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Hello and welcome to the EXIT STAGE LEFT portion of the DON WILLIAMS MEMORIAL ISSUE OF MAGUS. That's right, 32 of the 52 pages in this here sucker were written by Don himself. He's got a lot of good stuff in the two issues of FIAT BELLUM that are towards the end of this zine. Be sure and read over the AFLL ENTRANCE EXAM in the second half of FB. He wants it known that he did it all stone sober.

MAGUS will be taking a publishing vacation in August. We are moving and we don't want to risk losing orders in all the hullaballo that accompanies a move. We will send out CQA postcards to each and every subber once we know what our address will be. Please don't send in orders until you receive the card. Thank you for your cooperation ahead of time.

This month's offering looks a bit like this...

EXIT STAGE LEFT	(Daf's afterward)	page 1
PATTER	(the magician expounds)	page 2
ILLUSIONS	(the games, of course)	page 4
FIAT BELLUM	(Don Williams' subzine)	page 17.
HARE OF THE DOG	(Daf's Fiat Bellum subzine)	page 49

The standby list: Mark Keller, John Huestis, John Crow, Mark Coldiron, Mike Ehli, Don Williams, Jim Keeney, Jim Burgess, Timothy Allen, Mark Frueh, Clark Reynolds, David Anderson. A motley crew if I ever saw one (and I've seen a few), but thanks to them all. If you want on or off Daf's Motley Crew, just let us know. If you are called on for standby orders, you will get the issue free for which you send them in, whether they are used or not. We need standbys, so please join Daf's Motley Crew.

MAGUS can be obtained through the inferior method of paying us, Steve and Daf Langley, \$7.50 for 10 issues, or through the far superior method of writing for these pages. We pay for all submissions used with sub credits. The zine comes out once a month, with it's mailing date set to be the Thursday following the ZAT. The ZAT for all games in MAGUS that we GM is the Friday following the first Monday of the month.

So, how do you like the new reproduction that MAGUS is going through? I like it. It's nice to take it to a printer, leave it, pick it up about five and have the thing ready to mail by nine in the evening. We used to stay up until one or two in the morning. This is definitely the better plan. Have you ever tried to explain what a Dip zine is to someone who has never seen the game? The printer still thinks I'm slightly nuts. "You play games in this thing? And you spend this much money every month just for running a game?" I guess if you're on the outside looking in, it does seem ridiculous.

MARK BERCH DEPT. HOT is the word for the last month. The paper was printing a little chart of the high temperatures every day for two weeks. It only dipped below 100 degrees three times. We have already exceeded our average number of 100 degree days and we still have more to look forward to. That's one of the main reasons MAGUS is so skimpy looking. Of course, Don Williams is used to the heat. In fact, judging from the amount of pages in this thing that are FB, he seems to thrive on it. Everyone wish for cool. Bye.

Lots of stuff to shove into FATTER this month. Where to start is always the question. There is no beginning especially, but I guess I can start with my leg and then jump around (not with my leg, though). I am still a mystery to modern medicine, but my new doctor has the answer, he went on a month's vacation. My next appointment with anyone is early August. Luckily, the pain is endurable for short periods on my feet, and passes into nagging when I sit or lay down. In answer to those of you who have asked about Acupuncture, Chiropracty and Faith Healers...no, not yet. For some rather egotistic personal reasons, I don't think a Faith Healer could help...I'm one of those who would rather be right.

Sometime between now and next ZAT we will be moving. We don't know where or really when, and so we are calling a month's hiatus on MAGUS. We will send you all a COA when we get it. With my other problems (see above) and the Sacto Summer Sizzle, putting out a zine in August wasn't going to be all that much fun, anyhow.

My supposed source of Diplomacy Articles has begged off. We don't have the room this month, and won't have a zine next month, and by then, maybe I will be able to change that decision. If not, I may descend to writing some articles myself.. I am torn between being afraid of saying things so obvious that you will all laugh and giving away any edge I may have, if the things that I consider obvious really aren't. You know, the standard egotistic rationalization. Yet, I am ready to start publishing some articles on the play of Diplomacy, and if I have to write them myself...well, it's all your fault for not writing them for me...and you know who you are...so don't whimper.

CONUNDRUMS have lost most of their following. I think I made a mistake in making them too hard one month. From that month on, we got very few takers. Last month's conundrum was not difficult, and four of you proved it. The solution was:

AUSTRIA	Terry Tallman	Dark Blue
ENGLAND	Mike Mazzer	Black
FRANCE	Larry Peery	Yellow
GERMANY	Bruce Linsey	Green
ITALY	Daf Langley	White
RUSSIA	Kathy Byrne	Red
TURKEY	Cathy Cuning	Light Blue

I still like them. So what I think I will do is start a whole new set in September, guaranteed to be ranged from obvious to difficult, in hopes that some of you who used to follow them will be encouraged to try again.

A couple months back I took note of Mark Berch hitting the 80 issue plateau (I didn't want to say mark) with a bit of fun about double issues. I didn't mean it as a criticism of Mark, or anyone who uses double issues to keep from losing more than they can afford through publishing. One of you, at least, took it that way. All I was doing was playing with numbers (one of my many hobbies) as a means to fill a page. In point of real fact, I think Mark puts out a fair product at a fair price. The use of double issues is a means to keep costs and price in tandem. Personally, I think the same could be done

with double priced issues for larger than normal zines, leaving the issue numbers to grow one by one, publishing date after publishing date.

Someone once, or maybe still, charges by the page. I am too lazy to keep track of by the page costs, and even too lazy to keep track of zine size for numbering the zine. I know I would never try to keep track of an entire sub-list against single and double (or more) priced issues. So...to each his own. Sorry if I stepped on any toes.

Now, for one of my pet peeves. Have you ever been interrupted while watching television by a severe sort of guy who tells you that nine out of ten people have dandruff? Imagine that, nine out of ten! And in the very next commercial, they show a beautiful blonde catching the eye of some yuppie. Just as he's about to try out some of his moves on her, she scratches her head, and he thinks..."Oh, oh...she's scratching her head. Might be dandruff." That's it baby. Full ostracism. The next day, after a shampoo with some chemical goo guaranteed to kill all life on her head, the same blonde catches the same yuppies eye and he makes his move. Now, how did he decide that she was suddenly Ok? Yesterday she was scratching her head. Maybe it just didn't itch then, how can he be sure? Isn't he taking a big chance? After all, nine out of ten people have dandruff. Chances are, she's one of them.

Nine out of ten of us are being ostracised by the other tenth for scratching our heads. Can you imagine Caruso passing up a shot at that blonde just because she's scratching her head?

After giving it quite a bit of thought, I figured out how the yuppie knew the blonde was no longer unclean. It's the smell. You wash your hair in that stuff, and you come out smelling like industrial strength cleanser. Of course, some of the really with it dandruff shampoos realize that, except for in television commercials, people are turned off by the smell of industrial strength cleanser. They offer a new improved dandruff shampoo that smells so good you might want to use it even if you don't have dandruff. With nine out of ten of us doomed to having dandruff, why do they need to shoot for that small a market?

Obviously, they don't. I suspect it is all a matter of greed. Especially, when you consider that all they promise is to "control your dandruff". They aren't even going to get rid of it for you. If they did, they would lose you as a consumer. The only solution is for each nine of us to go and shake out our hair on the tenth. Then we can all have dandruff. Every one equal. No more problems or dumb commercials.

Steven Knight of 11905 Winterthur Ln., Apt. 103, Reston, VA, 22091 USA and Doug Rowling of 194 Hawkhead Rd., Paisley PA2 7B5, Renfrewshire, SCOTLAND are jointly creating a new Dipdom service, the International Subscription Exchange. The problem seems to be that it is difficult for British pubbers to spend American money and vice versa. To overcome this difficulty, Steven and Doug have arranged to act as middle-men to bypass the monetary exchange difficulty. If you want to sub to some British zines, send Steven a SASE for information about how to take advantage of the service.

Le Ronde Bourse

Net sales and price changes

Company	Crowns	Pounds	Marks	Lira	Rubles
ATC	0	-500	+1680	-500	-500
SSS	+1	0	-500	-500	+965
WMD	-499	-498	+2169	-500	-500
LPH	0	-500	+1680	-500	-500
TSIF	-500	-498	+2170	-500	-500
NYSE	-69	0	+957	-377	-500
Dray Prescott	0	0	0	0	0
Nick Van Rijn	+183	-500	+1500	-500	-500
Milhouse Ltd.	-499	-500	+988	-499	+647
In a Pig's Eye	0	0	0	0	0
Jose Muldoon	0	-498	-500	-500	+1612
Totals	-1383	-3494	+10144	-3876	+225
Old Price	3.79	5.15	3.85	3.82	3.97
New Price	3.66	4.81	4.86	3.44	3.99

Current Portfolios

Company	Crown	Pound	Mark	Lira	Ruble	Rank
ATC	0	4373	2555	5773	4043	1169
SSS	1	806	1299	1400	1460	336
WMD	22913	3487	6739	2705	3979	2383
LPH	0	3398	5434	2863	3267	1089
TSIF	1500	2736	4788	2208	5868	1174
NYSE	0	7296	3278	0	1000	964
Dray Prescott	1	2743	5338	2019	4415	1051
Nick Van Rijn	17900	3712	5260	1604	1502	1830
Milhouse Ltd.	666	3756	1777	6690	1227	967
In a Pig's Eye	0	377	0	2140	2773	315
Jose Muldoon	0	6106	4200	282	5212	1209

Financial Press:

***GM to BOURSE: Neither Dray nor IAPE NMRed. They just took a break from the pressures of buying and selling this month.

***TSIF to ATC: Germany and England have half the board so I doubt that Italy and Russia will have time to spank Austria.

Le Ronde is turning into a very interesting Diplomacy game.

***NEW ITALIAN PLAYER to the BOURSE: Some advice:

Dump your Lira -- FAST!!

***ATC to BOURSE: The spectacular demise of France has buoyed the spirits of the anti-Austrian crusade! Despite the ill-gotten gains we predict Austria will meet the same fate as France.

***AUSTRIA, INC to BOURSE: ATC is wrong of course...he's been a little sour on us ever since we took away all his Crowns; Italy and Russia will not combine to "crush Austria."

However, if ATC keeps it up, Nick Van Rijn and Mr. "T" will join together to crush him. (Put that in your portfolio and peddle it...you philistine.)

***NICK VAN RIJN: Ach, I believe in Dandy Don. Then again I also believe in Howard Cosell...

***W?M?D to GM: Yeah, I sent orders in. I'm wondering what else was in the envelope. Hope these made it, as they're in the zine.

***SSS: Postal Service is one of my least favorite oxymorons.

***AUSTRIA, INC to TSIF: Dear Sirs, yes, we've had our eye on you for some time now. You seem to be a man of intelligence and integrity, even if you are selling Crowns. We'll keep you in mind in future transactions.

***MILHOUSE LTD to GMS: You know what home ownership does to you? I spent all last Sunday (Father's Day) putting up swings for the kiddies. And there's no mayonaise in the 'Fridge at all!!!

***GMS to MILHOUSE: Did you check under the bed?

***TSIF to BOURSERS: 1st string: WMD and NVR (entrepreneurs in the Austrian Crown) 2nd string: Jose Muldoon, ATC and TSIF (fly-by-knight extraordinaire) 3rd string: LPH, Dray Prescott, NYSE and Milhouse (too conservative) Also-Rans: the rest.

***W?M?D to GMS: And here you thought I'd jumped out the window.

***GMS to W?M?D: I was really worried, too. I saw a zucchini jump out of a window once and it wasn't a pretty sight.

***LPH to MILHOUSE: What I fail to understand is why you and any other buffoons continue to buy Crowns after WMD and Nick ran away with the store. Doesn't the half-assed manager of Milhouse know he is only helping the two leaders to greater heights while the rest of us scramble for the crumbs? I'm really excited about the race for third place...I'll stick around for one more turn to see if WMD NMR's out.

***GM to LPH: Buying Crowns in order to enlarge one's buying power might be a good idea, even if you can never hope to hold the Crown majority. You had your shot at it just like W?M?D and NVR back when it was a real gamble. Now, it is no gamble at all, but having a fifth currency to sell might be wiser than refusing to deal because others are winning.

***W?M?D to NICK: Hey, check out the dogfight for 5th place!

***NICK to GM: Hmmm, an awful lot of "GM" and "GMS" press this last time! Are you trying to tell us something, like for instance that we don't write enough press for you?

***GM to NVR: How can you ask that?

***AUSTRIA, INC. to BOURSE: As the GM said last month, we've changed our image. As expected, our recent reorganization has reaped modest gains over the past two quarters. To go along with this new image, a new name. Announcing:

"SHEERLUCK LTD./AUSTRIAN EXPRESS - For the serious investor."

***NVR to AUSTRIAN MIRACLE: Ok, I'm convinced. After all if you were to pull out a win here (hyork hyork) that'd be a miracle indeed.

***TSIF to GM: His five dot image and his low, low price should get some buyers (ie Crowns). Let's see what he does in the Spring before I think of buying more.

***SL/AE to GM: Would it be too much to add, "Morons and their Money"? or, "Mindlessness over Money"?

***GM to SL/AE: Too subtle.

***SL/AE to GM: Yeah, well, we thought so too. How about this instead, "Invest your money...or we'll kill you"? Catchy, huh?

***W?M?D to NICK: They'll be buying Crowns soon, you'll see.

***GPW to CHRIS COLEMAN: Hey Chris, it looks like the GMS wants to hear "The Erotic Adventures of Sally Ride." Remember that cold winter's night you cuddled up with a bottle while Tom and Tracy warmed themselves by the fire and you felt lonely. It probably would be more interesting than "The Windbags of War" sagas from Pressgang. D'mon, titillate us. But you'll have to change Sally to Daphne.

***GMS to GPW: That's Daphne, and he won't have to change a thing...if he can hear you...he doesn't sub you know.

***W?M?D to ENGLAND and GERMANY: You just had to do it, right? I know, I know, just for revenge.

***GM to W?M?D: Perhaps it was simply greed.

***OLSEN to GM: You believe Mazzer and his "aims for the poor" scam? I guess you didn't hear that he even stole that beggar bowl.

***SL/AE to MILHOUSE: I still think I'll outlast you...who's got the itchier finger, Langley or Frueh?

***GM to SL/AE: You don't really think I'd eject Milhouse for the theft of a lousy begging bowl, do you?

***COCHISE to GM: You have my permission to improve (or edit) my press as you see fit. Sometimes I am an utter loquacity not to mention boring.

***GM to COCHISE: I won't mention it if you won't. How did you like the way I edited you?

***GMS to GM: He gave you his permission to edit and he's still here? Where did I go wrong?

***GM to GMS: Sweetboots, let me count the ways.

***SL/AE to NVJ & WMD: Just won't take a hint, huh? Listen, if you guys don't cut back on selling Crowns, say, to 200-300 a season, I go down for the count.

***MILHOUSE LTD to WMD and NVR: Do you think you can unload those Crowns fast enough?

***GMS to SL/AE: Who's this Count?

***GM to GMS: Try not to encourage him. He's as bad as GPW when he gets going. Right now, I'll bet he's preparing his answer to your question.

***SL/AE to GMS: Yes, of course...we'll go down for you too. Did you have to ask? Oh, damn, here comes that hippy-guy again...with a club...Owww! Ouch!! Hey! Oww! Ooooch! Oooomph! Hey...Ouch!!...I'm just...Oww!!...kidding...Ouch!!!

***GM to BOURSE: That's a lot of fun. Want to give it a try?

***NICK: Ach, I am putting my money on Evans Givan. I heard so many stories about him at Dipcon...

***GM to NICK: Telling Evans Givan stories is getting to be a Con tradition...ask Mark Frueh...er...Marc Peters.

***SL/AE to GMS: Say, Sweetboots...how'd you like to be on our "Board of Directors"? Hmmm...?

***GMS to SL/AE: Depends if you mean by "on" what I mean by "on".

***SL/AE to GMS: But of course! That's one of the "fringe benefits". That, and an oversexed secretary...

***GMS to SL/AE: Promises, promises. I'd want the best.

***SL/AE to GMS: Sure, we'll give you Milhouse Ltd... You have to watch him though, he's kinda 'oily'.

***GMS to SL/AE: It's okay...he lost his mayonaise.

***TSIF to USPS: Send WMD's orders to Alaska, please!

***W?M?D to BOURSE: Gee, I was only sand-bagging.

***SOCRATES to DONALD: I know who you are...I can smell a rat 2000 miles away. Get outta KK, pal, or your - pardon the expression - goose is cooked.

***GMS to SOCRATES: If you are not lost, you are in big trouble. Kindly take your problem to some other zine...pal!

***GPW: English sailors hit the beaches of Marseilles. They wanted to check out the 'au natural' aspects of Nice. Now isn't that nice.

***GMS to GPW: Is that why they call it Cannes?

***SL/AE to NYSE: O ye of little faith...

***NICK to GM: I protest! The press release you printed last season, "NICK VAN RIJN to GM: " was a forgery!!! I never said that! Admittedly I might have thought it ... then again that's about all I ever think anyway.

***GM to NVR: I believe that " " was a totally accurate representation of what you said last month.

1982 HX Le Ronde The Players

Don Williams 217-B Craig Court, Redlands, CA 92374
 Jim Meinel PO Box 832, Anchorage, AK 99510
 Evans Givan 8066 Camstock Court, Citrus Heights,
 CA 95610
 Mike Ehli 1715 Cottonwood, Springfield, OR 97477
 Mark Frueh 1013 Milton St. #304, Madison, WS 53715

The results are in and the game will remain DIAS. I guess I get my wish to see a DIAS endgame. There is a five-way draw proposed, so maybe the endgame won't be as spectacular as I thought it might be. Please vote with next season's orders.

1982 HX Le Ronde Autumn 1908

FRA NRR A Mar R OTB

1982 HX Le Ronde Winter 1908

AUS builds A TRI
 ENG builds A LON
 FRA NRR GM removes A Bur, F Eng
 GER builds A BER
 ITA removes A Aib
 RUS builds A MOS

1982 HX Le Ronde Spring 1909

AUS (Don, 5) A TRI S ITA A TYA, A Gal-SIL (RUS A WAR S),
 A VIE-Boh, A SER MS A RUM
 ENG (Jim, 9) F Bre-MID, A Yor-NWY (GER F NTH C), F Nwy-SWE,
 F NAF S F WES, F Stp(nc)-BAR, A LON H,
 F SPA(ec)-Gol (E_MAR, F WES S)
 GER (Evans, 8) A BER-Pru, A Par-BUR, A BOH-Tya (A MUN S),
 A Sil-War (djanh), A PRU-Lvn, F Swe-FIN,
 F NTH C ENG A Yor-NWY
 ITA (Mike, 6) A PIE-Mar, A TYA H (AUS A TRI S), F ION S F TUN,
 F TUN S F TYH, F TUS-Gol (F TYH S)
 RUS (Mark, 6) A Mos-STP, A CON MS F BUL (ec), A LVN-Pru,
 A WAR S AUS A Gal-SIL, A UKR S A WAR
 A UKR S A WAR

1982 HX Le Ronde ZAT for Fall 1909 is September 7, 1984.

1982 HX Le Ronde Press

GM to LERONDE: The story continues...

