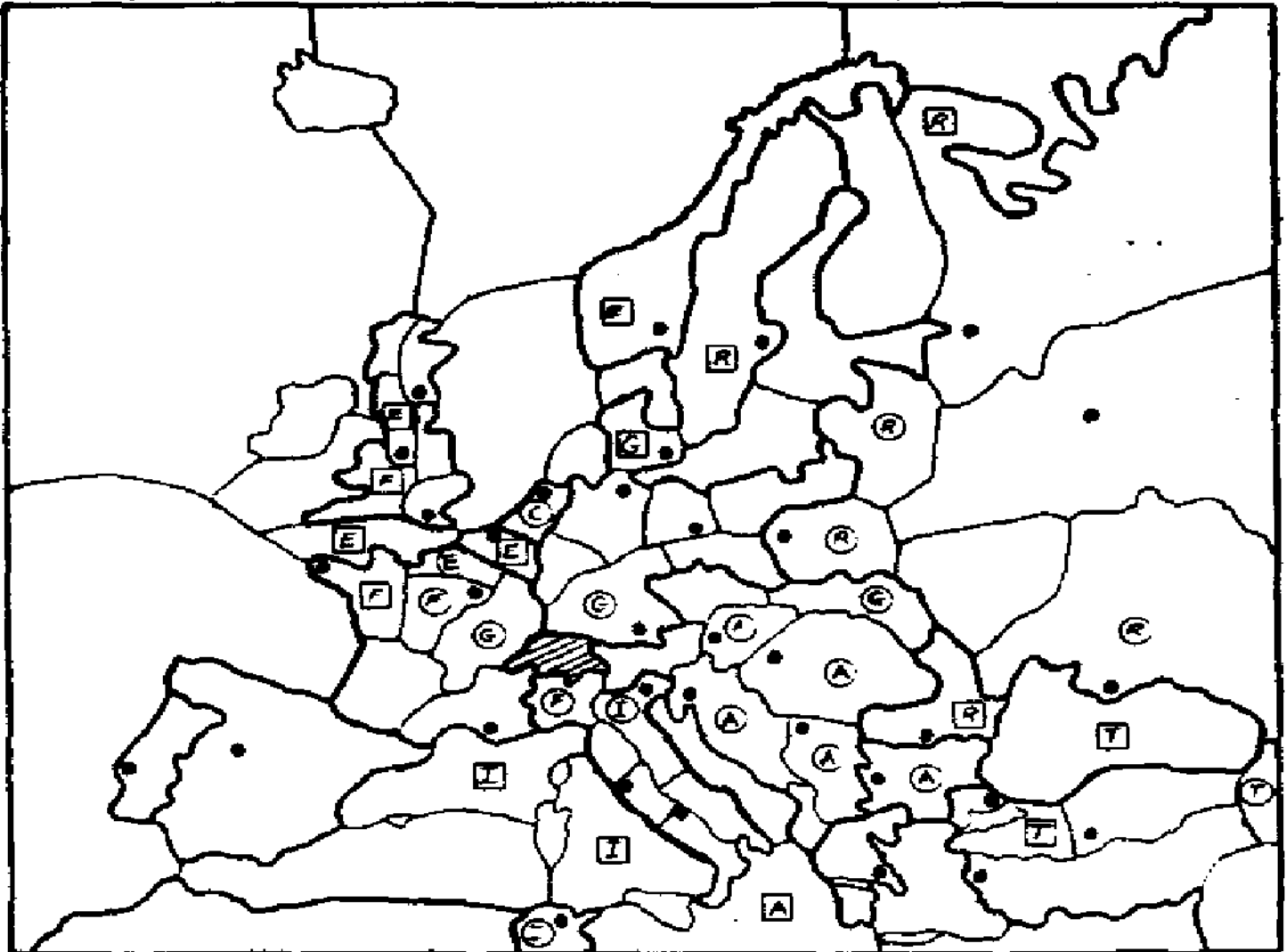
So much for Winter 1903. ZAT for Spring 1904 is June 30, 1983. And now, for the vote that you've all been waiting for...TA DAH!! By a vote of 5 to 2 the Cheshire Cats will remain invisible. There were no NVR's...and the 5 to 2 margin I cited was FIRST preference. One other thing...NOBODY voted to scrap the game as first preference, or second either...it came in dead last with 7 non-votes. Thanks, you don't know what that (sniff, snicker) means to me. As for me, I'm happy you kept it the same and I consider the matter closed...tout fait! One more thing; the Sultan says that he was a victim of the USPS last time...I'm inclined to believe him, we've all been victimized at one time or another. Glad you could make it this time Sultan.

BLACK PRESS SECTION BLACK PRESS SECTION BLACK PRESS SECTION BLACK PRESS

TURKEY JERKEY-GM: Mommy, who is my (quack) father? And why do I (quack) have this speech (quack) problem?
GM-TURKEY JERKEY: I'm not your mother!! Your mom is in Duck Soup, running around with Lirty.
TURKEY JERKEY-GM: How do you know my mommy? (Quack.)

-FB 9-

1982Mrb32 Cheshire Cats Situation Map Fall 1903 (Retreats not shown.)



(Cheshire Cats BLACK PRESS continued.)

GM-TJ: Well, one night I was over at Dirty's Place and he let me 'interview' one of his Quackettes. It was pretty "in depth" you might say.

REAL GM-GM: Keep it up, Bozo...keep it up.

END BLACK PRESS SECTION END BLACK PRESS SECTION END BLACK PRESS SECTION

PRESS:

GER-GM: I have never met a GM with so many problems! Since I have no idea who the other players are, and since no one has contacted me, I fail to see your problem. Leave the game as is, I won't play if identities are revealed and if you scrap the game you're as Quacky Wacky as we all think!

GM-GER: No comment.

TIGGER-GM: It appears to me that your advice appears too often in this press. It also appears to me that Germany is smart enough to find it apparent that Russia and I have our differences. Because you are not
(Cheshire Cat press continues next page...if you're lucky...)

-FB 10-

(Cheshire Cat continues.)

capable of playing Austria (See our GM in Le Ronde, MAGUS) and I am (Note the SIX supply centers) is no reason to sabotage my position with your idle press.

GM-TIGGER: No comment.

GM-TIGGER: On second thought, I do have something to say; Hang It In Your Ear. I have said nothing during the course of this game which was not readily apparent to anyone paying even a little bit of attention to it. That would mean I'm only helping England see what everybody else already knows, and if you feel that that "sabotages" your position... Tough Munchos! As for the Le Ronde game...actually, I'm doing a good job of surviving in that game...I'd like to see you fight off Italy and Turkey while France and Germany stand around with their butts. I'll probably be blitzed soon, but I'm happy with the fight I've put up. Oh, if Stewart picks up Turkey in that game, expect an Austrian turr around.

ENG: If we all have to be cats, I'll be Morris. That's right, I'm dead.

GM-MORRIS: And finicky...don't forget finicky.

GM-CHESHIRE CATS: So let's see...Austria is Tigger, France is Garfield and now England is Morris. What about the rest of you? Might as well make the lunacy unanimous...now who could I be...?

MORRIS: Great Moments in World Literature--the works of Mark Twain:

Tom Sawyer: "What is dead cats good for, Huck?"

Huckleberry Finn: "Good for? Sure warts with."

GM-MORRIS: Gee, and I thought they was only good to make burritos with!

MORRIS-GM: If the above passage is true then you should let me sit on your head...oh, that's no wart, that's your face.

GM-MORRIS: ...7...7...7...70...that's your countdown to zero. It is also your rapidly declining worth in the IQ department.

TSAR-SULTAN: You awake yet? Better not NMR again, buddy. I'm putting my neck on the line.

TSAR-FRANCE: C'mon PROGS!!!

PROGS-ITALY: You tell me, "watch out, remember, it's us against the Austrian figs." Then you attack Piedmont and go to the Tyrr sea.

Austria is east, not west!

GENERIC-SWIMMERS: Hey! which way you go?

TSAR-KAISER: There must be a serious personality conflict between us because I really dislike you. A whole lot.

GM-TSAR: Join the crowd... oh, never mind.

GER-RUSSIA: You are a bigger twit than pasta face.

ROMB-BERLIN: Be nice to me because I see that we will //CENSORED//.

HORNY-AMOEBA: Jus' let me be havin' Rumania, huh? C'mon, it's a fleet, it ain't goin' nowhere. Please??

BUD-RUM: Just cutting your support. Let's get together (common cause and all that).

TSAR-TROLL: It figures. You're the only ally I've got in this game and you only have three leusy units. Oh well, a friend in need...I should talk.

ENG-FRA: If you are clever, you get some pressure taken off. If you are dumb and greedy, I will be very happy. Which will it be?

FRANCE-ENGLAND: You aren't a Kiss-Ass or a Bad-Ass---you're a DUMB-ASS! TAKE THAT. IT ALSO GOES FOR GERMANY TOO.

GM-FRA: Take a look at the map...you might want to add Italy to the list.

TSAR-ENGLAND: Who taught you how to choose your friends!? Geez...

ENG-RUS: How about a truce? We won't take Sweden if you'll pull back. I know it's cowardly, but though I have the highest contempt for you, I hate France even worse.

TIGGER-GER: I just picked up the 2nd Edition of "How to ~~Real~~ Win Friends." The first rule is to cheat. The second rule is to play against

(Cheshire Cat press continues, next page.)

-FB 11-

(Cheshire Cats press, continued.)

Don Williams or //CENSORED//.

TSAR-GERMANY: What's with the Silesia trip? Don't even try to get to Warsaw. You wouldn't like my sausage anyway.

GER-AUS: Only for you would I try and cut the Russian support against you!

AUS-RUSSIA: Why the hell are you in Galicia? Are you thinking of supporting your F Rum to Galicia? If we can't work something out next turn (out of Galicia) I will have no choice but to toady-up with the Kaiser (Oh NO). Let's clean up Turkey's country so he can stop being a pain in the ass. (Sorry Germany, no insult intended.)

HORNY: Boy, I don't build for one turn and suddenly get this urge to toady anything that moves. Except the //CENSORED//.

GM-CATS: I'm not sure what Horny is trying to say there, but I typed it verbatim...hope you guys can figure it out, it's a little dense for me.

TIGGER-GER: If you want dense, check out Don-Don in Le Ronde.

CENSORED-CENSORED: You move into Tyrolia and Bohemia and I will tie him up in Bulgaria and Greece.

GER-FRANCE: Since frogs are related to toads, that means you're a waste, just like our //CENSORED// GM!

TIGGER-GER: You tell him!

TIGGER-CATS: The ratings for the rips of the GM last time are: 5 for Eng's "who's dumber than Don Williams", 7 for Ger's "deformed Ogre", and 7 for Aus's "Don quits sex." There is no limit on rips, so keep ripping the GM.

GM-TIGGER: Very good, cretin. You give 5 to England for his "dumber than" tripe last time, when England didn't even say it. You give 7 to the debauched Kaiser, who's into bestiality and maple syrup. You give yourself 7, for some stupid remark about herpetid ducks. You, my dear moron, are screwed up beyond belief. Also, you make mention of "ripping" the GM...let me know when you're ready to start. I get so bored typing up this cacophonous sputex...

GREECE-ION: Who can that be, floating at my door?.....All I want is to be alone...Don't you invade my home....

PASTA MAN-TIGGER: Sorry I lost my head. So now I have headed to sea to see what I can see, because your Ball-kins were no fun, you see.

GM-P MAN: Hmm, I'd heard that Tigger's Ball-kins were hard to see, nearly invisible really; not much more than a couple of dots, see?

FRANCE-GM: Yes, you called me some Brains. I have plenty. Too bad England and Germany don't have any.

GM-FRANCE: Ah, yes. Your words of wit, your scintillating repartee, your casual and unassuming way with the twist of a phrase, your smashing indominatability (is that a real word?) with a bon mot; you never cease to amaze me. All these, and your position in the game have made me decide to take it all back...I won't call you Brains any more.

GER-TURK: I bet you kiss //CENSORED// ass too!

GM-GER: Gee Kaiser, I don't know...why don't you ask him?

TIGGER-RUSSIA: Why can't we be friends? Why can't we be friends? why can't we be friends? Etc.???

TIGGER-ITALY: I'm sorry I called you pizza face last time. I got very excited from your close encounter of the army kind. I am content with our present position (Borders) and I don't plan any aggression your way. It appears to me you might have a chance to pick up some Frog land?

GM-TIGGER: The sexual overtones in that last item were utterly repulsive. "I got very excited..." and "I am content with our present position...". I mean, it's really sick. Are you sure you're not, gasp, //CENSORED//?

(Cheshire Cat press continues next page...BBBBBBFFFFFFFDDDDDD!!!!!!)

-PB 12-

Sheshire Cats press, continued.)

FR-ENG: Meet you in Paris!

FR-FER: It looks like the stray cat (France) has finally discovered he lives in (belongs in) France.

FRIS-PICARDY: Go gettem, Your Majesty.

SPENY-BADASS: Seriously, although I dislike you, I perceive and respect your abilities as a player. You have baffled me endlessly.

//CENSORED// years in the hobby and someone still mesmerizes me. I really appreciate it. No, this is no Toady, Williams, so shut up.

GM-HORNY: Who? Me? I didn't say a word. (Rib-bet...rib-bet...rib-bet).

ITALY-GAME: Did anyone see "V" last month? The aliens reminded this wop of someone. Got any ideas on the subject, Soc?

SOCRATES-ITALY: Yer mother, pal?

GM-SOCRATES: You know, Soc, that's one of the things I really like about the wop...he's always good for a punchline.

ITALY-GM: I may be paunchy, but I'm definitely NOT a punchline.

GM-ITALY: Okay, so you're a PAUNCHline and not a punchline...what's an "a" among buddies?

SOCRATES-GM: And I suppose, pal, that that makes you a pun-line?

FR-SOC: Get out of here, Soc, before I hand you over to Morris...

MORRIS: The one thing that Nine Lives never had in my lifetime was Duck flavor. That will soon be rectified. Here Socrates...nice Socrates...

AUS-RIP the GM: What do Cgres, Ugly Rodents, Garbage and Manure have in common with this game? C.U.R. U.M.

