

What? This little dinky thing is...

THE VOICE OF DOOM

994

September 20, 1983

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by BRUK

Yes, folks, this little dinky thing is The Voice of Doom. That's because I'm holding over almost all of your letters and articles till next issue, which will be my fourth anniversary issue. I could still use some more good articles and jump for that little project, please get some more words or words, OK? And while I know this issue won't be up to my usual standards, I think I can safely promise you that next issue will more than make up for it. (—)

Last issue I mispunctuated Rod Walker's article. It should have read:

"A HIGH DILEMMA"

Trial by Jury

I didn't realize it then, but the title is a quotation from the Gilbert and Sullivan opera Trial by Jury. Sorry about that one, Rod!

Attention Paul Rautenberg, Mike Mauer and John Kader especially! I'd really enjoy receiving some MILKY WAY and game statements from you guys. The final wrap-up of that game is held over till the anniversary issue, so you've got a month to get 'em in. Steve Angle has already submitted an excellent write-up.

New housewives? They're coming, they're coming...

My sincere thanks to Mike Burns, who is here this weekend and is helping me out with this issue.

Cathy Cuning is now a publisher and she publishes Cathy's Ramblings from her abode at 1605 NE 30th St., Seattle, WA 98105. Only one fault with this mine as far as I can see; she didn't mention me once in her CRIBS write-up. Maybe I forgot to buy her a milkshake. Seriously, I really like what I see, and like Cathy, Cathy has lots of friends in the British home. For it, you'll like it.

Jake Halverstadt, 1106 Sandbarck Drive, Ft. Collins, CO 80521, publishes High Plains Gonzo for the play of his Presidential Politics, which is a masterfully designed game, and a postal football game as well. Jake is a very skilled writer, and it shows in the way he reports the PF results. Samples are a dollar plus a 20¢ stamp, however. I cannot express enough how enchanted I am with Jake's brain child. Nine other players are in the game, eight of them Drones, so I ought to win on toady strength alone.

The Voice of Doom is a journal of postal Diplomacy published every now and then by Bruce Lindsey, 294 Quarry Drive, Albany, NY 12205. Phone (518) 499-9250. Subs are 10 issues for \$5.00. Stickers are wanted. There are no game openings.

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The deadline for all games contained herein is October 14, 1983.

My General Electric Job Interview

"Good afternoon, Bruce. My name is Red Stanway, and I'm the Programming Manager here at the Pittsfield site. Won't you come in?"

"Pleased to meet you, sir."

"Have a seat, Bruce...good. Why don't we begin by giving you a brief overview of what it is we do here? Our department has a contract with the United States Navy. We are in charge of the Trident submarines, a vital link in our nation's defense program. In Programming, we offer support to the engineers who plot the courses for the missiles should a war break out. Also, we hold the secret codewords required to launch the warheads."

"so you hold the codewords and support the engineers? Simultaneously?"

"Yes. Holding the secret codewords is part of our support service."

"Uh, I see. So, Rod, tell me more."

"That's Red, by the way. Why don't you tell me a bit about yourself? I see on your resumé, Bruce, that you worked for IBM once. Why did you leave?"

"Well, their copier broke down on a deadline Fri...er, I mean, I had decided that I wanted to try my hand at teaching."

"Good, Bruce. And what did you enjoy most about teaching?"

"Alex, of course. Er...ah, that is, ALEX was an acronym for the school's computer."

"What an unusual acronym, Bruce! What did it stand for?"

"Um, let's see if I can remember. Adorable Lovable EXtract program."

"Really!"

"Yup. Darn thing was the outest little piece of software you ever laid eyes on."

"And what was its function?"

"Well, I programmed it to produce monthly, uh, reports in VD. Seems to have stopped working shortly after I left, though."

"VD?! What on earth..."

"Oh, that's, uh, the school newspaper. We were rather a unique school."

"I see. So tell me, Bruce, what brings you here to General Electric for an interview?"

"Well, I was running low on topics for articles. Er, actually, I mean, I felt that it was time to make the move out of the field of Education and back into the field of Programming. Working with youngsters is rewarding, but I felt that my talents were not being utilized to their maximum potential."

"In other words, you had enough of the little shits, eh Bruce?"

"Yeah, well, that too."

"I'll tell you what, BRUX. We don't have to play games any more. I know all about The Voice of Doom and the House rules. I know of all your feuds and I can even name the Doomies of the Year in order. I know who you are."

GULP! "...well, I guess I'll be going..."

"Not a chance, Bruce. Sit back down. Somebody has to take pity on you. You're hired!"

"Why, thank you, sir! And three free issues."

And so it came to pass that Bruce went to work for General Electric.



On a more serious note, since many of you have been kind enough to ask, my job is indeed going very well. As a COBOL programmer, I am involved in handling some of the business/inventory-type programs concerning the Trident submarines. I'm off to a good start, too; the boss called me into his office after I completed my first programming project and complimented my handling of it.

To clarify the misunderstanding that some of you have, I am not new to COBOL. I had extensive experience with it when I worked for the New York State government, and I've always enjoyed working with it -- it's a very easy language to use.

This is the fiftieth game deadline in The Voice of Doom. No VD game results have ever been mailed late. And here we go again!...



N E P T U N E

1982X

RESCUE THE MONSTEROUS FRENCH ANTISTAB (HEY, BRUX, YA COINED A NEW WORD!) OF RUSSIA!

Summer 1908

FRANCE: F Nth R NWG
TURKEY: A Bul r GRE

Fall 1908

ENGLAND (Duarte): F POR-Spa(sc), F NWY-StP(nc), F Ska-DEN (F NTH S, F SWE S),
F LON-Eng

FRANCE (Conlon): A Bur-GAS, A Rum-RUH, A Hol-BEL, F MID-Eng, A TRI H,
F Den U (d, r Hlg. Bal. OTB), F NWG S RUSSIAN F StP(nc)-Nwy (NSO)

ITALY (Jedry): A Ven-TYO, F ADR S FRENCH A Tri, F AEG S TURKISH F Con, F WES-Spa(sc)
RUSSIA (Kane): F ANK-Con (F ELA S), A BUL-Gre, A Rum-SER (A BUD S), A VIE-Tri,

F KIE H (A BER S), F STP(nc) H, A Mun-RUH, A Tyo-MUN (A SIL S)
TURKEY (Schaunk): F SMY S F Con, F CON H, A GRE S A Ser, A Ser H (d; r Alb, OTB)

Supply Center Chart:

ENGLAND: Home, Bre, Por, Swe, NWY, DEN	8, build 2
FRANCE: Par, Mar, Spa, Bel, Hol, Kie , Ber , Tri	6, remove 1
ITALY: Home, Tun	4, even
RUSSIA: Home, Rum, Ber, Vie, Bud, Ank, Kie , Ser, Mun, KIE, BUL	13, build 1
TURKEY: Con, Smy, Ber , Gre	3, remove 1

Game Notes: Pat Conlon has returned as France, luckily, since Peter Ashley did not submit any standby orders and is hereby removed from the VD standby list. The two proposals made last season both failed. Proposed for next season is an E/I/T draw. Please vote by next deadline.

