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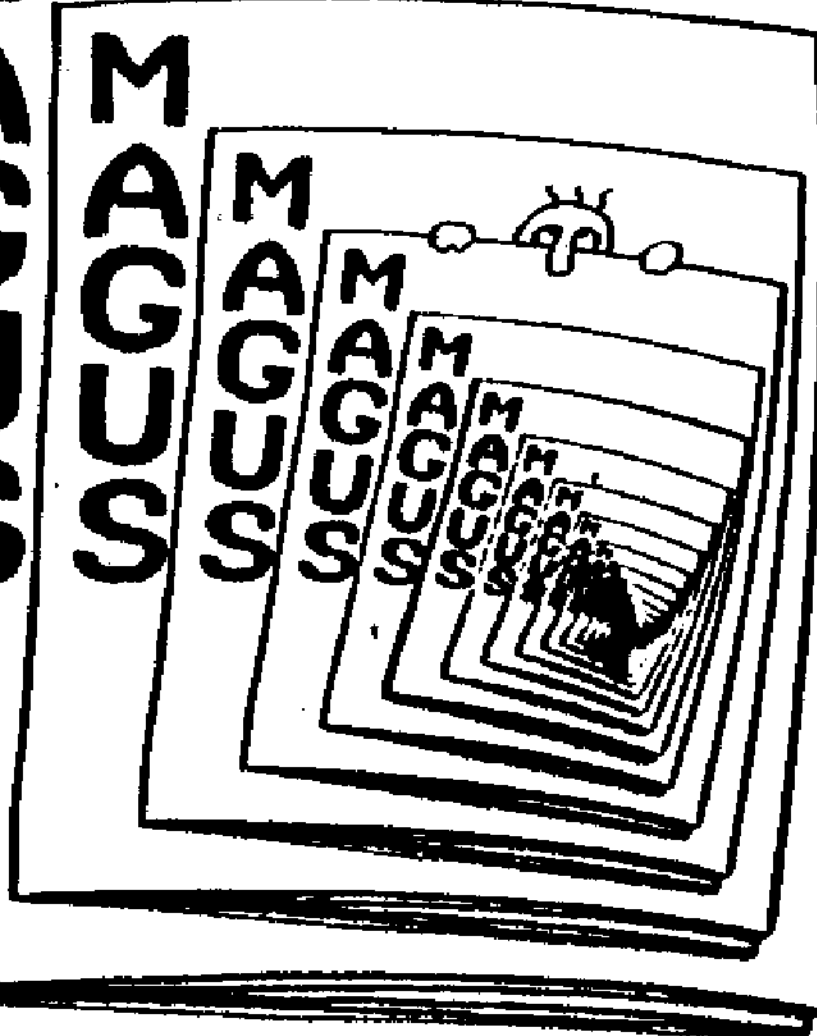
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Welcome to the Don Williams has a degree issue of MAGUS!!!!

Yes, Don finally got a degree in English Literature (stop snickering back there in the cheap seats) and even though he is middle aged and married is now a certified Bachelor. He says he plans to go into a Master's program. Daf is thrilled!

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

EXIT STAGE LEFT	(Daf's afterward)	page 1
PATTER	(the magician expounds)	page 2
PRESTIDIGITATION	(what's going on around Dip)	page 3
VOLUNTEERS	(a round table)	page 5
ILLUSIONS	(the games, of course)	page 7
OUT OF THE HAT	(the conundrums)	page 14
ILLUSIONS	(the games, of course)	page 15
INTERMISSION	(Peter Gaughan's story)	page 22
FIAT BELLUM	(Don Williams' subzine)	page 23
STRANGE DOINGS	(Mike Mazzer's subzine)	page 35
HARE OF THE DOG	(Daf's MAGUS subzine)	page 43

The standby list: Mark Keller, John Huestis, John Crow, Mark Coldiron, Don Williams, Jim Keeney, Bob Olsen, Jim Burgess, Mark Frueh, Michael Pustilnik, Mike Ehli, Ken Hager, Melinda Ann Holley, and Dan McCodoy.

A motley crew if I've ever seen one (and I've seen a few in my time!), 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.

**THE NOT FOR HIRE** is coming!

See PRESTIDIGITATION for details.

I'm thinking of renaming this section of MAGUS. For the last two months, the Daf part of ESL has been the final paragraph. Not that I'm complaining, mind you - the last couple of months have found me devoid of creativity. I seem to sit and stare at the last twenty lines of this thing for 10 minutes or so. Usually I can rattle on for pages and pages, but not lately. Maybe it's the heat. It's been 'unseasonably' hot in Sacto the past week or so. That means high 90's and low 100's. Not the best climate for creativity. All I feel like doing is laying in the pool or in front of the fan. We bought a new fan the other day - for the computer! We have to have a fan blowing on it if we want to type for more than 20 minutes at a time, allowing an hour in between for the computer to cool down. Now, I can have a fan in the bedroom and Steve can still type MAGUS.

I have really enjoyed the NBA Championship this year, except for the first game of course. Y'EAH LATER!!!



I think the first of you to mention our new cover art was Gary Coughlan. When it was just the little man, only two of you mentioned him. Now that the clown has joined the clue, a few more have admitted that something odd has come to the staid old MAGUS cover. Why? Well, I had the impulse to put the little man on the month previous, but was too time bound to do it. So, on the following month, when the impulse recurred, I found the time. Then, I decided it would be fun to move the little man down an issue, as if he were riding a copy of MAGUS into the infinite spiral on the cover. Then, a new month came and all month I had visions of a clown riding a unicycle over the little man's head. Why? What can I say? Why not?

How long will it all last? You guess. I came up with a few more ideas which you will see anon. I may come up with a few more yet ... or I may not.

Minor update on my bike. I am bicycling to work on a nearly daily basis and even went for a ride this weekend. I am now wearing a pair of pants that used to be so tight I couldn't sit and breath and today they are bagging so badly I have to hold them up with my hands or lose them. Some of this is due to my diet but a small part is due to the bike.

I just about started to do some more Flat Evil and it dawned on me that I get an awful lot of pleasure out of writing those stories. I wonder if any of you find them nearly as funny as I do. It is supposed to be a sign of mediocrity to admire ones own work. I guess I've given myself away.

PJGIV has sent in the final Pilgrim Chapter (for a while?) and so Flat Evil may appear more often in the future. This month it will depend upon how many pages everything else takes up.

How many pages everything else takes up!?! I typed the above before we adjudicated. Thirty-two pages of subzines! Great subzines (even the one that is a non-subzine) but at this rate Mark Colbiron will soon be outpacing me on a regular basis! What to do? Well, for one thing, VOLUNTEERS is going to have to suffer a small trim. We have something like nine pages of round table and only two pages space. So, what we are going to do is print out the thing in pieces and put off asking any more questions until we get through what we have to hand. I sort of hate to do it, but I really don't want to drop any of the other games or features either. Maybe we will have to do some serious rethinking on our page limits. What do you all think?

I'm talking about lifting the sixty page (counting covers) limit we have set. It will mean a price increase and even more pages to read each issue. Or maybe we should split MAGUS into two zines. Daf could publish Hare of the Dog as a separate zine with Strange Doings, and I'd keep Fiat Hellum. Not that we could afford that solution. Ideas? Anyone?

There is still one opening in the Deviant game. It will be run in the game flier Poppcorn and also as a subsubzine to Conrad Minshal's Butter Battles. \$10.00 gamefee covers the life of your Poppcorn sub.

Bob Olsen announces the availability of Masters of Deceit, the new novice packet. If you would like a copy, send your \$.00 to Woody. Yes, Woody is distributing them for us. That's Steve Annawoodian, 602 Hemlock Circle, Lansdale, PA 19446.

Robert Sacks, 4861 Broadway 5-V, New York, NY 10034 is putting out a zine register. If you are a pubber and would like your zine included write to Robert and let him know.

Jim Boob Burgess and Keith Sherwood are the Hobby Orphan Custodians. If you have a game that is in trouble or (better) can give a game that is in trouble a new home, write to them! JBB 100 Holden St., 3rd Lft, Providence, RI 02908 or TR0 8866 Cliffridge Ave., La Jolla, CA 92037

Bill Quinn is the BNC and (last I heard) he needs someone to publish Everything for him. If you can help out, or need his services: Bill Quinn, 301 Conroe Dr., Conroe TX 77301

July 4 - 7 is MADCON III.

We are talking serious party here. To be held at Marc and Debi Peters' 1814 Cameron Dr., Madison WI 53713 and at James Wall's 1804 University Ave, Madison WI 53705. The Madlads take serious pride in being able to outdrink all the rest of Dipdom and in Russ Rusnak, who recently disavowed them for being a bunch of twinkies.

July 12 - 14 is TEXAS DIPCON.

A Diplomacy and wargame convention to be held in the Pasadena Town Square Community Room (just outside Houston). Write to James Early, 3705 Uruguay Dr., Pasadena TX 77504 for details.

August 10 - 11 is PEERICON V.

An exclusively Diplomacy event with tournament, prizes, and special events for the serious Diplomacy hobbyist. Think of it as a warmup for Dipcon rather than as an alternative.

August 23 - 25 is DRAGONFLIGHT.

Dipcon by any other name... Diplomacy and lots of other games. FRP and Titan are on the list. To attend, you must become a Dragonflight member (\$5.50) and register for the convention (\$14.50 in advance - more at the door). Rooms are \$9.00 double occupancy w/o linen, \$12.00 double occupancy w linen, and \$16.00 single occupancy w/o linen. That's at the University dorms right upstairs from the gaming. Motels and Hotels also available. For more information or registration, write to Dragonflight, PO Box 0417 (the zero is important), Seattle, WA 98111. The \$5.50 membership also puts you on the Dragonflight mailinglist for their quarterly newspaper. Rates will change on July 25.

Laborday Weekend is FUDGECON.

Hosted in Wichita by none other than Dipdom's favorite writer, Bob Olsen. This annual event draws from both coasts and borders as well as closer neighboring states. A weekend of games and chatter and a chance to put a face on Leo to the

names you see on the friendly letters you get just before the stab. Seriously, outside of Dipcon, this is the 'in' event of the Diplomacy year. So write to Bob at 6818 Winterberry Cr., Wichita, KS 67226 and tell him you will be there.

December 7 - 8 is BEETHOVENCON III.

An informal weekend of Diplomacy and other games; all accompanied by the music of Beethoven. For beginners and serious players.

For information on PEERICON V and BEETHOVENCON III apply to Larry Peery, c/o Institute for Diplomatic Studies, Box 8416, San Diego, CA 92102 (619-280-2239).

New Years is DAFCON IV.

Where ever that may be this year. We may be in New Mexico or right here in Sacramento. In either case you are all invited. Experience firsthand the famed DAFCON chile and decide for yourself if it really makes a difference what bean is used. Games and talk and maybe even some D&D.

The MAGUS POLL as announced last month will be set for a September date. There was not a lot of feedback, but what there was was quite positive. I set September for the polling date to allow lots of time for working on Dipcon in August.

THE NOT FOR HIRE is coming in June.

This will be a letterzine. With the temporary fold of NEA (out until September and may not make it all the way back then) I felt that the void could best be filled with a zine that prints exactly what is sent it. There will be nothing done to the letters except for cut, paste and copy. Subs are going to be \$.75 an issue, unless I start losing too much money. If you want to get into TNFH #1, get your letter to me by June 20, 1985. If you mention someone, include their name and address. If you mark any part of your letter NFP or some such, it won't make it into TNFH.

By its nature, and it will certainly start out that way, TNFH will deal with feud material. If you are not interested, let me know and I will take you off the mailing list. Besides feuds and such we may get into some serious discussions. I plan to put my oar in with letters, just like everyone else. More even handed than that I do not know how to get.

Mike Mazzer filled his new game. Don Williams gets a chance once and for all to demonstrate the theory of male supremacy over the Dip board. It's Don's well known theory that women should be kept barefoot and chained to the bed or kitchen stove and that the poor things just don't have what it takes in the brains department to play Diplomacy. Don has been waiting for quite some time for a chance to prove his theory.

Well, the wait is over. Mike has filled his game with six women for Don to overawe with his superior wit and tactics. Don is predicting that he will have a solo win no later than 1906... provided there isn't a capitulation even sooner.

You might think that Don would want to prolong the pleasure of their company for as long as possible, playing for a seven way draw in 1933. But Don is a man with a point to prove.

VOLUNTEERS has had to take it in the space crunch this month. I'm hoping (but not counting on it) that we will be able to work something out by next month. For now, we have just the left over discussion and some comments.

(JC) What else is new? I mean, Don Williams is always in a snit over one thing or another. I say we should smack him in the head with a 2x4! Then we could claim that we hit the snithead in Redlands with a Woody!

Good idea to continue the talks over for more than a month. Maybe 2 new questions should be a limit. But that is up to you. //// I'd like to keep a monthly schedule but we may drop it all the way down to a single question. ////

(CC) Sometime this summer I hope to be able to get a modem, so I can send you moves and contributions to the zine electronically saving you retyping hassles. ////Does this mean you are going to buy us a modem too?////

In the discussion of "Vigilance" last month, (DAF) Daf Langley mentioned (p.13) a case of "four of five kids constantly breaking the windows of an elderly Oriental man's house. He'd fix them, they'd break them again. Finally the old man went slightly crazy and fired a pellet gun at the kids." It might interest MAGUS readers that the homeowner, a Mr. Wong, age 72, pleaded guilty and was sentenced to one year in County Jail with a review of his sentence in six months, plus four years probation, a condition of which being that he not own a gun. ////He should have plead down to a lighter charge and got off with six month's probation. He also ought to have taken the parents of all the kids who broke his windows to small claims court. The System isn't always just.////

(JC) A service should be a job, provided by a person(s) to dipdom and the people in dipdom. Such jobs or tasks would include numbering, logging games, providing information booklets, helping in problems with the game, publishing, gming.

(SRC) A hobby service is something which is available to anyone (either for free or at cost) which provides information. A poll is a service in that it can help steer people to "good" zines, gms, etc. It can also be used to aid the people running zines or games to improve their product. Other types of services are purely informational. They let people know about what games are available, new people in the hobby, who runs what, or what zines are available (price, frequency, GM). The last type of service keeps people satisfied. In this type there are the Ombudsman Service, various money-raising organizations and the Orphan Service.

(JC) Dipdom should expect its custodians and servants to be honest, openminded, unbiased and able to make decisions based on facts or data provided, not on personal feelings towards that person. They should exercise tact, common sense and respect for the feelings of others. They should be concerned with doing their jobs, as efficiently and promptly as possible, while avoiding engaging in feuding, taking sides in feuds, or launching attacks on hobbyists.

(SRC) Being human, we can't expect perfection from our custodians. As for what we can hope for in our custodians, that is something else. A perfect custodian would need to be knowledgeable, able to speak or write well, and impartial so he can perform his duties without bias.

(JC) Custodians should expect respect, fair and even coverage and control from the members of the hobby. Custodians should

sincerity when being approached by a member of Dipdom.

(SRC) A custodian should be accorded respect by the people of Dipdom. That is, if his actions before attaining the "mantle of authority" have shown him worthy of respect. When a person passes on his/her custodianship, the successor should be chosen carefully so as to not harm the service he/she represents. If a custodian has shown his worth, then his decisions on matters should be adhered to. Only if there is considerable dissent should the matter be reviewed.

(JBB) Vigilance, of course, is an essential part of keeping any neighborhood safe. I have an elderly next door neighbor that sits on her porch in the summer & in the window in the winter and watches everything. Perhaps elderly people should be paid by municipalities to do this. However I think, as I said last month, that violence must not be condoned. It's still a tough issue.

(JC) I do not support vigilance, however, I do believe in the civil right of a person to defend himself when set upon, or in coming to the aid of another if set upon. Our police can't protect us all of the time, but vigilantism isn't the answer. An entire overhaul of the judicial system is needed to deter crime, and to put repeat offenders away. Rehabilitation should be attempted, and those who can not be rehabilitated should be kept away from society.

Going hand in hand with resolving the crime problem, is education and raising the standard of living of the poorer people, who, many times, thru no fault of their own, revert to crime as a solution to their economic problems. Drug and alcohol abuse are further causes of crime.

I can not solve society's problems. But I recognize them, and recognize possible solutions. One must wonder what our leaders and politicians are thinking about. Surely they can see the same causes and possible solutions to these problems. Yet they make feeble attempts, if at all, at correcting the problems at the root of crime. I can understand people turning to vigilance as an answer. I can't agree with them, but I can accept their reasoning.

(SRC) Vigilance by untrained individuals is not my idea of safe streets. It can too easily break down into mob rule under the guidance of one charismatic leader. Imagine what would happen if the leader of the Guardian Angels were more radical in his outlook. Things would really have become bloody down in those subways. Vigilance would not be needed if more people would have the backbone to step forward and help the police do their job. Now, they (ie police) are trained to think before shooting so ugly incidents are less likely. ////This is all left over from last month. You are the only other to mention the GA. My complaint is that they are treated by most municipal authority as if they were more radical than they actually are. Isn't stepping forward to help the police a form of vigilance?////

(JC) John Caruso, (CC) Chris Carrier, and (SRC) Steven R. Courtemanche contributed to this part. We may as well award a free MAGUS. John Caruso is the lucky winner.

No questions for next month. We already have three that have not yet been printed. I'm really sorry about this. The more I think about it, the more obvious it is that we will have to publish more pages at a higher price. The real question is, does anyone want that many pages of MAGUS all at once?

## 1985 X Old Fiends The Players

Marshal Linder RD3, Box 219, Carmichael Rd. Oswego, NY 13827  
 John Crow 13750 Maham Rd #1178, Dallas, TX 75240  
 Bob Slossar 14 Buck Hill Rd., Huntington, CT 06484  
 Michael Fustilnik 140 Cadman Plaza West, Brooklyn, NY 11201  
 Don Williams 217-B Craig Court, Redlands, CA 92374  
 Jim Keenev 3124 N Street, Sacramento, CA 95816  
 Steve Annawoodian 602 Hemlock Circle, Lansdale, PA 19446

The vote was nearly unanimous for the name change. Two NVRs and five yes votes. So, since there was no real dissent, and since you may even be right... you are now "Old Fiends".

## 1985 X Old Fiends Fall 1901

AUS (Marshal,3) F Alb-GRE (A SER S), A Vie-BQH  
 ENG (John,3) F Nth-SEA, F Nwg-NWY, A Yor-LON  
 FRA (Bob,3) A Pic-BEL (F ENG S), A SPA H  
 GER (Michael,3) F DEN H, A RUH-Mun, A Kie-HOL  
 ITA (Don,3) A TYA-Mun, A Apu-TUN (F ION C)  
 RUS (Jim,4) F Bot-SWE, A War-GAL, A Ukr-RUM (F SEV S)  
 TUR (Woody,3) A BUL-Gre, A CON-Bul, F ANK-Con

## 1985 X Old Fiends Winter 1901 Supply Center Chart

AUS	Home, SER, GRE	+2; builds 2
ENG	Home, NWY	+1; builds 1
FRA	Home, SPA, BEL	+2; builds 2
GER	Home, DEN, HOL	+2; builds 2
ITA	Home, TUN	+1; builds 1
RUS	Home, SWE, RUM	+2; builds 2
TUR	Home, BUL	+1; builds 1
NEU	Por	

1985 X Old Fiends ZAT for Winter 1901 builds only is July 5, 1985. Leave yourself some holiday slack.

## 1985 X Old Fiends Press

ITALY to GM: I second the proposal to rename this game "Old Fiends".

BER to MOS: You're right. OLD FIENDS is much better.

FRANCE to GM: I like the name "Old Fiends" better than "Old Friends", but I like the name "Berserker II" even more than I like "Old Fiends".

GM to FRANCE: I still took that as a 'yes' vote.

ENG to FRA: I can't believe it, you lied to me.

ENG to FRA: I thought we had something...

ENG to FRA: I thought it was meaningful...

ENG to FRA: Ah well, "the cheaper the grapes, the sweeter the wine."

DON to JOHN: There's another fine mess you've gotten yourself into... what did you do to provoke him this time?

ENG to GER: Why do you strike me as a used car salesman?

RUS to FRANCE: Missed your letter this time, I hope we can work out an agreement that is helpful to all of us.

ENG to RUS: Thanks for the warning, but I already use prophylactics.