GM-ANAGRAMMATIC IDIOT: And I just bet you'll give yourself a score of "0" or "10" for that bit of badinage, en pagliaccio?

AUS-GM: What do you mean, you don't get it? C--Cgre, UR--Ugly Rodents, G--Garbage and M--//CENSORED// (I mean Manure.) Boy, are you dense!

How dense are you? How dense is lead? Even Superman can't see through your head.

GM-AUS: ...85...84...83...82...81...80...79...enough, black-head breath? What? You don't understand? It's another countdown, just for you!

FRANCE-GM: Do I get any Brownie Points for not getting counted down yet?

GM-FRANCE: Hm...yes, I guess I could give you Brownie Points for not having been counted down, if you hasn't been counted down, which you now have...100...99...98...97...for asking about Brownie Points. (Isn't this Countdown Game fun?)

GM-GAME: Also, I went back over the last 4 or 5 issues of FIAT BELLUM!, and collected the following standings in the Countdown Game:

Aus...79; Eng...70; Fra...97; Ger...71; Ita...100; Rus...96; Tur...99.

Only Italy has managed not to get counted down yet--but I expect that to change soon.

TSAR-DESPERATE MAGIC USER: I have no idea where this story is going but I do know this...I've got the damn book! So there...

GM-GAME: ...the Tsar's got the book, and we've got the story...Part IV of The Rulers of the Dungeon:

RUSSIA: War With the PARIAS!

Horny hefted the femur once, "This'll have to do." He eyed his little group; the Troll, Sultan, was edging his face around the corner from which the skeletons had just come running //Last episode, Don// so Horny turned to face the Frog and Spaghetti. The two were squaring off in the center of the hallway, eye to eye, tongue to tongue, they were getting ready to-- "Awright, you two, let's be mellowin' out!" Horny brought the femur down with a crack--it snapped cleanly in two, "Shit!" he said. "Now knock it off before I feed you both to Fungus here...Hey! Where did slime-ball go?" It was true, the Green Slime was nowhere to be

(Story continued on page 16.)

-ED 13-

1982IH PARIAS
GM: Don Williams
NEXT SEASON: Spring '04
EAT: JUNE 30, 1983.



England and Germany steaming south..... to save the Desperate Man!? Is it too late? For Italy's battle cry, see cartoon.

Kaiser and Tsar sidestep each other--Germans storm Moscow, Russians retaliate in Munich...Russian raider takes Edinburgh; England down to one home center...French attack Switzerland--are repelled by armed Swiss children...And Italy? The Desperate Wop NMR's while the RAT swallows "the boot" whole! But wait, there on the horizon, is that the Union Jack?...Finally, brave Portuguese fishermen keep their homeland neutral, even as Spain (finally!) falls...Welcome to...

PARIAS

1982IH PARIAS

The Players

AUS (Bob Slosser)	14 Buck Hill Rd., Huntington, CT 06484.
ENG (Hank Nichols)	56 N. San Mateo #4, Redlands, CA 92373.
FRA (John Michalski)	Rt. 10 Box 526-G, Moore, OK 73165.
GER (Dave Anderson)	219 Oakland Ave. Apt. #2, Pontiac, MI 48098.
ITA (Greg Stewart)	618 Short Dickey, Greenfield, OH 45123.
RUS (Al Pearson)	Box 296, Charles Town, WV 25414.
TUR (Woody Arnawoodian)	602 Hemlock Cr., Lansdale, PA 19446

1982IH PARIAS

Summer 1903

RUSSIAN P nwy R NTH

1982IH PARIAS

Fall 1903

AUS (Bob)	F adr-ION(F GRE S), A bud-GAL, A VEN S TOP F tyn-ROM, A TYC S RUS ECH-mar (nsc), A PIE-zar.
ENG (Hank)	F NWY S GER A SWE, F mac-WES, F hol-NTH.
FRA (John)	A NAF-tun, A MAR-switzerland(impossible.)
GER (Dave)	A mun-BER(F BAL S), A ber-SIL, A liv-MOS, A gas-SPA, F eng-MAC, A SWE S ENG F NWY.
ITA (Greg)	NMR. All units hold. F TUN H, F nap H(d;r tyn,OTB), A rom H(d;r tus,OTB).
RUS (Al)	A fin-STP, F nth-EDI, A sil-MUN(A BOH S), A PRU-ber, F RUM H.
TUR (Woody)	F ion-NAP(A APU S), F tyn-ROM(AUS A VEN S), A BUL H.

1982IH PARIAS

Winter 1903 Supply Center Chart

AUS	Home, Ser, Gre, Ven	+0 even
ENG	Lon, Bre, Ed, NWY	+0 even
FRA	Lpl, Mar	+0 even
GER	Ber, Kie, Den, Bel, Hol, Swe, Par, Mny, MOS, SPA	+2 builds 2*
ITA	Nap, Rom, Tun	-2 removes 2
RUS	Sev, War, Stp, Ruz, Msk, Nwy, MUN, EDI	+0 even

(PARIAS continues, next page...sorry Woody.)

-FB 14-

(PARIAHS continued.)

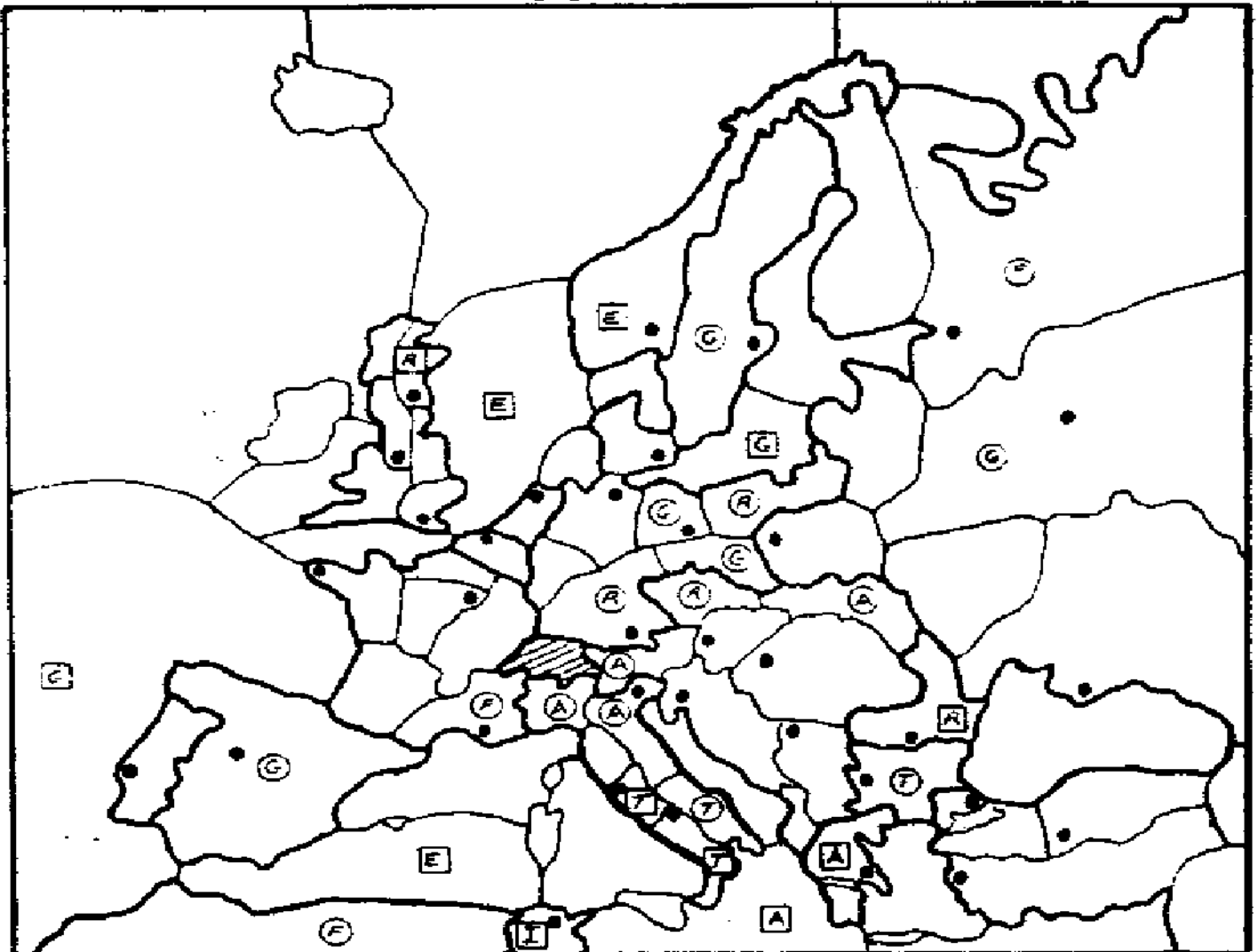
TUR Home, Bul, NAP, ROM

+2 builds 2

* Germany played one unit short last year. Will also play one short this year, unless Dave figures out a way to build in a neutral center.

1982IH PARIAHS ZAT for Winter 1903 adjustments and Spring 1904 orders is June 30, 1983. Italian retreats due, too. No standby will be called for Italian position this season, but next time...

1982IH PARIAHS Situation Map prior to Winter 1903 (Retreats not shown.)



NO BLACK PRESS AGAIN NO BLACK PRESS AGAIN AGAIN NO BLACK PRESS NONE? PRESS:

ENGLAND-FRANCE: Where did you go, I was just starting to enjoy it.
GERMANY-GM: Didn't you know that this IS a gunboat game? I haven't I still haven't received a letter from Woody and the others...not much letter writing.

(PARIAHS continues, next page.)

-FB 15-

(PARIAS continued.)

WOODY-HANK: Trying to work with Anderson? See how long you're allowed in this hobby!

AUS-GM: I thought you wanted press from me? If you do, stop your crying about my handwriting...Woody never has any problem. But then, Woody would never steal candy from a lady...especially one who is the new BMC.

GM-SLOSSAR: I hope that no one gets upset that you have let that info out of the bag-lady...I was told that was the word...oh, well, you said it, not me.

WOODY-ROACH WILLIAMS: You're running another contest? HA HA! That's like Dave Anderson asking someone to ally with him!

GM-WOODTOAD: At this point an alliance with Anderson doesn't look too bad; a nine center Germany in 1903?!? As far as the contest...yes, it's true, I am running another contest, The "What Has the Baglady Done for Me?" Contest. What do you care? Unless Kathy tells you it's okay to enter, you won't, puppet that you are. And this time, Woody, the prize (10 issues of any American zine, not to exceed \$10.00) will be awarded to a winner, whether they want it or not! (I am not going to let you set me up like you did last time...) So, now that Woody has brought it up, I might as well plug it...I want all of you to enter this contest. Just tell me, in about 30 words or so, what Kathy "Baglady" Byrne has done for you. The entry can be silly or serious, (or boring in Woody's case), and the winning entry will be chosen on originality. ALL ENTRIES WILL BE PRINTED. So come on Al, John, Desperate Man, et al.. isn't it worth 10 free issues of something? Sure it is...so get to it, otherwise you may find your positions in PARIAS deteriorating even faster than they otherwise would. (Was that a veiled threat? You bet your ass it was.) I'm not sure how long this thing will run...maybe 2 or 3 months--hell, I may wait until October, to make it coincide with Fiat Bellum's first anniversary. The idea is to get lots of response. Actually, I would appreciate any plugs (Woody, John) that I could elsewhere. Okay? Thanks.

Hmm...I've typed out about a third of a page here killing time while awaiting the Desperate Man's NOSTRADAMUS story...I guess it's not going to show up...(Bob, stop that, it's not nice to clap at other's misfortune)...well, if it does come in, I'll print it, either here or elsewhere in FB. Until then, good-bye until next month.

(Ah hah! But wait...NOSTRADAMUS did get here in time...even if Greg's moves and press didn't. So here, for your reading pleasure, is Part Six of the story:

ROME:

War with the Cheshires!!

Hobbit Slossar, with his dreaded skin problem, Amphibianitus Detriamentus, had taken on a definite toad-like appearance. The side effect would be that he would soon toady up to someone. Big Hoss, the Fighter, was the only other Pariah in the room. Hobbit croaked,

"But I don't want to toady up to you!" Cowboy Hat smiled,

"Well, I reckon, that's just too bad...ahmm the only one here."

It seemed the Hobbit had little choice. Hoss asked,

"What's the matter, little man, Turkey got your tongue? Or should I say Cheshire? Haw! Haw! Haw!"

Turkey, thought Slossar. He closed his eyes and imagined the Turkey-Feather Armored Thief. Perhaps, if he thought hard enough, he could toady up to him instead of Hoss...

Meanwhile, demented Illusionist Michaleki examined a magnificently sculptured door. He looked down at the Talking Box in his hand.

(NOSTRADAMUS story continues, next page.)

-PB 16-

(PARIAS press (Nostradamus), continues.)

"You sure the Final Work of Nostradamus lies behind this door?" asked Michalski.

"Oh, definitely, I assure you," replied the Box

"Then here we go!!" cried Ski as he thumped the door. It swung wide open...

Standing by the door was a Troll with his perker protruding from his loincloth. A Frog with a southern accent sprang at the stunned Illusionist.

"Bwwaaaaa.....ooooofff!" grunted Michalski as the Frog collided with his chest, "Can't we talk this over?" The Box flew from his grasp and, by a strange quirk of fate //...and a liberal dose of fictional license...Don// landed in the Troll's open mouth.

"Gruck. (swallow) Whut wuz dat?"

"Help! Help!" cried a tiny voice from inside his frame...

Meanwhile, the Paladin sprang up from the two PARIAS and leapt toward the Orc and the Ogre! He cried,

"Stand and fight a REAL PARIAS, reprehensible vile villains!"

The unconscious Orc came to just in time to see the Paladin's sword cut off half his foot.

"GAK!" he cried. The Ogre considered leaving the Orc for a moment, then changed his mind and sped around the corner. Paladin, in hot pursuit, was crying, "I shall smite thee!!"...

Meanwhile //Er, sorry to stop you here Desperate One, but that's the third time in half a page that you've said "Meanwhile". How about you let ME write a couple of lines? Thanks!! Don//

Above the noise below, a certain Nude Desperate Magic-User peered uncertainly at the torch holder from which he had just undone the Paladin's rope. From the open pit behind him, he could hear the screams and clangs of battle down below. //Thanks, Dman, now back to you//

"Good riddance," he muttered. He turned around, slipped, and fell into the open pit...

