

Maybe we should rename this 'Enter Stage Left'. This is the first thing I've set down to this month. Daf is even yet once again in far off exotic Albuquerque and I am braving the task of generating all these words all by myself (sob).

This is, by the way, the 'Happy Birthday Bill Roteler' issue of MAGUS. For those of you who do not recognize the name, you are missing out on knowing the prototypical renaissance man. I consider myself quite fortunate in being able to list Bill among my friends. His birthday was the third and I was not at the party, but my thoughts were. He prefers presents that are made by the giver, and this then is my present to Bill. It isn't much but it is from the heart.

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

EXIT STAGE LEFT	(The afterward)	page 1
PATTER	(the magician expounds)	page 2
PRESTIDIBITATION	(what's going on around Dip)	page 7
INTERMISSION	(article by Lucky Lindy)	page 9
ILLUSIONS	(the games, of course)	page 10
OTHER ESCAPES	(Science Fiction)	page 18
OTHER ESCAPES	(and like that)	page 20
FIAT BELLUM	(Don Williams' subzine)	page 24
STRANGE DOINGS	(Mike Mazzer's nonsubzine)	page 32
HARE OF THE DOG	(Daf's MAGUS subzine)	page 39

The standby list: Mark Keller, John Huestis, John Crow, Don Williams, Jim Kaeney, Jim Bob Burgess, Chris Carrier, Mark Howorth, Melinda Ann Holley, Dan McCooney, Tom Hurst, Mike Pustilnik, Larry Botimer 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.

Apologies to the VOLUNTEERS this month. The new sleek lean mean 48 page format for MAGUS just sort of squeezed until something had to go. We will try to get the VOLUNTEERS back into the zine next month. What 48 page format? Well, I took the zine in to be weighed...and 48 pages is two ounces.

This is the big Six Zero. The tenth issue since the covers became a conundrum. I will say at this time that it is only the front covers that are part of the conundrums. The mailing page is not to be considered. If you don't have all ten covers you may have a tough time solving the puzzle...but then only the late comers don't have all ten covers handy, right? What do you mean the bird crapped on them?



This is one of those rare months when PATTER is not being used to fill out a page count. In fact, this is the second thing up this month. Sort of a topsy-turvy month I guess.

For the Daf fans in the audience, her eyes have returned to the point that the double vision is a thing of the past. I watched her play catch with Lee Paul a few days ago, so I know she isn't bluffing about being able to see. That occurred on our stopover in Albuquerque following Pudgecon.

Yeah, we made it to Pudgecon. We had thought that it would be the last, but since Bob refuses to let Don Williams drive him from the hobby (aka Dipdom, aka Titdom), there will be a Pudgecon VI (second Laborday from now as I understand it ...start making your plans).

Speaking of Don Williams, the Ombudsperson committee met at Pudgecon and discussed various resolutions. The most popular was to rub his nose in it and then swat him with a rolled up newspaper. The official announcement is forthcoming. (Think of it as Fandom, Bill...did that ever make sense either?)

Pudgecon...where to start? Perhaps somewhere in flight. Daf and I flew to Denver from Albuquerque (leaving the boys behind for deprogramming by Aunt Dot and Grandma Judie) on our way to Wichita. As we deplaned in Denver we happened to follow an attractive young blonde off the plane. She was joined by a handsome young man who met her at the tunnel exit.

"Hi, where are you going?" I suddenly realized that he hadn't been waiting for her specifically. I lost her response in the general noise of people meeting people. Daf and I followed the duo down the airport walkway.

"So, you're from New York? Going back for the Fourth?" the young man persisted. He was a smoothy. I've never been able to approach young ladies at all but have observed others in action. Never have I seen anyone with more poise.

"How old are you?" He asked.

"Five" She said.

"I'm seven." and he chatted on.

It looked to be the start of a good Pudgecon.

Daf and I arrived in Wichita about half an hour late (courtesy of Frontier Airlines...the Airlines that puts real meaning into 'No Frills'), which was good since our host, Bob Olsen, had arrived nearly twenty minutes late himself (tied up in traffic due to an accident to hear him tell it). We were nearly an hour early for Ben Schilling, so the two of them (Daf and Bob) talked (as normal people will) while I listened and commented occasionally.

Finally (only half an hour late) Ben's flight arrived, and the four of us returned to Bob's. Ben is your archetypal gamer, very intense, intelligent, and about 10 degrees off of the norm.

Terry Tallman (6' 8" hobby sex ghod) and John Michalski (ex hobby sex ghod) were waiting for Daf's arrival back at Chez Bob. (You have no idea what it is like to be married to the Hobby Sex Ghods' number one groupy).

The six of us set and talked until hunger spoke, and then, John, Daf, Ben and I went out in search of food. John took us to a cafeteria in a mall, delighting us all the time with stories of how to use the 'postage will be paid by...' cards that comprise so very much of our mail. Did you know that you can attach one of those cards to a junk tire and mail it?

John's best idea was to put a card on a used brick, along with a note saying that the brick had come from a recently demolished building. The note would also state that you had several thousand of the 'postage will be paid...' cards. Then the deal! The company can simply pay \$500 or buy the old building one brick at a time. Then you sign it Mark Berch and mail it off. John also had a suggestion for livening up the lives of mail room workers. Can you imagine a job more boring than that of putting envelopes into a slitter hour after hour? John suggested filling one of the 'postage will be paid...' envelopes with the shavings from your pencil sharpener. When it hits the slitter machine, poof! The poor mail room worker will have a topic of conversation for days, and fond memories for years to come.

The dinner was memorable, too, for a strawberry pie that was totally tasteless. Daf and I shared it. We ate less than half between us. Daf asked me how was it? My honest response was, "We didn't finish it, did we?" John tried a bite and couldn't find any taste to it either.

We considered attaching the pie to a 'postage will be paid...' card, but John had already mailed the several hundred cards he'd brought with him, so we returned to Pudgecon.

Bob was at the airport again, and Terry was alone reviewing his 'Cosmic Titan' rules. About then, Ken Peel arrived. He brought Dick and Julie Martin with him, and, Bob Olsen. The flight may have been half an hour late. Talk of such weighty matters as the new McPizza (avoid it if you can) and why there were no fireworks kiosks in Kansas kept us entertained until someone suggested a game of 'Titan'. I quickly drifted into another room and booted up 'Wishbringer'. Julie Martin, Ken Peel and I (with an occasional assist from Ben) wandered through the dual 'Wishbringer' universe while the others set up the first of many games of 'Titan'. In fact, there was so much 'Titan' played and so little Dip, that Daf suggested that we drop the Dipdom affectation and start calling ourselves Titdom.

Gary and Ginger Behnen showed up. How they found the place is a mystery since the porch light was dark and there was only the one car near the house. It was the third party or so they had tried. At that, Terry nearly turned them away thinking

they were some of Bob's neighbors. Gary was in the hobby a decade or so ago and recognized a bunch of names that none of the rest of us really knew, and failed to recognize a bunch of names with which we are familiar. Daf, Ginger and Gary got to watch 'Titan' together while Ken, Julie and I managed to rescue a platypus, fall victim to some army boots, comfort a baby grue, and in general, tear up Bob's computer game.

Finally, exhaustion set in. Gary and Ginger promised to return on the morrow, and many of us tried for sleep. Ken soon discovered that turning out the light in a room with a sleeping Tallman was not conducive to sleep and ended up trying to sleep in the computer room. Rumors of a Tallman/Barno snoring contest are just that...rumors.

It seems that Dick won the 'Titan' game and that losing the cat and then all of our belongings sort of slowed down the 'Wishbringer' crowd...or it may have been that Bob had a few other computer games to play, too.

There actually was a game of Dip. Ben was Austria, Ken was England, Bob was France, Gary was Germany, Dick was Italy, John was Russia, and Terry was Turkey.

While that game was going on, Dustin Laurence and Mark Frueh arrived. Dustin, in his own way, is as intense as Ben. Mark is a lot more relaxed and a lot of fun, until you face him across a 'Titan' board. Daf and I finished up 'Wishbringer' while Dustin, Mark and Dick played 'Empire Builder'.

Gary won the Dip game and things progressed to more 'Titan'. Daf, Ginger and I tried 'Trivial Pursuit' and I proved once again that I am a very trivial type by winning the game handily. I even disallowed one of the questions that Ginger faced (the answer was wrong) and let her try again.

Rather than leave it at that, I came in last in a couple of other 'TP' games as the weekend progressed.

Ken had asked me to prepare a Fantasy Role Playing adventure for the con. It seems he enjoyed the game I had set up for Dafcon a year or so ago. I told him that I would, but that he would have to promote it. He did, and so, Daf/Red (an amazon type fighter), Terry/Fred (a hudywark ((6' 8" human/dwarf/orc)) fighter), Dustin/Sicarius (aka Psycho), Ken/Brother Bob Butterball (a revivalist cleric of 'The Money Always Flows' church), Julie/Mr. Narr (a Rock and Roll Bard), and Dick/Freddie (an elf mage who has a cleanliness fetish) started out in a low dive in Passerine, eavesdropping on a pair of orcs with a plan to steal a treasure from a deserted temple and ended up having to fight their way into and then out of a temple of snake worshipers, complete with a closed corridor and quickly rising water.

I had a good time. I guess the others must have too, because they asked me to set up another adventure for them later. But before we could do that, we all had to sleep. Dustin tried to show me a quick 'Car Wars' scenario downstairs with Ken and Terry. Ken drove us out so he could turn out the light, and then discovered that the previous night had not been a bad dream. Tallman really does snore.

Apple Slice was the drink of choice at most of Pudgecon. I bought enough beer to last the weekend (there were no Madlads present to make a mockery of that statement) but most of it still sits in Bob's refrigerator. Apple Slice, on the other hand, went as fast as it arrived.

One of Bob's computer games is 'Gateway to Apschal'. It is a combination joystick, typing control game. Dustin showed a few of us (Bob included) how to play the game. It is a fairly simple little run through the maze and kill the critters while collecting goodies kind of game. I played with it a bit and then passed it along to Ben, who played for a quite a while without benefit of any instruction. Ben hadn't seen Dustin in action, so for him it was a run through the maze and dodge the critters while collecting the goodies. At that he got it up to a level higher than any I'd seen. I heard a forlorn little whimper and walked back in on him to find his little man in a tightly sealed little room on the screen.

"What do I do now?" Ben moaned.

I showed him how to select the 'search' option and discover secret doors, and the 'key' option to open the doors once found. Then I watched for a moment as he scurried past a couple of monsters and finally put himself in a dead end with three monsters chasing his little man. Undaunted, Ben raced his little man back the other way, escaping all but minimal contact with the pursuing critters. I have to say that Ben's technique seemed to work far better than my own.

'Ultima III' was the computer game hit of the con. Dustin, Ken, Daf and I tried to play it together. That turned out not to work. It seems to be a single person game played with a co-pilot. I watched Ken, Dustin and Ben all sit at the controls and get terribly flustered and upset when the action would speed up. The game is controlled with the keyboard and has a real-time monitor that makes a 'pass' move for you if you don't get your chosen order in quickly enough.

The game scrolls over a world map with access to several cities (separate scroll maps) and some dungeons (3-D maps) with combat maps for conflict with the monsters. A whole quantum above the same sort of game in 'Gates to Apschal'. With the slaying of monsters comes experience and increases in level, with attendant increases in hit points.

The party of adventurers is made up of up to four characters at a time. The characters are formed from a stockpile by the players. You select your humanoid type (human, dwarf, elf, fuzzy, et al), your occupation (fighter, thief, wizard, druid, et al) and establish sex, name, and some basic characteristics (intelligence, strength, wisdom, and dexterity) and put it all together to make your character.

Daf created a very wise but not terribly intelligent human female cleric named Fluffy. The trade-off between wisdom and intelligence is that your character has only a limited number of characteristic points to start with and clerics need wisdom to do their particular type of magic. I created a very dexterous moderately intelligent totally unwise elf thief named Silence. Dustin created a very intelligent

fuzzy wizard named Corwyn and Ken brought us a very strong dwarf fighter named Moose. Right away I saw some potential for role playing between my elf and his dwarf. Silence was on Moose's case for being dumb and ugly from the start.

So far so good. We entered into the game world and went on into town. There we discovered that our characters were all naked and unarmed. Luckily the game didn't throw us in jail for public nudity. We wandered around the town, finding a bar, a grocery, and armorer and a weapons shop. We bought some armor for the cleric, fighter and thief and a weapon for the fighter (boy did Silence bitch about that), and then we left the town to look for our fortune. We found a box that some previous adventurer had left laying about and, naturally, my thief tried to open it. Baloomie-bang it was a bomb trap and it killed Fluffy. It was then that we discovered the flaw in the game. We could take all of Fluffy's goods, food, armor, weapons, and then, quit the game for a moment, disband, terminate Fluffy, build a new Fluffy, rejoin our band and get back into the game with a cleric and 150 gold pieces more than we had before poor Fluffy bought the farm.

We decided that since we hadn't done it on purpose that it was ethical to keep the extra loot.

We killed Fluffy a couple more times without ever really finding out how to play. Finally all four characters got killed at once and we found out that when you save the game and then go get killed you don't get to return to the previous saved position. We were done.

Ben played for a while, finding another town with a hospital that could resurrect the dead for 500 gold pieces. Ben had two dead and just over 1000 gp, so he went for it. We found out that if you strip the dead of all their food and try to resurrect them that they immediately starve to death. Kiss those 500 gp goodbye.

I sat up all night watching while Dick Martin and Ken Peel explored the Ultima III world. I sat up most of the next day and watched them explore it some more. It was fun. I spent a few hours myself and raised the two Paladin's wisdom by a point each before I quit. I am now in withdrawal.

Somewhere in all that some people left. I missed saying goodbye to John, and nearly missed Mark and Dustin. I had planned on Dustin being part of the next FRP adventure but hadn't really known his schedule. Pete Gaughan and Cathy Sexton arrived in there sometime, too. Ultima III did sort of take a hold of me and I lost a lot of the rest of the world.

Sunday evening the FRPers sent Julie Martin in to ask me to set up another adventure. Since I was watching more than playing it was just possible to tear me away from the game.

Fred and Red and Mr. Narr and Freddie and Brother Bob all returned. Pete/Awen (a human ranger) and Bob/Gabbo (a halfling thief) and Cathy/Olga (a cat thief) joined the party. We did a bit more roll playing than the night before, despite Freddie and Brother Bob dozing off. I wonder it wasn't me.

The 1985 Freshman Zine Poll results are:

RANK	VOTES	AVERAGE	PREF	ZINE TITLE
1	12	8.42	11.67	Masters of Deceit
2	13	8.08	9.00	Praxis
3	17	8.00	7.53	It's A Trap!
4	13	7.54	7.46	The Canadian Diplomat
5	10	7.30	8.20	Excelsior
6	11	7.18	7.36	Redwood Curtain
7	16	6.94	6.19	Rebel
8	12	6.17	5.67	The Alamo City Times
9	7	6.00	8.86	Send Me a Post Card
10	10	6.00	6.20	Yes Virginia...Santa Claus
11	12	6.00	4.58	The Razor's Edge
12	10	5.70	4.10	Foundation
13	7	4.57	4.71	The Not For Hire

RANK	VOTES	AVERAGE	PREF	SUBZINE TITLE
1	9	7.78	5.22	High Inertia
2	11	7.00	4.55	Shadowplay
3	13	6.15	2.85	Who Cares?
4	7	5.71	1.43	Megadiplomat
5	14	5.36	1.29	Butter Battles

There were 25 zine ballots and 21 subzine ballots.

Zines/subzines with 3 or fewer votes were Bread and Circuses, Kathy's Katchall Korner, Trax, Not Really Not NY, Omnipotent, Screed, Revolt Against the Masses, Cubist's Corner, and Twelve Pages of Homosexual Crap (in order of ranking).

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 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.

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 Pontevedria and Ziamyia which used used to be free for an SASE. Check with Simon. They are concerned with games openings in Regdip and Variants.



