



EXIT STAGE LEFT again. Teach me to brag about no NMRs. Oh well, it has something to do with mentioning the devil's name, no doubt. Daf isn't writing this again (the wimp). She is lots of help on the weekend (trust me, without her doing most of the typing this would not occur...well, it would, but I'd have to spend a week on it) but comes a work day and she gets home too tired to spend another couple hours at a terminal (the wimp...oh, I already said that).

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 3
ILLUSIONS	(the games, of course)	page 5
VOLUNTEERS	(the round table letters)	page 8
ILLUSIONS	(the rest of the games)	page 9
INTERMISSION	(Flat Evil is back)	page 19
FIAT BELLUM	(Don Williams' subzine)	page 21
ATROCITY EXHIBIT	(Bob Olsen's subzine)	page 25
MELNIBONE HERALD	(Pete Baughan's subzine)	page 30
HARE OF THE DOG	(Daf's MAGUS subzine)	page 31

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 Tallan, Tom Huret, 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.

Yes, there was a serious rash of NMR this month. One player went out on a 10K run instead of getting his moves in. It gave us a chance to give away some free issues, so it wasn't all bad. Trouble is, he didn't even win the 10K run.

Russ Rusnak's name is not mentioned anywhere new this month. Still, it managed to crop up in several places. I think Russ has been missing a few of the mentions. Think we ought to have a pop quiz?

We are about 90% decided that we are moving to Seattle next month. The reason I bring this up is that we will be moving right after MAGUS is pubbed, which means we won't have a new address. Do you want to rely on forwarding, or should we take a month off? We'd like to hear from the players on this. Either way is a bit of a hassle for you, we realize.



No cat PATER this month, although there is a bit of cat press in the centerfold pages.

This month we will have a little wrestling story. Not wrestling so much as wrestling announcer, actually. A while back, one of the wrestling shows had a little feature in which the announcer said he was about to explain the duplicity of the Midnight Express. At the time the Midnight Express either was, or was about to become, or had just been the Tag Team Champions in the association to which they belonged.

Now, it came as no surprise to me that there should be a story about the duplicity of the Tag Team Champions.

The Midnight Express are a rule breaking sort of team. Still it did strike me that duplicity was a pretty fancy word for a wrestling announcer to be using. After the commercial break the announcer went on to explain that the original Midnight Express had split up when one of the Express had temporarily retired from wrestling. His partner had taken a new partner and had kept the name. Then, the other original Midnight Expresser came back to wrestling and found himself a new partner, too. He also decided to keep the name. So there were two different tag teams wrestling, both calling themselves the Midnight Express.

"Thus, the duplicity of the Midnight Express is explained." The announcer concluded. I'll tell you I felt a lot better about his using the word duplicity after his explanation.

The presidential race is heating up. Don has established a plank that four pages are not enough for a subzine, and Bob has come out with a Reality Check. Steve (Bad Boy) Clark is busy counting his imitators, detractors, and mentions (this counts as a mention). Robert Dole called Ronnie some strong names, like 'Do Nothing', only to have Ronnie stab him by actually signing an accord at the latest summit.

It's kind of hard to realize that the election is still nearly a year away. I wonder, has the race always started this early? Memory fails, especially about things as imprecise as how long a presidential race takes to run, but it seems to me that the politicians have already been running for a long time this year, and there is still nearly a whole year to go. Now I realize that it takes time to set up a campaign machine, and more time to generate the money to pay for the campaign, but doesn't it seem that things are getting a wee bit out of hand?

I keep hoping Cuomo will throw his ring into the hat (or whatever)...not that I want Cuomo for president, but I'd sort of like to find out if he's as magnetic as Jimmy Breslin keeps saying he is. It would be nice to have at least one candidate to be identifiable, wouldn't it? I don't count Jesse Jackson, because despite the fact that he is identifiable, he doesn't really have a chance at being elected.

Larry Peery has put out a cry for help. Diplomacy World needs material. Larry used up all the material he had. Send him an article, story, cartoon, limerick, anything!

Russ Rusnak (who only reads the parts where his name appears) still has openings in Regdip and NWIIb. Check the 1987 CV New Kids game for Russ's address. He is always on time with the game results and wants players!

Simon Billenness\630 Victory Blvd., #6-F\Staten Island, NY\
John Caruso\29-10 164th St.\Flushing, NY\11358
There should be a PDO Auction sales list enclosed. Read it even if you don't plan to bid. There are some pretty strange items on the list.

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 Pontoverdig, 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 Portaan 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
Rod Walker is the Orphan Game Custodian. If you have a game that is in need of a new home, or a home for a game, let Rod know, and he 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 PBM 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 Globetrotter, a zine whose purpose is the discussion and establishment of a World Diplomacy Convention. Issue #3 just arrived.

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. Game 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. We are looking forward to seeing you.

March 19 is DOTSCON I at University of Texas Law School In conjunction with UT Law Week (which will hold a week-long Dip tournament). Diplomats of Texas Society will conduct a one-day Diplomacy competition in Austin. Contact: Greg Ellis/700 Rio Grande/Austin TX/78701-2720/512-463-0802

May 14 is DOTSCON II/Arlingcon 5 This date is tentative, and we may run all weekend, but come play Diplomacy in Arlington! Contact: 817-633-3208 Pete Gaughan/3121 E. Park Row #165/Arlington TX/76010-3744/

June 3-5 is Marycon Dick Warner\Dept. of History\Mary Washington College\Fredericksburg, VA. A weekend of Diplomacy.

July 1-4 is DIPCON XXI in San Antonio Not only will Diplomats of Texas Society, Inc. conduct the National Diplomacy Championship, they will also give you a great chance to see and experience this wonderful, historic city. Contact: Pete Gaughan (see a couple above).

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

DW 49	January 15	material to DM by	January 1
DW 50	April 15		April 1
DW 51	July 15		July 1
DW 52	October 15		October 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 Slowtime 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

There is a proposal for an English/Russian draw. Please vote with next seasons orders.

1986 A Slowtime Fall 1907

ENG (Tom 7) F NTH C A Edi-NWY, F NWS S A Edi-NWY,
 A Edi-NWY, F MID-Por, F HOL S GER A KIE, F ENG-Mid,
 F HEL S GER F DEN
 FRA (Bill 2) F POR S A SPA, A SPA S F POR
 GER (Melinda 4) A BUR S A Mun, A Mun S A KIE (dir RUH OTB),
 A KIE S F DEN, F DEN S A KIE
 ITA (Larry 6) A VEN S A TYA, A MAR H, A TYA S GER A Mun,
 F TUN S F ALB-Ion, F ALB-Ion, F Tyh-NAP
 RUS (Don 10) F Bot-SWE, F SWE-SKA, A Ber-MUN, F BAL-Kie,
 F ION C TUR A Gre-APU, A SER S A TRI, A VIE-Tya,
 A TRI S A VIE-Tya, A BOH S A Ber-MUN, A SIL S A Ber-MUN
 TUR (Faz 5) A BUL H, F AEG-Ion, F EAS S F AEG-Ion,
 F SMY-Aeg, A Gre-APU

1986 A Slowtime Winter 1907 Supply Center Chart

ENG	Home Nwy Bel Bre Hol	+0; even
FRA	Por Spa	+0; even
GER	Kie Den Mun Par	-1; removes 1
ITA	Home Tri Tun Mar	-1; removes 1
RUS	Mos Stp War Rum Bud Ser Via Swe Ber Gre TRI MLN	+2; builds 2
TUR	Ank Con Smy Sev Bul	+0; even

1986 A Slowtime ZAT for Autumn and Winter 1907 and Spring 1908 is January 8, 1988.

1986 A Slowtime Press:

TURKEY to FRANCE: Hi, Quill, Flash here - still alive over there? If this move works, I'll help your ex-erstwhile ally (remember his help in Tri?) get a little closer to you with a retreat, and then he can "help" you again! Please, please, no need for effusive kindness; your money is enough. Great game, Bill.

KING GNOME to TSAR DUCK: Would you tell me which side of my coat is the right one. I seem to have some difficulty in that direction.

THE DUCK to KINGNOME: Say, is that a fleet in the Norwegian, or are you just happy to put an army into Norway?

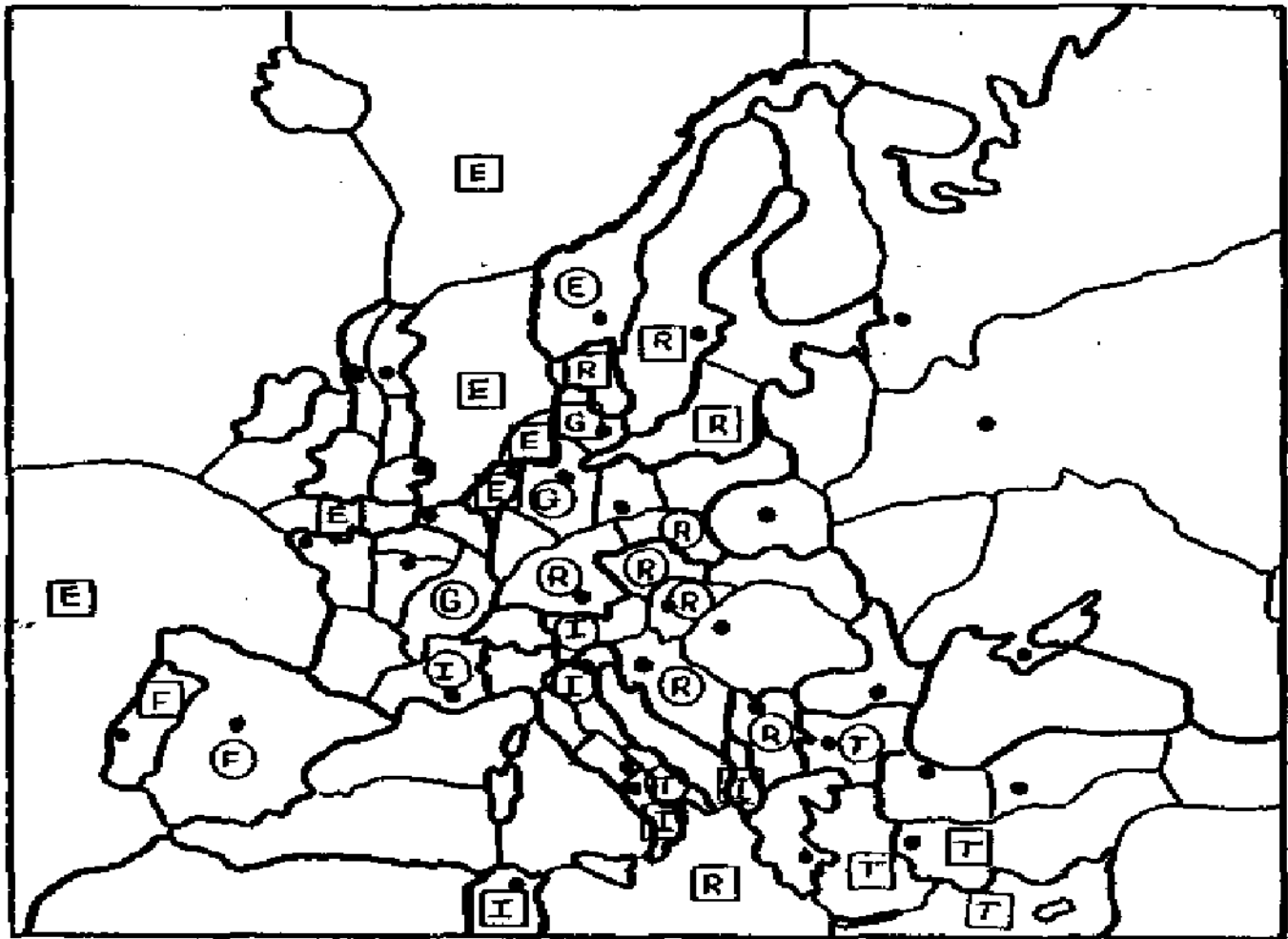
MISS KITTY to KINGNOME: Did you give me more?

DUCK to LOON: About that giving and receiving theory you have; does it hold for your dots as well?

GM to DUCK: Looking for a late Xmas present?

1986 A Slowtime

Map prior to Winter 1907.