Ehli walked up to the door of the mansion and rang the doorbell. After a short pause, the door opened and a body fell at his feet. "This must be some party!" Mike remarked.

Stepping over the body, Mike walked in. He had not gone far before he encountered Frueh, who was startled by the new arrival.

"Wh-who are you?" asked Frueh, "and what are you doing here?"

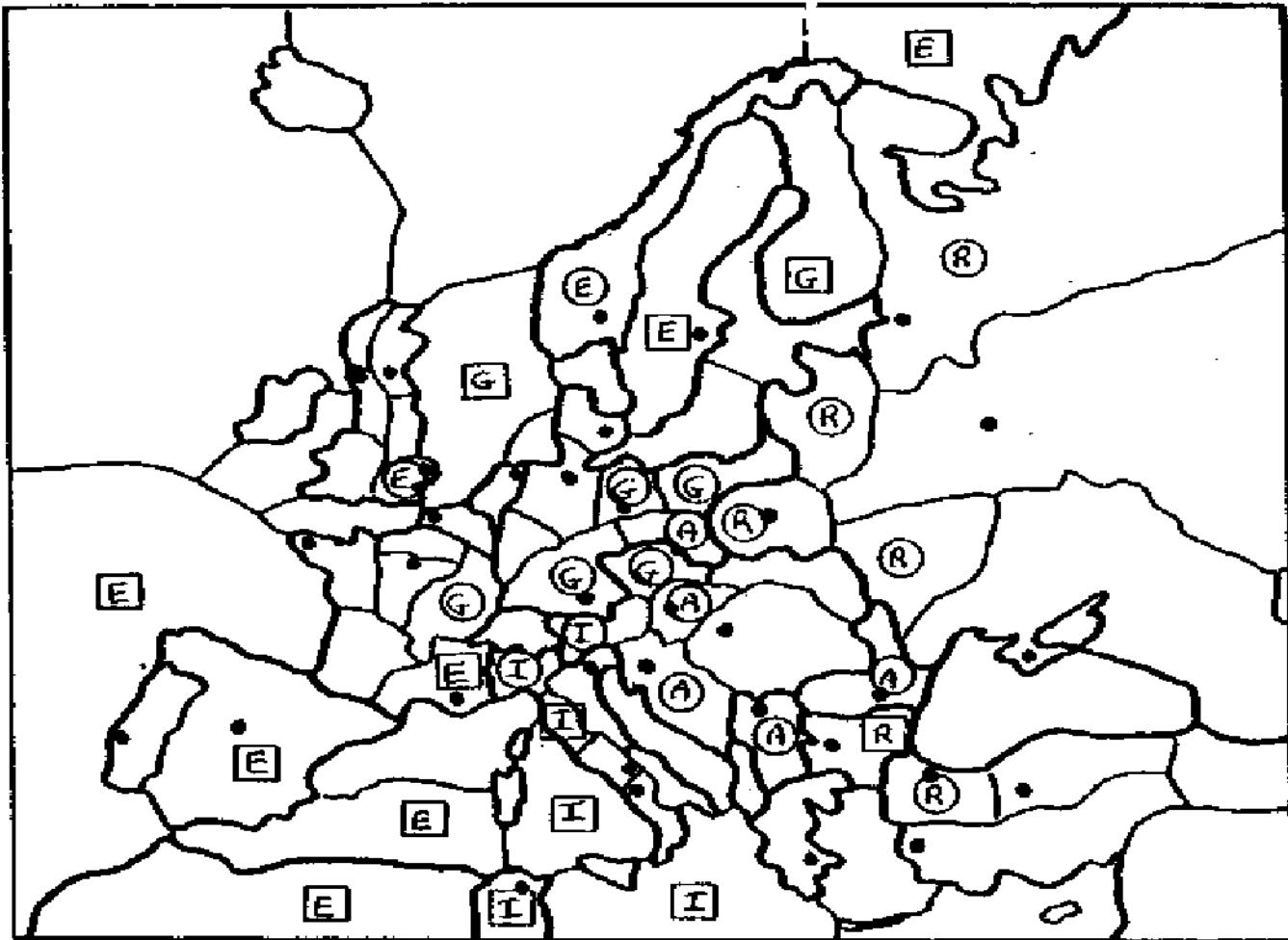
"I'm Mike Ehli. I got an anonymous phone call saying that they needed a replacement Diplomacy player here. Who are you?"

"Mark Frueh. Are you sure you don't know who sent you?"

"Positive. So you're a Madlad, huh? I should have figured that there'd be one or two around at a party like this."

1982 HX 1a Ronde

Map prior to Fall 1909.



"Party? What the hell are you talking about?" Mark inquired.

"Well, wasn't that Pete Gaughan who passed out at the front door?"

"Gaughan? Passed...Oh no." said Mark as he started to dash for the door. Mike followed him closely. When they got there, they confirmed that Gaughan was, in fact, dead."

"Talk about your cutthroat Dip games." Mike commented.

Mark then proceeded to fill Mike in on the gruesome story that was still unfolding. When he finished, they carried Pete's body inside and added it to the ever-growing pile.

Mike looked at the board. "So what country was Gaughan playing?"

"He was France, but he just got eliminated. Looks like you're going to have to sit back and watch for a while." said the Madlad.

Just then, a scream came from the next room.

"You were saying?" Mike said.

They went to investigate, and found the body of Tim Allen on the floor, in a pool of blood.

ITALY to GM: How was that?

GM to ITALY: That was just fine. Thank you.

GM to MARK: You're next in the installment line, so put that fevered imagination of yours to work and send us the next story line. You have until September to work on it.

AUSTRIA to GERMANY: Okay, I'll get Russia, as soon as you get England. Not one second sooner. (And, yes, of course I sold my soul...along with my conscience. Beats having them hang around here, getting in the way. Besides, how would you like it if your best ally turned into a Nixon Award Winner halfway through the game? It's 'walk softly time', y'know? I've already seen what it did for you. I sold my soul while the selling was good; they ain't worth a damn with stab-holes in 'em.

GERMANY to AUSTRIA: Hooray! Another build. Now watch Russia get one. Of yours.

AUSTRIAN MIRACLE to FRENCH MIRACLE ARTYR: Got your note. Yeah, hindsight...Hell, and he even bought you a pizza. The man ain't got no culture.

GMS to AUSSIE: Yeah, but he's got the bucks.

AUSTRIA to ENGLAND: And you ain't got no culture either.

GMS to AUSSIE: Yeah, but he lives in Alaska. You don't need any there.

AUSTRIA to FRANCE: Not only don't you got no culture, you ain't even got no country.

AUSTRIA to GM: Now me and Russia, we got culture! Oh, and Italy, too. Yep, just call us the 'Culture Club'. Now, which of you guys wants to be 'Boy Mark'? Both of you?! Eh, why not?

DON to STEVE & DAF: See how these mental lapses just pick up steam on their own?

DON to PETE: Let me tell you the secret of how I've stayed alive in this game. Remember the shower? Well, when you go to the shower, you've got to ask the GMS for permission. And then you've got to get naked. That's where you went wrong - GMS told me you had on a Speedo...live and learn, buddy, and see you in another game.

GMS to DON: Ah, so young and yet so wise.

AUSTRIA to ENGLAND & GERMANY: Actually, guys, I'm nigh on indestructible, 'cause along with selling my soul, and taking a shower for the GMS, I also went into her bedroom, in the dark, and smoked cigarettes while Steve was...oh, dear!. Daf! Daphne! I think I just let the cat out of...

AUSTRIA to GM: Well, someone had to do it. You were off running around with Peery and Coughlan.

RUSSIA'S PUPPET to GERMANY'S PUPPET VICTIM: What are you talking about? Me, a puppet to Russia? You got it wrong, kid; I was Italy's puppet, but he...[yodink] (Hey, Mark, not so tight with the strings, huh?)...died.

BERLIN to LONDON: So how's the AIR? Blustery? Stinky? Foul? Right.

MARK to EVANS: Is your sudden change in personality due to menopause? Or is it mid-life crisis? You really need a rest. You're acting very strange. Is your toilet backed up?

AUSTRIA to FRANCE & GMS: The other players won't say, "They're at it again", they'll say, "They're still at it...and it's very, very corrupting...and fun..." Oh, hey, guys, can I join?

GM to AUSTRIA: Yeah, the Foreign Legion.

AUSTRIAN MIRACLE to PETE: Still smarting from all the stab wounds? I suggest three listens-to of Handel's "Messiah", and call me in 'Forochel'. (By the way, I didn't even have to look that one up...it's from Lord of the Rings: what kind of illiterate do you take me for anyway?)

GMS to AM: Probably just your ordinary, everyday type of illiterate.

AM to GMS: That was totally uncalled for and I wasn't talking to you anyway. (I KNEW you liked him better!)

MAD LAD TRAINER IM REDLANDS to SACTO PIZZA MAN: Me a...Mad Lad?!?! Surely you jest. I mean, I don't take drugs, I don't lie, I don't stab good allies...why, I don't even look like Bakko, Poison Pen or Peters...and I've never been to Madison either.

GMS to REDLANDS: I'll bet you bleed like a Mad Lad.

AUSTRIA to ENGLAND: Hey, along about 1903 I got the distinct impression you and the Pizza Man didn't give a whit about good ol' Austria. So, now that I got five dots all of a sudden it's respectable to talk to me again huh? I fart in your general direction. Help you do a number on Italy? Hah! Bring back Paoletti...(How was that, Mark?)

AUSTRIA to ENGLAND: And another thing, while I'm at it. What do you mean writing wouldn't have done us any good? We could have agreed to this war, instead of just fighting it. So, you and your lackey come and "git" me...we'll be waiting for you at the O.K. Corral....

GMS to GM: Either he's been watching too much Star Trek lately, or the brain is finally gone.

GERMANY to WORLD: The organizational meeting of the MadLad Defamation League is to be held in Peerijavo this July. Be there. Special guest is Cindy Lighter, president of Mothers Against MadLads.

GMS to GM: Actually, he seems to be in good company in this game, don't you think?

BUDAPEST to MOSCOW: I don't care that you won the Nixon Award, you've been a damn fine ally. Keep it up.

BUDAPEST to GMS: How much time do you think that'll buy me?

GMS to BUDAPEST: Probably until you pick up your next dot.

BUD to GMS: That's all, huh? How 'bout if I say, "Really damn fine ally"?

TRIESTE to FNORD: Sorry about Serbia, but I had it first, way back in 1901. Ask the GM, he'll tell you.

TRIESTE to SEVASTOPOL: "Show me how you won the Nixon Award"? Hey, don't go out of your way to do me any favors, okay? Please? I'll just trust that you won it down and dirty...uh...er...I mean fair and square. Yeah...yeah....that's it, fair and square.

AUSTRIA to ITALY: Hang tough, Fnord, you're with Austro-Russia, Inc.

BUDAPEST to LONDON: You don't believe in Miracles, huh? Well, look at Evans. Here it is, 1908, and he hasn't NMRed once, he hasn't stabbed you yet, and he's not even near out of the game. THAT'S a miracle. And you better believe that I believe in miracles...especially in miracles named Daf.

BUDAPEST to GMS: I thought that would catch your eye. C'mere Sweetboots...show me some more magic....siiiiiigh!

AUSTRIA to ENG & GER: Do not underestimate the force of the power.

BUDAPEST to ENGLAND & GERMANY: Uh, hate to be the one to break the news to you boys, but you just killed your pet frog. Oh well, like I always say, "The only good leprechaun is a dead leprechaun." Now, take an Austrian Miracle, f'rinstance. Good, healthy and hardy...sticks around and keeps on kicking.. won't go bad on you after a year or two like them there leprechauns...

AUSTRIAN MIRACLE to ENG & GER: You guys think you knocked Gaughan out of the game? Don't kid yourselves...I got him with my drivel-shooter. Right between his beady, blue eyes.

1981 HT Scorpio The Players

Jim Keeney 3124 N Street, Sacramento, CA 95816
 Scott Hanson 2626 Stevens Avenue S., Minneapolis, MN 55408
 Mark Keller 9536 Shumway Dr., Orangevale, CA 95622
 John Caruso 160-02 43rd. Ave. 2nd Flr., Flushing, NY 11358
 David Anderson PO Box 3761, Pontiac, MI 48059

Please note belated COA for Jim Keeney. Scooter has one too.

1981 HT Scorpio Spring 1909

FRA (Jim, 14) A Nwy-STP(F BAR S), F Iri-NAT, A RUH-Mun,
 A MUN-Der, A BER-Pru, A BEL-Ruh, A Kie-DEN,
 F Nth-HEL, F Nwg-NTH, F MID H, A GAS H
 GER (Scott, 1) F Den-BAL
 ITA (Mark, 15) A Ven-TYA, A Smy-ARM, F CON-Bla, F AEG-Con,
 A Ser-RUM(A BUL, A BUD S), A Boh-SIL, A Rum-SEV,
 A Sev-MOS(A UKR, A WAR S), A GAL S A WAR,
 F ADR H, F ION H
 RUS (John, 3) A Mos-War(d;anh1), A PRU & A LVN S A Mos-War
 TUR (David, 1) F BLA S RUS A Mos-Sev(nso)

1981 HT Scorpio ZAT for Fall 1909 will be
 September 7, 1984. That's two months.

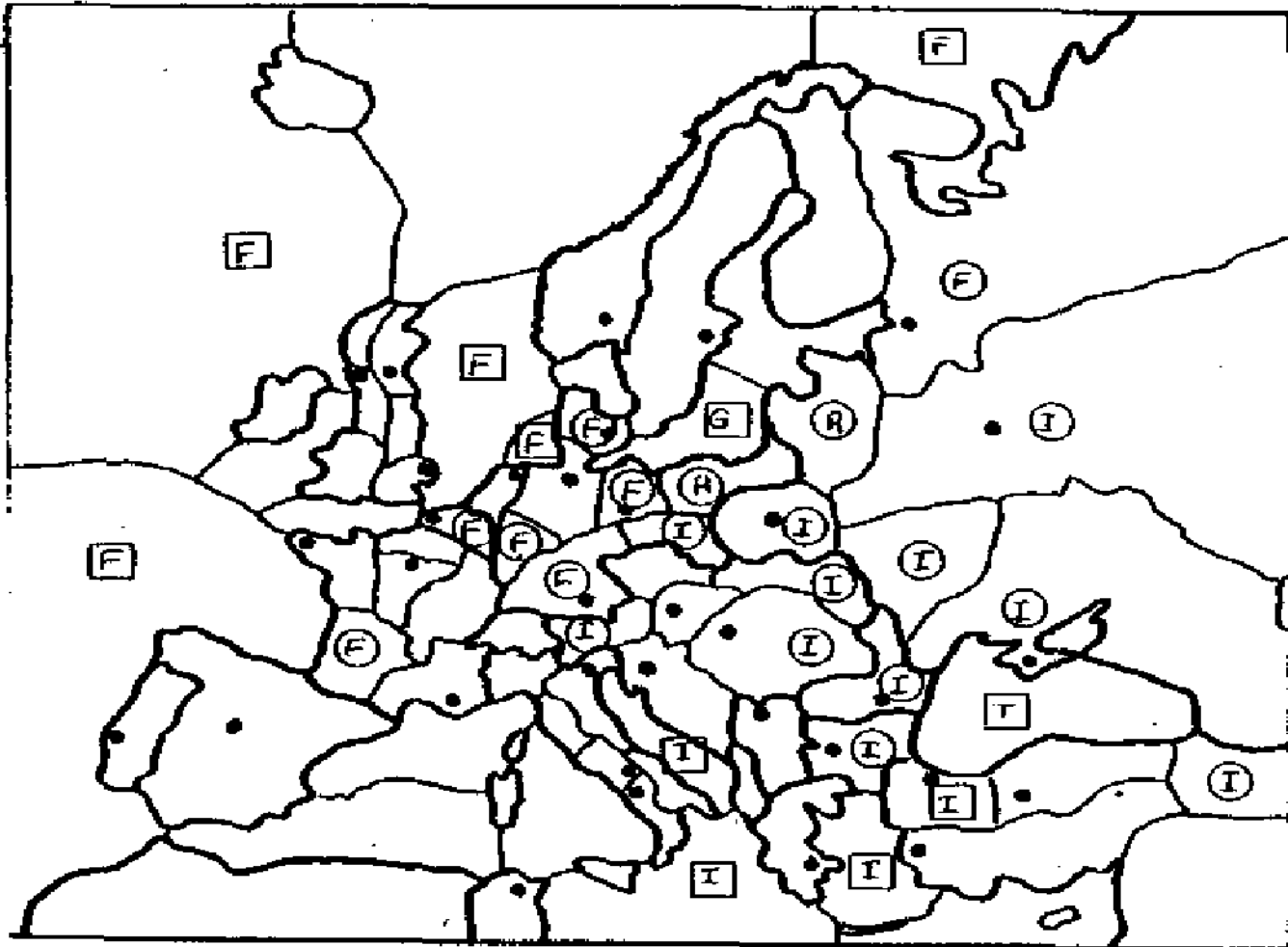
Since there is no press, OTHER ESCAPES presents some guest
 movie reviews...take it away John Michalski.

So you haven't seen Star Trek III yet or Temple Jones and the
 Doom of Indiana? ///True when we got this/// Good. I can
 write you some reviews then. Unless the kids take me to
Gremlins, the first two will likely be the only movies I see
 this summer. Fortunately for me, they are worthwhile, which
 is rare indeed.

Star Trek III was the real surprise. I was very fearful it
 would be a disaster, as it had many easy pitfalls in front of
 it: old, over the hill actors (did you see how Mr. Scott's
 gone to seed?); direction by Nimoy himself; a story goal that
 could very easily be botched by childishness (as happened with
 the Jedi story, for instance); no need for concern over
 audience interest, especially with the big knee-jerk crowd;
 and the like. The surprise was that they avoided a lot of it.
 Now, no one (except maybe me) would write the story to have
 Kirk and McCoy say at the film's end "Well shit, looks like he
 really is dead." "Yeah, well, good riddance to the pointy
 eared freak. How's about some Human officers again, maybe
 even some young tight-twatted dame maybe. Watcha' say Cap'n?"
 Wouldn't go over too well, except maybe with Monty Python
 fans, or Bob Osoch, or Fluff Shaffer. (He'd love it!). No,
 instead we luck out, as the writing and general story line
 gives a much more plausible storyline than half the Star Trek
 serials would have you expect. Too bad the Klingons are made
 uglier, but overall, we are treated to a reasonable story that
 keeps flowing throughout. The expected result comes about,
 but not in the expected way, and the film has many nice
 moments: the decision to take the Enterprise, the message
 Kirk sends the Klingon ("Sorry about your crew, but, as an old
 Earth saying goes, 'C'est la vie'"), the final screen note
 ("And the adventure continues") being the best. The last note

1981 HT Scorpio

Map prior to Fall 1909.