....The Feather Armored Thief and the Elf were just beginning to stir, when suddenly they were jolted once more, this time by a falling Magic-User whose mind //Alas// was extremely far away from a Feather Fall Spell.

NEXT MONTH: First Casualty!

GM-GAME and DESPERATE MAN: Maybe yes and maybe no...CIAC!

 (Story continued from CHESHIRE CATS, page 12.)

seen! Suddenly, from down the staircase behind him, Horny heard an Orcish scream. "That Kiss-Ass! I be needin' a weapon!", said the Minotaur. His eyes cast around quickly, caught on Spaghetti. "C'mon, Spaghetti," he said, as he grabbed the snake by the neck, "you're comin' with me." "Urrlp!" was the Snake's only reply. Horny One turned to the others, "You two go find Pungua." Then he and the Snake were gone, speeding back toward the staircase. "Guess he means us," said the Troll, "C'mon Frog." "Le-ribbet," said the disgusted Frog. They moved on around the corner and down the hallway. They soon came face to face with a large carved door...

...meanwhile, the battle rejoined down below. Bad-Ass the Ogre swung Kiss-Ass' unconscious body in crazy figure eights to ward off the assault of the scruffy Paladin, but he was losing ground...when the Paladin's sword neatly removed half of Kiss-Ass' foot, Bad-Ass turned and fled, Orc and Paladin just behind him...

...back upstairs, Sultan was busily trying to force the door open, but to no avail. "Le-ribbet," said the Frog, "perhaps you should just try

(Story concludes on page 19.)

-FB 17-

DUCK SOUP

DUCK SOUP
UCB #: 002
BATTLESHIP DIP
GM: Socrates
NEXT ROUND: 7
LAT: JUNE 30, 1983



Yeah, but who will it be? You'll have to stick around to find out, cause Duck Soup goes on hold this round so that we can clear up some confusion.

Due to the ineptness of the GM, and a request by one player, Duck Soup will be delayed for one month. The request came from Yakkee, because I incorrectly said he NMRed last time...he wants a recount and a readjudication. He sent no new shots. Well, Yakkee, the slip up, though confusing, was not grievous-- I did have your shots and press last time...and I did use them...I just cited the wrong ducks as the NMR's...the two NMR's were Howard and Donald. Sorry about that. Howard is back, but now Donald says he's got to fly south for the winter and must leave us. Which means that I will be calling a standby (a reversal of Soc's earlier decision). The standby will, through necessity, will be anonymous, but he'll have your addresses and can reveal himself if he wants to. If any duck has a problem with this plan (as being unfair or something) let me know and I'll have Soc think something else up...of course you guys could solve the problem by eliminating Donald...HEH, HEH, HEH.... Because this is a delay turn, I've decided to reprint the players' names and addresses, and to include the press I got this season...sit back and enjoy...just think, one whole turn without having to worry about getting blown out of the water. Oh, Soc will take over in the press section...he was just too embarrassed at his stupid mistake to come to the typewriter just yet...

- Duck Soup (Uncle Child Beater #002) The PLAYERS
Mark Coldiron 3300 Parkside Dr., Rocklin, CA 95677.
Peter Gaughan 12024 Penford Dr., La Mirada, CA 90638.* (Note: COA)
Mark Keller 9536 Shumway Dr., Orangevale, CA 95662.
Steve Langley 4112 Boone Lane, Sacramento, CA 95821.
Greg Stewart 618 Short Dickey, Greenfield, OH 45123.
Scott Williams 1277 E. Lynwood Ave. #42, San Bernardino, CA 92404.

BLACK PRESS SECTION BLACK PRESS SECTION BLACK PRESS SECTION BLACK PRESS
DIRTY-DAFFY: Quackette Rebecca? I told you to go see Quackette Delores.

DAFFY-DIRTY: I told you we had a problem communicating.
HOWARD-QUACKETTE ANDREAHH: Uh, sorry about that...I thought it was just a scab.

DONALD-HOWARD: Unclean! Unclean!
REAL SOC: Say, pal, that line belongs to Thomas Covenant, the Unbeliever.
DIRTY-HOWARD: And he ain't talkin' to me, chum!

END BLACK PRESS END BLACK PRESS END BLACK PRESS END BLACK PRESS END
PRESS:

DIRTY: Hey, I wanna change my name. I wanna wear a black cloak and a
(Duck Soup press continues, next page!)

-FB 18-

(Duck Soup press continued.)

gloss black helmet. And I wanna breathe real hard and carry a flashlight sword. Yes, folks, the new me...Darth Duck.

DAFFY-DONALD: Don't blame you for not showing up last time, that Daisy has a mean look about her.

QUACKETTE SYBIL: Furthermore, Dirty is so kind and benevolent that...

QUACKETTE SYBIL: AAAHH!!! They're gonna get me! They're gonna get me! They're here! AAAHHH!!!

QUACKETTE SYBIL: Like, mellow out, chick. Be cool. Jus' mellow out now, man. Be cool. Let's play some basketball or somethin', man.

QUACKETTE SYBIL: ...and that is why Dirty is so important to us all. Thank-you.

DAFFY-QUACKETTE SYBIL: Haven't we met before, and before, and before?

QUACKETTE SYBIL: Bleah!!

SOCRATES-DAFFY: From what I hear, pal, you have that effect on lots of cute little ducklings!

DAFFY-SOCRATES: Why did I know you were going to say that?

SOCRATES-DAFFY: Cause, pal, it's so truly you! Now zip up the loose bill, or I turn up yer water some more...hmm, the smell of them carrots is beginning to get to me...

DAFFY-SOC: Don't forget the onions!

DARTH DUCK: Hey, anyone seen Luke around here? I see, I've gotta kick his left ass before I become the real Darth Duck.

DAFFY-SAB: What you want to do is join our alliance before you sink. Right Dirty?

DARTH DUCK-ALL: Dat's right. I'm bad. Un-huh!! You know it. Don't mess with me, boy, or I'll use this Light Saber as a rectal thermometer.

DAFFY-DIRTY: Aw, it wasn't that big a deal.

DAFFY-DIRTY: I hear you are about to interview for Andrea's replacement. Can I help? Hold your pencil or something.

DARTH DUCK: HHHUUUUUUUUUUSSHH...HHUUUUUUUUUUSSHH...

SOCRATES-DAFFY: Uh, pal, it seems that Dir...er, Darth has already started the interview...maybe you'd best not disturb his heavy breathing exercises...he says the Quackettes need it for "dancing"...uh-huh... you'd best just sit in yer bath there and...

DAFFY-SOC: Uh, I'm about done. Do you think you could turn the heat down awhile?

SOC-DAFFY: Sorry, pal, that there heater knob only turns one way...WAUGH! WAUGH!

DAFFY-YAKKEP: Hey, why don't you see if Dirty will introduce you to Quackette Delores. The two of you ought to see eye to intellectual eye.

QUACKETTE MELINA-DIRTY: Dirty, what's with the get up? Like, I'm so sure! A sci-fi duck? Gag me out!

DARTH-MELINA: Darth's the name, baby. Got it? Check this out, baby... Click, "Pvvizzzzzzzzzz."

MELINA-DARTH: Dir...I mean, Darth, is that another one of your sex gadgets? Cause if it is, count me out.

DARTH-MELINA: Have it your way, baby, I'm off...I gotta galaxy to destroy.

DAFFY-HOWARD: Last chance to say something witty, you're almost out of fleets.

DIRTY-DAFFY: What's happenin' dude??

DAFFY-DIRTY: Let's sink everyone else and declare a two-way draw.

LUCK PONDWALKER-DARTH DUCK: Are you my daddy? Like, man, I gotta know! How'd you like to be the hero of a galaxy whose old man walks around in a 'hurt me, hurt me' leather costume? I mean, geez Dad...

DARTH DUCK-PONDWALKER: "DIE!!" Click, "Vvzzzzzzzz..."

(Duck Soup press continues, next page...Darth Duck? Sigh...)

-FB 19-

(Duck Soup press continued.)

PONDWALKER-DARTH: Click, "Vvzzzzzz..." I guess this means I don't get this week's allowance, huh Dad?

DIRTY DARTH DUCK-QUACKETTES: I know you don't like wearing white plastic armor, but do it for me, huh? Please, huh?!?

DAFFY-QUACKETTES: Hi...I'm Dirty's ally and he asked me to review the troops. If you'll all line up...that's right...you too, ahem, miss.

Now, SOUND OFF!

STORM QUACKETTES-DIRTY DARTH DUCK: PER SURE! We'll do anything for you, Darth.

DAFFY-DIRTY: How DO you do it?

SOCRATES-DAFFY: I don't think he's gonna tell ya, pal.

DAFFY-SOC: Why not?

SOCRATES-DAFFY: Well, let's just say a little storm trooper told me... besides, listen to Dir...Darth now...

DARTH DUCK-ALL: Before I destroy the galaxy, I will destroy you ducks with the help of the Storm Quackettes.

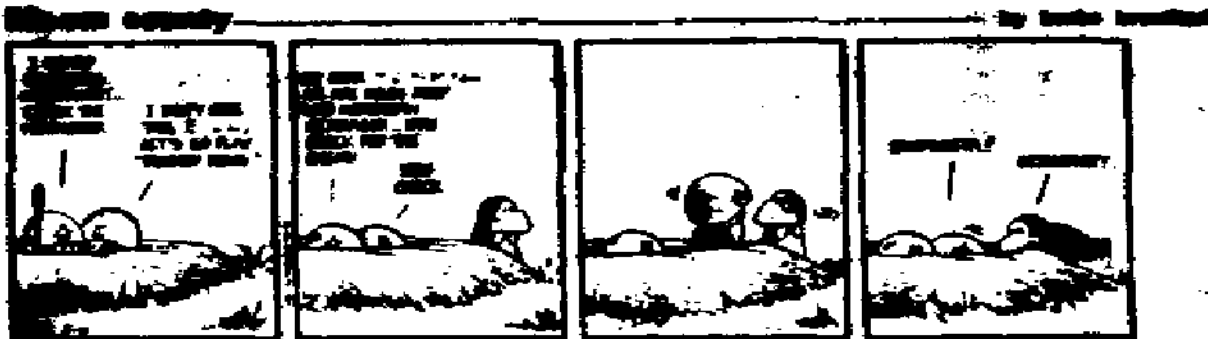
SOC-DAFFY: See, pal? He's really kinda taken this thing to heart... Well, pal, I'm gonna put a stop to this lunacy, or my name is Obi-SOC-Kenobi...ahhhh!!! What did I say? Waugh! Waugh! Waugh!

SOC-GAME: See, pals, I guess that wraps it up for this month, but be here next month for the Return of the Jeduck...sign...

DARTH DUCK-UNIVERSE: May the force be with you...

.....

Bill Highfield Department: Them's fightin' words!



.....

(Rulers story, continued from page 16.)

le-handle?"

"Duh, yeah," said Sultan, "I'll do dat." He reached under his loin cloth and pulled out his--

Suddenly, the door burst open, and standing there, with a small box in both hands, was the demented Illusionist Michalski. Michalski's hands flew to cover his face as the Frog screamed "Le-Ribet!!" and battle hopped at Michalski...the box flew into Sultan's still open mouth... ..Frog hit the human-like figure square in the chest, then bounced off, dazed and dizzy. Michalski's eyes gleamed darkly as he began to conjure a Frog to Voluptuous Blonde Nymphomaniac Spell--

"Queen-obsceney, teeny-peeny, make this frog bite the dumb troll's..." He was cut off as Fungus Amungus dropped on him from the ceiling above!

NEXT MONTH: FIRST BLOOD!

GM-RUSSIA: I'll believe it when I see it...hopefully next time around, eh? See ya's all around next month!

-FB 20-

(Just me, again, continued from page 3.)

Now what do I do? Hmm, I had planned a Brutus Fulmen editorial about Not For Print letters...but who the hell cares what I think about that subject, I mean, I don't even care that much...it certainly doesn't deserve a whole editorial. Let me just spit this out, real quick-- I don't care if someone sends me an NFP letter, hell, I LOVE all the juicy slanders and stuff...I've only received 2 or three letters anyway; all from the same person and all on the same subject. I answered the letters in an NFP format, too. Big deal. I did also want to add that if someone doesn't want to receive NFP letters, and publicly declares same, then they should not be harassed about it, right? Right.

Most of you know that I'm a college student (at least those of you who read FB while awake...that leaves Olsen out...). A few of you even know that I'm an English major. None of you know that in one week I'll be a senior, (oh, wow man, like, far out...).

Part of the English program is structured and within that structure is a class called Analysis of Poetry, and yes, it's as bad as it sounds, (who says an English major has to LIKE poetry?) Nevertheless, I have found a few poets that I do like...Wallace Stevens and TS Eliot among them. Also, I've learned that poetry doesn't have to come dry and out of a book, and Leonard Cohen's song lyrics are a good example. One of my favorites comes from Cohen's Songs album, released all the way back in the early seventies. One of the songs from that album is printed below.

STORIES of the STREET by L. Cohen

The stories of the street are mine, the Spanish voices laugh,
The Cadillacs go creeping now, through the night and poison gas.
I lean from the windowsill, in this old hotel I've chose,
With one hand on my suicide and one hand on the rose...

I know you've heard it's over now, and war must surely come.
The cities, they are broke in half, and the middle men are gone.
But, let me ask you one more time, oh! children of the dust,
Oh! these hunters who are shrieking out, oh, do they speak for us?

And where do all these highways go now that we are free?
And why are the armies marching still, that were coming home to me?
Oh! lady, with your legs so fine, oh! stranger at your wheel,
You are locked into your suffering and your pleasures are the seal.

The age of lust is giving birth, and both the parents ask,
the nurse to tell them fairy tales on both sides of the glass.
And now, the infant with his cord, is hauled in like a kite,
With one eye filled with blueprints and one eye filled with night.

*
With one hand on the hexagram and one hand on the girl,
I balance on this wishing well that all men call the world.
We are so small, between the stars; so large against the sky!
And lost among the subway crowds...I'll try to catch your eye...

* I omitted one stanza to make this fit.

