

IRKSOME!

First 99999)
second
anniversary issue!

29!

30

31

TWO LONG YEARS

Ladies and gentlemen! Step right up! Inside we have for you a grand celebration. (Why is it so late!) Amazing feats and wonders galore! (Why is your triple issue smaller than a single issue of EST?) ((Go away, you bother me...)) Celebrities from the world over have come to participate in this great event. (Why don't you xerox all the time?) ((Isn't your mother calling you kid?)) And for the mere price of one dollar and twenty cents, you can be a part of it as well! (THE ZINE'S A FAKE...LET'S RUN HIM OUT OF TOWN!!) Ladies and gentlemen, I plead with you....at least give me a good head start.

This is IRKSOME, the medicine show coming from the wagon of SCOTT HANSON & FRAUKE PETERSEN (whoever calls us Mr. & Mrs. Hanson risks the wrath of a Lancaster!), 233 OAK GROVE # 306, MINNEAPOLIS MN 55403. Phone (612) 874-0002. NO CALLS AFTER 10 PM ON WEEKDAYS PLEASE! Subs to the zine are 40¢ an issue.

We do have game openings. I have one spot left in a 4 week game, game fee is \$5. I will also run a bi-lingual INTERNATIONAL GAME (German and English) to be DJH by both Frauke and I. It will run on inserts with 6 week deadlines, game fee to be determined. I would like to have 4 Europeans and 3 North Americans, so if you have international subscribers, please plug this. Game fee will be \$6 or DJH 15,00, or 15 International Reply Coupons. We also have openings in POSTAL SEX, which is described inside.

Thank you very much to everyone who contributed articles for this issue. We could not do it without you. We also have a few reprints from old issues. In fact, here is a paragraph I typed for issue no. 1 that still holds true today

Probably most important is the fact that publishing is no big deal for me; I'm just doing it to have some fun. If you don't like IRKSOME I'm not going to hate you the rest of your life. Hell, if I don't get any subbers at all, it wouldn't bother me (tho it be nice to have 10 to make the thing worth the effort.) But I do hope you like IRKSOME, and if you don't sub yourself, that you'll mention me to anyone looking for a game or a zine, or even just a good time.

That kind of sums it up right there. I regret the fact that I have to cut several of my trades with this issue. I no longer can afford the time or the money to get as many zines as I have been. If you're a pubber whose trade I'm cutting, I leave this issue as my farewell gift to you.

THE DEADLINE FOR NEXT ISSUE IS SEPT. 24. WE GO BACK TO THE MINO NEXT ISSUE!

We hope you enjoy it. We had fun putting it together, tho I'm glad we don't do thi all the time with 36 pages. Once every two years is enough!

OUT-ONES in this issue are from a parody issue of the Twin-Cities reader, as well as the record review.

Scott and Frauke

IRKSOME!

2

THE "DO THESE PEOPLE REALLY EXPECT THIS ISSUE TO BE ANYTHING BUT A TRAVEL TYPE OF LITERATURE" ARTICLES" SEPT.

WHO IS THIS SCOTT HANSON-ATHEIST

James Jackson

This is the ENKSOE "anniversary issue," so I guess it means that Scott has been publishing for a certain number of years now. Thinking back...it must be two years that he started. It seems like longer.

But just who is Scott Hanson, lover of Green Germans, Golden Gophers, and Fake Fends. Being the hobby member who just might know him best (with the possible exceptions of Frauke and Kathy Byrne), I've taken it upon myself to tell you.

I met Scott two and a half years ago, when ENKSOE was still a Brutus Bulletin subzine. Not being a subscriber to BB, I had no idea that he played Dip. He also did not know of my limited hobby involvement. I was an employee at McDonald's and Scott was a new employee. I thought nothing about it and went about my business.

The following fall I saw a notice in another zine about a new zine called ENKSOE! put out by some joker named Hanson. What caught my eye was the address. It was only a few blocks from where I was! I got a number from information and called him. After an entire weekend of unanswered calls (he was in St. Louis playing Dip that weekend) I got hold of him and introduced myself. After a few minutes, we got to the "Oh, so you're that Scott!" stuff and a friendship (?) was born.

He offered to bring the first e issues of his zine to work so I could see them and for some reason beyond my comprehension, I subscribed.

But I still haven't told you what he's really like, have I? Well, let's see...he has weird musical tastes, but you already know that. He toady's to Kathy Byrne, but you already know that. He changes his majors more often than Woody changes his allies (most of you already know that.) Most of you, who have played with him, know that he is a very faithful ally. If you ever get into a game with him, stick with him. He won't stab you. In fact, he will probably let you stab him. What a guy!

((Gee, thanks...I think. With friends like you, who needs Keith Shermood?? Speaking of which....)) ((Oh, hell, we'll put neither on the next page...))

**Not everything
is going
up**



We'll go out of our way* for you. With more stops than any other carrier, Repugnant Airlines is now passing our workers' 15% pay cut along to our passengers. OK? So ride us already!!

*of cheapo reservations now being accepted for Repugnant flights to Havana

Heterosexuality!

Just named official sex of the '84 Olympic Games. Guys and dolls, it's got us worried.



THE
**GANDHI
DIET**

Lose pounds and
FAST
**GET WHAT
YOU WANT!**

"I fasted for just 3 days
and got a new ten
speed."

Robin Jilly, age 10

"I got that promotion I
always wanted, and the
respect of my co-
workers after only four
days."

Billy Olsen, age 43

"WHO NEEDS KEITH SHARWOOD"-KIDA CATCHY ISN'T I ??

AN ODE TO LIVING ON CAMPUS

Keith Sharwood

I made a big decision when I finished my sophomore year at college this spring. After two years of living in the dorms, I had had enough. I didn't even apply for on-campus housing for 83-84, not even the apartments. I wanted to move off-campus. As a junior, I'll be starting upper-division course work, so it's time I moved away from all those on-campus attractions, although I suspect I will find more than enough off campus distractions to make up for it.

And while I'm glad to be moving off campus and am looking forward to the new experience, I would be less than honest if I didn't admit I say goodbye to the dorms with mixed feelings. A 10-story co-ed dorm with 500 students where the strictest rule is that alcohol may not be consumed in the original container is about the largest den of sin, excess, debauchery, and iniquity I can imagine.

But there are other things I will miss as well. I'll miss the clowning around with other sophomores at the expense of naive freshmen. I'll miss charging freshmen five dollars for mandatory elevator passes, and disassembling the resident deans car and reassembling it on the dorm roof, handcuffing some unlucky freshman to the steering wheel.


Of course, there are things I will be glad to leave behind, and won't miss at all. I won't miss the off campus party crashers who pull fire alarms because in their drunken stupors they enjoy watching 800 people file out of the dorm. I won't miss neophyte Van Halens blasting their stereos at 3:00 am in the morning. I certainly won't miss how dirty, sticky, and smelly the elevators get on weekends (with what, I'll let you guess, just as we had too.)

I'll definitely miss the close proximity and easy access (no, let me rephrase that...or on second thought, no, I'll leave it that way!) to all those girls. I won't miss dormites conducting themselves as if they lived in ancient Greece. I won't miss immature naive freshmen, although I will miss very mature impressionable freshmen. I won't miss always being asked for directions and advice from ignorant freshmen. I will miss being able to prove my knowledge and experience by giving directions and advice to disoriented freshmen.

And I certainly won't miss those boring, wild, obnoxious, loud dorm parties. Most of all, though, I will miss those exciting, loud, wild, obnoxious dorm parties.

((And thank you Keith. I never had the opportunity to live on-campus myself...I figured why pay the University for a crackerbox room and inedible food when I can rent my own crackerbox room and cook my own inedible food. (Also I was #937 on the waiting list when classes started my first year. I was eventually notified that a spot had opened up for me the following February.) Not to say that I missed out on any good times. The rooming house where I spent my first two years, The Gopher Hole, was no quiet place. Pracital joking history was made in that house. Dale and Beth, names I've mentioned here before, and I, the 3 freshmen, were constantly trying to get the better of each other. We strung a wire to Beth's speakers from Dale's stereo, to wake her up with bluegrass at 6 am one Saturday morning. (I wish I had a picture of her trying to turn off her stereo...and it wouldn't.) I stole and hid Dale's bed while he was in the house. And they broke into my room and put Beth's lock on my door while I was work one night. Oh well, I guess you had to be there...))

GARRISON KELLOR
PRICE



TURNING PIRATES

They aren't getting rich... They're just trying to save National Public Radio.

A very funny business.

The World Theater in St. Paul The Uptown in Minneapolis

DUMPPDALE

**MINNESOTA'S
FIRST HAZARDOUS
MALL**

I try hard to come up with original game start notices. This one got a lot of good comments from the players, so I'll repeat it for you.

6/12/83

IRKSOME!

production!

"they don't make 'em like this anymore..."

Casablanca

the classic 2 week game

DIRECTED BY: SCOTT HANSON, 233 OAK GROVE APT 306, MINNEAPOLIS MN 55403

STARRING

TERRY TALLMAN (England): Humphrey Bogart as Rick, the proprietor of the Cafe Americaine, cool on the outside, but sentimental on the inside
(820 Armour St, Seattle WA 98119)

KEVIN TIGHE (Russia): Ingrid Bergmann as Ilsa Land, Rick's former love, who had left him in Paris those many months ago
(1603 G St, Arcata CA 95521)

JAMES WILL (Austria): Paul Henreid as Victor Laszlo, the Czech Resistance leader who desperately needs Rick's help to escape the Nazi's, but is Ilsa's husband
(1220 Mound St, Madison WI 53715)

DAN STAFFORD (France): Claude Rains as Capt. Louis Renault, the Vichy officer who is apparently cooperating with the Nazi's, but is a Frenchman at heart
(1643 Graniteway Ln, Columbus OH 43229)


ERIC OZOG (Germany): Conrad Veidt as Major Strasser, the Nazi Officer trailing Laszlo to make sure he doesn't leave Casablanca alive
(1526 N Lawler Ave, Chicago IL 60651)

RANDY ELLIS (Italy): Dooley Wilson as Sam, Rick's faithful companion, noone plays the piano like Sam, or bring back all those memories of Paris
(8310 Grandview Ln, Overland Park KS 66212)

PAUL BAUTERBERG (Turkey): Sydney Greenstreet as Senor Ferrari, the shrewd black market trader, but is he shrewd enough to avoid the Nazis?
(4922 W Wisconsin, Milwaukee WI 53208)

The show opens with Spring 1901 due JULY 2, 1983. All but Ozog and Stafford owe me a \$3 game fee (price of admission), this is due with the \$101 orders. I know all of you, so no "IRK" fee is required from any of you. House rules are enclosed for you new to my OIRing, but be content that I'm no BRUX. Deadlines shall be every other Saturday, with the exception of July to avoid Origins weekend (Fall '01 of this game will be July 23.) Would anyone object if this game is BLACK PRESS? I have no telephone number yet for my new apartment, it will be announced (hopefully) in IRKSOME #27 next week. Countries were assigned by preference, most receiving 1st or 2nd choice, noone worse than 3rd. Characters were assigned by country, there was no type casting. Would the new Boardman Number Mistress assign us a number please?

I have phone numbers for each of you.
Will has paid the game fee.



HENNEPIN COUNTY CLERICAL & RELATED EMPLOYEES

Local 2822, American Federation of State, County & Municipal Employees

#13

Box 18722, Commerce Station
Minneapolis, Minnesota 55418

AUGUST 20, 1983

LOOK FOR THE ~~UNION~~ UNION LABEL

GamesMaster's Local 13, Shop Steward, Scott Hanson, 233 Oak Grove #306, Npls MN 55403.
Phone (612) 874-0082.

THE UNION STATIONERY seems quite appropriate, as I had a difficult time making IHR Insurance calls due to the telephone strike. What better time is there to emphasize to please do not rely on the phone to get your moves in; the name of the game is, after all, postal Diplomacy.

THIS WEEKEND HAS BEEN HECTIC with my folks in town for my cousin's wedding. The anniversary issue will be mailed a few days after this (Thursday?), and the next issue will have a deadline of Sept. 24 (5 weeks). The games here, though, will stay on schedule. The next two deadlines here will be Sept 3 and Sept 17.

RAT TRAP (810J) will be mailed out Sept 3, as I do not have all orders in yet. The Canuck Postal Service rides again. Note: the unit in Ber is a Russian F; but A Ram was correct.

828 GREAT WHITE NORTH WINTER 1913 GAME ENDS, ALL TOO PREDICTABLY, THANKS TO CMA STRIKE

The German/English draw has finally passed. Kevin Tighe NWRd, and the GM, 3 ATT supervisors working as operators, and two computers went above and beyond the call of duty trying to get orders from him. We'll never be sure now if the G/E alliance could have lasted down to 17/17... Congratulations to Eric and Mark for the draw and for sticking together despite all the temptations that Tom and Kevin could muster.

828	ZINE: Drawings													GM: Scott Hanson	
	01	02	03	04	05	06	07	08	09	10	11	12	13		
A	5	1	2	2	2	3	4	3	4	3	2	1	0	see below	
E	5	7	6	6	8	9	9	10	10	11	13	16	15	MARK FRUEN (DRAW W13)	
F	6	5	5	5	1	0	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	see below	
O	4	3	4	5	8*	9	10	11	11	11	13	15	16	Paul Flowers (res SOL), ERIC KANE (DRAW W13)	
I	4	4	5	5	3	2	0	-	-	-	-	-	-	Steve Arnauldian (out F07)	
R	6	6	6	5	4	2	1	0	-	-	-	-	-	Russ Rusnak (out F06)	
T	4	5	6	6	8	9	10	10	9	9	6	4	3	Kevin Tighe	

*-played 1 short %-two short #-3 short

Austrian players: Larry McCloud (drop F02), Jeff Noto (res S05), Tom Swider (out F13)

French players: Mark Cummings (drop S02), Scott Dailey (dro W01), Mike Elli (out F06)

As per my policy, Eric and Mark will get 4 issues apiece for the 2-way draw, and Tom and Mike will get 3 free issues for finishing out standby positions. Congrats & Thank you! I'll print endgame statements next issue, have them to me by Sept 20 please.