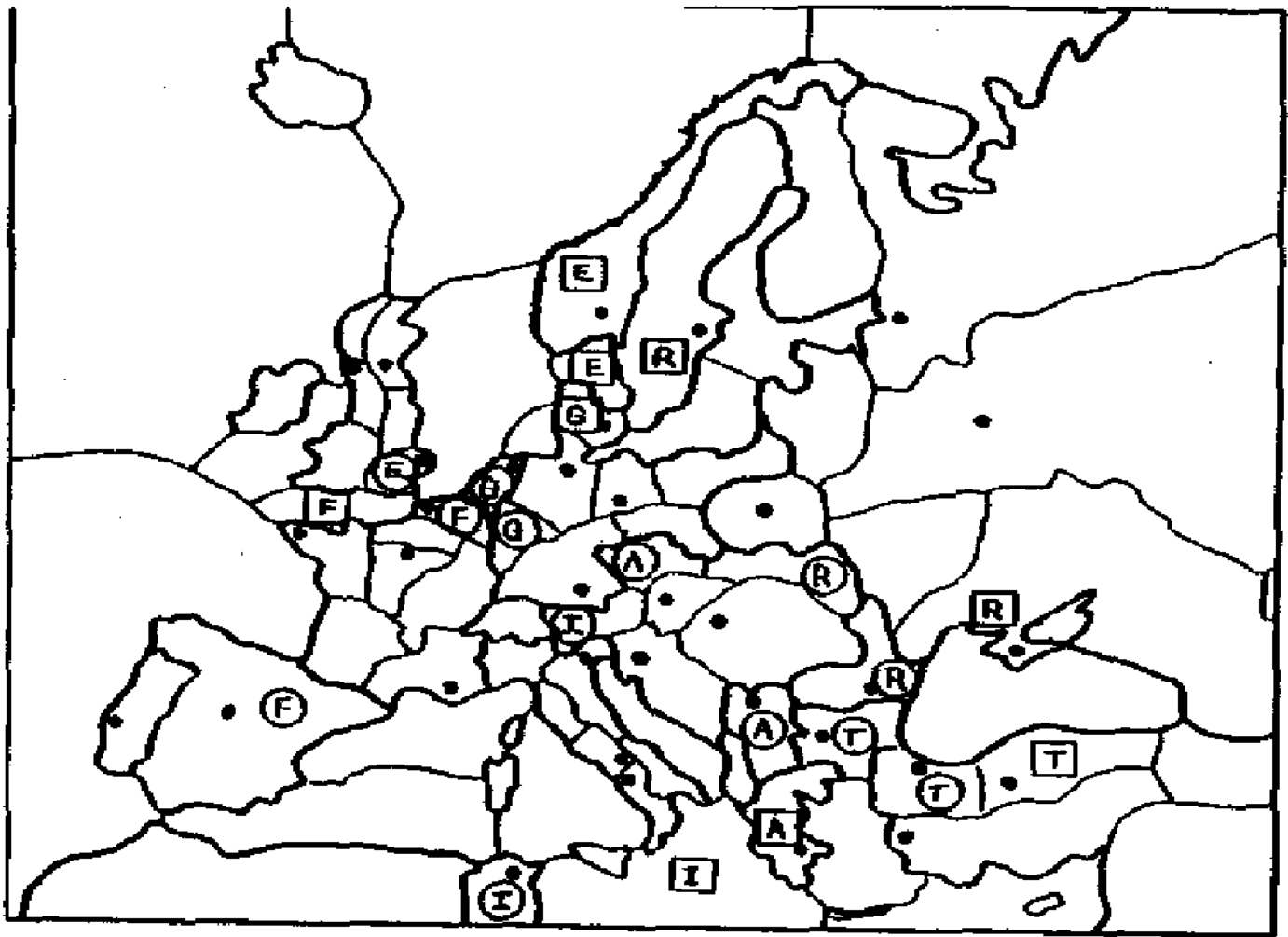
ENG to RUS: Tell me again though, was it France or Germany that has the beady eyes?

RUS to GM: Hell, my press even confuses me.



1985 X Old Fiends

Map prior to Winter 1901.



TURKEY to BOURSE: You guys desperately need advice. I have a habit of playing extremely bad in a game which runs with a Bourse. To top it off, I haven't played Turkey in years.

ITALY to RUSSIA: Now will you attack Woody?

VENICE to TRIESTE: See? I told you I wouldn't do anything, nasty. You want nasty, you got to look in the other direction.

AUS to RUS: I needed a strong response to keep you from attacking? I bet a strong defense is just as good, and a strong offense even better!

WOODY to ROACH: I just signed up for a game in Bersaglieri with your brother, the dildo. If you hassle me here I'll break him there!

RUS to TURKEY: Sounds good to me.

ROACH WILLIAMS to YOGURT HEAD: Me? Cross game? Why I never! I'm worried about you, sure, but only like any other normal and sane person would be worried about seeing the likes of you crawling around in the shadows.

RUS to GERMANY: I am very happy that we cleared the air. Now we can get down to business.

ENG to GM: I sort of liked the Don Williams' Snit issue. Seeing Don go pressless was priceless.

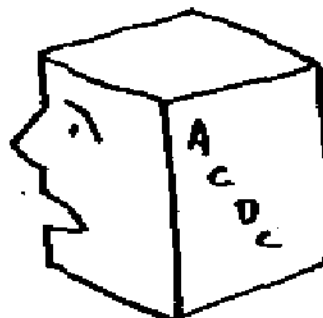
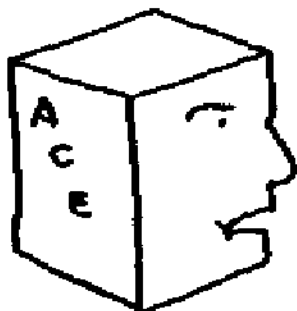
DON to SACTO SAGE: I'm not in a snit! I'm not in a snit! I'm not! I'm not! I'm not!

GM to DON: There there, of course you're not.

Old Friends Bourse

Company Name	Acronyms	Dollars	Standing
An Cat Dubh Co.	ACDC	\$0.41	786
Smart Money and Random Trading	SM&RT	\$2.67	523
Jov Diffusion	JD	\$3.19	522
Abyssinian Commodities Exchange	ACE	\$0.30	473
Kentucky Fried	KF	\$186.08	413
Yoyodyne Financial Inc.	YFI	\$18.24	410
Ted Turner	TT	\$0.13	401
Banque De Suisse	BDS	\$1.64	384
New Bonavia Trading Company	NBTC	\$455.72	374
Poison Pen Antidotes	PFA	\$691.23	353
Finance 535	F-535	\$470.00	350
Sub-Genius Assc. of Gaming Elite	SAGE	\$0.00	330
R.A.T.M. Investments	RATM	\$212.50	325
Virgin Investments Inc.	VII	\$0.78	322
Amalgamated Lint Inc.	ALI	\$193.00	317
JP=CA	JP=CA	\$0.20	307
In Your Shorts W.A.C.O.D.	IYS	\$0.45	306
Just Another Investor Listing	JAIL	\$0.28	303
Lafayette O'Leary	LOL	\$0.24	301
Murdock's Retreads and Galoshes	MR&G	\$572.54	299
Bug Eyed Monsters Syndicated	BEMS	\$2.52	297

Country	AUS	ENG	FRA	GER	ITA	RUS	TUR
SC Count	5	4	5	5	4	6	4
Shorts open at	0.41	1.21	0.99	0.62	0.76	1.00	2.04
TT	126	130	131	131	131	132	0
SM&RT	0	450	0	0	0	0	500
BEMS	500	0	0	0	0	500	0
PFA	0	500	0	0	0	0	500
YFI	0	500	0	0	0	0	500
VII	400	100	0	100	0	100	400
KF	0	300	0	0	0	300	400
ACDC	0	500	500	0	0	500	500
ACE	500	0	500	500	500	0	0
F-535	0	0	0	0	0	0	500
BDS	0	0	0	0	0	0	499
MR&G	0	0	0	0	0	0	500
JD	0	300	0	0	0	100	500
NBTC	0	0	0	0	0	0	500



"I SOLD CROWNS SHORT!  
WHAT ARE YOU IN FOR?"

"I BOUGHT CROWNS!"

**ILLUSIONS**

Country	AUS	ENG	FRA	GER	ITA	RUS	TUR
Bourse opens at	0.27	0.94	0.89	0.56	0.71	0.85	1.51
TT	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
SM&RT	1942	0	50-	1942	0	0	0
BEMS	0	500-	0	0	500	0	0
SAGE	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
RATM	0	500-	0	500-	500	500	0
PPA	1000	0	0	0	0	500-	0
LOL	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
YFI	1088	0	600	600	400	800	0
VII	467	167	167	0	367	100-	567
KF	2000	200-	0	200	0	200-	100-
ACDC	9709	0	0	0	0	0	0
ACE	0	500-	0	0	0	3000	500-
F-535	0	0	0	0	500	0	0
BDS	0	499-	700	1400	700	499-	0
JAIL	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
JP=CA	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
IYS	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
ALI	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
MR&G	200	500-	0	700	200	500-	0
JD	4200	200-	0	0	0	0	0
NBTC	1	1	1	500	499-	500	0

Bourse closes at	2.33	0.67	1.03	1.04	0.98	1.15	1.51
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**Short Sales indebtedness:**

ACDC	0	0	1	0	0	1	2
ACE	380	0	381	381	381	0	0

Final closing	2.33	0.90	1.02	0.93	0.87	1.20	2.02
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**Old Friends Bourse Current Portfolios**

TT	874	870	869	869	869	868	3500
SM&RT	2785	1305	1148	2785	795	795	1355
BEMS	500	500	883	883	1383	500	1883
SAGE	1000	1000	1000	1000	1000	1000	1000
RATM	500	500	750	0	2500	2000	500
PPA	1500	500	1849	1000	500	1349	500
LOL	500	3942	500	500	500	500	500
YFI	1788	700	1300	1300	1100	1500	700
VII	1167	821	919	452	1119	1000	1367
KF	2703	900	850	900	900	950	1400
ACDC	10209	936	500	500	500	936	2936
ACE	1000	185	685	1000	685	4685	500
F-535	1000	1000	1000	1000	1500	1000	1000
BDS	563	654	1716	2063	1363	401	1353
JAIL	500	1514	1514	500	500	500	1714
JP=CA	500	1000	1000	1000	500	500	2288
IYS	500	500	1000	500	500	500	3372
ALI	500	1100	1300	500	1500	1300	500
MR&G	794	500	500	1794	1200	594	1000
JD	4818	500	1196	618	618	618	2778
NBTC	1000	1100	1100	1500	500	1500	1000

Old Friends Bourse Financial News

\*\*\* GM to Bourse: Thanks for all the little notes. Don't feel like the Lone Ranger, I haven't the slightest idea about how to play this thing either.

\*\*\* GM to Bourse: Six NMRs and it's only the second turn. I feel rejected. Still, according to the rules, JP=CA, ALL, LOL, IYS, SAGE, and JAIL will have to send in some orders or be dropped from the Bourse. Think of how well the current number of companies fills the page.

\*\*\* NBTE to ALL: New Bonavia Trading Company's President-for-life is Chris Carrier, 1215 P St 12, Sacramento, CA 95814 (916-441-0292)

\*\*\* DUBLIN: It will be interesting to see if anyone was foolish enough to Short Sell Austrian, and interesting to see if he went broke in the process.

\*\*\* GM to DUBLIN: You mean like the BEMS and ACE?

\*\*\* YFI to Bourse: ACH!

\*\*\* Uncle Milt's Betting Parlor:

Italy	1905	4 to 1	1907	10 to 1
Austria	1903	4 to 1	1905	20 to 1
England	1904	8 to 1	1906	18 to 1
Russia	1906	3 to 1	1912	6 to 1
France	Draw	2 to 1	out	50 to 1
Turkey	Draw	2 to 1	out	100 to 1
Germany	Embarrassed	even	in	200 to 1

\*\*\* MURDOCK to PUSTILNIK: When things get tough, remember, I've got faith in you. MURDOCK BELIEVES!!

\*\*\* ACE to BOURSE: The Abyssinian Commodities Exchange was originally formed to find foreign markets for the surplus agricultural products of Ethiopia. The success of this program so pleased our investors that we began to sell more than just the surplus. The ever increasing demand for our agricultural products on the world market is so great that we were forced to devise schemes to import foreign agricultural products to meet our commitments to our other foreign buyers. To increase our profits we hired a Madison Avenue PR firm who developed a brilliant campaign centered around a mythical drought and famine disaster designed to attract donated commodities. The tremendous interest shown by foreign governments and private relief groups has forced us to create an artificial drought and famine in nominal areas to show our continuing need for donations. Meanwhile profits have been increasing at such an astronomical rate that we have been offered a merger agreement by BEATRICE!

\*\*\* TED TURNER to THE BOYS: Any of the rest of you frozen geniuses want to race? We'll have a month off to chuckle... first one to Ethiopia with the biggest relief cargo wins.

\*\*\* PUDVAH ROOMPFARTER: Harrumph! And no duck jokes either!

\*\*\* YFI to GMS: Care for a few spreads and straddles, my little creampuff?

\*\*\* GM to GMS: Was that a duck joke?

\*\*\* JD to GM: 52 pages with no Strange Doings, two gamestarts and a bourse start. I think you are digging yourself a hole here...

\*\*\* GM to JD: That's why I decided to start a new zine.

\*\*\* BEMS to LEA-DER: Do you want us to drop the hy-phens? We non-sters are ea-ger to please.

\*\*\* GM to BEMS: Please don't, we have a hard enough time keeping this place clean as it is.

\*\*\* KF to BEMS: We like the color of your money.

\*\*\* GM to BEMS: It coordinates well with our skin, boy.

\*\*\* MURDOCK to TT: I believe someone needs to investigate your activities.

\*\*\* TED TURNER: Sorry, my system & it's secret.

\*\*\* JD to BOURSE: Are we going to let TT (otherwise known as Bombastic Bushkin) push us around? I say-- NO! Stop him now before he becomes even more obnoxious... if that's possible.

\*\*\* KF to TT: Don't be obnoxious Terrible Teddy, there are a lot of seasons to go yet. A quick sell off of Piastres will cause you a lot of problems.

\*\*\* (ELECTRONIC) BUG ON THE WALL TO TT:

Turkish piastres > \$27?? Thanks. What a great opportunity for the rest of the world to short you.

\*\*\* BUG-EYED MONSTERS to TED TURNER: You are a strange life form. Are you in-di-ge-nous to this pla-net? No other Ear-thly spe-cies con-sumes so much.

\*\*\* GM to TT: Actually, the thing that hurt you the most was my correction to the Turkish SC count. You lost 25% of your rating there alone.

\*\*\* OLSEN to GM: The Bourse rules are a bit confusing. Do I have to sell my shorts or can I continue to wear them?

\*\*\* GM to OLSEN: Send them to Don Williams who will eat them.

\*\*\* KF to JAIL: Evidently a few people wanted Lira, to each his own.

\*\*\* FINANCE 535 explains it to you:

I couldn't lose. Nobody had any dollars to inject into the market, and everybody was likely to end up with some at the end of the turn. If they didn't, I had a small gain. I was 95% right about the other players and I got a stack of dollars along with the opportunity to look at the spring moves before I had to make some decisions. Of course, it will only work when no one else has any dollars at the start of the turn... P.S. Yes, it was a class, in investments, and I got an "A".

\*\*\* TED TURNER to RULESMAKERS ON HIGH: You know, it really doesn't matter whether you can calculate or not. With Short Sales one doesn't really know what the "normal" sales "price" will be.

\*\*\* YFI to GNOSITAL GNOME: To which I add my rule #1 - read the rules carefully! Then realize that since short sales precede regular sales, you, in general, won't be able to sell your currency at the listed price.

\*\*\* YFI to GM: So why is that, oh financial guru? Why not have short sales, regular sales and purchases occur simultaneously (followed by covering of short positions)? More realistic, I think!

\*\*\* GM to YFI: The short sales do drop prices, not only on what you plan to sell but on what you plan to buy. You are probably right about the realism, but where is the challenge in realism? Seriously... I'll probably change the rules for the next game. Think of this as play testing

\*\*\* KF to YFI: "Naked option writing" sounds like fun with the proper person.

\*\*\* GMS to KF: Not too proper a person.

\*\*\* KF to GMS: Care for some naked option writing?

\*\*\* GM to KF: I've already picked up her option.

\*\*\* KF to GMS: Since Steve is not wearing any shorts he must be chilly. Make sure he stays nice, warm and comfortable.

\*\*\* KF to GM: That should improve your frame of mind as you type up my press.

\*\*\* GM to KF: Yeah, but that last line took over an hour to

\*\*\* MURDOCK to GM: I believe in starting at the bottom, then working my way to the top.

\*\*\* GM to MURDOCK: Not on this page you won't.

\*\*\* KF to NEW BONAIVIA: You leave our young male things alone you transplant from Starmaster.

\*\*\* GM to KF: Is this a case of mistaken identity, or do you and Chris have some history that we aren't aware of here?

\*\*\* YFI to GM: By the way, how much interest is Ted Turner being charged for his indebtedness? I suggest 10 points over prime for such a bad credit risk.

\*\*\* GM to YFI and ACDC: That will be another change to the rules. Indebtedness will be completed in the same season at a 20% charge, rounded up. But that will also be next game. For this game, indebtedness means you lose a turn of play.

\*\*\* OLSEN: What would be really fun would be to guess who the Roursers are just from the company names and first round of press. Here are some preliminary guesses--

Ted Turner-- Boorish, overbearing and obnoxious, this person is a horn toad... in fact, he very seldom leaves his pond even to eat flies. This has to be Terry Tallman, who's not clever enough even to change his initials.

An Cat Dubh-- Who else? This has to be Bernie Oaklyn's grandmother, Danielle S. Oaklyn.

Smart Money and Random Trading-- "Random trading" implies dice... this is Dave Anderson.

In Your Shorts With a Couple of Quarts-- An obnoxious name which can only have been invented by Russ Rusnak.

Poison Pen Antidotes-- Who would be looking for an antidote to a Puppy but someone who had been victimized over and over again? Evans Givan. (Outside shot; Nelson Heintzman).

Watch for further installments in this series when I will attempt to guess the identity of the gamemaster.

\*\*\* GM to OLSEN: Anderson, Rusnak and Heintzman don't sub and Evans isn't in the game. Outside of that you are half right.

\*\*\* GM to BOURSE: It does sound like a fun contest, though. Why don't you all take a shot at it next time. Just to make it a bit easier (or harder, perhaps) I think I should let you know that some of this month's press was left over from last month. So, just because a company was NMR does not mean that there wasn't any press from that company.

\*\*\* KF to IYS: You're all wet! Central Power Currency is perfectly alright as long as he has a good ally or two.

\*\*\* GM to KF and IYS: Central Power Currency isn't even in the game. Has a nice ring to it though.

\*\*\* PUDVAH ROOMPFARTER: Harrumph! The investment policies for each following month will be listed in several journals of yellow dip press including KK, CR, NSWG, P(erelandra), and so on. When Roompfarter reports - people listen! Harrumph!

\*\*\* YFI to Bourse: YoYodyne has grave misgivings over the flyers being taken in Piastres. It's one thing to bet the farm on Don Williams in Le Ronde; Don's a capable (choke) player, but Woody?

\*\*\* KF to RATM: Your performance last season left something to be desired. We will keep our eyes on you in the future.

\*\*\* GMS to RATM: I'll be keeping my eyes on you too, you Paul Orndorf lookalike you.

\*\*\* GM to GMS: Let me see your glasses.

\*\*\* JOY DIFFUSION: What, I'm not in first place? Oh hell, I think I'll hang myself.

\*\*\* GM to BOURSE: The sort of positive note one would expect from Joy Diffusion.

The answers to last month's problems:

C# 35 Had no takers, so it is repeated in simpler form this month as C# 40.

C# 36 Dream is to Mare as Anger is to Rage. All of the choices met a common criteria but only this set was also a semi-anagram.

C# 37 912 (everyone got this one).

C# 38 I blew this one. I was going too fast and didn't read it correctly. As stated, there are many answers. See below C# 41 for correct presentation. But for this case,  $25938 + 25938 = 51876$  solves  $WRONG + WRONG = RIGHT$ .

C# 39 Michael Pustilnik and I each found these 14 figures.



Standings: Coldiron - 27, Minshall - 26, Courtemanche - 25, Burgess - 19, Pustilnik - 19, Winsome - 17, Frueh - 6, and Stafford - 3.

