

Somewhat it's EXIT STAGE LEFT again. It's all done except for the cutting and pasting and taking it to the printers. That will happen Thursday instead of tomorrow. Yup, FIAT BELLUM didn't get here. Don called and said it was going by EXPRESS MAIL to Daf at her work. Last month he sent it to her work but used this address. No telling what address he used this month. Anyhow, we love him.

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 3
ILLUSIONS	(the games, of course)	page 8
VOLUNTEERS	(the round table letters)	page 10
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INTERMISSION	(the final chapter)	page 23
FIAT BELLUM	(Don Williams' subzine)	page 25
ATROCITY EXHIBIT	(Bob Olsen's subzine)	page 29
MELNIBONE HERALD	(Pete Saughan's subzine)	page 32
HARE OF THE DOG	(Daf's MAGUS subzine)	page 34

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

A Motley Crew if I've ever seen one (and I've seen a few in my time!), but thanks to them all. If you want on or off Daf's Motley Crew, just let us know. If you are called on for standby orders, you will get the issue free for which you send the orders, whether they are used or not. We need standbys, so please join Daf's Motley Crew.

MAGUS can be obtained through the inferior method of paying us, Steve and Daf Langley, \$10.00 for 10 issues, or through the far superior method of writing for these pages. We pay for all submissions used with sub credits. The zine comes out once a month, with it's mailing date set to be the Thursday following the ZAT. The ZAT for all games in MAGUS that we GM is the Friday following the first Monday of the month. ZAT is the phone deadline, the mail deadline is that Saturday.

No Dip Stick this month. The little blocks are back, but they feel like scabs about it. Speaking of scabs, have any of you been watching the scab football games? Some of those guys look pretty good, but then, look who they are playing against. The play seems about even, team to team, but I've got to admit they have lost my interest. I enjoy watching good football. What the scabs are giving us is not the best. Does that make me an elitist?

The game closed, and then opened again and then closed again. Daf is going to be running it in HARE of the DOG, so I'll let her explain all about it.

Russ Rusnak's name came up somewhere else in this issue, so I really didn't have to mention it here. Still, we're almost to the bottom of the page and I don't really have anything better to do.



The new game filled. At least I sent out a game start announcement. One of the players in the new game, Garret Schenck, has an unusual address. The sample MAGUS we sent him was returned by the Post Office. We are still waiting to hear from Garret.

One of the players in the new game insisted that Daf be the GM. It seems that this player prefers the way Daf runs the press. I can relate to that. Anyway, the new game will be carried in Hare of the Dog, and the first ZAT has been set for November 6, 1987.

I was reading an older Science Fiction book a few weeks past. It was about the first manned mission to Mars. It was full of hope for man's breaking away from Earth and finding a new life outside the limits of this planet. It came to me that I used to be filled with that same hope.

Twenty years ago, we were in a race to reach the moon. We won that race. A man, born of this planet walked on a world with a different gravity. That was the first 'big step'. At the time I felt quite proud to have been a small cog in the machine that put a man on the moon. The next step was to be a Space Shuttle that would allow us to build stations in space to act as stepping stones towards allowing men to walk on other planets.

We built the Shuttle. We used it to vastly improve our communications network, to establish platforms for looking at the universe in ways that are impossible when shrouded in atmosphere, to threaten our neighbors with 'Star Wars'. We used it as a source of national pride. Each shuttle flight was new and exciting.

You all know of the disaster. Since then, our interests have turned away from the exploration of Space. What was once a source of hope for mankind has been put on a back burner. Now, we worry about global politics, starvation, the homeless, the rising cost of medical care, care for the aged. All of these things (and several I've overlooked, I'm sure) are important concerns.

It came to me as I was reading the story about the first manned Mars flight that twenty years ago, I fully expected that I would live to vicariously take that trip to Mars, when we really did send men to another planet. Then, it seemed so inevitable. It was the only real hope mankind had for growth, and it was nearly in our grasp. I haven't felt that way for a long time now.

Now, I don't expect to live to see men on Mars. Now, I don't expect anyone will live to see men on Mars. Now, I fear that we will spend all of our energy trying to solve the problems of living on a planet that is just a little bit too small for us. Problems that can't be solved, really.

Don and Vanessa Williams proudly present Valerie Marie. The duckling (as she seems inevitable to be called) was born on October 2nd, beating our ZAT by a week.

Terry Tallman\3605 Dakes Ave\Everett, WA\98201
Terry doesn't do anything, actually, but he wanted you all to know his new address.

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. Ken is also pubbing Pontevedria, a Reg Dip games opening list free for SASE.

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

Steve Heinowski\51500 Portman Rd. R.D.2\Amherst, 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 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 PRM Diplomacy and the play of the game.

Derek Caws/The Old Kitchen, Bere Farm House/North Boarhunt nr Fareham, Hants/PO17 6JL, UNITED KINGDOM
Derek has started publishing Globehrotter, a zine whose purpose is the discussion and establishment of a World Diplomacy Convention.

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 Huestix 4525 Cameron Road, Shingle Springs, CA 95682

We have draw proposals, and a concession. Proposed, a concession to England; and FAIR, AEIR and IRE draws. Please vote with your orders. NVR is a NO vote.

1982 CH The Aliens' Game Fall 1923

AUS (Steve 3) A BUD S A RUM, A RUM S ITA A VIE-Gal (nso),
 A SER S A RUM
 ENG (Jeff 16) F NWG C A Edi-NWY, A Edi-NWY, A MUN-Sil,
 A RUH-Mun, A Kie-BER, F NTH C A Yor-KIE, A Yor-KIE,
 F HEL C A Yor-KIE, F BOT-Stp (sc), F SPA (ec) S F MID-Wes,
 F MID-Wes, F NAF S F MID-Wes, F BAL H, A LVN-War,
 A MAR-Pie, A BUR S A RUH-Mun
 FRA (Mike 1) F POR H
 ITA (Jim 10) A BOH-Sil, A VIE-Boh, A TYA S A VIE-Boh,
 F BUL (ec) S F CON, F CON S F BUL (ec), F BOL S F TUN-Wes,
 F TYH S F TUN-Wes, F TUN-Wes, F IDN-Tun, F PIE-Mar
 RUS (John 4) A MOS-Stp, A UKR-War, A WAR-Lvn, F Sev-BLA

1982 CH The Aliens' Game Winter 1923 Supply Chart

AUS	Bud Rum Ser	+0; even
ENG	Home Den Bel Swe Kie Bra Nwy Hol Par Bar Mun Stp Spa Mar	+0; even
FRA	Por	+0; even
ITA	Nap Rom Tun Con Gro Sey Ven Bul Tri Vie	+0; even
RUS	Mos Ank Sev War	+0; even

1982 CH The Aliens' Game ZAT for Spring 1924 is
November 6, 1987.

1982 CH The Aliens' Game PRESS

DR. BOOB to MIKE: Guess what? It's time for the FAIR draw again. It's amazing how a good idea never completely loses its viability.

GM to DR. BOOB: A possibly entry in the 'Is Language Destiny' contest. I wonder if Don realizes that from the point of view of Sympathetic Magic, Language is Destiny.

DOORMAN to GM: Sorry, only this half-witted (as opposed to half witty) press this season. I've been out of action due to a very tenacious flu virus for the past two weeks now, with only the bare minimum of Dipac to keep me from NMRing.
 GM to DOORMAN: I suppose that accounts for the reruns on your previous season's orders. We hope you overcome the nasty bug and return to full Dipac soon.

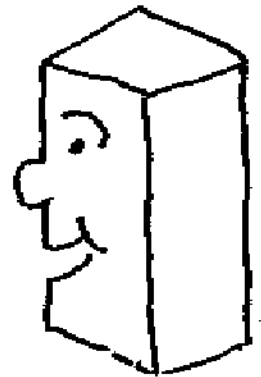
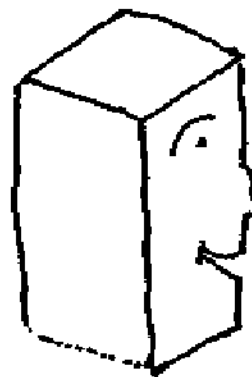
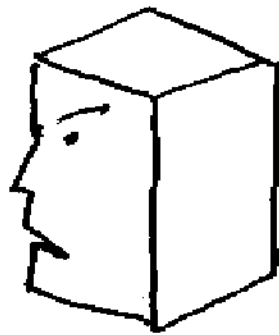
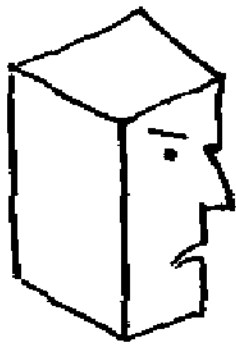
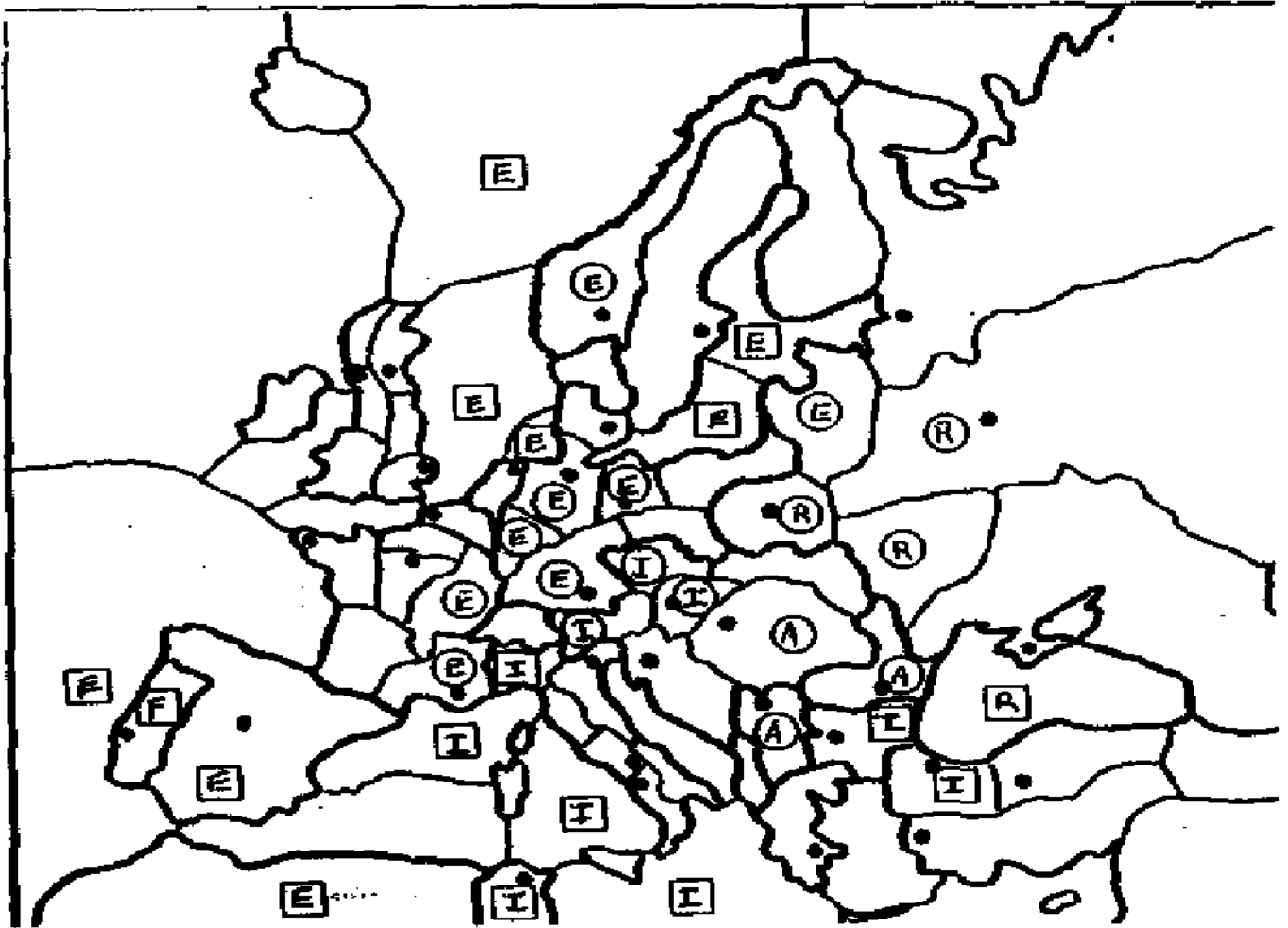
BOOB to GMS: No time for press. My ezine is already late.