830P CASABLANCA SPRING 1902 ILSE COME BACK TO SWEDEN? (OK, INGRID, WE'LL REWRITE IT)

AUSTRIA(Wall)	A tri-vie; A rum-GAL(S A BUD); A ser-GUM; F gra-ALB.
ENGLAND(Tallmen)	F BDI-nth; F bar-STU/NC(S A NWX); F nth-SKA.
FRANCE(Stafford)	F bre-ENG; F war-SPA/SC; A por-BUR; F spe/sc-RED; A DEL s A por-bur; A POR H.
GERMANY(Csog)	F kie-DEL; A bar-SIL; F DEN-nth; A HOL-bel; A HUN-tye.
ITALY(Ellis)	F nap-ION; F rom-TYS; A VIE-tyo; A ven-WCH; F TUN H.
RUSSIA(Tighe?)	IMRI F SLE, A LER, A UKR H; A stp h(d,r fin,lvn,mos,OTS0; F bla h(d,r sev,OTS).
TURKEY(Pauterberg)	F ank-CLA(S F COV); A smy-ARN; A SUL S and A ser-rus.

game notes
on next page.

LOOK FOR THE UNION LABEL, p2 8/20/83

Fall 1902 is due SEPT 3, 1983. See the GMI notes for the news about Kevin Tighe; I'm sure he'll be back, but just in case would DON DITTER, 63 S MAIN ST, FLORIDA HI 10921 please standby for Russia.

press

ELF-SLEAZE: Of course the high calibre players are in the Midwest. Look who was in the winners' circle at DipCon--you, Knight, and I, the King of PIF.

ITALIA: A gesture of neutrality.

A DIFFERENT POINT-TO-POINT: Keep your nose in the east where it belongs, Rautenberg and Wall are up to no good. They have their heads up their butts.

SLEAZE-GH: So who the fuck cares if Wall has a new address--noone writes to that idiot except Rautenberg and he only writes so Jimmy will know how he should order his units.

ELLIS-WALL: Your politics are even more boring than my dull monstrosity, as well as my butt.

ELF-ELLIS: I dunno if Stafford gets into disco, but he does like U2 and some butt now and then.

WALL-ELF: Yes, I guess my butt is worth fucking, but only Cathy is allowed to play with my butt.

SLEAZE-GH: Don't tell me Tallman signed up for this game because he wanted a chance to become "nuclear material" at the hands of a real pro--ah, now we've gone and spoiled his surprise.

ERIC-FRAUKE: So Gary's butt rates ninety-six point whatever percent, huh? What about me? Let's get into some serious butt talk here. I know I lied to you at Pudgecon but my butt demands to be rated too!

DERWOOD-ELF: I guess you're OK and if you promise to make ~~up~~ up for what you did to me I'll forgive you. But always keep in mind "Once a king always a king - once a knight is enough!"

CHICAGO: I think we should have a hobby poll for the nicest hobby butt.

SLEAZE: I vote for Julie Martin. I wish I had a butt like hers.

GH: Tallman, please resolve your gamefee by next deadline. I'd hate to have to replace you...

8210 INDUSTRIAL DISEASE WINTER 1907 CHICGO, IT'S DIAS

Yes, folks, both the I/R/T and the DIAS draws passed by votes of 3y, On, 2NVR. The larger draw takes precedence and THIS GAME IS OVER. You all share a five-way draw. Gee, I guess I should congratulate you all. I'm sure Derwood and Randy are kicking themselves for not voting, but I think this is the kind of solution the game was heading for. Anyway, here's the chart and all that.

8210 ZHE: Irksome! GH: Scott Hanson

	01	02	03	04	05	06	07	
A	4	3	1	0	-	-	-	Terry Tallman (out FO4)
E	4	3	1	0	-	-	-	Rick Slaughter (dro FO3), CD (out FO4)
F	5	6	7	9	10	11	10	DERWOOD DOWN (DRAW W07)
G	4	5	7	7	9*	9*	8	RANDY ELLIS (DRAW W07)
I	4	4	4	4*	1	1	1	Dan Palter (res FO5), JIM BURGESS (DRAW W07)
R	6	8	9	8	7	6	6	DON DITTER (DRAW W07)
T	4	5	5	6	7	7	9	JAMES WALL (DRAW W07)

Engine statements will go in the next issue or something; have them to me by SEPT 20. A 5-way draw gives each of you 1 free issue, but Jim gets 3 for finishing a standby position.

Wow, I only have 1 two-stock game left now. I may have to start taking names for new one or something...

Good news, I hear now on Monday morning that the telephone strike may be over. Except, of course, in Minnesota; they have some local issues to finish here. Sigh...

Playlist: Jackson Browne The Pretender, Hold Out

Scott

THREE FOUR WEEK GAMES

sexual spectacle

82S ~~7/7/77/7/7/7~~ SETTING 1908 SO IF YOU DON'T WANT A FOUR-WAY, WHAT DO YOU WANT?

winter stuff: FRA bld A PAR, A IER, no 3rd bld; GER F bot r FII; ITA rem A apu.

AUSTRIA(Rasmak) F von-AUR; A tri-WEN; A TYO-pie; A apu-ROB(S A NAP); F ION-tyo;

A HUD S rus A rum-gal; F ALB S rus F aeg-ion.

ENGLAND(Frueh) F BOT & A NMY S A atp; F BAL & A KIS S fire A man-bar; F naf-JES;

A STP supports quick death for German fleet (H); A yar-DER(C F WHH).

FRANCE(McCloud) A per-BUR; A PAR-pie; F was-LYO; F IUN-ion; A man-BER; A por-SPA;

A bar-RUH; F TYS s A rom.

GERMANY(Keller) F FIN-eto/s; A vis-DOH.

ITALY(Bowen) A rom s fire F tys-map(NSO)(d,r tus,OTB).

RUSSIA(Woodson) A MOS-eto(S A LWN); A SIL s A yru-ber; A rum-GAL; F AEG-ion; A PRU-ber;

FALL 1908 is due SEPT 24. The F/E/A/R draw failed 3y,3n. Proposed for next season are F/E/A/R and F/E draws. NVR is YES.

press
MOSCOW-GH: A game opening with no Mad players! If I had the time I'd sign up. All the games in my line have been infiltrated by these things.

MOSCOW-ALL SUBSCRIBERS: Sign up now! An opportunity like this isn't likely to come up again.

BURNSVILLE-MOSCOW: We have arrived in the United States and have based ourselves in this dull unpretentious ~~suburb~~ Twin Cities suburb. We understand that the woman Petersen is now in close contact with the GH(shudder) and the task will not be easy. It would be much easier to kill her.

MOSCOW-BURNSVILLE: No! We need her alive. Start the operation today.

BURNSVILLE-MOSCOW: Da!

OWN(E)-GREG EK(R): We have the great pleasure of hanging the dreaded Aries in your game. He is on show in St. Georgeburg, of course, the only way you'll get to see the frozen blow hard is to let me have Moscow. Is that too much to ask?

SOMEWHERE OFF THE EASTERN EDGE OF THE BOARD: Russian commandos finally arrived in the "Great White North" only to discover the ARIES has died! It seems that the volume of propaganda flowing out of Moscow to him was too much to handle. The Press War has been won! When asked about what the "Great White North" was like, the returning soldiers said nothing (gaspl).

MOSCOW: Unaware of the victory in the Press War, the team of undercover agents sent to kidnap the woman Franko Petersen returned in shame emptyhanded. After setting up shop in the inconspicuous suburb of Burnsville, the men waited until the subject and the GH (shudder!) were not together. This took great patience, but the time came when she was at the local university for a sports tryout. Normally, the GH (shudder!) would also have been there, but he took a trip to the local House of Hanson (obviously another of his many (gaspl) aliases) for some beer. Unfortunately, our brave men were not familiar with volleyball and were shocked by the velocity that the balls were propelled by Petersen and her cohorts, that they assumed that it must have been a new super-weapon being developed by the GH (shudder!) and ARIES (gaspl). Rather than face such destruction, they fled in their "Sea Harrier Jump Jets," only to find (to their great relief) that the war was over. They were hailed as heroes for their judgement in not starting another war.

MOSCOW-GH: You sold my orders for Frueh? I think they must have been worth more than that!

GH-MOSCOW: Actually, not...

82HH NEBRASKA FALL 1905

WHO'S WINNING THIS GAME ANYWAY?

retreats RUS A war r MOS; TUR F con r AEG.

AUSTRIA(Frueh) A gal-WIE; A RUM S A bul; A von s "tur F to apu"(?) (D,r pie,tus,tyo,tri,OTB);

A GER-mos; F yru s A bul(d,r alb,OTB); A DUL s F gre; A SEV s A ulr-mos.

ENGLAND(Hartin) F naf-LON(S A YON); F NAT-lyp.

FRANCE(Bowen) F lon-nth(d,r eng,OTB); F TRI-lyp; F HOL s A ruh-kia; A bar-NAR;

A ruh-kia(d,r bel,bar,OTB).

GERMANY(Hall) A man-GH(S A KES); F bar-UK; A WAR S aus A ulr-mos; A sil-HUN;

F GEE s F bar-lyp.

ITALY(Iverson) A rom-VER(S A LNU); F tun-ION(S F NAP).

CHART ON TEXT PAGE

RUSSIA(Bowen) A MOS H(S A STP); A FIN-eto; F GER-bul/s; F SLA-roy.

TURKEY(Wells) F lon-TYS(S F AEG).

NEBRASKA BULL DOG CENTER COURT 1905

A home the ser bul rna the 327	1	rem 1*
E home	3	even
C home par bel HOL	6	bid 1*
G home don the may sue WAR	7	even
I rem tan ven spa MAP	5	bid 1
R the mos the stp ank COH	4	rem 1
T say the ONE	2	even

*has retreats...

press

THE WALL -DENSEWOOD CLONER: You really believe F/I will take this board? Wiser up; Ellis and Given are soon to be history and you single handedly are about to bring about a momentous occasion: the alliance of Puppy and myself. Ahhhh...

BOBEN-THE WALL: I liked your thank you card. I was amused by it. I only wish I had done an awesome job of stabbing you. I expect now that the rest of us will really have our work cut out stopping PPP from the win in this one...

GERMANY-AUSTRIA: I get to be the puppy in this one. I hope you win one for the U Mad crowd. I will do my part to help you to 18. HUSCOW: Poor Huggy! As the sun sets on this proud, but tempestuous, great bear, an awful silence enfolds the tombs of the brave warriors of the Russian armies. Huggy slouches on the nearest headstone and fondly recalls the triumphant marches into Norway and Rumania. Soon, it is time to leave for the new command post in the Black Sea. Huggy bids farewell to his fallen comrades. "I will return," he says. "The Bear Strikes back. Return of the Huggy. Eye for eye, knife for knife. Huggy has the memory of a bear."

WORLD COURT NOW MEETING: You, Mark "Poison Pen" Frueh, stand accused of stabbing every ally you have ever had in this game. How do you plead?.....

POISON: Mennellll, it's true, but I had some reasoning.

COURT: For what possible reason have you just stabbed Mr. (innocent) Given?

POISON (in a quiet voice) I knew it would work and I love a good stab. I realize that normally I would have (and should have) been wiped out after I "defended" myself, but is it my fault? Heck, I even told the others what to expect from me in this game! But nooooo, they just let me get bigger and bigger. How can anyone fault me on that? (Don't ask James.)

(Hours later the court returns)

COURT: AS KING MR. MARK FRUEH INNOCENT OF UNREASONABLE STABS. BUT BEWARE ON HOW YOU TREAT YOUR ALLY GERMAN BOBEN.

MARK-COURT: Oh, I promise, I swear, I'll treat Derwood just what he deserves in this game. (Heh heh heh, I wonder if I can get him....)

THE WALL-SEALED: Go ahead and manipulate your lover, after all Dear old Scooper would never stab his buddy...

FRANCE-AND: Your time will come, perfidious purveyor of poison.

FRANCE-RUSSIA: Bess the expression "I told you so" mean anything to you?

THE WALL-DENSEWOOD: Now that I've taken Warnaw does that mean Iverson is a poor ally and you will stab him? Seems to fit your logic.

FRANCE: Rumours have been leaked out to the effect that the ruler of France is now a raving lunatic. He is said to stand for hours swinging a stilleto and screaming, "Stab, stab, stab. All in all, it's just another knife in the wall."

B2IV LEWT NIGHT WINTER 1903 EVERY BUILD YOU MAKE, I'LL BE WATCHING YOU...

AUSTRIA(Larzelore)	Blds A VIE, A EUD, F TRI; also has A GER, A VEN, F COU, A BON, A BEL.
ENGLAND(Elli)	Rems F nth, A you; has F EDI.
FRANCE(Dupont)	Olds A PAR, F ERE, A PAR; also has A ION, F ENG, F LVP, A BEL, A BUR.
GERMANY(Tallan)	Even; has A HOL, F DINI, F KIE.
ITALY(Mcobel)	Rom F eaz; has A RUI, A SIL, A TUN, F ION.
RUSSIA(Cunning)	F den r SIE, blds F STP/HC, A WAR; also has A EAU, F ANK, F BLA, F HUG, F SKA, A RUL.
TURKEY(Druin)	Even; has F STR.

Seasons were separated upon request (and much kissing of the Gls feet.) Spring 1903 is due SEPT 24; I have orders from all players but Germany and Turkey. Press on next page.

BEWIGHTED HEAT PRESS

VIE-ROSI: Sorry, but it's just impossible to keep something like "falling in love" from happening. Cathy is a jewel beyond price!

SCOTLAND-CATHERINE THE BELOW AVERAGE: If you're on my side, then why did you take Norway from me?

PAR-KIE: In negotiations, deeds speak louder than words.

PAR-VIE: Well, sweets, did you think up new press? I wish I could.

VIE-ROS: Umm, you want to get married sooner? NEXT SEASON? Uh, Scott--can we have a separation of seasons here?

GH-VIE: Why, sure....you come to Minneapolis on Sept. 6 and make it a double ceremony.

SCOTLAND-GERMANY: If you're on my side, then why did you go to the North Sea?