Jim Burgess\100 Holden St., 3rd Flr Lft\Providence, RI\02908  
 Scott Hanson\3508 4th Ave S.\Minneapolis, MN\55408  
 Steve Langley\2296 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?

Steve Knight\2732 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.

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.

Laborday 1987 is Pudgecon VI  
 We had so much fun again this year that Bob has decided to postpone burnout for at least another year so that he can host another Pudgecon. Start making your plans now. Daf and I will be there if the creeks don't rise.  
 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 44	October 15	material to DW by	October 1
DW 45	January 15		January 1
DW 46	April 15		April 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.

## MAILBOX FEVER by Linda Courtemanche

There is an unseen epidemic sweeping the nation. While it is at present confined to postal gamers (and also lovesick girls and bill-collectors), this disease is highly contagious and you should be on the lookout for symptoms in your home. Its name? Mailbox fever. As a public hobby service, I will describe the various stages of this dread ailment, along with a warning or two and a little advice.

Mailbox fever is most likely to strike PBM novices within a week or two of their first real foray into gaming. At that point, the symptoms will not be readily apparent unless one is looking for them, so be on your guard. If not noticed, these mild beginning symptoms are apt to mushroom into a severe case of mailbox fever, which will be followed by irritability, acute exhaustion, and eventually burnout.

The novice will have only recently signed up for two or three gamestarts, so he (or she) will not yet have developed bloodshot eyes, a coffee habit, or any of the other symptoms of the advanced fever case. No, he will simply go to his mailbox at the appointed time each day, and sift casually through the latest arrivals until he finds one or two negotiating letters and maybe a zine. Before reading those, however, he will rip open the bills and check for damages. This is very important to note because, all too soon, the order will be reversed and, in fact, the bills may begin to be neglected altogether (with the exception of the phone bill).

As time passes, mailbox fever gets worse. The gamer's tolerance for a small volume of mail decreases, so he sets out on the path to self-destruction by writing negotiation letters to absolutely everyone every turn (even the GM's wife), subbing to 4 or 5 more zines, and taking on 11 more gamestarts in three months' time. By this time, obvious symptoms begin to appear. About 1 1/2 hours before the mail is due to be delivered, he can be seen sneaking ever-more-frequent glances at his watch. If he is at work, the player may begin to invent excuses to call home around mailtime. And naturally these solicitious phone-calls about his wife's cold, sister's divorce, baby's colic, or Pomeranian's love life will always end with a deliberately nonchalant, "Oh, by the way, did I get any mail?" If the answer is yes, he will get the rundown and then spend aa fidgety few hours at his office. If the answer is no, he mentally vows to sub to two more zines that very night.

About this time, it occurs to many players that feuding generates practically infinite mail, so he jumps into the fray with glee. Soon his letters, lining up objections, diatribes, and irrefutable evidence (numbered 1-B7), are appearing in every feud zine in the country. Within two weeks, he knows he will receive at least eight responses, with counter-objections, counter-diatribes, and more irrefutable evidence (numbered 1-B7).

He may also realize at this stage that pubbers get a good bit of mail, so he sits down at his word-processor and bangs out a zine, announcing five regDip gamestarts and a few assorted variants. (Each month he adds a gamestart or two, because he knows the press really pours in during the first few seasons.) And the beginning of the end is near when he actually volunteers to be a regional editor for DW.

## Old Fiends Bourse

Company Name	Acronyms	Dollars	Standing
Just Another Investor Listing	JAIL	\$1.15	1832
An Cat Dubh Co.	ACDC	\$2.24	1569
Poison Pen Antidotes	PPA	\$4.57	1192
Banque De Suisse	BDS	\$93.08	1140
Kentucky Fried	KF	\$39.70	1072
Smart Money and Random Trading	SM&RT	\$17708.07	1056
Joy Diffusion	JD	\$238.82	988
Ted Turner	TT	\$1.62	930
Finance 535	F-535	\$3.02	853
R.A.T.M. Investments	RATM	\$9527.25	790
Abyssinian Commodities Exchange	ACE	\$5.60	730
Bug Eyed Monsters Syndicated	BEMS	\$0.14	642
New Bonavia Trading Company	NBTC	\$9943.45	609
Virgin Investments Inc.	VII	\$2.43	234

Country	AUS	ENG	FRA	GER	ITA	RUS	TUR
SC Count	4	1	10	4	6	8	1

Shorts open at	AUS	ENG	FRA	GER	ITA	RUS	TUR
	2.75	7.60	4.40	2.05	3.52	3.97	0.49

TT	0	500	0	0	500	500	500
SM&RT	0	500	0	0	0	0	0
BEMS	0	500	0	0	500	500	500
PPA	0	500	0	0	0	0	500
KF	0	500	500	0	0	0	0
BDS	0	500	500	0	0	0	0
JAIL	0	0	0	0	0	0	300
NBTC	0	0	0	0	500	0	500

## Old Fiends Bourse Financial News:

\*\*\*JD to GM: Your theories on compatibility are interesting but I think you are condemning me to a life of perpetual bachelorhood. How many females are there who like to listen to Joy Division 24 hours a day?

\*\*\*GM to JD: Well, there's...

\*\*\*JD to GM: I mean besides Olga.

\*\*\*KF to BOURSE: This purchase in Woody futures should put a crimp in someone's shorts.

\*\*\*KF to BOURSE: It also happens to be the breakdown point if no one else purchases any.

\*\*\*LINDY to KF: I beg your pardon, I'm a happily married woman!

\*\*\*LINDY to REDLANDS: Ignore the above.

\*\*\*OLSEN to GM: Is there some kind of prize offered for having guessed wrong about 'just about everything' last season?

\*\*\*GM to OLSEN: You mean, like a BOOBY prize?

\*\*\*BOOB to BMS: When they passed out the sense, what happened to my share? What do you think my chances are?

\*\*\*TT to GM: Boy, this is a mighty silent crowd. With precious few exceptions, there's no one to growl at.

\*\*\*BOOB to FOWLMASTER: I must have missed something. Who are you anyway? Oh well, no matter. I'm sure you're master of nothing, whoever you are.

Country	AUS	ENG	FRA	GER	ITA	RUS	TUR
Bourse opens at	2.75	7.60	4.40	2.05	3.52	3.97	0.49
TT	107	0	540	0	0	0	0
SM&RT	0	0	500-	0	500-	500-	0
BEMS	0	0	0	2000	0	0	0
RATM	0	0	500-	0	500-	500-	0
PPA	500-	0	1455	500-	500-	500-	0
VII	400-	0	0	439	500-	439	439
KF	500-	0	0	2100	500-	500-	2500
ACDC	500-	0	0	2034	500-	500-	1937
ACE	1825	0	0	500-	500-	500-	500-
F-535	0	500-	863	0	0	0	0
BDS	500-	0	0	0	401-	500-	13206
JAIL	500-	500-	2310	500-	500-	500-	0
JD	500-	0	0	2500	500-	500-	0
NBTC	500-	500-	500-	500-	0	500-	0

Bourse closes at	2.55	7.15	4.67	2.76	2.88	3.41	2.02
------------------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------

## Short Sales indebtedness:

BEMS	0	89	0	0	89	91	90
------	---	----	---	---	----	----	----

Final closing	2.48	7.44	4.73	2.71	3.02	3.50	2.24
---------------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------

## Old Friends Bourse Current Portfolios

TT	1267	0	5867	0	3225	1185	0
SM&RT	0	0	5500	0	3486	3727	0
BEMS	1791	0	0	4381	4296	1702	0
RATM	1000	0	3325	0	5000	1500	0
PPA	2055	0	7441	1000	2750	2000	0
VII	3725	0	0	439	463	439	790
KF	2883	0	2839	6300	3874	1950	3000
ACDC	8250	0	7503	2034	3843	2024	1937
ACE	1825	0	0	4900	3083	2999	3577
F-535	500	3500	2863	500	2000	4634	0
BDS	6666	0	4000	1500	1999	2000	13206
JAIL	1000	73203	6076	910	98	5122	0
JD	1234	0	3613	2693	1183	5026	0
NBTC	421	500	3021	984	0	3072	0

## More Financial news:

\*\*\*TT to BOOB: And you're one of them. Steve is nice enough to let you fill his pages with your relentless crap...I'd throw you out on your ear.

\*\*\*KF to INANE: Hit Boob some more. A left cross to the jaw, now some jabs. Oh, you are good!

\*\*\*JD to GMS: What do you say after a successful Boob Bash? "Thanks for the mammaries"?

\*\*\*BOOB to KF: Don't you dare bash me or I'll fed you to my cat. She loves fried chickens.

\*\*\*KF to GM: Yeah, bashing the Boob always goes a long way toward cheering me up.

\*\*\*GM to KF: I prefer a gentle squeeze to a bash, myself.

Even yet more Financial news:

\*\*\*GM to BOURSE: In keeping with the new MAGUS policy of obeying the postage rate laws, there will be no more Bourse order forms unless MAGUS drops to 44 pages or less in any given month. Imagine my dismay upon discovering that I have been postage due for most of four years now.

\*\*\*TT to JAIL and GM: Look, if JAIL wants to claim he's a genius, I'll be happy to cut him down to size. The GM has cut himself down to size if he believes 3/4 of a hundred grand of nothing is anything but nothing.

\*\*\*KF to TT: You'll just have to get your act in gear and do better. Their bankroll will always keep them ahead of you unless a draw passes in the Old Friends game.

\*\*\*TT to KF: Pull up your skirts, wimp. I'm a comin' after you and I'll make you forget the Yoyo.

\*\*\*KF to TT: We shall see who is a simpleton. Portfolios at ten paces, noon, Wall Street. Hmmm, buying those Woody futures may have hurt my case.

\*\*\*MANCHESTER: Ian was just slipping the noose around his neck when he heard a knock at the door of the corporate offices of Joy Diffusion, the rapidly-fading bourse trading company. For a moment Ian hesitated. All things considered it didn't seem very important to see who was at the door. On the other hand a psychic premonition had suddenly come to him and he somehow knew he had just won a million dollars in a Reader's Digest sweepstakes. Another knock decided him; he took the noose off, climbed off the chair, and went to the door. He opened it and --

"Oh, NO!!" he screamed in horror.

"No", thyself," said the grotesque apparition that confronted him. He was going mad, or was it really a cigar-smoking, munge-covered duck in a Nehru jacket?

Socrates (for it was he -- as you have probably guessed) peeked into the room and saw the arrangements Ian had made.

"I see I'm just in time," said the duck. "Mind if I come in?" Elbowing his angst-ridden host out of the way, Socrates entered the room. "Lissen, I got something important to discuss."

Ian climbed back onto the chair. "Forget it, you scrofulous carpet-chewing swamp dweller. I've made up my mind."

Socrates took the cigar out of his mouth and smiled at it. "Oh, I'm not here to talk you out of anything. But the fact is--you see, ah..." he seemed embarrassed.

Ignoring the malicious mallard, Ian reached for his rope.

"Well," continued Socrates, "Since you asked, it's like this. Could you hold off for three hours and twelve minutes? I'd really appreciate it."

"Sod off," muttered Ian. Then, "What are you talking about? And by the way, is that really scabies? I've never seen it before."

"Well," said Socrates, "You see, I...well, the fact is that I've been making book--as you might say--on this little event. There's a Clark Bar riding on the outcome."

Ian's jaw dropped. "That's the most tasteless, disgusting, repulsive thing I've ever heard of in my life!"

Socrates shrugged. "Obviously you never read Fiat Bellum. But the thing is, pal, well, nobody took 4 p.m. today in the contest, so if that happens to be the time, I get to keep the Clark Bar."

"You're insane!"

"It's probably the lice," Socrates agreed. "They're driving me crazy. But in the meantime, maybe I could cheer you up, at least three hours worth. So how's the Bourse going?"

Tears rolled down Ian's cheeks. "The harder I try, the worse it gets. I'm slipping down in the rankings constantly. And now--" he drew a shuddering breath--"I put my money on Don Williams, and...I don't want to talk about it. Hey, why are you scratching like that?"

"Never mind. Social disease."

"Fleas aren't a social disease!"

Socrates smirked. "You've never heard the old saying, You lie down with a dog, you get up with the fleas? Tough. But look, don't be so depressed. It could be worse.

"How?"

"How the hell should I know? I'm just here to cheer you up, jerk."

"Abused by a duck!" Ian screamed suddenly. "That's it!" He grabbed the noose--and with a deft toss looped it around Socrates' neck!

"NOW who's going to win your stupid contest?" gibbered Ian as he jumped down and then lifted Socrates to the chair.

"Let's see," gurgled Soc, as he pulled a slip of paper from his pocket. "I seem to remember...oh yes, Olsen had written my name and a time--'right about now'--but I didn't understand it."

Ian cackled viciously and...

\*\*\*BOOB to JD: How come you still never send me any jokes?

\*\*\*JD to BOOB: I can send you all the jokes you want. Did you hear the one about Don Williams, Muamar Khadafy and the bedbug? How about the one about Williams, Woody and the Yankee Stadium --- full of Chicken and Stars?

\*\*\*SM&RT to Fellow Also Rans: Expect a major uptick in ...  
mmm ... in Marks, probably, since JAIL and ACDC have so few.

\*\*\*TT to GM: Sorry if I'm still a bit out of sorts. I'm sure you understand.

\*\*\*BDS to SLIMEBUCKET: The fine mess you've gotten yourself in, is a direct result of listening to RATM for tactical advice.

\*\*\*KF to RATM: "Straight from the duck's mouth"? \*Ptui\* Give it back if you know what's good for you.

\*\*\*BDS to SLIMEBUCKET: And you will continue to blunder and flounder, because having Woody as an ally is the Kiss of Death, you Fool.

\*\*\*KF to ROME: This is your conscience speaking. You thought that I was killed off long ago but you were wrong. I was waiting for this opportunity to make you feel miserable.

\*\*\*BEMS to GM: Let's experiment with this a little. I mean, if you can't win you might as well confuse.

\*\*\*KF to REDLANDS: May I never GM as impeccably as you. I'd drop my head in shame.

\*\*\*FINANCIAL ADVICE XIV: Russian maneuvers fail miserably as stock market shows flight of capital from Moscow. Bargain hunters should be wary. Unusually heavy trading in French money markets makes Franc jump. Expect profit taking. Short term investment in Piastres attractive. Best buy still the German Mark closely followed by the Crown. Italian government in disarray, be warned.

\*\*\*FINANCIAL ADVICE FROM JUST WEST OF NOWHERE: There's a sale on at Bloomie's!!

\*\*\*CHOCOLATE BUNNY to GM: You bet! And Cochise loves to nibble....

\*\*\*LUCKY to DUCKY: Ignore that, too!

\*\*\*BOOB to AUSTRIA: I agree, Marshal. When Don called me up to brag about how he had you in his pocket, I wondered if he could possibly be underestimating you. Good luck, old friend. Remember the Engineers?

\*\*\*KF to AUSTRIA: Not another Austrian Miracle, that's all we need!

\*\*\*BOOB to DUCK: Ooh, you really make me sick. Now where am I going to get rid of all these filthy Lira? Marshal has you by the bill.

\*\*\*BDS to AUSTRIA: I, likewise, believe an investment in Austrian Crowns is a nice one.

\*\*\*TT to FOWLMASTER: My, my, a smorgasbord of delights. Even without cooking any geese.

\*\*\*GM to TT: Smorgasbord...Sweden...Norway...is this a clever coded message? Buy Francs?

\*\*\*OLSEN to COCHISE and GM: Hey, aren't you guys about out of signs to guess? You're bound to hit it one of these days! Then you can go, 'Aha, I should have known, Olsen's a typical Casseiopeia/Draco/Telescopium/etc.' ...

\*\*\*GM to OLSEN: Maybe if you gave me a hint. What's your birthday?

\*\*\*KF to BOOB: Hey, Boob, pull up your pants. Don't advertise what you don't have.

\*\*\*BOOB to GMS: Oh, woe is me. I almost forgot you were back. Do you think JD will be fooled into exposing himself to me?

\*\*\*GMS to BOOB: Bob is too much of a gentleman for...

\*\*\*JD to GM: No shorts this month. Come to think of it, I'm barely hanging on to my shirt.