GMS to BOOB: I suppose you expect me to fill out the page. Well, I'm not going to deal with this. Steve, sweetie, take over.

GM to GMS: What do you mean, take over. Except for one teensie (if wonderfully witty) sentence...I've taken over.

1982 CH Aliens' Game

Map prior to Spring 1924



"The nerve of him!"
 "I think we ought to strike!"

"What's with them?"
 "No Dip Stick this month!"

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 being separated due to player request.

1986 A Showtime Autumn 1906

ITA F Gre R ALB

1986 A Showtime Winter 1906

ENG (Tom 7) builds F LON, F EDI, A LPL; also has F WES,
F BEL, F BRE, F HOL
FRA (Bill 2) even; has F POR, A SPA
GER (Melinda 4) removes A Far; still has A BUR, A MUN, A KIE,
F DEN
ITA (Larry 6) removes F Tri; still has A VEN, A MAR, A TYA,
F TUN, F IDN, F ALB
RUS (Don 10) builds F STP(sc); also has F SWE, A BER,
A SIL, F BAL, F GRE, A SER, A BOH, A BUD, A VIE
TUR (Faz 5) builds A CON; also has F AEG, F SMY, F EAS,
A BUL

1986 A Showtime ZAT for Spring 1907 is November 6, 1987.

1986 A SHOWTIME PRESS:

LONDON to WORLD: Sorry, guys. I got MAGUS late, and obviously this is a delicate negotiating season for me if there ever was one, so it was I that asked for the separation this time. I take full responsibility for it, with a bow to the USPS. The postmark on my copy was over a week before! Beyond that, though, to be honest I would have probably asked for one anyway. There are seven adjustments this winter! A case for a separation if I ever saw one.

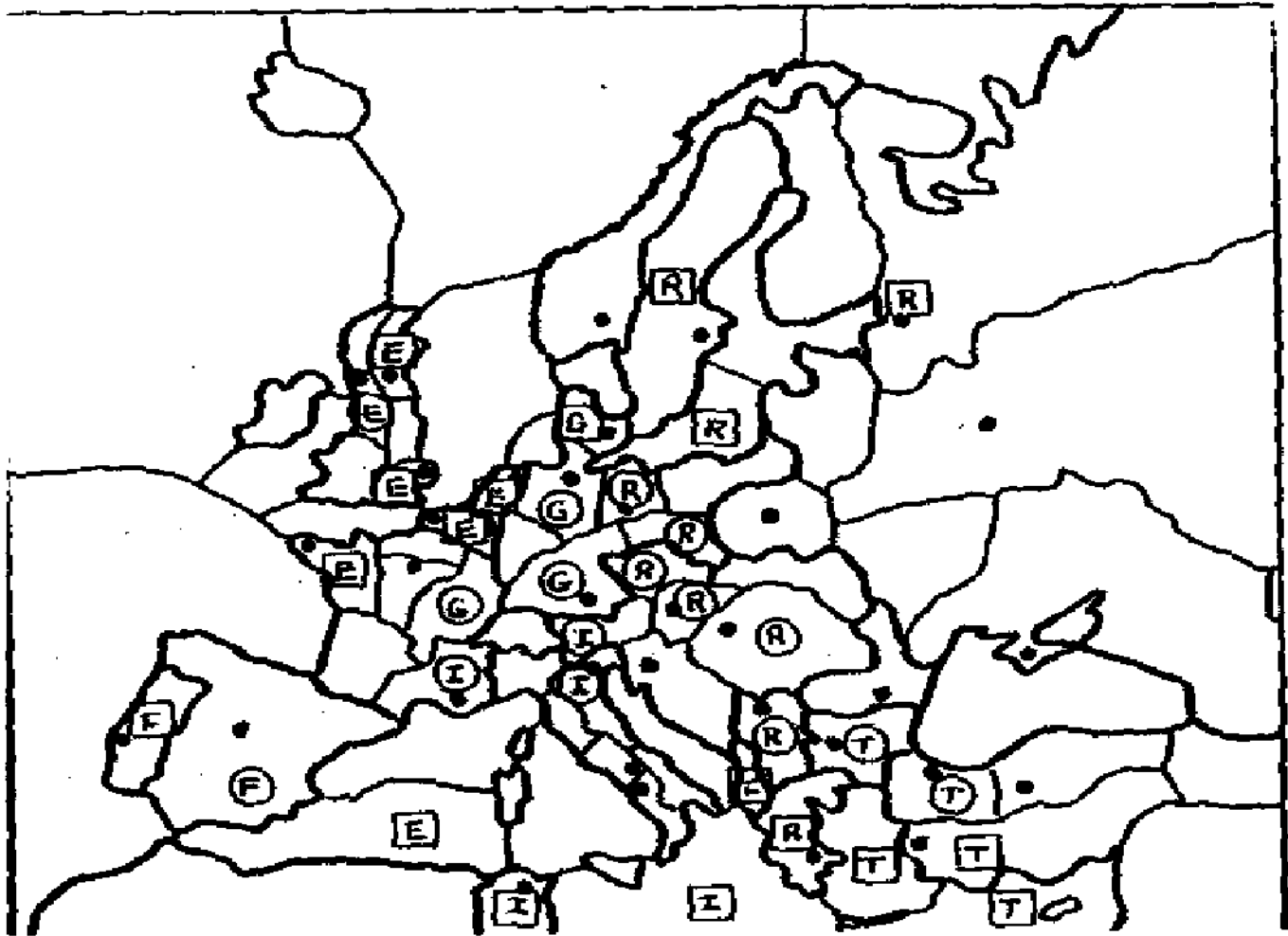
GM to LONDON: The date on your letter was the 22nd. In it you said that MAGUS had only arrived on the previous day. That means you got it four days after it was mailed, with one of those days a Sunday. I doubt anyone else did much better. Still, any excuse for a separation around here.

TONGUE-IN-CHEEK RALPH to GM: In light of the above, could you arrange to send me a copy of MAGUS a week earlier than to the others?

SERIOUS GM to TIC RALPH: Only if you'd be willing to settle for the previous month's issue.

CON to DON: Well, Duck this is ANOTHER fine mess you've gotten me into! Not only must I fight my way through nice-guy Larry, but you've gone and made peace with Ralph the G! Is there no end to your machinations, you Mikey Avelli, you!?

KINGNOME to EVIL EYE: To answer your question, yes, I DO have a plan! You never asked if you might like it.



KINK RALPH to CAP'N FLASH: We all know what Melinda wanted. I was just the one lucky enough to give her the shaft from behind that she craved!

GERMANY to ENGLAND: Ow, Pain! Agony! Whimper! Do you want to lick my wounds or should I do it?

CAP'N FAZ aka JOHN HOLMES to MISS KITTY aka MARILYN

CHAMBERS: Well, at least we both know what WE want! A pox on these aggressive men who would see your fair country deflowered and destroyed. Hang on, mistress--I be a'comin! (No innuendos, please, GM or Duck!) Stand fast, Melinda--they shall not pass.

GMS to CAP'N FAZ: You didn't include me in that list, and I'm the one you should have been most afraid of. All I can say is, if you're just now worried about comin, it's already too late!

RALPH to OBI-FAZWAN-KNOBI: Just who did you say was a defiler of camels?

FAZ to LARRY: Nuttin' personal, we hearty, but I shall not be denied my dream of liberating Rome--and having liberties with its women...and sheep...and toaster appliances... ah-heh, stand aside, man, and let me at them!

RALPH to GM: When I talk about Italy, it's the Evil I, not the evil I. Let's get this straight. It's his country I'm talking about, not him. (Sorry about that, Larry. Position has nothing to do with personality, and I really like the way you play. TOO bad we're so often on the wrong sides.)

GM to LARRY: It must be nice to be so popular.

KINGNOME to MS. KITTY: I know I'm a degenerate, dastardly, disreputable, and despicable slab of rotten couch-potato slime, and that those are just my GOOD points! I do, however, have a plan. Unfortunately, I need the troops to carry it out.

STALLONE LOOKALIKE (That's me, FAZ) to LL: Wassamatta, cupcakes; Steve not letting you converse this game with we mach-o types in the East? The lack of press from you and the hub has been duly noted; repent, or face being categorized in the same breath as Jim-Boob Burgess.

THIRD STALLONE LOOKALIKE to FAS-WHAN WEASEL: When you spoke of ice cream in the Duck's He-BOY underwear, you were half right! He keeps a picture of Daf in his wallet, and it ain't no ice age yet!

GMS to STALLONE LOOKALIKES: Maybe I could make bookends out of the pair of you.

TURKEY to GM: Williams may not have as many strong suits as I do (God, what century did he dig THAT joke from?), but you gotta hand him credit for those underwear. I've never seen Spider man with a bulge on his forehead like that! Oh, I see, he's got them on backwards, haha....

GMS to TURKEY: No he doesn't, that's his regular bulge.

FAZDORF to GMS: Yes, m'dear, I do indeed wear the "stretch to fit" He-Boy gutchies. I deliberately buy them 8 sizes smaller than normal, so I have a chance to make them look deceptively larger. Gag, what's with my press this time? It's verging on porno city--see the influence Williams has on people?! Where's Olsen when you need nice family-oriented press, hmm? Out campaigning, no doubt.

GERMANY to GM: I hereby designate you to hold the bets on who gets me first - the Duck or the Gnome. This is what I've been reduced to.

GMS to GERMANY: Actually, that's a great choice. It's when you have to pick between Courtemanche and Burgess that death starts looking good.

RALPH to GMS: In my view, there's nothing wrong with a subservient position to a woman, just as long as I come out on top. I hate to admit it, but I'm old-fashioned that way.

TURKEY to FRANCE: Bill, I stand in awe at your superior playing this game, and I want your secret for being a survivor this long and managing to involve hyourself all over this steenking board! I applaud your cheekiness, oh Gallic One!

GMS to TURKEY: Is it natural, or has your nose spent ten days in a tanning booth?

KINGNOME to DUCK: Whatever are you chiding me for? I said I'd deliver and I have. When you deliver likewise on your promises, you will have earned the right to make such scurrilous comments to me. Unfortunately, Hades will probably undergo an ice age beforehand.

GM to KINGNOME: Aren't you expecting a lot here? After all the man is a presidential candidate. How could you ask him to keep his promises. There's really no precedent for it.

TH to MH: My 38th birthday was the best I ever had, although I say that about every one I reach without getting assassinated beforehand. An even better treat was that I wrote the orders for the last turn on it! You ogled Mr. Dalton. I gave you the shaft! As long as you have dots, be sure I will always love being next to you! (Then again, you really don't need the dots.)

Answering the question from a few months back are (DW) Don Williams, (SC) Steven Courtemanche, (MP) Mark Fassio, (PG) Peter Gaughan, (SL) Steve Langley.

(DW) As mentioned last month, I believe that, to turn a phrase, Language is Destiny. In turning the phrase, however, I find that I've obscured what I really meant, which is that the language we speak shades - if not out and out dictates - the way we perceive ourselves, others, and reality. (This presupposes a definitive and unitary reality--and a working/agreeable definition of the word reality for that matter--something I believe Steve might take issue with. For the sake of argument, however...)

Having defined the question, let me answer it. I've felt for a long time that language is the most powerful tool ever developed by man--stronger than even The Bomb. That we all use it without much thought, and react to it the same way (that is, without much thought), doesn't gainsay that language is a determining factor in each of our lives.

The language we speak, Standard American English, colors our perception: when we look at a thing, we see it as a word in our brain. (That is, the light-refracted image enters through our eyes and we attach a significance to it by 'naming' it with an English word.) If we all spoke a Cantonese-patois of the Chinese language, we'd do the same thing. I think that the universality of this image-word process is well-established, and I doubt would raise many eyebrows.

In the case of objects, attaching some words to the object seems pretty innocuous and useful, but when you start putting words to ideas, emotions - intangibles - well, let's say we begin to give words a lot of power. Every word, to a greater or lesser extent, has meanings beyond its definition, its denotation. The emotional charge which transcends the word's definition, its connotations, is one of those parts which colors reality for each of us. As my father is a warm and open man, I generally have positive feelings when I hear that word because I can't help escape my experiences as a child with a wonderful dad. If, however, an individual has been beaten chronically from the age of five years to adulthood by a mentally ill father, that word would carry a decidedly negative emotional charge. That word has that power because of the connotations we attach to it. And while each word carries with it a slightly different connotation for each of us; culturally speaking, we basically carry the same emotional charges or at least know of the charges we're "supposed" to have. When speaking of love, for instance, we all can generally identify the romantic notions, and good feelings that word has come to idealize.

