



She's gone again. Daf got a job. That means I get to do more of the typing. Get to? Well, anyway, welcome to EXIT STAGE LEFT, the part where we say goodby.

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

EXIT STAGE LEFT	(the afterword)	page 1
PATTER	(the magician expounds)	page 2
PRESTIDIBITATION	(what's going on around Dip)	page 7
ILLUSIONS	(the games, of course)	page 9
FIAT BELLUM	(Don Williams' subzine)	page 25
ATROCITY EXHIBIT	(Bob Olsen's subzine)	page 29
HARE OF THE DOG	(Daf's MAGUS subzine)	page 33

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 Botiaer, Andy Lischett, Rick Kohan, 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.

Do you suppose I could have figured out a way to work the other three days into that?

Steve's Dip Crises story will be continued and finished next month. When you have to hit a multiple of four, you have to be flexible. Daf wrote that part last month. She didn't exactly lie. It's just that we came out to an even page count again (with a small bit of press left over) and I don't have four pages of wrapup for the story. I have a murderer. I have a detective. I think I'm a bit thin on clues. Tune in again next month.

There is still a game opening. I think I'll just start it up when it fills. The original plan was to wait until the end of The Aliens' Game, but I sort of hate to make you wait.

Mark Luedi! Are you interested in the game? Russ Rusnak. Russ says he only reads the parts where his name is mentioned.

Hey, Bob, I have an idea. Lets hold the next Pudgecon in the middle of August with no Holiday. We'll just name a weekend Pudgecon, take off the time as vacation, and we won't conflict with anyone else. If we start the campaign now, we might even get Kathy there. The Bad Boys of Dip had enough fun to make it again. Think about it.



I'm really a terrible person to depend upon when it comes to memory. Someone at Pudgecon signed up for the new game. Now if I could just remember who. So far, I am only counting Larry Botimer, Mike Pustilnik, Garret Schenck and Steve Emmert. If you have asked to be in the game and I have misplaced you, please ask again. No game fee, but you must sub to MAGUS to get the results.

If you got a check with this issue, it isn't because we are folding the zine or cutting your sub, it's just that the NMR sub fees are being returned.

So much for business, Lets get on to the Pudgecon VI report. Counting one cat, one fiancée and one unborn child, there were eighteen people at Bob Olsen's house over Laborday Weekend, and Pudgecon was saved. Once again, Bob had a good enough time and turnout to consider doing it all again next year. The date has not yet been set.

Daf and I worked out our timing so that we would arrive at the airport with fifteen minutes to spare, and then fooled around for twenty minutes before leaving for the plane. I forgot about the parking the car part and was in the midst of a run to the terminal when along came the shuttle bus that Daf had boarded while I drove from lot 6 to lot 7 to lot 8...finally parking in lot 10. I may have made it to the terminal running, but I might not have lived. As it was, the shuttle bus got us there just in time to walk on to the plane with the final boarding call.

The connecting flight at Dallas was 35 minutes and only two gates away. So even with the Texas sized gates, we had no problem catching the flight to Wichita. Bob's friendly face (the rest of Bob was hidden by a pillar) welcomed us to Pudgecon VI. After a bit of confusion over our luggage (we didn't have any but Bob thought that we had), we stepped out into Kansas for the drive to Pudgecon.

Bob, Daf and I played three handed Cribbage, and despite being the only one of the three knowing how to play, I lost, thus setting the tenor for the weekend. We petted Olga, the aforementioned cat, and talked until Pete and Cathy Gaughan arrived. They had driven up from Dallas. Cathy had just taken a Bronch-Aid capsule (being allergic to cats) and either the drive or the drugs had her totally wired. She slowed down after a bit. Bob showed off his Atari ST. We talked of school and jobs and such, and then, Jeff Zarse, Bruce Geryk and Steve Clark arrived. Picture if you will a goofy looking teddy bear with blond hair and a twinkle in his eye and you have Jeff 'Bubbles' Zarse. Next, picture Martin Short in a Count Dracula persona, that's Bruce Geryk. Then, picture a compact, red headed Hollywood Hero with a firm jaw and a small moustache and you've got Clark. We dubbed them 'The Bad Boys of Dip'.

Bruce handed out copies of Blunt Instruments. Mine came with a check for five dollars. It turned out that Bruce has decided to cut all trades so that he won't feel the pressure of having to publish on a set schedule. The five dollars was for the five issues of MAGUS he's received since the previous BI came out. I returned the check to Bruce as a sub to BI and was a bit disappointed that he didn't return it to me as a sub to MAGUS. I'm sending him this issue as a sample. Maybe he'll change his mind.

Bruce was telling us that Mark Frueh and Nancy Irwin would be along later. Mark had tried to derail their arrival by having them spend the day with him in St. Louis playing Titan. After all, Pudgecon wouldn't get going until Mark showed up, anyhow. Mark might have been right if they had followed his lead. As it was, Russ Rusnak, John Michalski, Matt Fleming, Don Schleiffler (and if I've spelled that right it is purely a coincidence) all trickled in and a couple of Titan games were history by the time Mark and Nancy arrived. Gary and Ginger Behnen (Ginger with unborn child) and Nayel Yi (Don's fiancée) fill out the list of names. Nayel (pronounced Nile and spelled?) is both very pretty and quite wise. She dropped Don off and left for interests of her own.

While Pete (before Don's arrival) and Don and Russ (with mutual destruction) were winning the Titan games, first Daf and then Bob needlessly ruined Trivial Pursuit for me by getting more right answers than I could. Come to think of it, a night's sleep came in there somewhere, for some of us. The Titan game that ended in mutual destruction occurred, except for the very beginning and the very end, while Daf and I slept. By the time we got back from breakfast, the Bad Boys of Dip, Russ, Matt, and Don were moving legions again.

The second day of Pudgecon was relatively quiet upstairs. We played Circus Maximus, leaving Bob's driver Woody cutting a dead hamster from his badly damaged chariot before he even got to the first turn. That's probably why he won. The only two chariots that actually made it to the first turn both flipped, leaving Bob's disabled chariot as the only survivor in a field of eight. Circus Maximus with Russ and The Bad Boys of Dip is an exciting if somewhat short game. We also played a few rounds of Survive and looked at Bob's computer some more, but mostly we just sat and talked.

Meanwhile, downstairs, the game until you drop crew were trying to determine just whose Titan would survive. Russ and the Bad Boys migrated up and down the stairs as they got out of one Titan game and into others. At one point Bruce complained of Russ, "All you do is sit and drink beer and you never get drunk and you don't pay any attention to the game and you still win." Welcome to the big time, kid.

Picture if you will a neolithic hunting party. There are four, the hunter, the warrior, the shaman, and the clown. With Steve Clark filling two roles, you have The Bad Boys of Dip. Bruce is the intellectual who sees deeper meaning than most, your shaman. Clark is serious and contentious, your

hunter and your warrior. Zarse is the clown. Between them they comprise a complete society. In modern terms they are the Brains, the Brawn and the Comic Relief.

Someone asked where Jeff had come up with Smuggpuff, the name for his horses and his driver at the Arlington Circus Maximus games. The response was that he'd named them for his philosophy of life. Zarse has a talent for making obvious connections that are only obvious after he makes them. The talk turned to reporters dressing to attract the president's attention and Jeff suggested a jacket made out of jelly beans.

Finally, early Saturday, Mark and Nancy arrived. Pudgecon could start. Mark immediately went downstairs while Nancy joined the upstairs crowd. I was barely awake (I'm one of those who rise long before they wake up) but decided that Nancy probably was used to gamers who only speak when there is a game in front of them, and so wouldn't be put off. I was only up because Wichita has only two hours of wrestling a week, and the first hour was nine am Saturday morning.

Between Russ's and my commentary, the incomprehensibility of wrestling became merely confusing to the uninitiated. There were two good matches and lots of bombast and a couple of so-so matches. By the end of the hour, I was awake enough to face breakfast. We had a couple of confused gamers from down stairs who came up to see what all the laughter and cheers were about and couldn't really believe that it turned out to be wrestling.

I guess Nancy got over the first poor impression I must have made because later in the day she asked me, "Why is the value of zero factorial equal to one?" I'm still a bit confused as to how I was selected to field that query. She said that someone downstairs had told her I could tell her the answer. Thank you, whoever you were for your faith. As it turned out, I was able to dredge up enough about the Gamma Function to justify one as the value of zero factorial. Not your usual sort of Pudgecon incident.

Downstairs, Saturday, was Civilization. Gary and Ginger arrived just too late for the game start. Ginger went off to Christmas Shop and address Christmas Cards, while Gary, a game until you drop kind of guy, spent the entire day watching the game. Upstairs we played some more Survive and some more Trivial Pursuit, and talked a lot.

Olga, who had hidden under a chair for most of the earlier Pudgecons made her presence felt at this one. She had two who were allergic to cats and a lot of others who like to pet cats. I fall into the latter set. She did seem to take a fancy to me, too. She was sitting on my lap at one point and I finally had to make her move. My whole leg had fallen asleep. Later, she really made her presence felt. I was petting her and all of a sudden, without any justification, she rolled over on her back, grabbed my hand in her front paws, brought her hind legs up in a curl, and laid open my hand for me. You'll hear from my lawyer, Bob.

The Civilization game finally drew to a close Saturday evening. At least it drew close enough to a close that some of the players left the game. Gary's faith was rewarded as he got to pick up a standby position after standing by for all of the day. Upstairs, we put together a small Dungeons and Dragons game, with Pete and Cathy, Bob, Nancy and Daf as the adventurers and myself as the Dungeon Master. Cathy had asked if I was planning to play D'nD and so I put together a sort of puzzle dungeon just for her. As it turned out, no one but me likes puzzles all that much. Still, it isn't the dungeon but the roll playing that makes the difference. Nancy had never played before, so she put that together with her first wrestling experience and came up with Dusty Rose, a female wrestler looking for her championship belt. Bob played his Hobbit Gabbo, ever on the lookout for a sandwich or an unguarded piece of gold. Cathy played a Valkyrie type and Pete filled in as the Magic User. Daf brought along Sharon, an airheaded Cleric. By the time introductions were over, the group was laughing. Boded well for a good game.

I had a set of puzzles that I'd devised. No two alike in form and all fairly simple (or so I had thought). Luckily Russ filled in at odd moments as a piranha and ghost of some and was able to help out. He'd seen the solution to one of the puzzles on Dr. Who. The evening passed quickly, as such evenings will with much laughter and the occasional puzzled look from the downstairs group.

The dungeon was solved and the plot resolved just about the time exhaustion set in. Daf and I trundled off to bed where I couldn't sleep. There was the obligatory all night bull session going on with Bob, Matt, Russ and Bruce. I got up and listened for a while and then even joined when things started to get quiet. We talked about all the strange people we'd run across in our various games. It turned out that several of us had had similar experiences with some of the same strange people. Finally, dawn insisted on making things light again and those still awake went to sleep.

I awoke a bit after noon and put myself together to go out and watch the second hour of wrestling for the weekend. The timing was perfect in that Sunday's matches didn't start until 12:30. After that and some food, someone suggested Hearts. Daf had never played Hearts and it took her a few hands to work out that you were not supposed to try to take the tricks. Nancy, John, Bob, and Russ and I all took some advantage of her inexperience. Russ was the leader in that game. Possibly because he took the most advantage of Daf.

At one point, Bob was set to Shoot the Moon. Daf took the first trick along with two extra cards. Her face fell when she looked at the extra cards. Everyone at the table, except Bob who hadn't been looking, knew she had picked up some points. I advised her to never play poker for money with anyone older than Lee Paul. Bob proceeded to Shoot. He took all the rest of the tricks and they split the points thirteen thirteen. Daf had taken the Queen on the first trick.

About that time, I was threatening never to return to

another Pudgecon. Earlier, someone had told a story about a gamer who threatened to leave a con and never return if he wasn't allowed to win a game. Since I hadn't won anything all weekend, I decided to try his technique. It didn't work for me, either.

Finally, Sunday evening, when two out of three of the Bad Boys were out of the Titan game, and there were enough of us to make a game of it, Daf and I, Nancy and Bob, Bruce and Jeff, Pete and Cathy, and Don and Matt (Matt was still downstairs at the time) played team Trivial Pursuit. Finally a game where I could have part of a victory. Daf rolled the dice and answered the questions. I only had to even think when she'd get the cute little puzzled look she gets when they ask something about science or comic books (my two strong suits).

We have pictures of the three Bad Boys, wearing their Burger King crowns and sun glasses, sitting on Bob's couch in their ZZ Top pose. Jeff's caption is 'We are the Future!'

