
Politesse is the monthly journal of the Washington Area Retinue of (Tacitly) Highly-Organized Gamesters. WANAGAME? HAVAGAME! It's all up to you!! Next month will bring a big surprise, but mum's the word. June, 1985.

GREETINGS!

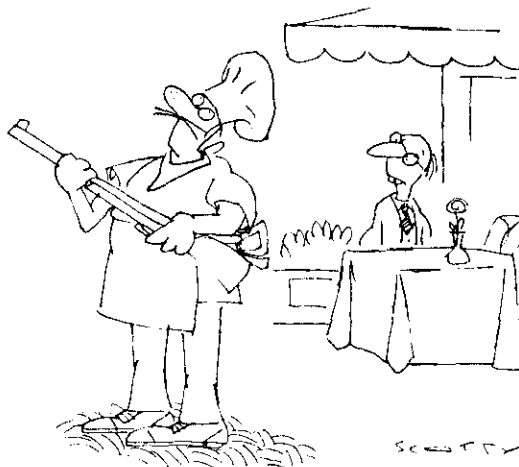
This is our welcome to summer issue, which, next to spring, is my favorite season of the year. I moved to D.C. from California five years ago, and I still haven't quite gotten used to the climactic differences. For instance, when I was growing up, I could never understand the joke about how the only certain way to know if it is going to rain on any given day is to plan a picnic. California, you see, has a Mediterranean climate-- which means that it just doesn't rain between May and October. Period. Thus, picnics, and other outdoor summer activities, by their very nature, do not get rained out. The past few years have also taught me the meaning of the phrases, "It's not the heat, it's the humidity" and "It's not the cold, it's the wind chill."

But hey, am I complaining? Washington weather isn't so bad. Slosly in the winter and humid in the summer, yes, but the former ain't Buffalo and the latter sure ain't New Orleans. And besides, summer in Washington has other things going for it. Especially August. "August" you queery? The month that Washington does its 24-hour-a-day sauna imitation? Absolutely. For that very reason, August is the month that Reagan plays cowboy high in the Santa Barbarian hills, and Congress recesses for the duration for its longest "district work period." A congressional aide may work horrific hours when Congress is in session, but August is another matter. Way back in elementary school, I learned that "recess" means it's time to play!

And that leads us to that delicious institution known as the August junkets. My boss (Olympia Snowe) takes few of them herself, but who cares about her? I'm talking about junkets for Foreign Affairs Committee staffers (my hand is up!). It looks like my first bona fide junket is in the works. The government of Taiwan (ROC) has requested my presence, along with a small delegation of other staffers for an all expenses paid week of glorious brainwashing in that bastion of capitalism off the shores of the (shudder) Maoist monolith. Hey, fine with me. First week in August? Boffo! Hmm... August in Washington is something that I think I can get used to.

Politesse is currently published by Ken Peel, and co-edited by the founder-and-still-chairman-of-the-board, Ed Wrobel. Subscriptions may be purchased from me (Ken, the voice of the first and last pages) for 39¢ each. Send me the requisite amount at 8708 First Ave., #T-2, Silver Spring, MD 20910 (301-495-2799).

--WAITING FOR THE MID-MONTHLY--



Scott Neheispalter, Zurich

((Sob! I just found out that my August junket is cancelled. Boo, hoo!!!))

HAVAGAME:

Bob Masso opens heart & hearth, Saturday & Sunday, July 20, 21 - ...just wait til the roomie finds out. Yes, another WARTHOG weekend extravaganza of wild open-gaming is in the works. Bob opens his home to shouts everywhere (though sleeping space is limited) starting 12:00 noon Saturday, July 20. Originally (bash him!) Sean Vessey (bash him!) was to host (bash him!) a Saturday session of Pax Britanica/Titan (bash him!), but for some familial reason it all fell through. But don't get mad, (you guessed it) bash him! All those interested (I'll be there), contact Bob Masso at 8102 Harte Pl., Vienna, VA 22180, (703) 698-0147. The "Heart & Hearth" spotlight game will be WARTHOG's first club purchase (and at more than \$100, it had better be good, guys), that fantastic great new game, that roaring-fun frolic, NUCLEAR ARMAGEDDON!! NA has, I am told, 800 hand-painted plaster pieces (includes mushrooms). Other featured items will include Stellar Conflict, Titan (if Martin shows and agrees to an early death), and a host of regulars. Remember, the whole purpose of the occasion will be to aggravate the roomie, humble the Titan master, and BASH SEAN!

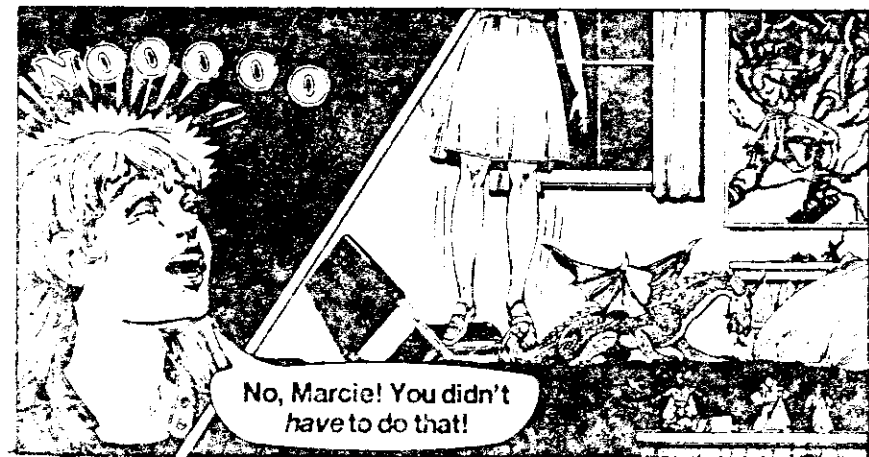
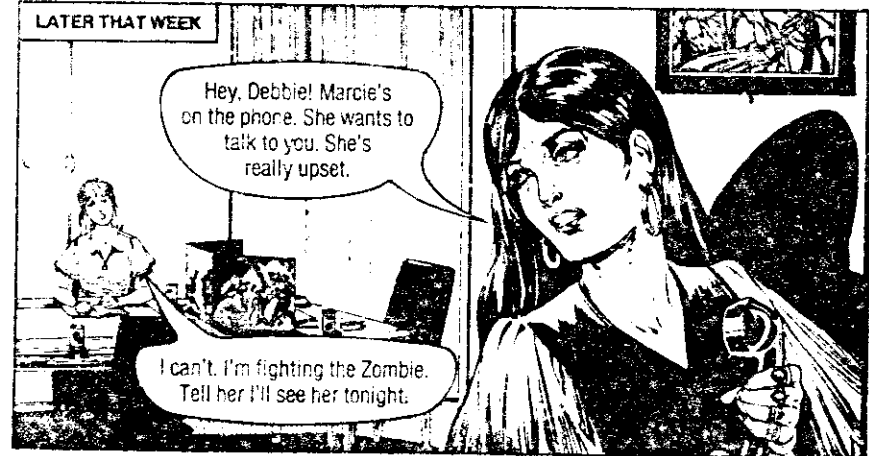
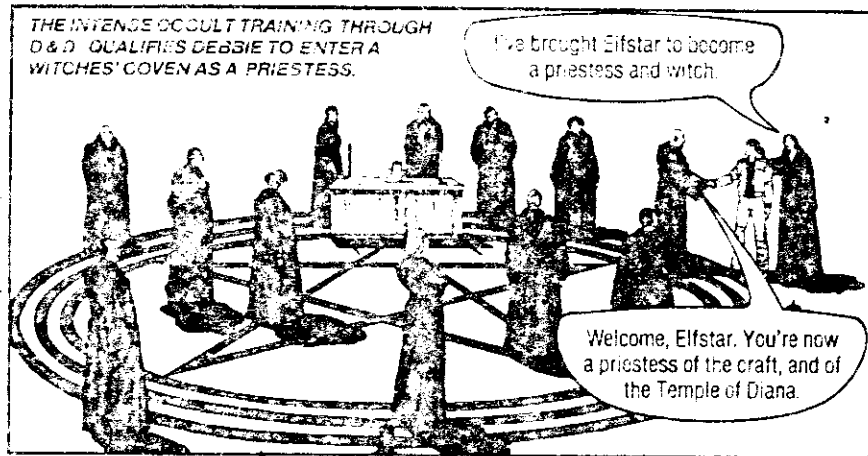
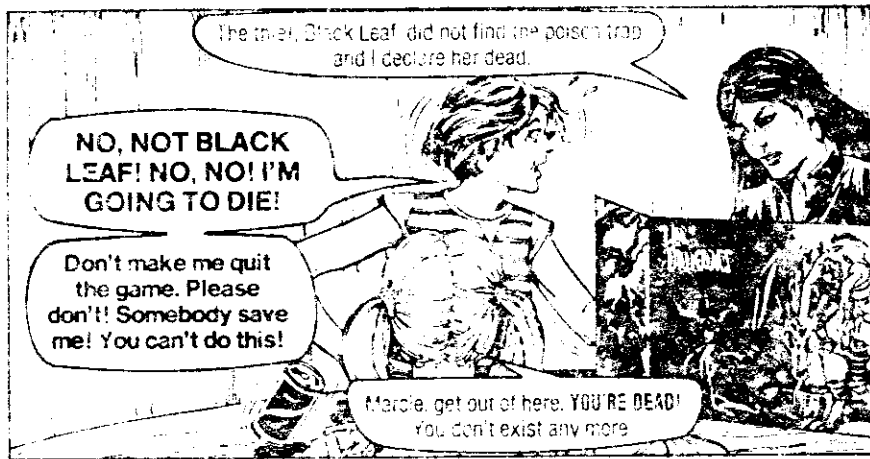
WARNING: DANGEROUS FACT-FINDING MISSION AHEAD -- PROCEED WITH EXTREME CAUTION!!

