

**URGENT
ACTION****amnesty
international****URGENT
ACTION**

UA office • 3618 Sacramento Street • San Francisco, CA 94118 • 415 561 3731

International Secretariat • 10 Southwark Street • London WC2E 7HF England

SO I'VE HEARD (THAT'S THE POLITE WAY)

It makes sense. Say that you want to tell someone, "Jane is a real slut." You just pause a bit, and say "Or so I've heard," so your friend can't tell whether you had to find out the hard way from Jane herself. It's the polite way.

And if that makes sense, you know that this is IRKSOME, a zine of postal Diplomacy and other madness. Please forget the address I gave you last issue. For various reasons, that deal did not work out. From now on address your love letters to

SCOTT HANSON
939-18TH AVE SE
MINNEAPOLIS, MN 55414

phone (612)379-1836

I would have told Y'all sooner, but I just got this place 3 days before I moved. It's a bummer since I got two really nice plugs that gave the defunct address on University Ave.

Subs to the zine are 55¢ per issue. This is counting as a single issue just because I love you, but the next one this size will count for two so we all break even. My printing costs have just increased from 4 1/2¢ a page to 5¢, so look for a increase to 60¢ an issue. (In other words, re sub now while the price is good.) We do have game openings in 2 WEEK DEADLINE Dip. The fast pace insures noone drops out for lack of interest. Game fee just \$5. I also would like to run a WINNER'S GAME, only for those with 2 wins or draws adding up to 2 Calhoun points. This would be a demo game, of sorts. I also have two more people interested in BLIND POST CARD Dip, so I'll open another section of that.

Sorry kids, but I must say that the Leader Poll results last were faked. (Sorry Mark, I had to say it, but the minors in our audience might have told their parents.) I did get a call from Gary Coughlan this weekend. I guess he had talked to Rod Walker, who has the real poll results, and the DIPMASTER won the real poll too. I personally believe that Rod is pulling Gary's leg and that Gary's making a big fool of himself. That would be funny. But it'd be funnier yet if DIPMASTER really won the poll, too. Details next month, I'm sure.

Deadline for next issue is OCT 2. Dippy Don reads 81LN, 82S, and 82T inside. You should too. 82NH (NEBRASKA) begins this issue.

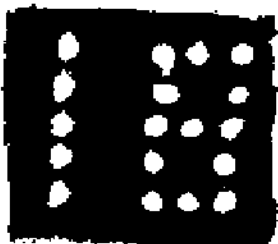
NEXT ISSUE WILL BE THE SPRINGSTEEN ISSUE. DOUBLE CREDIT FOR ARTICLES ON THE BOSS

Standby list: McCloud Eli Carter Sherwood* Keller Slaughter Tighe Ditter* Martin Low* PByrne* Frueh Ellis Bailey Kane Woodson Woody Swider* standbys get free issues, sign up today.

GAME OPENINGS: 2w: Falter Slaughter Frueh Bowen(game fee-\$5)
Blind Post Cards: C.Byrne Tallman
4w-full, has started winner's: noone, yet

FREE ISSUES THIS TIME: Sherwood, Petersen, Becker, Michalski.

IRKSOME GIVES FREE
ISSUES FOR ARTICLES
1-untyped
3-ready to xerox



2

THE MAIL CALL.....("Anderson?" "Yo!", "Beaty?" "Yo!", "Croatt?" "Yo!", "Hanson? Hanson?
HANSON!!!!" "Wha...????")

digging out stuff a couple of months old, at least...

from David de Perlmutter..."See you at ORIGINS! And Frauke better be as good looking as you say she is; Couch told me she looks like an East German swimmer. Coughlan says she looks like "The flower of German womanhood."...

((How about a combination of the two with the death palor of Ulrike Meinhof?))

from Terry Tallman..."Thanks for the copy of IRKSONE. I'd be glad to trade Szines with you. Your is one of the more interesting I've seen...I'd like to standby in any game that has Kathy Byrne or John Michalski. Because I've never wrestled a boa constrictor or met a literate Okie. (Considered a myth around here) Either would be fascinating. I've already been accused of being a fake. My question is a fake of what?"...
((My question as well! Terry publishes NORTH STEALTH, WEST GEORGE, a brand new Szine (as he calls them.) The first issue was great...check it out, his address is on the list in the back.))

from Don del Grande..."This is NOT a vote in the head-dunking contest - I'm not voting on either side. You should BOTH be dunked! HOWEVER, as measured from the Munich dot, all 3 English SCs are closer than any part of Turkey. And how did my name happen to appear as TWO lost causes?"...

((I told y'all this was old mail...the head dunking scene is old news, except that Woody and Gary are getting it at Wichita. And whoever brought Munich into the deal anyway? Probably Gary, he did take the whole thing too seriously. He wouldn't even let Mark Berch be our ombudsman after that long letter I sent!))

from Ken Iverson..."When are you having a "MINNI"CON?"...

((Hm, not a bad idea! If we could get you, 3 or 4 from the Cities, and a couple from Mad-town, we'd have one board! But we'd have to do it in the dead of winter...just to show the rest of the country how tough we are! Whaddya think, James, Mark, etc.?))

from Andy Lischett..."I really shouldn't be so nice to you after that fraudulent head-soaking contest. A tie? Haw?"....

((Since I believe in consumer protection, I'll soak Gary twice to make up for the contest being a fraud. Good 'nuff?))

from the University of Minnesota Honors Division, College of Liberal Arts...

Dear Mr. Hanson:

In reviewing your transcript this quarter I found that while you are doing well by the standards of CLA, you are slipping below the performance standard necessary to remain in the program after 90 credits. The standard for continuation in the program is 50 percent As, both in total grade points and in upper division courses.

I am sending you this personal note rather than any official document to urge your best performance in your fall and winter courses if you hope to remain in the honors program.

((OK, IR Holt, I'll do my best, but you know about these "sophomore slumps"...))

from Bill Becker..."You didn't say if you wanted a record review of The Smurfs Sing SmurKing Songs, so...It's going to be around for a long time. These guys got the blues down. And even if you can't sing or have trouble with the lyrics, you can always SMURF it. Besides, what other group has a show on TV every week. Definately "the" hit with the younger crowd. I predict they'll become more popular than the Seven Dwarfs. Get serious - get SMURFED. I mean, hooers are square - get with it."

((Hey, Smurfs are number 1 in my book. Of course, I didn't ell you which book....))

MAIL CALL (CON'T....that means "continued", Michel, don't go making obscene French words out of it!)

THE IRKSOME EMPLOYMENT CONTEST QUESSES

-Keith Sherwood: "You could become a male prostitute. Naw, forget it, I just remembered your picture in EE."

-Mike Barnes: "You will end up sweeping washrooms at Althea's Minnesota House of Pleasure, featuring frigid weather, frigid munchies, and frigid women. Faced with a vow of faithfulness, you will turn to self-degradation with a variety of rubber novelties."

-Mark Keller: "Cook in a rival fast food place, probably a pizza place."

Naw, yer all wrong. The lucky was guess...a clerk in a law library! Yes, I'm working 10 hours a week on the 21st floor of the Hennepin County Government Center reshelving law books. I'll still be working at Macs a couple of times a week, just so you can tell McDonald's jokes. You all lose, but we have a new contest

MUSIC TRIVIA: Many groups, when they put out their first album, will simply name the record after the group. Like The Doors, Boston, Ramones, The Clash, Quarterflash, to name a few diverse examples. It's not a bad idea; it increases name recognition among DJs and the record buying public. On rare occasion, an established group will name an album after themselves just to be coy. The most famous record like this was a double set. Name the group. Three free issues, if you can. And one free issue for each group you can name that has done the same thing. (That is, naming an album other than the first after the group (or artist...I'm not fussy.)

PERSONAL NOTES.....

Well, I don't know about you, but I celebrated Labor Day by opening three mornings at McDonald's at 6 am and working 9 hours each day. I made the holiday extra special by staying out late each night and depriving myself of sleep. But a old high school friend came back to town, a great movie was at the Film Society (BEAU PERE, a French comedy, about a 14 year old girl trying to seduce her 30 yr old step father, and succeeding. Kind of Lolita reversed. Damn funny...see it if it hits your town.), and it was State Fair weekend. Sorry, Phyllis, but I missed Rick Springfield at the fair. But I nearly died of exhaustion Monday night. I didn't even plan to have the zine done by then, but to my own surprise I'm finishing it up Tuesday night. So I won't have to mail all the games out separate.

I think I'm going crazy...not surprising, considering Frauke left, moving and not finding a place until 3 days before, fighting with the financial aid office at the U, nearly going broke, and watching life go on merrily by. Frauke and I have been having some problems lately, the thing is they are mostly in my own mind. If she were only here, there would be no problems. Why do we torture ourselves like this.

Most of you kids are back in college, and I can laugh, as I don't start until the end of the month. We even got Yom Kippur off, so we don't start until the 28th. I've decided to be a serious student this year, as last year wasn't too cool (see letter on previous page) and I may want to go to grad school.

I'm going to Wichita, against my better financial judgement. If you aren't playing, your zine is probably postmarked from there. It will be good therapy, I figure, a chance to get away. Details of the whole thing next issue.

I want to go away, someplace far. Like Israel, or South Africa. If I can find some way to work while there, maybe next summer. I know you can work on a kibbutz in Israel, but while in NY I was utterly fascinated by South Africa. Forget apartheid, I want to go there. I'm now writing to a girl from there, staying in Minn. for the year. Out of room,

BGE!