Two COAs: Rob Schaunk, 826 North Hedges, Bozeman, MT 59715 and Pat Conlon, Box 17014, LSU, Baton Rouge, LA 70893.

Press:

MARK ((via ENGLAND)) to PAT: I am sorry you have left the game at this time. I was learning a great deal from you, and truthfully, I hope you are back in the game when this is printed. Wait...news break...commercial airliner from Paris shot down by hot Russian Sugar Kane missile. On board was the President of France and his entire cabinet, to confer with the Russians at Budapest. The tragedy is marred by the discovery of notes found in the wreckage. The notes were in the handwriting of the late President. There were several thousands of rationalizations stating the French were gifted and really ought to be the only ones to fight the Russians. The inference is that we others are incompetent and should only let "skilled" players handle/participate in the diplomacy...the new President of France is quiet tonight... Shalom.

WALES to PARIS: Welcome/shalom. May we work together to waste the Russian? Please, join our rebel alliance and triumph. Shalom.

MOSCOW: The Russian government would like to officially thank the nations of France and England. The French for not sending in any orders, and the English for sending in those orders!

WALES to ITALY: Support the Turks and let's turn the flanks of the white dog. Congratulations to you and bride. Shalom.

((NEPTUNE continues next page))

NEPTUNE (continued)

TURKEY: The Sultan awoke in the middle of the night to find his military aide standing over him. Instantly, he realized that something disastrous must have happened.

"Yes," he demanded, "Why do you disturb me?"

"Oh, my master, there is distressing news from the front. Please forgive me for interrupting your repose," the lackey begged.

"Speak of it quickly and hide not the truth."

"Bulgaria has fallen, oh Lord, as thou did expect, but that is not the worst of it."

The Sultan was mystified. "What else could have gone wrong? We don't have a large enough military to commit that many blunders."

"It is not our glorious soldiers, oh my master, rather it is the French. They are crafty, but we believe that the Okhama infiltrated their military headquarters this spring. It appears that the entire staff was destroyed by the artificial explosion of a bomb. The French military has remained at a standstill during the past month as a result." The lackey groveled at the Sultan's feet, fearing the historical fate of those who bear bad tidings.

"Woe, woe!" cried the Sultan. "They will stop at nothing to achieve their ends. Direct war is pure honor, but to attack those with whom we ally, their very allies, and then to use subterfuge and anarchists' weapons, that is despicable! These acts must be stopped!"

The Sultan began to pace his bedchamber furiously, his chin bearded beard, his hand a thumb and forefinger. His eyebrows were drawn together in deep thought. There must be a solution to this dilemma, he knew there must be, but Allah only knew what it would be.

The lackey crawled forward. "Oh my master, there is perhaps a glimmer of hope."

The Sultan spun around, looking downwards. "What? You have neglected to tell me of something? Speak, quickly."

"There are three things. First, your plan to strike for Berlin has succeeded beyond all desire. It marched in as the Russian troops evacuated. Second, the Italian fleet has arrived and hopefully can render aid. Thirdly, the English are prepared to strike at the northern flank of the Russians, even able to capture the Capital at Petersburg," the lackey recited, hoping that the Sultan would be pleased.

The Sultan only fell deeper into thought, murmuring softly to himself, "Let me see here, if the Fleet in Smyrna supports the Fleet in Constantinople and the Italians likewise, yes, it might work. But what if, oh no, that is too uncertain to think of."

Breaking his reverie, the Sultan nudged his aide with a beak-tipped foot. "Do we have time to contact the Pope?", he inquired.

"Oh my master, we do not."

"Allah's mercy, we shall have to hope that the Italians can see what they must do. Quickly, tell my generals and admirals to dig in and pray for Allah's blessing upon our faithful soldiers. Go."

The lackey stodd and raced from the chamber. The Sultan sat back in his chair, worried.

"All depends on the Italians. Allah, thou are great, but can you lead the unbelievers to the correct choice?" He pulled a map from a shelf. "The city is Constantinople; if it falls, we are lost and nothing can stop the Russians from occupying my beautiful homeland. Oh Constantinople, I pray for thee."

The Sultan knelt down on his prayer rug, and though it was not a traditional time of the day, he bowed toward Mecca.

WALES to SMYRNA: Meet you in Warsaw when the wanking rebels walk. Shalom.

RUSSIA to TURKEY AND ITALY: How come if you are the guys with all the ordnance you have the least centers? Seriously though, good show, you're probably the best team and if you win it will be well-deserved. The Tear is honored to know that we all are like of you two.

(The End of the World)

NEPTUNE (continued)

WALES to MOSCOW: You laugh, dark lord, but there is a rebel alliance headed your way with fast ships to ram your tiny ports. Reflect on your miscalculations. The force is strong among those rebels you have put off as novices and lightweights. You're nobody's father now, but you may be a mother soon. Shalom.

ORION

1982Y

IT'S RAINGIN, IT'S POURING, ORION IS ⚡ OMIGOD! IT'S NOT BORING!