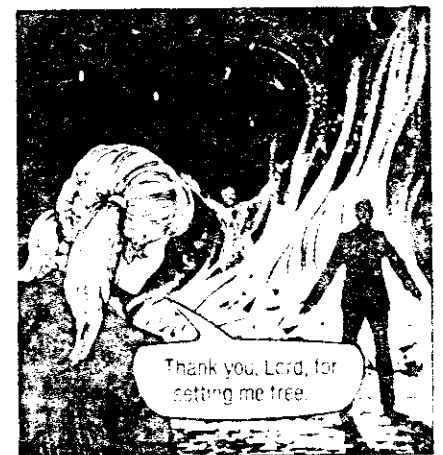
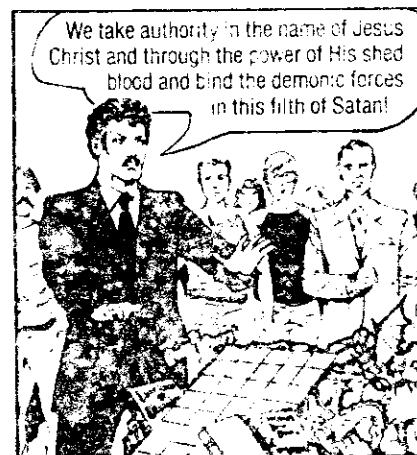
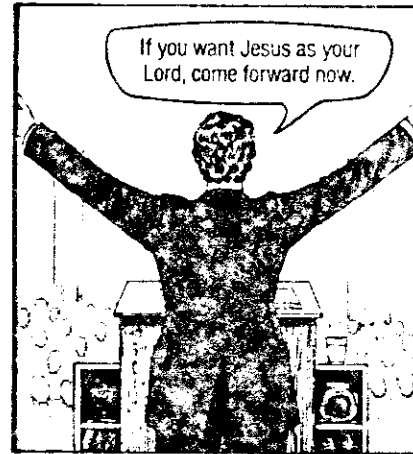
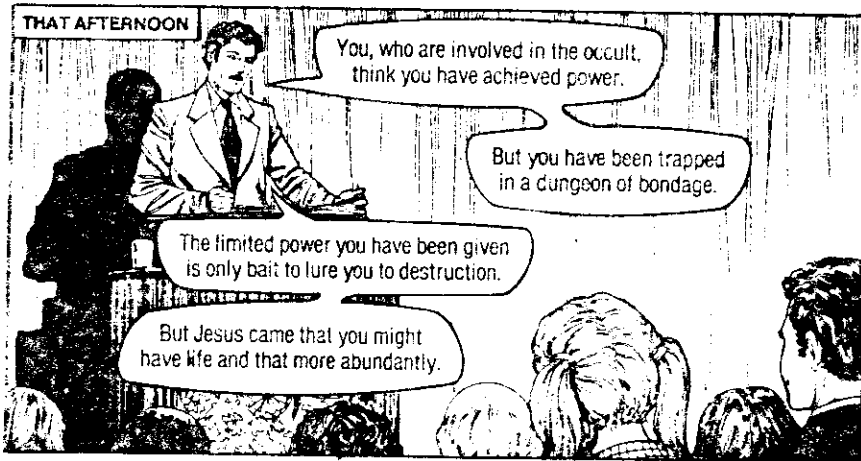
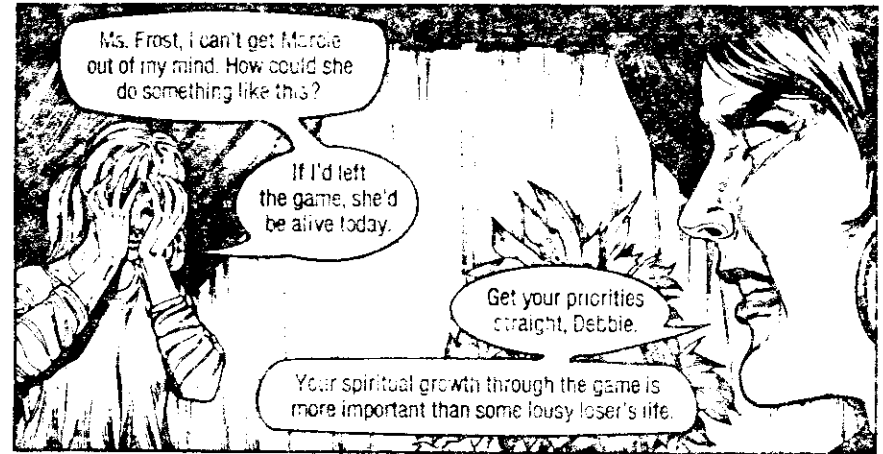
A dark dungeons exploratory committee is now forming for August, to ferret out fumors of bizarre disturbances in the astral plane emanating from Rockville, Maryland. Untampered-with D&D or Rhunequest novices, such as myself, are encouraged to attend, as the invitation has, eerily and suspiciously, been issued by Dick Martin, himself a suspected occult figure of some renown. Dick has offered to scout ahead and master the dungeon before our arrival. Those interested, please contact me, Ken Peel, at (301) 495-2799. The size of the party will be limited, and the Saturday or Sunday in August is yet to be determined. So if you wish to influence the content and date of this dangerous mission, it is best to act soon. Further warnings follow. Again, BEWARE!!

*****ADDITIONAL AUGUST HOSTS ARE SOUGHT. I'M ON LINE FOR ANOTHER WEEKEND OF GAETANO GAMING MID-SEPTEMBER.



DARK DUNGEONS





YOU NAME IT: IT'S MARYCON!

with deserved modesty,
Ken Peel.

A few memory flashes, anyone? How about the expatriate limey, Malcolm Smith, now living in Belgium, who flew all the way just to make the scene? How about Matt Kelley's impressive effort of trying to separate in the first round all friends, enemies, and astrological signs? (...and I ain't saying nothin' in mixed company about that Kelley clay monstor.)

Ah, but MaryCon: what's in a name. Would Dick Warner, if called "Guru Alpha-wave, still be just as type A? If Mary Washington College were to be called "Washington Matress Cleaners," would it still be a respectable name-change? And then there's Diplomacy. How would "Eur-O-Rama" or "Kaiser-Squash" strike you? But for now, I guess we're stuck with what we have. MWC changing to WMC is the straight scoop, though. Just can't remember what the new M's supposed to be. All a part of creeping co-edification, no doubt...

As predicted last month, MaryCon's the best around. Plenty of time for dipping, socializing, and open gaming. There was that now-famous Clay-O-Rama late-night tourney (featuring that ever-lovable, BLOB OF DEATH!), and perhaps the greatest seminal event of all, yes, Bernie is back!! I actually produced a respectable finish this year in the regular Dip tourney, and in VariMaryCon I probably could have gone for a win in World Dip.