Scott



**THE ROCKY
HORROR
PICTURE SHOW**

Don't Dream It....See It!

THE BIRTH OF A DIP PLAYER

by Franke Petersen

[20 min]
A Woodhouse
Product

It's well-known that birth is something you can't do anything about. Birth just happens to you. And that's exactly how it worked for me, too. My involvement in this hobby must be blamed on anyone else but me. One person in particular bears the most responsibility for letting my insanity go so far that I care for diplomacy. This person happens to be the love of my life: Scott Hanson.

Having an American boyfriend isn't exactly normal for a Gerwoman anyway, and when it's even a diplomat you have to be ready for surprises. The first surprise was the irksome mail I started getting last fall. Way back then I didn't have the faintest idea what craziness I was about to get myself into when I tried to understand those strange articles. I never bothered reading the games and stuff because they were Greek to me just by judging their visual appearance. And the same way Scott tricked me into loving him - he made me write articles for his zine! Kind of like the six-year old who was asked to contribute to a microbiology journal - nevertheless I tried to do my best. Yet, I had hope to solve the puzzle during my stay this summer.

The first acquaintances with the game, however, left me wondering: Seeing Scott get excited about a bunch of colored wooden blocks could actually lead to only one logical conclusion, namely that his stage of regression was worse than expected. But the disappointment was terrible - here I had been promised 10 weeks of non-stop lovemaking and I had to find out that the only ~~and~~ thing that satisfied him in the morning was the dip mail. Also, what I found very disturbing in the beginning were those late nite/early morning phone calls. I simply couldn't believe to hear Scott talk about going to Tyrolia when all I could think about was going to bed.

But I was to change my mind about all that very soon. On a damp and dark Friday morning I was dragged onto a Greyhound bus bound for New York. I spent most of the 28-hour ride dreaming about Manhattan and when John Baraso took me in his arms at the Manhattan bus station I felt ready to tackle anything - even diplomacy!

The one-week training camp at John and Kathy's was excellent. I had so much "beer" (according to the label, that was - I'd call it alcoholized water) that I didn't even notice how much I was learning about those flicks and aces. In addition to having "Blutsauger" Kathy and crew plus Scott try to teach me the various techniques of stabbing I also got to meet ~~and~~ famous players like Joody and Brax (who I found happily reunited with each other, by the way!). Origins was coming up and I just had to come along, now that I knew that F Kie - Man doesn't work even if you flood Central Europe with beer. The ride to Baltimore was, well, different. The fact that John's car had the nasty habit to stall at various toll booths along the way surely gave me a unique conception of the American way of travelling. If we had taken Kathy's car we wouldn't have had room for the cooler with the beer!!! Anyway, the conference was great. It was my first time to see so many weirdos in one place! My first game went fine - mostly because I had Baraso on my board. But the second game was quite different: Even though Kathy, whom I was on the board with, helped me a lot I couldn't defend myself against Tom "Fast Fingers" Rainardi's cruel and gruesome attacks. And I thought "Fast Fingers" meant something else...

As you see, I'm the victim of a skillfully carried out plot. I swear, it never ever was my free will to get into dip - but damnit, now it is!!!

Deep in the laboratories of Desperate Man's large gray home, the angered nude man was working diligently while mumbling under his breath. "So, still no has chosen to heed my words. No players. No letters. Nothing. They'll all pay dearly." While attempting to develop a new strain of brain eating bacteria the nude man accidentally spills a large beaker of clonal fluid into the drain. The liquid flows through the sewer and begins to shape itself into something deadly and alive:

LOST CAUSE III: THE ATTACK OF THE D-MAN

Season Recruit S. Dailey was walking along the dock area of a large midwestern city. He was returning back to his ship after a long night of drinking and carousing. A hangover throbbed in the background. Maybe a little too much of that Southern Comfort. The bosun's mate would probably let him sleep in if he explained the situation. Then tonight, back into the city. Hit the bars again and then.....suddenly the water just ahead bubbling and churning.

Dailey stopped in his tracks and froze in awe and horror as a giant head emerged from the depths of lake Michigan. The face was contorted in unimaginable rage. Somehow it looked familiar. Oh my god. Not you. No. No. No. Baaaaahhhhh!!!!

Sheriff McCloud and his sidekick Yamamoto Noto were the first on the scene. Dailey was very near death. McCloud jumped off his horse and rushed over to the mortally wounded sailor. The lawman was appalled by the amount of injury on the young man's body. Noto rushed over with a first aid kit. McCloud gave the sailor a drink of alcohol and asked, "What happened, son?"

Dailey's eyes full of pain focused on McCloud and Noto. Dailey sputtered his final words, "He was so big! All he said was:

LOST CAUSE #1: J Caruso's convertible.

and then he stepped on me." Dailey collapsed and died.

Sheriff McCloud went over to his horse radio and called into the station. "This is McCloud. We got a possible homicide out here..."

"McCloud? This is Chief Ignatz Lew. Forget the homicide. I want you and Noto to get over to the Northside and check out this disturbance. Something or somebody is destroying the city."

"But chief, I just can't leave a body out here in the middle of nowhere. Besides his murderer has got to be around here somewhere..."

"McCLOUD! Get over to the Northside. Now."

"Sure, Chief, I'm on my way." McCloud turned the radio off and walked over to where Noto was standing by the corpse.

Noto asked, "What did the chief say?"

"oh, we're on the case. Let's look around and see if the killer left some clue to where he's from or going."

The two men looked around and saw nothing but a demolished building nearby.

McCloud stared at the ruins for a long time. Noto asked, "find something?"

"That building over there. Wasn't it a root beer stand yesterday?"

"Gee, I dunno. HMMMM. Seems to me...there was somethin' there. Yeah, I remember. That's where old Rusnak's root beer used to be. Wonder what ever happened to old Rusnak?"

McCloud swore and rap for the rubble. He began shoving large stones and boards aside as Noto stood watching with a confused look on his face. The sheriff uncovered a hand beneath a large section of ceiling. Noto quickly joined him and together they rapidly excavated the old man from the rubble. He was still alive but very weak. He spoke to the two rescuers, "It was a giant. He was ANGRY! Kept saying peculiar things like:

LOST CAUSE #2: A subzine without players.

and:

LOST CAUSE #3: Nonparadoxical timetravel.

"Did he say anything else?"

"Yes! he said:

LOST CAUSE #4: S. Langley's fiction.

the old man fainted. McCloud said to Noto, "You stay here and watch him while I go get some help."

McCloud ran to his horse and deftly mounted the beast. With a flick of the reins he was on his way. He started down the street when he noticed the wreck of another building only twenty yards from the root beer stand. McCloud followed the trail of ruin northward and at last caught up with culprit. He gasped at the size of the creature.

It stood sixty feet tall. It was a gigantic nude unshaven skinny man. The giant's face was an ugly twisted parody of the Desperate Man. It bellowed as it roared out its agony:

LOST CAUSE #5: P Hart becoming a famous playwright.

McCloud winced at the sound of a white clunker convertible being crushed under the foot of the giant. He took his service revolver from its holster and opened fire on the monster. All it did was scream out the following:

LOST CAUSE #6: S'tan the barbarian becoming civilized.

LOST CAUSE #7: Someone correctly answering Bob (professor) Howerton's historical trivia question.

LOST CAUSE #8: J Michowski being reinstated at the real Mos Eisley.

LOST CAUSE #9: Mindswapping M Berch without coming out a loser.

LOST CAUSE #10: Violating the law of the multi-eyed Krizzz without being spotted.

LOST CAUSE #11: Playing Austria or Italy in a two-week deadline game.

LOST CAUSE #12: California.

LOST CAUSE #13: Reading Centennial backwards.

McCloud covered his ears and yelled at the large entity.

"Why are you doing this?"

The D-man stopped toppling a large building and stared curiously at the tiny lawman. Its anger abated somewhat. The giant seemed puzzled.

"I said, why are you doing this?"

The d-man spoke:

LOST CAUSE #14: Eric 'Orc' Ozog being a half-elf.

McCloud nodded his head knowingly and said, "I know exactly what you mean! I'm going to call my friend on this little box now and he will come here and help. Now you just stay there and don't knock anything down."

The D-man smiled and said:

LOST CAUSE #15: A Pearson's self image.

LOST CAUSE #16: N Pearson's husband.

McCloud spoke into the radio, "Hello, chief?"

"This is chief Ig Law. Is that you McCloud?"

"Yeah, chief. I think I've found the source of our problem here."

"What's that?"

"I said I found the problem."

"McCloud, quit beatin about the bush and tell me what the problem is."

"Well the way I see it, chief, I think we're gonna need a pair of size 900 handcuffs. And a size 2000 police robe. This is the biggest streaking case I've ever laid eyes on."

"You been drinkin McCloud? Where's Noto? Put him on."

"Noto's not here and no, I ain't been drinkin. I don't know how long I can keep talking to this guy. You've got to send help chief. I'm on the Northside."

"OK, McCloud I'm sending my best man right over. He'll be in charge. Don't get in his way. I'll send a SWAT team over also. If this is some kind of joke..."

"It ain't." McCloud put the microphone down and smiled up at the huge nude giant. "Everything is going to be all right! I just talked to my friend and he is going to bring you something....a surprise....that you need!"

The giant seemed satisfied with this and said:

LOST CAUSE #17: Mark Benzene's interpretation of the Leader Poll.

