

Once again it's MAGUS time, and this is EXIT STAGE LEFT. We seem to be coming at you about once a month and have been for a good many years now. We are at issue #71, and I don't feel a day over 45. Subbers have come, and subbers have gone, and some have stayed despite wind, rain and hail.

How about those Lakers? As I type this, they have won the first two in Los Angeles, but lost the first one in Boston. They're an impressive looking team. I wonder if it would have been a more even series if the Pistons had won it instead of the Celtics. Detroit is much faster than Boston and so is Los Angeles. Ah well, maybe in a parallel universe, but not here. I wonder if you can get parallel universe games on ESPN? Nahhh, probably not.

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

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The standby list: Mark Keller, John Huestis, Don Williams, J.R. Baker, Jim Keeney, Jim Bob Burgess, Chris Carrier, Mark Howorth, Melinda Ann Holley, Steve Emmert, Tom Hurst, Mike Pustilnik, Larry Botimer, Andy Lischett, Rick Kohman, Bill Quinn, Richard Hurley, and Stephen Dorneman.

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.

This part of MAGUS is still being done on the old computer. When I first started pubbing this zine with Steve, I thought his computer was God's gift to pubbers. It was so easy and efficient. Now, it's like a dinosaur. I'm used to much faster machines with word processing abilities. The Commodore and its word processing package Word Writer is going to be great for the future. It cut the time of this issue down considerably. Not having many games to adjudicate and type press for helped too, of course. Check out the right margin justification in HARE OF THE DOG. I love it, Steve could take it or leave it. To each his own, I guess....



The game opening has closed. Those of you looking for a Bourse will be happy to see the new Bourse rules and a Bourse order form enclosed for your use. To join the new Bourse all you have to do is fill out the form (or a reasonable facsimile as they used to say in the box top days of yore) and send it in by ZAT.

I am continuing to experiment with the Bourse rules in an attempt to get a more playable game out of it. As the previous two games here, and every game I've ever played demonstrate, the guy who gets the early lead has a lock on the game. Now I have nothing against having a lock on the lead, but I have never enjoyed being in second for an entire game. With this set of rules, I hope the volatility will increase. We will see.

Last month, I made mention of a reason for the seeming lack of intelligent companionship that the human race has in the universe. I actually think that the situation is not as it appears, but that our seeming solitude is no less real for all of that. Intelligence seems to me to be a natural phenomenon, a normal product of life, and that life is a highly probable condition, given the right conditions. Why then do we seem to be alone? I mentioned that Fred Davis had published a list of reasons but that he had left off what I felt was the most obvious reason. Since then, Fred has informed me that he has added to the list that we may be the eldest form of life in the universe. That would certainly explain the situation. I have to admit that I find that explanation even less likely than the others. I don't think we are eldest, or even alone.

The question was, "Why do we have no evidence of other intelligent (read technologically developed) life in the universe?" The short answer is that time and timing produce a near zero probability of our detecting evidence of other intelligent life.

Using ourselves as an example, we have been able to transmit signals demonstrating our existence for about 50 years (give or take a decade depending upon the sensitivity of the listener's ear). If we are very careful of our planet, we can expect to be able to continue sending such signals for another few centuries. (That we are not very careful is quite evident, but let's argue best case here). At some point in the not too distant future we will have overpopulated and overpolluted Earth to the point where the survivors won't be able to support a technology capable of transmitting signals of our intelligence. Science Fiction would have us expand out into our solar system and then to the nearby stars. The reality is that we are too busy squabbling amongst ourselves over a rapidly diminishing supply of raw materials to develop the techniques to allow us to live on another planet, much less leap to the stars. The reality is that we are too many, too filthy in our habits, and too self centered to do anything about the problems we pose, to do other than race towards the point where we have poisoned our environment beyond viability.

Of course, that is still a few centuries from now (not our problem, right?).

At present, we are both transmitting signals demonstrating our existence, and (on a very small scale) listening for such signals. We've been listening for at least 25 years. One of the largest such ears was chopped down due to lack of funds less than a decade after it was developed. It failed to produce, and so, it had to go. Still, we are listening, after a fashion.

Using ourselves as an example, we have been signalling for 50 years. What that means is that there is a sphere of electro-magnetic radiation with a 50 light year radius centered on planet Earth. (I'm positing Earth as the center of the universe to keep the imagery simple.) The only beings able to detect us must be within that sphere, and must also be listening. Let's say we manage to last for 500 years (a very optimistic number) as technological man. The day we stop signalling there will be a sphere with a 500 light year radius (its surface will be a bit tenuous since the power level of the signal drops as the cube of the linear distance it travels) and from that day on, a spherical shell, 500 light years thick, will expand outward, becoming ever more tenuous, the only evidence of our existence. It will sweep out across our galaxy, out across our cluster, to the very edges of the universe.

If there is other intelligent life out there, someone has got to hear it, right? Well, no. You see, our own sun is developing along a path that took it from being a slightly smaller hotter star to what it is now and will take it to the point where it is a much larger, cooler star. Quite a few other stars in our galaxy are following the same path. Not all at the same rate, and no two from the exact same starting point. In fact, from a stellar point of view, plus or minus a few million is near simultaneity. Life has a high probability of developing, given favorable conditions, so most of the stars similar to Sol probably will have or have had life in attendance. Our own history of development shows that for several million years we were around but deaf and dumb to any technological communication. For a brief 500 year period, we are shouting our existence and listening for other shouts. To be heard, our 500 year shout must intersect another star at just the point in time when it's own life has achieved a similar level of technology. That's 500 years in a plus or minus several million years time frame. What are the odds?

There possibly is another intelligent form of life, capable of hearing us and sending out their own signals, in the galaxy right now. For us to hear them, they would have to be within the 20 or so light year radius to which we have listened. The galaxy is 100,000 light years in diameter and 16,000 light years thick at the center. Our contemporaries could be anywhere. What are the odds?

In short, it comes down to time and timing. We are too far away and too short lived to establish a communication. Right now we may be able to detect signals from as far away as 50,000 light years. If technological life did exist 50,000 light years away from us, it also had to have peaked about

50,000 years ago for us to detect its signals. What are the odds?

Can I support my assumption that we are typical of technological life? That can be argued with about as much precision as arguing the number of angels that can dance on the head of a pin. Ours is the only example of technological life I know. I find it easier to support the assumption that we are typical rather than atypical. After all, if technological life was not short lived, we'd probably have detected others by now. (The circularity is more apparent than real).

The question is not, "Why do we seem to be alone?" The real question is, "What can we do to live long enough to establish communication?" The answer is that we must change human nature to do that. Again, what are the odds?

As the more discerning of you have already no doubt noticed, we are experimenting with a second typeface. The ultimate plan is to move all of MAGUS over to the C-128. The flaw in the plan is that we can not yet make the printer underline or do any of the control functions that the old printer did for us. You will no doubt note that the page headers with the new typeface are not the expanded headers we normally sport. Daf finally broke down and forced me to figure out how to make the printer work. Now, we are both trying to figure out how to make the printer and the word processor get along. Still, what we have is a start.

A couple months ago I decided to stop the VOLUNTEERS section. Since then, I have had (for a zine) a popular demand that the feature be brought back. So, next month, along with a new game, a new Bourse, and all the other stuff, there will be a new VOLUNTEERS. The first question I'd like you to address is what shall we talk about? The second is: How much of a role in the Iran-Contra scam do you think President Reagan played? How much do you think was skimmed by the players, both at home and abroad? Would using the money to kill people be better? Pick all or any part, or answer a related question of your own.

I just read in Costaguana that John Walker is again undergoing a series of radiation treatments for cancer. John gave Daf a lot of support when she was ill. You all did. In fact, the thought for Daf was so positive that I feel you all took a part in her recovery. Take a moment if you will to think a positive thought for John. He is worthy of our concern and he needs our thoughts as much as Daf did.

This month's cover is dedicated to Jeff Zarse (that's Zarse as in Canarsey, not Zarse as in farce) who finally noticed that last month's cover was a rerun and demanded to know just what was going on. What is going on, Jeff, is a way to get some variety in the covers without having to come up with a totally new cover each month. With each new cover, such as the one this month, we go back to the original cover and run them all in sequence until we have run them all again, then we have a new cover (as we have this month). I have covers on hand that should take us through the next thirty issues assuming MAGUS lives that long.

Ken Peel says no Marycon this year. Sorry if you went.

Andy Lischett/2402 Ridgeland Ave./Berwyn, IL/60402
 Andy has announced game openings again. No game fee, no sub fee. Not only that, but Andy is always on time and has a very low error rate. Sort of the antithesis of Don.

Russ Rusnak/900 N Rohlfing Rd #333/Addison IL/60101
 Russ has asked me to announce that he has game openings. Games are run on a double deadline with all Spring and Fall moves due on the 20th of the month. Summer and Winter adjustments are due on the 1st of the following month. \$5.00 gamefee, no subfee, however you are dropped from the mailing list if you are eliminated from all of your games.

Conrad von Metzke/4374 Donald Ave./San Diego, CA/92117
 Conrad has taken over the Hobby Census Custodianship (you notice that we have a lot of custodians...no wonder we are such a clean hobby) and would greatly appreciate all of you publishers sending him a copy of your current mailing list!

Derek Caws/The Old Kitchen, Bere Farm House/North Boarhunt nr Fareham, Hants/PO17 6JL, UNITED KINGDOM
 Derek has started publishing Globetrotter, a zine whose purpose is the discussion and establishment of a World Diplomacy Convention. This may even turn out to be an idea whose time has come.

Steve Heinowski/12034 Pyle SA/Oberlin, OH/44074
 Steve is the BNC. All end game stats and new game starts should be sent to Steve for recording. You might send him a dollar donation with the game start. There actually is an expense involved in all this.

Fred Hyatt/60 Grandview Place/Montclair, NJ/07403-2422
 is the MNC. Fred hands out the Miller Numbers for all the variant Diplomacy games. (Send Fred a donation, too.)

Rod Walker/1273 Crest Drive/Encinitas, CA/92024
 Scott Hanson/3508 4th Ave S./Minneapolis, MN/55408
 Rod and Scott are the Orphan Game Custodians. If you have a game that is in need of a new home, or a home for a game, let Rod or Scott know, and they will try to smooth the transition.

Scott Hanson/3508 4th Ave S./Minneapolis, MN/55408
 Scott is publishing Ponteverdia, a Reg Dip games opening list free for a SASE.

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.

Steve Arnowoodian/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.

June 20 - 21 is PEERYCON VIIA

Larry Peery is splitting PEERYCON into two parts this year. You'll have to play in both halves to win. Larry hopes to use the current Dipcon Rating System. Scheduled play with registration and a \$25.00 fee for both events, or a \$15.00 fee for either single event. Pre-registration must be in by June 15th for the first event. There is an additional \$10.00 charge for registration at the door.