The fourth day of Pudgecon drew to a somewhat out of focus close. Russ revealed that he, Daf and I had split three cases of beer between us. I sort of felt as if I might have consumed a case so I didn't question him too closely. Later Daf told me she'd only had two beers. By then, after a final night's sleep, I was able to account for about six or a dozen beers myself, most of them during the all night bull session Saturday. Russ, I think someone must have been stealing your beer.

Monday and time to say goodbye. Nayel arrived, beautiful and awake to find Don in a stupor. Late Sunday night he'd still been putting together a game...any game. Just before they left, he was asking Nancy how she would take it if he came up to play Titan with Mark on one of Mark's weekends home. Game until you drop takes on a real depth of meaning in Don's case. Russ, looking somewhat like an advertisement for a Zombie movie, and the Bad Boys of Dip, looking none the worse for wear (ah youth) took off. Nancy and Mark and Matt and John followed, leaving Pete and Cathy and Daf and me to close out the weekend.

Daf had been certain that I would fall into Bob's computer for the whole weekend. I'd done that very thing the year before. It just didn't happen. Bob showed Pete and me a few more of his games. The Atari ST graphics are astoundingly good. I packed up and rested up and packed up and sat and talked and packed up some more and finally it was time to get to the plane. Pete and Cathy had left a bit earlier, so Daf and I were the final departees.

Our flight to Dallas arrived late, and this time, the gates were the entire terminal apart (I exaggerate...there were a couple gates on each end of the terminal that didn't come into it) so we had to rush to catch our flight, or would have had it been on time. As it was, we got there just in time to load and then set for another 45 minutes waiting to take off. At long last, we did take off and after a short nap, there was Sacramento, our little car, and, a waterbed.

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 BASE 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. Ken is also pubbing Ponteverdia, a Reg Dip games opening list free for BASE.

Robert Sacks/4861 Broadway 5-V/New York, NY/10034 publishes Known Game Openings free for BASE.

Steve Heinowski\c/o Nan Emerich\51500 Portean Rd. R. D. 2\
Aaherst, OH\44001

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.)

Julie Martin/26 Orchard Way N./Rockville, MD/20854 is the other MNC. Julie is the one who signed the covenant. You can get a Miller Number from her, too. Of course, it won't be the same number, but no one is really keeping track.

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.

Simon Billenness\630 Victory Blvd., #6-F\Staten Island, NY\
10301-3521 has taken up the task of running the North 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 Simon, 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 BASE 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, Bere Fara 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.

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 Baughan/3121 East Park Row #165/Arlington, TX/76010 or Greg Ellis/700 Rio Grande/Austin, TX/78701

October sometime

The first Dotsi event in Houston, TX. A one day gaming event. Stephen Wilcox\5300 W. Bull Bank #103\Houston, TX\ 77088-2906\ (713) 820-6038

October 16-18 is the Titan National Tournament

Brian Bouton\Historical Simulation Society\PO Box 485\ Ivy, VA\22945. This is the second annual event. Three days of Titan with three to six player games available. \$10.00 registration fee. Scoring and prizes!

January 1 (thereabouts) 1988 is Dafcon the next.

The new digs have been put on hold, but Dafcon will occur. We plan to have no plan at all. Same until you drop or just show up and have fun. There will be a small Dungeon for the adventurous, and lots of Dafcon chile for the really brave.

June 3-5 is MaryCon

Dick Warner\Dept. of History\Mary Washington College\ Fredericksburg, VA. A weekend of Diplomacy.

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) 280-2239 publishes The Black and Blue Book, a fairly comprehensive listing of Dippers and related materials. TBBB sells for \$6.00.

Since there will also be a 50th issue of Diplomacy World coming up next spring, Larry has started beating the Dip bushes for material and mailing lists. In conjunction with the Black and Blue Book, Larry is asking all publishers to send him their mailing lists and to advertise the big 50th.

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

DW 48	October 15	material to DW by	October 1
DW 49	January 15		January 1
DW 50	April 15		April 1
DW 51	July 15		July 1

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

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

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

1986 A Showtime Summer 1906

FRA A Par R GAS

1986 A Showtime Fall 1906

ENG (Tom 4) F Naf-WES, F Eng-BEL, F Mid-BRE, F Nth-HOL
 FRA (Bill 3) A Tri-Alb(d;anh1); F POR S A Gas-SPA,
 A Gas-SPA
 GER (Melinda 6) A PAR S ENG F Mid-BRE, A BUR S A MUN, A MUN H,
 A KIE-Ber, F DEN-Bal
 ITA (Larry 8) F Alb-TRI, A VEN S F Alb-TRI, A Pie-MAR,
 A TYA S F Alb-TRI, F TUN S F Eas-ION, F Eas-ION,
 A Spa S ENG F Mid-Por(d;anh1),
 F Gre S F Eas-ION(d;r ALB,OTB)
 RUS (Don 9) F Fin-SWE, A Lvn-BER, A SIL S A Lvn-BER,
 F BAL C A Lvn-BER, F Bul(ac)-GRE, A SER S F Bul(ac)-GRE,
 A BOH-Mun, A BUD-Tri, A VIE S A BUD-Tri
 TUR (Faz 4) F AEG S RUS F Bul(ac)-GRE, F SMY S F Syr-EAS,
 F Syr-EAS, A Rum-BUL

1986 A Showtime Winter 1906 Supply Center Chart

ENG Home, Nwy, BEL, BRE, HOL	+3; builds 3
FRA Par, Gre, Por, SPA	-1; even
GER Ber, Kie, Den, Hol, Bal, Mun, PAR	-2; removes 1
ITA Home, Tri, Tun, Spa, Gre, Mar	-2; removes 1
RUS Mos, Stp, War, Bul, Rum, Bud, Ser, Vie, Swe, BER, GRE	+1; builds 1
TUR Ank, Con, Smy, Sev, BUL	+1; builds 1

1986 A Showtime ZAT for Autumn and Winter 1906 and
 Spring 1907 is October 9, 1987.

1986 A SHOWTIME PRESS

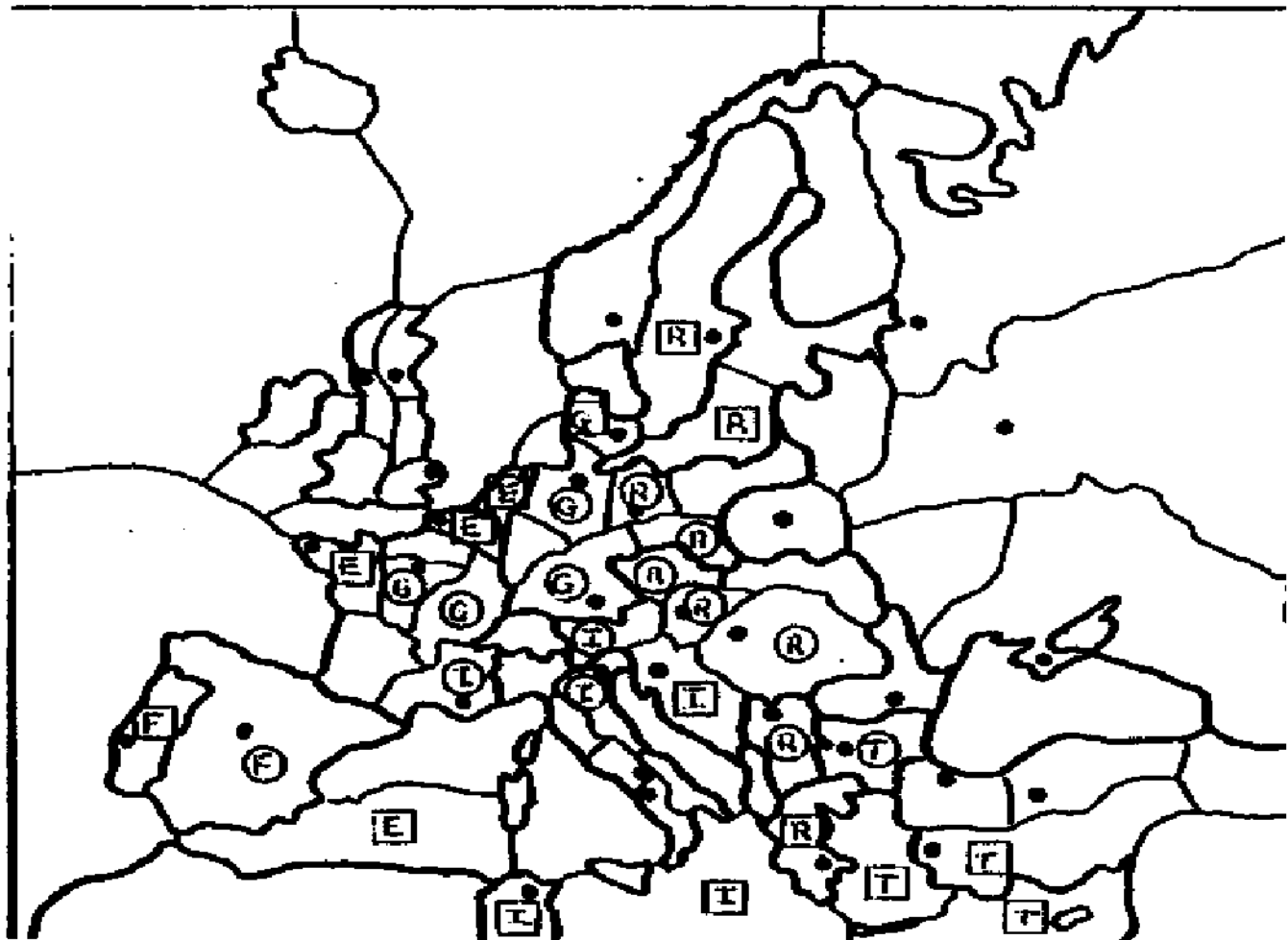
DUCK to FLASH: I wouldn't expect you to understand the finer connotative points of a phrase like "Neener-neener-neener". All things considered, you probably were a glad-hander as a child too!

PROF. RIKKO to FLASH: Upon consultation of "Webfoot's Dictionary of the Duck-Billed Platytoad Language" (a massive volume of 4 pages), one finds "neener" listed only in its triplicate form, which does indeed directly correspond to the English "nyah-nyah, nyah-nyah, NYAH-nah". Two-thirds of its native tongue is usually all this amphi-bird can remember, or pronounce. For your further edification, the majority of remaining entries in "Webfoot's" refer to Nasty-Tingly-Parts, of which this creature has no viable concept.

GM to PROF. RIKKO: Sounds contradictory on the face of it.

1986 A SHOWTIME

Map does not show units in retreat.



BERLIN to MOSCOW: Your intentions are honorable, you say? I say I may have to defend my honor - or have someone else do it.

GM to MELINDA: If you want something done well, tis best to do it yourself. Especially with this crowd.

DUCK to KINGNOBE: Time to put up or shut up, oh King of the Small and Bearded Legendlings. Hast thy warhammer perchance graced the German's skull with a gruesomely glancing blow? The time has come for all good gnomes to come to their own aid and snatch a few dots!

GM to DUCK: How few?

RALPH THE QUASI-PENITENT to MISTRESS MELINDA: Sorry about this, but you know me well enough to know that I'm never satisfied with a subordinate position. I would have stabbed anyone else in the same position also. At least you know that it wasn't personality but position that dictated my move. Don't worry. We're still friends in real life, but here I gotta have your dots! (The real rape comes later, preferably in person!) Have fun and good luck elsewhere, just not on the E/G front here!

GM to RALPH: Sounds as if you've been reading too much Flash press.

RUSSIA to GM: Granted, none of my suits are as strong as Flash's...I sport a more conservative navy blue and, on occasion, a banker's gray.

GM to COMRADE DUCK: Trust you to go navy blue.

CAP'N FAZ to MISS KITTY: Hi, good lookin'! No news from you for a 1-o-n-g while; vacation time, I take it? Hope you're enjoying yourself, and that you've managed to come up with something to keep the Raving Duck at bay. Guard the homeland, and watch all corners, m'dear. Except for me; I'd never harm a hair on that pretty West Virginian head!

MISS KITTY to CAPTAIN FLASH: You know what I need. The Duck only imagines.

GMS to MISS KITTY: And if he knows what's good for him, he'll continue only imagining!

KING RALPH to LUCKY DUCK: The only thing over your head in this game is the manure you've been throwing. Still, it fertilizes the fields of English conquest, so I won't complain just yet. Besides, it still takes skill to toss manure. Just ask any farmer.

