



Once again this little bit of MAGUS is being written by me. I missed not being able to write and help put this zine together, but life is hard sometimes. You can read all about my adventures in the emergency room in Hare of the Dog. Typing is still strange, my fingers are having a hard time keeping up with my brain. However, typing is like riding a bike - once you learn you never forget.

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

EXIT STAGE LEFT	(The afterward)	page 1
PATTER	(the magician expounds)	page 2
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The standby list: Mark Keller, John Huestis, John Crow, Don Williams, Jim Keeney, Jim Bob Burgess, Chris Carrier, Mark Howorth, Melinda Ann Holley, Dan McCooley, Tom Hurst, Mike Pustilnik and Andy Lischett.

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 the orders, 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, \$10.00 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. ZAT is the phone deadline, the mail deadline is that Saturday.

Well, FB didn't make it down to eight pages. In fact, we had to threaten bodily harm to keep it at twelve pages. (I'm only kidding, Don. You know we love you!) The wrestling game has filled and will start soon.

We are going to Wichita this year despite all the problems that have plagued us. I have special dispensation from my mom and she will also be taking care of the boys. I'm not sure yet if we're driving or flying, but even if we have to rent a boat and sail we will be there. The boys are coming at the end of June. They will be spending the school year with Steve and me, maybe in Albuquerque. Everything is still up in the air about the move to NM. We're still planning on it, though.

The weather has been terrific up until this last week. It was balmy and there was a great breeze at night. This last week has been hot and humid and NO breeze at night! It is supposed to get hotter as time passes. We're looking forward to 102 degrees by Wednesday. Happy days are here again!!

Here I am at the top of the page again.



Using this as the final filler has its pros and cons. The chief pro is that it make the page count come out even. The chief con is that I end up doing it at the last minute. Not that that would matter if I were truly organized, with snatches of thought already down in a notebook somewhere, ready to pour out in whatever size chunks I need to fill the gap. I could just whip out that marvelous little book and say, "Here, Daf, type up the items I've marked until you run out of space."

Real life doesn't work that way. At least not our real life. Daf would be happy to oblige by the way. She's a real sweetheart when it comes to taking care of me in ways like that (other ways too). It's just that I never have been and probably never will be that organized. Oh, I do, on occasion, have an idea for patter that I write down somewhere. Sometimes I even come across it again. Sometimes I even get to put it into patter. Not this time.

This time I have little prepared in advance, and if I did, it would do me no good, as Daf has flown to far off exotic Albuquerque again. It seems that a whole bunch of Doctors want to look at her blood before prescribing for her again. We considered just sending the blood. Blood, a bit of ice, some alcohol as a preservative...maybe a stick of celery.

She left shortly after noon today. I started missing her the middle of last week, when it became clear that they really were serious about her not postponing the tests. The tests are for the Endocrinologists, so they can figure out what and how much of what to give her to replace whatever it is the missing pituitary isn't doing. I hope that wasn't too technical for any of you.

So we are apart again. Not for so very long this time. But I'm already feeling a bit lonely. Or, to put it a lot more accurately...I'm already feeling very lonely. The hard part, for me, is that I don't know when she will be able to return. Maybe this coming Sunday (yesterday for most of you) or then again, maybe not. It's enough to drive one to bad grammar.

I'm not publishing the Thump 'n Grunt rules again. Don came up with twelve full pages. The big problem is that most of them are funnier than anything I'd be writing anyhow. So I have to suffer leaving out my own stuff while laughing at his stuff. Talk about ambivalent situations.

I did fill the Thump 'n Grunt game, however. I will be sending out copies of the slightly re-written rules and the gamestart to the six players. If any of the rest of you are interested in the rules, I will be happy to send them to you if you ask. It looks as if the game may be run on a flier, since I'm expecting there to be lots of press. If you would like to get the flier... Of course,

the plans could change without notice, and the game be a part of MAGUS. I never know for sure what I'm going to end up doing until after the fact.

I went to my ex-step-daughter's Middle School Graduation tonight. I arrived early. (You ever notice how some people are always early while others are always late?)

While waiting for Kim and her party to arrive I watched while the rest of the students arrived. There were a myriad of clothing styles. Most of the girls were in formal gowns...little girls in their young women bodies, feeling very nervous and all looking quite lovely. There were a few in casual clothes, looking no less nervous and no less lovely.

It was the boys who wore the myriad of styles. There were Tuxedos in black, white, and colors I couldn't name. There was one boy in a green shirt, pink tie and a blue and yellow plaid jacket. He stood out! There were several in the Don Johnson jacket over tee shirt mold, and one in running shorts and a tank top. Generally everyone wore the excitement of youth...and wore it well.

There were speeches. The final speech was by the school principal, who said he would keep it short and then belied himself by droning on and on with words like 'values' and 'leadership' et al. He ended his speech with ten rules for the students to follow. I can only remember the final three. Rule #8. Say no to drugs. Rule #9. Say no to drugs. And Rule #10. Say no to drugs. I hope the students remember at least as much of his speech as I do.

I mentioned above that I was early. I am an early person. There are early people and late people and (I suppose) people who are on time. While listening to the principal, it dawned on me that the advice he could be giving that would do the students all some good could be a lot more practical.

If you are an early person, don't get attached to a late person. Neither of you will be able to live with the other. The same is true of a morning person and a night person. There is nothing a night person hates more than to have some happy cheerful companionship early in the morning when sleep is supposed to be taking place. There is nothing sadder than the feeling of being left out when your partner is going to be up for hours and you are so tired that your eyes are shut. Some people are talkers and some are listeners. Talkers don't need listeners, but listeners need talkers. There is nothing quite so deafening as the silence in a room where both people are listeners. Make sure that you both have the same type of sense of humour. If you don't laugh at the same things, you really can't expect to understand each other over the long haul. Music is another important area. A classical music lover has no business getting involved with a rock fan. Once the initial infatuation, lust, intellectual attraction, or whatever has brought you together, wears thin, your taste in music will destroy your appreciation for each other. That might be less of a problem with Walkman, but if you both like to sit in front of the speakers with the amps at red-line, it just isn't going to work unless you like the same music. In some things, it pays to look carefully before you leap.

Malcolm Smith is the new Diplomacy Champion as decided at Dipcon. Congratulations, Malc. Next year's Dipcon will be hosted by the Madlads. Stay tuned for details.

Our very own Daf Langley won the Rod Walker Award for her writing skills. Congratulations, Sweetboots. Daf says she is planning to clear a spot on our mantle for the Nixon and the Rod Walker Awards. I didn't even know we had a mantle.

Bill Quinn\301 Conroe Dr.\Conroe TX\77301 is still the BNC, at least until the first of September.  
Steve Heinowski\12034 Pyle SA\Oberlin, OH\44074  
Bill has selected Steve Heinowski as his apprentice BNC. Bill will be passing the BNC job along to Steve as of the first of September.

Fred Hyatt\60 Grandview Place\Montclair, NJ\07403-2422 is the MNC. Fred hands out the Miller Numbers for all the variant Diplomacy games.

Steve Knight\732 Grand Ave. S #302\Minneapolis, MN\55408 is the American half of a rather unique service. If you would like to sub to a European (United Kingdom, et al) Zine, and the exchange rates are too much of a hassle, you can send dollars to Steve, and he will arrange the details.

Simon Billenness\61A Park Avenue\Albany\NY 12202\USA has started up an American Zine Bank and a quarterly zine register. He needs copies of zines for passing along to novices, and information about zines for the register. The register sells for \$1.50 a copy (or trades... all for all).

Simon is also publishing Pontevедria and Ziamvia which used used to be free for an SASE. Check with Simon. They are concerned with games openings in Regdip and Variants.

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. Robert also puts out a games opening letter for Regdip and Variants. Send Robert an SASE for information.

Steve Arnawoodian\602 Hemlock Circle\Lansdale, PA\19446  
Masters of Deceit and DIP (Diplomacy Introductory Package) are both available from Woody. DIP is free for a SASE while Masters of Deceit costs \$1.00. The former is purely for information while the latter is a collection of articles on PBM Diplomacy and the play of the game.

Jim Burgess\100 Holden St., 3rd Flr Lft\Providence, RI\02908  
Scott Hanson\3508 4th Ave S.\Minneapolis, MN\55408  
Steve Langley\2276 Eden Roc Lane #1\Sacramento, CA\95825  
These three are the Orphan Game Custodians. If you are in a game that is in trouble, or can give a home to a game that is in trouble, drop any one of us a line. Try to include the names and addresses of the other players and the GM, okay?

Chris Carrier\1215 P. St. #12\Sacramento, CA\95814 is the Feud Number Custodian. Chris is slightly serious about this, so if you are in a feud or publish a zine that carries feud material, Chris would like to hear from you.

Chris Carrier published the fake NSWG that fooled Kathy and me but was spotted immediately by Daf and Bob Olsen. You can fool some of the people some of the time...

July 3 - 6 is L.A. ORIGINS

This is a professional Con for Strategy and FRPers. To be held at Airport Hilton\5711 West Century Blvd\Los Angeles\CA

July 4 - 17 is Pudgecon IV (V?)

This is the big one! Half way between Sacramento and Flushing is the perfect place for a party, and Bob Olsen hosts a great party. Daf and I plan to see you there!

July 3 - 6 is MADLADCON.

This is the annual MADLAD party, held this year in the home of Marc and Debi Peters and Dale Bakken. 1814 Cameron Dr. #3, Madison, WI 53711. They claim that they are going to party!! This one is just the practice run for next year's Dipcon.

July 31 - 3 August is Peericon IV

For information, write to (you guessed it) Larry Peery. Fred Davis is this year's guest of honor, so there will be enforced early bed times for all participants.

August 9 - 10 is KINGCON (aka COCHISECON)

Steve and Linda Courtemanche have finally pulled it all together and invite us all to an air conditioned weekend of games and swimming. Drop them a line for directions to: 1021 Penn Circle, Apt E402\King of Prussia, PA\19406

December 6 - 7 is Beethovencon IV

This is an informal gathering of gamers to celebrate the music of Beethoven. Of special interest to Conrad von Metzke. Beethovencon is turning out to be an annual event.

January 1 - 4 is DAFCON (pick a number)

Daf and I plan to be residents of New Mexico by the time this one rolls around, but anywhere we hold it you can count on round the clock gaming, floor space for sleeping, a pot of Dafcon chile, and lots of talk and fun.

Larry Peery\c/o Institute for Diplomatic Studies\  
Box 8416\San Diego, CA\92102 (619-280-2239) publishes The Black and Blue Book, a fairly comprehensive listing of Dippers and related materials. TBBB sells for \$5.00.

Larry Peery (him again?) has put DW on this schedule:

DW 43	July 15	material to DW by	July 1
DW 44	October 15		October 1
DW 45	January 15		January 1

Material for print is still an important need! Don't worry about the subject matter. Write something and send it to Larry, Ken Peel, J.R. Baker, Bruce McIntyre, Mark Berch (S&T), or whoever.

If you have an announcement that belongs here, send it in. If you know of a Con, or a proposed Hobby service, or an award or poll that needs a plug, get the word on in to MAGUS and let PRESTIDIGITATION disseminate it for all of us.

Responding to this month's questions are (Faz) Mark Fassio, (MH) Melinda Holley, (DW) Don Williams, (KB) Kathy Byrne, (SC) Steven Courtemanche, (LC) Linda Courtemanche, (MP) Michael Pustilnik, (SL) Steve Langley

Responding to a previous question is Malcolm Smith.

Please excuse this grotty paper - I'm at the moment staying over at Ken Pael's place in Silver Springs (that's the Washington DC area) as a stop-over enroute to this years Dipcon. Whilst staying here, I've read a few of the magazines in Ken's collection and I was quite impressed by yours.

So why am I writing? Is it to fill in the time between now (6am) and when Ken gets up (with hangover, like my good self) to feed me? No - it's because I was most interested in your subscribers and your own answer to the question: Have you ever had a psychic experience?

First of all, I'd like to make a comment on your own; in your tale you mentioned that after your assistance to help your friend into college, who would have normally been rejected due to low grades, she received a letter of acceptance in that afternoon's mail. I'm not a skeptic, Steve, (see later for why), but I believe that for the letter to have arrived that day it would have had to, at least, been posted the day before. (Now, that was an assumption, I think the U.S. Postal Service is similar in efficiency to the UK, the Belgian or the Norwegian postal services, all of which I've had experience with.)

Therefore, logically speaking, the spell (if it worked) had not only to change the minds of those concerned, but to change matter as well; the rejection letter's text would have to be altered to one of acceptance, the college's own records would have to be changed to show that she could attend the courses, and so on. Perhaps it did so. Who knows?

But I would have thought it more likely (again I'm making assumptions) that whatever magic which may, or may not, have been performed would have just influenced the minds of the entrance examiners to allow her in. Why do so and change all the records and the letters and suchlike? There was no need, was there, to have the letter arrive that day?

On the other hand, I suppose, it could be argued that wherever such magic is invoked the situation demanded by the caster is produced as soon as possible. For example, was there normally mail delivered in the afternoon at Caltech?

/////The simple explanation is probably the correct one. When I was writing I failed to remember the incident the way it actually occurred. In fact, there may have been several days passage between the spell and the arrival of the letter.

My own experiences? Well, the first time I started to wonder, or rather, started to have an open mind, was when I was about 12 or 13 and I was walking home from school down a wooded lane which was next to one of the town's cemeteries. The cemetery, I should add, had been there for hundreds of years; indeed Charles Dickens' brother is buried there, so that ought to give you some idea of the age of the cemetery. There's one section of the path which comes from a small embankment from which one can see directly over the high wall into the cemetery ahead. This is so because the cemetery juts out at this point.

Anyway, on this certain occasion I recall walking home with 2 other school friends and I distinctly remember glancing

over the section of the wall directly ahead of me. There's one particular grave stone affair that's about 10 foot tall which looks more like a monument than the normal granite slab. The top of the stone was a carved urn - except upon this day when I swear that instead of the urn, I saw a pale white face with open eyes and open mouth. I recall stopping in my tracks and staring at the face which was about 30 feet away. After a while I dropped my head and then looked again and all I saw was the urn again.

I maintain t this day that I did see such a face and that's how I've always kept an open mind about the subject. Sorry about the long winded introduction to my comments, but -

A few years later I discovered Tarot cards. I've stopped now because I frightened myself into doing so. Why? I used to be able to meet people for the first time (usually introduced by their friends) and use the cards to find out about them and their past histories. I don't recall ever being wrong. I also used the cards for divination and after "forecasting" a few major events in my life I decided to stop. I was too frightened to go on any further - like you I didn't know the "rules" (for want of a better word) of the game. Was there a consequence I had to pay or not?

I still don't know to this day. There are two ways of looking at the cards: one is that they work and the other is that they're a psychological tool used to strip away one's misconceptions of yourself and others and to ask them, or oneself, the necessary direct questions one uses with the Tarot cards.

Because of this fear I stopped and I've never been tempted to go back to them despite requests from a number of friends who want me to do otherwise. However, I've still got two packs in my drawers.

1. Which two countries do you feel make the strongest Diplomacy alliance pair?

(FAZ) The best alliance in Dip, in my humble opinion, is the R/T. I say that with a caveat: IF the board doesn't expect an R/T initially, then the R/T is the best. I mean, you have no one behind you at all, no enemies north and south, and the west is usually not allied against you (ie, few A/Is or E/Gs off the bat against you). If however, people expect an R/T, (or in the case of B&A are paranoid enough to make themselves believe there is an R/T and act accordingly), then I would hedge my bets and say that the E/F is the better alliance. Again, the same logic: linear front, no rear enemies, fleet/army coordination against poor ol' Germany, usually no immediate threats from Italy or Russia, etc. Of course, judging from my record in the MAGUS game, I shouldn't really answer this question! Perhaps I should be playing postal ludo....

(MH) R/T and I/R

(DW) Do you really expect people to answer this one straight up? I know I'll be reading certain individuals' comments with great interest.

I'm going to skip the two standard "strong alliances" I've heard about, the R/T and the E/G, mainly because they're so well known for their power that I think they've lost some of their thunder. People tend to polarize against either one of them fairly quickly - where's the percentage in forming an alliance that turns the board against you right away. It's



kind of the same thing with the A/I, and it's not even as powerful as the other two.

I guess I'd go with the I/R. I like the I/R a lot - from either side - because it stays hidden a bit longer, and has great expansion and sphere of influence potential for both players, particularly Russia. Played correctly, I think the I/R can take on any other two country alliance on the board, and eventually beat it.

(KB) I'm partial to A/I. They can work together, yet they can stay out of each other's way. The longer they stay together, the harder it becomes for them to stab.

(BC) The strongest alliance that I can see on the standard Diplomacy board is Russia and Turkey. There just isn't that much room to launch an attack against them if they stick together. Turkey can hold off Austria and Italy with minimal help. Russia can then use the time to fortify his center and northern areas. Given a little confusion, they can easily sweep the board.

(LC) The U.S. and Canada--they have never stabbed each other!

(MP) I think the Russo-Turkish alliance is overrated. It is hard to form because a successful move to the Black Sea by either one really destroys the other one. This makes it difficult for them to trust each other in Spring 1901. Besides, R/T is unlikely to make much progress against Austria if the A/I forms, and even if it doesn't, Russia can still get crushed in the north by E/G.

The E/G alliance is the strongest. Their home centers are three moves away or more, so they can easily trust each other in 1901. After 1901, the E/G alliance is likely to stay together because Germany's armies cannot do much against England and England's fleets cannot do much against Germany.

Also, from the way the board is built, England and Germany have a positional advantage over their main competitors, France and Russia. The German ability to deny Sweden to Russia in 1901 and to support the English in in 1902 is very important.

(BL) In my experience, the A/I gets off to the strongest start, but tends to bog down and is terribly subject to stabs from either partner. The E/G also gets off to a strong start and is less subject to stabs. The one I feel is the strongest but which I have never been able to bring about is the R/I. I also feel that the F/E and R/A have a lot going for them. The trouble with the former is that both, as sea powers, tend to compete in the mid game. The trouble with the latter is that the potential for a stab in either direction is always present. So, I'll have to vote for the E/G.

2. What do you think about the legalization of drugs? Some drugs? Hard drugs?

(FAZ) Legalizing drugs: Probably not. Holland legalized heroin, and now they have a lot of legal heroin addicts. We have legal booze, and what does that do for us? 50,000 dead annually and many more ruined lives. Sure, there will always be a demand for the stuff whether anything is legal or not (that's why there are such animals as the Mafia and the Black Market - supply and demand). But if things are difficult to obtain, then maybe, just maybe, a few folks will say, "The heck with it; it's not worth the effort to obtain/use it, and I might get caught." Even if a few folks say that, it's better than advertising bad stuff in the shop windows and

letting them experiment and shop around. The country has enough of a problem as it is with drugs - why make them legit? (MH) I'm against the legalization of drugs. Making alcohol legal (via the repeal of prohibition) has not lessened alcohol related deaths. I would put drug pushers away in prison for the rest of their misbegotten lives and attempt to erase the need for drugs.

(DW) I dunno. I guess they should do something. Legalizing booze didn't stop alcoholism, and I don't know that it increased the problem either. Should we (the people, the government, whatever) get into the market to make some bucks? Probably. This is one of those questions that doesn't really concern me a lot because I don't take drugs and doubt that I'd start even if they were legal. As several of you know, I'm not even all that able to withstand the mind altering powers of 3.5% beer. Next question, please?