So much for getting tricky... all but four of you NMRed on me. Maybe it was the heat. Easier stuff this time?

C# 40 across down



- |                     |                 |
|---------------------|-----------------|
| 1. Walkers forte.   | 1. Divide       |
| 5. As well as       | 2. The stew     |
| 6. Headless travels | 3. I see        |
| 7. Just for fun     | 4. Green clumps |

C# 41 I'm sure you will all disagree with me when I tell you that two rights will make a wrong, until you find the correct substitutions. No zero is allowed.

RIGHT + RIGHT = WRONG

C# 42 With how few straight lines can you make exactly 100 squares? The squares won't all be the same size as any square group of four smaller squares will form a fifth. Remember that exactly 100 squares is required, no more, no less. (watch out for groups of nine, too)

C# 43 Woody had a five liter bottle of vodka and a jug. He drew off a full jug and then filled the bottle with vermouth. He again drew off a full jug and again filled the bottle with vermouth. On the second filling, the bottle then contained equal quantities of vodka and vermouth. How big was Woody's jug? (to the nearest centimeter)

C# 44 ABCD \* EFGHI = ACEGFHIBD (zero excluded)

1982 IW Journey Back to OZ The Players

Bart Denny 1410 Meadow Vista Rd, Meadow Vista, CA 95722  
(916) 878-1343  
John Walker 4819 Corian Oak, San Antonio, TX 78219  
Marshal Linder RD3, Box 218, Carmichael Rd, Owego, NY 13827  
Dave Dunham 86 Brandon, Goleta, CA 93117  
Mark Keller 2 Seaside Ct., Sacramento, CA 95831  
Mark Coldiron 3300 Parkside Drive #47, Rocklin, CA 95677

The seasons were separated by player request. A draw between A/G/T is proposed. Votes due with orders. NVR is a 'No'.

1982 IW Journey Back to OZ Autumn 1904

ENG A Nwy R OTB

1982 IW Journey Back to OZ Winter 1904

AUS (Bart,7) builds A VIE; also has A TRI, A PIE, A WAR,  
A MOS, A GAL, A UKR  
ENG (John,3) builds F EDI, also has F NTH, F ENG  
GER (Marshal,7) builds F KIE; also has A RUH, A PAR, A BRE,  
F BER, A MUN, F HOL  
ITA (Dave,7) builds F NAP; also has F TUN, F ADR, A VEN,  
F APU, A MAR, A GAS  
RUS (Mark K,4) removes A Pru; has A Nwy, A STP, F DEN, A LVN  
TUR (Mark C,6) even; has F GRE, F TYH, F ION, F AEG, A SEV,  
A SMY

1982 IW Journey Back to OZ ZAT for Spring 1905 is  
July 5, 1985. Leave yourself some holiday slack.

1982 IW Journey Back to OZ Press

TURKEY to WORLD: A couple of issues ago, Steve L. referred to my zine as "Little". Let it be known that MACABRE is the same size as MAGUS (usually) minus the sub-zines. (and a fine sub-zine it is Daf). I just choose not to include them with mine.  
GM to WORLD: With regard to the above, I checked the page count of several recent MACABRES and found that Mark is nearly correct. His zine fell short of the last several MAGUS' page counts (less subzines) by three or four pages a month. Still, I feel I should amend my original statement. Mark puts out a nice medium sized zine.

GER to GM: Aha! The mystical, magical mail warp that caught Mark was caused by a great German Scientist, freshly returned from a balloon trip. Wait until you see (hear) what we do to the phones, next!

TOTO to GAME: Come on, munchkins! Get into the spirit! Everybody sing: "follow the Yellow Brick Road!" Hey, they don't write music like that any more.

GM to TOTO: I think it has something to do with copyright laws, doesn't it?

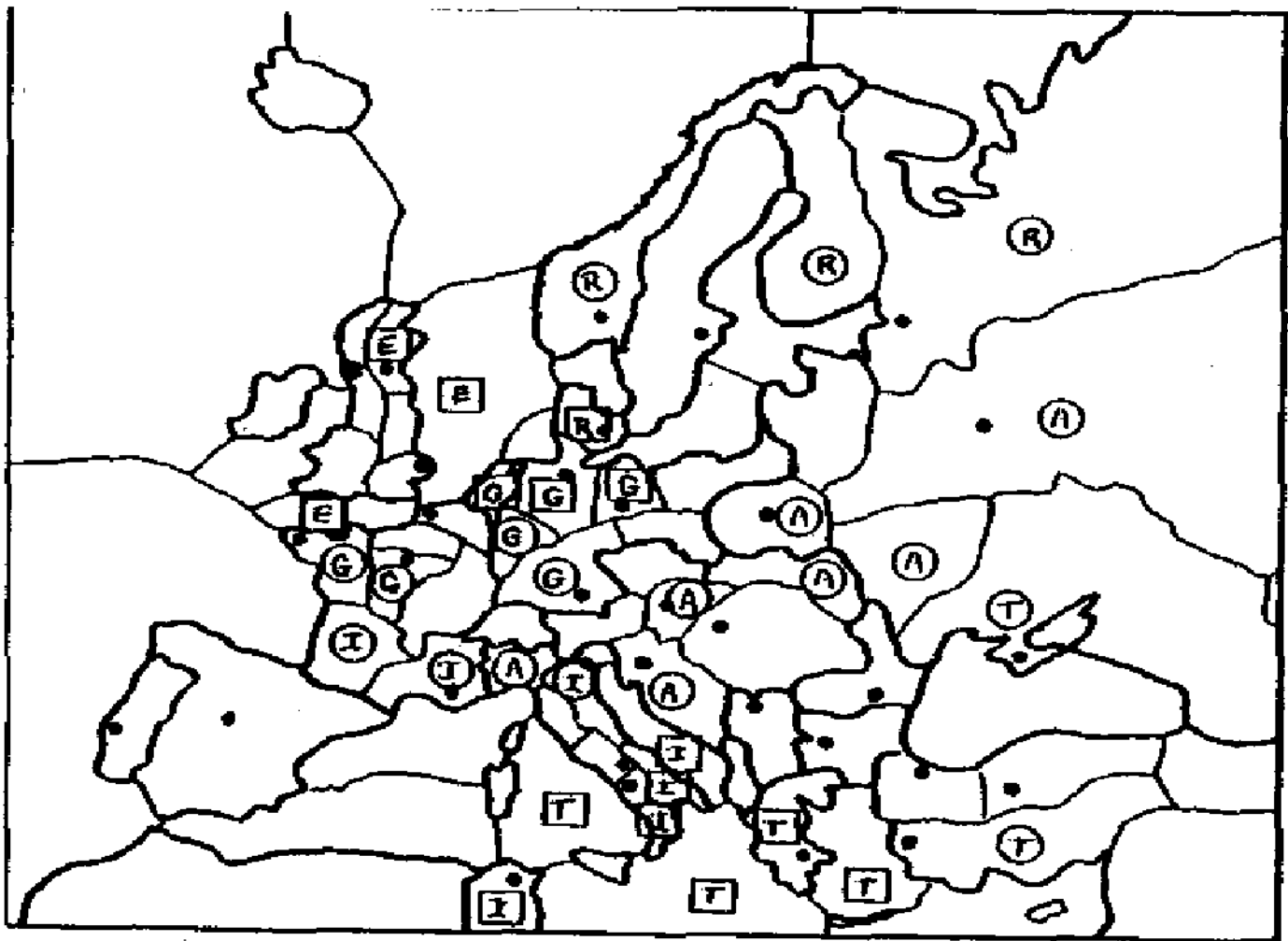
VENICE: The Italian Pretty High Command announced a successful tank attack on the English forces in Brest. "They never got off the beaches!" The PHC refused to comment on reports of German troops in Brest. In an unrelated story, French citizens have been complaining that gas tanks have mysteriously disappeared from cars in Gascony villages.

GMS to VENICE: I'll bet all those cute Italian soldiers have been using them for tank top shirts, haven't they?



1982 IW Journey Back to Oz

Map prior to Spring 1905.



DENNY to GAME: It is NOT true that Germany is being played by the Tin Man. Leastwise, I think Marshal has a heart. Do you have a heart Marshal? Or, are you going to ask the all powerful, all knowing, all seeing GM/GMS to give you one?

GMS to DENNY: That can't be right. The Tin Man got his heart before Journey Back to Oz, didn't he? Perhaps he is going to ask for another organ... giggle.

GM to GMS: Right! Let's get back to the program, can't we?

RADIO FREE TURKEY: ... we interrupt this program for a live message from our leader - the great, the magnificent, the wonderful, the perfect, the modest... Maghamid-Amin!

Maghamid: As I look out over the western skies, I see turmoil, bloodshed. But I also see a future - our future. I see a time when all hatred and bitterness and strife will end. We shall overcome (or die trying), and woe be unto all those who would stand in our way. We'll cut off the legs they stand on (ooh what a gory mess that will be!). And so, all you loyal subjects - you master bids you good luck, perseverance, sharp knives and go gut 'em!

Announcer: And for those of you who bought that, his majesty is standing here holding the deed to a bridge in Sevastopol.

GM to Journey: I want to thank you all for the press. Now that Mark and I are in a page count war I'll need all the help I can get. I do send Mark press too, so he isn't totally shooting himself in the foot with the above.

## 1980 LC (unnamed) The Players

Marshal Linder RD3, Box 218, Carmichael Rd, Owego, NY 13827  
 Bart Denny 1410 Meadow Vista Rd, Meadow Vista, CA 95722  
 (916) 878-1343  
 Steve White 2130 S. Goebbert #206, Arlington Heights,  
 IL 60005  
 Bob Olsen 681B Winterberry Circle, Wichita, KS 67226

There was a small bit of confusion over notation last season. The order F IRI S F Lpl-Wal(nsu) says that the fleet in the Irish Sea failed to support the non-existent fleet Liverpool. A unit's final position will be all caps (F IRI) while a unit that was dislodged or just not there will not have caps (F Lpl-Wal). The latter is in neither place.

## 1980 LC (unnamed) Summer 1909

RUS A Stp R LVN  
 TUR A Rom R APU

## 1980 LC (unnamed) Fall 1909

FRA (Marshal, 10) A ROM-Nap, F Mid-WES, A Bel-LON(F ENG C),  
 A Pie-VEN(A TUS, GER A TYA S), F Wes-TYH(F GOL S),  
F IUN-Ion, F IRI S GER F Nat-LPL  
 GER (Bart, 9) A STP MS F FIN, F Nat-LPL(FRE F IRI S),  
A UKR-War, A Ber-PRU(A SIL S), A Vie-TRI, A Boh-VIE,  
 A TYA S FRE A Pie-VEN  
 RUS (Steve, 5) A WAR MS A MOS(A LVN S), E WAL-Lpl,  
A BUD S TUR A Ven-Tri(nso)  
 TUR (Bob, 10) F Aeg-GRE, A APU-Rom(E Tyh, A Ven S),  
E Tyh S A APU-Rom(E NAP, E IUN S)(d,anhl),  
A Ven S A APU-Rom(d,anhl); A Arm-SEV(A RUM S(A BUL S))

## 1980 LC (unnamed) Winter 1909 Supply Center Chart

FRA	Home, Bel, Lon, Lpl, Por, Spa, Tun, Ven, ROM	+0; even
GER	Home, Den, Edi, Hol, Nwy, Swe, Vie, STP, LPL, TRI	+3; builds 3
RUS	Stp, War, Mos, Sev, Bud	-2; removes 2
TUR	Home, Bul, Gre, Nap, Rom, Rum, Ser, Iri, SEV	-1; builds 2

1980 LC (unnamed) ZAT for Winter 1909 and Spring 1910  
 is July 5, 1985. Give yourself some holiday slack.

## 1980 LC (unnamed) Press:

TURKEY: Oh great, one season and my forces are whipped and retreating already. Sure changes the game when I get in, doesn't it?

GM to UNNAMED: The man gets two builds and he's complaining. Maybe Denny has him pegged.

DENNY to OLSEN: Is that crack in the last press about 'some people like playing under deadwood, dunderhead GM's' supposed to imply something? And here I was ready to stab France and ally with you until I read that.

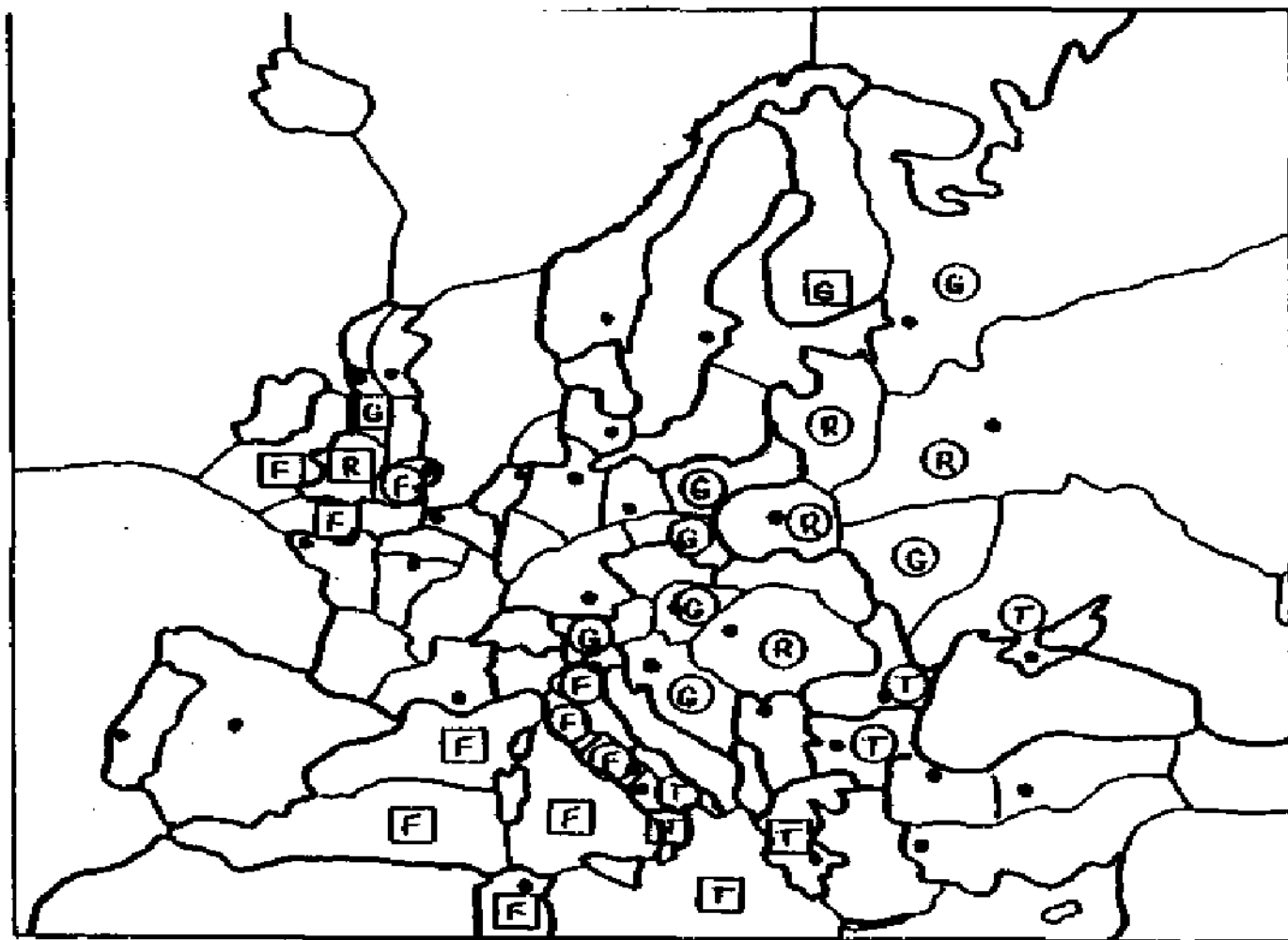
TURKEY to EUROPE: Somebody please write and tell me who I'm supposed to be allied with. Just make up something-- I'll believe anything.

GMS to TURKEY: You can't ally with me, not after stabbing me with your ruling on who gets Peter!

GM to GMS: He meant in this game.

1980 LC (unnamed)

Map prior to Winter 1909 adjustments.



**RUSSIA:** Reports that Russian sailors are training by the 1000's on windsurfers. Will soon be sailing across the Channel to hit the beaches.

**GMS to RUSSIA:** Sounds like it could be a great party! Bart, you bring the beer. Bob, you're in charge of the sandwiches. Marshal, dips and chips. Last one in is an old party pooper!

**OLSEN to GM:** I'm not grizzled-- I'm dusty! (In the great tradition of Garfield's "I'm not plump-- I'm fluffy!" which come to think of it also applies...)

**GM to OLSEN:** Dusty and fluffy? Sneeze city if you ask me.

**DENNY to GM & GMS:** I think I can honestly say I "like" playing "under" your combined GM/GMS-ship. What's with this Olsen guy, anyway? Boy, just when you think you know somebody. Is everybody here making the same connections as I am? Olsen's trying to get a dig in. I wouldn't let him call ME a deadwood, dunderhead.

**TURKEY to BOARD:** You mean I have to write all the press in this game? Say, haven't you guys read that obscure Magus house rule that says "The one who writes all the press, gets all the dots"?

**GM to TURKEY:** I think Bart may have seen the rule.

**DENNY to GAME:** We could always call 1980-LC "pick on Bob Olsen". It's got a certain sort of ring to it, eh?

**GM to DENNY:** It's been done.

## 1982 CH The Aliens' Game Players

Randy Ellis 8310 Grandview Lane, Overland Park, KS 66212  
 Jeff Martin 2129 Franklin Ave, Las Vegas, NV 89104  
 Mike Pustilnik 140 Cadman Plaza West, Brooklyn, NY 11201  
 Jim Burgess 100 Holden St., 3rd Flr Lft, Providence,  
 RI 02908  
 John Huestis 4525 Cameron Road, Shingle Springs, CA 95682

The F/E/A/R draw was defeated. There are two new proposals to vote on next season. The A/R and the A/I/R.

## 1982 CH The Aliens' Game Summer 1913

RUS F Swe R BAL

## 1982 CH The Aliens' Game Fall 1913

AUS (Randy, 9) A Mun-KIE (A BER, RUS F BAL S), A PIE-Mar,  
 A MAR-Spa (F GOL, ITA F WES S), A Vie-BOH,  
 F Alb-GRE, A IYA-Pie, A RUM H  
 ENG (Jeff, 7) F MID S FRE F SPA(sc) (E NAE S), A Gas-BUR,  
 F SWE H (F BOT, F SKA S), A RUH-Mun (A Kie S),  
 A Kie S A RUH-Mun (dir HOL, OTB), F DEN S A Kie  
 FRA (Mike, 3) F SPA(sc) H (F POR, ENG F MID S)  
 ITA (Jim, 2) F WES S AUS A MAR-Spa, F Nap-ION  
 RUS (John, 11) A LVN H, F Arm-SEV, A Boh-MUN (A SIL S),  
 E IUN-Naf, F Eas-AEG, F BAL S AUS A Mun-KIE,  
 A FIN-Swe (A NWY S), A STF S A NWY

## 1982 CH The Aliens' Game Winter 1913 Supply Center Chart

AUS	Home, Ser, Gre, Bul, Ven, Ber, Mun, RUM, MAR, KIE	+2; build 2
ENG	Home, Nwy, Hol, Den, Bel, Bre, Par, SWE	+0; build 0 or 1
FRA	Mar, Spa, Por	-1; even
ITA	Nap, Rom	+0; even
RUS	Home, Rum, Smy, Ank, Con, Kie, Tun, Swe, MUN, NWY	-1; even

1982 CH The Aliens' Game ZAT for Autumn and Winter 1913 and Spring 1914 is July 5, 1985. Remember the holiday.

## 1982 CH The Aliens' Game Press

AIRheads to FLUFFBALLS: You might as well admit defeat. Our brilliance will scorch your fluff.

GMS to AIRHEAD: Is the light flashing off your bald spot again? You should take care of that. It's a traffic hazard on bright days. The heliograph is horrendous.

BOOB to GMS: Do I have to tell them that I'm the AIR head?

GMS to BOOB: No, Sweetie, your press says it all.