\*\*\*BOOB to GMS: You're kidding. Does he have that much equipment?

\*\*\*GMS to BOOB, GM and KF: Secretly, he's a Scorpio.

\*\*\*JD: Good guess.

\*\*\*BOOB to GMS: Precisely. I'll bet he'd make a pretty party pooper.

\*\*\*JD: Bad guess.

\*\*\*BOOB to GMS: Speaking of poop...are you giving any away today?

\*\*\*GM to BOOB: Giving it away? I think you had better back off a bit, Bucko!

\*\*\*BOOB to GMS: Thanks. Don't mind if I do.

\*\*\*BOOB to GMS: Time for some Byrne-bashing. She does read, doesn't she?

\*\*\*JD: That barely qualifies as a guess.

\*\*\*BOOB to GMS: Maybe I belong in Home Run...that's what they call me...but that's another story.

\*\*\*BOOB to PRINCESS: Oooooooh! Thank you, thank you, thank you. Your darling incompetent Mets managed to eke out three victories in four games against the noble, but despised, Astros. McDodo brain lost Bobby Ojeda's game...and for that he'll pay, someday, but no matter. The overall effect was good for my beloved Giants. Thank you, thank you, thank you.

\*\*\*BOOB to GMS: Don't you love how I sling abuse indiscriminately?

\*\*\*BOOB to GMS: Don't tell Steve, but I'm still excited. Charlotte has me in training.

\*\*\*TT to GM: And I don't have one more word to say.

\*\*\*GM to COURSE: I'm sorry...I cut some of the press.

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 Pustilnik 140 Cadman Plaza West, Brooklyn, NY 11201  
(Jul 19 - Aug 2) c/o Dana Fishkin\24 Pleasant St. Unit #5\  
Provincetown, MA (617) 487 4139  
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

Please note temporary COA for Michael Pustilnik...zip unknown.  
Seasons are separated due to player request.

1985 X Old Fiends Autumn 1905

RUS F Swe R BAL

1985 X Old Fiends Winter 1905

AUS (Marshal 4) even; has A SER, A BUD, A TYA, A TRI  
ENG (John 1) even; has F LPL  
FRA (Bob 10) builds A MAR, F BRE; also has F NTH, F NWY,  
A BEL, F SWE, F NAT, A RUH, A BUR, A MUN  
GER (Mike 4) builds F KIE; also has A DEN, F EDI, A HOL  
ITA (Don 6) even; has F VEN, A SMY, F EAS, F AEG, F ION,  
F BRE  
RUS (Jim 8) removes F Nwg, A Gal; retains F BAL, F SKA,  
F BAR, F ANK, A ARM, A BUL, A BER, A SIL  
TUR (Woody 1) even; has F CON

1985 X Old Fiends ZAT for Spring 1906 is August 8, 1986.

1985 X Old Fiends Press

GMing question about 1982 CH: Steve: Regarding The Alien's  
Game; why isn't AUS A War to Livonia a legal retreat for  
summer 1918?

GM's RESPONSE: I don't promise to be infallible, especially  
in the listing of retreats, but in this case, the reason is  
that the attack that dislodged the unit in Warsaw came from  
Livonia.

ITALY to AUSTRIA: Eh, you win some, you lose some. Your  
turn again.

GM to ITALY: His turn to win some? Or his turn to lose  
some? If you had the previous turn, it must be to lose  
some, unless you are confused about which way the turns go.

L.L. to ITALY: With me as your guide, you'd never be totally  
lost either! I'd always tell you where to go.

TRI to VEN: Which way to the Pizza Hut?

GM to TRI: Why don't you ask Lucky Lindy? She seems to know  
her way around.

GMS to GM: Just what are you doing talking about how Lucky  
Lindy knows her way around. That had better not be first  
hand knowledge...

GM to GMS: I only have hands for you, babe.

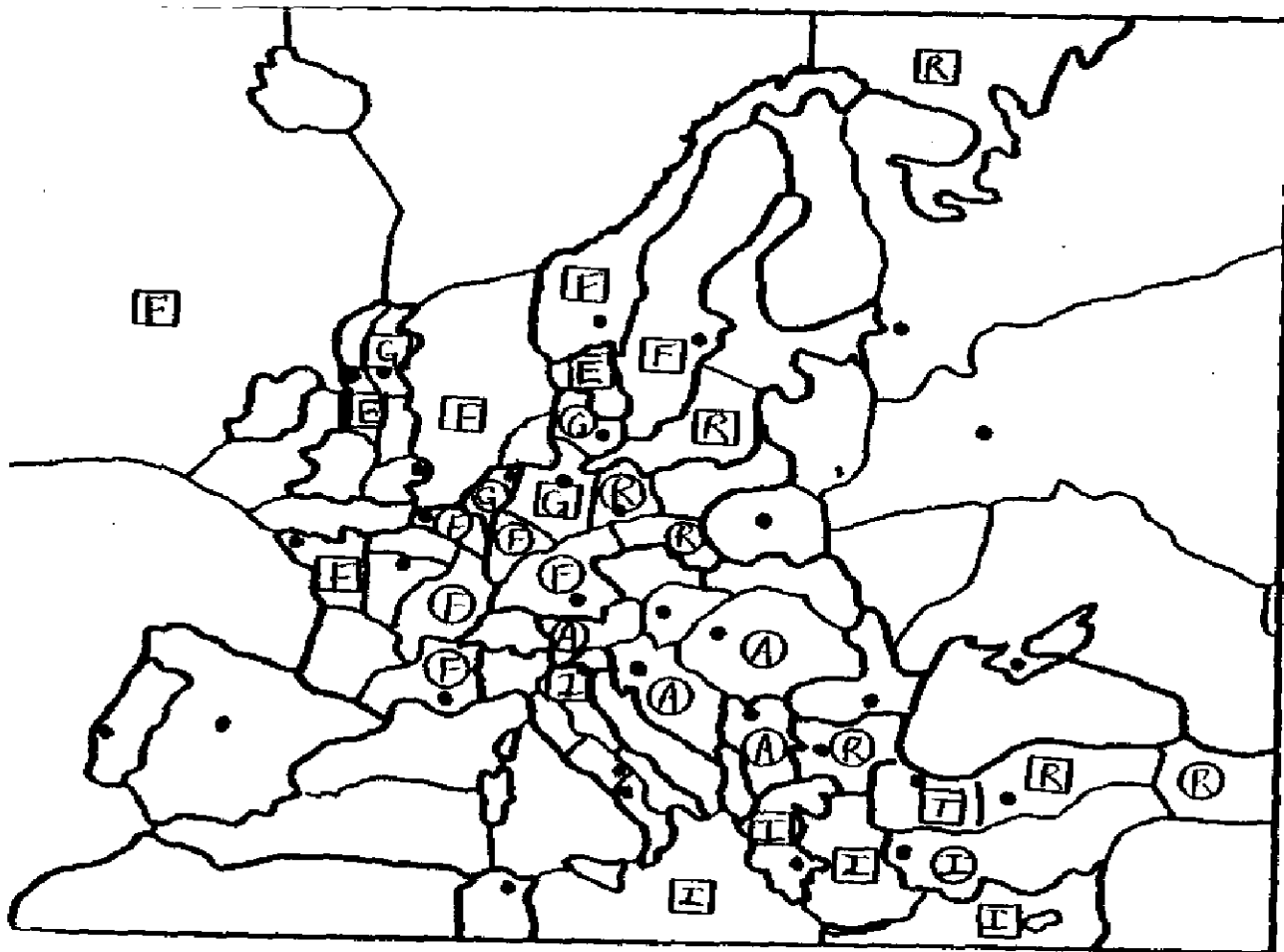
GMS to GM: That's better...a little lower...ah.

GM to FIENDS: Short break here...



1985 X Old Fiends

map prior to Spring 1906.



FRENCHMAN to ROMAN WORDMONGER: Sir, Italians die. Frenchmen go on forever. Capisci?

GMS to GM: Steve, you didn't tell me you were French.

GM to GMS: On my mother's side.

ROME to COMMIE-SYMP (THAT'S YOU, MARSHAL): Nice job - it's all down hill from here. For me, that is.

GERMANY: A build! Oh boy oh boy oh boy oh boy oh boy oh boy oh boy oh boy oh boy oh boy...

SLOSSAR'S FIRST RULE OF DIPLOMACY: Never ally with someone who has stabbed 5 allies in 5 years. Unless you want to be number 6.

WILLIAMS' FIRST RULE OF LINDER: Do not try to mend fences with people who possess steel traps for minds.

GM to DON the DUCK: Are you implying that Marshal is a bit rusty in his thinking?

ROME to BOURSE: Oh ye of little faith. Don't y'all know that I do the best wither in the hobby?

GMS to DON: You're still cute in the shower.

VENICE to GMS: Can't you tie up the Sage under false pretenses - let your imagination run free - and then leave him tied up? Huh? Could you? Could you?

LUCKY to DUCKY: Darling, it's not fair to mislead Daf any longer. Tell her how we fingered each other's press in her absence.

GMS to DUCKY: You are going to die all right!

## 1982 CH The Aliens' Game Players

John Crow 13750 Maham Rd #1178, Dallas, TX 75240  
 Jeff Martin 2129 Franklin Ave, Las Vegas, NV 89104  
 Mike Pustilnik 140 Cadman Plaza West, Brooklyn, NY 11201  
 (Jul 19 - c/o Dana Fishkin\24 Pleasant St. Unit #5\  
 Aug 2) Provincetown, MA (617) 487 4139  
 Jim Burgess 100 Holden St., 3rd Flr Lft, Providence,  
 RI 02908  
 John Huestis 4525 Cameron Road, Shingle Springs, CA 95682

Our thanks and this issue of MAGUS to John for picking up the Austrian position. John recently broke his left hand to help balance his luck.

## 1982 CH The Aliens' Game Summer 1918

AUS A War R SIL  
 RUS A Sev R ARM, F Con R BLA

## 1982 CH The Aliens' Game Fall 1918

AUS (John C 15) A Ber S A MUN-Kie(d;r PRU,OTB), A VIE-Gal,  
A MUN-Kie(A Ber S), A BUR-Par(A BRE S), A IYA-Vie,  
F SPA(sc)-Por, F BUL(ec)-Bla(ITA F CON S), A Mar-GAS  
A Ukr-Mos(A SEV S)(d;anhl), A Pru-WAR(A SIL S),  
F SMY S ITA F CON, A RUM S A SEV  
 ENG (Jeff B) A Kie-BER(F BAL S), F DEN-Kie, F Bot-LVN,  
F Mid S ITA F Wes-Spa(sc)(nso)(d;r IRI,NAT,OTB),  
F ENG-Bre(A PAR S)  
 FRA (Mike 1) F POR S ENG F Mid  
 ITA (Jim 3) F CON S AUS F BUL(ec)-Bla(AUS F SMY S),  
F Naf-MID(F WES S)  
 RUS (John H 7) A War-UKR(A MOS S), A GAL-Rum, A RUH-Mun,  
F ANK-Con, A ARM-Sev(F BLA S)

## 1982 CH The Aliens' Game Winter 1918 Supply Centers

AUS	Home, Ser, Gre, Bul, Ven, Ber, Rum, Mar, Spa,	+0; builds 1
	Mun, Smy, Bre, War, SEV	
ENG	Home, Den, Bel, Swe, Kie, Par, BER	+1; builds 1
FRA	Por	+0; even
ITA	Nap, Rom, Tun, CON	+1; builds 1
RUS	Mos, Stp, Sey, Ank, Nwy, Hol, Con	-2; removes 2

## 1982 CH The Aliens' Game ZAT for Autumn and Winter 1918 and Spring 1919 is August 8, 1986.

## 1982 CH The Aliens' Game Press:

PORTUGAL to OLD AUSTRIA: Resigns? When you are so close to the finish line? Why?

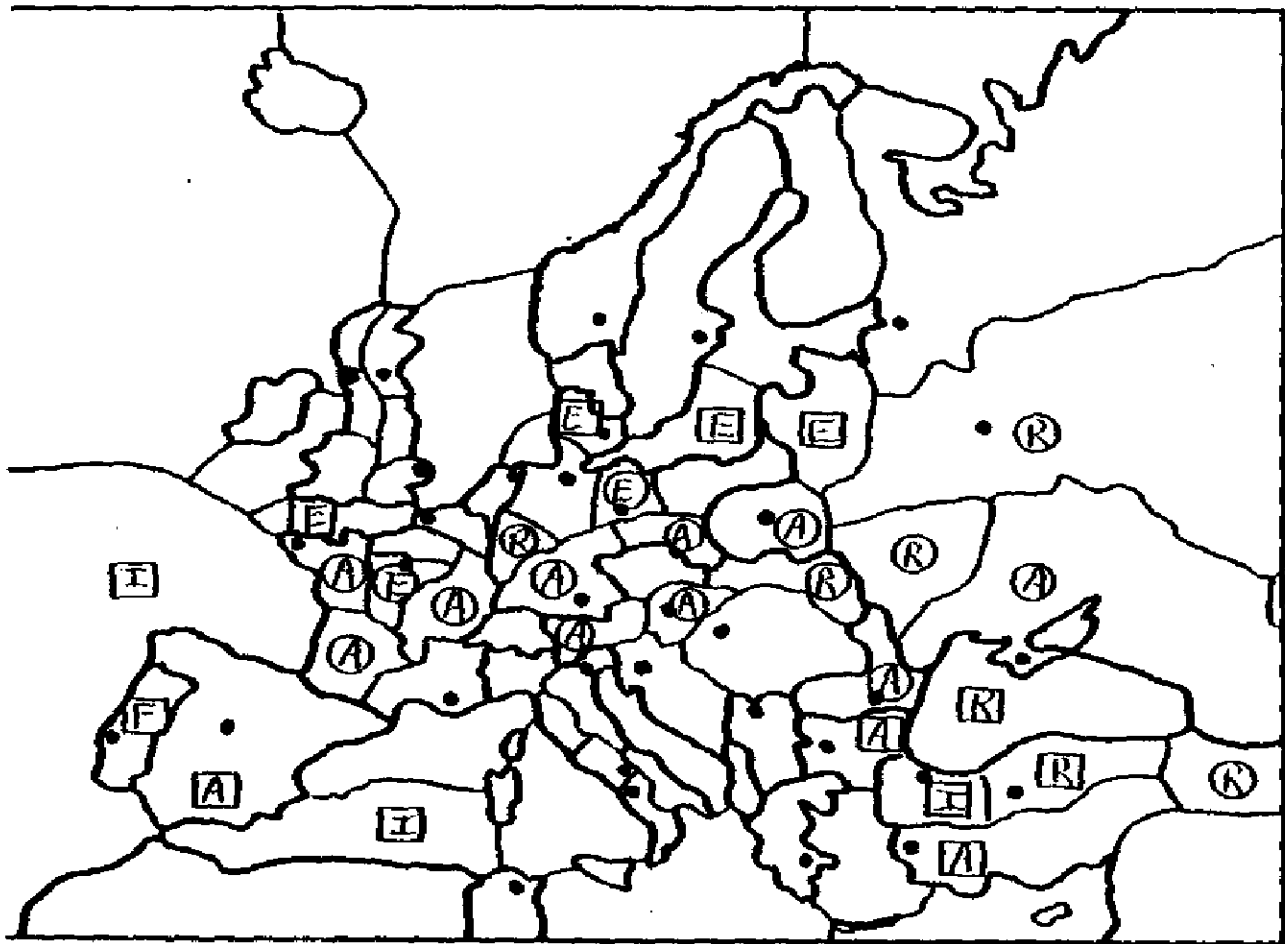
GM to PORTUGAL: I understand it had something to do with a complete change of life style (he got a job) that didn't leave him time to negotiate. Rather than let the position be lost through his lack of participation, he elected to pass it along to someone who might be able to do it justice.

LINDY to NEW AUSTRIA: Merry Christmas! It's not everyone who gets a present like 15 tax-free centers! Enjoy --

PORTUGAL to NEW AUSTRIA: What I did to you in Old Fiends is nothing to what I'm about to do to you here!