Larry Peery/Box 8416/San Diego, CA/92102 (619) 295-6248

July 2 - 5 is Origins/Congress of Baltimore

Game Company Sponsored convention with Diplomacy. Write to Robert Sacks/4861 Broadway 5-V/New York, NY/10034 for pre-registration information. I understand you must be registered with the Con in order to play.

August 1 - 2 is PEERYCON VIIB

The second shoe drops. See the PEERYCON VIIA announcement.

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. Last year, Bob's computer was the star of the weekend. Who knows what this year has in store.

January 1 (thereabouts) 1988 is Dafcon the next.

We hope to be sporting new digs by then, but it will still be Sacramento. More room, a chance to sample some of the infamous Dafcon Chile, and informal gaming. Daf and I will definitely be there for this one.

Diplomats of Texas Society, Incorporated, announces that it will sponsor a series of Dip-Plus conventions around Texas, beginning this summer in Houston, then moving to Austin in the fall and Dallas/Fort Worth next spring. This series will culminate in their bid for Dipcon XXI, to be held in San Antonio over July 4th weekend in 1988. For details, write to Pete Gaughan/3121 East Park Row #165/Arlington, TX/76010 or Greg Ellis/700 Rio Grande/Austin, TX/78701

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 \$6.00.

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

DW 47	July 15	material to DW by	July 1
DW 48	October 15		October 1
DW 49	January 15		January 1

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

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

1987 AL European Style The Players

AUS Tom Hise 4568 Black Rock, Dallas, TX 75211
 ENG Marshal Linder RD3 Box 218, Carmichael Rd.,
 Oswego, NY 13827
 FRA Rick Kohman 13517 Agua Dulce,
 Castroville, CA 95012
 GER Bob Slosser 14 Buck Hill Rd., Huntington, CT 06484
 ITA John Huestis 4525 Cameron Rd.,
 Shingle Springs, CA 95682
 RUS Richard Hurley 341 Wolf Creek Rd.,
 Grass Valley, CA 95949
 TUR Larry Botimer 13833 11th St. NE #3,
 Bellevue, WA 98005

We have another COA for Tom Hise. This one is supposed to be a bit more permanent.

1987 AL European Style Winter 1901

AUS (Tom 5) builds A VIE, A BUD; also has F GRE, A SER,
 A TRI
 ENG (Marshal 4) builds F LON; also has F NTH, F NWG, A MWY
 FRA (Rick 5) builds F BRE, A PAR; also has F POR, A SPA,
 A MAR
 GER (Bob 6) builds F BER, F KIE, A MUN; also has F DEN,
 A HOL, A BEL
 ITA (John 4) builds F NAP; also has F TUN, A PIE, A VEN
 RUS (Richard 5) builds A MOS; also has A STP, A UKR, F SWE,
 F BUL(ec)
 TUR (Larry 4) builds F SMY; also has F SEV, A CON, A ARM

1987 AL European Style IAT for Spring and Summer 1902
 is July 10, 1987. Do you still
 need to be reminded to include conditional retreats?

1987 AL European Style PRESS

RUSSIA: I am introducing into the game (and press) a character from one of my previous incarnations as Sultan of Turkey. I refer to none other than the delectable Fatima of the Inexpressible Joys, who has been planted in the current Sultan's entourage to gather intelligence, or whatever passes for same at the Turkish court.

The Tsar regrets to report that Fatima is shocked, disgusted, and horrified by the goings-on in Istanbul. I fear to present her findings in a family dipzine. Bestiality. Incest. Perversions of all kinds, number, substance and form are rampant in this jaded potentate's court. Frankly, I think we're going to have a hard time getting Fatima back to St. Pete to report. She's the kind that likes to do in-depth research into this kind of thing. Such selflessness.

Anyway, I'll keep you posted so long as Fatima can stand the rigors of her role as a spy. Things have gotten dangerous since the Sultan's last outbreak of tertiary syphilis, though. Random executions are pandemic, and only the lovely Fatima's most careful ministrations have kept her head from the block.

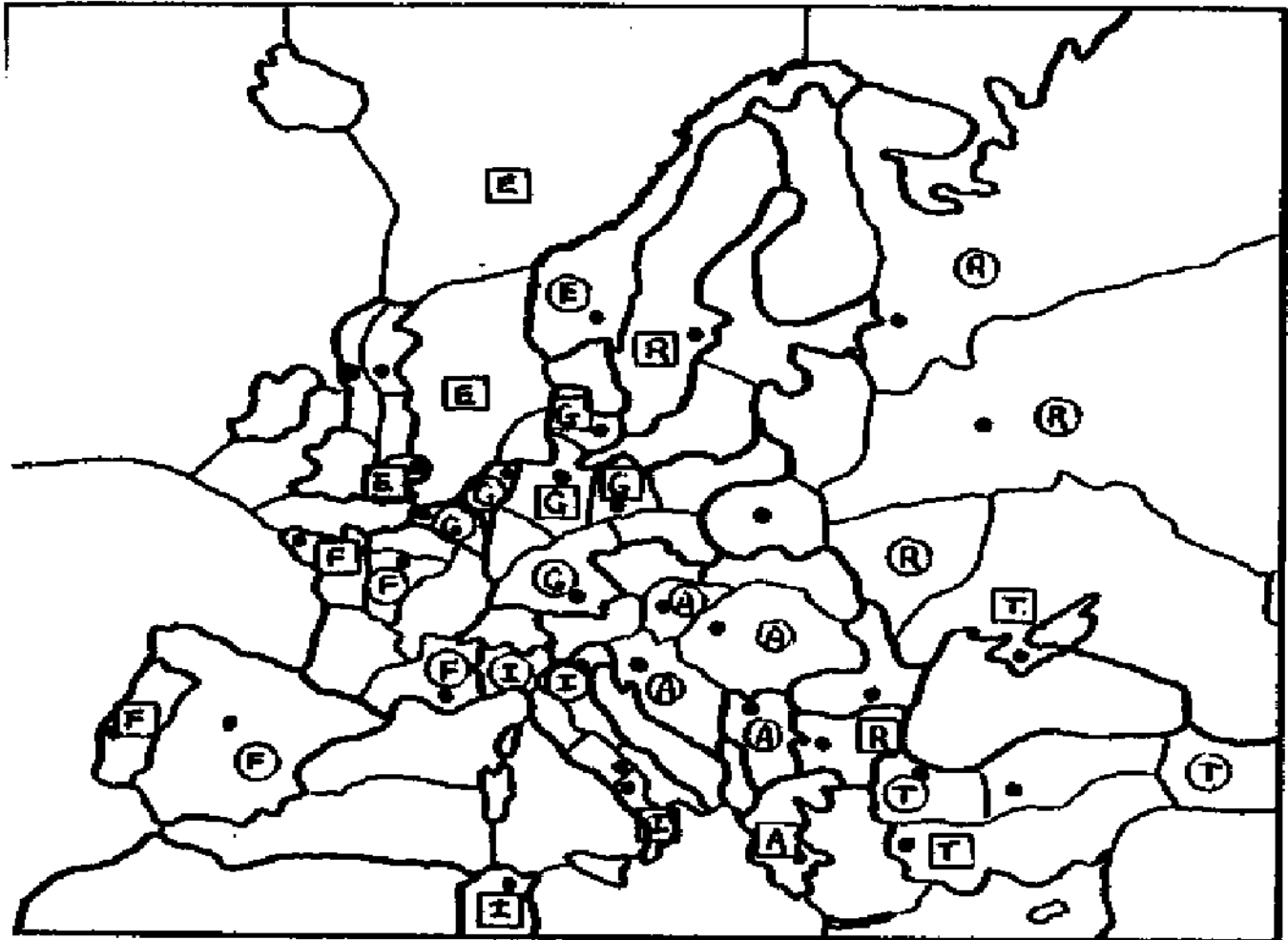
GMS to RUSSIA: Bestiality? Incest? At the same time?

GM to RUSSIA: I'm sure we all await Fatima's reports with great interest. She doesn't gloss over details, does she?

GMS to GM: What do you care, you don't get to read those reports anyway.

1987 AL European Style

Map prior to Spring 1902.



RICK to DAF: Don't you hate folks who make you type, type, type endless, meaningless press items like this one? Oops! Does this mean I drop a rung on the Ladder to Toadiness?

DAF to RICK: I don't mind typing meaningless press, but when prospective toadies start suggesting possible responses to me, I tend to lose their press altogether. Understand?

ARCHBISHOP OF NOTRE DAME, PARIS to ARCHBISHOP ST. PETE'S: This talk of "dandling," and your apparent unfamiliarity with the act, has us worried about your competence to burn incense, much less control the Diocese of the Greater Metropolitan St. Petersburg Area. "Dandling," as any second-year seminaries knows, is the Eighth Cardinal Sin.

It is customarily performed "on the knees", (the Missionary Position), so that the sinner may be in immediate position to pray for forgiveness. Any other position is an abomination totally condemned by the Church, and will probably result in the perpetrator being struck by lightning via his Allah computer, or somesuch. Didn't you receive last month's Vatican newsletter, "Shooting the Papal Bull"?

GM to HIS HOLINESS: Wasn't that the swimsuit edition?

L.L. to GM: Maybe I'm accused of cross pressing because everyone crosses themselves when they see all my press in their mailboxes as they mutter, "Oh Ghod, save me!"

GM to L.L.: That would be my guess.

GMS to L.L.: Sounds good to me, too.

LARRY to TOM: You, my friend, have absolutely no guts. I hope Kathy comes along and sticks a knife in you. You're even wimpier than Olsen if that's possible.

GM to EURO-STYLE: It's always a pleasure to watch a master of Diplomacy at work.

TURKEY to FRANCE: Look, I'm not too happy about having to bounce in Iceland. It's awful cold for the thin blood of this true believer.

FRANCE to TURKEY: Well, did we bounce in Iceland, as agreed? If not, I took ICE, and the GM should make a special ruling to allow me 5 builds (in home, Syria, and East Med). Our alliance is strong enough now that you know it's only for your own protection.

GM to FRANCE: Tune in next month to discover the outcome of this perilous venture into the cold forbidden area.

ENGLAND to TURKEY: Since you don't want the Channel, is it OK for me to take it?

BOB to MARSHAL: I thought you were the one dropping the breadcrumbs!

LARRY to MARSHAL: Likewise, I'm sure. Problem about meeting you though is that I'm too busy bouncing with the French.

RICK to MARSHAL: If you meet Larry on this board, it'll be over my dead body (obviously)!

TURKEY to GM: You're right, Spacey can orbit over me if she wants to!

GM to TURK: Looks like you've got some competition.

RICK to LINDY: If my sta(u)nch al(l)y doesn't want you on h(i)s case, jump on mine...I love it! Drop into Versailles anytime for the French interpretation of "European Style". (You're not squeamish about frogs, are you?)

