

Welcome to issue #72 of MAGUS. I did a quick subber count and couldn't decide if we have 59 or 60. Either way is just fine. By the way, Daf is in taking a nap before her big night tonight. With luck she'll let you in on a bit of it in Hare of the Dog. I told her I'd pick up the ESL duties this month.

Where to start. Well, Daf worked all weekend and I caught some sort of flu, so things are even less organized than usual. At least the proof reading has gone to pot. I did try to keep the games clean, but I try every month, so that's nothing new. Don said he mailed FB, but this is a day later than we can really wait for it and it isn't here yet. Think of it as being early for next month.

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

EXIT STAGE LEFT	(the afterword)	page 1
PATTER	(the magician expounds)	page 2
PRESTIDIGITATION	(what's going on around Dip)	page 4
VOLUNTEERS	(round table letters)	page 6
ILLUSIONS	(the games, of course)	page 10
THE MELNIBONE HERALD	(Pete Gaughan's subzine)	page 21
INTERMISSION	(More Dip Crimes)	page 23
ATROCITY EXHIBIT	(Bob Olsen's subzine)	page 25
HARE OF THE DOG	(Daf's MAGUS subzine)	page 30

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 Liechett, 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.

Look for the Rick Kohman Dipsticks appearing this month. It is a two parter, so I split them into two places. Search for them or just run across them and chuckle.

I got the new Bourse program checked out just before the last minute. Good thing I don't procrastinate. If I'd waited until the last minute, I'd be working on it now instead of doing this. Nothing like a touch of the flu to destroy a procrastination.

The heat came back, too. There was a week or so there when Sacramento was bearable during the day with touches of cool at night. Someone must have noticed.



There is a brand new game opening. As of today, we have one signed up. Mark Luedi made mention of wanting to be in a game of Diplomacy, so I'm counting him as the one who is signed up. The game will start as soon as we have seven signed up to play and another game ends. Take a look at 1982CH and decide for yourself which will come first. Regdip opening, with a preference for current MAGUS subbers. If the game has not closed by the time 1982CH finishes, I'll ask that notice of the opening be mentioned in other zines.

I hate to admit it, but, in all truth, I have been harboring a saboteur in my midst, as it were. Yes, it is true. I love her dearly, but I can no longer overlook the many and obvious acts of sabotage that have been happening to MAGUS these past few days. I have sorted out the orders and the press into their individual games, only to return to find the papers in total disarray. I've returned to the computer, after leaving it for only a moment, to find nonsense on the screen. Not wishing to make an unfair accusation, although I was sure I knew the identity of the saboteur, I set a trap. Once more, I laid out papers into neat stacks. Then, I left the room, but only so far as to be out of direct sight. I watched, and, it was as I knew it had to be. A little grey streak flew across the room, batting papers every which way with little kitten paws.

Once I confronted her, the evidence spread out at her feet, she still had the gall to continue the acts of sabotage in the open. I sat down to adjudicate a game, and the kitten attacked first me, then my pencil, and finally, she lay there on her back, trying to shred the paper with her razor like claws. I tell you, there is a lot more to this publishing business than meets the eye.

Between kitten depredation, an NMR, and my own timing (I came down with the stomach flu just when most of the work was to be done) and all the other commitments we find ourselves prone to, its a wonder we get this thing out on time, month after month. Thanks to Daf, we do manage.

I've not laid my 'There are two kinds of people in the world' rap on you in some time, but I find that there is another case. There are people who take wrestling too seriously and there are those who don't. My local TV critic falls into the first set. About once every three months or so, he takes his lance in hand, mounts his great white horse, and attempts to slay, what he considers to be, the Dragon of Televised Wrestling. He belittles the intelligence of the people who watch the matches, he points out (sometime he even gets the names right) that the matches are obviously fixed. He views with alarm wrestling's encroachment on the TV wasteland. The man wrote a several serious pages about GLOW (Glamorous Women of Wrestling).

GLOW is not wrestling. GLOW is a satire of wrestling. All of the good guys and the bad guys, the heros and villains and cannon fodder are there, but instead of being muscle men, they are (for the most part) showgirls. The ring is closer to the ground, so that falling out won't hurt as much, and the acts are far more outrageous (the Heavy Metal Sisters, Spike and Chainsaw bring a welding torch and a chainsaw into the ring with them, for instance.), and it's meant in fun. Our TV critic couldn't see any of that. He was so busy being offended that anyone would take wrestling seriously, that he failed to notice that he was the one that was doing so. Daf described it as a cross between wrestling and 'Hee Haw', much more to the actual point.

Now my own interest in wrestling dates back no further than my relationship with Daf. I would be reading some piece of Science Fiction or other, and she would be watching wrestling on TV. Couldn't she tell that it was all a fake? Wasn't it obvious to her that it was all a sham? Then, I realized that I was asking myself these questions about Daf. Daf is quite intelligent. She can tell a fake from real. Maybe I had better take a look and see what it is that she's watching before I make my judgements. So I started watching. I moved from the set of those who take wrestling too seriously to the set that enjoy watching the show.

What did I see? I saw a bunch of guys who were in really great shape (with a few notable exceptions) which right away accounted for part of Daf's interest. I also saw some threats and bombast, and some fairly decently choreographed stunts. Every now and then, I also got swept up in the thing and let it get real for me. After a while, I got to where I knew who the wrestlers were, what they were likely to do, and who would win the matches. The more expert I became, the more I found myself enjoying the nonsense.

Hacksaw Jim Duggan is a super patriot who hates the Iron Sheik (an Iranian super patriot) and boasts that he will destroy the Sheik if they ever get into the same ring. The Iron Sheik spits on Duggan (actually spits, figuratively on Duggan) and later that week the two of them are busted when a policeman sees Duggan sucking on a can of beer in the Iron Sheik's VW on their way to the matches together. That shows just how seriously the wrestlers take it.

Another person who takes wrestling too seriously is Bob Olsen. Yes, candidate Olsen is basing his presidential campaign plank on cleaning up professional wrestling. I ask you, in this day and age of Raygun Ronnie, do we need another president with his mind so far from reality? No, what we need is a candidate who has no strong opinions about anything. A man we can trust to do nothing except feather his own nest. The kind of candidate that made this country great during the days of the Teapot Dome. I give you, the next President of the United States of America, Don Williams! Unlike candidate Olsen, Don doesn't take wrestling too seriously. Don doesn't take anything, except sex, seriously and he wouldn't take that seriously if he ever got any. We don't need Bob Olsen, a 'winner' candidate now! No, what we need is Don Williams, a 'wiener' candidate!

The new North American Diplomacy Champion is Dave Head, and the new North American Titan Champion is Mark Frueh. It all came about at Dipcon XX in Madison, Wisconsin.

Ken Peel has just sent out the first Zine Register since the ZR went under new management. The transition must have been a smooth one, the new ZR is hard to tell from the old ZR.

Ken Peel/8708 First Ave., #T-2/Silver Springs, MD/20910
Ken is now the quarterly Zine Register Poobah. If you are a publisher and you would like to be listed in the register, send a SASE to Ken and he will send you a little form to fill out. Tough questions like the name of your zine, what kind of games you run...stuff like that. If you would like a list of the current zines, the old policy was an all for all trade or hard cash in the \$1.50 range per copy.

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 Pontevedria, 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 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 about Dipdom, while the latter is a collection of articles on PBM Diplomacy and the play of the game.

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, Rere Fare 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.

August 1 - 2 is PEERYCON VIII

Larry Peery/Box 8416/San Diego, CA/92102 (619) 295-6248
 Larry Peery has split PEERYCON into two sessions this year. Despite what I said last month, you don't need to play in both rounds to win (but it couldn't hurt). Larry hopes to use the current Dipcon Rating System. Scheduled play with a \$15.00 fee if you pre-register by July 23, or a \$25.00 registration fee at the door. There will be three rounds of Diplomacy (you must play in at least three rounds over the two weekend to be eligible for a prize) as well as various traditional happenings.

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. For details write Pete Gaughan/3121 East Park Row #165/Arlington, TX/76010 or Greg Ellis/700 Rio Grande/Austin, TX/78701

October, 1987 (what day is that, Pete?) is a day of gaming in Houston, TX, hosted by D.O.T.S., Inc or DoTSl.

July 4th weekend 1988 is Dipcon in San Antonio.

See above. The goal seems to be to make a family event out of Dipcon. It should be interesting to see how that works out. How does one find time to play Dip and spend time with one's significant other (unless you are in the same game)?

Larry Peery/c/o Institute for Diplomatic Studies/
 Box 8416/San Diego, CA/92102 (619) 280-7239 publishes The Black and Blue Book, a fairly comprehensive listing of Dippers and related materials. 1988 sells for \$6.00.

Larry Peery (him 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 in to MAGUS and let PRESTIDIGITATION disseminate it for all of us.

This is the not very heralded return of Volunteers From The Audience, a now combination Round Table and letter section. First up, some comments on old business.

Fred Davis Thank you for the copy of your SETI article from MAGUS. It is very well-reasoned. Somewhere else, I also read an article in which it was estimated that the average life of a technically advanced civilization would be no more than 500 years, due to war, exhaustion of resources, or both. Unfortunately, the space travel option appears to come perilously close to the end of those 500 years.

One major hope would be a race with a significantly longer lifespan. I recall one ANALOG serial in which ordinary humans were referred to as "Mayflies" because of our short lifespans. A very long lived species would be less likely to engage in wars, and would have a better perspective on conservation. I predict that if another intelligent species is found, they will have much longer lifespans than homo sapiens.

///// Let's not overlook pollution. War should drop in significance (except as a means of exhausting resources better used in other endeavors) as a killer, the better we get at it. Right now, there are a number of small wars and there is little reason to expect that we will become wise enough to forgo such endeavor, but pollution is rapidly becoming humanity's suicidal technique of preference. The rule I like to follow with war is that the likelihood of occurrence is inversely proportional to the negative effect the war would have on the lifestyle of the leaders responsible for running the war. Thus an invasion of Grenada or 'support' for the Contras is well within scope, but an actual faceoff with Russia is not.

///// Your point about lifespan is very well taken. We are fairly long lived for earth mammals, but there is no reason to believe that a longer lived technological species could not evolve. Attributing greater wisdom to such a species is a bit shakier step, but I understand the self interest premise you are basing it on, and so tend to want to grant it. Still, don't let the poetic appeal of "mayfly humanity" blind you to the reality of entropy. For there to be intelligence, there must be a capacity for change, which implies the existence of degradation. We call it aging. It has to exist. Granted, there may be intelligent aliens with lifespans in the fives or tens of times that of our own, but such are not terribly likely. The longer the lifespan you wish to allow, the less likely it will really exist.

///// Also, they would have to live close enough to us both in time and space to receive our signal and still get to us before we managed to destroy ourselves, to make the contact be meaningful. Again I ask, what are the odds?