GM to PORTUGAL: Egad, a threat!

1982 CH The Aliens' Game

Map does not show retreats.

### OTHER ESCAPES...

Recently my daughter Megan has been raiding my bookshelves. I noticed only today that there is a gaping hole where a lot of Edgar Rice Burroughs had been only days before. She takes them home (she lives with her mother when she's not here raiding the bookshelves) with her, and I sometimes see them again. She's taken to writing my name in the inside front cover so she will know from whom she has stolen the book.

I really can't remember what it was like to read ERB for the first time. I can remember that it was truly wonderful. The man could weave a fantasy. He dates from the days when heroes were noble, with classic features, rippling muscles, vast intelligence, and awkwardness with the opposite sex. ERB would not have understood James Bond or Mike Hammer.

Now days, the hero still has the rippling muscles and vast intelligence, but he also is a stud and sophisticated man of the world. Perhaps the word that differs today from yesterday is innocence. There was an innocence about the ERB characters that no longer is appropriate to today's characters. Where did we go wrong?

Of course, we didn't go wrong...we just became jaded.

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 repropesed. Please vote with your orders.

1982 IW Journey Back to OZ Fall 1909

- AUS (Bart 12) A MUN S A KIE(A KIE, A BOH S), A Vie-TYA, A KIE S A MUN(A MUN, A BER S), A BER S A KIE(A SIL S), A LVN S A STP(A STP, A PRU S), A Mar-BUR, A Pie-MAR, A STP S A LVN(A LVN, TUR A MOS S), A Tya-PIE
- ENG (Tom 3) F Cly-EDI, A POR H, F Bre-Gag(dir PIC, OTB)
- GER (Marshal 5) A DEN-Kie(F BAL S), A RUH-Mun, A BEL-Hol, F NIH-Hol
- RUS (Mark K 3) A EIN-Swe, A NWY-Swe, F Nat-LPL
- TUR (Mark C 11) A Gas-BRE(F ENG S), F Wes-MID(F NAF S), A MOS S AUS A STP, F SPA(sc)-Por, F BOL-Spa(sc), F IYH-Bol, F Tun-WES, F Ion-TUN, F Aeg-ION

1982 IW Journey Back to OZ Winter 1909 Supply Centers

- AUS Home, Rum, Ser, War, Ven, Stp, Mun, Ber, Mar, Kie +0; even
- ENG Lpl, Bre, Por, EDI -1; removes 1
- GER Hol, Par, Bel, Lon, Den +0; even
- RUS Swe, Nwy, Egi, LPL +0; even
- TUR Home, Bul, Bre, Sev, Nap, Rom, Tun, Mos, Spa, BRE +1; builds 1

1982 IW Journey Back to OZ ZAT for Autumn and Winter 1909 and Spring 1910 moves will be August 8, 1986.

1982 IW Journey Back to OZ Press

GM to JOURNEY: If it weren't for guest press we wouldn't have any press at all.

LINDY to GM: Well, I didn't exactly recognize Bart from the mask...that wasn't the part that was showing!

GM to LINDY: The mask was hidden?

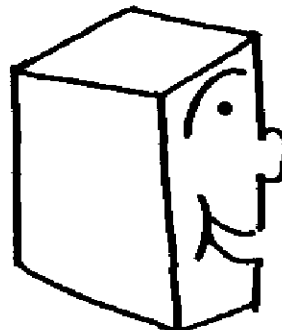
LUCKY to GM: I see you are a fellow grad of the Phyllis Diller School of Housekeeping.

GM to LUCKY: No, I'm self taught.

LINDY to GMS: Cooking? Hey, we're sizzling!

Too bad Bart, Tom, Marshal, and the Mark Twins didn't drop by for a taste...

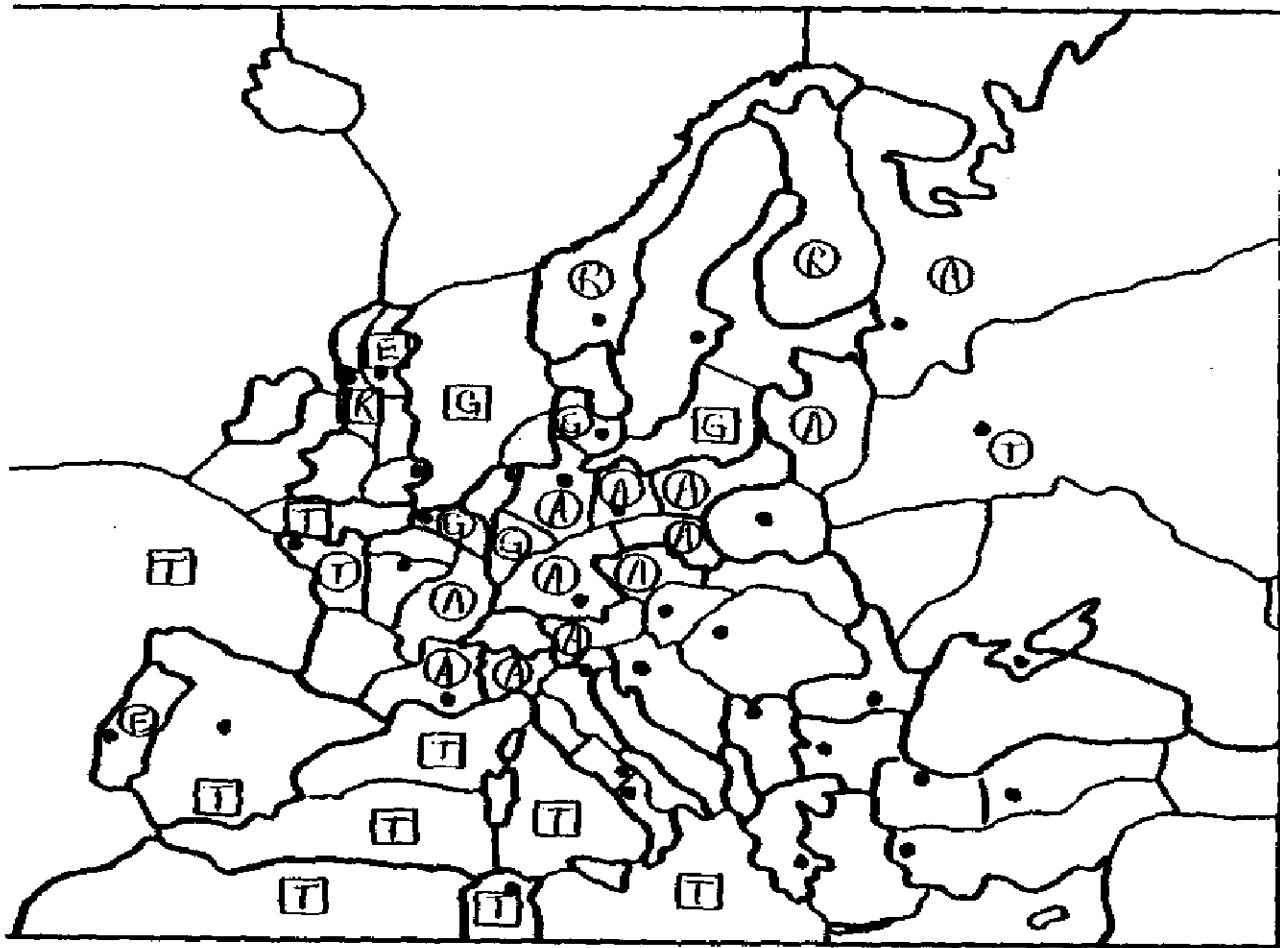
GM to LINDY: Just who did drop by?



1982 IW

Journey Back to Oz

map sans retreats.



### OTHER ESCAPES . . .

Little to no feedback on the idea of a discussion of Science Fiction. Ben Schilling did pass around a bunch of photos of masquerade ball costumes from a couple Cons he'd attended.

It was fun actually recognizing a couple of people I'd known twenty years or so ago. It was fun looking at the costumes, too. That is one thing that I miss about Science Fiction Fandom. I like dressing up in costume.

Not much new reading been going on. Bob Olsen loaned me a set of five 'Survivalist Science Fiction' books by William W. Johnstone. They are a quick read and the 'political' messages about owning guns aren't too overbearing, but they won't make anyone except a survivalist's favorite books list. After the bombs fall and man is trying to drag himself up 'Out of the Ashes', the real killing starts.

If you don't own a gun and are not willing to use it, you won't last long in this world. Somehow, despite shooting it out with literally hundreds of punks and outlaws (and the corrupt 'central government') the hero manages to win all his firefights. Pretty soon, he becomes a legend. People start lending him the aspect of god. Pisses him off of course.

## 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) 929-3963  
 Don Williams 1325 E. Citrus Ave., Apt 2-C,  
 Redlands, CA 92374  
 Mark Fassio 11579 Mohican Road, Woodbridge, VA 22192  
 (703) 490-4326

Seasons are separated due to player request.

## 1986 A Showtime Autumn 1902

AUS A Rum R SER

## 1986 A Showtime Winter 1902

AUS (John 5) builds A BUD; also has A SIL, A SER, A BUL,  
 F AEB  
 ENG (Tom 4) removes A Wal; retains F ENG, F MID, F IRI,  
 F NWY  
 FRA (Bill 5) builds F MAR; also has A BRE, A GAS, A PIC,  
 F FOR  
 GER (Melinda 7) builds A BER, A MUN; also has A BUR, A RUH,  
 F BAL, F SWE, A BEL  
 ITA (Dennis 5) builds F NAP; also has A BOH, A TYA, F TUN,  
 F EAS  
 RUS (Don 5) builds A WAR; also has F STP(Lc), F CON,  
 A GAL, A UKR  
 TUR (Faz 3) even; has F SMY, F BLA, A RUM

1986 A Showtime ZAT for Spring 1903 is August 8, 1986.

## 1986 A Showtime PRESS

MANEATER to GM: Of course Margie knows. She has me on  
 retainer. Or is that Faz?

LUCKY to DUCKY: You never know -- Margie may call Faz  
 "Flash," too! Only for different reasons...

DUCKY to LUCKY: See? I was right, you do follow ducks  
 around.

FLASH to ALL: By the time you read this, I shall be more or  
 less 'ensconed' (look that up in your Funk n' Wagnalls) in the  
 new place. I hope to get the letter writing back up to snuff,  
 but bear with me for a while, gang!

GM to FLASH: I looked 'ensconed' up in my Websters...the  
 closest I could come to a meaning is that someone has been  
 throwing scottish bagels at you.

FLASH to A/H: I understand that you write as much in this  
 game as you do in others; if so, no wonder the volume of mail  
 is overwhelming! (Tongue is placed in hollow of cheek here).  
 You have been one big fink this whole game, so my goal is the  
 total combat-to-the-death against you. Sure, I'll lose,  
 because your Italian marionette master is helping you stay  
 afloat. But you'll both fight for a long time (too long)  
 against R/T, and that only helps E/G. Oh, how WAS Bul this  
 time of year? Did you find it pleasing?

RUSSIA to FLASH: I still don't trust you, you know.



DUCK to DUCK HUNTER: Hey, I don't mind if you laugh - just hold that thought.

FLASH to E/G: Even in the press I write to both of you! Lazy, aren't I? Here's hoping for quick rescue action of us on your part, and hope to see some fleets down yonder--the morale boost would be immense...

FOWLMASTER to KING GNOME: What gives? You're not supposed to go backwards. (Or westwards, mind you.)

GM to DUCKBREATH: Give the Gnome a break, he's been sick.

WARSAW to PARIS: Nice to see you're alive and kicking - I thought that (illegible) might have gotten the best of you.

HEAVY-HAND to COMPLETE DIPWAD: Way to go "Sturgeon Breathe," you could have taken Bulgaria too, and actually executed an effective stab, but no!!!

DUCK to HEAVY HAND: Yeah, I know, I'm going to pay for stabbing you last time, right? Call it tit-for-tat.

L.L. to GM: Thanks for the most generous deadline in the hobby! I figure, though, that I'll send my press and stuff in early instead of waiting for 11/7th. Happy Thanksgiving!!

GM to L.L. Sure, rub it in!

WARSAW to A/I: Sorry about the misstep I made last time, but I ultimately couldn't trust Austrian goodwill and leave Warsaw open. The rest of the moves we planned fell like a pile of dominoes after that, and I - but, hey, why bother with excuses. You two know I'm pond scum and I know I'm pond scum. So let's leave it at that, hey?

GERMANY to I/A: Now what have I done to you two? Am I really that dangerous?

RUSSIA to GERMANY: See? Everyone here in Russia is behaving. We know how to treat a ~~MARSHALL~~ lady.

FOWLMASTER to SACTO SAGE: Are you insinuating that I have no plot? Maybe we should dig one for you - deep and wide.

SACTO SAGE to DIPWAD FOWLMASTER: Not plot, syntax!

RUSSIA to ITALY: On to the Russian Front, eh? Just remember you're a long, long way from home - and the Gnome is wandering around the back door.

MUNICH to ROME: Guess again, chum. Maybe you'll get better at it.

WARSAW to ROME: Why not try a Vienna Waltz? A polka? Hope you listen better than you talk.

INTERMISSION continued from page 9.

It is 3am, some months later. Our hero doesn't dare crawl under the blankets because he has seventeen games to write moves for and nine more to adjudicate before work. His wife has stalked out on him, declaring that he spent more time pawing the keyboard in the past week than he did her in the past three months. (He had tried to open his mouth to protest, but all that came out was a yawn.) Little does he realize that his boss is busy interviewing potential replacements for the idiot she caught dozing off during three staff meetings and feverishly scribbling personal letters on company time. Coffee mugs and crumpled paper are scattered over his floor, and he has taken his phone off the hook. His doctor has sighed that he can do nothing for the poor guy until the player gets away from the obsession that has him staggering from place to place, muttering vague threats about "grabbing dots". The doctor suggested a nice trip to Europe.

//////thanks and three free issues of MAGUS. ////





NEXT SEASON: Spring 1905  
ZAT: July 31, 1986

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

# Bang the Gong Slowly

RUSSIANS STORM VIENNA, AUSTRIANS RETREAT FOR THE LAST TIME. . . ENGLISH FLEETS KEEP THE HUNGRY DOGS AT BAY. . . FRENCH SWING SOUTH IN STRENGTH AS ITALY TURNS TO FACE THE TSARINA AND TSULTANESS. . . KREIGSMARINE SEIZES DENMARK. . .

## THE PLAYERS

AUS	Mark Howorth	1808 Bancroft Way, Berkeley, CA 94703
ENG	John Crow	13750 Mahan Rd., #1178, Dallas, TX 75240
FRA	Conrad Minshall	3702 Tarragona Lane, Austin, TX 78727
GER	George Graessle	800 West Ave., #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
SGM	Don Williams	1325 E. Citrus Ave., #2C, Redlands, CA 92374

## FALL 1904

- AUS [1] A vie H(d;r Boh,OTB).
- ENG [3] F CLY-1pl, F EDI-nth, F LON S F EDI-nth.
- FRA [5] F ENG-nth, A par-GAS, A bur-MAR, A pic-PAR, F spa(sc)-WES.
- GER [5] F hel-DEN, A mun-TYA, A ruh-BEL, F HOL S A ruh-BEL, A YOR-1vp.
- ITA [6] A pie-VEN, F tyn-NAP, F wes-TYN, F TUN-ion.
- RUS [8] A gal-VIE, A BUD S A gal-VIE, A ukr-GAL, A RUM S A BUD, F NIH-edi, F NWG S F NIH-edi, F NWY-nth, A SWE-rwy.
- TUR [6] A bul-SER, A ser-TRI, F ALB S A ser-TRI, F aeg-BUL(sc), F eas-ION, F GRE S F eas-ION.

### GAME NOTES:

- DISLODGEMENTS; Austria's A vienna
- Concession to Russia proposed, R/T draw proposed; vote with your next set of orders--NVR equals 1/2 yes vote
- \*ZAT for Winter 1904 and Spring 1905 is July 31, 1986
- \*Map for Fall 1904 is on the next page.