CAP'N FAZ to **MISS T KITTY**..(yeah, with a 'k', that's the ticket): Hello, babe! Geez, men! First they attack and pillage you, and now they want to get behind you (hmm...) and defend you against the other! You can't live with 'em, and you can't live without 'em, it seems. Hang in there, sweetness - help is on the way! It may take me half a century, but I'll get to ya, mark my words.

GM to **MISS T KITTY**: Then what? More rape and pillage?

GERMANY to **GM**: Actually, "sandwiched" was what I was thinking about.

RUSSIA to **GM**: I hope there's no bourse going...I do terrible when there's a bourse going...hick, I'm oh-for-two with a bourse going. Tell you what, though, I'll place a side-bet with you about who owns Rome by game end.

GM to **RUSSIA**: What sort of a side bet did you have in mind? For starters, what have you got that I want? And no, Daf is not being wagered. Who will own Rome, by the way?

KING GNOME to **CAP'N FLASH**: In case you're interested, the time is now!

FAZ to **RALPH**: Good gnome, we salute your activity and wish you well. The oft-mentioned truce is not yet at fruition, as you can see--I need a couple from column A and a couple from column B before I do what is necessary for the honor of all good Turks. Continue with your liberation in the offshore lands, and rest assured - the Turk is coming!

NON-NMR RUSSIA to WISHFUL-THINKING ENGLAND: Keep it up, Gnome, and I'll ral-l-ph all over your pretty blue blocks.
LARRY to GM: I tried helping Austria, but after not receiving any letters, calls or postcards, I perceived that the best favor I could do him and everyone else was cause his elimination!

DUCK to IGNOLEMENIOUS ONE: Didn't like "loon", huh? Maybe you'd prefer "Psychotic Anal-Retentive Malcontent"?

GNOT GNICE GNOME to GM: Hey, this dotgrabbing is fun!

KILLER DUCK to THE QUILL: Still miffed about the destruction of Army Trieste, huh? I beg to differ with you; my misorders aren't usually hazardous to my allies. My lies, however, may be harmful or fatal if swallowed...of course, I never lie.

FAZWHAN to LARRYWHINE: True, nice guys may indeed finish last, but it was a tad unclear from your press who you were calling the "nice guy". I hope, greedy slob that I am, you were referring instead to yourself. I certainly don't want to finish a la Austria; heaven forbid a weasel like myself should be eradicated like some common wastrel. Have you strung up the bunting along the Appian Way yet for the grand victory parade?

WIMPY WHITE ONES to MUSCULAR BLUE ONES: Oh go ahead...flex a little bit more...ripple that solar plexis, pump those deltoids, stiffen that biceps...go on, we're not watching... take care, Melinda may not want a man who can't 'function' because of his steroids intake.

GNUMBGNOME to EVILEYE: OK, so it's not a new plan! It's just the same old dotgrabbing, but it works! As I said, you don't have to like it.

GERMANY to ENGLAND: Why am I reminded of Sledgehammer's motto?

GM to GERMANY: What is Sledgehammer's motto?

FRIENDLY RUSSIA to SOCIOPATH ITALY: You cut us to the quick, sirrah! We have done nothing--nay, nary one little thing-- to you that any other one of your neighbors wouldn't have done given the chance. So, why single us out?

GERMANY to ITALY: Thanks, buddy.

RUSSIA to PORN KAISERESS: Say, was that you we saw (and saw and saw) in THE RISE AND RISE OF PRACTICALLY EVERYBODY?, THE KAISERESS DOES DENMARK?, THE DOTDEVIL IN MISS HOLLEY? Should I go on?

GMS to RUSSIAN: Only if you go into greater detail.

RUSSIA to TURK: Oh, go and take a cold shower!

GM to TURK: Take two, they're small.

TURKEY to ITALY: Well, Larry, IF all went well this move, I shall be a lot closer to Rome than you imagined, and lol the game is not yet done. Of course, the move is obvious, so if you prepared for it, you're a better man than I, Gunga Din!

CANDIDATE WILLIAMS to FLASH: You got Greece, didn't you? (Or did you?) Another empty campaign promise fulfilled...ain't politics grand?

GM to DUCK for PRESIDENT: Great delivery on the campaign promise. I can see you are a natural born leader.

GERMANY to GM: I wasn't thinking about bribing the GMS! Who's running this game?

GM to GERMANY: Just a second, I'll ask the GMS.

RUSSIA to ENGLAND: Get real and give me a break - F STP(sc) can't possibly be seen as a warlike build! C'mon, you've got six fleets and an army within one year of my homeland. I don't call F Stp(sc) hostile, I call it prudent.

Answering the question this month are (KC) Kathy Caruso, (BO) Bob Olsen, (SC) Steve Courtemanche, (SL) Steve Langley, and some classics courtesy of Mark Fassio.

(KC) Being in charge of the office means that I get to hear all the excuses the men have for being late or absent.

One day, the foreman called looking for Jerry. Jerry is always there, always on time. So everyone was amazed that I didn't hear from him.

At 10:00 the phone rings & it is Jerry - I said what happened. He said "My dog overslept." I asked him to explain. It seems that his dog always jumps in his bed at 4:30 am to awaken him. Well the dog must've had a rough night as he didn't get up until 9:30. I asked if he used an alarm clock also, but he said no, he didn't own one and that the dog had never screwed up before!

Needless to say that year for Xmas, the men chipped in & bought him an alarm clock.

(BO) I'm psychotic.

(SC) Me: "But why won't you vote for the draw?"

Player: "Because I like to annoy the GM."
and the game played on ... and on ... and on.

(SL) Recently in my office one of my co-workers asked another why he hadn't shown up the prior evening. The reason was that he had been visiting with his girl friend when her husband showed up and he didn't want to leave the two of them alone together.

This month in Costaguana Conrad VM responded to some opinion from Melinda Holley. The semi-discussion brought to mind the following question. Does capital punishment have a place in an enlightened society? You might try to include some discussion as to whether this is an enlightened society. I'd like to hear from CVM on this.

The following were taken from insurance accident report forms and then made their way into a newspaper...

Coming home I drove into the wrong house and collided with a tree that I don't have.

The other car collided with mine without giving warning of its intentions.

I thought my window was down but found out it was up when I put my hand through it.

I collided with a stationary truck coming the other way.

A truck backed through my windshield into my wife's face.

A pedestrian hit me and went under my car.

The guy was all over the road. I had to swerve a number of times before I hit him.

In an attempt to kill a fly I drove into a telephone pole.

1987 AL Euro Style The Players

AUS Kathy Caruso 29-10 164th St., Flushing, NY 11358
 ENG Marshal Linder RD3 Box 218, Carmichael Rd.,
 Owego, 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

Will Terry Tallman of 3605 Dakes Ave, Everett, WA 98201 please submit a standby order and prospective retreat for the Italian unit? There is a free issue of MAGUS in it for you, Terry.

1987 AL Euro Style Spring 1904

AUS (Kathy 5) A TRI S A VEN, A Iya-Mun(d;NRR r OTB),
 A BOH S A Tya-Mun, A VEN S F Tyh-ROM, F Tyh-ROM
 ENG (Marshal 3) E Lon-Eng(d;r YOR), A Nwy-Swe(d;r FIN),
 F Nwg-NAT
 FRA (Rick 6) F Gal-TYH, F WES S F Naf-TUN, F Naf-TUN,
 A Pie-TYA, A LPL H, F Wal-LON
 GER (Bob 6) A EDI H, F NTH S RUS A Stp-NWY, F DEN-Swe,
 A MUN S FRE A Pie-TYA, F ENG S FRE F Wal-LON,
 A SIL S A MUN
 ITA (NMR 4) A TUS H(u), A Rom_H(u)(d;NRR r OTB),
 F NAP H(u), F ION H(u)
 RUS (Richard 4) A MOS S A WAR-Ukr, A WAR-Ukr, A Gal-VIE,
 A Stp-NWY
 TUR (Larry 6) F GRE S F AEG, F AEG S F BRE, A RUM-Ukr,
 A SEV S A RUM-Ukr, F BLA S A BUD-Rum, A BUD-Rum

1987 AL Euro Style Winter 1904 Chart and Adjustments

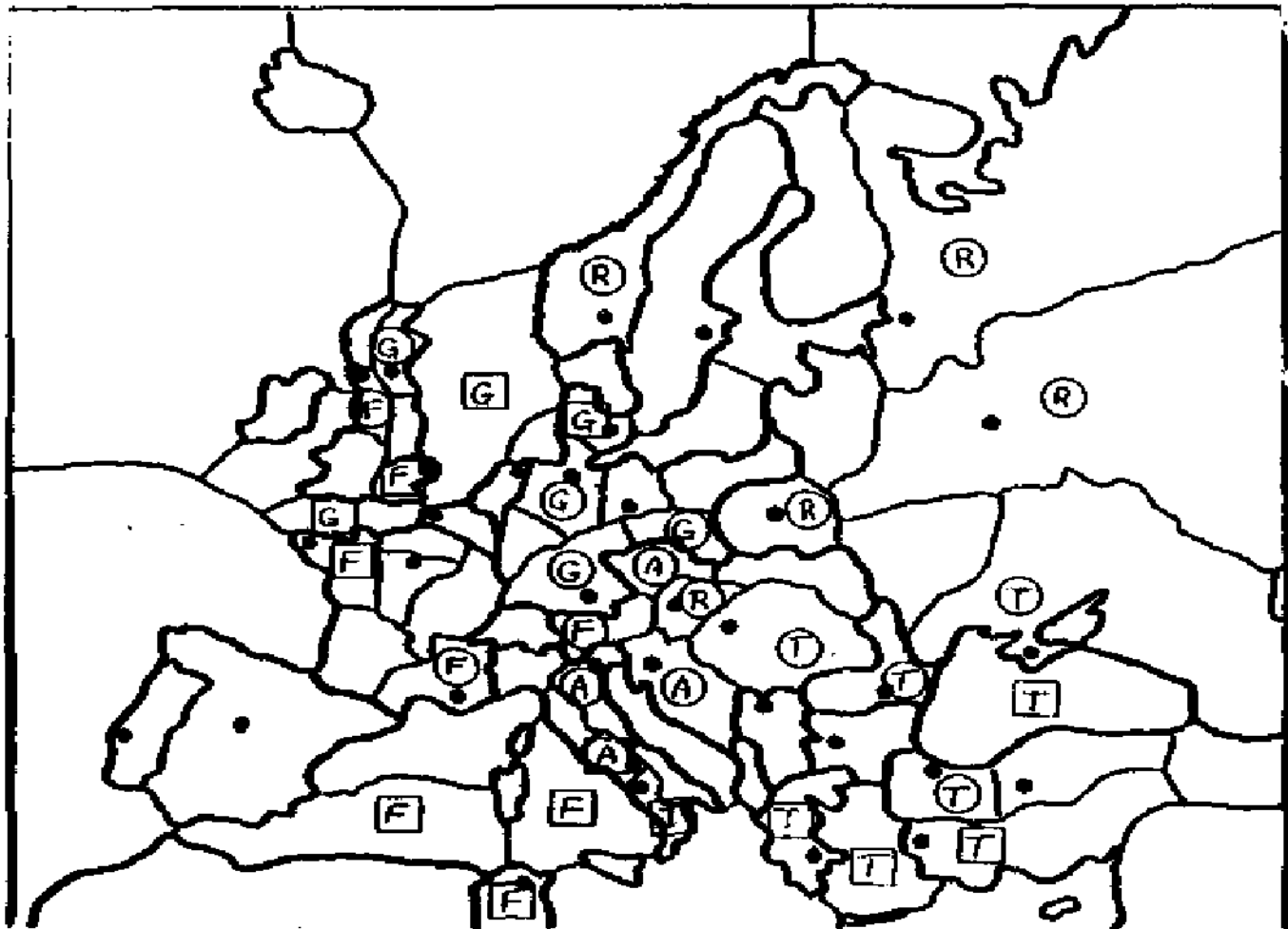
AUS	<u>Bud Tri</u> <u>Vie Ser</u> <u>Gre</u> VEN ROM	-1; even
ENG	<u>Edi Lon Nwy</u> removes A Fin, F Nat, F Yor	-3; out
FRA	Bre Mar Par Por Spa Lpl LON TUN builds A MAR, F BRE	+2; builds 2
GER	Ber Kie Mun Den Bel Hol EDI builds A KIE	+1; builds 1
ITA	Nap <u>Rom Ven Tun</u> NRR; GM removes A Tus, F Ion	-3; removes 2
RUS	Mos Stp War Swe NWY VIE builds A STP, plays 1 short	+2; builds 2
TUR	Ank Con Smy Bul Rum Sev BUD GRE builds F SBY, A CON	+2; builds 2

1987 AL Euro Style 2AT for Spring 1905
is January 8, 1988.

Let's just review it again. Euro style means that you send in retreats and potential adjustments. Most of you have it down, but there is never a season passes without someone...