Pete Gaughan I've seen all these comments on ETI before - but this time it suddenly occurred to me to ask this: If we were on the receiving end of the current 50 - light year bubble, what would we hear? Just how much is left of radio or TV waves? Could Aliens at Proxima Centauri (what, 6 ly. away?) receive the farewell episode of MASH loud & clear? Or would we be just another 'radio source' like quasars?

///// Proxima Centauri is a couple light years closer than that. Actually, how loud and clear the signal came in

would depend entirely on how large an antenna and how sensitive a receiver they used. The signal will naturally degrade with distance and the quality of the space through which it must pass, but it will essentially be the same signal there as it was here as far as content goes. The chance that they could interpret it as a sound carrying video signal is a lot smaller, but they would be able to discern that the signal was grouped into a fairly tight frequency range, and that similar signals were grouped in other tight frequency ranges. Given our level of technology, they should be able to recognize that our signals are not at all the same as the random frequency ranges of a quasar.

///// The type of signal makes a difference. AM radio signals are long enough to have great difficulty getting through our ionosphere. Most of them bounce back to the earth, thus allowing radio to extend communication beyond line of sight. FM and TV signals are much shorter, and so slide on through the ionosphere with less loss. Off course, just as there is some loss with FM, some AM escapes the earth. The old AM signals were much weaker to start with, and were transmitted in broader frequency bands, and so would be just that much harder for the natives of Proxima Centauri to deal with, but MASH reruns should be lots easier to recognize as technologically generated, even if they might never be decoded as to content.

Pete Gaughan Iranamok - Ronald Reagan approved of the ideas of 1) selling arms to Iran and 2) mustering up help for the Nicaraguan rebellion. He made it clear to all his staff that he was fully behind both of these programs. Whether he ever linked them together (sell arms to Iran & use those profits in Central America) is doubtful. But that's really irrelevant. Neither policy was a good idea (the second one was probably illegal) but he urged his employees to pursue them.

Mark Fassio The Level of Presidential Involvement in the Iran Arms Deal: I think minimal at best. The Pres doesn't seem to do much micro-managing anyway, and like I said in an earlier commentary, the Federal Bureaucracy is THE place you can pull the wool over someone's eyes for a long time, if so intentioned. I think North, if he's the true Reaganophile and patriot he's portrayed to be, would've made sure that Pres Reagan wouldn't be accused of anything, out of admiration and loyalty to him.

Now, some of these other guys, like Gen Secord---I have little stomach for them. Mercenaries and profiteers from the sound of the testimony! Jail is too good for them.

Let's not lose sight of one small thing here---a few years back, leaders were decorating soldiers who did a good deed against Communists (vietnam). Now, one can understand the confusion when the same enemies are there (Communists are Communists, whether they speak Spanish or Vietnamese) and the signals are NOT to combat the spread of the disease. True, one fight was 'legal' and organized and the other covert and possibly illegal beyond belief; I don't deny that. But the US government has a notorious habit of sending contradictory signals, depending on which way the wind blows...doesn't say much for continuity and long-range foresight, hmmm?

Anyway, bottom line for all this disjointed mess: the arms deal and associated Contra thing are SMALL POTATOES. Period. North and Co. did what they thought they should do for American interests, at the expense of others (sounds like Diplomacy, eh?); every nation will always look to its national self-interest at the expense of the altruistic 'world well-order.' In this context, the world is as Hans Morgenthau described it: Realistic where power prevails. Therefore you do what you need to do to get by. The US didn't invent that attitude or lifestyle, and we certainly won't be the last to try it...so what's the big deal?

Someday, somewhere, we're going to have to fess up and fight Commies, I'm convinced of it. I apologize for bellicosity and/or pessimism, but that's how I feel. Better to arm surrogates and thin out the Red Herd before we have to fight them. Cruel? Heartless? Try realistic.

Wow...talk about deviating from the question! I'd make a good IranGate witness, wouldn't I?!

/////This has the feel of an all night bull session over a few six packs. I agree with you that the President was only minimally involved in the Iran/Contra deal. Got to admit that I feel that he is only minimally involved in the entire running of the country. I doubt that he was left out totally. This is such a Hollywood sort of scheme that I'm sure he'd have been pleased with the idea. And let's face it, if you have an idea that would please the boss, you make sure that he finds out about it, if only unofficially.

/////I also agree with your estimation that a big beurocracy is a great place to pull the wool over the eyes of those who should be watching for wool. I'm sure Ollie won't want Mr. Reagan accused of anything, not so much out of admiration for the boss as not wanting to hurt the US. Having your President brought up on charges is not good for the country. Secord strikes me as being an honest sort of crook, in it for Secord first and willing to let his patriotism bend to which ever way the dollar leads.

/////Ollie is not that sort at all, he's your 'Bond...James Bond' type whose dishonesty is all for a higher cause. He lies and cheats for a greater good, a sort of Scofflaw Patriot who knows better than the Congress and the Constitution and the People, and so he decides that he shouldn't be bound by the laws that they set down, because he has this higher knowledge. In his case, he knows (as you seem to) that Communism is 'evil' and that the fight against 'evil' is a 'good fight', and that laws broken in a 'good fight' don't really count. Funny thing, while I admire his strength and dedication, I find that I disagree with his estimation that he knows better than the rest of us how to deal with the 'evil' of Communism.

/////I find that your contention that putting a label like Communist on a person makes him to be like any other person that you've so labeled. I didn't think you were into sympathetic magic. There are Communists and Communists and they can't even agree amongst themselves as to how things should be done (much as there are Americans and Americans). The Sandinistas are Communist, primarily driven into it by the stupid policy we chose of opposition to them when they first tried to establish a government of the ballot rather than the bullet. That does not make of them the same Communists that have evolved in a middle east that has been

at war with foreign invaders (we were only the latest in a long long list) for over a century, nor does it make of them the Communists of Russia with their history of purge and paranoia. And I don't buy your assumption that Communism is a disease. Humanity comes closer to being a disease. Communism is merely one of the many ways that people have chosen to rule other people. Worse than some, better than others (I offer you the rule of Papa Doc as a possible comparison) but not a disease, nor of itself any more or less evil than the deeds the people who espouse it are forced into by the reaction of their peers. The harder we push, the harder they get.

/////I do not buy the SMALL POTATO theory. Selling arms to Iran was a major miscalculation. Until that time there was no opening for Russian warships in the Middle Eastern waters. By selling arms to the enemies of our allies, we convinced some of those allies to start dealing with Russia. Now, we find that Russia has a 'legal' invitation to patrol the Middle Eastern waters. From a wartime strategic sense, the people who pushed the arms sales to Iran should be being paid by the other side.

/////It is true that the more practice you give a people in the art of war, and the more you make of them your enemy, the harder it will be to fight them when the war comes. We are not 'thinning out Communists' by supporting Contras, we are rather, strengthening them for the fight that you tell us is coming. If you are right about that fight, it would be better for us to be making friends now than enemies.

Don Williams As for Volunteers...Glad to see it back. My answers, in order: I would like to talk about the Unknown: metaphysics, ESP, UFOs, astral projection, etc. I think Reagan knows everything about the Iran-Contra Scam. But I doubt we'll ever get a clear picture. Nevertheless, I think he's in up to his pompadour. A couple million - I think the players are law breakers, but weren't completely in it for personal gain perse. No, using the money for cutting the deficit would be better.

Stephen Dorneman What should we talk about? I'm interested in finding out what your readers think about fantasy role playing games; I see that you, Steve, obviously GM a D&D variant occasionally. How much overlap between the two gaming groups is there? (I am a frequent FRPer myself [pronounced 'furper'].)

As far as Iranscam goes, everything I've seen so far leads me to believe that Reagan certainly did encourage the contribution by foreign governments of monies for the contras, and of course he authorized the Iran arms shipments. But turning the arms money into contra funding? That warped bit of genius has Ollie North's dirty fingerprints on it, but not much else. How much money was skimmed by the participants? Lots, but exactly how much we'll probably never know.

/////Daf and I are the only overlap in my immediate group.

Next month, lets discuss Fantasy Role Playing, just to give Stephen an answer. Okay?

1986 A Showtime The Players

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

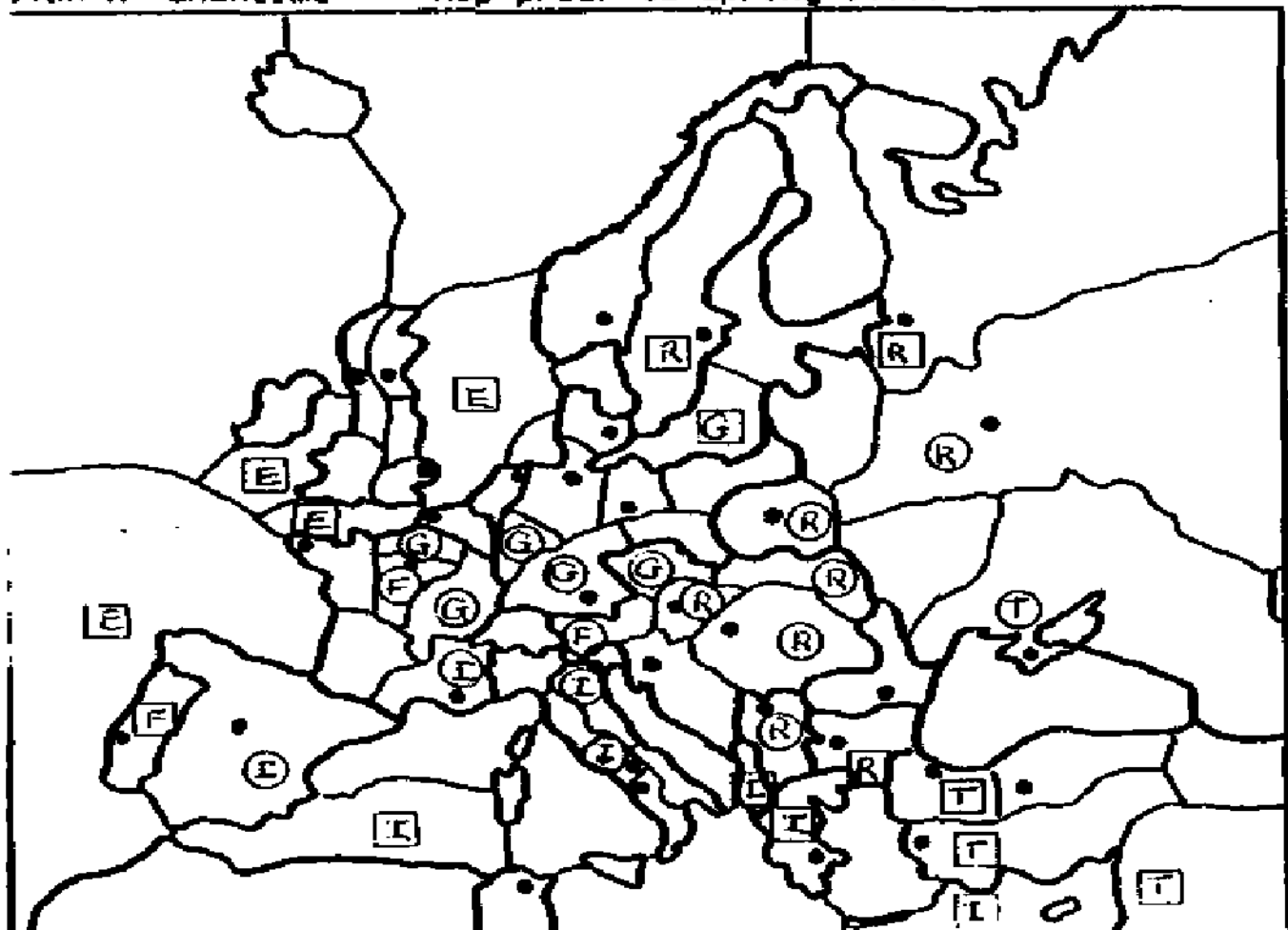
Seasons are separated due to players' request. Lets face it, this is just one of those games.