Beyond connotation, however, is the even more important factor of perception: how we view the world and what we perceive/identify as important in that world, is based on the tools we have to interpret it. Further, the necessity of distinguishing one aspect of our world over another is directly related to language, which then relates directly back to what words we will use to think in. Eskimos, whose world is full of snow, have 17 words to describe snow--whether that snow is hard and will support weight, whether it is freshly fallen, or whether it will avalanche at the slightest touch. I have one word for snow, because the nuances of snow aren't

that big a deal as they relate to my reality.

Similarly, what we notice about a thing--how we describe it given the words we have to use--is also a shading of reality derived from language. Without going into the specifics, many experiments have been done with speakers of American Indian languages. Showing an object to those speakers, and showing the same object to speakers of another language, often brings very different descriptions of the same object. (In one experiment, English speakers saw a red rope, which had been laid out in a circle, simply as a red rope; Navajo speakers saw it as a circle, with no mention of the color or the material.)

I've gone on too long and haven't even scratched the surface of this topic. (Besides, if I keep going, Peter, whose linguistics background is far more extensive than mine, will take me apart.) Language is destiny...or closer to the point, reality.

(SC) Is language destiny? No, I think not. I see language merely as a convenience. It allows people to communicate and that is all. People may congregate in groups of like-speaking people, but they also do that on the basis of color, religion, or what-have-you.

(MF) Is language destiny? My response is "huh?" On a semi-serious side (this question doesn't seem to beg it, but what the hey); I HOPE language is destiny, 'cause a lot of foreigners speak English, or want to! Perhaps we're destined for greatness by that virtue, I don't know. But I don't care. Destiny, like language, comes in many sizes and shapes, over the millenia. There have been too many languages and rises and falls of nations to sweat one language or another. Is this making sense? I didn't think so. So let me answer as I did earlier, and more succinctly: "Huh?"

(PG) To a linguist, this question paraphrases as "Does language determine one's behavior? Or does behavior decide what kind of language you'll use? Or both?" (Few linguists would even consider that what you do and think, and how you talk about those, might be completely unrelated.)

Early in the American scholastic tradition (late 1800s up to WWII) the answer was some version of the Sapir-Whorf hypothesis: all behavior and thought is determined by language. Evidence for this came from: color terms (language groups which had only three color words couldn't distinguish blue from black); kinship terms; and obscenities.

Eventually, though, linguists built up a huge mass of phenomena which could not be explained by the strong Sapir-Whorf view. It was clear that behavior changed language in science, religion and politics. More importantly, studies of children showed that they learn attitudes and behavior before they learn most of the vocabulary associated with them.

A "weaker" hypothesis was needed.

I'm of this mind - that language does predestine some things about us, but more often than that it is symptomatic of our background and choices. We are not programmed by the words and structures we learn, except in narrow areas such as kinship. (We Americans, for instance, feel less closely related to our in-laws because we have only a few derivative terms for them, unlike Polynesian languages which label each

and every in-law uniquely.)

Here are a few examples of current relevance:

*Of course many groups use language quite consciously to affect behavior and attitudes (gays, moderates, and freedom fighters). But there are those who band together for or against something just because of terminology: witness hunting enthusiasts' opposition to "gun control", or the huge shift in public opinion about abortion when proponents began using the phrase "pro-choice".

*Women are assumed by society to be better judges of color or design. Studies show that girls are taught, by parents and others, to use a wider variety of color terms (fuschia, lavender, aqua) than boys. Which causes the other?

*About twenty years after Einstein's General Theory of Relativity, English speakers were using (and still do today) more qualifying phrases like "possibly", "hopefully", "chances are", and so forth. One sociological study showed that doubt about the certainty of the universe was the reason for this change in language!

(SL) May as well dwell on which was first, the chicken or the egg. Language is such a large part of who each of us are that it colors our very thought. As the world around us changes, the language we use grows. Does the change in language follow destiny, or decide it? How we think depends to a great extent upon our vocabularies, upon our language.

Still, down through the ages, men have come up against the wall of not having the words they needed to express and develop the ideas they were trying to think. Naturally, they made up new words to fill the gap.

Whether we will ever be able to define reality, much less define it in a way that can be understood the same by two students using the same words is one of the basic philosophic questions. The problem is that we each live not in the world that we call real, but inside our minds. We experience the world through those filters that we call senses. We communicate our experience with language. We try to define, the words of that language in such a way that what one of us means is what the other understands. But we have no real way to know that this can ever be so. We have a tool, language, that we use to communicate our ideas. We can only hope that the parts of our greater thought that we can express with this tool will be picked up and placed into a similar context in the greater thought of the person to whom we direct the words.

Did I communicate just then? I have a concept of greater thought that I do not quite have the tools to describe. In most cases, when I try to communicate with another, I find myself dropping little clues as to what it is that I am trying to say, in hopes that the other person will, by gestalting those clues, come to comprehension. If language were destiny, the content of that greater thought would be limited to my vocabulary, and its comprehension would be limited to your vocabulary. To a great extent, this is so, but not fully so. If it were, we would never develop new words, we would never grow.

May we say that language both limits and directs while following? May we say it and really mean something?

Next month: How do you act when driving alone?

1987 AL Euro Style The Players

AUS Kathy Caruso 29-10 164th St., Flushing, NY 11358
 ENG Marshal Linder RD3 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 Fall 1903

AUS (Kathy 5) A TRI S A TYA-Ven, A TYA-Ven, F Ion-TYH,
 A Gal-Ukr(d;R BOH), A Nap-Rom(d;R APU)
 ENG (Marshal 4) F LON-Eng, F HEL-Den, F NWS S A NMY, A NMY H
 FRA (Rick 5) F Spa(sc)-WES, A Gas-LPL, F MID C A Gas-LPL,
 F IRI C A Gas-LPL, A PIE S ITA A VEN
 GER (Bob 6) A Bel-HOL, F Hol-NTH, F DEN S F Hol-NTH
 F ENG S F Hol-NTH, A Mun-SIL, A Ruh-KIE
 ITA (John 4) F Tyh-NAP, A ROM S F Tyh-NAP, F Tun-ION,
 A VEN H
 RUS (Richard 6) A Sev-Rom(d;R UKR), A WAR S A Ukr-GAL,
 A Ukr-GAL, F SWE-Nwy, A STP S F SWE-Nwy
 TUR (Larry 4) F Bul(sc)-AEG, A Arm-SEV, F BLA S A Arm-SEV,
 A RUM S A Arm-SEV

1987 AL Euro Style Winter 1903 Supplies and Adjustments

AUS Bud Tri Vie Ser Gre +0; even
 ENG Edi Lon Lep Nwy -1; R F Hel
 FRA Bre Mar Par Por Spa LPL +1; B F MAR
 GER Ber Kie Mun Den Bel Hol +0; even
 RUS Mos Stp War Swe Sev Rum -2; R F Swe
 TUR Ank Con Smy Bul RUM SEV +2; B F SMY, A CON

Note: Despite losing two dots Russia only removed one unit due to being one short at the start of this season.

1987 AL Euro Style ZAT for Spring 1904
is November 6, 1987.

1987 AL EURO STYLE PRESS

AUST to FRANCE: You're pitiful - you beg me to hit these guys & then you back off. No wonder you're attracted to "chickens".

LARRY to GMS: Oh Delicious One, don't let all that ranting and raving rhetoric from Redlands misguide you. I adore a lady who can smilingly slip a dagger in your back while eating a chocolate sundae! (Wait a minute, check that! A hot fudge sundae with nuts.)

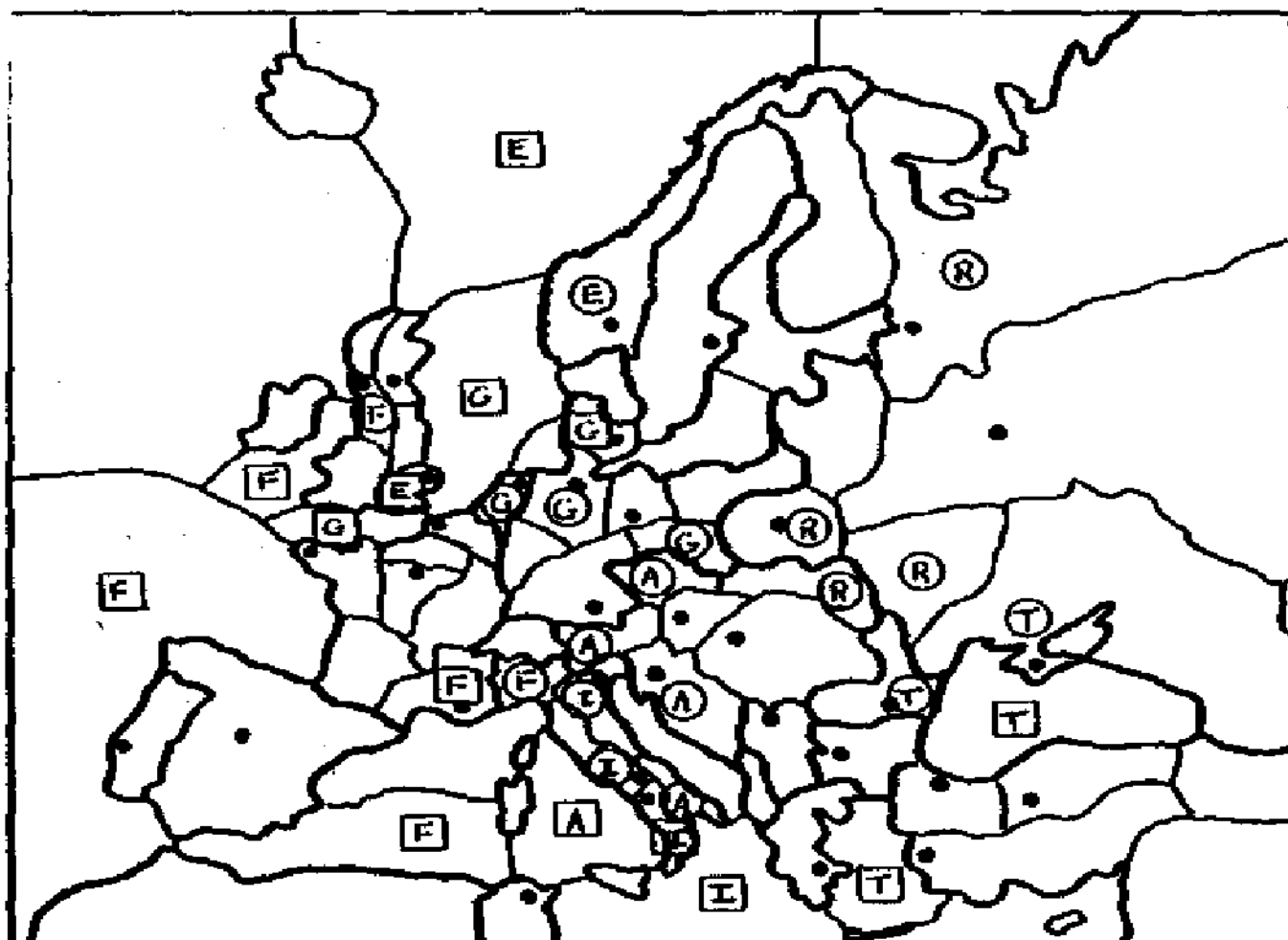
GMS to SWEET TALKIN PASHA: You don't eat hot fudge sundaes with a dagger, silly.

AUSTRIA to GM: Forget the warm up - I might need the real thing if Rick turns out to be a Mushbrain clone!

GM to AUSTRIA: It's worse than you thought.

1987 AL Euro Style

Map prior to Spring 1904



KK to GM: The Showtime Press sucks! Cut that & print ours!

GM to KK: How about if I print yours without cutting them?

LARRY to GM: I really resent that "contest" interfering with normal cross pressing from reasonable kibitzers like Spacey. On the other hand, if you have lost complete control of the press and let Cochise in here, I'm resigning along with Kathy and Fassio can have a Turkish position which he gets only in his dreams!

GM to LARRY: Now let me get this straight. You want Lindy to join in the press, but you don't want her husband along. What's the matter, can't stand the competition?

FRANCE to AUSTRIA: Your complaint is a bit late...Lindy's already been here and gone.