(KB) The drug problem is bad enough now. To legalize drugs would be an endorsement of all sorts of crimes. People with a drug problem usually can't afford their habit. So they steal and sometimes murder for the money. Legalizing drugs means it will just make it easier to get the stuff, and even more children will get hooked at an early age. This may not be a problem in Sacramento, but it sure is here.

(SC) I do not believe that drugs which are harmful to the human body should be legalized. Tobacco is around only because it has been around a long time and the government makes a lot of money off of people killing themselves. Alcohol, in moderate quantities, is a delight, but people abuse their bodies with it. Why? There are many reasons, but it usually distills to a need to escape from what they are. Legalization will not do anything until that problem is solved.

(LC) I am against the legalization of drugs. Some people will probably think this makes me naive, holier-than-thou, and/or a spoilsport. I hope that I am none of the above. My feelings about drugs is that their abuse is a symptom of the state of today's world. Our society is faced with a technology that is improving itself and us all out of existence. Too many people are seeking refuge in drugs because they can't deal with what is happening to them and their environment. But none of us are curing society's problems by doing drugs; we're just forgetting them for a while. We're just fooling ourselves.

It is such a shame to see people drift into drug use because they feel they can't get their "highs" or energy in any other way. They don't see the trap they are falling into. They think that getting high gives them some sort of control over their bodies or minds; they feel that they can even retain self-control during a trip. And that is a very dangerous assumption, because they lose sight of (or never learn) so many realities: (1) Drugs are apt to wear down one's sense of priorities, clear judgment, and driving ability. (A friend once told me that she swerved clear across the highway to avoid a hallucination!) (2) Users frequently start pouring more and more money into their habits without even noticing. When they do notice, it means they're getting desperate for more money, and they will go pretty far to get it. (To prostitution, for one example.) (3) Dealers are very likely to take unfair advantage of users - sell them a more potent mixture (not a fun trip; I've seen it happen), a watered-down mixture, or even a toxic one.

Even with many drugs illegal, it is child's play to get a hold of them. If they become legal, it will be even easier. From the sheer numbers of drug related deaths, near-deaths, and burnt-out lives, it is obvious that drugs are not a solution to any of our problems; they are just masking those problems and actually adding to them. If we as a world community are to gain true control over our lives and our destinies, we must live life with all of our wits about us. That life cannot be lived fully and creatively unless it is a "natural high".

(MP) Legalizing drugs would be disastrous because even if drug use was limited to adults, drug use by teenagers and children would rise. Many more of them would die of overdoses or have their lives ruined. Some of my friends had no trouble buying alcohol despite being 4 or 5 years under the drinking age, so there is no reason to expect that they would be unable to buy drugs if they were legalized.

Even marijuana should not be legalized because if it were, then many people would start smoking it on the street and in elevators. This would be unfair to the people who find the smell of marijuana smoke extremely offensive (which includes me). The air belongs to everybody.

(SL) Arguments can be made on both sides. The pros point out that most drug related crime is perpetrated by addicts trying to support an expensive habit. Legalization would lower the price of the drug, and would eliminate the motive for a lot of crime. They also point out that by lifting the onus of being a criminal from addiction that more addicts would try to get help. The third point usually made is that legalization would put a big crimp in organized crime's cash flow. I used to buy all three of these arguments. To a certain degree, all three are true.

I am sure that organized crime would lobby against any move to legalize drugs, but I am also sure that they would recover nicely and continue to be the big business they are today. I am less sure that any addict will be influenced by whether or not the drug he is taking is a legal or illegal drug. I feel that addicts will decide to stop being addicts at about the rate they decide to stop now, no matter what happens as far as legalization goes. The removal of motive for drug related crimes is probably the best argument. If an addict can feed his habit for less money, he will have less need to steal. Of course, there is always the chance that his habit will simply grow to meet the level he can feed it with no change at all in his level of theft.

The very strong con argument is that legalization will make drugs available to just that many more people who will use them and abuse themselves.

The real bottom line is that drugs are not good for one. They are a poison that kills painfully, and causes the victim to hurt others while they are hurting themselves. No matter what anyone says, using drugs is not a 'victimless' crime. It is not good to make poison readily available to people who don't have the information or wisdom to know that it is poison. It would not be good to legalize any harmful drug.

#### Next Month's Questions:

1. What is your opinion of the USA's unilaterally dropping the SALT II treaty.
2. Do you read the newspapers? What parts?

## 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

Randy Ellis has resigned the Austrian position.  
 Will John Crow of 13750 Maham Rd #1178, Dallas, Texas 75240  
 please negotiate and send in Austrian orders?

## 1982 CH The Alien's Game Spring 1918

AUS (Randy 15) A Bud-VIE, A MUN-Ruh(A BUR S), A Tri-TYA,  
 A Ukr-SEV(A RUM S), A War-Mos(d;r SIL,OTB), A Pie-MAR,  
 A BRE-Far, A BER-Kie, F SPA(sc) S ITA F NAF-Mid,  
 F SMY S ITA F Aeg-CON, F BUL(ec) S ITA F Aeg-CON,  
 A PRU-Lyn, A Gal-UKR  
 ENG (Jeff 8) A KIE S RUS A RUH-Mun(nso) (F DEN S), F BEL H,  
 F DAL S RUS A SIL-Ber(nso), A PAR-Bur, F BOI-Lyn,  
 F MID S ITA F WES-Spa(sc)(nso) (FRE F POR, F ENG S)  
 FRA (Mike 1) F POR S ENG F MID  
 ITA (Jim 3) F Aeg-CON(AUS F SMY, AUS F BUL(ec) S),  
 F NAF-Mid(AUS F SPA(sc) S), F WES S AUS F SPA(sc)  
 RUS (John 7) A Sil-GAL, A Sev-Ukr(d;r ARM,OTB),  
 A RUH S ENG A KIE-Mun(nso), A Lyn-WAR(A MOS S),  
 F Con-Dul(sc)(d;r BLA,OTB), F ANK-Con

1982 CH The Aliens' Game ZAT for Summer and Fall 1918  
 will be July 11, 1986.

## 1982 CH The Aliens' Game Press:

LINDY to BOOB: All the best to you and Charlotte always!

GM to BOOB: That goes for me and the GMS too.

LINDY to GM: If no one else writes you press, I suggest you  
 take advantage of some time behind closed doors with the GMS.  
 After limbering up your fingers on the keyboard, you will be  
 more than ready....

GM to LINDY: Sure, and you put that at the top of the page.  
 By the time I get to the bottom of the page I'll be out of  
 the mood. (And at the speed I type, too old.)

FRANCE to GM: Did you finish the "War of Powers" series?  
 Wasn't it great?

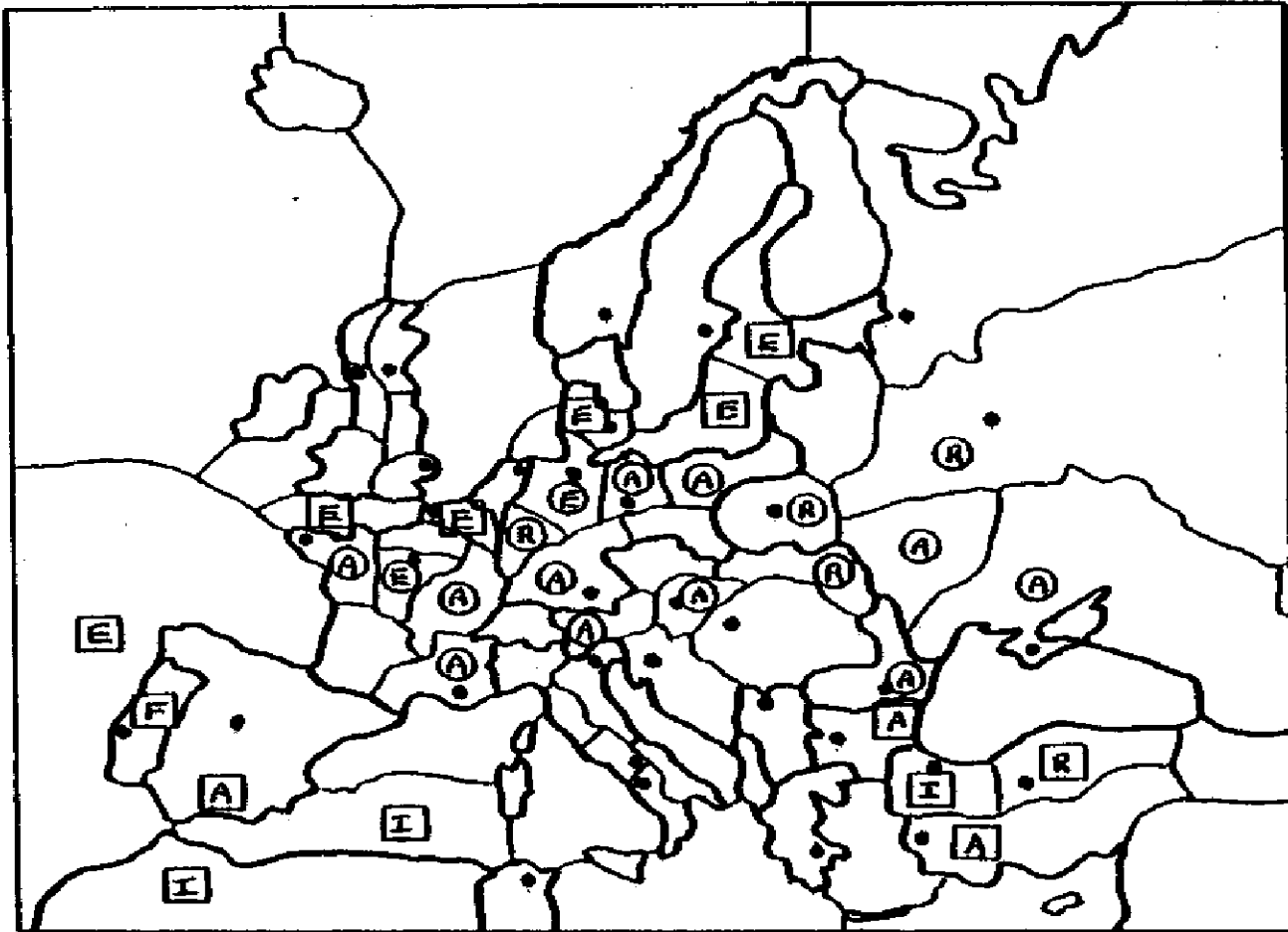
GM to FRANCE: I'm reading book four of the series now. And  
 yes, it is a good series of books.

## CHEAP TRICKS

It has been a while since we've seen this segment show up in  
 MAGUS. There are a whole new set of zines hitting our mail-  
 box since the previous CHEAP TRICKS. A whole new set, except  
 for a few that have withstood the test of time.

W/KK (aka Whitestonia/Kathy's Korner) is the first known case  
 of a subzine that ate its zine. Kathy Byrne/John Caruso  
 27-10 164th St, Flushing, NY 11358. \$10/10 but don't try to  
 sub unless you are ready to contribute. The sub list is  
 limited to those with weird senses of humor; but no deadwood.  
 Rumor has it Bruce Linsey pays through the nose for his copy.

1702 CH The Aliens' Game Map does not show retreats.



## CHEAP TRICKS

Europa Express - Gary Coughlan 4614 Martha Cole Lane, Memphis, TN 38118 \$12/10 EE comes out five times a year with articles and letters from both sides of the Atlantic. Gary is one of the better writers in Dipdom and EE shows his wide variety of interests.

Perelandra - Pete Gaughan (PJGIV) 3121 E. Park Row #145, Arlington, TX 76010 \$7.50/10 Pete exposes the reader to literary extracts, a variety of games (even some Diplomacy) along with a monthly literary quiz of hard and easy (so he says) questions.

Macabre - Mark Coldiron It doesn't matter where Mark lives because you can't get this one any more. The last issue just came out. A shame, truly, because Mac carried a fine variety of games, a letter/discussion column, some good pruss, and all for free. Yes, Macabre was the only zine in Dipdom that was a better buy than Costaguana.

No Fixed Address - Steve Hutton 1175 Broadview Avenue #711, Toronto, Ontario, M4k 2S9, Canada \$8.00 US/10 NFA has been coming out occasionally of late. Fine letter column, articles on sexual preference from the gay point of view.

1982 IW Journey Back to OZ The Players

Bart Denny 1410 Meadow Vista Rd, Meadow Vista, CA 95722  
(916) 878-1343  
Tom Hurst 2686 Richardson Dr., Fitchburg, WI 53711  
Marshal Linder RD3, Box 218, Carmichael Rd, Owego, NY 13827  
(607) 687-5444  
Mark Keller 2 Seaside Ct., Sacramento, CA 95831  
(916) 427-7183  
Mark Coldiron 3300 Parkside Drive #47, Rocklin, CA 95677  
(916) 624-4406

The A/T draw did not pass but is repropoed. Please vote with your orders.

1982 IW Journey Back to OZ Winter 1908

AUS builds A TRI, A VIE  
GER removes A Gas

1982 IW Journey Back to OZ Spring 1909

AUS (Bart 12) A MUN-Ruh(A KIE S(A BER S)), A VIE-Boh,  
A BOH-Mun(A SIL S), A STP MS A LVN(TUR A MOS S),  
A MAR S TUR A Spa-GAS(A PIE S), A PRU S A BER, A Tri-TYA  
ENG (Tom 3) F Nat-CLY, F POR-Mid(F BRE S)  
GER (Marshal 5) A DEN-Kie(F BAL, A RUH S), A Bur-BEL,  
F Lon-NTH  
RUS (Mark K 2) A FIN-Swe, A NWY-Swe, F Nwg-NAT  
TUR (Mark C 11) A Spa-GAS(AUS A MAR S), F WES-Mid(F NAF S),  
A MOS S AUS A STP, F Mid-ENG, F Gol-SPA(sc), F Tyh-GOL,  
F TUN-Wes, F ION-Tun, F AEG-Ion, F Nap-TYH

1982 IW Journey Back to OZ ZAT for Fall 1909 will be  
July 11, 1986.

1982 IW Journey Back to OZ Press

LINDY to GM: Daf doesn't wear shoes? Does this mean you  
keep her barefoot and pregnant? And thank you for telling me  
it was Bart wearing the kinky costume; I didn't recognize him  
with his clothes on.

GM to LINDY: Daf keeps herself barefoot. I do my best in all  
the other departments. I thought you would recognize Bart  
from the mask.

LINDY to GM: Just between us, I had something a bit more  
exotic in mind for Germany. Something with peanut butter and  
marshmallow fluff....

GMS to LINDY: I prefer Hot Fudge and Whipped Cream, myself.

GM to GMS: You two sound as if you are turning this into a  
cooking class.

GMS to GM: We are definitely cooking, right Lindy?

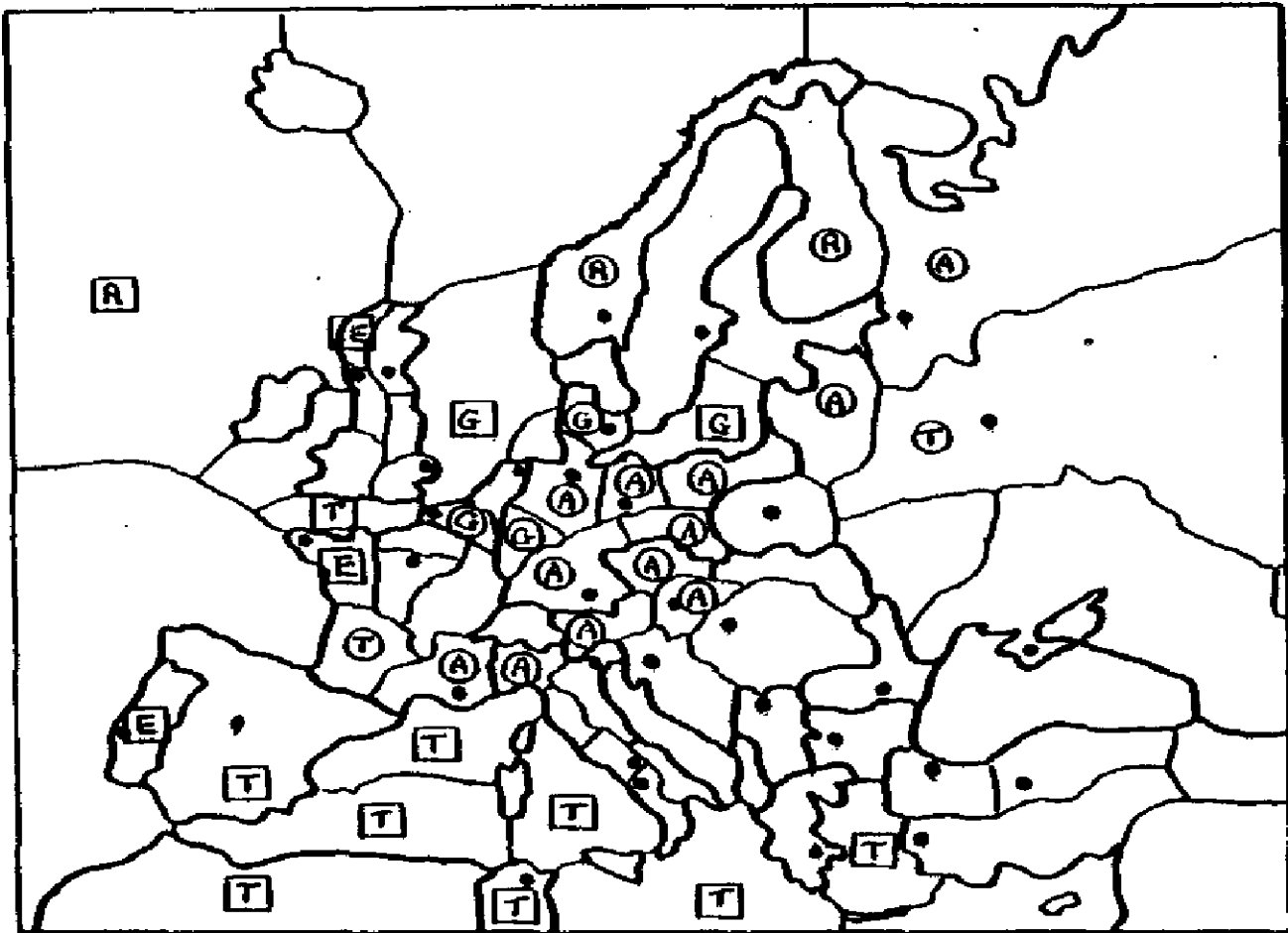
LINDY to GMS: Welcome home!!! Just step over those crumpled  
papers, brush aside those cobwebs, and very tenderly hand the  
GM the vacuum-cleaner.

GMS to LINDY: I have far more important tasks for him to  
handle...if you get my meaning.

GM to LINDY: Besides, your description was a slander. I had  
fixed the vacuum and run it over the path from the door to the  
bedroom, I'd already kicked all of the papers over near the  
wall, and the cobwebs sort of fit in with the decor...only  
witchcraft.

1992 IM Journey Back to GZ

Map shows gg retreats.



## CHEAP TRICKS

And now for the new kids on the block:

It's A Trap! - Steve Knight - 2732 Grand Avenue S. #302, Minneapolis, MN 55408 \$.50 + postage per issue. Steve runs United, a couple games of Dip, has some Twist games (if he ever sends me his move) and a letter column that focuses on movies just now. Steve also treats us to an 'editorial' that is a chatty look at his life.