The last note got a big cheer from the audience here, but, it opens many interesting problems for the writers. True, the "search for Spock" was essentially a success, and the 'problems' to possible future storylines raised by Genesis and David are taken care of -- but -- the Enterprise is gone, Kirk's status in Star Fleet is, uh, "unenviable" at best, and we only have the core crew of the bridge left to build on. With common sense (a very uncommon commodity), there's a lot of potential here for development, but I'm not optimistic. What could be done with just the dissention within the Federation that the Admiral talks about? Could you write a Star Trek IV around a "Gone With the Wind" theme, set against the backdrop of the Federation breaking up in neo "civil war"? Too bold for the writers, or producers, I'm afraid.

Indiana Jones was something else. We return here to the forte of money-making: constant action, silliness, a little mysticism (probably too much, but...), good special effects. This one is improved over the first by way of avoiding that bitchy, New Yorker type girl we saw in Lost Ark (the Lois Lane type) and instead fall back on tried and true stereotyping: the mindless, bodacious blonde fluff. The film is all the better for it. Nothing outstanding, but a good, fun movie, which puts it head and shoulders above the rest of latest Hollywood dumpster outpourings. I heartily recommend both!

1982 CH The Aliens' Game Players

Randy Ellis 8310 Grandview Lane, Overland Park, KS 66212
 Jeff Martin 2129 Franklin Ave, Las Vegas, NV 89104
 Terry Tallman 820 West Armour Street, Seattle, WA 98119
 Jim Burgess 100 Holden St., 3rd Flr Lft, Providence,
 RI 02908
 John Huestis 4525 Cameron Road, Shingle Springs, CA 95682

All the draws proposed last season were defeated. There is another call for the F/E/A/R draw. Please vote with next season's orders.

1982 CH The Aliens' Game Spring 1909

AUS (Randy, 9) A Bur-Pic(d;r GAS,OTB), A VEN-Pie, F APU-Ven,
 A BER S RUS A Sil-MUN(RUS A PRU S), A SER-Rum,
 A TYA S RUS A Sil-MUN, A BOH S RUS A Sil-MUN,
 F TYH-Wes, F EAS-Ion
 ENG (Jeff, 12) A Lon-BRE(F ENG C, F MID S), F NAF S F MID,
 F STP(nc) H(F BOT S), A Bel-BUR(A RUH S),
 F TUN-Wes, A PIC-Par, A KIE-Ber(F BAL S)
 FRA (Terry, 4) A Gas-MAR, F POR-Spa(sc), F SPA(sc)-Wes,
 A PAR H
 ITA (Jim, 2) F NAP-Tyh, A TUS-Pie
 RUS (John, 7) F LVN S A PRU, A MOS S F LVN, A PRU S AUS A BER,
 A UKR-Rum, A War-SIL, F ION-Tun,
 A Sil-MUN(AUS A TYA,BOH,BER S)

1982 CH The Aliens' Game ZAT for Summer and Fall 1909
is September 7, 1984.

1982 CH The Aliens' Game Press

FRANCE to GMS: Slowly I turned, step by step...

Revenge of the Typer: Two figures slowly approached a rise of land looking out over a waste that seemed to stretch to the sea far beyond.

"Jabba not like strange land, Jabba think this not be Kansas anymore, Jim-Bob."

"Be quiet or I'll shove this Louisville Slugger back up where Berch don't shine."

"Gooooo, you talk just like big Toad there for a jiffy. Well, maybe not big toad. Maybe like Sherwood. But Jabba feel toady-creepys when you talk like that."

"Well just be quiet. We could be in deep shit. That's Jersey down there and no dipster worth of the name has ever come back from there."

"Ummm, Jim-Bob? Then why we go there?"

"The press is there! Kathy, Woody, the Hobby Sex Ghod and Steve O'Sacto down there and we've got to save them from a szine more mindless than...than...COAT OF ARMS."

"How WE gonna get away, Jim-Bob?"

"Why, elementary, my dear Jabba. We were never worthy of the name."

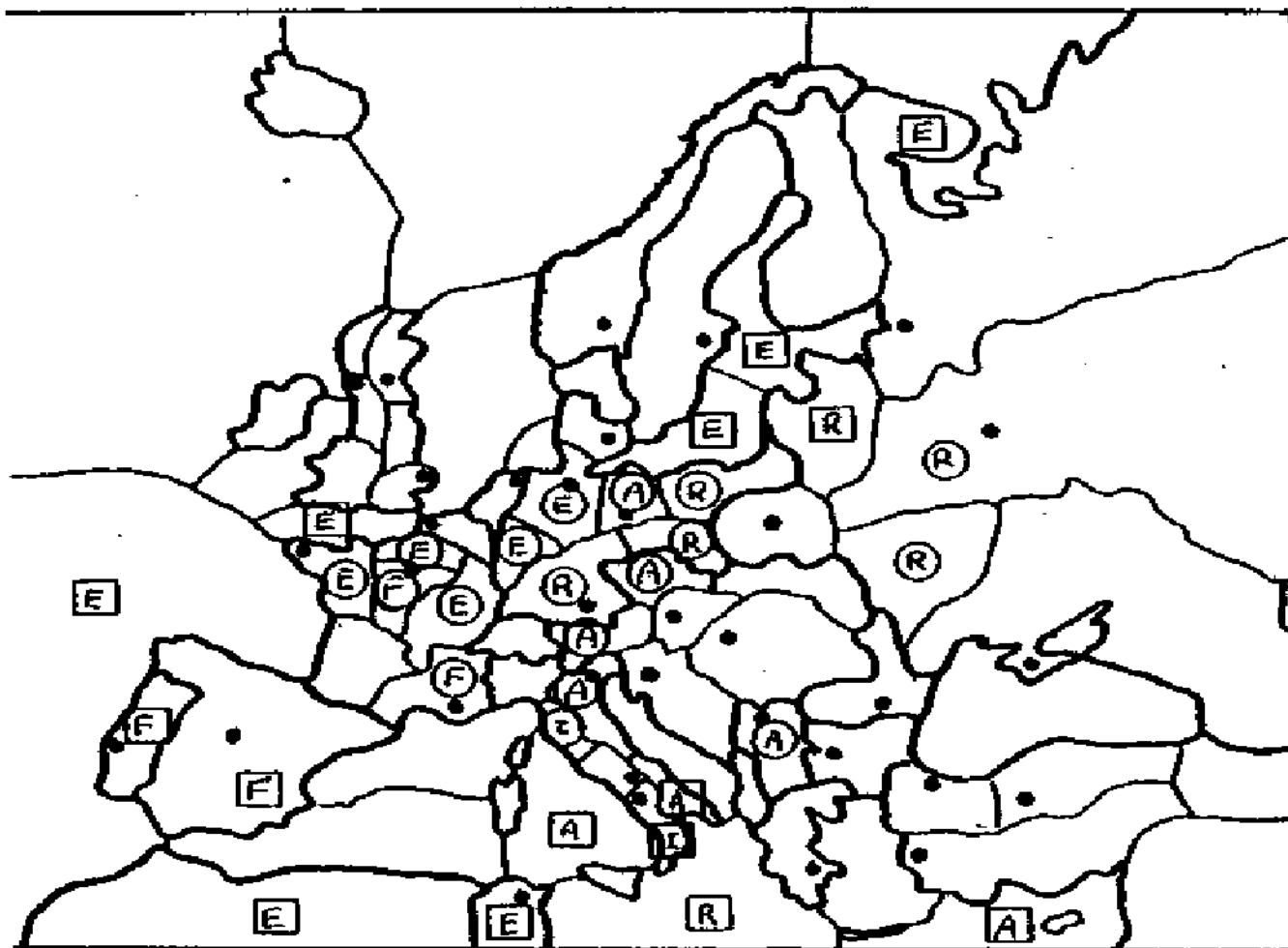
"Wot? Why James-Bob! Look at us! We've changed metaphors. I'm still somewhat portly but look at this dashing tweed jacket I'm wearing and this spiffy briar I'm puffing on and - By Jove James-Bob!"

"Yes, Bobson?"

"Why you look like Howdy Doady in Victorian drag!?"

"No, no, no Bobson. I look like that great sleuth

1982 CH Alien's map does not show units in retreat.



James-Bob Holmes!"

"No, I'm sorry James-Bob but I can see strings even..."

"Silence, someone approaches!"

GM to Aliens: And just who that someone is will have to wait until next month.

JIM-BOB to RANDY: Aren't you glad I didn't say FIE on you?

FRANCE to AUSTRIA and ENGLAND: A draw would be so much easier.

JIM-BOB to GMS: You're so much nicer than your opposite number... Tallman may convert me yet. I decided to rejoin the Motley Crew. I guess I can't stay away.

GMS to JIMSY-BOOBSY: You just do everything Terry tells you and then we can all be friends. (even Steve)

MOS-VIE: Did I do good? Did I? Did I?

JIM-BOB to Europeans: What should you call me? I don't care as long as you call me.

MOS-ESMERELDA: Boy that Quasimodo sure is a swinger, what have you been doing to him?

BOOB to the end: I'll toady to you. I'll never desert you, no matter what Steve says.

MOS-LON: Now that you've seen the Hermitage why don't you visit the Louvre. That is if you can.

Man Without FEAR: It's very lonely out here. I'm not afraid, but it would be nice to be part of something.

GMS to ALIENS: Thanks for the press, guys.

ALIEN to GMS: We aim to please.

1982 CP The General Belgrano Pro-am Players

Peter Robson 9011 Cheval Lane, Upper Marlboro, MD 20772
 Terry Tallman 820 West Armour Street, Seattle, WA 98119
 James Grady 1780 Park Ave #K, Long Beach, CA 90815
 Dan Stafford 1643 Graniteway Lane, Columbus, OH 43229

1982 CP The General Belgrano Pro-am Autumn 1906

FRA F Tun R OTB
 GER NRR A Kie R OTB

1982 CP The General Belgrano Pro-am Winter 1906

ITA builds F NAP
 RUS builds F STP(nc), A MOS, A WAR, A SEV

1982 CP The General Belgrano Pro-am Spring 1907

AUS (Peter, 7) A Sil-MUN(A TYA, GER A BUR S), A BUD-Rum,
 F Ion-Gre(d;rBUL(sc), AEG, EAS, APU, ADR, ALB,
 OTB), A VEN-Tri, F Aeg-SMY, A CON H
 GER (Terry, 7) F Den-KIE, F Pic-BEL, A BUR S AUS A Sil-MUN,
 A Par-PIC, F LPL H, F WAL-Lon
 ITA (James, 6) F Tun-ION(F NAP, F TYH S), F Por-MID, A Pie-TUS,
 A Mar-PIE
 RUS (Dan, 14) F Stp(nc)-NWY, A Mos-WAR, A SEV-Rum, A War-GAL,
 F NTH-Lon, F Ank-BLA, A Pru-SIL(A BER S),
 A Arm-ANK, A SER-Gre, A VIE-Tri, A Kie-HOL,
 F BAL H, A EDI H

1982 CP The General Belgrano Pro-Am ZAT for Summer and
 Fall 1907 is September 7, 1984.

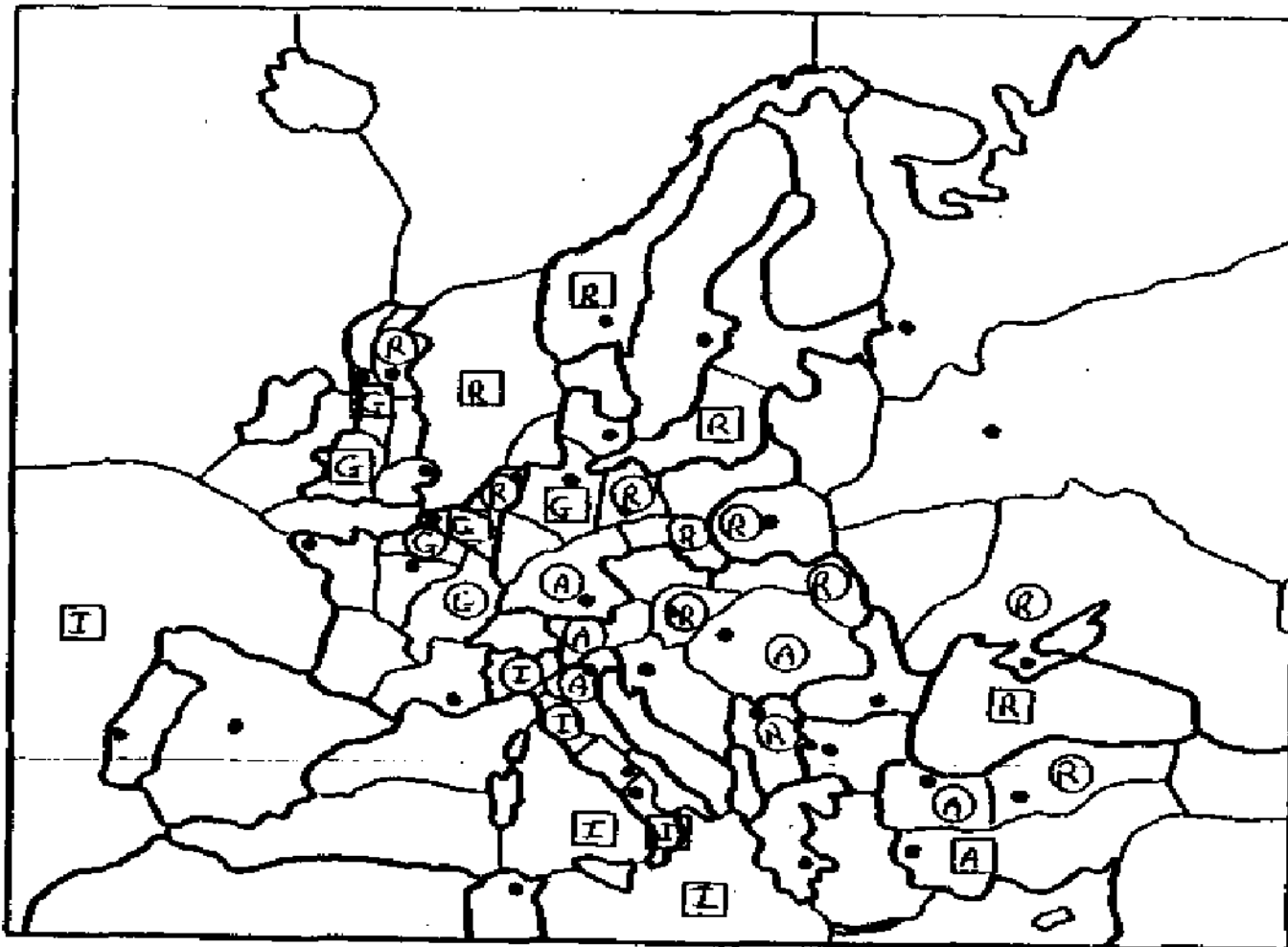
1982 CP The General Belgrano Pro-Am Press

AUSTRIA to "THE SCUM THAT WALKS": Your erstwhile German friend described you by the name "The scum that walks", "The Sleaze", "dog shit" and other incredibly slanderous phrases. I contended that Terry was wrong. Terry, I said, Dan is a good, loyal ally; trustworthy in every way. How could you slander his good name? In response I received only silence. Now, I think to myself, have I truly met the "scum that walks"? Ah, only time will tell.

RUSSIA to GMs: Let's recap now: Austria has promised to give all his centers to Italy if I stab him, and Italy has promised not to take them until I'm out. And Tallman has promised to keep screwing up his orders until hell freezes over. Does this mean I win?

GERMANY to AUSTRIA: And THAT is why they call him the sleaze that walks like a man.

GERMANY to ITALY and AUSTRIA: Press Writing Lessons - Volume One: Abuse. As you can see there is a prime candidate here for some real creative abuse. Biffy the Sleaze has screwed up the game for all of us, so it is our duty to abuse him as often and as vigorously as possible. A good example might be to write press as though you were Jimmy Wall and praise Biffy's style. Everyone knows that Biffy is extremely jealous of the Mad Lad style of play. Or you might compare his stab to one of Woody's, mindless-but-effective, simplistic in an antelope style typical of players from east of the Mississippi and north of the Mason Dixon line.



BIFFY to GERMANY: You did all that bragging about your press for last season, and that was it?

GERMANY to RUSSIA: Where's the Mall now that I need him?

ITALY to GERMANY: I think Austria, like Turkey, is playing a little short. But Austria is missing a piece from his cerebrum.

ITALY to GMS: I know, I ain't two much better. But I'd rather have a "Bottle-in-front-of-me".

GMS to ITA: That's one of the funnier euphemisms I've heard.

GERMANY to GM: This is typed on my 'new' Underwood. I have a warehouse full of obsolete 'stuff' that I have to get rid of, so rather than send this little wonder to the dump, I brought it back to my office. Besides a tendency to skip, due in part to rather strong fingers on my part, it's not a bad machine. And it gives my brother a chance to use his, the one I put out my szine with.

SLEAZE to IRISH EYES: Sorry about the identity mixup. By the way, is this nasty enough for you?

GERMANY to IRISH EYES: The agony doesn't come in not being recognized, but in being mistaken for Mr. Wonderful.

RUSSIA to IRISH EYES: Actually, most albums aren't worth the \$6.00 you spend on them, but U2's definitely are! BOY and OCTOBER are two of the finest LP's ever recorded by humans (let alone Irishmen!), and WAR ain't bad, either.

GMS to PROAM: Thanks for the press guys. See you next month.

FIAT BELLUM!

June 1, 1984

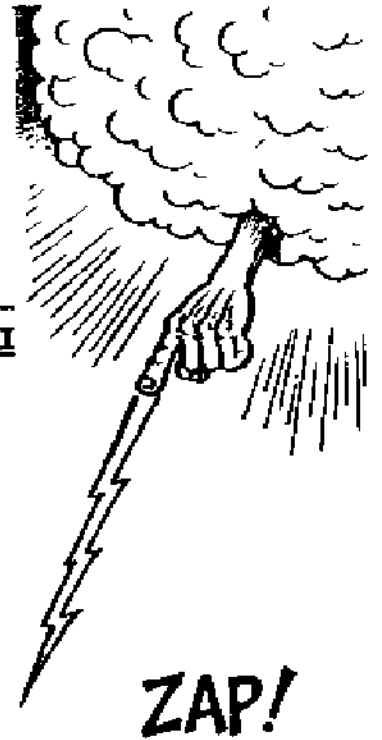
NUMBER XXI

... Now the body possesses one enormous merit; it is indubitably there. Whereas the personality, as a mental structure, may be all in bits—gnawed down to Hamlet's heap of sawdust. Only the rather stupid or insentient, nowadays, have strong and sharply defined personalities. Only the barbarians among us 'know what they are.' The civilized are conscious of 'what they may be' and so are incapable of knowing what, for practical, social purposes, they actually are—have forgotten how to select a personality out of their total atomic experience. In the swamp and welter of this uncertainty the body stands firm like a Rock of Ages. . . ."