### Winter 1904 SC Chart

AUS [0]	VIE.....	-1; OUT*
ENG [3]	HOME.....	+0; Even
FRA [5]	HOME,POR,SPA.....	+0; Even
GER [6]	HOME,BEL,DEN,HOL.....	+1; Build 1
ITA [4]	HOME,TUN,TRI,BMB.....	-2; Even
RUS [9]	HOME,SWE,NWY,RUM,WZN,BUD,VIE.....	+1; Build 1
TUR [7]	HOME,BUL,GRE,SER,TRI.....	+1; Build 1

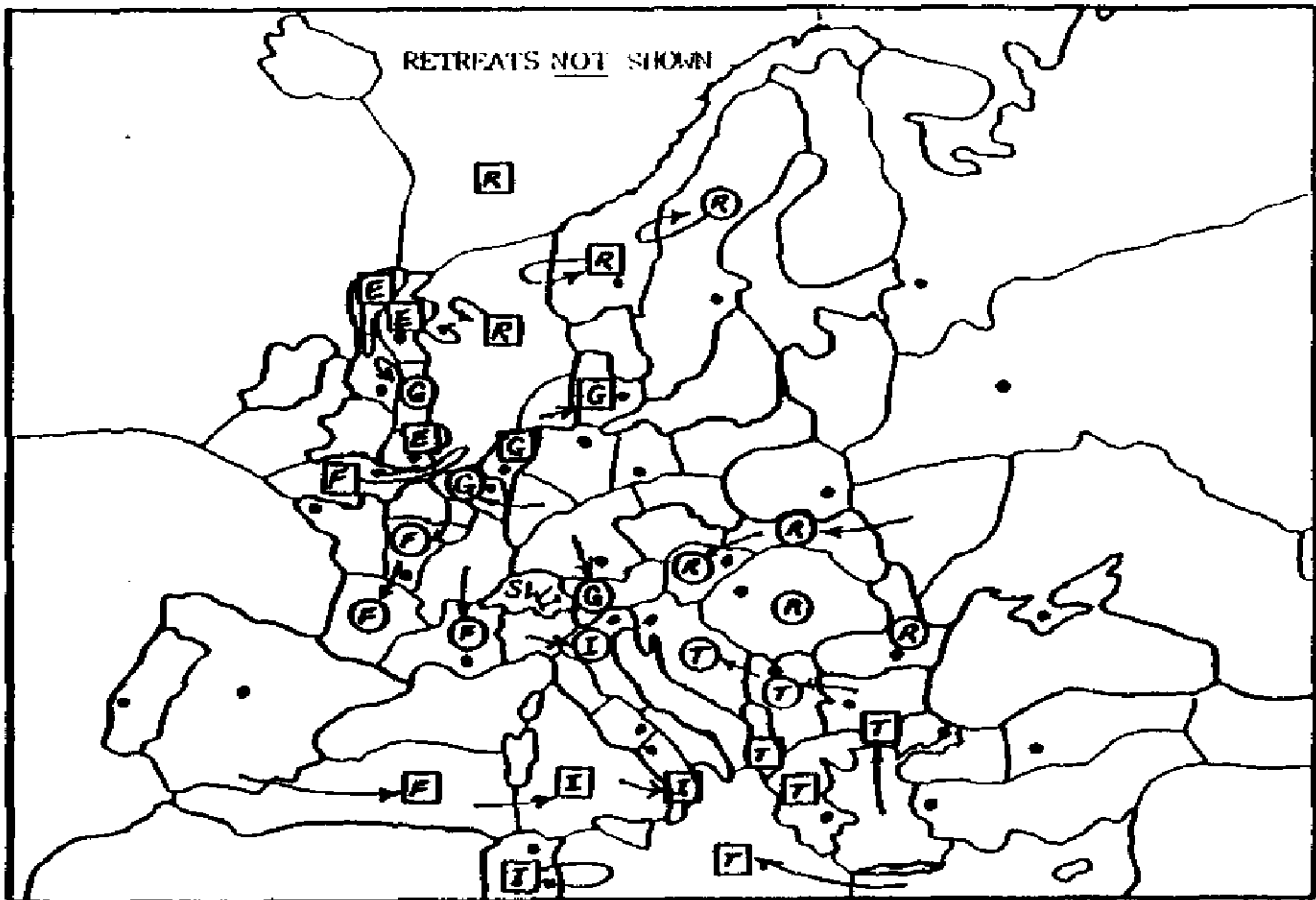
\* Thank you, Mark, for being such agreeable cannon fodder!

### PRESS:

[SOMEWHERE NEAR PARIS]

Esteban the Fool stooped low to pick up three smooth pebbles from the road. The false dawn light obscured the movement, and the cosh [A weapon similar to a blackjack] had intended for the Fool's nape swung without resistance. Momentarily caught off balance, Logan let out a faint whoof of breath and. . .

FALL 1904



Esteban the Fool threw all three smooth pebbles into the air, preparatory to going into his juggling act. He couldn't see them, but he was practiced enough to juggle in the dark. . .and the three gentlemen (a hunchback, a hat smuggler, and a duck actually) he'd just met on the road were the Fool's first audience in days.

Two of the stones caught Logan exactly on the nerve plexi, thrusting him into instant paralysis. The third stone returned to the Fool's fingers. (Have you ever tried to juggle one smooth stone?)

BADAN[?]: The General coolly accepted the courier's message. His brow knitted as he read his correspondence. He sighed, turned to his Chief-of-Staff, and said,

"General Weister was defeated at Murska by the Italians. We're the 'only one's left now.'" The general peered outside his tent. His gaze passed over three hundred of the worst looking soldiers he had ever seen. Dirty, tired, and out of supplies. And now the news that this group of ragged soldiers was the only protection for his Majesty and beloved Vienna from the onrushing Russians forces. He almost smiled as he thought about the totality of his frustration and defeats, as they were almost perfect in their ugliness.

"Ah, well," he thought, "Life's a bitch, and then you die." It began to snow.

USA to ITALY: How badly did you fool the frog? Here's hoping you wound up in SPA, TUN, NAP and TYA--you could hold off Melinda for years!!!

ITALY to FRANCE: You and me and George and a hunchback and a duck, right?



NEXT SEASON: Spring 1905  
ZAT: July 31, 1986

GAME: "Lord Jim" 1985-CJ  
GM: Don Williams

## Home Is Where the Heart Sinks

THE MASTER OF MAYHEM'S TROOPS FIGHT FIERCELY, BUT AUSTRIA IS AWASH WITH ENEMIES. . .ITALY HOLDS HER OWN ON THE IBERIAN. . .GERMANY HEADS INTO THE RUSSIAN NORTH. . .BELGIUM LOSES ITS BATTLE TO REMAIN FREE, COLLAPSES UNDER (NASTY--BOOI HISSI) ENGLISH ONSLAUGHT.

### THE PLAYERS

AUS	Mike Mazzer	1900 Kelton Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90025
ENG	Marshall Linder	RD #3 Box 218 Camichael 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 Mahan Rd., #1178, Dallas, TX 75240
TUR	Mark Howorth	1808 Bancroft Way, Berkeley, CA 94703
GM	Don Williams	1325 E. Citrus Ave., #2C, Redlands, CA 92374

### FALL 1904

- AUS [3] A TRI-ven, F ADR S A TRI-ven, A BUD-vie.
- ENG [7] F lpl-IRI, F stp(nc)-NWY, F MAO-por, F NAF-wes, A lon-BEL, F ENG C A lon-BEL, A GAS S (GER) A mar-SPA.
- GER [8] A lvn-STP, F BOT S A lvn-STP, A pru-LVN, F BAL S A pru-LVN, A TYA S A VIE, A VIE S A TYA, A mar-SPA.
- ITA [5] A ROM S A VEN, A VEN H, F tyn-TUN, F spa(sc)-por(d;r Gol,OTB), F WES-mao.
- RUS [4] A WAR S A MOS, A MOS S A WAR, A GAL S (AUS) A BUD-vie, F RUM-bla.
- TUR [6] A gre-SER, A BUL S A gre-SER, F ALB S A gre-SER(imp), F BLK H, F ION-adr.

### GAME NOTES:

- DISLODGEMENTS: Italy's F SPA(sc)
- ZAT for Winter 1904 and Spring 1905 is July 31, 1986
- Map for Fall 1904 is on the next page
- No NMR's again this month--very good record!

### Winter 1904 SC Chart

AUS [2]	BUD, <u>VIE</u> , <u>STP</u> , <u>TRI</u> .....	-1; Remove 1
ENG [7]	HOME, NWY, BRE, <u>PAR</u> , <u>STP</u> , BEL.....	+0; Even
GER [9]	HOME, DEN, HOL, MAR, SWE, <u>STP</u> , <u>VIE</u> .....	+2; Build 3
ITA [5]	HOME, POR, TUN.....	+0; Even
RUS [4]	MOS, WAR, SEV, RUM.....	+0; Even
TUR [6]	HOME, BUL, GRE, <u>TRI</u> , <u>SER</u> .....	+0; Build 1

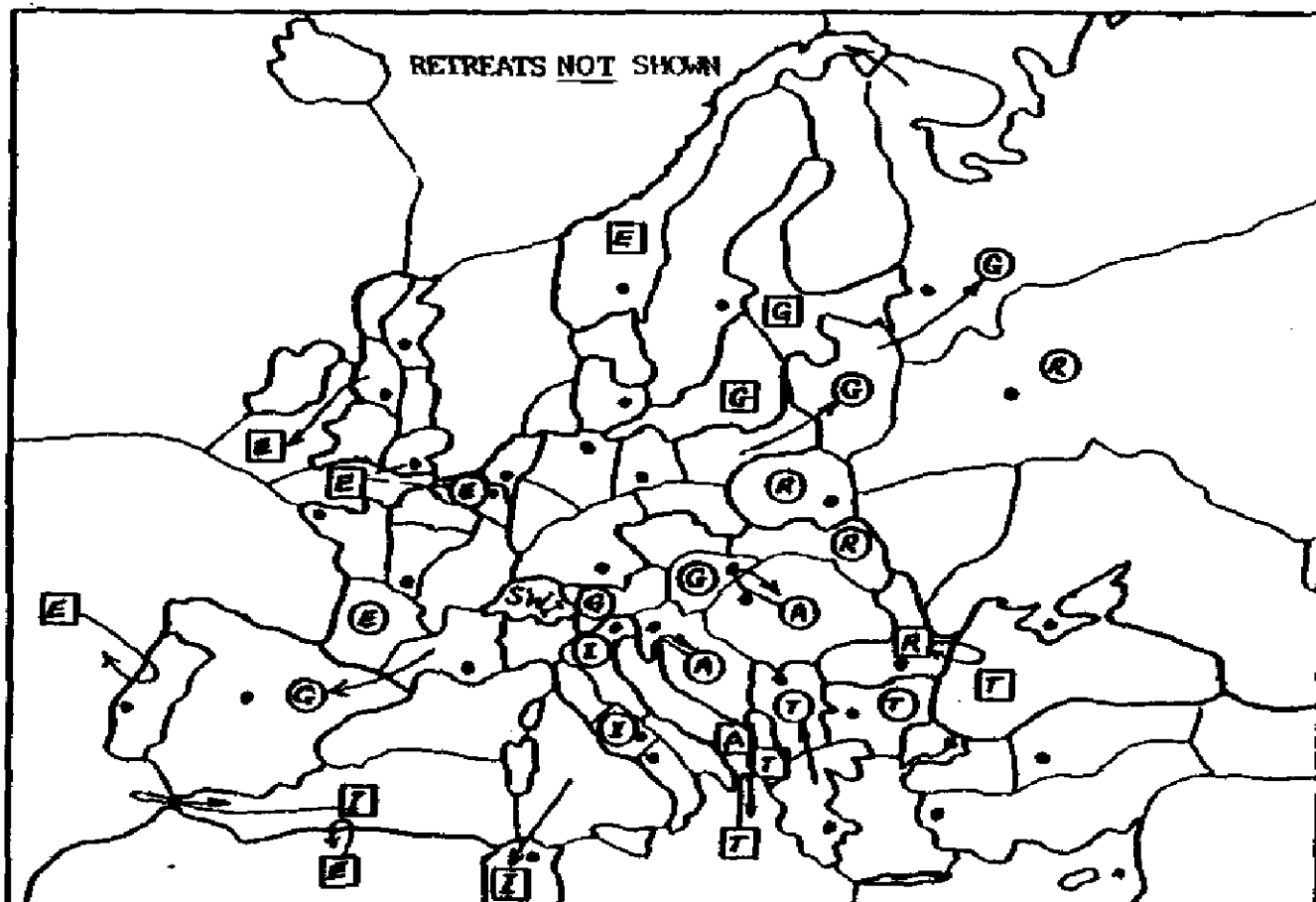
### PRESS:

TURKEY to GM: Didn't you want this to be a no-press game? Or perhaps nobody else remembers how to write.

GM to TURKEY: What I said, way back when, was that I wanted this game to hold off on the press for a few months so as to keep FB down to a maneable size--Steve is very lenient about my page count, but can't afford letting me outpage him. I can't blame him. Anyway, "Leviathan"



FALL 1904



ended several issues ago, so the amount of room for press is now up to you guys. (Within reason, Crow.)

ENGLAND to GM: The problem is that press and seperations of seasons seem to get me in trouble a lot. . . Not writing press is safer, even if it is boring. [Good point, especially with me around.]

|||||ZURICH: The old man wandered down the street until he reached the square. He fell to his knees and started yelling, "Oh, beware of apathy, you simple Europe! It's apathy which is the hungry beast, not the war machines! Alas, poor France has already been digested, and as for the rest. . .THE END is nigh!" The old man picked himself off the ground and continued to wander down the street. Onlookers pointed and giggled. A few, however, had started to think. . . .

TURKEY to ITALY: I hope you're breathing better now.

LINDY to TURKEY: So, you're running for "Hobby Sex Ghod"! Care to send your resume stating your qualifications, in explicit detail, to The Hobby Sex Ghod Selection Committee, c/o yours truly?

LINDY to GM & DAF: Want to join the Committee? [I'll pass, thanks--but Daf will probably be up for it.]

LINDY to TURKEY: Of course, you could just mail yourself (or a representative sample) [Does your husband know you're doing this? I mean, I've heard of mail order business, but. . .] to ~~us~~ us in a plain brown wrapper with airholes.







It is that summer festival of a non-subzine ...

\*\*\*\*\*

# STRANGE DOWNS

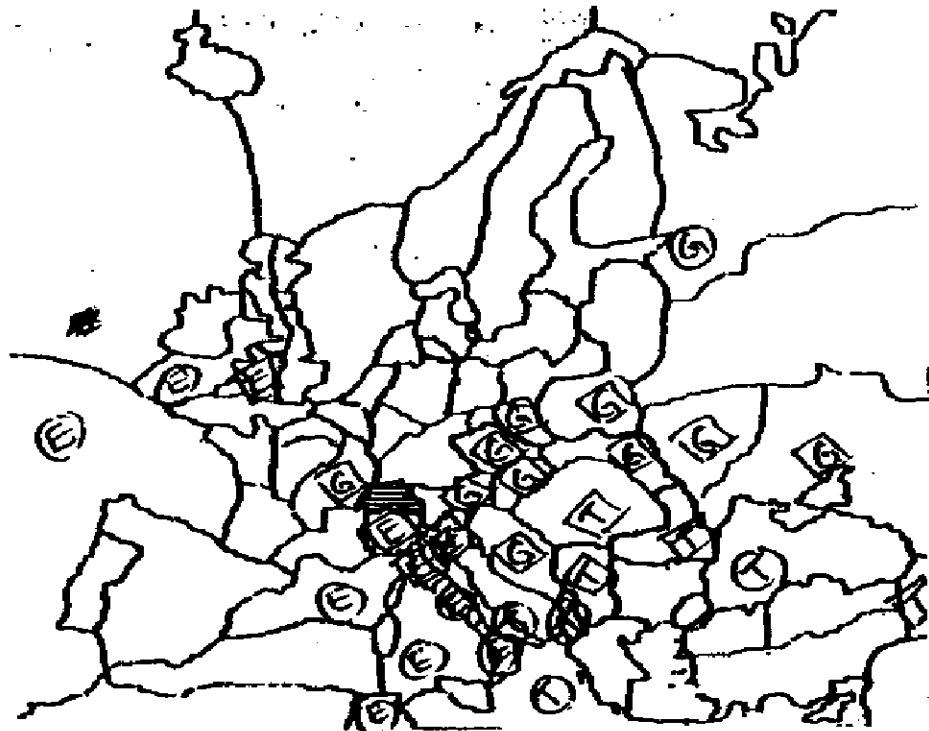
\*\*\*\*\*

brought to you by the sunshine of your life, Mike Mazzer of 1900 Kelton Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90025. You can reach me at (213) 478-8152.