Frobozz - Jeff Richmond (my favorite) - 3313 Platt Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48104 \$3.50/10 The home of the best puzzles published in Dipdom. Four week deadlines with fast and accurate GMing. Warehouse, but a great place to play.

Feuilletonist's Forum (don't try to pronounce it) - Greg Ellis - 700 Rio Grande, Austin, TX 78701 \$5/10 FF runs Presidential Politics and some Dip (at least there was an opening at last count). Letter column concerned primarily with politics.

Excelsior - Bruce McIntyre - 6191 Winch Street, Durnaby, British Columbia, V5B 2L4 Canada \$7 US/10 McBruce puts out a charming zine and I'm out of room (sigh).

## 1986 A Showtime The Players

John Huestis 4525 Cameron Road, Shingle Springs, CA 95682  
 Tom Hurst 2686 Richardson Dr., Fitchburg, WI 53711  
 Bill Quinn 301 Conroe Dr., Conroe, TX 77301  
 Melinda Holley PO Box 2793, Huntington, WV 25727  
 Dennis Walker 112 Foxwood Circle, Bonaire GA, 31005  
 (912) 929-3763  
 Don Williams 1325 E. Citrus Ave., Apt 2-C,  
 Redlands, CA 92374  
 Mark Fassio 1160 Spruance Rd., Monterey, CA 93940-4823  
 (as of July 1) 11579 Mohican Road, Woodbridge, VA 22192  
 (703) 470-4326

The R/F draw died of apathy.

## 1986 A Showtime Fall 1902

AUS (John 4) A Rum B RUS A UKR-Sev(nso) (dir BUD, OTB),  
 A Gal-SIL, A BUL S A RUM, F Gre-AEG  
 ENG (Tom 5) A WAL-Bre(F ENG C), F Bre-MID(F IRI S),  
 F NWY H  
 FRA (Bill 4) A Par-BRE(A GAS, A PIC S), F Spa(sc)-POR  
 GER (Melinda 5) A BUR-Mun(A RUH S), F BAL MS F SWE, A BEL-Pic  
 ITA (Dennis 4) A BOH-Mun(A TYA S), F Ion-TUN, F EAS-Smy  
 RUS (Don 4) F STP(sc) S GER F SWE-Bot(nso),  
F CON-Bul(sc), A War-GAL(A UKR S)  
 TUR (Faz 4) F SMY H, A Sev-RUM(F BLA S)

## 1986 A Showtime Winter 1902 Supply Center Chart

AUS Bud, Vie, Ser, Gre, BUL	+1; builds 1
ENG Home, <u>Bre</u> , Nwy	-1; removes 1
FRA Mar, Par, <u>Bel</u> , Spa, BRE, POR	+1; builds 1
GER Home, Den, Hol, BEL, SWE	+2; builds 2
ITA Home, Tri, TUN	+1; builds 1
RUS Home, CON	+1; builds 1
TUR Ank, <u>Con</u> , Smy, <u>Bul</u> , RUM	-1; even
NEU <u>Por</u> , <u>Rum</u> , <u>Swe</u> , <u>Tun</u>	-4; out

1986 A Showtime ZAT for Winter 1902 and Spring 1903 is July 11, 1986.

## 1986 A Showtime PRESS

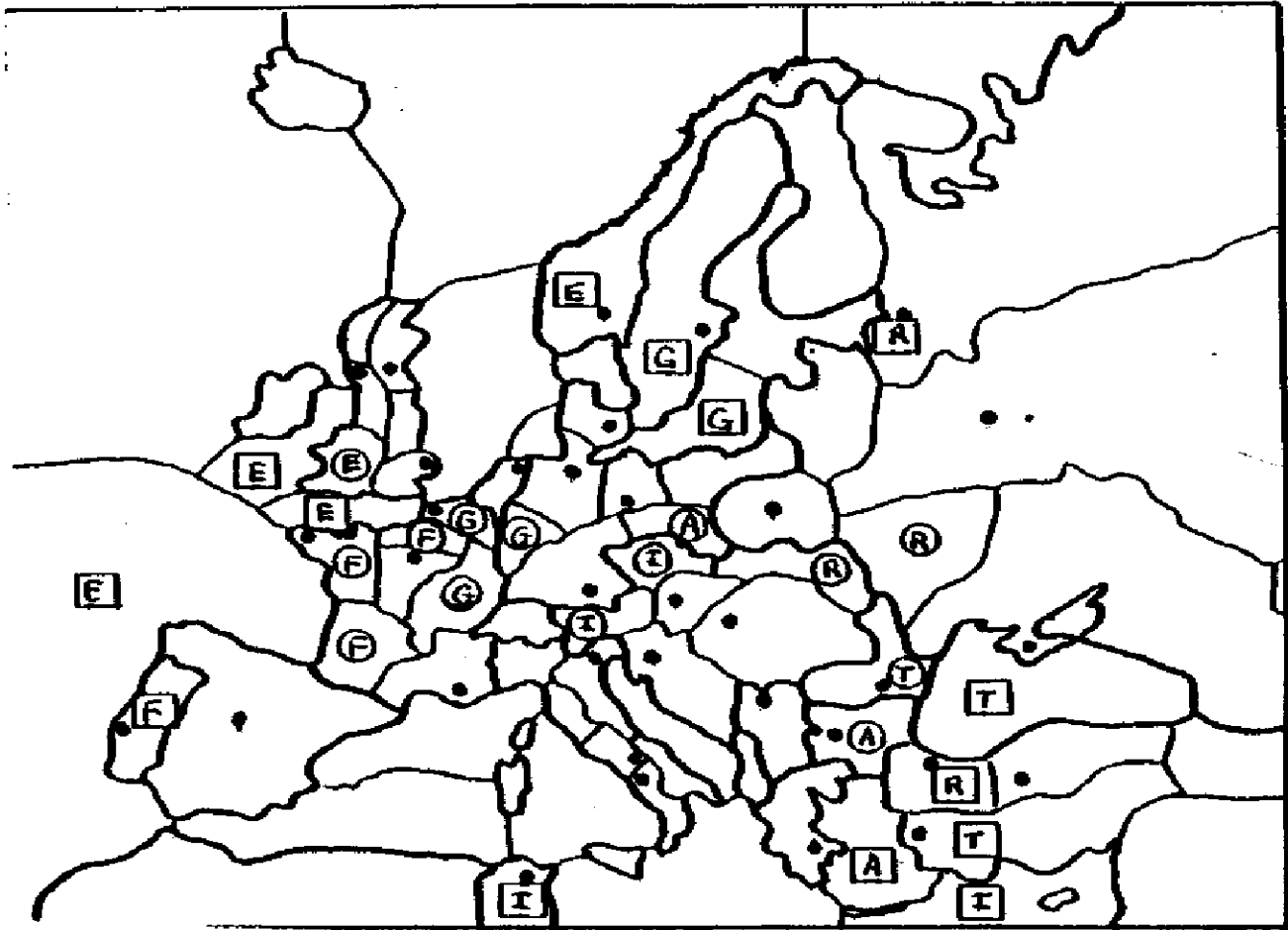
DUCK to FAZ: The old Sacto Sage has a point there, Mark. "Faz" may do for a variation on a prime time greaser-cum-Lord of-Flatbush, but it hardly counts as a bona fide Diplomacy nickname. Hey, what does Margie call you? Hm, no, better you not tell us - it'd ruin your rep. Don't ask me why, but the name "Flash" somehow comes to mind every time I think of you or get one of your glib-to-the-gills letters. How's that sound to you, Flash?

DAF to DUCK: I always think of a used-car salesman when I read a Faz letter, but I like "Flash" better than "Cal Worthington" as a nickname. Of course, we could always call him "Spot".

SAGE to DAF 'n DUCK: Flash and Heavy Hand...we're on a roll. REDLANDS to SACTO SAGE: Okay, I think I've got that brain teaser licked now: Painless Dennis, Dishonest Bill, and The Menace John. Er, well, uh, let me work on this some more and get back to you next month. How 'd'ya see...



1986 A Showtime

Map does not show units in retreat.

**RUSSIA to OVEREXTENDED TURK:** Why you want help financing the sucker? My guess is the sucker already got his financing... (enjoy your new digs, Flash.)

**TURKEY to WHOEVER CARES:** Will be moving to DC soon, and a COA sheet will be sent out to all of you around the end of May... hey, why am I saying this? This stuff won't get to any of you until the middle of June! Nice one, Faz! ANYWAY, if any of you have NOT yet received a COA sheet from me, ~~Yodgk WRY~~ let me know and I'll send you one, ok?

**GERMANY to TURKEY:** A townhouse in DC? We are moving up in the world, aren't we?

**GM to MANEATER:** We? Does Margie know about this?

**DREADED DRAKE to KING GNOME:** Where's the druid? Bring back the Druid!

**GERMANY to RUSSIA:** You can have the drinks. I'm only interested in your dots.

**DUCK to DUCK HUNTER:** Hey, easy there, girl. Peace on earth? Good will toward ~~all~~ feathered things? Grovel, whimper, Olsen-Olsen-Olsen... (am I ahead yet?)

**GM to DUCK ON THE POND:** Olsen-Olsen-Olsen: You really are desperate. Still, when all else fails fall back on being cute. It's worked for me for over forty years now.

**WILLIAMS to MANEATER:** So, the dread truth be told! Byrne's a clone off the old chip, eh? Doesn't quite answer the old "Chicken or the Egg" question, but it's close.

**GM to DON:** Melinda is the egg. Kathy is the chicken.

GM to SHOWTIME: And now, the answer to the question that has been on everyone's lips, "Will he or won't he?"

RUSSIA to TURKEY: Hiya, buddy. Got your last 12 16 21 letters. The answer to all of them is, "Maybe yes, and maybe no. We'll see."

TURKEY to RUSSIA: Well, we're 0-for-2 on the guessing game with these wretches. Perhaps we should try to think illogically, and maybe we'll succeed better? Or have we been thinking illogically??...it's been a long game..hang in there, Tsarist pal o' mine, and better days will come, be they in this game or in the netherworld. E pluribus unum, and all that.

HEAVY-HAND to FAZ: Everyone knows Turkeys and Ducks don't flock together!!

GM to HEAVY-HAND: Just what is it that Turkeys and Ducks do together, then?

RUSSIA to TURKEY: You really think this will work?

GM to RUSSIA: Other than that!

FOWLMaster to GNAUGHTY GNOME: Actually, how about "Drill" Quinn, "Disordered" Dennis, and "Useless" Huestis?

GM to FOWL BALL: You should have quit when you came up with "Flash".

ARMY WROCLAW to AUSTRIA: Bump and grind time, kid.

HEAVY-HAND to DUCK: Here's hoping we are now allies!

RUSSIA to BUDAPEST: What kind of psychotic malcontent are you? Me, write press from Chernobyl? Bet real. (Er, tovarich, how much do you know? You are not a Jewish dissident, are you? You know we can make you a Jewish dissident, don't you? Talk, Comrade Huestis, and all will be well. You maybe have relatives in Warsaw? Come, talk to us, tovarich. We are nice men, we are good listeners...or you would like maybe a tour of the gulag? It is nice on the gulag...

GM to CHERNOBYL: Fine way to talk to someone who only wanted to be your friend.

WARSAW WORDMONGER to AUSTRIAN: Sir, ladies "expire". Frenchmen "die". Austrians "get wasted". Capisci?

GM to WORDY ONE: Okay, Okay, I get the message.

TURKEY to ALL: Don't suppose I could call for a concession to Turkey now, before I lose my other 3 units, huh? Didn't think so.

GM to TURKEY: That only works in those zines where NVR is a 'yes' vote.

TURKEY to FRANCE: Thanks for the poll info - how about some good news?

BILLY-BOB to UNCLE ENNIS: Them boys is ahard ta see inna dark, Unca Ennis, cain't we go home? Ah'm agittin' kinda "spooked" - whoops, Ah'm sorry, I forgot....Unca Ennis...put down that rope! Momma ain't agonna be pleased.

HEAVY-HAND to SACTO SAGE: I have to be careful! This 'Heavy-hand' sometimes causes a 'limp-wrist'!

GM to LIMP HAND: I wouldn't want that kind of information to get around if I were you.

FOWLMaster to HEAVYHAND HUESTIS: "...make nice-nice"? I'll just bet you're anal retentive. Stay away from me, huh?

L.L. to WARSAW WIT: Cute, real cute. Next issue, can we hear some more of your memoirs?

GERMANY to ITALY: With my paranoia, I need this aggravation?

DUCK to HOBBY HOLLEY: Would you mind putting the Gnome back on the leash? He's leaving little gnome pellets all over St. Pete. Much obliged.

RUS to TUR: Hey, chill out. Would I stick you twice in the same place, er, game?

DW to MF: And a Zenyatta Mundatta to you, too!

MALICIOUS MALLARD to GNOT GNICE GNOME: Gnot gnecessarily, your Gnastinessship! Ungnown to you, your gnack for knarly gnaws has made you quite the well-gnawn Gnome.

GN to DASTARDLY DUCK: Quite the alliterative one, aren't you. Seems familiar though.

FOULMASTER to GM: Derivative? yes. But you gotta admit, it makes a lot more sense than Luedi's "Ze" did, doesn't it?

GM to FOUL BREATH: No, I do not have to admit anything of the sort. At least with Luedi there was a plot.

FOULMASTER to KINGNOME: Regarding your message to the Austrian Senior Statesman last time: did you set that little acronym up, or do I just have a particularly filthy (not to mention bureaucratic) bent? If you did mean it, do you think he got it?

COCHISE to WARGAW WIT: Did he get there in time?

GERMANY to ITALY: You plan on making this a habit, chum? Killing me off once wasn't enough?

RUSSIA to AUSTRIA: You're not gullible, you're merely glib. I'm gullible.

LINDY to TURKEY: Just read your Input #2. Gag me with a hamster! (Seriously, I liked it.)

DW to DW: Oh Ghod - not another strong and silent type. You and Slossar ought to team up. Think of all those letters you wouldn't write to each other. The postcards never exchanged! The phone calls never called!! You two'd be in Heaven!! A couple of naturals; peanut butter and jelly, ham and swiss to rye, corn beef to cabbage, etc....

GERMANY to AUSTRIA: Don - a menace? Pardon me while I laugh.

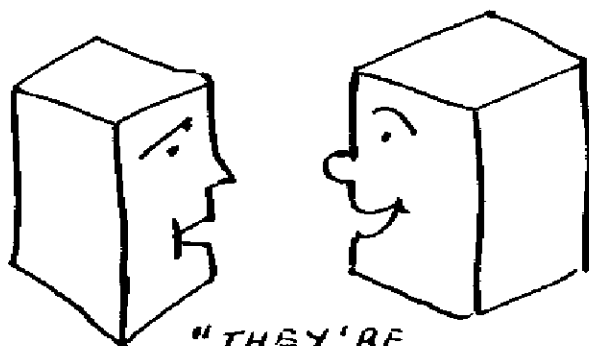
IMPERIAL RUSSIAN NAVY, NORTH to KREIBSMARINE: I don't quite know why I decided to do that, but I just hate to hold in place when there's anything else I can possibly do. Hope you didn't take advantage of the helping hand, but if you did then I'll know you were planning to keep me home anyway.

TURKEY to A/I: Smooth moves, you two; the annihilation of Bul was expected eventually, but not that turn. Well, I guess now that all the cards are on the table, we'll have to make a fight of it and hope to keep you tied down long enough for E/G to get the act in gear and come south.

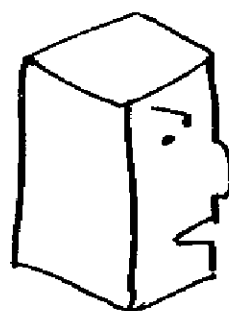
HEAVY-HAND to KAISERINA: I bet you would protect Munich, hope I was wrong.

TURKEY to E/G: Did you two hear that? Keep those Christmas tree allies of green and red out of sacred German soil!

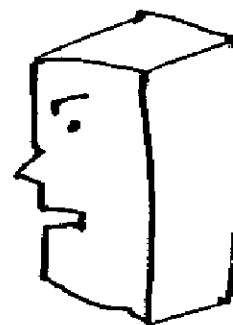
Prevent them from propping up the power in France! HELP US!!



"THEY'RE  
JUST NEGOTIATING!"



"DID NOT!"



"DID SO!"

## 1985 X Old Fiends The Players

Marshal Linder RD3, Box 218, Carmichael Rd. Owego, NY 13827  
(607) 687-5444  
John Crow 13750 Maham Rd #1178, Dallas, TX 75240  
Bob Slossar 14 Buck Hill Rd., Huntington, CT 06484  
(203) 929-6218  
Michael Fustilnik 140 Cadman Plaza West, Brooklyn, NY 11201  
Don Willaims 1325 E. Citrus Ave., Apt 2-C,  
Redlands, CA 92374  
Jim Keeney 3124 N Street, Sacramento, CA 95816  
Steve Arnawoodian 602 Hemlock Circle, Lansdale, PA 19446

## 1985 X Old Fiends Fall 1905

AUS (Marshal 4) A SER S RUS A Rum-BUL (A BUD S),  
A Vie-TYA (A TRI S)  
ENG (John 1) F Cly-LPL  
FRA (Dob 8) F Eng-NTH (GER F EDI S), F Nth-NWY, A BEL-Ruh,  
F Ska-SWE (GER A DEN S), F NAT-Nwg, A RUH-Mun (A DUR S),  
A MUN-Doh  
GER (Mike 3) A DEN S FRE F Ska-SWE, F EDI S FRE F Eng-NTH,  
A Kie-IOL  
ITA (Don 7) F Apu-VEN, A SMY S TUR F CON (F EAS S),  
F AEG-Bul (sc) (TUR F CON S), F ION-Aeg, A Alb-GRE  
RUS (Jim 10) F Swe-Den (d; r FIN, BOT, BAL, OTB), F Nwy-SKA,  
F BAR H, A GAL-Boh, F NWG-Nth, F ANK-Con, A ARM-Smy,  
A Rum-BUL (AUS A SER S), A BER MS A SIL  
TUR (Woody 1) F CON S ITA F AEG-Bul (sc) (ITA A SMY S)

## 1985 X Old Fiends Winter 1905 Supply Center Chart

AUS	Vie, Ser, Bul, Con, BUD, TRI	+0; even
ENG	Lpl	+0; even
FRA	Home, Spa, Bel, For, Lon, Mun, NWY, SWE	+2; builds 2
GER	Hol, Edi, Kie, DEN	+1; builds 1
ITA	Home, Tun, Gre, Tri, Bud, SMY	-1; even
RUS	Home, Swe, Ber, Den, Nwy, Ank, Rum, BUL	-2; removes 2
TUR	Smy, CON	+0; even

## 1985 X Old Fiends ZAT for Winter 1905 and Spring 1906 is July 11, 1986.

## 1985 X Old Fiends Press:

ITALY to AUSTRIA: I don't know about the Bourse, but you've got me totally lost. (Nice set of moves last time, but I think you made the wrong final choice.)

GMS to ITALY: You think that was a nice set of moves? Check these out, you feather-tongued devil!

FOWLMASTER to GMS: How is it that when you're nimble fingers are on the keyboard typing the press it feels so much...so much better than when hamfist does it? Oooo-oooooh!! I'm getting goosebumps.

GMS to ITALY: You mean "duckbumps", silly.