And so, this month's Ringum Bellum, as my friend Tom Swider prefers to call it, ends on a slightly melancholic and philosophic note...sorry guys...I'll try to do better next time. In the meantime, try to be good to each other (if you're planning a stab this month, make it as painless as possible...use a nuke) and to yourselves.

SEMPER FIDELIS,

(CUT! Okay, boys, it's a wrap.)



Tom Swider

IN CASE YOU CAN'T FIND YOUR GAME ANYWHERE ELSE IN ILLUSIONS, TRY READING THIS:.....

FROST GAME ENDS IN A FOUR WAY DRAW! FROST GAME ENDS IN A FOUR WAY DRAW!

1980 HY FROST GAME ends in a four way draw. Jack Frost will send us a chart next month. End of Game statements are due by the eighth of July. Send the end of game statements directly to MAGUS and save Jack a stamp.

FROST GAME ENDS IN A FOUR WAY DRAW! FROST GAME ENDS IN A FOUR WAY DRAW!

LE RONDE POSTPONED! LE RONDE POSTPONED! LE RONDE POSTPONED! LE RONDE

1982 HX Le Ronde is postponed for a season while we cast around for a Turkey! Neither Larry McCloud nor Gregory Stewart managed to get moves in at all, never mind on time. Since the position has four dots, and is very playable, I am holding the game back for a month until a standby can be found. Will John Crow, 13330 Mahan Road, Dallas, Tx 75240 please submit orders for the Turkish units? The position is:

- AUS has A SER, F ADR, A BUD
- ENG has F NMY, F NTH, F NMG
- FRA has A BUR, A PAR, A MAR, A PIC, A POR
- GER has A MUN, F DEN, A BEL, A RUH, F HOL
- ITA has F MID, F ION, F GOL, A TYA, A VEN, A TRI
- RUS has F STP(nc), F SWE, F BAR, F BLA, A SEV, A SER, A RUM
- TUR has F ANK, F BUL(sc), A ALB, A ARM

Supply Center Chart

AUS	Vie, Bud, Ser, BRE	+0	even
ENG	Hose, NMY	+1	builds 1
FRA	Hose, Spa, Bel, Por	-1	even (1 r OTS)
GER	Hose, Hol, Den, BEL	+1	builds 1
ITA	Hose, Tri, Gre, Tun,	-1	removes 1
RUS	Hose, Sae, Rus, Nay, SER	+0	even
TUR	Hose, Bul	+0	even

1982 HX Le Ronde ZAT is Friday, July 8, 1983. There are moves on file for all but the Turkish position.

LE RONDE POSTPONED! LE RONDE POSTPONED! LE RONDE POSTPONED! LE RONDE

BATTLESHIP DIP BATTLESHIP DIP BATTLESHIP DIP BATTLESHIP DIP BATTLESHIP

The five way draw fails to pass. There was only one dissenting vote, and that was an NVR, and so it goes. There is a new proposal for a draw, a three-way draw to include Vallian Blue, Purloined Puce and Mauve Marauder. Please vote with the next rounds shots. Remember, a NVR will be a vote against you.

Round 17, the shots:	ZAT is July 8, 1983.
(at Vallian Blue) <u>B11,D11</u>	
(at Mauve Marauder) <u>BQ,K1</u>	
(at Magenta) <u>C11,D7,F3</u>	

As always, the underlined shots are hits. Next round, Torrid Tugs has three shots, Magenta and Purloined Puce have two each, and Vallian Blue and Mauve Marauder are reduced to one shot each. I am enclosing a shot record. It may conflict with your own records, but this is the patter I am using, so you may as well change yours to match mine if there is difference.

BATTLESHIP DIP BATTLESHIP DIP BATTLESHIP DIP BATTLESHIP DIP BATTLESHIP

Company	Le Fonds Bourse						
	Crowns	Pounds	France	Marks	Lira	Rubles	Piastres
RI							
ABC				-500		+646	
ATC	-20			-500	-500	+1235	
BSS	+1		-160	+50	-100	+279	-100
EE							
MHD	-179	+779	-500	-500	-500	+1500	-500
LPH	+419	+2677	-500	-500	-500	-200	-500
TSIF	-499	+1000	-500	-500	-500	+1405	-500
NYSE	-500	+439	-292	-500	-500	+880	+522
JTFICL	-1	-500	-500	-500	-500	+2490	-500
Blue Unit.	+2		-500		-500	+1071	-23
(anonymous)		+2606		-500	-500	-500	-500
Dray Prescott	-500	+900	+19	-500	-500	+600	+18
Nick Van Rijn	-500			-500	-500	+1438	-100
Milhouse Ltd.							
In a Pig's Eye						+306	-400
Jose Muldoon	-500	-500	-500	-500		+2038	-500
Ayatollah Fred			-500		-500	-360	+1843
Totals	-2277	+7401	-3933	-5450	-5600	+12828	-1240
Old Price	.78	2.40	2.79	3.83	3.45	2.96	2.27
New Price	.56	3.14	2.40	3.29	2.89	4.24	2.15

Company	Current Portfolios							
	Drown	Pound	Franc	Mark	Lira	Ruble	Piast	Rank
RI	2600	101	2500	1500	1500	5000	1025	762
ABC	4	4700	225	1500	0	1146	2500	465
ATC	153	1000	2000	2500	5300	3800	1878	906
BSS	3	1163	1000	1300	1300	1579	1200	345
EE	1	307	3673	8505	2057	0	0	802
MHD	817	2779	2403	3006	2450	3500	2080	877
LPH	1018	3100	2145	3000	2500	2000	1527	764
TSIF	1512	1500	1004	2827	2855	4819	1746	867
NYSE	2440	4241	0	1918	2441	928	3730	685
JTFICL	1	1001	2857	69	3654	2991	55	563
Blue Unit.	2	0	1873	0	1210	3449	0	388
(anonymous)	909	6923	0	3325	442	1379	1779	680
Dray Prescott	1005	1003	26	1500	1500	6906	2018	798
Nick Van Rijn	1342	0	0	1150	2520	4630	2684	656
Milhouse Ltd.	1500	5308	614	1925	3665	1039	1676	715
In a Pig's Eye	2	0	1819	0	1336	2606	1000	377
Jose Muldoon	2001	1217	3226	5508	0	2888	811	826
Ayatollah Fred	0	2	3738	1000	1180	0	2043	360

Financial Press:

\$\$\$BM to Bourse: Some of you were trying to buy with your credit, so I changed the heading to Rank. I'm sure that someone will try to buy with rank next time, but what the hell? Mediocre Bux resigned due to school pressure. Three others M'ed (there seems to be something going around) and so the Bourse may shrink appallingly next time.

\$\$\$BM to Bourse: The announcement that TSIF has resigned should have read JILT. We can only presume that the individuals involved realized who was whom. The error can be directly attributed to wishful thinking on the part of the BMS.

\$\$\$TSIF to BLUE: The director of TSIF wishes to inform you that your holdings are those of JILT. Better luck with your next corporate takeover.

\$\$\$LPH to BM: Are you perfect or can The Magus make an occasional error with the numbers, say typo a decimal point in Nick Van Rijn's credit rating? Then it would be fun to see Uncle Bob try to buy a new car.

\$\$\$BMS to LPH: It would be even more fun seeing him pay for it.

\$\$\$TSIF to MVR: You win the Bourse? Good luck, you have some catch
 up to do to find ATC. I'm having trouble seeing him myself. Where did
 he get those rocket boosters?
 \$\$\$WHO?ME? to ATC: Mitty, aren't you?
 \$\$\$BMS to W?M?D: No, that's Twitty.
 \$\$\$GPW to W?M?D: You must be a really great artist, being able to draw
 a blank. I have never seen such talent.
 \$\$\$IAPE to BMS: You're one to talk, you don't even know how to spell
 'dominitrix' (not domitrix)
 \$\$\$BMS to IAPE: I just types thee as I sees thee. I usually call it
 'female superior'.
 \$\$\$TSIF to JOSE (re BMS): And don't forget to peel her a grape. If she
 wants to play Mae West, she should go all the way.
 \$\$\$NORTH OF THE CANADIAN BORDER to GPW: Are there any respectable Dip
 players?
 \$\$\$BMS to NCB: Sure. Gary is pretty respectable if a little slow to
 get started.
 \$\$\$TSIF to DRAY: Russia may face some trouble up north, but Turkey's
 MNR should sore than compensate. Sell Piastres.
 \$\$\$CHICAGO: Value of LPH portfolio in Fall 1903 is \$43,730. We are
 still making lots of money. Who cares about the supply center count?
 \$\$\$NCB to AUSTRIA: You call those things hamburgers? Billions served,
 three cows slightly wounded.
 \$\$\$LPH to W?M?D: Ha ha, you missed the boat on Lira last season.
 \$\$\$WHO?ME? to BOURSE: Alright! Who stole my rabbit's foot?
 \$\$\$MOTOWN to the WORLD: I must apologize for MDG. We should have sent
 out our flyers several weeks ago, and I'm afraid you probably won't see
 them until after you see this.
 \$\$\$LPH to EE: Why limit yourself so early in the game and throw every-
 thing on the Mark? I hope Germany gets stabbed someday do you lose
 your \$\$\$.
 \$\$\$AYATOLLAH FRED: Logic demands we buy Marks, based on position, but I
 know if anyone can blow this position, it's Evans Givan.
 \$\$\$BMS to AY FRED: I could probably give it a shot.
 \$\$\$WHO?ME? ANALYSIS DIVISION: And your father never forgave you?
 \$\$\$TSIF to IAPE: You need analysis of the situation by someone. If you
 don't like mine, try RI's or ATC's.
 \$\$\$COCHISE: No, no, not that! Please don't analyze the press!
 \$\$\$IAPE Proudly Presents (by popular demand) ... PRESS ANALYSIS:

Description	Rating	E.G.
Those who do analysis.	Degenerate	TSIF, RI, IAPE
Those who insist on ludicrous, sex related commentary.	Get your mind(?) out of the gutter	Egonog, ABC, BMS, Ayatollah Fred, Luedi, Desperate Man.
The Droll	Insidious	Dleen, W?M?D, GPW, Aries
Those who lambast Austria	Inferiority Complex	Milhouse Ltd., North of Canadian Border
The Stupid	Beyond Hope	BSS, Samos, Bloomington
The Drab	Slipping Fast	GM, Who?Me?, Dray, Bosk, ATC, Nick Van Rijn, Osaka
The Diminutive	Still Have a Chance	MAGUS, Assassins Guild, Jose, Mai Jikai, Eric, Hollyweird, Konrad
The Silent	Successful	All the rest

\$\$\$LPH (PRESS ANALYSIS): Nick Van Rijn takes all the awards for his
 press written in the zany German accent. And how much is Dioxin worth
 on the foreign exchange? As long as I'd be truckin' through Missouri,
 I thought I'd pick some up to bring to Pudge Con. Want some, Daf?
 \$\$\$LPH to BOURSERS: Pounds are the cheapest and safest bet this season.
 \$\$\$LONELY MAN to DESPERATE MAN: What?! No press? Don't worry, with
 my trusty rusty spoon, I'll find where you're hiding.
 \$\$\$TSIF to W?M?D: I can't wait for 1929. Then I can clean up my
 carpet. All these bulls are making a mess of it.

1981 KD PRESSGANG The Players

ENG (Terry Tallan) 820 West Armour Street, Seattle, Wa 98119
 FRA (Gary Coughlan) 4614 Martha Cole Lane, Memphis, Tn 38118
 GER (Bob Olsen) 6818 Winterberry Circle, Wichita, Ka 67226
 ITA (Steve Arnaoodian) 602 Hemlock Circle, Lansdale, Pa 19446
 RUS (Peter Fuchs) 3585 Inspiration Dr., Colorado Sprngs, Co 80917
 TUR (Kathy Byrne) 160-02 43rd Ave. 2nd Flr., Flushing, NY 11358

1981 KD PRESSGANG Fall 1905

ENG (Terry) F Ciy-LPL
 FRA (Gary) F NMS-Nth, F Brs-ENG(F MID S), A Ruh-BEL(A BUR S)
 GER (Bob) F SNE-Nry, A Dan-HOL(F NTH C), A Kis-RUH(A Bel S),
 A Bel S A Kis-RUH(dir Pic,DTB), A Tya-PIE, A Boh-VIE,
 F Eng S A Bel(dir Iri,Mal,Lon,Pic,DTB), A Bar-MUN
 ITA (Woody) A Vie-TYA, A TRI H, A BUD-Rus, A GER S F BUL(sc),
 F AEB-Con(F BUL(sc) S), F ION-Eas, F Mes-SPA(sc), F Tyh-MEB
 RUS (Peter) A RUM-Bul(F BLA,TUR A CON S), A BEV-Rus(A UKR S), F NWY H,
 A Mar-BAL
 TUR (Kathy) A CON S RUS A RUM-Bul, F EAS-Aeg, A Ars-SMY

1981 KD PRESSGANG Winter 1905 Supply Center Chart

ENG	Edi,LPL	+1; builds 1
FRA	Hose, Por, Soa, BEL	+0; even
GER	Hose, Bel, Hol, Lol, Lon, Den, Saa, VIE	-1; removes 1,0 or builds 1 depending upon retreats
ITA	Hose, Tun, Tri, Vig, Brs, Ser, Bud, BUL, SPA	+1; builds 1
RUS	Hose, Rus, Nry	+0; even
TUR	Hose, Bul	-1; even (1 annihilated)

1981 KD PRESSGANG IAT for Autumn and Winter 1905, Spring 1906 will be Friday, July 8, 1983.

1981 KD PRESSGANG PRESS:

BLACK PRESS SECTION BLACK PRESS SECTION BLACK PRESS SECTION BLACK PRESS SECTION
 Peter Fuchs if at all possible.

BAALLU: Wise up Pudge, Woody is on my team. Remember I can make life very miserable for him in Europe this October.

STILL AT WILLIARD'S RODENT EMPORIUM: Woody is laying on the waterbed, staring at the ceiling with a dazed expression on his face. Beside him, a small furry animal is sucking a cigarette and staring at him.

Woody turns, "You know, darling, that was really great. I've had hamsters a lot of ways, but you...you...were really special."