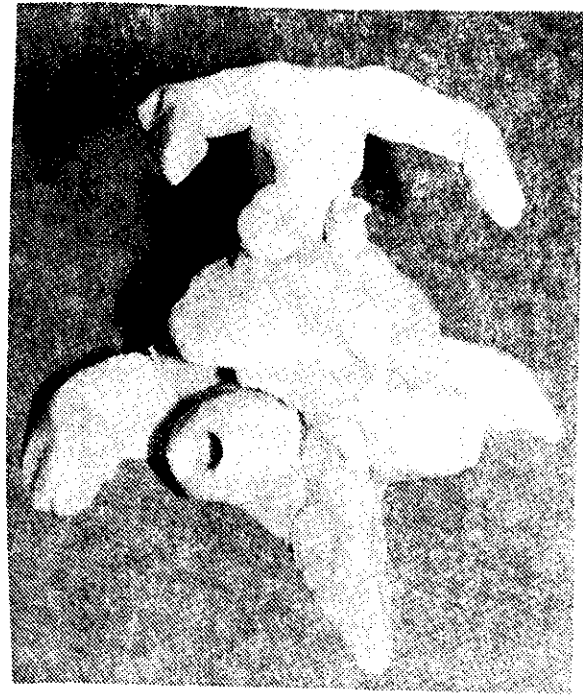
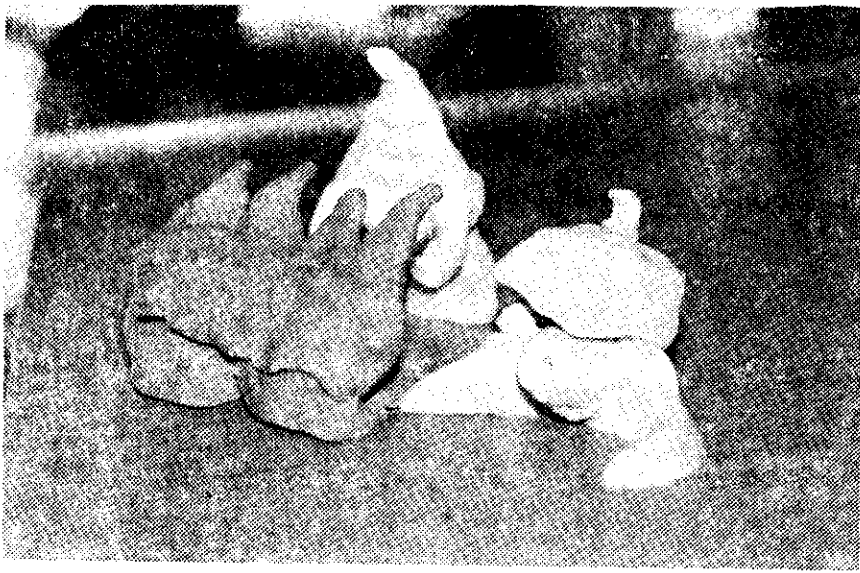
But now, as I leave you to amble through the pics that follow, I look off into the sunset, let out a hearty "Boogle-oo," and look forward to DipCon at MaryCon in '86! (...clay-o-rama, Clay-O-Rama, CLAY-O-RAMA!!!!!!!!!!)



Beer-swilled caricatures gratis Malci-baby. Who can name the top left & right mystery-guests?

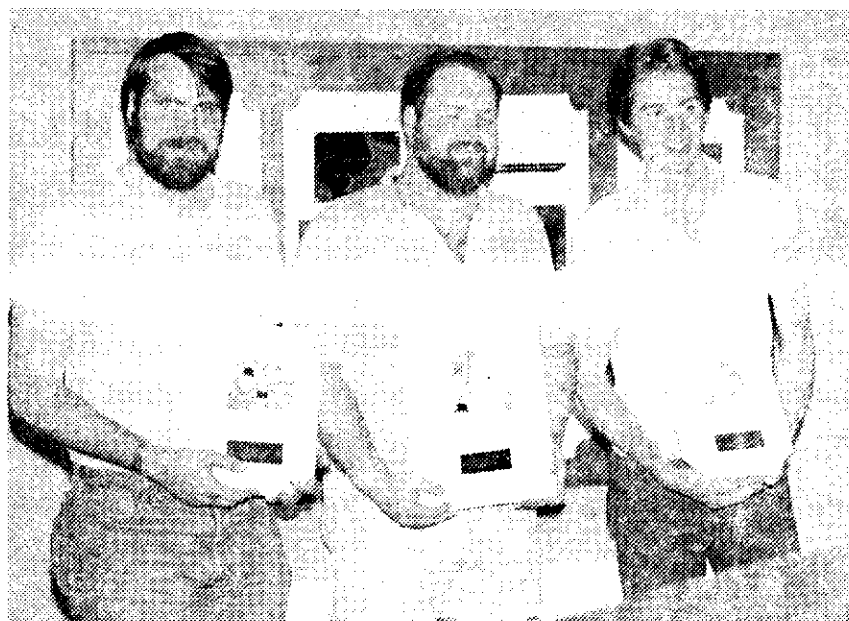
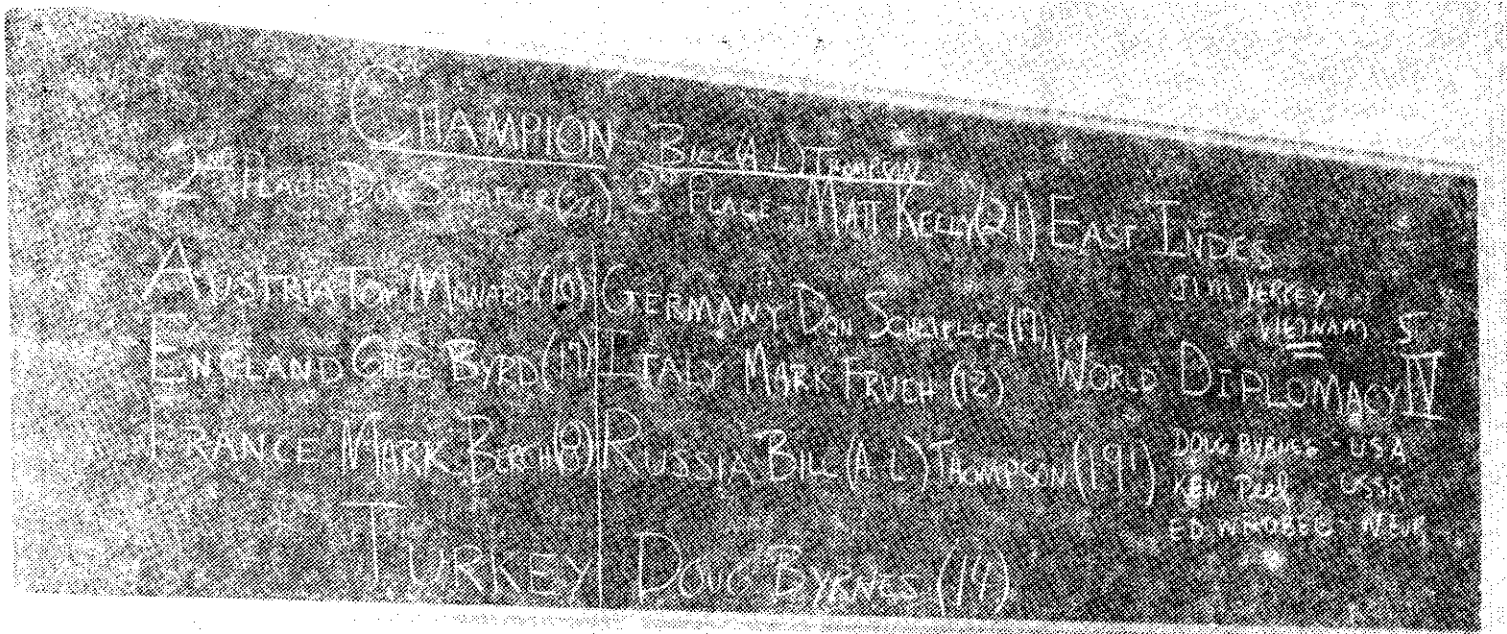
WOODY

"PROF."



Top left and top right, Clay-O-Rama creatures in their prime. After violent devolution, Stegeman's horned missile-launcher tripped monster rises victorious (middle left).

Elsewhere, (lower left) Clay-O-Rama groupies (Peel, Martin and Swider) gather to worship at the feet (or whatever) of their favorite creature. But all must remain wary. The BLOB OF DEATH or the BAD DOGGIE BOMBER can strike down without warning even the best thumbd playdough! All while fuzzy-eyed Brit wanders around just trying not to run into things...



Great Triple "F" Award ceremonies) until they came out just right. While up on the well-chalked board, is featured the world famous figure of our times without a doubt in the prestigious position of second name from lower right. Ignore the rest. And next year, DipCon at MaryCon? Hot dog! My hand is up.

Meanwhile, back at the Con, there's some real dipping going on. Dean Dick (lower left) and Head Mistress Julie (not shown) win referee-striped fleets for their three years of MaryCon gamesmastering. The line-up (lower right) show a few suspicious return offenders. From left to right, Matt Kelley, third place, had the esteemed honor, as tournament director, of awarding himself a plaque. He's the guy who played around with the numbers for a half hour (just time for the

The Great Fuchsia Forager of the Forest Award:
Pre-presentation Remarks by Vice Premier Ed Wrobel

Thank you, Doctor Warner, for permitting WARTHOG this time to engage in some highly typical foolishness prior to the very serious stuff of rewarding those who have stooped the lowest, lied most convincingly and generally behaved in a manner unbecoming civilized sentient beings.