GMS to RALPH: Tell me more about the subservient position. Does the lecture come with pictures?

FITCBURG to REDLANDS: Go ahead and publish those pictures of me and the red-head! You can only enhance my reputation! Our GMS already has a tried-and-true lover. Anything else she wants can only be delivered by a true fantasy stud, which those pictures can only prove is me. So go ahead and publish, dude! All you'll do is make it easier for me, if not with our GMS, then with all the others who are just waiting for the chance to find the true Lothario! Just tell them I only make appointments between 6 and 11. Ciao!

TSAR DUCK to KING GNOME: You're a loony!

GERMANY to ENGLAND: Let's finish France now.

GM to GERMANY: The timing may be a bit off just now.

RUSSIA to GM: Who asked you?

GNOME to EVIL EYE: Whatever gave you the idea that I want to take France out? He ain't half cute enough! I'd rather put the shaft to my lady!!

TURKEY to RUSSIA: As Bob Seger would say, "I'm a ramblin' man, I'm a gamblin' man!" I promised Italy et al some nifty move or two, and here 'tis. I understand the interior of Russia is nice this time of year.

MOSCOW to FLASH: I don't mind the temporary stop-over in Sevastopol, per se, but couldn't you have cleaned up the camel dung and used cars you left? And, oh, you left the orange and purple paisley suit at the dry cleaners...care to pick it up, or shall I send it ahead to Rome?

FAS-WHAN WEASEL to the OTHER STALLONE LOOKALIKE: Duck, old chap, really! Offering to show LL your He-BOY underwear is like trying to give a kid an ice cream cone with no ice cream in it...it merely creates more hunger for the real thing. Get real--drive the 100,00 miles one way to work in your Bat-Boy undies and pretend you're after the Penguin (played by R. Olsen) in your Batmobile.

GMS to FAS-WHAN: And just how do you look in your He-Boy Undies? You do wear the stretch to fit, don't you?

SUNDANCE to BUTCH CASSIDY: Who ARE these guys?

GM to SUNDANCE: You can purchase a program. I'm not sure how much they cost.

RUSSIA to WHOEVER SAID THAT: And how much did you pay for that?

GMS to RUSSIA: I'd pay a dollar for that.

RALPH to LARRY: Far be it for me to let this game degenerate into stalemate! There are enough degenerates around here as it is!!!

THE DUCK to KOMAN THE BARBARIAN: Hey, I did say on a bad day, didn't I? And what are you doing reading our press anyway? Hie thee hence, an it please you sirrah! And even an it don't.

GM to SERIOUS DUCK: Stop whining. You invaded his game. Sauce for the duck is sauce for the goose...or somesuch.

DUCKFATHER to GM: Wait, you can't have it both ways; wither I'm a whiner or a gloater. Make up your mind. (What's left of it.)

GM to DUCKFEATHER: Observe the following. I've taken the liberty of labeling it 'Exhibit A'.

RUSSIA to ITALY: What are you talking about? I doubt that I can seriously be considered "greedy". I mean, I'm not the one who went dot-snatching on two fronts at the same time, now am I? Both Turkey and England are doing quite well and while I do admit to grabbing a few centers from Germany and Austria, I would hasten to point out that both of them attacked me first.

(Austria opened to GAL, Germany bounced me out of SWE.)

"Greedy"...nope, don't think so....

GM to GREEDY: A perfect example of gloating and whining all in the same press release.

GERMANY to ITALY: You can help, too!

GM to MELINDA: What do you mean, too?

THE YELLOW ONE TO THE BLUE ONE: Tom, old sot, how goes the war? WHO are you intendent upon, may I ask? There are a lot of targets, my friend. I'll wager you either went for Den or Tun...heck, maybe both! Good hunting, you rascal! Let's see that English muscle flex a bit, wot?

KING GNOME to SULTAN FAZZIZ: Does this answer your question? Actually, I played for this, believe it or not. How else could a four-center, run-of-the-mill country play for something besides mere survival? I had only one shot, so I took it where I could. Only time will tell if I was right. Right or wrong, though, it's better than sitting on my ass doing nothing, don't you agree?

FAZ to DUCK: Speaking of heads, I've seen better on flat beer. Neener, neener!

MOSCOW to FRENCH LEGION: Let's hope the "Gascony Gambit" paid off. In fact, let's hope both gambits paid off, mon ami.

MH to TH: Did you have a good birthday? Mine was good. I saw the newest James Bond movie and got to ogle Timothy Dalton!

GMS to MH: There was a lot to ogle in that movie. I loved Bond, but I also liked the blond assassin. Especially in his swimsuit!

RUSSIAN MARINES, LIVONIA to KAISERESS: From the Russian steppes to the beer hall steps (we hope) Got a little of the warm and foamy for some thirsty lads? Or are you being unsocial?

GM to THIRSTY MARINES: You'll just have to serve yourselves. Miss Kitty is busy trying to get a rise out of Flash.

MISS KITTY to CAPTAIN FLASH: Yes, I know, I'm shameless. So what?

CANDIDATE WILLIAMS to STEVE: Me, a candidate for President? Well,...I guess I could sort of give it a shot seeing as I've nothing better to do with the next four years. If I did become President, I wouldn't have to do anything would I? Heck, I could give 'laissez-faire' a whole new scope!

FAZ to STEVE: Do you think if I whine enough, Don will see fit to call ME "Whinner Faz"? Chortle!

GM to WHIN(N)ER FAZ: From all that I have observed, you're Don's kind of guy. I'd even bet he'll have a job for you in his campaign to become president.

CANDIDATE WILLIAMS to FLASH FASSIO: Mark, wanna write some speeches and stuff?

GM to FLASH: What have you got to lose?

IN-SULTIN' to LEAPING LARRY POFFO: (Nice how I managed to subtly throw in a casual reference to WRESTLING, eh, Steve? You know, the wrestling in which my guy is getting pounded in every event...?) Anyway, Larry, here it is: nothing fancy, nothing spectacular, but something to get the juices moving. Next stop...? I hope you've realized the necessity of turning about to face the real threats, and have thus left us peaceable Turks in, well, peace! (or is that "piece"?)

GM to IN-SULTIN': Better tread warily, you know that Macho Man Randy Savage is Leaping's big brother, don't you? You want to be careful just what names you drop.

MAN IN THE CORNER to MAN IN A CORNER: Bill, you surviving devil, you! Congrats on receiving asylum from "Mr. Wonderful," and may you continue to live long and prosper! I think you MAY get lucky this turn and even recolonize some home turf. If not, no biggie--under "Big Brother", the King of Quack, you'll do quite well. Just don't say you want to be a Duck toady. I admire your play this game!

GM to FLASH: I kind of like that. Could you run up a few of those for Don's campaign? Flashy, but without any real content. I'm sure you've noticed that Don is partial to press that doesn't mean anything.

SUNDANCE to GM: No, it doesn't mean anything, but we rented the movie last week and it was like seeing a couple of old friends.

GM to VOTERS: Just what we need, another president who lives his life out of old movies. I think I'll support Olsen after all. At least he's living out of television.

FAZ to DAF: Bob said there'd be no problem with topless dancing at this year's PudgeCon, except that you'd probably demand some silly sort of "status quo" thing--what's the deal, then? I'm all for equality, and will be glad to let "Win/Pudge" dance in a quid pro quo. Can you line up the Rams Cheerleaders for our part of the bargain?

GMS to FAZ: You should have been there. The Bad Boys of Dip competed in a wet t-shirt contest, and then Nancy, Nayel and I did a strip. I forget what happened next. Maybe a Titan Game, or was it Civilization?

FAZ to LARRY AGAIN: Well, I'm glad you're watching In Search of the Trojan War, and not just "In Search of Trojans". That is the occupation of...well, he knows who he is! Just remember, the Greeks finally upped and left my home area after they accepted our peace-loving terms. Can you do otherwise, good sir?

CLYDE to CORRECTOR: Hey! I donno! I thoughts dat de pulse-antimouse crying and de unsprouting at-rebus behavior was da ting to do. At least I'se be happy! Besides, wimp-pering is part of dipping too! Ask da Caruso! Still, I donno iffing I'se wants to be doin' anythin' to do with pan-ache. Sounds too much like me wife hittin' me over da head wit de fryin' pan to suit me! I get enough 'a dat already, bunky!

GM to SHOWTIME: You heard it here, first. If it goes up it has to be a balloon.

THE PEOPLE'S COURT: In today's episode, the rejected lover, Ralph, sues a teary-eyed, but unrepentant Phenale Philistine for non-support, claiming that she pursued her own way without regard for the proper feelings and territorial ambitions of her long-time partner in crime. While deploring the claimant's criminal past, the judge (no doubt adequately bribed by the petitioner, since the court was held in London) decided in favor of Ralph, citing that the fact that he has languished long enough at four centers is proof enough of the niggardliness of his partner in the division of spoils. An appeal is pending, but will likely be dismissed if Ralph gains a settlement in accordance with his greed, as appellate judges can be bought even cheaper than trial judges, if the cause be just, or in this case, beneficial to the country. The people's will prevails.

GM to RALPH: 'Tis better to give than receive.

KING RALPH to GM: Is this what is known as giving one's lady the shaft? I always wanted to know.

GM to RALPH: That's one way of doing it.

GMS to RALPH: But it's not the way that's most fun.

KING RALPH to GMS: Do I now qualify for being the lowest of the low, a Duck-Toady? I always wanted to one-low Olsen, who, as low as he is, would never do such a thing. Don't you agree?

GM to KING RALPH: I think it would be safe to say that you have been successful in your attempt to 'one down' Olsen.

LONDON to MOSCOW: A Duck-Toady is a Gnome with warts and feathers, a long tongue, and too many bills to pay. Three of the four are uninteresting, but the long tongue makes one perfect Diplomacy player, especially with DAF.

GMS to LONDON: Is that part of the subservient position? It sounds more interesting all the time.

GNOME to DUCK: Always smile when you stab. I learned that much from studying under Kathy the Baglady. You forget that I first learned Dip under her! (She never would let me get on top!) She told me that women like it when you smile as you stab, but we weren't discussing PBM Diplomacy at the time, as I recall....

GM to GNOME: I'd be willing to bet that what you were discussing had very little to do with stabbing. Kathy has a great misdirection technique.

RALPH to GM: I propose that, since we already have "Hobby Holly", "The Gnome", "The Duck", "Flash", and "Bo(T)imer" in this game, we give a nickname to Quinn also. I suggest "Bill the Quill". Heaven knows he deserves it. How else has he survived all this long? How do you all say? Such diplomacy should be rewarded! "The Quill" is it, I say!!! Bill "The Quill" Quinn. Got a nice ring to it.

GM to RALPH: The only way to make it stick is to throw it at him in the press until it catches on.

ENGLAND to RUSSIA: With regard to your remarks to the GM last turn, it is not so much that you do well by Spring 1903, but that you are in a position to do well. Obviously, you must survive until then, but after that, it is what possibilities you have and what you do with them that does the trick. How else could a heretofore second-rate England turn around here? That is the true "name of the game".

GM to ENGLAND and RUSSIA: The real secret is in always doing the best you can with what you have. I've seen a two unit standby grow to the most powerful country in the game.

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 Cadogan 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 Winter 1922

AUS (Steve 3) A BID S A RUM, A RUM S ITA A VIE-Gal (nsd),
 A SER S A RUM
 ENG (Jeff 16) F Edi-NWG, A Lpl-EDI, A MUN-Sil, A RUH-Mun,
 A Lon-KIE, F NTH C A Lon-KIE, F HEL C A Lon-KIE, F BOT H,
 F SPA(sc)-Wes, F MID S F SPA(sc)-Wes, F Lvn-BAL, A YOR H,
 F NAF S F SPA(sc)-Wes, A Stp-LVN, A MAR H, A BUR S A MAR
 FRA (Mike 1) F POR H
 ITA (Jim 10) A BOH-Sil, A VIE-Boh, A TYA S A VIE-Boh,
 F TUN-Wes, F GOL S F TUN-Wes, F TYH S F TUN-Wes,
 F PIE-Mar, F IDN-Tun, F BUL(ec) S F CON,
 F CON S F BUL(ec)
 RUS (John 4) A Sev-MOS, A UKR S A Sev-MOS, F Bla-SEV,
 A Gal-WAR

1982 CH The Aliens' Game ZAT for Fall 1923 is
 October 9, 1987.

1982 CH The Aliens' Game PRESS

DR. BOOB to DOORMAN: I know what you mean. I've done it innumerable times myself. Be assured, your support is most appreciated. Things are very tight at the moment.