The rodent turned partially away and a frown hovered near her whiskers. "Woody, I don't know how to tell you this, but...but...I'm NOT a hamster. I'm a gerbil!"

"Oh my Ghod," screamed the hamster molester, "I'm gay!!"

In the background, Gary said, "Okay, that's a wrap. Let's start making copies. Perverts all over the country are gonna want this little number for their VCRs."

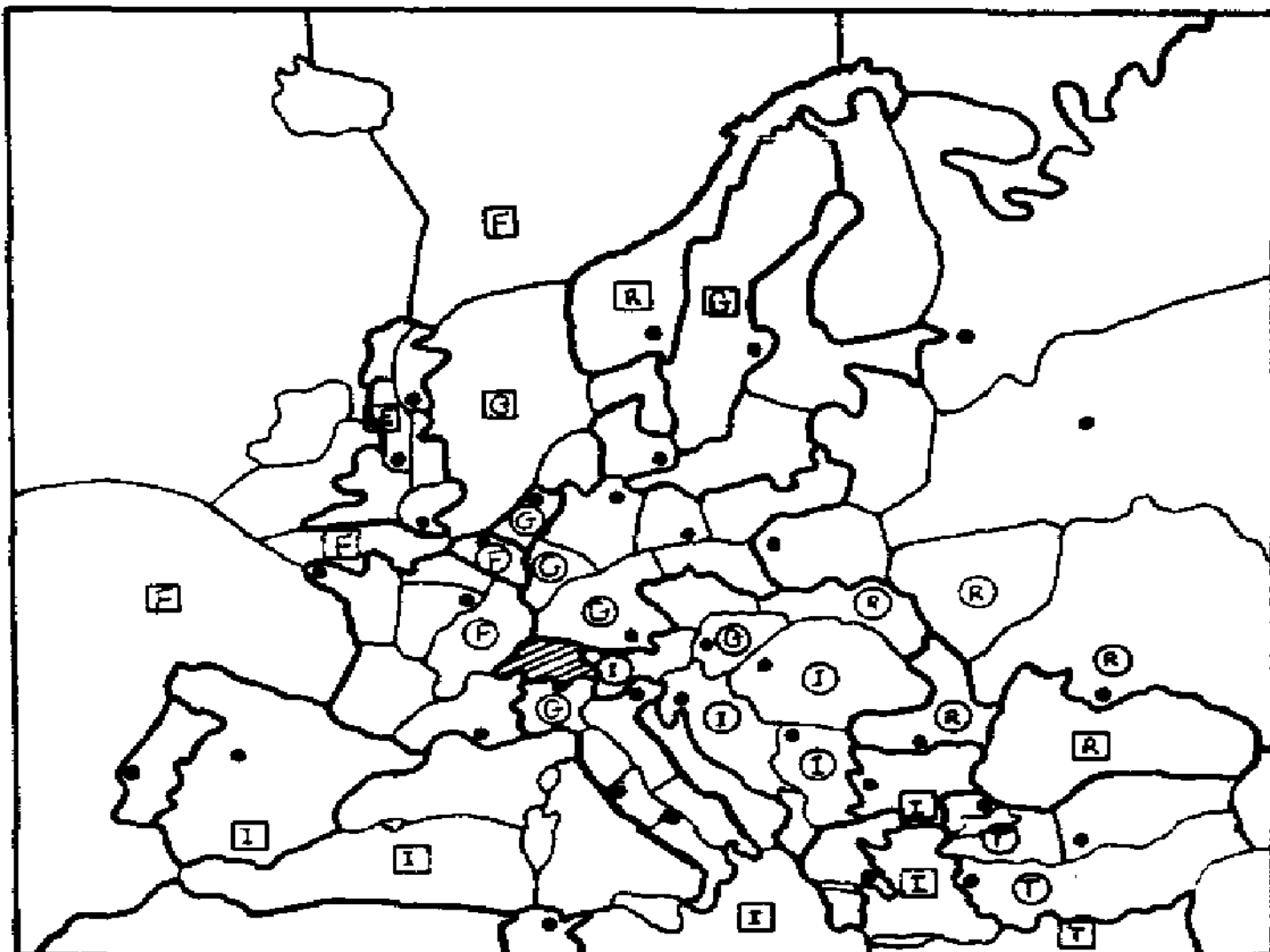
Kathy wandered over and looked into the waterbed at the 4000 moon-gazing goldfish. "You know," she murmured, "I've never seen goldfish puke before!"

END BLACK PRESS SECTION END BLACK PRESS SECTION END BLACK PRESS SECTION
 BAALLU to GM: So it was Mazzer that was doing all that filthy press about Pete's name and Olsen's potty training! How low can Mensa members sink? I'm sure we'll achieve even greater depths with Olsen still around. He's Mensa too.

GM to BAALLU: I'll never tell. If I were you, though, I'd consider being a bit nicer to Bob Bob. After all, he might relent and give you back your center.

FELHRER: All things considered, I'd rather give my centers to Mazzer.

1981 KD PRESSGANG

Map does not show units in retreat.

La SOUTHERN BELLE FRANCE: This can only be a massive guilt, a tremendous amount of guilt, a guilt of truly Olesian proportions.

BOB-BARRY: On MTV there's now a video by Weird Al Yankovic (probably a Pearson pseudonym) called "Oh Lucy" or something like that, in the course of which Best picks up his bongos and sings "Babalu". That's right, your name is being taken in vain again. Speaking of vain, how's the God business?

BAALLU to THE GERMAN SINNER: "Though your sins be as scarlet (Go Rhett!!), they shall be as white as snow (where are those Russian allies?); though they are red like crimson (Hazer's dead so quit mourning him, Olsen!), they shall become like wool (You can bleat like a sheep, but you're in it but deep!). If you are willing and obedient, you shall eat the good of the land; BUT if you REFUSE and REBEL, you shall be devoured by the sword. For the mouth of Baallu has spoken."

THE FELNER SPEAKS OUT ON THEOLOGY: An important question has long troubled me. Which is the greater god, Babalu or Scoop? Both have such going for them. For example Scoop sitteth close to the seat of power in Washington, and has been endorsed by all leading theologians such as Bruce Liney and Rod Walker. On the other hand Babalu sitteth on a giant copat in a Memphis mudhole, and knoweth the minds (if any) of myriad Europeans, which Scoop knoweth not. On the other hand while it

is true that both gods viciously stab their allies for no good reason (I have personal experience of this in the case of Babalu, as for Scoop I only know what I read in Dip World)—thus they are both probably gods of evil. Hear me O gods in my hour of doubt! Speak! Enlighten me! BAALLU to OLSEN: Used and Abused! Used and Abused! Used and Abused! You know it and no amount of lying press by you will alter that fact one iota!

OLSEN to BPW2: Real good analysis last time, you really got Talltoad figured out (yes, he did disorder his unit). Obviously BPW2 is not Scoop Berch! First because he would never make a mistake, second because he would never be so boring.

BAALLU: Lord, Lord! Just when you think you've heard it all, you get this!

TALLMAN to BPW2: Hey, they begged me to survive. Maxzer is gone, so they needed a toad to counter the vagueness in the west.

BAALLU to TOAD TALLMAN: Fear not, little one, for I am here to protect thee.

BOB to GMS: Can my code name be "Pete"? Huh? Huh?

GMS to BOB BOB: What do you need a code name for? You never call.

BPW2 to GMS & SM: Please notice that this month I have paid my "fine", but now run into some severe employment-related problems. That is, my byline will also be dark for a while due to heavy overtime. Haa, maybe you need to recruit a BPW3?

GMS to BPW2: Don't look now, but we did even better than that!!

AND NOW FOR THE CHILDREN'S HOUR. BPW7 brings you a fairy story (Just for you Jose, but never again remember).

Once upon a time, in the long ago, far distant future, there lived a king. Now this king was wise, kindly, and just a bit stupid. (Get out of my story, Pudge). He was magnanimous, benevolent, and hell on wheels to his family. The queen was beautiful and talented. (No, Kathy). She was a dilly who didn't mind dallying. Their marriage was blessed with three lovely young women - the king's daughters, if not his progeny (dictionary for Woody). After all, there's not such a queen can do to help run a kingdom, and Satan finds mischief for idle hands to do. Not only did the queen have a lot of spare time, but there were always a few idle hands lounging around the castle during the off season.

The three daughters were the fairest of the fair. Rose, the eldest, was tall, blonde, blue-eyed, and willowy. She always wore rose perfume in honor of the flower for which she was named (who sent Kathy the pet skunk?). Lily, the second eldest, was short, brunette, and sort of pillowy (spent a lot of time on pillows). Fanny, the youngest, had a distinct air about her. However, she was a sweet charming child with a lousy disposition. The three princesses were as happy as they could be, under the circumstances - for you see, all three of them were flat-busted. That is, the king refused to provide them with dowries and kept them on a pittance of an allowance that barely kept them supplied with Kleenex (this is a PG story), bubblegum, and morning glory seeds. They were broke.

SM: This is getting to be a bit long for press, isn't it?

BPW7: Shut up and keep typing. Maybe there won't be room for anyone else's press!

The kingdom was green and lush and prosperous. (The kids were still pretty green, the queen was a lush, and the king kept a tight hold on the money). There would have been no dark cloud at all to mar the peace, tranquility, and occasional riot of the mythical Utopia (page 247, Woody), except for one thing. Far up the side of a high mountain (well, a hill really) lived a miserable, skinny, hateful, well-loved magician with one draggin' - I mean, with one dragon (enter Fuchs). Because this lazy so-and-so refused to work, and his magic was third rate at best, living was not easy. Eke as he would, he could hardly eke out a living for himself and the dragon. In order to survive at all, he would come down off his hill once a year just as the crops were harvested, and with the dragon make a foray on the countryside. The magician himself wasn't such, but that dragon could sure scare hell

out of the populace (partially poor southern boys like Jia Bob). After gleaning the entire kingdom (the always left things bright and gleaming, they'd haul off a couple of maidens and his themselves back up the hill. (It was a his hill!))

The maidens didn't seem to mind, but the young men of the kingdom were beginning to get a little pouty about it. They picked a committee to go to the king and in rage demanded an end to this outrage. The King slowly nodded his head. (Fast nodding resulted in his crown falling off and revealing his bald spot). (I wasn't at Pudgecon, but that is what they told me). Being stupid, he admitted that something should be done about it; and being wise, he decided to throw the problem to the public at large. "What ever brave young man (not you Gary) shall slay the dragon and rout the magician may have his choice of my three lovely daughters to bed - or, to wed!" He proclaimed.

The general consensus of opinion was that this was a rather sneaky way of shoving the responsibility of on to someone else (maybe Fuchs thought of it). Anyhow, several of the kingdoms fine young lads decided to give it a try. It was Easter Vacation, and they didn't have the money to go to Florida for the love-ins, and things were pretty dull around the kingdom, so what the hell! By the time they reached the foot of the hill, or the foothill as it came to be known, all but one had dropped out of the contest. This one brave lad (couldn't find any Dip players who qualified here) with more courage than brains, by stealth and cunning, managed to slay the dragon and bind the magician in chains. (If you think I'm going to tell you how he did it, you're all wet! I don't want any dragons or magicians reading this and learning all about our secret weapons.)

Returning to the castle, dragging the miserable magician behind him, the young man sought audience with the king. Being kindly and benevolent, the king dealt fairly with the magician (like any good Diplomacy player would do).

"Art thou repentant for what thee hast done?" He asked the old magician.

"Yes indeed!" Replied the magician.

"Do you promise never to do no such thing no more?" He asked further.

"You know it, Dad!" Said the old soothsayer.

"Then because your heart is now clean and pure," proclaimed the king, "I shall kill you upon the spot before you have a chance to dirty it up again and lose your place in the hereafter."

Scratch one magician. (I knew there was a reason I made Pudge the king.)

"Now for your reward," the king said, turning to the young hero. "Make your choice." And he flung his arm out toward Rose, Lily and Fanny.

Whoa do you suppose the young man chose as his reward? Why, he chose the king of course! This is a FAIRY story!

Stay tuned nextish for the life story of the young hero and the king.

BPW7 to BM: Still room for your regular writers? Damn! Well, how about something for you travel buffs and even the poets?

TIMBUCKTOO

Tim and I walking went
We spied three maidens in a tent.
They be three and we be two,
so I buck one and Timbucktoo!

GMS to BPW7: Tim? Tell me more about this guy Tim.

BAALLU: Listen at you! Aren't you even the least bit ashamed of the spectacle that you're making of your self?!

BM to GMS: Give a god a bit of attention and he turns into a jealous god. Don't say I didn't warn you.

GMS to BAALLU: Don't worry sweetie, you're still my favorite.

BAALLU: SHOOCH!!!

BM to BAALLU: Okay, Hotlips...just for that you lose Spain!

BER to ENG: Gary laid his cards on the table...aces and eights for you.

ENG to BER: He laid what? Where? Who?

PARIS to BERLIN: I never really liked Marion Zimmer Bradley and now I'm glad I don't have to!

BST. YORK to VARIOUS BOOK REVIEWERS: Bob Asperin was a play tester in 'Beyond the Stellar Empire', a commercial wargame out of New York. I'm rather fond of his collections by other authors starting with 'The Vulgar Unicorn'.

GM to BST. YORK: It's Asperin, and the collections you refer to start with 'Thieves' World', then there is 'Tales From the Vulgar Unicorn' and 'Shadows Over Sanctuary'. Until he runs out of authors, the set will likely continue to be very good.

GUEST PRESS WRITER (2) to PRESSBAGS: One out, one down, and five still in the hunt. Arnhematztian still has the best chance of surviving, but only if he can strong-arm somebody into letting his Austrian armies go somewhere (Germany or Russia could ally with him and avoid severe damage). I don't think he can press much farther without help--but then we all agree his press is pretty helpless anyway, right?

BST. YORK to RUSSIA: You are a very refreshing change compared to the rest of this crowd. I enjoyed the two hour video tape you sent. I appreciated your holding everyone's letters up for us to see.

FRANCE to RUSSIA: Last time, Italy's press said he was in Tyrolia, but I saw this ugly black block there. Are Italy and Germany speaking for each other or what? I guess what I really want to know is which one is the ventriloquist and which one is the dummy. I have my own opinion...