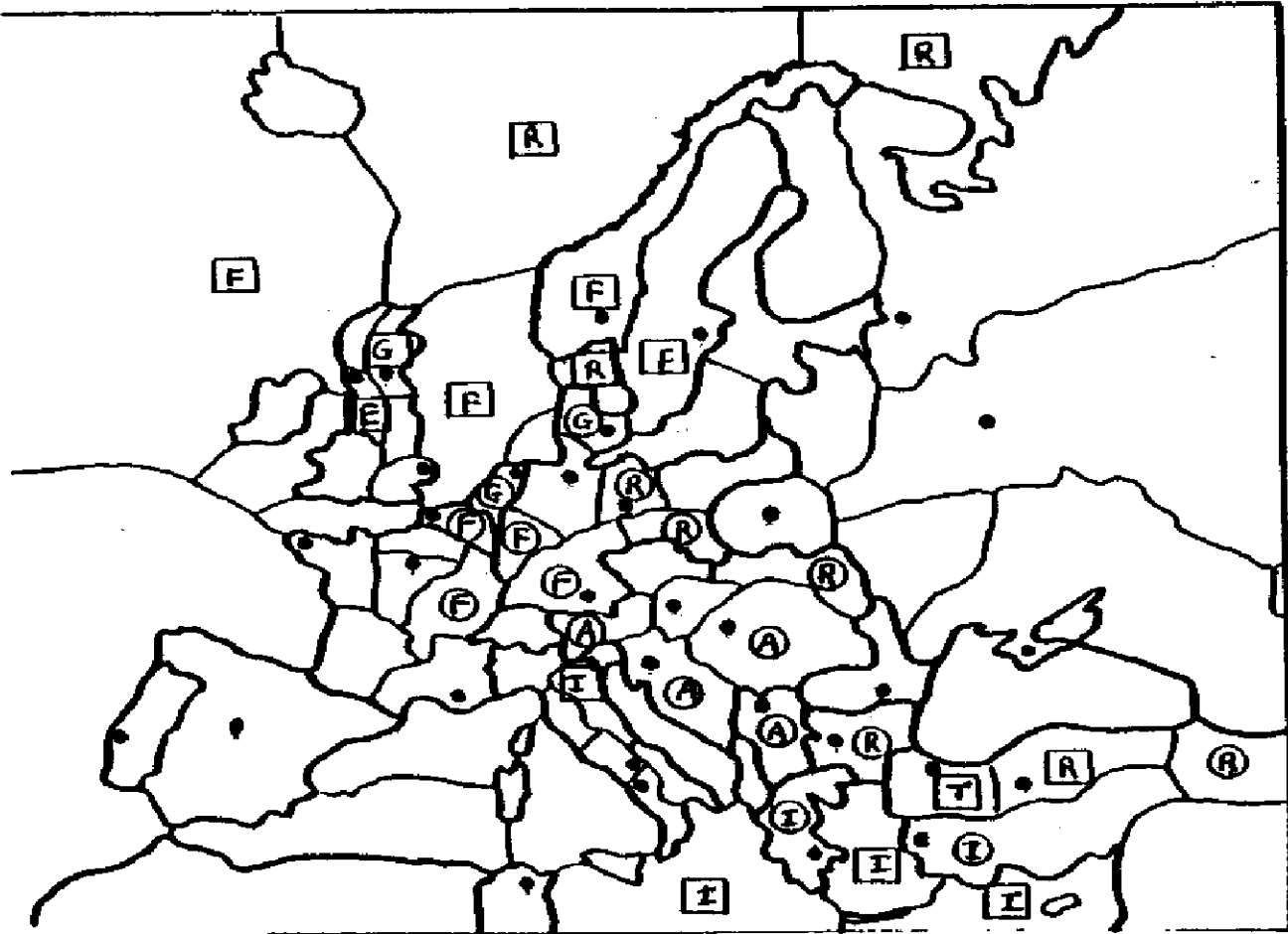
ITALY to GMS: I take it back - with you back at the helm, how could I be totally lost? Maybe only 50% lost, huh?

GMS to ITALY: With me as your guide, you'll never be totally lost.

GM to ITALY: That's what she told me, and I've been head over heels for years now.

GMS to GM: You're a special case, silly.

1985 X Old Friends

Map does not reflect units in retreat.

**ROME to LEADHEAD:** Such a glowing personality you have! Radioactive or not, I can't help but feel that a good dose would be good for what ails you.

**LINDER'S FIRST RULE OF DIPLOMACY:** When someone tells you "Just let me take all the centers this year, you can have some later - maybe Switzerland", run away and ally with someone else.

**DON to STEVE:** I noticed they were talking about the recent rise in Crowns in the Bourse last time and somehow the famed Austrian Miracle was brought up. But come, don't you think the "Clyde Miracle" is a bit much, not to mention derivative? The "Almost-Broke-Even Miracle" maybe, but nothing on the scale of the AM....that made millions for everyone except Iron Fist, the Wichita Woe-Monger.

**STEVE to DON:** I'm sorry I said anything, honest.

**VENICE to THE GM:** Can I have this dance?

**THE GMS to VENICE:** I don't know - will it fit in your pocket?

**GM to VENICE:** Hey, Don, is that a dance in your pocket or are you just glad to see me?

**GMS to GM:** I can tell I've been away too long. Why don't you come lay down on the water bed and let me soothe your brow?

**ROME to PARIS:** Onward! Into the breach! Long live la Republique! Viva France! Death to the Tsar! Death to Comaie-Sympy! Death to Liberals!!! (Death to Liberals? That Slossar is contagious.)

**BUDAPEST to ROME:** Too bad it didn't work out....

ITALY to GM: I'd rather hit Russia with something "pithy" and "significant", if you catch my drift.

GM to ITALY: Do you think the game will last long enough for you to come up with "pithy", let alone "significant"?

DON to STEVE: That was uncalled for.

STEVE to DON: I suppose you think "wienie" is pithy?

ITALY to WIENIE: Okay, so you read the BOURSE press. You want a medal or something?

GMS to ITALY: No, but you better have something in your next letter for me for making me type this story. Small bills will do nicely.

SOMEWHERE OFF THE COAST OF CLYDE:

The U-Boat "Wolfgang Rex" had been down for hours and the air was getting stale. Captain Scheiskopf von Verruckt spoke to his second in command.

"Uppen-zie bringgenher das Boot, ja Lt Diefendorf?"

"Jawohl. Der Boot ist uppengerbringgenher, Kapitan."

Verruckt smiled as he unfolded the periscope's handholds and slid the tube down to eye level and waited for his ship to reach periscope depth.

"Das Boot jer gerstoppen vur derlevel gerpeepenscoppen, ja?"

"Ja, Kapitan," said Diefendorf. "Ich bin ein orderver-takkengutter, mein Kapitan." That was true, thought Verruckt to himself, as far as it went. The periscope broke the surface of the frigid North Atlantic Sea. Verruckt quickly scanned the horizon ahead of him to the north. Twilight had begun to fall and nothing was to be seen there. To the east, again nothing. The Captain brought the periscope around to the right, to the south and - yes! A thick, black trail of smoke lay across the purpling southern sky.

"Der Boot gerbringgen zie ver der Sut, Diefendorf."

"Jawohl, mein kampf, er...mein Kapitan." Another Freudian slip like that, thought Verruckt, and Herr Diefendorf would find himself chained to the deck gun on the next dive. He continued to peer through the scope, finally found the source of the smoke. An English battlegewagon headed south at flank speed. Probably trying to run the French blockade of Liverpool, thought Captain Verruckt.

"Mit der Boot germacchenschnell!" he said to Diefendorf.

"Germacchenschnell? Ur germacchenschnellschnellschnell? Kapitan, Ich bin ein Prussian und...."

"Du bist ein schweinhundt, Diefendorf!" Countermand my orders, will he? thought Verruckt. His dark thoughts about Diefendorf were broken by the crackling of voices on the radio.

"Hans, der Kreigshippen Anglisch du bist gerhearingut?"

"Ja, mein Kapitan. Mut der Kreigshippen Anglisch is mit der Russianlicht gerspeakken!" So, the crew aboard the battlegewagon was speaking Russian, was it? Not that it mattered to Verruckt - Deutschland was at war with English swine and Russian dog alike. Under his feet, the Captain could feel the steady thrum of the electric engines as they labored toward battlespeed; could feel the change in his veteran crew as they knew they were about to engage yet another enemy; could feel the change in his blood as he barked a question.

"Diefendorf, Der turpedotubben du bist gerloadden, ja?"

"Ja, ja, ja," replied the portly Prussian second in command. "Mit der turpedosgrossen vur der gerboominmachen, mein kam. Kapitan." Verruckt wondered, not for the first

time, about Diefendorf's background. Jewish? A Polish Jew? Verruckt could only hope. Still, the Captain felt good. An English warship in his sights, and the "Wolfgang Rex" in pursuit. The U-Boat quickly and silently lessened the distance between itself and its prey. And as he had done so many times in the past, before the energy and drama of combat, Captain Verruckt lifted his vibrant tenor in song...

"Du like gersayin jer immune der vurstuff - Oh ja!

Mat ist verckloser mit der truttensayin, Das Boot is einuff,

Du mittenwell gerfaceit jer addickted du blood!"

GM to DER FUNNISPIKER: No wonder Daf came away from the terminal with a dazed look about her.

ROME to CLYDE: Is this the patented "Crow Comeback" we've been waiting for for so long? I mean, it's great the way you sportingly spot the foe two-thirds of your country, write reams of great press, and drag out the game for another sixteen years. I love it when you do that. Never let it be said you've ever done anything the easy way.

OFF THE COAST OF ENGLAND:

The thunder of gunfire was deafening, cordite bit the air, and gunsmoke roiled over the choppy seas.

"Admiral, we're engaged, we're engaged," yelled the hunchback jumping up and down.

The flagship's main armament roared in answer, ranging out to the extent of it's 39,000 yard range. The casemated secondaries held silent, waiting for the range to close.

The Admiral lifted his spyglass to his eye and swept the horizon. Odd. No Spire of Thimful, no Steps of Balmore. He sought again for the familiar landmarks of the English coast. What? Ayre Rock; but that was near Liverpool!

He focused on the enemy and immediately recognized the acute tumble-home of a French St. Louis class battleship.

"Simon!" roared the Admiral.

"Da, my Admiral," piped the hunchback.

"Where are the Germans, we're supposed to be fighting the Germans."

The hunchback quickly consulted a clipboard at his waist, "according to our latest reconnaissance, and checking Langley's map, the Germans are supposed to be right here in Edinburgh."

"This isn't Edinburgh, this is Liverpool," screamed the Admiral pointing to the coast. The hunchback squinted hard at the pointing hand, it was difficult to see exactly what the Admiral was pointing at, what with Simon as short as he was, and two of the Admiral's fingers being shorter than normal; but he hadn't worked his way up to being First Mate and Chief Bottlewasher by being slow.

"Oh, you said Edinburgh," said the hunchback ingenuously, "I thought you said Liverpool. Sound alot alike y'know. We'll get you to Edinburgh, it's right that away," smiled the hunchback waving his hand toward the 180 degrees of direction abaft the flagship, "no problem."

A French shell resounded off the belt armor, as another snapped a yard arm from the maining easing mast.

"No problem," repeated the Admiral ruefully.

ROME to CLYDE: Clyde? Clyde Crow? Is that you? Kind of a catchy name, not? Considering the moniker you stuck your son with, (Chumbley, for those of you who care to know), I can't help but think Clyde Crow wouldn't have a certain poetic justice to it.

GM to ROME: Nice double negative. What did it mean?

TUSCANY to GMS: Not a lot to say, really, but I don't think I've ever datelined anything from Tuscany before. Tuscany... good wine country, Tuscany.

GMS to TUSCANY: Good country for hot blooded lovers, too.

ITALY to GMS: A very decided maybe.

GM to FIENDS: Watch out, it looks as if Austria and Italy may have found some common ground.

BUDAPEST to CLYDE: If you can only hang on for another decade or so I'll be happy to help!

REDLANDS to DALLAS: Okay, Clyde, I've got it all figured out. If you could just hold out for another three - maybe four? - more years well, hey, I'll be ready to turn west and start giving you a hand. Won't take me but another year or two to get into position then - WHAM - I'll hit France big time. Hold tight, Clyde - I never break a promise.

GM to DALLAS: Trust him on that. He never breaks a promise that is written in blood and fully notarized...if you have a gun held to his head. I know...I've been there.

ROME to SACTO SAGE: "Mano a mano?" Get real, dreamer, the only one you ever go hand-to-hand with is the GMS. (And that's not really hand-to-hand, now is it?)

SACTO SAGE to ROME: Occasionally it is.

LINDY to GM: Hmm...you said Cochise gives me "everything my heart could desire"? Not true! I'm still waiting for my furs, my Porsche, my chalet on Lake Lucerne, and my controlling stock of Godiva Chocolates. But he does give me everything else!

GM to LINDY: Details...details.

GMS to GM: What's this about her tail?

GM to GMS: No no Sweetboots, I've got more than I can handle at home.

ITALY to GMS: But would it make a difference?

GMS to ITALY: It makes all the difference in the world to me.

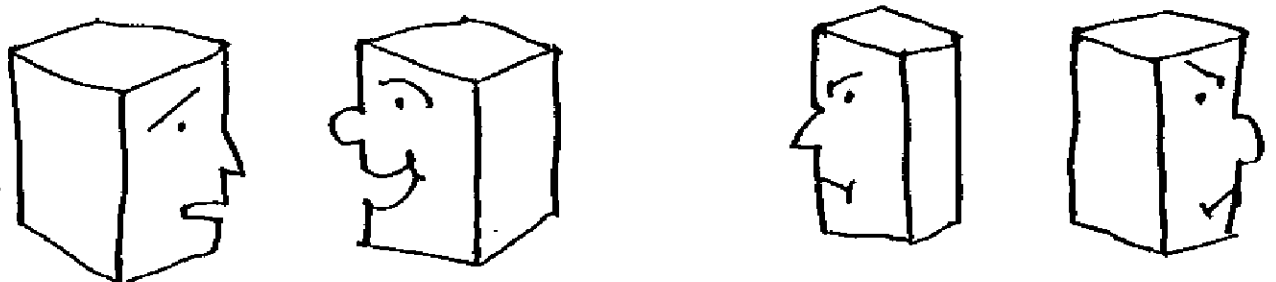
LUCKY to DUCKY: Only for Daf would I let a potential Porsche-giver get away!

PIEDMONT to FAVORED ONE: Hey, Daf, you know all that stuff I wrote to Lindy last time? Well, it wasn't me. Er, ahem, well...Steve made me do it. Don't ask me why he did - you know how strange he is - but he did. I don't even know this Lindy person. Really. And if I did know her, she'd mean nothing to me.

GMS to GOLDEN TOADY: It's going to take more than empty words to get you out of this one, bucko! I want you to show up at Fudgecon...and don't forget to bring your leash!

JACKALS to EDGE: Pay attention to what I say, and not what you think I'm doing. (Oh, and get some more of those Italian War Bonds, you're running low.)

GM to ITALY: The way things are going, if he waits a couple seasons, he can get them cheap.



"THEY'RE JUST NOT NEGOTIATING!"

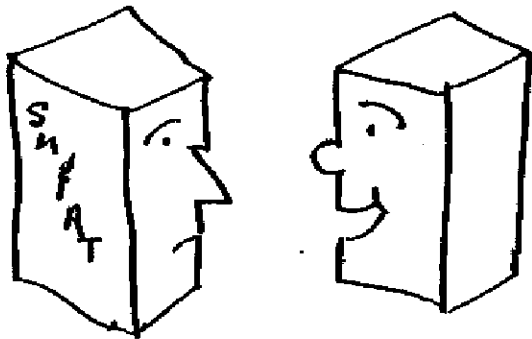


Old Fiends Bourse

Company Name	Acronyms	Dollars	Standing
Just Another Investor Listing	JAIL	\$221.49	1727
An Cat Dubh Co.	ACDC	\$1.07	1560
Smart Money and Random Trading	SM&RT	\$11538.07	1176
Poison Pen Antidotes	PPA	\$269.19	1172
Banque De Suisse	BDS	\$1702.50	1092
Kentucky Fried	KF	\$359.70	1053
Joy Diffusion	JD	\$243.82	978
R.A.T.M. Investments	RATM	\$3582.25	910
Ted Turner	TT	\$929.61	904
Finance 535	F-535	\$0.22	768
Abyssinian Commodities Exchange	ACE	\$9.35	753
New Bonavia Trading Company	NBTC	\$3.45	744
Bug Eyed Monsters Syndicated	BEMS	\$0.36	602
Virgin Investments Inc.	VII	\$0.32	228

Country	AUS	ENG	FRA	GER	ITA	RUS	TUR
SC Count	4	1	10	4	6	8	1
Shorts open at	1.94	7.71	4.00	1.59	3.81	4.31	0.55
TT	0	453	0	0	500	0	0
SM&RT	0	500	0	332	0	0	500
PPA	0	500	0	0	0	0	500
KF	0	500	0	0	0	500	0
ACDC	0	250	0	0	0	0	0
ACE	500	500	500	0	0	0	0
JAIL	0	0	0	0	0	0	500
JD	500	0	0	193	0	300	0

NOTICE  
BOURSE NOT  
RESPONSIBLE  
FOR FUNDS LOST  
IF COUNTER  
OVERFLOWS!

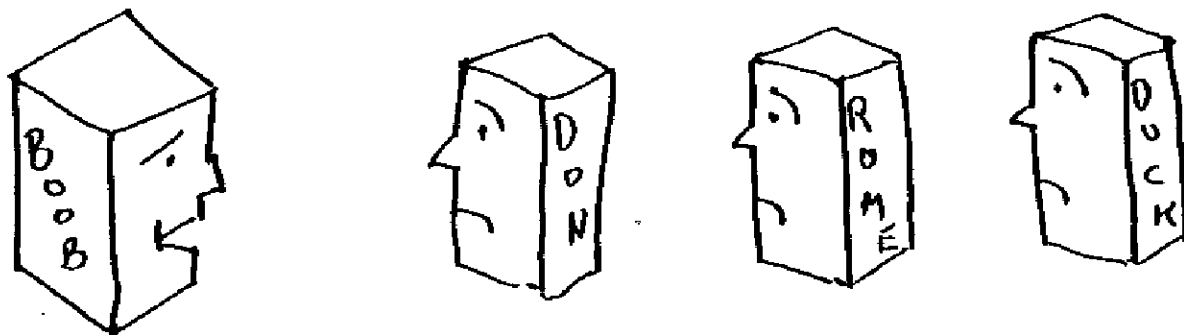


"WHAT DO YOU  
SUPPOSE IT MEANS?"