ITALY to GERMANY: You can support too!

CARUSO to SLOSSAR: Taking pot shots at an incompetent is more fun than walking to Naples.

GM to CARUSO: And I suppose a toothache is more fun than walking out of Naples.

ITALY to TURKEY: A real Turk would be in Greece and Serbia in Fall of 03.

AUSTRIA to ENGLAND: If you see the popcorn vendor, could you send him to Italy? I'd like to pour some "hot butter" on Huestis to see if I get a rise out of him!

POP CORN VENDOR to AUSTRIA: Hot butter coming up. Did you want that to eat here or are you planning to wear it?

ITALY to RUSSIA: Hang in there 'Old Cossack'.

GM to RUSSIA: A "Hail Fellow, Well Met" sort of greeting, but what can you expect from a son of Rome?

ST. PETE to ISTANBUL: Your press of last year has entered the Imperial Archives under the heading "to be read back slowly and with great enjoyment to the writer at the appropriate time." (ie. when the tip of the famed Caruso knife is poking out from under your sternum).

Unfortunately, the Tsar will probably be in exile in the South Pacific before you get extended enough for her to do her infamous thing.

If, by chance the agile Botimer knife strikes first, then your press is justified. Kathy has pretty much handed you the game on a platter.

Oh, Tom Hise, what a heartless NMR that was.

GM to ST. PETE: He didn't do it on purpose. It was more a case of being done to for him, too.

ST. PETE to VIENNA: Enjoyed your last letter. I almost wept when you described your feelings for the friendless Turk. You are a true Christian.

What about Italy? Doesn't he deserve a break. No, of course not. He Who Does Not Write Gets His -- airmail.

AUST to RUSSIA: Can I help it if I believe in helping the handicapped?

GMS to AUSTRIA: Helping the handicapped. Is that a new euphemysm?

ITALY to AUSTRIA: You've gotten my attention as would a migraine, a toothache, or a bad case of jock itch. Fortunately each of these maladies are readily remedied just like you.

CARUSO to HUESTIS: "See Naples and Die!" Is that a death threat? If so, I'll unleash Rin Tin and he'll give you a case of the rabies!

AUST to FRANCE: "Chicken McNuggets & Petticoat Junction" - you are sicker than Williams. However, if you support me into Venice, I'll overlook your sexual deficiencies and show you how a real woman operates.

GMS to FRANCE: And that's her best pickup line.

ITALY to FRANCE: Thanks for the support! I hope!

GM to ITALY: Bartles and Jaymes?

ST. PETE to ROME: Recommend you shoot every other postal worker at Rome office. Should increase productivity 100%.

AUST to GER: I'm watching you, so don't make any quick moves!

GM to AUSTRIA: Hey, try to keep a perspective. You are talking to a Californian. Quick moves are not what we do.

GMS to KATHY: Slow moves are what we do best.

RIN TIN to DELIGHTFUL ONE: Have you ever noticed how boring life, the movies, the office, soaps would be without delectable evil ladies? After all, I'm not a toady to an evil sorceress for nothing!

GMS to RIN TIN: I knew Melinda was desperate for Toadies ever since she tried to take over mine, but I didn't know she was desperate enough to pay them.

KK to RIN TIN: Let me guess, you did it your way, which is the wrong way, once again!

GM to RIN TIN: Hey, if ain't broke, don't fix it. The wrong way got you a few more builds than the right way got Austria, didn't it?

New Kids Bourse

Company Name	Acronyms	Dollars	Standing
Org of Generally Rotten Enterprises	OGRE	\$2.28	1570
Gold Brick Money Systems	GBMS	\$3.67	1481
Shady Ladies Union & Snooker Hall	SLUSH	\$0.26	1077
Generic Multinational	GeM	\$2.31	1059
Finger Licking Good	FLG	\$257.87	1002
Bond	BOND	\$6.09	996
Harry & Hairy Ape Inc.	HRHAI	\$427.26	875
Ivan Bo-Diddley	IBD	\$344.75	850
Liars Sneaks and Deceivers	LSD	\$1185.75	617
Divested Unified Corp. of Kool	DUCK	\$942.20	517
Bald Undertakers of Rome & Paris	BURP	\$3855.00	486
Sick Little Man Co.	SLM	\$910.00	369
Flybynte Co.	FBNC	\$3939.18	154

Country	AUS	ENG	FRA	GER	ITA	RUS	TUR
SC Count	6	4	5	5	4	5	4
Shorts open at	1.94	0.93	0.68	0.71	0.71	6.54	2.49
IBD	75	0	0	0	0	0	500
HRHAI	575	0	0	0	0	0	0
FBNC	0	0	0	0	0	575	0
BOND	0	0	0	0	100	0	575
GBMS	575	0	0	0	0	0	0
GeM	75	0	0	0	575	0	0
DUCK	575	0	0	0	0	575	575
FLG	575	0	0	0	0	0	0
OGRE	575	575	0	0	575	0	0
BURP	0	0	0	0	0	0	575
SLUSH	0	575	0	0	0	0	0

New Kids Financial News:

GBMS: I had hoped to make it a one man race (just like last time) with my big play in Rubles; but, unfortunately, the OGRE decided to tag along. Now to see if I can shake him.

GM to GBMS: Somehow the visual of your trying to shake an Ogre brings a smile to the lips.

PUDGE to SLEAZE: Several people (particularly one fanatically vengeful player from the Dip game) asked me at Pudgecon if I knew who any of the Boursers were, and I repeatedly said, "Well, I know Stafford is not in it since he hasn't called me up to try and fix the bourse." You mean you are in this? And I'm supposed to guess your identity from the standings...OK big shot, I think you're Flynbyte Co. Hosed another one away, did ya?

FLG to GM: I guess there isn't any way to stop people from exchanging identities and starting cartels, is there?

GM to FLG: None that I can think of. The anonymous players list is a joke, since nearly everyone who subs to MAGUS knows nearly everyone who subs to MAGUS.

GMS to FLG: Who would possibly want to exchange identities with you?

Country	AUS	ENG	FRA	GER	ITA	RUS	TUR
Bourse opens at	1.94	0.93	0.68	0.71	0.71	6.54	2.49
IBD	500-	0	8800	0	0	575-	0
H&HAI	0	1875	1806	1300	1875	575-	575-
FBNC	575-	7-	575-	575-	257-	0	575-
BOND	0	0	0	7227	475-	575-	0
GBMS	0	575-	10665	575-	0	575-	575-
GeM	500-	575-	5555	4444	0	575-	575-
LSD	500	0	3000	0	0	575-	250
SLM	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
DUCK	0	500-	0	0	1000	0	0
FLG	0	0	2000	6000	575-	575-	575-
OGRE	0	0	7032	3479	0	575-	575-
BURP	0	0	2000	0	0	575-	0
SLUSH	575-	0	14425	575-	0	575-	575-

Bourse closes at 1.47 0.83 6.15 2.78 0.74 5.84 1.89

Sales limit set at 600 next round.

Final closing 1.77 0.94 6.10 2.75 0.87 5.96 2.11

New Kids Bourse Current Portfolios

IBD	5800	0	8800	0	0	625	750
H&HAI	2265	1875	3250	1875	1875	2140	5505
FBNC	282	0	632	1382	0	432	432
BOND	1463	438	413	7190	2005	8225	450
GBMS	0	425	11002	2590	0	14053	2040
GeM	1586	2704	5531	4420	0	4811	3014
LSD	1500	800	4000	1000	1000	2900	1500
SLM	1550	650	2100	600	0	1000	1450
DUCK	2500	0	1000	1000	4333	1500	450
FLG	0	0	3925	6080	1906	7381	1375
OGRE	1000	2146	6836	3758	600	13952	4345
BURP	2750	700	2000	450	450	1650	1500
SLUSH	0	0	14940	848	0	4425	1848

More New Kids Financial News:

BOND to IVAN BO-DIDDLEY: Unfortunate for you. I have broken your SPECTRE code and your "financial advice" was jammed before it ever reached HQ. You could at least make this a challenge, you know.

LSD to BOND: I was over in Brighton, walking along the beach, when this young woman invited me up to her hotel room to "watch the telly". The English are certainly friendly.

WICHITA to GERMANY: Having met you at Pudgecon (OK, so I met you at Arlington too, but you were boring) has given me a new perspective on the game. At last you come across as a real person, rather than a mindless drone writing orders (but no press...sigh...). So now I can truthfully say to your fellow players--"Come on guys, get him!!"

FLG to IVAN: Let's see if you give good financial advice. Piastres for sale! Anyone want to buy some piastres?

GMS to FLG: I do! Do you have any with cherry filling? And no raisins, I don't like raisins.

FLG to OGRE and GBMS: Yikes! 14,000+ of the suckers. My banker thanks you very much.

IBD to FBNC & GM: Then there are the really good GMs who never shaft you and never get their games out on time either. People like Jerky George. (I was lying about the not-shafting. I do that a lot.)

FLG to FBNC: What are you doing? Trying the inverse square law on your portfolio?

SLUSH to FBNG: I'll admit it's an unusual approach and that generally contr-flow works wonders, but unless you're trying for the "booby" prize you seem to be doing everything backwards - tell me what are you not doing next time or shall I just sell you "short".

OLSEN to DUCK: Buzz off, hoser, whichever one you are! (Such are the virtues of ambiguity).

REDLANDS to DUCK: Go easy on the innuendo, Feather-Head, or I'll pull the sympathetic magic out from under your webbed little feet....

FLG to ENGLAND: With puns like that, it is no wonder I didn't go in for any pounds.

NOTCB to DUCK: "It's never too late to have a happy childhood." And you're living proof.

SLUSH to GM: I'll buy GBMS and sell DUCK short - got to be short on brains to use an acronym like that!

FLG to DUCK: Wrong on both counts. What was that little number Germany tried to slip in? A Mun-Bur, indeed!

SLUSH to SUNDANCE: Giddyup mule - haw muel - Woah muel. Woah I said - WOAHH!!

OLSEN to SOMEDUNCE: I really like your new name. Somehow...it suits you. And like I always say, if the albatross fits, wear it.

SUNDANCE FOR PRESIDENT COMMITTEE to WINNER: So, just what were you doing with those three hot red-heads in Room 69 of the Easy-8 Motel in mundane downtown Wichita on the nights of August 15 - 29? Hmm? No harm meant, we just think that candidates for political office should, ethically speaking, out-Ghod Ghod when it comes to being above reproach.

GM to CANDIDATE OLSEN: Is this what you mean about Don's penchant for the vicious personal attack?

BOND to CANDIDATE OLSEN: "Vicious personal attack"? How crass. I prefer "overt antipersonnel maneuver."

SUNDANCE to FLG: Let me guess--you're Cochise, right? Something about that "...let the games speak..." press item just made me think of you.

LSD to IVAN: As Woody Allen said, "Being bisexual might just increase your chances for a date on Saturday night." Let's see if Don can come up with a confirmation or denial of that one.

CANDIDATE OLSEN to SOMEDUNCE: You want a simple yes or no to your prejudiced, misguided, mind-wrestling question?! OK. Yes or no. Happy now?

OGRE to GM: "Yer outa there!" I like that! Have you ever considered becoming an umpire?

GM to OGRE: Would I have to memorize any rules?

SLUSH to OGRE: Try eating your Rubles in winter of '05.

BOND to OGRE: Remember, the Computer is Your Friend.

PREZ BOB to BOND: You a Presidential candidate? Don't make me laugh. We don't need any schnapps-swilling, off-cliff-driving, violence-crazed degenerates mucking around with our sacred political system. (We already have Don Williams.)

SLUSH to GM: I'm gon'a need'a p'cup truck to haul all this lt. blue paper away!

OLSEN to SOMEDUNCE WILLIAMS: Luckily for you my tactical advisor, Mr. Dick Martin, has counselled me to forgive you for all your sins - yes, Chernobyl, the Diplomacy game that never was, the Clark bar, the whole bit - thus achieving vast prestige among the masses. Now let's put aside our differences and join forces in an attack on a new victim of my choosing. And the winner is--

GM to OLSEN and WILLIAMS: How very appropriate. Anyone who was to become the recipient of a joint attack by you two would very likely be termed the winner when the dust settled.

BOB to GM: Hey how about a contest; nominations for the post of Next Victim of the Olsen-Williams Cadre. With Don's ability to make up wild charges and my knack for manufacturing irrefutable facts, we'll be unbeatable! Possible candidates: Julie Martin, Daf Langley, Steve Emmert. A pitiful group if there ever was one.