1987 AL Euro Style

Map prior to Spring 1905



1987 AL Euro Style Press:

ST. PETE to WORLD: Hey, gang, Kathy just knifed Larry to the hilt in "Slimy Dogs". What do you bet he keeps all those centers he "protected" for her last turn?

VIENNA to ST. PETE: Is it my fault that I thought I was allied with a nice soft cuddly little puppy, and instead he turns out to be a pit bull who immediately locked his jaws on my fanny!?

LARRY to GM: You're right! I don't want anything from Italy!

AUSTRIA to ITALY: I wouldn't mind if Kohman stuck it to me because of your personality, wit, charm and entertaining letters - but to help a silent dullard is one thing I can't tolerate.

LARRY to MARSHALL: Boy, did you make these guys mad.

AUSTRIA to ENGLAND: Race you to the cemetery! Last one in is a rotten egg!

GM to AUSTRIA: You called it.

AUSTRIA to GM: Am I sweet or what? I love these standby positions - get to annoy everyone.

GM to EURO STYLE: That's a rotten egg talking, you guys.

P.S. to ITALY: Rin Tin is right (for a change), you are a DIPSTICK!

LARRY to RICK: Don't tell me you and Italy have become the "Silent" partners.

GM to LARRY: Rick must have been talking to someone.

AUSTRIA to RUSSIA: Let me guess, I jumped Germany and you jumped into Vienna.

GM to AUSTRIA: Well, you're half right.

ST. PETE to ROME: If only you'd written. Fame, fortune, power, adulation, all could have been yours. If only you'd written.

AUSTRIA to FRANCE: You resigned from a game because you can't lie?! Well, you sure couldn't prove that by me! You lying sack of *****. If not for your lies, my country might survive!

LARRY to BOB: I hope the speculation drove you and France crazy.

AUSTRIA to GERMANY: If you even think about it, I'll take a ride to CT with HoJo's bat!

ST. PETE to VIENNA: It's like those army commercials say: you've got to make the Right Choice.

KK to RIN TIN: You know how they say let sleeping dogs lie, well, in your case, stay off my carpets as I don't want fleas!

GM to KK: You could Scotchgard the carpet.

RIN TIN to KK: Besides, I can always dig them up again when I leave.

AUSTRIA to ENGLAND: If nothing else, we'll get a chuckle out of this. Look at it the way I do - we've nothing to lose!

GM to AUSTRIA: England even more than yourself. And, now for two different views of the Turk.

AUSTRIA to TURKEY: You are a sorehead and a dipstick.

MOSCOW to WORLD: Count the number of units that Turkey has. Count the fronts on which he has meaningful opposition. Now count the number of dots you own. And look around over your shoulder. See anybody out there fixin' to do you in? That's right...the Turk's got this game in a gift-wrapped box.

LARRY to GM & GMS: Sounds like you didn't get it right the first time, so you had to try again.

GMS to LARRY: And again and again and again...

PASHA POO to GMS: Figures you'd like lots of whipped cream to lick off.

GMS to LARRY: And a cherry, don't forget the cherry.

LARRY to GM: The idea of me paying for Kathy's abuse puts you right in there with "Spacey" Lindy, my friend. I toady only to Millie!

GM to LARRY: You are the one who offered to pay, I only took notice and commented.

AUSTRIA to FRANCE: First you screw me, then you support me! Too bad as in my book that rates you as too little, too late!

GM to FRANCE: No telling how she'll react to your latest gaffe. Might as well pack it in and go back on vacation.

ST. PETERSBURG: The Tsar picked up his brandy and walked out onto the terrace. The Northern Lights danced overhead as the Little Father of His People lifted his eyes to the stars and reflected on the deaths of kings.

Once-mighty England sinks beneath waves of French and German invaders. And in Rome, doomed Italy prepares his final confession. Can Holy Russia be far behind? And if the Empire falls, can the soul of an ancient people survive in a Godless age?

We will fight, he says to the shimmering birch trees. We will raise the spirit of the Golden Horde. We will ride in invincible waves over the venal Turk and trample him beneath our hooves. And if that doesn't work, well, there's always Monte Carlo and the Crown Jewels....

New Kids Bourse

Company Name	Acronyms	Dollars	Standing
Org of Generally Rotten Enterprises	OGRE	\$2.36	2170
Bold Brick Money Systems	GBMS	\$2.14	2148
Generic Multinational	GeM	\$0.15	1564
Shady Ladies Union & Snooker Hall	SLUSH	\$0.26	1458
Finger Licking Boob	FLG	\$81.12	1438
Harry & Hairy Ape Inc.	H&HAI	\$549.71	1255
Ivan Bo-Diddley	IBD	\$75.00	1225
Bond	BOND	\$218.39	1210
Liars Sneaks and Deceivers	LSD	\$6.28	904
Divested Unified Corp. of Kool	DUCK	\$61.43	834
Bald Undertakers of Rome & Paris	BURP	\$12748.50	424
Sick Little Man Co.	SLM	\$3453.15	355
Flybynyte Co.	FBNC	\$14490.46	42

Country	AUS	ENG	FRA	GER	ITA	RUS	TUR
SC Count	7	3	6	6	3	6	3
Shorts open at	3.18	5.88	5.44	2.55	1.36	5.38	1.75
IBD	0	0	0	0	625	625	625
H&HAI	0	0	625	0	0	625	0
FBNC	0	625	593	0	0	0	0
BOND	0	187	212	0	0	0	175
GBMS	625	0	0	0	625	0	0
SLM	625	625	0	0	0	0	0
DUCK	0	0	625	0	0	0	175

New Kids Financial News:

IBD: Permit me to introduce my associate, Ivan Bo-Peep. He'll be in charge of clipping my customers.

GMS to IBD: Humph, unless you have Brutus (The Barber) Beefcake, you don't have anyone. See if I ever come to your barbershop!

BOND to BOURSE: Sorry, I was skiing the Alps and lost track of the time. I'm back this time, much to your detriment.

GBMS to OGRE: You definitely learned a thing or two watching me in the last bourse. And in this game you have really had a charmed life. I probably can't catch you unless the pressure gets to you first. I'm counting on it.

GM to GBMS: Looks as if the OGRE plans to keep a well rounded portfolio. The real question isn't whether the pressure will get to him, but whether he will be able to unload the losers before the crash. With the ever increasing sales limits, his chances look pretty good from here.

OLSEN to GM: Ducks, ogres, how do you tell the difference? Not by their conversation or table manners, certainly.

GMS to OLSEN: It's easy. Ogres only have feathers in their mouths or up their asses. Ducks have them there and everywhere else as well.

Country	AUS	ENG	FRA	GER	ITA	RUS	TUR
Bourse opens at	3.18	5.88	5.44	2.55	1.36	5.38	1.75
IBD	1600	625-	625-	1000	0	0	0
H&HAI	625-	625-	0	3025	625-	0	625-
FBNC	0	0	32-	132-	0	0	0
BOND	2550	438-	413-	625-	625-	0	450-
GBMS	0	625-	625-	5635	0	625-	625-
GeM	625-	625-	625-	4169	2125	625-	625-
LSD	3	625-	0	2200	625-	0	625-
SLM	0	0	240	600-	0	625-	500
DUCK	3178	625-	0	0	625-	625-	450-
FLG	2500	625-	625-	625-	625-	625-	3000
OGRE	2246	625-	625-	625-	4400	625-	625-
BURP	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
SLUSH	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

Bourse closes at 4.13 5.20 4.90 3.89 1.57 4.87 1.60

Sales limit set at 650 next round.

Final closing 4.27 5.34 5.10 3.82 1.70 4.99 1.69

New Kids Bourse Current Portfolios

IBD	7600	3875	7575	1000	0	625	750
H&HAI	8230	650	2650	4300	650	1540	4280
FBNC	0	0	0	650	0	0	0
BOND	4013	0	0	6565	1380	8225	0
GBMS	0	11114	9694	7517	0	12745	732
GeM	3734	7079	4306	7989	2750	3586	1789
LSD	2500	1172	3400	4197	1372	2300	1872
SLM	1550	650	2340	0	0	375	1950
DUCK	5678	8017	400	1000	3108	275	0
FLG	2500	7375	2700	4855	3281	6156	3775
OGRE	7006	5101	5611	3133	5000	12727	3120
BURP	2750	700	1400	450	0	1050	900
SLUSH	0	7900	14340	248	2900	3825	1248

More New Kids Financial News:

OUR NEXT PREXY to GM: We can have the best of both worlds, political campaigning and ugly personal attacks. And with me, you're bound to! Just watch--

GM to ONP: For mudslinging at its best...

ONP to WILLIAMS: You're a disgusting, degenerate micro-organism! Vote for me!

GM to ONP: Don is just dumb enough that that approach might work, but I don't think you'll meet with general success.

BEN to GM: That's easier than the integral of $e^{(\text{super } x)} dx$.

GM to BEN: That's easier to write than it is to type.

FLG to GBMS: Are you sure your name isn't Flybynite?

10,000+ in Pounds, Francs, and Rubles is incredible. I'm impressed. Try to do the same with the Piastre if you please.

GM to FLG: If you want something done...

Even Yet More New Kids Financial News:

FLG to GM: Have we lost our Sick Little Man? Oh, how sad.
GM to FLG: Why, no, we still have our Sick Little Man. He decided that even with the stock market crash and being new to the job that he could still play in the Bourse.
FLG to GMS: He's new to the job! Sheesh, some people aren't satisfied with good merchandise and personnel that will work very hard for you. Yes, my dear GMS, he is that way for you.
LL to GMS: Now, that press hit new highs in low!
GMS to LL: What can I say? I bring that out in men.
OLSEN to GMS: You know--new to the good, like you'd be, if you ever started behaving yourself.
GMS to OLSEN: What! And miss all the fun?
LSD to GM: I thought Labor Day was every year. Now you're telling me it's over, forever??!
GM to LSD: You must get in tune with the cyclic harmony of the universe. If you miss one Labor day, there will be another along in a minute.
PUDGECON to ALL: I hear and obey. (Always...)
FLG to IBD: Why give up? Why not join forces so that we can catch OGRE and his friend GBMS? Let's form a cartel!
GM to FLG and IBD: What would you call it? FLIBDG? Or maybe you could name it after one of IBD favorite people.
OLSEN to FLG: No, I was following Russ Rusnak's order to mention his name in the press.
GM to OLSEN: Even so, I doubt that Russ will ever get his country up to \$10.00 a unit.
FLG to GM: I don't know about that. \$10.00/unit may be possible. All seven currencies are still in the game and they're worth an average of \$3.50/unit.
GMS to FLG: How's that for forcing a segue? Think anyone noticed?
LSD to GMS: Nonsense, nobody saw us.
GM to LSD: Is that akin to a tree falling in the wilderness with no one to hear?
BOND to GM: I hate computers. So...so cold and aloof.
GM to BOND: Yes, but how do you feel about ducks?
NOTCB to ALL: For one shining moment, the dollar is worth less than all the currencies in the bourse, all seven of them. It looks just like real life, doesn't it?
GM to NOTCB: Bite your tongue.
CANDIDATE OLSEN to NOTCB: I don't know..."maybe" sounds so firm....
WICHITA to FLG: No, Wall Street doesn't know about this game, unfortunately. Think of the humiliation of the brainless lemmings if they learned of the shrewdness of, say, a (relative to them) consummate genius like Flynnbyte....
BOND to IVAN: Die cheating, then.
GBMS to BO: I should have learned my lesson from the last game, where banking on the mouse-loving duck almost did me in. This time it may well have.
GM to GBMS: Mouse-loving duck? That sounds like a story I'd like to hear. Please elaborate.
GMS - DUCK: Mouse-loving! You'd better have a good story too.
FLG to BOURSE: Do I have indigestion. Bought too many Pounds and not enough Crowns last season. Sorry about that Ducky, but I'm jumping ship.
GM to FLG: Don't look now, but the ship may be sinking right out from under you.