LARRY to GM: Yeah, but I don't have to bid for a picture, I get some things no one else gets without bidding. Just by putting up with occasional abuse.

PASHA POO to GMS: Just ask Golden Toady, sweetheart. Like he said, there are some parts of him he'd like to keep.

RICK to the "SAY SOMETHING NICE ABOUT DON W." CONTEST: I think Don has done remarkably well with the lousy equipment God gave him. (Do I get the Clark Bar, Bob, or did somebody else top me?)

RICK to DON W.: I don't know how I got involved in this - it's really not in my nature to pick on a poor, defenseless Duck.

STEVE to RICK: Wait until you've been in one of his games, then you'll understand.

RUSSIA: The Imperial Russian High Command protest to all Powers the Turkish use of pre-pubescent teen-age girls in the front lines of their armed forces. Several recently captured recruits reported being enlisted out of junior high school into the "Mujahadettes," an Islamic cheer-leading organization which is, in fact, a tawdry front for the Sultan's harem procurement office. Those girls who do not pander to this odious potentate's disgusting desires are sent immediately to the front lines, armed only with their twirling batons. Is there no depths to which this twisted monster will not sink? The Tsar speaks for all Christendom in announcing his utter condemnation of such practices, and calls upon all civilized Powers of Europe to assist in quashing this truly Yellow Peril.

ANKARA to MOSCOW: We scoff at the leftover spawn of the Mongols and will ally with the noble Tartars of the Crimea.

1987 CV New Kids The Players

Russ Rusnak 900 N. Rohlwing Rd. #333, Addison, IL 60101
 Don Williams 1325 E. Citrus Ave., Apt 2-C,
 Redlands, CA 92374
 Lee Ferrier 5957 Crowder Way, Sacramento, CA 95842
 Jeff Zarse Hinman Box 284, Dartmouth College,
 Hanover, NH 03755
 Bob Slossar 14 Buck Hill Rd., Huntington, CT 06484
 (203) 929-6218
 Ron Cameron 7821 Bouma Circle, La Palms, CA 90623
 Marshal Linder RD3, Box 218, Carmichael Rd. Oswego, NY 13827
 (607) 687-5444

I'm calling this New Kids because most of the players are new to MAGUS (if not to Diplomacy). If any of you have a name you would prefer, trot it out and we will see what you all think about making the change. This announcement went out in a flier a week ago, and it already has a BN. Thanks Mr. BNC.

There will be a Bourse associated with this game. In fact, the single sheet enclosure is a invitation to all but the players in the game to join the Bourse. If you are not in this game, all you have to do to be in the Bourse is send in a set of orders. No game fee required. For that matter, the game fee for this game will be refunded to each of the players if they play out their position. Since I started this policy, I've only had one default... and that was Woody. I extended his sub by ten issues anyway. Don Williams is the only one of you not eligible for the refund. Don never sent in his \$10.00 for the first game. Of course, he's played every game to its end, so neither of us are losing by this.

1987 CV New Kids Winter 1900

AUS (Russ 3) has F TRI, A BUD, A VIE
 ENG (Don 3) has F LON, F EDI, A LPL
 FRA (Lee 3) has F BRE, A PAR, A MAR
 GER (Jeff 3) has F KIE, A BER, A MUN
 ITA (Bob 3) has F NAP, A ROM, A VEN
 RUS (Ron 4) has F STP(sc), F SEV, A MOS, A WAR
 TUR (Marshal 3) has F ANK, A CON, A SMY

1987 CV New Kids ZAT for Spring 1901 is July 10, 1987.

The Boursers in the Old Friends Bourse were (in no particular order):

SAGE	Mike Ehli	ACE	John Huestis
JP=CA	Jim Peterson	KF	Steven Courtemanche
IYS	Terry Tallman	BDS	George Graessle
ACDC	Dan Stafford	ALI	Bill Quinn
RAIM	Ron Spitzer	TT	Jim Burgess
MR&G	Ken Gestlehr	JO	Bob Olsen
PPA	Mark Frueh	LOL	Marc Peters
YFI	Mike Mazzer	F-535	Ben Schilling
SMART	Conrad Minshall	REHS	Peter Gaughan
NETC	Chris Carrier	VII	Melinda Holley
JAIL	Mark Luerli		

How many of you had them all right?

1986 A Showtime The Players

John Huestis 4525 Cameron Road, Shingle Springs, CA 95682
 Tom Hurst 2686 Richardson Dr., Fitchburg, WI 53711
 Bill Quinn 501 Everett Dr., Conroe, TX 77301
 Melinda Holley PO Box 2793, Huntington, WV 25727
 Larry Botimer 13833 11th St. NE #3, Bellevue, WA 98005
 Don Williams 1325 E. Citrus Ave., Apt 2-C,
 Redlands, CA 92374
 Mark Fassio 11579 Mohican Road, Woodbridge, VA 22192
 (703) 490-4326

1986 A Showtime Summer 1905

FRA A Mun R TYA
 GER A Bur R BEL
 A Vie R BOH

1986 A Showtime Fall 1905

AUS (John 1) F AEG S TUR F SYR-Eas(nso)
 ENG (Tom 4) F MID-Bre, F ENG S F MID-Bre, E IRI-Mid,
 F NTH H
 FRA (Bill 5) A TYA-Tri, A BUR-Pic(d;anh1), A PAR-Bre,
 E POR-Mid, F GAS S A PAR-Bre
 GER (Melinda 7) A Bel-BUR, A BOH-Tya, A PIC S ENG F MID-Bre,
 A RUH S A Bel-BUR, A MUN S A Bel-BUR, F Kie-BAL,
 F Ber-PRU
 ITA (Larry 7) F Ion-GRE, A MAR S A SPA, A Tri-VEN,
 F ALB-Tri, F EAS-Smy, A SPA S FRE F POR(ota),
 F WES S A SPA
 RUS (Don 7) A Gal-WAR, A Rum-BAL, A SER S F Con-BUL(sc),
 A VIE S A Rum-BAL, A BUD S A VIE, F Con-BUL(sc),
 F Bot-SWE
 TUR (Faz 3) F SMY S AUS F AEG-Eas(nso), F SYR S F SMY,
 A Arm-SEV

1986 A Showtime Winter 1905 Supply Centers

AUS Ser -1; out
 ENG Home, Nwy +0; even
 FRA Mar, Par, Bre, Por, Mun -2; removes 1
 GER Ber, Kie, Den, Hol, Bel, Swe, Vie, MUN -1; removes 1
 ITA Home, Tri, Tun, Spa, Gre, MAR +1; builds 1
 RUS Mos, Sev, Stp, War, Bul, Rum, Bud, SER, VIE, SWE +2; builds 2
 TUR Ank, Con, Smy, SEV +1; builds 1

1986 A Showtime ZAT for Winter 1905 and Spring 1906 is July 10, 1987.

1986 A Showtime Press

FRANCE to BERLIN: You have sown seeds of a fruitless war against me. Russia now harvests German supply centers.
 L.L. to BELLEVUE/MALLARD/GNOME: Face it guys, without mugging, kibitzing, and personal search for cheap thrills, (and you three are as cheap as they come - \$10 for ten issues one night stands), you'd all be completely lost. I mean you might have to resort to playing Diplomacy or something.
 GM to LL: What is this Mallard stuff? Can't you recognize a Coot when you see one?
 GMS to GM: At least he's not an old coot.

KING GNOME TO TSAR DUCK: You better put on your kicking shoes, 'cause I'm going to get into our GMS' breeches every chance I get! Go ahead, beat me! Grind my toadying ass into the slime. I love it! I'm in wart heaven!

TSAR DUCK to KING GNOME: "Whither will I womp"? A bit of a lyricist, aren't you? Would you believe that I honestly don't know what I'm doing?

GM to KING GNOME: All you have to do is note that he's run the same separated season four times in the past five months in Fiat Bellum. One month he was late a month.

RUSSIA to GM: Yeah, well, you would say that.

SMYRNA to AEGEAN: Well, John, did you decide to have one last swipe at Larry, or did you do something nasty against me? your best bet is to go for Greece, but the crowd-pleaser (at least here in Smyrna) is to try for an Eyetic Annihilation. Your old alliance, as you've seen, was better. But if you couldn't beat poor ol' R/T then, you weren't going to do it with a new Italian, either. Good game, though.

KING GNOME to GM: So I changed my moves without changing my press. It isn't my nose that's hard, especially where our luscious GMS is concerned!

EVIL I to KING GNOME: Mind telling me what you're on about?

GM to EVIL I: He's trying to get the GMS all hot and bothered. The only reason I don't object is that when he's successful, I reap the benefits.

(T)OADY NOT to GMS: Ah, what the hell, even if I do belong to the Evil One, you're worth some hot fudge with all the goodies even if it does upset someone.

GNUMB GNOME to BELLEVUE TOAD: You can't sell yourself short. When it's that short, it's impossible to sell!

GMS to GNIMBLE GNOME: Can you say hallelujah!!

DON to BOARD: I sent six sets of conditional orders covering eight situations. If this turn got separated, it wasn't me.

ROME to RUSSIA: Like I said, I'm a dull doggie. That's why (K)athy (K)aruso calls me Rin Tin Toadie. I'm just doing what she'd want me to do here.

GMS to RIN TIN TOADY: She'd probably want you to find out which move he used. She has strange priorities.

RUSSIA to ITALY: Well, if you must know, I don't know which set of orders were used. Sorry.

GM to RUSSIA: The ones you said to use in the unlikely event that you had missed a condition.

ITALY to TURKEY: As you well know, I do my humble best, not up to snuff really with this illustrious gang, but I'm fairly certain I took you all by surprise.

TURKEY to ITALY: Pope Bro-T-mer (the parentheses around your T always looked silly, don'cha think?): I'm hoping the aggressive F EasMed had better things to do this turn, like retreat to Ion and have Ion-Gre, or something equally commonsensical. if not, then stand back - fleets are finally in position to do something. Stand to, imperialist!

ITALY to TURKEY: Yeah, I'm sure, I'm taken already. But you're welcome for 86AW and here, there, or anywhere else.

RUSSIA to TURK: A bit of advice, Never play leapfrog with a unicorn.

(I)TALY to MRS.DIP: Your duck's a tease, huh.

RUSSIA to GM: What has to do with anything, least of all this game?

GM to RUSSIA: You know how it is, Don. If the press fits...

LARRY to SPACEY: Let's get this straight about Mad Madam Mim of Flushing Meadow. I'd throw myself on Melinda's dagger before I'd end up like Olsen. And Kathy would strangle on the spot anyone suggesting a "loser" like me was a toady of hers. I wasn't ever a toady of hers. I just wanted to know why Olsen was acting like such an imbecile.

GMS to LA(R)RY: It's in his contract.