--Aldous Huxley, Eyeless in Gaza

Greetings from the darkside of an empty Dr. Pepper bottle, and welcome to Fiat Bellum!—that's Latin for, 'Don't trust anyone over 30' "Let There Be War:"—the only Official Subzine of the (impending) 1984 Summer Olympics. FB! is not—I repeat, is NOT—a transatlantic jetliner. Nor is it the kind of kid your mother always warned you about. It is a family subzine published monthly by Don Williams; 217-B Craig Ct., Redlands, CA 92374. Ph: (714) 793-6751. (uh...that's Tellis Mater, terra firma, etc., for you extra-terrestrial types.) FB! is the long-running subzine in the even longer running zine, Magus, even if that is only (seemingly and as of late) every other month. See, unlike you RFAL pubbers, we subziners never come out late on our own, . . . either the parent zine is late, or we are late; late meaning here a whole month so, not just a few days or so. (Let's get esoteric here or, better yet, make a mad dashing escape into

(Continued on page 10.)



Leviathan
MN: 82Ngf16
FINAL CONFLICT:

GM: Don Williams
Next Season: Spring 2007
ZAT: July 6, 1984

LEVIATHAN

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

UNITED STATES AND AUSTRALIA CONSUMED IN ARMS RACE, CONVENTIONAL FORCES FOR BOTH TAKE A BACK SEAT. . .

SOUTH AFRICANS ENTRENCH ON THE SOUTH ~~AFRICAN~~ AMERICAN CONTINENT SAY, "HELL NO! WE WON'T GO!" IT'S PLANE TO SEE. . .

MEANWHILE, BRAZIL MARSHALS FORCES TO MAKE A FINAL STAND IN VENEZUELA. . . LONG TIME NO BOLIVIAN BOOMERANG. . .

FINALLY, ARABS STAY CONVENTIONAL, BUILD UP SWISS BANKING BUSINESS. . . IS THIS THE END OF ITALIAN (ALAS) NEUTRALITY?

* * * * *

autumn 2006: Brazil P rio-R-VEN; United States P sib-R-OTB.

winter 2006:

AUSTRALIA (Prime Minister James P. Grady; 1780 Park Ave., Apt K, Long Beach, CA 90815);

Disbands A Pak; Maintains A Sib, P Afg, P Pru, A Col, P Mex (\$15); Builds N Vic, N Per, A Can (\$21).
\$40-\$15(M)-\$21(B) equals \$4 saved.

BRAZIL (Generalissimo Tomas Swider; P.O. Box 1324, SUNY Binghamton, Binghamton, NY 13901);
Has \$8. Receives \$1 Gift from USA; Maintains P Ven, P Ven (\$6).
\$8-\$6(M)+\$1(G) equals \$3 saved.

PAN-ARAB LEAGUE (Ayatollah 'Abdul-Al' Olsen; 6818 Winterberry Cr. Wichita, KS 67226);

Has \$42. Maintains A Eng, A Ben, A Hun, P Bag, A Nig, A Sud, F Nea, F Ind(\$24); Builds A Bag, F Mor (\$6).
\$42-\$24(M)-\$6(B) equals \$12 saved.

SOUTH AFRICA (Head Honky Jim John Crow; 1375 Maham Rd. #1178, Dallas, TX 75240);

Has \$33. Maintains A For, A Rio, F Sal, P Swa, F Wio, P Con, N Rho (\$19); Builds P Moz, P Rio, P Sal, P For (\$12).
\$33-\$19(M)-\$12(B) equals \$2 saved.

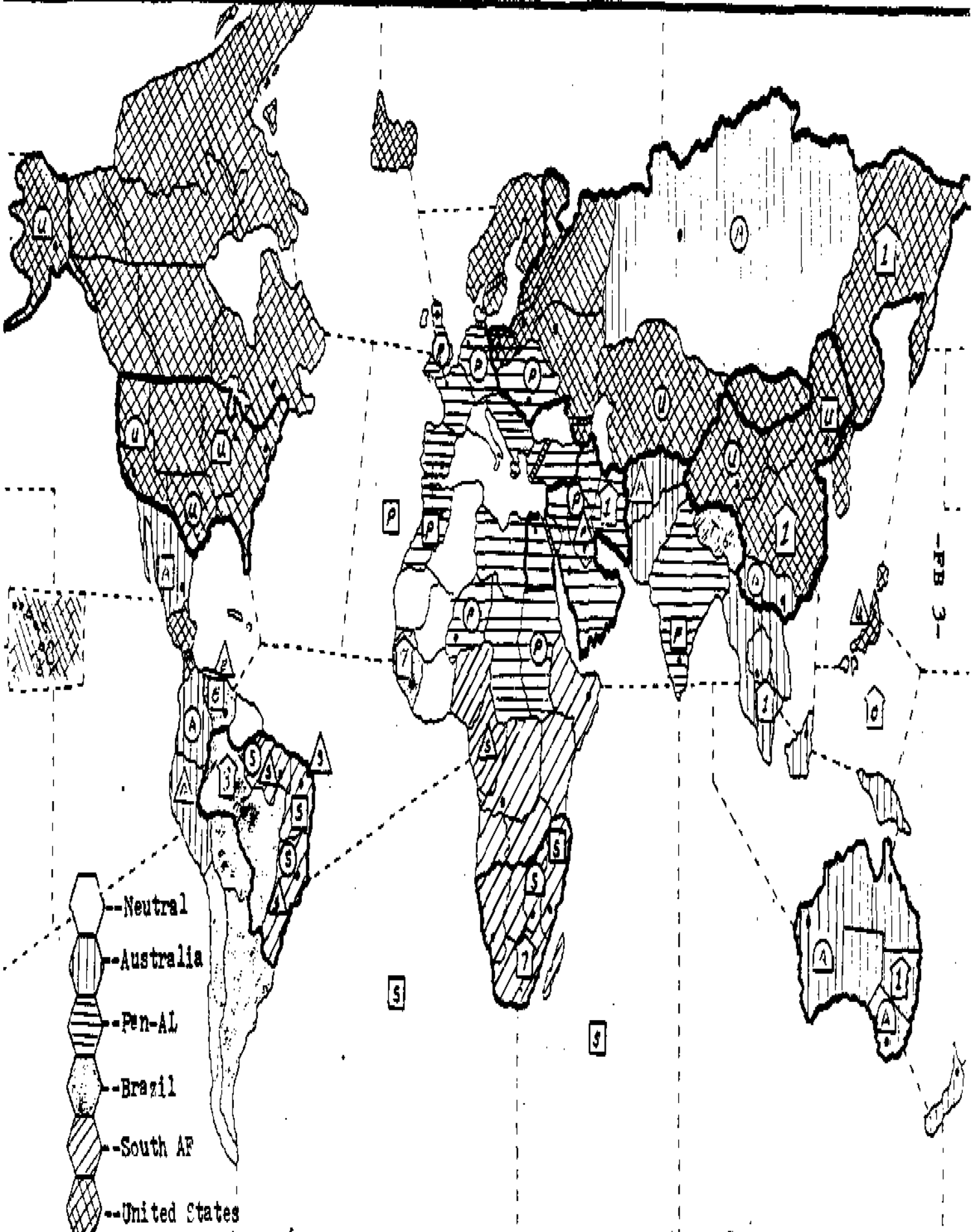
UNITED STATES of AMERICA (President Michael Mazzer; 1900 Kelton Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90025);

Has \$52. Disbands F Ice, F Nwg, F Pol; Maintains A Tex, P Jap, A Sin, A Kaz (\$12); Builds N Cal, N Mic, N Ala, F Man; Sends Gift to BRAZIL (\$1).
\$52-\$12(M)-\$30(B)-\$1(G) equals \$9 saved.

ZAT for Spring 2007 is July 6, 1984.

Gamenotes:

- 1) Please note CoA for Mike Mazzer. Effective June 8, 1984.
- 2) No new proposals submitted.
- 3) This Bud's for you.
- 4) SFN and SAF regain full economic status as of Winter 2007, ANA as of W 2008, and KAM, CHU, DAR, MLY and IRA as of W 2009.



-PB 3-

- Neutral
- Australia
- Pen-AL
- Brazil
- South AF
- United States

PRESS; (And now, in spite of popular demand, the UNICORN report. . .)

SOUTH AFRICA to WORLD: Air Africa has now begun full service between Johannesburg and Rio do Janeiro. Discount rates apply for refugees and fleeing government officials.

PAL to UNICORN: Democrat? Not really. Call me a pox-on-all-their-houses independent. Or a 'prickly independent,' if you can distinguish me from a cactus. And no remarks about barrel cactus either.

UNICORN to PAL: Who me? Wouldn't touch that line with your hand. Besides, that's the job of the 'independently prick' in the game. . .

RUSSIA to DON: Why no GTV in your glyer? The Backgammon game is more exciting than Leviathan.

DON to RUSSIA: Yeah? So is yo' monna. . .

KOALA to MAZZER: If you had told me the weather in California was so great I would have visited sooner. (Let's hope it doesn't get too "hot".)

USA to KOALA: You had better have removed F Mex or you'll know the true meaning of the term, "refried beans."

UNICORN to KOALA: I think this is a case of, "Out of the frying pan, into the nuclear inferno." That lone army in Texas isn't just whistling 'Dixie.'" Would I be laying it on too thick if I said, "Remember the Alamo!"???

TRIPOLI: The Pan-Libyan Government is pleased to announce that the people have decided to form special "hit squads" consisting of zonked-out, zombie-like vegetables, also known as our people. Each commando has been trained to say, "Mike Mazzer is the best ally I've ever had, and everything I've said about him is wrong." The People's Soldiers are said to be gratifyingly violent, but actually too dunderheaded to accomplish anything.

USA to PAL: But you serve good Diet Citrus Mist, so I'll forgive you all your sins.

PAL to USA: "What fun are nukes if you can't use them?"--please don't let Reagan hear you say that.

UNICORN to PAL: I wouldn't worry about Reagan too much at this point. . .seems something has gone wrong with the election process in the good ol' USA this year. . .

WASHINGTON: The military coup by 50,000 warriors of the Sioux Nation was completed today, and the new GREAT Chief He-Who-Is-Not-Crook-And-Makes-Things-Perfectly-Clear proclaimed the new provisional government. The Chief said that the New Nation would be dedicated to the service of the great God, "He-Who-Talks-To-Ducks." The Chief seeks an audience with world leaders, especially "We-With-Stomach-Like-Mountain," who rules the Arabs, and "Funny-Man-Who-Calls-Self-Bruce," who rules the Koalas, in order to, "Smoke Pipe of Peace. . .have'um own special blend."

UNICORN to WORLD: Just great. I give you guys a nice clean world to play with, and look what yeh's do with it. . .crazy, drug-warped redskins and (soon) militant darkies. . .

PAL to USA: And the Yellow Peril too. We Arabs know all about the Yellow Peril--so many of our robes have fallen to it.

UNICORN to PAL: Not to mention your sense of decency. . .You are a sick person, Massah Olsen.

KOALA to OLSENTOLIAH: Beware of fake threats. I'll make a few before this game's over.

UNICORN to KOALA: Like, "I'm not going to resign this position?", right? What makes you so sure?

KOALA to UNICORN: That bribe finally paid off.

UNICORN to KOALA: Watch the innuendos, bucko, or I'll sick South Africa on you. Worse yet, I'll make you type his press.

JOHANNESBURG, SOUTH AFRICA: There was a knock on the door of a dark, musty room.

"Not now, I'm busy." He wearily raised his hoary head from the desk. (Get that blank off your head, that was no blank, that was my wife.)

"Sir, it's important. . .Code Leviathan," the voice of his tacky assistant came muffled through the door.

"Come on then," he waved his hand impatiently, a hand with stumps where fingers should be. An ever-present reminder of a past mission gone awry. ((That, or too much typing of lousy press, huh?)) Bite the hand that feeds them would they, came the ever recurring thought. Well, not anymore.

"Here it is, General," his assistant, Simon, hustled forward with the message, "it's a letter from Jim Grady. It arrived in the morning mail."

The General arched an eyebrow.

"We have the postman?"

"Yessir, sir. He's tied up in the burlesque theater."

"With the dancing girls?"

"No sir, they're on loan to a gunboat gambit."

"Well, we'll have to take care of him."

"You mean. . .kill him?" Simon asked, rubbing his hands together lasciviously.

"Why? Does he look like one of the gamers?"

"Well, he does look sort of like Bob Olsen."

"Do you know what Bob Olsen looks like?"

"Tall, thin, neatly groomed," Simon guessed.

"That's not Olsen," the General shouted angrily, "get out of here!"

Simon shuffled out of the cluttered office, leaving the General to brood over the letter alone. A letter, delivered here to the top secret headquarters of the South African Apartheid Defense Command. No doubt about it, their cover was blown; they would have to move again immediately. Blast! Just when everything was going so well. The General buzzed the intercom to his secretary; "Miss Money Penny, alert all units and field operatives that headquarters is moving."

"Yes, sir."

Everywhere within the huge complex was a bustle with activity as the moving orders were carried out. Elsewhere, the black contingent of the intelligence-military community were moving their separate, but equal, headquarters out of their grass huts, which had been cleverly disguised as grass huts, and Miss Money Penny, having come highly recommended after

retiring with thirty years service with British intelligence, was mailing out forwarding address cards. The General slumped back in his chair as he dropped the unopened letter onto a large pile of other unopened letters and went back to work.

"Let's see, if I move here, and he moves there. . ."

The two sat on a sunny park bench; one a short, squat hunchback, the other a thin, dark man.

"But I don't understand," said Simon, "why Dallas?"

"Simple, Simon. The Republican National Convention is going to take place here. It's in the best interest of the ADC to ensure that all goes as expected. A warmongering US President is crucial to South African affairs."

"But seriously, General, the US is the oldest democracy in the world. One man, one vote. Freedom of choice. Non-coerced elections. . ."

"Buzzwords," growled the General.

". . . Freedom of speech. Checks and balances," Simon said, as he ticked them off on the fingers of one hand.

"Buzzwords--buzzwords all," growled the General again, "and quit doing that." Simon stopped, then said,

"Anyway, sir, this democracy is totally foreign to the kind of democracy we have back home."

"Amen," nodded the General. "But not as alien as you might like to believe. Simon, those cars driving by," the General waved his hand with the stumps where the fingers should have been towards the heavily trafficked road, "those Fords and Plymouths. . . how many would you say have a communist behind the wheel?"

The little hunchback was visibly dazed.

"I dunno. . . the Chevy owners, too?"

The General pierced him with a stare.

"Especially the Chevy owners. All of them. Within their hearts, all of them. Communism is like a cancerous, malignant growth--starts out with a little liberalism, a mere corporate bail-out--but then it grows, insidiously spreading its tendrils of decay and corruption throughout the total organism. It's an internal weakness of the soul and the mind which is everpresent in all of us, a weakness against which we must ever vigilantly guard." The General gazed serenely into the blue sky for a moment, then, "This country needs a two-party system, son!"

"Sir, the Democrats and Republicans. . . buzzwords?"

"You're catching on quick," said the General as he cuffed Simon's hump with his stump-fingered hand. "It's integral to our freedom of choice to graphically differentiate between the right way. . . and the democratic way."

"But General, this is America! You can't. . ."

"America--paugh!" the General spat. "South Africa and America are not so unlike, Simon. Diamonds, gold and Afro-Sheen are the backbone of the SAF economy. Every Zales Jeweler in every mall, in every city, in every state of the United States, is an outpost of apartheidism in America!"

"But, sir, I've seen black sales clerks in Zales," said Simon in a tone of shocked disbelief.

"Yes," said the General in sinister triumph, "but do they let them sell to young white women?"

UNICORN to LEVIATHAN: Sanity continues, next page.

GTV to MALCONTENTS: Sorry about not including GTV in last month's flyers. . .I hadn't originally intended to put myself to the additional expense copying it, and the game press, would present. However, due to the request from Mike; I will send the whole Leviathan write-up, at least this month. Now, as for Othello. . .I don't know what is happening there; I have received nothing about it since the last one I printed up several months ago. If Tom and Jim want to get it back into to gear, more power to them, but I'm not going out of my way to figure out whose turn it is or what. (And if that sounds like a good excuse for apathetic laziness, you got it.) Meanwhile, the Backgammon game is going strong. . .
 AUS to USA: AUS rolls double "4's";

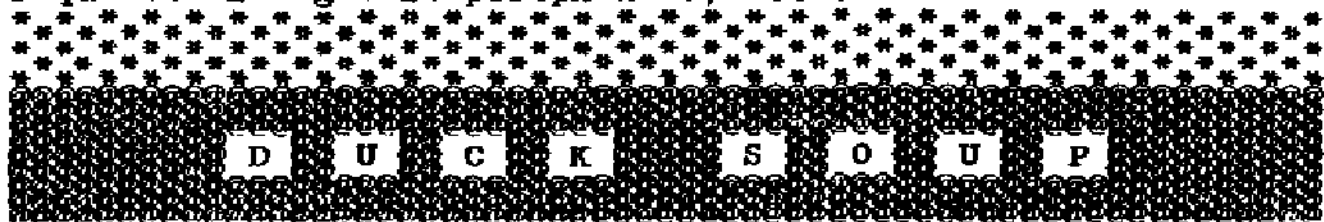
New Board 0 0 0 0 3 2 1 1 4 1 2 2 0 2
 0 0 0 2 2 3 1 1 2 2 2 0 0 1

AUS to USA: It's hard to be any crueller. Nice "prime" huh? 314265,124563.
 USA to AUS: Oh dear. . .2,6.

UNICORN to GAME: And finally, a piece of press I forgot to print in the right place. . .

USA to SAF: Well, well! Look who just popped up after laying low all these years.

UNICORN to USA: He wasn't laying low, he was undercover so as to foment rebellion in the Sioux Nation. Looks like it worked. Hope to see you all here next month, and sorry for the short deadline (i it's too short, let me know, two requests will get it postponed.) Ciao.



D U C K S O U P

Duck Soup
 UCB #: 002
 Battleship Dip

GM: Socrates
 Next Round(s): 21-25
 ZAT: July 6, 1984

Well, gee, pals. I'm really touched. Response to last month's suggestions was limited, but it was also unanimous; this here game goes on. We're gonna do five rounds at a shot, though, instead of the originally suggested ten. Let's see what happens, shall we featherheads?
 ROUND SIXTEEN:

at Daffy...E11,A2,H2; at Dirty...D4,G11; at Donald...B1,H10;
 at Howard...B4; at Yakkee...None.
 Howard takes one hit in R 16, has one salvo left.