Summer 1909

RUSSIA: A Pru R WAR

Fall 1909

ENGLAND (Ansoff): F NWG-Bar (F Nwy S), A SWE S F Nwy, F MID S FRENCH F Por

FRANCE (Bennett): F ENG S ENGLISH F Mid, F POR S ENGLISH F Mid, A MAR S A Bur, A BUR S A Mar, A GAS S A Mar

GERMANY (Wittmond?): NMR! A Pru U (d, r Sil, OTB), A BER U, F BAL U, F NTH U, A MUN U, A RUH U

ITALY (Howerton): F SPA(sc) S TURKISH F Wes-Mid (NSO), A PIE-Mar (F LYO S), F TYR-Wes, A TUN-Alb, A Tri-TYO (A VEN S)

RUSSIA (Beyarlein): F STP(nc)-Bar, A FLN-Nwy, A Lvn-PRU (A WAR S), A MOS-StP, A UKR S A War

TURKEY (Leritte): F NAF-Tun (F WES S), F Ion-NAP, A Gal-RUM, A Boh-VIE, A Sil-GAL

Supply Center Chart:

ENGLAND: Edi, Lvp, Swe, Nwy	4, even
FRANCE: Home, Por, Lon	5, even
GERMANY: Home, Den, Hol, Bel	6, even
ITALY: Ven, Rom, Nap, Gre, Tri, Spa, Tun	6, remove 1
RUSSIA: Home, Mos, StP	4, remove 2
TURKEY: Home, Bul, Ser, Bud, RUM, VIE, NAP	9, build 3

Game Notes: The 6-way draw proposal did not pass. Thanks to Michael Ditz for the standby orders which, it turned out, were not needed. Bob Howerton has returned.

Rob Wittmond has been very reliable and therefore will probably return, but just in case would Dan Gorham, 800 South Euclid St., Fullerton, CA 92634 please submit standby orders for Germany? Thanks, Dan.

COA for George Leritte, 108 Merchants Blvd. #3, Lafayette, LA 70508.

Press:

ITALY: Sorry about the NMR. Got home a day late.

SULTAN to STUDENT WITTMOND AND BRUX: It's neither New Hampshire nor Missouri, but Afghanistan.

BRUX to ORION: Pssst! You guys! Your press is the pits!

"In the amoral world of Diplomacy...if a fallen enemy reaches out a hand for assistance, the wise man lops it off. If a friend does you a good turn when you're down, wait until he's down, then beat him to death. If an ally asks for your help in planning the next season's moves, give it freely and copiously, then do the reverse of what you agreed and let him take the counter-attack. Try to surround yourself with people who trust you, then let them down; find an ally who will gladly die for you and see that he does just that." -- Richard Sharp. The Game of Diplomacy

P E G A S U S

1982Z

"FOR ALL YOU DO, THIS BUD'S FOR YOU!"

Fall 1908

- AUSTRIA (Husk): F Ion-EAS, F AEG-Con, A Gre-BUL (A SER S), A VEN-Tyo, A NAP H, A TYO-Vie (A TRI S), A Bud S A Tyo-Vie (ann)
- ENGLAND (Halverstadt): F Eng-MID (F IRI S), F Nth-ENG, F HEL-Pic, F HOL-Bel, A NAF S AUSTRIAN F Ion-Tun (NSO)
- FRANCE (Chatfield): F TUN H, F Mid-Eng (d; r Wes, Spa, Por, Gas, NAT, OTB), F NAT-LVP, A MAR-Bur (A PIC S), A BRE S A Pic
- GERMANY (MacFarlane): A Rum-BUD
- RUSSIA (Meisner): A VIE S GERMAN A Rum-Bud, A GAL S GERMAN A Rum-Bud, A Ukr-RUM, A MUN-Tyo, A BOH S A Vie, A War-UKR, A RUH-Bur, F Kie-HLG, F Bla-CON, A SMY S F Bla-Con
- TURKEY (Punches): F Con-ANK

Supply Center Chart:

AUSTRIA:	Tri, Vie , Bud , Ser, Gre, Ven, Rom, Bul, Nap	7, remove 1
ENGLAND:	Lon, Edi, Vie , Hol, Den, Bel	5, remove 1
FRANCE:	Home, Spa, Tun, Por, LVP	7, build 1
GERMANY:	Vie , BUD	1, even
RUSSIA:	Home, Ber, Smy, Swe, Kie, Vie , Nwy, Mun, CON, RUM, VIE	13, build 3
TURKEY:	Vie , ANK	1, even

Press:

ANKARA: The Sultan noted that, due to the incredible buffoonery of the Czar, Turkish forces remain in the field. Hard to believe that two single-unit nations have lasted so long.

Q U A S A R

1982AE

ENGLAND BREAKS THROUGH IN THE NORTH!

Summer 1907

FRANCE: F Ion r TUN, A Tri r OTB

Fall 1907

- AUSTRIA (Orloff): A Ven-TRI (A VIE S), A Tri-SER, A BUD S Tri-Ser (illegal)
- ENGLAND (Glaspey): A StP-LVN (F BOT S, F BAL S), A Nwy-STP (F BAR S), F NWG H, A Den-HOL (F NTH G), F Swe-DEN
- FRANCE (Burd): F TUN-Ion (F TYR S), F Mar-LYO, A Ruh-KIE (A MUN S), A SIL-War
- GERMANY (Howerton): A Kie-BER
- ITALY (Kettman): A Rom-VEN, A NAP H
- RUSSIA (Lansing): F LVN H (d; r Pru, OTB), A MOS S F Lvn, A WAR S F Lvn, A UKR S A War
- TURKEY (Sweeney): F ION U, F EAS-Ion (F GRE S), A Ser-RUM, F Bla-CON

Game Notes: The E/F draw proposal failed. Thanks to Matt Fleming and Pat Pakel for the standby moves which turned out not to be needed. The Austrian support order is no good because the unit being supported was not specified. The Turkish F Ion is unordered because two different undated orders were received for that unit.

COA: Bob Sweeney, PO Box 886, Munson Army Hospital, Ft. Leavenworth, KS 66027. COA for Don Burd, Ward Star Route, Jamestown, CO 80455. ((QUASAR continues next page))

QUASAR (continued)

Supply Center Chart:

AUSTRIA: Vis, Bud, Ser, W/A , TRI	4, even
ENGLAND: Home, Bel, Nwy, Den, Hol, StP, Swe	9, even
FRANCE: Home, Por, Spa, Tun, Mun, W/A , KIE	8, build 2
GERMANY: W/A , Ber	1, even
ITALY: Rom, Nap, VEN	3, build 1
RUSSIA: Mos, Sev, War, W/A	3, remove 1
TURKEY: Ank, Smy, CON, Bul, Gre, Rum	6, build 1

Press:

TURKEY to FROGS: Ignore my letters! Refuse to give me the Med, will you! Refuse to be my lackey, eh! Well then, be that way!