BER to RUS: Your popularity is growing by leaps and bounds. Frankly I don't understand it either, but so it goes.

BAALLU: Well, have you tried putting it in your ear?

BER to ITA: Did you really think I was attacking you, good buddy? Hey, you told me you were moving to Tyrolia and Bohemia or something, and I didn't want you to! It's not my fault you lied, good buddy.

PARIS: Here's a dime so you can call someone who does care.

OLGA to SMOKEY: Your new hobby nickname shall be 'the range'. Bring your plague ridden carcass to Fudgecon and we'll add to our program of 'female and wrestling' an event of 'cat fighting'. In the mean time, shut up!

SMOKEY to OLGA: When I want to hear from you, I'll pull your chain. 'The range' ... plague ridden carcass...you have been hanging around your unimaginative master too long. When you can come up with some original insults, drop us a line. Until then, why don't you go frighten a caged canary or something. I've got some magpies to terrorize.

BPW2 to ITALY: Bruce Lindsey is a dunderhead because he listens to the advice of inexperienced adolescents (redundant? maybe) like Highchair, Barfo, Lard and you.

FRANCE to ITALY: Let's shoot Olsen and then we'll become rich by finding the Elephant's Graveyard. I'm an Ivory God!

GMS to FRANCE: I prefer LifeBoy.

ITALY to RUSSIA: Byrne is going to win this game unless you help me!

GERMANY to ITALY & RUSSIA: Good, you two deserve each other--a hamster molester and a buck-toothed rodent.

BAALLU: Is it worse than the 10 plagues that hit Egypt?

OLSEN to BNC: Here are my complaints for this month. (1) A certain GM, under the bad influence of Buddy Tretick's long lost daughter (Daphne Tretick, how melodious) illegally and immorally sent me fraudulent moves in a certain game, substituting the moves he WISHED I had made, for my considerably more useful moves. I'm sure that you, Honey, will not allow such nefarious goings-on to continue.

BAALLU: It is worse than the 10 plagues that hit Egypt!

GM to BAALLU and OLSEN and BNC: I confess. I did it and I'm proud of it. I guess the only thing left is the honorably thing. I hereby declare this game to be irregular. After all, how regular could a game be, wherein Olsen has more than three units?

GMS to GM: No no...you just step down as the GM and let me run it.

BAALLU to GMS: Hey hey hey!

BOB to DAPHNE T: Yes, that incident with the Kommandant was in 'War a Remembrance'. But remember what happened to the Kraut, he was on the losing side and probably wound up where all war criminals and people w/ fake game results go.

BMS to BOB BOB: Need I remind you just which of us is the criminal Kraut in this situation? I have in mind a little variation where you slowly but surely give up all of your dots to your neighbors.

BAALLU: I'm game.

ASSOCIATED PRESS: The press has been so bad lately that your magazine is giving press a bad name. The writers union demands that you people enroll immediately in the courses as designated below or be banned from the union.

Sgt. Pudge	- Creative Buffering
BPW2	- Overcoming Peace of Mind
Baallu	- Ego Gratification Through Violence
Fuchs	- Whine Your Way to Alienation
GM	- Packaging and Selling Your Child
Windbag of War	- Skate Yourself to Regularity
Jim Bob	- Suicide and Your Health
Byrne	- Looters Guide to American Cities
Woody	- How to Overcome Self Doubt Through Pretense and Ostentation
BMS	- Career Opportunities in El Salvador
Daf	- You and Your Birthmark
Konrad	- Guilt Without Sex

ALL: Hell, we resign!

BPW7: And who is going to teach these courses? The only candidate I know spends all his time in front of the mirror trying to understand nudity.

BAALLU: Well kiss my grits!

REUTERS: No, Fuchs cannot teach thee! Get Bob Bob. He knows that money can make you rich. So will BM when he graduates.

BAALLU: Well kiss my hushpuppies!

GM to BAALLU: You really do want a boot licker, don't you?

OLSEN to GM: Let it never be said I lack an open mind. Advise me on Anthony. I've read:

Oenivore and a sequel to it whose title escapes me (pretty good stuff, at least it was enough to get me to read the sequel, but as I remember, the characters were very cartoon-like. Well, actually, I don't remember that such.

Macroscopic (very disappointing, the first of the 800-page hype novels)
Sax the Rope (dumb)

Triple Detente (clever, but not such of a novel)

The first 2 or 3 of the Xanth series (mediocre fantasy)

Chthon (good as I recall, but read it very long ago)

I have in stock: Hasan, the book it took him 10 years or something to sell. Worth reading? Anyway, tell me something you actually think is good, and I'll give it a try. Fair?

SST. YORK to PUDGE REVIEW OF BOOKS: Pierre Anthony is an acquired taste. The first three novels of his "Xanth" series were good, the next three were a little forced. His "Kirlian" trilogy was pretty good, but you were right about the "Tarot" trilogy. But if you related the two through their link, they were interesting. No worse than Gordon Dickson jumping around with his "Dorsai" books or Keith Laumer with his "Relief" books.

PARIS: For Baallu's next magic trick, he will attempt to drive the German elephants from Belgium, while saving Spain from an Armeanian plague and, as the piece de resistance, build England into a major power by doubling the Wonder Slug's strength. How'd he do? How'd he do?

GM to PARIS: Like they say, two out of three ain't bad.

GERMANY to FRANCE: What's all this about elephants? I don't get it. Start praying I never do.

PARIS: It is the will of Baallu.

BMS to PARIS: I think you're going to have to do better than that.

GERMANY to BOARD & BMS: Just a warning. Ask Gary. Ask him about R-S. Ask him about Swedish Roundabout. When I start losing, I start writing lots of press (that's why I write so much press). My advice to you—pull back before it's too late, or I will not be responsible for the consequences.

WOODY to BOARD: I think I hate the new Olsen. Why, he's nothing but a civilized Coughlan!

BAALLU to DAF: What if one of those rich Arab sheiks came up to you and said, "Tissa-aiigh-tuh". How would you react? Would you act pleased or slap his face and stalk off? Be careful with your answer, remember all that oil wealth which could be yours is hanging in the balance. I'll provide the translation next time...

DAF to BAALLU: Since you asked the question of Daf, she will have to answer it. She would smile, thank him, and tell him that she has all the wealth she could ever want right where she is now. The BMS is another story entirely.

BMS to BAALLU: I'd plant a kiss on the big guy's mouth that would stop a train in mid chug. Then I'd take him shopping.

FRANCE to GERMANY: What do you mean "going insane"? You've been insane. But you can prove me wrong by coming up with a lucid explanation for your ridiculous moves in Spring 1905 (the real set of moves, not the fake). See?

GERMANY to FRANCE: Don't worry about your reputation...the Olsen propaganda machine will deal with you like we did with Mazzer...Gary the Consummate Genius...start writing that Nixon Award acceptance speech. It'll be a revelation to the NM readers, since all they generally get to read from you are those silly boring letters attacking me.

PARIS to TOAD TALLMAN: Always remember that elephants are scared of mice! So get out there and SLUG (HAHAHAHAHAHAHA) it out with "Elephant Olsen"!

SGT. YORK to PUDGE: Did you really think I'd stab you? A waster toad always treats potential toadies well.

ITALY to BMS: Never, ever insult the good - no, great name of Woody by using it for Mark Keller.

BMS to WOODY: Does that mean I can't call you Gary?

FRANCE to TURKEY: Elephants to the left of me, and frogs to the right, and you, YOU want me to trust YOU. My situation is not that desperate and won't be until my last supply center is annihilated and I'm out of the game, at which time trusting you is only academic!

SGT. YORK to TURKEY: Don't trust him!

WICHITA: Del Brande's running a contest for the birthdate of Scoop Berch's baby, but he's forgotten one detail--the baby's name. I'm putting my money on "Brux" Berch, male or female, makes no difference. Who'll take my action? (No BMS, not that kind!)

BAALLU: This is worse than anything Mark Berch has ever written, not to mention boring!

BAALLU to ELEPHANT OLSEN & DAF: First it was that atrociously boring Minds of War press, then that clever, well-deserved fake of the game results, so what's next? Fake Hitler Diaries that bore everyone??!!

GM to BAALLU: I understand that the 'Secret Scoop Diaries' have just been uncovered, hidden in some tin cans in a back yard in Alexandria. These 7,346 loose leaf binders document Scoop's rise to power for the period November 1978 through June 1979. I understand no less an expert than Bob Olsen has authenticated them by falling asleep by page three of the first volume.

SPICZ to PUG: Hope you were put safely to bed by last month's 'insert'. Snicker, snicker. (Yes, that's two snickers! This is the big time, folks!)

SGT. YORK to BMS: The Pudge was really baffled by your insert. I told him I was your choice for ombudsman.

GERMANY to TURKEY: Hey honey, why didn't you do what you said you would? And why didn't Fuchs? And why didn't Moody?...and Toadsen...or anybody...oh, I get it. Never mind.

PARIS to BERLIN: Not only do you distort what actually happened, but you are greedy too. I've heard of throwing everything away for the love of one woman, but what are you getting out of these moves which antagonize everyone except for Kathy? Not Kathy; Caruso wouldn't hear of that. Please explain O Liar!

BAALLU to LUEDI: O Vegetable! Behold now, Baallu, the living god! The destroyer of nations! The healer of sinners! The blesser of fleets and armies! Do not defy the armies of the living god again! Fall down and worship as as Olsen will soon do to save his miserable hide.

GREAT ELEPHANT QUOTATIONS: "Let them have their elephant walk!" (Elizabeth Taylor, Elephant Walk 1954.).

WOODY to GM: You'd better use your house rules 100%! After playing in a Linsey game, I know house rules make the hobby. Now if only my Linsey house rules had not fallen into the fireplace.

FRANCE to ITALY: Your press last time sure didn't catch your moves. Is your brain always this disconnected from your mouth?

SST. YORK to MARK LUEDI (HOBBY V-8 JUICE): Baallu is the sound a hung over whale makes.

OLSEN to GM and BABALU: All four players in R-7 played well (except for me of course) and therefore they all deserved a share in the draw (except for me of course). I only play these games to restore justice to the world. Hey, if Gary had played any good in Pressgang, I'd even let him share in the draw here! Graciousness is my middle name.

PARIS to SMS: How do I feel about "dead meat", you ask? If it's elephant meat, it's hunky-dory with me!

R-7 FRANCE to SMS: Because I declared press amnesty in R-7, that's why. Won't be long for this game either, I'm afraid. I hope you enjoy typing Gary's "ya'all"'s, because very soon, that's all you'll have to do. Oh and Fuchs' stuff, of course. \$\$\$Yawn\$\$\$

BOB to GARY: I wouldn't brag about having a zine with only two words in the title if I were you. After all, if terseness is a virtue, then it follows that 'Braustark' is the better zine. In fact, taking this theory to its logical conclusion, even 'Magus' would be better.

FRANCE to ENGLAND: What do you get when you cross a Beetle with a Wonder Slug?... Tallan in Edinburgh and Liverpool, I hope. Build fleets and shun the Hun!

SST. YORK to BAALLU: Europa Express is the same sound done rapidly underwater.

R-7 FRANCE to R-7 AUSTRIA: I told you I never look at anything but the board position. Guess it's gotten me in trouble again..oh well.

BAALLU to DAF: Loved the fake results you did especially for Olsen which had him losing all of his home centers! I wonder if he finally figured out that he didn't really build an Army Prussia! Mensa can be so dense sometimes!

BAALLU to DAF: What if I said to you that I wanted to be the first to jigglelate your luhstisibles! (If you blew it on "tiss-sigh-huh", this is your chance to break even...)

DAF to BAALLU: You are too late.

SMS to BAALLU: You are way too late, but what the hell...

WOODY to FUCHS: Thanks for all the letters this turn. These were your best yet. Not at all boring. My eyes never tired, never yawned either.

OLSEN to GM: By the way, why is there a Russian army in the Baltic? Let's try and pay attention, shall we Steve?

GM to OLSEN: That's just your guilty conscience working on you through your imagination. There is no Russian unit in the Baltic. You are simply having a nervous breakdown. See your doctor quickly.

PARIS: Baallu addressed an adoring populace thus and thus: "Frenchmen and Frenchwomen! Our armies have been victorious! Belgium is liberated! The English Channel is no longer German! The Hun is on the run, everywhere. Spain, despite appearances on the map, is in the hands of friendly forces! We will now press on and in the steps of the great Napoleon (with contributions by Robert E. Lee), we shall establish a new Confederation of the Rhine ruled from Paris! Let the Orange Julius flow!"

1981 N Mad Hatters The Players

AUS (Mark Luedi) 730 Atwater wis, Blainington, In 47401
 ENG (John Huestis) 4525 Cameron Road, Shingle Springs, Ca 95682
 FRA (Larry Peery) PO Box 8416, San Diego, Ca 92102
 GER (Greg Stewart) 618 Short Dickey Ave., Greenfield, Oh 45123
 ITA (David Anderson) 219 Oakland Ave. #2, Pontiac, Mi 49058
 RUS (Don Williams) 217-C Kaye Court, Redlands, Ca 92373

Thanks, and this issue of MAGUS, to John Crow for his unused orders for the French units. Will The Desperate Man please send in orders for the Bersen unit?