RUSSIA-ENGLAND: Don't tell me, this time you removed F Edi, right?

VIE-OSCO: Have you promised harmore than me? Is that possible?

RUSSIA-GERMANY: Stab? What stab? Oh, how you like to play games with me...

SCOTLAND-ALL: Vive la France! Pourquoi? Parce qu'il faut le seul personne qui avait un raison pour poignarder moi. (Or something like that.)

FRANCE-ENGLAND: The French forces salute a gallant opponent.

VIE-ROS: But I hardly know you. I'm really trying to be sensible about the whole thing.

3247	BAD BRAIN	WENSA 18	FALL 1901	THIS IS	NORMAL	THIS IS	NORMAL	S C 's
AUSTRIA(Dodge)	A SER S rus A sev-rus; F AIB S ita A apu-gre;	A tri-BUD. home	SEP	4 bld	1			
ENGLAND(Benjamin)	F nth-BEL; A edi-AMY(C F NWS).	the edi lvp NWT BEL	4 bld	1				
FRANCE(Brown)	F eng-LON; A SPAH; A par-SUR.	home LON SPA	5 bld	2				
GERMANY(Reges)	F DEN S rus F bot-mee; A sun-RUH; A kie-HOL.	home HOL DEN	5 bld	2				
ITALY(M. Keller)	A apu-GER(C F DON); A ven-APU.	home GRE	4 bld	1				
RUSSIA(Sevler)	F bot-GRE; F SEV-bla; A ROS-sev; A ukr-RUM.	home SLE RUM	6 bld	2				
TURKEY(M. Keller)	A ARM-sev; F ANK-bla; A BUL-rus.	home BUL	4 bld	1				
		neutral: per tun	2					

WINTER 1901 is due SEPT 24; I will print Spring 1902 if and only if I have orders from each of you. I now realize that having two M Keller's in the game makes the list of names look totally ridiculous. Oh well. How about if you two give me middle initials I can use instead?

RUSSIA-TURKEY: You Turkish Satan. You damned brother of the devil. What manner of beast are you? The evil one vomits what you swallow. We fear not your army, you Babylonian cook, Macedonian slavedriver, brewer of Jerusalem, Alexandrian goat-theif, Egyptian snake-herd, Tartar ram, seed of the very devil, clown of Hades, swine-snout, horses tail, red-haired Lie-log, unbaptized skull. May the evil one catch you!

TURKEY-RUSSIA: It wasn't my doing, I'm just going with the flow.

ENGLAND-RUSSIA AND GERMANY: Today Norway, tomorrow all of Scandinavia! And then some. Hail Britannia!

GERMANY-OSCO: I know it's going against the Odds, but I'm going to win this one.

PARIS-LONDON: You have nothing to fear but fear itself. At least for now.

GERMANY-ITALY: I hope you had the sense to attack Trieste this turn.

FRANCE-ENGLAND: How's about a nice NFR soon.

AUSTRIA-RUSSIA: Prepare to meet thy doom!

RUSSIA-OSCO: Wag Off!

PARIS-LONDON: Then again, maybe you do.

TURKEY-ITALY: Those units of yours would be well advised to keep the heel away from me.

RUSSIA-GERMAN FLEET HOLLAND: I hope you didn't bounce me out of Sweden.

ITALY-TURKEY: Ready or not, here I come.

PARIS-OSCO: Glad to be of help to you.

ITALY-AUSTRIA: I'm going to need your help for this to work.

ITALY-RUSSIA: I'll probably need your help too.

ENGLAND-FRANCE: Do you know the consequences of your nation aggression? You'll soon find out. Heh heh heh.

ENGLAND-GERMANY: Let's kill somebody.

GERMANY-AUSTRIA: I hope you know your place and not meddle in my affairs.

FRANCE-ITALY: Let's stay neutral, OK?

AUSTRIA-GERMANY: I don't care who your ruler is; you're on my list.

GERMANY-ENGLAND: Let's not forget who the Junior partner in all this is.

TURKEY-OSCO: I will probably be your new neighbor soon if everything works out right.

GAME OPENING GAME OPENING GAME OPENING GAME OPENING GAME OPENING GAME OPENING GAME OPENING

Introducing the world premiere of...

POSTAL SEX

FIRST FAST RELIABLE

/// POSTAL SEX is a ~~life~~ ~~style~~ game copyrighted

by Frauke Petersen and Scott Hanson

Do you want to add spunk to your sex life? Do you want to save money on contraceptives? Or do you simply want to add sex to your postal life? Then we have something for you! Scott and I have decided to share the key to a fulfilled life with you.

The basic recipe is actually very simple to follow. You need a fairly dirty mind (most of you already have that), you must be willing to spend lots of money on postage, you must not be shocked by watching a sexually aroused mailman stuff Postal Sex mail in your mail box and you must not let your moods have impact on your postal sex life, i.e. you must be ready, willing, and able ANY time! You combine all this and should end up with a slimy, soggy, sweaty mixture. Then you can mail it to someone who could possibly know what it's about, e.g. Michalski.

So much for the basics. But there are also many more things you ought to be aware of for a successful, ha, satisfactory carrying out of the game. First of all, you might want to look for an appropriate surface for the game. From whatever personal preference may be you can choose the bed, kitchen counter, or if you are very talented even the ceiling. If you are unsure as to what the game board looks like you can take a few hours for careful self-examination and/or refer to a biology book.

Unlike Diplomacy Postal Sex has no set number of players. You can write letters to yourself depending on how pleasurable you view masturbation, you can go for bourgeois boredom and seek satisfaction in the standard 2-player version, or you can be really kinky so that you end up losing track of all the names of the many players, I mean perverts, involved. Also it may be surprising that a GM is optional. Having the game run by someone predominantly depends on how inhibited a person you are. You are, however, invited to work with an assistant in case you like bondage and such.

The aim of the game is to take or give up as many centers as possible, depending on whether you are aggressive or submissive. The game ends ONLY upon mutual agreement which usually when orgasms, impotency or death have taken place.

You might want to be nice and give special consideration to novices. After all, you (except for Michalski) recall that the first time was very special to yourself. So please have patience if novices take more time with submitting their orders.

Now that you know what is allowed and strongly encouraged I don't get around telling you the don'ts: NO spectators, Michalski. If you are that desperate I'll send you the money for some 25¢ movies. Also, please keep your pets away. And that does include Elsie, Gary. And, I'm truly sorry, there will be no standby positions, for the simple reasons that it could be very hard to stand it that long. Vacant positions will have to be left in frustration. Also, there won't be any press. Anything that's said (leave alone what's done) is NFP. And please take our word for it: international games are strongly discouraged!

So don't dream about it any longer - do it!!!

WARNINGS: If you are into chemicals keep in mind that even ol' Shakespeare, who did not know about Postal Sex perceived at an early stage that "alcohol (and such) provokes the desire but takes away the performance." Also note that depending how close a contact you keep with the other player(s) NEW players could possibly be added after 9 months of intense playing.

POSTAL SEX IS DEDICATED TO CATHY GUNNING AND ERIC OZOG

THE SUBZINE SECTION....

Actually, I don't want or need any more subzines. I hate to break the hearts of Mike and Derwood, but subzines aren't all that practical with the mimeo printing. So FNORD and SUBMARINE WARFARE will have to find other homes, I guess. Anybody want a couple of subzines???

And now, ~~IRKSOME~~ ~~frankly~~ presents...

FNORD

Issue #1

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

This is a sub-zine. This is only a sub-zine. If this had been an actual zine, you would have been instructed where to write in your area for further game openings. This station serves Alpha Centauri and vicinity. This concludes this test of the Emergency Diplomacy Service. Fnord.

I suppose you have a lot of questions about this rag and its perpetrator, so...

What is your name? Mike Eli (pronounced EE-lye, NOT ee-lee or ay-lee)

Where do we send fan mail? Letter bombs may be sent to: 136 E. 34TH AVE.

EUGENE, OREGON 97405

Phone number? (503) 345-6874. If no answer on weekends try (503) 726-6999.

When does publishing your farewell issue? I don't know. It could be six weeks or six years from now. It depends.

Any game openings? Not this issue. I might start taking games nextish (as Rod Walker would say). I might also take an orphan game. If this becomes a going concern, I may take requests for a variant of some kind.

Do you plan on making this a full-fledged zine? It's very possible. We'll see.

What makes you think you can OM Diplomacy games? I was a OM for two years running regDip and variant Dip games for the South Eugene High Diplomacy Club, where I gained a good reputation for promptness and accuracy in the adjudications.

Are you a good player? No comment.

Will you print letters? Yes, but I will always respect RFP/DWQ requests.

Hey, are you some kind of a nut? Yes.

No, really. Okay, okay. Actually I'm either a geek or a nerd. I'm not quite sure.

Why are you writing this thing? 1) To combat boredom.
2) To substitute for a nearly non-existent public/social/sax life.

What else would you write? I was thinking of reviewing (arcade) video games, along with the occasional record.

When are you gonna shut up, for Chrissake? All right, just leave type up a playlist and warn Scott that he has some space for commentary or just plain bullshit.

PLAYLIST

Moon Martin-Escape from Domination
Strauss: Also Sprach Zarathustra

// Single:
Thomas Dolby-She Blinded Me with Science
// Todd Rundgren-Bang the Drum All Day

NINA HAGEN-DAZ



John Glenn is one of the few politicians who still debate on radio.



SUBMARINE WARFARE
(a neat idea for a subzine)
by Derwood Bowen

Actually, I decided to write something for Scott's anniversary issue, and took the liberty of making it a subzine. This might turn out to be a very irregular medium for wierd writings that I might choose to dump upon Scott from time to time, depending upon my inspiration and whether Scott and his readers are entertained by this nonsense. The thing big upon my mind right now is my very recent sessions at DipCon. I was not really pleased going into Sunday. I had not been a rousing success at my first venture into gunboat, even though I did survive each game. (Imagine my surprise when I received a "best country" award for a whopping 5 center Russia.) Anyway, on Sunday I managed to pull off a 2-way AI 17-17 draw (I was Italy). I say I, though my Austrian ally was fully as responsible for it as I was. I at one time had thought about actually writing a full blown end game statement for this game, but I decided that would be too much of an ego stroking thing for me and not enough of interest to the general readership. So I will limit this to an anecdotal recounting of my interactions with the French player. He really suffered in this game, though he never gave up until the very end. After I had taken Marseilles, Spain and Portugal, he realized that he wasn't long for the game. When the German stabbed England, thus guaranteeing that I would break through into the west, both he and England went total puppet. But I got Paris in an unusual fashion (at least I think it unusual). The French player told me that I could have Brest, but that the French dignity demanded he be allowed to keep Paris. I went for that, seeing as how getting into Brest unopposed was certainly better than having to fight for it. When it came time to take Paris, however, I was surprised at the way I came to be allowed to take it. The French player asked me if I could speak any French. I said I could manage a phrase or two, but that I wasn't much beyond that. He then asked me to speak French. As weary as my mind was at the time, the only thing I could come up with in French was, "Je suis un American." (This phrase was used in a famous movie. For the trivia buffs among us, name the movie and the actor who uttered this marvelous phrase.) With the utterance of that phrase, I became an honorary Frenchman and thus was granted the right to enter Paris unopposed. I can say, in reflection, that I am sure glad this guy wasn't playing Turkey. I couldn't even have come up with that much in Turkish.

I did have a good time at DipCon, though by Sunday I was burnt to a crisp. I was up all the wrong hours, too many hours, and having a real problem sleeping in the petite beds at Windsor College (in a women's dorm). I still can hardly believe I did as well in Sunday's game as I did. Towards the end I was having real problems writing my orders without screwing them up. But I at least did manage to be there on time Sunday, which is more than the "Mad boys" can say. I guess the late night beer party got them asleep a little late.

On to other matters: I must tell Scott, through this medium, that of all the zines I am involved (not all that why) I consider this to be the most fun. His light-hearted approach to the whole thing makes Irksome a lot of fun for me. The cast of characters assembled for this thing helps, though. I play for the fun of it, though I am competitive and like to do well. But this zine doesn't have all the fouls and namecalling that seems to go on elsewhere. I am happy for that, and will be very happy to be a part of Irksome.

THE LIFE OF A DOMINOID
(in however many installments it takes)

I am a Dominoid. I work for Domino's Pizza. While it is a job, it is something more. By its very nature, it becomes a way of life. The hours (both number and which hours) remove one from the real world to some extent. This will be an attempt to chronicle at least some aspect of the life.

ACT I - Delivery

Delivering pizzas is like nothing else you will ever do. It actually can be fun, though there are moments when it becomes the last thing you wish to do. Some of the things that happen are fun, though. I have delivered to a house where the woman came to the door in a very sheer nighty. I hope she didn't notice the drool all over her pizza box. I also have delivered to pros at hotels. They are always very nice and almost always tip. Why not, seeing as how someone else is paying.

Since most of our business is at night, finding the addresses is a prime problem for the delivery driver. Some people have numbers 6 inches high with a big spotlight on them. They always get their pizzas delivered faster, seeing as how you can find the number. Some people subscribe to the theory that anything you can do to hide the number is part of the game. The places they find to hide the darn things is amazing. I have found the house number painted on a large rock in the yard, or above the porch light where it can't possibly be seen. There are houses which face one street and have addresses for the other one. And there are a few that flat just don't have addresses at all. I wonder how these clowns get mail. One house had the wrong address painted on the curb. One guy had a hedge all around his house that you couldn't see over. And the rich neighborhoods? The houses set way back from the road, so you can't see the numbers until you drive half-way up the drive.

The real prizes are apartment complexes. We usually try to have maps of these places of doom. I have wandered around in one of these nightmares looking for an address. That wasn't where it seemed it should have been. The guys who do addresses in apartments must get real drunk, and then throw darts with numbers at a map of the apartments, and wherever a particular number lands is where it is. No logic whatever. Speed bumps are also a nuisance. As delivery maniacs like to drive fast, because we get paid based upon how many pies we deliver. The more you deliver, the more money you make. So it's watch out, world!