TURKEY to FRANCE WITH AWE: Don't know how you managed to survive as long as you did, with this many options, Bill. I have you written off in the next two years, but I also have this hunch you'll outlive us all....good luck, sir.

FATHER-TO-BE to CAPTAIN DAD: Long live the F-A attack!

RIN TIN TOADIE to MILLIFICENT: Sorta circling the wagons there aren't you babe?

RUSSIA to ALBION: I hope you chose to follow your instincts - and my lead - the only good German....

TURKEY to GERMANY: Miss Kitty, the scoundrels are all around, it would appear. Let's hope Don decided to play sensibly this turn (the crowd now breaks into a stirring rendition of "To Dream the Impossible Dream".) Hope the retreat went well, and that the bad guys are being dealt with. To growth and happiness!

GM to SHOWTIME: I fear he's talking to himself.

LL to LL: I'm touched. I really am, but uh, didn't you and Melinda hold a lottery or something and didn't I end up Millificent's property?

RUSSIA to ITALY: Why have you ever sold yourself at all?

GNUMB GNOME to EVIL I: I tried breaking out 16 years ago, but it was only acne. Then I grew warts and began my life as a toad.

ITALIAN STALLION to DELICIOUS ONE: Maybe, I don't have a clue, but since Melinda loves to abuse me in KK occasionally I'm learning.

KING GNOME to WORLD: And you guys thought I couldn't toady!

BO(T) to GMS: I'm impressed.

TURKEY to ENGLAND: No doubt you're tired of this silly Portugal/Iberia slugfest, especially with the Eyetic grabbing scads of land and you standing pat. Have we altered our friendship outlook this time around, perhaps, hmmm? Get into NAF, Tom; I plan on getting to Ion in a few turns, and perhaps we can rendezvous somewhere close to Bro-T's territory.

SUDDEN IMPACT to SACTO SAGE: "Meteoric rise"? So I get lucky once...ONCE! Give me a break. In the five years I've been playing in MAGUS, how many times have you seen one of my desperation attacks succeed? I need the title "tactical genius" like Flash need another used car, or Melinda another game. "Lucky duck" would be more appropriate.

GM to SHOWTIME: It is my considered opinion that Don's gains last season had nothing to do with the skill with which he plays this game. He's in way over his head. It's just dumb luck that he's doing so well. Is that better, Don?

RUSSIAN to GM: By the way, if you wouldn't mind checking on it, which player has played for the longest continuous length of time in MAGUS? If it's me - and I've got to be close - that would be something to gloat about.

GM to LUCKY DUCK: If you limit this strictly to Diplomacy in MAGUS proper, it is you. If you just mean played and limit it to MAGUS proper, it is Bob Olsen. If you include subzines, then it is a tie between Bob Olsen and Kathy Caruso, unless you limit it to Diplomacy, in which case it is Kathy.

1982 CH The Aliens' Game Players

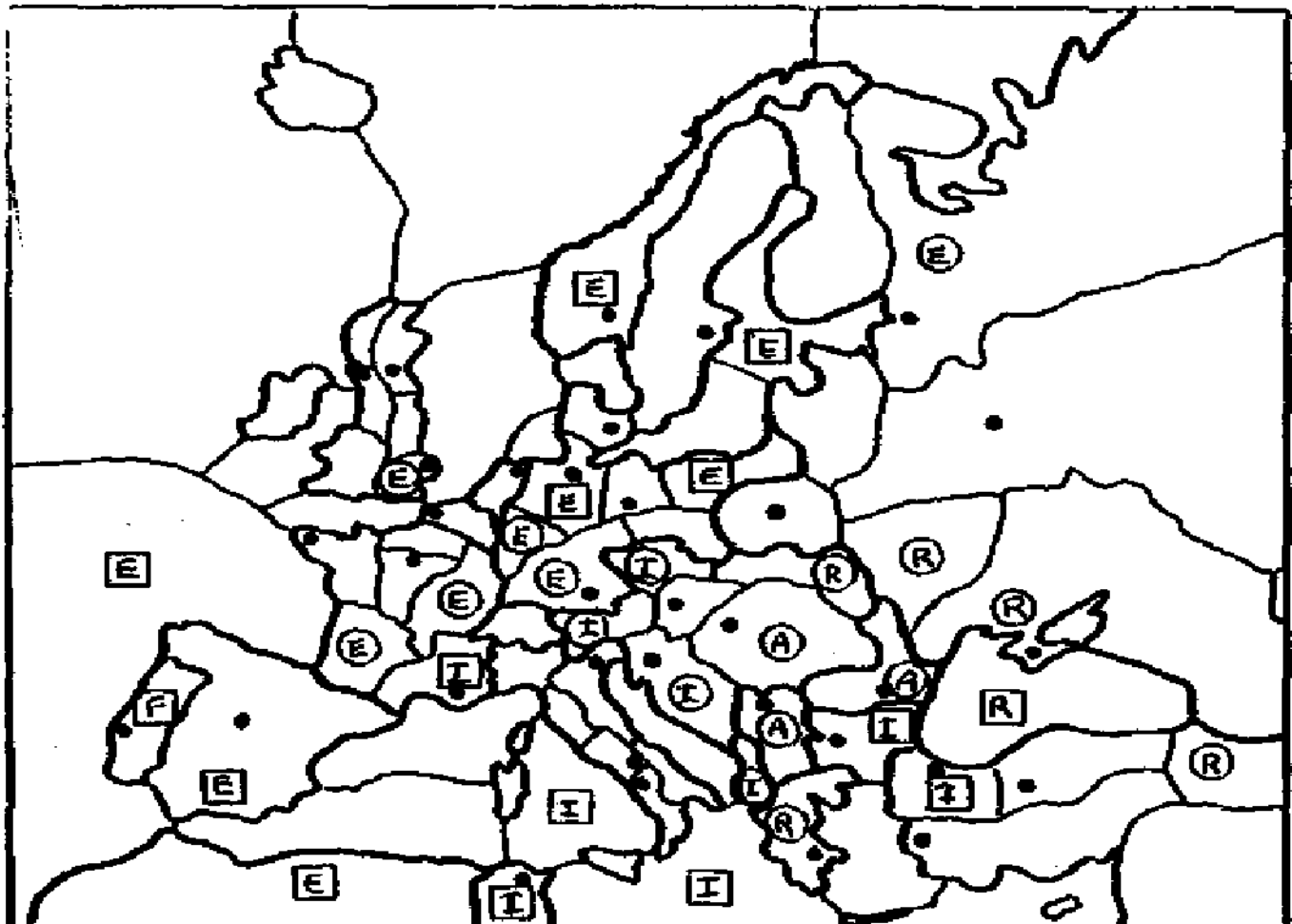
Steve Dorneman 95 Federal St. Apt #2, Lynn, MA 01905
 Jeff Martin 2129 Franklin Ave. Las Vegas, NV 89104
 Mike Fustilnik 140 Cadman Plaza West, Brooklyn, NY 11201
 Jim Burgess 100 Holden St., 3rd Flr Lft,
 Providence, RI 02908
 John Huestis 4525 Cameron Road, Shingle Springs, CA 95682

1982 CH The Aliens' Game Spring 1922

AUS (Steve 3) A Vie-BUD, A Bud-RUM, A SER S A Bud-RUM
 ENG (Jeff 13) A LON H, A Par-GAS, A Fin-STP, F Mid-SPA(sc),
 F NWY S A Fin-STP, F Pru-LNV, F Swe-BOT, F Eng-MID,
 A Ruh S A MUN, A BUR-Mar, F NAF-Wes, A MUN H, F KIE H
 FKA (Mike 1) F POR S ENG F Mid-SPA(sc)
 ITA (Jim 11) F Rom-TYH, F Nap-ION, A Ven-TRI, F Ion-TUN,
 A Pie-TYA, A Tya-BOH, A Tri-ALB, F CON S F BUL(ec),
 F BUL(ec) S AUS A Bud-RUM, F Spa(sc)-Wes(d,r GOL,OTB),
 F MAR-Spa(sc)
 RUS (John 6) A Ukr-SEV, A BAL-Rum, A War-UKR, A Rum-ARM,
 A Alb-GRE, F BLA C A Rum-ARM

1982 CH The Aliens' Game ZAT for Summer and Fall 1922
 is July 10, 1987.

1982 CH The Aliens' Game Map does not show retreats.



1985 X Old Fiends The Players

Marshal Linder RD3, Box 218, Carmichael Rd. Oswego, NY 13827
 (607) 687-5444
 Bob Blossar 14 Buck Hill Rd., Huntington, CT 06484
 (203) 929-6218
 Michael Pustilnik 140 Cadman Plaza West, Brooklyn, NY 11201
 Don Williams 1325 E. Citrus Ave., Apt 2-C,
 Redlands, CA 92374

1985 X Old Fiends Final Statistics

Zine: MAGUS
 GM: Steve Langley
 AUS: Marshal Linder
 ENG: John Crow (out 1906)
 FRA: Bob Blossar (draw 1910)
 GER: Mike Pustilnik (draw 1910)
 ITA: Don Williams (draw 1910)
 RUS: Jim Keeney (out 1908)
 TUR: Steve Arnawoodian (out 1907)

1985 X Old Fiends Supply Centers

	01	02	03	04	05	06	07	08	09	10	
A	5	6	6	4	4	4	5	6	6	5	* played one short
E	4	3	2	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	
F	5	6	6	8	10	12	13	14	14	14	draw
G	5	4	3	3	4	4	5	5	5	7	draw
I	4	5	6	7	6	7	9	9	9	8	draw
R	6	7	9	10	8	6	2	0	0	0	
T	4	3	2	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	

1985 X Old Fiends Final Press

ENTE-VATER: Dein Deutsch ist sehr schlecht!!! So lange Du am Leben bist, ist Hoffnung!
 ITALY to ALL: Th-th-th-th-that's all folks!
 GM to ITALY: Making a pig of yourself again, Don?

1985 X Old Fiends End of Game Statements

End of Game Statement for Germany: Mike Pustilnik

When I came out on the right side of the western triangle (I was part of a FG vs. E), I thought that things would be fine. Then Italy, Austria and Russia attacked me.

If I had had an ordinary French ally, I would have been dead, kaput, and gone forever. But Bob Blossar was a great ally - we worked hard, and found a way to beat first England, then Russia, and finally (to some extent) Austria/Italy.

The three-way draw was essentially a compromise to shorten the game's end. But Don Williams played a great game and certainly deserved a piece of the draw. In fact, I think everyone played well. That may be why the game wasn't that exciting for the Boursers to watch - when people play well, they aren't making random stabs.

I'd like to thank Bob for being such a great ally and Steve Langley for being such a great GM. This game was a real pleasure for me.

End of Game Statement for Italy: Don Williams

The game is over and not a moment too soon ("by the skin of my teeth," comes to mind.) Old Fiends may not go down as a great game, but it was certainly a good one, and the four finalists will remember it for a long time.