1981 N Mad Hatters Winter 1906

AUS builds F TRI, A VIE
 ENG removes A Yor
 FRA even
 GER NRR BM removes A Fin, A Bal
 ITA even
 RUS builds A MOS, plays 1 short
 TUR removes F Bla; out

1981 N Mad Hatters Spring 1907

AUS (Mark) A MUN S RUS A Ber-KIE, A BOH S A MUN, A BUL-Con, F GRE-Ion,
 A Tya-PIE(ITA A VEN S), A Bud-RUM(RUS A SEV S), A VIE H,
 F Tri-ALB
 ENG (John) F HEL-Den(F NTH S), F NAG-Nay
 FRA (Larry) F Tyn-ION(F TUN S), A Por-SPA, A Pie-Tya(d: Mar, Tue, DTB),
 A BUR-Mun(A RUM S)
 GER (Greg?) NRR A HOL H
 ITA (David) A VEN S AUS A Tya-PIE, A Nap-ROM, F Ion-NAP, F Bra-ENG
 RUS (Don) F NMY-Nth, A Stp-FIN, A Mos-STP, F Kie-DEN(A SWE, F BAL S),
 A Ber-KIE(AUS A MUN S), A SEV S AUS A Bud-RUM, A CON-Bul,
 A Ank-SMY, A War-SIL

1981 N Mad Hatters ZAT for Summer adjustments and Fall 1907 orders is Friday, July 8, 1983.

1981 N Mad Hatters Press

BLACK PRESS SECTION BLACK PRESS SECTION BLACK PRESS SECTION BLACK PRESS
 RUSSIA to TURKEY: I hate the Beatles. Yellow subs make me see red!
 END BLACK PRESS SECTION END BLACK PRESS SECTION END BLACK PRESS SECTION
 DEADLANDS to BLUMTON: I hope you continued your "Alice Through the
 Microwave", it's funny and has a lot of potential. Do it!
 BMS to SWEET PEARL DIVING FOOL: Your wish is my command sweetie!
 THROUGH THE MICROWAVE, CHAPTER 3

Alice, out of breath, stopped, and asked Socrates, "Zhow zuch zrather? I zan zardly zeep zup zwith you zeven zough you're zonly a zittle zuck!"

"We should almost be there by now. Come, it isn't such farther and we shall be there."

"Zhy zon't you zhave a zatch zike your zfriend ze zabbit?"

"Because I not only know what time it is, but I always know how late I am, whenever I'm late. I seem to never know where I am though. Perhaps you could help me. What does this sign say?"

"Zacramento," Alice replied, realizing now that they might never reach their destination.

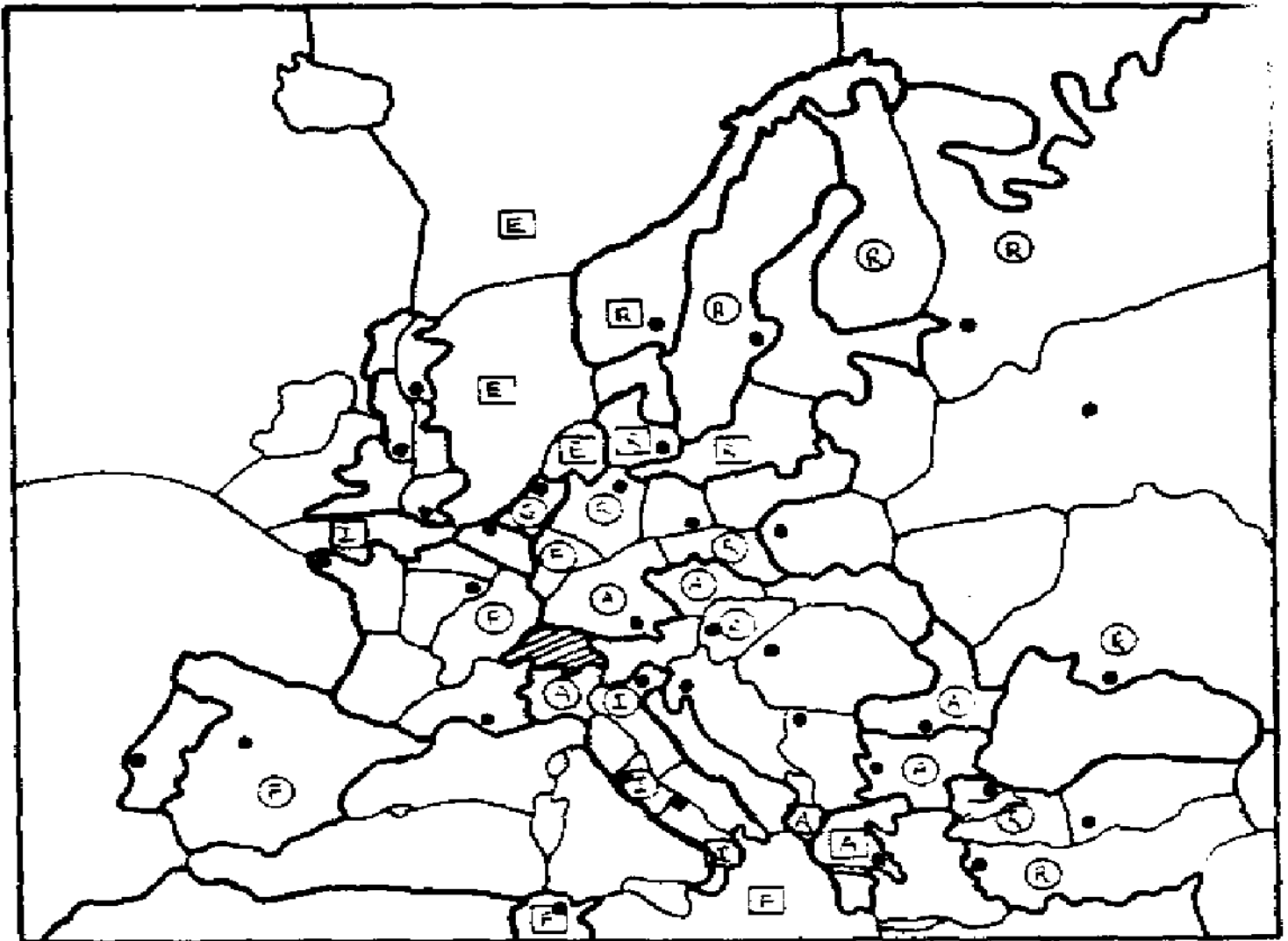
"No, Zacramento isn't where I want to go; Sacremento is, alas."

"Zhis iz ze plaze Zacramento!" Alice screamed at the duck.

"Yes, I know this is Zacramento, but I'm looking for Sacremento."

"Zhis iz Zacramento!!" By now, Alice was getting very red in the face trying to convince the duck this was the place he was looking for.

1981 N Mad Matters

Map does not include unit in retreat.

"I wonder what could have gone wrong," Socrates muttered, "Ah yes! Since Alice can only talk in z's, she says Zacramento when she means Sacramento! I must jot this down at once, for it is a piece of rather profound information!"

Just then, a man approached the pair, and with practiced virtuosity, took down the sign that said 'Sacramento' and replaced it with a sign reading, 'Whether you're a wop or a limey, Putra-Shave's for you.'

"Say pal, you're changing the sign. I'm looking for Sacramento, and you've put up a sign that says something other than "Sacramento" on it. I'm one mean mother-ducking duck, pal, so you better not mess with me!"

"You see this?" The stranger asked, "This is a duck hunting license. I was going duck hunting after I finished putting up these last few signs. If you're looking for Sacramento, just follow the signs I've already put up. And hope you don't run into me again, I'm generally not this nice to ducks, but your pretty little friend saved you this time." He winked at Alice, who courtlaied.

"Say pal, go duck yourself, OK? I got more important business to

do and here is not the place to argue with you over your fate."

Alice and Socrates followed the trail of Putra-Shave signs leading to Sacramento. Here is a list of some of those signs.

"Mentionik Putra-Shave at a party, communist or otherwise, and you will be considerik a comrade."

"Who needs plagiarize when you've got Putra-Shave?"

"Nobody does Putra-Shave the way Hello Larry does Putra-Shave!"

"Put Putra-Shave on your bagel, on your burrito, on your duck, yes, even on your duckink duck."

"Putra-Shave signs yield to the line that says, 'Through the Micro-wave, Chapter Four.'"

PEERIS: Sorry guys, I didn't make it back from KoalaCon I in time to get my orders and press in. Well, actually the post office over there moves kind of slow. They use cloths to deliver the mail. It was a great Con. Wish you could have been there. There will be a write-up in XENO in July. We had it in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia. That's the country's capital and it is located about 100 miles north of Singapore. It's a big city with almost a million people. We used the Presidential Palace for our parties and their Pentagon for the games. Everybody stayed at the KOALA HILTON and we had a great time. The hostess was HRH Esmeralda, who flew up from Tasmania for the day. QUANTAS was great. They kept me and my troop of koalas in leaves and sloe gin for the whole trip. I'm really looking forward to the next one. Don't worry, you'll recognize me from the pictures. I'm the one in the red beret.

MOSCOW to LONDON: Pax vobiscus? Pax? Hinc igitur effuge! Apage satanas! Fas est, sic transit mundus...

ITALY to FRANCE: Do you give up? My surrender terms for you are: let me keep all of my possessions and bring back PUTRASHAVE!

PARIS: The Government of France has today announced a new policy of peace with the Italians. This change of heart came about as a direct result of worsening conditions in Germany. Therefore, the government is calling off its war with Italy and declaring war on Austria. The new official slogan is: LUEDI UNDER ALLES! All over Europe giant balloons have taken to the air in celebration of the new policy. There are even reports that Putra-Shave billboards say return this fall.

COMRADE RUSSINK to DESPERIK MAN: We are noticink much from Moscva, Desperik one. We are noticink thak: you were helpink turkisk swiss brothers...and now they are beink dead; you are helpink latinake lineski...and he is losink center; you are beink ally wik frok...and frok is losink mindk and moves. We are thinking seriouskly, Desperik Man, that we are askink for lyou to make bik promisk...Promisk, please, thak you will not be joinink our beloved revolution - we could nok survive your friendship.

MOSCOW to ROME: Which way did you go, which way did you go?

PARIS: According to Madame Buffodora, Paris' leading courtesan, the true reason for the change in French policy is that the French premier has discovered the secret pleasures of having Italian fingers roving over France's breasts. Oh la, la! And there are rumors, that the French army is practicing a new tactical device for use in the Anti-Austrian campaign. The new weapon, design and intent unknown, is called a French Tickler.

GMS to PARIS: Hmm, how does one get drafted into the Austrian army?

RUSSIA to GMS: I wouldn't know.

MOSCOW to GM: Hello there! Quiz time again...Who said, "They're coming to get you Barbara."? What was the name of the movie?

MARSEILLES: Minister of Peace Xavier Hollandaise today told reporters that the new French policy would be designed to get the French out of any confrontation with Italian units and into the trenches with the nearest Austrians.

RUSSIA to WORLD: (Smirking insanely) Little does the Desperate Nude Man know that desperation, too, follows a pattern. His helping the Turk

last turn was so obviously a desperate tactic, Austria and I just had to conclude that it would be attempted. Perhaps, your Desperate Nuditynes, it is time to trade in your desperation for something less predictable?

Eh? Serene Man, anyone? New Wave Man? Rational Man?...
 ICE QUEEN to RED DEVIL: Fire and Ice! Fire and Ice! Fire and Ice!!
 Forward Comrade!

PARIS: Cordon Bleu was agog today over rumors that famed Italian chef Madame Birsani had agreed to teach a course at the school this fall. Among the dishes for which the world-famous instructress is noted are: SOUR KRAUT, BABELS ROMANOV, TURKISH HASH, and PRUNE DANISH SOUFFLES. Madame Birsani just recently returned from Turkey where she taught a course in MICROWAVING CAMELS WITHOUT FILTERS. Students are flocking to sign up for the course and we'll be bringing additional recipes and menus from time to time.

RUSSIA to INVISIBLE MAN: Are you gone for good, or is this just another trick?

SAN DIEGO: Units of the San Diego branch of the SPCA raided the infamous Webster Manor in North Park where hundreds of cats were freed in the pre-dawn raid. Rumors that members of the San Diego Diplomacy Society were operating a fast food cat burrito chain from that location were denied by spokesman Too Loose Latrek. In the meantime, the official headquarters of the IDS was raided by members of the City's vice squad who claimed that that location was being used as a cat house. Sure enough, two very pregnant cats were found along with 2,300 copies of PLAYGIRL's issue with the centerfold of....whoops, can't print that yet!

GMS to DIEBO: I think I've seen that one. Isn't it the picture of the guy holding the Queen of Hearts over his, ahem, privates?

PEERIS: Speaking of Queens of Hearts. Do any of you play pinochle? I love it, either with a partner or cut-throat.

PEERIS on THE RHINE: Hi Guy!

SERIOUS QUESTION (I mean really, a serious question): Do any of you have microwaves besides me? And Daf and Lonely Man. How can you be lonely and have a microwave.

BLUMTON to WORLD: The Blumton News Service is out of order as a back order of time did not arrive as scheduled. When asked about the time shortage, the Lonely Man replied that if the problem with time shipments persisted, he'd threaten to convert to spars.

The Lonely Man is hungry; he hasn't been eating peanuts for several hours now.

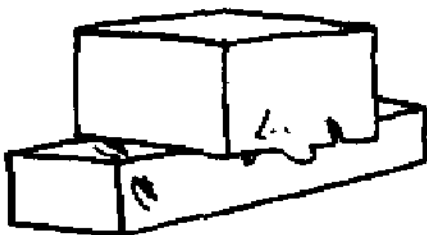
PARIS to TURKEY: You can't cook a turkey in a microwave. Thank God.

PARIS to GERMANY: Where ever you are, I'd like to help you. I just don't know where or how or when or what to do. Suggestions?

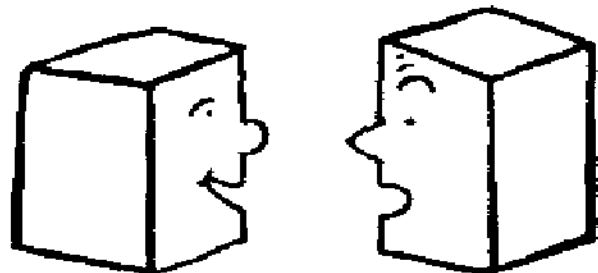
GMS to PARIS: I've got some. My place, the usual way, anytime between 10:00am and 5:00pm, do the words 'leather' and 'chains' tell you anything?

RUSSIA to GERMANY: Had enough?

GMS to RUSSIA: I hope not, I haven't even started to get messed up!



"Good God,.....!"
 "In bed, you can call
 me Mark."



"I don't know, it might
 be a convoy."

1981 HT Scorpio The Players

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 ENG (Larry Peery) PO Box 8416, San Diego, Ca 92102
 FRA (Jim Keeney) 1917 28th St. C, Sacramento, Ca 95816
 GER (Scott Hanson) 939 18th Ave SE, Minneapolis, Mn 55414
 ITA (Mark Keller) 9536 Shuway Dr., Orangevale, Ca 95622
 RUS (John Caruso) 160-02 43rd. Ave. 2nd Flr., Flushing, NY 11358
 TUR (David Anderson) 219 Oakland Ave #2, Pontiac, Mi 48058

The Supply Center chart was in error last season. England lost a dot and France gained it. The players were notified by postcard. Thanks, and this issue of MAGUS to Don Swartz for standby orders for England. Jim Keeney has taken the French position over from Jim Bragg.