"BUFFBRAINS" to "RAGHEADS": Why, oh why, did you NBR and NMR? You get a rope to save yourself, and you cut it refusing to be saved! Good luck.

CON to PAR: Another NMR next spring would be great.

ROME: The Italian government anxiously awaits word from its eastern neighbors.

CON to MOS: Get em! You non-writing bastard.

CON to BUD: Austria has a new leader and the same policy -- NOT WRITING -- you're a fink!

FRANCE: The President was quoted as saying that if the French forces weren't tied up in central and southern Europe that he would declare war on the U.S. Postal Service for causing him to NMR.

SPS SWEENEY, USA to ENGLAND ((via TURKEY)): The Espionage Corps reports the successful abduction of Queen Victoria to southern Syria where she was repeatedly used by the Janitor Corps for (reportedly) immoral purposes. She was released (according to the Janitor Corps) because Clorox couldn't get her clean and she spoke with a disgusting Cockney accent. The bodyguard of US soldiers were dealt with by the Turkish agent Sweeney (6th cousin removed) of the Sultan. Long may his light shine to Allah!

FRANCE to TURKEY: I didn't attack Austria's Serbia -- did you?

LONDON: Queen Victoria has reportedly escaped the clutches of the US Army, which had spirited her away into darkest Virginia. She is said to be suffering from nothing worse than approximately 1,000,000 chigger bites, a set of broken bifocals and a rather nasty case of poison ivy apparently contracted while she was hacking her way through the impenetrable Virginia jungle; also, a mild case of curiosity regarding the whereabouts of the President of France and der Kaiser von Deutschland. Have they, too, been abducted?? And by whom??? (The plot thickens...) Sinister forces seem to be running rampant.



IMPORTANT NOTICE TO CERTAIN VD PLAYERS: Folks, sloppy play can hurt you in VD, since I GM strictly. I know I sound like a broken record, but the number of incidences in the past couple of months has risen. Please note the following.

- * You should date all sets of orders sent in. If I cannot determine which is the latest set, only the orders common to both will be used. Dated orders do not take precedence over undated ones.
 - * Abbreviations such as "Nor", "Nor Sea", "North", and "Liv" are very risky.
 - * Too many players wait till the last moment to send or call in their orders. Very risky...I'm not always home to take your call, and the USPS often delays mail.
 - * You must specify the unit being supported or convoyed. "A Bel S Kis-Hol" is no good in VD. Even over the phone you must state your orders correctly.
- There are other zines less strict than VD for those players who don't like this style of GMing; I intend to keep it this way. These comments are directed at, perhaps, half a dozen players only. Please take them to heart. And I will always answer questions regarding what is or is not legal in VD.



R I G E L

1983K

ENGLAND AND ITALY GO KABLOOEY!

Summer 1903

AUSTRIA: A Rum r SER
ENGLAND: NRR! F Nth r OTB

Fall 1903

AUSTRIA (Knight): A Apu-ROM, F ADR-Tri, A Vie-BUD, A GAL-War, A Ser-RUM
ENGLAND (Sweeney): F LVP U, F MID U
FRANCE (Hare): A BRE H, A POR H, F SPA(sc)-Mid, F Wal-IRI, F LON S GERMAN F Nth
GERMANY (Heintzman): F NTH S RUSSIAN F Nwg-Edi, A Hol-KIE, A Bel-HOL, F SKA S F Nth,
F DEN S F Ska, A Mun-TYO, A VEN S AUSTRIAN A Apu-Rom
ITALY (Ellis): A Rom-Apu (d; r Nap, Tus, OTB), F Ion S A Rom-Apu (d; r Tun, Tyr, Nap,
Apu, Eas, OTB), F ALB-Tri
RUSSIA (Kleiman): F Nwg-EDI, A NWY S A Rum (imp), A MOS S F Sev, A UKR-War,
F SEV S A Rum, A Rum S TURKISH A Bul-Ser (NSO) (ann)
TURKEY (Reilly): A ARM-Sev, F Aeg-ION (F GRE S), F BLA S AUSTRIAN A Ser-Rum,
A BUL S F Gre

Supply Center Chart:

AUSTRIA: Home, Ser, Rum, ROM 6, build 1
ENGLAND: Lvp, ~~Mid~~, ~~Ypp~~ 1, remove 1
FRANCE: Home, Spa, Por, LON 6, build 1
GERMANY: Home, Hol, Den, Bel, Ven 7, even
ITALY: ~~Mid~~, Nap, Tun 2, remove 1
RUSSIA: Home, Swe, Nwy, EDI 7, build 2
TURKEY: Home, Bul, Gre 5, even

Game Notes: There were some errors in the last supply center chart. At the end of 1902, Austria owned Rum and Russia owned Nwy. Luckily, the board position was not affected.

All proposals made last season failed. France wants it published that he does not want his votes published. There is a proposal for next deadline that the RIGEL press not be split up. Please do not vote by next deadline, as I could not possibly fail to avoid splitting up your press, except when failing to refuse to do so.

England is not NMR; his unordered units are the result of (sigh) dated orders plus undated ones... So no standby. Cops: Italy voted no to all proposals.

COAs abound. For Bob Sweeney's new address, see the QUASAR game notes. Ty Hare, 425 Van Buren St., Monterey, CA 93940. Rich Reilly, Upham...ah, never mind, we got him last month. Steve Knight, 11905 Winterthur Lane Apt. 103, Reston, VA 22091.

RIGEL press? Yeah, yeah...

Press:

LIVERPOOL to GM: Why the hell is JUPITER receiving mention in OUR press and we (i.e. RIGEL) do not receive equal time in JUPITER?! Who do they think they are dominating our press? I think the good people who are killing me deserve better! Next time mention QUASAR or LUNA or ORION but not JUPITER. (Please?)

BRUX to LIVERPOOL: OK, I promise not to mention JUPITER again in your press this time.

ROM to LON: Race you out of the game!

VIENNA: Press wars? Press wars? Did I hear someone mention...