GM to SELECTION COMMITTEE: Why don't you pick on someone who wants attention? Does the phrase, 'The Bad Boys of Dip' ring any bells?

PUDGECON to ALL: Any weekend agreeable to ya'all would be agreeable to me('all). Labor Day was on a strange date (the latest of all possible Labor Day dates) this year, which kept some people from coming, and yet it seemed to me that this year's con was so much meatier than some others--people came early, they stayed late, partly because of the holiday. As we proved last year, the July 4 holiday is no good. Anybody have an opinion on this, let me know. I'm flexible (sort of like overcooked spaghetti). And I definitely hope that the Bad Boys will return. After all they are the future of the hobby (reminds me of Johnny Rotten snarling, "We're the future--your future!" on a Sex Pistols record) and we have to make our peace with the new order.

GM to PUDGECON: Figures you'd wimp out. So how about an attack on Russ Ruenak. At least he'll read this page now.

FLG to BOND: Who says I had any? *Belch* It's all in the special seasonings.

OGRE to FLG: Have no fear. Anyone else who eats with his fingers is a friend of mine. In fact, I'm planning on inviting you and BURP over for dinner soon. Um, I mean, to dinner.

OLSEN to GM: I think you got to field the zero-factorial question because of your reputation as a consummate genius. Of course had Mike Mazzer been at Pudgecon this year (instead of boycotting it again in support of Don Williams) Nancy probably would have asked him instead. In which case his answer would be: "Let's stab them all!"

FLG to SLUSH: So that's where my Snickers bars went. Give them back!

SLUSH to SLM: Another defeat snatched from the jaws of victory!

SLM to FLG: Get off the fence and spend those dollars. Not only does it feel good...it helps our god-fearing economy. And remember: No balls, no babies.

LSD to GMS: You mean Steve didn't tell you who I am? I thought we'd been properly introduced and all that.

GM to LSD: You were in England at the time.

LSD to GM: That was such a nice hallucination, too.

SLM to IQ: Okay here's the IQ test....Who maxed out selling Turkey short? If you didn't you need to enroll in the "Sick Little Man Remedial Finance Course: Perversion at a Healthy Rate of Return." Sign up now, but please bring your own leather suit and HP-12C.

CANDIDATE OLSEN to GM: Welcome back to the fold. I knew you'd see the light if a few thousand of my closest friends wrote threatening letters. As a concession to the pressure group you represent I pledge to do absolutely nothing when I get into office, with one possible exception. Do you think it would be OK to have Professional Wrestling matches in the White House? Instead of the proverbial "squared circle" we could have the "squared oval". We'll start with Imatoulet Khomeini vs. Shazam Hussein, one fall, ten-minute time limit, and get this Persian Gulf nonsense straightened out.

SLM to HI & HAI: Need a shovel? Or perhaps you're just masochistic. Sign up for the "Sick Little Man Remedial Finance Course: Hostile Takeovers in the Boardroom or in the Bedroom." Please bring your own prospectus and hand cuffs.

FLG to IBD: You're right, we already have some inside traders.

LSD to FBNC: You're been watching Daf's bra? Was it trying to escape? Personally, I'm not into women's underwear (thank God). I prefer what's underneath.

IVAN BO-DIDDLEY: OK so I hate puppies. But I'm a reasonable fellow. Give me a reason to like them and I will. Negotiable securities would be best.

IBD to GMS: You're right, I do hate dirty old puppies!

FLG to GERMANY: I'll just take my money elsewhere.

OLSEN to WILLIAMS: I do so know what country I am--so there! And you don't! Let's just say I was one of those smart enough to avoid the Pound like the Plague.

FLG to IBD: Stop complaining and do some wheeling and dealing. 7000 Rubles should do nicely.

REDLANDS to WICHITA: How DARE you attempt to bribe someone of Steve's ethical stature and moral resoluteness with a scummy Supreme Court nomination?! You ought to be tied to a Kuwaiti oil tanker and run through the Gulf of Hormuz! Everyone knows that Steve nominated me because he thinks I'm the best qualified individual the hobby has to offer. The fact that I've offered to make him a staff aide to the NSC's National Security Advisor has nothing to do with anything.

FLG to GM: Mayonaise and linoleum? Isn't that...dangerous?

SLUSH to WORLD: Good, buy Italian.

FLG to GMS: I don't know. Sacramento is a good place to shop for exotic dancers. Would you like to, you-know, see Russia?

CANDIDATE WILLIAMS to CANDIDATE OLSEN: Take a long stroll off a short plank....

PREXY O. to GM: Before hiring Daphne onto the highest court in the land I have to know, is she just?

GM to PREXY O: Just?

OLSEN: Just....just....

GM to OLSEN: Just.

OLSEN to GM: but only just, right?

GM to OLSEN: Just just? Surely you jest. She's actually quite justy.

1987 CV New Kids The Players

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Steve Emert PO Box 319, Virginia Beach, VA 23458

Jeff Zarse Hinman Box 284, Dartmouth College,
Hanover, NH 03755

Bob Slossar 14 Buck Hill Rd., Huntington, CT 06484
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Ron Cameron 7821 Souma Circle, La Palma, CA 90623
(714) 523-7274 (h) (213) 239-0899 (w)

Marshal Linder RD3, Box 218, Carmichael Rd.,
Owego, NY 13827 (607) 687-5444

This issue of MAGUS free to Steve Emert for taking over the French units. Also, our thanks...thanks.

1987 CV New Kids Spring 1902

AUS (Russ 6) F Tri-ADR, A Bud-TRI, A Vie-TYA, F GRE-Ion,
A BUL S RUS F RUM, A SER S A BUL

ENG (Don 4) F LON-Eng, F NTH C A Edi-BEL, A Edi-BEL,
F NMY S F NIH

FRA (Steve 5) A Par-PIC, F BRE-Eng, F Por-MID, A Spa-GAS,
A BUR-Bel

GER (Bubbles 5) F Kia-DEN, A Ber-MUN, F Den-SKA, A Mun-RUM,
A HOL S ENG A Edi-BEL

ITA (Bob 4) F NAP-Ion, F Ion-EAS, A TUN H, A VEN H

RUS (Ron 5) A MOS S A Ukr-SEV, F SWE-Nmy, A Pru-LVN,
F RUM S A Ukr-SEV, A Ukr-SEV

TUR (Marshal 4) F SMY S F Con-AEG, F Con-AES, A Sev-CON,
F BLA C A Sev-CON

1987 CV New Kids ZAT for Fall 1902 is November 6, 1987.

1987 CV NEW KIDS' PRESS

ENGLAND to BOARD: In case you thought I really didn't know what I was doing, you were right.

NEWEST KID to THE REST OF THE GANG: Hi, guys, mind if I join you? Are you playing keepers, or just funksies?

SUNDRUNK DUCK to STUDENT OF HUMAN NATURE: Is it true that ripe cantelope halves, applied liberally to the face, neck and shoulders, can significantly reduce the chance of losing your dots to a marauding Frenchman? I dunno, it was just something I read, or dreamed or something....

SUNDANCE to SUNSHEIK: You're being awfully quiet over there trying to get the neighbors to forget about you, huh? Good luck during the soon-to-be-raging war.

NOZZLE NYMPH to SWEET BOOTS: Me "kiss and tell"? Since when? Has Olsen been spreading rumors again?

GM5 to NOZZLE NYMPH: Just when were you kissing Olsen?

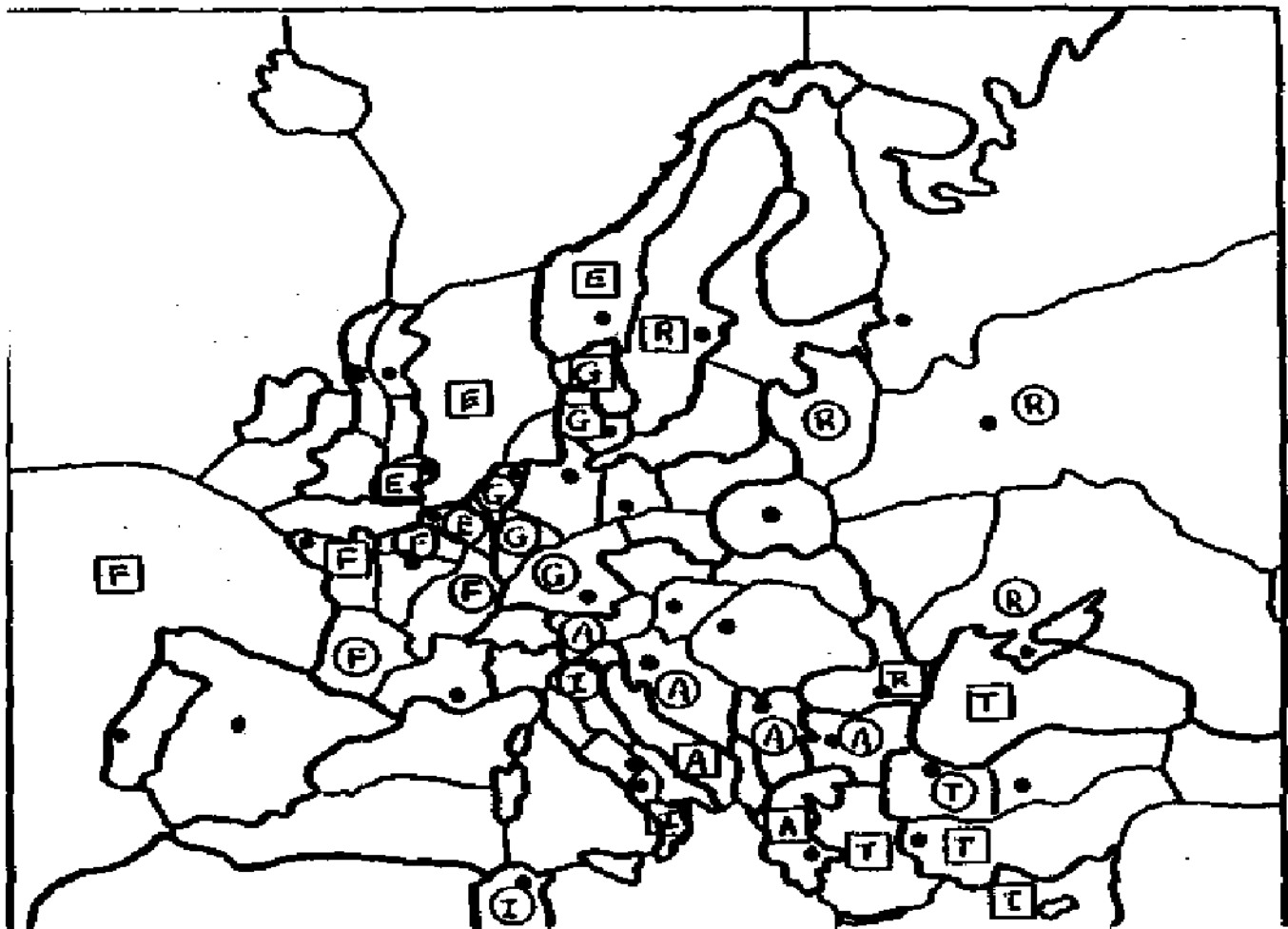
NOZZLE NYMPH to NEW KIDS: If you don't understand you shouldn't ask. Right, SweetBoots?

DUCK to GM: I vote "Abstain" to the name change. Can I do that?

RUS to AUS/GER: Welcome back from Pudgecon.

1987 CV NEW KIDS

Map prior to Fall 1902



ENGLAND to RUSSIA & GERMANY: I said PEN PALS, not duck bashers.

AVON-ON-STRATFORD to GM: Ever notice how some people can never find the middle road?

VIRGINIA BEACH to BOARD: I have several vices, but excessive pride is not among them. I respectfully offer copious quantities of Heineken to any and all allies.

GMS to VB: I like a man who's proud of not being proud.

ENGLAND to TURKEY: You stay out of this...if he wants to give me a beer, then I think you should let him give me a beer.

RUS to FRA: Welcome, welcome! How nice, a Duck and a Frog in the same channel.

ENTE to VATER: Isn't dragging the German press-item around from one game to another like a dead-pony ride just a bit much? Sprechen something else, will ya?

RUS to GER: Niet! Niet! Niet!

AVON-ON-STRATFORD to TSAR: IF Turkey and Italy ARE allied, then who fooled who, fool?

RUS to ENG: May your ships sink, your hair turn pink, and you forever remain the same old dink!