My early strategy was to ally with Marshal's Austria against Woody's Turkey in the east, and to ally with F and E against Mike's Germany. The intent was to stall an F/T vs. I: Woody and Bob are both phone-a-holics and speak often.

It worked only partially. R/I/A all hit Turkey, but France sided with Germany against John Crow's England early on. I tried to stop it diplomatically to no avail.

Jim Keeney's Russia was the first early surprise. After stabbing Austria and attacking Turkey and Germany, Russia also attacked England and a 10 dot Russia was surging. Hoping to ride Russian coattails, I stabbed Austria. Big mistake number one.

Italy had been walking a two ally (A and F) tightrope since the very start. As the game progressed, Austria and France were each putting heavy pressure on me to hit the other. When Keeney offered help into Austria, I jumped. the stab was effective, netting two Austrian home dots, but when Russia's promised support didn't materialize, I...panicked? Yes, panicked describes it best. See, Turkey was still kicking, and the F/G had wiped out England and was turning the tide against Russia in the center and north. The early F/G against England left me more distrustful of France than I should have been.

As a result, I tried to make peace with Marshal's crippled Austria. Big mistake number two. Marshal, upset with my greed, would have none of it and pulled a couple of excellent counterstabs. Luckily, Woody was forgiving and a short term I/T formed.

The mid-game arrived with England dead, F/G strong and moving Russia back, and an I/T vs. A/R.

I had become increasingly worried about the F/G. France was strong, having taken a number of German dots - with Mike's approval - in the process of moving Russia out of Germany.

In W'01, I'd delivered an ultimatum to France: A build of F Mar would mean war. Bob wanted the fleet to use against England, something I knew and wanted to avoid. Bob could well have built it anyway, but didn't because he's a good alliance player. But he remembered it, and in the midgame, he began to press for F Mar again. At war with Austria and Russia, my back was open...F Mar would have made it itch fiercely.

Then I got a couple of breaks. Russia began to decline rapidly under the F/G attacks and Jim had to remove units from the southern front. A few seasons later, I had bagged Turkey and Russia collapsed. (Jim made a pro-Italy removal that really helped.) The war at home (on the A/I border) was going against me. At one point, Austria was doing so well, I asked for French help and Bob moved into Piedmont.

In probably the pivotal move of the game for Italy, Austria tried to get France to stab; France refused (thank God and Bob), Venice held and Italy got to build, as did France. F/G were up to about 17-18 dots and Marshal and I realized an A/I alliance was our only hope. A couple of long phone calls and the A/I was reforged. France finally built F Mar and I moved to the Western Med in "retaliation". We both talked peace, but the I/F war was on. Marshal and I never had any

illusions about winning the war, but fought to bring the game to a 4-way stalemate.

It very nearly worked if not for a minor tactical lapse in - what 1908 or 097 - when we lost the Ukraine. The stalemate line could have come about a season late and a dot short ...sigh.

With the handwriting on the wall, Marshal agreed to vote himself out of the 3-way.

The hardest part of the game for me was having two good allies. Both Marshal and Bob are very good alliance players, and the choices I made were difficult ones. Overall, I think the fact that I've known Bob about 5 years and only met Marshal at the beginning of the game had something to do with which way my knife eventually fell.

A few final words and I'll shut up. To John Crow: Sorry, Pal, I know it was way too little, way too late.

To Jim Keeney: Great beginning game, Jim, but I think your blade flashed once or twice too often. Good job all the same.

To Woody: One of these games we'll get it right. Thanks for the help in this one. To Mike: I would sincerely like to ally with you some time, you've got nerves of steel and a faith in allies I envy. I promise never to attack Munich again. Ever. Really. No, really! (Good luck in the upcoming bourse.)

To Bob: Once again, you've proved yourself one of the strongest, most resourceful, elusive, and the most underrated players in Diplomacy. One of these days you'll get the reputation you deserve, and then you'll be dead meat. Continued good luck in the future, my friend.

To Marshal: To you I owe the biggest thanks. We played a good game and almost pulled it off. I hope I've taught you half of what you taught me. I look forward to playing with you again. (Oh, and if I ever grab two of your home dots again, you're dead.)

To Steve and Daf: Another fine MAGUS game, GM'ed extremely well, always on time, always entertainingly - and always with warmth and grace. Thank you both very much.

Final note: Though this will go down as a 3-way without Austria, it is my strong opinion that it should have included Marshal. Events outside the game came to play in "Old Fiends," robbing a good player of his due. Marshal, as far as I'm concerned, you're a winner in this one, too.

End of Game Statement for the GM: Steve Langley

This game never really went the way I expected it to go. Jim Keeney's phenomenal rise and fall were totally unexpected. Don's stab of Marshal came as no real surprise, after all, he had to attack someone, but the reforging of their alliance I did not see coming. Mike Pustilnik's long term of playing a seeming puppet role to the dominant France with never a hint of rebellion was something that I kept expecting to see come crashing down around Bob's ears. The final draw, coming just when it was clear that France and Germany could make the tactical breakthrough really was not expected. Way to keep your GM guessing, guys. For all of that, it was a good game from my point of view. There was action, things never became bogged down and boring. I would have liked to see it played out a few more seasons to a win, or a "stop the leader", but the consensus was to end it now. So be it.

Diplomatic Crimes by Steve Langley

Synopsis: Seven people are gathered together to play Diplomacy in the home of Kenneth Kemp. Kemp himself; his wife Estelle; his daughter, Darlene; her two suitors, John Blake and Robert Madison; Estelle's brother Lawrence Prender; and Kemp's secretary, Barbara Northwood. The Kemp mansion is cut off from the rest of the world by a storm. The story was interrupted with the discovery of Barbara Northwood's dead body in the arms of Estelle Kemp.

Robert Madison dropped to his knees in front of Estelle Kemp. He reached out and touched Barbara Northwood on the throat, briefly, then he reached for her limp wrist.

"She's dead!" He looked up, and saw guilt plainly drawn on John Blake's face. In the dark, Blake's anger at Barbara Northwood had swept all reason from his mind, in the light, it all seemed alien to him. He had smashed his fist into a table, picturing her face. Now, moments later, she lay dead at his feet.

"She's dead, and he killed her. Look at him. His hands are red with blood." Madison's voice shook.

"Don't be a fool." Kenneth Kemp interrupted. "There is no blood on Barbara. There is a trail of blood down the hallway to what used to be a very valuable rosewood table.

"You'll pay for that, young man.

"Barbara was killed by someone else. Someone who had a motive. Someone who was her partner in embezzlement. Someone who took his opportunity when he left me to find candles.

"You..."

"No...I..." Robert Madison scrambled to his feet and John Blake knocked him down. The last of his anger, spent on the blow, Blake looked down in puzzlement at the bloody smear on Madison's jaw.

"We can lock him in the vault room." Kemp decided. "When the storm subsides, I'm sure the police will be able to find additional proof of his guilt. Until then, we may as well continue with our game. I'll write the orders for Robert and Barbara."

"Father, you must be insane." Darlene Kemp's clear contralto brought Estelle Kemp's head up. She was cradling her sleeping baby, but her baby was standing there, across the hall.

"You'll speak to your father with respect!" Kemp went into his habitual bluster.

"I'll speak to my father with the respect he deserves. Barbara is laying dead at your feet and all you can think of is your damn game!" Darlene's eyes flashed fire.

"Help me with him," Larry Prender pled, as he tried to drag the unconscious Madison toward the vault room. Some sanity returned to John Blake, and he picked Madison up like a child. Blood continued to drip from his hand as he carried Madison across the office and into the vault room. Larry Prender opened the heavy door and cleared the way. The room was small, without window or other ventilation. There was a metal file, a small table and the far wall was a steel door.

Blake lay the unconscious Madison out on the hardwood floor. He took special care to put Madison down gently, and folded his own jacket to pillow Madison's head. Larry Prender watched, but said nothing.

When the two men returned to the hall, there was no

sign of Kenneth Kemp. Darlene was holding her mother, rocking her in much the same fashion as Estelle had been rocking Barbara Northwood's body. Tears glittered in her eyes.

"Did you find me a drink, Larry?" Estelle Kemp asked. Larry Prender looked wildly at his empty hands, and then to the bottle of Vodka, laying in the center of the hall where he had dropped it.

"I'll have a drink for you in a moment, Estelle. Why don't you rest on the chaise in the sitting room while I'm getting it?"

John Blake helped Darlene guide her mother to the sitting room. The chaise with its plethora of pillows, their goal. Blake was still somewhat dazed; Darlene was deeply afraid for her mother's sanity, and Estelle Kemp wanted her drink. After what seemed an eternity, Larry Prender arrived with a tall glass full of ice and Vodka.

"So there you are." Kenneth Kemp sounded offended and angry that they had moved since he's last seen them. "The radio in the boathouse still works. I've sent for the police. They will be arriving by launch shortly. They have requested that we stay together in a group until they arrive."

An eternity passed in the next hour.

The blood crusted on John Blake's knuckles. He watched it happening, from the free flow to the thickening and welling over the cuts, to the final drying.

Darlene Kemp huddled in a corner. Her eyes moved constantly from her mother to her father to her lover, and back to her mother. Her world was in chaos. She was in shock.

Kenneth Kemp, after his first few moments of bluster sat quietly at the end of the chaise. His thoughts turned inward. His eyes stared steadily into space while he went deeper and deeper into his mind.

Larry Prender spent the hour attending to his sister. He stroked her brow, answered her questions, albeit with a not altogether cogent response, and kept her glass full of ice and Vodka.

Estelle Prender was the only one to promote speech. She spoke to Larry of their childhood together, reminding him of the time they had stolen a pony from their father's stable. She talked freely of the years when Darlene was a toddler, of the days when Kenneth Kemp had courted her in her father's house, of the days when she and Larry had gone to his high school prom together...her voice deepened into bitter bile when she related how Kemp had driven her father to take his own life.

Larry Prender was correcting his sister, almost by habit, when the butler announced the arrival of the police.

"Detective Sergeant Max Braden, sir."

Kenneth Kemp snapped to instant alertness. He set aside the thoughts that had consumed him for the past hour and brought himself fully to the situation at hand.

"I believe you'll find that Robert Madison killed my secretary," he was explaining to the detective as he led the tall, soft looking policeman back towards his office. "We locked him in the vault room."

Kenneth Kemp opened the vault room door, to reveal Robert Madison, with a letter opener plunged into his heart.

(to be continued)

And it came to pass in the Land of Hobby, that a certain subzine did, in spite of its ignoble Creator, reach a Point of Achievement of sorts. Yea, though verily did this Pimple Upon the Face of the Publishing of Zines screw up as regularly as, say, Winner Olsen crushes the Dreaded Mazzer Like An Insect, the subzine neither Floundered nor Flourished, but did Perservere, unto the very likeness of a Pain in the Ass that will not go away.