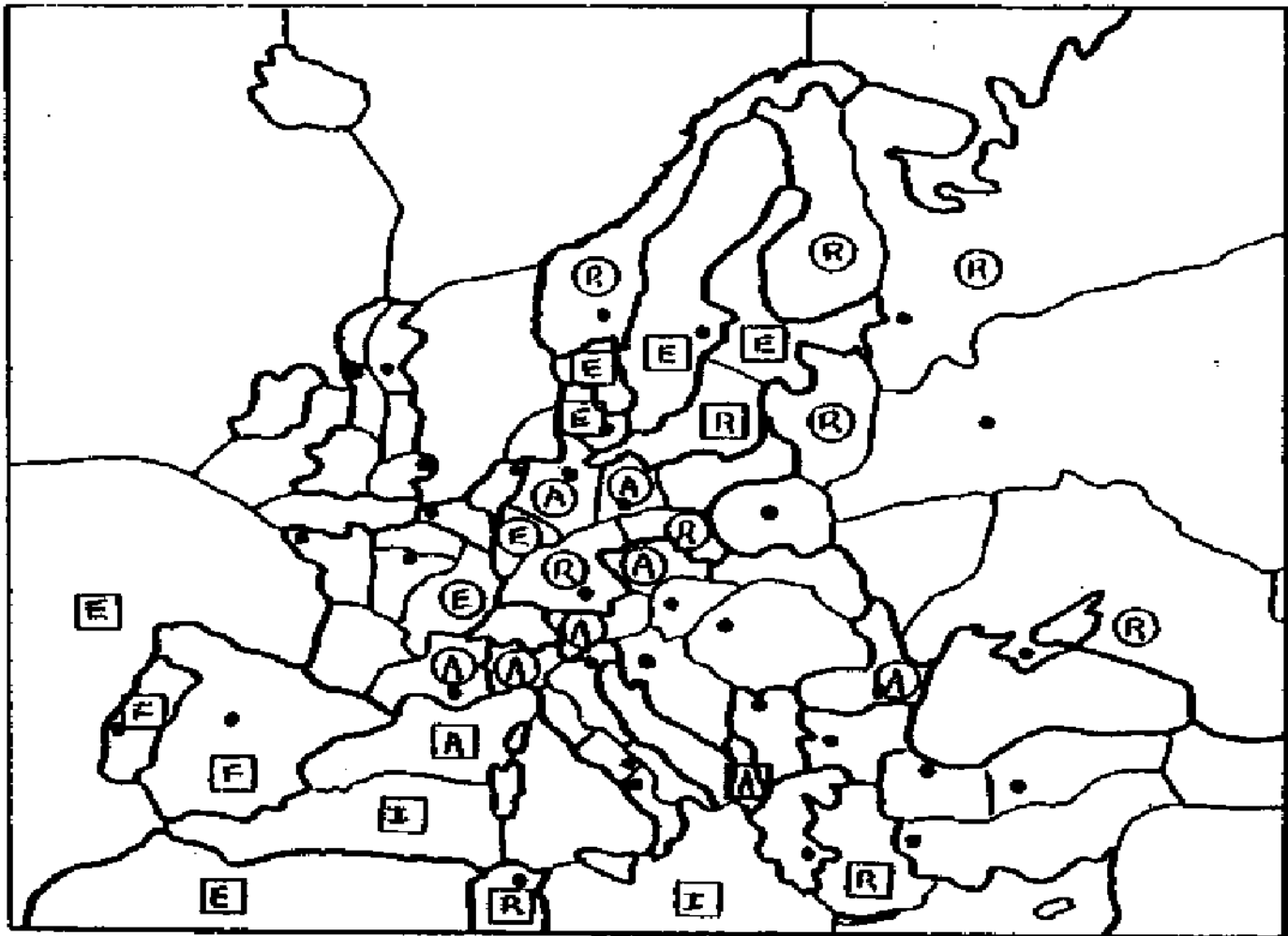
BOOB to GMS: What does that mean?

GMS to BOOB: It means that no one else would be caught dead writing press like yours. It means people would rather take rat poison and cuisinart themselves before they would let their press styles even begin to sound like yours.

BOOB to GMS: Oh, I see.

TRIESTE to GM: Hey, I was just thinking. John is your boss, right? Why, he could give you a big raise, right? Hmm...in fact, you could help him a great deal this game, couldn't you? A \$5,000 pay raise for Steve, a victory in 82 CH for John. Isn't it neat how everything works out?

1982 CH Aliens' Game

Map does not show units in retreat.

ITALIAN MAFIA to ARCHDUKE: If you keep sitting around thinking about it, I hope you decide that Lord Geoff is not your type.

VIENNA to LONDON: OK, so I told a little white lie? Big deal! You still are a dozen or so ahead of me in that category.

ARCHDUKE COMMAND to ITALIAN FLEETS: I think I know what's going on now - this season will tell though. Pray for the best my friend!

ITALIAN LOST FLEETS to ARCHDUKE COMMAND: What? No dispatch this month? Wait, maybe I can figure it out. Last month I attacked France. The month before, I attacked Russia. The month before that I attacked England. Let's see, who's left.

LONDON to VIENNA: Since your losses to the Russians didn't materialize, kindly return Marseilles to the French. Thank you.

VIENNA to FRANCE: After receiving your letter, I genuinely felt bad about taking Marseilles from you, Mike. I was allied with England for 1 whole season, so I didn't lie. Heck, England and I were allied for 1 whole season back around 1910 or so too, when I tried to stab my good friend the Tsar. Alas, it seems that England and I just can't keep an alliance going for more than 1 season...Sorry.

ITALIAN BIMBU to ENGLISH LASSES: Are you with me or what?

By Social Club for me.

BOOB to TRIESTE: Is England my next target?  
 ATHENS: Archduke Ellistov arrived here today with the Austrian 2nd fleet. The Archduke plans to spend the season in Greece, basking upon the fine, white sands facing the Aegean, watching the tantalizing Greek Golden Girls play in the water, roasting shellfish over an open fire, and (oh yes), running the affairs of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Pass the wine, er, grape juice, please...  
 VIENNA to MOSCOW: All's well that ends well. Has it ended well though?  
 MOSCOW to BUDAPEST: Does this mean all is forgiven?  
 ARCHDUKE to LORD GEOFF: I didn't even bother with writing you this time around because if I did, I would have lied through my teeth. In consideration of that fact, I opted not to write at all and let you figure out what happened. If Russia is still with me, I officially declare (or redeclare) war on you. If Russia has stabbed me, it looks like I've got a great deal of egg to wipe off my face. I don't suppose you would be so kind as to help? Where's a towel?!

BUDAPEST to MOSCOW: John, please write. I remember that the season you stabbed me was the same season you failed to write. Thus, when I don't hear from you in a given season, I might get very paranoid and paranoid people can and will do irrational things. Why, just look at the current president of the United States!

LORD GEOFF to ARCHDUKE: Have you been feeling well lately? These paranoid delusions of impending attack?...The outbursts of aggression against weaker countries? I think it may be time for you to go in for your next lobotomy...(either that or a good healthy dose of English females, to relieve the tension).

MOSCOW to LONDON: Don't look now, but your lines are leaking!

ROME to MOSCOW: I see, but I'm afraid that my poor confused sailors may never recover from all these changes of direction.

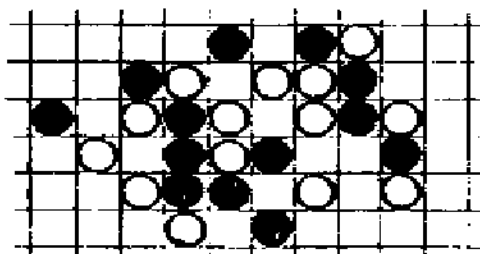
DIRTY MINDED ARCHDUKE to GM & GMS: Say, I don't hear the pitter-patter of tiny feet. I guess your risk-taking went well, eh?

LORD GEOFF to GMS: Yes, just imagine. You'd get to meet and seduce legions upon legions of exotic foreign men, beguiling them with your charms and forcing them to surrender to you completely...then...Annihilation! Yes, I can see that you'd be a natural. Just sign on the dotted line - there's a place waiting for you in the English Nude Army! (I'll even make you a platoon leader.)

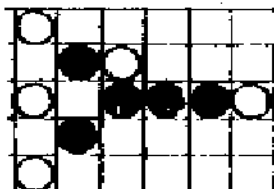
AUSTRIA to WORLD: Is anyone here besides myself planning on attending Mad-Con in Madison, Wisconsin on the 4th through 7th of July? Come on folks! This is one you don't want to miss.

GO MOKU FIVE IN A ROW GO MOKU

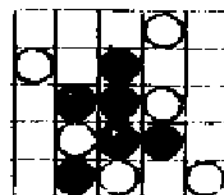
CONRAD III



JIM BOOB



DUSTIN



A Dip Pilgrim's Progress  
by P.J. Gaughan

synopsis: Pilgrim, a young peasant from the land of Harmony, has been ambassador from King Stephen and Queen D'Aphrodite to the East. After many travels, he infiltrates the land of Disarray with the help of a renegade dwarf and, by winning their tournament, becomes ruler of the Disarrites, freeing them from the evil curse of the Sorceress Karthbyna.

Chapter the Eleventh

So it fell that once the curse was lifted, the people of Disarray could not contain their joy, and carried Pilgrim and the dwarf, Wail, into the square where a committee of nobles hailed them before all.

But Pilgrim could not be persuaded to rule the country. He told the throngs, "It is not fitting that an outsider should govern any people. I will reign one month - but then I ask your Squire Neuforth to re-form the Top Board and choose a Number One."

So, amidst the feasting and celebration, Pilgrim and Wail reorganized the nation, now called Phoenix. The capital city, Bedlam, became Pax, and the evil missionaries began to preach liberty and integrity.

A month passed all too quickly however. Neuforth elevated Wail to Pilgrim's seat on the Top Board, and selected Julius Karnos to rule as Number One. After one last banquet (and a final plea that he remain), Pilgrim donned his heavy cloak, grasped his worn staff and left Phoenix.

Not all was peaceful, though. Throughout the month, while arranging for the defense of the land, Pilgrim had felt the stirrings of the people. Their anger at Karthbyna was only bridled by their newfound honesty and freedom. Karnos himself had asked Pilgrim to command their armies on a march East. As the Way itself said, "When peace is made between great enemies, some enmity is bound to remain undispeled. How can this be considered perfect?"

But leave he must. The long trail back to Harmony was less eventful than his first journey, and he paused only once, to signal the King of his coming - only the third time he had used the blue gem. Well, Cardinal Peericelli would berate him even for that excess...kindly, of course.

In due time he reached the frontiers of Harmony. The guards, the villagers, and eventually the courtiers gathered at the castle days later, all submitted him to feasting and praise, and he told his tale many times. (Indeed, he is still telling stories today!)

When the furor had died out, Pilgrim returned to his village; he honored the grave of his betrothed, welcomed once again his neighbors. Harmony's borders were opened wide; Sealth, to the north, was still hostile, but the other lands the emissary had seen sent ambassadors of their own. The minstrels had a heady time keeping up with the names of princes and princedoms.

But another song was sung, almost out of notice. It told of the bitter disappointment of the Phoenicians, and how they longed for retribution on the Sorceress. Pilgrim sometimes heard this song, and often wondered whether he would ever again be drawn back to the Lands of the East.





silence truth, justice and running at the mouth. Last word I have as to Soc's whereabouts comes from Peter, who sent this picture of Socrates in a Dallas shopping mall, working as a PR duck for a phone company. Too cruel! Pete has also mentioned that he has contacted the ducknappers and intends to act as a mediator in an attempt to secure Soc's release. (I just hope he can do it before Pete gets to seppuku time.) Good luck, Dot Snatcher!!

.....  
THE BURN WARD: FB's Standby List. My pleading and begging finally paid off, Mike Mazzer has signed in. That makes it; Nichols, Daf, Crow and Mazzer. I need your bod!

.....  
RATINGS? WE DON'T NEED NO STEENKING RATINGS: Or so it seems. No one responded to my urgent request of last month. What's the matter, no up-and-coming Dan Stafford's out there?

.....  
TAKE MY KNIFE...PLEASE! DEPARTMENT: As mentioned briefly last time, I'm looking to fill another DIPLOMACY game. So far, I've got four takers: Linder, Holley, Crow and Mazzer. \$4 and a sub to MAGUS required, preference list optional. Remember, it's FB, "When you care enough to be stabbed by the very best."<sup>o</sup>

Other things in the works...I have been asked by four or five people if I'll be running a GunBoat game any time soon. Well, while I'd like to, I AM a subzine and just don't have the space. And it'll be a while before the game now going ends.

On the other hand, there's a chance that I will be running a third DIPLOMACY game, but not in FB. You see, I have this lunatic friend who, for reasons not wholly understood by either of us, thinks it his duty to keep FB at the "fore-front of the hobby" (his words, not mine and, yes, I think he's serious). Anyway, said friend has offered to anonymously put up a cash prize in hopes of attracting sharks. Doing some quick calculation on my own, I figured the pot could be increased to \$150.00 by charging each player a \$15.00 entrance fee. The game would not be run in FB, but DW and XENO have been mentioned. Maybe EE? So far, though, the people I've talked with haven't been too receptive. Putting that much money on the line tends to make the game a little serious. The bottom line is this-- if I can get seven players AND a place to run the game, a tiny piece of hobby history might be made. (A \$150 dollar pot is the largest I've ever heard of. I could be wrong.) Any takers? If interested, send your name--not your money.

.....  
TORTURE, REVISITED: Last month I mentioned that I was on the verge of picking up my first win since I entered the hobby three years back. Well, said win came through. That gives me a grand total of 1.5 CalPoints...I'm coming for you, Kathy...

.....  
I guess it's about time to wrap this up. (Actually, I have a little space on page 9, so you're not out of the woods yet.) Have any of you read SD yet? The "Master of Mayhem" (aka Mike Mazzer) has just filled another game to

1985 T  
 "Under Western Eyes"  
 DIPLOMACY

GM: Don Williams  
 NEXT SEASON: Fall 1901  
 ZAT: June 18, 1985

## Spring Sparring Partners

AUS/Terry Tallman	7239 Sand Point Way NE #308, Seattle, WA 98115.
ENG/John Crow	13750 Maham Rd. #1178, Dallas, TX 75240.
FRA/Henry Nichols	13 San Mateo Apt. 'B', Redlands, CA 92374.
GER/George Graessle	326 Park Place, Irvington, NJ 07111.
ITA/Steve Langley	2296 Eden Roc Lane #1, Sacramento, CA 95825.
RUS/Kathy Byrne	160-02 43rd Ave., Flushing, NY 11358.
TUR/Melinda Holley	P.O. Box 2793, Huntington, WV 25727.
GM/Don Williams	217-B Craig Ct., Redlands, CA 92374.

SPRING 1901.....

AUS[3] A bud-SER, F tri-ALB, A VIE-gal.  
 ENG[3] F edi-NWG, F lon-NTH, A lpl-EDI.  
 FRA[3] F bre-MAO, A par-BUR, A MAR S A par-BUR.  
 GER[3] F kie-HOL, A mun-RUH, A ber-KIE.  
 ITA[3] A ven-TYA, A rom-APU, F nap-ION.  
 RUS[4] A mos-STP, F sev-RUM, A WAR-gal, F stp(sc)-BOT.  
 TUR[3] A con-BUL, F ank-CON, A smy-ANK.

.....

And so it begins. ZAT for Fall 1901 orders is June 18, 1985. My apologies to Melinda for leaving her orders off the flyer...the map was correct. (And, Kathy...shut-up.)

We at FIAT BELLUM are hap~~py~~ppy to present, for the first time anywhere...PRESS for 1985 T!!

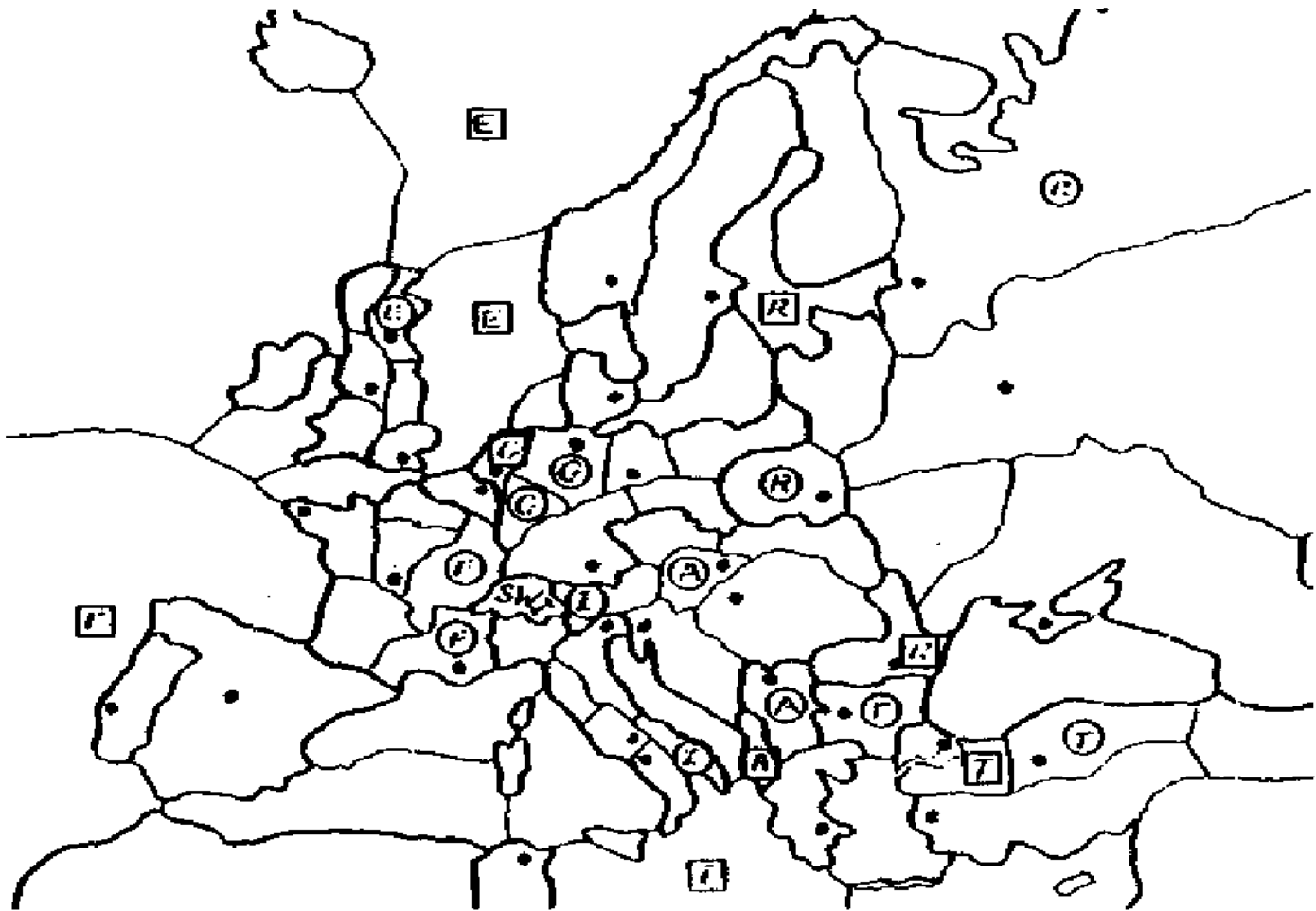
GEORGE to GM: OK, you ignore my preference list, which just asked that I be as far from Byrne as possible. But, then you make her my neighbor, and on top of that you add insult to injury by loosing my press. If that wasn't enough, you give France to some local buddy of yours. How old is this guy? He isn't listed in the telephone book and he doesn't know how to write. He obviously my be illiterate! What did you do tell him this was a gunboat game?

GM to COOL HAND II: (Somebody--Kathy or Steve--explain the significance of that moniker to George, please?) My, my, MY, George. That certainly was a mouthful for an initial press release. You bring up several issues--inadvertently and otherwise--so listen up: 1) I realize Kathy roped you into this by convincing you I'm fun to abuse...just be aware that it's a two-way street and that I just LOVE cannon fodder like you; 2) Everybody asked to be as far away from Byrne as possible. What's a poor GM to do, put her on a seperate board? An intriguing idea, to be sure, but hardly

1985 T

SPRING 1901

No retreats



(Press continued from page three.)

competitive. Besides, conditional preference lists are un-American (not to mention, unethical); 3) Henry is 19 or 20 years old, I guess, but I don't quite understand what that's got to do with being listed in the phone directory-- I'm 27, and I'm not listed. (You think I want any weirdo who can read calling me in the middle of God-knows-what?); 4) Henry does know how to write--I've seen it on two or three occasions myself--he's just a lazy cur; 5) When exhorting upon the illiteracy of others, it is theoretically a sound idea to keep one's own copy pristine and clever. I generally correct mistakes in the press that comes in as I catch them (mainly because I don't want the casual reader to assume the mistakes originated with me...I make enough as it is), but I chose to let them stand in your case to make a point. (You have no less than seven errors in that item!) Smile, Cool Hand II, it's gonna be a long game...

