

Nebraska Death Trip



OCTOBER 1982

I AIN'T HERE ON BUSINESS, BABY, I'M ONLY HERE FOR FUN
AND ROSIE YOU'RE THE ONE

Yeah baby. It's alright cos I'm your man. Trouble in the heartland, but I'm a rocker and I don't wanna fade away. It's a suicide rap but that's the price you pay. Teenage diplomats out in the sun take it out in the street. Racing in the street even. Screen door slams on a rattlesnake speedway while they're waitin' for you at Bellevue. The river runs into Night.

Yes, folks, it's the promised Springsteen issue of IRKSOME, the zine that's childproof, yet a loony can still fill the capsules inside with cyanide. Why a issue devoted to the Boss. Some people love him, some hate him, some don't care, some will write articles, making this issue very easy to put together. The hardest part was deciding what to leave out. It sells for 55¢ an issue on the newsstand, but you can subscribe for the discount price of \$5.50/10 issues if you act before midnight.

I have a two week game with just one opening left...take it, it's yours for a \$5.00 game fee and a pref list. Also, looking toward the future, a new h-week game is open for \$3.00. Your chance to play with novice female, Cathy Gunning, right here, in the new lw game. With spanking new house rules, even, inside this issue. Along with SLIN, 82S, 82T & 82HM. And a new address stamp. Hardly any subzines, tho, Lew and Stewart taking this time off. Michaleki's here.

Vote now in the combination WHITESTONIA PLAYER'S POLL/MARCO POLL being run jointly by John Caruso and Mark Larzelere. Ballot should be included, but with me, you never know. One poll I was going to plug, but forgot, was Mike Mills' Elays, and it turned out I won one anyway. Most improved zine—I'd like to know improved from what? A year ago this zine was nothing but a glint in its daddy's eye. But thanks anyway.

And yet another poll....but this isn't a new one. The past two years JIHADI ran a Freshman Poll, ranking the best new zines of the year. JIHADI has folded now, so I've decided to run the FRESHMAN CLASS OF '82 poll right here. Deadline will be next Valentine's Day, so don't vote yet. Any zine or subzine that started in 1982 will be eligible...and just like the Leader Poll, you rate them between 0 and 10. I intend to separate zines and subzines. Publishers, spread the word and help me compile a list of the Class of '82. Thanks.

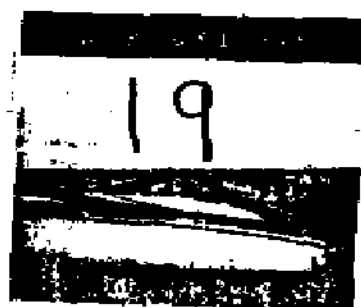
STANDBY LIST: McCloud Elli Carter Sherwood* Keller Slaughter Tigha Ditter*
Martin Lew* Byrnes Frueh Ellis Kane Woodson Woody Swider*

GAME OPENINGS: 2w: Palter Slaughter Bowen Ditter Ellis Wall
lw: Gunning

FREE ISSUES: Woodson, Parlmutter, Michaleki, Baumaster, Martin, Sherwood,
plus contest winners!

BOTTOM MARGINS THIS ISSUE ARE DEDICATED TO THE GREAT STATE OF IOWA...

Any wild Rusnak - con's lately? Let me
know if the next one has women coming in
during the wee hours... *hust*



IRKSOME

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From Wichita The Embarrassment & The Difference

TOADYCON I

In case you didn't notice, I was quite depressed when I typed last issue. That's probably why DRE #18 was better than usual. But a number of things were getting to me. Frauke being gone, and my living all by myself for the first time (I had always had roommates of one form or another) during the month of August, with no friends in town at all; those two things really brought me down. Then I had a fight over my student loan (it still hasn't been approved), and having to move, and my turntable dying...it all added up to one big pit.

But then along came Toadycon. It started out as a joke I guess, but kind of took off. But I could even afford to move...how could I afford to go to Wichita...why would I want to pay to go to Wichita...what was Wichita?

But the great persuader, Kathy Byrne, talked me into it. They were flying to Kansas City, she and Woody and Uncle Al (no real names revealed to embarrass the guilty), and I could meet them there and drive in. Turned out Republic, the Woolworth's of Airlines, flew to KC cheaper than Greyhound busses. I still couldn't afford it, but I did it anyway.

Wichita is about 4 hrs drive from KC...no sweat, thought the Easterners, they drive 4 hrs all the time. But they have cities and 'burbs to drive through...they had never driven 4 hrs of bare prairie before. It was great fun watching them get bored. Kathy and I were fine in the back seat...we had a 12 pack of Coors, which we drank slowly and stretched to last the whole trip.

The big question on all their lips was "What's Michalski like?" Stringing them along, I (the only one who had met him) said he acted like Genghis Kahn and looked like Curley, and was a paroled sex offender. Expecting the worst, the face Kathy had when John met her at the door was a classic.

Bob Olsen lives in an undeveloped part of Wichita...and you can imagine that undeveloped in Kansas is pretty bad. The neighbors had an outhouse in the yard...which we called "Woody's." There was corn growing in the backyard. Dorothy from the Wizard of Oz lived next door.

People filtered in all Friday night. Surprise of the night was Steve Langley. He said he had long hair, but noone expected a pony tail! I think the reason he stabbed me in Lasagne was that Bob and I nearly left him downtown when we went to pick him up. I won't attempt to list everyone there. Hopefully I'll drop most of the names.

While everyone else suffered at Wendy's, I was in the Michalski group at Steak and Ale. He was taking Kathy to dinner, with me, Gary, and Mark Leudi as chaperones. Gary and Mark didn't think to have John pay for them too, though. But Gary's head had just been soaked, too, and Mark was just weird. He still is, for all I know.

Yes, Gary got soaked. He brought water pistols for us to settle the Head Soaking feud once and for all. Kathy and I wanted to forget it, after all, we had more votes between us than any one in hobby history; we should have awarded, not soaked. But Gary insisted, so we soaked him. Thoroughly. Teach him to get involved in hobby politics.

The next day we played games. Dip games. I played 4, from 10 am to 4:30 am. Got in the draw in every one, too. I even allied with Gary, and never stabbed him (a miracle.) I brought in Special Export beer for the masses, and as it was the only strong beer in the house (Kansas sells 3.2) it went quickly. But they were too drunk to taste the quality...both Konrad and I give it 5 stars! (Konrad wasn't there by the way).

Sleeping. As everyone fought for floor space, Kathy and I were smart and staked out Bob's bedroom. Bob was too generous a host. He gave Kathy the bed and slept in the closet. The 2nd night he was in the garage. The 3rd night he advanced back to the living room. I had strange premonitions that third night, and slept in the living room, too. Good thing too, as Woody danced some Armenian dance in his sleep right where my head would have been. I averaged 3 hrs sleep per night. For a growing boy who needs 10, that's not much. I was dead to the world by Sunday night. I still can't figure out why the Easterners wanted me to fold my dirty clothes.

Al Giddings failed to give a satisfactory explanation why Dixie Gray couldn't make it, but was entertaining. Keith Sherwood banded out every fake he had ever done. Mike Maszer stabbed Bob Olsen again. And again. Willard Hightower was out down repeatedly. Kathy sat in John's lap. We played a wierd variant. Gary sulked on Sunday. Bob Osuch was...well, Bob Osuch. The cat nearly ate the bird, but Mark Leudi beat him too it. Marc Peters blew a chance at the draw. Our car left at 6 am Monday morning.

I barely kept awake the trip back to KC, but couldn't sleep. We got back to the vast KC airport. My terminal was miles away fro, the easterners, so I said goodbye and hopped the bus...
(next page)

WICHITA,.....