McCloud laughed. "That's pretty funny. Did you hear the one about..."

Noto's arrival on the scene broke McCloud's chain of thought. Irritated he started to berate the awestruck underling when a notion struck the lawman. He reached into his pocket and produced a large roll of bills. He handed them to Noto and said, "Go out and score me a fifty pound quaalude."

"Fifty pound..."

"Yeah a fifty pound quaalude."

Noto looked crestfallen. He turned and walked away mumbling about a fifty pound pill.

McCloud shouted to the giant, "That was a friend. He is going to the Golden Arches and buy you a Gargantuan Mac. I want you to eat all of it."

The sound of sirens approaching cut short the giant's response. McCloud looked down the street and saw about three hundred twenty one police cars coming. Now what thought McCloud.

The cars screech to a stop not far from McCloud and the giant. One thousand one hundred and five policemen and two hundred ninety eight policewomen race out of the cars and rapidly cordon off the area. Many of them are wearing bullet proof vests and bullet proof whatevers. They are carrying guns, rifles, bazookas, knives, machine guns, mortars, grenade launchers, lasers, and disintegration destabilizers (prototypes). One figure detached itself from the others and slowly, cautiously approached McCloud.

McCloud groaned when he recognized Police Captain Manny Slaughter. The dude was gung ho. Slaughter was overweight and overbearing. He was an expert sharp-shooter. He loved violence and was presently in command of the entire city's SWAT team. Things could get very touchy if the giant went berserk. McCloud would have to handle Slaughter very very carefully.

Slaughter said, "let's trash this monster. I've got enough weaponry here to take over the whole state. Let's get that booger!"

McCloud said, "gee, I don't know manny, that's one tough hombre. If he breaks through your ring and does more destruction, it'll be your ass."

"I'll take that chance McCloud."

Noto came running up carrying a very large white pill. "It wasn't as hard as I thought it was going to be. The first guy I asked just happen to have one!"

Slaughter looked at the pill and then at McCloud. "You dealing drugs now?"

McCloud started to say something, but noticed that the giant was watching him very carefully. McCloud said to Slaughter with a certain amount of chagrin, "This isn't drugs Manny. Its a disguised Gargantuan Mac from the local fast food store for my new and large friend."

"Gargantuan mac, huh?" said Slaughter. "Let me have a taste!" He bit deeply into the giant pill.

McCloud pulled it away from the policeman and offered it to the D-man who promptly placed it in his mouth and swallowed it.

"Say, that weren't no hamburger. Thhasattttt wwwwwaaaaaasssssss aaaaaaa....."

"How very observant, Manny." McCloud and Noto dragged the sleeping Slaughter to his car and put him in the backseat.

Noto looked at McCloud and said, "I laced that quaalude with some really potent knockout drops. I figured you were going to use it on the big guy."

"Good work, Noto."

"Hey, speaking of the big guy, it looks like he's about to drop."

"Sure does."

The D-man yawned. He said, "Come what may, there'll be a gamestart nexttime. No one has even written. YAAWWNNNNN. \$3 for reg game of Dip. \$2 for irreg game. YYYYYYAAAAAAWWWWNNNNNNN. Send all correspondence to: GREGORY STEWART, 618 SHORT DICKY, GREENFIELD, OHIO 45123." With that the giant placed his head on a Datsun and went to sleep.

Chief Ig Lew rewarded McCloud for his bravery by giving him a hit television series. Chief Ig Lew quit his job a year later and became a real estate agent in Alaska. Yashimoto Noto is still doing time in prison for selling and buying dangerous controlled drugs. Scott Dailey's condition has remained unchanged. Rusnak opened a new root beer stand in a different and better location. Manny Slaughter is still head of the Illinois State SWAT team. The desperate man is still at large. The D-man was dismantled and sold to various meat packing companies in the Chicago area.

THE END

HEY, COME BACK! MY BROTHER DIDN'T MEAN THAT...

HE'S JUST A LOSER (AHM, TAKE OFF!)

AUSTRIA (W/E)

A VIE S A bud; A BUD S A vie.

ESOLANO (F Fresh)

F add-SPA(30); F inf-MED; F loc-ENG; F BAL-lyn; A swe-FIN(S & NWI.)

FRANCE (MILITARY)

F eng-HUE; A plo-PAR; F two-LYO.

OVERVIEW (Cont.)

A bur-PAR; A ruh-BUR; A num-SIL(S A BER); F bel-PIC.

ITALI (Arenwood 1991)

A GAL, # inst: A bad-run(NBO): F TUN-type: F MAP-type: F adr-APU: A tri h. =

RUSSIA (Russia)

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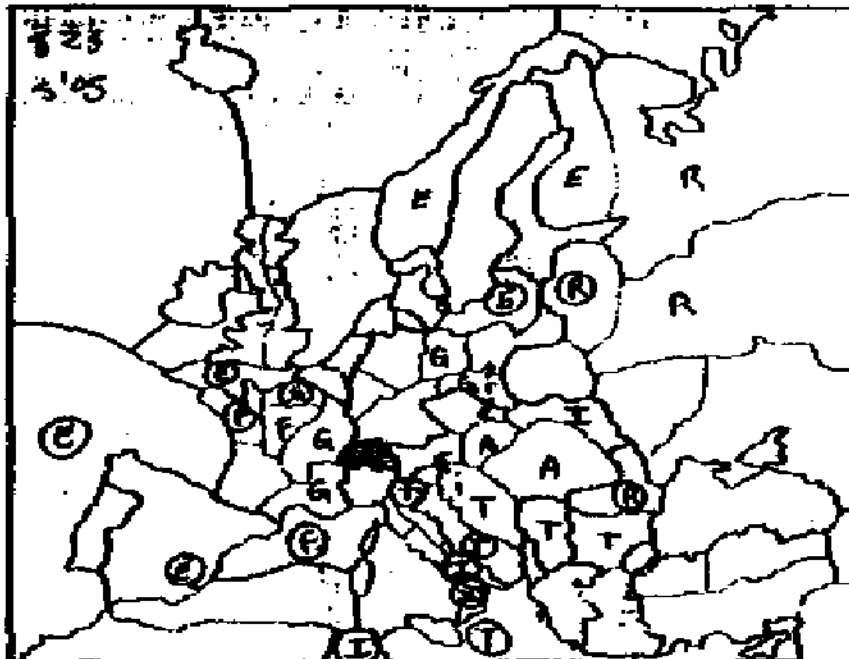
F RUN H: A MOS-war: A pil-war(d,r prn,boh,OTB): A STP H: F LYN-bal.

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TURKEY (Tische)

F adu-FEN; F job-ADR; F pre-ION; A alb-THI(S A SER); A BUL S ross F ross.

*- ital A trf disclosed, r two,OTB.



FALL 1905 is due SEPTEMBER 18. Mail before midnight tonight to SCOTT HANSON, 939 16TH AVE SE, MPLS MN 55414. Phone (612) 379-1836. Amp. Because of work, marriage, school, etc, Jeff Note is walking away from a sure win in this game and resigning as Austria. I'm asking TOM SWIDER, 1183 Robinson Hill Rd, Endwell NY 13760 to assume the position. Note that Mike Khli has taken over for France.

附錄 1

NEW FRENCHMAN-OLD FRENCHMAN: Take off,
hovers. ((And good day.))

TEK-800: How much are these NMRs costing you?

LONDON-PARIS: Ha-ha-ha, whata chump, whata fool! Thanks Daikey, I owe you fifty cents! I guess my press was too much for you. The truth hurts, don't it? Oh well, just write me where to send your money. An ally couldn't have helped better than you. (I want to be your enemy any day Now don't you feel foolish for telling me how you were going to whip my ass(or in your case, lick my...)

TURK-RUSSIA: Fear better now, Russ?

LONDON-BERLIN: You are hereby ordered to take French centers...eat them up.

TURKEY-AUSTRIA: For what it's worth, welcome aboard. ((Is that to Jeff or Tom?))

LONDON-ENGLI: I hope you don't cause me too much grief in this game. Do me a favor and die peacefully so I can go clean up on Russ.

THOMAS-OM: Am I the only one who doesn't like these dumb maps?

GM-TORRES: Yes, but don't despair. That makes you unique. It makes you someone special. You are a special person, you know Kevin. Everyone is special.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

M.I.B.R.A. WANTS YOU!

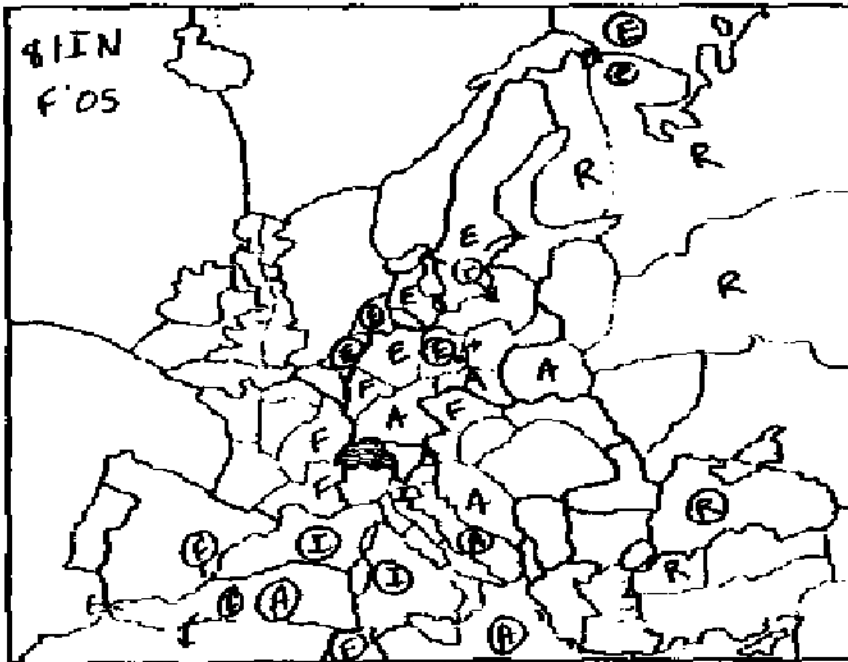
B-a-n-a!