Prior to delving into allusionary twinlike praise of you-know-who, the individual who has earned this first Great Fuchsia Forager of the Forest Award for his saintlike Hobby custodial service to WARTHOG, even if it is late every month, I'd like to bore you with some quasi-mystical flights of fancy regarding the present state of affairs in the postal Diplomacy hobby, known to the cognoscente as DipDom, or, simply, The Hobby. I feel this is a wholly appropriate forum to exploit for such a purpose for two reasons and I'll enumerate them for the benefit of those in our audience who require such labeling to avoid disorientation of their mental processes.

Number one: awards are a way of the Hobby joining together to recognize contributions made to the community. They encourage self-sacrifice and positive actions; of course, they can also represent attempts by a small elite to promote their own members as some kind of demi-gods. The Great Triple F Award encompasses both aspects, enveloping the entire dynamic of the Hobby award continuum in an exciting satiric incorporation of yin and yang.

Number two: the confluence of many Hobby personalities, factions, small fry and people who have absolutely no idea of what I'm talking about at a convention like this provides a unique opportunity to assault a diversified captive audience with the most blatant kind of unobjective reporting, distortion of the facts and naked propaganda. Moreover, we are unified here, if only in the sense of being all in the same place and yet still separated spiritually and socially into our various groups, cliques and elite strike forces.

It is the nature of this strange and wonderful duality that I will attempt to explicate in the few moments allotted to me.

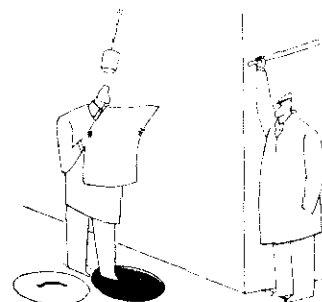
As some of you are aware, I have been commuting to my home in a nearby suburb of Fredericksburg during the con, in lieu of paying the exorbitant cost of a dilapidated dormitory room in ancient Ball Hall. During these tedious drives, I have been listening to a remarkable cassette of "Don Juan's Reckless Daughter" by one Miss Joni Mitchell and it struck me that this song is an incredible simulacrum of the economic, social and political structure of organized postal Diplomacy, a.k.a., DipDom.

Now I realize that many of you may not be sufficiently evolved aesthetically to appreciate the beauty of this poetry, so I won't attempt an actual reading of the text at this time. Let me say, however, that the song is about the dichotomy between sexuality and spirituality but it also about intellect and emotion and the nature of our experience of reality, as well as DipDom, of course.

There are two primary images in the song: the eagle, representing spirituality, the intellect, the search for clarity and the self-styled intellectuals and organizers in DipDom. Opposite the eagle is the snake: sexuality, emotion, guile, the self-described "Fun Bunch" in DipDom (with which I am associated).

The eagle and the serpent are at war in me
The serpent fighting for blind desire
The eagle for clarity

Is this "good" vs. "evil"? Must we strive to crush the snake and become like eagles? No way! The poles are "ideal" and "real" not good and evil. What does Joni say about



...a few off-the-cuff remarks hit an unsuspecting MaryCon

eagleness?

Last night the ghost of my old ideals
Reran on channel five
And it howled so spooky for its eagle soul
I nearly broke down and cried
But the split-tongue spirit laughed at me
He said, "Your serpent cannot be denied."
Our serpents love the whiskey bars
They love the romance of the crime
But didn't I see a neon sign
Fester on your hotel blind

Those old ideals are largely schmaltzy cliches from old movies showing over and over again late at night. But while we may be unwilling to deny the serpent, neither shall we descend fully and revel in the tawdriness and disease of neon festering on the walls of a cheap hotel. The eagle, isolated from the guts and juice and emotion emanating from the snake, is arid, sterile, sentimental. Without sex, there is no continuation of life. But without an ideal, the delights of the flesh make us only more restless, still more empty.

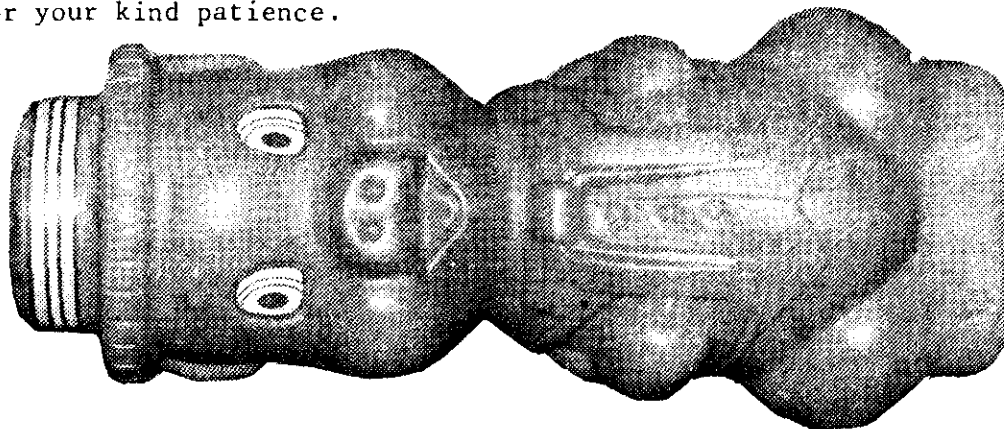
And we are twins of spirit
No matter which route home we take
Or what we forsake
We're going to come up to the eyes of clarity
And we'll go down to the beads of guile
'There is danger and education
In living out such a reckless life style

Twins of spirit. Lord knows the eagles of megaDip have indulged in a bit of guile on occasion and the snakes themselves have spouted the eagles' brand of pseudo-intellectual legalism now and then. One cannot survive without the other. They are two sides of the same coin, varying manifestations of a single phenomenon. A half-empty glass must also be half-full; there's no way around it. To conceive of "I" one must also conceive "not-I."

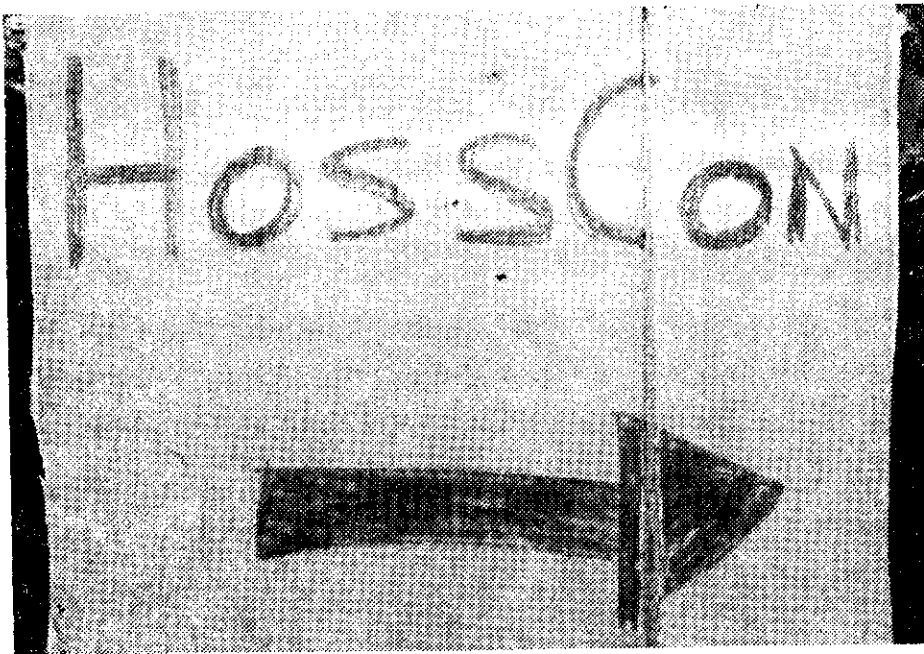
Therefore, as a snake in the world of megaDiplomacy, I have made the decision to suicide out against The Dark Side of the Hobby, and, I hope, take one or more eagles with me out of the megaGame.

I hereby announce a unilateral megaDiplomatic freeze. This freeze will remain in effect as long as the Dark Side ceases its efforts to achieve a first strike capability. It is my sincere hope that this action will lead to an end, or at least a diminution, of the general hostilities between the warring factions.

Thank you for your kind patience.



A reclining Great Fuchsia Forager of the Forest
perpetual piglet grins impishly about the teensy area
provided on previous page for such a plump piccalilli.