Most delivery drivers are transients, just passing through. College students are the most common source for people. The flexibility of scheduling and night hours allows students to work for us and go to school at the same time. Delivery also makes a good part time job for someone who has a fulltime job. There are actually a few full time drivers, who do nothing else. These people are usually wierd.

This is a brief glimpse into the world. There is a lot about delivering that I haven't mentioned. Maybe next time, if there is any remote interest. This is actually a way of life which is quite foreign to most people, and I thought that to glimpse it might be of interest to some of you. If that be the case, I may be coaxed into doing future installments of this. Otherwise, forget it. So next time, maybe, driving act II.

1

To really enjoy the hobby, I think you need to be an active participant in more than just a game or two. The personalities of the people involved make the hobby what it is. I am really disappointed in the two new games that I have started so far. The people involved seem somehow to not be anything like the crew in the first three games I started. Maybe I just got lucky, but I really am enjoying gaming with these characters, for characters is what they are. (I just had to change the record on the turntable. I suspect all you new wavers will cringe, but I just put on a real dose of heavy metal. Pyromania by Def Leppard. I like metal) As a matter of fact, I am thinking of doing something about all this wacko stuff like the Ramones, and other wierdness you guys listen too. Record reviews of stuff this crowd apparently doesn't get into at all. Gross them out.

After a brief ramble off the subject, I am back. I like to write, and this has been made to order for me. I have had a ton of fun writing press. I have written some pretty strange stuff. I have also gotten some reactions to some of it, so at least some people are reading the stuff. I am happy to see my games back in Irk itself, so I have an audience again. In a lot of ways, I would have liked to be a performer. This forum gives me an audience, although not exactly world wide fame. It seems enough, though. I hope that I am not being an idiot writing this nonsense, though the possibility doesn't worry me too much. If this drivel turns everyone off, I expect it will disappear from Irksome, never to reappear. If I receive some encouragement, I may continue to try to entertain and uplift the myriads of followers of Irk.

I have an idea that I am trying to germinate into being for a parody of JEDI. I will work on it and hopefully have it ready for the next issue of Irk, if Scott is interested. I am not sure what else I will stick in, though I am sure I can come up with something. One thing I haven't done is to check with Scott in advance and see if he is even interested in a subzine from me. If you are reading this, he must have decided to print it (a statement of the obvious if ever there was one). I have entertained the thought of doing a subzine, complete with a game even. I cannot see me having the time to do a full blown zine now. I may have the need to get wrapped up in a serious project to take my mind off my girlfriend problems, and this thing could become a regular thing somewhere. If Scott likes, and if I decide to do it, look out world.

I suspect that I have rambled enough around the typewriter this time. I have some neat ideas to expound upon for later, though I just don't know how much Scott would be willing to publish from little ol' me. I mean, after all, it is supposed to be his zine. But, being a hobby celebrity (at least Scott says I am), the things I say and do must be of interest. Why else would I have been chosen to appear on the cover of HSWG? I mean, what an honor. So Scott should feel privileged to get to publish this. This is the first and only thing not related to a game I am in that I have written for a dip zine. With encouragement I can do more. The foto of Submarine Warfare is in your hands. Does apathy reign supreme? Does anyone like this thing? How bad does everyone hate it? Will I ever find out? Do I care? Can I think of any more questions like this? Tally ho for now.

"A NICE DILEMMA"

...Trial By Jury

by Rod Walker

((This article is being simultaneously...more or less...submitted to WHITESTONIA, VOICE OF DOOM, DIPLOMACY DIGEST, and several other 'zines.))

It's a simple question with a not-so-simple answer: "Can you order a unit to do two things at once?" Most GMs, I imagine, would instantly answer, "No". In a ruling in 1982X last year, that's what Bruce Linsey answered. And the ombudsman selected for the subsequent appeal, Mark Berch, agreed. My answer is, "It depends."

The specific case involves these orders, given first in the normal Rulebook notation, then in the standard notation used in DIPLOMACY WORLD, and then in the notation used in VOICE OF DOOM (and in which the original orders were written):

1. A Ser H 2. A Ser H S by A Gre
 A Gre S A Ser A Gre H S by A Ser
 A Gre H
 A Ser S A Gre
3. A Ser H (A Gre S)
 A Gre H (A Ser S)

Any of these notation systems makes it clear that each unit has been given two orders: one to hold and another to support the other unit in holding. The very extensive Houserules for VoD provide that if a unit is double-ordered, it is shown as unordered (but the question as to whether this is really double-ordering will arise momentarily). This HR is to some extent redundant: the Rules provide that an order which admits of two meanings is not followed, and most GMs subsume double-ordering under that provision.

Accordingly, Bruce Linsey ruled that the units were double-ordered, and recorded them as unordered. The player, Ed Wrobel (Turkey), protested this ruling, but the selected ombudsman, Mark Berch, upheld it. Ultimately, although not immediately, this led to Ed's resignation from the game. He felt he had been shafted by a too-precise application of Houserules without proper appreciation for his intent. This latter was, he said, to issue a single order to each unit: to hold and support the other.

It should not be necessary to point out that the most correct way to submit the orders Ed wanted would have been A Ser S A Gre, A Gre S A Ser. That is the way most players would submit those orders and the way most GMs would expect to see them. Nor is it necessary to point out that the GM cannot really consider what a player intended by his orders; that's pure guesswork. He can only consider what the orders mean (not what the player may have meant by them, but what they actually mean when viewed by the GM).

To show the pitfalls of this business of intent, let's take a look at the possible intents of a player who submits the orders in notation #1 (a couple of these would not apply in cases 2 &/or 3 because of their different construction).

- a. The player remembers that a unit must be holding in order to receive support, so writes the H order as well as the S order in order to be sure.
- b. The player is deliberately double-ordering his units in an attempt to blame the HRs for his failure to deliver a promised support. In other words, it's a ploy.
- c. The player wanted to hold, then decided to support and forgot to cross off the superseded order.
- d. Ditto, support orders changed to holds.
- e. Player is testing GM.
- f. Player wants an excuse to resign from the game.
- g. Who knows? It's a screwy hobby.

No, you can't base a decision on intent; the GM can't read minds and shouldn't have to. However, I hope you will keep these possible intents in mind, since we will return to them later.

The real question here is, is this a double order? The knee-jerk answer is, as I've indicated, "yes". But there is far more to it than that. We must first consider what the Rulebook has to say.

Rule VII.4, last sentence: "A badly written order, which nevertheless can have only one meaning, must be followed."

Rule IX.6, first sentence: "A unit not ordered to move (i.e., one that is ordered to hold, ordered to convoy, ordered to support, or not ordered at all) may receive support in holding." (Emphasis added.) The pre-1971 Rules contained similar language.

The first and most important thing we must note is that a unit which is not ordered to move is in fact holding, regardless of whatever else it may be ordered to do. This statement, and concept, has from the earliest days of the hobby led to some confusion. There were players who thought a unit had to be ordered to hold (as well as support or convoy, if desired) in order to be eligible to be supported in its turn. In the late 1960s it was not uncommon for me, as a GM, to receive an order such as "A Ser H and S A Gre". I printed it as "A Ser S A Gre", and the redundancy soon dawned on the player, who then stopped doing the unnecessary writing. But it was no big deal; the meaning of the order as sent was crystal clear.

It is equally clear, from both his orders and from his subsequent letters, that Ed Wrobel was doing the same thing, under the same misconception of what the Rules actually require. He made a mistake. He was punished for it (one of his units was dislodged and annihilated, which would not have happened had his supports been ruled valid). We're coming back to that point, too.

In the context of Rule IX.6, and of this little snippet of hobby history, we now turn to Rule VII.4. Can there be any real doubt that if a unit is ordered to hold and also to support, the meaning (and I don't mean intent) of this apparent double order is clear? No; the order to hold is redundant...the unit is already doing that. The hold order must be regarded as unnecessary, not as a second, contradictory order. There is no possible contradiction between hold and support (or convoy) in terms of meaning (although the player may have intended it otherwise). My own ruling in this case, therefore, is that the hold order is redundant and disregarded, and the support (or convoy) order is valid.

This brings us back to the list of possible intents. If we ignore the more arcane motives e-g, where do the rewards and penalties fall? The ruling which voids the support order rewards the ploy (b) and a careless error (d). The ruling I recommend, which regards the hold order as redundant, rewards the honest mistake (a) and another careless error (c). Well, the careless errors cancel each other out. That leaves us with making a GM decision which will reward either the Sneaky Pete tactic or the honest player who's just trying his best. Which one is more deserving? Of course the latter player is...after all, the guy with the ploy can just figure out another way to miswrite his orders. But the guy who's just trying to do the best job he can of writing his orders will otherwise get the shaft every time. (Besides, you can call the redundancy to his attention, and he won't repeat it.)

I suppose it comes down to this: are we, as GMs, running a game or are we running a reformatory for bad kids who can't write their orders correctly? Are we really in the business of punishing those who can't turn in perfect order time after time? I don't think so; GMs can be human too, or should be. Insofar as a ruling can be applied consistently and without favoritism, it should allow for the occasional human error (and if it voids out a popular deceptive ploy, well, aw shucks). The rule is simple, and in accordance with the Rulebook: in a dual order to hold and support (or convoy), the hold order is redundant and the convoy (or support) order is valid. What could be simpler? What could be fairer? Oh, ye rigid taskmasters, it's time to get a little flexibility. Let those badly-written orders fly when possible (the Rulebook says you must). After all, when it comes right down to it, fellow GMs, are we here to hinder... or to help?

WHAT IS THIS?

17

DIPSO MANIA was to be the original name of this zine, and I got a few plugs with that name before I decided I didn't like it. Also, several years ago Don Miller had a zine named DIPLO-MANIA, a name close enough to cause confusion. But before I sent the first DIPSOMANIA, I sent out 8 copies of this thing. I think it's the only time a zine has been faked by its own publisher, before the first issue was sent out.

DIPSO MANIA

NUMBER ONE
JULY 31, 1981

DIPSO MANIA...is a funny name for alcoholism and is also a zine published by Scott Hanson, 701 15th Ave. S.E., Minneapolis, MN 55414. Subs are available for the fantastically low price of 10/\$6.00. I only said the zine would be cheap, not the price!!!

PUBBING IS GREAT....

and everyone ought to try it sometime. You get to be as big an asshole as you want and don't have to worry about someone sticking their own comments in ((just like this.)) It's not like my subzine, either, because there I had to type up all that stupid press of Tre Sherwood's all the time. I mean I can handle typing most press, but here I really have to hold my nose while I do it. That's one reason why I'm not xeroxing this...so I don't have to print all those gross pictures of Liney he's always sending in.

Another great thing about pubbing is the bucks. I'm sending this issue out for free, but it's costing me what, a whole three bucks. If I get one of you suckers to send me a sub check, I'll have doubled my investment. Let's see you do that on Wall Street.

Of course, one danger of pubbing is the danger of fakes. It could get to the point when your zine is faked before the first issue has even been sent out. And then they don't even get the name of the zine right. The hobby has been getting really sick and tired of fakes lately, that's why this thing is short and to the point. Kind of like a hip flask of Everclear.

WHY DIPSO MANIA??

This zine is named after my good friend and (now ex-)ally, Kathy "Bloodsucker" Byrne. Living in New York can get to anyone, and good ol' Kathy chooses to get her relief from a bottle of Jack Daniels. It's strange, but this, er, habit of hers actually helps her Diplomacy playing. She has trouble remember who her allies are in what games, so she just goes and stabs everybody. And you all know how organised "Kathy's Korner" is. And who else but a drunk would be so obsessed by a stupid game like "Dip States and Ladders?" (And misspell States at the same time?)

DICK MARTIN IN HIS ZINE...

"Retalitory Dots" wants me to write another chapter in the saga of "The Betrayal of Princess Julia." I already have, Dick, but another publisher has already got first rights to it. You will see it in the Forum section of either the October or November issue of "Penthouse."

IT'S ALMOST A TRADITION NOW...

to list all the fakes of the Walrus, as he calls himself. We won't Tre away this opportunity. I'll, Sleepless Knights, Life of Monty, Whitestonia, Brutus Bulletin, Graustark, Dipso mania, Voice of Doom, The New York Times, Newsweek, High Times, and The World Book Encyclopedia. We thank you all.

IT'S SAD BUT TRUE

John Michaelson, pubber and shit-catcher of "Brutus Bulletin", will be tearing out the John pretty soon. That's right, BB's folding right after issue 99. Seems ol' John boy heard from his astrologist that Oklahoma would sink into the earth the moment no. 100 hit the bottom of the mailbox. You know how Toots is about these things, he's not going to take any chances. Too bad John, We'll miss you. While on the subject, does anybody want a used subzine???

WHAT I DID ON MY SUMMER VACATION...

I bet you all are sick of the answer to this question. After all the only thing I talked about before I left was my trip to Germany, and now that I just got back.. you get to hear about some more. Don't you wish you could afford to go to Europe? Well if you could run a oil company the way I run this sine (see sub rates) then maybe you could be rich like me too. But don't ask me for any money; I'm not sharing.

"Isn't that a long way to get to get laid?" Keith Sherwood once asked. Yes it is, but you have to realize that a normal sex life is rather difficult for a person like me. Oh, sure, having money helps, but face it, my personality is rather, well, irksome. I've never had an American girl that's gone out with me more than twice. There's Frankie, of course, but she's just a dumb foreigner. But if you really want to know what we did; well, we started with a basic missionary, but tried a few other things and ended up with her on top. Less work and more glory, if you know what I mean.

THE GAME,...