That's right, the Minnesota Independent Sheep Racing Ass'n is looking for new members. Much in the same spirit of DRASOME, MISRA coordinates all sheep racing activity from it's headquarters at the Univ. of Minn. This is a real student organization at the U of M, folks, but anyone can join. Sheep racing can be both fun and profitable (the we know of noone who has made a profit at it yet). Whether you are a sheep jockey, or have just always dreamed of being one, or even have only seen a sheep sometimes during your life, this is the organization for you. Send a SASE for information or \$1 for a 2-year membership to MISRA, Marcia Larson, 323-6th St SE #38, Minneapolis, MN 55438. You'll be glad you did.

BLIN ROAD TO RUIN Fall 1905 : ACTION HEATS UP AS NEARLY EVERYONE NEEDS TO RETREAT
A BIT

summer '05 FRE F lyo r SPA(SC); ENO & swe r NWY.

AUSTRIA(McCloud) F tys-WES; F ION-tun; F alb-ADR; A ser-TRI; A via-TTO; A gal-THR;
A MUN & A ber(OTH); A SIL S A mun; A ber-kie(d,r gru,OTB).
ENGLAND(Sherwood) A nwy-SWE(S A DEN); F stp(ne) & a nwy-swa(DP)(d,r nwy,oth);
F BAR S F stp(ne); F HOL S A kie; F bal-BER(S A KIE); F nth-BTH..
FRANCE(Keller) A MAR H(S F SPA(SC)); F TUN & F wep; F wea & F tun(d,r naf,add,OTB);
A tyo-BON; A RUH-mun(S A BUR.)
ITALY(Palter) A pie-VEN; F tun-TIS; F LYO S aust F tys-wes.
RUSSIA(Tighe) F con-BLA; A swy-GON; F swe-swy(d,r bot,bal,aka,OTB);
A lvn-STP(S A MOS & A FIN.)



PRESS:

PICTURE PRESS: English spies sent to the top secret Russo/Austrian summit in Constantinople were told to "return with something of substance." They returned from the meeting with this stolen S & M leather mask which is now on display in London at the Pan-European Russian Hate Exposition in Piccadilly. It is apparent that more than just talk took place between the Czar and Archduke. Disgusting.

TIGHE-SHERWOOD: As you so aptly stated earlier, I can't be too picky and have to take what I can get. KING-ARCHDUKE: Sorry, but when the moment of truth comes and one must choose one's course of action for the rest of the game, one can't side with an Austria that hasn't written in several months.

MOSCOW-GH: They like the maps? See what happens when you let just anybody join the hobby-we get infested with cartographic fluff-saff.

RUSSIA-AUSTRIA: Sorry, Cap'n, I should'a know'd you wouldn't write such a stupid qu's. I'll be good, I promise. I SWEAR it. Jus' don't beat me any mo's.

Deadline for WINTER 1905/SPRING 1906 is SEPT 18. Send orders to SCOTT HAN-SON, 939-16TH AVE SE, MPLS MN 55414. PH (612)379-1836. There's a proposal for a A/E/F draw. Please vote. SC's are

1905 SUPPLY CENTERS

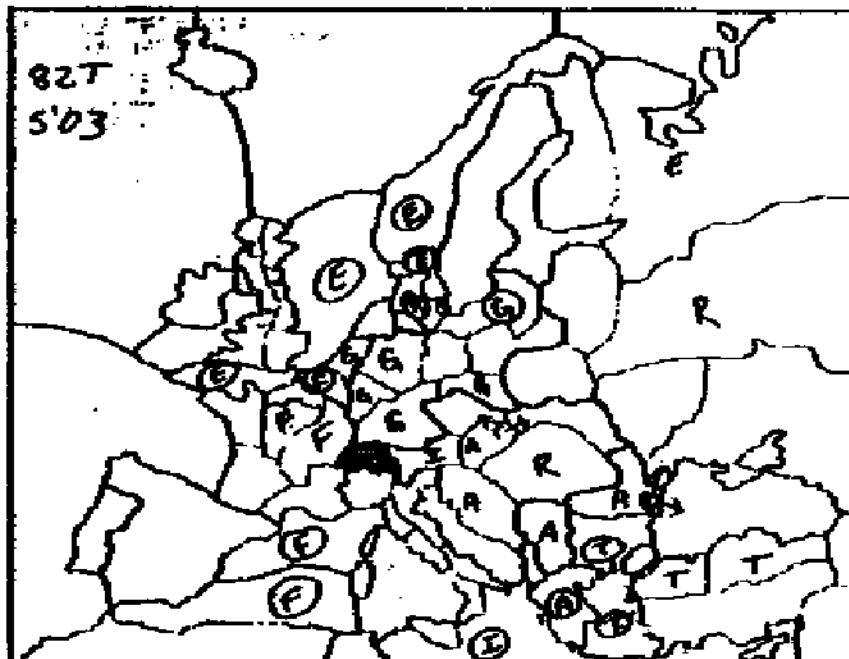
AUS home gre ser mun	war	8 rem 1*
ENO home nwy hol den swe	KIE BER	9 bld 1*
FRA home spa bel por tun		7 even*
ITA home		3 home
RUS sev mos run ank any con STP		7 bld 1*

*retreats off the board will change these blds. Russia has room to bld only one if he rats OTB
COA (9/20):Keith Sherwood, PO Box 6457, La Jolla CA 92037



SPECIAL REPORT 82T SPRING 1903 RUSSIA GOES FOR THE GOLD, ER, THE DOTS

AUSTRIA(Rusnak) A tri-VIE; A ven-TRI; A bod-HUN(S A SER); F ONE-bul(so).
 ENGLAND(Frueh) F bar-WY(S A STP); F nth-SKA; F edi-WTH; F ENO S fren F DEL.
 FRANCE(McCloud) F DEL H; A BUR S F bel; A PAR S A BUR; F mid-MES; F war-LYO.
 GERMANY(Keller) A HOL S engl F eng-bel(WSO); A MON-bar(A RUH S); A boh-SIL;
 F swe-BAL; A KIE S A bol.
 ITALY(Slaughter) A TFO S aust A tri-vie; F IDN S aust F gre-egg(WSO).
 RUSSIA(Dailey) A war-MOS; A gal-BUD; A vis S A gal-bud(d,r boh,gai,OTB);
 F bal-OWE; F rom h(d,r sev,bla,OTB).
 TURKEY(Kh11) F say-ANO; F BUL(SC) S F say-egg; A CON S F bul(so); A ANK H.



Deadline for FALL 1903 is OCTOBER 2.
 Send orders to SCOTT HANSON, 939-18th
 Ave SE, Mpls MN 55414. Ph (612)379-1836.

PRESS:
 GUF-WORLD: Well, straight out of the
 Gopher Hole and into the Bottle, or
 something like that. Greetings!
 OM: Speaking of greetings...
 LONDON-BERLIN: By now you will know
 my intentions are Sweden. That's right-
 I want it! Give it to me and write to
 me and we could have a future. Other-
 wise I don't give you any guarantees
 for survival. (Wow! Talk about threaten-
 ing...and I was scared by just printing
 it. I'd give that guy anything(he wants).
 ((You're lucky that was in single paren-
 theses, otherwise it'd be impersonating
 the OM. Now everyone knows it wasn't me.))
 AHMED-FRANZ JOSEPH, PIERRE, WILHELM,
 IVAN & GIOVANNI: Hello? Hello? Anybody
 home?
 OM: I'm just two lines short of going
 back to full margins.

OM: There, that's better. Space filler to the rescue!
 LONDON-MOSCOW: Hey Dumb Dailey, are you gonna MR this game too? I was wondering, don't
 you by now hate my guts? I mean if I were you I would be laughing on about how you're
 gonna get even with me! What's the matter, are you a born again Christian? (You know,
 turn the other cheek?) I'm sure Russ Rusanak hopes so.
 CON-WORLD: I am announcing here and now that all press from Con, the Mad Turk, Ahmed,
 etc. has in fact been written by me, and that I have not written any press that sup-
 posedly was written by other players.
 OM-CON: Well, not yet anyway. Grey press always leaves room for ambiguity. Or was I
 supposed to say that?
 DAILEY: I'm so down I'm not even going to mention what a lying sh*t Frueh is, pampered
 by his middle class parents studying fir a worthless piece of paper, while more de-
 serving souls with a bit of pride end up following the shitty kitty for 7 months. Nope,
 not worth mentioning.
 PLEASE REST EASY DEPARTMENT: Be glad to know that I stopped one out of 6 missiles today,
 for a whopping 16% effectiveness.
 THIS WEEKS QUOTE: "I swallow well." Out those answers in gung--response has been poor.
 OM-THIS WEEKS QUOTE: I suppose Linda Lovelace is too obvious an answer to be correct,
 isn't it?