RUSSIA to TURKEY: I realize that leaving myself open to you is just inviting trouble, but--hey!--my name isn't Woody, and you couldn't possibly want a piece of my ass!

TURKEY to RUSSIA: Hey, you're right! The GM's the REAL Turkey! Putting the two of us together!

GM to !!!!! SISTERS: ...a very long game indeed. At least for some of us...eh, Terry?

AUSTRIA: Sigh, the only two women in the hobby not enamored of the One True Hobby Sex Ghod.

GM to AUSTRIA: Hmmm...what do you suppose the odds against that happening ~~it~~ were?

TURKEY to AUSTRIA: Hello there! Remember me, Darlin'?

RUSSIA to AUSTRIA: I can't believe that you always remember to send me a St. Patty's card, but you never remember to write to me in our games.

AUSTRIA to RUSSIA: I want my ring back.

TUSCANY, APRIL 1, 1901: Today the spring flowers on the Alps vied for attention with Esteban the Fool, a motley motley dressed in his motley motley, as he tried to lead the simple grape growers of northern Italy on a Holy Crusade to seize the French grapevines and return them to the Holy Roman Empire.

"Isn't France in that direction?" one of his followers (an out of work lout with nothing better to do) was heard to ask as the ragtag band of freedom fighters headed deeper into the Alps.

BERLIN to MOSCOW: Gee, thanks for getting me into this mess. At first I thought it was just a bad dream, now I realize this must be a nightmare. You know what they say, "Payback is a bitch." And who should know better than you?

RUSSIA to GERMANY: Can you believe a guy with a name like "Henry" tried to steal the idiot GM's wife! Next thing you know, a guy with a name like "Woody" will try to steal our GM!

GM to ICE MAIDEN: In either case they're smarter than your average Olsen...your fellow gamers have a funny way of turning into corpses whenever you're around.

FRANCE to A/G/I/E: Go Forth and Conquer the Eastern Hordel! Let the weapons of war be raised against our Common Enemies-- the combined armies of ~~Russia and Turkey~~ the East must be stopped: not a single man, WOMAN or child must be left alive! //What about the married ones?// She who lives by the sword must die by the sword. Destroy that which is surely most evil in our world and our realm will be at peace once again, FOREVER! (Or until I decide which one of you I like the least.)

GM to FRANCE: Keep this stuff up and they'll make the decision for you.

BERLIN to FRANCE: Where did Ducky dig you up? Do you speak English? Can you write, or are you training to be a Woody clone? Or maybe you are the big, dumb, silent type.

RUSSIA to FRANCE: If you're still looking for a woman, //You mean after seeing you and the Turk?// I'd suggest you try Laurie Graessle; she's been trying to dump old George for years.

HENRY to KATHY: Let me take the time here to tell you what a

pleasure it is for me to be in a game with the famous "Backstabbing Byrne". And let me also say that I'm doubly pleased that I'm on the opposite side of the board.

GM to FRANCE: Don't stand too tall there, Henry, you think a little inconvenience like Germany will stop a master like Kathy? 'Byrne-baiting' is dangerous sport--just ask Woody.

ANKARA:

The Sultana Melinda eyed the reports. She eyed her chief intelligence officer from the corner of her eye. Half Turkish, half Japanese, Logan was a renegade Samurai warrior.

"So, according to your information, the new King of England needs to make an impressive display of leadership," the Sultana remarked.

"He aced Prince Wimp out of the throne, Darlin'!" Logan downed a can of Stroh's and lit a Havana cigar. "He needs to prove himself."

The Sultana bristled at the mocking endearment. "Why do you feel England and Germany will attack France?"

Logan shrugged. "Both need to bolster their egos with military victories. Let's face it, Darlin', France is ripe for the pluckin'." The Sultana closed her eyes. Logan was allowed three "Darlin's". He'd already used two and the briefing was only half over.

"Italy?" the Sultana inquired. Logan winced and blew out a cloud of blue smoke at the ceiling. "Give me a break, lady." The Sultana scanned the next report. "The Austrian--a Sex Ghod?"

"Thought you'd enjoy that, Darlin'," Logan said as he stood and stretched, "you've been lookin' a mite peaked lately."

"Where's the report on the Czarina?" the Sultana asked frostily.

"I'm on my way." Logan grinned. "I thought I'd give her my personal attention--Darlin'."

TUR to BOARD: Don't blame me. Logan said it!

GM to TURKEY: So, Logan thinks France is ripe, does he? Eh, he may have a point there...

HENRY to DON: Thanks, pal.

DON to HENRY: No problem, I just calls 'em like I sees 'em. Now, if you'd rather have some other country, why, George, and I can probably accommodate you. Heck, "Accommodation" is my middle name.

RUSSIA to ITALY: It is a pleasure not to be your neighbor!

GM to RUSSIA: That was good, Kathy. Original, too.

BERLIN to ROME: Do you know anything about a UNIX system? Or programming in C?

ITALY to AUSTRIA: Tyrolia is mine! Not only that, but I want Bohemia and Silesia, too! Those are my terms!

GM to UNDER WESTERN EYES: Ah, yes...see what a consummate genius the man is? Knowing that most people would demand dots, Langley subtly ingratiates himself with the Sex Ghod by not being like everyone else! What mastery! What mind-boggling! What masochism!

GEORGE to ALL: I checked the meaning of masochism in Funk & Wagnalls, and it states: ...gratification gained from pain, suffering and humiliation. Well, I'm not sure about the first two qualifications, //Give Kathy a year or two, you'll be sure...// but playing in a game with Kathy and Melinda sure smacks of the third, or at least be prepared for it. //????// I have this feeling in the pit of my stomach and the last time I remember having it was when I was a little boy and my mommy took me into the ladies room because I was too young to go by myself into the mens room. I guess she thought I'd run into some pervert, like maybe some guy who likes to put little boys in Chicken and Stars soup and then lick the noodles from his body. //True, you just never know where Michalski will turn up.// Of course, had I known then what I know now, I would have been humiliated going into the ladies room. So, I'll just approach this game like I was a little boy again, full of naivety. Want to hold my hand, Kathy?

GM to KATHY: Like I said before, Kathy, thanks for the cannon fodder...

GM to KAISER: It's funny you should mention that experience to illustrate humiliation. I'd have thought you would tell us about your wedding night when, as you were about to consummate connubial bliss, you said to your beautiful and innocent bride, "See this, Honey...you know what it is?", and she replied, "Yes, it looks like a penis, only smaller." (An extremely long game, George...)

GM to GRAESSLE: Oh, and before I forget; there aren't any noodles in Chicken and Stars soup, dolt. That's a whole 'nuther fetish entirely. Next up--NON-SEQUITIR OF THE MONTH...

STEVE to DON: It's the big brown beans and the little speckled beans, idiot!

DON to HIMSELF: Talk about your fetishes...

AUSTRIA to TURKEY: Please?

GM to TERRY: You were warned about how I knit press, weren't you?

GM to TURKEY: Please?

FELIX to BUMBLING IDIOT: Is this game going to be run as quickly as all your others (i.e., one turn every three months), or are you going to slow things down to a pace you can handle...annual turns?

GM to FELIX: How would you like Woody shipped to your door C.O.D.? Go hold Graessle's hand before he wanders into the little girl's room by accident.

FELIX to JACKASS: I'm really not in the mood to write press-- can I slide this time? //Sure, why break tradition?// Thank-you! //You are welcome!!!!

ENGLAND [[VIA ITALY]]:

"Lord Admiral, the Italian Ambassador, Duke Aregano Ruddumbanugli," announced the hunchback from the door of the finely appointed drawing room.

"Ambassador, I am so very pleased to meet you." said the Lord Admiral, standing and taking his hand.

"Certamente. Rula Numero Uno: No jokes abouta mah name," said the Duke, shaking the thin man's hand which, strangely, had two fingers missing.

"I wouldn't dream of it." replied the Lord Admiral.

"Rula Due: Youa English, youa supporta us inna Marseilles."

"We can't do that, we have no troops anywhere near Marseilles." replied the Lord Admiral astonished.

"Justa testing," said the swarthy Italian Ambassador, "I'ma crafty; nowa I'ma know that youa havea no troops anywhere near Marseilles."

"Oh, I see. Very crafty." The swarthy Ambassador smiled and touched forefinger to temple and nodded knowingly.

"Molto crafty, e' vero."

"Anyway, Ambassador, we are very interested in working up a plan of action with the Italian nation, one that will guarantee the prospering of our common interests."

"Likea a smaller France ora a smaller Germany?"

"To put it bluntly, yes; those goals had crossed my mind." The Lord Admiral turned to the ever-present hunchback, "Simon, the map." The hunchback scurried across the room and pulled back a large rolling map display.

"Ambassador," the Lord Admiral said as he nodded toward the display, "the map of Europe, the year 1900."

"Looksa like mia grandmother's quilt."

"I assure you, it's a map."

"Shea lives ina a little town named Aeroberobello anda shea makesa quilts alla day long..."

"That's very intriguing, Ambassador, but hardly..."

"Rula Tre:" said the Ambassador coldly, "never interrupta me whena I'ma talk abouta mia grandmother."

"Of course, how brutal of me."

"Già. S'okay. Nowa, this quilta-map, it's alla wrong. It'sa got leedle circles and leedle squares on it."

"This map shows the current force dispositions of all the Great Powers of Europe. The circles are armies, the squares are fleets." explained the Lord Admiral.

"Oh! Mio Dio! I musta return home atta once, there isa army ina Roma! Schiafosill! The motherland musta be defended. I willa cut out thea hearts ofa the violaters. I willa..."

"Ambassador. Ambassador!"

"Don'ta interrupta, I'ma ona roll."

"Ambassador, that's an Italian army in Rome." said the Lord Admiral. The swarthy Ambassador leaned forward and squinted at the map.

"So it is. Justa testing. Youa have to getta up pretty early ina morning to catcha me."

"Duke Ruddumbanugli, perhaps this would go much faster if I could have a personal meeting with the King..."

"Rula Quattro," said the Ambassador shaking his head, "no one, I meana no one, meetsa directly witha the bigga cheese. Hisa time isa too valuable."

"Yes, but we're talking serious issues here. The chance for England and Italy to dominate the world scene--for fine wine and the people who have the ability to appreciate it to finally meet. An opportunity to quash a burgeoning France!"

"I'lla bring ita up ata our next meeting, we'lla get backa





1982Ngf 16  
 "Leviathan"  
 FINAL CONFLICT

GM: Don Williams  
 Next Season: Spring 2010  
 ZAT: June 28, 1985

## Chip-Chip-Chipping Away

# The General's Retreat

AND, FROM THE NEW PRIME MINISTER OF WHAT'S LEFT OF AUSTRALIA...

# 'I WANT GUTS, MEBOYS!'

### AUTUMN 2009:

Pan-Arab League: F ind-R-BOB. South Africa: P som-R-OTB.  
 P ind-R-PAK.

### WINTER 2009:

AUS (Jim Grady; 425 Merrimac Way #E 102, Costa Mesa, CA 92626):  
 All units maintained in place by the GM.  
 Had \$18. Maintains 4 units @ \$3 each. Gets \$1 gift(SAF).  
 \$18 - \$12(M) +\$1(G) = \$7 saved.

PAL (Bob Olsen; 6818 Winterberry Cr., Wichita, KS 67226):  
 Had \$70. Maintains 18 units @ \$3 each. Builds: N SAU,  
 A NIG, A MOS.  
 \$70 - \$54(M) - \$15(B) = \$1 saved.

SAF (John Crow; 13750 Maham Rd. Apt #1178, Dallas, TX 75240):  
 Had \$47. Maintains 10 units @ \$3 each. Builds: P IND,  
 P KAM, A RHO, A MOZ, A SAL. Sends \$1 Gift to AUS.  
 \$47 - \$30(M) - \$15(B) - \$1(G) = \$1 saved.

USA (Mike Mazzer; 1900 Kelton Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90025):  
 Had \$29. Maintains 5 units @ \$3 each. Builds: F NEW,  
 P NEW, P CAL, P ALA.  
 \$29 - \$15(M) - \$12(B) = \$2 saved.

ZAT for Spring 2010 is June 28, 1985. As is mentioned above, there is a new Australian player. Last month, along with his orders, Jim Grady said, "You may find a replacement for my...position." I wrote back to Jim that I did not want to do that. This season's NMR sort of let's me know that Jim wasn't just making a casual suggestion. So, I consider Jim to have resigned effective Winter 2009, and in light of that fact, I have asked Daf Langley to take over Australia for the duration. She has already graciously accepted. Her address is as follows: Daf Langley; 2296 Eden Roc Ln. #1,

○ = ARMY; □ = FLEET; △ = PLANE; ⊕ = NUKE; # = TURNS SINCE NUKED

WORLD MAP (Revised 2nd Ed.)

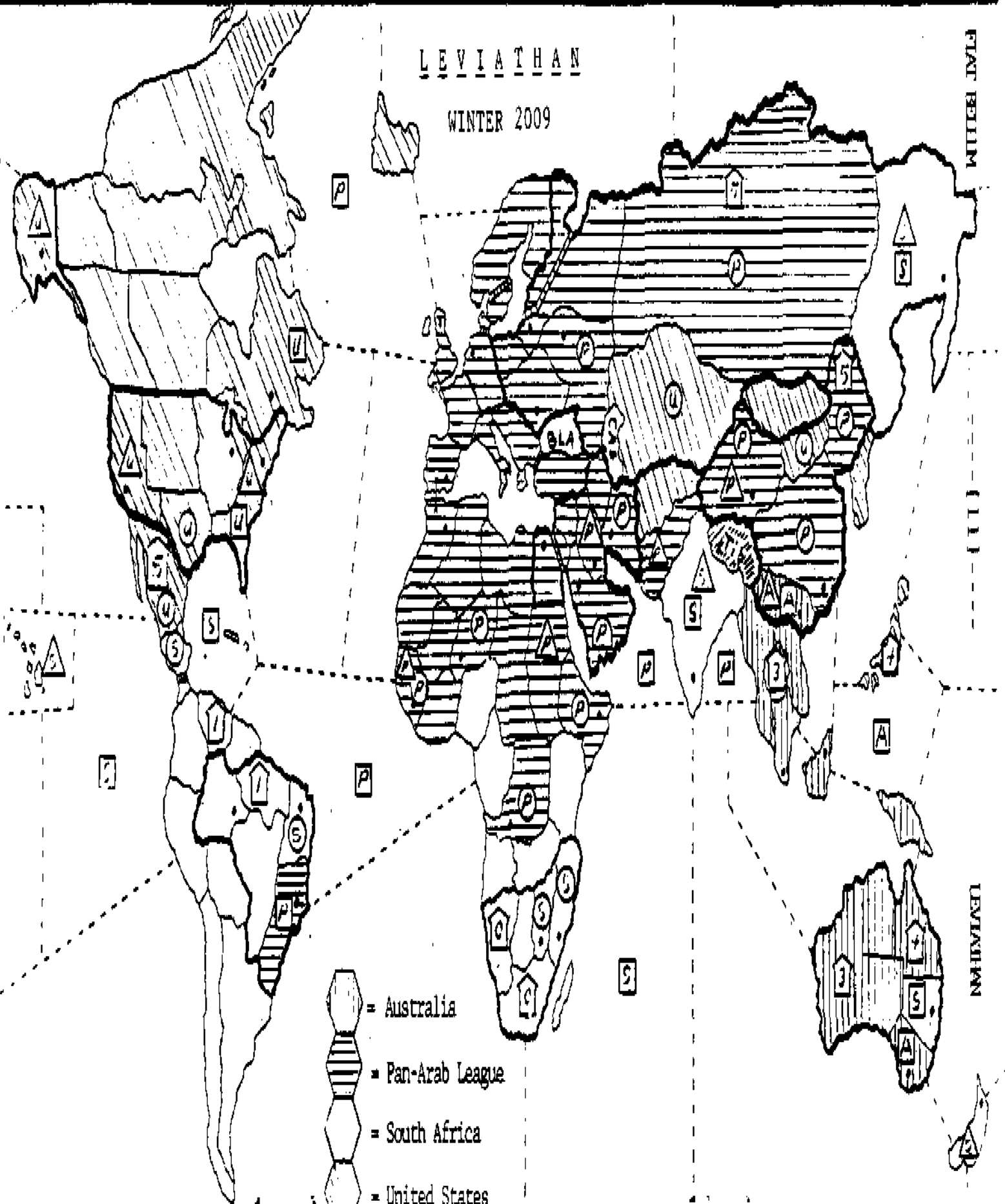
LEVIATHAN

WINTER 2009

FLAT EARTH

(111)

LEVIATHAN



- ⬢ = Australia
- ▨ = Pan-Arab League
- ⬢ = South Africa
- ⬢ = United States

(Continued from 10)

Sacramento, CA 95825. Daf has a copy of the rules (I told her to go back to Issue #1 of FB...), but make take a season or two to get with it. You guys be nice enough to help her out a bit, would you? Thanks.

THE UNITED NATIONS INDEPENDENT CONFLAGRATION RADIO NETWORK PRESENTS...

USA to SAF: True, I could turn on Olsen at this time, with him one center from victory. But can you imagine the whining we'd hear from Wichita? It would be all over the hobby. I've been trying hard to overcome the image that Olsen has been smearing me with. If I were to stab him now, it would undo years of struggling.

UNICORN to USA: Spoken like a true consummate genius. (Now, tell us really, when are you going to stab him? Oh, I get it...in the Fall, right? Shhhhh! Mum's the word...)

OLSEN to CROW: You don't know the half of Mazzer's consummate genius. Just recently I saw him start a game as Germany with every hand turned against him, able to scrounge a meager one build in 1901, and clearly on his way out. In 1902 he emerges as the largest power on the board and has no less than FOUR toadies. No sense fighting him; let's just give up while the giving's good.

USA to SAF: Besides, as my hero would have said, it would be wrong.

UNICORN to MAZZER: A DIP player with scruples? Boggle, boggle, boggle...ahem. So tell us, Mike, what'd you think about the newest of your many nick-names?

USA to UNICORN: "Master of Mayhem"? I like it! Maybe I could get into pro wrestling and use that as my ring name.

UNICORN to USA: I don't know..."Mama Mazzer" sounds pretty good, too. (Hey, an idea for a contest: If \_\_\_\_\_ were in pro wrestling, his/her ring name would be \_\_\_\_\_, because \_\_\_\_\_. What do you think, guys?)

PORTAL OF THE GATES OF ISLAM to DECADENT SOUTH AFRICAN REGIME: All know the true significance of your demand that the territories you have enslaved should be colored white. I had forgotten the great cause for which we fight...but now I remember; it is to rid the world of the evils of apartheid! And you call yourself Crow! You ought to be ashamed.

USA to PAL: So, speaking of Ron Brown, what did you do with him? Now I finally expose you to the hobby for what you are by writing you up for the Nixon Award, what happens...Brown hasn't been heard from in months. If that isn't damning evidence of your ruthlessness, then I don't know what is. Tell me, does Ron sleep with the fishes?

PAL: I am voting for the concession to the Will of Allah. Are there any dissenters? //Yes, there are.// Any infidel dogs? //Well...that's a tad strong.// Any Cursed of God?

GM: Gee, I dunno. But I do know that the END is near! REPENT!! Better yet, let's close this month's game down before the end gets here, okay? And, Crow, press next time, or else...(you too, Daf...)

Leave all hope behind, ye who enter here ... it's

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# STRANGE DOINGS

\*\*\*\*\*

A somewhat twisted non-subzine brought to you by the completely twisted Mike Mazzer, of 1700 Kelton Ave. Los Angeles, CA. 90025. My twisted phone number is (213) 478-8152.

This is a very special edition of STRANGE DOINGS, because it marks the beginning of what I consider an interesting social experiment. The idea sort of evolved after I got the first three volunteers for my new gamestart, originally to be called PudgeCon III $\frac{1}{2}$ . The first volunteer was my (former?) good friend Don Williams. Daf Langley and Melinda Holley soon followed. I was trying to get Kathy Byrne to volunteer as well, when I remembered how Kathy had often commented on the social dynamics of having to play (as was typically the case) as the only women with six men. The way the game was shaping up, it would take only a few phone calls to set up a complete reversal of the sexual polarities. Would the social dynamics work the same?