It was an honor indeed to be in attendance at the inaugural HossCon May 4 and 5. Al "Hoss" and Nancy Pearson were overly gracious hosts. In fact, BAT Doug Byrnes observed, "You can tell they haven't had a con before. They're treating us like normal house guests instead of just a bunch of gamers." We consumed substantial quantities of food, as is our wont, but in unaccustomed luxury. Our cups were filled by small indentured servants and we awoke in the morning to a variety of delicacies lovingly prepared by the Pearsons' own hand.

The gaming was free-style, various and democratic. Dominant power statuses were distributed among several participants, including this very correspondent, who took the newly expanded version of Illuminati as the Bavarian Illuminati by accumulating sufficient raw power to eclipse The Gnomes of Zurich (Al), The Assassins (Phil Dancause), Cthulu (Doug) and The Network (Mark Larzelere). The highlight of the game was the destruction of Cthulu, those purveyors of destruction. Suggested by Al, bankrolled by Al, Phil and myself, this dastardly deed was carried out by my own Fraternal Orders, which succeeded in neutralizing Doug's key group, the Reformed Church of Satan. Doug, intoxicated by the Cthulun impulse to destroy, had neglected to secure a base of power and instead, embarked upon a self-indulgent rampage of plunder and ruination. He had to be stopped! The new expansion set is great fun, well worth the cost at \$4.95. For the first time, Illuminati boasts a colorful "board" of sorts, complete with superfluous and inadequate spaces reserved for game components. The propaganda and brainwashing rules are a delight. It's actually possible to add, delete or reverse alignments of individual groups or to influence world opinion to enhance the income and power of any alignment. Our own Hoss Reality was largely criminal and straight, thus resembling the Nixon administration. At one point communism was on the rise but was turned back due to the efforts of the capitalistic Bavarian Illuminati.

The inevitable Titan game inevitably won by Dick Martin did not, inexplicably, last all night. The monstrous Martin, playing red out of Tower 300, was the first to complain about his poor luck, holding his Star legion the first two turns. It is always a great advantage to be the initial complainant, thus siezing the BadLuckAndTrouble high ground against all foes. Phil (green, Tower 500) was the first to complain about poor moves by an opponent (me, gold, Tower 400).

Honest Al, the piggies' pal



In truth, my initial move was less than brilliant and did tie Phil up for a couple turns, but luck is a lady and opposing Titans are just that, so Dick had the clear advantage. He moved inexorably toward victory despite a reconciliation and ironclad Green-Gold alliance after the elimination of Mark (blue, Tower 200). At one point Mark attempted to muster a centaur with a gargoyle but the blood types were not compatible. Good try, though. The final point totals were Dick, 1400, Ed, 494, Phil, 287 and Mark, 102. Frankly, I think that everyone in the known universe should attempt to defeat Dick in Titan and I plan to arrange a Universe v. Dick Martin game in the near future, perhaps in July, if Sean Vessey does not host another Pax Britannica game then. One of my brothers-in-law, a Titan novice and Rockville native, has already expressed an interest. Others interested in crushing Martin once and for all should contact me at 3932 N. Forestdale Avenue, Dale City 22193, (703) 670-3489. Perhaps Dick would be bold enough to host this event on his home ground, in hopes of securing a terrain advantage and mustering a wife after round four. Consider this a challenge, Dean Dick Dale! We're coming to get you!

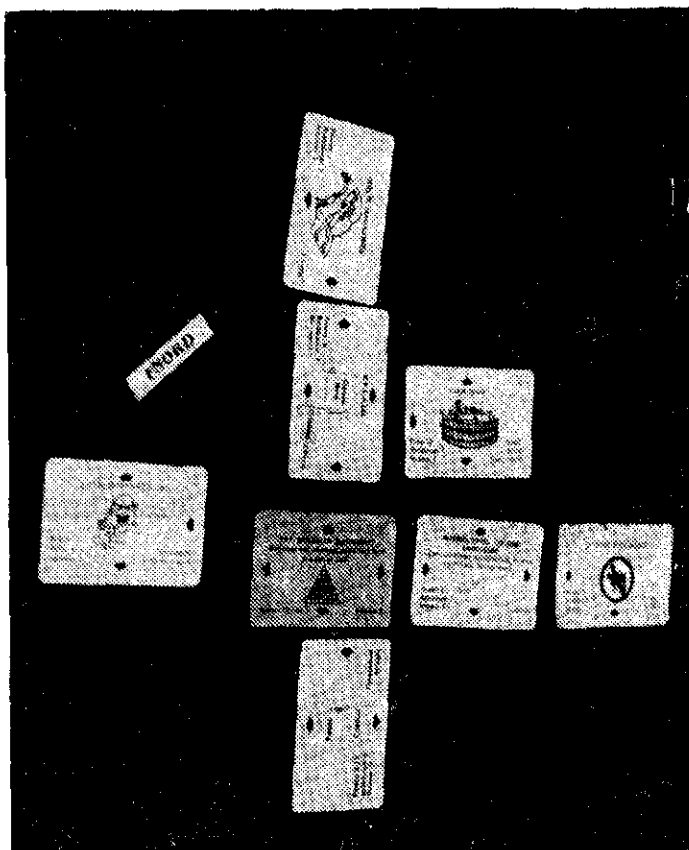
I cannot understand why there were so many Risk games or why I played in one of them. It's a poor game with poor rules, a poor map and poor pieces. I was a kind of gonzo pink and was massacred by Dick's greenies in South America. It was all a matter of who moved first and had the opportunity to place their armies and kick out. Terrible game. I did survive and compelled Dick to accept my generous offer of a two-way draw. In an earlier game, Steve "Woody" Arnawoodian cheated as Australia and won while mutually respectful allies Tom Swider and Al looked on in awe. Doug colored a dark day in WARTHOG history by toadying to Woody's win.

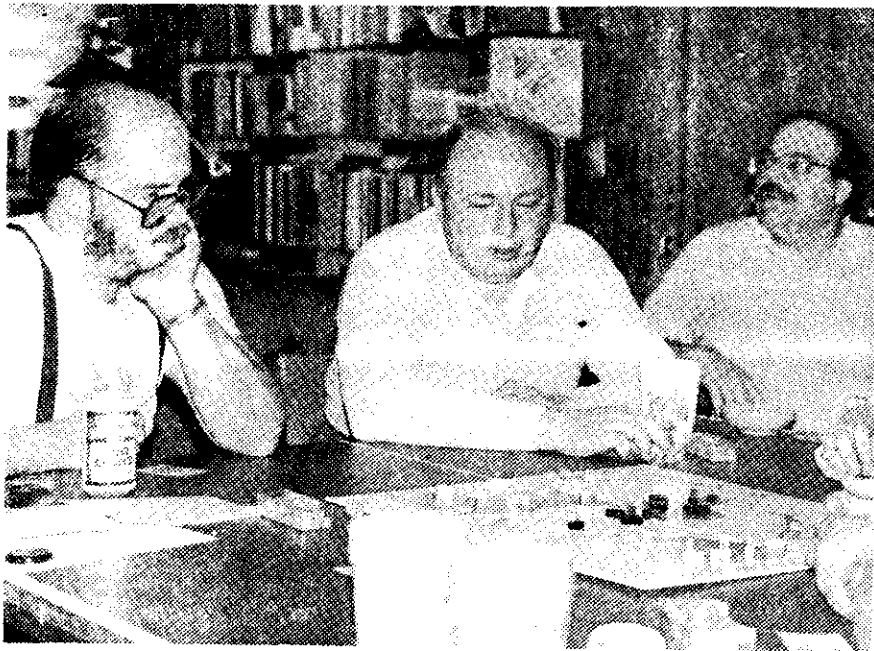
Much better than Risk was The Game of the Barbaric Future, won by the crafty Al Pearson with cities at Two Waters, Fullsome Pocket and The Anvil. I played islanders in this game, establishing homelands for The Eddies Peoples on Long Island and Crescent Island, with a city at Long Point doubling the output of my single gold mine. I built the game's only ocean-going vessel but it was too late to stop Al. On the mainland, Tom Mainardi came back from near-extinction to extinguish his tormentor, Phil, and Mark expropriated my holdings. Al avoided creating any enemies and haphazardly stacked his resources upon one another to disguise his grab for the win. And it worked.

Other diversions included Olde West shootouts in Gunslinger, very detailed, down to the loss of hit points for gangrene, a computer D'n'D game that entranced first Mark, then Dick and the short version of Rail Baron, by "Uncle" Woody, Doug and Al's daughters, Wendy and Allison.