"SYPR-A-LEE DOO DA, GOW-OR-RHE-AY. MY OH MY IT'S A VERRREAL DAY..."

When we last left our young heroes, they were at the awards ceremony trying to figure out how they would return to NYC and the real world. John's car, as you recall, had died on a gravel pile in the parking lot.

We decided to load up the bear cooler and go for it. What choice did we have? My own best bet for alternate transportation, Dippy Don Ditter, was already gone. Once I proved to Caruso that you could indeed carry ice in a paper bag, we took off.

The car moved. It made it out of the parking lot, through the UMBC campus, onto the freeway, out of Baltimore, through Maryland, Delaware, and New Jersey. We couldn't believe it. We were delirious with joy. But I still kept my fingers crossed. We all knew there would be all the Sunday night traffic returning to the city.

Sure enough, near the end of the Jersey Turnpike, the car starts to sputter. It made it over the bridge from NJ and Staten Island. We thought if we made it through the toll booth we'd have it made. The car proved us wrong. It breezed through the toll booth and died $\frac{1}{2}$ mile later.

This stop wasn't so bad. We were all know quite familiar with the procedure for starting the car...wait $\frac{1}{2}$ hour, hold down the choke with the handy-dandy wrench, and go. It was time for a bathroom break anyway. And we read the fake DIPLOMACY WORLD under the streetlight. It was a good time. We got going, and this time made it to the other side of Staten Island. This was on a approach to a freeway, with only two lanes and no shoulder. This time a few drivers got irate, but they would have had to merge a bit farther down the road anyway.

The third time was the best. This time was in Brooklyn, on the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway (BQE), some 300 feet above the ground on a skyway. We were just around a bend in the road, so we had drivers coming at us at 60 mph suddenly coming upon this stalled convertible in the right lane. Again there was no shoulder. We were going up hill, so we couldn't even roll or push ourselves out of this predicament. If a car came straight for us, we would have had to choose between getting smashed by the car or leaping off the skyway and getting smashed on the streets of Brooklyn. I eyed that 3 hundred foot drop nervously.

Now came the funniest moment for me of the whole trip. Imagine Frauke, dressed in T-shirt and shorts, one hand on her hip, the other waving a white rag, directing traffic on the BQE. In the dark, no less. And looking sexy while doing it. We should have had the camera out. But she did keep those cars from hitting John's wreck, the one van skimmed by awfully close.

After the van, we started getting scared. We weren't even by a streetlight, so we couldn't read. We had a great view of the Manhattan skyline, but I kept eyeing that 300 ft drop. I was trying to decide if I should aim my body for the roof of a car down below, and possibly surviving, though in great pain, or going for the concrete and dying a quick but messy death. The choice was not thrilling, but difficult. And the car would not start. But luckily, we didn't come close to getting hit again the rest of our not-so-brief stay.

But, finally, the car did start. We called Frauke from her traffic directing spot and took off. By now it was 10:30 pm and the traffic was thinning out. We made it back to Flushing with no trouble at all. We ran to bed and went promptly to sleep.

pt 4 ONE THOUSAND FOREIGNERS INVADE LONG ISLAND

We couldn't sleep too long, though. That next morning we had to go out to CW Post College on Long Island, where Frauke and I were to help with AFS Orientation. 950 students, aged 16-19, were just beginning their stays in the US and needed our guidance. Besides, we might be able to con a free ride on an AFS charter bus to Minneapolis.

If you're not familiar with AFS, it stands for American Field Service. It's a non profit organization that sponsors exchange students throughout the world. While in high school, I stayed with a family in Fortaleza, Brazil for 3 months. And I met Frauke when she stayed one year in Montevideo, Minnesota, just 25 miles from my hometown of Madison, Minnesota, during my senior year.

keeps going on the next page...

pt 2 of the saga.....ONE THOUSAND FOREIGN STUDENTS (ONE HALF FEMALE, AND MOST CUTE)
in case you haven't noticed, the first part of our story appeared in IRK #16/17

Anyway, during our visit at OW Post, students would be arriving from South Africa, United Kingdom, Ireland, Chile, Paraguay, Uruguay, Honduras, Argentina, Denmark, Faroe Islands, Greenland, France, LUXEMBOURG, Spain, Mexico, and Italy. (See, Anne, you country gets the highlight here!) Most of them would be arriving on Monday or Tuesday, and the buses to their families left on Thursday. This would be just one wave of exchange students arriving throughout the summer. The two largest groups, Germany and Brazil, wouldn't even be in our group. We had our work cut out for us.

Frauke and I were group leaders, leading groups of about 12 students, all from one country, and going through a number of discussions and exercises with them. If you know kids 16-19, you know their attention span is quite short, so the discussions were quite informal and not very long. There was a lot of time to meet the other kids, and sing, and play, and eat, and squeeze some sleep in, too. Both Frauke and I had gone through orientation before, so we knew the basics. We had missed the group leader training, which was during the weekend while we were at Baltimore. My own orientation had been with only American students, so this was my first experience with so many people with so many backgrounds.

When we got there Monday morning (thanks for the ride, Kathy!), we met a friend of Frauke's, Ursula (the same friend we met at the UN last issue.) We got a quickie one hour condensed training, and took advantage of it right away...the Bolivians arrived that afternoon. Frauke and I each helped with a group, assisting an experienced group leader. Knowing Portuguese means I can barely understand Spanish, a useful skill with the Bolivians as their English is not that good. (That's generally true of most Latin Americans who learn English in school.)

The days were for discussions...about culture shock, expectations, emphasizing that AFS students are not tourists, but rather become part of a community, and hoping to resolve most of the kids' worst fears about the US. The nights were for singing and dancing. "Baila La Bamba" was the hit, with so many Latin Americans & Spaniards there, and soon even those who knew no Spanish had memorized the lyrics. Making fun of the institutional food was a big hit as well (No, not all American food is like this.) Every once in a while a new country would arrive, and everyone would run down to greet them, and the group leaders would get to unload the luggage and process the arrivals.

Tuesday night was busy, since the French arrived, 160 strong! The flight was late, which confused matters even more, but they arrived, with the Italians right behind them late that night. We each got our own group of French, and we just had one day to get them ready to leave on Thursday. Their English was excellent and the material was not new to them, so things went well.

The last night was wild, as it was the night of the TALENT SHOW! The Latin Americans had well planned native dances with costumes. The Europeans were generally ad libbed and made fun of their own countries. We group leaders were forced to sing a song. The best were the South Africans, as the 60 or so white students took a back seat to the 5 blacks who brought down the house with Zulu songs.

There was a bit of concern about the British and the Argentines; the schedule of orientations had been planned long before the Falklands war, and we all wondered how they would get along. We needn't have worried; the kids not only broke the ice, they shattered it. They hung around together, traded flags, took pictures and hugged each other to the point of overdoing it.

Then came Thursday, and we all had to leave. We had talked the travel dept into two spots on the bus to Minneapolis, so we were set. All the new friends had to leave each other for their year long adventure in America. There were cheers as the buses left, many to the midwest, quite a few to the airport for flights west to California, some going to New England had their families pick them up right there. And through it all I thought of a boy 3 years ago, now a man, who nervously walked off a plane in Brazil wondering what his future had in store for him.

I may wax poetic about AFS, and if it's been too long, I apologize. But I did meet Frauke through it. But more importantly, it showed me there was a whole lot more to the world than just rural Minnesota, and without the experience I may never had come to the city. I have many friends who have never left, and will never leave my home town. I feel for them.

Don't flunk your chemistry test. Love is more than one set of glands calling to another.
For the straight scoop send for Ann Landers' booklet.

BENZENE

#14+x where x = how inaccurate my guess is

"Hello"

"Hi, this is Bob Olsen, did my orders make it?"

"Um, yeah they just came in today, why? When's the deadline?"

"Today"

"Today? No shit?"

And so it was. All month in fact. I have done virtually no Dip writing this month which was evidenced by my phone bill which exceeded \$100 this month. (month month) Fortunately, I oughtn't have too much else to do for a while. It's COA time for all the college boys, but not for ol' Nanook. He's staying right here at 3120 W. 79th Ave, Anchorage, AK 99502 (907) 243-4659. But for the time being I've got better things to do than entertain you, so this may well be limited to a game report.

IRREGULAR = winter 1981 separated by request

AUS (Hanson) Build F Tri, A Bud also has F Gre, A Ser, A Vie, (V,S)

ENG (Swider) Build A Edl also has A Nuy, F Nth, F Nuy (U,w)

FRA (Barno) ---I've had this typewriter for about a month, and RIGHT NOW the owner wants it back. Shit---

So you get a choice — hand-written or the manual typewriter with a dead ribbon. I knew you'd agree. As I was saying...

FRA (Barno) Build A Par, A Mar also has F Wes, ABol, ASpa (U,S)

GER (Martin) NBR (surprise!) plays 2 short, has F Den, A Hol, ATyo (w)

ITA (Becker) Build A Ven also has ABol, ATun, F Ion (U,V)

RUS (Osuch) Build F StP(nc), A Mos also has F Swe, FRum, AUkr, AFIn (a,s)

TUR (Olsen) Build A Ank also has ABul, F Con, ASmy (3)

NOTES: to Scott: Don't put your orders on the back of the zeon.

to ~~Wanda~~ Dick: Get out a postcards and send some orders now. (COA for Scott...)