1981 HT Scorpio Winter 1904

AUS even
 ENG removes F Lon
 FRA builds F BRE
 GER even
 ITA even
 RUS builds A STP
 TUR builds A ANK

1981 HT Scorpio Spring 1904

AUS (Peter) A Bud H(d; r Gal.OTB)
 ENG (Larry) F EDI-Nth, F SKA-Den (F SWE S)
 FRA (Jim) F Mid-NAT, F Lpi-CLY, F Eng-WAL, F Bre-ENG, A PIC S A BEL,
 A BEL S A PIC (GER A HOL S), A GAS H
 GER (Scott) A Den-YOR (F NTH C), A HOL S FRE A BEL, F Hal-DEN (A KIE S)
 ITA (Mark) A Tri-BUD (A VIE S), A Ven-TRI, A Roe-VEN, F BRE S F AEG,
 F AEG S F BRE, F EAS S F AEG
 RUS (John) F NNY-Swe, A UKR S A SEV, A Gal-RUM (A BEV S), A Stp-MOS
 TUR (David) F BUL(isc)-Gre (A SER S), A Rue S A SER (d;anh), F SMY-Eas,
 A Ank-ARM (F BLA S)

1981 HT Scorpio ZAT for Summer and Fall 1905 orders is Friday, July 8, 1983.

1981 HT Scorpio Press:

BLACK PRESS SECTION BLACK PRESS SECTION BLACK PRESS SECTION BLACK PRESS SECTION
 LIAR TURK to RUSSIA: Eat my jockey shorts!

ITALY to FRANCE: If you built in Mar, it is war.

AUSTRIA to FRANCE: I bet you are so stupid you didn't even see that you could build F BRE and move to Mes and Mid behind yourself and take Tunis in FOS. Don't feel bad - the dope in Italy didn't see it either. And the dope in Germany believed you'd support him into London too.

END BLACK PRESS SECTION END BLACK PRESS SECTION END BLACK PRESS SECTION

FRA to AUS: An Austrian army, awfully arrayed, Boldly by battery besieged Belgrade; Cossack commanders cannonading come, Dealing destruction's devastating doom; (Etc., to the letter Z.) -A.A. Watts, The Siege of Belgrade. Peter, I bet you wish it were so.

PEERIS: I know, we'll start a fund to raise money to build two statues on Alcatraz Island. We'll have one of Daf on one end called "The Mother of Us All" and we'll have one of PJ on the other end of the island and call it "A Study in California Smog".

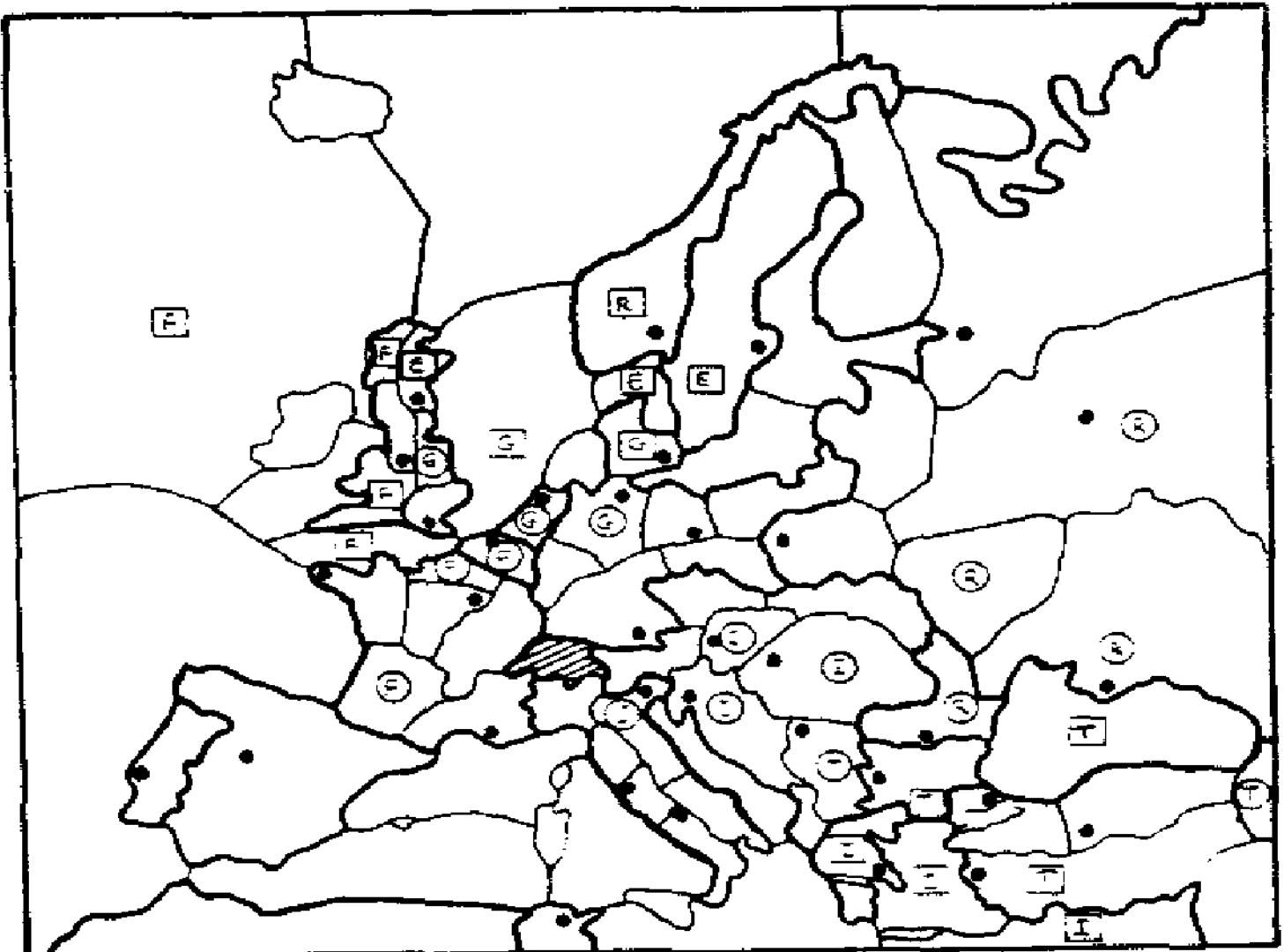
RUSSIA to AUSTRIA: I tried, but you still have not learned to be intelligent enough to see common sense.

PEERIS: Hummmmm, no I wasn't out misbehavin' with the French. If he'd asked me, I might have.

RUSSIA to GERMANY: Still no mail. What's the matter - cat got your fingers?

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Map does not reflect unit in retreat.



PEERIS: Me Two, Me Two! I want to leave my body to Daf! If she likes skinny little green-eyed things like PJ, she'd love having me around. I'm worth it for what you'd save in Halloween candy and Raid. Imagine, having your very own stuffed Peeri sitting around on the mental. That would drive Kathy Byrne and Cathy Cunning nuts! I mean it's better than having the Liberace museum across the street.

FRA to SM: Since brevity is the soul of wit, and tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes, I will be brief. -Shakespeare, Hamlet, II, 2.

PEERIS: Having an Austrian player flee to Japan may be a first, although I did flee to Tijuana once in a fit of rage when somebody spilled beer on me at DIPCON IV. Coors, I think.

FROM THE FINAL CHAPTER OF THE LAST WILL: I, the dying Austrian Emperor, having failed to convince my enemies to end my agony, do hereby cede all territories, power and rights over the Dual Monarchy to Dr. Henry Kissinger, knowing that only this master craftsman can gain our nation peace with honor in these final, desperate days.

PEERIS: I've never had nothing (diseases I mean). No self-respecting bug would bug me! Except the CIA, maybe.

PEERIS: Question for the SM? Since PJ is going to be gone for the summer, does this mean we can all sleep without our pj's?

SHEETS to PUMPKIN: It's now or now my dear, not never, ever!

Since this is the first appearance of OUT OF THE HAT, I'll spend a bit of space explaining what is going on. I am a puzzle fan. I have books of the things. I plan to select a few each month (space providing) to give each of you a shot at solving some of them. I will provide the answers to the previous month's questions with the following month's puzzles. Def has suggested that we should offer a prize to anyone who answers the questions. It's easy, so for the most correct answers each month, that month's MAGUS will be free. If there is a tie, I will award everyone in the tie with a free MAGUS. Good solving.

Conundrum # 1 The Handcuffed Prisoners

Once upon a time there were nine prisoners of particularly dangerous character (Mazzer, Byrne, Pearson, et al) who had to be carefully watched. Every week day they were taken out for exercise, handcuffed together, in groups of three. On the first day, Mazzer was handcuffed between Byrne and Pearson. On no day in any one week were the same two to be handcuffed together. That is, Mazzer can not be handcuffed to Byrne, either hand, or Pearson again in that week, although there would be no reason that Pearson and Byrne could not be handcuffed together on some subsequent day. Can you arrange the nine convicts in triplets for the remaining five days? (Sunday is a day of rest)

Conundrum # 2 The Flight Around The World

A group of airplanes is based on a small island. The tank of each plane holds just enough fuel to take it half way around the world. Any amount of fuel desired can be transferred from the tank of one plane to the tank of another while the planes are in flight. The only source of fuel is on the island, and for the purposes of the problem it is assumed that there is no time lost in refueling either in the air or on the ground.

What is the smallest number of planes that will ensure the flight of one plane around the world on a great circle, assuming that the planes have the same constant ground speed and rate of fuel consumption and that all planes return safely to their island base?

Conundrum # 3 The Wolf In Sheep's Compound

A wolf is crossing a wasteland and arrives in a starving condition halfway across, and too weak to go farther, when he finds an enclosure of iron bars completely surrounding some fat sheep -- too fat to get through the bars, catch. The wolf is so thin he can get through, but he knows he will be too fat to get out if he eats enough sheepflesh to keep him going to cross the wasteland. The fence is too high to jump, unbreakable, and the ground is too stoney for him to dig under the fence. The shepherd will be coming the next week with a gun, and the wolf can not undergo another starvation period like the last. What is his best strategy?

Conundrum # 4 Counting The Matches

There was a box of midget matches, each one inch in length. When the box was opened, the matches could be arranged into a triangle with just as many square inches in area as there were matches. When six of the matches were burned, a second triangle could be formed, again with an area in square inches equal to the number of remaining matches. When a third six matches were burned, a third triangle, again with an area in square inches equal to the number of remaining matches. How many matches were there in the box originally? The number is reasonable for a box of matches.

That should do it for this time. I hope that they are neither too easy to be a challenge, nor too much of a challenge to be fun. I plan to work on the solutions myself, but I won't compete for the MAGUS.

OTHER ESCAPES to the movies again. The best of this lot was HAROLD and MAUDE, a midnight cult flick that I hope to see again and again. Harold (Bud Cort) is a young boy who tries to communicate to his mother through the medium of suicide. Maude (Ruth Gordon) is an ageless lady who shows him that life is for living. It is a love story. It is a touching comedy about life. It is one of my favorites.

Second best was another repeat. THE MAN FROM SNOWY RIVER is the story of a boy growing into manhood. It is a story within a larger story of brothers falling out over a woman, fortunes made, horses running wild, mountains untamed, and young people falling in love. The background, some of world's most spectacular scenery, and the action, some of the world's most exciting horseback riding, help to make this an extremely good movie. I'll probably see it again, too.

This is starting to sound like old news week, isn't it. We saw ET too. Another movie that improves with repetition. The alien is cuter than functional, with some super powers that are totally inconsistent with his early actions, and despite all this the movie becomes real enough to make me cry and cheer.

Next up for your consideration, THE HUNGER. This is a vampire movie that succeeds in telling its story without using the word vampire, or having some kindly old expert sit down and explain to the audience just what it is that is going on. What is going on is that an ancient vampire (Catherine Deneuve) has just outlived her most recent paramour (David Bowie). The problem is that vampires do not die, so Bowie, and all the rest of the 'made' vampires are kept in a collection of coffins among the many other collections a really old being will accumulate. Unlike a 'real' vampire, although they do not die, they do grow old, so the collection of coffins contains a grisly collection of undead corpses. While the vampire is attempting to collect yet another 'life' partner (Susan Sarandon), the undead from the past make one final attempt to collect on the promise of 'forever and ever' that the vampire made them. The presentation is subtle, the photography excellent, the make-up quite good, but the story is really not worthy of the effort. Still, an enjoyable movie, and one that I'm glad I saw.

THE HIGH ROAD TO CHINA is straight adventure that demonstrates to one and all that Tom Selleck really can do the Magnum character. It should be noted that the movie asks exactly that of him. Bess Armstrong saves the film, if it needs saving, with a charming rendition of "headstrong heroine". The airplane action is lots of fun, the stunts are pretty impressive, and no one will ask you to take it seriously. I thought it better than the critics say they do, but not a favorite movie.

THE STING II, is a sequel that would have fared better on its own. If you can dismiss the perfect timing, the twists within twists, the great acting and continuing tension that was THE STING from consideration while watching THE STING II, you will have a good time. The story is simpler, the timing less important, the tension nonexistent (you'll note I didn't even mention the acting), but it comes off as a comedy. It is broad where the original was sharp, and its surprises aren't, but there were plenty of spots for laughter all the same. The people making it seemed to be having fun, and so did the audience.

The least of the set is LONE WOLF McQUADE which pits Chuck Norris and David Carradine in a Karate action romp. Norris plays the same part he always plays, the surly man of action with a heart of gold. He's almost getting good at it. Carradine plays the millionaire crook antagonist. There are guns galore as well as flying fists and feet. The showdown fight between an actor pretending to be a martial artist and a martial artist pretending to be an actor was worth the price of admission. One friend said it all when he told me about it, "Pretty stupid, but fun."

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The Magician, First of the Major Arcana; symbolic of the unknown, the craft of Diplomacy, and human pain and suffering.

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