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and hopped the flight. I got home at 2 pm, fell asleep at 3pm, and fell asleep until 7 am the next day. Except some guy kept calling the house that night. I'd wake up, and by the time I crawled from the loft and got to the phone, he'd hang up. I swore I'd kill the guy. Two weeks later I got a letter from Keith Sherwood. Said he tried to call me the night after Wichita. Anyone know any good hit men in San Diego????

THE BOSS ! ! ! ! !

Well, after planning a issue on Bruce Springsteen for six months, I leave myself only 1 1/2 inches to introduce him. But if you know him, he needs no introduction. If you don't, well, it's impossible to describe him. But I'll try. Bruce is from New Jersey. He writes and sings rock music. He has done 6 albums. He sang "Born To Run," the greatest song of all time. Someone once said, "I have seen the future of rock and roll. It's name is Bruce Springsteen." That was in 1974. The future is now, and it is Bruce. He is called the Boss. His band is called The E Street Band. He was called "The next Bob Dylan," but he made it anyway. His concerts are all sold out, and he puts on the greatest shows. Some call him the savior of rock and roll. Some call him God (and Clarence Clemons is his prophet.) I don't. These next pages are reprinted from GIVE ME A WEAPON, available from Konrad Baumister, Box 6050 Henle, Georgetown U, Wash DC 20057. He wrote the first article. Xeroxed from the original.....

The rest of this page is dedicated to anybody except Bruce Springsteen.

OH BRUCE!!!!!!

A PORTRAIT OF A GREASE MONKEY AS A YOUNG CORPORATE IDOL

God is not dead. We have Bruce Springsteen. "To live alone, one must be a beast or a god," says Nietzsche. Yet we must ask ourselves, "Is man merely a mistake of God's? Or God merely a mistake of man's?" It is easily discerned that there is an obvious connection between Bruce Springsteen and our lives. His hands and ours both manifest the toil of daily existence. His hands are stained with factory paint and grease. We endure the brand of the Wall Street Journal's newsprint and our Pilot pens. In "Prove It All Night," Bruce expresses the feelings deep inside all of us as we strive to gain admittance to the board

rooms of the Fortune 500. "Everybody's got a hunger/ a hunger they can't resist/ there's so much more you deserve/ much more than this."

Clearly, Bruce sympathizes with our desire for conspicuous consumption. His lyrics depict images of a student sitting alone in his dorm room with a St. Pauli Girl in his hand, waiting for his monthly check from home; or even more vividly, this same student worrying about his interview with Dupont, the Foreign Service exam, and the Law School. Bruce understands the bourgeois student's risks and pain,



Bruce Springsteen is God

the pain that inspires him to dance with his puke-stained shoes in a Saturday Night Pub. "Darkness on the Edge of Town" seems to be written specifically for we students and younger folk: "Some people are born into the good life," he crones. Here Bruce shows he understands the historic role of the working class. Bruce does not believe in Marx, but in Social Darwinism. He understands that his people should never leave the benevolent oppression of the New Jersey corporate oligarchs. He has found his place as Court Jester to we children of corporate America. He states this clearly in the theme of "Adam Raised A Cain." ... "All of the old faces / ask why you're back / They fit you with position / and the keys to your daddy's Cadillac."

How can we go on in our life of pain and misery, in our straight-jacket of a Lacoste shirt, without the understanding support of fuhrer Bruce Springsteen?! Not only does he speak for all students but in "The Promised Land" he speaks directly to Georgetown's Hoyas: "The dogs on mainstreet howl / 'cause they understand / If I could take one moment into my hands / Mister I ain't a boy / I'm a man / and I believe in your promised land." Drivel.

Yes, folks, Bruce Springsteen speaks to and for us. As Sartre said, "Hell is -- other people," but with the, um, voice of Bruce Springsteen yawning a beat to us on that beer-stained pub floor, we are no longer alone. We have a leader, compatriot, and comrade. Hail Springsteen! (See you at the pub on Thursday night.)

This station takes time out to pause for station identification.

THIS IS A LINEAR SEPARATOR AND I AM THE ONLY PERSON AROUND STILL CORRECTLY USING THEM

The station now recognizes opposing viewpoints from responsible spokesman. Scott Hanson of Minneapolis has the floor.

VISIONS OF THE BOSS.

By Scott Hanson

I was surrounded by a teeming multitude. They all had one thought on their minds, one word on their lips. "Bruce! Bruce!" Then he appeared and the crowd was satisfied.

I had this vision the night before of Bruce Springsteen's last concert in St. Paul. I interpreted it to mean that I would somehow be able to dig up the bucks to buy a scalped ticket for the show. I was wrong, and while the Boss was strutting his stuff at the Civic Center, I stayed home.

My home town is in a Midwestern musical wasteland and it took an exchange student I was going with to introduce me to Bruce. One night rather than park (again) she suggested that we listen to some of her tapes. "This guy can't sing," I complained. "Just listen to him," she whispered. I did, and I heard the truth, and it set me free. He was definitely worth one night of frustration.

And now? That girl and I are engaged, and the Boss reigns over America and is conquering the world. Whether it's the Jersey shore or the Minnesota prairie (the only reason Wisconsin got into "Cadillac Ranch" is that Minnesota has too many syllables!), Bruce speaks the truth. Let's just hope his next album doesn't take as long to complete as the last!

Thanks for the stuff, Scott. Well, you can hope that he'll pop another album out next week, but for my part, I'll just wait for the new Black Sabbath album due out this month sometime...

We may have yet another viewpoint presented within this issue, I don't know yet. I'll call and see...

Talking about tunes, I'm just listening to West Bruce & Laing's Whatever Turns You On, which I haven't listened to for 6 or 7 months, and now I think I remember why...now that the two good tunes are over, I think I'll turn it off.../

MAKE UP YOUR OWN ARTICLE, DEAR READERS

By Richard Dale Martin, Esq.

In early July, I had the golden (orange?) opportunity to see the reigning king of rock 'n' roll, Bruce Springsteen. All it took was several days of waiting in line, and a coat hanger to unlock my car. Believe me, it was worth it! I was blessed, with tickets to two shows.

First, some background on me. I'm a fan of most forms of music (from Mozart to James Taylor to Deep Purple (Konrad's heroes)), but Bruce Springsteen is my present #1 favorite. He has been ever since I saw my first Springsteen concert in '78. Sure, I've seen other biggies like Eagles, Wings, Aerosmith, Beach Boys, Kiss (!), Boston -- but there is something different about "The Boss."

It starts with the anticipation. You know you will get a 100% effort every time. Naturally, the average fan's energy level is higher than usual going in, as a response. Add this high energy (times 20,000 fans) to the personality of the Boss (he loves his concerts as much as his most devoted groupies!) and something incredible happens. You get something resembling a cross between a revival meeting and a high school pep rally. The energy and joy of the show is amazing! Imagine: 20,000 people standing, clapping, and singing along to catchy, energetic tunes for roughly three to four hours (the average concert by other groups is 1 1/2 to 2 1/2 hours) if you can. I bet you can't! Twenty thousand people singing at the top of their lungs is both deafening and invigorating. A great releaser of tension!

The two shows I saw this summer were on a Wednesday and a Friday. I didn't expect as much from Weds., because I'd be going alone, and he'd have a day of rest before Friday. Well, I was right: Wednesday night started slow with some of his mid/down tempo stuff, and never quite got off the ground. Bruce also looked definitely tired, without as much of his usual climbing and jumping antics. Sure, there were moments of brilliance, but it was just not more than a very good ordinary show.