1986 A Showtime Winter 1905

AUS (John 0)	removes F Aeg; out
ENG (Tom 4)	even; has F MID, F ENG, F IRI, F NTH
FRA (Bill 3)	removes F Gas; has A TYA, A PAR, F POR
GER (Melinda 6)	removes F Pru; has A BUR, A BOH, A PIC, A RUH, A MUN, F BAL
ITA (Larry 8)	builds A ROM; also has F GRE, A MAR, A VEN, F ALB, F EAS, A SPA, F WES
RUS (Don 7)	builds F STP(sc), A MOS; also has A WAR, A BAL, A SER, A VIE, A BUD, F SWE, F BUL(sc)
TUR (Faz 4)	builds F CON; also has F SMY, F SYR, A SEV

1986 A Showtime ZAT for Spring 1906 is August 7, 1986.

1984 A Showtime Map prior to Spring 1906.



1987 CV New Kids The Players

Russ Rusnak 1551 High Ridge Parkway,
Westchester, IL 60153
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
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(714) 523-7274 (h) (213) 239-0899 (w)
Marshal Linder RD3, Box 218, Carmichael Rd.,
Owego, NY 13827 (607) 687-5444

Please note COA for Russ, and phone numbers for Ron.

1987 CV New Kids Spring 1901

AUS (Russ 3) F Tri-ALB, A Bud-SER, A Vie-TRI
ENG (Don 3) F Lon-NTH, F Edi-MWG, A Lpl-EDI
FRA (Lee 3) F Bre-MID, A Par-BUR, A MAR S A Par-BUR
GER (Jeff 3) F Kie-DEN, A Ber-KIE, A MUN-Sil
ITA (Bob 3) F Nap-ION, A Rom-APU, A VEN H
RUS (Ron 4) F Stp-(sc)-BOT, F Sev-RUM, A Mos-LVN,
A WAR-Sil
TUR (Marshal 3) F Ank-BLA, A Con-BUL, A Smy-ARM

1987 CV New Kids ZAT for Fall 1901 is August 7, 1987.

1987 CV New Kids PRESS

DUCK to SAGE: So...this is what the western half of the board looks like...I'm not used to seeing Switzerland's western alps. Please advise.

GM to DUCK: Sure, and get a reputation for helping you play. No way, Ducky.

RUS to GER: If you won't respond to my letters, maybe you'll espond to my envoys?

GER to RUS: You asked for it!

ENGLAND to GM: As far as changing the name of the game, I'm of no opinion. Still if it goes to a vote, how about "New Fiends"? (Hey, just thought I'd mention it.)

MARSHAL to GM: "New Kids" is a great name - it makes me feel young again!

LONDON to GAME: In the far corner, wearing the yellow trunks and weighing in at 3 dots, the challenger, Marshal 'Killer' Linder! And, in this corner, wearing green trunks and also weighing in at three dots, Bob 'Slaughterhouse' Slossar! Gentlemen, we're by the Magus of Queensbury rules. Your referee, wearing the red shirt and trowsers, Russ 'Random' Rusnak. Take it away, Russ...

GM to DUCK: let me interrupt for a moment while Russ is gathering his thoughts...

ENGLAND to ITALY & TURKEY: Don't look at me, guys...I'm staying out of it this time. Good luck.

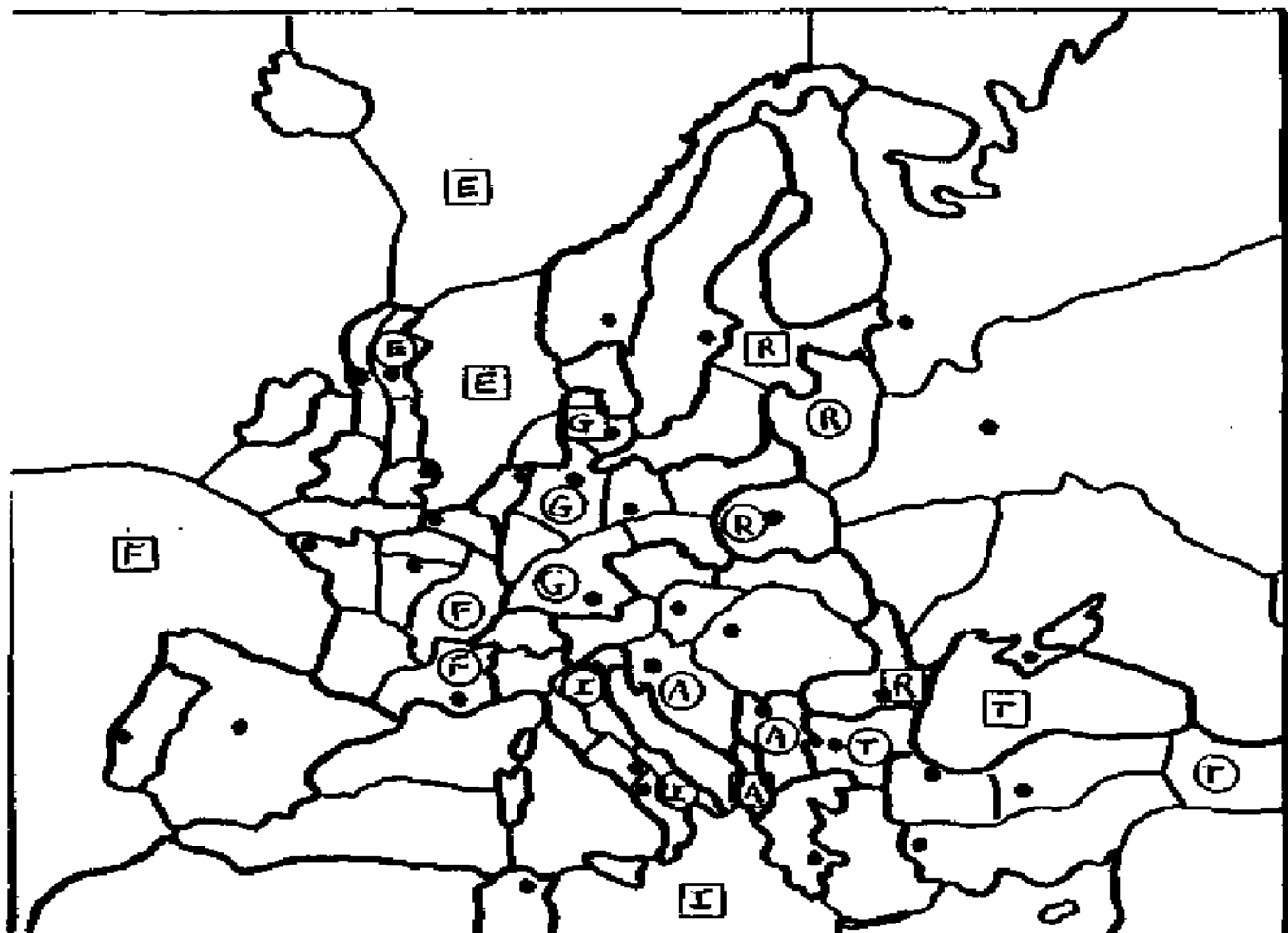
GM to ENGLAND: Has there ever been an Italian/Turkish alliance against England before?

RUS to ENG: The Queen isn't really a dyke, just wishy-washy and indecisive in her correspondence.

GM to RUS: That's ducky, not dyle, and he is foot!

1987 CV New Kids

Map prior to Fall 1901



ENGLAND to RUSSIA: Remember, Norway is the long, skinny one, and Sweden is the shorter fatter one. A gentle reminder from Englanders for a Peaceful Solution to Sticky Problems.

GM to RUB & ENG: I seem to detect a certain lack of respect for each other that can only lead to hard times ahead.

VATER-ENTE: Tut mir sehr leid - dein deutsch ist sogar schlechter wie meins. Du kannst das word 'du' nicht benutzen in diesen satz.

GM to DER SPIKENZIE FOOLENERDINDER: Between your lack of penmanship skills and my lack of German, we do not a team of translators make.

GM to RUS and ENG: See, a little respect and a gentle touch.

GMS to GM: That's a good formula for dealing with a woman, too. At least for openers.

ENGLAND to GERMANY & FRANCE: So, what did you two decide? You'll both be glad to see that I, at least, kept my bill clean. Hope you both can say the same.

GM to ENG: Closer, but it still needs work.

GMS to GM: I thought you said you weren't going to help Don.

GM to GMS: What makes you think that this is helping him?

MARSHAL to DON: How about you - does the name make you feel young & innocent again?

GM to MARSHAL: Don is more the young & naive type.

ENG to AUS: Got any beer? You want my help, it'll cost you a beer or three.

GM to MARSHAL: See what I mean? Imagine asking Ruzhak if he has any beer. How naive can one get?

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 Kohaan 13517 Agua Dulce,
 Castroville, CA 95012
 GER Bob Slossar 14 Buck Hill Rd., Huntington, CT 06484
 ITA John Huestis 4525 Cameron Rd.,
 Shingle Springs, CA 95682
 RUS Richard Hurley 341 Wolf Creek Rd.,
 Brass Valley, CA 95949
 TUR Larry Botimer 13833 11th St. NE #3,
 Bellevue, WA 98005

Will Kathy Caruso of 29-10 164th St., Flushing, NY 11358
 please submit standby orders for the Austrian units?