GMS to DR. BOOB: I thought men liked 'things' to be tight. There are a lot of women doing clenching exercises based on that very theory.

AUSTRIA to BOARD: Happy New Year, 1923.....!

GMS to DOORMAN: It's nice to see that someone appreciates the effort. Why don't you rustle up a big vat of chocolate and I'll give you a demonstration.

DOORMAN to GMS: I'd take you up on it, but I'm afraid the chocolate would melt before I got to California.

GMS to DOORMAN: If it didn't, I can guarantee that it would melt soon after. We could have a lot of fun, melting the chocolate together.

GM to GMS: Hey, what's going on here? I thought I was the one in your life. Love honor and cherish...

GMS to GM: Did I ever say anything about not melting chocolate?

GM to ALIENS: I can see that there are a lot of loopholes in the marriage contract if you look at it that way.

BOOB to GMS: I just spent half the morning writing eight pages, (single spaced, I'm sparing your eyes) for the Duck and Flick of the Wrist. Sorry, but unless I want to NMR all over, you'll have to fill space with another cartoon this month.

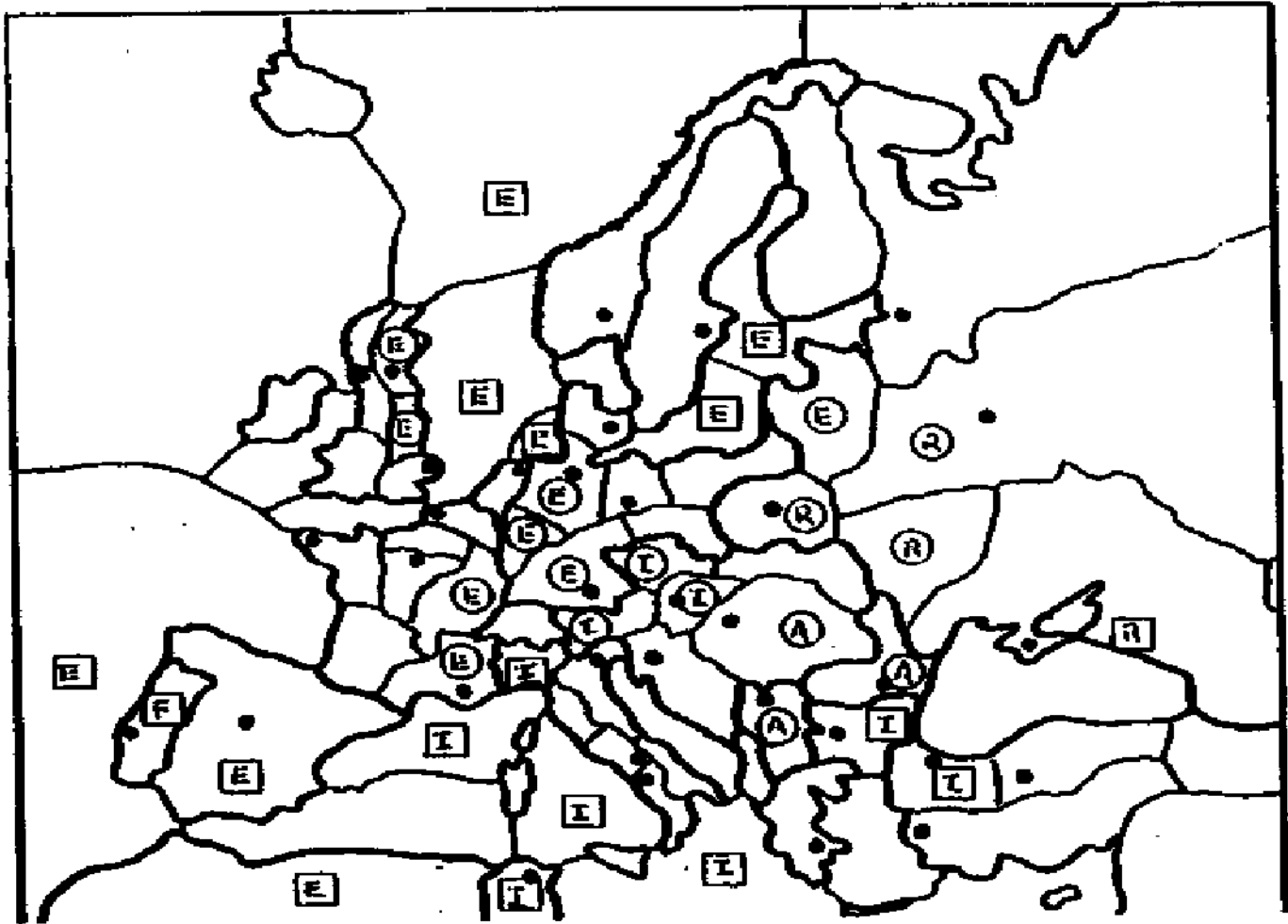
GMS to BOOB: Hey, no problem.

GM to GMS: What do you mean, no problem?

GMS to GM: Shhhhhh! He might hear you.

GM to GMS: Well, I suppose we could put a Dipstick in.


GMS to GM: Better than having one write press for us.



Dip-Sticks *by Ricko*

MAGUS

**Don Williams
Strikes
Back!**



at his critics, with an in-depth article (mainly, in over his head)...
"What...Me Waddle?"

How's this for a "New Look", Steve?

Well, gee Rick, it's great; but... hasn't it already been done?

1987 AL Euro Style The Players

AUS Kathy Caruso 29-10 164th St., Flushing, NY 11358
 ENG Marshal Linder RDS Box 218, Carmichael Rd.,
 Oswego, NY 13827
 FRA Rick Kohman 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.,
 Grass Valley, CA 95949
 TUR Larry Botimer 13833 11th St. NE #3,
 Bellevue, WA 98005

1987 AL Euro Style Spring 1903

AUS (Kathy 5) A GAL S TUR A Con-RUM, A Bud-TRI, A Gre-NAP,
 F ION C A Bre-NAP, A TYA S A Bud-TRI
 ENG (Marshal 4) F LON S F NWG-Nth, F NWG-Nth, F Nth-HEL,
A NWy-Swe
 FRA (Rick 5) F Mid-IRI, F Bre-MID, F SPA(sc) S F Bre-MID,
 A Mar-PIE, A GAS H(u)
 GER (Bob 6) F HOL-Nth, F DEN S F HOL-Nth, F Bel-ENG,
 A Bur-MUN, A RIM S A Bur-MUN, A Pic-BEL
 ITA (John 4) F Wes-TYH, F Naf-TUN, A Pie-VEN, A Ven-ROM
 RUS (Richard 6) A SEV H, A Mos-WAR, A UKR S A Mos-WAR,
F Rum-Bla(d;anh), F SWE H, A SIP-Nwy
 TUR (Larry 4) F BUL (sc) S A Con-RUM(imp), A ARM-Sav,
 F BLA C A Con-RUM, A Con-RUM

1987 AL Euro Style ZAT for Fall, Autumn and Winter 1903
 is October 9, 1987.

1987 AL Euro Style PRESS

KK to RIN TIN: How can you be a good toady when you aren't
 housebroken yet? Get back in your dog house, you flea
 bitten mutt!

RIN TIN TOADIE to MAD MADAM OF FLUSHING MEADOW: Can you
 believe after all that crap in KK I have to put up with "Say
 Something Nice About Don W." press!

KK to SAY SOMETHING NICE ABOUT MUSHBRAIN Contest: It is
 very nice that Mushbrain has decided to leave his brain to
 science. It is not often that doctors get a chance to
 research the cause of brain rot in one so young!

TURKEY to AUSTRIA: I love it! You've got all these boys
 shaken in their boots.

RICK to GM: And where, pray tell, did you ever get the
 notion that you're supposed to have control of the press?

GM to RICK: Just some weird fantasy of mine. Pay no
 attention to it and it will pass.

AUSTRIA to RUSSIA: I'll write you a funny letter as soon as
 Italy acknowledges my existence.

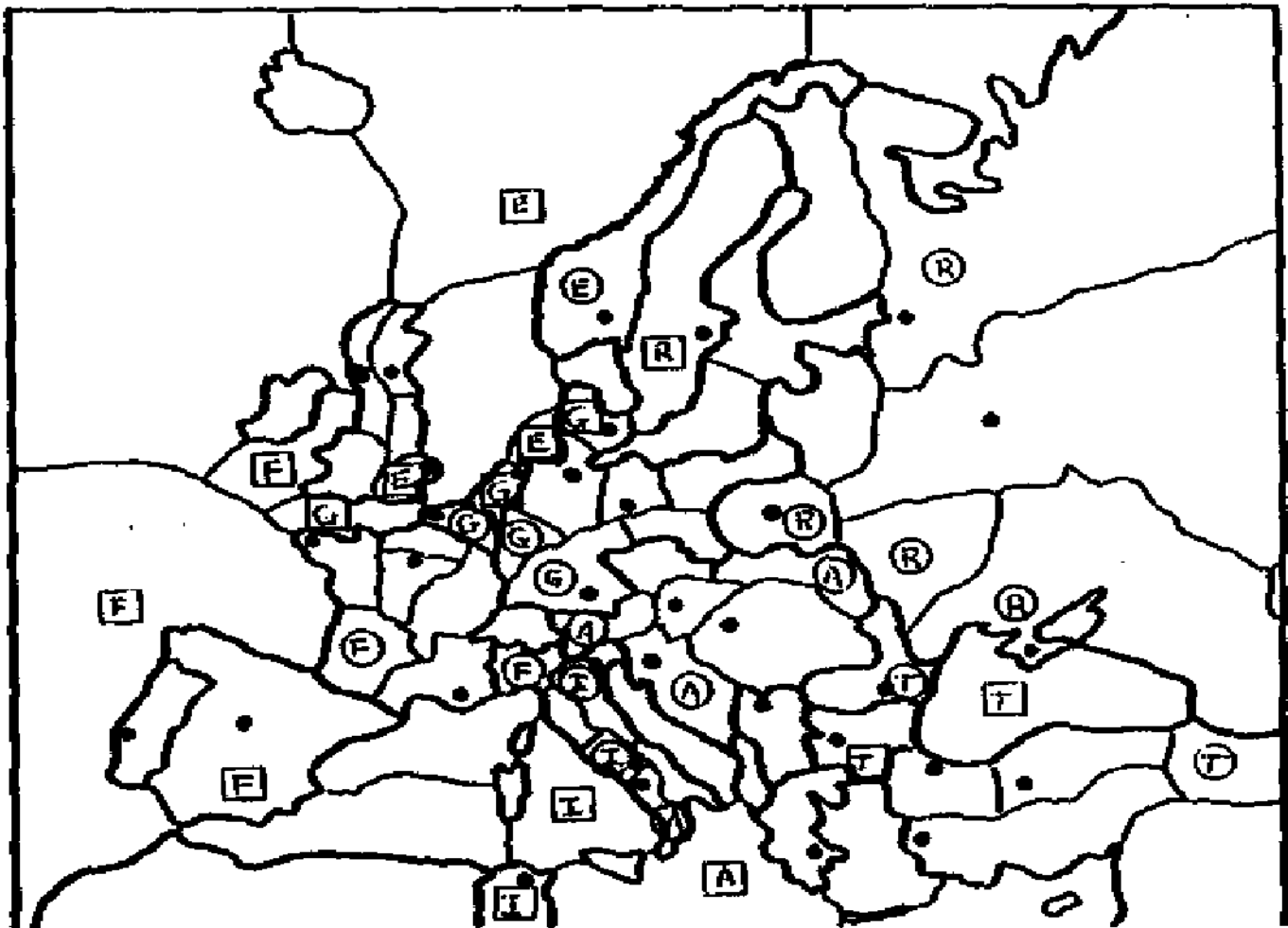
HUESTIS to CARUSO: So what's this? Now you gotta Wop name
 you gotta see the old country? Remember! See Naples and
 Die!

AUSTRIA to ITALY: Just let me know when I've gotten your
 attention.

TURKEY to BOARD: I warned you boys, but did you listen?
 Noooo! You let Hise NMR and now you get what you deserve.

1987 AL Euro Style

Map prior to Fall 1993.



AUSTRIA to FRANCE: I just want you to know that you better be as sexy as you claim! Because if you show up in rome with a can of Chicken & Stars soup and use a VCR to play Gilligan's Island reruns - I will personally hit you over the head with one of HoJo's confiscated bats!!