Friday, on the other hand, was another story. Coming out strong with four dynamite songs - Badlands, Prove It All Night, Ties That Bind, and Night - with barely a breath between, the crowd went wild and stayed that way all night. The mood was set from the start and nobody had any problems getting up to sing along the rest of the night. Ah, it was great! Bruce just took the packed house to an emotional peak and kept it there for 3 1/2 hours. The only resting point in the whole show was a slow acoustic version of Woodie Guthrie's This Land Is Your Land. I hate to say it, but it was bad!! It just didn't fit, and I don't think Bruce will ever be able to

sing slow acoustic songs. Fortunately, he came back with "Thunder Road" and all was well again.

What never ceases to amaze me is the cross section of people there. Ages ranged from 15 or so to a few members of the over-forty crowd. People were well-dressed, some were grungy, some were preppy, some were casual. But they all stood up and cheered when Clarence Clemens soloed on his sax.

So if you want to see the best show of your life, go see Bruce! You won't regret it. The band is great, the music is incredible, and the feeling is out of this world!

?Thanks, Dick. Which world is it in, then? The music is inedible? We were going to hear from Brad Wilson about Springsteen as well, since he happens to be completely overboard on the New Jersey prodigy, but didn't hear from him in time for the deadline (i.e. today).

Thank you Konrad, and my heartfelt appreciation, and all that. Our next contribution comes from Keith Sherwood, living and studying in warm Alondor in La Jolla while my fingers turn blue in the 40° heat. This article is reprinted from some weekly paper in San Diego, and I see was printed there last December. Blatantly plagiarized, it's....

THE 'BORN TO RUN' LULLABY: SPRINGSTEEN IN DREAMLAND

by Lee Grant

We think it may have started when my wife was pregnant this year with our first child. Being a natural-childbirth mother-to-be, she would conscientiously conduct her pre-natal exercises in our living room to the accompaniment to music--the sounds of Bruce Springsteen.

There were favorites--"badlands," "Prove It All Night," "She's The One." But one song played consistently all day, every day, exercises or not: the Springsteen anthem, "Born To Run." Some pregnant women, it is said, like pickles and ice cream. My wife liked pickles, ice cream, and Bruce Springsteen.

Nine weeks ago, Jonathan Luevano Grant was born, all healthy (weight, 5 pounds, 10½ ounces; length 19 inches) and round, a little bundle of parental joy. Bruce would come to permeate his life.

When Jonathan arrived in the world, there were no tears, only wide eyes taking in the fresh environment. As I wiped him off and bathed him in the hospital that first hour (this was a natural childbirth father, too), he gazed around taking in the lights silently, a mellow child who was not afraid, who gurgled instead of cried.

Now, more than 2 months later, Jonathan remains a mellow fellow, growing rapidly (nearly 12 pounds at the last official weigh-in) into a kid with the world's largest cheeks. He has also learned to cry.

Every night (every single night), come 11 o'clock or so, Jonathan cries, weeps, sobs, howls. Mommy and Daddy would like to sleep now but Jonathan would like to cry. We're talking about good parents here--nursing baby every two hours on demand, changing diapers at the slightest sign of moisture--or something worse.

We've come to accept the nightly crying routine grudgingly. A recent study in Boston--the findings noted in a New York Times article--indicated that "perhaps as many as 80% of newborns younger than 10 weeks may need a daily crying period of 15 minutes to an hour, usually between 6 and 10 pm (our kid is a night owl, OK?) to discharge the stimulation of sights and sounds in the environment.

"The only way the infant can handle this sensory overload to its central nervous system are by sleeping, getting overactive, or by crying."

Well, when our baby cries, we try everything that the books say to soothe him. There are lullabies sung by Mommy or in slightly better voice by Daddy. There is the pacing--back and forth from the bedroom to the other bedroom, to the bathroom, into the tub, into the shower, downstairs through the living room, the dining room, the kitchen and the service porch. There are late-night strolls outside. The baby cries on.

...cont next page...

IOWA JOKE....What's the best thing that came out of Iowa?
An empty bus.



Jonathan and Bruce

THE SPRINGSTEEN PUTS HIM TO SLEEP STORY....(con't)

There is television (only crying at Johnny Carson's jokes) and radio (more crying at Ray Brien's politics). The savior has been our stereo and the man Springsteen. Jonathan likes the be rocked to sleep all right but in another kind of way. Give him earfuls of "Born To Run."

We have on hand all of Springsteen's albums and hundreds of others. If my kid likes music, I'd expose him early to its varieties.

"Beethoven's Sonata's for Piano" (still crying), "Pavarotti's Greatest Hits" (still crying), Bette Midler's "The Divine Miss M" (still crying); songs like Bob Seger's "Night Moves" (still crying), Boston's "More Than A Feeling" (still crying), the Eagles' "Lyin' Eyes" (still crying). I even played Rodney Dangerfield's album of one-liners (still crying).

Late at night, or in the wee hours of the morning or mid-afternoon, Jonathan has only one tune on his internal request line: "Born To Run."

On it come--and the crying stops. Within a beat or two. No winding down, no whimpering. Only a wide eyed silence, all ears to the music. Is it a fluke? Try a different record and the bellowing resumes. Back to "Born To Run" and quiet. Night after night.

What causes this effect is left by me for human behaviorists to ponder.

It's a great song, of course, a sensational one, driving beat, memorable lyrics ("In the day, we sweat it out in the streets of a runaway American dream/At night we ride through mansions of glory in suicide machines"), the distinctive Springsteen voice.

We love the song, we adore the song--we play it 10 times a day, 20 times a day. After 20 times a day, every day, well...we still like it. But most important, Jonathan likes it. And in our house, when Jonathan Luevano Grant cries, he, just like Bruce himself, is "the boss."

And soon, after three or four rounds of "Born To Run," he and we are asleep.

((And finally we have these warm words....))

THE BOSS SUCKS!

by James S Woodson.

Sorry, Scott, but I've been meaning to write an article like this for quite a while. This is sort of an opposing view to the editorials of your music reviews.

Bruce Springsteen is an artist (and I use the term loosely) that I had heard very little before I came to Minnesota three years ago. I ran into quite a few 'Bossites' in the dorm. I also learned that Springsteen had played concerts to sell-out crowds in the Twin Cities during the year before. Then I heard the music.

My first reaction was "This guy has a terrible voice!" I couldn't figure out Minnesota's apparent infatuation with the Boss. I must admit now that "Born To Run" is one of his better songs. It was at this time that his album The River was released.

The River soon shot up the album charts and my eardrums were subjected to such trash as "Hungry Heart", "Caddillac Ranch", and "Fade Away." Now I was sure that Springsteen couldn't sing. I have to admit that the background guitar, keyboards and drums of the infamous "E Street Band" sound okay and Springsteen may be the genius that he is supposed to be in the area of writing songs, but the horrible vocals ruin the "music."

I'm sure the absence of the "E Street Band" in the Boss' new album Nebraska (I can't wait to find out why it is so titled) will not make any difference in the "quality" (or lack thereof) of the sound. It's sure to be as bad or worse than ever. Since this is a Springsteen issue, I won't say anything about another "artist" that Scott is fond of, Prince.

((Awww, says you! What? You know about music, anyway. You just haven't seen the light yet, boyeh! Soon you will confess that Springsteen is Gohd. And check out the WFSR playlist...see the single by Prince? He'll have a new double album out before the month is through. If the Boss don't get you, the Bad One will.....))

IOWA JOKES.....

What in Iowa has a I.Q. of 120? Des Moines.

How do you get to Iowa from Wisconsin? Go south until you smell it, west until you step in it.

BRUCE ODDS AND ENDS

by d.d. perlmutter (1963-1982)

1) BRUCE LISTS:

a) MOST OFTEN USED WORDS IN BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN SONGS.