1987 AL European Style Spring 1902

AUS (NMR 5) A VIE H(u), A BUD H(u), F GRE H(u),
 A SER H(u), A TRI H(u)
 ENG (Marshal 4) F LON-Eng, F NTH-Den, F NMG S A NWY, A NWY H
 FRA (Rick 5) F BRE-Eng, A Par-PIC, F Por-SPA(sc),
 A Spa-GAS, A HAR S TUR F Say-Roa(imp)
 GER (Bob 6) F Ber-KIE, F Kie-HOL, A Mun-BUR, F DEN-Nth,
 A Hol-RUH, A BEL S F Kie-HOL
 ITA (John 4) F Nap-TYH, F Tun-NAF, A PIE-Mar, A VEN H
 RUS (Richard 5) A Mos-SEV, A UKR S A Mos-SEV, F BUL(sc)-Bla,
 F SWE-Nwy, A STP S F SWE-Nwy
 TUR (Larry 4) F Say-AEB, F Sev-Bla(d/r RUM), A Con-ANK,
 A ARM-Sev

1987 CV New Kids ZAT for Fall, Autumn and Winter 1902
 is August 7, 1987. Don't forget that
 you may write all sorts of conditional orders, provided only
 that the conditions precede the conditionals.

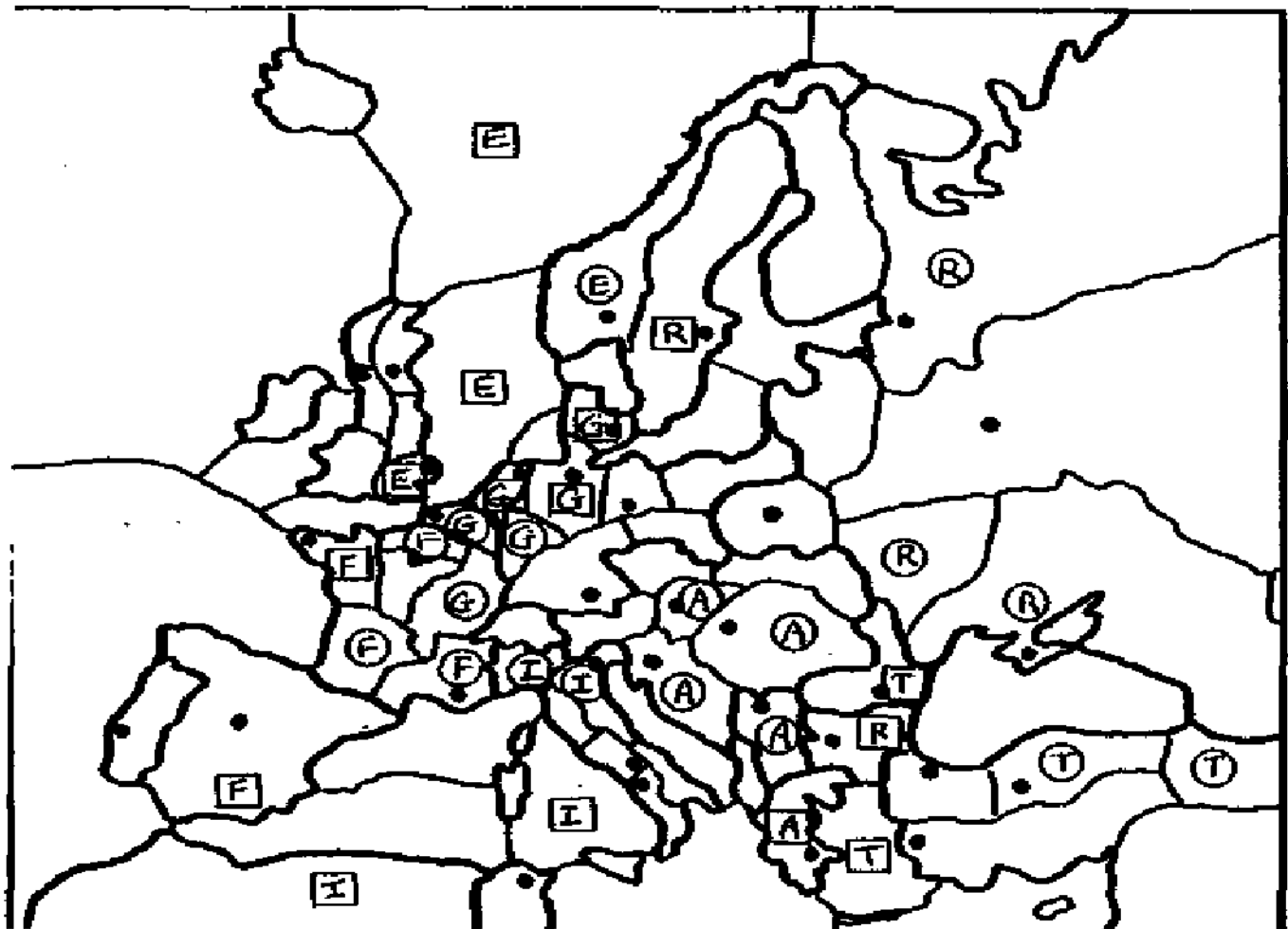
1987 AL European Style PRESS

Mr. Williams to SCHMUCK GM: Since when did you descend to
 the practice of player-bashing? I mean, I'm just browsing
 through ol' MAGUS here, minding my own P's and Q's, and then
 I see something like, "Wait until...then you'll understand."
 I mean, what kind of pantywaste crap is that? I'd expect it
 from Winner, but from you? Egad...you just never know when
 someone is going to turn on you.
 SCUMMY GM to GUEST PRESSER: Talk about imprecision. I'm
 considering a petition to have them recall your degree.
 In the first place, that was GM bashing, not player bashing.
 For there to have been player bashing, you would have to be
 a player. If you were a player, this would not be guest
 press. Get your facts straight! And what is this "I mean,"
 crap on every other sentence. If that's what you meant, why
 didn't you say so in the first place. Not that what you said
 and what you next said you meant had anything to do with one
 another. Do you really know what you mean?

I was responding as honestly as I could to a player
 question. Let's face it, Don, if you were not charming,
 witty, and one hell of a nice guy, you would not be a GM.
 No one would play in your games based on your ability to GM
 alone. You are not only slow but you are inaccurate!

1987 AL Euro-Style

Map prior to Fall 1902.



LARRY to RICK: Heed the GM's advice re Don Williams. Wait to get in a game with him.

DON W to RICK: Tell you what, pal; you don't go mouthing off about "my equipment", and I won't tell anybody about your complete and utter lack of game.

GM to RICK: So I lied about the 'charming and witty' part. I only exaggerated about the 'hell of a nice guy', honest.

SAY SOMETHING NICE ABOUT DON W. CONTEST (A.K.A. MISSION IMPOSSIBLE) to RICK: We've received your entry, so far it's only one, but the contest doesn't end for some time.

ALIAS SMITH & JONES to DON W CONTEST: Don Williams is one of the nicest, most intelligent and conscientious people I know. Further, he's a great player, a super press writer, and a gifted lover and dancer. It's just a shame people like Bob Olsen can't leave good guys like Don alone. No, they rant and rave and carry on, soiling Don's good name and his sterling reputation. It's pitiful what some individuals like Bob Olsen, will do out of spite and envy. I mean, just because Bob Olsen has a bumper sticker on his car that reads, "Support Mental Health, or I'll dismember you!", why, isn't that reason enough to support good ol' Don? Hell, yes. Don is the salt of the earth in my book. (There, I win. Send me the candy.) (You know me, Socrates.)

GM to ALIAS S&J: I mean...I've told you about this before, Don. I mean...is a signature of sorts. You wrote the above and tried to get away with signing poor Soc's name. You are hardly deserving of the prize, considering your dishonesty!

ALIAS S&J to SCHMUCK GM: Maybe, but I should win it on imagination and merit alone.

GM to ALIAS S&J: Imagination, maybe, but merit and neatness count against you. Besides, the contest isn't over until the fat lady sings, and Kathy hasn't even started warming up.

LARRY to GM: The sad voice of experience speaks, eh?

PRUSSIA: Gawd, no wonder Steve interrupts his press efforts to chase you. His most boring press must come after you've exhausted him!

TURKEY to FRANCE: No, we didn't bounce in Iceland. I suggest while everyone is mucking about in Europe, we pick up Chad and the Sudan. I'm writing to some obscure army colonel in Libya to see if he'll help me by invading Tunis and putting a "death line" into the Ionian.

RICK to DAF: Yes'm, Ma'am! I understand. I been a baraa-d boy! For my punishment, how about thirty lashes? (Oboyoboy!)

LARRY to BOARD: I'll meet anyone over someone else's dead body!

TURKEY to ITALY: If you ever do feel like writing, don't hesitate. Give in to the urge!

LARRY to BOB & MARSHALL: You two have a thing going?

SOCRATES the DUCK to LINDER & SLOBGAR: You two just don't seem to be able to get enough of each other. I hope you enjoy it or something.

TURKEY to RUSSIA: Care to dance?

ST.PETERSBURG: The Tsar wonders if, perchance, he has wandered into a gunboat game by mistake. Where are all the diplomatic pouches bulging with lies, distortions, innuendos? Where are the impassioned harangues, the false bon homie, the indignant denials? "What," His Majesty asks rhetorically, "is Diplomacy without diplomacy?"

SULTAN to BMS: You can be sure I'm in 'hot' pursuit of Fatima! The shrieks from the harem must mean I'm getting closer to all the fun. She's been reporting back to Moscow. Egads, perversions and random executions and all that fun stuff going on and I might be missing out on it.

FRANCE to ITALY: Can we talk? Keep beating your head against Western shores, and you're stuck with 4 for a lo-o-o-ong time. a 7-unit Austria doesn't bother me. How 'bout you?

TURKEY to AUSTRIA: My, are you the verbose one!

PARIS to REYKJAVIK: A small fishing trawler of Portuguese registration, claiming to be a corvette of the French Navy, is heading your way with the professed intent of carrying the European War to greater heights of glory in the name of France. We disavow her claims. Her true intent is to violate Icelandic fishing zones. You have our permission to spank her, and send her home. ("Monsieur du Bouillabaise, do you really think they'll believe that?" "Why not, mon President? It worked before.")

TURKEY to RUSSIA & AUSTRIA: Are you two aware that if you reduce me to two units I will resign in favor of Fessio? Do you know what this means? I can't think of a better revenge!

FRANCE to ENGLAND: Requests to enter the Channel are to be addressed to Paris, not Turkey. You didn't touch third base - go back. Do not pass GO. Do not take Channel. I guess this means I lied to you. Ask Daf to give me thirty lashes.

ANKARA to MOSCOW: The Blessed of Allah are about to invade you from Afghanistan! We have established friendly relations with the Mullah of Kabul.

GM to PRESS: I've got a bit left over for next month.