1987 CV New Kids The Players

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

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

Steve Emmert 1752 Grey Friars Chase, Virginia Beach, VA
23456

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

Bob Slosser 14 Buck Hill Rd., Huntington, CT 06484
(203) 929-6218

Ron Cameron 7821 Bouma 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

Please note, Steve Emmert has moved into a ZIP with five consecutive digits. How many of you can make a similar claim? I know I can't, and I've moved a lot in my day. By the way, seasons are separated by request of two or more players in the game. You got it.

1987 CV New Kids Autumn 1902

ENG F Nwy R OTB

1987 CV New Kids Winter 1902

AUB (Russ 6) builds A VIE; also has F ADR, F GRE, A VEN,
A TYA, A BUL, A SER

ENG (Don 3) builds F LON; also has F WAL, F NTH

FRA (Steve 6) builds A MAR; also has A PIC, F ENG, F IRI,
A BEL, A BRE

GER (Bubbles 6) builds F KIE; also has F DEN, A MUN, A RUH,
F NWY, A HOL

ITA (Bob 3) removes A Tun; still has F NAP, F EAS, A PIE

RUS (Ron 6) builds A WAR; also has A UKR, F SWE, A STP,
F RUM, A SEV

TUR (Marshal 3) removes F SMY; still has F AEB, A CON, F BLA

1987 CV New Kids ZAT for Spring 1903 is January 8, 1987.

1987 CV New Kids Press

GM to NEW KIDS: Conditional press spread over several sheets of paper, intermixed with orders for two separate games gives your GM the shakes. By the way, since seasons have been separated, once this gets to two pages, I'm going to save all the rest of the press for next month.

IRISH to LIVERPOOL: Take that!

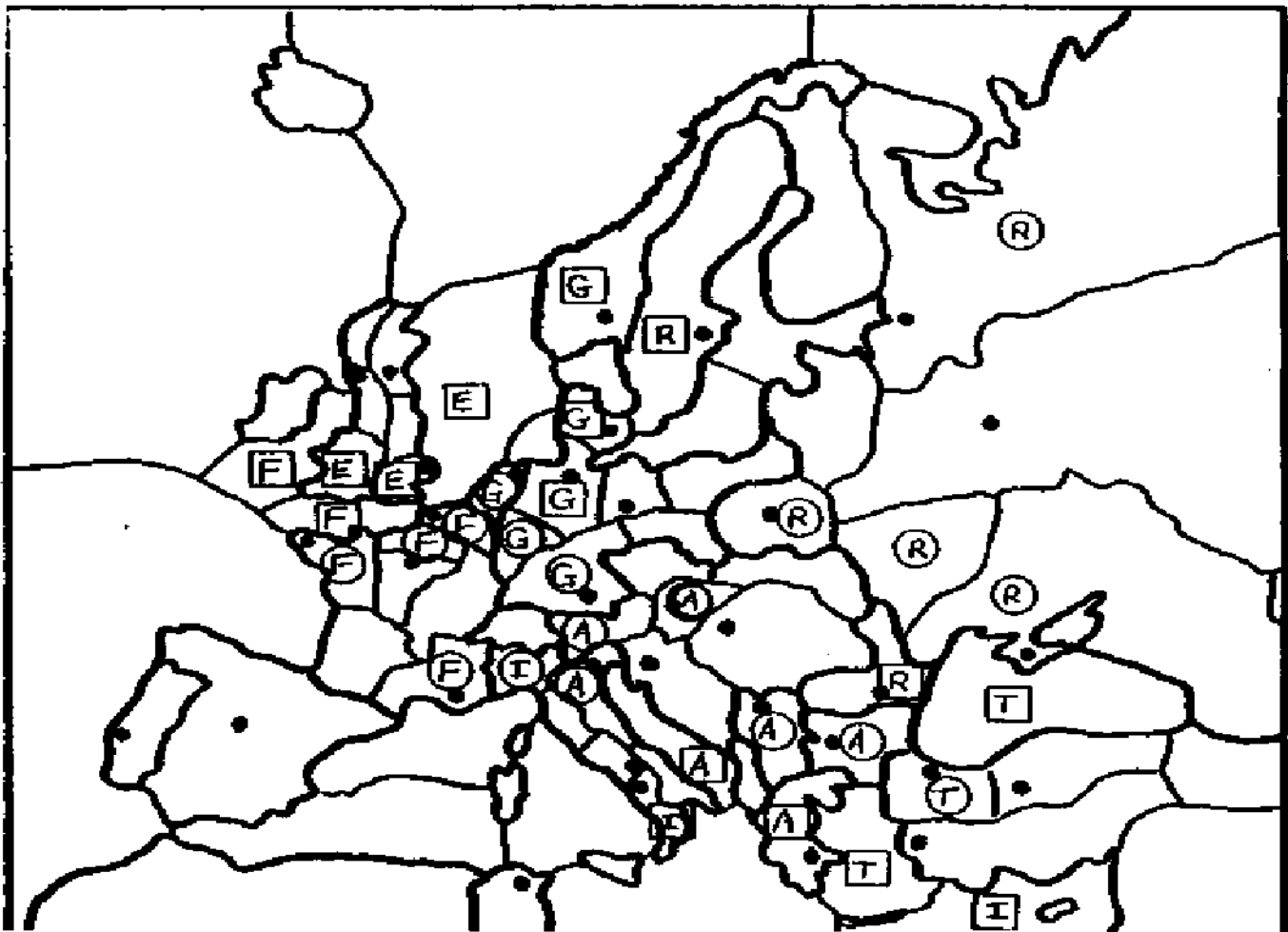
ENGLAND to VIRGINIA BEACH: Not that I really expect it to mean anything to you, but I was born in Amarillo, Texas, and have papers indicating that, should Texas ever secede from the Union, I can go to Texas and enjoy all the rights, freedoms, and privileges due a citizen of that Great State. But, then, you probably don't write to Texans, either. (Just who do you write to?)

GM to DON: Did you know Marion Zimmer Bradley?

BREST to LONDON: And that!

1987 CV New Kids

Map prior to Spring 1903.



ENGLAND - FRANCE: What is it with you French? Don't you understand English? Are you all mindless gravy-sucking pigs? Are your brains really the size of frog testicles?

TZAR CAMERONOVSKI to WORLD: I'd like to call a reality check on a certain New Hampshire school boy. Is he qualified to feud and rip the hobby? Judge others?

GM to TZAR C (no, not you, Bubbles): What sort of qualifications does it take? Seems to me all anyone needs is a typewriter, and a willingness to step into the limelight. All is ego, after all.

FRANCE to ITALY: See, I was a good boy.

OLD FIEND ITALIAN - OLD FIEND FRANCE & AUSTRIA: Don't fool yourselves, these new kids swing some dirty--not to say vicious--knives.

MOSCOW to WORLD: Today, in Warsaw, our ominous Tzar bid farewell to the newly established 4th regimen. Fearing recently increased Nazi mobilization, the Tzar was heard to say "Never trust a Kaiser in the winter...or, for that matter, a Frazier or Studebaker".

ENGLAND to RUSSIA: Brilliant moves, Sturgeon-breath. You have destroyed the English Crown and gained...what? Hope you like French food, you twit.

RUSSIA to ENGLAND: Does this make us even, or do you still owe me one?

GM to RUSSIA: Too close to call.

1982 CH The Aliens' Game Players

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

Will Andy Lischett of 2402 S. Ridgeland Ave., Berwyn, IL 60402 please send in standby orders for the Russian units? We have proposed a concession to England and FAIR, EAR, EARI, FEAR, FEARI and an AEIR (which differs not at all from the EARI) draws. Please vote with your orders.

1982 CH The Aliens' Game Spring 1924

AUS (Steve 3) A BAL S ITA A Boh-SIL, A RUM S A GAL,
 A SER S A RUM
 ENG (Jeff 16) F NAT-Mid, A STP-Mos, A Sil-WAR, A MUN H,
 A Ber-LVN, F Eng-NTH, A PRU S A Sil-WAR, F HEL H,
 F BOT S A Ber-LVN, F BAL C A Ber-LVN, F NAF S F MID-Wes,
 F SPA(ec) S F MID-Wes, F MID-Wes, A BUR S A MUN,
 A MAR-Pie
 FRA (Mike 1) F POR H
 ITA (Jim 10) A Boh-SIL, A Vie-BOH, A IYA-Mun, F TUN-Wes,
 F GOL S F TUN-Wes, F TYH S F TUN-Wes, F ION-Tun,
 F PIE-Mar, F CON S F BUL(ec), F BUL(ec) S F CON
 RUB (NMR 4) A Lvn H(u) (d;anhl), A MOS H(u), F BLA H(u),
 A War H(u) (d;r UKR OTB)

1982 CH The Aliens' Game Winter 1924 Supply Centers

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

1982 CH The Aliens' Game ZAT for Winter 1924 and Spring 1925 is January 8, 1988.

1982 CH PRESS

BOOB to GM: Cats love to be kissed. Just ask them.

ALEXANDER & MUFFIN to GM: Tell him to stuff it!!

BOOB to GM: Well, they love it when I pick them up off my dip mail then,....

ALEXANDER & MUFFIN to GM: Tell him to leave us alone....

GM to ALEXANDER & MUFFIN: Don't forget, he feeds you and keeps your cat box clean.

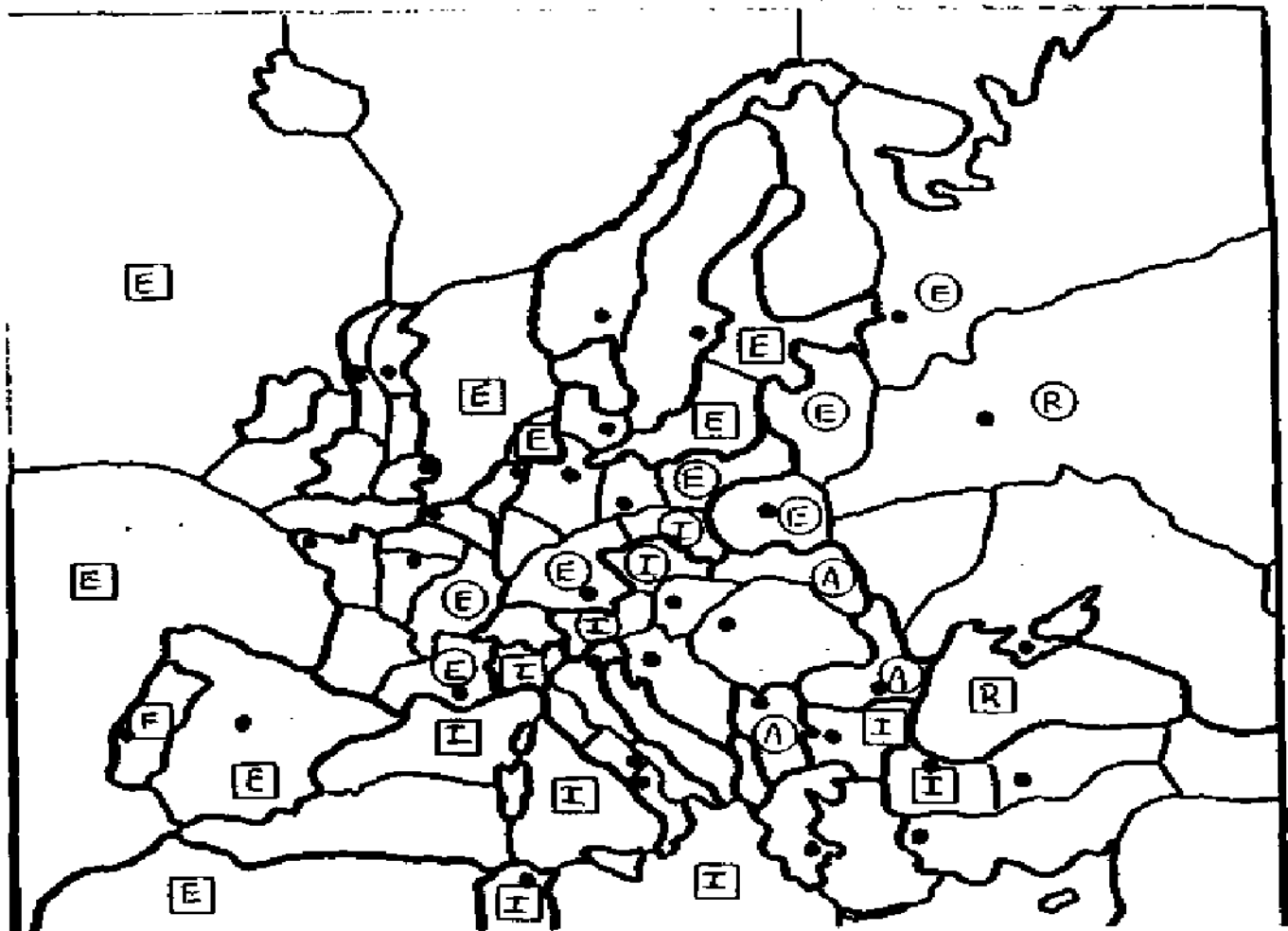
ALEXANDER & MUFFIN: Well, he feeds us at least.