Country	AUS	ENG	FRA	GER	ITA	RUS	TUR
Bourse opens at	1.94	7.71	4.00	1.59	3.81	4.31	0.55
TT	0	47-	500	0	0	500-	0
SM&RT	500-	0	500-	168-	500-	500-	0
BEMS	0	99-	0	2313	199-	500-	0
RATH	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
PPA	1500	0	734	1500	500-	500-	0
VII	0	0	0	0	0	44-	351
KF	700	0	500-	2000	500-	0	500-
ACDC	500-	0	1739	0	500-	500-	0
ACE	0	0	0	500-	750	500-	500-
F-535	0	500-	500	0	0	634	0
BDS	6000	0	500-	0	500-	500-	0
JAIL	900	500-	1750	500-	500-	500-	0
JD	0	0	700	0	500-	0	0
NBTC	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Bourse closes at	2.65	7.33	4.39	2.00	3.47	3.89	0.34
No Short Sales indebtedness this season.							
Final closing	2.75	7.60	4.40	2.05	3.52	3.97	0.49

Old Fiends Bourse Current Portfolios

TT	1393	0	5560	0	3225	1185	0
SM&RT	0	0	6000	0	3986	4227	0
BEMS	2291	0	0	2881	4296	1702	0
RATH	1000	0	3825	0	5500	2000	0
PPA	2555	0	6100	1500	3250	2500	0
VII	4125	0	0	0	963	0	351
KF	3383	0	2839	4200	4374	2450	500
ACDC	8750	0	7503	0	4343	2524	0
ACE	0	0	0	5400	3583	3499	4077
F-535	500	4000	2000	500	2000	4634	0
BDS	7166	0	4000	1500	2400	2500	0
JAIL	1500	73703	3864	1410	598	5622	0
JD	1734	0	3613	193	1683	5526	0
NBTC	921	1000	3521	1484	0	3572	0



"NO! NO! IT'S ONE TWO THREE KICK!"

Old Fiends Bourse Financial News:

\*\*\*GM to BOURSE: NBTC manages to stay aboard by ordering no transactions. And so it goes.

\*\*\*TT to STINKERS WHO DARE TO LEAD ME: An awful lot of you seem to be saving money for a rainy day. I don't see the point. If we don't drive down the stocks you want to buy, nothing happens. Meanwhile, your sales make for relatively cheap buying for the rest of us. Do as you please, suckers.

\*\*\*FINANCIAL ADVICE FROM THE BANK OF PARIS:

- (1) Sell Lira
- (2) Sell Pounds
- (3) Buy Marks
- (4) Buy Francs

\*\*\*AUSTRIA to ACDC: It's not over yet! I think your investment was a wise one, even if on one else has any confidence...

\*\*\*ITALY to RATM: Despair not, believe it or don't, he knows less about playing his position than I do mine. (I think)

\*\*\*GM to RATM: You've got it right from the duck's mouth.

\*\*\*LINDY to ROME: You think that kicks are getting harder to find? Poor Venessa!

\*\*\*AUSTRIAN MIRACLE to BOURSE: Hello. I was just in the area and I thought I heard someone mention my name....

\*\*\*PPA to AUSTRO-ITALIAN MIRACLE: The stab looks mighty bad for you now. How many more miracles do you have left?

\*\*\*KF to ROME: There's going to be a lot of pain if you suicide out. Yours for the most part.

\*\*\*ROME to KF AGAIN: No. he gave me the knife! Can you believe it? I can't believe it. I mean, I stab a guy for a dot, right? Then I offer to make up with him, and what's he do? He stabs me! Talk about ingratitude - the NERVE of some people! (Uh, why am I telling you this? Who are you? Get off my back.)

\*\*\*TT to ACDC: Heh, heh, heh.

\*\*\*KF to YFI: Why couldn't you stick this out till the end? I'm so depressed.

\*\*\*GM to KF: Cheer up, you still have the Boob to Bash.

\*\*\*KF to NBTC: And you also? These new-fangled companies have no staying power.

\*\*\*GM to KF: NBTC fooled you, he phoned in his non-orders.

\*\*\*REDLANDS to KF: Hey, don't blame me for Olsen's dose of burnout. I'm not his (snicker) toad. He won that FINAL CONFLICT game, I merely GMed. Impeccably, I might add.

\*\*\*GM to BOURSE: A classic case of selective memory.

\*\*\*KF to RUS: Let's have Roast Duckling with L'Orange sauce.

\*\*\*TT to KF: With lots of garlic, makes 'em smell sweeter.

\*\*\*KF to ITALY: Your goose is thoroughly cooked.

\*\*\*TT to FOWLMASTER: Ducks, that's it exactly.

\*\*\*GM to TT: Works with geese, too.

\*\*\*ITALY to THE AUSTRIAN MIRACLE: Get away from here! Gu, shoo! Scat! Hie thee hither, I don't want your help this time.

\*\*\*BOURSE to SOCRATES: He already did it. Did what? Screwed up a good position.

\*\*\*TT to JAIL: I've got a clue, but you obviously haven't a one.

\*\*\*GM to TT: He does have a one, you know. It's his ranking.

\*\*\*WILLIAMS to WICHITA WOE-MONGER: Nyah-nyah nyah-nyah-nyah! Olsen is a winner! Olsen is a winner! Neener-neener-neener

\*\*\*LINDY to REDLAND VICE: THAT is sex appeal? Oh.

\*\*\*GM to BOURSE: Hot tip department...  
 \*\*\*FINANCIAL ADVICE XIII: Insider trading on Turkish futures could be profitable, if Woody survives the Fall. England will survive the year making many a has-been unhappy. German and Austrian stock are very attractive as France and Russia jockey for allies. Little move on the French and Russian market.  
 \*\*\*TT to KZ: I got more out of JAIL's booster rockets than he did, even though Bob won't get around to snuffing Crow for another year. Be careful who you call a simpleton.  
 \*\*\*DUDAPEST to ROME: Don't call my friend a wienie here, cause I read the Bourse press!  
 \*\*\*TT to FELLOW INVESTOR: Keeney's a loser and if you haven't played enough Dip to see why, rest assured that I won't bother to enlighten you.  
 \*\*\*GM to TT: My, you're in a sententious mood, aren't you?  
 \*\*\*ROME to SACTO: If JD jests, he jests with the best! Hats off to Olsen, The Man Who Can't Stop Leaving Us!  
 \*\*\*BOOB to JD: How come you never send me any jokes?  
 \*\*\*KF to INANE: You're a masochist. Can I watch?  
 \*\*\*BOOB to KF: And you be quiet.  
 \*\*\*ITALY to JD: Great. I'm just dying to see the sequels: FLAWS II, FLAWS III, and so on...  
 \*\*\*GM to ITALY: You should have quit when you came up with 'Iron Fist'. After that, it all sort of falls flat.  
 \*\*\*FOWLMASER to JD: Nice Boob-bash last time. Done like the true master you are. But beware: now that you're a pubber, you too are vulnerable to Boob-bombast, Boob-blab, Boob-babble and Boob-blither. I'd seriously consider moving if I were in your shoes.  
 \*\*\*GMS to GM: You all had a Boob-bash last month and didn't invite me? Why, I should have been the guest of honor because you know I have a better pair than all of you put together. Next time you have a mammary meeting, make sure you have someone there who knows what she's talking about. You bumblerers wouldn't know a Boob if you tripped over one!  
 \*\*\*GM to HIS SWEETIE: I love you, but don't tempt me with a straight line like that again.  
 \*\*\*BOOB to GM: No offense, but you're not nearly as much fun to write press to as Daf. Next month I'll get excited.  
 \*\*\*GM to BOOB: Another straight line I'd better not touch.  
 \*\*\*KF to LINDY: I'm really nosey. You probably wondered why your mirror steamed up at night.  
 \*\*\*L.L. to GM: Do you take Visa?  
 \*\*\*GM to L.L.: Strictly Mastercard.  
 \*\*\*TT to RATINGS PLAYERS: Slow and steady wins the race.  
 \*\*\*GM to TT: Steady at least, slow got left at the blocks.  
 \*\*\*CONTINUITY POLICE to KF: We know who you are and we saw what you did. Throw your storyline out where we can see it - slowly. Easy, easy now...now, come out with your plot up. Quit dragging your feet, we've already got your Corporal Norris at the station, and Lt. Welch is in, uh, good hands. (Hubba-hubba: who said police work was no fun?)  
 \*\*\*LINDY to CROCKETT: By the way, I'll pass on the Pepsi. Got any chocolate milk?  
 \*\*\*GM to LUCKY LINDY: From what I've seen of your press lately, you are obviously a Chocolate Bunny.  
 \*\*\*COCHISE to GM: If Fudge is Cancer then we need a surgeon fast. I thought he was a Gemini with a split personality.  
 \*\*\*GM to COCHISE: I think you may have it. He's a Gemini, with one personality Cancer and the other Virgo. But, unless you are in a Dip game with him, put down the scalpel.



I quote):

'Which in turn puts you under an obligation to think about coming to Wichita, to my way of thinking (admittedly defective). [Underlined by me for emphasis.]

Nowhere in his latest paranoid homeopathic blatherings does Olsen offer even a shread of proof for any of the charges he has leveled. No documentation, no copies, pictures, tapes, letters. . .NOTHING! Instead, this "Olsen Critter" says that he will not bother to knock down MY allegations because they are ridiculous. Who are you trying to kid, Iron Fist?

The issue here is many-sided and, because of Olsen's actions, is now spreading. Rather than keeping this between he and I, he has decided to make it a hobby issue. The list of publications Olsen has dragged into this whole malevolent affair is growing, as is the number of persons he has brought in. KK, Perelandra, Shittyplay, and FB (not to mention those effected indirectly, HotDog, Strange Doings and MAGUS) have all been used by Olsen to perpetrate his "Smear the Duck" campaign.

I have no stomach for this activity, but can not stand by and idly watch this "thing-from-under-a-rock" make a mockery of truth, honesty, motherhood, duckhood, justice, and a couple of other nebulous virtues we all aspire to. So. . .

- 1) I have never been to the Soviet Union, and don't know a thing about nuclear power, except that it can make you feel pretty awful if you fall into one. I voted for Reagan in 1980, a sure sign that I could not possibly have ever gone to Russia as I don't believe it exists.
- 2) My contest is not a "nefarious death plot". Prove it, Woenonger. Put up or shut up! (In fact, based upon the cartoon you recently printed in you hate sheet, I am near to contacting the FBI, the NEA, the NRA, ABC, CBS, ASCPA and a few other acronyms about your threat on my life.)
- 3) I publish two Diplomacy related writings--Fiat Bellum! and Flick of the Wrist. I have never written Fatuous Bellowings, nor have I ever seen a copy of this alleged publication. (Along with his defective thinking, Olsen obviously has an equally defective memory.)
- 4) I can too GM a game. Several at a time, in fact. I have over three years of documented proof, Olsen, what do you have? Doodly...cat fur...kitty litter...
- 5) The SC count for "Leviathan" was not falsified, and has been accepted and approved by the MNC, Lee Kendter. (Watch out, Lee, Olsen will be after you shortly for your part in his maladjusted denials of winning a game.)
- 6) I have never fixed a contest: the winners of those contests are a matter of record and easily identifiable by anyone with an iota of the intelligence God gave an amoeba.

But enough of this. Let's examine the Wichita Woenonger's scurrilous activities of late.

In the early 70s, the American oil industry was making big bucks--people couldn't get enough of the stuff for their gas guzzlers! That's when Olsen stepped in--or should one say "slithered in". Now, a mere 15 years later, the oil industry is a ruin, our Japanese imports have cut the heart out of Detroit, and our trade balance is a scandal. Who is the cause of this? Uh-huh, you got it.

Last month, I said that Olsen's zine or subzine or whatever it is he's decided to call it this month, was "perjurious, pedantic, putrid and prevaricating." In typical Olsenesque fashion (an adjective that needs  
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10)



NEXT SEASON: Fall 1904  
 ZAT: Tuesday, July 1, 1986

GAME: "Under Western Eyes" 1985-T  
 GM: Don Williams

THE PLAYERS

AUS Mark Howorth 1808 Bancroft Way, Berkeley, CA 94703  
 ENG John Crow 13750 Mahan Rd., Apt #1178, Dallas, TX 75240  
 FRA Conrad Minshall 3702 Tarragona Lane, Austin, TX 78727  
 GER George Graessle 800 West Ave., Apt #420, Miami Beach, FL 33139  
 ITA Steve Langley 2296 Eden Roc Lane #1, Sacramento, CA 95825  
 RUS Kathy Byrne 29-10 164th Street, Flushing, NY 11358  
 TUR Melinda Holley P.O. Box 2793, Huntington, WV 25727  
 \$GM Don Williams 1325 E Citrus Ave., Apt 2-C, Redlands, CA 92374

>ORDERS OF BATTLE FOR SPRING 1904<

AUS [1] Mark A VIE-tri.  
 ENG [3] John F lpl-CLY, F rwg-EDI, F LON S FRE F ENG-nth.  
 FRA [5] Henry F gol-SPA(sc), F ENG-nth, A BUR-ruh, A PIC-bel,  
 A PAR-bur.  
 GER [5] George A bel-YOR, F kie-HEL, F HOL S RUS F NIH, A RUH-bel,  
 A MUN H.  
 ITA [6] Steve A bud-tri(d;anh1), A alb S A bud-tri(d;anh1), A tya-PIE,  
 F nap-TYN, F ion-TUN, F tyn-WES.  
 RUS [8] Kathy A rum-BUD, A GAL S A rum-BUD, F bar-NWG, A fin-SWE,  
 A sev-RUM, A UKR S A sev-RUM, F NWY S F bar-NWG,  
 F NIH C GER A bel-YOR.  
 TUR [6] Melinda F con-AEG, F smy-EAS, F gre-ALB, A SER S F gre-ALB,  
 F aeg-GRE, A BUL S F aeg-GRE.

GAME NOTES:

- Terry NMRed again and Mark Howorth is now the Austrian player of record;
- Henry Nichols sent in orders for this season, then resigned the game, I have asked Conrad Minshall to take over the French position and he has accepted, effective immediately;
- DISLODGEMENTS: Italy's A BUD and A ALB were both dislodged and annihilated;
- ZAT for Fall 1904 is July 1, 1986; and
- Map for this season is on the next page.

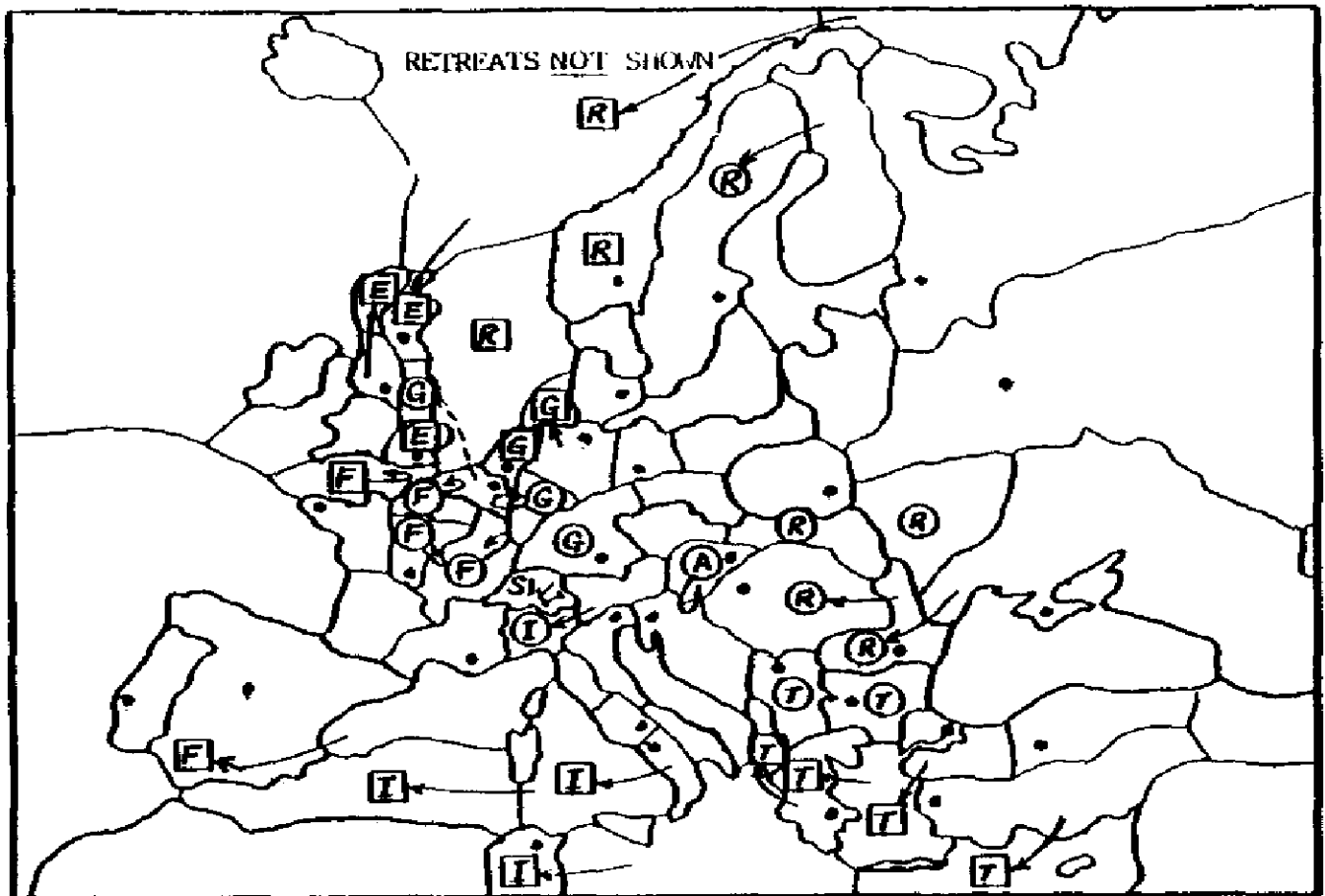
PRESS:

RUSSIA to BRAIN DEAD GM: Thank you very much for printing my Spring press during one of your usual delays. I'm sure Steve was thrilled to see that I wasn't turning on Melinda. Are you the eighth player? Or do you just have no sense.

GM to RUSSIA: As I said to you on the phone, I try to screen out press which makes a statement like that. I obviously missed that one, and I apologize. At one time, I used to hold all press out during a seperated season. After several requests by my players, I changed that policy and did print press. I will now go back to my former method. (By the way, you said on the phone that you press was labeled "Spring Press". That, in fact, was not the case--you had no game date on the orders at all. Along with implied retreats, I guess I'd have to say I honor implied orders.)

POSITIONS FOR SPRING 1904
 

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SAMBITO to WILLIAMS: I joined the BoSox in the Ojeda trade. You'll see just how good I am very soon. In fact, I got my first win since 1981 just for you the other night.

WILLIAMS to BYRNE: Yeah? Thanks. By the way, as of today's date (6/4/86) the Red Sox have the best record in the majors--even better than your Mets. Don't blink, though, or you'll miss it.

ITALY to GM: I was all set to go down fighting, but your one more season of Winter 1904 was once too often. Twice too often, come to think of it.

RUSSIA to BUMBLING IDIOT: The only reason that I'm not pushing to have this game moved is because with my luck I'd get a worse GM!

LINDY to GM: Look at the bright side, Don! Last ish you didn't screw up my orders. . . .

GM to LINDY: Thanks, Lindy. . . thanks a lot.

GM to BOARD: Do I like to hit 'em when they're down, or what?

STANDBY AUS to GM: I just can't understand all of the derisive press you are getting. You always seemed to be an okay duck to me.

GM to MARK: Bless you, Mark. (You realize now, of course, that I won't be the only target of derisive press next month, don't you? I am an okay duck, I'm just a sloppy GM.)







squinted at the duck. "So?"

"Dairy farmers, bub," replied Archimedes. "They deliver milk and butter to Paris. The oxen know the way even in the dark, and the oxen wear bells--"

"So we follow the bells into Paris," said Simon.