New Kids Bourse

Company Name	Acronyms	Dollars	Standing
Organization of Generally Rotten En	OGRE	\$0.96	233
Wicked Investments Network	WIN	\$0.59	221
Bond	BOND	\$0.00	220
Gold Brick Money Systems	GBMS	\$435.00	220
Liars Sneaks and Deceivers	LSD	\$555.00	220
Sick Little Man Co.	SLM	\$107.50	220
Divested Unified Corporation of Koo	DUCK	\$510.00	220
Ivan Bo-Diddley	IBD	\$0.00	215
Flybynyte Co.	FBNC	\$250.00	215
Generic Multinational	GM	\$0.00	215
Finger Licking Good	FLG	\$0.00	215
Bald Undertakers of Paris & Rome	BURP	\$250.00	212
Harry & Hairy Ape Inc.	H&HAI	\$3500.00	110

Country	AUS	ENG	FRA	GER	ITA	RUS	TUR
SC Count	3	3	3	3	3	3	4
Shorts open at	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00
WIN	500	0	0	0	0	0	0
GBMS	500	0	0	500	500	0	0
LSD	500	500	500	500	500	500	500
SLM	250	0	0	0	250	0	0
DUCK	500	0	0	500	0	0	500
OGRE	500	0	0	500	500	0	0

New Kids Financial News

GM to BOURSE: Some of those names went beyond the field length I'd set up for company names. If you want your name changed to something shorter, let me know next month.

OGRE to LINDY: Listen, if Financial Advice XXV Zzzzz gives you any more trouble, you just let me know, y'hear? I'll smash him into Bakko bits!

FLG to GAME: I've never tried a full-blown flyer before. Let's see if I can recover from the insanity.

GM to FLG: You still haven't tried a full-blown flyer.

FLG to GM: I know, I know, it's too late for the likes of me.

SLM to BOURSERS: Our economic research division shows that technical analysis should be used in the early going, but by Fall 1902, smart investors should be firmly switched to fundamental analysis.

GMS to SLM: You wrote the Kentucky Fried press last time, didn't you? Boring!

LSD to WORLD: Let's see just how high we can get before we come crashing down.

GMS to LSD: Words to live by?

WICHITA to SACTO: Your new printer looks really good. Daisy wheel, right? Now if only you can teach it to underline. Say, how does it do on the old strikeover-the-word joke?

GM to WICHITA: I just ///ed your entire question.

Country	AUS	ENG	FRA	GER	ITA	RUS	TUR
Bourse opens at	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00
WIN	0	3000	500-	500-	500-	500-	500-
IBD	3000	500-	500-	500-	500-	500-	500-
H&HAI	500-	500-	500-	500-	500-	500-	500-
FBNC	0	250-	500	500	500-	250-	250-
BOND	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
GBMS	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
GM	500-	3000	500-	500-	500-	500-	500-
LSD	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
SLM	0	200	200	400-	0	0	0
DUCK	0	500-	500-	0	1500	500-	0
FLG	500-	500-	2000	500-	500-	500	500-
OBRE	0	2000	0	0	0	0	500-
BURP	250	250	500-	0	0	250	500-

Bourse closes at 0.90 1.57 0.92 0.56 0.67 0.75 0.52

Sales limit set at \$25 next round.

Final closing 1.18 1.56 0.94 0.76 0.85 0.77 0.62

New Kids Bourse Current Portfolios

WIN	1000	3713	500	500	500	500	500
IBD	4000	500	500	500	500	500	500
H&HAI	500	500	500	500	500	500	500
FBNC	1000	750	1500	1500	500	750	750
BOND	1000	1000	1000	1000	1000	1000	1000
GBMS	1000	1000	1000	1000	1000	1000	1000
GM	500	4000	500	500	500	500	500
LSD	1000	1000	1000	1000	1000	1000	1000
SLM	1000	1200	1200	600	1000	1000	1000
DUCK	1000	500	500	1000	2500	500	1000
FLG	500	500	3000	500	500	1500	500
OBRE	1000	2671	671	1000	1000	671	500
BURP	1250	1250	500	1000	1000	1250	500

More New Kids Financial News

NOTCB to GMS: Congratulations on your graduation. It's always easier to look for a job when you already have a job.

GMS to NOTCB: Now if I only had some experience.

GM to GMS: What about that time we...

GMS to GM: Not that kind of experience, silly.

IVAN to RUSSIA: You will be my special favorite (us Ivans gotta stick together) but for right now, business is business.

FLG to BOURSERS: OK guys, watch out for those conglomerates. They ruined the last Bourse, let's not let them get a toehold here.

GM to FLG: Conglomerates? We don' need no steenking...

OLSEN to ALL MAGUS SUBBERS: I would like to apologize for the wretched quality of Atrocity Exhibition last month. I just wasn't ready for it. Also, and as long as I'm at it, I would like to apologize to you all for the wretched quality of Flat Bellum, every month, except when it doesn't appear, in which case it scales heights of brilliance never before seen.

GM to OLSEN: This must be a better month for you.

SLM to BOURSERS: Anyone for a side bet that England and Turkey don't get together to bang Russia.

OLSEN to EUROPEAN STYLE TURKEY: I saw what you said, and boy, I'd be absolutely furious about your calling me a wimp...but I'm sure it's all a misunderstanding, right sir?

GM to OLSEN: Way to put that wimp basher in his place, Bob.

SLM to ITALY & AUSTRIA: Don't let the financial markets lack of support sway your moves toward world dominion. We must, however, bet the historical trends. I'm sure that you understand.

IVAN to GM: I like the new rules, particular the loosening up of maximum sales levels. This will be very conducive to panic selling in later years, and where there's panic selling and panic buying, there's a vulture like me. Since the max escalates by rounds, it's to the bourser's advantage to encourage the players to get as many split seasons as possible, right? Oh if only Don Williams was GMing this game! We'd be up to 1000 per season by the end of 1902!

GM to IVAN: Yeah, but you'd have no idea about which countries to invest in, since you'd never know for sure what they owned, or if the moves printed were the ones sent in.

FLG to DIPPERS: Keep them honest with those sharp knives. Let's see plenty of blood.

SLM to BOURSE: Our political analysis division gives a diplomatic innovation index of 89 to the Duckmaster and a conservativity index of 85 to Italy. Turkey comes in with a blinders index of 91. Place your orders accordingly, and send for more relevant advice.

GMS to SLM: Do we want high or low? I'll give them an 82. They have a good beat and are easy to dance to.

BOND to BOURSE: The strongest players in the field are running the weakest countries. Would you like to wager on an Austro-Italian draw now?

GM to BOND: Did you buy lots of Italian and Austrian currency? Ever hear of putting your money where your mouth is? Secret agent types...all talk.

IVAN BO-DIDDLEY to BOURSE: I'm looking for a way to get some inside information on this game, and start to corrupt it. Anybody got any ideas? Hey Williams, will you take \$5 to throw this puppy to Austria? (Or were you already planning to do that?)

GMS to IVAN: I'll bet the SPCA would like to get a hold of you. After all, if they won't let drunks throw dwarves, what makes you think they'd let ducks try Trans-Atlantic tosses of puppies. You're scum Ivan. Poor defenseless little puppies.

OLSEN to GM: You missed the most obvious reason of all for the lack of contact with interestellar civilizations. They've heard we have Don Williams.

GM to OLSEN: Oh no you don't. How did they hear that we have Williams? I suppose BEMS told them, huh?

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 Pustilnik 140 Cadman Plaza West, Brooklyn, NY 11201
 Jim Burgess 100 Holden St., 3rd Flr Lft,
 Providence, RI 02908
 John Huestis 4525 Cameron Road, Shingle Springs, CA 95682

1982 CH The Aliens' Game Summer 1922

ITA F Spa(sc) R GOL

1982 CH The Aliens' Game Fall 1922

AUS (Steve 3) A BUD S A RUM, A SER S A RUM,
 A RUM S ITA F BUL(sc)
 ENG (Jeff 13) A Lon-YOR, A Gas-MAR, A BUR S A Gas-MAR,
 A STP-Mos, F SPA(sc)-Gol, F Nwy-NTH, F Pru-Bal(neu),
 F BOT-Stp(sc), F MID-Wes, F NAF S F MID-Wes, A MUN H,
 A RUM S A MUN, F Kie-HEL, F LVN H(u)
 FRA (Mike 1) F POR-Spa(sc)
 ITA (Jim 11) A Alb-GRE, F ION S A Alb-GRE, A BOH-Gal,
 F IYH-Wes, F TUN S F IYH-Wes, F GOL S F IYH-Wes,
 A Tri-VIE, A TYA S A Tri-VIE, F BUL(sc) S AUS A RUM,
 F CON-Ank, F Mar S F BOL(dgr PIE,DTB)
 RUS (John 6) A Gre-Bul(d;anh1), A ARM-Ank, A UKR-Mos,
 A SEV-Rum, A GAL S A SEV-Rum, F BLA S A SEV-Rum

1982 CH The Aliens' Game Winter 1922 SC Chart

AUS	Bud, Vie, Ser, RUM	+0; even
ENG	Hone, Den, Bel, Swe, Kie, Bre, Nwy, Hol, Par, Ber, Mun, STP, SPA, MAR	+3; builds 3
FRA	Por	+0; even
ITA	Nap, Rom, Tun, Con, Spa, Gre, Smy, Mar, Ven, Bul, Tri, VIE	-1; removes 1
RUS	Mos, Stp, Ank, Sev, Rum, War	-2; removes 1

1982 CH The Aliens' Game ZAT for Autumn and Winter 1922 and Spring 1923 is August 7, 1987.

1982 CH The Aliens' Game PRESS

DOORMAN to Dr. BOOB: You know, this puppet routine's not so bad. The only problem is whenever I go to move my units, I feel this urge to cough.

L.L. to DOORMAN and Dr. BOOB: Cochise can tell you how crabby I am first thing in the morning, and that's when I scribble my press. That's why it's called "cross-pressing"!

AUS to FRA: Nyaah, nyaah. My dad can lick your dad. Given the obligatory coating of chocolate first, of course.