I am still awaiting the tons of mail which I am sure will be coming in as the result of last month's issue wherein I challenged those two feuding fools, Don Williams and Bob Olsen to lay their cards on the table, get it off their chests and bare all about the infamous "Leviathan Affair". I'm sure that those tons of mail will be arriving momentarily.

PudgeCon V, (gawd, has it been that many!) was poised squarely against that much lesser Fourth of July shindig back east, and I'm sure was much better. I missed it for the first time because of financial constraints and the fact that my wife suggested that if I left her with the kids again on Fourth of July weekend, I could look forward to several months of celibacy. I did, however, bop over to Origens which was going on in Los Angeles the same weekend for my first ever Big Time Con. Yawn! Just a bunch of high-school kids playing D&D in a big room. I did pick up a couple of interesting games which I fooled around with. An excellent combination of Kingmaker and Diplomacy called "Warrior Knights" by Games Workshop (a British outfit, I believe) and a funsies game called "Shanghai Trader" by an Australian company called Panther Games. I bought ST because it was the first board game I'd seen which includes a brothel!

Beginning in August, I will have a new job. Out of aerospace, out of death-and-destruction, out of engineering. I will be the marketing weeny for a new company called Definicon Systems Inc., (DSI) which is coming out with a 32-bit computer coprocessor board for the IBM PC and its family and clones. Stick this little board in your PC and you have the number crunching power of a minicomputer like a VAX 11/780. We take Master Card and VISA. But enough advertising, the point is this may be an extremely demanding job, and I can't really predict the impact on my hobby activities. (Hell, they might even increase!) But I will continue to service the two games in this zine in the same efficient way that I have been. Stop that choking, Caruso!



Fall '08

Eng (Wall) F Nao-MAD, F IRI H, A WAL H, F Tyh-NAP (F ROM S),  
F TUN-Ion, F Wes-TYH (F LYD S), A TUS S F Rom,  
A VEN-Apu, A PIE-Ven

Ger (Ozog) A TRI H (A VIE & A TYO S), A GAL H, A Mos-SEV  
 (A UKR S), A WAR S A Ukr, A BOH S A Gal,  
 A SIL U, F STP(s) H, A BUR H

Ita (CD) F Nap U (Anh.)

Tur (Caruso) NMR!! F APU, F ION, F ALB, A BUD, A SER, A RUM,  
 F BLA, A ARM all U, A Sev U (Anh.)

Supply Centers for Winter '08

England home, Bel, Nwy, Bre, Spa, Por, Ven, Tun, Mar, NAP, ROM  
 (13) build 2

Germany home, Den, Swe, Hol, Par, War, Vie, Stp, Mos, TRI, SEV  
 (13) build 2

Italy (0) out

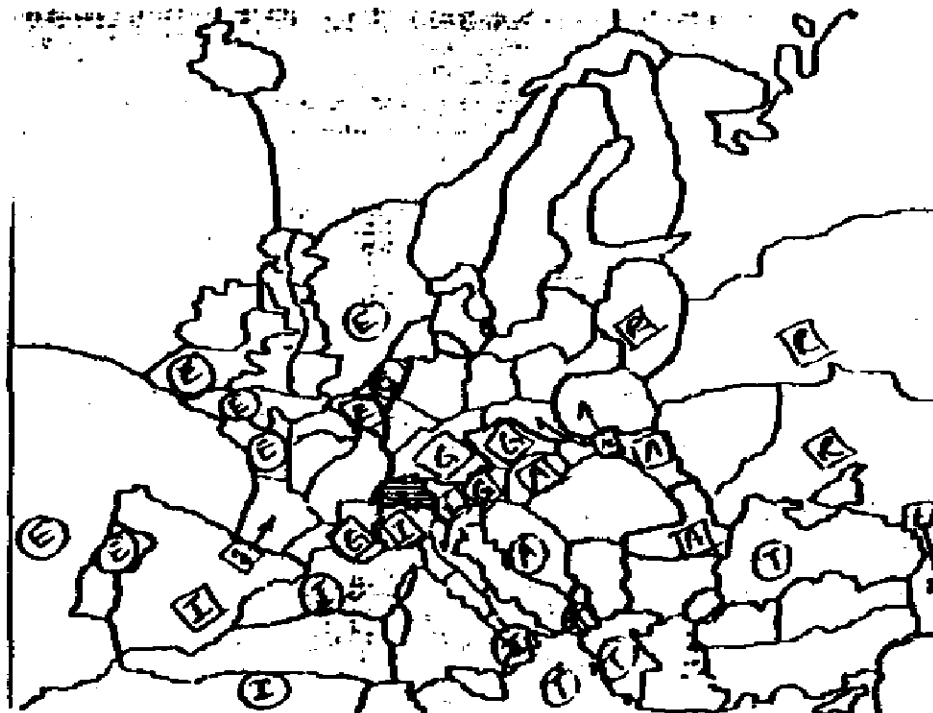
Turkey home, Bul, Ser, Gre, Rum, Bul, Sev (8) even

**Deadline:** Winter '08/ Spring '09 due Friday, 25 July**Proposal:** EG draw is proposed.

I will not call a standby for John Caruso since I have asked Kathy to make sure he sends in orders.

**GM - Game:** It has been noted before how much Eric resembles Tom Petty, but just to confirm, check the current Rolling Stone.

1985 AX      The Abduction from the Seraglio      Spring '05  
 Scene x: In which the Queen of Italy abdicates the throne  
 to find a new barber to shave off her five o'clock shadow,  
 and the King of Prussia provides a new Queen of Italy.



Spring '05  
 Aus (Daf)      F TRI h, A Bud-BAL (A VIE S), A RUM S Tur  
                   A Sev-Ukr  
 Eng (Cathy)    F Lon-ENG, F Mao-PDR, F Eng-MAD (F IRI & F BRE S),  
                   A BEL H, F NTH H  
 Ger (Melinda) A Mun-TYD (A BOH S), A Bur-MAR (A Spa S)  
                   (A Spa d/r-Gas,DTB), A Sil-MUN, F HOL H  
 Ita (See note) F Tun-NAF, F NAP U, A Mar-SPA (F LYD S),  
                   F Wes S Mar-Spa (NSU), A Tyo S Aus A Vie (d/  
                   r-Ven,DTB), A PIE-Mar  
 Rus (Kathy)    A Stp-LVA, A Ukr-SEV (A MOS S), A Bal-Rum  
                   (d/ r-War,Sil,DTB) or Ukr  
 Tur (Donald)   F Con-BLA, F ION H (F ALB & F GRE S), A Sev-  
                   Ukr (d/r-Arm,DTB), A BUL S Aus A Rum

Deadline: Fall '05 is due Friday, 25 July 1986. There are a  
 lot of retreats so if anyone wants the unusual summer/fall  
 separation, I'll go along with it.

Note: With these orders, Laurie has resigned as Italy. I  
 thank Laurie and her "assistant" Jerky George for playing and  
 the classy resignation. Linda Courtemanche has consented to  
 be the new Queen of Italy, for which I prostrate myself at  
 her feet in transports of gratitude. For Laurie's benefit,  
 I will list all the addresses beginning on the next page...  
 so what are you standing there for, turn the page, dummy!

The Players:

The Beauties:

Austria: Daf Langley -- 2296 Eden Roc Lane #1  
Sacramento, CA 95825  
England: Cathy Ozog -- 1526 N. Lawler  
Chicago, IL 60651  
Germany: Melinda Holley PO Box 2793  
Huntington, WV 25721  
Italy: Linda Courtemanche -- 1021 Penn Circle #E402  
King of Prussia, PA 19406  
Russia: Kathy Byrne -- 29-10 164th St.  
Flushing, NY 11358

and the Beast

Turkey: Don Williams -- 1325 E. Citrus Ave #2C  
Redlands, CA 92374

Press:

Laurie/George - GM: Mike, the game has lost its appeal, for several reasons we care not to go into here. Nothing to do with you, though, you have done an exceptional job ((aw shucks!)) and for that we thank you. But Italy submits its resignation. It was fun up until the last couple of turns, but as you can see with illnesses and NMR's and lack of communication or interest we feel it is time to say good night. At least we left Italy in a somewhat decent position. Once again thanks, and we hope to play in another game of yours someday, you're a good GM. ((Thank you for playing, it was fun having you contribute to this "social experiment".))  
((Turkey)): And now, from that newest group to scorch the vinyl in Ankara's hard-hitting hot spots, the Sultans of Swing, we bring you ...

Fortune has me well in hand, armies wait at my command,  
my gold lies in a foreign land, buried beneath the sand.  
Great Allah guides my every tread, my enemies are sick or  
dead,  
but all the victories I've led, haven't brought you to my bed.

You see everybody lves me baby, what's the matter with you?  
Won't you tell me -- what did I do to offend you?

Now the purest race I've bred for thee to live in my true  
monarchy,  
and the highest human pedigree awaits your first-born boy,  
baby!  
And my face on every con's engraved--the anarchists are all  
enslaved..  
My own flag is forever waved by the grateful women I have ...  
saved.

You see everybody lves me baby, what's the matter with you?  
Won't you tell me -- what did I do to offend you?

No land is beyond my claim when the dots are seized in the  
people's name

by evil men who rob and maim and -- war is hell-- but I'm  
not to blame.  
Why you can't blame me, I'm Heaven's child, I'm the second  
son of Mary mild,  
And I'm twice removed from Oscar Wilde--hell, he don't mind  
why he just smiled!  
Yeah and the ocean parts when I walk through,  
and the clouds dissolve and the sky turns blue.  
I'm held in very great value by everyone I meet but you.  
'Cause I've used my talents as I could; I've done some bad  
and I've done some good--  
I did a whole lot better than they thought I would so--  
come on-- treat me like you should.

You see everybody lves me baby, what's the matter with you?  
Won't you tell me -- what did I do to offend you?

(with apologies to Don McLean)

Out of it GM - Turkey: Very impassioned, so like is that a  
song or something?

Sugar Sultan to GM: I'd like to lodge a complaint with you. I  
only agreed to this game when you begged me and promised many  
beautiful women. Hah! I find only one beautiful woman -- my  
Favored One-- and one pretty cute She-Elf. (I guess a She-Elf  
qualifies as a woman though I'd like to check it out myself  
to be uh, sure.) But, as for the rest of this group--you're  
kidding right? I mean the Freeze-Queen of Prussia could kill  
a horse with a glance of those ((?)) eyes, the Italian Queen  
is beginning to look suspiciously like an Italian "queen",  
and as for Russia ... hah, hah, hah, hah, hah! Shape up or  
ship out, Mazzerman, or I get a new procurement officer.  
(Let it never be said that I'm insensitive to the needs and  
desires of my players, no matter how unreasonable they be, so  
I have gotten Lucky Lindy, reputed to be the most splendid  
example of feminine pulchritude this side of Lansdale, PA to  
push the green blocks. I trust this will sate your  
lasciviousness.)

Roach - Russia: Soak your head, sister ... ((I hope you will  
be nicer to Linda, since I went to so much trouble.))

Russia - GM: Me?! Attack a sick woman, that's nothing new.  
Daf has been sick for years, otherwise, why would she make  
passes at a slimebucket who doesn't know enough to come in  
out of the rain?

Princess Daf to Russian Gossip: I don't have a jealous bone  
in my body. Your only problem is that you can't tell quality  
merchandise when you see it. Look at those feet and knees --  
sturdy ((they look webbed and knobby to me.)). Look at the  
roundness and firmness of those thighs and the sweet curve of  
that tush -- tish is a number 1 prime ally here. Look what  
you've got -- a ten foot tall woman who eats well-done meat.  
No wonder you're complaining. ((Melinda is ten feet tall and  
eats well-done meat? I ...

I think I'm in love!))

Russia to El Moldg: My Honey is never leaving this hobby but  
you will the minute Princess Daf dumps you.

Fasha Don to Kathy: Daf doesn't need a pitiful excuse for a

man, she has me ... uh ...

Turkey to GM: That didn't come out well at all, huh? ((I just types them, I don't make them the way they come out.))

Russia to Slimebucket: You play Diplomacy like George Foster swings a bat! Pitiful!

Turkey to Russia: Hey, I resemble that!

Turkey to Russia: So, Miss Goody-Two-Faces, what happened to the grand attack on the E-G duo? I know you never lie or stab so you must be stupid. ((Hey, did you get mentioned in the Washington Post for your Dip ability? Hmmm Duckbreath?))

Turkey to Russia: Why don't you get your stupid revenge on me in another game and get on with playing this one the right way? We are all going to be crucified -- very soon -- if we don't start hitting the Western Meanies. (The Western Meanies? I've been around Fassio too long. Sigh ...)

Russia to Austria: Wake up and smell the coffee ... you are allied with a LOSER!

Daf to Kathy: It started when I won the Nixon with one of the best nominating essays ever, I must say. Then it's on to the emergency room for brain surgery and now, believe it or not, I won the Rod Walker award for this year. Have I been busy or what?! ((The pattern seems to be award followed by calamity ... let's see, the next thing to happen is probably you'll get pregnant. -- I can't believe I just said that!))

Daf to Kathy: I'll bet you've never won both the Nixon and the Walker in the same year. I guess that solves the question of who the best hobby female is, doesn't it? ((I don't know, you could both come over to my place for a "playoff" maybe.))

Daf to Mike: That remark was beneath contempt, but I like it!! ((Right up there with the five o'clock shadow remark.))

Russia to Germany: Please try to remember that we are on the same side -- Get Princess Daf and her bumbling sidekick.

Germany to Turkey: I've got the She-Elf on my right, the Bloodsucker on my left and an Italian with a five o'clock shadow and you say you'll punish me? ((Well it's nice to be popular!))

Sugar Sultan to Frigid Fraulein: So aren't you done "consolidating" your position yet? I mean I've only been waiting three frigging years. (And women wonder why they have such a bad reputation for punctuality ...) ((Ain't it the truth! Say, does your wife sit up in bed doing her nails half the night ... ?))

Princess Daf to Don: Mike deserves a valentine ever since he disclosed to me that he enjoys mayonaise and linoleum (in that order).

Fasha - Daf: Now, now, dear. Tell your Sugar Sultan where it hurts and he'll kiss it and make it better ...

Turkey - England: You are such a tease ...

Turkey - Italy: And you I'd like to please ...

Turkey to Austria: And you're my main squeeze ...

Turkey - Germany: With you I'd likely freeze ...

Turkey - Russia: And you're a punk!

Don to "Laurie": So what say we really open this game up? A Southern Triple, anyone? ((You and your kinky sex, Don.))

Princess Daf to Pasha Don: Do we really need that Italian around here? She's getting grease on all my satin sheets. You know -- the ones you like to slip and slide on. Speaking of slipping and sliding, are we goint to tickle the scimitars tonight? Make halvah? Peel a tomato? ((Perhaps you, Don and Italy can get into those sheets together now that the Queen of Italy doesn't need a shave.))

Princess Daf to GM: You've got your euphemisms, I've got mine. ((You've got the cutest little euphemisms this side of the Rio Grande, snookums.))

Russ - Italy: Now could you come to your senses -- you don't have any sense -- you remind me of a JERK! ((You have such a way of welcoming newcomers!))

Kathy - Cathy: I know how to handle Williams -- let's take your Ramblins and my Kornor and tell the Slimebucket to shove them where the sun don't shine.