Rule 5 passes this turn, that is: Builds can be made in any owned center, not just home centers.

Other rules in effect so far are:

1. Technology: Units have combat value of $1 + \frac{y-1900}{10}$ where y is year built (so all the above builds are worth 1.1)

2. Before spring any coastal A can convert to a F and vice versa

3. Switz is a dot and is passable

Spring 1902 is due 6 days before Scott's deadline i.e.

duh, what's the question?

New rules proposed:

Sept. 26

X: Units can combine to multiple units (just like W last time)

Y: Rescind rule 3 (swz) ((swz is impassable and no longer a dot))

Z: The Black Sea becomes a land space ((fleets thereon would die))

A: Corsica, Sardinia, Crete, Iceland, & Scotland become usable supply center spaces. ((I think he meant Ireland, but that's not what he said. I'm not clear on where Scotland is so that one has no effect; I trust you can find the others))

B: Board becomes cylindrical; make following border connections

Nat	Nwg	Barents	Stp	((I think this is more accurate: 15				
NAF	Tun	Ion	Eas	Syr				
NAF	Tun	Ion	Eas	Syr				
NAF	Tun	Ion	Eas	Syr				

That gives NAF two ~~new~~ coasts))

C: Repropose Rule N ((All land non-dots become dots and v.v))

D: Bob Olsen's Toadyon shall be moved to a weekend that everyone can make it there ((sic. You can figure at least six months for me))

Spring 1902 IS — (I already did that) — Orders on file for T, I, R, E
(i.e. the ones who submit good, mailed orders)

There a ton of PRESS which will keep me up all night writing
(who knows, maybe Dick will call?)

FRANCE: this is not a press item.

((Liar! I'll throw you out for deception of the 6M!))

((oops, that reminds me — Standby for Germany is eeny meeny
miny mo — Keith Sherwood at ~~the~~ (where is he now, anyway?)

Nevermind, instead, the standby is JOHN MICHALSKI at Route 10
Box 526 Moore, OK 73165. Since he's not on the (vacant)
standby list, he isn't obligated to send orders, though it would
be nice))

OSUCH-ALL DISINTERESTED PARTIES: WHY AM I THE LONE SUBMITTER
OF PRESS? ((you're not)) IF YOU DON'T START CREATING WITTICISMS
HERE, I WILL RESORT TO TELLING JOSES, LIKE THIS, WHAT'S
IRISH AND STAYS OUT ALL NIGHT? PATIO FURNITURE, OR IS IT
PATTY O'FURNITURE?

OSUCH-LEW: WHAT'S JEWISH AND STAYS OUT ALL NIGHT?

HEINIE PICNICTABLESTEIN.

OSUCH - HANSON & OLSEN: WHAT'S NORWEGIAN AND STAYS OUT ALL NIGHT? LARS BARBECUEGRILL.

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OSUCH-BOARD: HAD ENOUGH? ((No. What's Polish and stays out all night?))

THRILLSVILLE: I swear this Osuch reminds me of Howard Cosell: Loud and obnoxious.

ROM-SEU: I'm twice blessed with Rusnak - and who needs him?

BILLY - MIKEY: Here I'm still awaiting your introductory letter and now I have to get up a welcoming committee for your introductory gunboat.

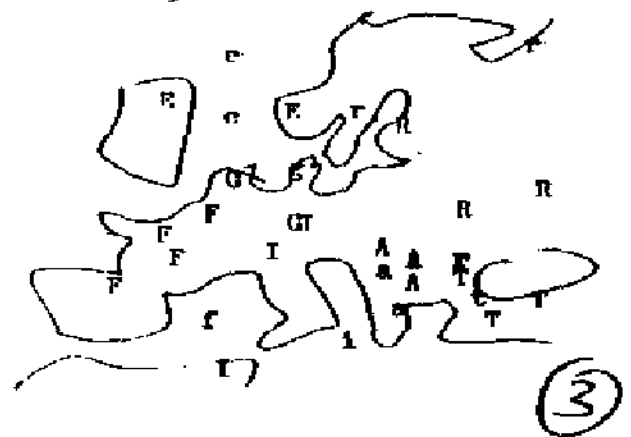
ROME: I'd propose a gunboat rule but it wouldn't change the game any. ((Not true. You could propose - Gunboat plus the countries are randomly redistributed))

ST. SWIDERSBURG: We found it quite shocking to discover that the Tsar thinks "giving head" has something to do with a guillotine.

SWITZERLAND: Looie, keep the map, meaning don't bother if you can't type it. ((Sure, I'll type it!))

KZO-MNP: What's happening concerning that football league or seeing we're playing in Europe

"Soccer League" thing.



KZO-NOME: That Leader Poll crap better be on the level or your Bzene will garner hate votes next time. For No#54 how about Whitestonia, ((Whitstonia? Never heard of it. Is it some backwater zeen or what?)) or St. George and the Dragon. I'm guessing Anduin was No#51. As for me being a BOAST toady, you are what you eat. It's Herb can make a typewriter look like Mark Lew hand wrote the rag. ((Yeh, so can I, I

bet you were tooled, "m; 11 I subscribe to six zines ranked 30 or lower and 2 in the teens.

16 SPEAKS (really!); Yeah those poll results were real, despite what a lot of people thought. When Runestone came I figured there'd be no doubt, but now some people are saying that R was a fake! That's what happens when there are so many fakes - people begin to suspect the real thing. Sad.

LON-MOS: Don't mind me either; I don't think anybody but you, me & Olsen ((Olsen? Not this time)) write. So just take off, hose head.

FUTURE MITH: ... And then John Michalski took his army of Mark Lew clones across the Alaskan land bridge and genetically destroyed the ~~RAH~~ Ruskie threat... ~~RAH~~

ANCH: Sorry, Lew is a queen... (can't breed...)

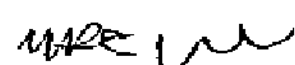
BACK TO THE ZZZINE POLL: what happened to Leeder's own Runestone? ((#54, of course))

LEW! Does that 1.1 unit have the strength to dislodge a 1.0 unit unsupported? Is that part of the deal? ((Yessir))

LEISUREVILLE: Well, since this game was declared regular and Barno's leaving Endwell, I guess that makes the game irregular again. Mark, I see no reason to change the name of the game, do you? ((No, but can inland fleets exist if there was a coast when they were built?))

LONDON: ((this is black)) The packet of lies from the continent will be answered with the force of truth. 4 against 30 ought to be a fair fight.

CARLO ENTERPRISES: Note that my last set of moves were ((was)) very diversified, just like my income! Anybody want to buy some soap? You could always use it to clean up some of the press...

END. No fun writing this. But it's 4 pages, hey Scott? And a novelty, some space for me in case I remember some thing I forgot or else get a hold of Dick before I leave tomorrow morning... 

I'll take the space... PLEASE, Mark, leave some margins on your pages. The people at the copy place appreciate it!

GM(Scott Hanson): And a good time was had by all. This was the second game I started in the old IRASOME subzine in BRUTUS BULLETIN. Another set of guinea pigs on whom I could perfect my GMing on. Quite a group of lab animals. I pulled a minor coup by getting Phyllis Byrne to start her first postal game here. Phyl is the daughter of Kathy Byrne, and she had the board nervous for a while. But they eventually took her out, those nasty uncles. This game was a blast to run, though I was glad to see the four way alliance finally break up at the end. They could only attack Italy for so long. It would have been interesting to see someone for IRL win or a smaller draw, but they were happy to settle for a 4-way, therefore so-be-it. Congrats to Randy Ellis, Jeff Noto, Ken Iverson, and Mark Keller for the draw, and kudos to Phyllis for sticking it out so long.

Randy Ellis (draw-England)

So it finally happened: the end of my first postal game I ever played in. In that light, I'm satisfied with the 4 way draw that I was lucky enough to get into but first, I'll discuss what I was trying to do at different points in this game. 1901: At this point, I was extremely vulnerable since I really didn't know what I was doing. I read in the NOVICE PACKET that E/F alliances could never stay around long because eventually, England would have to turn on France. What I read, and the fact that Germany(Forman) wrote me a letter which was longer and got to me faster than France's (Kostenick's) letter, convinced me to ally with Germany, initially against France and perhaps later against Russia(O. Gariepy). In 1901 though, I was having good relations with Russia because I wanted a Russian ally in case Germany stabbed. At any rate, I hit the Channel in S'01 and Germany made it into Burgundy. We botched it, though, in F'01 when France left Paris open and Germany tried for Marseilles and didn't make it. Oh well. 1902: This was the year I picked up Brest from France and Germany convinced me over the phone to support him into Sweden. I wouldn't have done it except for the fact that Italy(P. Byrne) and Russia were making mincemeat out of Austria (Cummings) and Turkey, both of whom I had very good relations with. At this point, the E/G alliance seemed as strong as ever even though our campaign in France wasn't going as fast as it could have. 1903: This was the last year that Cummings played Austria and Gariepy played Russia. I made an incredibly stupid tactical error this year(having F Eng support F Iri-Mid so France could retreat F Mid to Natl and take Lvp in the Fall) but I took Portugal so I remained at 5 centers. Meanwhile, Austria was reduced to a 1 center power, Italy caught up to Germany in supply centers at 7, and I was in a position to take StP in 1904. 1904: Austria went into CD at this point and Jeff Noto took over as the Russian czar now. 2 significant events. I cancelled my attack on Russia because it seemed as if Russia could be convinced to ally with Turkey against Italy and I needed an extra unit to take Liverpool back from France. As it turned out, I took Spain from France this year, giving me a much needed build which I built in Edinburgh and I took Liverpool the next year. At this point, the strong R/T alliance that was to hold together for the remainder of the game was formed against Italy while Forman seemed indecisive as what to do. His NMRs were beginning to piss me off at this point also but still, I didn't consider stabbing him. 1905: This was the year that Austria and France went out. At the end of this year, I was up to 7 centers, 2 behind Italy and Germany who had 9 centers each. At this point, I was a bit concerned that Italy and Germany would arrive at some sort of deal and attempt to sweep the rest of the board. However, I shrugged off my suspicions as being "silly" and went along my merry way, throwing all my fleets into the Med to fight Italy and consequently, leaving myself very vulnerable if Germany were to stab. 1906: Ouch! The German player pulled a marvelous stab this season. A stab so good, in fact, that I was contemplating throwing everything I could to Russia and Italy because I thought for sure I was dead. Germany took Brest from me as well as North Sea and Wales. I felt I was doomed. Meanwhile, England didn't look any better either since they had 6 centers

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SIC Endgame statements....Randy Ellis (cont.)