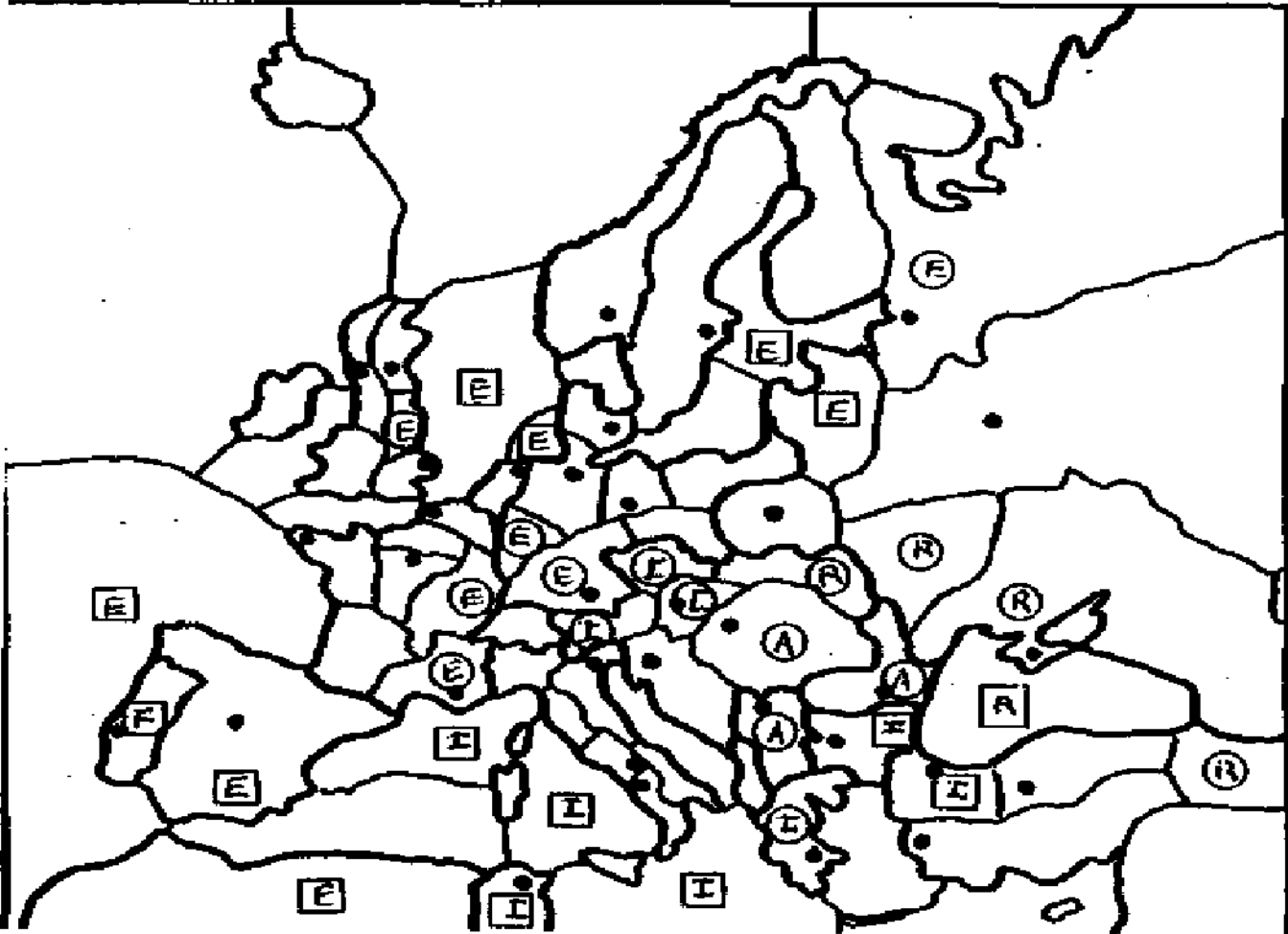
GMS to AUS: Now we are getting into my kind of fantasy. Why don't you dip yourself in chocolat and come up and see me sometime.

GM to DOORMAN: Now look what you've done. More chocolate.

DOORMAN to GM & GMS: Did I see you at ORIGINS? If not, why not? And if I did, did we have a good time there? (Ah, the joys of temporal dilation.)

GM to DOORMAN: No, you didn't see us at ORIGINS.

GMS to DOORMAN: You didn't see us because of the good time you were having.



The Melniboné Herald

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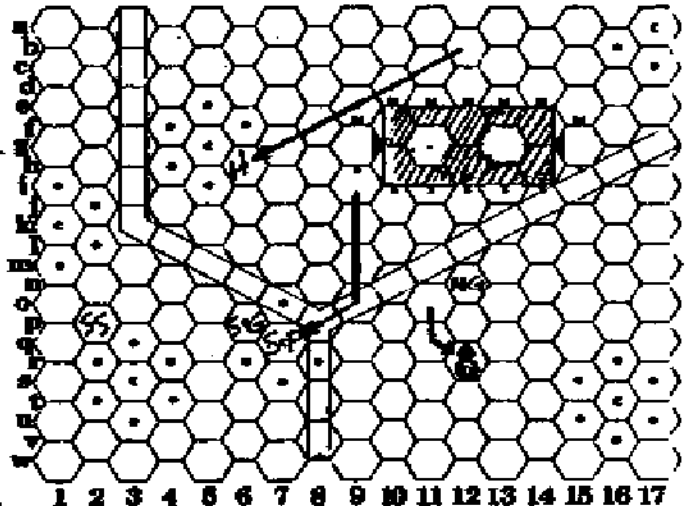
TURN TWO: A MISSILE GAP

Segment One--This time, Muscles Galore (Tom Hise) nmsr! Daf is visibly disturbed by MG's paralysis, and she laces his face with a Rattle-snake to wake him. Heimdall (Bruce Geryk) and Snow Grench (Bob Baker) are setting up for the next round, but Sass-squat (Tom Hurst) isn't going to wait that long--he heaves his Dirigible at SG while the target is collecting one himself! Smuggpuff (Jeff Zarse) runs up behind SS to prepare for

Segment Two--and Daf decides to grab the now-abandoned snowman. With MG still napping and Heimdall still moving, there are just not that many targets available, so Sassy plasters the Grench again. This time, though, it's got its consequences; Snow Grench tosses his bomb at SS, and hits. That's not all, though. Smuggpuff is packing a Dirigible. Could it be, that he might...?

Segment Three--Yes! Smuggie, Heimdall, and Sass-squat all attack the Grench at once, while he pastes together another "snow-nuke". Di's just seem to be the in thing--even Daf is collecting one.

For those of you keeping score at home, I've included the colors used for each player on my table-sized Snowball Fighting map.



<u>Segment One</u>	<u>attacked by</u>	<u>Segment Two</u>	<u>attacked by</u>
D attack MG w/rr		move to R12	
H move to E9		move to I7	
MG nmr	D /rr/95/**	nmr	
SG collect di	SS/di/55/**	attack SS w/di	SG/rr/95/**
SP move to Q7		collect di	
SS attack SG w/di		attack SG w/rr	SS/di/45/**

<u>Segment Three</u>	<u>attacked by</u>	<u>Standings: vp/hp sb/di</u>
D collect di		Daf Langley 1 8 1 1
H attack nearest (SG) w/rr		Heimdall 2 9 1 0
MG nmr	{ SS/rr/95/** SP/di/60/-- H /rr/95/** }	Muscles G. 0 9 1 0
SG collect di		Snow Grench 5 4 0 1
SP attack nearest (SG) w/di		Smuggpuff 0 8 0 0
SS attack SG w/rr		Sass-squat 4 7 1 0

Current addresses, with colors

D Daf Langley 2296 Eden Roc Lane #1 Sacramento CA 95825 (red)
 H Bruce Geryk 552B S. Everett #3D Chicago IL 60637 (black)
 MG Tom Hise c/o Gano Center 1815 Gano Houston TX 77009 (light green)
 SG Bob Baker 512 Snipes St. Charles MO 63303 (yellow)
 SP Jeff Zarse Hinman Box 284 Hanover NH 03755 (blue)
 SS Tom Hurst 2686 Richardson Dr Fitchburg WI 53711 (dark green)

DEADLINE FOR TURN THREE IS 1 AUGUST 1987 by mail; phone orders by 12pm 7/31.

Since several players got their orders in by phone (and even some of the mail just made it in), there's not much press this time. Don't you people hate each other? This is Snowball Fighting, you know, and not some nursery-school playtime like Titan, or something...

SS to SG: OK, podnah! Go fer yer guns! What? No ammo? Here, I'll help you out--catch!

Squat to Smuggie: Your turn will come, once you learn to stand up and take it like a man.

Heimdall to Smugpuff: Falling down again, pal? You did enough falling down at Dipcom to last you for awhile. Think it had anything to do with those funny things you were drinking?

SS to SP: Is that yownose, or a snowplow?

Heimdall to Smuggie: Ice cubes?

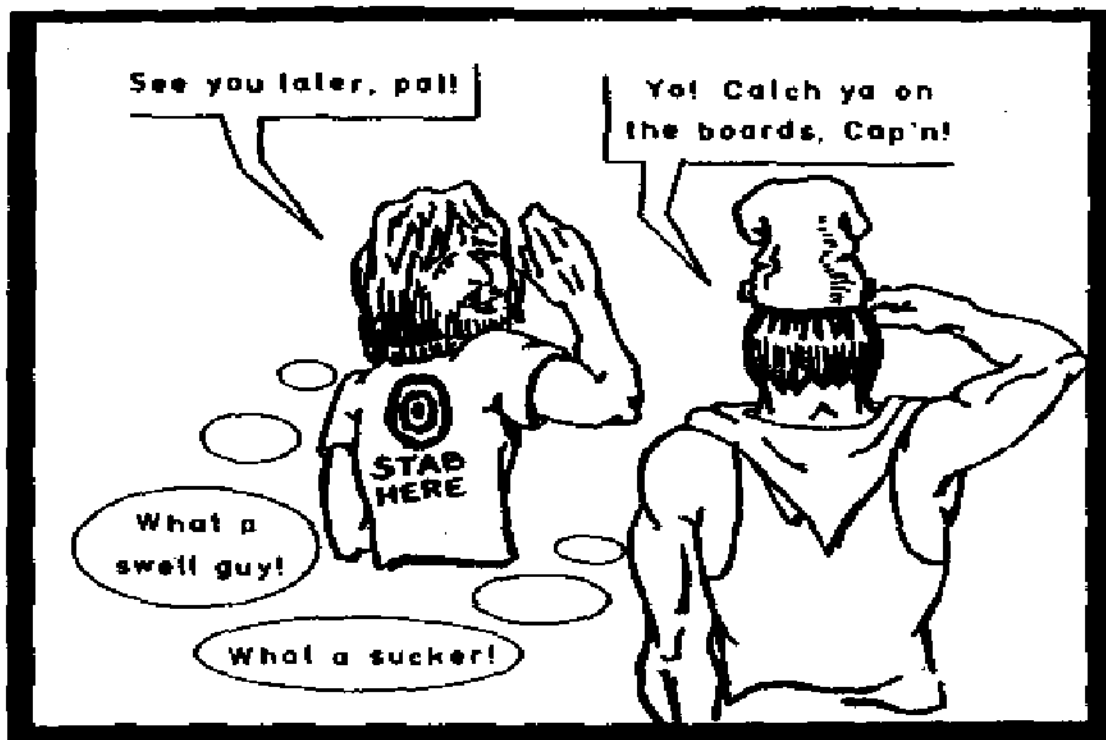
Heimdall to SnowMaster: Ice cubes! Now there's a thought. You can pick them up in the kitchen. They add 10% to all attempts to make vodka gjalets.

SnowMaster to H: But in this game, every attempt to mix a drink in the kitchen succeeds!