LONDON to MOSCOW: Was it something I said or something you ate?

GM to LONDON: Maybe a bit of both?

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 was 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.

Kenneth Kemp was fitting keys into the keyhole of his secretary's locked file. Only the shaking of the keys betrayed the frustration and anger he was feeling at being thwarted by a simple lock.

"Ahem," the soft, friendly voice of Detective Braden sounded from the door. "I've spoken with your entire staff, sir, and while they all claim that you were with them, none of them are prepared to say that you were there all of that time. It seems you moved around quite a bit, checking on this and that. Your alibi isn't quite as sound..."

"Go away and get yourself a warrant then, Braden. I don't have time to deal with you now." Kemp's response was not quite what Detective Braden had expected.

"I don't believe I need a warrant, sir. I'm arresting you for the murders of Barbara Northwood and Robert..."

"And I believe you do need a warrant, Detective. This property is not part of the general township over which you have jurisdiction. You can't arrest me here for a capital crime without a warrant. Now go away! I have a lot of papers to read before you get back."

Detective Max Braden was totally out of his class. He backed off and quietly closed the office door.

"I'll just get that warrant," he muttered to himself as he walked down the hallway. He left two uniforms in the Kemp mansion, to assure that nothing nor no one would leave in his absence.

Larry Prender watched the policeman leaving. He drew a deep shuddery breath. So much had happened. Estelle's confession, his own confession. Detective Braden's accusation of Kenneth. He wished, somehow, that it could all be over with, no matter how it came out.

"Lawrence," Kenneth Kemp's voice was business as usual. "I need a favor. Take this," he handed Larry Prender a small automatic pistol, "and make damn sure that Blake doesn't leave the sitting room. Shoot him if you must."

"What? Blake? Kenneth..." Larry Prender tried to hand the pistol back to Kemp, but Kemp was already leaving the room. "I have to go through all of Barbara's records before that idiot Braden returns, and I don't want the killer to escape while I'm at it."

"Go through Barbara's records...What does that have to do with Blake?" Larry Prender followed Kemp into the hall, still trying to return the little pistol.

"Someone killed Barbara. Blake knocked Robert out before he could get a word out, and now Robert is dead. I don't know if Blake is the killer or not, but I do know that somewhere in Barbara's records there will be evidence about the Denver swindle. Something in that evidence will uncover the secret behind all this. It has too!" Kemp turned towards Larry

Prender, speaking the last in a voice of desperation. Larry Prender watched the big man go on down the hall, the pistol forgotten in Prender's hand."

"Father didn't kill Robert." Darlene Kemp said.

"Who did kill him, then?" John Blake's mind was working again. "If it wasn't your father, it had to be either your mother, your uncle, or one of the staff. According to the police, no one of the staff was ever alone. Who does that leave?"

"I don't know. Maybe there was an intruder, a thief." Darlene knew she was grasping at straws. "Let's go talk to Daddy, maybe we can figure it out, together."

"Let's speak with your mother, first. Then we can collect your uncle and maybe all of us can thrash this out together." Blake was back in control. It felt good.

"Kenneth, I have to speak with you." Larry Prender said from the office doorway.

"I thought I told you to keep an eye on Blake." Kemp snarled, hardly looking up from the files spread across his secretary's desk.

"Blake didn't kill Robert. I did."

Kenneth Kemp looked up, triumph on his face. "I know you did. I doubted that you had it in you, but I've found you here. Not your name, but enough leads that even that will come out."

"Will it? Aren't you forgetting this?" Larry Prender pointed the little pistol at his brother-in-law.

"I took the bullets out of it before I gave it to you, you fool!" Kemp started to cross the room. "I wasn't sure if there would be enough in these files to incriminate you, so I gave you the pistol. I knew you couldn't be sure that I wouldn't find something to link you with Robert and Barbara. You'd have to come to find out, and then I knew I'd have you."

"I knew it didn't have any bullets in it when you gave it to me. It was too light. So I loaded it. Now, who's the fool?"

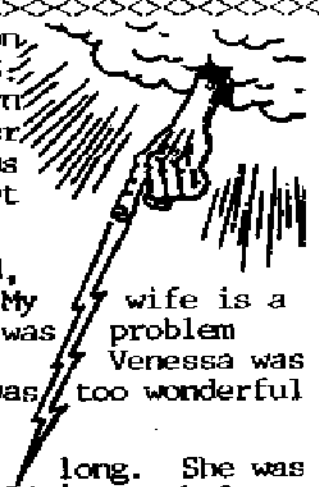
Kenneth Kemp stepped back, half tripping, half collapsing into the chair behind the desk. The look of triumph was gone, replaced by fear.

Lawrence Prender walked wide around the desk. "Remain seated, Kenneth. I don't want to hurt you if I don't have to. All I want are the contents of those files. Without that, you have no way to link me to the murders. I don't think Detective Braden will just take your word. And, I'm sure you will get the staff to improve their memories if it ever goes to court, so you aren't in any real danger." As he spoke, Larry Prender came up behind Kenneth Kemp and brought the pistol up to the big man's right ear.

"Larry? What ever are you doing?" Estelle Kemp asked as she, Darlene and John Blake came through the office door. Kenneth Kemp fainted. Larry Prender stood for a moment, vaguely waving the little pistol, and then he too slumped down, crying.

"That's it then," Detective Braden said as his man escorted Larry Prender to the car he'd arranged for Kenneth Kemp. He wanted to leave with the suspect rather than face Kemp, but he knew he'd have to talk to the millionaire sooner or later. He pushed the warrant he'd talked Judge Milner out of deeper into his pocket. There was another conversation he wasn't going to enjoy.

Well, as promised right here last issue, the new addition to our household arrived soon after FB went out to MAGUS. Would you all please welcome Valerie Marie Williams, born on September 25, 1987, to our world. First off, mother and daughter are both doing fine, though the daughter has already made it very clear that she is going to attempt to eat us out of house and home as soon as possible.



To get through this quickly, Valerie was born at 3:55 AM, after a relatively (mercifully) brief two-hour labor. (My wife is a lot friendlier to her because of this, I think.) Birth was free, even though I was present through the whole thing. Venessa was pretty convinced that I'd pass out, but the experience was too wonderful and compelling to miss. (Natural childbirth, i.e.)

Valerie weighed 7lbs., 4ozs at birth, and was 20 inches long. She was aware of the world immediately--given the situation, wouldn't you be? In the two weeks since birth, she has shown us that she will be a "good" baby with a quiet temperament, and she sleeps through the night most of the time. Venessa, Michael, Christine and myself feel happy and lucky that she has joined our family, and we love her very much. (And, for those of you interested in such things--Flash--she will be our last contribution to the baby boom, guaranteed.)

Last month, I promised the planks of the Williams Candidacy platform, my vision for a New! Improved! and brighter America. I have decided, after moments of shallow reflection, to postpone that unveiling, and to instead bring the unblinking light of truth to bear on my erstwhile opponent, Bob "Winner" Olsen.

Kennedy. Cuomo. Hart, Nunn, Biden and Schroeder. Now, Robertson and, maybe, Dukakis. Who's next? Will the carnage never end? Election by character-defamation-and-elimination has woefully come to this country, in the person and form of the OLSEN for PRESIDENT campaign, a campaign which continues to steamroller its way from ignominious anonymity to national--as our Hobby is national--prominence on the bloody gore of political defenestration. The Olsen Campaign is, and I'm speaking with all possible candor here, a cruel hoax upon the American electorate, and a vicious, Olsenesque attack on the very system we use to nominate our Presidential candidates.

In an effort to slow down Olsen and his Minions of Mediocrity, we should once more pause to consider the man, his morals, and his mission. All hyperpolic language aside, Olsen is a lying dog. He purports to have never won a game, and yet has won at least two. He says that he is a man of

FIAT

extraordinary inaction, yet he promises to: 1) Clean up professional wrestling; 2) Make Congress do something about Steve Langley; and 3) Professes to have a foreign policy for the Persian Gulf. He has engineered the breakdown of several rival campaigns, and has threatened me with the same. HE MUST BE STOPPED!

BELLUM!



Under Western Eyes

NEXT SEASON: Spring 1910
ZAT: November 5, 1987

GAME ID: 1985-T
GM: Don Williams

Now They'll Do It Their Way

LEAGUE OF GENTLEMEN ADVENTURERS CONTINUE TO STAVE OFF THE RUSSIAN BEAR. . .
FRANCO-ITALIAN ATTACK NETS THE ENGLISH CHANNEL. . .TURKISH FLEET SAILS
INTO CONSTANTINOPLE. . .ITALY TO BUILD FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE 1903!!!

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

SUMMER 1909:

RUSSIAN F nat-R-NWG

FALL 1909:

FRA (5) F IRI S [ITA] F NAT-lpl, F BRE S [ITA] F mid-ENG, A BUR-bel,
A PIC-bur, A PAR S A PIC-bur.
GER (1) A LPL H.
ITA (4) F NAT-lpl, A boh-mun(d;r Tya,OTB), A VIE-gal, F mid-ENG.
RUS(16) F ARM-ank, A RUM S A GAL(cut), F BLA S A RUM, A GAL S A RUM(cut),
A WAR S A GAL, A mun-BOH, A SIL S A mun-BOH, A kie-MUN,
A RUH S A kie-MUN, F HOL S F BEL, F eng-WAL, F CLY S [GER] A LPL,
F BEL S F NTH-eng(cut), F NTH-eng, F NWG-nat.
TUR (8) A SER-rum, A BUD S A SER-rum, A TRI-ser, A SMY S F ANK, F aeg-CON,
F BUL(sc) S F aeg-CON, F ANK S F aeg-CON(cut), F ion-GRE.

SUPPLY CENTER CHART FOR WINTER 1909:

FRA [5] Home, Por, Spa.....+0; Even
GER [1] lpl.....+0; Even
ITA [5] Home, Tur, VIE.....+1; Build 1 or 2
RUS [15] Home, Bel, Ber, ~~Wid~~, Den, Edi, Hol,
Lon, Kie, Mun, Nwy, Rum, Swe.....-1; Even
TUR [8] Home, BUD, Bul, Gre, Ser, Tri, ~~Vie~~.....+0; Even

GAME NOTES:

- UNITS IN RETREAT; Italian A Bohemia
- Three draws proposed; F/I/R/T, F/I/T, R/I/T--PLEASE VOTE WITH NEXT SET OF ORDERS
- Map of Fall 1909 on next page
- ZAT for Winter 1909 and Spring 1910 is November 5, 1987...a little short, I know, seperation of seasons will be granted on one request.