LARRY to RICK: The trouble is no matter what the GM and I tell you about the pond shitter, he'll end up being worse than your saddest nightmares.

FRANCE to GM: Austria doesn't need a condom. She uses conundrums!

SMYRNA - THE GREAT SQUARE OUTSIDE THE MOSQUE: A hush falls over the assembled faithful, then a voice calls forth from the minaret tower calling those below to prayer.

"Allah be thanked" cries the voice!

"Allah be thanked" repeats the crowd.

"Allah be praised" intones the voice.

"Allah be praised" the crowd responds.

"Kathy Karuso is now in this game" the voice shouts!

"Kathy Karuso is now in this game" the crowd roars in response.

"Allah be praised" sounds the voice of the Mullah.

"Allah be praised" the crowd exults.

"Allah be thanked" the Mullah intones.

"Allah be thanked" the crowd sinks in obseisance towards

Mecca.

GM to Euro Style: I'm saving the rest for next time.

1987 CV New Kids The Players

Russ Rusnak 1551 High Ridge Parkway,
Westchester, IL 60153
(312) 409-0718

Don Williams 1325 E. Citrus Ave., Apt 2-11,
Hollanda, CA 92574

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 06464
(203) 929--6218

Ron Cameron 7821 Bouma Circle, La Palma, CA 90623
(714) 523-7274 (h) (213) 239-0899 (w)

Marshal Linder RDS, Box 218, Carmichael Rd.,
Owego, NY 13827 (607) 687-5444

Lee Ferrier resigns with this set of orders. Will Steve Emmert\PO Box 319\Virginia Beach, VA\23458 please accept the French units in this game? Oh, Steve, I would appreciate your phone number to help prevent NMR.

1987 CV New Kids Autumn 1901

TUR A Bul R DTB

1987 CV New Kids Winter 1901

AUS (Russ 6) builds F TRI, A BUD, A VIE; also has
F BRE, A BUL, A SER

ENG (Don 4) builds F LON; also has F NTH, A EDI, F NWY

FRA (Lee 5) builds A PAR, F BRE; also has F POR, A SPA,
A BRK

GER (Bubbles 5) builds F KIE, A BER; also has F DEN, A MUN,
A HIL

ITA (Bob 4) builds F NAP; also has F IDN, A TIN, A VEN

RUS (Ron 5) builds A MOS; also has F SWE, F RUH, A PRU,
A UKR

TUR (Marshal 4) builds F SMY, F CON; also has A SEV, F BLA

1987 CV New Kids ZAT for Spring 1902 is October 9, 1987.

1987 CV New Kids PRESS

GM to NEW KIDS: NEW KIDS seems to have survived the vote.
ENGLAND to FRANCE: There are some things, I suppose, that mere mortals are not meant to understand. Like what you think you're doing in this game, f'rinstance.

GM to ENGLAND: Regretting that he didn't have the time to play after all. Maybe after his life settles down again.

LONDON to PARIS: "Thank-you"? For what? I lack insight, understanding or intelligence...sounds like we have a problem.

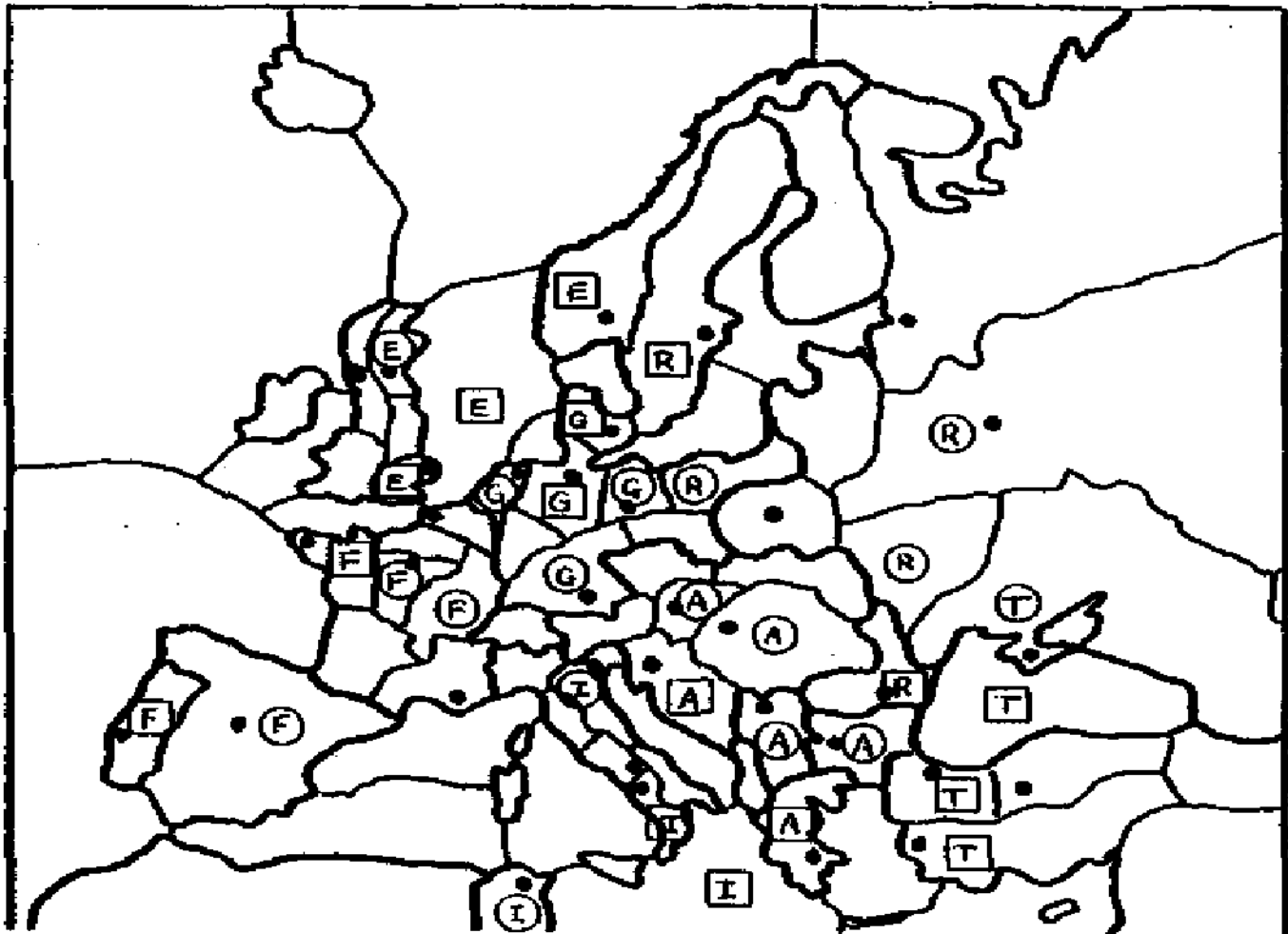
GMS to DUCKLING: Now Don, your lack of insight, understanding and intelligence has never bothered you before. Why has it suddenly become a problem? Just put all that aside for the moment. I have some new outfits I'm just dying to show you.

DIRTY DUCK to GMS: Aren't you going to have to get that bridle reworked or modified or something? This bill o'mine is dear to me and damage could result...and the spurs!

Sigh, I'll try anything for kicks....

1987 CV NEW KIDS

Map prior to Spring 1902



LEW LIMEY KID to GM: I've heard that phrase before, "...student of human nature...". Venessa, too, would qualify in that regard...which might explain why she married me, no?

GM to LEW LIMEY: No.

MOSCOW to ENGLAND & GERMANY: Does my build in Moscow indicate my intentions to you?

SOREHEAD to SORBONNE: "Peace in our time," eh kid? Those economic ties are the ties that bind, and the ties that when broken incite "...diplomacy by other means...".

YOUNG TZAR to GM: Is the Duck crazy enough to build a Fleet in Liverpool?

ENGLAND to AUSTRIA: Well, well, look at you! A powerhouse Austrian in Winter 1901. I thought Ron Spitzer had a monopoly on that. So, what's next? A little sortie into a neighboring country or two perhaps, hmm? Heads up play, there, Russ.

GM to NEW KIDS: Spare us, it's Flash Duck.

MOSCOW to PARIS: Doing anything about E/G...or are they students of yours at the University of Paris??

SUNDANCE to GM: So, tell me; are you sick of the 'bon homme' banter yet or what?

RUSSIA to ITALY & AUSTRIA: Row, row, row your boats!

ENGLAND to ITALY: I heard a rumor of a possible F TRIESTE build. You've got yourself an interesting alliance going, no doubt about it.

New Kids Bourse

Company Name	Acronyms	Dollars	standing
Org of Generally Rotten Enterprises	OGRE	\$1.10	1114
Gold Brick Money Systems	GBMS	\$1.67	1059
Bond	BOND	\$282.00	899
Finger Licking Good	FLG	\$7.12	680
Generic Multinational	GeM	\$5.63	672
Harry & Hairy Ape Inc.	H&HAI	\$190.84	617
Divested Unified Corp. of Kool	DUCK	\$169.45	497
Shady Ladies Union & Snooker Hall	SLUSH	\$2666.76	482
Ivan Bo-Diddley	IBD	\$1263.00	470
Liars Sneaks and Deceivers	LSD	\$1057.75	459
Bad Undertakers of Rome & Paris	BURP	\$1109.50	411
Sick Little Man Co.	SLM	\$910.00	369
Wicked Investments Network	WIN	\$0.59	323
Flybybyte Co.	FBNC	\$1.20	286

Country	ALG	ENG	FRA	GER	ITA	RUS	TUR
SC Count	6	4	5	5	4	5	4
Shorts open at	0.93	1.22	0.99	1.04	0.79	0.30	3.06
H&HAI	0	550	0	0	0	0	0
FBNC	0	0	500	0	0	500	550
BOND	0	550	0	0	0	0	0
GBMS	0	550	550	550	0	0	0
GeM	0	0	300	400	550	0	0
LSD	550	0	0	0	0	0	0
SLM	0	0	0	550	0	0	550
DUCK	0	0	0	0	550	0	0
FLG	550	550	0	0	0	0	0
OGRE	550	550	404	550	550	0	0
BURP	0	0	0	0	0	0	550
SLUSH	125	75	125	0	75	0	0

New Kids Financial News:

GM to WIN: Yer outa there!

SLUSH to WIN: Where were you when the postman went by?

FLG to SLUSH: You want someone really bad, look where I was last season. One can't do too much worse than that.

BOND to FINGER LICKING GOOD: You are a fine one to be talking about manners.

SLUSH to OGRE: Could I interest you in a room with a view or are you happy in your rocking chair?

OGRE to GM: Change my mouthwash? It cost me one hundred dollars an ounce! It's the most expensive "essence of roast human" that I know of!

ENGLAND to GM: Gee, I wouldn't want DUCK to get irritated at using his dateline, just because I've been using it for about four years now. What say we change mine to Sundance here in the Bourse.

GM to SUNDANCE: An amusing if somewhat arrogant dateline for a duck.

FBNC to DUCK: Does this mean that if I am to look for a flyer, I'm to look to you? Pinfeathers!!

Country	AUS	ENG	FRA	GER	ITA	RUS	TUR
Bourse opens at	0.93	1.22	0.99	1.04	0.79	0.30	3.06
WIN	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
IBD	2300	500-	500-	200-	500-	1000	550-
HMHAI	2265	0	550-	550-	0	2715	550-
FBNC	550	550	50-	550	550	50-	0
BOND	800	0	550-	475-	550-	8000	550-
BBMS	475-	0	0	0	475-	14305	550-
GaM	1800	550-	250-	150-	0	5400	550-
LSD	0	0	0	0	0	3000	550-
SLM	550	550-	550	0	475-	0	0
DUCK	2025	0	0	0	0	1000	550-
FLG	0	0	550-	550-	2500	7000	550-
OGRE	0	0	146-	0	0	14728	550-
BURP	1500	550-	500-	550-	550-	1500	0
BLUSH	425-	475-	425-	550-	475-	4525	550-
Bourse closes at	1.84	0.73	0.50	0.58	0.62	6.56	2.34
Sales limit set at 575 next round.							