Daf to Snowy: I didn't have my mittens on yet. I'm ready now. Where's Greg Ellis?

SnowMaster to Daphne: Sorry, honey, he chickened out from the start.

Sassy to Wize-n-Heimdall: Sneak up behind Puffy and rap him with a Rattler!



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. Barbara Northwood was found, dead. With the arrival of the police, Robert Madison, suspected of her murder, was also found, dead.

"Then, from the time you locked Madison in the vault room until we opened the door together, you were all here, together, in this room?" Detective Braden asked in a soft, friendly voice. It took John Blake a while to realize that there was a question for him to answer. His mind was still spinning, whirling around the guilt he felt over finding Barbara Northwood dead, after slaying her in his mind, and the savagry he'd loosed in striking Madison. Blake had always thought of himself as a controlled individual, able to deal with problems and adversity. Discovering in himself a tendency for panic, a humanity that he neither admired nor wanted to accept, only added to the whirl in his mind.

"Mr. Blake...are you all right?" Braden looked and sounded like a big friendly teddy bear.

"I'm sorry. I'm having difficulty focusing. You wanted to know if we were all together here. Yes, no...I was here. Darlene never left the room, either. Both Larry and Estelle went into the next room to fix drinks. I don't know where Mr. Kemp was. He was with us when we locked Madison in the vault room, but he never came to the sitting room at all."

"Thank you, sir. Miss Kemp, does that agree with your recollection?" Darlene Kemp was looking at John Blake as if there were something curious about him that she was surprised that she had never before noticed. Her expression was one that a student might assume when studying an unusual specimen.

"What, oh, yes. Uncle Larry and mother both visited the cart in the next room. John sat pretty much as he is sitting, now. I was over here. I think father went to the main house to find out about the damage, and to arrange for calling you. You know, father was the only one of us that really had an opportunity to kill Robert, and he's much too smart to have done so under those circumstances."

"You are saying your father could have killed him?" Max Braden sounded shocked, more that Darlene would say such a thing than that it might be so.

"Oh, I've no doubt that father could kill if he wanted to, but I doubt that he'd do it in such a way as to leave himself the most likely suspect, that's all." Darlene's calm delivery broke through Braden's professional friendliness for a moment, revealing the hardened homicide detective that lurked below the surface.

"Then you don't think your father killed Mr. Madison?"

"I don't know who killed Robert."

"I killed him." Estelle Kemp said in a matter of fact voice. "He hurt my baby, so I had to do it..." She trailed off, almost pleading with Detective Braden for understanding.

"That's nonsense. My sister is upset. She's had a little to drink, and she doesn't know what she's saying."

"That isn't so, Larry. You remember, when I went to fill my glass that one time. Well, there wasn't any more Vodka on

the cart, so I thought about the bottle that Kenneth keeps in his office. When I got there, I remembered how that terrible man hurt my baby, so I went in to him. He was just laying there, so I hit him and I hit him. I killed him...he hurt my baby."

"Is that right, sir?" Braden had his friendly pose back again. "Did your sister have the opportunity to kill Mr. Madison?"

"No...she...you may as well know now. I killed him. When Estelle left the room, I thought she had returned to the sitting room. When I discovered that she was gone, I searched for her, finding her with Madison. She did pummel him a bit, then she noticed the bottle Kenneth kept in the vault room. That distracted her. Not wanting her to see me, I hid behind the vault door. After she left, I killed him with Kenneth's paper knife."

"And you did all this while these two thought you in the next room, mixing a drink?" Braden didn't sound as if he doubted so much as was just gathering more information. "How long would you say it took for your sister to find the bottle, and then for you to kill Mr. Madison?"

"Why, I don't know. Ten minutes, perhaps. I did kill him, you know."

"I think you are a dutiful brother, Mr. Prender, but I don't think you are a murderer. And, much as you seem to admire your father's cleverness, Miss Kemp, I think you have misjudged him on one count. I think he was capable of committing a crime, with only himself as the most likely suspect."

"Do you, Detective Braden? And this is what I pay taxes for? Kenneth Kemp's sudden appearance in the doorway took them all by surprise. "A Detective who won't look beyond the end of his nose. I'm sorry to disappoint you, but from the moment we left Robert in the vault room, I was with the staff, trying to undo enough of the damage to get word through to you, and then working to put the rest of the house to rights.

"You heard my wife say that she hit Robert. Did she say anything about stabbing him? Did she mention that he had already been stabbed? Or do you think she made the whole thing up? Ask yourself why she would invent such a story, Detective. Ask yourself when the crime had to have taken place. Then, ask the staff where I was during that time." Kemp's usual snarl was reduced to a soft sarcasm that dripped contempt for Braden's performance.

"I intend to question everyone before I'm through, Mr. Kemp. And when I have, I'm sure that we will have enough facts to sift through so that the explanation for these crimes will come out. In the meantime, if you don't mind, I have a few more questions to ask here." Braden's professional friendliness was showing more than a bit thin.

"I told you father was too smart to be the killer!"

"Thank you, Darlene. I wonder that I was such a poor father to have deserved such a harsh judgement from you."

"Poor father!" Estelle Kemp's usual while was gone.

"You were no kind of father at all! You let that beast come into our house. You encouraged him! You would have let him marry our baby! He killed her. He hurt her. I hate you!" The rest was lost in wails and tears.

"Mother, I'm here..." was all Darlene could say, and it wasn't enough.

(conclusion next issue...whodunnit?)

Atrocity Exhibition



I've held my peace for a long time now, but finally it's time for me to speak out on one of the biggest farces it has ever been my disgust and displeasure to know about. I know that what I have to say will ruffle some feathers (which perhaps badly need ruffling) and cause all sorts of Controversy, but I can no longer sit back and pretend that everything is just dandy, that this grotesque farce has any slightest resemblance to fairness or honesty of any sort. So if what I have to say offends you, tough. If you can't take it, that's just too bad. If some people want to blast me for daring to open my mouth, be my guest. This is still a free country and I'll say what I please.

Got those little yellow Junior Legal Pads ready?

Some time ago I started playing in Steve Langley's "Thump 'n' Grunt" postal wrestling league. This being the case, and since I hadn't seen any Professional Wrestling since childhood, I decided to do some research on this matter, and so I began watching the All-Star Wrestling on TV (this circuit runs all the way from Tulsa on the south to Hutchinson KS on the north...virtually a national network). As the result of several weeks spent watching this program, I have come to entertain some grave suspicions.

For example I observed a recent match between Bulldog Bob Brown (350 pounds, ugly, mean, bald, former champion) and Hustler Rip Rogers (240, long blond hair, pink tights and cape, cheater, bully, coward, PA system plays "Hot Stuff" when he enters the ring) accompanied by his valet, Brenda Britton (uglier than Bulldog Bob, blond, carries purse filled with foreign objects). During the course of this contest, I observed Brenda to pass something (probably a tear gas canister) from her purse to Hustler Rip, something which he secreted in his trunks. Later, when Rip lay in agony on the mat and Bulldog had grabbed Brenda and was spanking her while screaming, "If you think she's ugly now wait till I tear her clothes off!", Rogers suddenly produced said foreign object, squirted it in Bulldog Bob's face, and pinned him while he lay blinded and helpless. Meanwhile, the referee, who had been accidentally knocked unconscious earlier in the match, belatedly woke up and counted Bulldog Bob out. Later, while Bulldog Bob was explaining to the announcer how he had been defeated through cheating, Hustler Rip got Brenda's purse again, knocked Bob down, and painted his face green.

Frankly, and I hope I don't appear too cynical here, I

can't help but strongly suspect this match was fixed. Call it suspicion, call it paranoia, but I can no more believe that Bulldog Bob Brown succumbed to superior wrestling skill than I can believe that a fair and impartial wrestling commission would give a man like Ox Baker, who by his own admission has killed two men in the ring (they were "out of condition"), a three-week suspension for doing so.

The worst of it is that this sort of disbelief and cynicism spills over into other sports. Remember that NBA game where the Celtic clobbered the Detroit guy and no foul was called? The announcers said, "The ref didn't see it!"-- but I just went, "Riiiiiiiiiiight! They were probably looking for Brenda!" This downward trend, this corrosive cynicism must end. It's no coincidence that none of my Presidential opponents have seen fit to address this issue (understandable; they're all cheaters, all ugly, and many of them wear pink tights). Therefore I pledge to you tonight---

The first plank of the Olsen-for-President campaign platform:

I WILL CLEAN UP PROFESSIONAL WRESTLING!!!
You can depend on it!

RUTHLESS PEOPLE: 1987-AT WINTER 1901

TOADIES FAIL MORALE CHECK!
INLAND CENTERS SAFE AS EVERYBODY BUILDS FLEETS!

((GM Note: Due to the Austrian NMR last season, Daf's toadies are required to make a morale check. Pete rolls a 5 and fails; Don rolls a 6 and also fails. Sorry...))

Austria (D. Langley, or possibly S. Langley, 3): No adjustments: has F Adr, A Tyo, A Bud
England (Graessle, 4): Builds F Edi, also has F Nth, F Nwg, A Nwy
France (K. Caruso, 5): Builds F Mar and F Bre: also has F Wmd, A For, A Spa
Germany (Burgess, 5): Builds A mun, F Ber: also has F Den, A Hol, A Sil
Italy (Mazzer, 4): Builds F Nap, also has A Ven, A Apu, F Tun
Russia (D. Williams, 5): Builds F Stp(nc), also has F Bot, A Fin, A Lvo, F Rum
Turkey (Baughan, 4): Builds F Smy, also has F Aeg, A Gre, A Arm

COA: GEORGE GRAESSLE, 6651 PERRY ST., HOLLYWOOD FL 33024
Proposal: Believe it or not, an EFGI draw has been proposed. (I suspect this is in the nature of a "provocation") NVR=No on this...

Deadline for Spring 1902: AUGUST 9, 1987. I'll be out of town from July 25th to August 9, so a bit of adjustment is necessary here. But I hate to slow the game up too much...so let's split the difference in the usual wimpy Olsen manner. The F02 deadline will be about 9/5, and the following one back at the first of the month, October that is. Any objections?

((By the way, to reiterate my doubtless shoddy and unethical methods and habits, I can't offer NMR insurance, since I can't guarantee to be around every month to make the calls, and it seems to me more important to be consistent than to be...um...conscientious. And since I didn't call Daf last season, it's too late to start being nice now!

((In other words, get those orders in or else!))

Press

Italy--GM: Cheez, what's with you? Wrong time of the month? ((Alas, my angst and ennui last time was caused by the thought that a certain individual, whom I have worshipped and, yes, toadied to for years, has feet of clay; would, in fact, unfeelingly greet my angst with the sort of boorish, vicious, snide innuendo that...well, never mind.))

Turkey to Frog: Hey, I can't eat the duck. He's not fried yet. Until you cook him you'll have to do the eating.