((RIGEL continues next page))

RICKL (continued)

ROME (WOP) -- (WORLD OPPORTUNIST PRESS). The news came to him in the hours just before dawn. Even so the messenger had not awakened him. The war left little time for sleep. As the Parliamentary Opposition Leader he had to keep abreast of the developments. The news wasn't good. Austrians had successfully landed on Apulia. The Premier had fled the country in disgrace. The King had sent the messenger to ask him to form a new government. It had been a long year for him. His family was relatively safe, if one could call living in German occupied Venice safe. The Germans were apparently unaware of his wife's identity, and had left her and the children alone. Now Apulia was lost to the unholy alliance. He had seen this coming, and had warned both the previous Premiers not to attack Austria. Now Protestants and Catholics had united against them. The Muslim Turks were building navies, which could only mean one thing: they were interested in Italian territories in the Mediterranean. He had been asked to take over as Premier at a time when things looked very dark for Italy.

The job of Premier was a job filled with risk. The first wartime Premier had left for an inspection tour of the forces sent to Austria in the fall of 1901, and had never returned. It was rumored that the troops retreating from Trieste had killed him in retaliation for sending them to the Austrian trap. The troops had then fled into the hills, leaving Venice completely open to attack. And it had all been a mistake, a stupid error in communication. The forces in Trieste had been told that they were being sent there at the request of the Austrians. When Austria attacked they had been completely unprepared. The losses were enormous. When Premier Dudlin had first been named he had promised resounding victories against the "treacherous and vile Austrians." No victories had taken place. Instead the Austrians had been angered even further against their Catholic brethren the Italians. Now Dudlin had fled. His fiery speeches in the plaza wouldn't help him any more.

Now, finally, he had his chance. If only the election in 1900 had been swung; if only those few extra votes had been there. But now was not the time for reminiscence, work had to be done.

"Messenger. Tell the King that I most humbly accept. Then send a message to each of the Heads of State for the Six Powers. We wish to open the lines of communication to all countries."

"All countries, Sir? Even the Austrians?"

"Yes, especially the Austrians and Germans. If they won't talk with us then we will have to deal with the others, but remember that the pen is mightier than the sword. If we can get our lands back through negotiation and without the further loss of life, then we should make that attempt. Peace is the goal, not revenge. Now be on your way!"

"Yes, Sir."

He could easily see that his was not the popular plan. The people didn't want peace, they wanted victory. A victory which, even if it could be accomplished, would be so expensive in the currency of lives that it could never be justified. Negotiation and communication must come first. If that failed, then he would work to defend the holy city first. If anyone was to occupy Italy it would have to be the Austrians, not the Protestants or Muslims. At least the Catholic Austrians would spare the holy city.

He looked out across the rooftops of pre-dawn Rome, and worried again about his wife and children. If anyone could save Italy it would have to be him. He straightened his shoulders and turned from the window, walking out the door to his office. There was work to be done.

LIVERPOOL: The dreaded Peace Wars have added to the Ministry's concern over the barbarous weapons of war used against England. It is felt that while mustard gas, automatic weapons and mechanized engines of war are great things to possess, the bandying of words is considered ungentlemanly and boorish. England will lead the nations of Europe in the call for an immediate armistice and reparation of territorial claims while this question of ethics is discussed by all. Proposed is a declaration in England, while this question is debated! Vote by next deadline!

"READY" ((via ENGLAND)) to "WISHMATE" Whatever you say, Rome! To Englishmen love my
new German Rose, Is Vol? Is Vol, Mein Heintzmann
BANK: "SPEECH" Too long had!

RIGEL (continued)

10:35 PM, SEPTEMBER 22, 1903, ANKARA: Alone in a dimly lit room, the Sultan's most trusted aide crouches at his desk, writing...

"...Rumors of what the Russians are doing in Rumania run rampant throughout the palace. Some laugh nervously when it is said that they are raping the women. More humorous, but somewhat disgusting, is the rumor that they are raping the men. I decided, however, to ignore these topics when I wrote up the official government press releases, as the Sultan had ordered.

"At noon today I went, with these press releases and the latest newspapers from Budapest and Moscow, to the Sultan's chambers. I had forgotten that the Sultan was to meet with his military advisors at this time, and so had to wait outside the guarded door. I soon regretted doing so, for the rage of the Sultan was quite easily heard, and most discomforting.

"'You!', I heard him shout at one of them. 'Why do you scowl that way? What do you disapprove of?'

"For several moments there was silence, then a muffled voice that I could not make out, though I strained to hear. Then the Sultan flared up again.

"'Mistake?! Just because your incompetence as military leaders has kept us from capturing Sevastapol, you say it was a mistake to attack the Russians? And you dare to suggest that we stab our Austrian ally?'

"'I only meant to say...'

"'Quiet! I will hear no more of this sedition. I made the decision to go to war with Russia, and I shall stick to that decision. But you...if you no longer have faith in me, no longer believe in our cause...then you do not belong here, among us... GUARDS!'

"The two guards jumped in surprise, then turned and entered the room.

"'This man has committed a crime against the state,' the Sultan declared, pointing across the table at the pale frightened offender. 'Take him away!'

"All, including the prisoner, were silent as the guards dragged him off.

"'This meeting is over!' the Sultan went on, waving his arms at the men to hurry them along. They exited quickly and quietly -- only a few nervous whispers among them -- and I entered, shutting the doors behind me.

"'Ah,' the Sultan said, looking at me and smiling in recognition. 'What have you got for me today, my friend?'

"'These,' I replied, holding out the papers I had with me. 'Recent news from our neighbors, and...stories to be released in our own, today.'

"'Excellent,' he said, approaching and taking the newspapers from me. He studied the top one. 'This is from Budapest?'

"'Yes sir.'

"'Kaiser declares cupcakes national food. 'I just love 'em,' he says.

"The Sultan suppressed a laugh, tossed the newspaper on the table, glanced at the next one: "'Sevastapol will not fall,' Tsar declares.' He scowled at this, threw it on top of the other, then took the clipboard of papers from me.

"'Today's news,' I explained as he read. 'The stories you asked me to...'

"'What's this?!', he interrupted. 'Turkish ambassador killed in Moscow?'

"'Yes,' I answered, 'As you or-'

"'No, this cannot be!' the Sultan cried. 'It is against all the rules of war... the Tsar...he's gone too far! Never in my wildest dreams did I imagine...'