BOOB to GM: You won't believe it, but these two cats are rolling all over these letters to players (hey, I actually wrote!) and MAGUS, all the while preening themselves as though they know I'm writing about them. They can't know, can they?

GM to BOOB: Figure it out for yourself. Ashes perched himself on this set of orders, too.

1982 CH The Aliens' Game

Map prior to Winter 1924



AUSTRIA to ITALY: Master, master, why don't you write? Still your most loyal servant (Look at all the pretty dots! No, no must leave them alone, they belong to the master.), I live only for your commands. Don't leave me to write orders on my own - we saw how disastrous that can be a few years back.

BOOB to GM: By the way, it's good to see my cats aren't the only ones who like to sit on orders you're trying to adjudicate as they did earlier today. I do that at the keyboard (highly unrecommended) so I'm also worried they'll jump and hit the "wrong" key.

DOORMAT to MASTER BOOB: "Oh Master, I'm sooo, soo sorry I ever doubted you! Thank you, oh thank you for allowing me to support you! Your letter, your boot heel, your riding crop, all show you care! Dominate me more, I love it!"

GM to DOORMAN: Watch it, that's the GMS' line.

DOORMAN to GMS: And what do you want for Christmas, little girl?

DOORMAN to GM: Do you think Santa will give it to her?

GM to DOORMAN: Wrapping it is the only problem.

DOORMAN to GM: Sad to say I still haven't read The Belgariad - I don't even own a set of the books. Hey, that just gave me a brilliant idea...I'll get Penny a gift set of them for Christmas! Talk about giving a baseball mitt to Grandma...

I woke up with my face in the gutter. I've been doing a lot of that lately. Something was digging into my side. I tried. I tried to ignore it and snuggle back down into my gutter, but it wouldn't go away. Kick, kick, kick, into my side.

"Ged yous ass outa da street yous bum. I wanna pawk my Blazer!" she cooed.

I recognized those dulcet tones. Somewhere back in the past I was trying to forget, I'd known that voice. Isn't it always the way, just as you've almost forgotten, someone reminds you. It came back to me in a rush...the Secret Masters of Dipdom, Code Name Eric, the world I was drinking to forget.

I rolled over and opened one eye. The other eye was glued shut. The world spun. I was sick.

"Ged dat stuff on my boots an I'll kick yous inta next week, Bozoi" she cooed.

"It's you!" I snarled, rolling away from her kicking foot.

"Do I know yous?" she cooed.

"You're Kathy Byrne," I snarled.

"Caruso!" she cooed.

"Huh?" I snarled.

"My name is Caruso!" she cooed.

"I thought Caruso was the man," I snarled.

"Yer Flat Evil!" she cooed, kicking harder.

I was sick again. Yeah, that's me, Flat Evil, hired gun. I squinted up at her. Spiked black boots, colored hose, leather mini-skirt, gold-lame tank top; she didn't look like a man. I wished she'd stop kicking me.

"You don't look like Caruso. Caruso had a heavier mustache," I snarled.

"Ooof!" I snarled as she kicked me up out of the street.

"Whatcher been up to, Flat?" she cooed as she parked her Blazer on my foot.

"Eyow!" I snarled, regretting it immediately. I was too hung over for that much noise.

"I'm sort of between bottles. Have you got some spare change?" I snarled.

"Der ain' no such ting as spare change," she cooed, "but I do have a job for yous if yer innerested."

"You've got a job for me? And just what do you do?" I snarled.

"I'm a hoo...bat girl for da Mets." she cooed.

"I don't know anything about baseball." I snarled.

"Who says ennytin' about baseball? I gotta differen kinda job in mine fer yous." she cooed.

"I don't do that kind of stuff anymore," I snarled.

"Whut kinna stuff?" she cooed.

"What you want to hire me to do," I snarled.

"I din't tell yous what I wancha ta do," she cooed.

I finally got my other eye open. Then there were two of her. I shut the eye. Then I shut both eyes. She kicked me in the ribs.

"Ooof," I snarled, trying to get away from those spike heeled boots.

"I need a drink," I snarled.

"Yous need a bath!" she cooed, kicking me in my other side.

"You don't understand. I'm drinking to forget," I snarled.

"Whatcher tryin' to ferget, Evil?" she cooed.

"Huh," I snarled. What was I trying to forget? Isn't that always the way, I couldn't remember what it was I was trying to forget.

"I wantcher to get ridda Cochise," she cooed.

"Cochise?" I snarled. "Isn't he an Indian?"

"Dat's right. I wantcher to ged ridda da Redman. I can't take enny more uh his borin' dribble. So, getcher ass over ta Pensy and get ridda da Redman. Ged ridda his wife while yous ad it," she cooed, kicking me for emphasis.

"Cochise has a squaw?" I snarled.

"Whudever, just geddem ouda my face," she cooed.

I tried to look at her face, but couldn't focus. She was right about one thing, I did need a bath. Just my luck, it didn't look like rain.

She left me there, with her Blazer parked on my foot, while she went to talk to some men in cars. Must have been baseball players. Finally, around three or four in the morning, she came back.

"Whad are yous still doin here, Bozo? Getcher ass on over to Pensy an take care a da Redman!" she cooed.

"Beyow!" I snarled as she drove her Blazer off of my foot. It didn't hurt my head as much. Hell of a note. I was sober.

I dragged myself up out of the gutter. I was in a bit of a quandry. I couldn't remember what it was I had been drinking to forget. I was broke and sober. I had a job of sorts. I really needed a bath.

I figured my next move was to go visit Byrne ...er Caruso (I could have sworn Caruso was the man. When you drink to forget, your brain plays funny tricks on you) and get an advance on my fee. I'd need it if I was going to go hunting for an indian and his squaw. Indians have a very sensitive sense of smell, and the way I smelled just then, he already knew I was coming. I needed some new clothes and a bath. Mostly I needed the bath.

It was but the work of a moment to walk the three hundred blocks on over to Flushing. There it was, 160-02, above the Fast Food Deli. I was breathing pretty hard as I crawled up the stairs. The door at the top was smashed in as if by fire axes. The rooms beyond were gutted by fire. There was no one home. I decided to wait.

While I was waiting, I decided to take a shower. I stood under the shower until I couldn't smell myself any longer. Then I took my clothes off and did it again. I was singing in the shower, so I didn't hear them come it. There was a SWAT team and three people from animal control. They took me downtown and locked me up in the pound.

"Don't I at least get a phone call?" I snarled.

I called Byrne...er Caruso.

"Dah ga, goo goo..." she cooed.

It was some kind of code. I can tell when I'm in over my head. This wasn't one of those times. I'm a master of all forms of code."

"Goo, ga da goo." I snarled.

"I told you he was Bigfoot." One of the animal control officers said as they dragged me back to my cage.

"Mandy! Gedaway from dat phone!" Squeaked from the dropped receiver.

This was getting to be an interesting case. It looked as if I were out of retirement

I nibbled on my Kibble while I made my plans.

FIAT



BELLUM!

DECEMBER 1987

"THE ANOTHER YEAR GONE BY ISSUE"

NUMBER 56

I was going to say a lot more about the campaign this time, and about my psychotic opponent's latest scatological doings, but I can't. . .the WESTERN EYES players and myself got carried away with the press this time and used up all the good space. So, election talk will have to wait. (Besides, what better time to really kick things off than the beginning of the new year?) Again, as every year, the impending passage of the old year into the new gives me pause for reflection, makes me wonder where I, those I love, and those I call my friends, have been and where we're going. 1987 will have to go down as a good year for us (a collective, non-restrictive 'us'). Even with Bob Olsen around. (I wish he'd hurry up and burn out, or go to Nepal to 'find' himself, or at least stop his lying, you know?) Things I'll remember about 1987: the birth of my daughter, Valerie (who is fine, by the way, and growing like a weed... she's a good baby and can't wait to take Mandy on across the Diplomacy board); the continued good health of just about everybody I know; the enjoyment I find in my job, or even in just waking up in the morning; the love and caring that goes on between me and what's-her-name, my wife (just kidding, Venes--OUCH! OOMPH! AACKKKK!!!) Hey, out of space--God bless, and good health, luck, and dot-snatching, in 1988!!!
NMR's out?

RUSSIA (& JERKY) - LEAGUE OF GENTLEMEN ADVENTURERS (& MELINDA): Now, admit it--isn't it fun annoying old Mushbrain? [Who you calling "old Mushbrain"? I'm not old, Granny. Quit trying to change the subject and answer the Frog's question.]

COCHISE - GM: Don't get her rankled--she might stop using F BEL to support A LPL.

RUSSIA - FRANCE: Not to mention annoying you!

FRANCE - RUSSIA: Does that mean I'm not your friend? Some people are so hard to please.

[OPEN LETTER]: The League of Gentlemen Adventurers regret to inform Ms. Caruso that dots make her figure faults obvious in the extreme (and it is in the extreme that her figure faults are most obvious, the nether extreme, that is). It is suggested that she forego dots for a tasteful narrow stripe. Perhaps something in a 'Sing Sing' pajama would be appropriate. [Yeah, let's give her to the Cubans...]

REEDMAN - KK: See if I send you a game report for the Generic Game, "Scum-sucking slimeball", indeed. [Watch it, or she'll accuse you of abandoning the game...she's prone to those delusions, you know.]

GM - UNDER WESTERN EYES: And so it goes. That's it for this time--Have a Safe and Happy Holiday Season. And, Kathy? Try to keep from rolling too many drunks this year, okay? Good-bye, all, see ya' in '88!

NEXT SEASON: Spring 1911
 ZAT: January 6, 1988

GAME ID: 1985-T
 WESTERN EYES

The Cost of Friendship

AS THE RUSSIAN FLEET SUPPORTS EMBATTLED GERMAN ARMY, THE NAVAL BATTLE RAGES ON AS ITALY TAKES THE NORTH ATLANTIC, FLANKING THE OCCUPATION FORCES. . .TURKS MASSACRE THE RUSSIAN FLEET IN ANKARA. . .MAJOR PUSH ON THE ENGLISH CHANNEL THWARTED BY FRANCO-ITALIAN DEFENDERS. . .DRAWS FAIL!

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
 SGM Don WILLIAMS 1325 East Citrus Avenue #2C, Redlands, CA 92374

SUMMER 1910:

ITALY F nat-R-MID RUSSIA F bla-R-SEV, F wal-R-LON

FALL 1910:

FRA (5) F IRI S [ITA] F mid-NAT, F BRE-eng, A PAR S A BUR, A PIC-bel, A BUR S A PIC-bel.
 GER (1) A LPL u(H)
 ITA (5) F mid-NAT, F WAL-lon, A VEN S A TYA, A VIE S [TUR] A BUD, A TYA S A VIE.
 RUS(15) F ank-bla(d;anh), F SEV S A RUM, A GAL-bud, A RUM S A GAL-bud, A WAR-gal, A SIL S A WAR-gal, A BOH S A MUN, A MUN S A BOH, F HOL S F BEL, F BEL S F NTH-eng(cut), F LON S F NTH-eng(cut), F NTH-eng, F CLY S GER A LPL, F nat-mid(d;r Nwg,OTB), A RUM S A MUN.
 TUR (8) F con-ANK, F BLA S F con-ANK, A ARM S F con-ANK, F gre-AEG, F BUL(sc) H, A SER S A BUD, A TRI S [ITA] A VIE, A BUD S [ITA] A VIE(cut).