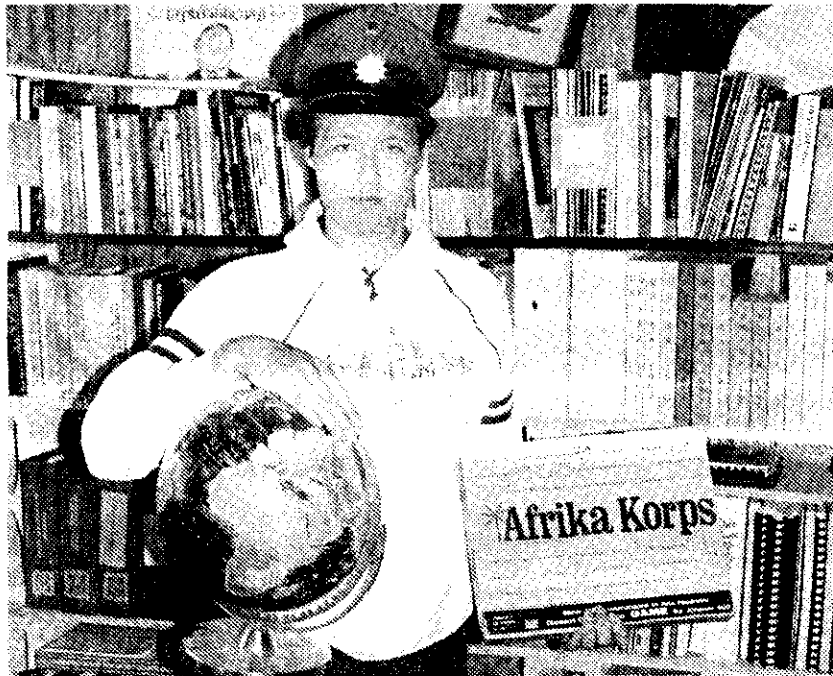
Again next month, Al?

Depicted here is my incredible winning position in Illuminati. Note that I controlled both the International Communist Conspiracy and the International Cocaine Smugglers (who, in turn, controlled the Cattle Mutilators). My C.F.L.A.I.O. held Girlie Magazines and California. Fnord.





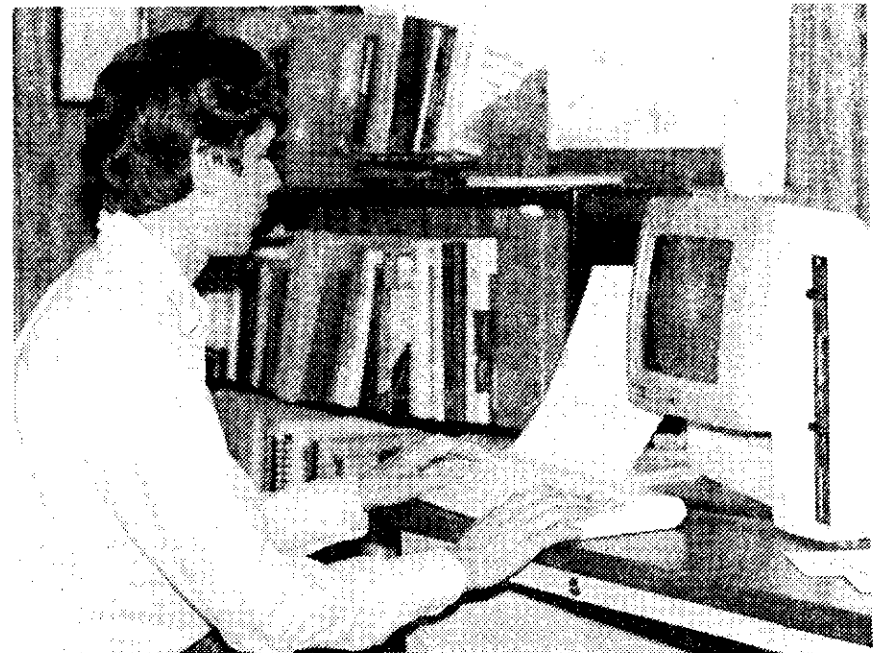
Above, Al bluffs in Risk.



Below, Mark Larzelere becomes psychologically dependent upon a computer-generated dungeon

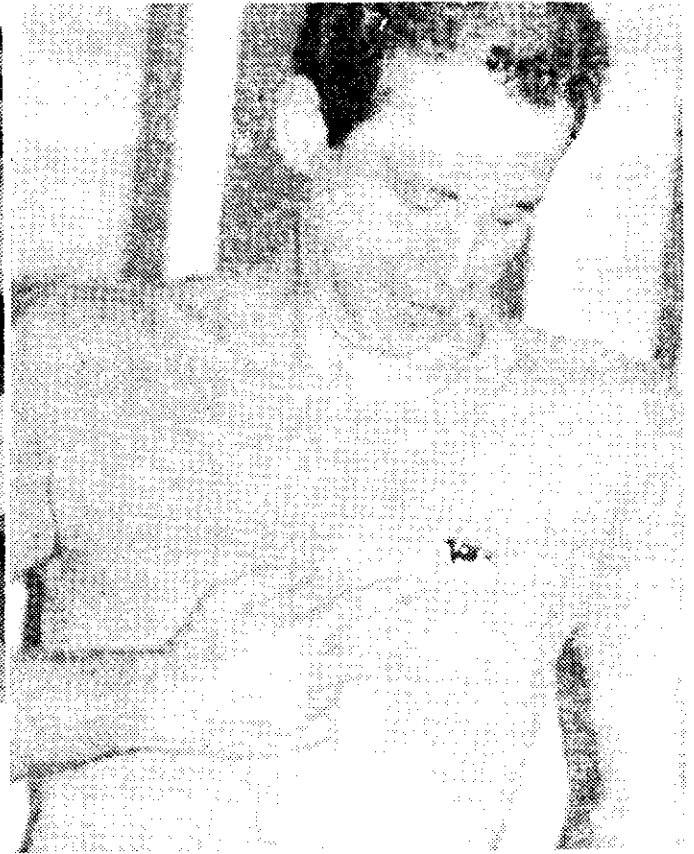
Where's the beef? In the upper left corner: Doug Byrnes, Phil Dancause, Woody Arnawoodian.

Below them, a svelte aficionado of the master race ponders alternative WW II scenarios. What if, for example, Hitler had unleashed Rommel? Would we all be wearing such nice caps today? Or only certain of us who could make positive contributions to the gene pool?





Sean Vessey, above, studies the tactical possibilities. Note the tell-tale tank and "Peace through Superior Firepower" logo on his shirt! Vive la'France.