Turkey to England: Don't listen to Olga over there -- she's got nuclear wastee between the ears. Daf is not jealous of you, she's got me, Mike, Pete and ,uh, whats-his-name, Steve. ((... and Joe, Bob, Bill, Arnold, the two Mexican hunchbacks, Pablo and Raul, several kinds of livestock ... and, ... but I'm interrupting, please continue.)) The way I hear it, Woody's jealous of Caruso 'cause Kathy is furrrier than any hamster he's ever laid a finger on. (Blush)

Cupcake to Motor Mouth: You don't have to worry about being dumped -- you've already been trashed! ((You know you have the hots for me, stop fighting it.))

Russia to Austria: Don't you think that you went a little oo far -- I mean using brain surgery as an excuse for an NMR is ridiculous. Stop covering for Motor Mouth -- just say - as usual Mazzer lost my orders!

Sultan to the Only One: Your wish is my command. (Which way to the shower?)

Bosox to Mets: Race ya for the Pennant -- Dodgers and Angels be damned! ((The Dodgers are sure looking that way.))

Turkey to Russia: Kathy, if you had a lick of sense, your press would be colorfully moronic. As it is, it's only witlessly boring. Change the tune already. ((What you are saying is, if she practices a little, her press might be almost as good as Woody's.))

Turkey - GM: You missed a month? ((I bet you say that to all the girls!)) Funny, I didn't miss a thing. Two month deadlines come kind of natural to me. ((Ala Fiat Bellum.))

Slimebucket to Flushing Femme: Maybe my GM'ing is contagious?

Fowlmaster to GM: Hey, keep the degenerate ducks out of this. Lord knows I don't want to make them suffer the same shame as Woody's hamsters ...

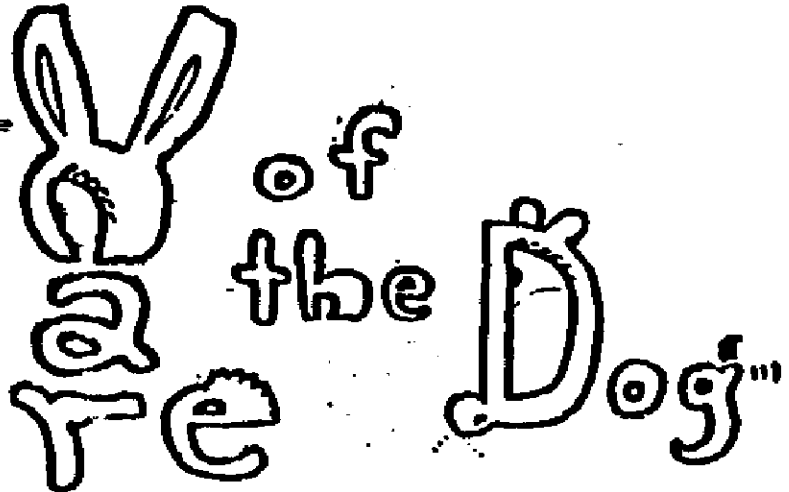
Pasha to Last Month's Black Presser: I know it was you, George -- you're the only one -- except for Kathy -- that gets off on scatology. And Kathy isn't smart enough to even spell scatoma, let alone know what it means.

Austria to Italy: Those weren't lies and distrust you smelled -- it was Germany's new perfume, "Eau de Wetmutt".

Austria to Russia: I think you've got your numbers wrong.

Daf to Cathy: Congratulations on your one year anniversary.

PudgeCon was great!  
I met people I had  
only read about and  
I renewed acquaintance  
with people I had met  
earlier. It all  
started on Thursday,  
July 3rd. We climbed  
aboard our Frontier  
airline, fastened our  
seatbelts, took off  
and then found that  
we had to pay for  
what normal airlines  
give away free. I  
had a Dr. Pepper for  
fifty cents, but I  
passed up the little  
bag of peanuts for



the same amount. We landed in Denver about 50 minutes later  
and sit down at our gate. We have a few minutes before our  
plane to Wichita leaves, so we relax and read the paper. I  
kept looking around the gate area trying to find out if any-  
one there was Peter Fuchs. Or some other Dipper on his way  
to Wichita. Unfortunately, there was no one who followed us  
to Bob's house. We were an hour late, but Bob was twenty  
minutes late for a grand total of forty minutes late. Bob  
said that Ben Schilling was going to arrive in about an hour,  
so we sat and talked until he came in. Once we collect Ben,  
we head back to Bob's and my reason for living, Terry Tallman.  
We talked awhile until time for Bob to go and get the Martins  
and Ken Peel. Sometime either before or after that, John  
Michalski took Steve, Ben and I out to dinner at Wyatts  
Cafeteria. Needless to say the conversation and the company  
were better by far than the food.

We went back and I sat down to talk to Terry while Steve  
succumbed to the siren song of the computer and headed its  
way. He, Julie and Ken played with that computer on into  
the night. I went to bed at about midnight and they were  
still going strong. Steve finally staggered to bed around  
4:00 in the morning. At about 9:00 a bunch of us went to  
breakfast. Except for the fact that we didn't get our coffee  
until half an hour after we ordered it, it wasn't a bad place.  
I discovered around this time that I hadn't put my water  
regulation hormone drops in the refrigerator the night before.  
They had evaporated until I had only two shots left. These  
drops are more precious to me than gold because without them  
I drink and urinate constantly. And I mean constantly. If  
I don't have something to drink, I get drymouth and nauseated.  
If I do drink enough to eliminate drymouth, I have so much  
liquid in me that I get nauseated. It looked to be a very  
uncomfortable weekend after the drops ran out. After break-  
fast, we went back to Bob's and a Titan game began and I  
got hooked by the text adventure on the computer and played  
until we finished it. By then Mark Frueh and Dustin Laurence  
had arrived on the scene. I had met Dustin before and enjoy  
him very much. I also enjoyed meeting Mark Frueh. He is a  
sweetheart and very easy to talk to. He played Titan most of  
the weekend or I would have talked to him more than I did.  
Dustin is a computer whiz and he was showing a group how to  
play one of Bob's games. Suddenly he spied Ultima III. The

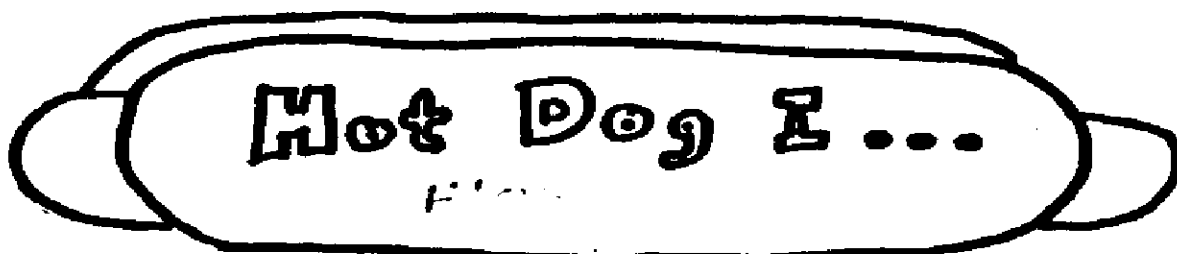


Page 2 of that epic "The Lost Weekend".

rest is history. How three men (or four) were captured by a computer and turned into zombies for the rest of the Con. I played it for an hour, but left when tempers ran a little hot. Steve, on the other hand, couldn't get enough. We finally pried him away to run an adventure for us. It was alot of fun, playing with the different personalities that were in the game. Dustin was a macho, never use a door type of character. Julie was a bard who sang vintage rock n roll songs to fit the occasion. Dick was a fussy elf who was constantly cleaning up the messes Fred and Red made. Terry (as Fred) was his usual hudworc self and I (Red) was my usual chaotic, earthy self. Ken was a southern baptist evangelical cleric who swung a mace which was a microphone with blades attached. With that mixing of people, we adventured with a bunch of snake people and generally trashed their outfit. The only really good hit of the game was delivered by Fred and fielded by me. No problem though, Fred and Red have the kind of relationship that can withstand problems like that.

After the game, I went to bed and Steve went to computer. He would stay there in front of that computer all night. The next day, eyes like sunken stones in his head, he would say it was worth it. He would also continue to play it. So, for those of you who might have wanted to talk to Steve, I apologize. Later that night, around 3:00, Peter Gaughan showed up. I was hoping he would be able to make it, but had given up hope. I finally got to meet Cathy. I had been hearing alot about her and was looking forward to meeting her. She was sweet and played a great cat thief in the second adventure Steve set up. After talking with them for awhile, I went back to bed.

When I woke up the next morning, it was overcast and grey. As the day progressed, it became more and more threatening. Finally, it erupted into one of the best thunderstorms I've ever been in. Ken was hoping that there would be a tornado, but luckily his wish wasn't granted. Mark and Dustin had to leave today, as did Ben Schilling. I didn't envy Ben. He had to fly out in that weather. I would have been scared out of my mind. That night we had another adventure which Peter joined. We were to guard a wagon while it went from one city to another. It was during this adventure that we were introduced to Wilnot the Wonder Fig. He is Fred's mount and a wonder he was. We did our duty and retired for the night. Bob (who had left the night before to go to work) arrived in time to take us to the airport. Terry was on the same flight to Denver. We were an hour late taking off and that did not bode well with our connection to Albuquerque. Terry was also worried about his connection to Seattle which left before our Alb. flight did. It turned out that he caught his flight, but ours had left without us. We went to the Frontier counter and they told us they had reserved a block of United seats for all the passengers that had missed the Alb. flight and all we had to do was go to the United ticket counter and get our seat assignment. I was pretty sick by this time, so Steve sat me in one of the seats in the airport and went to the United ticket counter. They told him there that they did not have those seats on their computer and that we should get our seat assignments from the gate people. We went to the gate and sat there for two hours and when the gate people came, they said there were no seats. Luckily, they lied and we flew home. All in all a very enjoyable weekend. Thanks Bob.



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 Summer 1909

GER A War R OTB  
ITA F Spa(sc) R GOL

1984 CP Hot Dog 1 Fall 1909

AUS (Peter 11) A War-LVN(GER F BAL, A MOS S), A SEV S A MOS,  
F WES-Mid(F NAF S), F Alb-GRE, A BUD-Tri, A VIE-Tri,  
A UKR-War, A GAL-War, A TYA H  
ENG (John 8) A Lyn-Mos(A STP S)(djr PRU,OTB), F NTH-Den,  
F IRI-Mid(F ENG S), F Mid-POR, F Pic-BRE, F Den-SWE  
FRA (Mike 2) A Gas-Mar(F SPA(sc) S)(djr PAR,OTB)  
GER (Ken 6) F BAL S AUS A War-LVN, A KIE-Den,  
A BEL H(A HOL, A RUH S)  
ITA (Jim 7) A Bur-GAS(A MAR S), F GOL-Spa(sc), A Tus-PIE,  
F TYH-Gol, F Adr-ION

1984 CP Hot Dog 1 Winter 1909 Supply Center Chart

AUS	Home, Bul, Ser, Smy, Ank, Rum, Sev, Tun, Mos, GRE	+1; builds 1
ENG	Home, Nwy, Den, Swe, Stp, Bre, POR	+1; builds 1
FRA	Par, Por, SPA	+0; even
GER	Home, Hol, War, Bel	+0; builds 1
ITA	Home, Gre, Con, Mar, Spa	-2; removes 1

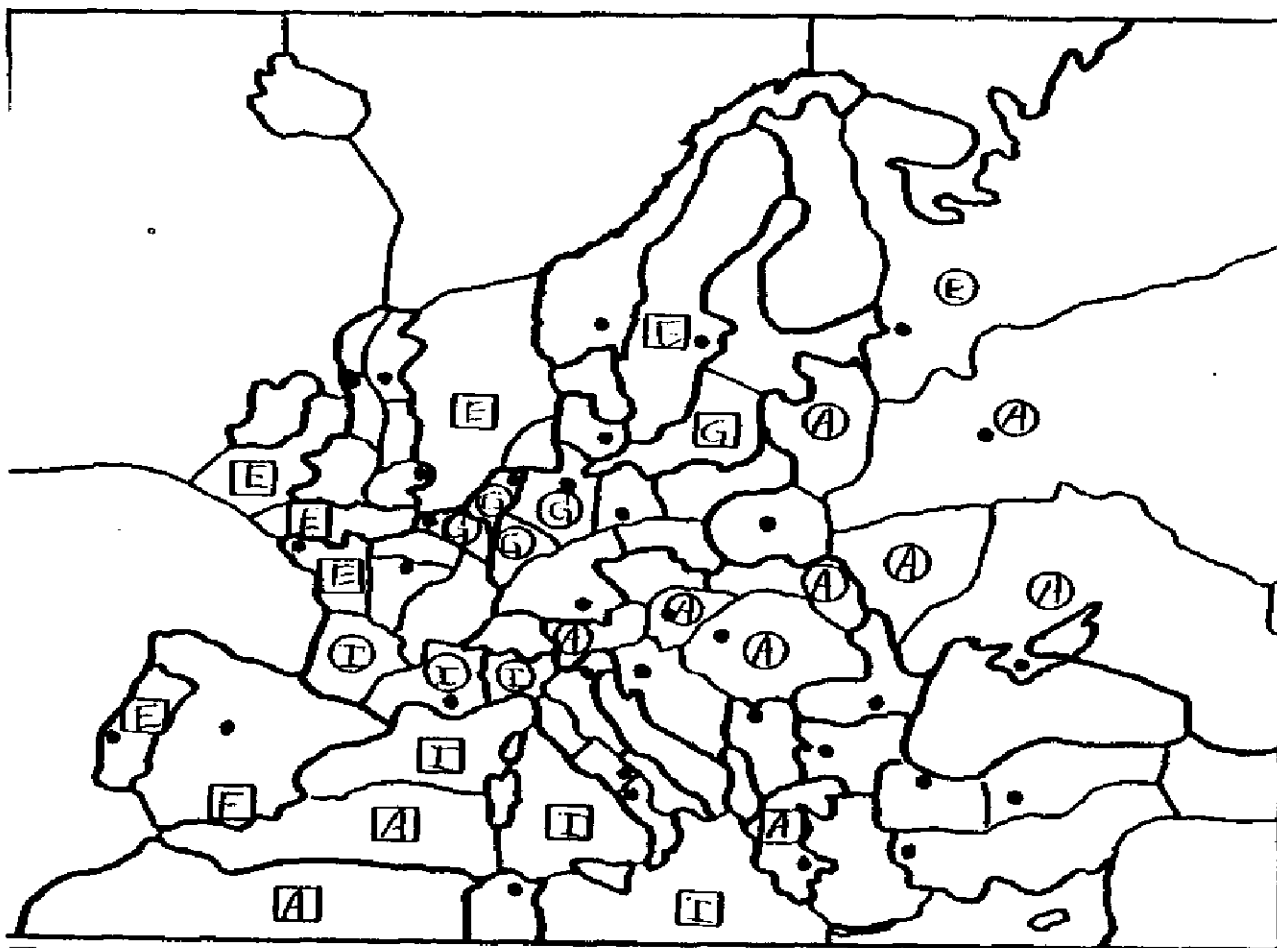
1984 CP Hot Dog 1 ZAT for Autumn and Winter 1909 and  
Spring 1910 is August 8, 1986.

1984 CP Hot Dog 1 Press

FRANCE to GM: Have fun at PudgeCon, and pull Olga's tail for me. Also, stab Ken Peel for me. Wish I could be there!  
GMS to FRANCE: I wish you had been there too! I haven't tickled the linoleum fantastic in a long time. Olga streaked through a few times, but never close enough to catch. Ken got killed two or three times, but that was in a computer game, not Dip. Finally, I know you're going to be proud of me for this one, I left the Nixon Award trophy at Bob's house. Unless he sends it to me, he's stuck with it another year.

This is page 4 and a great one it is, too!

1984 CP Hot Dog 1 Map of game



AUSTRIA to GERMANY: I can't do it! I just can't stab you! Oh, I wanted to - and brother, did everybody encourage me - but, how can I hit a nice guy when there's a black-hatted villain right next door?