- 1) Street.
- 2) Heart.
- 3) Car.
- 4) Juxtaposition.
- 5) Girl.
- 6) Road.

b) THREE PEOPLE WHO HAVE NEVER HEARD OF BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN.

- 1) Gregory Zinoviev.
- 2) Cyrus the Great.
- 3) William Pitt the Younger.

c) EXPLETIVES MY BROTHER JACK HAS USED TO DESCRIBE BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN:

- 1) Chicken choker.
- 2) Big-nose.
- 3) Jersey Jim.

*Jack thinks Elvis Costello is the one true messiah.

2) BRUCE SONG:

a) SONG DELETED FROM 'NEBRASKA' - DUE TO PUBLIC OUTCRY.

FUCK YOU PERTH AMBOY

I'm out on the street kicking asses
Gotta stomp the lower classes,
Because New Jersey is made for blue collar dicks,
With overweight sluts and overweight kids.

I want to be a junior executive with a pension plan,
A house in Manhattan, a real dapper Dan.
I want to go to Harvard and join a fraternity.
I want to drive a Volvo - Yeah I want to be a preppie!

So - FUCK YOU Perth Amboy,
I'm not your lower class toy.
Fuck you New Jersey.
I'm rich and I'm moving to Burbank.

3) BRUCE QUOTES:

" I hate cars".

" What is this stuff? Eggs?"

IOWA JOKE...

What are the first 3 words kids from Iowa learn? "ATTENTION K-MART SHOPPERS...."

What's the difference between a beiffer and a Iowa girl? About 3 lbs, and the cow gets dates.

Article:

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TRUE ORIGINS OF THE BOSS

An article for double credit by John Michalski

Scott says we get double credit for articles on the Boss, so OK, here it is. You might not think I know much about this famous character, but I'll show you! How many of you know that The Boss learned most of what ~~if~~ he does by studying Oklahoma? Not many of you outside Tennessee, I'd venture! But it's true. Hell, you don't think Mr. Hogg got to be Boss of Hazzard County by reading sheet music or comic books, did you? Hail no! He learned it by seeing how Oklahoma county commissioners got and held their jobs for all those years. Why, the FBI expects to eventually have over 150 arrests--they have over 100 convictions so far, or guilty pleas--and with 77 counties, 3 commissioners per, it don't take no East Coast mathematics very long to show that there's a lot of them good old boys done dug deep down in the till for a long time! Yessir. Now, the way they--whatsat boy? What you saying about music? SINGING? Hell, the Boss ain't no singer, hail, he caint hardly even call the Sheriff proper, let alone SING? Oh, I see--Scott wants music stuff? Sheesh, didn't this boy larn nothin, all them years of learnin at the knee of the Master in the old BRUTUS BULLETIN? Music? Shit, that's for fags and potheads, boy! People want controversy. People want sick jokes, profanity, gross shit, porno stuff, and QUICK-like. How about an article on Frauke's kinkier habits? Bet English ain't all she's great at! Huh? Gots to be music for credit, hey? OK, here goes.

Boss has got a narrow, bass range voice that makes up for its lack of spectrum coverage by way of volume for compensation. This is especially true when calling hogs, the Sheriff, or singing "Dixie". Note the naturalness of the lower bass when singing the latter portion of "Dixie" here, for instance:

Oh, I wish I was in Dixie!
Or Kathy! Or Julie!
With Dixie Grey, roll in the hay,
Just watch for Clap, with Dixie!
Away. Away. Please take away, this article...

Is this any good for credit, Scott?

IOWA JOKE,...

What wears a white sheet and rides a pig through the corn fields? LAWRENCE OF IOWA!!!!

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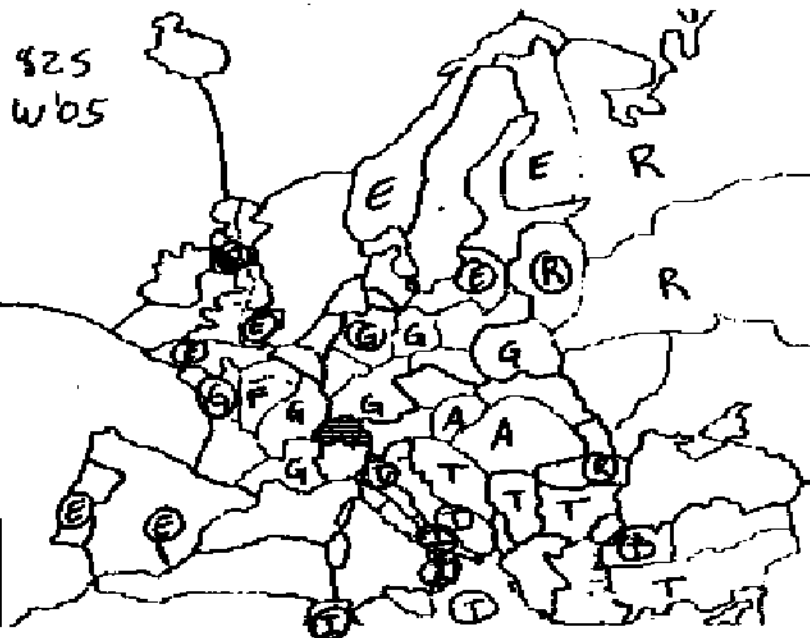
IRKSOME

IRKSOME HOUSE RULES (edition 3)

1. The 1976 rulebook and these rules will be used for all games. Diplomacy was invented by Allan B. Calhamer and copyrighted by Avalon Hill. Any questions or comments are welcome. If you're new to postal Dip, I recommend you read the Novice Packet, available from Bruce Linsey, 24A Quarry Dr, Albany NY 12205. It will answer many questions you may have.
2. Games will be run in a fair and equitable manner.
3. Countries will be assigned by preference list, or by lot for those with no preference. Except for orphan games, all players must sub to IRKSOME and pay gamefees by Fall 1901. Players in orphans who do not sub will be charged 60¢ per game year to cover costs.
4. Orders. Use separate sheets for each game, one side only. Please include Game number or name, season, country, date, and signature. Telephoned orders acceptable up until day before printed deadline. If I can't tell what you want a unit to do, it will hold. Unambiguous oversights will succeed. Orders conditional on a previous season due at same time are OK.
5. Results. Final locations of units will be in OAPS. Underlined moves fail. Maps will usually be printed, so there are 3 checks on OKing. Errors not noticed before the next deadline stand. Abbreviations: H=hold, S=supports, C=convey, U=unordered, d=dislodged, r=retreats, OTB=off the board, ann=annihilated, imp=impossible, amb=ambiguous, OTH=ordered to move, NSU=no such unit, NSO=not so ordered, NMR=no moves received. Basic stuff.
6. NMRs. If a player NMRs, all units hold, retreats go off the board, builds are skipped, and removals made by the GM. Standbys will be called for nearly all NMRd positions. They will take over a position if the original players misses twice in a row. Sol NMRs will have Nanook Rustral Orders made for them. (A-x vie-tri, F tri-alb, A bud h; E-F edi-nth, A lvp-yer, F lon h; F-A par-hur, F bre-mid, A mar h; G-F kie-hel, A ber-kie, A mun h; I-F nap-ion, A rom & A ven h; R-F stp-fin, A war-ukr, A mos & F sev h; T-A con-bul, F ank-con, A any h.)
7. Press. Press is encouraged, and may be datelined from anywhere except another player's home centers. Note that one may dateline press from an opponent's country, name, hometown, or nickname; anything but a home center. Guest press will always be labelled as such. The datelines GM and IRKSOME are reserved for the GM. None of these restrictions apply to "Black Press" games. I'll censor press for reasons of space only.
8. Wins and draws. Game ends if 1) a player gets 18 centers, 2) a concession is passed unanimously, 3) a draw including any or all players has passed unanimously, or 4) no supply centers exchange hands for 3 or more game years and a draw of all survivors will be declared. Draws or concessions may be proposed at any time by any active player. Votes are secret, but the number voting for and against any proposal will be printed. Votes will not be publicized even upon request. Not voting usually equals a vote of "Yes", but no vote will pass unless at least half the players have indeed voted.
9. Summer retreats and fall moves will usually be due together, as will autumn retreats, winter adjustments, and spring moves. Seasons will be separated upon request of 1/3 the players or GMs discretion.
10. Deception of the GM will not be tolerated. Deceive the other players all you want, but deceive the GM and you may be expelled from the game.
11. NMR Insurance. If you wish, I will put you on my list of players to be called after the deadline if they have NMRd. Some seasons I may not have time to call anyone, but when I have time all NMRs on the list will be called once, collect.