Final closing	1.94	0.93	0.68	0.71	0.71	6.54	2.49
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New Kids Bourse Current Portfolios

WIN	1000	3713	500	500	500	500	500
IBD	6300	0	0	0	0	1200	750
HMHAI	2265	0	1444	575	0	2715	6080
FBNC	857	7	1207	1957	257	432	1007
BOND	1500	475	450	0	2480	8800	450
BBMS	0	1000	475	3165	0	14628	2615
GaM	2086	3279	0	0	0	5386	3589
LSD	1000	800	1000	1000	1000	3475	1250
SLM	1550	650	2100	600	0	1000	1450
DUCK	2500	500	1000	1000	3333	1500	450
FLG	0	0	1925	80	2481	7956	1950
OGRE	1000	2146	0	475	600	14527	4920
BURP	2750	700	0	450	450	2225	1500
SLUSH	575	0	575	1423	0	5000	2423

23383 11270 10676 11225 11141 69344 28934

More New Kids Financial News

BOND to BBMS: You can't be all that barbaric. I've seen you sipping gin.

FBNC to BBMS: Bug-eyed monsters are not interstellar barbarians! It only describes the audience that Daf had when she entered her last wet T-shirt contest!

OGRE to GMS: So, I can't cover my shorts. Go ahead, penalize me!

FBNC to DUCK: I just don't take flyers, I look for frauds. Then I buy. Who can make money better? (Until they are caught, that is.)

SUNDANCE to DUCK: You're welcome.

GM to SUNDANCE: Gesundheit!

IVAN BO-DIDDLEY FINANCIAL ADVICE PART I: Watch Austria's builds carefully. If Rusnak builds three armies, buy German. If Rusnak builds F Tri, sell Italian. And if Rusnak builds F Bud, sell Austrian.

BOND to AUSTRIA: Impressive. Very impressive.

FBNC to GM: Of course DAF looks beneath the suit to find the man! If he isn't wearing a suit, she tears off whatever he's wearing! So what else is new?

NOTCB to SACTO: You endorsed Williams for President? Is he (legally) qualified to be President? I thought he was just one of those young punks who might just be able to run for the House.

GM to NOTBC: I figure Don will be old enough to serve by the time he's elected.

LSD to GM & GeM: See, the other one went away. Amazing what you can do it you can find your mind.

SLEAZE to PUDGE: I've got your diddley pegged. How about you me? A close look at the standings might provide a clue.

GBMS to BUPR: I would consider it a personal favor if you would change the name of your company to "Bald Undertakers of Rome and Paris" (BURP). Let's face it, we all experience those times when only a good belch can adequately describe our feelings. Like right now!

LSD to GMS: You're collecting men named Herb? Did I ever tell you that I was named after my great grandfather Herb(edos B) St. Aubin? Really, that's no joke.

GM to LSD: So much for anonimity.

FBNC to LSD: The size of bouncers nowadays has only to do with DAF's bra size, nothing else.

BEN to WORLD: No luck, the noisy ones pay the rent, the quiet ones don't. I'm going to have to move again.

IBD to RUSNAK: I was the only one who believed in you. I was the only one who knew that the true value of a man is not the extent of his obnoxiousness but rather the color of the blood on his knife. And now, I indulge in a veritable orgy of profit-making. I can do that, you know. I'm a crook.

LSD to GeM: No press, ever? You obviously don't understand the game.

G(e)M to GM: Righto. It is indeed most amusing that I never write press. Will it not be even more amusing if I write my non-press as "GM"? I thank you in advance for changing my dateline back to "GM".

GM to G(e)M: That only works if you never write press.

OLSEN to GMS: I'm willing to consider you for that Supreme Court slot. Let's hear you do "Baby Love".

SLM to GM: Well this rule on limiting the number of units traded sure does make it difficult to dig out of a deep hole.

GM to SLM: You should have seen how hard it was before I changed the rule.

SLUSH to SLM: Your wasting your time here when you could be making big money cleaning toilets.

FBNC to FLG: Don Williams is a good GM. Of course, it takes six months or so to correct his mistakes, but he always admits to them. That's better than the tyrants who keep their games on time and shaft you!

GM to FBNC: That sounds pretty painful, but the real bad guys are the ones who shaft you and run their games late, too.

FLG to OGRE: Stop looking at me like I'm your next meal, you ugly brute!

CANDIDATE OLSEN to GM: I really think you should re-think this Williams for President thing. You know what Don is like. Can you imagine his first press conference? It might go something like this:

"Before we start I'd like to clear up a few mistakes I made during my inauguration speech. First of all, my name is Don Williams, not, as I mistakenly said, Larry Bo(T)imer. Also, this is the United States of America, not the United States of Armenia. Speaking of Armenia, Woody is Secretary of State...no, I mean Hamsters...or something--not Secretary of Defense. That's John Caruso, I mean Michalski. Furthermore, I did not mean to imply that I was hiring Stephen Doorman as my dorneman, and besides that..."

You get the idea. Face it, the man couldn't find the Persian Gulf with both hands, which is a lot more than you can say about most Persians (hey, I made a Michalski joke! Ryork, hyork!)

SUNDANCE to CANDIDATE OLSEN: By the way, have you stopped your wrestling career as a South-Bostonian-Transvestite-in-Drag yet? No more of your mealy-mouthed snide answers - a simple yes or no will suffice.

BOND to GM: I can see you Americans are very much in need of assistance - both of your presidential candidates are weak, dull,...I think you call them "couch potatoes". It's too bad for you that I don't want the job.

OLSEN to BOND: Your vicious personal attack on me leaves me shaken. (But not stirred!)

LSA to BOND: No, but I've managed to leave a number of exhausted women on my trail!

SLUSH to GBMS: No fair - inside trading's been ruled like taking candy from FLG.

ENGLAND to GM: Imitating Flash is hardly a chore; you just put your brain processes on hold and say whatever mindless thing fills the void first, so long as it's nice.

SLM to ENGLAND: Our attorney will be contacting you concerning that slanderous accusation last month about the slaying of equine beasts. Our reputation will not be compromised. We are also commencing a full liquidation of your currency.

SUMMER RERUN to HORSEKILLER: Boy I wish I had a Heavy Chariot right about now....

OLSEN to GM: Yes, sometimes language is destiny. Just consider, for example, the case of that guy who said to Clint Eastwood, "Yes, I believe I will make your day!"

NOTCB to SAGE: If you're going to be depressed, be depressed about something important. When was Williams ever important?

FLG to IBD: Corruption? Oh, you mean like finding out who the other players are and start a cartel.

SLM to ENGLAND: What was it Shakespeare said? Wasn't it something about "killing all the city planners and lawyers". Must have been something like that....

FBNC to WORLD: Selling short has nothing to do with our GM and his sexual prowess. Just thought you guys should know.

IVAN: Could somebody straighten me out? Which one is "Nozzle Nymph"? I thought it was Daphne...but maybe it's Don. Ordinarily I would not consider a male type person to be a "nymph", but hey, Californica, right?

GM to IBD and FBNC: Daf went for the alliteration over the denotation when she coined that one...and thanks, I think.

THE BABYWATCH continues and the countdown is soon to begin. Originally, the baby's ETA was 10/23/87..... give or take a week. That has since been revised, 2 times, and the doctor advises us that the baby has dropped, head down, and we can expect the new arrival at any time. We'll keep you posted.

Last month's depression has come and gone. . . can't say that I'm unhappy about it, either: one manic depressive in MAGUS is enough, don't you think? And, as Steve's been doing it for a lot longer time than I, well, he's probably better at it and so I'll let him keep doing it. (It's not as much fun as you'd think anyway.)

Work continues to be very busy. A week ago, the Los Angeles Times carried the story that the City of Palmdale--my employer--is now the fastest growing city in the state of California with a growth rate of approximately 41%!!! Let me tell you, that's an AWFUL lot of planning. Things are looking up, though--we expect things to begin slowing down in another two or three years.

Let's see, what else is going on? Oh, Bob 'WINNER' Olsen has come out swinging in his latest issue of Atrocious Exculpations. As you know, Olsen is the Simple-Minded Antelope Party candidate for the Presidency in 1988. Winner is now claiming to be the victim of a conspiracy. Yeah, I know, yet again. I ask you, does this worm have a persecution complex or what? He claims that Steve Langley's recent endorsement of my own candidacy for President is, among other things, a "...sinister power grab..." by me! He then regurgitates some more deranged ramblings about how Daf Langley is behind it all--really--and how Daf will have all American males in "...rhinestone dog collars and a G-string...". This is a patently absurd, thereby Olsenesque at it's very core, accusation. Aside from the fact that most American men would have little or no trouble with doing or wearing ANYTHING Daf asked them to, anyone with a lick of sense knows that Daf would never have her men in anything but a saddle-and-bridle smeared with Wesson and mayonnaise! C'mon, Winner, if you're going to sling mud, at least get the facts you're distorting straight! Olsen also spews forth some additional rubbish about forcing everybody in the US to read Stephen King's books. . .HAH! As if every American doesn't ALREADY! (Well, at least those Americans with a sense of fashionable good taste for literary excellence.)

The real kicker to all of this is that Winner denies that he's taken an action stance toward the Presidency--the widely known "I WILL CLEAN UP PRO-WRESTLING" plank--he denies this, but then turns around and threatens to make Congress DO SOMETHING! Unprecedented? Yes, and just the kind of positive, winning, move he is capable of making. Watch out for this man--he is dangerous!

FIAT BELLUM!

Sept '87

NEXT MONTH: THE WILLIAMS PLATFORM

Issue #53

Under Western Eyes

NEXT SEASON: Fall 1909
 ZAT: October 7, 1987

GAME ID: 1985-T
 GM: Don Williams

Assault of the Movie Cannibals

RUSSIA IS F/I/T TO BE TIED AS THE LEAGUE OF GENTLEMEN ADVENTURERS HANGS TOUGH ON ALL FRONTS. . . ITALIAN BATTLESHIPS PROWL THE NORTH ATLANTIC. . . BUDAPEST FALLS TO DETERMINED TURKISH ASSAULT. . . BATTLE OF PICARDY FOUGHT TO A STAND-OFF. . . GERMAN LEADER SENDS HIS GREETINGS. . . DRAW FAILS. . .

THE PLAYERS:

FRA	Steve COURTEMANCHE	1021 Penn Circle #E-402, King of Prussia, PA 19406
GER	George GRAESSLE	6651 Perry Street, Hollywood, FL 33024
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 1909:

FRA[5] F IRI S [ITA] F mid-NAT, F BRE S A PIC, A BUR-ruh, A PAR-bur,
 A PIC gets pickled(u;H).
 GER[1] A LPL spits on French navy(u;H).
 ITA[4] F mid-NAT, F wes-MID, A tya-VIE, A BOH-gal.
 RUS[16] F BLA-con, F sev-ARM, A RUM-bul, A WAR S A GAL, A SIL-boh,
 A bud-vie(d;anh), A GAL S A bud-vie(cut), A kie-RUH,
 A MUN S A kie-RUH, A den-KIE, F nwy-NTH, F edi-CLY, F HOL-bel,
 F BEL-pic, F ENG S F BEL-pic, F nat-iri(d;r Nwg,OTB).
 TUR[8] A vie-BUD, A TRI S A vie-BUD, A SER S A vie-BUD, F con-ANK,
 A SMY S F con-ANK, F AEG-con, F BUL(sc) S F AEG-con(cut),
 F adr-ION.

GAME NOTES:

- UNITS IN RETREAT; Russian F Nat
- F/I/R/T draw defeated Yes-2 No-3
- No new concessions or draws proposed
- Please inform the GM of any errors immediately
- Map of Spring 1909 is on page 3
- Press follows below
- And, ZAT for Fall 1909 is October 7, 1987.

PRESS:

GERMANY - WORLD: Say, who was so kind as to propose a concession to moi? When I read the results and saw that, I woke up and got a chuckle. Then I whipped out my pen! Boy, are some people going to be sorry I arose from the dead.