AUSTRIA to ITALY: ENGLAND!! I meant England's a black-hat! Gee, everytime I open my mouth I get in trouble.

GMS to AUSTRIA: There is only one remedy for that ailment! "Engage brain before opening mouth". That will be one hot fudge sundae please - with extra whipped cream.

VIENNA to PARIS?: The most effective way to deal with a puppet is to let him know who's pulling the strings. You wanted Jim to let you live but wouldn't give him an entry to the front? Strange thinking on your part.

PETE to DON: You better still be following this; I'm going to teach you how to win with a game-long alliance if it takes the whole game!

AUSTRIAN BOY WONDER to GMS: I'm surprising myself in this game. (Or should that be "I'm surprising, myself.")

GMS to AUSTRIAN BOY WONDER: I've been surprised about you ever since you did that strip tease at the last DafCon. I never knew you had such - uh - substance!

HEAVY HAND to GMS: Paska and Illuzia say hi! The barn's up and should be occupied in a few weeks.

GMS to HH: Tell Paska and Illuzia hello for me and give them a carrot or two. I'm glad the barn's up, but I'll bet I'm not half as glad as the horses.

Page 5 and we are once again into the breach!!!



AUS Kathy Byrne 29-10 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 Summer 1908

RUS F Rum R SEV

1984 CQ Homerun Fall 1908

AUS (Kathy 7) A Arm-SEV(F BLA, A RUM S), A Vie-TYA,  
A Ukr-MOS(GER A LVN S), A Bud-GAL, A Gal-BOH  
ENG (Dan 8) F BRE-Mid(F ENG, F IRI S), A BUR-Mac,  
F MID-Spa(sc)(A BAS S), F Bot-STP(sc), F Nwy-NTH  
FRA (Russ 3) A MAR H(ITA A PIE, F SPA(sc) S(F POR S))  
GER (George 6) A Pru-WAR(A SIL S), A LVN S AUS A Ukr-MOS,  
F Ber-BAL, A BEL H, F Bal-SWE  
ITA (Marc 6) A PIE S FRE A MAR, F Tyh-GOL, F Tun-WES,  
F Ion-TYH, F Aeg-ION, A Bul-CON  
RUS (Ken 4) A Mos B F Sev(A War S)(d;anh1),  
F Sev H(A Mos S)(d;anh1), A War S A Mos(d;r UKR,OTB)

1984 CQ Homerun Winter 1908 Supply Center Chart

AUS	Home, Smy, Coo, Ank, Ser, RUM, MOS, SEV	+2; builds 2
ENG	Home, Nwy, Swg, Stp, Bre, Par	-1; removes 1
FRA	Mar, Por, Spa	+0; even
GER	Bel, Hol, Home, Den, WAR, SWE	+2; builds 2
ITA	Home, Tun, Gre, Bul, CON	+1; builds 1
RUS	Mos, Sey, War, Rum	-4; out

1984 CQ Homerun ZAT for Autumn and Winter 1908 and  
Spring 1909 is August 8, 1986.

1984 CQ Homerun Press:

GERMANY to RUSSIA: In your case good buddy, not even Dipman  
could save you, because the fat lady sang. It's time to join  
Mark Harris.

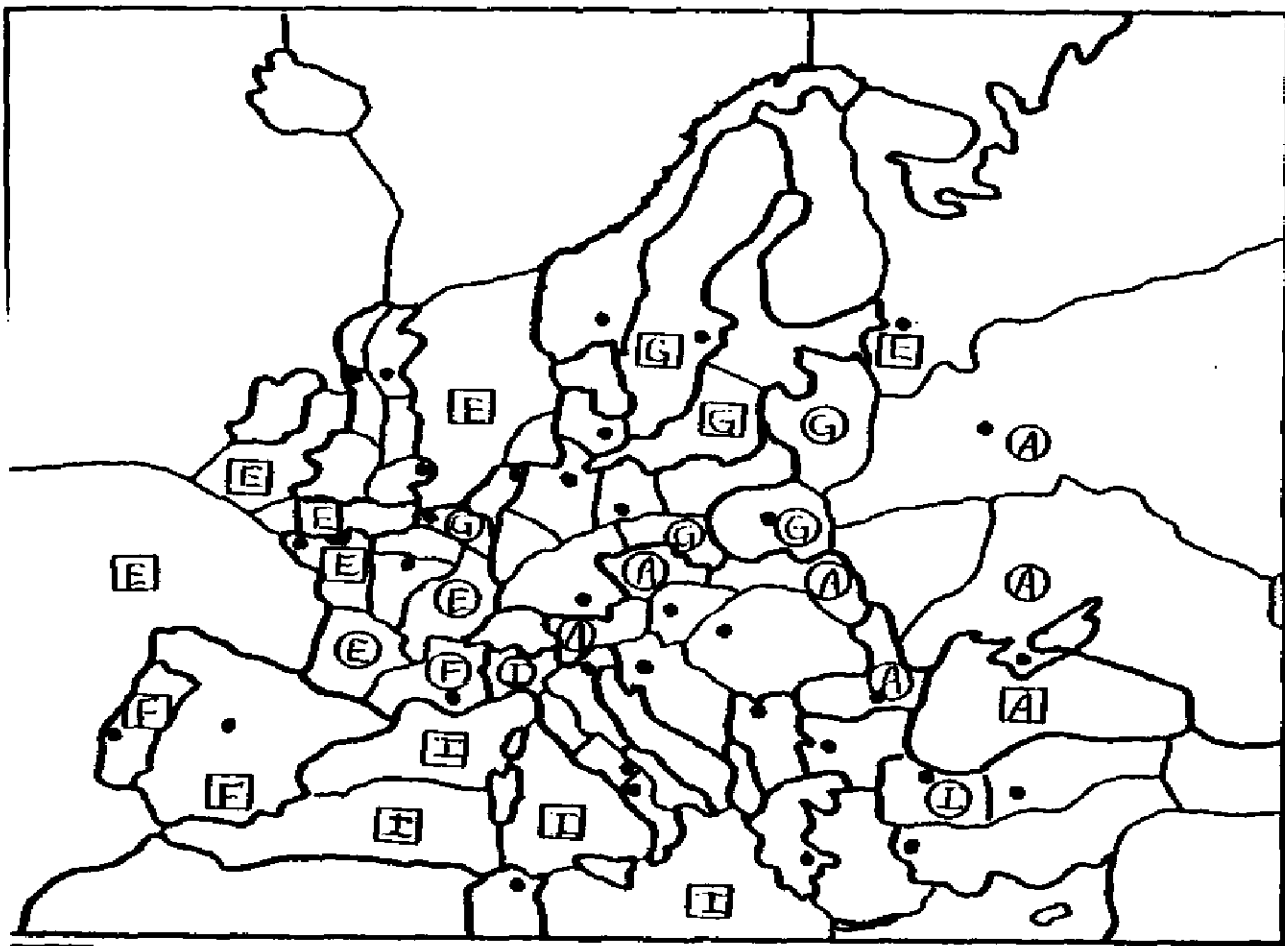
KATHY to GM: Who are you kidding, I can't sing!

AUSTRIA to JERKY: You were right, I had a choice to make. I,  
however, do not screw my ally! Besides, Marc and I make  
beautiful music together!

GMS to GERMANY: Is that the Mark you were talking about?

This is page 6 and don't you forget it!

1984 CG Homerun Map of game



GERMANY to TOURIST: Yes I speak when I'm angry! But I don't regret what I've said. For I find within anger lie the words of truth. I also find it very interesting how you refer to this whole exchange of dialogue. Making reference to possible "feuding". My, my, is this the stuff that spawns feuds? Or are you trying to play Miss Goodie-Two-Shoes and halt a war before it begins? Somehow, your minor reference gives the whole situation a sinister aura. But then things must be pretty boring in King of Prussia these days and I guess we must look elsewhere for our thrills, eh? Don't the soaps provide you with enough exciting entertainment? Then again, I suppose we all want to play analyst, savior, doctor and martyr once in a while. Tell me Doctor Lindy, just what is my problem - when it comes to dealing with "backseat" drivers, with people who have an opinion and comment on a situation they aren't a part of, nor know all the facts. But, to show you my sympathy for those who care to comment on all the ills of the world, I'll pose a hypothetical. You're in a mall. You see a parent slap their child. You don't know why. In other words, you aren't privy to the situation that occurred which caused the parent to act as he/she did. Hence, you don't know, or you can't use the excuse or reasoning that it may have been justified. Assuming you even believe such behavior ever should be justified. Question: Do you go up to that parent and express your view? Second Question: Seeing the child with a bruise on his/her arm and one about

Page 7 and he's still at it!

the eye (ie blackeye), do you now say something? And lastly, place yourself in the shoes of a parent who has a stranger come up to them and comment about their child in a negative way, which situation the parent has control over or caused. In other words, the situation could have been the discipline of the child or let's say the child is barefoot, with dirty feet, but the parent can't afford shoes. Or the child is say 10-12 years old and sucking his/her thumb. Add an extra twist - this occurs in a foreign country.

GMS to HOMERUN: There it is folks! The winning entry in the "I Can Write Boring Drivel" Contest! It was a great entry - it had pathos, energy (not to mention a lot of bull). And as his prize for winning this prestigious contest, we will be sending George his very own picture of \*\*\*\* DAVE GRABAR!! That's right folks, a picture of that Chowchilla Munk Dave Grabar suitable for framing! That's all for this year, folks, but be sure and enter next year's contest.

KATHY to ALL: Enough already! As far as I'm concerned, none of you know what you're doing! Daf, you and I better start kicking some ass to keep these guys in line!

GMS to HOMERUN: Yes, that was a comment by last year's winner. She was a disappointing third in this year's contest. However, I fully expect her to return to the winner's circle.

GERMANY to GMS: We missed you. Somehow I feel this whole crazy tangent that we've gotten into wouldn't have happened had you not been sick. You would have probably dismissed it with your usual classy witticisms. I guess this game and your GMing can best be described as Miami Vice, with or without Don Johnson. This game isn't the same or half as good without you, just like Miami Vice and Don Johnson.

GMS to GERMANY: That's the nicest thing you've ever said to me. Equating me with Don Johnson is a great compliment. Of course, I look better unshaven than he does.

MARC to GMS: Welcome back! Yer hubby has been taking more flak than he deserves on his GMing. Still, he can't hold a candle to you for charisma, you Love Goddess, you.

AUSTRIA to GMS: You better thank me for this. I figure if I insult enough of these jerks that they'll blast me instead of your Sweetie!

GMS to AUSTRIA: Keep right on doing what you're doing. If they're busy blasting you, I'll get all the compliments.

GERMANY to KATHIE: The Ruskie is Dead! Are you happy?

KK to LL: I'm having fun! It isn't often that I can convince 3 players that an B center England is winning the game!

AUSTRIA to RUSSIA: You deserve this! No one messes with me and my ally!

WOP to RUSKIE: Looks like it's a race for your dots, with only one loser involved.

GEORGE to FRANK BYRNE'S MOM: You send your son off to Woody's every summer. God, as if that isn't bad enough, now I hear Woody got him a job for under minimum wage (slave labor) at an Amusement Park. And to top that off, Woody charges him rent! Plus the poor boy has to dress up in a monkey costume 14 hours a day and animate Andy Mier's theory on ape mating practices in the 20th century. How could you allow your only son to be abused by a known hamster molestor and used by a monkey's uncle?

AUSTRIA to POPCORN VENDOR: You should make a bundle selling popcorn - watching this game and reading the press is better than watching a heavyweight championship.

POPCORN VENDOR to AUS: Why do you think I raised my prices?

Page 8 and the end is in sight!

AUSTRIA to GMS: Tell the GM to stop playing with me, he's distracting me!

GMS to STEVE: You're doing what with her?!?

GERMANY to GMS: Did Steve disappear yet, abdicate his throne upon your return? Or are we still being GMed by Don Williams' half-wit brother?

GMS to AUSTRIA: I'll bet you didn't know that little bit of information. He's also godfather to Woody's new kitten.

AUSTRIA to JERKY GEORGE: Take Sev with a fleet?!? Only a Jerk would consider that move!

GERMANY to FLUSHING QUEEN: Well excuuuuuse me for being constipated.

AUSTRIA to GERMANY: Now you know why your name is Jerk.

POPCORN VENDER to AUSTRIA: I also have a line of soft drinks, in case you need to drink to forget.

AUSTRIA to FRANCE: I haven't forgotten you. Once I'm through with the Jerk - you're next! Unless Marc has already taken care of you!

AUSTRIA to JERKY: This is no hallucination, it's one mean lady! And please spare me "I'm not your friend anymore."

Friendship has nothing to do with Diplomacy.

MARC to GM: Point taken. My only contention is that I know for a fact that hardly everyone thinks Kathy's "tongue-lashings" are always in jest. Rather moot now, and it's the last you'll hear from me on the subject.

GEORGE to MARC: I hear we're rebels without a cause!

GM to GEORGE and MARC: There must be a cause, the effect was felt all the way back to Albuquerque.

AUSTRIA to ITALY: Forget my getting away with my press...if I get away with these moves then you can be impressed.

AUSTRIA to GMS: Going all the way with a MADlad - this could ruin my reputation.

GMS to AUSTRIA: What reputation is that? Your reputation as a vicious dipper, or your reputation as a discriminating woman of the world? If it is the latter, don't worry, you didn't have a reputation.

GEORGE to MUFFINS: How about a new game with Andy Mier?

GIRL to GIRL: Your boys are fighting again.

WOMAN to WOMAN: Oh well, you know how it is. Boys will be boys no matter what the circumstances. Have you got that recipe for chocolate cake ready for me yet?

AUSTRIA to POPCORN VENDOR: Hold the salt - heavy on the butter! I just love it slippery.

POPCORN VENDER to AUSTRIA: Hold the salt - heavy on the butter! Just how do you expect me to do all that and make it slippery too?

AUSTRIA to ENGLAND: Where's Dipman when I need him?!

GERMANY to ENGLAND: So, what happened to Dipman?

GMS to HOMERUN: We can only hope that somewhere, out there in Dipdom, Dipman is safe and sound. He may not be able to hear us from where he is, but as long as he is alive, we are content. It would be nice, of course, if we could see our dear friend Dipman again, but if that is not to be, I guess we can live with the pain and the emptiness. Ah, but think of the joy and the elation we would feel if we were to see our beloved Dipman again! The cheers would resound and the smiles on the children's faces would be wonderful to see. If only Dipman would return - all would be right with the world.

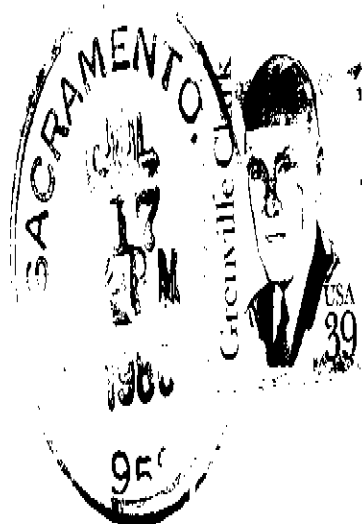
POPCORN VENDER to GMS: You did say "Heavy on the corn", didn't you?

RETURN TO:

FIRST CLASS MAIL FIRST CLASS MAIL  
FIRST CLASS MAIL FIRST CLASS MAIL

Steve Langley  
2296 Eden Roc Lane #1  
Sacramento, CA  
95825 (916) 927-4077

MAGUS #60  
July 16, 1986



Game ID	ZAT
Bourse	7/8/86
1985 X	7/8/86
1982 CH	7/8/86
1982 IW	7/8/86
1986 A	7/8/86
1984 CP	7/8/86
1984 CQ	7/8/86

DELIVER TO:

*Garry Peery*  
*P.O. Box 8416*  
*San Diego, CA*

Subscription through issue     

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

DIPLOMACY is a registered trademark for a game invented by Allan B. Calhauer and copyrighted by the Avalon Hill Game Company.

FIRST CLASS MAIL FIRST CLASS MAIL FIRST CLASS MAIL FIRST CLASS MAIL