ROUND SEVFNTFFN:
 at Daffy...A12; at Dirty...G5; at Donald...B3,B5,E11;
 at Howard...J8; at Yakkee...J11.
 Daffy takes one hit at A12, has one salvo remainig.

ROUND EIGHTFFN:
 at Daffy...C8,F9; at Dirty...C4; at Donald...B7;
 at Howard...None; at Yakkee...L1.
 No hits taken.

ROUND NINETEEN:

at Daffy...E2; at Dirty...C5,B12; at Donald...B8;
at Howard...G9; at Yakkee...All.

No hits taken.

ROUND TWENTY:

at Daffy...E4,G8; at Dirty...H8,J12; at Donald...B9,J4;
at Howard...None; at Yakkee...None.

No hits taken.

Salvos available for Rounds 21-26;

DAFFY--1; DIRTY--1; DONALD--1; HOWARD--1; YAKKEE--2.

Keep in mind, pals, that the Random shots aren't completely random. I use a D12 (1-3, 4-6, etc.,) to determine target duck. Once I have a target, I use the D12 to determine the horizontal grid, then the vertical. If the resulting coordinates have already been hit, I generate a new set while keeping the same target. What this effectively means is that the random shots never hit already called areas, which in turn means that they almost always call an open box. I say almost always because there is the instance of them calling a random shot at the same time as one of you does (i.e., same round), which DOES count. As you might imagine, I'm rolling the edges off my overworked D12. . .there ain't a whole helluva lot of spaces left.

I may get ambitious this month and make up a current grid map with all shots so far called indicated. If I do, I will attempt to get a couple of standbys. . .I've already had one volunteer, who knows, there may be a few more loons out there. In the meantime, here's the press:

ARMAGEDDON CENTRAL: The introduction of automatic weapons into the 'Duck Wars' has stirred the Duck Soup pot. Ducks are blasting ducks without regard to noise pollution nor pinfeather privacy. Where will it all end? Colonel Sanders is considering a new franchise line for Europe, "Finger Lickin' Duck" with selections from Fricassee of Duck to Duck Pate.

DONALD: That's the type of immoral activity that the New Order will put an end to and do away with!!

ARMAGEDDON CENTRAL: Noted comic, Donald Duck, is under heavy fire in this "war to end all duck wars." When our reporters found Mr. D. Duck on the firing line, his comments on the situation were short, pithy and unfit for print.

DONALD to DIRTY: Qu'est-ce que c'est "AG USA"!??

ARMAGEDDON CENTRAL: Playboy duck, Dirty, was unavailable for comment. Quackette Milly told our reporter that Dirty had, "Dropped three 1000 tabs" and was out "grooving on the pretty lights."

SOCRATES to DIRTY: So THAT's what you've been doing, eh pal? I thought I told you to keep your party favors back at Hef's Mansion. Why, I oughts to fry you up right now. . .an' I would, too, if yer weren't already doin' it to yer own self! You scum-duck! You lower than Woody-ish. . .

DONALD to SOCRATES: Give it to him good! Get him once for me!

SOCRATES to DONALD: I thought I told you to keep your stupid bill shut and. . .hey, who's that big black fella with the monocle and the swagger stick? Quack Barbi? Whaaaaa????

BARBI to DONALD: Who will be the next president?

DONALD to BARBI: Naturally Socrates!

BARBI to DONALD: Who will set all ducks free from human oppression?

DONALD to Barbi: Naturally Socrates!:

SOCRATES to DONALD: Say there, pal, you wanna pull the plug on little Caesar and the Nazi-ettes? I mean, yer makin' me blush. Besides, I'm gettin' a little sick of the same old, 'Naturally Soc' routine, y'know?

DONALD to BARBI: Talk about being little, there goes Dirty.

BARBI to DONALD: He's little in more ways than you'll ever know.

SOCRATES to BARBI & KEN DONALD: It's probably the effect of all that acid he took! . .any ideas about what he should do with it?

BARBI to DIRTY: STUFF IT IN DAFFY'S EAR!

SOCRATES to DONALD: Kinky, but probably not very effective. I'm amazed at you sudden tolerance for 'weird,' Dirty had me convinced you were boring.

DONALD to DIRTY: I'm GLAD you find me boring. I mean, the last thing I need is for some duck like you to find me interesting. Yech, get away!

SOCRATES to DONALD: Not into duck-bum-bum-fuckin', eh duck? . . .scuse mah French, I just COULD not reee-sist!

ARMAGEDDON CENTRAL: In a rare interview with 'Howard the Duck', Mr. H. Duck said, quote, "Waugh, waugh, OW! Waugh!" End quote. Rumors have it that Mr. H. Duck is looking for a skinny barbarian and a retired magician in hopes they can lead him back to his own dimension.

SOCRATES to AC: Undoubtably before he gets his feathered head blown away.

ARMAGEDDON CENTRAL: Yakkee Doodle was unavailable for comment today. Reports about Mr. Doodle vary from, "He's planning a deep strategy," to "He's peeing his pinfeathers."

SOCRATES: Yeah, I heard that one too. . .Barbi told me all about that. and said that while Yakkee might like 'Golden Showers' he was at least straighter than Dirty.

DONALD to BARBI: Thank God, and the party, you're right!

ARMAGEDDON CFNTRAL: In a rare wartime interview, Daffy Duck was quoted as saying, "It's all Soc's fault!" Our reporter was impressed with Mr. D. Ducks medals. "Yeah, buster, I got everything here but the Good Conduct Medal."

SOCRATES to DAFFY: Oh, so there you go again, eh pal? Well, I'm ready for you this time. . .Donald? Barbi? Hit it guys. . .

DONALD & BARBI: SOCRATES FOR PRESIDENT! SOCRATES FOR PRESIDENT!!!!

SOCRATES to DAFFY: . . .so eat your shorts and die, pal.

ARMAGEDDON CFNTRAL: In a wrap-up report our analysts conclude that the "Duck Wars" will end only when all combatants have been slain. Is this the end of duck kind as we know it?

SOCRATES to AC: Not if I can help it, pals...Donald, once more for the nice people. . .

DONALD to ALL: SALUTE SOCRATES! SALUTE VICTORY! SALUTE

THE PARTY! SALUTE THE SUPERIOR RACE!! SALUTE DUCKDOM!!!

SOCRATES to GAME: See? Donald knows which side to butter. . . er. . .somethin' like that, pals. Hey, that ends this for this month. QUACK-QUACK!

(Continued from page 1.)

semantic sophistry and solipsism. (Soapistry and slippism? Non è mica molto differente, sai? Bring on the Dial. . .) Now far be it for me to dunk someone else's donut, or break the yolk on someone else's sunny-side up (a practice from which I've desisted ever since my mother cracked me one across the cheek when I was a mere child of seventeen for doing) (it was one of those things, you know, where the Urge just hits you and KO's your sense of decency and civilized behavior and before you can think, "What the hell am I doing?", (I AM doing) (am DO-ing) (I do am) the thing is done and Hell is there with a Payment Due slip), but, were I a simple-minded Antilobe-basher and believer-in-the-existence-of-er of Terry Tallman, I would probably be able to classify (pacify) things into one of two groups; Things I Find Mildly Amusing, and Pains In The Ass. (Reality very possibly being the gray hairy zone somewhere betwixt the two too to.) But I'm not. I mean, your not dealing with an average person here. (HERE.) Nein, I'm the type that never understands the commercial or gets the brand name all those corporations want to lock into my head (spending millions of dollars to DO that to me and millions of my fellow homo sapiens sapiens) because I'm too busy thinking of Bewitched. Oh, not Samantha or Tabitha, I think of the husband whats-his-name, Darrin. He was supposed to be some kind of Madison Ave. type, remember? Anyway, whenever I see a commercial, I wonder how long it took some guy with an ulcer and a three-piece to figure it out. Think about it. . . just how long did it take some genius to come up with the Coors "Beerwolf"? Or those inane National Lumber shticks? I usually get this really clear image of a bunch of honchos sitting around a large formica table, with one guy standing up and presenting the campaign and at the end saying, "And then she says, 'Where's the beef?' again. What do you think, B.D.?" B.D. shakes his head, stuffs the idea into his 'Mildly Amusing' classification, starts thinking about balling his secretary after lunch. . . and worries that she's going to hit him with a sexual harassment suit (she IS, by the way, at least when I think about it) that'll send him into cardiac arrest. Sigh. . . This isn't (is not) Caveat Emptor, (you thought I had (I'd) for-got-ten perhaps?), this is just me As I Am. You will have to take me as I am. (take) (me) Which is to Say; Which is To Say; Which, IS; Which is to Say; Don't Put the Cartography Before The Horse (or twill be eaten). Caveat Emptor may or may not return next month, along with (Or without.) Brutem Fulmen. . . that's for you John Crow.

"Welcome, ball fans, to the World Series of Darkness."

—Bernabe Montoya, Milagro Beanfield War
by John Nichols



Yes!! As the man said, I want YOU for the newest hobby organization to hit the streets. Now many of us have an aversion to Diplomacy hobby-wide organizations, but this is one organization that even John Michalski is sure shine his beneficent smile upon. What am I talking about? Why, the NOW FORMING AMERICAN FEDERATION of LOW-LIFES (AFLL). And why not? This hobby needs the AFLL. So, don't be a scrawny barbarian (like Bob Olsen or Dave

Anderson), join the AFLL today! Membership is free, as is the pride you'll feel when you (yes YOU!) can say that you are a part of the American Federation of Low-Lives. . .but hurry, membership will be limited to the first 2500 low-lives to contact Don Williams at 217-B Craig Ct., Redlands, CA 92374. (Terry Tallman need not apply—we only want people that exist—and the same goes for Woody Arnawoodian—even we low-lives have some standards. Bob Olsen and John Caruso are urged to join in hopes that we in the AFLL can keep them from deteriorating any further (see note to Woody.))



BRUX LINSEY DEPARTMENT:

That means you, Bruce. Now while I realize that I have been in the hobby but a mere two years and that my subzine has only gone 21 issues, and while I appreciate the kind write-up the Socrates Award received at your hand in Voice of Doom #96, I would nevertheless be remiss in my own eyes if I didn't set the record straight vis-a-vis a slight mistake you made concerning the name of this fine family publication. In VoD #96 you said I publish the subzine, Duck Soup. That is incorrect. I have never published said subzine, check it out with Scoop for said pubber. I DO publish both Fiat Bellum! (this thing) and a gameletter, Flick of the Wrist. I hope that you will find space in the next VoD to set the record straight. Thanks. Oh, by the way BRUX, Woody contacted me to say that he did NOT start the Olsenism, "simple-minded antelope", as you say. He swore to me that Bob DID originate the term and told me to tell you so. Furthermore, while I admit that I mistakenly attributed the "bashing" Olsenism to Olsen, your citing Mark "Big Guy" Berch was equally incorrect, according to Larry Peery, in the most recent issue of Xeno (pg 257), it was noneother than President Reagan who coined that term (after he conned this term. . .hyork!) (That's a Swiderism.) Originally, the word was used during the liberation of that tiny little island republic in the Carribean, "Well, . . .if those commies think we'll stand around with our thumbs up Tip O'Neill's ass, they've got another think coming. We'll send in the Marines to do a little Grenada-bashing."

Thought you might want to know.

GENTLE REMINDER DEPARTMENT:

Just to remind players in both 1982 IH PARIAS and 1982 Mrb32 Cheshire Cats that you will be sending orders to me this month for your games. See Daf's Hare of the Dog for details. ('Praid so Kiddies, recess is over.) See you all next month.



A Joke for Daf (Back by popular demand): One day in Washington D.C., in the Men's room adjoining the Oval office, President Reagan was taking a leak, when in walks Bubba Jackson, a White House security guard. The guard walks over to the urinal adjacent to the President and whips out an impressive piece of masculinity which he proceeds to whap against the porcelain several times before commencing to pee. Well the President gets pretty curious at this behavior and asks the guard why he is doing what he did, to which the guard replies, "You see how big dis be? It got dat way from de whappin'. You ought to give it a try." Later that night, Reagan enters he and Nancy's dark bedroom and, resolved to give the guard's suggestion a shot, he pulls it out and proceeds to whap it against the bedpost several times. A moment later Nancy's voice comes softly out of the dark, "Bubba? Bubba, is that you?" (You realize, Daf, that I'm probably going to be crucified for this joke, no?)

How the Grads of 1984 See the World

COMPILED BY YVONNE LEIGHT	1984 Grads	1969 Grads
I believe it is important to develop a meaningful philosophy of life.	24%	87%
I do not know what "philosophy" means.	87%	17%
I would fire my own mother if the bottom line demanded it.	97%	45%
I would, in fact, like to tie my mom and send my clothes to be washed in Mexico, where wages are lower and life is cheap.	78%	28%
I am willing to die for my country.	14%	15%
I am willing to kill if it would look good on my resume.	83%	21%
I like to smoke marijuana and listen to Joni Mitchell albums.	0%	34%
I like to snort cocaine and then read the Wall Street Journal.	100%	12%
I am willing to listen to Joni Mitchell albums if it would look good on my resume.	83%	34%
I believe our presence in Vietnam to have been immoral.	24%	67%
I do not know what Vietnam is, but I'd be interested in hiring Vietnamese laborers to do my laundry.	78%	11%

I thought a couple of you older readers might get a kick out of this. It is being reprinted (without permission, need I add?) from the June issue of National Lampoon. It's a spoof, of course, but it seemed to have too much truth in it to really be funny.

THE BURN WARD: Fiat Bellum's standby list. Not many left, and I desperately want more. If you are called to send orders for a position in an FB game, you will receive one free issue of MAGUS, compliments of Steve and Daf Langley, whether those orders are used or not. Patients in the Burn Ward this month are; Hank Nichols, Evans Givan, Daf Langley, Eric Kindall and John Crow.

MARK BERCH DEPARTMENT: Weather here in SoCal has been bizarre. Warm and muggy has been the order of the day, more on the order of East Texas (say, Dallas/Ft. Worth) than our normally hot and dry stuff. The result is that the humidity has been sweltering, reducing everyone's attitude to, "If I wanted this I'd have stayed in Illinois/New York/Boston/Dallas." Personally, we've come through it alright. . .my wife, Venessa is originally from Miami, and I rarely go outside. The kids don't know any better, and they're usually haunting the pool anyway.

MY SON'S DEPARTMENT: Most of you probably don't remember that I am the proud owner of two children. My son, Michael, turns seven this month (the 25th). Happy Birthday Mike! P.S.—I'm next on the family birthday list, I'll be 27 at the end of August. . .sigh, such a kid. . .

R O N A L D R E A G A N

Mr. John Hinkley
St. Elizabeth's Hospital
Washington, D. C. 06969

Dear John:

Nancy and I hope you are making good progress in your recovery from the mental problem that made you try to assassinate me. The staff of St. Elizabeth's Hospital tell me you are doing just fine and will be released soon.

I have decided to seek a second term in office and I hope I can count on your support and the support of your fine parents in my re-election. campaign.

I hold no grudge against you John, and I hope that if there is anything you need there at the hospital, you will let Nancy and I know.

By the way, did you know that Walter Mondale and Gary Hart have both been fucking Jodie Foster?

Sincerely,



Ronald Reagan

RR/abj

bloom county



Ahhh, Bloom County, the poor man's substitute for Gary Trudeau's Doonesbury. For any of you who might be languishing for Trudeau's return, let me say that I've heard that he will be returning from his lengthy hiatus this September. I, for one, can scarcely wait. I dearly miss Doonesbury's caustic and often political wit (those should probably be in reverse order, but whatever. . .), and its downright funniness. I am a great believer in the power of humor and I love to laugh. (Which is weird, says Venessa, who laughs about once a month. Opposites. . .etc.) Curious. I think that if Merk "Veggie" Luedi ever gets off this Reality kick, he should maybe do an issue or two about "what makes people laugh?" That might even get perverse. (Eh, Daf?)

FROM THE NEW YORK DAILY NEWS: "LONDON—Hundreds of renegade hamsters have invaded two north London suburbs, chewing through walls, floors and ceilings, raiding kitchens and raising fears that they will overrun the country. Lily Dean, who was forced to flee her home, said it was 'terrifying.' "Her house was alive with the beasts. They were in the sofa, under the floor, and in the ceiling, poking through the light fitting," a spokesman for the project said." (contributed by Gerardo De la Iglesia)

Remember Woody's trip to Europe last last year with Gary Coughlan? Need I say more? One question, Woody; did you import them, or did you work your devilish wiles and have your way with the domestic brand? *****

Well, looks as if I'd better wrap this puppy up, I'm getting short on substance and long on silly. Next month I suspect I'll be back up to a goodly 16 pages because my two

long, lost games, Pariahs and Cheshire Cats, will return. I can't wait. . .sigh. I shouldn't complain, I missed them terribly (gag!) and look forward to having them back. Daf's going to miss them, too. So much, in fact, that there's a rumor out that she's going to start up one or two of her own in Hare of the Dog (Hot Dog, for you cognoscenti.) I, too, will probably be starting a RegDip game soon, probably after one of the present games ends. If you are interested in getting into a game here in the future, drop me a line.

Gee, what else can I say to get down to the bottom of the page? Since school let out a few days ago I've taken advantage of the extra time to start reading The Milagro Beanfield War, by John Nichols. Steve suggested it to me some time ago. . .I wish I'd have been able to start it sooner, it's a wonderful venture into. . .I'm not quite sure what, yet. If you're looking for something to read so that your summer isn't a complete waste, I'll second Steve's endorsement; read The Milagro Beanfield War. After Magus/fb/Hot Dog, natch! Hey, I made it. . .take care. . .

Semper Fidelis,

FIAT BELLUM!

July 1, 1984

Number XXII

"Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe thyself."

--Shakespeare, Henry 8

"You should know, then, that there are two ways of fighting: one with the law, the other with force: the first way is peculiar to man, the other to beasts; but since the first in many instances is not enough, it becomes necessary to resort to the second. Therefore, a prince must know how to make good use of the beast and the man. . . . **ZAP!** to be a fox in order to know the traps, and a lion to frighten the wolves."

--Niccolo' Macchiavelli, The Prince



Welcome friends and neighbors to the largest subzine in the hobby, Fiat Bellum (say, pubbers, how'd you like to have this baby show up in your mailbox every month. . . I hear Steve has nightmares. . .). FB is, among other things, the Official Diplomacy Subzine of the 1984 Los Angeles Summer Olympics. Which should start about 10 to 14 days after this hits

the streets. For some reason probably having to do with an impulsive and twisted psyche (mine) I'm going to tell you again something I've told you for about 21 issues now, namely that Fiat Bellum is the creation and sole demon of me, Don Williams; 217-B Craig Ct., Redlands, CA 92374. Phone number for those of you who believe Cliff Robertson exists, (I used to like him. . .), is (714) 793-6751. Do not call after 1 AM or before 9AM; I do not exist between those hours.