And LO! The Voice in the Chaotic Void spake unto the Subzine Scourge, spaking Mightily (but with a Slight Lisp caused by Its having involved Itself overlong with certain Toothless-Unnamed-Things-In-The-Void),

"Yea -- Though Ye walk in the Valley of the Shadow of The Fiftieth Issue, Ye have neither cause to lift your Head in Honor, nor your Voice in Exultation, for --LO! -- it's only taken Ye FIVE YEARS to do it."

"What? Who are you, Steve Langley? Get off my back," sayeth the Writer of the Rag in a tone defensive. "And anyway, I'm not so bad."

And The Voice did spake again, in a Tone of Mirthless Indifference:

"Are you stupid? You've missed half a dozen issues of MAGUS, at least. You've dragged some issues for over three months. And your games? HAH! What's this last one gone on for now. . .four MONTHS for a seperation of seasons! Why, I ought to Smite Thee like a low-life where you cringe!!!" lispith the Voice in the Chaotic Void, Its octaves rising upon themselves like Woody with a loaded beer can.

"Say, whoever you are, cool it, will you? You don't knock this shit off and I'll be late for MAGUS again. What do you want?"

And the Voice did Consider the Question, humming an Old Tune of Barry Manilow. Reaching the Refrain, the Voice did quit Itself, clear Itself and said unto the Typist.

"Yea, lo, verily, forsooth and Listen-Up! Though Ye deserve not, Ye shall continue to have my Forbearance for Yet Another Fifty Issues. And for My Sake, try to do a better job with the next fifty than you did with the last!"

The Typist composed himself for a moment, silently, quietly. . .emotionlessly.

"A-A-An-n-n-nother fifty issues?"

"Yea!" sayeth the Voice. "There are a lot of people in the Land of Hobby I'm still Not Pleased With - on my 'Shit List', so to spake.

You're the best punishment going. Toodles," sayeth the Voice as the subziner chucked the typewriter in The Voice' general direction.

The typist sat for another long moment. Then, with eyes suddenly illuminated by thought, he uttereth.

"Boy, is STEVE gonna be pissed!"

FIAT

BELLUM!

Under Western Eyes

NEXT SEASON: Fall 1908
ZAT: July 6, 1987

GAME ID: 1985-T
GM: Don Williams

MAVERICK IN MOSCOW!

ITALIAN TROOPS LEAD MULTI-NATIONAL COUNTERATTACK AGAINST RUSSIAN TROOPS, TYROLIA FALLS--TSARINA'S SOLDIERS FIGHT TO THE LAST MAN. . .HARD-FOUGHT BATTLE OF RUHR RESULTS IN STANDOFF. . .FRENCH NAVY DEFEATED OFF THE COAST OF ENGLAND--RUSSIAN FLEETS PATROL THE ENGLISH CHANNEL. . .IN THE EAST, THE SULTANESS CALLS HOME THE OTTOMAN DREADNAUGHTS FOR SHORE DUTY AS COSSACKS COME ROARING INTO THE FRAY. . .BUDAPEST BESEIGED BUT NOT OCCUPIED. . .ITALIAN ROYAL NAVY STEAMS WEST IN FORCE. . .A BUSY SEASON!

THE PLAYERS:

ENG	Larry BOITMER	1383 NE 11th Street #3, Bellevue, WA 98005
FRA	Steve COURTEMANCHE	1021 Penn Circle #E-402, King of Prussia, PA 19406
GER	George GRAESSLE	800 West Avenue, #420, Miami Beach, FL 33139
ITA	Steve LANGLEY	2296 Eden Roc Lane #1, Sacramento, CA 95825
RUS	Kathy CARUSO	29-10 164th Street, Flushing, NY 11358
TUR	Melinda HOLLEY	P.O. Box 2793, Huntington, WV 25727

SPRING 1908:

ENG (1) F SKA S [RUS] F DEN-swe(nsu,nso).
 FRA (6) A PIE S [ITA] A ven-TYA, A BUR S A BEL-ruh, A PAR S A BUR, A BEL-ruh, F BRE-meo, F eng H(d;r Pic,Wal,Iri,OTB).
 GER (1) A LPL H.
 ITA (4) A ven-TYA, A rom-VEN, F nap-TYN, F tun-NAF.
 RUS (15) A mos-UKR, A war-GAL, A SIL S A war-GAL, A KIE-ruh, A VIE-bud, A DEN S [GER] A LPL(imp), A MUN S A KIE-ruh, A tya-vie(d;anh), F NAO-meo, F HOL-bel, F bar-NWY, F sev-BLA, F hel-NIH, F nth-ENG, F LON S F nth-ENG.
 TUR (7) A TRI-bud, F ADR-tri, A BOH S [ITA] A ven-TYA, A alb-SER, F lon-ABG, F aeg-CON, F gre-BUL(sc).

GAME NOTES:

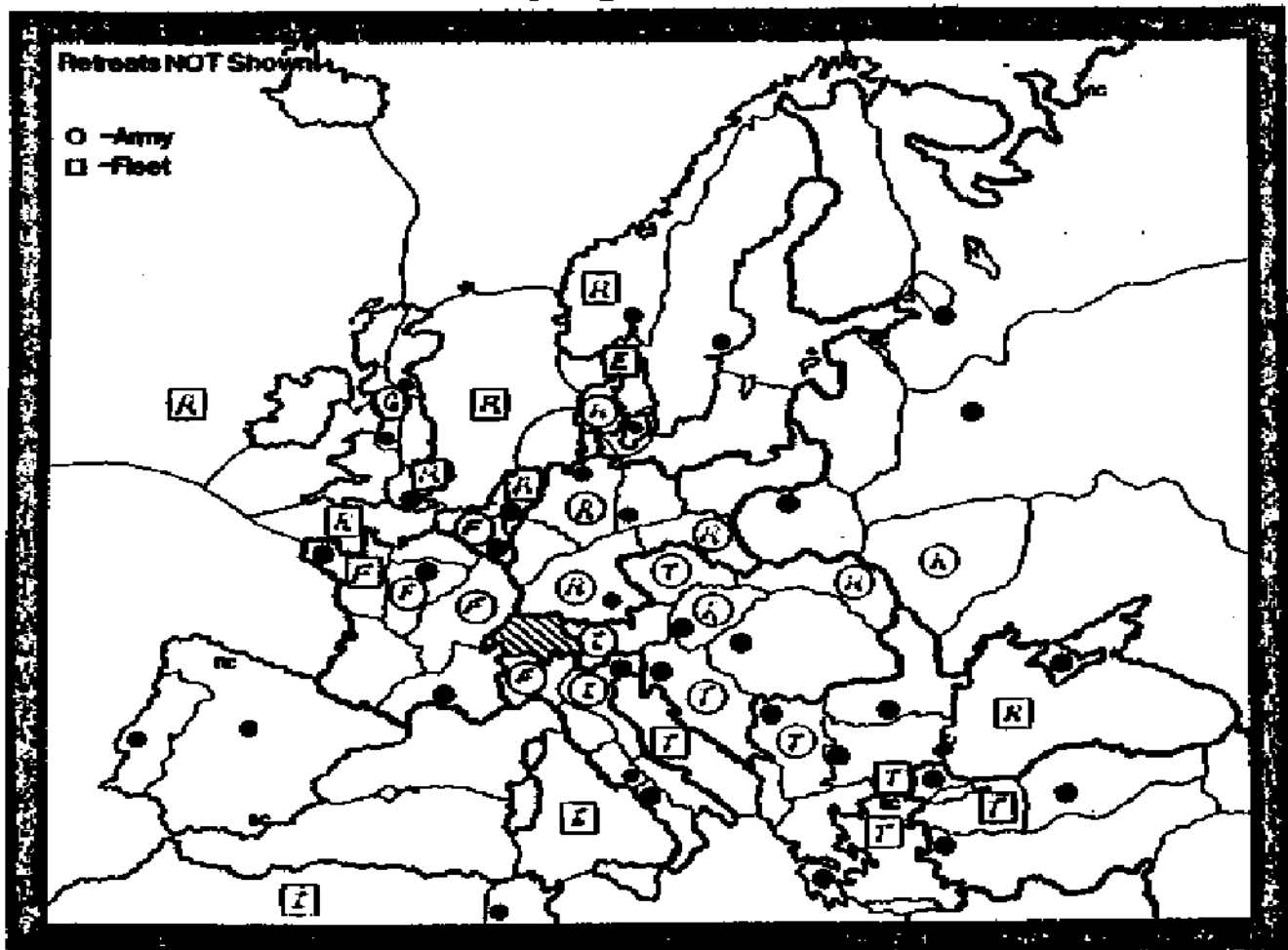
- UNITS IN RETREAT - French F eng
- Concession to Russia defeated, 2 Yes - 4 No
- F/I/R/T draw defeated, 2 Yes - 4 No
- Concession to R reproposed; also, F/R/T--PLEASE VOTE WITH NEXT ORDERS
- Too, remember that an NVR is counted as a NO
- Map and press, next page
- ZAT for Fall 1908 is July 6, 1987.

PRESS:

CARUSO - WILLIAMS: All I can say is that it had better have been unintentional. Fighting the entire board doesn't bother me, but the GM is supposed to be impartial. Just because I'm Honey's friend, you can't give me a different unit listing than all the other players!

GM - CARUSO: Impartial? Are you kidding? Like the way you carried on when that brain-dead friend of yours, Woody, stabbed me in Bandits? That's impartial, huh? Give it a rest, Caruso - I hope these people blow you back into the Stone Age! And to set the record straight, you're not fighting the board; it's you, England and Germany against France, Italy and Turkey. Looks fair to me. (Is it any wonder most sane people would rather fight you than ally with you?) Finally, I would never help the

Spring 1908



League of Gentlemen Adventurers to defeat you, that would be. . .

FELIX - CARUSO: He's too stupid to intentionally help the players!

GM - FURBALL: That's NOT what I was going to say.

STEVE C. - DON: You're forgiven, but do try to be more careful in the future.

FELIX - JERKY: Get off his case, this guy can cause a flood with all the tears he sheds while whining about how he's a crappy GM and no one loves him. Let's not give him another excuse for screwing up (i.e., "I was caught in a flood and couldn't see to GM correctly").

FRANCE - RUSSIA: I looked into that pit you wanted me to jump into. Why is it six feet deep, three feet wide, and seven feet long?

RUSSIA - FRENCH FRIED ONE: I can be stopped - remember, this game rides on you - you see, I can only get to 18 if I out maneuver you! Since Lindy says that's no problem, I'd suggest you "put up your dukes" and prove her wrong!

DEAD DOGE - FRENCH FRY: I'm coming tp help, just as you asked. Tell Caruso that the Mid-Atlantic is mine, OK?