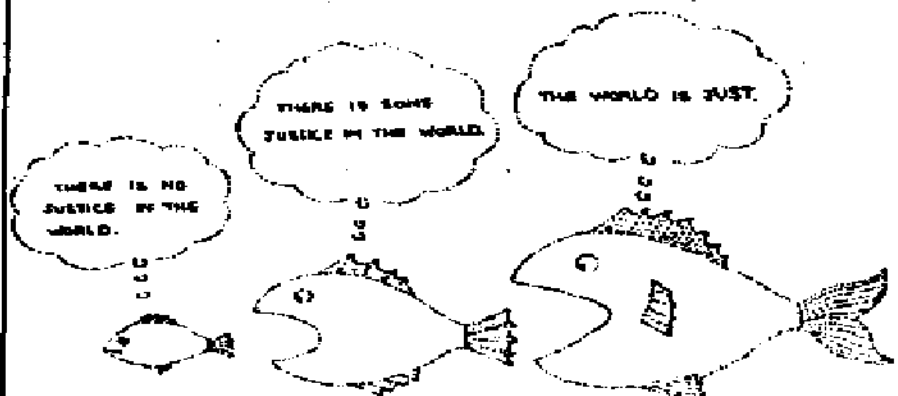
How can I have a sine without a game?? After all, I ain't no Del Monte so I'm going to start this right away. Noy all these people know about the game, though, but I'm sure they'll get their orders in on time. You all know the addresses already, so I'll just list the names...

AUSTRIA	Keith "Tro" Sherwood, a most ambiguous person
ENGLAND	Dick "Grud" Martin, the hobby's resident stab victim
FRANCE	Scott "Irksome" Hanson, who says I can't play in my own game
GERMANY	Kathy "Bloodsucker" Byrne, in her favorite cuntry
ITALY	Fyllis "Jr." Byrne, like mother like daughter
RUSSIA	Bernie "Buddy" Oaklyn, to make the game interesting
TURKEY	John "Toots" Michalski (mde-Gal-ski), separated from ol' lunatics

Well, that about does it for this time. Next time I'll honor Dipscannians of the North GARY COUGHLAN and ELSIE. The game will be going, too, and it should be a dandy. Let me remind the players to send in their sub checks right away. You're a select group that's reading this, you know. Make sure you all give me a plug now. I'll end things with a Norwegian joke...A Norwegian made a boo boo in traffic and dented the fender on another car. The driver of that car pulled the Norwegian out of his car and after chalking a circle on the pavement, instructed the Norwegian to stand in the circle and not move. He then proceeded to bash in the Norwegian's car...smashing the headlights, ramming in the fender, etc...and the whole time the Norwegian was happily laughing as he watched. This got the other driver even more angry, and he demanded to know what was so funny. The Norwegian explained. "Well, when you wasn't watching...I stepped out of dat circle six times." Thanks for letting me run my mineo with you. Good night.

DIPSCANNIA
Scott Hanson
701 15th Ave S.E.
Minneapolis, MN 55414

FIRST CLASS



Drawing by Marshall, 1981
The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

MARSHALL

Does Icarus Brought to Earth a Sense of Home?

Konrad's sense of humor can be compared to his idol, Adolph Hitler, in other words he is as funny as Meinardi defending Mussolini. Julia said "that bad, huh." Konrad's sense of humor is so bad, that when he tells a joke only Benzo Wilson laughs. And to give you an example of Benzo's humor, he laughs at being the hobby's worst GM. Most people avoid Konrad like the bubonic plague. But even you blame them, after all, Konrad is so boring that his biggest thrill in life is biting his fingernails and spitting them at Martin! Konrad's so boring that now Dan Falter has started biting his fingernails for enjoyment, this exciting hobby, too, habit of Konrad's (the smiling game) is really scary. If men it's becoming a fact, just like Leprosy!

Julia said "I don't see what her deal is with Konrad!" She said "it was so thrilling, she threw up. It seems his idea of a good time is to go parking. Julia was thrilled, but she didn't know that Konrad really wanted to practice parallel parking - because he got a real thrill out of hitting other people's bumpers. As a matter of fact, Konrad filled out an application to go on the Dating Game. Jim Lang, the notorious man (Konrad's father) wouldn't let him on because he refused to wear clothes. Konrad protested as he said, "Oh, Pop, you know I'm allergic to them - give me a break." Pop Jim offered to break his eyeteeth so he couldn't bite his cuticles anymore.

Konrad was so mad, he decided to go on the Headayed Game with his eskimo live-in, Manookie Lee-Banmeister. After the first question it was obvious the Banmeisters would lose. The first question was name the thing that excites your bride by Hitler's Konrad said, "Breading those great articles about Benito Mussolini written by Hitler's nephew ~~Paul's~~ ~~Martin~~, Past Finger's Mainardi." Well, when Manookie came back, she made Bob hold up the game until she and the ever smiling hubby, Konrad, rubbed noses. However, this did not help their engagement. Manookie said, "the most exciting thing in my life (aside from watching Konrad bite his fingernails) is observing whale blubber for fun and profit". First question shows a real lead for anyone not related to the Baumeister family. After the second question they crashed off the stage. The question was "what is the first thing you do in the morning?" Konrad said, "check which nails I'm going to bite today." But when Manookie came back, fool said, "I look at Benzo. It's pictures as Konrad won't let us keep any pictures of my old honey, Moss Pearson, in the house." That wasn't bad enough but then Manookie goes on to tell Bob about Konrad's strange habit of growing warts and toenails. Long ago Konrad fought out that eating toenails makes your fingernails grow longer, and that eating warts makes your toenails grow faster. At this point Konrad jumps out and takes off his shoes and socks, and tells everyone to check out his toenails. When Manookie starts to bite Konrad's toenails, the curtain falls on their heads and they are evicted from the game.

from birth.

Yes, life at the Banmeister's was lower than a earthworm's. In fact, Mamoolie felt she deserved a better life and ran off to the West Coast to live among the Baring West Coast Dip Players. With Mamoolie gone Kourad became heart-broken. He went too far, he stopped biting his cuticles and began to bite Julie's toenails. Being two of a kind, Julie and Kourad made quite a home for the 3 kids, not happy, but the closest thing to a home that Kourad would ever know!!!

Marion Bates - The first paragraph
Konrad - for spelling his name and marrying Nanookie!
Woody-Sydney Inc. - production

3 MANEATER

WATCH OUT BOYS I'LL CHEW YOU UP

I'll explain it again to those who have overcome illiteracy since they received the last ISSUE: MANEATERS's purpose is NOT to provide any reasonable solutions to the global problem of overpopulation, nor is it to trigger any masochist resp. sadistic sexual fantasies whatsoever. All I intend to do is give rather unsubtle hints as to what further promotion of male chauvinism and sexism could possibly result in for some males. As a matter of fact I'm fairly positive that massive advertising would help people to get over apprehensions concerning eating manburgers. Yet most importantly I'm functioning as a co-coordinator of a liberating feminist plot which aims at pointing out that men, and not women, are the true minority - most certainly the only minority that has not been discriminated against!

If you are male (which is most likely for an &rsome subber) you may refuse to understand what all the fuss about women's lib has to do with yourself in the first place. After all, you give your wife a fair allowance and raping a woman is not a constant thought on your mind. Or you might even think of yourself as a liberated male since you don't subscribe to Penthouse or Hustler magazine - you KNOW that you don't HAVE to spend money when you want to look at raw flesh: you can always go to the next department of a grocery store for fresh "cute little baby" in some elevator. The fact that she took out a scissors to threaten your manhood taught you that sexual harassment is, hm, unkind. Or maybe you have put your name on those numerous waiting lists for sex-change operations because you firmly believe that women are the favored sex. I suppose in a certain sense we are, in fact, the favored sex for the simple reason that we are assigned rather unique tasks. Assuming we fulfill society's tasks (God or the Supreme Court help us if we don't) we end up getting married off (note the passive voice) before we know how to spell equality and have to live a double-career life, i.e. being paid \$59 for every male \$ earned on the one hand and not even receiving any appreciation for doing housework while the beloved patriarch snores in front of the T.V. on the other. And the fact that politics are male-dominated (I'm into understatements) explains why raising children is not honored with free face-lifting, leave alone social security benefits. Be all this as it may, the most unique and upsetting thing about being female is to be regarded as a sex object. Regardless whether it concerns your job or your social life too often you are judged by your sex appeal (i.e. breast size or whatever may seem significant to some male distorted minds) rather than anything important. Or have YOU ever been asked what size jock strap you wear?

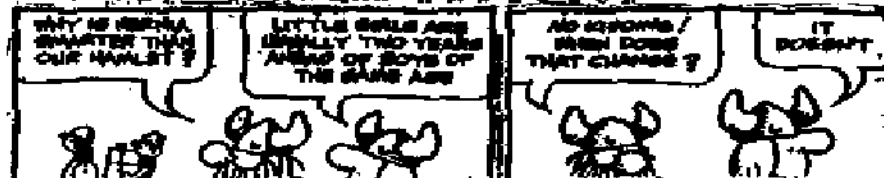
You must understand that I don't generally hate men or anything, but knowing that I had to travel that far to find someone satisfactory for sharing my feminist life with should give you a clue. Men aren't all that bad if you give them a fair chance for rehabilitation from centuries of screw-up. Some, however, never seem to learn - and you better believe it, they are the ones that make me damn hungry!

THE WEARD OF 18

by Bruce Parker and Johnny Hart



WHEN WHO SEEK TO BE EQUAL TO MEN LACK A B I T I O N



Sexism and Sexiness

by Edward Wrobel

There is no more pressing problem facing The Hobby today (other than the alleged improprieties surrounding the Miller Award balloting) than the issue of sexism versus sexiness. And what more appropriate forum in which to bedcloud this controversial than Irksonel, Dipdom's most sexually sophisticated quasi-European North American zine.

Sexiness, although somewhat subjective, is also quite apparent. You know what turns you on; you may know what turns your mate on; and you probably agree that there are different strokes for different folks, to abuse a cliché (within the variable bounds of propriety-- more on this later).

Ah, but sexism...now there is a horse of a different color, a pea in a separate pod, a pectoral of indifferent flaccidity. Many things, including words, actions and leers, can be construed as sexist within a certain context, but nonsexist, or perhaps "liberating," by a different mind in similar circumstances, or at a greater level of euphoria. Certain of these things may be...sexy!

How do we know this?

Let us take an example, for example. A few months ago Playboy came to the University of Maryland to advertise for women to pose in an upcoming "Girls of the Atlantic Coast Conference" pictorial. (You know they really did not want pre-pubescent girls, right?) Lo and behold, the competition was intense-- both for and against. The winners on either side received some media exposure and the top "for" was paid \$300. She and a sister from Virginia were interviewed by The Washington Post. Each declined the label "feminist," which they defined as a radical person who stirs up trouble, BUT came down squarely on the "feminist side" of equal-pay-for-equal-work ("and all that"), which they viewed as "just common sense." Is this co-optation or a stunning victory for the proponents of women's rights? It is both. Vital feminist issues are now mainstream positions. This is not the same as effectuation of feminist solutions. It is possible that an insignificant portion of the photographer's expense account exceeded Ms. MD's pittance.

So what is sexist here? The baring of Ms. M's mammary? (Only one was displayed.) Her slave wages? The viewing of the mammary? The inequality of career opportunity that compelled this underprivileged white middle-class college student to sell her photo? What about beefcake? Are those guys better off than those of us with large brains, small muscles and receding hairlines? What about the beeper who has a C.P.A. and an ego as large as some other portion of his anatomy? Will not the meek inherit the earth?

Perhaps we cannot agree on the answers to these questions. But we may agree on certain salient points. Surely beefcake and cheesecake are not equivalent. Surely a cheese's casual remark about "all that" does not demonstrate a grasp of the intricacies at play here. Surely we dare not begin a third

sentence in this manner.

How about another paragraph?

Sexism has to do with decision-making, power and money. Sometimes sexiness does, too. Herein lies the confusion but a clear head will out, as always. Sexiness is subjective, individualized and, although largely culturally-defined, not a socio-economic phenomenon, per se. Sexism is simply the unbalanced distribution of socio-economic power and the results flowing therefrom. Thus, Ms. M's breast cannot, in itself, be considered sexist. We do not know if the transaction which resulted in the exposure is sexist, but we suspect there might be some sexist elements involved somewhere along the line.

As for the public portion of the Hanson/Petersen affair, we really do not wish to comment.



*"It's not that I'm shy with girls—I'm just afraid
I'll say something sexist."*

PERSONAL NEWS

Maybe I can fill a whole page of this, seeing as I have twice as many people to talk about.

First of all, yes we have set a date. Look at the postmark of the zine. If things work out, this should be mailed the very day we get married: Sept 6. We have an appointment with a state district court judge (The Honorable Susanne Sedgwick) that morning at nine am. Then it's off to St. Paul for Franke's interview with the IIS. The reception will be held at several bars as we go bar hopping in St. Paul that night. Thanks again to everyone who has sent well wishes.

The employment picture is getting a bit better—are there any unemployed people left in the hobby? Franke is even working, at (you guessed it) a McDonald's. A new shopping center has opened downtown with a new McDonald's. She is working weekday mornings at (ugh!) 5:30 am. Also we are both working concessions for football games at the Dome—that's probably as close as I'll come to seeing a football game there, for the Vikings at least.

Franke and I did make it to Michita, even though we couldn't afford it. And we did have a good time, even though I was passed out for a good part of Saturday evening. We did learn how to play Civilization, so the weekend was was educational as well. We rode down with Jim Williams from Des Moines, and to save money, we hitch hiked from Iowa to Minneapolis on Monday. We won't tell you about the guy who just got out of the army and was going to see his buddy in prison for 1st degree murder. But he picked us up.

Sure has been damned hot this summer. Really.

Meanwhile we are going about the business of setting up a household. We got some real nice shelves (planks and cinder blocks), and a wonderful dresser of unknown design (free from a friend.) We've even started a beer bottle collection, with 20 different designs without even trying. Meanwhile, for general consumption, we have switched from Special Export to Old Style. We can't live a complete life of luxury, after all.

Oh well, we have to be to the printer by 5 pm so I'll end this quick. We'll throw in this article sent in by Ed Mcobel as a follow-up to his article. Say good nite, Frankel

Playboy's Nonstudent Body

Baring the Facts: The Model From U-Md. Isn't

By Carol Krueck

Kerry McClurg, the 18-year-old aspiring actress billed as the University of Maryland's student body in the current Playboy magazine feature "Girls of the Atlantic Coast Conference," has never taken a class at the University of Maryland.

"I registered with the intention of attending," McClurg said yesterday from the Collegeville, Md., video store where she works 16 to 30 hours a week. "But I didn't have the finances. I plan to take classes as soon as I can afford it."