SCOTT HANSON, 939-18th Ave SE, Minneapolis MN 55414

Phone (612) 379-1836.



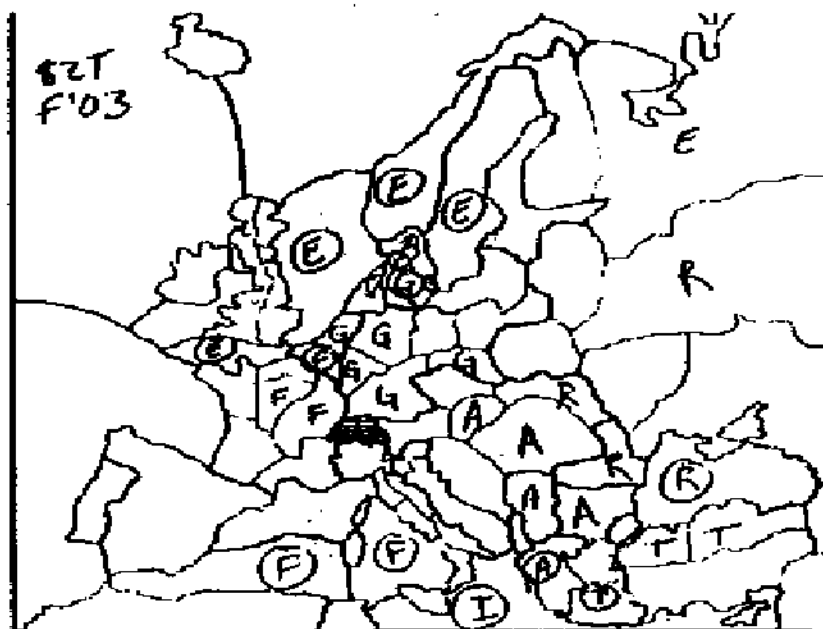
by request, winter only...

AUSTRIA(Swider) Even. Has A VIE,
A BUD.
ENGLAND(Frueh) Bld F LVP, F LOW,
has F SPA(SC), F POR, F ENO,
A FIN, A NWY, F BAL.
FRANCE(Ehli) NERI F bre r OTB.
OM rem F lya; has A PAR.
GERMANY(Kans) Bld F KIE, A MUN.
(no room to bld 3, will play
1 short); also has A BUR, A
A PAR, F BRE, A BER, A WAR.
ITALY(Woody) NERI OM rem A gal,
A tyo, has F APU, F NAP, F TUN.
RUSSIA(Rusnak) Rem A boh; has F RUM,
A MOS, A STP, F LVN.
TURKEY(Tighe) Bld F CON, A SHY,
also has A SER, A TRI, F VEN,
F ADR, F ION, A BUL.

SPRING 1906 due OCTOBER 23. Moves on
file from ENG. GER. RUS & TUR.

82T SPECIAL EXPORT FALL 1903 WINSOME, LOSESOME....

retreats RUS r A boh-GAL; F rum-BLA.
AUSTRIA(Rusnak) A rum-BUL(S A SER); F GRE s A rum-bal; A tri-BUD(S A VIE.)
ENGLAND(Frueh) F aka-SWE(S F NWY); F NTH-den; A STP-mos; F ENO S fren F bel.
FRANCE(McCloud) F BEL H; A BOR s F bel; A PAR S A bur; F lya-TUS; F WES-tun.
GERMANY(Keller) F bal-GER(S A KIE); A RUH-bal(S A HOL); A MUN-ruh; A SIL-war.
ITALY(Slaughter) A tyo-VEN; F ION-tun.
RUSSIA(Zak) F den h(d,r aka,hel,OTB); A MOS-stp; A GAL-war; A bud-RUM;
F BLA S must A rum-bul.
TURKEY(Ehli) F AEG-gra; F bul(so) s F aeg-gra(d,ann); A CON S F con; A ANK S A con.



1903 SUPPLY CENTERS

A bud tri ser gre	6 bld 1
E home nwy stp SWE	6 bld 1
F home spa bel	5 even
G home den hol	5 rem 1
I nap rom VEN	3 bld 1
R mos war sev rum	4 rem 1*
T home	3 even(1 an)
nas por tun	2
*even if ret OTB	34

WINTER 1903 & SPRING 1904 are due NOV 6.
Note COREY ZAK, 325 N Cedar Dr, Covina CA
91723 has taken the Russian position.
A seven way draw was proposed, but is
vetoed by the GN. It's only 1903...

PRESS:

MOSCOW: The new Tsar, whose government is
agreed by all to be moderate and responsi-
ble, requested, nay, demanded that the
English Expeditionary Force leave Russian
territories in the interests of peace and
security.

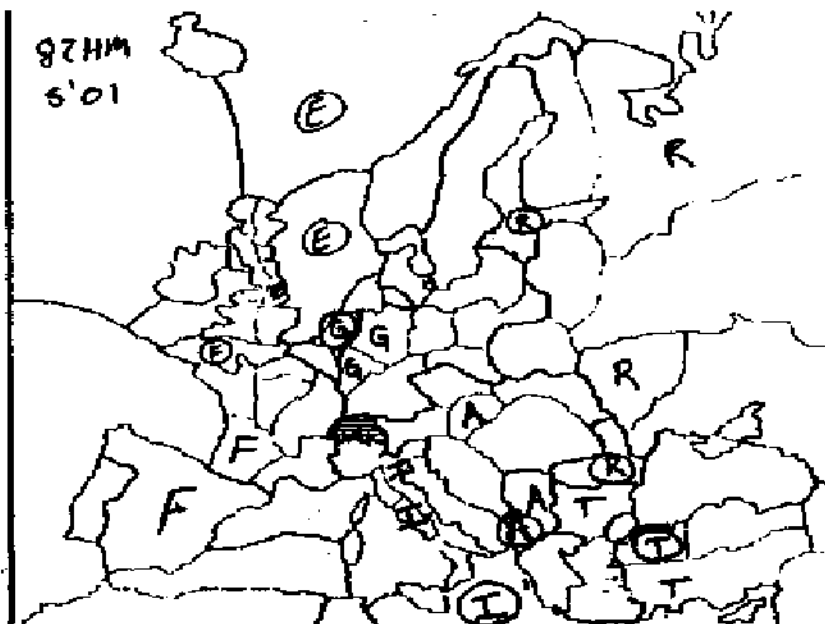
SULTAN-OM: Here's some space filler if
you need it. ((to thanx.))

82HM NEBRASKA

SPRING 1901

NEW JERSEY IN THE MORNIN' LIKE A LUNAR LANDSCAPE...