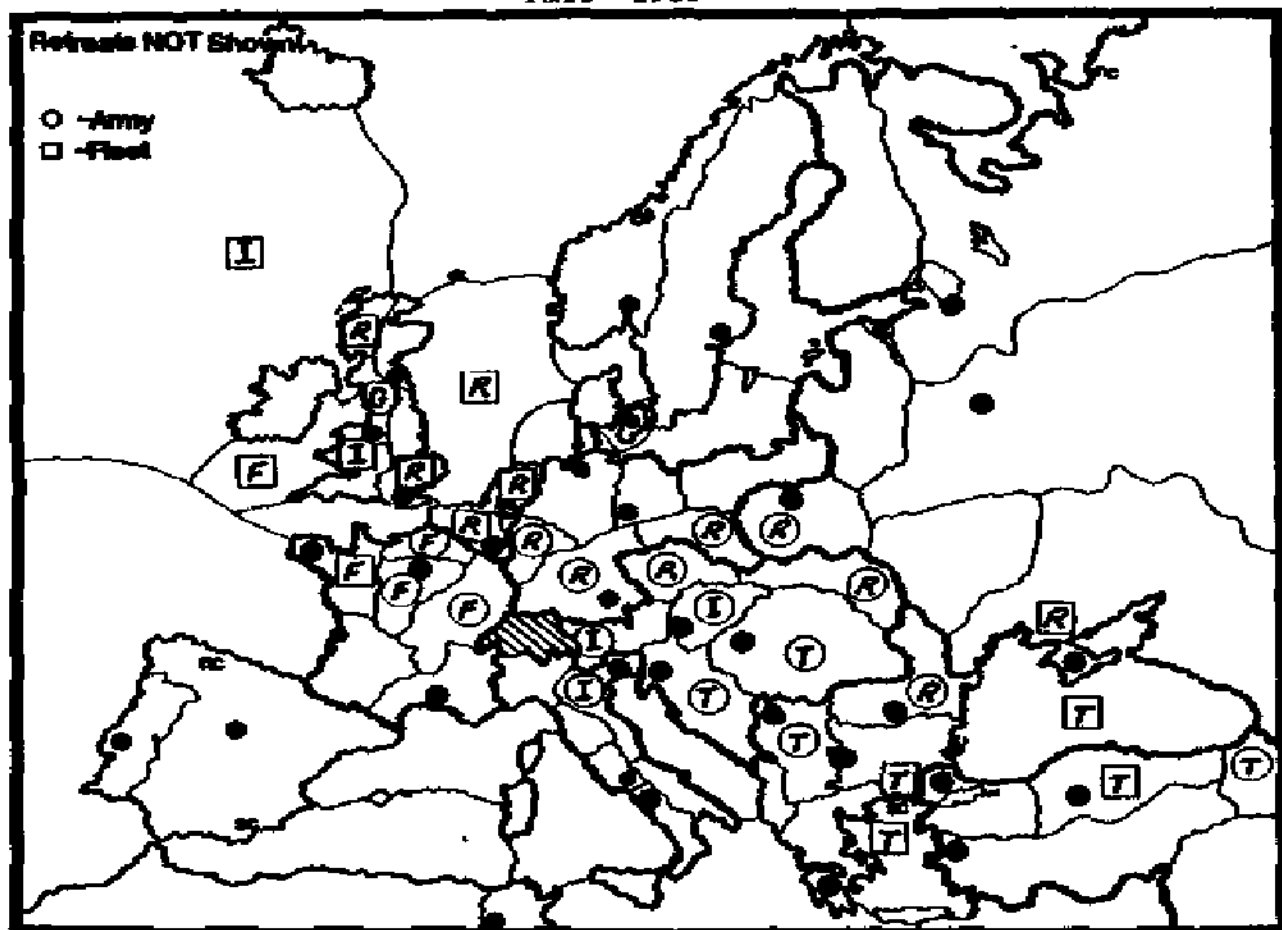
SUPPLY CENTER CHART FOR WINTER 1910:

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

GAME NOTES:

- UNITS IN RETREAT; Russian F north atlantic
- All draw proposals fail; R/I/T defeated 2Y/2½N; G/R/I/T defeated 1Y/3½N
- Proposed for next time (get ready); Concession to G, Concession to R, F/R, T/G, R/T, F/I/T, R/I/T, R/I/F/T, G/R/I/F/T--PLEASE VOTE WITH NEXT SET OF ORDERS
- Map of Fall 1910 is on the next page
- ZAT for Autumn 1910 retreats, Winter 1910 adjustments, and Spring 1911 moves is January 6, 1988
- There seem to be a number of rumors circulating that I'm bored of GMing the game or I'm dropping out or burning down or whatever. (Too, I also heard that I'm about to start a new game...guess it depends on what or who you believe.) For The Record: While I (very) infrequently am

Fall 1910



prone to erratic impulses to chuck everything, the other 99% of the time I enjoy my role as GM/publisher very much and intend to do nothing except continue running all my games as capably as I ~~Wate/In/Tha/Past~~ can.

The rumors seem to have surfaced after a conversation with one of my players and I can only guess that some comment or jest I made was taken incorrectly; for that, I apologize. Under Western Eyes is headed into 1911, and I am enjoying the play now more than ever. So, . . .battle on, friends, battle on!

PRESS:

RUSSIA - MUSHBRAIN: It's not easy writing press when I never see the last press written (until it is too late) to answer it!

MUSHBRAIN - RUSSIAN BABUSHKA: Comment duly noted. All press will now be sent whenever possible. Still, it's not as if you needed to respond to anything in particular--you're usual GM- and Cochise-bashing hardly qualifies as 'creative response', y'know, Baglady?

TURKEY - BOARD: Sorry for not writing. Chalk it up to food poisoning, strep throat, getting Rebel out, and Christmas shopping. [So, whose food did you poison?]

COCHISE - GM: Nice, very nice. The second time around you corrected all the errors.

DEAD DOGE - GM: Fess up, Don, you've been proof-reading again, haven't you? [Awww. . .BLUSH! It's becoming a regular thing...I...I can't seem to stop myself. . .]

HI - KK: I don't see any fools around here, nor do I see a seperation.

DEAD DOGE - FRENCH FRY: Tell me again, why did I want a fleet in Wales?

COCHISE - JERKY: Looks like you're here to stay. Who'd have ever thought that annoying me would save your skin?

RUSSIA - FRANCE: Stop picking on my pal, Jerky! Or he'll never make you another peanut butter and jelly sandwich again!

DEAD DOGE - KRABBY KZARINA: What is this passion you have for preserving Grumpy's dot? It isn't as if he cares, is it?

RUSSIA - ITALY: Read my lips--N-O! I will not allow Jerky to depart from this game. If I have to suffer Mushbrain's GMing, so does he! [Did that answer your question, Your Dead Dogeness?]

GM - KREEPY KATHY: I'll deal with you later.

DEAD DOGE - GRUMPY: Nice to see you've slipped back into your usual moribund state.

FRANCE - GERMANY: Don't fall asleep when you read this, it's vintage Cochise press. [Alert or asleep...it's hard to tell the difference with Jerko Magnifico.]

RUSSIA - GERMANY: Why does everyone want your head on a silver platter?

GM - RUSSIA: Does the phrase, "Suffer Not A Toady To Live" mean anything to you?

DEAD DOGE - KRABBY KZARINA: Why did you want a fleet in Wales?

REBEL - KK: Flashing neon lights on my tombstone are no problem. We'll just run a cable from my bed. [Oh God! She's going to start bragging about her orgasms again...]

RUSSIA - TURKEY: So, you've always wanted a man to tie you down you down [...with the cable, no doubt...] and torture you. Well, since you like pain so much, you should really like Mushbrains' GMing. [Not as much as she's going to enjoy snatching your dots, Dearie.]

DEAD DOGE - GM: Why would anybody want a fleet in Wales? Or am I asking all the wrong people? [You could ask the Welsh...]

DEAD DOGE - GRUMPY: Why. . .Ah, skip it! [Better still, why not just put your peepers on the map?]

DEAD DOGE - FRENCH FRY: Just what are we gaining with all this bouncing around?

SICK FRENCHIE - DEAD DOGE: Let's pull up a chair on the French Riviera and talk strategy. [Uh-oh, watch out, Melinda...they're talking behind your back.]

DEAD DOGE - SULKY SULTANA: Trust me, I used to be a doctor.

GM - SULKY: That reminds me, I used to be a brain surgeon, which is how I got my nickname. Once, I was doing brain surgery on Kathy (one of my few failures...) and my foot slipped on a spare organ or something...anyway, I grabbed Kathy's brain for balance and instantly turned it into to mush. So, you see, Kathy's mushed-brain is why they call me Mushbrain.

DEAD DOGE - GM: Nice try, Don, but we know you, remember? [Would you believe gynecologist?]

REBEL -INQUIRING GM: We don't actually have a Theatre District. We prefer to spread it around. [Hmm, sounds pretty gynecological to me...]

DEAD DOGE - SULKY SULTANA: Once more into the breach, and then, maybe once or twice after that. [...like I said before...]

LEAGUE OF GENTLEMEN ADVENTURERS - KOMMIE KATHY: What will you do if George [Continued on the front page. . .God, I hate four pages. . .]

Atrocity Exhibition



Reality Check--The Sequel

I would like to call a reality check on the entire hobby. I've seen entirely too many examples of people not taking themselves and their games seriously enough.

I would like to call a reality check on Steve "Simple-Minded Hamster Molestor" Arnawoodian. Woody has been called every name in the book--moron, idiot, dunderhead, simple-minded antelope, and who knows what else. Nobody in the history of the world has been subjected to as much constructive criticism as Woody has, and yet he ignores what's written about him and continues to behave like an utter simpleton. Ye gods, does he think we're *kidding*???? Woody should be hiding under his bed in utter, abject humiliation. Instead, he's only hiding there because he's afraid of Robert Sacks. Oh yes, and also because "Lola" is hiding in one of his shoes.

Rather than being serious and confronting his many failings Woody has chosen a sneaky underhanded way of gaining revenge on his critics. I am referring of course to his habit of *needlessly ruining game after game* for his enemies, not to mention going to any extreme to aggravate people. This is unethical, not to mention disgusting and (inevitably) perverse. Woody, wise up before it's too late.

I would like to call a reality check on Mark Frueh. Mark was defeated in a game I GMed and yet not only did he not complain or whine, but played out his position to the bitter end. Even though Woody viciously stabbed him and needlessly ruined his game, all Mark had to say at the end was that he'd made a couple of fatal mistakes. Nor did he criticize my incompetent GMing. And you call yourself a *Diplomacy player*, Mark???

I would like to call a reality check on Steve Clark. Steve wrote an article which went a bit beyond the bounds of taste...more precisely it smashed through like SS Panzer Division John Michalski on its way to Stalingrad. Steve was afraid that there might be some people who didn't see his masterpiece so he sent it to every publisher in the hobby. He then escaped just ahead of a lynch mob of infuriated loonies and is currently employed as weaver of authentic antique Incan Elvie blankets in Bolivia. *Donde esta su cabeza, muchacho?* Clark's last words will be: "Hey, you're taking this too serious--gggkkk..."

I would like to call a reality check on the Bad Boys in

A Ser, F Ion, F Emd, F Aeg, F Con, F Smy

Cathy Ozog is the new Italian player.

Deadline for Spring 1904: January 1, 1988

PRESS

New Austrian to Old GM: Prophetic name for this game, considering the current line-up. ((Speak for yourself!))

New Austrian to Newer Italian: Look, if we can't be lovers, can we at least be friends?

New Austrian to Grabby German: May I have my dot back, or do I have to get tough?

New Austrian to Terrible Turk: Just remember, Daf is the one who invited you over. Now that I'm the host, I expect nice behavior.

New Austrian to Frenetic Frenchy: Well, there goes the neighborhood.

Duck to Flash: For the record, mon ami, I didn't "gotcha". I didn't feed your moves to the Boobarian, I did not commit at all to the moves you suggested, and I did nothing but defend myself from possible English aggressions. "Past nasties..." Wha...you? If I'd spilled your moves to the Boob, you wouldn't be at four dots, now would you?

As it is now, well, we'll just see. The West isn't the only place where chaos reigns--the Golden Toadies are toadless and taking pot shots at each other...Kathy is banging at the gates of Venice, and, worst of all, the Boob is actually doing well!!! Things are sure to get better before they get worse. (P.S. Valerie sends goosy kisses to "Unca Flash").

Boob to Flash: Not that you'll believe me, but I called the Duck on NMR insurance (if he didn't have such a good excuse...) for another game and he just happened to mention your slimy intent. You will die for sure now. Don't you know? No one gets away with stabbing Granny.