"You're a quick study, kid," replied the duck.

The three moved out of the bushes and onto the dark road, following the sound of the receding bells.

"You sure about this?" asked Hansel. "It seems a little high-toned for an ox bell."

"Trust me, I'm paid to know these things. You just stick to smuggling ladies' hats," said the duck as he waved them forward with his smouldering cigar.

"In all my years of hat smuggling, I never snuck into a city by following a soprano-belled team of oxen."

The three continued to bicker on down the road to Paris.

CONSTANTINOPLE, SPRING 1904//1111111111//:

The Sultanness smiled as she waved her hands in the arcane gestures which would deactivate the crystal ball. The picture collapsed to a thin line, which shrunk to a small dot in the center which slowly faded.

She was in an exceptionally good mood. The crystal ball had foreshown the demise of Italian holdings, and her agent, Logan, had reported that he was near to success in cutting off the rapprochement between Italy and France; he was in hot pursuit of the Italian agent dispatched to Paris. She rubbed her hands together deliciously. . . soon, very, very soon.

"Your Excellency," interrupted S'ym. S'ym was the Charges d' Affaires of the Sultanness' palace and did not so much resemble a man as he did an over-muscled 300 pound aardvark imbued with the seminal intelligence of a college graduate. Which he was.

"Yes, S'ym?" said the Sultanness buskily, the airyness of her voice making her breasts rise and fall with each syllable.

"The Italian ambassador awaits you in the audience chamber," S'ym intoned. The Sultanness swept from her Sanctorum with two dwarves stumblingly in tow on her train. She seemed to glide down the hall to the audience chamber, then slipped quickly into the room.

"Yours' Highness," bowed the Ambassador, "I'ma Raddumanugli--"

"You don't say?" muttered the Sultanness, sotto voce.

--Ambassador Italiano representing hissa Excellency the Prince-a."

"A pleasure," said the Sultanness as she proffered her hand and curtsied. The Ambassador stared at her hand for a moment, then kissed it sloppily in typical Italian fashion.

"I'ma hir because the Bigga Cheese, He'sa worry about Turkish aggressions. Ya' know-a what I'ma say?"

"Aggressions? Oh my no, Ambassador. Whatever could have put that idea into his head? I'm sure I haven't the slightest idea about what an aggression is," said the Sultanness. "S'ym, tea for the Ambassador. You will stay for tea, won't you?"

"Gia. Thenna I canna riport to His Cheeseness that we'll-a have no problems in-a Albania?" scowled the Ambassador.

"Problems? My Heavens, I can't imagine why," smiled the Sultanness as she fished an ice cube from her tea and ground it to powder between her molars. "I can't imagine anyone crediting those rumors of my aggressiveness with even an ounce of truth." As she spoke, she placed one hand on the Ambassador's knee.

"Well-a, you capisci, an ounce-a prevention issa worth a pound-a of

cure," replied the Ambassador nervously.

"Oh my, how witty! You're very intellectual, aren't you?" smiled the Sultanness, running a hand through the Ambassador's hair.

"Well-a, I wassa first inna my class."

"My, my. Say, is it getting hot in here? Are you hot? I'm absolutely burning up," said the Sultanness unbuttoning the top bottom of the already low-cut dress. . .

(Several hours later, The Imperial Bedchamber--)

"Would you like to go over this again?" asked the Sultanness steamiy. She stretched a naked and beautiful leg languorously and looked the Ambassador straight in the eye.

"Certamente."

"Okay, your left pectoral, that's Vienna..."

"Mmm-humma...chiaro..."

"Your left thigh, that's Greece..."

"Aaahh."

"Now your abdomen is Trieste..."

"Prego."

"And this, this is Albania..."

"Mmmm."

"You want me to touch Albania."

"Mmmmmma."

"You want me to hold Albania."

"Si, si..."

"You want to give me Albania."

"Yes, yes."

"Give it to me, give it to me. Harder."

In a corner, nearly invisible in the quiet darkness of the room, S'ym scribbled notes on his clipboard of the latest agreements reached at the Italian-Turkish summit.

BURGANDY, SPRING 1904//1111111111//:

Logan moved swiftly and silently through the darkness, the efficiency of his other senses making the loss of his eyesight of negligible concern. The Fool was close by he knew. Very close. Not only could he smell him, he could hear the high, thin peal of the bells on the Fool's shoes. One clear and crisp, the other a flat rattle, as if that bell had been crushed.

Crushed much as his larynx would be when Logan caught up to him, he mused.

The sun was rising now on the French landscape. He stopped momentarily. Logan could make out the other sources of odors that had been present all night along with the Fool's scent, could now see as the dark of night dissipated around him.

Following the Fool a good fifty feet was a motley trio; a rather largish duck, a hunchback, and--Logan sniffed again--he had not been mistaken; he could smell hatter's glue...someone who had something to do with hats.

"That's not a dairy wagon," yelled Hansel as he spied the Fool they'd been following half the night, "that's a juggler."

"A jongleur, actually," giggled the Fool, noticing his company for the first time.

"Jongleur, smuggler--" spat back the duck, "he's on the road to Paris, ain't he?"

"Paris!?" exclaimed the Fool. "Oh my, no. This is the road to Amsterdam. I'm on the way to Amsterdam."

(Continued on page 10)

ZAT: July 1, 1986  
 NEXT SEASON: Fall 1904  
 GAME ID: 1985-CJ

"Lord Jim"  
 GM: Don Williams  
 DIPLOMACY

## A Big Night for Chest Pains

ITALIAN WARSHIPS STRIKE AGAIN--GERMAN TROOPS MASSACRED ON THE SHORES OF SPAIN... GERMANY FORGES AHEAD IN THE EAST AND THE SOUTH... AUSTRIA RECLAIMS TRIESTE, TURKS FIGHT TO THE BITTER END... ENGLISH SLIP INTO THE MEDITERRANEAN THEATRE...

1985-CJ . . . . . THE PLAYERS . . . . . LORD JIM

AUS	Mike Mazzer	1900 Kelton Ave., Los Angeles, CA	90025
ENG	Marshall Linder	RD #3 Box 218 Carmichael Rd., Owego, NY	13827
GER	Melinda Holley	P. O. Box 2793, Huntington, WV	25727
ITA	Bob Slossar	14 Buck Hill Rd., Huntington, CT	06484
RUS	John Crow	13750 Maham Rd., Apt #1178, Dallas, TX	75240
TUR	Mark Howorth*	1808 Bancroft Way, Berkeley, CA	94703
\$GM	Don Williams	1325 E Citrus Ave., Apt #2-C, Redlands, CA	92374

1985-CJ                                 AUTUMN 1903                                 LORD JIM

RUS[4]   Retreats F stp(sc)-OTB

1985-CJ                                 WINTER 1903                                 LORD JIM

ENG[7]   Build F LPL, A LON.  
 GER[8]   Build A BER.  
 ITA[5]   Remove A tun.  
 RUS[4]   Build A MOS.  
 TUR[6]   Build A CON.

1985-CJ                                 SPRING 1904                                 LORD JIM

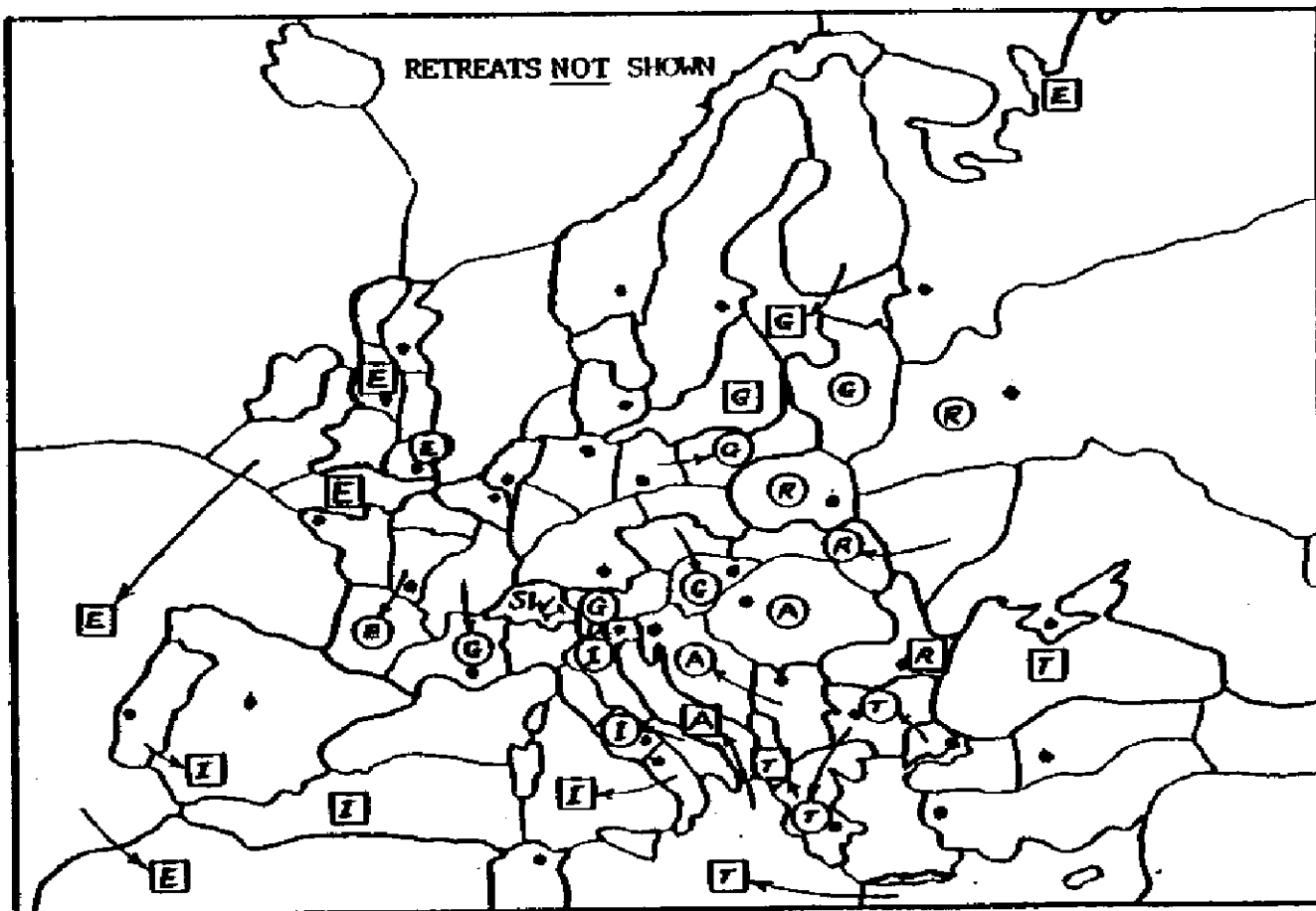
AUS[3]	Mike	F ion-ADR, A ser-TRI, A BUD S A ser-TRI.
ENG[7]	Marshall	F mao-NAF, F iri-MAO, F ENG S F iri-MAO, A par-GAS, F STP(nc) H, A LON H, F LPL u(H).
GER[8]	Melinda	A ber-PRU, A LVN S A ber-PRU, A bur-MAR, F fin-BOT, F BAL S A LVN, A boh-VIE, A TYA S A boh-VIE, A spa S ENG F mao-por(nso;d;anhl).
ITA[5]	Bob	A apu-ROM, F nap-TYN, F por-SPA(sc), F WES S F por-SPA(sc), A VEN-tya.
RUS[4]	John	A ukr-GAL, A WAR S A ukr-GAL, F RUM S TUR F BLA-bul(ec)(nso) A MOS S A WAR.
TUR[6]	Mark	F gre-ALB, F eas-ION, A bul-GRE, A con-BUL, F BLK H, A tri S ITA A VEN-tya(d;anhl).

\* Please note newest COA for Mark Howorth, effective immediately.  
 ZAT for Fall 1904 is July 1, 1986

PRESS:

TURKEY to GERMANY: Sure, I bet you call this fun.  
 TURKEY to GAME: I've a bad feeling about all of this.  
 GM to TURKEY: Tell me about it. I can't believe the lack of press. I mean, if it weren't for Mark and Lindy. . .when you people going to start sending press.

LINDY to GM: You asked when we start. Friday at midnight, under the statue of Socrates.



LUCKY to FRANCE: Congratulations on your pregnancy!

GM to LINDY: Rumor has it Woody's tossing out the hamsters to make room for the new nursery.

LINDY to WOODY: "Dulce et decorum est. . ."

GM to LOVELY LUCKY LINDY: "Woody delendum est." (You speak Latin? I just knew we had more than Woody-bashing in common.)

LINDY to BOARD: Yippeell

GM to LINDY: Now don't go getting all excited. (At least not here in front of Steve the Husband and Daf the Favored One. Wanna meet in a secret and out of the way place that no one would ever dream of going to? How about Kathy's Korner? I hear it's a real kinky place and no one asks any questions. . .wink-wink.)

GM to GAME: I wish you people would write a little something, sort of to keep from getting myself into a lot of trouble with husbands and East Coast Chicks and West Coast Toadmasters.  
Sigh. . .

.....



(PRESS from 1985-T "Under Western Eyes" continued from page 7)

"Amsterdam!?" cried Simon.

Screened from the four by the thick brush, Logan recalled his briefing from German intelligence sources; this hunchback could very probably be the English contact the Germans had been seeking. The hat smuggler--for such he was if the overheard conversation were true--and the duck's part in this whole thing were anybody's guess. Strange times in an even stranger war, thought Logan philosophically. Still, he was a man with a mission; he might as well capture all four as just the Fool and the hunchback. It would be no extra trouble. A good day's work and then, perhaps, a Stroh's. Logan moved silently from his hidden post and started quickly through the brush that bordered the road to Paris, already mentally planning his ambush.

(THE WICHITA WOEMONGER'S CRIMES UNVEILED, cont'd from page 2)

no further description), Olsen chose to refute the charge of "putridness", choosing to ignore the other charges of perjuriousness, pedantry, and prevarication. This is, I say, proof positive that I am right, and that Iron Fist is nothing but a literary, moral, ethical, and intellectual barbarian. (What other kind of person would choose to live in that, as Peter Gaughan so aptly put it, "Truckstop called Wichita"?)

I have, indeed, called for an Ombudsman Committee to investigate the charges Olsen has leveled at me through his instrument of malediction, Kathy Byrne. Rather than allow the three impartial members of this "Toady's Court" to do their duty fairly, justly, and independently, Olsen has recently written a letter to the two other Ombuds-people,\* asking them to not render a decision until they meet together in Wichita. Whether Olsen's conspiratorial plotting will succeed in creating a cabal of duck-hating cohorts, or fall flatly (and appropriately) on its face is anybody's guess. Still, it shows just how low the Woemonger will go.

\* Olsen himself is the third--a possible mistake on my part, admittedly.

The pattern to all this is very evident. Olsen wishes to make so many assertions that I simply won't be able to respond to them all. But, I will not play his little game. I will merely prove to the hobby that, (1) Olsen did win the "Leviathan" game and, (2) that he did, in fact, say that he was leaving the hobby (yet another broken promise--does the ~~old person~~ Wichita Woemonger have not even the simplest paraneucium-like sense of scruples?) BEFORE I opened the contest, thereby demolishing his stupid allegation that I am attempting to drive him from our otherwise-perfect-except-for-Olsen hobby.

For the first, I need merely and self-effacingly await two developments: the list of winners of variant games, to be published soon by the MNC, Lee Kendter, and the letters from the players who were crushed like insects in the game that Olsen won. These things singly will prove me right--together, they will show Olsen for the winner he truly is.

For the second, I offer a bit of Olsen's own rambling, incoherent and malodorous drivel, quoted verbatim here from a letter Olsen wrote to Pete Gaughan [thanks again, Peter, may the Dodgers win the rest of their games this season, at least to they get to the BOSOX in The Series] and printed in the latest issue of Perelandra, (#43, June 1986). (Again, I quote):

"Gee, I'm sorry about all of the trouble I caused in Tanith...hope



that hasn't put you to too much inconvenience trying to find somebody who wants to stand by. Of course the worst thing about all this is that...well...I sort of changed my mind, and won't be dropping out (too much) after all. [Underlined for emphasis by me, Don.]

I figure I sort of owe it to you to drop out at this point, having put you and only you to all this trouble--so don't blame me, blame Kathy Byrne. [Here Byrne's role in the whole sordid comes through quite clearly. Olsen also conveniently forgets all the trouble and pain he has caused me, his unwitting and unwilling whipping-boy. But, prithee Olsen, please continue--the hole you're digging for yourself is almost, but not quite (knowing the size of the hole needed), big enough for you.] She won't let me leave so I really have no choice in the matter. [Realize here, gentle reader, that not once--nary a single time!--has Olsen said that I was the cause of his desire to leave the hobby. Indeed, he makes no mention of persecution of any kind, except from Kathy Byrne, who, as we all know, is the person Olsen most wants and desires persecution from. Olsen has what might objectively be labeled a "selective persecution complex."] Please address all complaints to her."

There is more, of course, but I can't really give Olsen's ravings any more space than I already have. But, I would like to show you that I am not deluding myself as Olsen has charged. Two people of great and admirable integrity have come forth to support me against the Wichita Woemongers vile villainy. Again, I call forth Peter J. Gaughan, noted hobby nice guy:

(Taken from Pete's response to Olsen's letter, also from Perelandra #43.)

"...I have my own theory on why Olsen Quit But Didn't. You couldn't take the psychological trauma of playing a game of Diplomacy without MIKE MAZZERI. You were lost--might I say, ALIENATED?--yes, I might--without the only anchor your gaming sanity has ever had."

[My own opinion, Pete, is very close to yours: not only couldn't Olsen handle the trauma of not being stabbed and having his game needlessly ruined (yet again) by Mazzer, but Olsen couldn't STAND the anxiety of having won a game in which Mazzer was not only playing, but didn't even make an ATTEMPT to stab him--not even once! Then Olsen chooses to unjustly accuse me with slanderous negations of my integrity and mental health... talk about your pot calling the kettle black!]

Finally, yet another of voice of reason has desired to make the truth be known: . . .take it away, Ed Wrobel (letter dated "Memorial Day Monday"):

"...Also, you have my full support in your dispute with that craven winner, Olsen. Imagine, trying to hide under a rock and protect his reputation like that! He won; now he has to face the consequences."

[Thanks, Ed, but you'd better not get too involved--Lord knows what the Wichita Shimenan will do to you and your reputation when he finds out that you've sided with truth.]

Hey, I'm sorry to drag you all through this, but until the issue is resolved I have no choice but to answer Olsen and his villainously vile and evilly vituperative impugnings of my reputation. C'mon Olsen, call it a day, hey? (Or I may come to PudgeCon and punch you in the nose!)

#####

(And now we return to the Real World and Sanity, already in progress.)

(Looking for a DIP game? Call (714) 793-6751 for a real good time.)

THE RETURN OF...

## Part the Twelfth

"You've got a plan?" said Socrates, anxiously eyeing the crowd of angry women, Continuity Police, AMAL militia, and troops from the South African Apartheid Command. All were advancing on the trio in the center of the intersection. "You'd better make it quick, Evil."

"Why, because they're about to kill us?" snarled Evil.

"No, because this is page twelve," observed Simon pointedly.