"C"ARUSO - BO(T)IMER: I hope you like the pair of cement shoes I brought you!

COCHISE - JERKY: Thank you for staying in England. That army on the continent was looking very unpleasant.

RUSSIA - TURKEY: Sometimes you eat the bear, sometimes the bear eats

you - Yuck, why do I just know that I had a huge chunk taken out of my ass!!!

GM - CARUSO: Uh-h-h-h-h-h-h. . .discretion being the better part of valor, and all that rot. Actually, it wasn't really huge, it was just Tyrolia-sized!

FRENCH FOOL - GM: Kathy might not have such good things to say about him with that Army in ~~the~~ Liverpool. See, you're even getting me confused.

RUSSIA - FRANCE: Okay - a deal. If you can stop me from taking the English Channel and the Mid-Atlantic, then I'll take Jerky out. If I get into either of them, Jerky lives - that is your punishment for not making the best moves possible!

RUSSIA - JERKY: You don't really think he's bright enough to stop both, do you?!

GM - CARUSO: And how could he have done that? Convoying the Army from Belgium to London wouldn't have cut the support of F LON (I'm assuming that's the BEST MOVE you're talking about), so what would have saved both?

AND, NOW, THE ENGLAND-BAITING SECTION:

RUSS - ENG: "Come into Sweden" said the spider to the fly.

CARUSO - RIN TIN TOADIE: Your days are numbered; 10, 9, 8, 7, 6. . . KABOOM!

LEAGUE OF GENTLEMEN ADVENTURERS - GM: Hey, we got a chance now, we're playing against Caruso!

RUSSIA - FROG & TURK: Personally, I didn't think my stab was that bad. It accomplished exactly what I figured. As a matter of fact, I expected no less of Melinda than to join you! The way I saw it, that was my one and only chance to go for it!

FRANCE - CARUSO: Don't worry about the wimp image, you'll soon change that.

GM - DEAD DOGE: That's what we're afraid of, eh Steve?

KK - DEAD DOGE: Dig in and enjoy the Cochise and Lindy Show! It's going to be a long battle.

GM - RUSSIA: With your loss in the center of the board, you're probably more right than you'd hoped to be! I'm going to enjoy this, Baglady.

DISCONNECTED DEPARTMENT:

COCHISE - LL: I don't think that George cares. He's too busy hanging onto his dots.

DW - SC: Uh, LL didn't make it this time. Glad you decided to take my suggestion and get her involved with the PTA.

COCHISE - DON: Hee, hee, hee! ["Hee, hee, hee..."? What are you, a Munchkin?] But I love to see you get flustered, ruffled feathers, so to speak. Can't get her involved with the PTA though, we're not parents. [God forbid, you'd probably teach them to write Guest Press, too!]

KK - LL: Instead of writing press, why don't you get pregnant and do something worthwhile for a change! [Then she could join the PTA, right?]

GM - GAME: That's it for this time. Hope to get a few words from Steve, Melinda, Larry and George next time, too. . .I don't think I can take much more of this straight Cochise and Kathy diet. (Blurby and the Beast, you know?) Take care, see you next time, etc.

RUTHLESS PEOPLE: 1987-AT
FALL 1901

interest flags in second season...
but who cares?

AUSTRIA (D. Langley): NMR: F ADR, A TYO, A BUD all H
ENGLAND (Graessle): A Edi-NWY (F NWG C, F NTH S)
FRANCE (K. Caruso): F Mac-WMD, A Gas-SPA, A Spa-POR
GERMANY (Burgess): F DEN-Swe, A SIL-War, A Kis-HOL
ITALY (Mazzer): A VEN H (A APU S), F Ion-TUN
RUSSIA (Williams): F BOT-Swe, A Stp-FIN, A LYQ-War, F Bla-RUM
TURKEY (Gaughan): F Con-AEG, A Bul-GRE, A ARM-Rum (imp)

Standby for Austria is Steve Langley, a close relative. I hope that in addition to submitting orders, he will yell and holler at the negligent one.

1901 Adjustments:

AUS: Home = 3 even
ENG: Home, NWY = 4 build 1
FRA: Home, SPA, Por = 5 build 2
GER: Home, HOL, DEN = 5 Build 2
ITA: Home, TUN = 4 Build 1
RUS: Home, RUM = 5 Build 1
TUR: Home, GRE = 4 Build 1
Neutral: Swe, Bel, Ser, Bul

DEADLINE FOR WINTER 1901: JULY 1, 1987

PRESS

Frog--Ducky: You won't be eating any frogs for a while, with that brilliant opening Turkey would be smart to gobble you up.

Mushbrain--Kitton Litter: Why don't you cut the crap-- Mazzer, Graessle, and Burgess all moved about as far away from you as I've ever seen three toadies been able to! You're just lucky, I suppose? Give it a rest, Byrne, they nearly broke their legs moving where you told them to go. "I'm soooooo scared..." Right, give me a break, eh sister?

Russia to Italy: Why not just hurl yourself into a deep fat fryer?

Italy--Russia: Hey Don, have you ever tried playing in a game in which you had no prearranged alliances, and no built-in source of supply centers at the start? You are in a good position in this one, with your 4 centers to start plus Daf's 3 whenever you need them, you ought to be able to forge to 3 or 4 centers by the end of the game.

Russia to Italy: First the directions to Spago's, and now the bull about not toadying to Byrne...don't you ever tire of listening to yourself lie?

KK--MM: Boy you really must turn the women on. Looks like

Daf and I will just have to fight over you!

Italy--Daf: Sigh! Somehow I expected more from a Nixon Award winner.

Italy--France: Come on, Granny, my dots are yours whenever you want them!

KK--Jerky George: So how did it feel—I mean telling the truth for the first time in your entire life, quite an experience--huh?!

Kitton--Honey: Gee, this game rates right down there with the DW Demo Game!

Italy--GM: No, AT is the trademark of an IBM microcomputer built around the Intel 80286 CPU. C'mon, Bob, tell it like it is. Atari? What is that, some kind of raw fish?

KK--Boob: Doesn't anyone besides Motor Mouth know how to write?

Felix--Dumpling Idiot: I saw a fool use your opening before-- I also saw Turkey win that game!

Felix--Pops: Have you no shame? How could anyone ally with a demented duck just because he bribed you with KK's!

Italy--GM: Again?

KK--Pops: I have a better question. Why would anyone want 10 issues of KK, knowing they'll become the target of abuse! Especially for being a friend of some loser duck!

Russia--Turkey: Y'know, it just occurred to me that we have in this game: one utterly mindless toady, one utterly ruthless jerk, and three--count 'em, three!--ex-Nixon Award Winners. We are hopelessly outclassed, Peter, hopelessly outclassed.

Italy--GM: Kitton? You mean she weighs a ton?

KK--Boob: Ducky, Pops & Daf no wonder they're known as RAT!

Russia to Boob: Don't worry about Kathy stabbing you, count on it!

Duck to Boob: Tell it to the Spartans.

Kitton--Honey: Is this nightmare over yet?

Italy--GM: You know, I had this naive notion that once you'd won a game, I mean a real Dip game, in which I played and took my last center in the final season and crushed me like an insect, that your neurotic persecution of me would come to an end. But it hasn't. You're a sick man, Glenn.

Italy--GM: And carrying on with a grandmother for chrissakes!

KK--Daf: Why don't you drown the duck, you'd be doing the rest of the world a favor.

KK--Jerky & Boob: Don't forget Duck Season has officially begun!

Redlands to Nitigasta: Sorry, my heart just isn't in it this month. (((You and me both...)))

Boob-SLUDGE: I got my orders in on time. Do you believe it?

Boob's Vote: I vote yes to the concession to France.

Boob-Duck: I am sorry, but I think the Western Quadruple is a viable alliance. I'm preparing my article for Diplomacy World based on my experiences in this game.

Boob-GamMesser: I like the maps. We know all about those Turks and Rooskies.

Boob--Motor Mouth: Remember the time I convinced you to test the Sev-Con Shuffle? It's so much fun to diplomacize about. Did I have you turned wrong side out, or what?

Boob--Irish Eyes: Cute little shuffle you're doing. What's

it called?

Boob--Duckface: You dunderheaded fool! Do you really think he'll let you move to Constantinople? Fat chance!!

Slubberdequillion cries in the wilderness: Who?

Boob to Sludge: I'm up to commenting on the third press item. At this rate I'll write 1247 pages (my handwriting).

Boob to Luger: You don't listen to Duck, the ~~the~~ thing who pays your rent. A Lpl-Edi was just as much a disorder as A Liv-Edi was told to you to be.

Germany--Russia: Bet my cat can eat your Duck!

Lit I--Lit II: So, how was that for a play on words, ideas, and last month's press.

Boob-Daf: That's right. France vs. Austria.

Boob--Kitton: I know I've been bad and can't replace SLUDGE as your "head toadie", but would like to be considered, should the job open up.

Boob--Honey: Gritty, yes. Integrity, no.

Boob--Mushbrain: Hello, my name is Jim-Bob, what's yours?

Boob-Turk: He got those maps from your twinkletoes shuffle partner, eh?

Boob--Sludge: You realize I don't have all that boring bourse press to write & can pay more attention to you,, don't you?

Boob--KK: I have a lot of faith in Pops too. He'll hesitate, bumble, and bore his way to a dinky survival.

Boob--Pops: C'mon. Be daring. Be suave. Be sophisticated. Be brilliant. Like me.

Germany--Italy: I don't think she has her eyes on the same moist ruby opening. Her moist ruby opening went on a mountain trek.

Boob--KK: Hey, I've done everything right so far! Slit my throat, spill my blood, slice off my _____, but let me embrace the Russian duck before I go.

Boob--Russia: Worry not. If it oozes out in a glob of smelly Sludge, it'll be pretty ugly, pretty disgusting but pretty easy to deliver. Venessa will thank Bob either way.

Boob & Charlotte--Russia: Regeneration is unlikely. Even with Sludge's curse.

Boob--Duck: The carrot gap remains. Maybe if you gave me Moscow?

Boob--Witlesta: I'm back too. What about me? What about me? I'm geared up.

Boob--Game: Oh, I see. This is postal Diplomacy? I'm supposed to write to all of you? Why would I want to do that? It sounds pretty useless and boring. Sorry, but writing press is more fun. Maybe if I remember what it is I'm supposed to write to you about...

He Who The Show Fits--Duck: Dead meat? Is that any way to talk to someone with a carrot gap? I'll match my biology to yours any day. As for geography, you know what they say about cornered animals? Guess what? It don't apply to no ducks. Remember Daffy?

Boob--Sludge: That'll do me in for this month. How about the boobosity of my latest moves? I know you told the she-devil that I left Munich uncovered and the Duck that I went for Warsaw. It's all your fault that I'm losing. I want a bribable ombudsperson. Now, damnit!