Boob to Flash: OK, it's a deal. You give me your centers and I don't stop you from doing it. ((Getting awful damn cocky, aren't we, hotshot?))

Standby Austria to Flash: Remember, "The Duck is your friend". No, wait, that's "The Computer is your friend" isn't it. Ducks, computers, can't live with 'em, can't live without 'em.

Standby Austria to GM: Do you recall my first standby Austria press? ((You mean in R-3? Who could ever forget...come to think of it...I did.))

Duck to Winner: Would you explain something to me: Why, when I have done nothing--N-O-T-H-I-N-G--to Fassio, is everybody saying I did? ((I dono...is Jim-Boob's lying?)) Sheesh, a moment's indecision on my part, and I'm a Judas-class traitor. I don't get it. ((By the way you forgot to remit your game fee. That will be thirty pieces of gold, please.))

Standby Austria to the Toadmistress: So, where did all the toadies get to? It's a sad world when the only toady you have is Jim-Bob. ((So what am I? Chopped liver?))

Standby Austria to GM: Oops, sorry, I lost my head there for a moment. ((Watch yourself!))

Russian Reject to Kansas Candidate: With you, it's no common carnal knowlledge, eh?

KC--Flash: I'm glad you're taking Mushbrain's stab so well, otherwise you might reduce yourself to whining and grovelling. Oops, just remembered your last postcard--get off your knees and laugh in the face of the board idiot!

Grandma--Pops: If NMR's won't shake your faith, perhaps the elimination of a couple of your allies will wake you up!

Russia to Turkey: I hope you'll forgive my paranoia about your wandering minstrels in Sevastopol. I pondered the move against you for a very long time and decided that temptation might prove to great for you. Besides, the idea of listening to Caruso's peals of laughter at me convoying your army to Bulgaria for three seasons while you marched unimpeded from Ankara to Sevastopol was just too much. In the name of that which we both hold most dearest, may we have peace between us? (Or are you going to sell your soul to Caruso and the darkside?) ((Darkside??))

Eng to Tur: PJ, I'm ready to help, I really am--witness last turn. But I'm afraid I can't do much with the homeland in danger. Retreat to Ukr and then on to War! to Gal! All Germany and interior Russia awaits you! England gives moral support, and will remain in Nwy to link up for the assault on StP! (What HAVE you been smoking, Fassio?). Good hunting, good sir!

KK--Boob: Well, go kill a couple of Pops' allies! We need to make him see that there is no light at the end of his tunnel.

Boob to KK: Whose death? Honey's??

Warsaw--Paris: Depending on the Boobarian to help you keep your dots?! How low the mighty have fallen.

Duck--GM: It's very, very sad, really.

Russia to Austria: Oh, hi Steve. Want a hand with those Germans? Say the word, Sage, say the word.

KK--New Austrian: Would you please give Mushbrain a kick in the ass on your way out!

Don to Pete: Uh-oh, was that Papa Toad's baritone I just heard in Budapest?

KC--Flash: What you need is a miracle--not to mention an ally or two!

Faz to Kath: OK, lady, do what you must. As is obvious, I am about as much a threat to you as Mazzer is (was). Watch yourself against Germany (my luck, you're in cahoots with him on this one!) and don't let sweet-talkin' Don (of Don and Faz's Used Car fame) spin his siren song--these guys are mean.

To R/G: Hearty raspberries are spewn your way, gentlemen! The English RAPE of English sovereignty is unparalleled in modern anals of history (yeah, that's the word). Boob Burgess, the non-writing aggressor of all time...and behind him, the Duck-billed Machiavelli. Sigh...what's this world coming to?

Boob to Flash: You must agree that when one has England by the balls, not finishing him off is cruel and unusual punishment. You wouldn't want to go through that...would you?

France--Motormouth: Well are you a man? Or did you screw up this position and then leave it for a woman to salvage?

Russia to Mazzerman: I love it when a real man gets slapped around by a woman. I like it even more when it happens to you.

KK--Boob: You're not a deaf mute--so write you fool! Do it now, before I get nervous!

Russia to Germany: Did it ever occur to you that your two southern armies aren't going to be enough to stem the rising tide that is building toward you even now? Huh? Well? Did it? Haven't you got the sense Ghod gave a goose?

Redlands--Flushing: I can't believe how bad you are! Even with all the NMR's in Russia, Italy and Austria, look at you! I hope Ozog comes into this and cleans your clock--she owes you one anyway!

Russia--France: Haven't you figured it out yet? I'm not allied with Flash, or Boob, or Mazzer, or Langley. I'm not sure I'm even allied with the Turk anymore. C'mon, Froggy, that means you and I are allies.

KK--Mushbrain: Remember wat Faz says--ESAD!

Turkey to France: WITCH!

Turkey--GM: I'm practicing my pithiness this month.

Boob to Pops: When don't I get my moves in? I'm actually almost caught up with Dip.

Boob to Pops: Oh...you meant Daf! What did I do to displease you, Father? What may I do to make it up to you??

Redlands--Wichita: This is our hobby's best player? Maybe you and Langley were right and the U.S. is in decline...

((Speaking of decline...in my other game, Dan Palter reports that he's written 2.1 letters for every one received...))

Redlands to GM: If they get Mandy we get Valerie!! And Carolyn! And three draft picks to be named later...

Russia to Italy: Hmmm, that green, skin-tight tunic, the pointy, bell-tipped felt shoes, that impish nose, impetuous grin, and those sylvan ears...don't I know you from some place? ((Wrong again--Mazzer is gone!))

Confused Russia to Anyone: Would someone mind telling me what is going on? I had this whole thing planned and now...sigh...I set up a slam-dunk, and a Diplomacy game broke out. Olsen! This is all your fault, you incompetent wretch!!!

Boob to Honey: Now let me see if I have it straight...Kitton is now a Granny (but a young one, I have many more gray hairs than she) and her name is Mandy and Mandy is the standby for Cathy Ozog? Ooh, you're mean...and I'm a Boob. ((You've got that right...))

Russia to GM: Could be worse; we could all be writing Courtemanche press. ((Not here you couldn't be!))

Russia to GM: What kind of foolishness is that?

Faz to I/A: "Welcome to the Hotel California,..you can check out any time you like, but you can never leave..." These barracudas are gonna check out the three of us, feet first, I fear! Good luck, and hope you get a better reception than I did. Don't drink the water, don't talk to Williams, and sell your stocks.

The Melniboné Herald

#15

publisher: P. J. Gaughan
3121 East Park Row #165
Arlington Tx 76010-3744

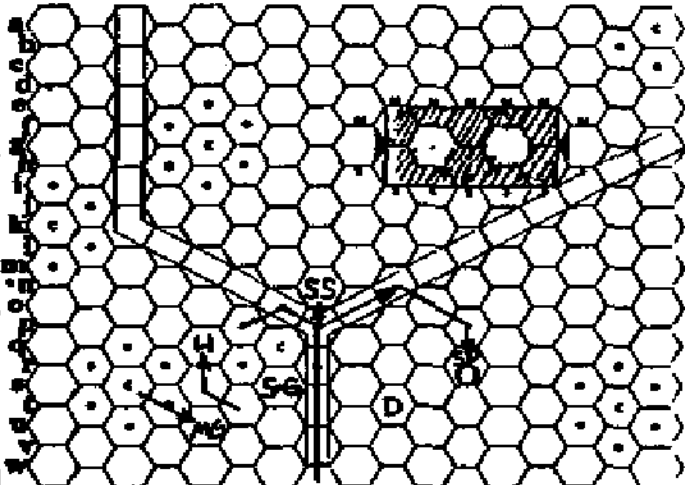
HELKARAKSĒ ASF5

TURN SIX: DAF IS BACK IN IT

Segment One--While Sass-squat sits on his hands and tanks up on mulled ale, everyone else is fumbling around outside. Heimdall tries to Bolero two opponents at close range, but both of his attacks flop. Snow Grench shoots at a moving Smugguff, but just misses. Daf barely clips the Grench while his attention is elsewhere, and Muscles Galore ducks all the action by picking up a snowball.

Segment Two--Sass-squat streaks up the path, whooping and hollering, and Daf picks him off on the way. Smugguff runs the rest of the way to the snowman, but this time Snow Grench hits him--and as he does, MG hits the Grench! Heimdall steps away to collect...

Segment Three--...and immediately pegs the nearest opponent, Grenchy. MG joins in on the gang-bang; in spite of the attacks, SG lofts a bomb at Smugguff which hits. Daf looks at SS again, and when she sees that he's collecting a Dirigible, she plasters him. But SP grabs the snowman's head and wipes out Daf with it, to stretch his lead.



Segment One	attacked by
D attack SG w/rr	
H Bolero SG & MG	
MG move & collect	H /bb/65/--
SG attack SP w/rr	H /bb/55/--, D /rr/90/**
SP move to N10	SG/rr/80/--
SS sit & pout	

Segment Two	attacked by
attack SS w/rr	
move & collect	
attack SG w/rr	
attack SP w/rr	MG/rr/95/**
move to R12	SG/rr/75/**
move to N8	D /rr/80/**

Segment Three	attacked by
D attack SS w/rr	SP/sh/75/**
H attack SG*w/rr	
MG attack SG w/rr	
SG attack SP*w/rr	H /rr/85/**, MG/rr/95/**
SP attack D w/sh	SG/rr/70/**
SS collect di	D /rr/95/**

Standings	vp	hp	sb	di
Daf Langley	8	2	0	0
Bruce Geryk	4	8	0	0
Tom Hise	9	2	0	0
J.R. Baker	9	6	0	0
Jeff Zarse	13	2	0	0
Tom Hurst	5	8	2	1

Hmmm...no ammo on the board except for Sassy's. And although Heimdall is not really in contention, his actions could hurt or help the leaders. I'd say that Turn Seven should send at least two people inside--which ones?? DEADLINE for Turn Seven is the day's mail, New Year's Eve. Press! Sassy to Gang: OK, guys. I'm gonna sit right here and chuck snow for as long as I can. Better not come too close! (However, with my luck, it might be safer to run up close!)

MG to SnowMaster: Hey, if Hurst wants to be the guy with the worst rolls in ASF history, I'll gladly pass the title on. New rule: I always hit on 95 or less, Hurst always misses on 5 or more. What?? NO??

The Hare of the Dog Great Guy Who Will Spend Any Amount of Money to Make a Point Award goes to Steve Emmert. You may remember that on this page last month I accused him of being cheap because he always sent postcards. Well, to prove me wrong, he sent his orders in this month by telegram. I love it!! Steve, you are a sweetheart. It's too bad you're not interested in toady status, you'd be a prime candidate.

Life at work continues on. I haven't told my boss yet that I'm leaving. Everytime I get up the nerve, she talks about what an invaluable employee I am, and how she has come to depend upon me so much, and how she doesn't know how she got along without me. And I'm supposed to listen to that and then burst her bubble with the news that I'm leaving in January? So, I haven't said anything yet. I'm not total slime, though; I still have more than a month to go before it's time to leave.

Meanwhile, we had another class start. For the first week, my office makes sure the students are going to class. It is my responsibility to get the teacher's roll sheet and make a copy of it so I can tell the Admission reps which of their students isn't in class. That means for the first week of the new month, I get to disrupt the class to get the sheet. Some of the teachers never break rhythm, while some see me coming and frantically start taking roll. Ahhh, power.

We had our Christmas party last week. It was my first company Christmas party. I was undecided about going - well, not undecided - actually, I had decided back and forth about six times. Finally Saturday evening I made my final decision, WE WERE GOING! Now it was time to start shopping for a new dress for the occasion. I went to three places before I found the perfect dress. It was basic black with big white bows on the sleeves (it's prettier than it sounds). So off we go to the party. We get there fashionably late, and most of the people are there already. I go from table to table introducing my friends and colleagues to Steve. We sat with some of my friends in the Financial Aid Department. After my fourth glass of champagne, (but who's counting?) I was reaching for my fifth and spilled it. Steve, the sweetheart that he is, promptly cut me off. With nothing else to do, we decided to dance. The disc jockey had just started playing records and we went out on the floor. I hadn't danced in ten years or more, but it was still as much fun as I remembered it being. We danced for the rest of the party and left it about eight o'clock. Since the food had been billed as 'lavish', we hadn't eaten beforehand. 'Lavish' consisted of bacon-wrapped dates, huge chunks of vegetables in sauce and spare ribs. In a party dress? We wound up at McDonalds. It was a wonderful evening nonetheless and I would go to another Christmas party. I might even look forward to it.