With that, Evil quickly outlined his plan to the other two, then proceeded to implement it. While Flat Evil quickly began to undress, Socrates leaped high in the air and landed on Simon's hump. The little hunchback nearly staggered under the weight, but managed to keep himself and his duckish burden upright. Meanwhile, Evil had finished divesting himself of all clothing--not to say modesty as well--and was now standing in the center of the intersection, buck naked. He proffered his clothes to the duck, who as quickly as circumstances and feathers would permit, clothed himself and Simon in Evil's trenchcoat, hat and other accessories. In the flash of an eye, the trio were transformed into a duo and...

"I hope this works," muffled Simon from under the trenchcoat.

"Trust me," said Evil. "Charming women isn't my only skill--I'm an accomplished quick-change artist as well. Now, shut up and act strange," snarled Evil.

The throng around the trio-cum-duo stopped suddenly.

"Hey! What's going on here?" said one of the women. "Who are you?"

"Eees a dirty American treeck," said Abdul, leader of the AMAL.

"This wasn't in the script, and the plot line is way into the outrageous zone," cried one surly-looking Detective of the Continuity Police. Only the troops, glowering menacingly over their weapons, remained silent. Socrates, playing the most important part he'd ever played, went into his act. Intoning nasally through his duckish bill, and adding his best imitation of a Texas accent, he said:

"What's y'all goin' on 'bout, pardners? Hain't ya never seen a Mutant Butler before? Don't ya'll know who this is? Belatedly, Simon raised a sleeve of the trenchcoat from the inside; it more or less pointed at the naked Evil.

"No, it couldn't be," said one of the Police, "He hasn't been heard from in years. . .we thought we'd driven him underground forever."

"Not so, copper," said the naked Evil, trying his best not to snarl for once. "It's true. I'm the man...the naked man...the Desperate Man." The crowd reeled in shock. "Me and my Mutant Butler here were just out for a leisurely stroll when all you people showed up. What's the trouble?"

"We are lookeeng for a duck an' a hunched-beck an' a sinister lookeeng man," said Abdul.

"You seen anything like that, Mutant?" said the Desperate One.

"Nope," said Socrates/Mutant Butler, "All's I see is a buncha darkies here, lookin' to--"

At the mention of "darkies", the still glowering Apartheid troops opened fire.

"Let's book!" snarled Evil, as he lapsed out of his Desperate Man disguise and ran through the crowd of angry women.

"Right behind you, Desp!" screamed Socrates.

"I can't see!" said Simon as he ran blindly away from the gunfire which now filled the street behind them.

(NEXT MONTH: Something else kind of interesting. . .BE THERE!)

No more room: Burn Ward, Aunt Dippy (I need more questions!), and other stuff will be back next month. . .CIAO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!



Getting down into the muck, it's

\*\*\*\*\*

# STRANGE DOINGS

\*\*\*\*\*

brought to you by that filthy, disgusting muck raker, Mike Mazzer of 1900 Kelton Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90025. You can reach me at (213) 478-8152.

Those of you who know me well know that I the last person to get involved in a feud. Throughout my hobby career I've striven to be a pillar of tolerance, magnanimity and fair play. I could always get along with everyone, even the likes of Woody, slimy scumbag that he is. Why anyone can tell you there is not a mean, quarrelsome bone in my body, isn't that right, Steve, don't deny it you old washed up flower-child! Have you ever known me to put someone down, Daf, you sex-crazed bimbo? Why even that dirt-bag Don Williams once praised me for my ability to avoid feuds and bad feeling, although the crotch-rot had the unmitigated gall to ask me if it was because I was "boring and apathetic". Put it up there sideways, Duck Sucker!

Because I've always been fair, magnanimous and an all around swell guy, I feel it is time I stepped in to put a stop to what has become the hobby's latest and most calamitous feud, the vile and infamous "Leviathan Affair". This is the case of the alledged "victory" of Bob Olsen, known nincompoop of whom it was said, by Don Williams no less, "He couldn't win a dip game if the other six countries were in Civil Disorder", in an alledged "game" alledgedly gm'ed by that self-same alledged human "Don Williams", who contradicts his own statement by alledgedly alledging that the alledged Olsen alledgedly "won" the alledged "game" that he alledgedly "gm'ed"! Like most disputes, this one could be decided either way, though not for the usual reason. Most arguments between rational people have significant arguments for each side. This dispute between two sub-amoebas has not a shred of logic on either side, and is therefore a prime candidate for arbitration by an obudsman who has a desire to see justice done and to line his pockets with graft. Namely yours truly.

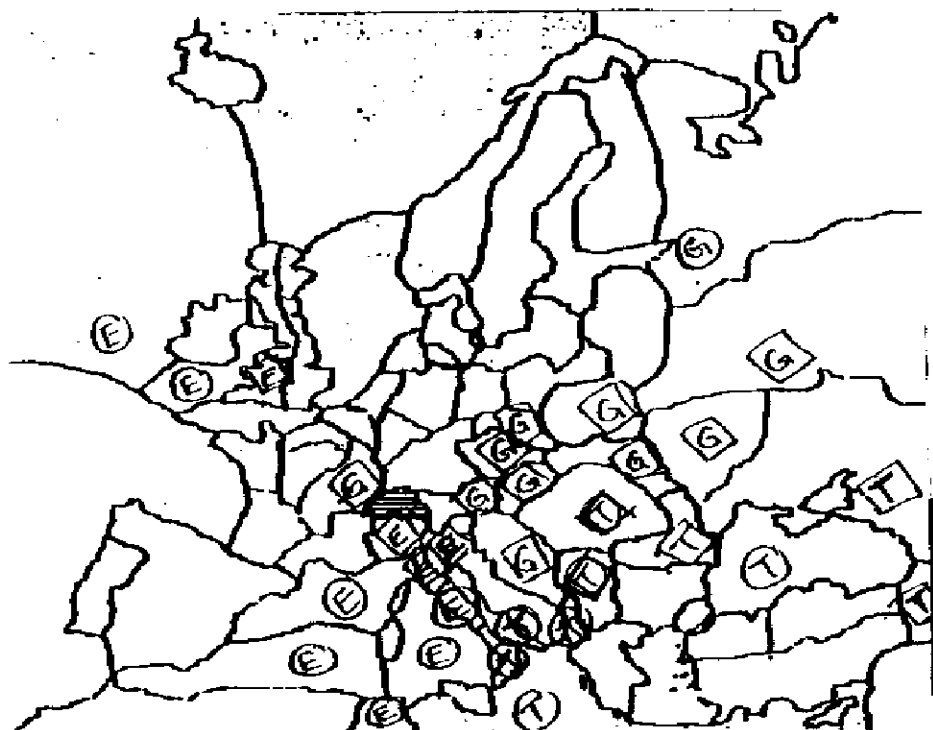
But first, let me lay a few ground rules. I will do nothing until the feud is properly registered with the hobby Feud Custodian and a proper Feud Number has been assigned. We will tolerate no "Wildcat Feuds" in this non-subzine! Next, both parties to the dispute must submit (neatly typed in triplicate) their claims and counter-claims and any baksheesh for the ombudsman's services they feel appropriate and sufficient. All other interested parties should also submit "amicus curiae" (friend of the court) depositions as well. In particular, I request Daf and Kathy to submit their briefs because I get off on lady's underwear. Understood? Good. On to the games.

1984 HM

PudgeCon III

Spring '08

The Deadwood falls !! Can the Turkish hedgehog be rooted out??



Winter '07

Eng: Build F LVP, A LON

Ger: Build A MUN

Tur: Build A ANK

Spring '08

Eng (Wall)

F Nwg-NAD, F Lvp-IRI, A Lon-WAL, F Wes-TYH (F TUN S), F Naf-WES, F Tyh-ROM (A TUB S), A VEN S Ger A Tyo-Tri, A Mar-PIE, F Spa(s)-LYD

Ger (Ozog)

A Tyo-TRI (A VIE S), A Mun-TYD, A GAL-Rum (A UKR S), A MOS-Sev, A WAR S A Ukr, A BOH-Bal, (A SIL S), F STP(s) H, A BUR H

Ita (CD)

A Tri (Anh), E Rom (Anh), F NAP

Tur (Caruso)

F Ion-APU, F Aeg-ION (F ALB S), A BUD S Ita A Tri, A SER & RUM S A Bud, F BLA & A SEV S A Rum, A Ank-ARM

**Deadline:** Fall '08 is due Friday, 20 June, 1986

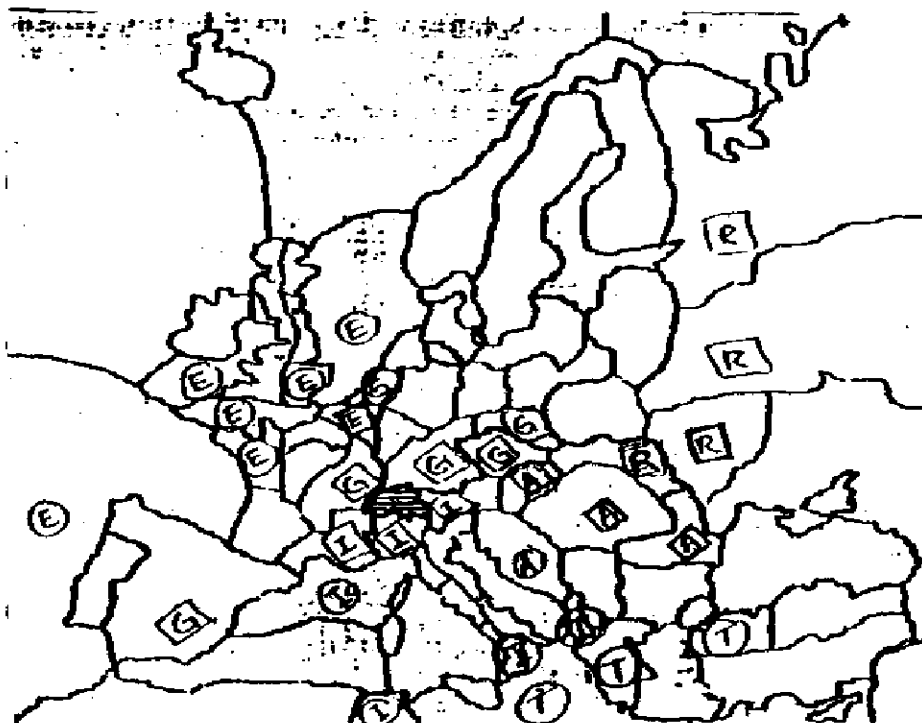
**Old Proposals:** EG fails, 2-yes, 1-no ; EGT Fails 1-yes, 2-no

To answer a question, the Italian CD has no effect on the draw votes. If all three active players vote in favor of the draw, the draw carries.

**Press:** None ... Sigh!

**GM-players:** Heard the 5-day forecast for Kiev? Three days.

1985 AX The Abduction from the Beraglio Winter '04  
 Intermezzo: In which several ladies of the Harem request a  
 break from their "labors", could it be "The Curse"?



Winter '04

Aus (Daf) No change -- has F TRI, A BUD, A VIE, A RUM

Eng (Cathy) Build F LON has F's MAD, IRI, ENG, BRE, NTH, LON,  
 A BEL

Ger (Melinda) A Mar r-BUR -- has A's BOH, BUR, MUN, SIL, SPA  
 F HOL

Ita (Laurie) NRR! GM removes F Wes -- Has F's TUN, NAP, LYO  
 A's MAR, PIE, TYO

Rus (Kathy) no change -- has A's STP, MOS, GAL, UKR

Tur (Don) no change -- has F's CON, ION, ALB, GRE  
 A's SEV, BUL

Deadline: Spring '05 is due Friday, 20 June 1986

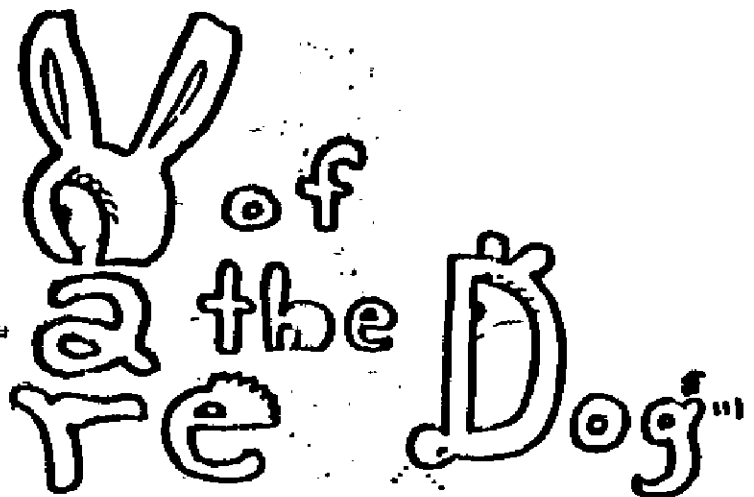
Seasons were separated at the request of two players. Press  
 will be held over so that if, for example, any of you may  
 have sent some great press to th wrong address and had it  
 returned to sender, you can still get it in!

Silly Proposals: 1. Concession to Austria 2. 6-way draw  
 3. Suspension of the game. Feel free to ignore if you wish.

CDA: Daf is back in Sacramento : 2296 Eden Roc Lane #1  
 Sacramento, CA 95825

Bye all!

It's good to be back here at Home of the Dog Central. My fingers are just now beginning to remember how to type. Yes, I am back! Two months and one tumor later, I've come back to tell you all about it. That's right, you're going to get the whole story straight from the horse's mouth, as it were. Here goes.



MARCH 17 2:00 am.

I wake up with a terrible headache. It feels like a belt of spikes is being tightened around my forehead. I also start vomiting. That continues throughout the night.

MARCH 18

I battle with the nausea and the headache all day today. I am also extremely thirsty. My mom prescribes bedrest, aspirin and lots of fluids.

MARCH 19

My mom decides that the aspirin and fluids and bedrest aren't doing the job so she calls a doctor who has his office nearby. My eyes have started to go haywire about this time. I can't see out of my left one and the right one won't focus. I am delirious at this point because the fact that my eyes are screwed up doesn't faze me.

We go to the doctor and he diagnoses the flu. He says it's been going around. Mom wonders about my eyes. He asks how many aspirin have you given her? Mom says 6 Anacin. The doctor is appalled and says that my eyes are the result of aspirin poisoning! He gives us a prescription for a heavy duty antibiotic and sends me home.

MARCH 20 & 21

The antibiotic works slightly. I feel a little better today. The eyes are still bad and I'm still feeling like I'm not really here, but the vomiting has stopped.

MARCH 22 8:00 am

I wake up today in a delirium. My eyes are worse today than they've ever been. The left one has rolled up into my head and the right is wandering. My sister and my aunt decide it's time to get me to the hospital. They call the emergency room and tell them that I'm coming. I can hardly walk, but they get me to the car and the hospital. I can't get out of the car so they wheel out a gurney and I get wheeled into the ER. It's very scary because I keep feeling like I'm falling off. My sister stays with me and fills out all the paperwork for me. A succession of doctors comes around to look at my eyes. I keep asking them to do something about my head, which feels like it's splitting wide open, but they say they

can't until they find out what's making my eyes screwy.

All during this day, doctors with hammers and pen lights and stethoscopes pound, prod and poke me. I didn't have any reflexes, but the doctors hit me on the knees and ankles anyway. My eyes don't focus, but they shine their lights into them regardless. During this time, they are not really sure what my problem is. They've told my sister that it might be stroke, multiple sclerosis, or tumor. They finally decide to do a CAT scan. The hospital doesn't have a CAT available, so I'm put into an ambulance and driven across town to another hospital that does. I lay on the machine while it takes the pictures. At this point, time started to change. I couldn't tell you if I was at this other hospital two hours or six. I was hazy, floating...that's about the only word I can think of to describe the feeling. Finally, another ambulance comes and takes me back to my original hospital.

They put me in a bed and give me some juice to drink. My head still hurts, but it's not as bad as before. The doctor comes in and says that the CAT scan showed that I had a brain tumor. He also said that part of the tumor had broken through into the sinus cavity and may have contaminated the brain fluid. Therefore, they had to do a spinal tap to determine if it had. I've had a fear of certain medical procedures and a spinal tap is the top of the list. I had to sit on the edge of the bed and bend over as far as I could, leaving the bow of my back presented to the doctor. I was preparing for the procedure and was ready for it when the doctor started digging his knuckles into my sides to find my hipbones so he could line up the tap correctly. It hurt like crazy. It was so demoralizing to be ready for something that's going to hurt and being hurt before it even happens. The doctor was very good, however, he told me everything before it happened. The spinal tap didn't hurt as bad as I had thought it would.

They finished the tap and I laid back down. I was so depressed and upset and I hurt everywhere. I started crying. The nurse asked if I wanted to talk to my sister. I said yes, so she went and called her. I hadn't realized it was about midnight, but she came anyway. She sat with me until I dozed off at about 2:00 am.

MARCH 23 5:00 am

I was awakened by a technician taking blood. Not one of the most pleasant eye openers. After that, three nurses came in and announced that my IV needed to be restarted. The first vein had collapsed. It took her three pokes to finally get it. She was very apologetic. I must say that in all my time in the hospital, every nurse I had was kind and gentle and very good. That can be a blessing when you are frightened and upset and not all there.

I spent most of this day drinking lots of liquid and experiencing the joys of a bedpan. It was about this time (mid to late afternoon) that the hallucinations began. I was laying in bed when four men came in. One of them introduced himself as the head of the hospital. He introduced the others as the heads of other departments. They asked me the usual questions and then they left. (It wasn't until my mom pointed out the head of the hospital to me 4 weeks later that I realized that that episode was a hallucination. He didn't look anything like the one who came to my room!)

After that things began to change very rapidly. First the walls in my room began to fluctuate. Then the windows started changing shape. The nurse's station that was outside my door turned into a bank. These hallucinations were complete - the sounds, the sights - everything! There was a bunch of people setting up a street market out in the hallway. They were dressed in early 1900's clothing. My sister was there for these hallucinations, but she never changed. No matter what the room was doing, Dot remained the same. She thought I was losing it, but she humored me and stayed as long as she could. One of the reasons I'm still here is my sister.

After Dot left, the hallucinations began to get scary. There were ghosts all around the room - misty figures that would float around. There were ghosts which would race around the room and fly right at my face - only to poof before they hit me. There was one figure which was particularly menacing. He had on a cowl and all I could see were his green eyes. He stayed the longest and watched me the entire time. Into this chaos came the man who I owe my life to. The surgeon, Dr. Cooper, who performed the surgery on my tumor. He came in to talk to me about the procedure which was to take place the next morning. Because of the size and location of the tumor, they couldn't wait any longer. When he first came in, his face started sprouting worms and fingers. It was so terrible I looked down. He said please look at me when I talk to you. I said I'm sorry sir, but I'm having hallucinations and your face is sprouting worms. He said now you know that's not true and instantly the worms vanished from his face and he stayed normal the whole time he was talking to me. When he left, I decided that if I was going to have hallucinations, they might as well entertain me rather than scare me, so I thought about that and the ghosts disappeared and I found myself in a fish tank with beautiful, gossamer-tailed fish swimming around. There were also lots of cats around.