1907: Here's where the game turned around for me. Incredibly, Forman missed both Spring and Fall moves this year and in Fall '07, Mark Keller took over as the new German kaiser. Talk about luck! In the Spring season of this year, I told Italy-my gamelong enemy-that she could now consider England as her puppet. I left Iberia wide open for Italy to waltz into(I moved my units toward the homeland for defense). Meanwhile, I handed Norway to Russia since I thought for sure that Forman would get his Fall moves in and continue his plunge into England. Overall then, I was reduced to a 5 center power but it could've been worse. Keller ordered F Wal-Eng and F Nth-Den(unsuccesfully though because I bounced with him) as a sign of friendship and an offer to reinstate the E/G/R/T alliance against the 10 center Italian monster. Naturally, I ~~accepted~~ accepted. 1908: In view of what happened with Germany, I deemed myself above being an Italian puppet so I consolidated my position this season. With German help, I took Norway back from Russia who was reluctant to give it back and I moved my fleets back into position so Italy could'nt overrun Iberia. At this point, Germany took Marseilles from Italy(giving Germany 10 centers) and Italy also lost Budapest to Russia so she was now only an 8 center power. Russia and Turkey had 5 centers each now and I had 6. At this point, I was still very paranoid of another stab so I did'nt move into the Med as quickly as I could've. 1909: This was an interesting year. I reoccupied Eng and Nth and thus felt much safer from the threat of another German stab. This was also the year that I stabbed Germany. Italy was reduced to a 4 center power this season so Germany seeked a new target, obviously either England or Russia. I pointed him in Russia's direction, moved into a position to take StP in S'09, and then I stabbed Germany in the Fall by taking Holland, Marseilles, and Sweden from him. Why? Well, Germany claimed that he wanted a 2 way draw with me. However, he had so many more centers than I did that I KNEW he was after a win; not a draw. I wanted a draw and when I saw how good I could stab him in F'09, the temptation was irresistible. I went up from 6 to 9 centers and suddenly, I was a major power with only 1 enemy(Germany). What do you know? 1910: Nothing much to say about this year. It can be clearly stated by these symbols: E/R/T vs. G. I was pushing a draw at this point. I did'nt care much be it 3 way or 4 way but I wanted the game to end. I took Brest from Germany this year while Turkey eliminated Italy's last unit in Naples and the Russian war machine cranked into high gear to aid me against Germany. At the end of this season, I was actually winning the game with 10 centers followed closely by a 9 center Russia, an 8 center Germany, and a 7 center Turkey. 1911: Only the Spring season of this year was played out. If the Fall had been played, I suspect I would have taken Belgium, Tunis, and perhaps Denmark from Germany while Turkey would have taken Rome and Russia Berlin. At that point, I probably would have gotten 2 builds(up to 12 centers). Russia would have recieved a build(10 centers) and Turkey would have recieved a build(8 centers) all at Germany's expense who would have been reduced to a 4 center power and surely would NOT have recieved a piece of the draw. However, I think all surviving players worked hard this game and everyone of us deserved a share in the draw.

Ken Iverson (draw-Turkey)

I feel fortunate to have made it to the end of this game, having teetered on the brink of disaster for the first eight years. My first mistake was trusting Uncle Omar's promise not to enter the Black Sea in Spring '01. By Winter '02 he had three fleets in the area. My ally, Uncle Mark (Austria) The original "Man From UNCLE," was quickly swallowed up by I/R. Phyllis apparently didn't want so many uncles hanging around. I was her next target, and with no Med Fleets I was in trouble (again.)

Luckily Uncle Omar resigned and I was able to find a reliable partner in Uncle Jeff. Phyllis proved to be a very worthy opponent, and she kept coming at us even though we handed her a number of annihilations.

The game ended an early draw due to my interest in continuing. This ultimately caused Phyllis to lose a piece of the draw. I regret that it had to happen since that left only me and Uncle Randy as original players. It was finally time to agree to the draw when I realized that, with only seven centers, I had little to gain and a lot to lose. My thanks to Randy, Mark and Phyllis for an interesting game and to Jeff for his trust and cooperation. And I can't forget Scott—thanks for the fine OMing and for being located right here in good ole Minnesota.

Mark Keller--(Germany)

I took this position over as a standby in 1987, and it has become my first PBM game to finish. When I took over I rejoined the *Stop Phyllis* alliance (E/G/R/T vs I). We were quite successful and she went from 18 to 8 in four years, of course her NMR's didn't help her. Also, she never wrote, which kept me firmly in the E/G/R/T camp.

Randy (Eng) and I communicated heavily from the time I was called as a standby. His stab (in my back) was carried out perfectly. He had just convinced me to go against Russia with him. So, I move my units against Russia and he pulls his back as he stabs me (taking 3 centers!). So, I find myself fighting Eng & Rus.

Playing at a two-week pace was certainly different. It turns out to be almost frantic, as you only have a few days between getting the game report and when you have to mail your orders.

NOT READY FOR FILM AT ELEVEN

from staff photographer John Michalski

Here's a (personal) exclusive! Fluff Shaffer (w/my AR15 crowded out of the picture) and Trio Sherwood (from Trio visit here).



Shaved, even!!

No clean T-shirt, and
greeting to the hobby

TRESKONS MAILING LIST

As a disservice to our readers, we present the following list. For some spare cash, I tried to sell this list to a junk mail company, but they took one look at it and wouldn't take it. You really must be sane. Note I don't make cute comments about y'all like a certain Southern publisher does....

Randy Appleton, 1435 Sunnybrook, Naperville IL 60540 (17)
 Steve Arneswooden, 602 Hemlock Cr, Lansdale PA 19446 (26)
 Ed Bapple, 4531 Milwaukee Ave, Chicago, IL 60630 (T-Diplomag)
 Mike Barne TSS/BSN, 2811 Robins St, Endwell NY 13760 (27)
 Konrad Baumister, Box 6050 Herle, Washington DC 20057 (T-Give Me A Weapon)
 Bill Becker, 810 Turwill, Kalamazoo MI 49007 (24)
 Mark Berch, 492 Naylor Pl, Alexandria VA 22304 (T-Diplomacy Digest)
 Derwood Bowen, 1520 Summit, Columbus OH 43202 (25)
 Ron Brown, 1528 El Sereno Pl, Bakersfield CA 93304 (T-Mardrin' Ministers)
 Ron Brown, RR 1 Brennan's Hill, Low QUEBEC JOE 200 CANADA (T-Snafu)

Kathy Byrne & Co., 160-02 43rd Ave, Flushing NY 11358 (T-Kathy's Korner/Whitestonia)
 Dave Carter, 118 Horseshoe Ave, Willowdale ONTARIO M2N 1Z9 CANADA (T-Sleepless Knights)
 Gary Coughlan, 4614 Martha Cole Ln, Memphis TN 38118 (T-Europa Express)
 Thomas Coveney, 4511 W 126 St, Hawthorne CA 90250 (18)
 Scott Dailey, 325 W Cedar Dr, Covina CA 91722 (26)
 Fred C Davis Jr, 1427 Clairidge Rd, Baltimore MD 21207 (T-Bushwacker)
 Don Del Grande, 142 Eliseo Dr, Greenbrae CA 94604 (T-Life Of Monte)
 Don Ditter, 910 Hope St #12A, Stamford CT 06907 (T-Everything)
 Victor DuPont, 24 Old Massaronock Rd, White Plains NY 10605 (Comp)
 Mike Ehl, 136 E 34th Ave, Eugene OR 97405 (20)

Randy Ellis, 8310 Grandview Ln, Overland Park KS 66212 (38)
 Mark Freuh, 214 Rust, 115 N Orchard, Madison WI 53715 (28)
 Evans Givan, PO Box 15761, Sacramento CA 95852 (23)
 Steve Heinowski, 12034 Pyle S Asheret, Oberlin OH 44074 (T-Fer-ran)
 Lu Henry, 6056 Waverly, Dearborn Heights MI 48127 (T-Tacky)
 Barry Hickey, 657A St. Clair Ave W, Toronto ONTARIO M6C 1A7 CANADA (17)
 Bill Highfield, 2012 Ridge Rd East, Rochester NY 14622 (T-Modern Patriot)
 Ken Iversen, 1408 Maple Grove Rd #608, Duluth MN 55811 (28)
 Rodney Jones, Rt 5 Box 2, Scottsboro AL 35768 (26)
 John Kador, 20 Hilltop Rd, Silver Springs MD 20910 (27)