Well, gang, it's THE FOURTH of JULY time again, time to offer up honor and homage to George. . .

CAVEAT EMPTOR

let the buyer beware

. . . the THIRD, that is, and his merry band of wimpy Parliamentarians.

We are going to celebrate revolution again this month.

It's kind of an interesting thing, you know, making this annual 4th of July bow to bloody upheaval. Really. I think that most of us anymore would be very ill at ease with Washington, Adams, Hale, Henry or Jefferson; we are only slightly less Tory than Lord North (don't know that name? What were you doing in History class?) and we pay huge tax bills each year to suppress revolutionary movements around the earth.

We are, I would argue, much closer in sympathy to King George III than to George Washington, who overthrew HIS government by force and violence. I guess that's more or less natural, to be sympathetic to the tyrannical status quo; we are now one of the great world powers like England was in 1776 and it is the destiny (?) of great world powers to collaborate in the oppression of the unruly. (Hey Steve, see any of The Milagro Beanfield War spilling out here?)

And so what do we do? We give our money to dictators in the Middle East, Manila, Africa and a dozen or more generalissimos in Central and South America who are willing to maintain gun rule (while freighting a goodly part of their countries' foreign aid to Swiss banks.)

Even here in the states things are strange. Most people right now seem to love the monarchy of a strong president and tolerate the incumbent's gaffes in a way that would have made King George envious.

Though there are many who are restive with Reagan's policies (foreign or domestic), most of us would be appalled by a proposal to revolt against him. We are quite comfortable with the ruin of Madison's separation of powers and probably concede, (though a bit unhappily I would hope), that Caesarism in the White House is preferable to the blunderings of democracy in Congress. Large numbers of us sympathize with the government's demand that the press confine itself to printing only what the government wants known. When was the last time you really cared when some small rabble got jailed by police or troops for expressing 'revolutionary' sentiment at the doors of the Justice Department, or even the local nuclear power plant?

We, for the most part, abide and even praise an economic order that makes the rich richer at the expense of the middle class and keeps the poor impoverished. We pay taxes to subsidize Pentagon waste and vast corporations, yet abuse the poor for being shiftless. We excuse our richest men (anyone remember what Ronnie paid to the IRS last year? Something like \$7000 wasn't it?) and most powerful companies from equal taxation, and pay more taxes ourselves to compensate for that inequality. We tolerate a legal system which most of us cannot afford to use because the rich and powerful have priced us out of the market in their demand for its services. And most of us are not poor enough to use it either.

In short, like all good conservatives, we like things the way they are. Nothing is more likely to set the hair upright on a patriot's neck than a call for revolution. We are Tory to the core. So why do we go on with this annual glorification of armed revolution? Does anybody feel emotionally involved with George Washington's radical spirit? What about Jefferson's words about refreshing the

Leviathan
 MN: 82Ngfl6
 NN: 007

GM: Don Williams
 Next Season: Fall 2007
 ZAT: August 3, 1984

FINAL CONFLICT

L E V I A T H A N

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

ONCE AGAIN. . .THE BIG BIRDS FLY!! YANKS AND AUSSIES SHARE
 NUCLEAR EXCHANGE; MILLIONS OF RUSSIANS, CHINESE AND MEXICANS
 INCINERATED IN THE CROSSFIRE SHARE THE FUN. . .OH YOU KIDS!

AYATOLLAH OLSENMANIAC SPEAKS. . .PAN-ARAB LEAGUE LAUNCHES
 MASSIVE NEW "RAMADAN" OFFENSIVE AGAINST. . .THE GOOD OL'
 UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, WHO ELSE? HAIL ISLAM. . .

MEANWHILE, SOUTH AFRICAN APARTHEID COMMAND CONTINUES MOP-UP
 OPERATIONS IN "NEW SAF" AS BRAZIL GOES OUT (?) WITH A
 WHIMPER. . .ADMIRALE SWIDER? YOO-HOO? ONCE MORE INTO THE
 BREACH?

FINALLY, SENEGAL AND Saf (JOHANNESBURG, I.E.) ARE BACK
 AMONGST THE LIVING. . .BUT FOR HOW LONG?

SPRING 2007:

AUS (Jim Grady; 1780 Park Ave., Apt. 'K', Long Beach,
 CA 90815): A sib-kaz(nsu-nac), A CAN-chu, P afg S
 A CAN-chu(d;r Pak,OTB*), A col-VEN, P PRU S A col-VEN,
F mex(wc)-cal(nsu-nac), N PER-L-MAN, N VIC R.

BRA (Tom Swider; PO Box 1324, SUNY Binghamton, Binghamton,
 NY 13901): F ven H(u;d;r Car,OTB), P ven H(u;d;r Ama,
 Bol,Sen,OTB). I forgot to say it, Tom NMRed. . .

PAL (Bob Olsen; 6818 Winterberry Cr., Wichita, KS 67226):
 F IND II, A sud-EGY, A nig-IVO, F nea-NAO, F mor-NEA,
 A eng-FRA, A ben-POL, A hun-MOS, A bag-KUR, P bag-TUR.

SAF (John Crow; 1375 Maham Rd., Apt. # 1178, Dallas, TX
 75240): N RHO II, F moz-WIO, F wio-SWA, F swa-CHL,
 A rio-MAT, F sal-MAO, A for-GUI(captured again?),
 P RIO II, P SAL S A for-GUI, P FOR S A for-GUI,
 P CON S F sal-MAO.

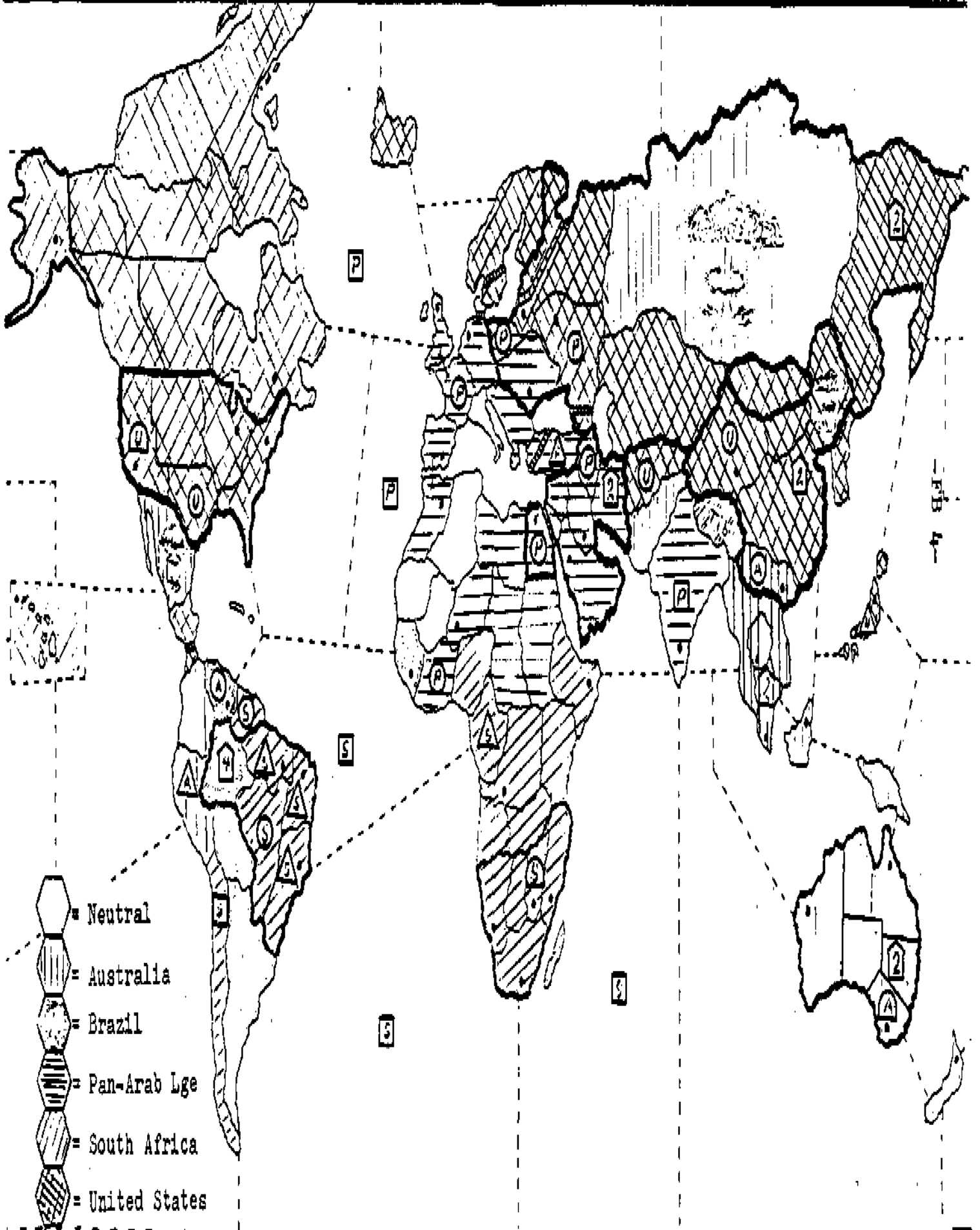
USA (Mike Mazzer; 1900 Kelton Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90025):
 A TEX II, A SIN-chu, P JAP S A SIN-chu, A kaz-AFG,
F man-soj(nsu-nac), N ALA-L-SIB, N MIC-L-MEX, N CAL H.

(*) Remember, support by a plane can never be cut. Never-
 theless, the plane IS dislodged and must now retreat.

ZAT for Fall 2007 is August 3, 1984. Be there, or be square.

Game Notes:

- 1) No new proposals submitted.
- 2) The Winter 2006 map showed Guiana as neutral. Error was on the map only, and did NOT affect SAF's GNP.
- 3) I am not calling a standby for Tom's BRAZIL. It is, after all, a little late, no?
- 4) Neutrals: Alg, ITALY (GO TEAM!!), Mau and Mli.



5) Global Reaffiliations: PAL; Ivo, Pol. SAF; Chl, Mat.
USA; Afg

6) I'd appreciate your comments about the map detail I'm
now using. Is it a help or a hindrance? Let me know.

LEVIATHAN PRESS:

UNICORN to THE POWERS THAT BE: A word, gentlemen? I've noticed a bit of a slacking off of late (Crow, you don't count right now, but. . .). I do appreciate it when I do receive press. (That doesn't mean to send reams and reams of mindless drivel, but. . .you all know, use your judgement. Thanks.

SAF to UNICORN: Foul! Foul! Guiana is mine! Mine! Ya hear? I invaded it in Spring 2006, I took it fair n' square; it's mine. It's not neutral, it's mine. (Deep breaths, deep breaths.) Mine. (You got my point?)

UNICORN to SAF: You mean the one on the top of your pointy little head? Yeah, I got it; it's giving me a pain in the rear right now. I SAID I was sorry. . .you want blood?

ABDUL to RONNIE: How long I have waited for this moment! I only hope I don't screw it up as usual.

UNICORN to PAL: YOU screw up? Naah. . .I don't believe it; your all out attack on the US appears to be going quite well at the moment. . .just give yourself some time.

USA to BRAZIL: Oh yeah, I forgot to tell you. I gave you \$1 last winter. That's okay, you don't have to thank me.

AUS to BRA: You really know how to lose a country don't you?

UNICORN to AUS: Are you kidding? Hmm, I see he's got you completely snowed, so I'll let you in on the down and dirty: he's using an old Reagan trick; redeploying his forces to ships offshore. I hear it's a very effective trick, always fools the enemy into thinking he's won or something. Just watch, ol' Tom'll be back, right Tom?

AYATOLLAH to ARIES: You slander my partner Francine, and spread vicious lies about Muffin. How I wish I could get to Brazil to crush you like an insect. Meanwhile, regard SAF as my proxy.

UNICORN to PAL: I don't mean to interfere or anything like that, but as I see it you could "get to Brazil" if you wanted to. . .try building a nuke this year and, if you're lucky, you might be able to hit his last province. Just a thought. I always love a good nuclear exchange, especially when one side can't.

PAL to USA & AUS: Let's you and him fight. With nukes.

UNICORN to USA & AUS: Do you guys have to do everything he says? I thought when Pudge talked, only simple-minded antelopes listened (and they become very bored, very quickly.)

SAF to AUS & USA: If you guys shoot your whole wad of nuclear missiles this turn wouldn't the consequences be that you would then be suffering from a lack of nukie?

USA to SAF: I think I liked you better when you were quiet and uninvolved.

SAF to USA: Thanks for the notice—it's just that I finally figured out what this game was about. Okay, so I'm a slow study.

PAL to KOALA: If Mike tells you the weather in California is fine I'd advise you to pack an umbrella (and a boat). (And your galoshes.) (And then go to Florida.)

UNICORN to PAL: Look who's talking. . .HAH! Mike goes out of his way to be a super-friendly guy and an all around perfect ally, and what do you do? Why you head right up his kazoo, that's what. I suppose you have some explanation for your treacherous actions, some bit of condolence for poor, dear Mike?

OLSEN to MAZZER: Don't worry. As usual, I simply misordered all my units.

UNICORN to PAL: That's much better. I'm sure he'll believe that. I did. (Byork.)

USA to AUS: 2 for you, 1 for me, 2 for you, 1 for me. . .

DON to GAME: Huh, I'm beginning to wonder just who is taking whom to the cleaners around here. . .whatever. I guess I should stop putting it off and get down to typing up John Crow's second installment of his novel. . .

DALLAS, TX:

The two ambled along the tree-lined sidewalk of Dealy Plaza. The General shaded his eyes from the noonday sun with a hand with stumps where fingers should be, squinting as the light came through the gap.

"Damn, I hate it when that happens," he muttered as he switched hands. "This is it, Simon, the prelude," said the General. "It begins." He inhaled deeply, savoring the air.

"What begins?" asked the ludicrous caricature of a bumbling hunchback. The General glared at him.

"You don't think this is all a coincidence, do you? Origins, DipCon, Fantasy Fair, the Republican National Convention and the Waxahacie Renaissance Festival all taking place at Dallas in the summer of 1984? No, no coincidence at all. Meticulous planning went into this, planning done by many diverse forces. Each of these supposedly innocent events has been a precursor to the Republican Nat'l Convention. The Waxahacie Renaissance Festival was used to smuggle a band of third world assassins into Dallas; Origins is seething with communists, communist sympathizers and Chevrolet owners; and DipCon is a front for the most vile, cut-throat and deceitful group known to man. . .Dip players." Simon was visibly shaken.

"THAT'S what begins, Simon. . .the dance of death." The General inhaled deeply, savoring the air in his Grade B movie flair for the dramatic. Just then a car drove by, a Ford, with a bumper sticker that read, 'Go to the brink with Reagan'.

"Refreshing to see such loyalty," commented the General.

Simon, unable to reach the top of his hump, was rubbing it on a nearby tree to relieve a terrible itch. The itch came whenever he was confused or felt endangered; right now, he felt both as he said,

"What exactly is our part in this 'dance'?"

"We lead. It's our responsibility to uphold the Reagan presidency through a diverse plan covering multifold responses in all contingency areas dealing with habitat, occupation, impact and performance evaluations such that certain safeguards and priorities are in line with pre-conceived. . .are you getting this all down?" Simon shook his head dumbly ((Him and me both.)).

"We're here to keep him alive and guarantee his re-election."

"I thought he was already dead," said Simon quietly.

"Rumors. He just looks dead. Besides, we're talking about the electoral process. Whether he's alive or dead is not germane to the topic." The General continued, "So far we're proceeding as planned. Seeing to it that Hart didn't gain the Democratic nomination was an integral step. ((You heartless bastards. . .)) Fritz Mondale will be much easier to handle on a national scale—the Carter legacy, non-popular moral stands, his 1978 budget proposals, the Gemayl affair. Just a little yellow press. . .a little manipulation." The General smiled gleefully.

"But General, what about truth, freedom of the press. . ."

"Buzzwords," growled the General, "and, if all else fails, we can always fall back on tried and true methods."

"You mean 'kill him', don't you?" said Simon lasciviously, rubbing his hands together.

"We're talking about a United States presidential candidate here. . .who do you think we are, the CIA?" glared the General. "No, I'm talking about a little mud-slinging, impugning his character."

"Doesn't he have to have some character to begin with, sir?"

"That IS a slight drawback," conceded the General. Of a sudden, he stopped walking. Simon eyed a nearby tree, (the itch was absolutely infuriating now.) The General's voice brought him up short,

"Ah yes, here we are, the rendezvous point." The General pointed to a large black 'X' painted unobtrusively on the sidewalk.

"Who are we meeting with?" asked Simon. The General carefully looked around, then said,

"Years ago, Simon, when all this began to fall into place, we knew that we had to infiltrate someone into the most vile, corrupt, amoral, cut-throat group that would be present at Dallas. . .the Diplomacy gamers. Someone freelance, not affiliated with us. . .someone more vile, more corrupt, more deceitful than the people his position would force him to associate with. And, he would have to be fanatically loyal to the Republican party. . ."

The General and the hunchback approached a nearby park bench. Leaning against it a man dressed all in black radiated danger signals. About his feet were seeds, and when the pigeons in the park would approach to eat them, he would snap-kick them in a blur, breaking their necks.

"Been waiting long?" asked the General. The man glanced nonchalantly over his shoulder at the large pile of dead pigeons behind the bench.

"No, not long."

"General, sir, that's. . .that's Mike Mazzer!" gasped Simon.

"Yes, it is." The General smiled. . .

SOMEWHERE NEAR RIO. . .



"I keep forgetting—is our dictator a Fascist or a Communist?"

UNICORN to GAME: . . .as do I, another turn of press is over and done with. But wait, there's more, we haven't even started GTV yet. Before we do though, I'm assuming John's story will continue into next month. Right to him if you have something to say. And now, because I need space-filler, GTV:

USA to AUS: Nice prime indeed. Kind of cuts down my options. . .USA rolls 1,3. . .

New Board:

0 0 0 0 2 2 / 1 3 3 2 2 0 2

0 0 0 2 2 3 / 1 2 2 2 0 0 1

(. . .Oh well, it's got to move sometime.)

AUS to USA: 2,4. . .What does that get me?

USA to AUS: Try this; 631524, 126453.

UNICORN to U & A: Aussie rolls '7', craps out.

Game over. . .

UNICORN to ALL: Hasta luego till next month. Ciao.

couldn't resist jo

D U C K S O U P

Duck Soup
UCB #: 002
Battleship Dip

GM: Socrates
Next Rounds: 21 through 25
ZAT: August 3, 1984

Er. . .eh... .heh-heh, pals. By golly guys, you'll just never guess what yer good buddy Socrates did last time out. Didn't send out game results—isn't that a scream? It's all that clown Williams' fault anyway, he didn't get Fiat Bellum up to Langley in time, so I should have sent out a separate game report. Even had 'em printed up, pals, I just fergot to send 'em out. Sorry about that.