AUSTRIA(Frush) A VIE-tyo; A bud-SER; F tri-ALB.
 ENGLAND(Appleton) F lon-NTH; F adi-NWQ; A lvp-YOR.
 FRANCE(Bowen) A par-QAS; A war-SPA; F bra-ENG.
 GERMANY(Wall) A mun-RUH; F kis-HOL; A ber-KIE.
 ITALY(Iverson) A VEN-tye; A ROM-ven; F nap-ION.
 RUSSIA(Givan) F stp(sc)-BOT; A mos-STP; A war-UKR; F sev-RUM.
 TURKEY(Jones) A con-BUL; A SMY H; F ank-CON.



FALL 1901 deadline is NOVEMBER 6.
 IRKSOME will be coming out in a week...
 I'm moving the deadlines to weekends that I don't work. What else can I say? That I'm going to see The Who tonight? OK...

PRESS:

SWEDEN-RUSSIA: Gee it's a good thing you are trustworthy so that all concerned know Evans Givan isn't a pseudonym.

RUSSIA-GERMANY: Give me that knife or I'll stab you with it when you do.

LONDON-TURKEY: Thanks for the letter. I really do hope that we can someday help each other.

GM: As Dave Edwards so eloquently puts it, "From small things, man, big things one day come."

LONDON-FRANCE: Settled in yet?

GM: Yeah, in the Channel!

GM: Filbert Spayce fills spaces. Like this one. He likes gas stations. "Fill 'er up" he says.

MDS-WORLD: Reliable sources reported here today the emergence of the great white ~~hug~~ ((Sorry, Evans, I couldn't resist)) Russian "Huggy Bear" from hibernation. Unseasonably warm weather is said to have caused the premature de-hibernation. Latest reports have Huggy moving North in search of less temperate climates. Film and update on the 11:00 news.

AUSTRIA-SWITZ: Remember anybody can write press in anybody's name except a home center...

ENGLAND-WORLD: Watch out it's true. Berni Oaklyn Jr. is in this game, isn't he Mark?

AUSTRIA-REST: When one is introduced as a Bernie Oaklyn, you have to make defensive moves—also to prove I'm not totally allied with my Mad-town ally.

LONDON-GERMANY: Outten tag, herrn chaf. Please write.

GOD: Let there be chaos.

CHAOS: Let there be Agent 86.

AGENT 86: Let there be Agent 99.

CHIEF: Gag me with a spoon!

GM: Good day.

change of address

Derwood Bowen

2159 Bridlington Lane

Columbus OH 43229

(He has moved from the Utica NY address he may have given you.)

HEY ALL YOU SHEEP RACERS....

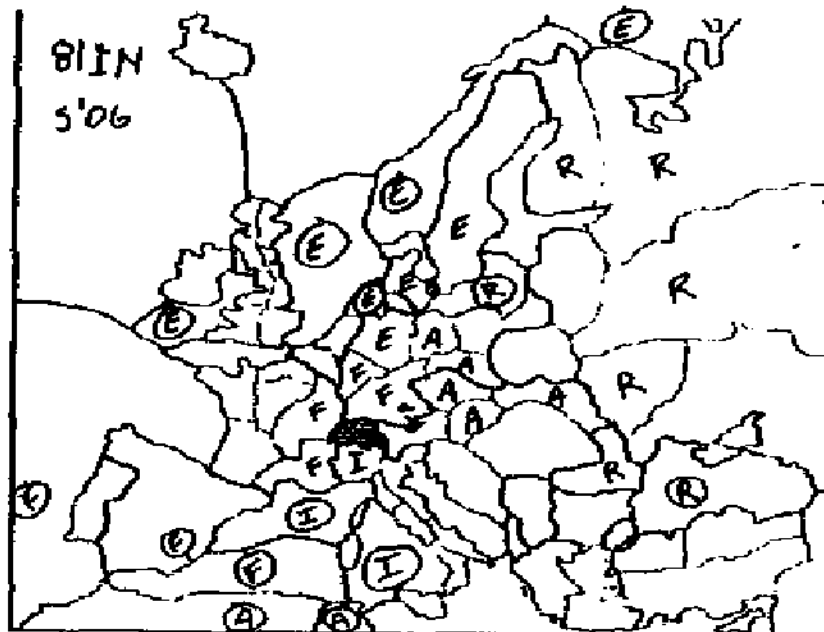
I have it on good authority that NOT ONE of you dear subscribers wrote to Marcia to inquire about MISRA, which is, of course, the Minnesota Independent Sheep Racing Ass'n. Here this poor girl's life has been falling apart lately....she is legally blind, and the State Services for the Blind won't give her any financial aid for school this year because of a bureaucratic screw-up, so she has to drop out of school. Come on folks, she's too blind to read IRKSOME even. So cheer up the poor thing. Ask her about MISRA...it costs just \$1 to join, and a stamp for info. Besides, she's cute and blond (but don't hold it against her). Write to Marcia Larson, 323 6th Ave SE Apt 3B, Mpls MN 55414. ((PS...for you city slickers...SHEEP RACING IS A JOKE....PEOPLE DON'T REALLY RIDE SHEEP...NYers are soooo dumb...))

BLIN ROAD TO RUIN SPRING 1906

HEY! NO! LET'S GO! BLITZKRIEG BOP.

retreats: AUS A ber r PRU; ENG F atp(no) r NWY; FRA F wes r MID; RUS F swe r BAL.
 builds: AUS rem F adr; ENG bld F LVP; RUS bld A SEV.

AUSTRIA(McCloud) F wes-NAP; F ion-TUN; A pra-BER; A tyo-BON(S A SIL); A mun-kie(d,r tyo,OTS);
 A war-GAL; A tri-VIE.
 ENGLAND(Sherwood) F hol-WTH; F KKL S A kie; A KIR S fran A boh-mun; A DEN S A swe;
 A SWE S F nwy; F NWY S A swe; F BAR S F nwy; F lvp-IRI; F ber-bal(d,ann.)
 FRANCE(Keller) F tun-WES(S F MID & F SPA(SC)); A boh-MUN(S A RUH & A BUR); A HAR S F spa.
 ITALY(Palter) A ven-PIE; F LYO-wes; F TYS S aust F ion-tan.
 RUSSIA(Tighe) F BAL S aust A pra-ber; A STP R(S A FIN); A MOS S A STP; A sev-JKR;
 A con-RUM; F BLA C A con-rum.



DEADLINE for FALL 1906 is NOVEMBER 6. I'm moving my deadlines to the weekends I don't work, so IRNSOME will be coming next week. The A/E/F bites...2-y,2-n. For next time, we have A/E/F and A/E/F/R/I draws up. NVR is no. Draw votes in this time are secret, so I don't publicize votes. But Keith wanted me to, so I'll put it in the press. Like this.

PRESS.

LONDON: I voted yes to the draw and proposed the 5-way.

OH: Wasn't that easy?

PICTURE PRESS I: King Sherwood gladly shows how he has managed to keep Keller appeased in France. Anything for an alliance, eh Keith?

PICTURE PRESS II: The archduke upon his throne, while his people starve, his armies retreat and Russia grows, he lives in his palace squandering his country's wealth. We call on his people to oust him, or, if they do not, the Russians should be encouraged to move in.

I'm gonna see The Who tonight. Too bad Teenage Wasteland is over, they could have been in the spotlight this time. Every time The Who come over, there are rumors that it will be the last tour, but this time the rumors are coming from Townshend and Daltrey, so they might be true. Good day.



...it's a fast and furious month, so I might as well start with the Man himself

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN: NEBRASKA **** Why should I bother? If you're a fan, you've got the album already and have made up your own mind. If you're not, I won't convince you. But this record is different. I could spend pages analyzing it (and some critics have) showing how it all fits in. It is certainly different. All the tunes were recorded by Bruce himself at home in Jersey and were intended to be demo tapes for the E Street Band to learn the songs. But he decided that the band would add nothing to these simple gems.