McClurg was admitted to the College Park campus May 2 for the 1983 summer term only, a university spokeswoman said yesterday. But McClurg has never registered for any classes, and her \$20 registration fee has not been paid.

Photographer David Chan photographed McClurg on May 4, according to Playboy publicity director Dave Salyers. "We don't lie about these things," Salyers said. "We've

had people try to sneak into these things before, so we require a student ID or registration or something that shows admission to the university."

Playboy's files contain a photograph of McClurg's admission application, an university letterhead, dated May 2. "Officially," Salyers said, "she's a student. We're not about to put private detectives after her to make sure she goes to classes."

McClurg, pictured kneeling in the nude in the current Playboy, had said in an interview Monday that she "just managed to graduate" from High Point High School in Prince George's County in 1982. "I was in a talented and gifted program when I was real young," she said. "I never studied [but I] got A's."

"But by my senior year of high school I was just so bored I didn't apply myself." Her high school grade-point average: "1.8 or something like that."

See PLAYBOY, PG. C2 2

PLAYBOY, From C1

McClurg yesterday said she took 12 credits at Towson State University as a theater arts major in the fall of 1982, then quit because "it didn't work out . . . I was working 30 hours a week, going to school and rehearsing in a show. It was too much."

McClurg said a friend who attended the University of Maryland showed her Playboy's ad in the campus newspaper, The Diamondback, early in the year. A photographer friend shot the required full-body and head shots of bathing-suit clad McClurg in the back room of the video store, which she kept in to Playboy. She was one of about 200

respondents to the Diamondback ad. Playboy called her in April to set up a photo session. In an article accompanying the pictorial, McClurg is quoted as saying: "I've wanted to be in Playboy since I was 14."

As to whether Playboy's presence on the College Park campus affected her scholastic plans, McClurg said: "I showed Playboy my admission slip. That's all I have to say."

Students admitted to the university, as McClurg was, for the "summer session only" are considered "special students" and must reapply for admission to the fall or spring semesters, noted the University of Maryland spokeswoman.



By Gerald Marston—The Washington Post
Kerry McClurg: "I registered with the intention of attending."

4
"You will never find a more wretched hive of scum and villany" ~~edited text~~

MOS RISLEY SPACEPORT

#35, July 83

MOS RISLEY is a roving subzine put out for sub credit by the incredibly cheap and also unemployed John Michalski, Rt 10 Box 526-Q, Moore, OK 73165. Letters and comments are appreciated, even the raspberries among them. I need filler too.

HOBBY NEWS: Well, Frauke's here, as I just found out when I called Scott's place hoping to intercept their mattress wrestling (10pm on the 2d), but it was just Scott saying she was still at Caruso's. That's sure nice of John, keeping Frauke a day so that when she sees Scott, she will be impressed and relieved at seeing a real he-man by comparison for a change. And to think he wonders at everyone wanting him to stay home again for PudgeCon II....

By the time this sees print, Detroit will be behind us, so that's all old hat. Nothing left now that those preliminaries are out of the way except Wichita. If half the people show up who say they will be there, it will be quite a turnout. And with Woody probably not showing up this year, Daf to dazzle us, Julie to stun us, Kathy to impress us in her new lowcut BWG uniform (copied from Pope Joan II's outfit, I understand), and Frauke there to insult us, I'm sure it will be exciting. Of course since our money runs out next month, I may only be there 2-3 hours per night or day, sandwiched between shifts at the 7-11 or Circle K store I'll be working, but maybe we can all call "Dixie Gray" for a laugh, and I can ask our Boardwoman Number Mistress to return last year's favor by taking ME to the Ailing Steak Restaurant.

The warm weather has dampened all the budding feuds we had perking there for a while, and chief among the wet blankets is ol' Kinsey, who refuses to fight, but instead responds to recent attacks by saying only pleasantries and plugs for his detractors. Very Christian of him, if I do say so myself. Just today I got a postcard from him that he asked me to send back to his friend Alex Lord for a birthday project for her: the 60 or so preaddressed cards fit together into a composite greeting for her. Like he says, a little corny, but impressive in its way, and it keeps your mind off hobby stuff. Alex is turning 16, by the way. I wonder what they will be up to in two years time? Brux will probably be totally senile by then. Alex's latest column was making fun of how he had hinted to his old students he wanted a going away party, but they ignored it. Reminded me of the time I got out of service. My 4 new young troopies, trained into real veterans I-could-give-a-shit-less attitude by me, their proud section chief, were sitting around the section my last day when I walked in. I took off my regular Air Force name tag, which said "Yossarian" for those of you who remember the then-current MASH movie (or was it Catch 22?), and I said "Which of you guys has the balls to wear this?". One of my best jumped right up there and snatched it from my hand saying, "I will, sergeant!". Ah, really made me proud. Those guys only had 15 months in service, but 4 months under me, and you'd think to watch and listen to them, they were all getting out in 3 weeks! I re ally felt good leaving such

P.S.: I'm just learning THIRD REICH. Any tips?

MES 34, page 2

a fine trained group. Reminded me of the good job my first supervisor had done, teaching us the right way to view service 3 years before. He set a precedent for me which I believe I succeeded in following; maybe Linsey is trying to set a precedent too? Fritz and Jurkowski would be proud of him, turning the other cheek and all. On the other hand, I turned a blind side to Jurkowski (both are real religious types, if you missed it) and his England stabbed me! So much for Christianity and Diplomacy.

In a week, I will be on two weeks active duty with the Air Force Reserve. I pissed off quite a few people, kicking the asses I had to over here to get some time, but I've been lied to, ignored, and generally goosed in the ass every month of the 4 I've been out there, so I'm not really upset at the "loss" of any goodwill. The \$500 it ought to generate will extend my unemployment an extra week or two, and will pay for the house for July; August, I haven't figured out yet. All I'm thinking about is PudgeCon then anyhow, kind of like Scott with Franke vs. all the other trivial details—like life, and things like that. I'm looking forward to her forthcoming column in IRM, something like RED BRIGADE IN AMERICA or something.

How about some LETTERS:

MUNCHKIN OF THE NORTHLAND (excerpt)

Saw Return of the Jedi on the 3d day. I'll bet you were bummed out when Darth Vader sold out. Hey, our heroes can't be perfect. Even with the cutsey teddy bears, it was pretty good. I'll go again.

((I won't. I was neutral by the end. The whole thing seemed too cornball to me: nothing new, no one new, except Jabba, and between the corny puppet guards (the worst item in the film) and the duplication of ideas between Jabba and the wierd warlord in Spacehunter who was similar in setting and style, I was glad to see the end. ANY end. If I had the money to see it again, I'd use it on MARGARET or SUPERMAN III instead. Claudine wants to see PORKY II, so we wind up seeing nothing. Probably just as well.))

BILL KAZOONKO (excerpt)

I made it to Russnak's June 11-12. Won as Turkey, got drunk, lost one of my games (meaning someone else took it home). Those attending—Konrad Baumeister, Mike Preuh, Paul Rauterberg, Eric Ozog, Mark Luedi, Mike Quirk, James Wall, and Andy Lischett. Everyone has another con coming up. One in Indianapolis June 18. In Med's on July 3-4, Origins, and PudgeCon. Plus talk of organizing a Labor Day fest. Might just beat these things to death. No hard feelings in evidence at this one. As always, beautiful weekend weather to stay in for. Just watch next weekend deluge the Midwest.

((I don't think one can OD on these things. Maybe on Russnak, or Rauterberg, ~~at~~ ~~but~~, but not on all the fun of these get-togethers. The two I've been able to make make me eager for more. But then, maybe P'Con II will change my mind this year?

Did you list all those folks so we can be warned of who's a crook? Remember, this is a non-controversial sine. Isn't it?))

MARK BIRCH DEPT.

Summer is really upon us now, 90s every day, one new high set so far, I unable to afford to put on the airconditioner. (Last month's electric bill was \$90+ anyhow, all electric house). It should break by September, when perhaps I can get some substitute teaching. Paper says unemployment is down now on paper, since so many are like me, about out of benefits. Oh, well. On to Michita!

P.S. Where are DIJAGH and NSWG? They each have old MES: to run!

((Women joining this overwhelmingly male Diplomacy hobby always initially delight us ~~as~~ as they add that indescribable "feminine touch". Even more welcome are females like Frauke Petersen who continue delighting all who read and meet them with a completely friendly sense of humor---the type of fun that hurts no one and which everyone can enjoy.

As all readers of Irksons know, Frauke is Scott's fiancée from West Germany and she arrived in Minneapolis on July 2, 1983 to permanently live in the United States and to marry Scott (within 90 days according to her visa's conditions, ha ha!). This play is a fictitious account (---means it never happened like this, that I just made it up---jeez, give me a break, Randy Ellis!) of that day and is dedicated to Scott and Frauke, whose friendship continues to mean a lot to me. The following persons appear in this play, in order of appearance:

SCOTT HANSON, the pubber of Irksons, who used to work at McDonald's, but now works in a law library, lives in Minneapolis, Minnesota.

DON DITTER, the Boardman Number Custodian(BNC) for 1981 until late June, 1983, originally from Minnesota where he still has family, but now lives in New York.

CLAUDE CAMRON, pubber of the French-language zine Quinipique who lives in Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.

FRAUKE PETERSEN, devotee of the Green political movement in West Germany, and the West German fiancée of Scott Hanson who is just arriving in America.

((Times: 1 PM, Saturday, July 2, 1983. This is the day that Frauke Petersen arrives in Minneapolis to join Scott Hanson.

((Scene: 233 Oak Grove St., Apartment 306, Minneapolis, Minnesota, home of Scott Hanson and the soon-to-be-arriving Frauke Petersen. The apartment, located in the "ROBERT" building, is in the middle of a gay neighborhood. Scott Hanson is madly scurrying around the living room, desperately trying to get the apartment into some sort of order before Frauke sees it for the first time. He has been here for 10 days now and it's still a mess! There is no furniture--no shelves, no couch, no bed---only a television set and a stereo which is loudly playing the Ramones "Road to Ruin" album. Dust is everywhere, boxes are piled high with household goods and books are scattered all around everywhere. Scott sighs, looks dejected, then sits down and eats his Big Mac and chocolate milkshake when there is a knock on the door:))

Scott: (His mouth full of hamburger) Juss she minnut!

((Scott opens the front door. It is Don Ditter whom Scott met last year at ORIGINS in Baltimore when Don was the BNC. Don has just resigned that position.))

Scott: Don! What a surprise! What brings you out to this neck of the woods?!

Don: Would you believe that I need a refuge from some of the "friendly neighbors" that you have in this neighborhood, ha ha! Actually, I'm in Minneapolis visiting my brother Dave and, from reading Irksons #27, I know Frauke is getting in today and thought you might like some elbow grease in fixing stuff up around here. (Looks around at the mess). I see I was right!

Scott: Right and very welcome! I'm just taking a lunch break. I pick Frauke up at the airport at 2:15. She's been on airplanes for 3 days now--Lufthansa across the Atlantic with a stopover in New York and then today's Republic flight to Minneapolis. I haven't seen her since last August, and for a while it looked like she would be held up even longer.

Don: Yes, I read where she needed a police certificate or something from some Minnesota town where she lived for awhile? Her letter in Irksons #27 said she might bomb the US Consulate in West Germany if they didn't get that visa to her in time.

Scott: She's so cute when she's mad! All I know is that Vice President Bush visited West Germany, got stoned with rocks and bottles by demonstrators and that Frauke suddenly got her visa. Coincidence?

Don: Well, you know her better than I do. Is she like the stereotyped German woman---you know "Kirche, Küche und Kinder"?

Scott: "Church, Kitchen and Children"? Frauke? GOD, NO!! She hates Bavarians, drinks beer all the time, is very much into politics and is a fervent supporter of the

((Continues on page 27---T&E---))

Green movement. Do you know Petra Kelly?

Don: Oh yes, the American-educated leader of the Greens who wants a neutralized East and West Germany, no nuclear weapons and dachshunds in the Parliament, right?

Scott: Yes. She is Frauke's heroine. Frauke is very upset that the conservative Helmut Kohl got elected Chancellor so I intend to avoid talking politics with her. Would you like some of these McDonald's hamburgers?

Don: No thanks, I'm an Arby's man, myself. Where are you working now?

Scott: In a law library at the university. I'm the only man there and I work with 10, count 'em 10, women! It's nice most of the time except when there is a mouse, they all expect me--as the man--to get rid of it, and I'm just as scared of mice as they are. That reminds me--would you help me set out these Beach Motels to get another pest which scares me--cockroaches?

Don: Sure, "they check in, but they don't check out". When are you and Frauke getting married?

Scott: Within 90 days or her visa ends and she must return to Germany. If she had gotten here two days earlier, I could have saved \$10.00 on the license!

Don: Believe me, marriage costs more than you would expect. Ten bucks is cheap compared to raising children! Enjoy the honeymoon and make it last!

Scott: I'm ready for the honeymoon. I've been studying all the "Michalaki Love Secrets"!

Don: What's that?

Scott: Some press that John Michalaki submits in Bob Oasch's Mass Murders game. The clearest one is "Liquor up front, poker in the rear", ha ha. Frauke should be ready too. Before her flight over, she stopped by to see that French-speaking Belgian Casanova, Michel Liedward, for a few drinks. And that better be all that happened!

((Suddenly there is knock at the front door. Scott opens it. Claude Gantron of Canada, the pubber of Quinipique, introduces himself.))

Claude: Hello, Scott Hanson? I'm one of your subbers, Claude Gantron.

Scott: Hi Claude. I appreciate your dedication but you didn't have to come all the way from Canada just to submit standby orders for Germany in "Bad Brain", ha ha!

Claude: Ha, ha, no, no. Actually I'm on my way to Mark Frueh's MAD CON I in Madison, Wisconsin. He said, in No Fixed Address, that he needed a Canadian there for "international status". Voila! C'est moi!...But I also wanted to meet the infamous Scott Hanson. Did you know you have some very friendly neighbors out there?

Scott: Oh, then. Never mind them! Claude, pubber of Quinipique and from Winnipeg, Manitoba, I'd like you to meet Don Ditter, our just-retired BWC.