"'But sir, you ordered...'

"'Killing our ambassador! It's barbaric, that's what it is! Totally uncalled for...unjustified...'

"'But sir...'

"'We must have revenge for this foul deed. The Tsar must be punished! Justice must be served!'

"'Sir, you don't understand. The ambassador has not rea-

"'NO! No...no more!' I have decided. We shall imprison the Russian ambassador. We shall...'

RIGEL (continued)

"But sir, the Russian ambassador has fled the country." This seemed to startle the Sultan.

"Then we shall execute all of our Russian prisoners. The raping of Rumanian men and women shall not go unpunished."

"Raping of...?" (Obviously he had heard the rumors. Had he actually believed them to be true?)

"Go! See that it's done! Immediately!"

For a moment, I was too confused to respond, and just stared at the Sultan's back as he turned and walked away. I was unable to comprehend what had just happened. The Sultan seemed almost...insane...

"What has happened to the Sultan's mind, to that once brilliant and perceptive brain that guided our people? I fear to write it, or even think it, for it is treason to do so (and the Sultan punishes treason by death. Such was the fate of the man spoken of earlier.) but I believe the Sultan has indeed gone mad. The pressures of this war must have been too much for him, and now we are led astray by his reasonless decisions.

"The question then, which lies heavily on my mind, is: What shall we do to repair the situation? What shall I do, to save my country from ruin?"

BRUX: JUPITER!!! Hahahahaha!

ENGLAND -- WAR ROOM, BRITISH DEFENSE MINISTRY: The Prime Minister paces back and forth in the makeshift quarters assigned him. A crude but readable display board faces him. The noose is drawn tighter -- France has taken London, the North Sea is German and the Russians flank out to the Norwegian. Depression tightens about his shoulders.

A pile of communiques lie unread on his desk. A now empty bottle of rum lies nearby -- so tired -- can't think -- must sleep.

No! Combat won't stop until every English fleet lies on the bottom of the sea! The French must pay. The old bounce returns to his step. The blariness of his eyes fade -- his hand moves surely again.

The French must pay!

ROM to MOS: If Germany is your ally, why is he helping out Austria?

LIVERPOOL: It was announced today that the English government has capitulated. The German High Command was on hand to receive the surrender and announce terms (it was felt that any assistance given it by other parties was paltry and insignificant). A new government will be formed and allow the English self-rule in Liverpool while allowing German/Russian occupation of all other English territories. The new "TOADY" government will then use its remaining military forces to spearhead a thrust into French Provincial and Home territories.

FRANCE: Some Harvard men, stalwart and hairy,

Drank up several bottles of sherry;

In the yard around three,

They were shrieking with glee,

"Come out, we are burying a fairy!" ((Uh...that's burning!!))

MOSCOW to GERMANY: P-QN4. Please note that Russia is playing White and Germany is playing Black (of course).

BRUX to RUSSIA: Hey, wow, man! Fianchetto that bishop, man! Don't get rooked, man! Good knight! (Or is it? Maybe I'd better check...)

LIVERPOOL to BERLIN AND MOSCOW: So who ended up with Edi?

LIVERPOOL to PARIS: You rat! So I couldn't stop you this time, but English sailors die hard!

VIENNA to MOSCOW: Hell, save your money; you're doing a great job of holding us off as is.

BRUX to RIGEL: JUPITERJUPITERJUPITERJUPITERJUPITER! Hyork, hyork...

LIVERPOOL to WORLD: THE FRENCH MUST PAY!

BRUX to LIVERPOOL: Sheeah. I've heard of harping on a theme before, but...

ROM to ANK: I hope you ended up forcing the Ionian. Let's see -- where shall I retreat?

((RIGEL continues next page))

RIGEL (continued)

FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE: This week on "Jeopardy", we have quite an assortment of contestants. Now, to introduce them, is the host of "Jeopardy", Bruce Linsey!!! (applause, applause).

(Linsey) Uh, yes, tonight we have with us seven very special contestants playing for the grand prize -- a 3-week vacation for 2 in Rumania!!!! First, allow me to introduce Nelson Heintzman, an aged critter from Buffalo, NY. Tell me, Nelson, what do you do for a living?

(Heintzman) Well, I'm a happy-go-lucky history freak who programs computers for a living. In fact, I am seriously considering replacing my dog Fido's brain with a Motorola 68000 microprocessor.

(Linsey) Well, good luck, Nelson. To Nelson's right, we have Steven Knight, who, if I am not mistaken, is a professional baker who specializes in cupcakes.

(Knight) You're right, Bruce. I own a small \$50,000,000 bakery in Minnesota, and today's special is a dozen Italian Cupcakes for only 2 units. Of course, an Italian Cupcake is decorated with Roman candles. They're quite nice.

(Linsey) I see. Well, moving right along, we have Rich Reilly, a sheep herder from Eyedahoe. Welcome, Rich.

(Reilly) Baa.

(Linsey) Next we have Bob Sweeney, who is a three-star general in the US Army.

(Sweeney) Right. I am ready to nuke 'em tonight.

(Linsey) Good positive attitude, General. Next to the General, we have Ty Hare, a good-for-nothing hippy from California.

(Hare) Peace, bro. I sean, this is a heavy scene.

(Linsey) Next to Ty we have Greg Ellis who is standing in for Dudley Kidd who was standing in for Mike Frick. Glad to have you aboard, Greg. Do you intend to be with us long?

(Ellis)

(Linsey) Evidently Greg is suffering from the Dippy Cathagotyour tongue Disease. And last but not least, is defending champion, Dave Kleiman rfrom Indianapolis.

(Kleiman) Thanks, it's good to be back on the show again Bruce. I wasn't sure I was going to survive the finals last show, but fortunately, an easy question about Rumania came at a critical time.

(Linsey) Yes, Dave, our defending champ, is going to have his hands full tonight when we play "Jeopardy". Tonight's categories are "VD Trivia", "European Geography", "Potpourri", "Ugly Rumors" and "Colors". Bob will start tonight's round.

(Bob) Yes, sir. Bruce, I'd like European Geography for \$10.

(Linsey) The answer is "This body of water is now known as the Sea of Blunder." Yes, Bob?

(Sweeney) What is the Mid-Atlantic Ocean?