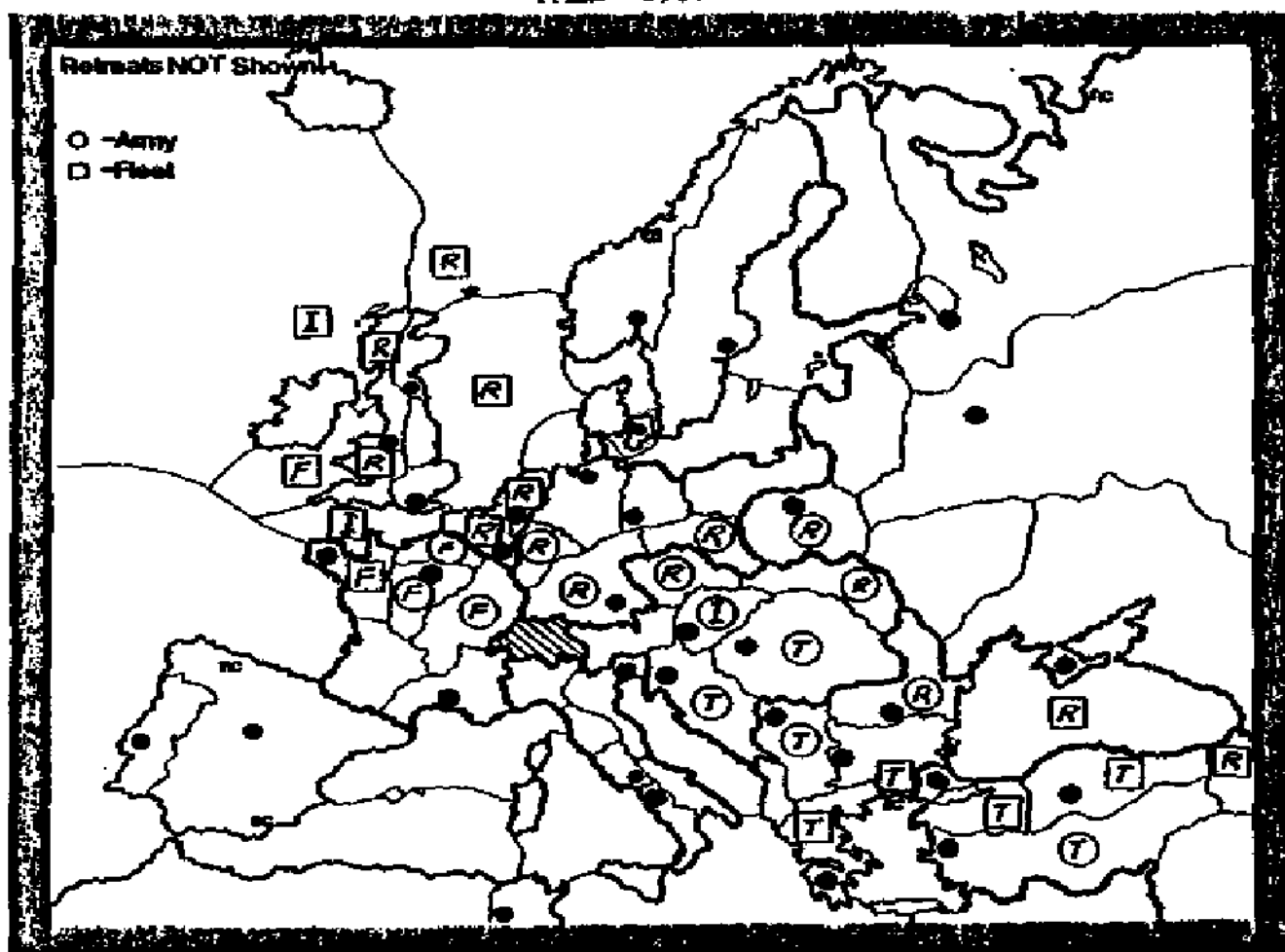
PRESS:

RUSSIA - MUSHBRAIN: If my moves don't make sense, don't worry about it. I have such a bad head cold that I can't think straight, but if I waited any longer to mail I would've NMR'd and then you'd call me Jerky!

LEAGUE OF GENTLEMEN ADVENTURERS - THE KRAFTY

KZARINA AND HER PUSILLANIMOUS PUPPET: Rejoice, your liberators are at hand.

FALL 1909



We will take up the load of all those dots, gladly. Your struggles to order more units than your minds can comprehend (in Grumpy's case he's got lots more than he can handle) are at an end. We, the League of Gentlemen Adventurers, desire no thanks, no rewards. Doing good in the world is reward enough.

LEAGUE OF GENTLEMEN ADVENTURERS - KK: It's a dirty job, but somebody has to do it.

LIVERPOOL - MOSCOW: How am I doing?

GM - GRUMPY GRAESSELE: You're doing just swell at making me look like a great and conscientious GM. Keep it up!

Liverpool - GM: I didn't ask you. Knowing full well that you'll interject your two cents. [Sue me.]

PARIS - MOSCOW: George really knows how to win friends and influence people.

RUSSIA - FRANCE: And to think, Jerky wrote all that press while he was in a good mood!

DEAD DOGE - GRUMPY: Your third wind? Your twenty-seventh, but who's counting.

KK - JERKY: Nice to see your poison pen in gear, now how about getting your ass in gear and doing something about the games you don't GM?

DEAD DOGE - GRUMPY: The only help you can give Kathy is to let her have

your dot. Short of that, you are about as useless as tits on a toad.

GM - DEAD DOGE: Now, hold on there; he's got to be improving my GM rating, y'know?

DEAD DOGE - DEADLY DUCK: Just keep showing George how it's done.

FRANCE - GERMANY: I make my own peanut butter and jelly sandwiches, thank you.

BURGUNDY - INQUIRING GM: We'll have to be more careful and keep the shades drawn. I hope you liked what you saw. [Ummm, not really. You and Linda making PB&J sandwiches in the buff does nothing for me.]

FRANCE - RUSSIA: No F/I/R/T? You just don't want your husband pointing at you and saying, "You drew with Cochise? (Smirk...)".

DEAD DOGE - SEXY SULTANA: Stick with me, kid, and I'll put your name in lights.

TUR - RUS: Get ready to move over.

DEAD DOGE - KRAZY KZARINA: You had to take the shot. Too bad the GM gave us about five months to figure out our tactics. Of course, you should have figured that into your plans.

COCHISE - KK: 10 more game years? Where's my pillow? I'm going to pull a Rip Van Winkle.

BURGUNDY - GRAPEVINE: No TV. She has to tune in the soaps on the radio. [Oh, PBS has soaps?] Definitely grape jelly, by the way. [Yecch! Make mine apricot, boysenberry or raspberry jam.]

DEAD DOGE - GRUMPY: Sticks and stones, George. Of course, words are about all you have left to fight with. [You mean, George didn't really mean it when he called me and Steve scum sucking slimeballs?]

PARIS - GERMANY-in-EXILE: You live by the grace of God and the good wishes of Kathy.

PARIS - GM: "Scum sucking slimeball"? And I thought the only thing we had in common was Donald and Socrates. Maybe I was wrong about the grace of God. [Huh?]

GEORGE - DON: Good night, Don. I must say, I rekindled old feelings. And God bless the Queen and Ollie North!!

FRANCE - WORLD-WEARY GERMANY: Oh, go back to bed and make more babies.

GM - GAME: Speaking of which. . .

KK - GM: Congrats on Valerie--I'll bet she can even teach you a thing or two (i.e., how to GM).

DEAD DOGE - GM: I didn't see an error this latest season. My eyes must be failing me. It's hell getting old.

GM - DEAD DOGE: Yeah, well, I guess Valerie's influence is making itself felt already. I took Steve's comment about proofreading to heart and Valerie's been reading the reports off to me to check--

DEAD DOGE - GM: Sure, tell us another.

GM - DEAD DOGE: You're feeling awful feisty this month, y'know? Been listening to the Hobby Sex Slug attempting to seduce Sweetboots or what?

DEAD DOGE - GM: Leave Tallman out of this. I'm a changed Dead Doge. [Yeah, now you have FIVE units. . .you world conqueror, you.]

DEAD DOGE - FRENCH FRY: Whither now, Oh Master of the West? Got another rabbit in that hat? [Keep the rabbits out of this. . .such too much involve-by rabbits in the Hobby already, if you know what I mean. Oh, good-bye!]

Atrocity Exhibition



In my usual high-concept manner, I've managed to come up with yet another new, brilliant idea which will set the hobby on its ear. Starting this month, Atrocity Exhibition sports a new feature which I call "The Don Williams Corner". Just as some zinnies call the supply center chart (Fastfingers' main interest in life) "The Tom Mainardi Kornor", just so will the section of this subzinny which lists and apologizes for last month's GMing mistakes be known henceforth after the Bumblemaster (by the way Don, congratulations on the new duckling...there are some things you're an acknowledged master at).

In fact, it occurs to me that we could name the various parts of an adjudication after those hobby personalities most closely associated with them. For example the moves themselves could be called "The Dan Stafford Corner". The maps might be named after whoever first started using them...I'm not sure who this might be...Gary Coughlan perhaps. Likewise the press is inevitably "The Steve Emmert Corner" since Moose is the current #1 press enthusiast around. And of course the blank, wasted space at the bottom of a page...what to call this... a number of names come to mind but "The Wimp Caruso corner" serves as well as any.

Are there other corners, as yet unthought-of? If you spill beer on the page, is that "The Russ Rusnak Corner"? What about the part where you assign standbys for NMRing players--whose corner is that? (I have a name or two in mind...) The possibilities are endless!