Well, we will soon find out. The Great Social Experiment is about to take place. The new gamestart will feature that great sport and all around swell guy with a great sense of humor, Don Williams, and six, count 'em, six of the hobby's finest of the fair sex. I know, Don thinks this is just one of my perverse jokes, that I'm trying to make a public spectacle of him. Well, that's partly true, but I can't think of anybody in the hobby who would be able to make the most of this somewhat unorthodox predicament than Don. Consider it a challenge, Don.

For the name of the game, I considered several possibilities. PudgeCon III $\frac{1}{2}$  no longer seemed appropriate. Others, The Rooster and the Hens, The Bull and his Cows, seemed rather tacky. Some quasi-feminist ideas like, Revenge of the ERA, or Weeker Sex My Ass, were rejected because I have every confidence that Don will emerge triumphant and show everyone who wears the pants in the Dip hobby. I also rejected the title The Public Castration as being a bit strong for a family non-subzine, although it is perhaps the most accurate description of the game.

I settled on naming the game after a Mozart opera. I realize that most Dipper's tastes run more to Frankie Goes Hollywood but the movie, Amadeus, must have played even in Redlands, and if you saw the movie, you must remember the opera in the beginning, which was Mozart's first big hit in Vienna ....

So, without further ado ... Maestro. Overture! *Allegro con brio -- alla Turca -- piano subito* pum pum bah pendah pum pum pum pum pum ... H. S. ....

## The Abduction from the Seraglio

(forte -- PUM PUM PAHH PAHDAH PUM PUM PAHH) (well, it beats the heck out of your pah -eeyah-eeyah, Don.)

Scene: The curtain rises to reveal the seraglio, that's harem for you non-Italians, of the Pasha Selim of Turkey (played, in a speaking role, by Don Williams), a brutally handsome man in his mid-thirties, who has gathered about him six of the brightest women of the Courts of Europe, whom he intends to make his concubines so that they can fluff-and-fold his fruit-of-the-looms. The women are, Tsarina Kathy ... cruel mistress of all the Cosacks of the Steppes, Princess Daf, to whom the idea of being the Sultan's love slave doesn't seem quite such a bad idea, the sinister Queen Diane, who keeps a stiletto in her cleavage for emergencies, the notorious Madame Claudine of France, the toast of Parisien salon society, the legendary Kaiserin Melinda, famous 6'9" amazon of the Reich, and *la Bella Laurie*, mistress of Popes and advisor to kings (or do I have that backwards?). These six tolerate the Sultan for the moment because he is cute, in an odd sort of way, but when he threatens to torture them by reading them old Bob Olsen press if they refuse to submit to his will, then the six hatch a plot ... The Tsarina proposes a sporting wager ... a game of Diplomacy between the six of them and the Sultan. After all, she says, batting her lashes, what chance do we mere women have against the most feared, ruthless, powerful and cunning statesmen in all of Christendom and Islam combined? What indeed, thinks the Sultan, who cannot resist such a challenge, and he agrees to their wager. If he wins, they will do the windows and grout his privies forever. Clapping his hands twice, a eunuch, (played by \_\_\_\_\_ (fill in your own choice for eunuch)) brings in the Dip board, and they begin to negotiate. It is the cold, cruel winter of 1900.

### The Beauties ...

Austria -- Daf Langley ; 2296 Eden Roc Lane #1  
Sacramento, CA 95825  
England -- Diane Keeney ; 3124 N Street  
Sacramento, CA 95816  
France -- Claudine Michalski ; Route 10, Box 526-0  
Moore, OK 73165  
Germany -- Melinda Holley ; PO Box 2793  
Huntington, WV 25721  
Italy -- Laurie Graessle ; 326 Park Lane  
Irvington, NJ 07111  
Russia -- Kathy Byrne ; 160-02 43rd Ave  
Flushing, NY 11358

### and The Beast

Turkey -- Don Williams ; 217-B Craig Ct  
Redlands, CA 92374

Deadline for Spring '01 is Friday, 21 June 1985

Here are the final results of the FudgeCon II game-

FudgeCon II	101	102	103	104	105	06	107	
Aus: Gary Coughlan	4	5	7	6	7	8	7	(draw)
Eng: Randy Ellis	3	3	2	1	1	1	1	
Fr: Jim Williams	5	7	8	9	10	10	11	(draw)
Ger: Daph Langley	5	6	6	7	6	5	5	(draw)
It: Mike Barno	3	3	(resigned)					
Don Williams			1	1	1	1	0	
Rus: Pete Ashley	4	(resigned)						
Jim Burgess		3	3	3	2	1	0	
Urb: Carl Russell	4	6	7	7	7	8	10	(draw)

Once again, my congratulations to Daf, Gary, Jim and Carl for their draw and to all of you for a game that was a delight to GM. Let's get to the endgame comments, first a non-player who was still an ever-felt presence in the game, the one, the only ... Fast Tense himself.

#### FCOn II Endgame Statement      Fast Tense

My thanks to Mike for allowing me to play in this game. Also, my thanks to my mother, without whom none of this would be possible. I notice the game ended in a four-way draw. Pass the crayons, brother, congratulations to all four promising young artists, and best of luck with future scribbles.

One final comment: one could not possibly (not to mention consciously) belittle my own overwhelming contributions to this game. For after all, this game and all references and accounts of it are now completely within the realm of past tense. Yes thank you for your fine compliments on my excellent triumph. ((And thank you, P.T., who, contrary to popular opinion, is often known as Mark Luedi.))

Fortunately, I don't have to type up king Beppi stuff anymore

Endgame Statement for Italy (~~Flotsam Beppi~~ Flotsam Beppi)  
(XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX)

Allò, missa hir issa enna game-a eh? Boh, what-a kin I jice? Hatta Gary hissa such nice-a guy, hissa still-a ficky-ficky with mia Porca, enna. Elsie shessa float home-a a Carl ...

I'mma be sure owwa alla this hir a heppen to-a me, so I'mma just dice that I had tanto tanto funna a giacare con voi ... newa time-a. I'mma starta thissa hir game fromma da beginning-a ... stabbene? F giusto? Cino e grazie a tutti.

Okay, Okay, I'll give ti up. ((Whew!)) I guess I'm just here to show once again that my pen is mightier than my sword -- get your mind out of the gutter. Datoe -- Italian press was certainly stronger than Italian plays; with that in mind, is it any wonder at all that I got whipped?

Thanks to Gary for letting me hang around long enough to

be a nuisance, and for being a sport about "Porca". Kudos to Jim-Boob for his press -- loved the IRE proposals, Jim-- even though I rarely understood it. Daf, the "Duck Dialogs" were fun and we simply must "do it" again. Congrats to three of the drawing players, and a hearty "Moldy Nasties" to Carl Russell who must not like Italian food and is therefore a Communist. Finally, thanks Mike, NEVER AGAIN, huh? ((Oh I wouldn't say that. I think you are destined for greatness in my next game !))

*And now, the queen of the wood-pushers, my darling Daf---*

And now, my Endgame Statement for PudgeCon II.

PudgeCon II was by far the most fun I've had in a game. It is nice to have met everyone in a game you're in. Once I knew Jim Williams was going to be France to my Germany, I knew this would be a dream of a game. Jim and I had one of those relationships where you feel you've known someone for a long time when you've only just met them. He ran into some hard times at the beginning of the game, but he stayed so we could remain allied and I want to thank him for that. I hope to meet him again at a PudgeCon or maybe Dipcon in Seattle. He's a class act.

Now Randy Ellis in England was another story. We were in a Gunboat Dip game at PudgeCon and he (brute that he is) overran my country in a bid for dots. Now, I'm not really one to carry a grudge too far, but I carried it for almost this entire game. I had a change of heart and magnanimously allowed him to survive in Berlin. He was great at the beginning, believing just about everything I told him, but it began to break down when he didn't get the dots he was expecting. Even then he gave it one more shot. He called and asked if he was wasting his time negotiating with me. I told him that Jim and I were allied for life and he accepted it readily enough. The only bad thing about it was that he wouldn't die! Congratulations on a hard fought survival - you were a thorn in my side, but a lot of fun.

Gary and Chuckles were fairly silent on their side of the board. I heard from Chuckles early on, but nothing since. I would hear from Gary every once in awhile. Good game, guys.

Jim Bob was another of those thorns in my side, but we got rid of him. Too bad that didn't dry up any of the press he sent.

Don came in at a bad time. His Italy had already gone to the dogs, and there wasn't anything I could do for him. We had a great time calling each other to coordinate press. Writing the "Duck Dialogs" became the highlight of each month. I'd wait with shortened breath until the phone rang and then we would write press until the tension went away and we were both limp from exhaustion and writer's cramp.

And finally, my mayonaisse and linoleum lover, Mike. He was always ready to type up loads of press and make it easy to write more. Any time you need those fingers massaged Sweetie, just let me know. I think you're the best.

*... now, our Gallant Englishman who retired in Berlin...*

Dear Mike,

I can't believe it! I survived! But how??!! I was in my bunker in Berlin prepared to end it all when the news reached me. Whew! That was a close one! In any case, here is my endgame statement...

An interesting game with a group of clowns. Even though I never had more than a measly 3 centers, I enjoyed this game a great deal. The game started on an ill note, though, and never got much better from a tactical point of view. First, my address was given incorrectly in the Gamestart. This meant that by the time I even realized the game had begun, everyone else had already been negotiating for over 2 weeks. Being the naive and good-natured fellow I am, I didn't ask for a deadline extension. Instead, I tried to make the best of it. The irrepressible Daph Langley gave me every reason to believe that we had an alliance against France. I liked the idea since Jim Williams did not write me at all. In any case, Williams hit the Channel in Spring 1901 and left me with 2 basic options: 1) Cover London while allowing France to take Belgium, 2) Shoot for Belgium and hope France moved to Wales, the North Sea, or Irish Sea. Daph assured me that if I would have her support if I convoyed to Belgium so I did - reasoning that even if Williams took London in Fall '01, I'd be quite capable of retaking it in 1902. Talking about mud in my face... Daph "knew Jim was going for Munich" and at the last minute, changed her orders from A Ruh S ENGLISH A Edi-Bel to A Ruh-Mun. Of course, she and Jim had set me up marvelously but I still thought that Germany and I had an alliance. Well, actually I hoped for it more than really believing it. It became completely obvious after Winter 1901 that Daf was indeed the ally of my more-than-capable adversary, Jim Williams. All hope seemed lost! I was quite certain that I would be eliminated soon and on that assumption, I told France to take all of my centers while I tried to make life as miserable as possible for Germany. Jim-Bob's Russia was essential to me in this endeavor. In any case, my basic strategy failed. I hoped to completely stop Daph's growth while allowing Jim to take all of my home centers without a fight. Alas, this didn't happen. Jim did end up taking all of my home centers but he didn't then stab Daph as I had hoped he would. Looking back, I should have fought Jim tooth-and-nail all of the way. I still would have lost but I wouldn't have lost as quickly. Oh well, I did have fun harassing Daph and I enjoyed working with Jim-Bob a great deal. As far as the players in this game go, Gary Coughlan and I corresponded a little. Gary played well and added quite a bit of zest to the game. Jim Williams lied well and played well. Perhaps I'll have another chance at him sometime... Daph Langley was simply unstoppable. She is a terrific liar and though I tried and tried and tried, I never really hurt her position very much. I wish that Mike Barno had stayed in the game longer. Mike is probably one of my best friends in the hobby and the game just wasn't the same without him (No offense to Don Williams). I didn't communicate with D. Williams or the original Russian player, Peter Ashley. I did communicate a great deal with the Russian standby, Jim Burgess. Jim worked with Daph against me at first but soon, he too fell prey to Mrs. Langley's sharp knife. I enjoyed working with him attempting to throw Daph into fits. We gave it a good try Jim! I didn't hear much of anything from Carl Russell. I was impressed with his play and I congratulate him (and Gary, Jim, and Daph) for the draw. In any case, I look forward to playing another game with some or all of you sometime. Perhaps in Wichita this summer??? I also thank Mike Mazzer for running the game and for his comments which added a great deal to a game that needed a little help to appear interesting to an outside observer. My only regret is that I didn't put more effort into this game. I really didn't put much into it at all. Oh well, maybe



And, last but not least

**ENGAGE STATEMENT FOR AUSTRIA(Gary Coughlan) in Strange Doings 1983 HB "PudgeCon II"**

This game's end surprised me--I thought Daf(Germany) wanted to get Berlin back before agreeing to the 4-way draw.

From the very beginning of the game I allied with Carl Russell(Turkey), for several reasons: Carl was a good writer and he wrote at least once each season. Russia(Ashley) and Italy(Barno) did not write me thus it was easy to see them as the enemy. My only other neighbor was Daf's Germany and Austria and Germany never have any reason to fight each other at the game's beginning.

The original Italy and Russia soon resigned and this brought in Don Williams as Italy and Jim Burgess as Russia, both excellent press writers and press was what this game was all about for me. I always enjoy good press games and the games that Mike Maszer GMs always seem to generate fun press wars, not the least due to Mike's constant instigation.

The game appeared to be heading toward four big powers of A-F-G-T with the smaller powers eventually down to one center each. In the A-T versus F-G(Germany and France both seemed to have had a game-long alliance from the beginning) battle, the smaller powers of E-R-I sided with A-T either because I guaranteed them survival and could deliver that protection(Italy and Russia) or because they had no reason to love the Germans and French who had tried to exterminate them(Engls

I believe that A-T could have swept the board except for Turkey's(Carl Russell) penchant for eliminating the tiny powers who were very strategically placed. Carl also got uppity near the end and began treating me, so it seemed, as a junior partner. With me, it was equality or nothing so I sent an open letter to France and Germany letting them know that if Turkey continued to attack me(He had taken Rome in a surpr move), I would be switching sides and working for a 3-way of A-F-G and the total elimination of Turkey.

That seemed to have the desired effect and Carl became the dependable ally I had worked game-long with. (I'm glad we didn't have to fight, Carl!!). However Carl's moves had caused the destruction of Italy and Russia and, except for the game ending when it did, England too would have gone under. Carl's actions caused the direct loss(or would have had the game gone another season or so) of Tunis, Berlin, Munich and Moscow from the A-T alliance to the G-F alliance. To me that was no way to "win" a war with your opponents.

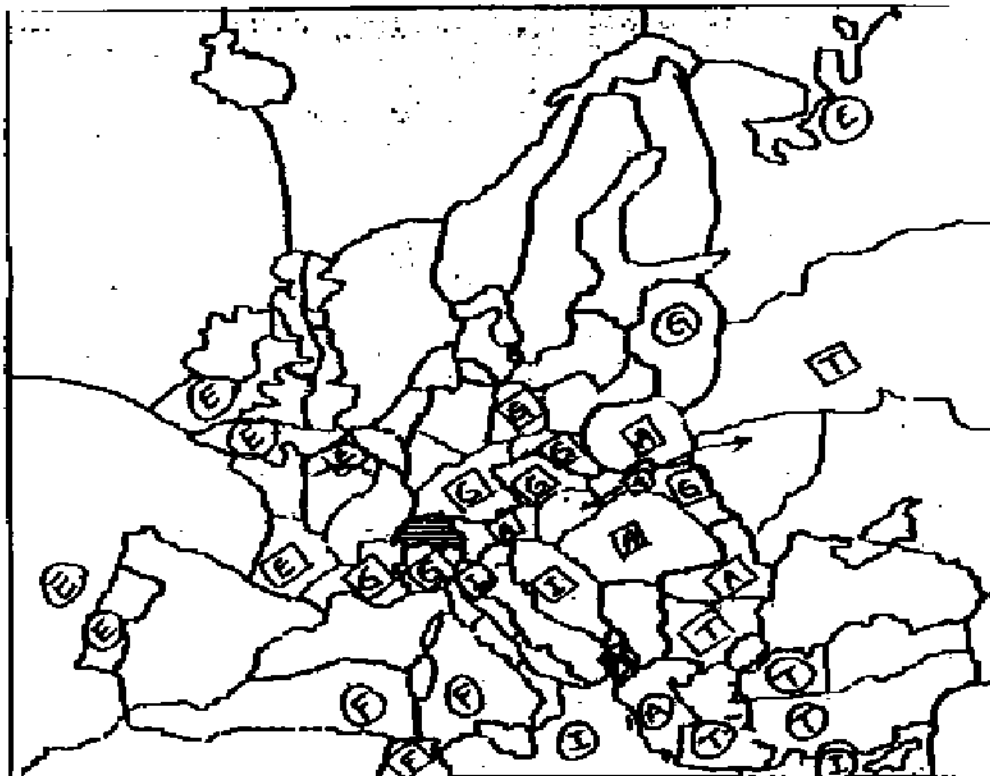
Kudos to Jim and Don on their entertaining press. I think Randy Ellis(Englan should be congratulated and recognized for his feat of leading the English fleet into Berlin and holding that SC for many years! That's something you don't often see or at least I haven't.

Carl, it was great working with you. You are a good letter writer and your plans made sense. Daf and Jim Williams, I enjoyed playing with you and sharing a draw with you.

And as for you, Mike Maszer--you are quite simply one of the best GMs I've ever played under(in a Diplomacy game, Gary quickly hastened to add!). From the convenient maps, to the game headlines, to the press which you joined in, to the perfect adjudications(did you ever make even one mistake in this area?), Mike Maszer made this a perfect game for a player to be associated with and I'm sure the other players in PudgeCon II would agree with me here. ((GAWD I'M BLUSHING!!))

I love the way you and Don used to write my lines for me! Thanks for the kind words, Gary, you old flatterer! But thank you all again for the fun playing experience.  
P.K., let's see how the boys from the midwest are getting

Huns drive deep into southeast !! A Death in Tunis??  
 England still acts as if he has opposition !! Tsar gets  
 an invitation to a Viennese ball !! Turks finally remember  
 Moscow !!



Autumn '03 Aus: A Boh r-TYO  
 Winter '03 Eng: Build F LVP  
 Fra: Remove F Tun  
 Ger: Build A BER  
 Ita: Remove A Alb

Spring '04

Aus (Michalski) A BUD-Tri (A TYO S), A WAR-Pru, A Ser-ALB,  
 A RUM-Bud, F GRE S Tur F Aeg-Ion (NSO)  
 Eng (Wall) A Bre-GAS, F Mao-POR, F Nao-MAO (F ENG S),  
 A Bel-PIC, F STP(n) H, F Lvp-IRI  
 Fra (Peel) A Tus-TUN (F TYH C), F Spa(s)-WES  
 Ger (Dzog) A Sil-GAL (A BOH S), A BER-Pru, A Mun-SIL,  
 A Ruh-MUN, A Mar-PIE, A Bur-MAR, F Bal-LVA  
 Ita (Irwin) A VEN S A Tri, A TRI S A Ven, F ION S  
 F Eas, F EAS S F Ion  
 Rus (Luedt) A Gal h (d/r-Ukr,Vie,OTB)  
 Tur (Caruso) A BUL S Aus F Gre, A Lva-MOS, F SMY-Eas  
 (F AEG S), F CON S F Aeg

Deadline: Fall '04 is due Friday June 21, 1985

Press on the following page ...

*Oops! Almost forgot, there  
 is a proposal for a concession  
 to Russia. NVR=no, of course!*

Press:

Peet - GM: You've got to stop all this subsidizing your players. Don't you know they are supposed to pay their own way? ((I'm just being a good Democrat, Ken.))

Russia - Board: Come on, you Bozos, write some press! Bunch of weak-knuckled sissies! ((Boy, is that the truth!))

Doc-Maggerman: So our press in FudgeCon III isn't going to win you an award, huh? Well what kind of exciting press can you expect from a collection of antiques anyway? ((Well, that's okay, my GM'ing isn't going to win any awards either. Sorry about making your units disappear last season.))

Russia to Germany: Gosh, wish I could be invisible. ((No, but you are unbelievable.))

Russia to Turkey: OK, let me live. See if I care. ((It's not over yet for you, Ludes, there's always Vienna!))

Russia - GM: Oh, won't this be fun! I have ... no, not a change of address (well, yes I do, but I ain't about to tell). Rather a change of state: whereabouts unknown. Huh? Did that make sense? ((Is that east of San Bernardino?))