And gems they are. But different. Most of the album is in the style of the sad ballads that were the highlight of The River ("Stolen Car", "Wreck On The Highway", "The River") with Bruce accompanying himself on guitar or maybe harmonica. Songs about family, loneliness, breaking the law and paying for it; broken dreams seem to haunt this album. Makes it quite spooky. Chilling. But brilliant.

This will not be a big hit. It's getting much airplay and even devoted fans are divided on it; half loving the simple eloquence, half betrayed by the lack of rock and roll on the album. It took me almost a month to decide I liked it. I don't think this will mark a great change in Bruce's music. He's in the studio now with the band, working on an album I'm sure will rock as hard as ever. But Nebraska will mark an asterisk in his career; an important and revealing pause.

but Nebraska wasn't the best album I've heard the past month.....

DIRE STRAITS: LOVE OVER GOLD: ***** Being your basic punker, I appreciate short, fast songs. Long songs bore me. So when I saw this album had a 14-minute first cut, and only 5 songs in all, I balked. "Long wierd shit," I said to myself. But then Frauke sent me a recording.

And she said, "And I thought Making Movies was great...until I heard this." So I gave it a try.

And it is great. The 14-minute monster, "Telegraph Road", surpasses anything on the last album...which was one of my favorites from last year. The song is a kind of condensed history of America...well, that's overstating it, but it's poignant without being sappy. A classic...in a year dreadfully short of good music. "Industrial Disease", and the other hand, moves faster and is more wry in the DS style. Call it about Europe. (Don't worry; I won't assign continents to the rest of the album.) Mark Knopfler (I hope I spelled it right...) is more brilliant than ever...his guitars sing-song through the music with grace and power.

Dire Straits are superstars in Europe, but haven't yet tapped "Sultans of Swing" here in USA-land. Too bad...we're missing some great stuff here. Right now I'd say that Love Over Gold is the best album of the year...by far.

now for something different

PINK FLOYD'S THE WALL (the movie) #2 I don't know why I went to see this movie. PF to me represents everything wrong with rock the way rock was moving in the seventies...pretentious, self-important, pompous; how is your kid on the streets supposed to identify with that? Luckily Springsteen and punk rescued rock from such a fate. Not to say that all PF is bad... "Another Brick In The Wall (Pt 2)" was the universal anthem of the Class of '80 (you know, 'we don't need no education...' etc.) and The Wall was an interesting album. So I went. Opening night.

I didn't expect much, but was hoping for the best. I didn't get it. I got an interesting, but flawed movie. It's the story of rock star, Pink Floyd, who to put it lightly had a tough life. I had no sympathy for him whatsoever...the movie gave me no reason to have any. Watching his life story, my reaction was "So what?" That and repulsion from all the blood and gore...if I had wanted that I would have seen "Halloween" again. I hate the cliché, but this movie had many examples of "Senseless violence."

Not all was bad. The animated sequences were excellent, and the editing, back and forth from present to flashback all the time, could have been jumbled but was coherent, making sense of the madness. And the movie provided many vivid images...too vivid. And I did say it was interesting...Beth and I talked about it for two weeks. So it does have some worth. One of the leaders of PF, Roger Waters, did the screenplay and supposedly based it on his life story. If so, he must have a sick mind. And I still won't buy their music. You can keep it, Frauke.

IOWA JOKE....

How was Iowa discovered? By a couple of sewer cleaners from Missouri.

CONTEST LAST MONTH DECLARED MISDEAL: I MEANT WHAT I THOUGHT, NOT WHAT I WROTE....

I got several letters this month telling me that The Beatles had a self-titled album that was not their first and demanding free issues for it. At first I thought that they were silly, because I had told them that last issue and I wanted other examples. But then I looked at the sine, and it told me that I offered 3 free issues to those who sent in that answer, plus one for every other example! Talk about missing a mental gear! I meant to say 10 issues to the one who came up with the most besides The Beatles. I'd go broke giving out nearly 200 free issues. But I don't want to look like a complete cheapskate, so here's what I'll do. I'll give the 3 free issues to all who entered the contest: Oauch, Olson, Sherwood, Schilling, Caruso, Perlmutter, Keller, and for his efforts for digging up 69 albums that were self titled but not first albums, 10 issues go to Konrad Baumgister. He trades with me, so he's giving them to Linsey, Sherwood, and Lisohett. In case you're wondering, I needed the names for a bet, yes I won, and no I'm not rich as the stakes were bear.

NEW CONTEST NEW CONTEST NEW CONTEST NEW CONTEST NEW CONTEST NEW CONTEST NEW CONTEST NEW CONTEST

The last one was sooo easy, especially the way I wrote it, that I'll make this one hard. So pay have to research this one, and make a lot of assumptions. Here goes: My father went to college with a former US Senator. Name that Senator. The first one will gain 10 issues.

Now, if you have all past issues of IRKSOME, you'll have all the hints you need for that one, but if you don't, here are a few: My dad will be 50 next year. He graduated from high school in 1951. He grew up in Minnesota, but attended school out of state. His family was poor. He is a civil engineer. He did not graduate 4 years after he started college. He got married in 1958. He speaks Norwegian. And the senator was in office 6 years ago.

WHITESTONIA PLAYER'S POLL

vote for you 5 favorites; mail to John Caruso, 160-02 43rd Ave, Flushing NY 11358 by Nov 22. No voting for yourself.

BEST DIPLOMACY PLAYER

BEST VARIANT PLAYER

BEST WRITER

- | | | |
|----------|----------|----------|
| 1. _____ | 1. _____ | 1. _____ |
| 2. _____ | 2. _____ | 2. _____ |
| 3. _____ | 3. _____ | 3. _____ |
| 4. _____ | 4. _____ | 4. _____ |
| 5. _____ | 5. _____ | 5. _____ |

MARCO POLL

same rules as above...but mail this half to Mark Larselero, 7607 Fountainebleau #2352, New Carrollton MD 20784 by Nov 22

BEST ZINE

BEST SUNZINE

BEST OM

- | | | |
|----------|----------|----------|
| 1. _____ | 1. _____ | 1. _____ |
| 2. _____ | 2. _____ | 2. _____ |
| 3. _____ | 3. _____ | 3. _____ |
| 4. _____ | 4. _____ | 4. _____ |
| 5. _____ | 5. _____ | 5. _____ |

Why are there so many pigs in Iowa? Somebody has to go to Iowa State...

WINNERS WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN IRKSOME!
vote for your favorites...now

LEADER POLL RESULTS.....

16
 Rod Walker has been having a lot of trouble the past couple months...so Diplomacy World is late and the poll results have been released. Mark Borch printed these in Dip Digest (a real one) and as great minds think alike, he separated the subzines from the zines:

ZINES

1. Europa Express
2. Paranoic's Monthly
3. Just Among Friends
4. Apalling Greed
5. Brutus Bulletin
6. Lone Star Diplomat
7. Sleepless Knights
8. Ter-ran
9. Voice of Doom
10. Coat of Arms
(tie)Whitestonia
12. Diplomacy World
13. The Schamer
14. IRKSOME1
15. St. George & The Dragon
16. Murd'r in Ministers
17. Snafu!
18. Dogs of War
19. Cheesecake
20. Runestone
21. Dip by Moonlight

SUBZINES

1. Dipimaster
2. Diplomatic Immunity
3. Woodpecker
4. Mrs Kisley Spaceport
5. Kathy's Korner
6. Bersaglieri
7. Magus

GMS

1. Doug Beyerlein
2. John Daly
3. Steve Hainowski
4. Andy Lischett
5. Bob Ouch
6. Bob Sergeant
7. Lee Kendler, Sr
8. Ron Brown (M)
- tie Ron Brown (Snafu!)
10. Gary Coughlan

COMMENTS: IRK finished about where I thought it would...though I can count 4 zines from 15-21 that I was sure would finish higher, and several above I thought would finish worse. Separating zines and subzines is the only way to do this...take my own votes. The "10" I gave Dipimaster doesn't compare to say the "8" I gave to EK. I have a feeling that my ranking in the ON poll will involve a large negative exponent...totally undeserved, of course, but I must pay for past sins.