Don: Hi Claude. Hey, did you ever "GET STUCK IN WINNIPEG"???

Claude: Pardon?

Don: Oh, that was just a joke. In Irksome #27, Keith Sherwood's article said to "get stuck in Winnipeg" meant always being second best....and....uh...well... ..uh, why did you say you wanted to meet the "infamous" Scott Hanson?

Claude: Well, any one person who can be elected the "Most Sexist Hobby Member", be misrepresented by Mark Berch on the "not-for-print" letter issue and be called a "commie" by Bill Highfield sounds like a most interesting person to meet.

Scott: Commie! That's what got me! I'm a Republican myself.

Claude: I'm so sorry for you then. Isn't your fiancée, Frauke, arriving today?

Scott: Yes! Would you like to go with Don and me to pick her up? I'll probably need help because she's been drinking that airline beer for 3 days straight!

Don: Jesus! Don't let Dick or Julie Martin hear about that or they will spread it all over the hobby letter columns and in many sines that Frauke is an alcoholic and has a drinking problem!

Claude: Really? Why should anyone be interested in such a thing?

Scott: Oh, they only do that if they don't like you or if you were "painfully blunt" with them instead of their accustomed vice versa. They like Frauke, so there is no problem. Besides they call you a "drunkard", not an "alcoholic."

Claude: Is there a difference? What is the difference?

Don: That's the \$64,000 question, the answer to which we'd all like to know, ha ha!

Scott: I think I'm going to take Frauke to see "The Rocky Horror Show" tonight. We always dress up in freaky, punkish clothes. First, I have to put this bucket of water atop the back door.

((Continued on page after this

Claude: Why?

Scott: Well, the back door doesn't have a lock yet. If someone tries to break in while we are gone, the bucket will fall on them, get them wet and alert Mrs Nielsen upstairs and she'll call the police.

Don: What could a thief possibly want to steal from here?! Your Ramones' albums? (picks up an album). What is the Ina Deter Band?

Scott: That's Frauke's favorite West German music group. They're very socially conscious and the songs have deeply meaningful lyrics and fit Frauke's philosophy. Let's go now or we'll be late!

((So Scott Hanson, Don Ditter and Claude Gautron drive to the Minneapolis International Airport to pick up Frauke. The trip takes about 30 minutes and the three guys go to the Republic Airlines waiting area where Frauke Petersen will disembark after her trip from New York.....SUDDENLY, Scott sees Frauke, then gasps. Claude's and Don's mouths are open in astonishment. Frauke Petersen has her hair dyed orange and red, her face is painted chalk-white, she is wearing a "Petra Kelly" t-shirt, and a button pinned to her chest which says "Grün wächst"(the motto of the Greens "Green Grows") and blue jeans. When she sees Scott, she begins marching toward him in a military manner!))

Claude: Der Kommissar is in town, wa, wa, wa!

Don: She won't have to get dressed for "The Rocky Horror Show" now!

Frauke: Mein Mann kommt für mich. I hope you have some decent beer. This watered-down American beer is repulsive. Do you have some Slensburger Bier?

Scott: Yes, Slensburger at home! (Kisses Frauke and gets the white chalk all over his face) Ugh, Frauke, why have you painted your face white like this?

Frauke: To symbolize the skeleton of death if there is a nuclear war. Coming to this imperialist country, I wanted to make a bold statement without words. Why is it so crowded here and who are these men with you?

Scott: It's the Fourth of July holiday and these are hobby member, Don Ditter whom you met last year at ORIGINS and Claude Gautron. Claude speaks French!

Frauke: French!! Don't talk to me about French-speakers! That Michel Lienard pinched my bottom black and blue! Italian men are the worst but I must say that Belgians are just as persistent it seems. You're not Belgian, are you?

Claude: No, I'm Canadian, from Winnipeg in Manitoba.

Frauke: Winnipeg---capital of Manitoba, population 560,874. I have always wondered why the Prairie Provinces of Canada don't have a Province motto like the other Provinces do. Why is that?

Claude: Ah, you are a German and you know much more about my own country than I do, I'm afraid.

Don: And Scott said that you weren't the typical German woman. He was right, but you do have the detailed knowledge characterized by the Germans.

Frauke: Danke. What a nice compliment.

Don: And I might add that I'm glad to see European women come into their own. I see that Margaret Thatcher is a more effective leader than most men and...

Scott: Oh, no, I told you not to mention politics!!

Frauke: ARRRRGCGGHHHHHHH!!!! MARGARET THATCHER!! That reactionary Fascist!! She is as bad as Kohl. She is a Schweinhundin!! Let's get out of here at once and ~~and~~ the new home you have selected for us.

((Our group of four gets Frauke's luggage, all of it, and drive back to the apartment. Once there, Don and Claude are the first ones out of the car and come into the house with several of Frauke's suitcases!))

Don: Scott's neighbors sure are persistent, aren't they?!

Claude: Yes! I wonder if this is how Frauke felt with Michel Lienard---all that unwanted attention! And I really wonder what Frauke will think of this messy place.

Don: So do I. The Germans have always been proverbial for cleanliness and order. Perhaps the younger generation is different though.

Scott: (staggering in with 3 suitcases). Puff! Puff! Will one of you turn the TV for Frauke. There is something or other she wants to see on it.

Don: Sure, my man. (Flips the TV on). Here comes Frauke now.

Frauke: (Sees the messy apartment) ACH DU LIEBER GOTT!!!!

Claude: (aside to Don) Looks like the Schlasse is about to hit the fan!

Frauke: WAS IST DIESE????!! A PIC STY????!! Ah I, A LOYAL FAN OF PETRA KELLY, ~~ARRRRRG~~ EXPECTED TO LIVE IN DIESE MESS????!!

((Continued on page next this

((CONTINUE ON PAGE 117))

Claude: Why don't you ride down with me; I've got plenty of room. Want to come, Don?
Don: No, I came especially to see my brother so I'll have to say no, but thanks anyway.

((From the other room suddenly comes a loud shriek and cry!!!))

Frauke: AAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHH!!!! WASSER!! WASSER!!! WASSER!!! AAAGGGGGHHH!!!

Don: The bucket! The bucket of water over the back door! You forgot about the bucket!!

Scott: Oh, Jesus!

((Frauke comes into the room. She is drenched, soaking wet. All the white powder on her face has been rinsed off. She is fuming. She looks at Scott:))

Frauke: Well! What do you have to say about this?!

Scott: Uh, blame Gary? Uh, I didn't know you had such a great suntan but I can certainly see that you do with that white powder off.

Claude: Yeah, you're all ready for the rain scene in "The Rocky Horror Show" now.

Don: And you can go to the Minneapolis Aquatennial Celebration and not have to worry about getting wet!

Frauke: AAAAAAARRRRRRRRGGGGGGGGHHHHHHH!!!!

((Just then they hear the wail of police sirens and a voice from upstairs))

Mrs. Nielsen: Whoever is down there better get out. I've called the police!!

Claude: Quick, let's all go to MAD CON I. We won't get in trouble there!

Scott: Sigh, I wonder what July 3rd will be like!

Gary: Okay, Scott and Frauke, how close was I to what it was really like?!

---THE END---

WHY I AM PUBLISHING... ((from IRISOME #1, Aug. 1981))

There are several reasons why I have started (well, actually expanded) IRISOME:
 Here are a few of the minor ones.

Because I am a vain person who likes to see his name in print.

So I don't have to pay for DIPLOMAC or my Maine Diplomacy SHE does. (But Fred, do I send this to you, or Glenn Overby, or Ronald Brown, or who? I'm so confused!)

To make up for my lack of playing ability...anyone who's played with me knows I am very gullible; I mean, in MINIMAL I believed Kathy Byrnes for 8 game years.

To be able to respond to Jack Masters' unfounded charges against my fair home state of Minnesota, and the fantastic city of Minneapolis in particular.

To be able to let the whole hobby know if and when my first postal win comes. (But don't hold your breath...)

To give Mark Low, the hobby's most ~~illegible~~ illegible writer, a home. We Brothers of the Frozen North gotta stick together.

To be able to thrust my irrational opinions and obnoxious music tastes on an unsuspecting world.

To say thank you to everyone who helped me get started in this crazy hobby.

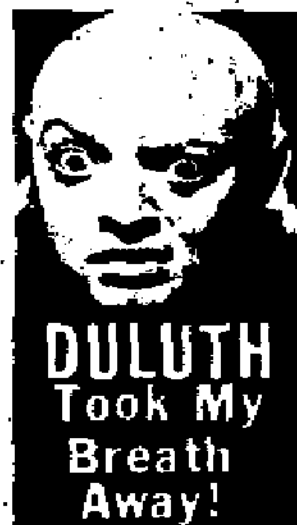
Funny behavior. It's no laughing matter.

Call Inforeurps. (800)489-1000 - Maybe it's your life, but it's our business.

DIE ADRESSENLISTE (8/8/83)

For the benefit of Gary Coughlan, Dick Martin, and fans of address lists everywhere...

- *1 Steve Armwoodian, 602 Hemlock Ln, Lansdale PA 19446
- 2 Mike Parno, Box 1153, 25 Andrews Dr, Rochester NY 14623
- *3 Konrad Baumister, 11416 Parkview Ln, Halas Corners WI 53130
- 4 Bill Becker, 810 Turwill, Kalamazoo MI 49007
- 5 Richard Benjamin, 4591 Liberty Rd, South Euclid OH 44121
- 6 Mark Berch, 492 Naylor Pl, Alexandria VA 22304
- 7 Derwood Bowen, 1643 Graniteway Ln, Columbus OH 43229
- 8 Kevin Brown, 100 Patton Dr, Warner Robbins GA 31093
- *9 Ron Brown, 1200 Summerville Ave, Ottawa ONT, CANADA K1Z 6G4
- *10 Ron Brown, 1528 El Sarano Pl, Bakersfield CA 93304
- 11 Jim Burgess, 66 Hall St, Providence RI 02904
- *12 Phyllis Byrne, 160-02 43rd Ave, Flushing NY 11358
- *13 Dave Carter, 118 Norsham Ave, Willowdale ONT, CANADA M2N 1Z9
- *14 Gary Coughlan, 4644 Martha Cole Ln, Memphis TN 38118
- 15 Cathy Cuning, 1603 NE 50th St, Seattle WA 98105
- *16 Fred Davis, 1427 Clairidge Rd, Baltimore MD 21207
- 17 Don Del Grande, 142 Eliseo Dr, Greenbrae CA 94904
- 18 Don Ditter, 63 S Main St, Florida NY 10921
- 19 Paula Marie Dodge, P O Box 35, Warren Center PA 16851
- 20 Luc Dodinaval, Au Passou 18, 4600 Mahagne, BELGIUM
- *21 Vic Dupont, 24 Old Hamorock Rd, White Plains NY 10605
- 22 Mike Ehl, 136 E 34th Ave, Eugene OR 97405
- *23 Randy Ellis, 8310 Grandview Ln, Overland Park KS 66212
- 24 Thomas Franks, Rosenstr. 11, 4220 Dinslaken, WEST GERMANY
- 25 Mark Fresh, 1013 Milton St Apt 304, Madison WI 53703
- 26 Claude Gantron, 620 rue St-Jean-Baptiste, Winnipeg MAN, CANADA R2H 2Y1
- 27 Evans Givan, PO Box 15761, Sacramento CA 95852
- *28 Steve Kainowski, 12034 Pyle S Ashurst, Oberlin OH 44071
- 29 Nelson Neitzman, 2255 Delaware Ave #C-4, Buffalo NY 14216
- 30 Lu Henry, 6056 Waverly, Dearborn Heights MI 48127
- 31 Bill Highfield, 2012 Ridge Rd E, Rochester NY 14622
- 32 Steve Hutton, 704 Brant St, London ONT, CANADA N5T 3H1
- 33 Nancy Irwin, 4109 Magnolia Ave #1N, St. Louis MO 63110
- 34 Ken Iverson, 17601 Preston Rd #275, Dallas TX 75252
- 35 John Kador, 20 Hilltop Rd, Silver Springs ID 20910
- 36 Eric Kane, 109 Hicks Ln, Great Neck NY 11024
- 37 Chuck Kaplan, 742 Grouse Ct, Deerfield IL 60015
- 38 Mark Keller, 9536 Shumway Dr, Orangevale CA 95662
- 39 Michael Keller, 9 Chadmen Ct, Baltimore MD 21207
- *40 Steve Langley, 4112 Boone Ln, Sacramento CA 95821
- *41 Mark Larzelere, 7607 Fountainsblom #2352, New Carrollton MD 20784
- *42 Mark Lew, 3120 W 79th St, Anchorage AK 99502
- 43 Michel Liesnard, Rue Albert de Latour 59 (Ste 10), Schaerbeek, 1030 Bruxelles, BELGIUM
- *44 Bruce Linsey, 244 Quarry Dr, Albany NY 12205
- 45 Andy Lischoff, 3025 N Davlin Ct, Chicago IL 60610
- 46 Mark Maedi, P O Box 2424, Bloomington IL 47402
- *47 Larry McCloud, 475 Grand Canyon Blvd Apt C, Reno NV 89502
- 48 Tom Mainardi, 1403 Lawrence Rd, Havertown PA 19083
- *49 Dick Martin, 26 Orchard Way N, Rockville MD 20854
- 50 Michael Masche, PO 1 Box 352, Lake Mills MI 53551



The following excerpt is from Snow's Annotated Criminal Code of Canada, explaining why it is illegal to read SENSELESS HUMOR in public. (Sec. 159).

the purpose of publication, distribution or circulation, a crime comic.