By the way I recently received a complaint from a Mr. Jim-Bob the Boobarian Burgess, who says that I never mention my name in either of my subzinnies. Hey Boob, if you put out trash like this, would you want your name associated with it? (Come to think of it you already do!). OK, I'll go along with this and drop the mask of anonymity just this once. This is: Bob Olsen, 6818 Winterberry, Wichita KS 67226. But I really don't have anything to do with this. Really.

~~~~~  
~~~~~  
~~~~~

RUTHLESS PEOPLE: 1987-AT  
WINTER 1902/SPRING 1903

OUT WITH THE OLD DEADWOOD: IN WITH THE...?  
GAME BEGINS TO RESEMBLE DIPLOMACY

(WINTER 1902: FRANCE BUILDS F BRE, GERMANY BUILDS F  
KIE, RUSSIA BUILDS A MOS)

SPRING 1903:

AUS (D. Langley, 3): NMR: A Vie u (H) (d: Bud, OTB), A  
TRI u (H), F ADR u (H)  
ENG (Fassio, 4): A NWY S Russian A Swe, F Nth-ENG, F  
Nwg-Nth, F Bar-Nwg  
FRA (K. Caruso, 6): F TUN S F Tys, A Naf-TUS (F TYS & F  
WMD C), A Mar-PIE, F Bre-MAO  
GER (Burgess, 6): F SKA-NTH (F DEN S), A Boh-VIE (A TYO  
S), F Kie-HOL (A BEL S)  
ITA (Mazzer, 3): A VEN S German A Tvo-Tri (NSO), A APU  
S A Ven, F NAP-Ion  
RUS (D. Williams, 6): A SWE H (F BOT S), A War-GAL, E  
BLA C Turkish A Arm-Bul (NSO), F Stp(nc) H (A MOS S)  
TUR (Gaughan, 5): F ION S ((French)) F Tys-Nap (NSO), F  
EMD S F ION, A Arm-SEV, A Gre-SER, F Con-AEG

The Don Williams Corner: Errors last season were:  
Turkey occupied Greece and hence was +1: the French F  
Wmd was correctly listed on the moves but left off the  
map. Only two mistakes? Don't worry, it's early yet.

Mark Fassio is the new English player; George  
Graessle has gone to wherever it is that people who  
don't have the guts to face Kathy again go. Thanks to  
Woody for unused Russian standby moves. Standby for Daf  
Langley is Steve Langley (what, again?). I'd give his  
address but I don't want to insult your intelligence.  
Come to think of it, I do want to insult your  
intelligence. Steve's address is: 2296 Eden Roc Ln. #1,  
Sacramento CA 95825.

From now on, we're back on our first-of-the-month  
schedule, perhaps never again to deviate from it. Thus  
the deadline is: ====November 1, 1987====

and now for

THE STEVE EMMERT CORNER

France--Eng: Listen Jerky, if you NMR'd out, you better  
head for Mexico, as castration is too good for you if  
I'm left to keep Faz happy!

France--Faz: Keep your pants on! Don't let Daf rope  
you into a state of mindless toady worship. Look at  
Mushbrain and remember "Daf could do that to you"!!!

Turkey to France: Dirty old man? Me? Hey, old lady,  
you ain't seen nothin' yet! I'm going to screw up your  
naval plans if it's the last thing I do! ((Oh you wild  
and crazy guy!))

Turkey to GM: You're almost as bad a GM as Don

Williams. Leaving a center completely off the chart is lower than he has ever gone. ((What happened, did your copy of the last Fiat Bellum get lost in the mail? And how come you didn't say anything when Don admitted losing player press...why the double standard...etc. etc. etc.))

Turkey to Russia: Oh, my gawd, Don. Can't you get it right? ((What? You're not blaming me? Shucks!))

Granny--Mushbrain: You'd be a great POW as you're always missing in action.

Turkey to Italy and Germany: Speaking of getting it right, why is it that with a 4-on-3 advantage (5-on-3 counting Bob) your side still hasn't forced us out anywhere?

Granny--Motor Mouth: Look at the bright side, at least Faz isn't next to you!

France--Germany: Don't become a Benedict Arnold! I need you to be my Ollie North--shred Mushbrain's feathers, kick Daf's cure rear, and stare down Lt. Faz. ((That's Captain Faz to you, civilian!))

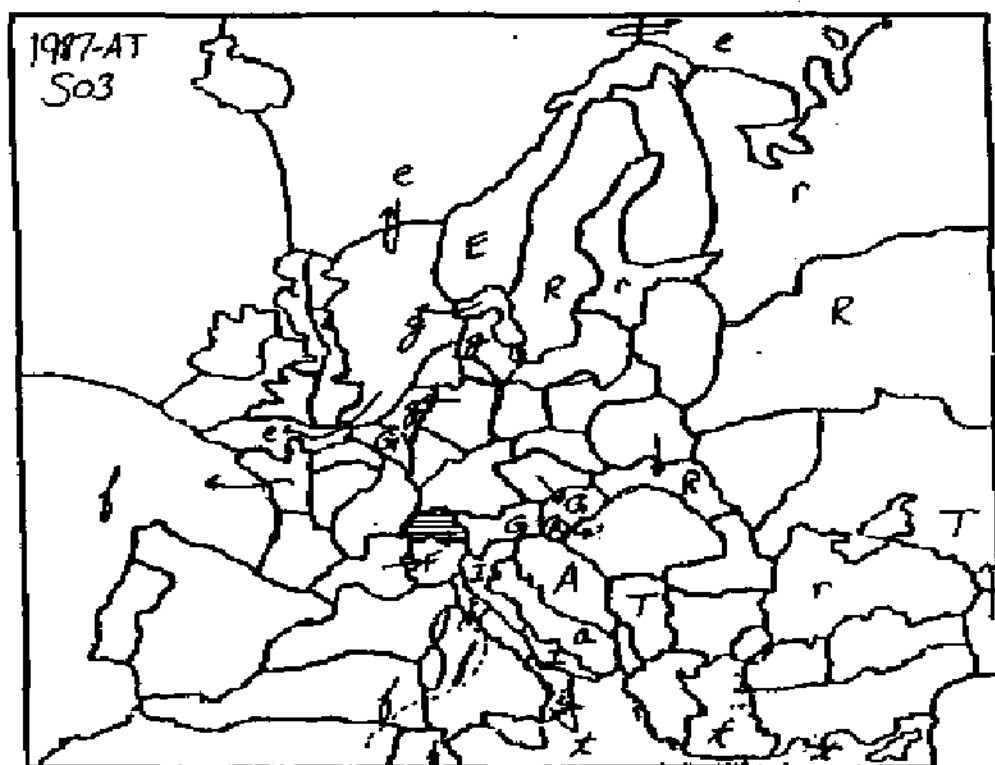
Turkey to Italy: Oh, no, I never said you were Granny's mindless toady. Her mindless target, certainly, but I never said so.

Kathy--Daf: Instead of devoting all your time to keeping Mushbrain and Pops in line how about some help with the press?!! ((How about some help with the moves?))

Turkey to Austria: Thanks for the help, dearest--but it may be a little too late.

Granny--Pops: If Woody comes in, I'm going to laugh, as then you'll see what chaos is all about!

Kitton--Honey: This group wasn't bad enough--you had to add Faz and/or Woody!!





# The Melniboné Herald

#10

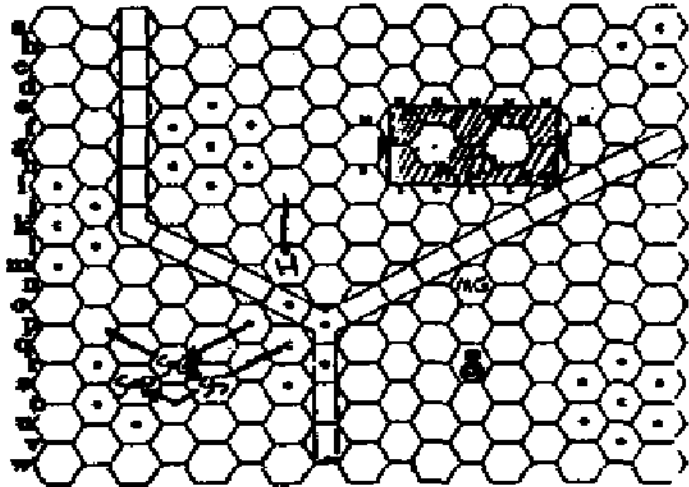
published by P.J. Gaughan,

3121 East Park Row #165  
Arlington TX 76010 (817-633-3208)

## HELKARAKSĒ ASF5

TURN THREE: A LATE FLURRY SENDS J.R. OFF, EVENS UP THE SCORE

Segment One--Muscles Galore (Tom Hise) comes off the long summer layoff in poor style, storming Q7 after everybody has run away. Smuggpuff (Jeff Zarse) runs under the tree at S3, while Snow Grench (J.R. Baker) steps under its branches. Heimdall (Bruce Geryk) and Sass-squat (Tom Hurst) are tracking the Grench, though--both players hit him. And Daf (Langley) is still on target; she nails Muscles from his left side, with a Dirigible!



Segment Two--Everyone is preparing for the final segment, except Snow Grench, who lands a retaliatory di near, but not on, S5 ("Just a warning shot!"). Daf, Muscles, and Smuggpuff all pick up a huge wad of snow, while S5 sidesteps to S5 and Heimdall closes in.

Segment Three--Daf and Heimdall cool-lect even more snow (Dirigibles for ??) and MG takes advantage of this to return fire on Her Loveliness behind the snowman--three points! At the western tree, all hell breaks loose! First, Snow Grench gets confused and storms the tree he's under, picking up 2 vp for nailing Smuggpuff, but also losing a hit point for damaging himself! Then SP turns and just about pounds his dirigible on Sass-squat. That's a difficult task, though, because SS is doing a Mendham Maniac attack, the first ever in competition! He stoops over and flings up huge armfuls of snow, knocking down both SP and SG. He scores no points for this maneuver, but he does send the Grench packing for the kitchen!

|                           |                    |                        |                    |
|---------------------------|--------------------|------------------------|--------------------|
| <u>Segment One</u>        | <u>attacked by</u> | <u>Segment Two</u>     | <u>attacked by</u> |
| D attack MG w/di          |                    | collect di             |                    |
| H attack SG w/rx          |                    | move to M7, collect sb |                    |
| MG CS against Q7          | D /di/65/**        | collect di             |                    |
| SG move to R4, collect sb | {SS/rx/90/**       | attack SS w/di         |                    |
| SP move to S3             | {H /rx/70/**       | collect di             |                    |
| SS attack SG w/rx         |                    | move to S5             | SG/di/60/--        |

|                      |                    |                     |           |           |           |           |
|----------------------|--------------------|---------------------|-----------|-----------|-----------|-----------|
| <u>Segment Three</u> | <u>attacked by</u> | <u>Standings:</u>   | <u>vp</u> | <u>hp</u> | <u>sb</u> | <u>di</u> |
| D collect di         | MG/di/65/**        | red-Daf Langley     | 4         | 5         | 1         | 2         |
| H collect di         |                    | black-Heimdall      | 3         | 9         | 1         | 1         |
| MG attack D w/di     |                    | lt green-Muscles G. | 3         | 6         | 0         | 0         |
| SG CS against S3     | {SG/cs/95, 70/**   | yellow-Snow Grench  | 7         | 0         | -         | -         |
| SP attack SS w/di    | {SS/mx/50/**       | blue-Smuggpuff      | 3         | 5         | 0         | 0         |
| SS Maniac attack!    | SP/di/45/**        | dk green-Sass-squat | 5         | 4         | 0         | 0         |

DEADLINE FOR TURN FOUR IS 30 SEPTEMBER 1987, 11pm. Press on next page....

Daf Langley 2296 Eden Roc Lane #1 Sacramento CA 95825-3350 (916-927-4077)  
Bruce Garyk 5528 S Everett #3D Chicago IL 60637 (312-324-6460)  
Tom Hise --has just moved into a dorm, no mailbox yet. His dorm phone is  
(817) 273-3724, or you can mail to him via the GM or Tom's parents (4568  
Black Rock, Dallas TX 75211)  
J.R. Baker 512 Snipes St. Charles MO 63303 (314-928-6808)  
Jeff Zarse 9/1-15 1 Stonegate Rd Lake Forest IL 60045 (312-295-1274)  
9/16-30 Hinman Box 284 Hanover NH 03755 (603-643-7694)  
Tom Hurst 2686 Richardson Dr Fitchburg WI 53711

press:

Grench to SnowMaster: It's a conspiracy, I luck out and hit a couple of  
shots below 85% and the whole world comes after me!

SM to Grench: Hey, I sympathize. But you're still out all next turn.

Daf to SnowMaster: What do you mean, he chickened out? I have to come up  
with a whole new strategy if Greg [Ellis] isn't in the game. I hope he  
brings his walking dog-food (that is, his Circus Maximus horses) to  
Wichita.

Daf to Snuggpuff: And what of you, eh, bizarre one? Will you make Wichita  
this year?

SM to Daf: He sure will, but that's "Bizarre One", with capitals...

Sassy to Puffles and the Grench: Did you guys stick around or did you  
chicken out? Here I come!

Grench to Mommy: I was just standing there doin' nuthin' and Squatty hit  
me, and then he hit me again an' then everybody started throwin' at me,  
Waaaaaaah. I hate 'em, I hate 'em, I hate 'em! I'm gonna get you  
Squatty!!!!

Grench to Squat: Allow me to return the favor...eat yellow snow.

Squat to Daf: Do you always name your Dirigibles "Lady Di?"

Daf to Muscles: I love it when we're alone together. Just let me get rid  
of this big snowball and then we can get comfortable.

Mellow Yellow to Lady in Red: Throw that watermelon!

Grench to Muscles for Brains: With allies like you..... Just smile and  
say, "I just luvs watermelon, Daf Dearest! (It's all pink inside!)"

Mellow Yellow to Black Heart: Kick me while I'm down, why don't ya!

Daf to Yard: Hey, you guys should come look! This snowman is anatomically  
correct.

SnowMaster to Daphne: So why are you BEHIND it? I tell you, lady, you're  
lovely but a little bit weird.

Hello again and welcome to the subzine that asks the question, "Can Kathy find happiness with a lawyer from Virginia Beach?" We're here to find out folks as HARE OF THE DOG begins its new game, 1987 HX aka Slimy Dogs. In Austria, we have an old fart from Kansas who's going to be a daddy soon, Mr. Gary Behnen. In England, we have a New Yorker who is a mainstay here at MAGUS, Mr. Michael Pustilnik. A California Boy, (who better show up at Dafcon this year if he wants his country to live), Richard Hurley is in France. Germany is being played by a newcomer to the pack, Mr. Mark Weseman.



It seems Garret Schenck disappeared off the face of the earth and we haven't heard from him. Mark has offered to take his place. More on this further down the page. In Italy is that silver-tongued devil himself, Mr. Steve Emmert. He's got a voice that sends shivers down my whole body. In Russia is another guy who makes me shiver, but for a totally different reason, Mr. Larry Botimer. And last, and by no means least, Ms. Kathy Caruso is the Sultana in Turkey.

Well, there you have it. Since Mark has just come aboard, I will extend the November 6, 1987, ZAT, but only if requested. It will only take one request.

If Garret shows up again, we will make him honorary first standby. However, Mark is the German player.

In other news, I am finding out the joys and woes of being a full time working person. I've been on the job about five weeks now, and I've got most of the backlog taken care of. Now it's just a matter of keeping things going on a daily basis. It's much easier this way, that's for sure. My desk is now my desk and I know where everything is and why it is there. I have a handle on how to do the things that I have to do and that's a great relief. There's nothing worse than being expected to do something and you only have the faintest idea of what you're supposed to be doing. My boss and I are developing a rapport that is beyond boss/employee and I am glad for that. The other girls I work with are beginning to see me as part of the team and not the new person. AND I got my first FULL SIZE PAYCHECK!!! Boy, you'd have thought I'd won the lottery when I got my first check. Man, what a rush! And it turned out to be \$50 more than I was expecting. Is life good, or what! I get another one this Friday and I can hardly wait! Now if I could just get my student loan paid off, I'd be on easy street. It's amazing that even though I'm bringing home a good amount of money, we're still tight around check time. It makes me wonder how we survived before. Money's weird that way.

In case you want to know, this month's HARE OF THE DOG is being written with yellow letters on a gray background. Last month was red letters on a purple background. Next month, who knows? I'll keep you posted.

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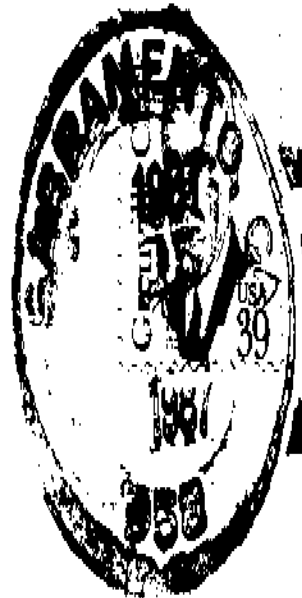
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October 14, 1987



| Game ID | ZAT     |
|---------|---------|
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| 1987AL  | 11/6/87 |
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