While I was in the fish tank, I must have fallen asleep because when I woke up, I was underneath a bed with lots of boxes piled up around it, so I couldn't see anything but boxes. The radio that had been playing on my bed table had turned red and it was off. I knew this was a hallucination, but I couldn't get out of it. When I reached out to push a box away, I couldn't feel anything. I started to panic and I decided to climb out from under the bed. In reality, I stood up in my bed and tripped over the guardrail and fell to the floor. The nurses came rushing in and I was damn near hysterical. I was so scared. This was something I couldn't get away from. My brain was causing this to happen and I couldn't control it or make it stop or anything. I had such a feeling of helplessness. I tried not to go back to sleep. By this time, the hospital room had turned into old kitchen with the doors open. The nurse had to leave, but a girl came in and said she would stay with me. She was dressed in blue and said her name was Elizabeth. She had a crossword puzzle and she would read me the

BACK of the DOG continues in the press pages.



AUSTRIA	Pete Baughan	3121 E. Park Row #165, Arlington, TX 76010
ENGLAND	John Huestis	4525 Cameron Rd., Shingle Springs, CA 95682
FRANCE	Mike Mazzer	1900 Kelton Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90025
GERMANY	Ken Hager	15434 Sherman Way #2-114, Van Nuys, CA 91406
ITALY	Jim Keeney	3124 N Street, Sacramento, CA 95816

1984 CP Hot Dog 1 Spring 1909

AUS (Peter 11) F Tri-ALB, A Vie-BUD, A Boh-VIE, A Rum-UKR,  
A MOS H(A SEV S), A Ukr-WAR(A GAL S), A TYA H,  
F WES-Mid(F NAF, ITA F Spa(sc) S)

ENG (John 8) F MID S FRE F Por-SPA(sc), F IRI S F MID,  
F ENG S F MID, A Stp-LVN, A Nwy-STP, F PIC-Bel(F NTH S),  
F DEN-Kie

FRA (Mike 2) F Por-SPA(sc) (A GAS, ENG F MID S)

GER (Ken 6) F Ber-BAL, A War-Gal(d;r SIL, PRU, OTB),  
A BEL H(A HOL S), A Mun-RUH, A KIE-Den

ITA (Jim 7) F Ven-ADR, F Nap-TYH, A Pie-MAR, A Mar-BUR,  
F Spa(sc) S AUS F WES-Mid(d;r GOL, OTB), A Rom-TUS

1984 CP Hot Dog 1 ZAT for Summer and Fall 1909 is July 11, 1986.

1984 CP Hot Dog 1 Press

HEAVY HAND to GMS: Congratulations on the award! Welcome back to Sacto!

GMS to HEAVY HAND: Thanks Sweetie, I knew I could count on you. I'm really looking forward to seeing the horses.

HAARE of the DOG continues here:

clues and I would give her the answers. We did this for awhile and then she got up to leave. As she left, she lifted a wine skin from the wall and took a slug. The nurses station had turned into a race track betting window - complete with sound effects. I didn't sleep anymore. Elizabeth was an hallucination, too.

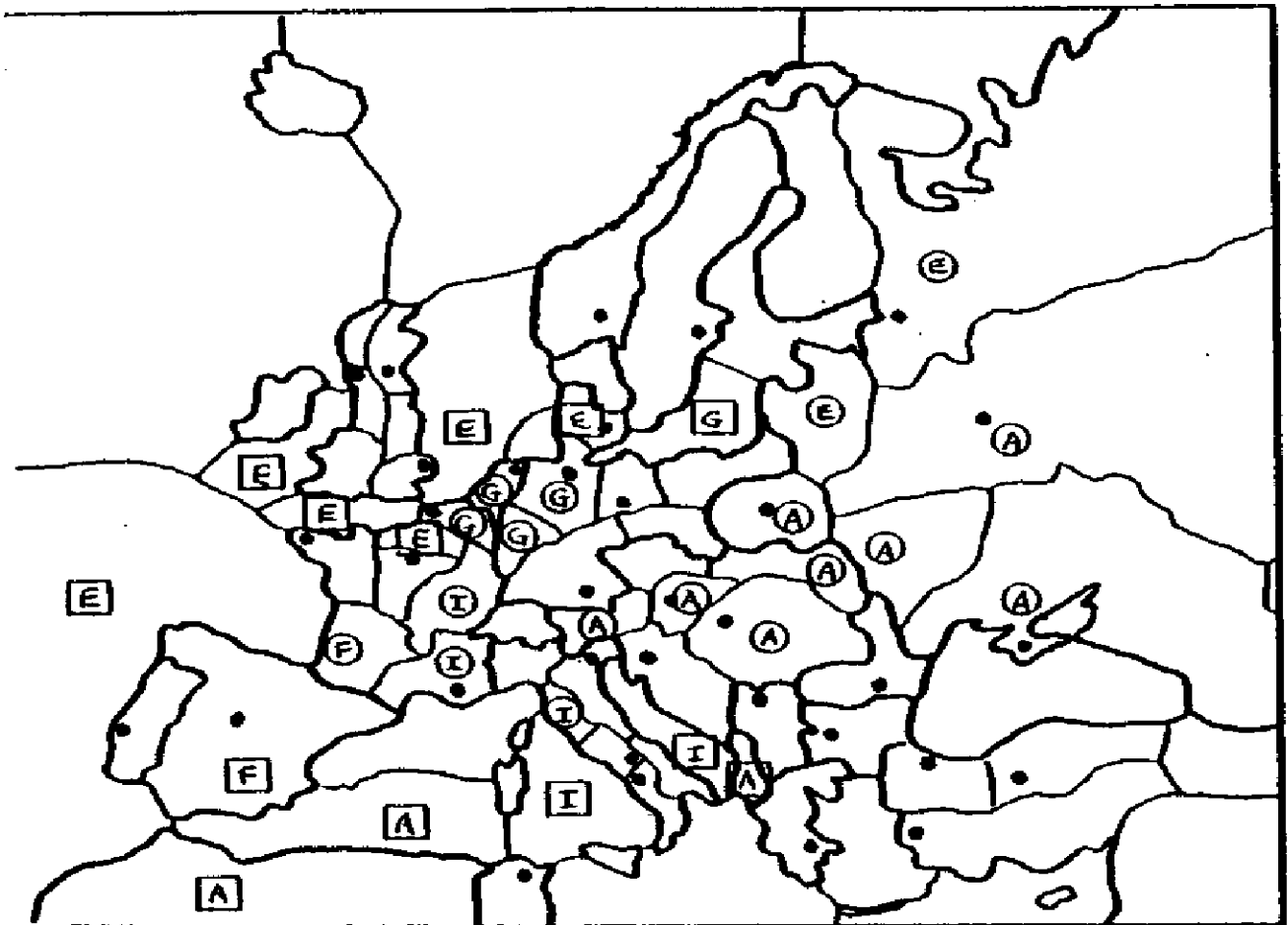
MARCH 24 5:00 am

No, not blood this time, but a neat little number called an arterialgram. Nothing special - they just cut a little hole in your thigh into the artery, run a small, hollow wire up the artery into your brain, send dye up the hollow tube into the brain and take pictures. They have to send up contrasting dye first. You can't really feel the wire until it hits the carotids, then you can feel it slightly. The contrast dye feels hot. It is a terrible sensation,

Page 5 and what happened to all the press you used to write?

1984CP Hot Dog

Map shows what I want it to.



but not painful. Then they shoot in the main dye and tell you to lay real still. The main dye is twice as hot as the other and with your eyes closed (which they're supposed to be) you can see the blood vessels glow red. I may have hallucinated that, but it looked real. After an hour and a half of picture taking, I go back to my room to await my surgery. My mouth is the Sahara desert. I'm so thirsty I'd sell my soul for a drink of water, but I can't have any water before surgery. Finally they wheel me into the Prep room. They move me onto a very narrow gurney, put a oxygen mask over my nose, give me a shot and put a blood pressure cuff on my arm. The man said see you later and that's all she wrote until about 8 hours later.

The first thing I remember after the surgery is having a word contest with my godfather. He is a real fast talker and for every word he said, I had to come up with another word related to it. I was locked into it and it was going so fast that I could hardly breathe. Finally I made myself faint so I could break out of the game. The next thing I know I'm on a train traveling in the South. There are people running for the train and the ones on the train are knocking them off. During the train sequence, I hear a voice asking if I can squeeze my hand. I do it. Can I raise my leg. I do that too. Then the voice goes away, but I'm still on the train. Finally, I open my eyes.

MORE continues following HOME RUN PRESS.





AUS Kathy Byrne 27-10 164th, Flushing, NY 11358  
ENG Dan McCooey 2 Rambling Brook Dr.,  
Holmdell, NJ 07733  
FRA Russell Wood 535 W. Pico Ave., Clovis, CA 93612  
GER George Graessle 800 West Ave. Apt. 420,  
Miami Beach, FL 33139  
ITA Marc Peters 1814 Cameron Drive #3,  
Madison, WI 53711  
RUS Ken Hager 15434 Sherman Way #2-114,  
Van Nuys, CA 91406

1984 CQ Homerun Spring 1908

AUS (Kathy 7) A Tri-VIE, A Gal-UKR, F Con-BLA, A Ank-ARM,  
A Ser-RUM(A BUD S), A Vie-GAL  
ENG (Dan 8) F BRE-Mid(F ENG,F IRI S), F MID-Wes,  
A Par-GAS(A BUR S), F BOT S GER A Den-LVN, F NWY-Stp(nc)  
FRA (Russ 3) F POR-Mid(F SPA(sc) S), A MAR H  
GER (George 6) A Ber-PRU, F Kie-BER, A Mun-SIL, A BEL H,  
A Den-LVN(F BAL C,ENG F BOT S)  
ITA (Marc 6) F Nap-TYH, F TUN-Wes, F ION-Tun, A Ven-PIE,  
F Bul(sc)-AEG, A Gre-BUL  
RUS (Ken 4) A Lyn-Stp(d;anh), A Sev-MOS, A WAR H,  
F Rum H(d;r SEV,OTB)

1984 CQ Homerun ZAT for Summer and Fall 1908 is  
July 11, 1986.

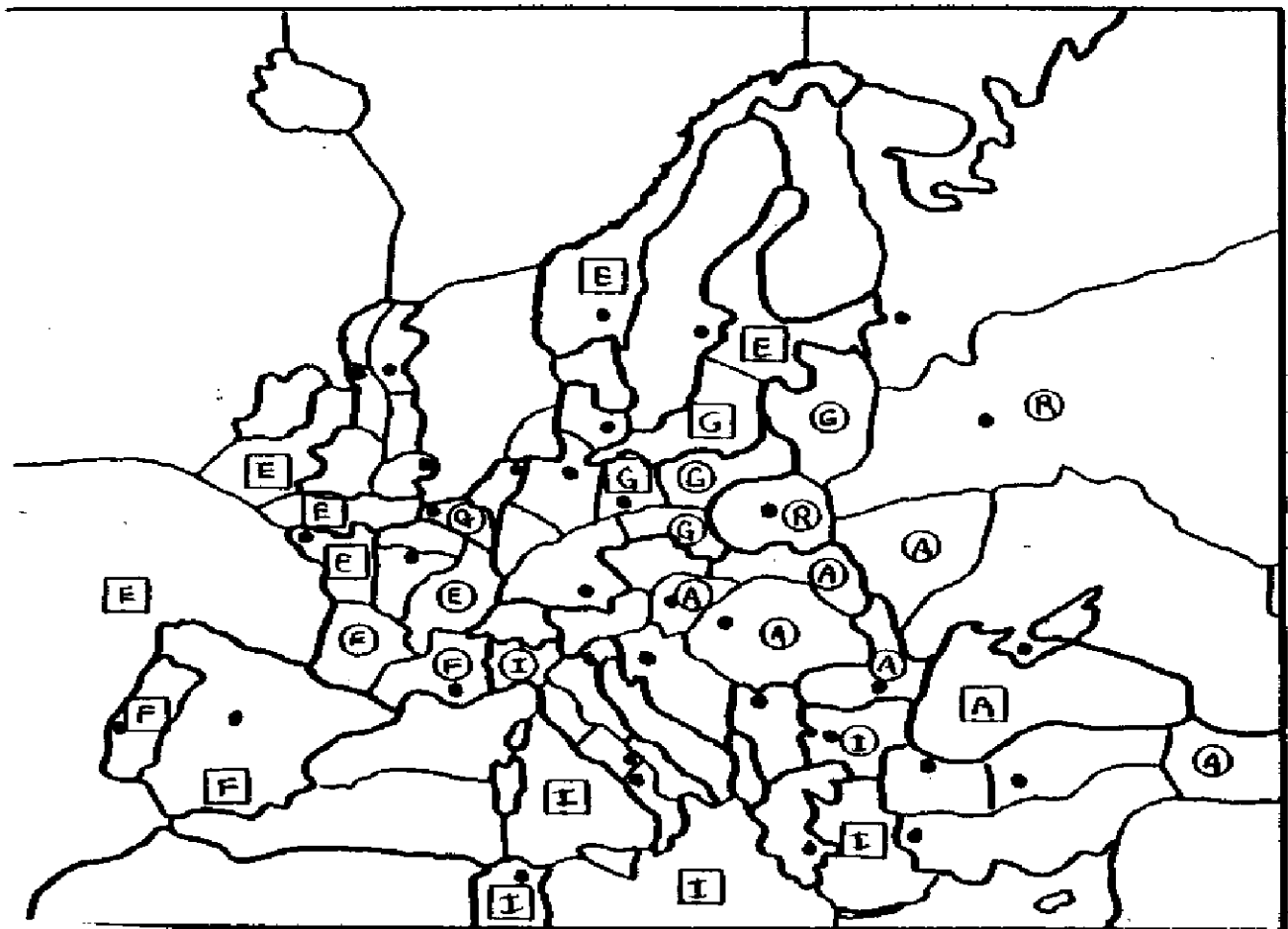
1984 CQ Homerun Press:

AUSTRIA to JERKY GEORGE: Is that how they get people to move to Miami - promise them their very own soap box?  
TOURIST to GM, GEORGE, PETE, & MARC: Hey, let's be careful out there, and remember the saying: "Speak when you are angry, and you will make the best speech you will ever regret." This zine is too much fun to be spoiled by feuding, and that is what this is beginning to sound like. Please remember what this game is supposed to be - FUN. 'Nuf said?  
MARC to STEVE: I believe you missed George's point. He meant not that Peter has no right to have his opinion printed, only that Peter was perhaps of questionable objectiveness in selecting my press for his diatribe. George makes a valid point: there is scads of negative press around. Why was I called to the floor for mine, when Kathy's press has been rather scathing in nature, and far more prolific? I can understand how neither you nor Peter enjoyed my press; believe it or not, I didn't enjoy writing it. Not everyone enjoys reading Kathy's press. That's simply her style of Diplomacy. I would never think to question Peter's methods - especially as a non-participant! - and frankly, rather resent his meddling in my method of Diplomacy.

Page 7 and I can't leave these people alone for a second.

1984 CO Homerun

Map does not show retreats.



STEVE to MARC: I think the difference between what you said to Russ and what Kathy says to the world is that no one really feels that Kathy is doing anything except kidding. Now, if you were kidding, a bunch of us missed the point. As for the rest of it...sooner over, sooner forgotten.

MARC to KATHY: Egad, what hath I wrought? How do you get away with it?

AUSTRIA to ITALY: Now you know why they say-- it isn't over till the fat lady sings.

GM to ITALY: You are in for it when she starts singing, Marc. ((Note to the student observer: That is what is meant by kidding. Kathy actually has a beautiful singing voice.))

AUSTRIA to GMS: Some things never change, like my urges to stab. Can I help it if I'm a bad girl?

GMS to AUSTRIA: No...not really. But deep down under it all, despite the Dwarf and the Donkey, we know you are really sweet and innocent. (We bad girls have got to stick together.)

GM to GMS: As sweaty as you got this morning, I doubt you could stick to anything.

AUSTRIA to GM & GMS: I hope you two are writing press as this is beginning to look like a one woman show.

GM to AUSTRIA: With you as the one woman, we could make a bundle selling tickets.

GMS to AUSTRIA: Especially if you include the Mexican Dwarf and the Donkey...and don't forget the linoleum and the Wesson oil, and, oh, yesh...

Page 6 and my work is done.

AUSTRIA to GMS: Mr. GM made mistakes while you were gone, it was very hard on us as we aren't used to such horrible treatment. Glad you're back, now I don't have to spend hours looking for errors.

GM to GMS: The biggest mistake I made was agreeing to take on this bunch of ingrates. Now I've got Marc on my case, George mad at me, and Kathy treating me as if I were Don Williams.

GMS to GM: Ooooooh Sweetie. Come on back to bed and I'll make it all better.

AUSTRIA to RUSSIA: When you play with fire, you must expect to get BYRNED!

GM to RUSSIA: Actually all it takes is being in a game with her. The only trouble is that she is addictive.

GMS to GM: She's what!?!?

GM to GMS: Playing with her, I meant.

GMS to GM: PLAYING WITH HER!?!?

GM to GMS: In Dip! In Dip! Playing Dip with Kathy is addictive. That's what I meant, honest.

GM to AUSTRIA: That better be what he meant!

AUSTRIA to POPCORN VENDOR: Want to pop some kernels with me?

POPCORN VENDOR to AUSTRIA: I don't know. Right now it's lots more fun watching the GM squirm.

AUSTRIA to ENGLAND: All your little puppets seem to be slipping away. Maybe you should try a new deoderant.

GMS to ENGLAND: What you really ought to try is sending us some more Dipman cartoons.

AUSTRIA to JERKY: Would you please shit or get off the pot?

GM to AUSTRIA: I see you have been practicing your 'nice' lessons. Keep up the good work, you'll make it yet.

AUSTRIA to GMS: Mr. GM said I have to practice being nice. So I won't tell you that your toady has to be the worst GM that I know. I can even prove he is brain dead - he asked me if I wanted to be in his new game. Do I look stupid?

GMS to AUSTRIA: I don't have to practice being nice too, do I? If I do, I won't answer that question.

\*HARE continued from Hot Dog Press:

I hadn't realized my eyes were closed before because they were open in the hallucination or whatever I was having while coming out of the anesthesia. Once I opened my eyes, the train disappeared and I was looking at my sister and my Sweetie bending over me crying. I didn't understand at the time why they were crying. It seems that the doctors didn't hold much hope of my making it through the surgery. They never told me that. I was worrying about being able to see. Anyway, everything came back. The eyes aren't all they could be, but they are improving.

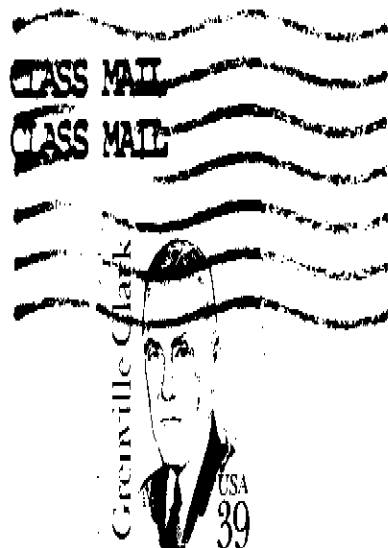
I was in the hospital for two weeks after that. I was on an antibiotic to get rid of the meningitis that occurred when the tumor broke through the sinus cavity and contaminated the brain fluid. I got to go home for afternoons, in between my medication times, but I was in the hospital room for lots longer than I would have liked. I had to have my hair cut because it had tangled and matted and we couldn't get a brush through it. The only scar I have from the surgery is in my side where they took fat cells to fill in where the tumor was, (or something - I was never quite sure about that one). The whole incident left me with a renewed sense of joy in life and of the love that is in my world. Thanks to all of you.

RETURN TO:

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June 11, 1986

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