(Linsey) No, anyone else? Yes, Cupcake?

(Knight) What is the Mississippi River?

(Linsey) No, I'm sorry. Nelson?

(Heintzman) What is the puddle underneath Fido?

(Linsey) No, Dave?

(Kleiman) What happened when the Turkish fleet entered the Black Sea?

(Linsey) Correct, for \$10.

(Kleiman) Let's try VD Trivia for \$10.

(Linsey) The answer is "48".

(Hare) How many trees must give their lives to publish the average VD?

(Linsey) Wrong. Yes, Nelson?

(Heintzman) What is the sum of BRUX's phone number digits?

(Linsey) Right. \$10 for you.

(Heintzman) Let's try Colors for \$10.

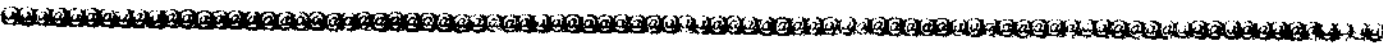
(Linsey) And the answer is "The color that best describes RIGEL".

(Reilly) Baa, baa, black.

(Linsey) Black is right, \$10 for Reilly.

RIGEL (continued)

(Reilly) Gonna try them "Ugly Roomers" for 10 clans.
 (Linsey) The answer is "Fast Times at Ridgemont High".
 (Hare) What happens when you take white pills in the town of Ridgemont?
 (Linsey) Wrong kind of "high", Ty. Anyone else?
 (Kleiman) Why BRUX is now a computer jock?
 (Linsey) Right for \$10.
 (Kleiman) How about "European Geography" for \$20?
 (Linsey) The answer is "At the same time Hell freezes over".
 (Heintzman) When will I learn to hate computers?
 (Linsey) Come on, Nelson, get serious.
 (Sweeney) When will we have another Democrat in the White House?
 (Linsey) No, not quite right.
 (Kleiman) When will Sevastapol fall into Turkish hands?
 (Linsey) Right! \$20 more for the defending champ.
 (Kleiman) Let's try VD Trivia for \$20.
 (Linsey) "No fleets may be built in a land-locked province."
 (Knight, within milliseconds) What is Houserule VII.I?
 (Linsey) Excellent, but no money awarded until I have the newly typed HRs, slave subber!
 (Knight) Oh, well let's try "Colors" for \$20.
 (Linsey) The answer is "Yellow".
 (Kleiman) What is the lousiest, most irrespectable, sneakiest, underhanded foolish color in the RIGEL?
 (Linsey) No, as that is not true from all perspectives. Actually, that is true from all but the Turkish position.
 (Sweeney) What color was the cover page of issue #82? You see, I never forget any of them Commie colors -- like red or yellow. Perhaps, BRUX is one of them because he used that...
 (Linsey) Just the answer, General. That was correct for \$20. Now, for a word from our sponsor.
 to be continued...
 MOSCOW to RIGEL: Well, was it entertaining enough for me to continue it next issue? I'm already putting together some more thoughts (heaven help us).
 "TOADY" to FRANCE ((via ENGLAND)): Ve Vill Kill! Ve Vill Kill! Ve Vill Kill!
 BRUXUS AGGRAVATUS: JUPITER! Hee haw!
 THE VIENNESE CONFECTIONAIRE: Hey, don't you all go and get sweet tooths, okay?
 "TOADY" to THE WORLD ((via ENGLAND)): I appreciate the offers of assistance in 1904 and possibly afterwards; they really comforted me in my impending doom! Keep in touch, I may be dead but who knows, resurrection is always possible!
 ROM to PAR: Where to next, once England is done? Write me if you would like some suggestions.
 ROM to GM: The first two players didn't quit! They died of loneliness. But maybe I am overestimating the importance of a three-center Italy. Then again, maybe they are underestimating the importance of a three-center Italy, hey?
 BRUX to ROME: You? Important? But you're only a halfling!
 LIVERPOOL to BERLIN: Soon A Mun-Bur because he's building in Spring '04.
 ROM to GM: Now I know why you used the terms "assume the position".
 ROM to MOS AND ANK: Let the Press Begin. Prepare to be battered until the ink in your veins runs blue across the sand!
 BRUX to RIGEL: Good show, guys! Keep it up and you'll be almost as good as, oh, say, ORION or PEGASUS...



14

The Gossip Column

From Gary Coughlan (9/6/83):

Dear BRUX,

If you get a 70% increase in pay, does that mean you will return to xerox? I am slowly growing used to ditto, but I prefer xerox. I know you've said before that you wouldn't go to digest, so it seems that money was not your main concern. It will be interesting to see if you sell the ditto machine and return to xerox.

You do know that you have the best letter column in North America (I think the Europeans have the very best ones. Pete Birks and Glover Rogerson, are you listening?). Proof of this is the fact that VD's letter column came in 3rd in the Eminent Awards and it wasn't even listed on the ballot! It was a write-in. Also, it is my favorite letter column although Anduin and Appalling Greed are very close.

When I wasn't subbing to you, I missed it so I'm glad I'm back. Regarding Baumeister's letter in #83, this proves what I told you over the phone, i.e. if you printed anything about us burying the hatchet that some people would automatically assume that it was because we "needed" each other as "allies" against others in the hobby. 180 degrees away from Baumeister's letter, I've heard some have even described my #81 comments as a "Kiss Linsey's Ass letter"! I know, for myself, that there is no man or woman in this hobby that I will automatically back on every issue 100% of the time. No one is perfect and I am certainly including myself among that number. Do I hear an "Amen" to that, brother? Ah, yes, I hear Brother Baumeister seconding that now.

I guess I should respond to some of Baumeister's comments, but you expected that, didn't you? So I'll try to be brief and doubt I'll succeed but there are other things I'd like to discuss as well, based on your last two issues and I might as well get the unpleasant things out of the way first.

Konrad Baumeister is very good at making accusations but, if you notice, he never has any facts to back up what he says. In my case, he had not one fact. Had he used facts, rather than his imagination, his letter would, of necessity, have been much longer. It's so easy to make wild statements when you don't have to prove them.