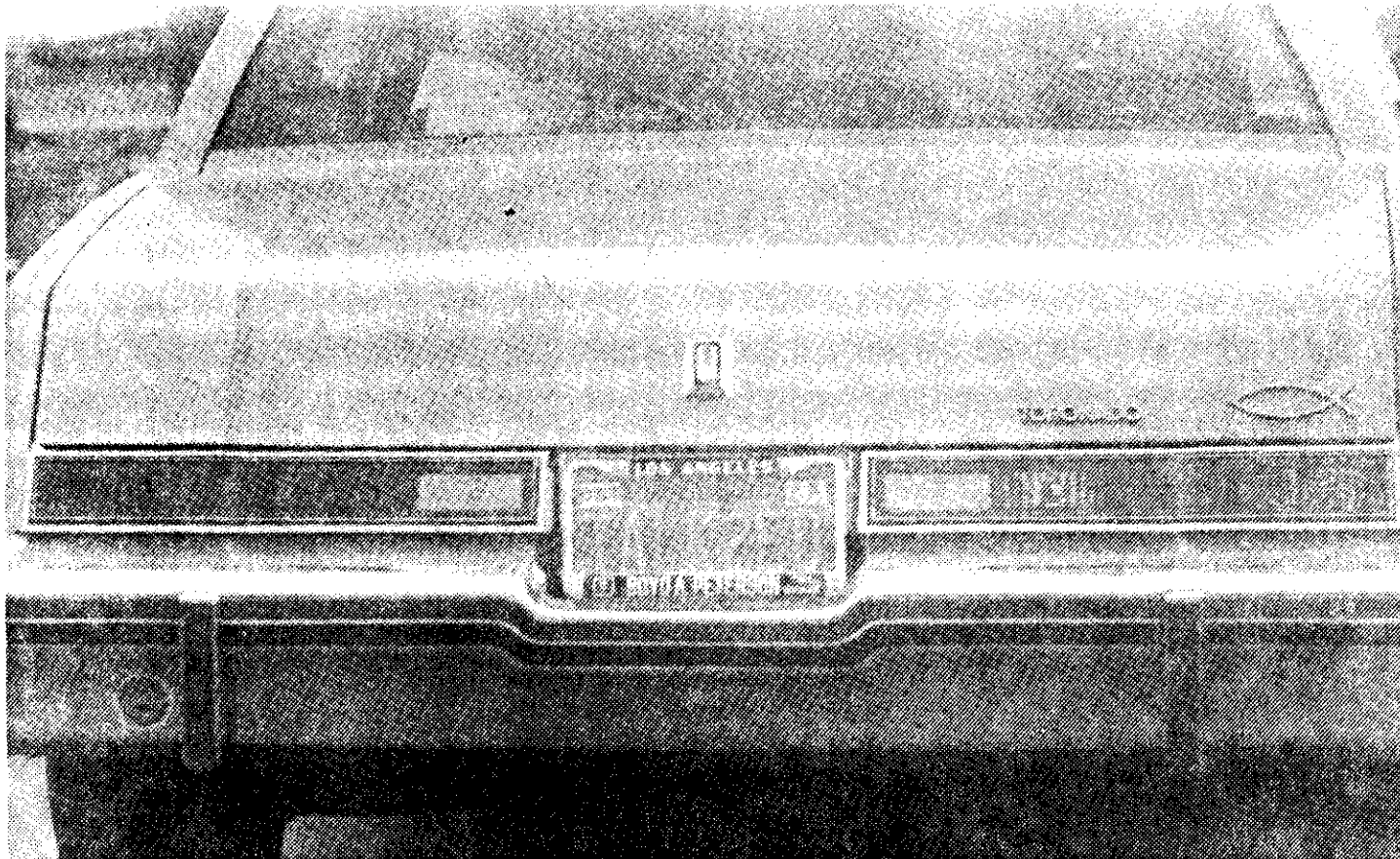


Eric's sacred cow could not bring victory to his Britain. (This guy is another Vessey, by the way.)

Lauren Vessey enjoyed the potential for mobility in the game.



Tom Robbins explains one of the finer points of rule 47B(6)(iii) to Ken Peel: "That's right, Ken, you're Japan. That's those islands there." Nevertheless, Tom's Germania was only proven to rule the waves via electri-calculation.



Dear Mr. Ed,

I've often heard that Californians are crazy. Being a Californian myself, I've never quite gone for this notion.

Actually us up here in northern California (San Francisco north) have always thought that Southern Californians were crazy. I mean, like gag me with a spoon when I think of L.A., like palm trees, Dodger Blue, valley girls and USC are all just too too much! Hang ten.

But then I got to thinking: (strange but true) my family is going to Disneyland and Monterey and San Diego on vacation. I've been playing a game GMed by Conrad von Metzke (San Diego). I may even apply for a job down there! Perhaps is striking me, in this, my 30th year on the face of this earth.

Just as I was beginning to worry about myself I spotted this license plate-- see photo. A "TALK2ED" license is about the stupidest thing I can imagine! I spotted his Los Angeles purchasing plates but I knew he'd be from L.A. I mean really, "TALK2ED"?! this guy must have been a moron.

To prove how crazy these Southern Californians are, I zipped around the corner at 50 mph then changed three lanes and grabbed for my camera. I loaded film into it while steering with my knees. Then I zoomed into photo position-- 5 feet off his speeding bumper. Well, I got the picture. Knew you'd want to see it AND I just really wanted to "TALK2ED" myself.

Yours truly,

Doug Brown

(Mr. Ed: Truly above and beyond the call of pixesse production duty! Thanks for explaining the difference between Northern and Southern Californians. The tendency here on the East Coast is to think of the entire area west of the Rockies as a colony of deranged Venusian outcasts.)

Not Non-Not-For-Print!!!

FROM: Robert Olsen, Great Babirusa
TO: All WARTHOG officials, all shoats and polls and all the
ships at sea
SUBJECT: First annual Poll Poll results

I am pleased to announce that the first annual WARTHOG "Poll Poll" was a complete and snorting success. The large turnout (9) already verges on the double-digit range and represents a marked increase from last year's totals. I would like to thank each and every one of the voters for the support they have given me, personally, in participating in this poll.

The votes were as follows:

Doug Byrnes: Byrnes--6; Dancause--2; Farmeier--7; Larzelere--2;
Martin--7; Olsen--10; Peel--4; Vessey--6; Wrobel--9
Phil Dancause: Byrnes--3; Dancause--8; Farmeier--1 (hey, what's
the trouble guys?); Larzelere--5; Martin--7; Olsen--10; Peel
--5; Vessey--8; Wrobel--8
Ed Farmeier: Byrnes--2; Dancause--7; Farmeier--9; Larzelere--4;
Martin--9; Olsen--10; Peel--4; Vessey--7; Wrobel--9
Mark Larzelere--Mark's vote was regrettably lost in the mails,
but fortunately I am a close personal friend of Mark's and
thanks to my knowledge of his thinking on this matter, was
able to generate the following "reconstruction" of his
ballot: Byrnes--3; Dancause--2; Farmeier--5; Larzelere--4
(what humility!); Martin--2; Olsen--10; Peel--3; Vessey--4;
Wrobel--1
Dick Martin: Byrnes--6; Dancause--5; Farmeier--6; Larzelere--5;
Martin--6; Olsen--10; Peel--6; Vessey--6; Wrobel--5
Bob Olsen: Byrnes--3; Dancause--3; Farmeier--5; Larzelere--6;
Martin--7; Olsen--9; Peel--6; Vessey--6; Wrobel--2
Ken Peel: Byrnes--4; Dancause--7; Farmeier--5; Larzelere--7;
Martin--8; Olsen--10; Peel--6; Vessey--6; Wrobel--1 (uh-oh,
the Vice-Premier isn't going to be pleased to see that, Ken!)
Sean Vessey: Byrnes--5; Dancause--4; Farmeier--7; Larzelere--6;
Martin--8; Olsen--10; Peel--3; Vessey--7; Wrobel--8
Ed Wrobel: Byrnes--5; Dancause--7; Farmeier--8; Larzelere--5;
Martin--9; Olsen--10; Peel--7 (boy, is Ed going to be humil-
iated to find out that Peel doesn't think nearly that highly
of him! Considering that the voting proves nobody really
cares for Ken that much I think he is trouble!); Vessey--8;
Wrobel--8
In addition, I also received a ballot from Julie Martin (Byrnes--
3; Dancause--2; Farmeier--8--and won't Dick be interested to
see that--; Larzelere--6; Martin--3; Olsen--2; Peel--7;
Vessey--4; Wrobel--7) but on examination I found the sig-
nature to be suspicious (for one thing it was written in
orange felt-tip). On later examination I found that the
ballot had illegally been torn into 1000 pieces and thrown
on the floor, a clear violation of the rules; therefore I
had no choice but to disallow it.

Therefore, the final results of the 1985 Poll Poll are as
follows:

- | | |
|-------------------|------|
| 1. Bob Olsen | 9.89 |
| 2. Dick Martin | 7.00 |
| 3. Ed Farmeier | 5.89 |
| 4. Sean Vessey | 5.78 |
| 5. Ed Wrobel | 5.67 |
| 6. Phil Dancause | 5.00 |
| 7. Ken Peel | 4.89 |
| 8. Doug Byrnes | 4.11 |
| 9. Mark Larzelere | 3.77 |

Note that the balloting clearly refutes the notion that "everyone is going to give Olsen a 10"; the renegade destructuralist elements who made such a charge are convincingly refuted, as WARTHOG once again raises its tusky head to bellow defiance at those who would stick their noses in our trough.