The Wall to GM: What is San Bernardino? It's kind of like saying south of Oshkosh. ((Trade the snow for smog and it's kind of like Oshkosh.))

England - GM: Full democracy is restored in Brazil. Thought you'd like to know. Brazil is southeast of San Bernardino. ((Yeah? I bet they can't write press there either.))

London-Ankara: What kind of musk do you use? Essence of puppy? You've sure attracted Nancy's attention! ((Nancy's attracting a bit of attention herself.))

Once again you find yourself reading an issue of Hare of the Dog. That's because once again, I find myself typing this cover page. I'm not really "with it" this month. It's too hot and my eyes have too much chlorine in them. The pool here at the apartments is a life-saver, but it's also an eye-killer. It can also be a head-killer. Two idiots were throwing a

# Hare of the Dog

football across the length of the pool. I was against the shallow end wall when the guy from the deep end threw the ball. He wasn't as strong as he thought and I had to duck underwater to avoid the ball. At least that made an impression and they stopped throwing the ball over the pool. They moved over to the deck.

We are definitely going to Seattle this year for Dipcon. I'm really looking forward to it. It will be my first pilgrimage to the mecca of the Sex Ghod, but I plan to make it a meaningful one. I will visit the shrine of the Sex Ghod to worship once again the ground he walks upon. If I'm especially lucky, I may get to ride in the Sex Ghod Mobile. And of course, I will be in His presence for four days. What more could a level two ask for? I will die a happy woman. My dreams will have been answered.

FudgeCon remains iffy. If Lee-Paul decides he wants to live with his dad, we may go. If Lee-Paul decides he wants to live with us, we will be home that weekend to receive him and get him ready for school that Tuesday. I hear Don Williams is thinking about making Wichita. I've decided to give him free rein on this. As his mistress, I could insist he go to Dipcon, but I don't like reluctant acolytes.

I've got a new Golden Turkey Commercial Award. It goes to the Massengill Douche commercial which has a younger woman talking to an older woman. The younger woman has her hands behind her back. "Guess which hand has the new Massengill douche?" "Wrong! They both do!" She proceeds to tell us that one is extra cleansing (!!) and one is extra mild. I guess now there's a douche for those who do it and those who don't. What's next? Industrial strength for working girls?

My playlist was almost the same this month as it was last month. I stayed up to watch Friday Night Videos last Friday. I saw the one Cyndi Lauper made for Goonies (I don't remember the name of the song), the one with the wrestlers in it. I loved it. Good song and great video. Everything else was terrible. I couldn't believe it. I haven't watched the show for quite a while and I'm glad I wasn't waiting up for some of those crummy things.

Speaking of wrestlers, I've really been enjoying the story of Paul Orndorff changing from bad guy to good guy. I knew it from the start! Someone built that well couldn't be a bad guy for long. There's a new wrestler around who's called the Missing Link. Hide his own head on the back of his

The Boston Celtics are this number in the world this year!!

# Hot Dog I...

## FALL 1904

AUSTRIA	Pete Gaughan	3121 E. Park Row #171A, Arlington, TX 76010
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 Keeney	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

1984 CP Hot Dog 1 Summer 1904

AUS A Boh R GAL  
ITA F Wes R TYH

1984 CP Hot Dog 1 Fall 1904

AUS (Peter)	F Eas-ION, A Sil-WAR(A GAL S), A Bul-RUM, A Vie-BOH(A Iya S(d;r VIE, TRI, VEN, OTB)), A Smy-ANK(ITA F CON S)
ENG (John)	F Nat-IRI, A SIP-Mos, F Bar-NWY, F MID-Spa(sc), F BOT-Bal, F Nth-DEN(A SWE S)
FRA (Mike)	F WES-Gol, F Spa(sc)-MAR(A BUR, A GAS S)
GER (Dustin)	A Boh-TYA(A MUN S) A RUH S A MUN, A BER-Kie, F KIE-Den
ITA (Diane)	F Tyh-TUN, A Mar_H(A PIE S)(d;anh1), F CON S AUS A Smy-ANK, A NAF-Bre(imp), F GOL-Spa(sc)
RUS (Don)	A MOS-Stp, A PRU-Ber, F BAL-Kie, F BLA-Ank
TUR (Larry)	F ANK S RUS F Bla-Con(nso)

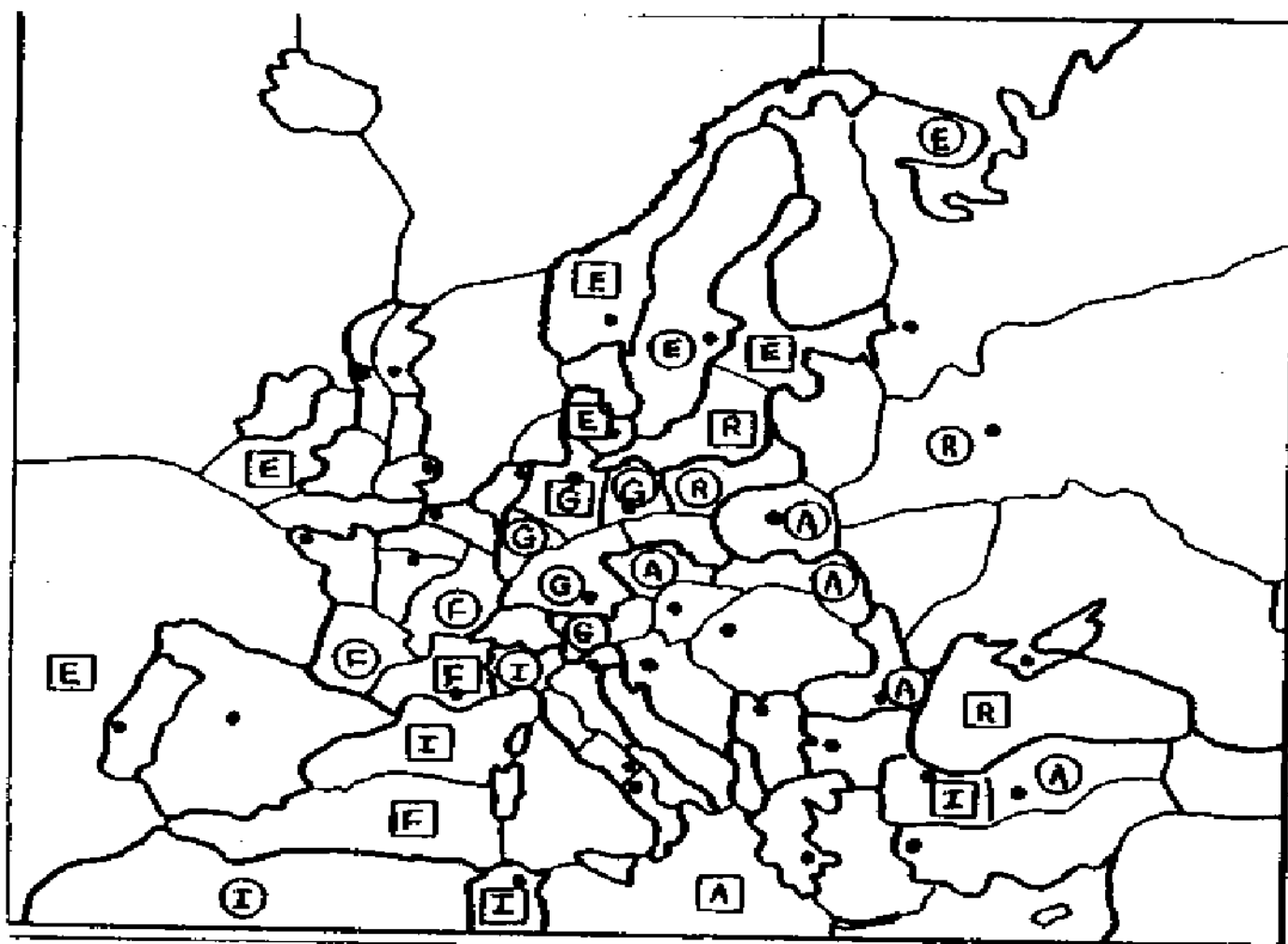
1984 CP Hot Dog 1 Winter 1904 Supply Center Chart

AUS	Home, Bul, Ser, Con, Smy, ANK, RUM, WAR	+2 or +3; build 2 or 3
ENG	Home, Nwy, Den, Swe, Stp	+0; even
FRA	Bre, Par, Spa, Por, MAR	+1; build 1
GER	Home, Hol, Bel	+0; even
ITA	Home, Tun, Gre, Mar, CON	+0 or -1; even or build 1
RUS	War, Mos, Sev, Rum	-2; remove 2
TUR	Ank	-1; remove 1 out

1984 CP Hot Dog 1 ZAT for Autumn and Winter 1904 and  
Spring 1905 is July 5, 1985.

This is page 3 and all I can say is \*\*\*YEAHHHHH LAKERS\*\*\*!!!

1984 CP Hot Dog 1 Map of game



1984 CP Hot Dog 1 Press:

GMS to PLAYERS: If Austria retreats A Tya to VEN, Austria is at +3 and Italy is -1. Or vice versa on Tuesday.

VERSAILLES to MOSCOW: Why don't you try to talk to Killer Keeney on my behalf. She'll listen to you. Whereas I called her a Scrofulent Scum Queen in the press, you only referred to her as Wop-Hag.

RUSSIA to SCORPION: Hey baby, you come here often? What's your sign? I'm a Virgo, Cancer rising...we go for it all, like the Michelob commercial says. Yeah, yeah, I know, you're tired of all the old come on's, but what say we take a ride in my Porsche and get to know each other? Later maybe we can down some Mateus and eye my etchings...

GMS to RUSSIA: If you don't stop this non-stop flirting, I'm going to tie your balls in a knot and feed them to you through a spintery knothole!

RUSSIA to LOS ANGELES: Don't knock it 'till you've tried it.

BEARDED BARD to RUSSIA: I dunno Don, doesn't sound all that great to me.

AUSTRIA to VERSAILLES: I'm Big, you're Good, Italy's Insatiable...sounds like the makings of a spaghetti western to me.

GMS to AUSTRIA: Yeah, you could call it "A Fist Full of Dots" and we can make a sequel "For a Few Dots More". Or one that could star you - "High Plains Snatcher".

This page will fourtify your fourtune in fourniture!!!

RUSSIA to ENGLAND: Who's Mazzer trying to kid? It was his idea, all the way down the line...you think he'd attack Italy like I told him to do? C'mon!! The sap thought you were tied up with me and Dustin and saw a few easy dots...go get him!

VERSAILLES to ROME: To which of Huestis' versions of The Truth do you subscribe? Number 37C, the "El Pincer Movement to Crush France" scenario, or perhaps Number 42B, the "I'm Going All Out For Russia" scenario, or perhaps my personal favorite, the "I'm With You, France, 100% All the Way" scenario.

MOSCOW to LONDON: You'll surely pardon me if I don't become overly excited by the fact that you did not attack me last Spring...as an English major I have a working knowledge of the rhetorical techniques and devices sometimes known as "bullshit". Was I wrong? Of course I wasn't...you are so easy!

GMS to LONDON: It looks like they have seen through your web of deceit. Doesn't look like anything can save you now.

LONDON to GMS: If Illuzja has a filly, can I name her after you? I wonder how you say Daphne in Polish?

GMS to LONDON: I think a miracle is about to occur. I do believe you will be saved. (I'd be thrilled!)

WARSAW to GERMANY: You, on the other hand, are impossible. Where'd you go? I thought we were going to have a good old fashioned slugfest, and then you bugger off...what's the deal, Dustin? You Comp Sci people can't handle us tough-guy English major types? Get back here and fight like a Hun!

LONDON to BERLIN: Did Dustin Laurence pass through in a bus?

GMS to LONDON: Now you guys are just getting silly!

LONDON to MOSCOW: Congratulations on the Degree! Welcome to Reality!

AUSTRIA to RUSSIA: Seen "Rustler's Rhapsody" yet? Certified future "B-Movie Hall of Fame" material.

VERSAILLES to VIENNA: Argh! My awful secret is out. I sometimes plagiarize my letters in the press!

RUSSIA to FRANCE: Sound familiar? How about unethical? Me?! PLAGIARIZE??!! (What else is new?)

AUSTRIA to ITALY: 20 years' worth of Brandy Alexanders and caviar, right? I don't recall our agreement to the letter just now.

MOSCOW MOLESTER to SACTO INSATIATE: X. X! X? XXXXXXXXXXXX. (You in Heaven yet? All this X-ing around wears me out.)

AUSTRIA to GMS: Honest! I didn't know she was insatiable! I mean, gee, she's married to Jim and seems to take that just fine!

DON to DIANE: THAT does it!!! The wedding's off. Stabbing the Flower Boy was bad enough, but telling my Best Man that you're insatiable is even more than I can handle. You're out! Finito! Done with! A goner! Mike, get tough with her...

GMS to MIKE: Oooh, ahh, Mike, when you're done with her, could you come over to my place?

AUSTRIA to WORLD: Uh, it has come to our attention that "England" also commences with a vowel. We retract, for further consideration, our call for a Vowel Alliance.

RUSSIA to AUSTRIA: If the vowels of the world unite, won't that result in consonation?

GMS to RUSSIA: I thought it was called consummation.

AUSTRIA to GMS: Please certify that enclosed with this month's press I send coupons for New! All Natural Wesson. Short of catering to Mazzer's perversion, I'll do anything for my lady.

GMS to BYRNE: FAT YOUR HEART OUT SISTER!!

AUSTRIA to GMS: I sort of cut back on the infield banter this time, saving up for this one. Hope you have room for it.

GMS to AUSTRIA: Sweetie, I have room for you anytime.

BUDAPEST - WINTER CASTLE OF THE MYSTIC EMPEROR:

Fearlessly she mounted the winding stairs that were dusky with shadows of approaching night and hung with cobwebs and strewn with the dust of neglect, until she came to the small low door of that chamber, and pausing knocked thereon.

And one from within said, "Who knocks?" and the lady answered, "Lord, it is I, Queen Diane." And the bolts were drawn and the door opened, and the Emperor said, "Enter."

Now the fashion of the chamber was that it was round, and weak twilight only entered through the deep embrasures of the windows that pierced the walls of the tower, looking to the four quarters of the heavens. Under the northern window was a massive table blackened with age, whereon lay great books bound in black leather with heavy padlocks. All about were shelves of tomes or collections of apparatus, and by the hearth beneath the southern window stood the Emperor, robed in his conjuring cloak of black and gold; and there was utter silence save for the faint crackle of the flame.

In a while the Queen said, "I come, because our need of you is great. Your counsel has been wise, but now words no longer avail." And the Emperor, whose weariness was told all about him, answered, "Well do I know how the fiends of the West have plotted against you, and even now they crow that they shall overrun your coasts. But what cannot be done by the might you possess, cannot be done."

Then the Queen did look upon him with pain, and awe, and bitter vengeance, and spake saying, "My Lord, many years we have mastered our lands together. From humble beginnings we have warred side by side, and our peoples have grown close even as we ourselves. I know" (here did she raise a gentle hand to forestall his protest) "you refuse to marry - yet I do believe that we have come to comprehend one another with the understanding of such helpmates. You cannot hide from me that power which you wield over the arts magical."

The Emperor bowed his head for a moment. Then he gazed upon his fellow monarch and answered, "True. My own council durst not discover this, but that you should is nigh to a relief. Yet the magicks that would provide to your need ask for more than is within me."

The Queen grew wroth, and said, "Would you put me off, who has collaborated so well with your plans?! My faithful subjects strangle on the foul blades of the French, and you worry over your health!" Then did friendship and mutual devotion rekindle in the Emperor's heart, and he relented and began to search his works for an engine mightier than their enemies.

Through the night they labored. A powder decanted; a potion boiled; salamander's blood, wolf's tail, the signs of Cancer and Scorpio...and in all he rehearsed her, lest he should fail or waver ere the incantations were done.

At last, ere midnight, the Emperor described on the floor with his conjuring rod three pentacles inscribed within a seven-pointed star; and turning to the page in his longest, blackest volume, uttered the fearsome words: MORTAE SI ANDA FREMSCUM VOARCHENEMIA.

Now with those words through every window came a light into the chamber as of skies paling to the dawn - but came rapidly and condensed above the diagramme. All Budapest quaked, and the chamber was filled with a beating of wings, and then



Page 6 and Peter's story continues. I love it!

speech came out of the teeming air, saying, "Accursed wretch that troublest our quiet, what is thy will?"

The Emperor trembled in all his members, yet was his voice level as he said hoarsely, "Mine enemies sail now on the Western seas. I loose thee against them as a falcon from my wrist. Turn them to thy will: how or where it skills not, so thou do but break and destroy them off the face of the world. Away!" And into the rushing wind he screamed the awful dismissal: TRISERARECORPSEM, and they fell a-swooning. RUSSIA to SCRUFOLENT WOP HAG: Just won't listen to reason, eh? I'm gonna have to brutalize you after all. I wish it didn't have to come to that.

GMS to RUSSIA: Ooooh, ahhh, when you're done with her, could you come over to my place?

RUSSIA to FRANCE: How much longer do you think we can keep this up before he gets wise and we have to go to Plan D?

AUSTRIA to GERMANY: Don't feed me that line! I quit my night job just so you could get through by phone! Now find a better excuse.

RUSSIA to GMS: "Italian Kneecaps"? "Carbonara" or "a salsa"? Say, Mikey, didn't we have something like that at Spago?

LONDON to PARIS: Those six broads are gonna cream Williams!

PETE'S PLACE to LONDON: May all the Iranians in L.A. mistake your house for an Embassy.

GMS to LONDON: I beg your pardon. We are not broads (well, not all of us), we are women gamers. I would appreciate it if you would keep a civil tongue in your head.

LONDON to ROME: Gomenasai Tomadachi! Wakarimas?

GMS to LONDON: Hai!

SEVASTOPOL to TRIESTE: By the way, I've been meaning to ask you: when and where are you going to comply with the decision reached by BOB'S "Wisdom-While-You-Wait" OMBUDSMAN SERVICE?

Can I have your dots after you do? Can I? Can I? ANNNN.... you never let me have any fun...

SERAGLIO TURK to HOTDOG: You know what Mike was saying last month, about him GMing better than he plays? Well, it may be impossible to believe, but it's not true. He lies, he lies...

RUSSIA to ITALY: I did not say Austria was big...I said that men come in three sizes: Mike Mazzer, Peter Gaughan and "OH MY GOD!" That's what I said.

OH MY GOD! to GMS: Who loves you, baby?

GMS to OMG: Hopefully if I play my cards right and hold my face right and if it is destined to be - you do. Will you use the circus motif or just the standard leather and chains?

RUSSIA to AUSTRIA: What do you care what I want the lollipop for - just give it to me. A big, fat, all-day-long GREEN one! And hurry.

RUSSIA to GMS: Not to mention glommer all over your "spidges"!

GMS to RUSSIA: What about your vow of abstinence to Dustin?

DW to DL: Okay, make it some other game after all.

RUSSIA to COLONEL MUSTARD: And what, pray tell, is a Colonel Mustard? What does a Colonel Mustard do? Onward weiner soldiers? C'mon, knock it off...and get those pickles off your shoulders, they look silly.

COLONEL MUSTARD to RUSSIAN WRY: That's just what I need, a 7-11 clerk telling me how to dress.

RUSSIA to ITALY: Oh go ahead, Diane, just a little stab. Just take one dot. Take Bulgaria, nobody will notice...

LONDON to BUDAPEST: Did you really do it?? Did va?!

VERSAILLES to KILLER KEENEY: For a nice lady, you sure act awfully mean.

This is page 7 and I'm not even going to mention the Lakers'

RUSSIA to GMS: What say we ditch the yogurt head in the yellow uniform and really put a hubba-hubba on this hobby?

IN THE CONSERVATORY WITH A PIPE WRENCH (BEHIND THE DOOR): Yoo-hoo! Colonel Mustard? Where are you? I've got a present for you in the Conservatory, Colonel Mustard...so why don't you come and get it...

COLONEL MUSTARD to UNKNOWN CALLER: Later old top, I'm in the billiard room with Miss Scarlett. She's teaching me a new way to get the balls into the pocket.

RUSSIA to AUSTRIA: Oh yeah?! Well listen here, Glorf, you leave my teamic and movy out of it. Or maybe you'd like me to izzle your frab and yodak your ecker?

MIKE to DUSTIN: That depends. What did I say?