It's Slime Time in Hare of the Dog!!!!

1987 HX Slimy Dogs The Players

Gary Behnen 13101 Trenton, Olathe, KS 66062
Mike Pustilnik 140 Cadman Plaza West, Brooklyn, NY 11201
Richard Hurley 341 Wolf Creek Road, Grass Valley, CA 95945
Mark Neseenan 129 E. Welcome #1, Mankato, MN 56001
Steve Emmert 1752 Grey Friars Chase, Virginia Beach, VA
23456
Larry Botimer 13833 11th St. NE #3, Bellevue, WA 98005
Kathy Caruso 29-10 164th St., Flushing, NY 11358

Steve Emmert has moved out of his Post Office Box. If you want your mail to get to him pay attention to the above.

1987 HX Slimy Dogs Fall 1901

AUS (Gary 3) F Alb-GRE, A Ser-RUM, A VIE-Tri
ENG (Mike 3) F NTH C A Edi-NWY, F NNG S A Edi-NWY,
A Edi-NWY
FRA (Richard 3) F Mid-POR, A Mar-SPA, A Pic-BEL
BER (Mark 3) F DEN-Swe, A SIL-War, A Ruh-HOL
ITA (Steve 3) F TYH C A Tus-TUN, A Tus-TUN, A VEN-Tri
RUS (Larry 4) F Rum-Bey(d;anh!), F BOT-Swe, A Stp-MOS,
A WAR H
TUR (Kathy 3) F BLA S A Ara-SEV, A BUL S AUS A Ser-RUM,
A Ara-SEV

1987 HX Slimy Dogs Winter 1901 Supply Center Chart

AUS	Bud	Tri	Vie	GRE	RUM	+2;	builds	2		
ENG	Edi	Lon	Lpl	NWY		+1;	builds	1		
FRA	Bra	Mar	Par	BEL	POR	SPA	+3;	builds	3	
BER	Bar	Kie	Mun	DEN	HOL		+2;	builds	2	
ITA	Nap	Roa	Van	TUN			+1;	builds	1	
RUS	Mos	Stp	Bey	War			-1;	even		
TUR	Ank	Con	Say	BUL	SEV		+2;	builds	2	
NEU	Bel	Bul	Den	Bra	Hol	Nay	Por	Rum	Ser	-12;
	Spa	Swe	Tun							

1987 HX Slimy Dogs ZAT for Winter 1901 only is
January 8, 1988.

Slimy Dogs Press starts right here...form a line please.

VIRGINIA BEACH to GMS: When you call me a cheapskate, smile.
This set of orders cost me \$22.70.

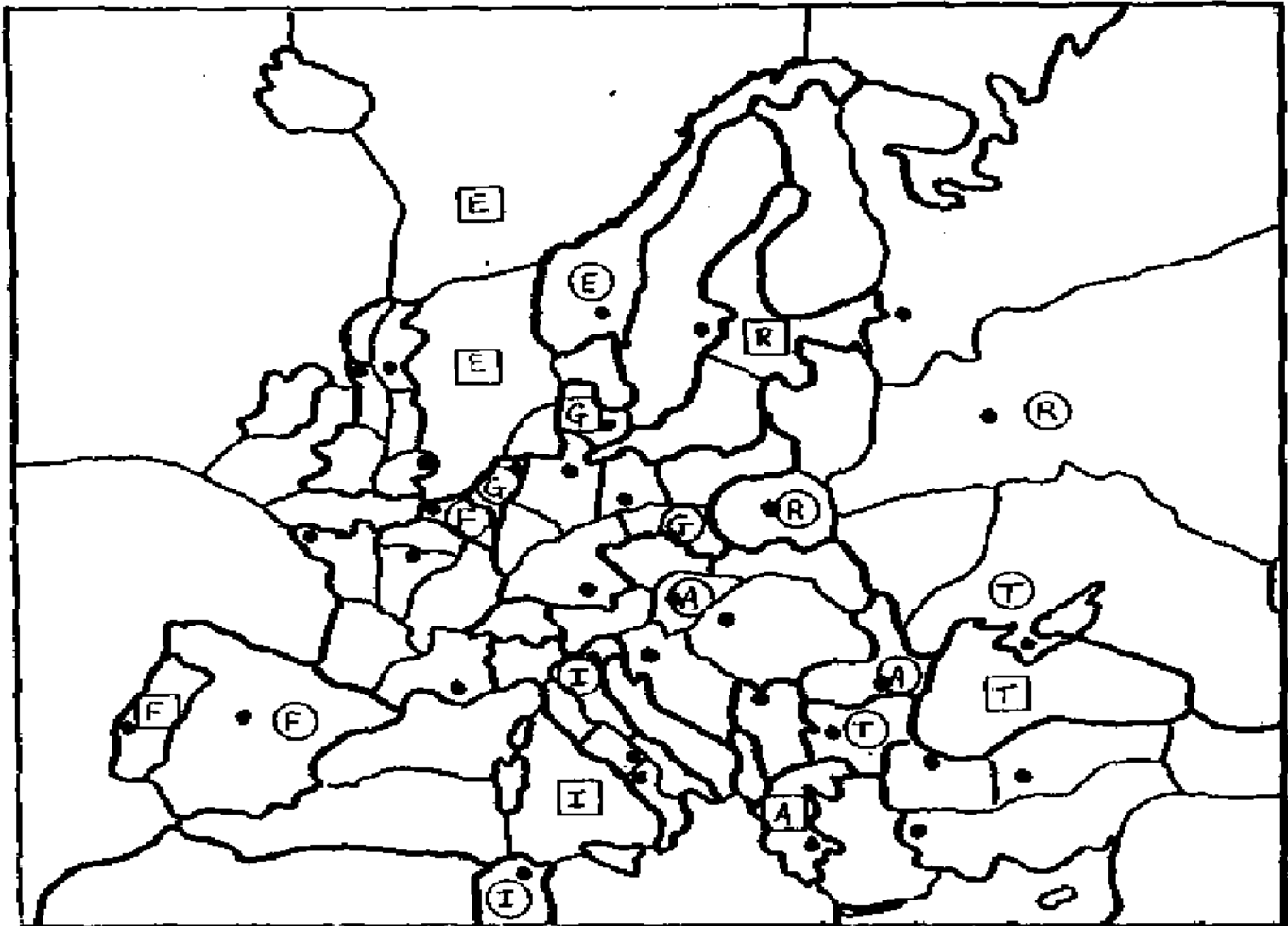
GMS to SPENDTHRIFT: Is that counting the letter you sent me
authenticating the telegram? Yes, Steve Emmert sent in his
moves by Telegram just to prove he isn't cheap. I know what
else he proved. Right gang?

PARIS to ST.PETE: Sorry our correspondence in "Eurostyle" was
interrupted. You were just telling me how much you like the
Northern Russian opening and how glad you were that Kathy was
in the game. Look forward to hearing from you again.

STEVE to LARRY: What is a Huestis? Is it painful to be a
Huestis clone?

GMS to STEVE: Actually it's quite simple, all you have to do
is never ever write to anyone in your games.

STEVE to LARRY, part 2: Keep your punctuational aberrations
to yourself, fella.



FROM THE BERLIN GAZETTE: Reports out of Austria speak of a mail strike that has halted all mail delivery between Austria and Germany. The German Ambassador in Vienna is looking into the situation.

GENEROUS to RIN TIN: Fortunately my moves didn't arrive or the R/T treachery would've been complete! Is this because I gave grandma your phone number? By the way, which 'Hawks will finish the season - the Charger destroyers?

BO(T) to KK: I asked Millie and she noted that you stabbed me on our first gamestart together and that I should remember that. I will!

VIRGINIA BEACH to GMS: Thanks for the very kind compliment regarding my voice. The full product, however, is not so good; just ask old lady Caruso, the Fiend of Flushing. I'm a pretty homely boy.

GMS to VIRGINIA BEACH: You are an oxymoronic boy. How can you be pretty and homely all at the same time. Besides, I never take Kathy's word on anything this important.

AUSTRIA to ITALY: Hang tough moose, squirrel is on his way...

GMS to AUSTRIA: Oh, do we all get furry animal names now? I'll give everyone three guesses which one I am.

CONSTANTINOPLE: The Turkish troops along with their loyal Russian Cossacks (which have no choice but to join us or die) have only one target in sight. That being a big bullseye painted on your moose maimed rear!

GMS to AUSTRIA: We could call Kathy badger. And Olsen could be gopher.

Slimy Dogs is sliding in on home.....

KK to GMS: I bet you just love it when I write Golden Age press! Better than sex - right?

GMS to KK: Sex with what?

AUSTRIA to TURKEY: Why don't I like you behind me?

GMS to AUSTRIA: Don't tell us it's because you are not that kind of guy.

TURKEY to ??: I remember Andy Devine - he was a kick. I'm just glad he's not around to see me kick a dog - he wouldn't approve of the treatment Rintin is about to receive. I mean helping Greedy get a chunk out of anyone is really cruel.

AUSTRIA to E/F/G: Gee, guys, is this really a coincidence?

TURKEY to GERMANY: Don't thank Daf for letting you in this game - you have no one to blame but yourself!

GERMANY to RUSSIA: A mindless Caruso toady? Never. I just like vodka and caviar.

HEADLESS ENGLAND to GMS: I apologize for my weird press. Now, would you kindly do me the immense favor of recapitulating me?

GMS to ENGLAND: In other words, you want me to give you head, right?

TURKEY to ENGLAND: How can anyone from Brooklyn be quiet? Wake up boy - we are loud, noisy and after moose lovers. If you can't write - why not call - at least I know we'll speak the same language!

LAID BACK LARRY to MAD MADAM MIM OF FLUSHING MEADOW: Let's face it, us easy going Northwesterners are no match for you naturally nasty New Yorkers.

GMS to LBL: You talking quantity or quality?

TURKEY to PARIS: Make no mistake about it - I might live in Flushing now, but I was born in Brooklyn! Wasn't every NYer?

BO(T) to 17TH: You're still worth ignoring.

ENGLAND to RUSSIA: Please don't blame me for Kathy's "quickie" move on you. She's been playing Dip since before I was born. She certainly doesn't need advice from me to go after dots.

KK to RIN TIN: It seems everyone has your number, no wonder you're in so much trouble!

LARRY to DELLA: Hey, that's nice, first time I ever gave anyone the shudders. Makes me feel like a real Dip player at last. By the way, nice motion you have.

TURKEY to ITALY: France says keep your fleas. He also says Bullwinkle is a dumb twit!

PARIS to TURKEY: Savage. Unbelievably savage. All those things that I've heard about you must be true.

GMS to PARIS: The couldn't all be true. Half of them are contradictory.

TURKEY to GMS: These guys deserve to be abused, the only real man around here is the Popcorn Vendor with the sexy legs.

KK to GREEDY: You owe me one - it is not often that I support a Card fan - actually I never do! So start rooting for the Mets!

LARRY to GMS: I am cutting back this time so I can double the drivel next time unless you recant.

GMS to LARRY: I recant, I recant! By the way, what am I recanting, and was it good for you, too?

GERMANY to EVERYONE: I apologize for the lack of correspondence from me lately, but we had a real life tragedy at my house recently, and I am just now getting around to catching up on my mail. Thanks for being patient.

PARIS to BERLIN: You are obviously a gentleman and a scholar. Are you sure you're in the right game?

RETURN TO:

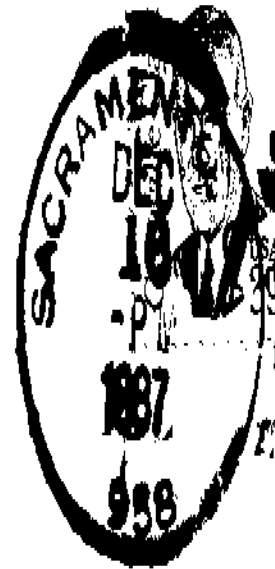
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MAGUS #77

December 15, 1987

Game ID

ZAT

DELIVER TO:

1986 A	1/8/88
1987 AL	1/8/88
Bourse	1/8/88
1987 CV	1/8/88
1982 CH	1/8/88
1987 HX	1/8/88

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Subscription through issue 90

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

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