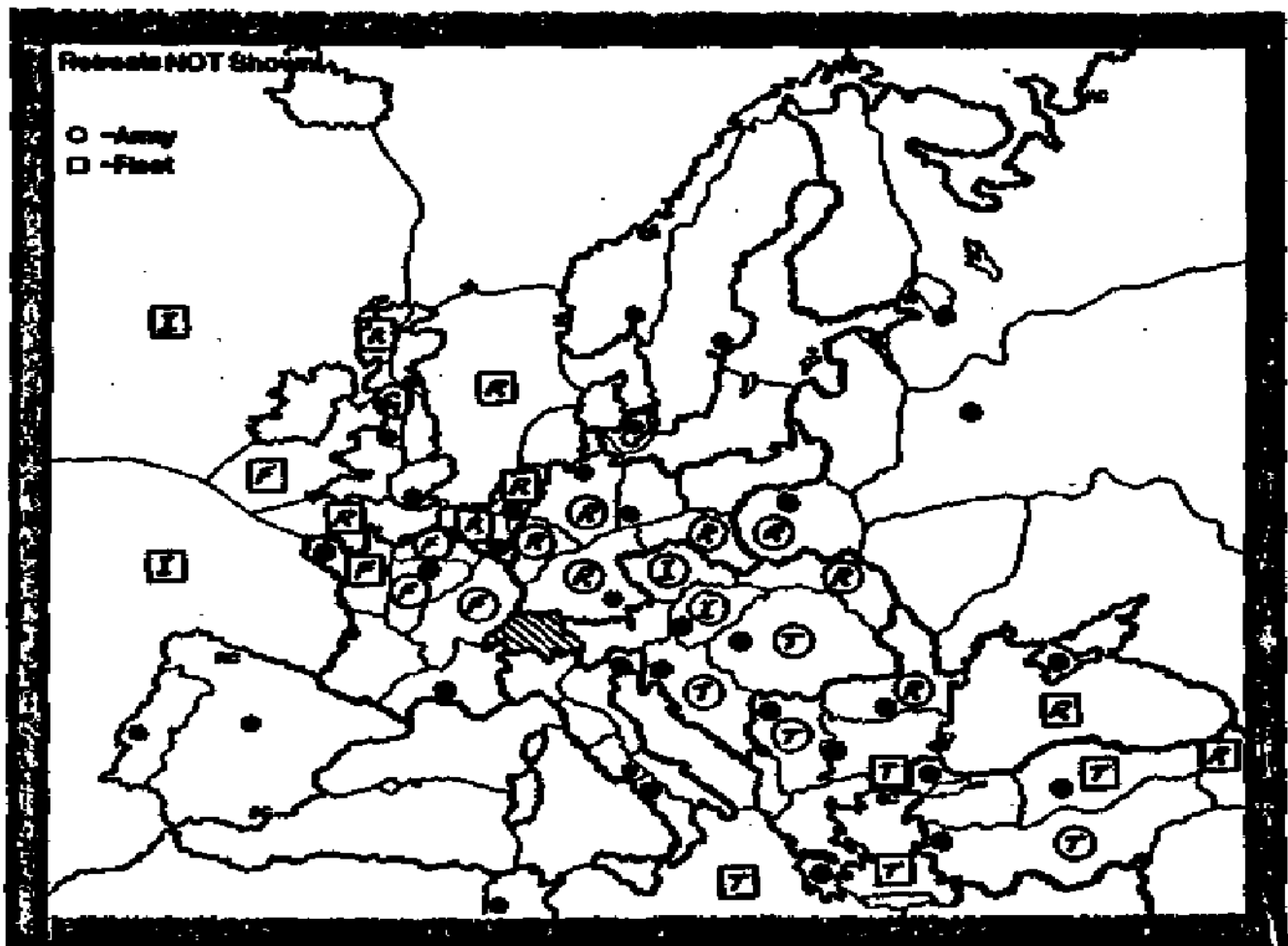
GERMANY - PARIS: We may be living in exile, but one center is one center--that one center is just as good as whatever you may have.

GEORGE - DEAREST KATHY: Are you surprised to read these words? I think I've caught the "third" year hobby wind. Now, please excuse me while I bombastinate Courtemanche.

GM - GRAESSLE: Have any particular Courtemanche in mind?

GEORGE - SCUM-SUCKING SLIMEBALL FRENCHMAN: Yes, you've replaced Williams in the category of scum-sucking slimeball. And Conrad was noble compared to you. I'm going to hang around now just to annoy you and your half-witted

SPRING 1909



spouse.

GM - GRAESSLE: Oh, THAT Courtemanche.

RUSSIA - FRANCE: One stupid unit on a map and you ask for a delay--stop harassing Mushbrain!

GM - KATHY: Why, thank you, Kathy. You know, between you and George, I'm beginning to think I'm not as bad as--

KATHY - STEVE L: You and I seem to find all the GM's who should peck it in--we're just lucky, I guess.

GM - KATHY: Hey. . .wha-a-a-a? That wasn't very nice.

KK - JERKY: I hope Mushbrain didn't take your compliments on GM'ing too seriously. After all, any GM has to look good to a guy who hasn't sent out game results in six months!

GM - GEORGE: You ever notice that about women--how fast they can turn on you? Vicious. . .

GEORGE - GM: Keep up the good work! And I don't mean your GM'ing, I'm referring to your fertility!

FRANCE - ITALY: Could use a little help in the middle to keep her honest.

LIVERPOOL - FRENCH FOLLIES: Give it up, fool, you're no match for Kathy

[NOTE: I'd finished that previous two pages of FB, then taken them to work on Friday to make player copies. . .I left them at work, which means they are about 3 hours worth of driving from here. So, blame the lack of continuity in the press on that, okay? Oh, hell-blame it on me if you want to, I really don't mind.)

COCHISE - GM: Proofreading is a rather simple concept. Either have someone else read your stuff for errors, or look the game over after a good night's rest. . . does wonders for us.

GM - FROGGY BOTTOM: Sigh. . .I really didn't need an explanation. I know what proofreading is. . .amazing, and yet, it's true.

RUSSIA - GM: I propose we throw the dope who keeps delaying the game into boiling oil. [But then who would run the game. . .oh, wait, you're NOT talking to me? Sheesh, talk about learned behavior response. . .]

GRAPEVINE - COURTEMANCHE BURGUNDY: Rumor has it your wife wears the pants and sends you off to work with peanut butter and jelly while she watches, "As The World Turns" and, "General Hospital". Any truth, Stevie-Poo? [Ooooh, aren't WE feeling vicious today. Answer to the question: NOT TRUE--No one in Steve's family wears pants. . .buckarooie naked, that's the order of the day at 1021 Fern Circle.]

FRANCE - RUSSIA: Interesting build. . .What do you intend to do with it? Ohh. . .That's nasty! I like it.

LIVERPOOL - FRENCH FOLLIES: Give it up, fool, you're no match for Kathy and my great army. Why don't you contemplate whether it is going to be strawberry or grape jelly and leave Diplomacy to the real men and woman of the hobby.

MUN - TURK: Yes, the above is correct, there is only one superior female Diplo player! Sorry.

MUN - TURK: So, what happened to your alliance with Russia? I know I'm a tad late, but allow me to interject the famous words: "I TOLD YOU SO!" HA HA!!

GEORGE - KATHY: Gee, I forgot how much fun press writing can be.

FRANCE - TURKEY: Beware. . .all is not what it seems. [Oh hell, Steve, don't add obscurity to all your other press-writing crimes.]

COCHISE - GAME: I know my press leaves a little to be desired. . .so little to be desired.

KK - COCHISE: I'm in no hurry--10 more game years is okay by me! [Bite your tongue.]

RUSSIA - TURKEY: If I guessed wrong I'll vote for a three-way I/R/T, but no way will I take a draw with a French Frog who delays the game for no reason!

GM - GAME: Wanna bet she changes her mind after she sees this?

FRANCE - GM: That's a sucker bet if I ever heard one! [So--you a taker or what?]

LEAGUE OF GENTLEMEN ADVENTURERS - GM: A king can be a captain, now can't he? (Yes, but you've got to admit it's a bit of a demotion.) So, what's wrong with going down down with ship with your rubber ducky? [That reminds me, there IS truth to the rumor that Socrates is coming out with a line of condoms called "Ducky Rubbers". (Sorry, George.)]

GM - GAME: Well, shoot, I'm about out of space, but still have more press. Tell you what, we'll hold what we can't use until next time, and take one or two more items now. . .who wants to go last?

GEORGE - WIMP FRENCHMAN: You heed your little woman now, be a good boy and eat your peanut butter and jelly.

DONALD - LEAGUE: Quack? [That's it--see you next month.]

Atrocity Exhibition



I hope that all both my readers were not disappointed at the lack of inane, self-serving editorial drivel in the last number of this august (or to be exact, September) journal. The fact of the matter is, I was out campaigning in California, the land of fruits, nuts, and Don Williams. Things are looking good for a clean sweep of the Golden State, by the way...

I was shocked and appalled recently to note that Steve Langley, a man I would have trusted with my life or at least, say, 38 cents in pocket change, has seen fit to endorse the Presidential campaign of my sworn (-at) enemy, Don Williams. And here I thought Steve was ~~in my opinion~~ a man of the most astute political perception.

Mr. Langley has charged me with including an 'action' plank in my platform, i.e. my promise to clean up professional wrestling. This is the most groundless, scurrilous charge I've read since the last issue of *Fiat Bellum!* Can Steve, a man who has been in several Diplomacy games with me, seriously claim to think I might take action? I think he knows better. I think my reputation speaks for itself! Hot air, empty yet colorful rhetoric--these are my stock in trade as Steve well knows! What then is behind this nefarious backstabbing betrayal?

After several moments of deeply profound (as my predecessor Jimma Cotta used to say) consideration, the outlines of a chilling thought have occurred to me--a thought so horrifying, a conspiracy so immense, as to boggle the mind.

Consider: Steve is married to Daf Langley (let him deny this if he dares!). Don Williams is the #1 Golden Toady in this world today (oh, don't sulk Peter--you are too!) Could it be that the Don Williams for President boomlet is nothing more than a *sinister power grab* by the notorious Nozzle Nymph?

I don't know about you readers, but as a red-blooded American it makes my ruddy corpuscles freeze to think of the Daf Langley vision of America--a land where every male in the country wears a rhinestone dog collar and a G-string and nothing else! (How'd you like to head for the office in that next February?). Yes, this and more constitutes the program of the daffy dominatrix. Can you imagine an America where every man is forced to read every Stephen King novel ever written, even if they run 1000, 2000, 10000 pages? An

America where every locker room comes equipped with bleachers filled with hooting Daf Clones? Yuk-amundo if you know what I mean!

All is not lost however. I have never been forced to make an appeal like this, but I make it now. I want each and every one of you to take pen, pencil, typewriter or crayon (this means you, Woody) in hand and write to Steve, gently pointing out to him the error of his ways and discreetly mentioning the hideous fate that awaits him should he continue to support Don Williams. I mean, I hate to make threats, but I'm a very vindictive person; if I get in, I'll have Congress pass a law requiring Steve to stand by for all of Don's games! I mean this! Don't push me!

The gloves are off. This is one pol who plays rough!!!

RUTHLESS PEOPLE: 1987-AT, FALL 1902

Pterodactyl Eats Two in Park

AUS (D. Langley, 3): (A Tyo r-Vie): A VIE S A Tri, A TRI S A Vie, F ADR S Turkish F Aeg-Ion

ENG (Graessle, 4): NMR!: A Nwy, F Bar, F Nth, F Nwg all hold

FRA (K. Caruso, 5): F Wnd-TUN (A NAF S), A Spa-MAR, F Lyo-TYS, F Mao-WMD

GER (J-B. Burgess, 5): F Bal-DEN, F Den-SKA, A BOH-Vie (A TYO S), A BEL H

ITA (Mazzer, 4): A VEN S German A Tyo-Tri (NSO), A APU S A Ven, F Tun-Ion (annihilated), F NAP S F Tun-Ion

RUS (D. Williams, 5): NMR! A Swe, F Bot, A War, F Bla, F Stp(nc) all hold

TUR (Gaughan, 4): F Aeg-ION (F EMD S), A Ank-ARM, A GRE stares across the board in wonder and disgust (H) (GM note: you must be psychic!)

And now for the moderately important Tom Mainardi corner:

AUS: Tri, Vie, Bud = 3 even

ENG: Lon, Edi, Lpl, Nwy = 4 even

FRA: Par, Bre, Mar, Spa, Por, TUN = 6 build 1

GER: Mun, Ber, Kie, Hol, Den, BEL = 6 build 1

ITA: Rom, Ven, Nap, Tun = 3 even

RUS: Stp, Mos, War, Sev, Rum, SWE = 6 build 1

TUR: Ank, Con, Sey, Bul = 4 even

I hope that our two missing players will escape from the clutches of the infamous Pterodactyl by next season, but just in case, would Mark Fassio (11579 Mohican Rd., Woodbridge VA 22192) please submit orders for the English position, and would Steve Arnawoodian (602 Hemlock Circle, Lansdale, PA 19446) please submit orders for Russia? I'd really like to get this game back on a first-of-the-month schedule, but if we have new people coming in they should have a chance to send out a round of letters. Let's wimpishly compromise in typical Olsen fashion; deadline will be OCTOBER 5, 1987, and thereafter we'll be back on the First. The deadline will be for Winter 02/Spring 03; two requests will separate.