So, let's just pick up where we left off last time, shall we? Send in shots for rounds 21-25 this month and everything will proceed as normal from there. And I'll say this again too; I'm gonna dry to get off my tailfeathers and get up a current grid map with all the called shots on it. If I do that maybe we can get some replaceducks fer the game. See ya's next month, pals. . .

CHESHIRE CATS
1982 Mrb 32
Gunboat Dip

GM: Don Williams
Next Season: Fall 1909
ZAT: August 3, 1984

T H E C H E S H I R E C A T S

AUSTRIA being played by that back-asswards cat, Tigger.
ENGLAND being played by that wimpy, once-dead cat, Morris.
FRANCE being played by that almost-dead cat, Garfield.
GERMANY being played by that jerk-of-the-month cat, Felix.
ITALY being played by the cat with the lisp, Sylvester.
TURKEY being played by that star-crossed cat, Leo.
GM being played by Top Cat. . .(you were expecting maybe Bo Derek?)

Weeeellllllll. . .heh-heh, look what we have here. Okay, you mangy, maggot-ridden fur-balls, straighten up— you there, Morris, quit slouching. Tigger, put that PlayCat away, we'll have none of that PussyCat of the month while I'M around. And, as you can see, I AM around, heh-heh— like I said last time, kitties. . .recess is over. . .

All serious aside, though, you are once again in the imminently capable clutches of your very favorite GM, me. I would like to thank Vixen for running your game so smoothly in my absence; she did a fine job, almost as good as I would have done myself. Thanks, Daf, and good luck with your new games in HotDog (Remember, my pref is R R R r . . .); I only hope you get a less ingrateful crew than I did. . .

Well, enough sentimentality, let's get on with,

autumn 1908: TUR; A sev-R-ARM, F con-R-ANK.

winter 1908: AUS blds A Bud, A Vie; ENG blds F Liv, F Edi;
GER blds A Kie; TUR rmvs A arm, F ank.

spring 1909:

AUS A sev-ARM, A rum-SEV, A ser-RUM, A BUD S A GAL,
A VIE S A BOH, A BOH S ITA A tyo-mun(nso), F CON H(u),
A BUL H(u), A GAL H(u)(A VIE S).
ENG F lpl-CLY, F edi-NTH, F nth-ENG, F NWY S F edi-NTH(cut),
A GAS S GER A BUR-mar, F spa(sc)-GOL, F por-SPA(sc),
F WES S F spa(sc)-GOL(cut).
FRA F NWG-nwy.
GER F SWE H(olds) Morris' paw!, A KIE-ber, A BUR-mar,
A war-UKR, A MOS S A war-UKR, A BER-sil, A MUN S A BER-sil,
A RUH S A MUN, A SIL-gal.
ITA F smy-AEG, F gol-TYN, A MAR H, A PIE S A MAR, F TUN-wes,
A tyo-VEN.
TUR F bla-ANK.

ZAT for Fall 1909 is August 3, 1984. An A/E/G draw proposal has been submitted. Please vote on said proposal with your next set of orders. And now, on to the cater-wauling you rejects laughingly call. . .

PRESS:

FRANCE to GM: Glad to be back? ((You MUST be kidding.))
Now you can start abusing him again Felix. See what a pal

I am?

FELIX to GM(And I use that term loosely): Is it true? Have you returned from the grave to haunt us? It figures you would, you bumbling idiot, we had such high hopes that you'd quit the hobby!

TOP CAT to TWIT: Yeah, I heard. Back from the grave, huh? I guess 17th Century Lit comes close. . . .I see you haven't ~~golden matter~~ changed a bit in my absence and, just to let you know I haven't lost my touch, count yourself down to 25 for making silly wishes and hoping stupid hopes.

TOP CAT to CHESHIRE CATS: As a matter of fact, ALL of you count yourselves down. . .to 40 (If you think I'm going to take the time to go back and see where we left off you're dumber than [CENSORED] says you are). Why, you ask? Look what you drips did to my game while I was gone; you eliminated the best Penguin press I've ever seen, you've trashed poor Leo and Garfield to within inches of their insignificant little lives and, to top it off, you three, Sylvester, Morris and Tigger, have let yourselves go to fat. When I left I had a bunch of mean, lean felines. Now I just see a bunch of fat tabbies. Disgusting. Only Felix managed to stay the same size, and he was fat already. Despicable. . .you cats don't DESERVE to be in this game.

MORRIS to ALL CATS: Don't believe a word of what Williams says. He lined our litter box with old copies of FB and anybody who uses it, well, let's just say, why keep the vets in business? Next time use the front seat of Williams' car.

WILLIAMS to MORRIS: . . .39. . .38. . .37. . .wanna try again?

MORRIS to FELIX: I had forgotten how tough your questions could be! Let's see now. . .

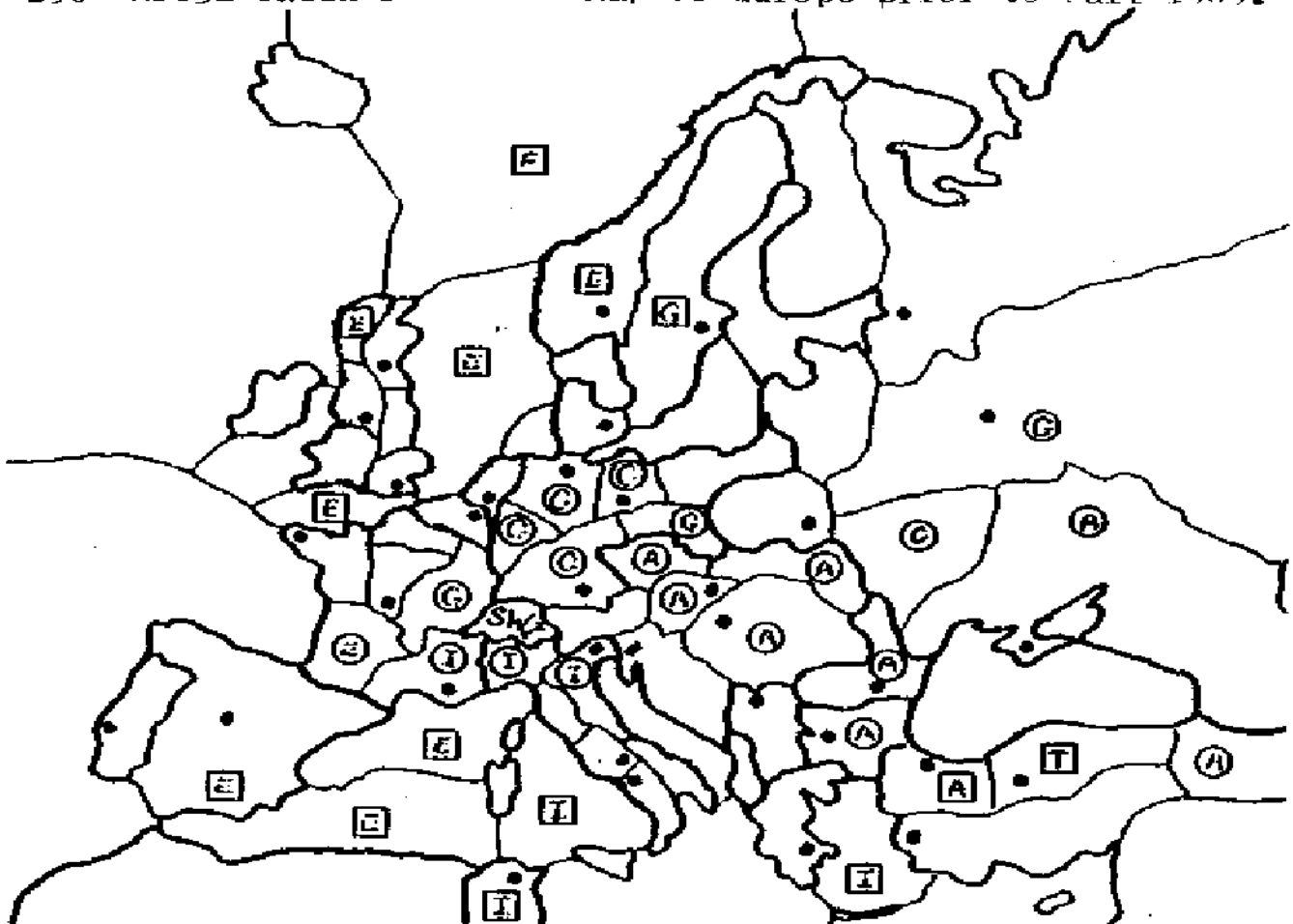
1. Returning mental midget. . .I don't know about this one, after all, [CENSORED] is not in the game and he's the only mental midget I know aside from [CENSORED]. I'd almost think the answer to this might be Don Williams, but he's not a mental midget, he's more like a mental pygmy.

2. Will Williams (what other kiss-ass buddies do we know?) return and run contests? There is no doubt that he will run lots and lots of contests. After all, it's very easy to run contests when you don't give out any prizes! ((Whatta you mean, "No prizes." Just ask [CENSORED] and [CENSORED], they've both received wonderful prizes from winning FB's super contests. By the way, how did you know there's another contest in the works?))

3. Did Williams get a brain transplant? Ha ha ha! Surely you jest. No, what happened was that Williams did have an operation to drill a hole in that solid granite boulder he has for a head, so that, eventually, a brain can be installed! However, they haven't found a snail with the right size pinhead yet and so, for now, Williams' "brain" will remain an empty cavity. Still, this is better than it used to be and I expect to see a big improvement in Williams' GMing. He may even reach the level of "Inadequate"!

FELIX to BUMBLING IDIOT: I hope you found the time to take GMing lessons while you were on your hiatus--you certainly

1982 Mrb32 Cheshire Cats Map of Europe prior to Fall 1909.



needed them! Maybe if your real nice Vixen will give you a few tips!

GM to FELIX: Uh. . .I will refrain from the obvious come-back to that line, I mean, this is still a family subzine. Oh, yeah. . .24. . .23. . .22. . .

FELIX to LEO: Now's your big chance. With the idiot back you could add four units on the board, and he'd never even catch it!

GM to FELIX: Oh, I don't know, I probably would. Especially when you saw where I'd put them. . .Berlin, Kiel, Munich. . . Go ahead, Leo, make my day.

FELIX to GARFIELD: So, you like slow torture!? Morris will be very happy to oblige as he is very sadistic and will enjoy watching you squirm for another year!

MORRIS to GARFIELD: Looks like your time has come, finally, Bubble-nose. Say goodnight to all the nice people. And also to Williams.

GM to MORRIS: Sigh. . .36. . .35. . .34. . .

MORRIS to FELIX: Oops, sorry about your Army Marseilles and all. We'll get it (Marseilles) for you this year, for sure, fer shure. Don't worry, I won't let you down.

FELIX to MORRIS: Since I have no idea what we are doing,

I'll try to keep Tigger tied up so that you can come in from behind. And, could you try to snap it up as Tigger is starting to look mighty strong!

GM to FELIX: Who? Tigger? Naaa. . .he's jyd a sweet li'l old puddy-tat. Now, if you want "mighty strong. . ."

MORRIS to SLY: Just how sly are you? Are you as sly as [CENSORED]? Are you as wise as [CENSORED]? Oh, and can you read the writing on the wall, or is that beyond you?

SLY to THE QUEEN'S OWN: You better watch Felix. I do believe he's got more than Kitty litter for a brain.

GM to SLY: Don't count on it.

MORRIS to TIGGER: I can't wait to see the look on Sly's face when you start moving your units west to "rescue" him. . . (snort.)

LOST ITALY to TIGGER: I always did like to dig myself a hole, crawl in, and then see if I can get back out.

TIGGER to SLY: Take Greece if you need it. Please.

GM to MORRIS: This may take longer than you thought. . .

FELIX to MORRIS: Rumor has it that Williams shaved his head in an attempt to look like his buddy, [CENSORED]. But don't worry, his head might be bald, but his brain is still like [CENSORED]!

GM to FELIX: I wish you were a beer.

SLY to GM: I have something important to ask you. Did you let Socrates give his cousin Donald a birthday party? All seriousness aside, glad to have you back.

GM to SLUG: Are you kidding? Socrates and Donald can't stand each other. Check out the action in W/KK sometime. Soc has disliked the (as he puts it), "DisneyDuck sellout", ever since he used his money and celebrity to steal Daisy from his ~~bird's~~ nest. Seems Daisy had a menage-a-trois (that's a "love triangle" to you, Felix) going for some time before Soc got wise. Besides, who wants to throw a party for a 50 year old duck that still wears a sailor suit?



MORRIS to ALL CATS: I am starting a contest, (not phony like those Don runs); the first player to send in press so insulting as to make Don "[CENSORED]" Williams blush, will receive from my sponsor a free can of Nine Lives (your choice of flavor.) Let's get those poison pens working!

TOP CAT to FLEE-BITTEN FELINE FURBAG: And you said I run phony contests! Hmph! You know damn well that I never blush, no matter how bad this, for lack of a better word, press, is. I wish you were a beer too!

(Opus gets revenge)

TOP CAT to LESSER CATS: Yeah, it's over for another month. It was good to be back, I'd forgotten how much I enjoy ~~balling and~~ playing with you guys. I'd appreciate some press from Leo and Garfield this next time--who knows, it may be your. . .uh. . .last chance. (I kinda hate to bring this up but you can send endgame statements along with your next orders if you don't feel lucky. Ciao.)

PARIAHS
1982 IH
RegDip

Let us Prey.

GM: Don Williams
Next Season: Spring 1909
ZAT: August 3, 1984



A Well-Known Pariah

GAME DELAY REQUESTED BY
ONE PLAYER (W/GOOD
REASON). . . PARIAHS
POSTPONED FOR 1 MONTH. . .
WINTER 1908 HELD OVER
BY POPULAR DEMAND!

1982 IH PARIAHS

The Players

AUS (Robert Slossar)	14 Buck Hill Rd., Huntington, CT. 06484.
ENG (Hank Nichols)	56 N San Mateo, #4, Redlands, CA 92374.
GER (Dave Anderson)	PO Box 3761, Pontiac, MI 48059.
RUS (Mark Coldiron)	3300 Prksde Dr., #47, Rckln, CA 95677.
TUR (Woody Arnawoodian)	602 Hemlock Cr., Lansdale, PA 19446.

Sorry to have you guys come back to me only to have the game delayed a month, but one of the players did not get his MAGUS until near the very end of the deadline. As a result, I granted the delay of season. By way of a refresher, I will repeat the SC totals of Winter 1908. ALSO: Bob, please remember that you have to send in orders former F MAO (F Mao R Naf, OTB). Also be sure to vote for the three draws proposed last time; G/A/T/E, A/T/E and A/T.

1982 IH PARIAHS

Winter 1908 Supply Center Chart

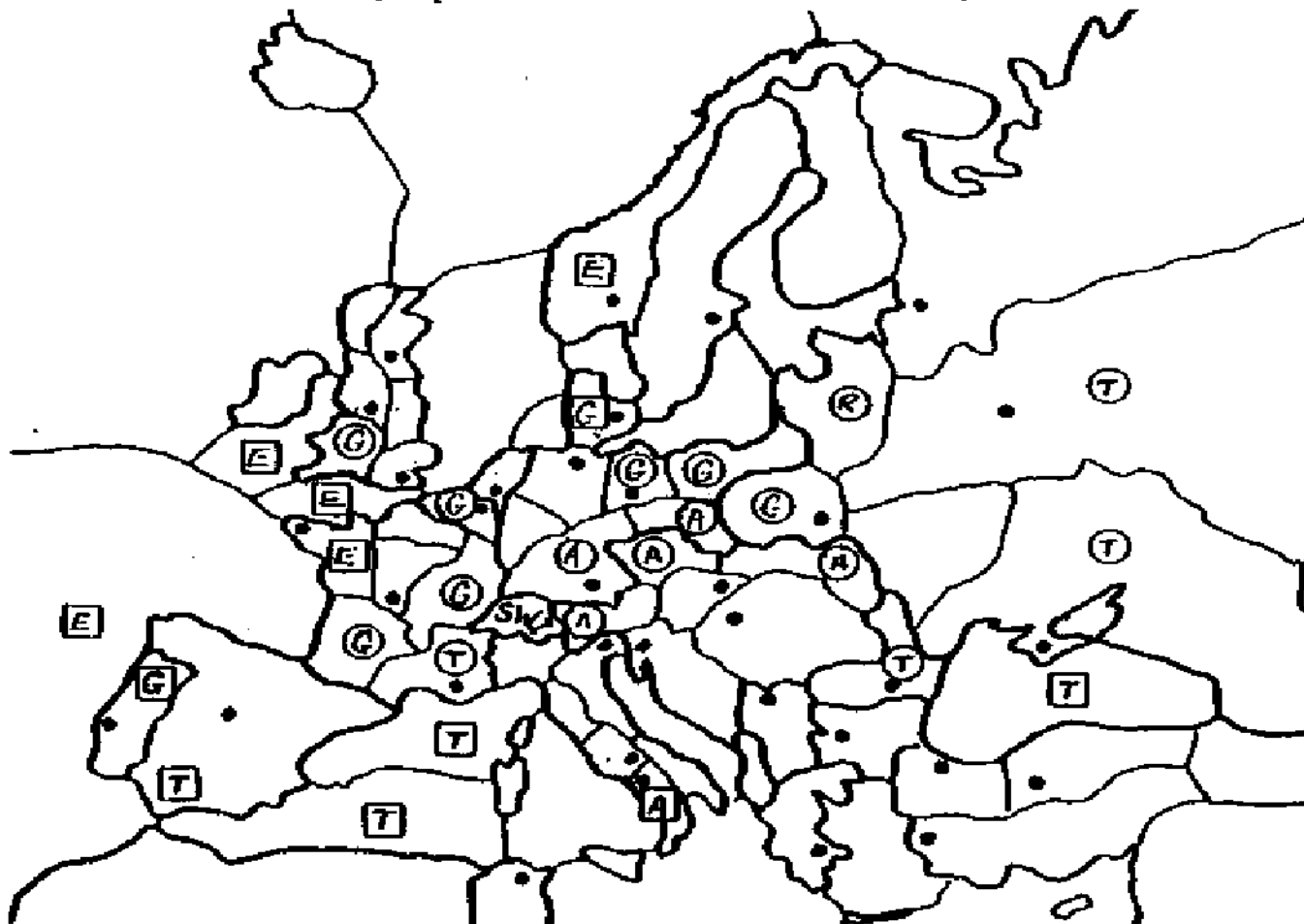
AUS	Home, Ser, Gre, Ven, MAF , Tun, <u>MUN</u> , <u>NAP</u>	+1; builds 2
ENG	Lon, Stp, Bre, Edi, Nwy	+0; even
GER	MAF , Ber, Kie, Den, Hol, Bel, Swe, Par, MAF , Por, Lpl, <u>WAR</u>	-1; build 1
RUS	MAF	-1; out
TUR	Home, Bul, Rom, Rum, Spa, Sev, MAF , <u>MAR</u> , <u>MUN</u>	+1; builds 2

ZAT for Spring 1909 (oh, AND Winter 1908) is 9/3/84.