Snort snort,
Robert Olsen
 Great Babirusa

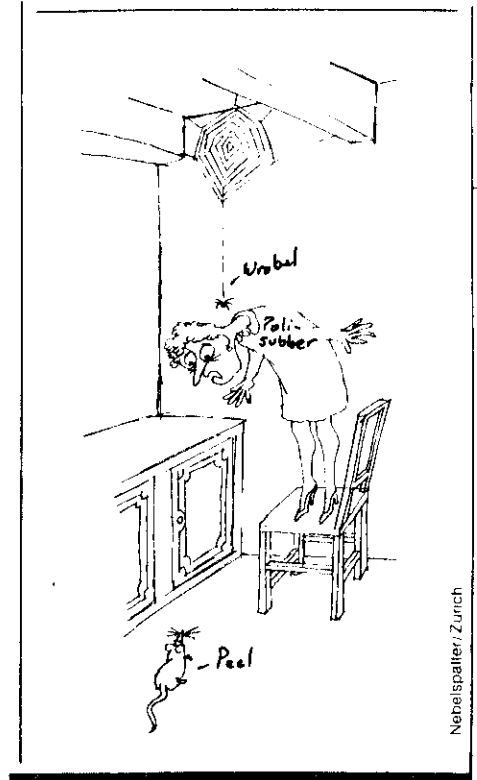
((Reprinted from No Fixed Address))

Diplomacy and The Middle Eastern Peace Process

by Ken Peel

Budding young Henry Kissingers and Ralph Bunches who are interested in building upon their diplomatic prowess in negotiating three-way draws by bring peace to the Middle East must first establish a firm command of the subtle linguistic mine field known as Middle Eastern Code Words:

- "Balanced approach".....Pro-Arab
- "Support legitimate Palestinian rights".....Favor a West Bank state
- "Comprehensive peace".....Arabs & U.S. ganging up on Israel
- "Maintain the arms balance in the Middle East".....Maintain overwhelming Israeli superiority
- "Just & lasting peace in the Middle East"....Pie-in-the-sky, lack of which is always the other guy's fault
- "The U.S. should be honest broker".....Quit picking on Israel
- "The U.S. should act as full partner".....Put pressure on Israel
- "Judea & Sameria".....God gave this land to me
- "The West Bank".....The West Bank's connected to the (pause) East Bank
- "The refugee problem".....You've got 'em, so you figure out something to do with them
- "The Palestinian problem".....Heck no, we don't want 'em, so you take them back
- "The U.S. recognizes legitimate Saudi security needs".....Sell them what they want, or they'll raise the price of oil and buy from the French anyway
- "The U.S. recognizes legitimate Jordanian security needs".....Sell them what they want or they'll get the Saudis mad at us and buy from the Russians anyway
- "The U.S. would never use aid to Israel as a means of pressure".....Something to say as a threat to Israel reminding them what we'll do if they don't shape up
- "The U.S. has a moral commitment to Israel".....Israel owes the U.S.
- "A strong Israel is a strategic asset to the U.S".....The U.S. owes Israel
- "Israel is the cornerstone of U.S. policy in the Middle East".....Israel's #1
- "Israel is a cornerston of U.S. policy in the Middle East".....I however...
- "The U.S. holds 99% of the cards for peace in the middle East".....Something the Arabs say to acknowledge their own impotence and pass the blame.



Nobelspalter / Zurich

THE DIPLOMAT TIMES

JUNE 15, 1985

GAME 2-85

GM AND EDITOR: JEFF CLOSE

FALL, 1901

"Since The Turn Of The Century"

FRENCH ARMED FORCES EVACUATE HOMELAND! *Army Flees From Invaders*

LONDON, September 10
- The French government ordered the army to evacuate the homeland this week, leaving the entire population virtually helpless against the invading Italian 1st army from Rome.

Although greatly outnumbered, the Italians marched bravely into the outskirts of Marseilles, expecting fierce resistance. When they encountered none, they completed their march into the city and began celebrating.

French President Nicewarner responded, "Not to worry ... we have just begun amassing our forces, and we shall soon have enough strength to repel the invading swine." The President's own hometown of Nice was pillaged in the invasion.

See related story: Is Paris Burning? p.12

JOURNALISTS JOIN IN DENOUNCING PUBLICATION

*Paper Seen As Harmful To
Peace Efforts*

WASHINGTON, September 21 - The Editor of **The Diplomat Times** joined other prominent journalists in denouncing the underground publication **No Recourse** yesterday. "It's trash, and it could start a war. Wait, I know the war is already going on, I mean it could ... forget it," stated the **Times** Editor-in-Chief Jeff Close.

(See related story: DT Circulation Declining)

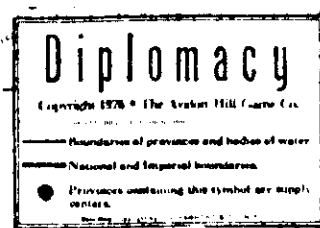
GERMANY ANNEXES SCANDINAVIA!

BERLIN, September 14 - At a press conference earlier this week, the German Foreign Minister publicly admitted plans for Germany to annex Scandinavia.

"Yes, for the safety of the world, and to restore sanity to Europe, we have constructed plans for the annexation of Scandinavia," stated Kaiser Oaklyn. The announcement provoked suspicious and hostile reactions among the diplomatic corps. "Perhaps they want Russia and Finland, too, to 'restore sanity to Europe'," said a Russian diplomat.

Suspicious were made worse by his comment, overheard by a journalist, that "Europe would not be safe until Germany rules the Arctic." Although he denied making the comment,

(see REAL ESTATE, p.20)



DEADLINE CHANGED!
DEADLINE for WINTER,
1901 is JULY 13, 1985 at
Noon

Jeff Close
4850 Conn. Ave NW apt. 212W
Washington, DC 20008

- INSIDE -

OP-ED, PRESS	2
TURN RESULTS	3
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SECRET

Hi, Boys and Girls. I hope at least one of you likes the new format - it was a real pain-in-the-arse to set up. I haven't heard from any of you, so I assume you each got the early turn results. In case you're wondering, I'll explain why I sent you those: Ken and I each need to do our stuff over the period of a weekend... however, I need pretty much a full weekend, and so does he. Therefore, I can't get mine done and get it to Ken with enough time remaining to do them both in a single weekend! Got it? So, if it's going to require two weekends, we decided (Ken should really take credit for this one) to take more time getting the 'Zine out and just send out a flier with the turn results. That way we won't waste 1-1/2 weeks just waiting for the results to resume writing.

Aside from that, and the new format changes, it should go much more quickly from now on. Oh, also - starting Winter '01 of this game (next turn), I'll start printing this one along with another game I run, if Ken has no ((Sorry, Jeff. WARTHOGS objections. It will only amount to another 8 pages ... Ken? only in these parts... -Ken))

I'm looking forward to this game - it looks interesting. This first year certainly looks interesting.

Oh - one more thing. This game is a new Dip Variant I've invented. I didn't want to tell you before because I was afraid you wouldn't play. It's called "Mine Diplomacy". I have secretly placed huge "land mines" in three provinces, and the first unit which enters a mined province is destroyed. Water areas can be mined too, of course. Have fun!

AROUND THE WORLD

France to Turkey: No guts, no glory!

France to World: All are invited to a summit meeting on June 28 at 4:00 PM at the Origins information booth. Please contact me if you cannot attend.

??? to World: "Then there's my cook and the Cheshire Cat," continued the Duchess, "The Cook said that at least one of the two is mad." What can you deduce about the Cook and the Cat? (Any resemblance to Oaklyn and Andahil is purely coincidental.)

LYON, August 4, 1902 - Yesterday, the imperialistic armies of Italy, under the totalitarian Queen Minteri, advanced into Southern France. Resistance was light as French forces were involved in Iberia. French President Nicewarner told reporters in Paris today that he was going to the front to personally coordinate the counterattacks necessary to drive the Italians out of France. More details as they develop. (See conflicting report on page 1 - Ed.)

GENEVA, July 30, 1901 - Swiss agents today discovered that Tsar Andahlevitch has been imprisoned in a jail in Ankara. Officials speculate that the Tsar was kidnapped by Sultan Al-Vessaya (sp. - Ed.) to forstall a Russian attack on Turkey. The Sultan denied all knowledge of Tsar Andahlevitch's imprisonment.

GAME: 2-85
TURN: F01

Orders:

AUSTRIA: F-Alb>Tri, A-Ser(S)A-Gal>Rum, A-Gal>Rum
ENGLAND: F-Nth(C)A-Yor>Hol, F-Nws>Nwy, A-Yor>Hol
FRANCE: A-Bur>Bel, F-Mao>Por, A-Mar>Spa
GERMANY: A-Bur>Ruh, F-Den>Swe, A-Kie>Den
ITALY: A-Ven>Tus, F-Tyn>Tun, A-Pie>Mar
RUSSIA: F-Stp(sc)>Gob, A-War>Gal, A-Mos>Ukr, [F-Sev>Rum]
TURKEY: A-Smy>Con, F-Con>Bul(sc), A-Bul>Gre

Centers:

AUSTRIA: Home, <Rum>, <Ser> (Builds 2)
ENGLAND: Home, <Hol>, <Nwy> (Builds 2)
FRANCE: Par, Bre, [Mar], <Spa>, <Por>, <Bel> (Builds 2)
GERMANY: Home, <Den>, <Swe> (Builds 2)
ITALY: Home, <Tun>, <Mar> (Builds 2)
RUSSIA: Home (No Builds)
TURKEY: Home, <Bul>, <Gre> (Builds 2)

[...] Lost since last year

<...> Gained since last year

PLEASE MAKE A NOTE OF THE NEW DEADLINE:
DEADLINE for WINTER, 1901 is JULY 13, 1985 at NOON !!!
IF THERE ARE ANY PROBLEMS WITH THIS, PLEASE WRITE OR CALL