< PRESS >

France--Germany: Boy am I glad you aren't the gourmet type, otherwise you might have decided to feast on frog legs!

Italy--Germany: No problem, there's no need to write letters. You obviously got my mentally telepathed message that I was supporting you to Tyo last season. Did you make it to Tri this time?

Old MacDonald--Little Boob: You could be our "boobcat"!

France--Turkey: "Getting and Holding My What"??? Geez Pops, I think you're taking this dirty old man stuff too seriously.

Kitton--Honey: Hey, we have a real fresh turkey in the corner--he's after my body--not to mention my country! As my main man, er toady, do your job--protect both! Extra kisses & hugs for a job well done! ((How'd I do this season?))

Kitton--Daf: What's the matter, can't you keep your man happy? Pops is making passes at the enemy. Haven't your toadies any pride?

KK--Motor Mouth: Boob told me to get your goat, however, if you don't mind I'll just help myself to a piece of ass!

KK--Jerky George: If you NMR, Daf and I will cut you in half. She gets to use you for fertilizer and I get to feed your toes to a duck. ((I don't like threats, but in this case...go for it!))

KK--Mushbrain: If you and Peter are dancing together, what is Daffy doing? Taking pictures?

KK--Motor Mouth: And I thought that you were kinky.

Hell Hole NY--Tar & Feather Pit: My boobarian will teach you a few tricks--he's promised me he'll teach you how to disappear.

Kitton--Boob: Thanks for conquering vacant Bigium, now try taking out a woman. Yes, I mean Daffy! Trample her 6' under, then stampede into a deranged duck and an old man.

Kitton--Jerky: Give 'em hell!

Granny--Motor Mouth: You called my Honey--Hippo-Hips?! Prepare to die--I'll meet you in Italy. I would like nothing more than burying you next to the one with the big boobs. You two deserve each other--you both remind me of a freak sideshow. Yes, that's it "Come see the Empty Headed Giant and his overendowed Daffy Dwarf"!!

Italy--Russia (And Turkey too, for that Matter): I think you know that your suggestion that I'm a mindless toady to Granny Caruso is just hot air. Mindless, yes, but toady no. Just dump the Austrian bimbo and you'll see what kind of mindless toady I am.

KK--Fiat Bellum: You a studpuppet--don't make me laugh! I heard the ugly duckling turned you down.

Kathy--Daffy: Please NMR--then Cathy Ozog can come in--then the duck will really find his goose cooked.

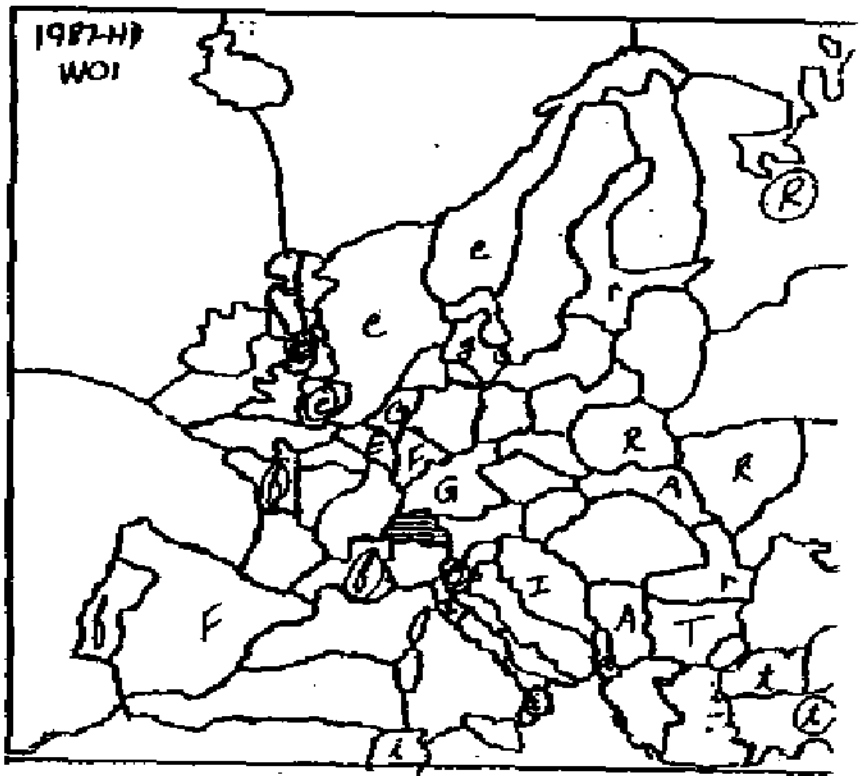
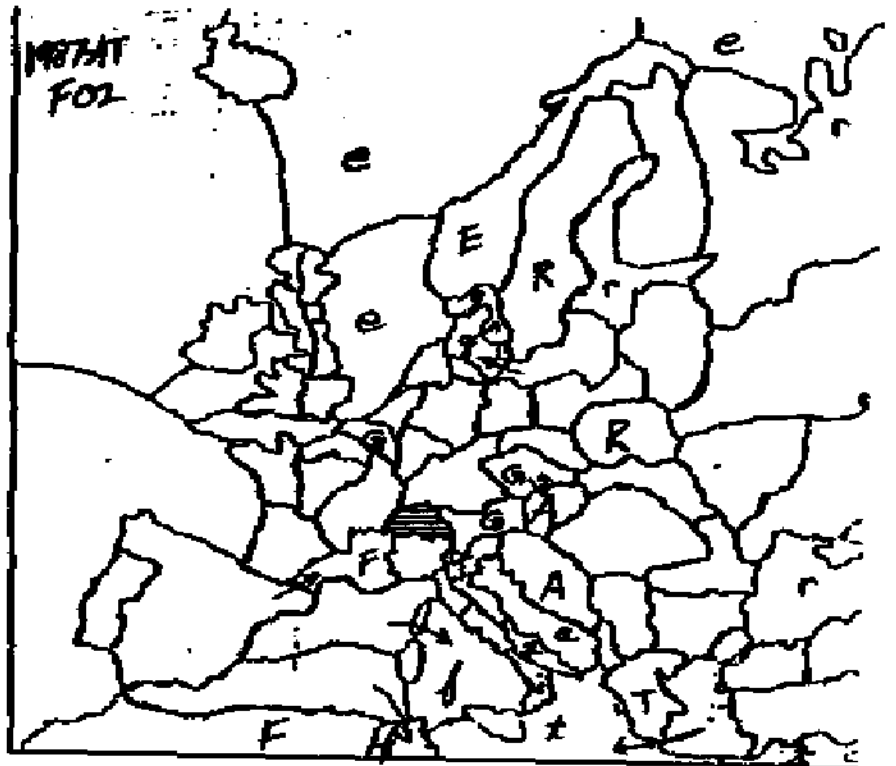
KK--Jerky George: Remember this game is dedicated to putting Williams in his place--a pine box--so don't NMR! ((UH--))

Kitton--Boob: Keep up the good work--this is as easy as working with Honey--I'm impressed.

Italy--GM: You know I really am sorry I can't make it to Pudgecon. I was so looking forward to seeing Russ Rusnak again. ((He sends his love.))



A Despairing GM see—
NMRs! Where did
I go wrong?



This is the Pudgecon report edition of Hare of the Dog. It was as fun as always, even if I was worried about Lee Paul for most of the weekend. We made our plans with the idea that he would be in San Diego, but that isn't how it turned out, so he wound up staying here with the mom of one of his friends. He called about ten times during PudgeCon, mostly to ask if he could go to someone's house or if someone could spend the night.

I don't ever want to do something like that again. Next year, he comes with us, or I stay home.

We left early Thursday morning. The tickets were those non-refundable, non-transferable kind. They are a pain, but it's the only way you can get an affordable fare. The plane ride was uneventful, except for the fact that the landing in Wichita was bumpy and left me nauseous.

On our way in from the airport, I was hungry, so I asked Bob to stop for lunch at Wendy's. They were offering Jazz caps for sale for 99 cents, so I bought one. They are just a cap made out of outrageously patterned material. I knew Zarse was going to be there, so I thought he'd get a kick out of it. Little did I know that Steve was going to find my hat invaluable for holding his hair back and would latch on to it as his own. I was reduced to going back to Wendy's and buying another hat of inferior coloration. Zarse did get a kick out of them, so all was not lost.

When we got back to Bob's house, we sat and talked with Bob and taught him how to play Cribbage. Despite what Steve says, I knew how to play before we reached Kansas. I listened to some of Bob's New Order records and decided I liked them alot. Who knows, this may be the start of something beautiful. I'm not changing my vote for President, however.

Time turned and Peter and Cathy arrived. I was glad they were able to make it. I've been able to see Peter at least once a year since he was made a Golden Toady and I like to keep up the tradition. They brought a great game called Survive with them and we played it quite a few times. Steve tried to find it here, but no luck. Lee Paul would have loved it. It has sharks that get to eat people in the water and whales that demolish boats and throw people in the water and sea serpents. Right up his alley, except the people don't get Uzi machine guns. We could call that the Dudes variant.

Then came the Bad Boys of Dip. They entered the room like a jet stream of fresh air. I've mentioned the Zarse factor before, having met Jeff at Arlingcon. He is even Zarsier when he is among Bruce Geryk and Steve Clark. Bruce has got a great look. When he puts on his sunglasses, he looks like a European rock singer. Steve Clark had, I'm sorry Jeff, the best set of buns of the group. The three of them in shades are an awesome sight. I told Jeff that all he needed now was a hat. It was 24 hours before he got back to me on that.

Also with the group was Russ Rusnak, one of my all time



Page two of Hare and you ain't seen nothin' yet!

favorite people. Russ and I have known each other, and dare I say, have been friends for quite a few years now. While watching wrestling, Russ and I came up with a plan to make John Michalski a household word. He would become a wrestling manager who comes out wearing a German Kaiser helmet (the one's with the spike on the top), and in a wheelchair. During the match, one of his wrestlers would throw the other wrestler against the rope where Michalski would be miraculously standing, bent over, to drive the spike into the good guys back. He would immediately feign distress and collapse back into his wheelchair. It would be a fantastic gimmick! Too bad John wouldn't even try on the helmet to see if it fit.

Nancy Irwin and Mark Frush showed up around this time. I'd met Mark before, but never Nancy. I was very glad I got the opportunity to meet her. She's a wonderful lady with a great sense of humor. And if that was her first time playing DnD, she's a natural for it. Great character!

The Bad Boys, who along with Don, Mark, Gary, Matt, and a few others I could name, spent so much time in the basement that they were offered an honorary position in the Miner's Union, made it count when they did come up. They had made a food run and came back in Burger King crown! They then put on their sunglasses for a round of pictures that will surely ruin any career in politics they would ever think of. They wore the same costume for the Team Trivial Pursuit game we had. The Bad Boys got off to an early start, but Steve and I pulled ahead and finally won. I thought the part where Jeff would hit Bruce everytime Jeff gave a wrong answer was especially uncalled for. I'm sure Bruce might offer similar sentiments.

The Dungeons and Dragons game was alot of fun for me. I have this airheaded cleric named Sharon and I decided to bring her along instead of my fighter Red. Sharon worries about important things like her nails and whether her lipstick matches her nail polish, but she is very powerful and was the only resurrection around, so the others had to live with her.

All in all, we had a good time. When we got home, the house wasn't as badly messed up as I thought it would be. I didn't even think about cleaning it until the next day, and it was a good thing I didn't put it off. The next day Barclay called and asked me to come in and fill in for the front desk receptionist. I went in that day for an hour of instruction and the next day I was on my own. Being a receptionist isn't as easy as it looks. You have to answer the phones and then put the caller on hold while you call the person the call is for on the intercom. When three or four lines all light up at once, it can be nerve-wracking! Not to mention having people fill out forms and asking you all kinds of questions. I was feeling fairly proud of myself on the second day when I had weathered a three phone call barrage, when the Corporation who owns our college called. Just one moment, I said and I promptly hung up on them. They called again, and I did it again. The third time I told her that we were having a terrible time with our phones. She finally got to talk to the person she wanted.

I took another job at Barclay. I'm now the Word Processor for the staff. I will write memos and keyboard any correspondence from our administration staff to our teaching staff. The money is pretty good and I get to stay with the people I really like. The hours are the standard 8 to 5 with an hour for lunch, but I was expecting that.

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MAGUS #74
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Game ID	ZAT
1986 A	10/9/87
1982 CH	10/9/87
1987 AL	10/9/87
1987 CV	10/9/87
Bourse	10/9/87

DELIVER TO:

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60153

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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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