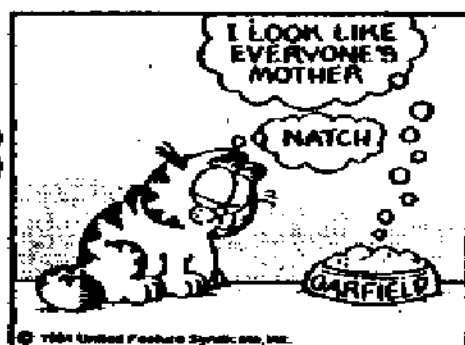
I do hope we can get this thing back on the road by next month. I have orders on file for both Germany and Turkey, but would REALLY APPRECIATE some press from you all (Bob? Woody? I know it's against your religion, but. . .) Seriously, do you know what it's like to try to get a full page covered with you guys around? I have to type lines and lines of mindless drivel just to get to the bottom of the page because the map wouldn't fit here, oh no, it has to go on the next page. Maybe I should run a cartoon? Maybe not, huh? Well, what the hell do we talk about? I guess I should thank Daf Langley for doing such a wonderful job with your game while I was on my 'hiatus.' Once again, Daf, thank you for doing the job when I needed you. (I still don't know my final grades for the quarter. Those people take forever and a day to do ANYTHING.) Well, gents, looks like we're close enough to the bottom of the page for me to call it quits here and get back to serious business. Like printing the game map on the next page. . .

1982 IH PARIAS

Map of Europe prior to Winter 1908.
(Map does not show retreats.)



See you all next month. . .I hope. Bye, and welcome back!



Tree of Liberty periodically with "the blood of patriots." (C'mon, guys, you gotta remember this stuff. . .) (Uh. . . where was I? Oh yeah. . .) Jefferson. If he were alive today and talking like that we'd gladly see him do hard time in San Quentin.

It seems to be that we've lost the enthusiasm for revolution. . .we spend the day honoring our country by breaking a great many of its laws. We have become, in the 200 years since the Declaration of Independence, reactionaries--the revolutionary fervor is gone.

Is it time to close the book on the Fourth of July? It was splendid once, but it no longer becomes us; it is no longer us. Actually, if we do go on celebrating it-- and I see absolutely no reason why we won't, a page and a half diatribe in an obscure subzine is not going to do anything except maybe make some few of you angry enough to call me a commie--then maybe we should make it a day for honoring King George, whose principles so many of us so emphatically endorse.

It would probably be better to abolish it altogether by turning it into one of those three or four-day weekends, (make it at the beginning of August, there's a dearth of holidays in August), and call it the Sentimentality Day Weekend.

That is, perhaps unfortunately, bloody unlikely. We are too much paper patriots. And besides, it's good for business.

(I won't disclaim this view by saying that I'm arguing as a devil's advocate. Let's just say that if Johnathon Swift were alive and could read this, he'd understand. . .)

END CAVEAT EMPTOR. . .reponses are welcomed and encouraged !!

THE BURN WARD: Fiat Bellum's standby list includes; Hank Nichols, Evans Givan, Daf Langley, Eric Kindall and John Crow. More are certainly needed. If you are called to send in orders for a game in FB you will receive that issue free (compliments of Steve and Daf Langley, naturally), whether the orders are used or not. Sign up.

JOIN THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LOW-LIFES TODAY!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

It could change your life. . .but it probably won't. What it will do, though, is give you the chance to say that you finally belong to an ELITE hobby organization; only the first twenty-five eligible applicants will be accepted. The AFLL does not have any officers, nor does it have meetings. It doesn't even have a mandate or a reason to exist at all, much like the low-lifes that make up it's membership. Eligibility is based on how you score on the American Federation of Low-Lifes Application Exam (see next page for exam.)

Response from last month was underwhelming, but what can I expect from a bunch of low-lifes? Besides, you only found about about the AFLL 20 pages or so ago, right? No excuse. Now, turn the page, fill out the exam, and then send it to me; Don Williams; 217-B Craig Ct., Redlands, CA 92374.

THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LOW-LIFES

OFFICIAL APPLICATION EXAM

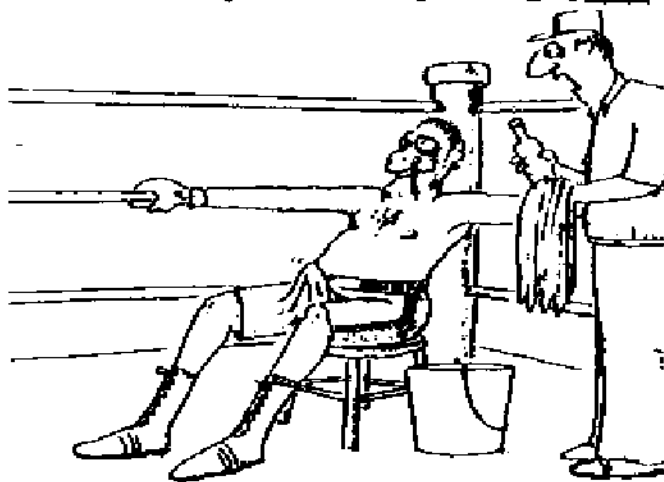
Name:

Date:

- 1) Do you believe that Terry Tallman, as such, exists?
Yes___ No___ Maybe___ Who cares___ Only on odd-numbered days and only in a slug-infested cave___.
- 2) Do you live on the east coast?
Yes___ No___ Gee, I never thought about it___ Only at gunpoint___ You call this living?___.
- 3) Are you now, or have you ever been, affiliated in any way, shape or form with the PDO? Yes___ No___ I don't know, let me ask Mills___ Yo' momma___.
- 4) Do you believe that sexual acts with penguins are unnatural? Yes___ No___ You're kidding, right?___ Yes, but I can't help myself___.
- 5) Do you believe that sexual acts with Kathy Byrne are unnatural? Bizarre maybe, but not unnatural___ I'd rather not think about it___ I think about it all the time, but I'm weird anyway___ I'd rather be crushed under an hydraulic lift with crankcase oil dripping slowly onto my forehead___ Yes, but I can't help myself___ (Extra credit if you are NOT John Caruso.)
- 6) Did Berch create the world in six exciting days, or did it take much, much, (MUCH) longer? Yes___ No___ I believe the world is just another Langley hallucination___ You call this a world, why, back on Alpha Centauri...___ (if you pick this answer you are disqualified as an illegal alien) I don't believe in anything but Socrates the Duck___.
- 7) Do you REALLY believe in Socrates the Duck? Yes___ No___ Why not, I believe in Tallman___ This is a stupid question___.
- 8) Does Woody molest hamsters for pleasure, or because he is psychotic and into bestiality? Yes___ No___ Both___ I don't know, I do it for kicks because I like to hear them squeal___ (This answer automatically qualifies you for entry into the AFLL.)
- 8) Did you vote for President Reagan? I'm taking the 5th___ No, I don't believe he exists___ Yo' momma___ Yeah, but I was right in the middle of a three-week drunk___ Only at gunpoint___.
- 10) Are you a member of the ECC? Yes___ No___ Maybe yes and maybe no___ Yes, but I'm Tom Swider and that explains a lot of things___.
- 11) Are you a member of the WCC? Yes___ No___ What's it to you, punk?___ Yes, but I'm Larry Peery and that explains a lot of things___ I would be if I took drugs and looked like Doug Beyerlein___ I don't believe the West Coast exists___.
- 12) I want to be in the AFLL because I look like: Woody___ Bobby Sacks___ Woody and Bobby Sacks___ Mark Berch___ Tom Mainardi___ A diesel truck___ A molested penguin___ Gary Coughlan___ Bob Olsen or Olga, I forget which___.

(Exam continues, next page)

- 13) Do you believe Reagan should nuke MadCity and the Mid-West Mob? Yes___ Yes, yes, a thousand times yes___ Yes, even though I'm usually anti-nuke___ Yes, and I'm a MadLad___ I'm Evans Givan and your asking me?___ No, he should gas them, slowly...___ No, I'm about to stab ___ in the ___ game___.
- 14) I think Mark "Veggie" Luedi is onto something in the REALITY game in TMOBR: Yes, but I'm Steve Langley___ Yes, but I'm Terry Tallman___ It's so hard to tell now that the drugs are gone___ I don't believe in reality and I don't believe in Mark Luedi either___ I wish Mark was a beer___.
- 15) I like my sex with Wesson Oil and mayonnaise: Yes, but it's usually better with someone else___ Is there another way?(extra credit if you are NOT Mike Mazzer)___ No, it makes mah luhstibles too slippery (extra credit if you are NOT Gary Coughlan)___ No, I like my sex with Italian wimps (extra credit if you are NOT you-know-who)___ No, I like my sex with ducks (extra credit if you are NOT Don Williams, Steve Courtemanche, Pat Hart, Sweetboots, Socrates, Dave Grabar, lonely or a Rhode Islander)___ What's sex? (automatic elimination if you are NOT Pete Gaughan IV, Terry Tallman, Scott Hansen, Mike Ehli, John Michalski, under the age of 14, a MadLad, a member of the 'In Six' or serving time for aggravated assault on a kumquat)___.
- 16) I find the cartoon on this page: Disgusting___ Mildy amusing___ Amusing___ Outrageously funny because it reminds me of someone I know___ Where do you dig those things up, Williams?___ Pathetic because I relate emotionally to the poor guy___ What cartoon?___



"Okay, okay, so it feels good. But you've got to hit him back."

- 17) I think Woody is a wonderful arguement for genetic experimentation/development. Do you agree, or disagree? Agree, but I'm Bobby Sacks___ Agree___ Disagree, but I'm against all experimentation on animals___ Disagree___.
- 18) I have NMRed out of how many games: 1___ 2___ 5-10___ 10-20___ More than that, but I'm Larry Neubauer and that explains a lot___ More than that, but Woody or Bob Olsen was in every one of them___.
- 19) I want to be a member of the AFLL so I can dump on: My mother___ John Caruso___ the ECC___ the PDO___ the PLO___ My spouse___ Myself___.
- 20) I filled out this exam because: I'm Woody___ I like filling out stupid exams___ I'm bored stiff___ It's beats watching the damn Mets drop another easy one___ I want to be a member of the AFLL___ Who filled it out?___.

Upon completion of this exam, send to Don Williams for objective scoring. All entrants will be notified. Good Luck.

(Good ~~God~~ ~~Karl~~ Berch!!!! (Those are Byrneisms) an 18 page
FB; kinda reminds you of the old days. . .)

MARK BERCH DEPARTMENT: Weather here in ~~LA~~ sweltering SoCal continues to be un-characteristic and humid. I get into the pool, I get out of the pool. . . I can't tell the difference. Nights have been a relief though, cool breezes and fairly clear skies. Still, I'll be glad when the humidity gets down to normal.

SOCRATES AWARD DEPARTMENT: Well, here it is; I am NOW accepting nominations from the general rabble for candidates to win the Socrates Award. Response has been very good, and hobby pubbers have done a super job of getting the word out. I thank you all, and would ask that you go once more into the breach, if you've got the space; nominations are due here by the end of August 1984. They need not be explained, but I'd appreciate if you'd say something about why your nomination should be a winner. I have several on hand now and I'll tell you, it's gonna be tough. I may, in fact, open a final list of names for hobby-wide polling (but I realize there's a lot of that going on already, so. . .) Come on, let's recognize a good-type-person for a change. . . the feudists get enough already. *P.S. - Everybody can nominate somebody (sometime. . .)*

I ALMOST FORGOT DEPARTMENT: Yep, almost forgot to tell you all that this different and better look in FB is, alas, only temporary. This mega-subzine comes to you on the power of my brother Scott's electric typewriter. The 'El Cheapo' is in the shop. I hope to sell the sucker soon and maybe buy up to one of these. That way I can outpage Langley EVERY month!

Which should wrap this up. Except that I'm not even close to the bottom of the page. (A cartoon! A cartoon!! My subzine for a cartoon. . .) No, wait. How about another ~~INFAMOUS~~ Fiat Bellum contest? Sure, why not? Okay, okay. . . so Kathy and Woody will go crazy, have breakdowns, mangle kitty-cats and generally make life miserable for everybody within a thousand miles of them, what else is new? Besides, I've got three-thousand miles and most of the Mojave Desert to protect me. . . me worry? Naaaaa. . . Therefore, announcing. . .

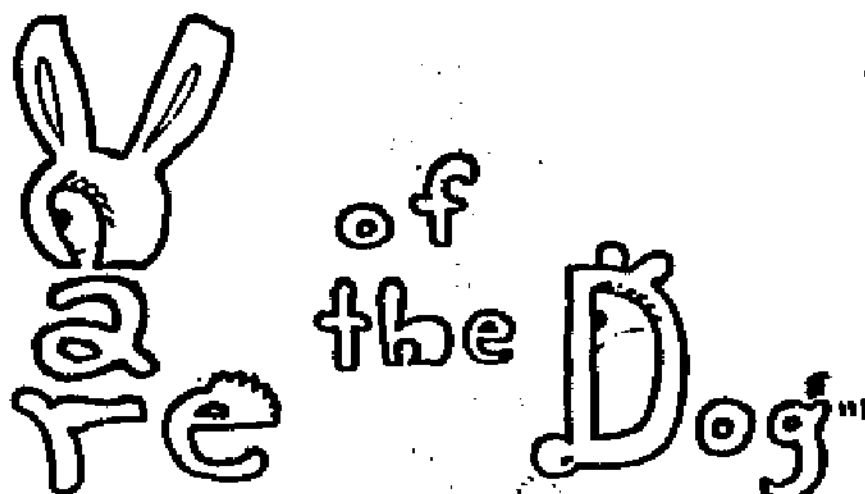
CONTEST #3

Sounds good to me, FB IS coming up to its Second Birthday soon and what better way to ~~keep the tradition alive~~ celebrate? Details, like which poor sap gets it this year, will be announced next month.

And so, with a doff of my dunce cap, I bid you all a fond (that meant 'foolish' in the 17th Century) adieu. . .

Semper Good-bye, *[Handwritten signature]*

Hello and welcome to Hare of the Dog. It is the new home of a game called HotDog 1. I was going through a lot of names for the game, but that one seemed the best. I got some good people in it and I hope everyone enjoys playing here. The list of the players will be on the next



Hare of the Dog

page. On this page, I'll tell you about why we're taking an August publishing vacation. We will be moving. We are trying to find Steve a job in Albuquerque. My sister and her family live there and I spent most of my childhood there. I love the place and when we were there for our vacation last month, Steve found that he could get to like it real well. So, we've got our fingers crossed that someone will want a totally awesome programmer like Steve and will offer him big bucks to move out there. Even if Albuquerque doesn't come through, we will be moving from the old Boone Lane homestead.

I hate to move. But I hate to pay sky high rent for a home that is starting to come apart at the seams. The garbage disposal breaking and the rent increase hit the house the same day. I figured if there was ever a sign from heaven - that was it. I started looking in the paper for suitable homes in the area where we are now. Nothing doing. So, Steve says, "Why don't we move to Albuquerque?". I couldn't believe my ears. I knew he had enjoyed it during our vacation, but I didn't realize how much. We got in touch with my sister and she reads me the want ads every day. We send resumes to the ones that sound promising. My sister is, to say the least, very happy with the idea and Megan even likes it. She thinks it will be nice to have three nieces younger than she is.

However, as I said, I hate to move. I hate having everything in boxes. I hate having to sit on kid's heads to get them to clean their rooms and pack only 'good' toys, clothes, etc. We always wind up moving two boxes of junk along with every ten boxes of 'good' stuff. At least this time we won't be moving three days before Christmas. There are no holidays scheduled between now and when we move, so the Electric Company and so on can't take six days to turn on the juice. The mail will be a hassle for the first month or so. Bleah!! I intensely dislike moving. At least we only have to worry about moving one set of kids. The boys are blissfully unaware of the impending changes. They are with their dad in San Diego for the summer. The old neighborhood is really going to change for them.

I would like to thank Don Williams for making MAGUS a zine this month. With the weather reaching 100+ for more days than I'd like to count, I haven't felt like typing much at all. The only time it's been cool enough to do it is between 1 and 7 o'clock in the morning. Luckily it has cooled off the last three days so we could get this out.

Hot Dog I...

GAME START

AUSTRIA	Pete Gaughan	7500 W. Camp Wisdom Rd., Dallas, TX 75236
ENGLAND	John Huestis	4525 Cameron Rd., Shingle Springs, CA 95682
FRANCE	Mike Mazzer	1900 Kelton Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90025
GERMANY	Dustin Laurence	620 Josephine Avenue, Box 50 Terry, MT 59349-0050
ITALY	Diane Keehey	3124 N Street, Sacramento, CA 95816
RUSSIA	Don Williams	217-B Craig Court, Redlands, CA 92374
TURKEY	Larry Peery	P.O. Box 8416, San Diego, CA 92102

Definitely a fine-looking bunch of players. I'm very pleased with the turnout I got for this game. I know all of the players and I think they will have a lot of fun playing the game with each other. You fine folks have until September 7, 1984 to come up with a set of Spring 1901 orders to me.

We will send out COA postcards when we have our address, so don't worry about losing us. I would like to ask my players to wait until they receive that postcard before they send me moves. I don't want to run the risk of losing them in the chaos and confusion that surrounds any move. I would also like to have everyone's phone numbers. I will be offering Daf's Special NMR Insurance. If I don't have your orders, I'll try to reach you. If you have special times when you aren't home, you should let me know. I'll make every effort to get a hold of you before deadline. I don't want NMR's and I'll go to great lengths to avoid them.

My house rules will be the same as MAGUS's. I'll be sending a copy with this zine to my new players. I hope you people are as excited about this game as I am. This will be my first gamestart as a GM. I've got all my pencils sharpened, my maps are ready, my rulebook is dog-eared and I've even taken a course on hieroglyphics in preparation for some of the more chicken-scratchier of the bunch.

There will be more of the soap opera in the September issue and HotDog I should have some good press to start it off. So Here of the Dog should become a bigger part of your MAGUS each month. I'm not sure at this point what Don Williams will do with his games. He may take a vacation with us and keep the results of the games until September, or he may send his players an August adjudication on flier and join us again later. I'm sure he'll let you know in plenty of time. He's just that kind of guy. Auf Wiedersehen.

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MAGUS #37

July 11, 1984

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Steve Knight
11905 Wintertown Lane
Apt. 103
Reston, VA 22091

Robert Millikan



Subscription through issue SAMPLE

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

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