(2) Every one commits an offence who knowingly, without lawful justification or excuse,

(a) sells, exposes to public view or has in his possession for such a purpose any obscene written matter, picture, model, phonograph record or other thing whatsoever,

(b) publicly exhibits a disgusting object or an indecent show,

(c) offers to sell, advertises, publishes an advertisement of, or has for sale or

SUSPENDED DETAILS

- 51 Mike Kanner, 1338-D Harvard St, Santa Monica CA 90401
 52 Jim Veinot, 7410 Nancy St E, Anchorage AK 99507
 *53 John Michalski, Rt 10 Box 5260, Moore OK 73165
 54 Jeff Moto, 299-11 Diamond Village, Gainesville FL 32603
 55 Bob Olsen, 6018 Winterberry Cr, Wichita KS 67226
 56 Bob Csach, 2247 Inverness, Mesa AZ 85204
 *57 Eric Ozog, 1526 N Lawler Ave, Chicago IL 60651
 *58 Dan Falter, Box 156 Cedarhurst NY 11516
 59 Dave Perlmuter, 773 Hillbrook Ln, Haverford PA 19041
 60 Bruce Poppe, 324 Penwells Ct, Exton PA 19341

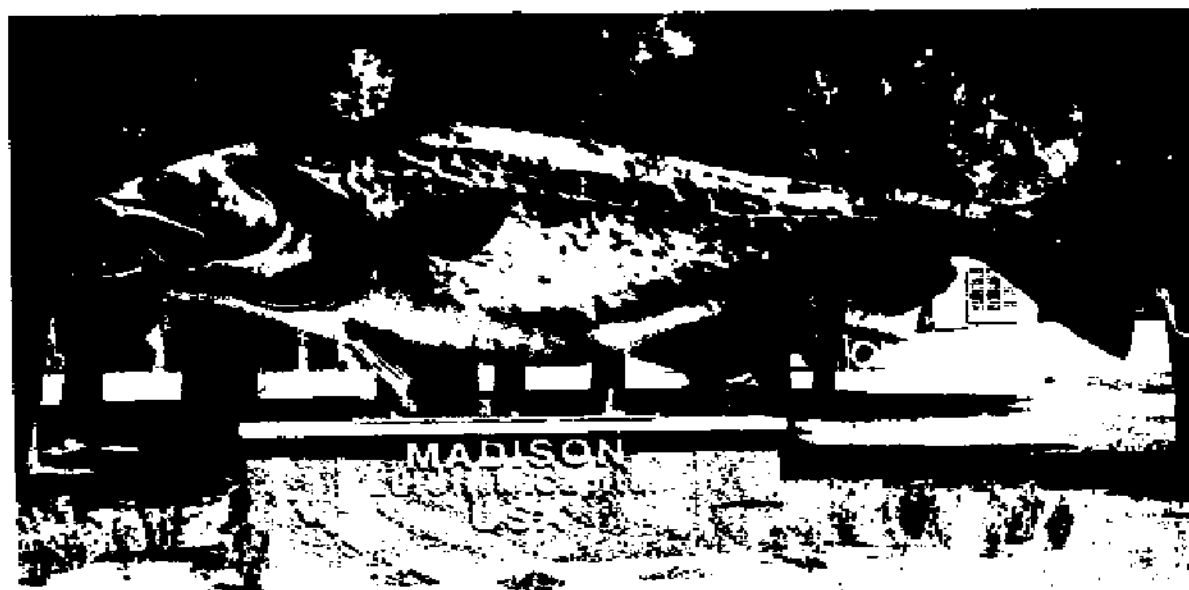
 61 Paul Rauterberg, 4922 W Wisconsin, Milwaukee WI 53208
 62 Craig Reges, 16 W 761 White Plains Rd, Bensenville IL 60006
 63 Russ Rusnak, 3002 S Maple, Burbank IL 60459
 64 Ken Schilling, 24730 Roosevelt St #315, Farmington Hills MI 48018
 65 Bob Sergeant, 3242 Lapine Dr, Indianapolis IN 46224
 66 Keith Sealer, PO Box 158, Fraser MI 48026
 *67 Keith Sherwood, 3366 Cliffridge Ave, La Jolla CA 92037
 68 Michael Spink, 132 Circle Dr, Bridgeport WV 26330
 69 Eric Stewart, 619 Short Dickey, Greenfield OH 45123
 70 Tom Strider, 1103 Robinson Mill Rd, Endwell NY 13760

 71 Terry Tallman, 820 Armour St, Seattle WA 98119
 72 Kevin Tighe, 290 12th St, Arcata CA 95521
 73 James Wall, 27 N Hills #3, Madison WI 53715
 74 Rod Walker, 1273 Crest Dr Encinitas CA 92024
 75 Judy Winsome, 3902 Lakemead Way, Redwood City CA 94062
 76 James Woodson, PO Box 33032 NAS, Pensacola FL 32508
 77 Ed Wrobel, 3932 N Forestdale Ave, Dale City VA 22193

*-indicates an original subscriber

SUBMITTED FOR YOUR APPROVAL,

This postcard is now being sold in Madison WI (pop 2422), my hometown. The statue is now the one attraction(?) of the town. The sign says, if it doesn't xerox, "MADISON Late-fisk Capital USA". Late fisk is, of course, cod fish soaked in lye, a Norwegian delicacy(?).



MADISON, MN 56256 (Lac qui Parle County) MINNESOTA

P - R - A - U - K - E P - E - T - E - R - S - E - N

Does this assortment of letters seem familiar to you? In case it does I'm very much sure that it reminds you of a person who is more commonly known under a variety of misspellings of her name. Being as understanding as one can be with those strange American ways I have tried my very best to tolerate such a peculiarity. However, after repeated proof of how ignorant people here are of orthography (You had to look that one up in a dictionary, right?) all I can feel now is pity.

There are several ways of how to butcher my first name. The most favorite one is "Frankie". I am well aware of the fact that the alphabet consists of 26 difficult letters that, most unfortunately, come in different sizes and shapes. Likewise, I will not argue about a high school diploma implying only the likeliness of the bearer to be able to read and write. It is, however, fairly mind-blowing to notice a general lack of ability concerning something that is usually considered normal to a healthy human mind, i.e. the capability to distinguish between different shapes. Well, at least I do believe that there is a basic difference between a "c" and an "n". Of course, it would be acceptable if I were referring to oral communication, but it unfortunately happens to be the case that a great number of your fellow-citizens is incapable of properly copying my name from a piece of paper. And you better believe that I know how to spell it! Don't worry, there is more to come.

So far I have only mentioned sizes and shapes, yet it gets even more pitiful when people cannot match up numbers in the proper manner. Someone who claims to digest Diplomacy once "copied" my name as "Prackav Peterson". It is not one of my habits to read the mail of strangers but since at least the address was not alien to me I opened the envelope anyway.

Worst of all, however, is how Hennepin County officials deliberately change my name. It was completely new to me that the scourge of not having a middle name does not only result in having to answer desperate bureaucratic despair such as "WHAT? You mean you DON'T have a middle name???" but automatically getting a perthizised middle name as well. "Frauke (EIN) Petersen" is my official name, as if I were missing something basic.

But then again, I live in the U.S.A. - which may be the country in which the right of the individual to screw up names ranks above anything else.

STATE OF MINNESOTA
COUNTY OF HENNEPIN

Marriage License

To any person lawfully authorized to solemnize marriages within the State of Minnesota:
Bearing in mind, that license is hereby granted to join in marriage, within six months from the date hereof,

Scott Marlyn Hanson of the County of Hennepin State of Minnesota, and

Frauke (EIN) Petersen of the County of Hennepin State of Minnesota

Wherefore, this shall be your sufficient authority for solemnizing the marriage of said parties, and making return thereof within five days as provided by law.

In Testimony Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the SEAL of said Director of Licensing at Minneapolis, in said County, This 31st day of Aug. A.D. 1983

Office of the
Director of Licensing

Shirley M. Wagner
(Deputy)

To be Kept by Party Performing Marriage Ceremony

← BEFORE

AFTER →



Due to the resounding success of the Borch Baby Pool, we at LUNSONE! would like to announce:

The Frauke Baby Pool!

The rules for this will work much the same as the original pool run by Don Del Grande. You must guess the date, time of birth, and sex of Frauke's first child. Each guess will cost one dollar. When the child is born, whoever guessed the closest day and time (with 48 hours added for guessing the wrong sex) will win the pool. However, there are a few things you should take into consideration when making your guesses:

1. Frauke is not at this time pregnant.
2. She does not intend to become pregnant for several years, if at all.
3. She is using appropriate methods of birth control.
4. She and Scott have all their sex postally.

In case Frauke goes through all her child bearing years without having a child, all funds will revert to her. ANY GUESSES WITHOUT A YEAR LISTED WITH THE DATE WILL BE VOID, AND MONEY WILL NOT BE REFUNDED. Send those guesses now to: Baby Pool c/o P. Petersen, 233 Oak Grove #306, #pls IN 55403. So you don't forget, mail before midnight tonight!!

AN ANNIVERSARY CONTEST...

Yes, once again LUNSONE! is venturing into the dangerous field of trivia questions. However, this time the subject is one well known to me. Namely me. Yes, how much do you know about Scott Hanson? The answers to some of these might be in this or other issues of the zine, but I make no promises. 10 free issues go to whoever can get the most right, to be equally distributed in case of a tie. Each question is worth a point. Joke answers are invited.

1. Scott was born on what date in what year?
2. Scott was born in what city?
3. Not counting his birth place, name 4 cities where Scott has lived. (2 pts)
4. What was the first Diplomacy zine that Scott received?
5. When and from what school did Scott graduate from high school?
6. Name each street address that Scott has lived at since joining the hobby. (2 pts)
7. What date and year did Scott meet Frauke?
8. What date and year did Scott and Frauke marry?
9. What foreign countries has Scott been to? (2 pts)
10. What is the name and age of Scott's brother?
11. How many zins does Scott have in postal diplomacy?
12. What college does Scott attend and what is/are his major(s)?
13. Eight people received the fake DIPLOMACIA printed this issue. Name 6. (2 pts)
14. Name any 4 musical acts from Minnesota.
15. Scott is visually impaired. List which of these apply. (2 pts)
 - a) Scott is near sighted
 - b) Scott is legally blind
 - c) Scott is color blind
 - d) Scott is far sighted
 - e) Scott has "tunnel vision"
 - f) Scott wears glasses
 - g) Scott is night blind
 - h) Scott wears contact lenses
16. What is Scott's favorite color?
17. What is Scott's favorite band?
18. How many Diplomacy games has Scott GHL to completion?
19. Which political parties has Scott belonged to?
20. Scott plays a musical instrument. Name it.

There are 25 possible points in the quiz. Answers are due by OCT. 15. Results will be issue #33 in October. Have fun, but be gentle...

LET'S DO IT AGAIN!
WARGASMS



POP DU JOUR

DEE HUZAK PAGE....

We start off this time with a guest review...

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN AND THE EXCELSIOR AVE. BAND WHITE COLLAR CRIMINAL

At last an upper-class suburban white boy who knows his roots. Springstein is a brash, upwardly-mobile rocker who paid his dues blowin' Rhythm and Blues for cheap All-You-Can-Eat Champagne Brunches. By age 23, co-workers called him "The Boss." But he soon left his father's firm to record his first album: Greetings from St. Louis Park. The single, "Hard to Find a Space in the City," struck a responsive chord with early morning commuters, and soon went gold.

Then he met the Excelsior Avenue Band (formerly Dow Jones and the Industrials) and ripped off several highly successful albums, including: Born to Jog, Darkies on the Edge of Downtown, The Lake, and Hawaii, a stark personal statement on windsurfing and summer vacation.



The Boss

Springstein's new EP White Collar Criminal is full of the bullish Wall Street savvy that says, "Yeah, I'm rich, so what about it?" Highlights include: "Get Out of my Driveway," "Tired of Paying Taxes," and "My Father's Office." This EP is better than food. Buy several.

Enough of the parody this time. This is a real serious business here. Let's have no horsing around.

This week sees the demise of a Twin Cities institution. The Lamont Cranston Band played their two Farewell Concerts in St. Paul, and end it all with an outdoor concert in Wisconsin on Labor Day. As of a year and a half ago, things looked real promising for the Cranstons. They had opened for the Rolling Stones tour, got a contract with RCA, and had their latest record distributed nationally. But then problems came up while recording a new album. The producer hired by RCA went for a Top-40 sound, and complaints by the band to the company went unheeded, as the scouts who had signed the band had left RCA. That record will never be released. RCA has dropped the band, and the lead singer, Pat Hayes, decided that the band should disband. A live album will be made from the farewell concerts, the second of which Franke and I were lucky enough to attend. After 14 years, it seemed somewhat anti-climatic...they were simply the best bar band in the best city for bar bands. It will never be the same.

It's been an interesting summer musically. Not a whole lot of new music, but quite a few of comebacks. We didn't pay to see the Simon and Garfunkel concert that was practically right across the street from our apartment (2011), but we listened in to part of it all the same. We didn't go see the Police at the local hockey arena either. Their new album seems to have regained some of the intensity that was missing from the last one. Franke insisted we see A Flock of Seagulls last month...I was ready to be bored, but was quite impressed. I kept end up liking that band. Jackson Browne's latest is also interesting, both lyrics and music seem to click for the first time in a while for him. The single "Lawyers in Love" is at once clever and upbeat. His concert was my birthday present to Franke. The arrival of Franke's tapes and tape deck has meant new life for our sound environment. Just as long as she only listens to Pink Floyd when I'm not home, I'm happy! We don't find ourselves listening to commercial radio all that often. We spend a lot of time with the jazz station, or the black community radio, or public radio. No wonder I feel out of touch. Album I must check out: Punch the Clock by Elvis Costello.

I think I've met my musical quota for this month...

Keeping up with
the Joneskis...

What the
Russians Are
Wearing



TRK5012 #29/30/31
PETERSEN & HANSON
233 Oak Grove Apt. 306
Minneapolis, MN 55403
U. S. A.



FRAUENIM KAMPF

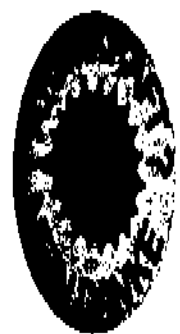


Your subscription expires
with issue #36

- ☐ YOUR SUB HAS EXPIRED! This will be your last issue if you do not renew.
- ☐ Your sub has been extended 3 issues for your submission for this issue. Thank you!
- ☐ Please read the enclosed note regarding the exchange of our zines!
- ☒ This zine is two years old.

Russ Rusnak
8007 S Nagle
Burbank CA

60459



RUSNAK MUST DIE!