PERSONAL NOTES....

School is going and it's busy busy busy. I can see my games going downhill already (the ones I play in, stupid, not the ones I GM). I've got 18 credits in a vain attempt to become a real student...after all, it's my third year and I may graduate soon. So this quarter I'm learning all about Astronomy, History of Modern Art, Money and Banking, Intro to International Relations, and Racquetball (so I can't spell...you never see John Kador making fun of my English. My mistakes are too basic for him. I could never make the kind of grand error he delights in poking fun at.) Plus work, Dip, eat, sleep...it's a tuff life. But a busy body prevents an idle mind, or something like that.

The Minnesota Goofers showed their worth by allowing Northwestern Wildcats to win a Big 10 football game. Awful nice of them; you'd never see Notre Dame or USC extend such a courtesy. Ha; we even fooled the writers into ranking us in the Top 20 for a week. Silly fools. I responded by buying season tickets...for hockey.

Been to a few concerts lately. Caught The Who on their farewell tour. I sent in early and had excellent seats...but no seatmate. Great show, worth waiting two years for. Now if Bruce would only tour again, I'd die happy. And, as a volunteer usher at the auditorium on campus, I got to see Chicago for free. That was fun.

Frauke's in Italy as you read this...southern Tyrolia. School vacation. The way she writes to different zines, you'd think she was still here and I was out of the country.

Funny, as busy as I've been, you'd think I'd have no trouble filling this measly space. But I do. Until I'm in the routine of classes again, I won't be writing as many letters as I'd like to. Too bad...my biggest reason for being in this hobby is you wierdos, and you'd think I could write you a note once in a while.

You may have noticed that this came out 5 weeks after last issue...there's a reason. I work at the law library every other Saturday, and I'm moving the deadlines to the weekends I don't work. That's why.

My first anniversary was last month and I didn't even notice. Happy belated birthday to me.

Letterman's on the tube, the record's over, and I have class at nine. Good night. Sleep tight.

one last one...

Why does the Mississippi flow south from Minn.? Cause IOWA SUCKS.

Art

"You. I suppose you're programmed for protocol and etiquette"
 "Protocol? Why, yes sir, it's my primary function. I am well versed in all the customs.."
 "I have no need for a protocol droid"
 "Of Course not sir! Not in a zeen such as this. That is why I have been programmed.."
 "What I really need is a droid that understands the binary accent of Flushing residents"
 "Flushing residents? Why sir, my first job was translating BERSAGLISTOOPID, very similar in most respects to your Flushing residents."
 "Do you know Wichita?"
 "Why of Course, sir. It's like a second home to me, kind of like

MOS EISLEY

SPACEPORT

MOS EISLEY is a roving subzine of assorted bullshit flung at the hobby every now and then by John Michalski, Rt 10 Box 526-Q, Moore, OK 73165. Don't write to me, then I won't have the temptation to print the letter, and I can wind down doing these things.

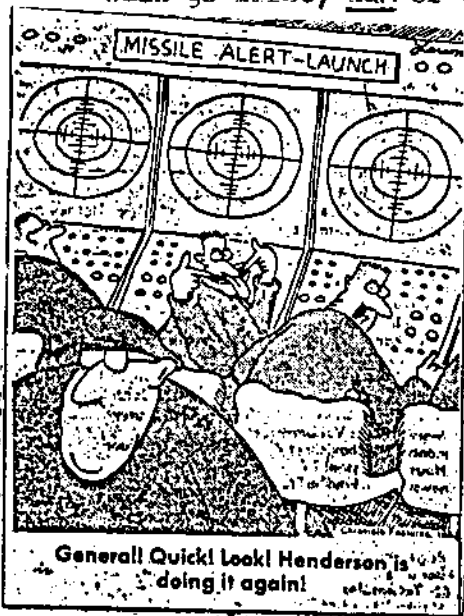
This issue is special, in that instead of boring you with outdated reprints of trivia such as my last MES in WHITESTONIA, I am running pictures instead for filler. Makes it easier to read this quick, leaving you more time to decipher that small print in the rest of IRKSOME. Also, I'm putting this

all on one sheet so Scott wont have to mess with the photos or additional repro: he can just tuck this into the next IRK like it was a coupon good for 7¢ off your next purchase of Gladbags. HOBBY NEWS: Steve Hutton is starting up a new Canadian zine called NO FIXED ADDRESS. Says he will be regularly moving each 4 months for the next few years.. Sounds like Scott. Then there's Terry Tallman's NORTH STEALTH, WEST GEORGIA or some such thing. Strange, but interesting. I'm signed up for his next game (free openings!) probably to face Tretick. Lots of LE FRAUD types hang out in NORTHWEST SEAL GARAGE. Ozog got Tallman into this, and you know Eric. The postal Dip tourney of some years back has ended, with the top finishers being Don Ditter, Fred Townsend, Walter Blank, Bob Osuch, Lee Kendter Sr, and Gordon argyle & Russel Blau tied for 6th. I suspect that this will be the last such experiment on the part of any of those that ran this one. It was plagued with problems. DON SIGWALT of Hoof&Mouth fame says he got married to the Angie he always recounts the ups and downs with in recent issues. Kind of like his beat-to-shit car. I wonder which will go first, H&M or the marriage? I saw his picture and

Bill Highfield's, and would have thought they'd be reversed. (No insult intended, Don!)(V)

PUDGECON 1 was a lot of fun and well worth attending, as long as it was so close, but I'll let Scott cover that. Here at left is a cartoon submitted by a correspondent I don't recall, and at right is a shot of the real Rod Walker submitted by Robyn Finley. He could give Dixie Grey a run for her money, hey?

Addresses: Tallman, 16047 NE 28, Seattle, and Hutton is at 103 Dunbar Rd South, Waterloo, Ont N2L 2E4, if you write quickly. I'll do you and Perlmutant a favor, and cut this off without running his letter. You lucky people.





MARK and MONA BERCH

OLD TIMERS will appreciate this rare gem:



Michalski lucks out at PudgeCon I!

PHOTO SPECIAL!



What sees & seer? UFO star of
Bethlehem coming from Orion, 2022 A.D.
Ext. Amer. Breakdown now starting. G. Ford
pres. again. WWII 1937, WWII 1946, etc. etc.
Taken by R. Thompson

Sept. 1979 A.D., Suffolk Cnty, ny
Here's a old curmudgeon!
Curt Gibson, 5'4" 170 lb.

Ex U.S. Champ Mtn Trail climber (1949-52)
and trail-master of Pikes Peak Marathon (54, 57)
c. 18 yrs. U.S. No 1 native Goh sensei,
1955-73. Foremost researcher in
Budo, Conway's Life, & many Mandalas.

Also No 1 ufologist, gnostic
theologian, & Galahadian (Free
Norman) seer.

Also former tennis & bike racer;
lead Pan-Israelist ethology; 'ancient
system' alphanumerologist, & intel-memo-
Crazy ideology. Agent of Larchmont.
Only pic of me taken by anyone since Jan 67.
Don't love it. In 1999 I'll sell for 10,000.