As you know, BRUX, from reading issue #18 of my zine, I went into considerable detail explaining my relationship with Dick Martin which can be briefly boiled down to the man having a burr up his ass concerning me and, after two years of his cheap shots which culminated in what John Caruso called his "vendetta attack" against me, I had had enough. Since the things Martin had printed about me were untrue, I responded to them in my zine where I printed his entire "vendetta". It takes a lot of space to cover two years of a relationship (such as verbatim letters from both sides, excerpts from many zines carefully listed by issue number so readers could check it out for themselves and see what the truth really was) so I'll give Baumeister the "lengthy" adjective but not that I was the one doing "personal attacks". When you disagree with, and correct, someone's lies about you with the facts, that is not attacking them although it seems Baumeister feels differently. It might be amusing to see why although I doubt your subbers would be interested in his "Dick Martin must never be criticized no matter what he does to you" stance. In fact, I doubt if they are interested in reading his unsubstantiated allegations anyway. If VD is now a funzine, why did you print comments like Baumeister's? I don't mind answering them point by point, if I have to, but does anyone really want to read Baumeister's charges and my rebuttals? Then why print it?

I gave away two issues of my zine for free when I dealt with why Dick Martin and Konrad Baumeister were doing character assassinations of me in their zines. I explained thoroughly why they had said this and what my viewpoint was. These things do take up space but every subber of my zine knew what was going on. That was not the case with the subbers of Martin's Retaliation and Baumeister's Give Me a Weapon, to whom I sent those two issues of my zine so they could have all the facts after seeing attacks made on me out of the blue.

As for Baumeister's remark that I view Martin as my "Great Satan", please give me

a break! I've had as little to do with the man as possible since his character assassination of me. I view him, as I do Baumeister, as someone who discredits himself by making wild, unfounded statements. I notice when Baumeister doesn't like someone that they can seemingly do nothing right so not only was I personally criticized in his VD #83 letter but so was my zine and even my writing. Gosh, Konrad, don't I even have one redeeming quality in your eyes?!? Interesting to note that before last October, before my criticism of Martin and before my criticism of Baumeister, that Baumeister approved of all three!

On the other hand, it is clear that Martin is obsessed with me. He's written several zines and people (as had his wife) about my drinking. (Why my drinking fascinates them so is beyond me.) In the recent August issue of Martin's Retaliation, he printed 8-month-old letters written by Scott Hanson last January when we were having difficulties. These problems have long since been resolved, as Martin knew full well, but hey, it was another chance to present Gary in a bad light so in they went. Numerous other mentions were made about me in that issue, as well as previous issues. It seems that if it is anti-Doughlan that it's prime Retaliation material. I'm sure that Baumeister has a good logical reason for all of this though, but enough of this.

It would have been nice if you could have come to FudgeCon. We had 18 there and several from New York and Rhode Island. The squirt gun fights are always my favorite part, and just seeing old friends again.

I think if we were really smart in Central America, we would decide that a positive policy is better than our zigzag policy now. I think we should back Mexico in whatever they think is the best solution to current problems down there. They speak the same language, they have many of the same problems and they would be flattered that the US would follow their lead. This step would also improve our bad image among all Latin Americans. I am all in favor of having 3rd world countries share responsibilities. We cannot be the world's policeman. We have barely 4% of the world's population.

I am also in favor of scholarships based on a student's race or sex. Most of us have never had the roadblocks set in their path that others have. It was only 20 years ago that a black man had to be escorted by armed force so he could attend a whites-only college in the South. Look at the miniseries Roots and tell me it doesn't pain you to see how others were treated solely because of their race. Look at Holocaust. Look at Gentlemen's Agreement with Gregory Peck. These episodes in history are sickening and the harm done to these people can never be made up. For decades the scholarships supposedly open to "all" were not open to them. Who was the first black Rhodes Scholar? And when? I am in favor of anything that encourages their further participation in society and which makes this country more truly a nation of equals, which is our ideal.

A little more of this, since I am from the South and my family lived in the same Tennessee county as Alex Haley's. As a child, I was exposed to segregation and some of the things I observed seem like a dream now. I can remember that I could never go to the zoo on Thursdays. Any other day of the week but not Thursdays. Why? Because Thursday was the one day of the week when blacks were allowed to go to the zoo and take their children.

I can remember a department store which had 4 bathrooms and two water fountains in one section of the store. The bathrooms were labeled: "White Men" "Colored Men", "White Women" and "Colored Women". The water fountains were labeled "White Drinking Fountain" and "Colored Drinking Fountain". Today's children, since the signs are long gone, might wonder why there are four bathrooms and two water fountains in one place in that store. I hope there never comes another time when they know. Racism and sexism are so senseless. We deny human beings the full use of their brains and full scope of their talents when we have prejudice. And that's everyone's loss.

Sorry I got so worked up over this last but those comments struck a deep chord with me. Keep up the good job you're doing (maybe letting Baumeister keep the nasty stuff in his own zine) and don't vote for Teddy when you move to Massachusetts.

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((OK, readers, I blew it and I'm sorry. I should not have printed Konrad's remarks about his feud with Gary last issue, and this letter is the result.))

Gary and Konrad, I am and intend to remain friends with both of you. You have now each had a chance to say your piece in VD, and the discussion ends here. If you must carry on your feud, write to other zines or do it in your own zines. If you don't like it, too bad. I made a promise to my readers that I intend to keep. Gary, you are right -- nobody really wants to read this stuff. That's final -- VD will not serve as a forum for your feud any longer. If either of you don't believe, let me

Gary, I think that your feelings regarding racism are shared by a great many human beings who have had the misfortune to witness it. However, your attitude is wrong. Have you ever heard the proverb that two wrongs do not make a right? If my great-grandfather was unfair to blacks around the turn of the century, how is (his) the error now by favoring blacks over me?

No, you don't fight unfairness with unfairness. If we are to be a nation of equals, then past injustices must not be allowed to excuse future injustices. We must never forget the horrible effects of racism and prejudice and we must never allow the memory by perpetuating the practice.

Sorry, no return to xerox is in the offing here. The ditty machine just saves me too much money.

Letter column? Well, I have people like you and many others to thank for the((

From Ty Ware (8/23/83, excerpt):

Dear BRUX,

...You have a sexy voice on the phone.

((I love you too, darling!))

The rest of the stuff y'all sent will be printed next issue. Get your mailboxes ready...

BRUX

Bruce Linsey
24A Quarry Drive
Albany, NY 12205

Your sub expires with issue # 109