Eric Kane, 109 Hicks Ln, Great Neck NY 11281 (T-Anduin)
 Stephanie Keisewetter, 7 Prospect Rd, Centerport NY 11721 (20)
 Mark Keller, 9536 Shumway Dr, Orangevale CA 95662 (24)
 Steve Langley, 2154 Fairfield Rd, Sacramento CA 95815 (T-Magus)
 Mark Larselore, 7607 Fontainebleau #2352, New Carrollton MD 20784 (T-Appalling Greed)
 Mark Lew, 3120 W 79th St, Anchorage AK 99502 (SubZ-Benzene)
 Michel Liesnard, Avenue De Torvueren 415, B-1150 Bruxelles, BELGIUM (T-Chantecler)
 Bruce Linsey, 24A Quarry Dr, Albany NY 12205 (23-Voice of Doom)
 Andy Lischoett, 3025 N Davlin Ct, Chicago IL 60618 (23-Cheesequake)
 Larry McCloud, 520 Geary, San Francisco CA 94102 (29)

Tom Mainardi, 1403 Lawrence Rd, Havertown PA 19083 (T-Coat of Arms)
 Dink and Julie Martin, 26 Orchard Way N, Rockville MD 20854 (T-Retaliation)
 Mike Messer, 1338-B Harvard St, Santa Monica CA 90404 (27)
 John Michalski, Rt 10 Box 526Q, Moore OK 73165 (41SubZ-Mos Eiseley Spaceport)
 Mike Mills, 26 Laurel Rd, Sloatesburgh NY 10974 (T-Bwhain Macha)
 Jeff Moto, 4040 SW 17 Pl Apt D, Gainesville FL 32607 (31)
 Bob Olsen, 6818 Winterberry Cr, Wichita KS 67226 (19)
 Eric Osog, 1526 N Lawler Ave, Chicago IL 60651 (25-Diplomacy by Moonlight)
 Bob Osuch, 3417 S Paulina, Chicago IL 60608 (20)
 DS Palter, Box 156, Cedarhurst NY 11516 (29)

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ZEE MAILING LOST (cont) remember, these guys were somebody's sons and daughters once,...

Russ Fasley, 14803 W 93rd St, Lenexa KS 66215 (18)
 Al Pearson, P O Box 898, Charles Town WV 25811 (T-Just Among Friends)
 David de Forlmatter, 773 Millbrook Ln, Haverford PA 19041 (23)
 Frauke Petersen, Bahnhofstr. 5, 2330 Eckernfoerde WEST GERMANY (Comp)
 Tom Ripper, 7290 S Dudley Ct, Littleton CO 80123 (19)
 Russ Rusnak, 8002 S Nagle, Burbank IL 60459 (33)
 Ben Schilling, 24730 Roosevelt Ct #315, Farmington Hills, MI 48018 (21)
 Robert Sergeant, 3242 Lupine Dr, Indianapolis IN 46224 (T-St George and the Dragon)
 Keith Sherwood, 4332 Sycamore, Los Alamos NM 87544
 Don Sigwalt, 125 Hobard St, Rochester NY 14605 (T-Hoof and Mouth)

Rick Slaughter, 725 Cherry Ln, Flora IL 62839 (30)
 Malcom Smith, 'Ghost Trail', 36 Patterdale St, Hartlepool, Cleveland UNITED KINGDOM
 (T-Bohemian Rhapsody)

Michael Spink, 53 Pin Oak Hills, Wheeling WV 26003 (31)
 Dan Stafford, 215-D Delhi Ave, Columbus OH 43202 (27)
 Greg Stewart, 618 Short Dickey, Greenfield OH 45123 (SubZ-Lost Cause)
 Tommie Swider, 1183 Robinson Hill Rd, Endwell NY 13760 (21)
 Terry Tallman, 16047 28th NE, Seattle WA 98155 (T-North Stealth, West George)
 Kevin Tighe, 1603 G St, Arcata CA 95521 (18)
 James Wall, 308 High Tripp Hall, Madison WI 53706 (27)
 Jim Williams, 2500 SW 6th, Altoona IA 50009 (20)

Judy Winsome, 1993 Plymouth Dr #11, Mountain View CA 94043 (T-Twinsome Lossome)
 James Woodson, 2329 S 9th St #111, Minneapolis MN 55406

That's 72, for you who have trouble counting beyond the In-6. But 3 subs are about to expire, and if they drop it will be 69, which is much more fun.

NEBRASKA! 82HM

Not quite as catchy as Oklahoma, but I like it. Actually, Nebraska is the name of the album that Bruce Springsteen is going to release this month, and in honor I am naming the new 4 week game in IRKSOME the same thing.

AUSTRIA:	Mark Frueh, 214 Rust, 115 N Orchard, Madison WI 53715
ENGLAND:	Randy Appleton, 1435 Sunnybrook, Naperville IL 60540
FRANCE:	Derwood Bowen, 1520 Summit, Columbus OH 43201
GERMANY:	James Wall, 308 High, Tripp Hall, Madison WI 53706
RUSSIA:	Evans Given, PO Box 15761, Sacramento CA 95852
ITALY:	Ken Iverson, 1408 Maple Grove Rd #608, Duluth MN 55811
TURKEY:	Rodney Jones, Rt 5 Box 2, Scottsboro AL 35768

Looks like a good game...everyone who had a preference list got one of his top 3 choices. Yes, I know there are two players from Madison in the game, but it will be more of a disadvantage to them than an advantage, since they stab each other in every game they're in. It should be no problem, but if you object, let me know.

Appleton and Wall need to pay the \$3 game fee. Appleton's sub is also about to expire, so he should send \$5.50 for ten issues. Iverson needs to send sub-money-tee, eventually. Deadline for game fees and Spring 1901 is OCTOBER 2, 1982. Also note that as of Sept 1, I have a new address.

BOGUS: The Non-Existant First Album

Bogus is the newest band to make it big coming out of the Los Angeles punk scene. Their sound is trendy new wave, much like A Flock Of Seagulls, Men At Work, Haircut 100, and other bands that Bogus takes its cues from. Bogus' just realeased album is selling briskly, moving up the pop charts (as opposed to pop tarts) and is getting steady air play all over the West. Like "Valley Girl" and The Go-gos, it should make its way to the other coast in about a month, if it hasn't already. But beat your friends to it, buy the record now (if you can get it) before they're big in your town.

IRS Records ((as opposed to I.R.S. records, as in files)) and Tapes ((oh, I see)) is backing them strongly with a large publicity campaign and are hoping that The Non-Existant First Album will have some of the huge success as last year's debut album by fellow IRS artists The Go-gos.

Bogus themselves are a bit of an enigma. Their picture does not appear anywhere on the record sleeve and they are not making any concert appearances. The sleeve lists four members of the group under obvious psychoanyma. Rumor has it that Bogus might be the reformed remnants of The Knack after Doug Fieger left, but more likely it is either a group of seasoned session musicians from L.A., or a local L.A. band band that, when approached with a record contract, dropped their old image for this new non-image.

But who cares who's in the band or how the music is made! (Another rumor is that Bogus is completely computer written and generated music) the thing that counts is that it's great music that you can dance (and drink, Scott) to and is far more exciting than crap from Asia.

((No, Bogus has not yet hit the Flour City, but I'll keep an ear peeled for it. But you must remember that the Twin Towns are quite stuck up about their music, and regard L.A. Punk as something just above disco (i.e. behind the times). Even "Valley Girl" got absolutely no airplay here. (Too bad.) But I'll keep an open mind until I hear it.))

September is here, folks, and a deluge of new releases is upon us. The big news is that Springsteen is about to release a solo album, sans the E Street Band, entitled Nebraska. Not much else besides harmonica, acoustic guitar, and vocals, so I hear. The Who's latest is out, with a nifty single. A German band named Trio with a sound of a pared down Soft Cell (if you can imagine it) has hit these shores with a ditty "Da Da Da." Buy the import rather than the American version. The full title is "Da da da I don't love you you don't love me Aha aha aha." ABC, Josie Cotton, Boomtown Rats, and Stray Cats all sound promising. Tom Robinson has gotten high marks from critics here. My own favorite for this month is

THE CURE: Pornography

This record violates my first rule of rock, THOU SHALT BE FUN. But fun and games are no part of The Cures message to us all. The world of this British band is dark, cold, lonely. Death. And superb music. But Hugh Hefner would have no part of this porno show.

They are usually wrong, but sometimes you have to trust critics. Every review I read of this album was excellent, and piqued my curiosity enough to buy it. I was not disappointed. The haunting images are presented with cracking percussion, flowing keyboards, and the mournful, screaming vocals of Robert Smith. This is The Cure's 3rd or 4th album, and their studio experience shows; the production is crisp and clean.

The Cure thrusts its bleak images at you. "Cold" chills your heart as only a scornful ex-lover can. You can feel the yellow seediness of the title track, "Pornography." "One Hundred Years" holds the terror of death squads, and "The Hanging Garden" the dark urgency of nature's horror at man's destructive folly.

Surprisingly, this is not a depressing album. There are vague rays of hope in these images, unlike the similar band Joy Division. Don't bring The Cure to a party, but let them into your room and explore with them the dark portions of the mind. You'll appreciate the light that much more.

Scott Hanson
939-18th Ave SE
Mpls MN 55414

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