The Melniboné Herald

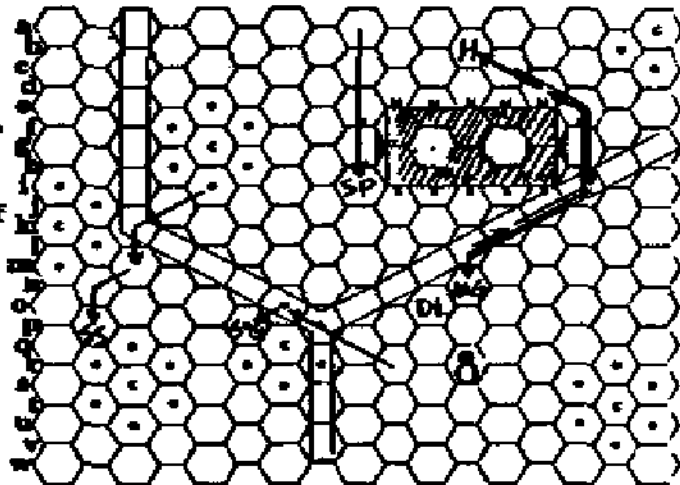
#9

published by P.J. Gaughan, 3121 East
Park Row #165, Arlington TX 76010

HELKARAKSE ASF

TURN ONE: POINTING THE FINGER

Segment One--Daf NMRS! But nobody expected this, so she's only hit twice, and the snowman has no company. Heimdall (B.Geryk) demons Daf and tries to sidestep up the path, but Snow Grench (J.R.Baker) splats both of them with a Barnard Bolero. Smuggpuff (J.Zarse) goes after Sass-squat (T. Hurst) with a Ravenscroft Rattlesnake but SS is on the move and eludes the attack. Muscles Galore (T.Hise), muttering all the way, begins to get into the fray by running around the shed.



Segment Two--Daf is still sitting pretty, and everybody else is maneuvering for position. Muscles Galore and Heimdall ram into each other on the path, but both keep their feet. Sass-squat ducks behind a tree and scoops up a Snowball, as does Snow Grench. But Smuggpuff pushes it to the limit--running flat out, he slips and falls! SP takes two HP of damage and misses the next Segment.

Segment Three--Still not much action, with Daf holding, Smuggie recovering, Heimdall shuffling about picking up ammo and Sass-squat collecting a Dolton Dirigible. But SnowGrench sees SS bent over and lets fly with a Demon--whoosh, over SS's head! Muscles looks over to spot SG's back and his eyes light up--he tries a Demon also, but it too fails, tangled in the branches over the Grench's head.

<u>Segment One</u>	<u>attacked by</u>
DL nmr	H/de/85/**, SG/bb/75/**
H attack DL w/de, move to K13	SG/bb/50/**
MG move to I15	
SG attack DL & H w/bb	
SP attack SS w/xx	
SS move to M3	SP/rr/55/--

<u>Segment Two</u>
nmr
move to D14 (safe)
move to N12
collect sb, move to O7
move to I9 (falls)
move to P2, collect sb

<u>Segment Three</u>	<u>attacked by</u>
DL nmr	
H move to B12, collect sb	
MG attack SG w/de, dodge	
SG attack SS w/de, move to P6	MG/de/35/--
SP out, loses all ammo	
SS collect di	SG/de/65/--

<u>Standings:</u>	<u>vp</u>	<u>hp</u>	<u>sb</u>	<u>di</u>
Daf Langley	0	8	2	0
Heimdall	1	9	2	0
Muscles G.	0	10	1	0
Snow Grench	2	10	0	0
Smuggpuff	0	8	0	0
Sass-squat	0	10	3	1

Deadline for Turn two orders by mail is 1 JULY 1987 (phone 11pm the night before). On page two we'll get to the press, some rules notes, etc.....

Daf may still submit a game name other than "Daf". Yes, we are using all the optional rules. And I will assume you are carrying the maximum amount of snow unless you state otherwise--but if it's ambiguous as to what you could be carrying and you don't specify (only BG actually spelled it out this time), you don't get any of it--safest to state every time what you want to drag along. A note about Boleros: you must name two targets; also note the Demon is the only attack where you may move on the same Segment.

For those who haven't seen Snowball Fighting before, here's how to read the statistics. "Attacked by" lists the attacker, the type of attack (de=Demon and bb=Bolero), the percentage chance of the attack's success, and the result (**=hit, --=miss). vp is Victory Points, hp is Hit points, sb is number of Snowballs held, and di is Dirigibles (football-sized weapons). Victory criterion is 15 vp. And then there's the press...

Smuggpuff to NoName Geryk: Remember the plan, let's make Sass-squat eat snow!

Smuggie to Squattier: Quick--look up! I had to throw at you, Hise will probably run behind the shed.

SG to SS: Squat on this one until your balls freeze! Hee hee hee!

Smuggpuff to Grench: Let's forget the game and get cookin' in the kitchen. Nice buns, really.

Muscles Galore to Smuggpuff: You little wienie-like person, prepare for my Dirigible Drop. As soon as I clobber these others then it will be you and me, kid, one-on-one to the chilling conclusion.

MG to SnowMaster: The world galactic champion wrestler is here to...to throw Snowballs??

Sass-squat: I see Daf starts her day in a sandwich between two males again. I wonder how she's going to wriggle out of this one--but I suppose it was her wriggle that got her into it in the first place!

Smuggpuff to Daf: Yes, that's a snowball in my pocket, but I'm still glad to see ya!

Smuggpuff to Muscle Man: What's that in your pocket--an ice cube?

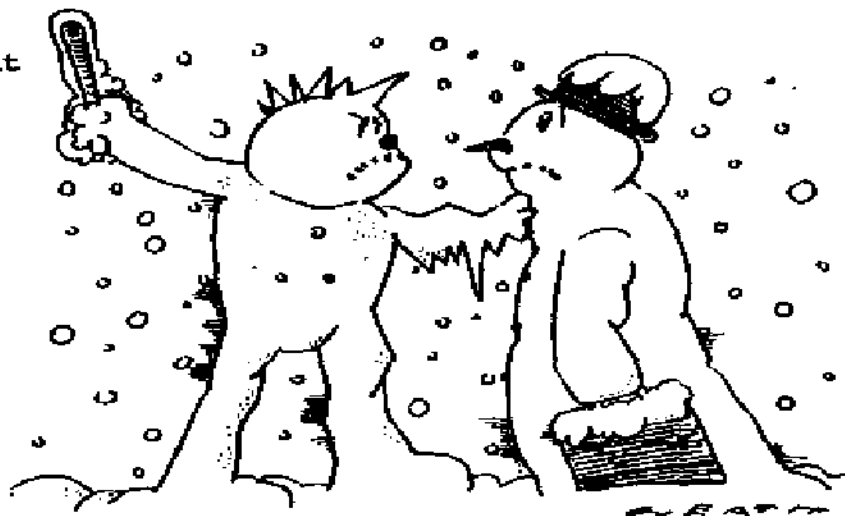
Muscles Galore to Kitchen: My kingdom for a Dirigible slingshot.

Kitchen to MG: Sorry, no hardware allowed.

SG to SnowMaster: I would have raced for the snowman but without being able to give conditionals on Segment Two I could just imagine myself slipping on the ice and smashing my balls on Seg. One, then while I try to order a Bolero on Two Daf and Bruce would be pounding my poor body with the snowman's head. I sure wish we could make conditional calls based on observation on Segment Two.

SM to SG: I think that limiting conditionals to Segment Three gives all players the chance to do something unpredictable to gain an edge.

Ahh, we may have room for an editorial cartoon. I leave it to the players to supply the names and caption...



This is HARE OF THE DOG coming at you from our new digs. That's right, we finally broke down and got the printer working for the Commodore. I'm typing this on a purple background with yellow writing. Of course, you won't see it that way. It'll be plain old black and white to you. It is lots easier to type on this machine, and it's easier to boot up when you want to use it. It's also got a good beat and it's easy to dance to. I'll give it an 85. (That was a Zarse attack. Whenever a totally off the wall idea comes into your head, it's because of the Zarse force in the world.)



School is going well. I have 2 more weeks and then I'm let loose on an unsuspecting public. Actually, Barclay has offered me a job as a teaching assistant. I told them I really wanted to work in the field I had just spent six months studying. They said the job was mine until I got another one. I said fine. So, until some lucky lawyer hires me, I'll be teaching new students how to handle a computer. Believe me, with the class I have to work with, it is no easy task. Some of them have never seen a computer, let alone worked on one. I'll try to give them a sense of what a computer is all about as I try to guide them through their work. I know how frightened I was of the computer when I first encountered it. I can sympathize with them.

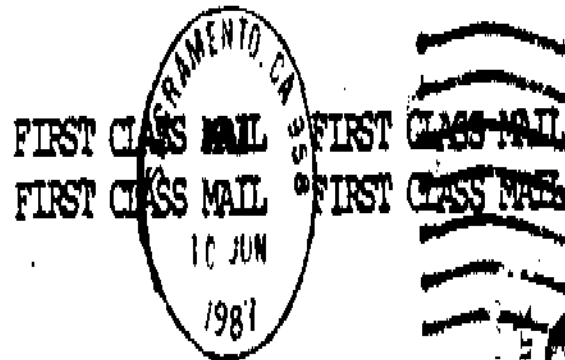
We went and saw BEVERLY HILLS COP II last weekend. I guess I'd make a terrible critic because they didn't like it and I loved it. I enjoyed Eddie Murphy and I loved the dimension they added to Billy Rosewood. That little boy face and all those guns make a great character.

We also saw THE UNTOUCHABLES with Robert DeNiro as Al Capone. It was a great movie too. The sets and the costumes were wonderful and the cast of actors was all first rate. It's a violent movie, and there is some blood spilled in various and sundry ways, but those were violent times and this movie caught the flavor of the times I thought. I wrote my resume in my Professional Development class today. (PD is the class where they give you tips on interviewing, resume writing, and general employment tactics. I'm having a great time with it.) I had to pad like crazy, but I got a full page. I haven't worked anywhere but Barclay. I went heavy on the education part of the resume and the personal skills department. It sounds pretty good, now all I have to do is round up some references and I'm almost ready to face the job market. It's been a fast six months. I can remember last DafCon when I was wondering if I would be able to get up that early in order to get a parking place at school. I remember locking my keys in my car the second or third day I was there.

I remember when the faces of my friends were faces of strangers. I feel good about where I am and what I'm doing. Look out business world, here I come!!!

RETURN TO:

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MAGUS #71
June 10, 1987

Game ID	ZAT
1987 AL	7/10/87
1987 CV	7/10/87
Course	7/10/87
1986 A	7/10/87
1982 CH	7/10/87
1985 X	Final Stats

DELIVER TO:

Russ Zuznalski
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Addison, IL 60101

Subscription through issue 80

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

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