France--Italy: Williams without a prearranged alliance is like you without a broad!

Turkey to Duck, Frog and Kitton: Yeah, we're all animals here. Including Supertoad in England. We're all animals compared to Her Loveliness in Austria.

Boob--Sludge: A whole page, all to myself? I don't deserve it. Since I'm slipping in at the last minute again, I'll wait to check out the response to last month's junk. ((Do you consider an embarrassed silence to be a "response"?))

Turkey to Mrs. Caruso: You gonna let Mazzer call you Granny? Hell, he's older?

Granny--Motor Mouth: I'm just a little old lady on her way to visit Pops!

Turkey to England: I'm the strong, silent type. You? You're just the smelly, scumbag type. Or at least, you are as long as you help the Witch of Flushing.

Italy--Austria: I'm impressed! What elan! A full out attack and then you cavalierly spot me one center! I'm obviously up against a true Mistress of Mayhem.

KK--Jerky: You just stay away from me, and I'll stay away from you that way we can avoid the usual fireworks!

KK--Pops: Go for it, the duck will never see ya coming!

KK--Boob: Any enemy of Mushbrain's, is definitely an ally of mine.

Boob--Kitton: This game, I hope, will never reach the depths of the DW Demo game.

Boob--Kitton: The slave is lost. What do I do next? Attack Turkey?

Austria to Dr. Jim Boob: And just how did you con your way into this one, you press mutilator? I was wondering how Olsen could spend so much money on mindless computer games with the oil industry in such sad shape.

KK--Mushbrain: How come every time you see your homeland going down the drain, you infest Austria?

France--Mushbrain: The only one outclassed around here is you--Pops will have no trouble holding his own.

Italy--Turkey: You know, I used to use that opening with Steve Langley as Russia...very effective but the ulcers you wouldn't believe. Don is a different kettle of fish admittedly ((William) as a kettle of smelly low-level

vertebrates...inspired rhetoric, I love it! Do go on...))...much less capable of prosecuting an effective attack if he turned on you...on the other hand, much more likely to stab for no reason.

Turkey to Milady Dahnge: How on earth are we supposed to battle on without you? ((You have to roll a 1!))

KK--Daf: Next time you and your half wit friend go for a roll in the hay why not smack him in the eye with one of your boobs--then we could have a blind deranged quack to abuse! ((I thought Burgess was your toady??...))

Boob--Mushbrain: Pretty amazing, ain't it? The key to the Western Quadruple is a strong France.

Austria to GM: I knew it!! I knew it!! How much did she pay you to betray your sacred vow as a GM to run a fair game? It's a sad day in Dip when a GM can be bought with a few tawdry trinkets and a bottle of cheap muscatel. You are a wretch, Dlsen! ((Where did I ever claim to be honest?

What sacred vow? And what tawdry trinkets (jingle-jingle)? Don't forget--I am the Giant Behemoth of Mind-Rasslin'!))

Daf to Golden Ones: Fear not, my sweeties, I have not forgotten you. It was that wretch we call a GM. I knew Kathy would get to him, but I thought it would be in a strategically more delicate season. Of course, with Kathy's finesse, I'm not really surprised.

Daf to Kathy: Thought you'd pull a number right here at the start, eh? Well, we're on to you now and any more mysterious NMRs will be sent to the attention of the BNC, the KGB, and the AFL-CIO!!! ((Wait a minute--I am the KGB!!!))

France--Mushbrain: I sure hope Steve took over, as he won't feed you his centers, and without Mommy Daf's generosity you should stay in the corner with your dunce cap on!

Steve to Bob: Pretty cheap way to get me to write press. ((You were expecting maybe a bribe?))

Kitton--Boob: Your toady application is on file. However, since Honey has "Head Toady" all locked up, I suggest you become #2 toady. Then you could try harder.

KK--Boob: Good thing Pops "The Dotsnatcher" wasn't in Tyrolia or you never would have gotten away with that.

KK--Motor Mouth: Just think, if you had played as wild and crazy as the Boob--you'd now have Trieste! ((Consummate geniuses never play wild and crazy!))

Steve to Bob: Do I have to be on the Duck's and Pops' side or can I toady to Kathy? ((Just do what comes naturally...I always do...))

Steve to Kathy: Not that you need another toady, but if Daf doesn't want the position, I sure don't. ((I can't imagine why--it's such a good one...))

KK--Fiat Bellum: Honey wins games all by himself--he doesn't even have to hold on to Daf's apron strings. (("Games"??))

KK--Honey: This game does have a Miller Number right?? I mean this is quieter than any gunboat game I've ever been in. ((That's because you always cheat in gunboat games!))

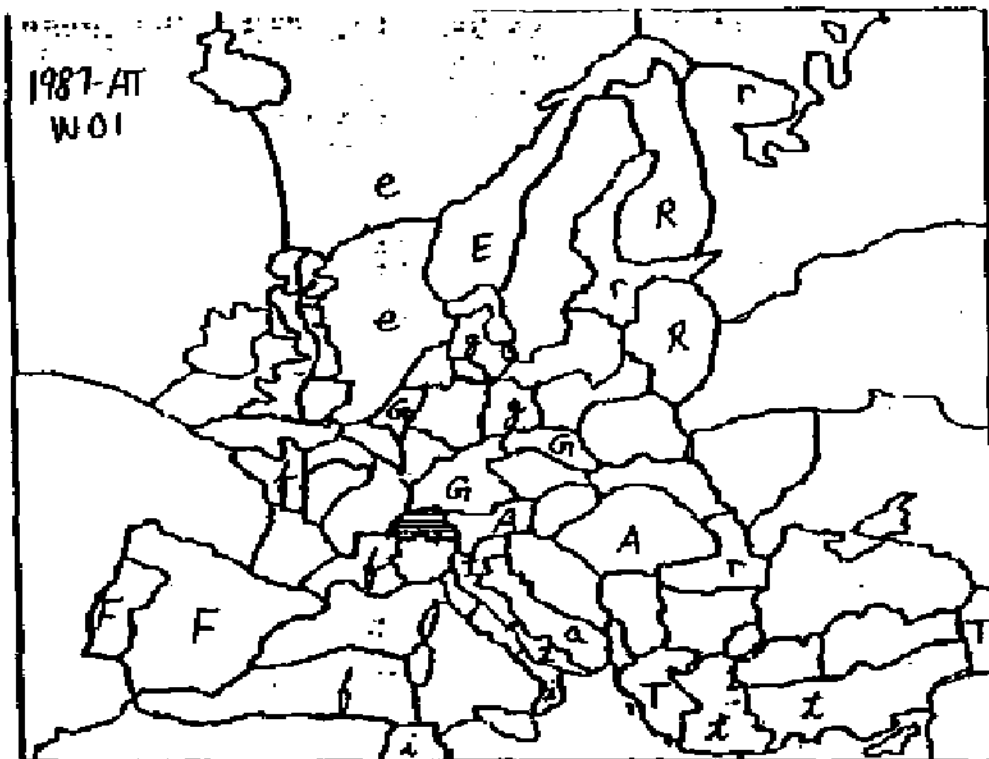
Austria to GM: You'd better shape up and fly right, or I will personally call this game to the attention of the Covenant Committee and have them assign an impartial observer to drive you nuts make sure that the game is run correctly.

KK--Honey: With all your good intentions, how come your

games always suck? ((I dono...must be the company I keep...))

Boob--GM: Don't worry, I really do blame my late order submissions for tacking my press on at the end, but just for the hell of it, why don't you explain why your word processor does not allow you to mix it in with the rest. ((Wait a minute, didn't you just answer your own question? It came in at the last minute; I didn't have time to weave it in. Oh by the way, I'm now running a new desk accessory called Trash Basher 91 which deletes all miscellaneous ravings and mindless trash, so you can just forget about press from now on...))

KK--Honey: I better stop here--this game is putting me to sleep! ((Nighty-night...))



Coverage—
I love it!
Vote for ME!!!

It's been hot. And as you know, hot is not one of my favorite things in this world. It's been over 100 degrees for three days now, and it was hot prior to that. One thing is for sure, the new house will have air conditioning.

Speaking of new houses, my plans did not go according to plan. I am still working for Barclay, but only until this Friday. Starting Monday I will be working as a Legal Secretary Temp full time. It will give me the experience I need and I'll get to work in a variety of different offices. It will also allow me the flexibility to go to PudgeCon at the end of August.

This week, however, I am still at Barclay. The teacher I assist, Mrs. Inglett, went to North Dakota this week to attend her parents 50th wedding anniversary. I was left in charge of the classes. Power! I had the grade book, the attendance book, and the key to the teacher's bathroom. I also got to deal with getting the classes ready for their production quizzes, which I had to administer. Believe me, teaching is an ugly job.

I caught a student cheating. He had his functions paper right in front of his test paper. Both myself and another TA saw him cheating. He, however, decided he was going to brazen it out and we almost had a fist fight in the classroom. We've had problems with this student before, but my heart was still pumping adrenaline like you wouldn't believe. I also gave a test to a Word Processing II class that has the cumulative IQ of a beach. In contrast, I have a Word Processing I class that, out of 15 students, not one of them got lower than an 89. I'm so proud of them.

Tonight is Graduation Night. Barclay only graduates every three months. I finished in June, but had to wait until now for the ceremony. We got our cap and gown. It is sort of an electric purple color. I'm wondering if they glow in the dark. If it sounds like I'm down on the cap and gown bit, you're right. However, it was put up to a vote of all three graduating classes and I was outvoted. After a lot of hard campaigning and a lot of bribes, I was named Outstanding Student of the Quarter. I was the only one of the three classes to have a straight A average. How do I know this? Because as a Teaching Assistant, it was my job to type up the Morning Awards list and I was on it. Last graduation's OSQ had the same thing happen to him. I'm giving a speech as well. I've been practicing it on Steve and he thinks it's pretty good. Maybe I'll survive.

We made our reservations with American Airlines to take us to Wichita again this year. Steve has told me that since he has his own computer at home, he won't be as compulsive about playing on Bob's. When I stopped laughing, he insisted he was serious and that I would see. Hahaha. I'll believe it when I see it.

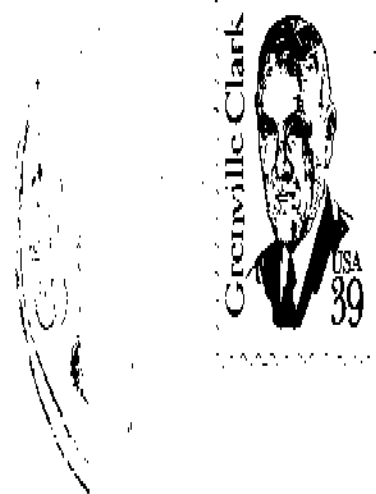


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The Magician, First of the Major Arcana; symbolic of the unknown, the craft of Diplomacy, and human pain and suffering.

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