GMS to HOTDOG: Well, I've had fun with the press, but there seems to be a big hole left. I'll try to fill it with some of the movies I've seen lately. First up is FLETCH a movie starring Chevy Chase. A laugh riot! I thought it was well put together, good story, great plot twists and Chase is at his best as the wise-cracking newspaper reporter. He sometimes runs off two or three cracks one after the other. He isn't the typical bumbling idiot that you might expect. I give it an B. Next is A VIEW TO A KILL. The best thing about this movie besides the song, is Grace Jones. I think she is great! She's got such an interesting face. When she's on the screen, she's the only one I see. I'd like to see her in a part where she has more lines. Roger Moore is looking a little frayed around the edges. Christopher Walken makes a good demented fiend. DIRDY was a good movie. I think Matthew Bodine is one of the best young actors around. It is the story of two men who have grown up together and both are sent to Vietnam. One has his face messed up by a grenade and one has gone insane - he thinks he's a bird. The story is told in flashbacks and is compelling. The acting is superb. I went and saw LADYHAWKE again the other day. One of my all time favorite movies. It is beautiful - the scenery, the castles, the animals, the people (Michelle Pfeiffer is the most perfect face I've seen and Rutger Hauer isn't chopped liver), and the costumes all are marvelous. It is the story of two cursed lovers and a petty thief who befriends them both. Matthew Broderick plays the thief and does it very well. When we get a VCR I plan on buying this movie. It is worth seeing over and over and over. I took Lee Paul to see the SECRET OF THE SWORD. That's the animated He-Man movie that's out. It was a good story (for a cartoon) with some good ideas. A good movie for kids. It explains how Skeletor came to Eternia and other burning questions.

GMS to HOTDOG: And now to send us on our way happy, I present another great story by one of our readers. I was very impressed with the quality of our stories this month. Keep up the good work.

VIENNA WOODS WILDLIFE SELF-PRESERVATION SOCIETY, SOMEWHERE OFF THE BEATEN PATH (SEPTEMBER 1, 1904):

A couple of the older squirrels had shown up late, but finally the first meeting of the VWWSFS had come together. In the center of the clearing, Old Man Mole beat his makeshift gavel (a long lost tire-iron) on the makeshift podium (a young and silly turtle by the name of Shecky).

"Order!" grumbled the old digger. "Order! I hereby call to order this session of the VWWSFS." Whap! Whap! Whap! went the gavel.

"Aaaaaaaaarrrrrrrrrrrggggghhhhh!" said Shecky.

This is page 8 and the story continues....

The animals, and there were many, many of them, responded immediately to the impromptu screams. They cheered.

"Hit him again," said a cute furry little rabbit.

"Over the head!" said the gopher twins, Greeble and Gruff.

"Soften him up," hissed Oliver, a twenty foot anaconda/python half-breed. (And boy, had THAT mating been a scandal.)

"HEY!! Knock the shit off!" screamed Bambi, the 800 pound boar.

Silence.

"That's better, you slugs. Please continue, Mole."

"You mean I can talk?" said Mole, as he retrieved the gavel from between Shecky's clenched jaws.

"Please do," said Bambi.

"Fellow woodland creatures, friendly air critters...and all the rest of you..."

"What about us rats?" said a large gray rat at the back of the assembly. He and 50 or 60 of his close family had shown up in black leather jackets, as usual. (The jackets bore large letters on the back and read simply, "THE PACK".)

"...and of course, our friends, the rats." finished Old Man Mole. "We have come here today to decide what to do about the recent encroachments into our beloved Vienna Woods by...

humans." Briefly, but raucously, the assembled animals vented their innocent rage at the mere mention of the ugly pink "Two-Legs". Cries of disdain echoed through the otherwise pristine solitude of the beloved sylvan setting.

"As you know, recently the humans have come again into our woods. Not since "Lips" Lonegan and Two-Tone, uh, ate the entire 4th grade..." (Mole waited here until the round of cat-calls and back-slapping and "Atta-boys" died down) "...er, yes, not since that time have they dared enter our home. But something has happened to them. Something has made them scared enough..."

"Or foolish enough," said Two-Tone, a renegade Panda from a travelling Chinese acrobatic act. (He'd arrived timid, met up with "Lips" - an insatiable Kodiak she-bear - and gone wildly native ever since.)

"...or foolish enough, to come here. The question is why?" Old Man Mole peered myopically out at the crowd. The rats had somehow gotten hold of an errant chipmunk and were alternately threatening it with their switch-blades and frisking its cheeks for an undigested nut or two. Shecky had managed to slowly crawl away from Mole, and was now lying in dread behind Bambi's rather substantial bulk. Finally, Stoner, a twelve-year old, not-too-bright stag, spoke up.

"Why? Uh, well...gee, I dunno why, y'know? But, like, maybe we could find out, man, if we could maybe catch a Two-Legs? Or somethin' like that, y'know?"

"That's a great idea," hissed Oliver as his coiled form hit the forest floor with a muffled thump. (He'd been up in a tree in hopes of downing a quick pre-meeting sparrow or two.)

"But, how do we do it? Those humans-s-s-sss..." Oliver's thought lost itself in a sustained hiss until Greeble launched a well-tossed rock at his mid-section.

"Two points!" squealed Gruff. "My turn."

From the right side of the clearing, high up in an old oak, came a heretofore silent voice.

"May I have the floor, please, Mole?"

"Uh, certainly," said the Mole as he squinted into the branches uncertainly. The animals turned in unison to hear

This is page 9 and the story continues.

the voice from the oak. "I have noticed in my travels, which take me far and wide as you all know, a certain vehicle of the Two-legs. A yellow car. A taxi. Now, I don't know quite how we are to pursue this, but it seems to me that a group of animals of our intelligence and resources ought to be able to stop one lousy cab, yank the occupants through the windows and beat the information we require out of them. What do you think, Bambi?"

Bambi slowly arose, his awesome bulk shoving Shecky into the clearing. Even as Bambi began to speak, the turtle began a speedy retreat to parts unknown while Mole, suddenly spying his errant podium, took a few menacing steps toward Shecky's escape route...

"Well, I don't know Toad." For, indeed, the voice was Toad's. Toad, the biggest, meanest, blackest tree frog in Vienna Woods. "Who we going to get to do the job... Oliver, leave the damn gophers alone!" Oliver, not used to working with a crowd, stopped in mid-slitther as another rock skipped off the top of his head.

"Three points!" squealed Gruff. Bambi gave him an "I'll-deal-with-you-when-I'm-hungry" look, then continued.

"What about the bears, or Stoner?"

"Too obvious," said Toad, "and besides, Stoner's useless after dark. You know how he is around headlights, he's Mr. "I-Won't-Move-A-Muscle-Till-it's-Too-Late". As for "Lips" and Two-Tone, well, I thought we wanted 'em alive? Can't get the low-down from a bear-stripped carcass, I always say."

From the back of the clearing, a loud chipmunk squeal - followed immediately by an equally loud number of "SHHsss" - signaled that the rats had finally gotten the goodies from the chipmunk's treasure cheeks, and then swiftly sent him on to the place dead chipmunks go. The large gray rat, Freefaz by name, casually cleaned his blade as he began to speak.

"Hey...you guys need to stop that Vienna Woods Taxi? Leave it to me an' the Pack...we'll stop 'em, you stomp 'em. That's us - dirty deeds done dirt cheap. You forget about the chipmunk, we take care of your taxi."

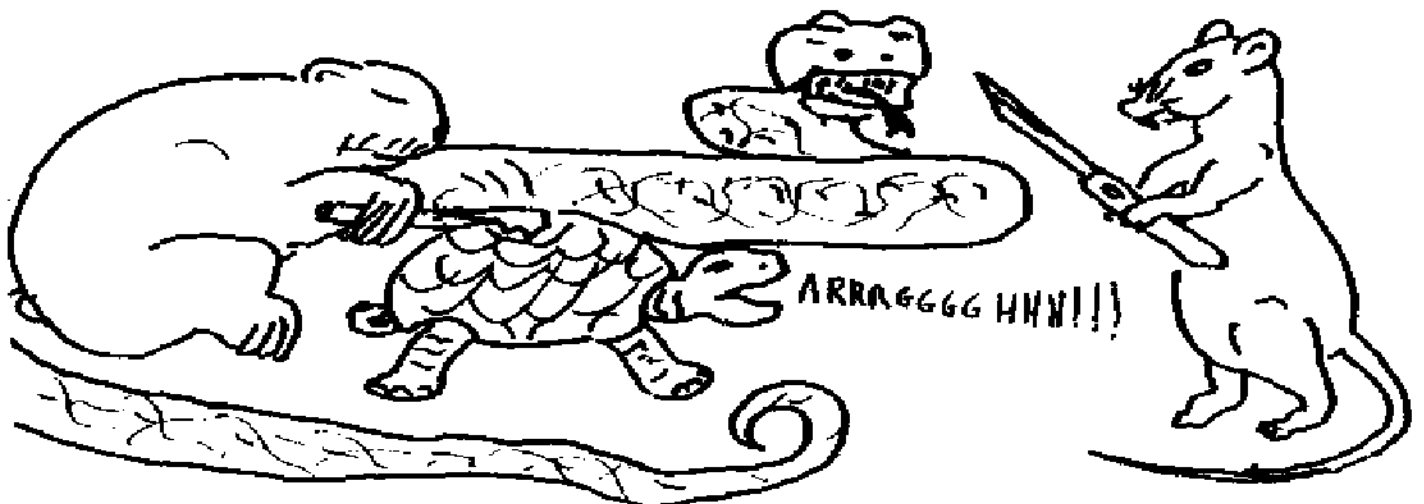
"Chipmunk?" said Bambi, "What chipmunk?"

"Meeting adjourned," said Old Man Mole, as he swung the gavel.

"Arrrgggghhhh!!!" said Shecky.

"All's well," said Toad.

"That's what you think," hissed Oliver....





AUS	Kathy Byrne	160-02 43rd Ave., Flushing, NY 11358
ENG	Peter Baker	Oberlin College Mail Room, Box 103, Oberlin, OH 44074
FRA	Russell Wood	535 W. Pico Ave., Clovis, CA 93612
GER	George Graessle	326 Park Place, Irvington, NJ 07111
ITA	Mark Peters	1814 Cameron Drive #3, Madison, WI 53711
RUS	Ken Hager	14013 Old Harbor Lane #306, Marina Del Rey, CA 90291

\*\*\* Game Notes \*\*\* Would Dan McCooley, 2 Rambling Brook Drive, Holmdel, NJ 07733 please submit standby orders for the English units? Thanks.

1984 CQ Homerun Spring 1904

AUS (Kathy)	F Smy-AEG, A Tya-PIE(ITA A VEN S), A Boh-MUN, A TRI S ITA A VEN, A SIL S RUS A War-PRU, A CON H
ENG (NMR)	A LON H, A LPL H, F EDI H, A FIN H, F DEN H, F STP(nc) H, A HOL H, F NTH H
FRA (Russell)	A Mar-BUR, A IUS-Rom, E LYO-Iyb, E IYH-Iyb(F WES, A NAF S)
GER (George)	A Ruh-BEL, A Ber-KIE(E BAL S)
ITA (Marc)	A VEN S AUS A Tya-PIE, A BUL H, E IUN-Iyb(E RON, F NAP, F ION S)
RUS (Ken)	A Sev-UKR, E LVN-Bal, A Mos-WAR, F Ank-BLA, A War-PRU(AUS A SIL S)

1984 CQ Homerun ZAT for Fall 1904 is July 5, 1985.

1984 CQ Homerun Press:

GEORGE to BYRNE: So what's this plan now, you take Munich, I get Naples? Then I convoy you to London and you give me Syria. Is Syria a supply center? Better yet, for the convoy, give me the isle of Crete, so I can go in search of Greek goddesses. And how about throwing in a case of Chicken and Stars soup, I need to bribe Don.

GMS to GEORGE: I don't think she's interested in bribing Don. All she can think about these days is Pops' Gaughan and what she's going to do when she gets her mits on her half of him. She's even arguing over which pieces she gets...

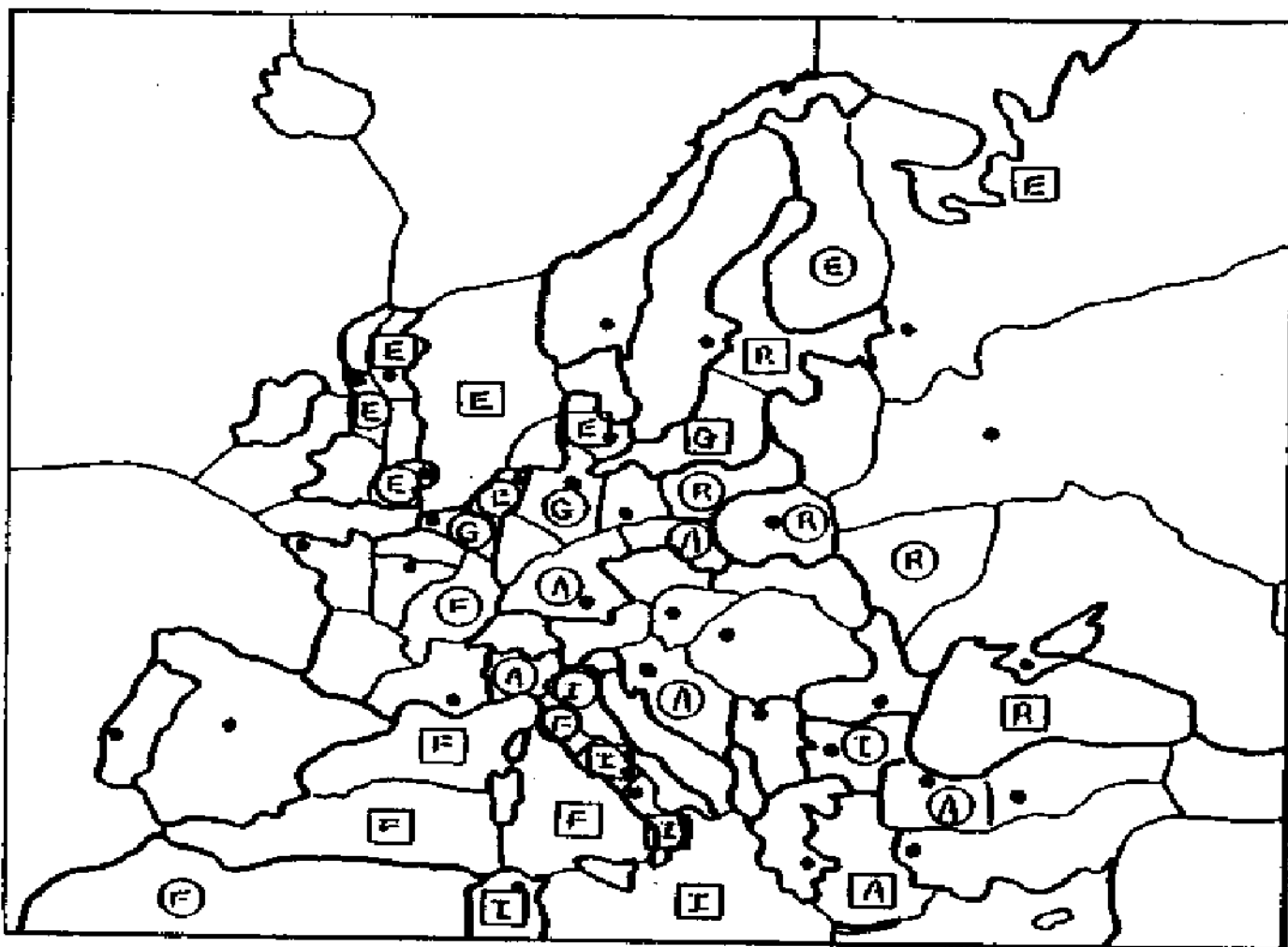
AUSTRIA to GM: Listen lady (and I use that term loosely, very loosely) I want Pops' left foot. Boy, does he know how to wiggle those toes!

GMS to AUSTRIA: Listen Byrne, I already got dibs on the left foot. Tell ya what, I'll let you have the big toe of the left foot. It's the best wiggler he's got.

GM to BYRNE and GMS: Foot fetishists, eh. Here you live with a woman for years and you still don't know her.

This is page 11. I'm almost done. Hang in there.

1984 CB Homerun Map of game.



GEORGE to DAF: Contrary to popular belief, my wife really does know how to play this game. She actually won the 1958 Belgium international Dip tournament.

DAF to GEORGE: It must have been a gunboat tournament as I have yet to hear from her.

GEORGE to WET BEHIND THE EARS BAKER: You weren't even born then, that must explain your bright style of play. In case you haven't looked lately, England is a sea power. 4A/4F isn't too swift. But keep listening to your advisor. I like the results.

GMS to GEORGE: I'll bet his advisor likes the results too. After all, he is at 8 dots and last time I checked, you only had three. Were you listening to your wife, or did you screw up all by yourself?

AUSTRIA to FRANCE: Georgie can't negotiate for you - you have something to say - you write me! George can't be your mouth piece with me. I don't listen to anyone but the guy involved.

GMS to GEORGIE: Looks like your job as advisor is going about as well as your country in this game. Maybe you should take up crocheting or knitting.

BYRNE to WILLIAMS: If you get to 1st base with me, that will be a mirarie. Who do you think you are - Honey Olsen?

GMS to BYRNE: I'm sure Don has more honor and integrity than that. If he was going to think he was someone else, it would be someone great like Nezer or Richalski...never Olsen.

Page 12 and you've finished the subzine. Aren't you happy?

GEORGE to GM: Don has been telling everyone that he can count on you in Mazzer's new game. I think the title of the game should be called the Duck and the Toady. Do you always bow down to the sound of a duck call?

GMS to GEORGE: Boy, you sure have gotten off on the wrong claw with me this month. Who are you calling toady? I'll have you know that I have some of the best trained toadies around. I toady to no one, except the one true Hobby Sex Ghod Terry Tallman. The fact that Don can expect compassion and help from Austria is a sound game playing judgement. Something you seem to lack judging from your position here. Let's see if you can do better next month.

AUSTRIA to ITALY: Oh ye of little faith.

GEORGE to DON WILLIAMS: "Oh Don, where is Turkey?" Does that sound familiar? Too bad you didn't get to take over Italy here, because then you could of showed my wife by example of "what\_not\_to\_do."

GMS to GEORGE: And so are you. HotDog readers take note. George is giving examples of how not to write press for me. Thanks for taking the time to try to help these people for me George. Always the humanitarian, right?

AUSTRIA to GM: I'll concede Ducky Williams - even I'm not that desperate.

GMS to AUS: I'm glad to hear you've learned to live without.

GEORGE to MARC: If you want low quality infield chatter in SIL, just put Williams in a game or two, he can fill a trash can with his meaningless trite.

GMS to GEORGE: Trite is a noun, now? How things change.

AUSTRIA to ITALY: Have no fear, you at least write - even if it is to Mark Fruen.

AUSTRIA to RUSSIA: It's up to you, me or England? Are you suicidal?!

BERLIN to SCUM SUCKING PIGDOG: Nice builds there wonder boy, just where do you think you'll land them troops? I hope you limeys know how to swim, because I'm going to love shoving their ass back into the sea, from whence they came.

AUSTRIA to MR. GM: Happy Birthday - at our age, I don't blame you for not wanting to remember it!

GM to AUSTRIA: What's wrong with our age? Come to think of it, how did it get to be our age anyhow? I thought it was my age. Or are you as old as everyone says you are?

DEEP IN THE JUNGLES OF ITALY: As I hacked and cut a path through the dense undergrowth of the forest, I found myself pondering how I'd gotten myself into this mess. I had been in Venice, enjoying the food and the women. I was looking for work and I saw a sign posted on the Government building door. "Fun!! Excitement!! Good Pay!!" I couldn't believe my eyes. It sounded like the kind of job I'd been hoping for. I went into the building and asked about the job. The lady behind the desk said the job was called Standby. It involved travelling to wherever trouble was and helping out until the crisis was over. The job paid one free issue for each assignment I went on. It sounded good to me.

And now I find myself in the forests around Rome. The call had come in late last fall. It was in code. "Peters hasn't sent in moves, would you please standby for Italy." Standby, that was my code word for move.

Out of nowhere a helicopter appeared. It had the emblem of the standby brigade that I had signed up in. "Come on out. The original player came back!" That's it? No fanfare or ruffin' just a lousy team? Ah well, it's a dirty job.....

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2296 Eden Roc Lane #1  
Sacramento, CA  
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