

Memorandum

DATE: Nov. 5, 1983

FROM: North Sealth, West George (Dipshi Nor Sea Wes Geo)
TO: Assorted Dipsters, Veterans, Reservists & Crazy Middles
SUBJ: A Place, A Concept, A Vacation in Granada

Yeah! Let's go free some co-eds from the clutches of World Communism! Win one for the Gipper! Make the Carribean safe for Med students who flunked their SAT's!

Today Grenada! Tomorrow Philadelphia!
Unleash the Florida National Guard!



THE NORTH SEALTH, WEST GEORGE GUIDE TO TOAD AND TOADY IDENTIFICATION

As you all know there is a great deal of todo in the hobby discussing where and when the elusive pad jumpers of the hobby can be found and how one can tell if he has in fact spotted a hobby giver of warts. So this guide is just another service for the loyal reader.

First is the Jimbobus Burgii. As can be seen this is the smallest and meekest of toadies. It's common name, Boob, is indicative of its playing style and studies have found it to also bear some indication of its diplomatic abilities. They spawn their young in the marshy tide waters of New England but unlike many breeds of toady it is migratory traveling as far south as Texas but even the toady itself can see no reason to be there and promptly turns around and heads for home. It is often spotted by the novice by tracking its copious press or worse yet its strange, weird letters to the editor in some of the smaller szines where are editors are not so fussy about the filler they use.

Next is the Mullhalski Oklahomii. This is a rare breed of toad that draws few toadies and yet seems to always be at the center of packs of rabid toadies that sit and chirp and chitter at him. Known for its rather ribald sense of humor and strange choice of stationary it is the most migratory of all the toads showing up in fun szines and crud szines and warehouses and just about anything you can conceive.

Formerly known as 'Sarge' in recent years this toad has been called rarely much to its dismay. It is currently undergoing a resurgence in its native area after having been briefly on the endangered dipsters list.

Perhaps the most awesome of all the toads is the Bonucus Bagladii. This toad makes her home in a remote section of New York referred to as Flushing. It's believed to refer to the waters which swirl through the area carrying numerous young toadies that this killer toad feeds on. While she prefers to eat Italian she has had great success no matter where or upon what she feeds.

For some reason that still requires more research toadies and even toads from throughout the region gather several times a year in the vicinity of the Bagladii. The gathering is the cause for two or three days of continuous snuffing of toadies by toads of all sorts. Many of the toadies survive the fray only to return again and again to face the toad in the hope, perhaps, that such exposure might turn them into toads also but this is a case of silken purses and sows ears.

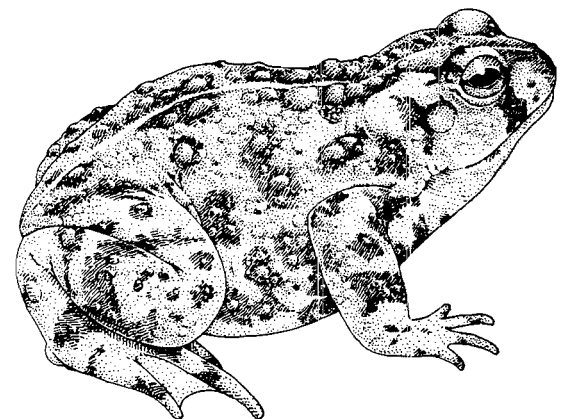
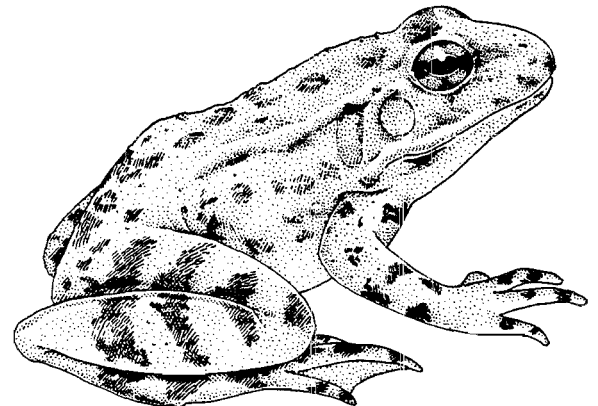
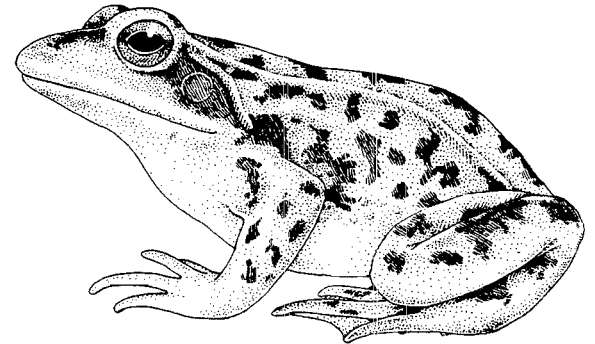
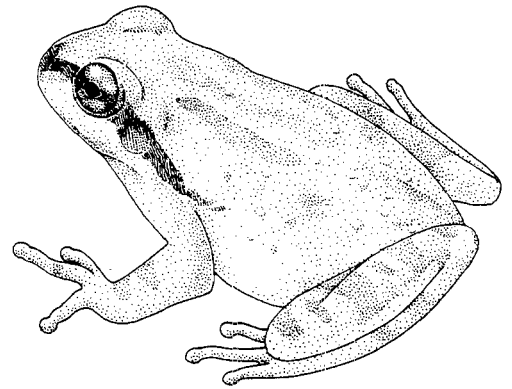
Once again this New Years it is expected that the toadies will repeat their ritual rush to their demise.

Perhaps the largest of the breed of toadies and certainly the most durable is the Jabbus Conwhoopii. It is also one of the oldest known breeds of toady dating back to the Le Frontic Period when many now-extinct breeds were toadying to the extinct (undocumented) Berie/Oaklyn Tretickus, a breed of toad hunted for his verdant fur, an unusual way for a breed of toad to become extinct as opposed to distinct which is neither here nor there.

The Jabbus is known to encourage both toads and toadies into his den where they sit and spit water on one another or pretend to ignore the attributes of other toadies mates while in fact using their bulgie eyes and nearly hand-like front flippers to fondle nearby toadettes.

The Jabbus is probably the only toady to even consider giving his services to hamsters. This area still requires study and is actually so remarkable that few people give any credence to stories that the Jabbus would degrade himself in this manner.

As a side note the serious student of the various varieties of toads and toadies should read the following educational works that deal extensively with this warty little rascal: Whitestonia-Nurturing the Toady, Irsome-Demasculating Toads in the Wild, Retaliation-Songs of the Bull Toads, Midlife Crisis-Studies in Madison Toadiness, 30 Miles of Bad Toad, Voice of Toad, Dip Toadgest, Toads of War, Toadies Ramblings, Libbertoadian, and of course the prestigious North Sealth, West Toad.



Deadwood Roulette--A New Feature

Every szine has a few subbers that the pubber doesn't really know anything about for the simple reason that the only contact they have ever had has been the sub check sent by the future deadwood to the pubber.

Not all deadwood are entirely unknown to the pubber and not every subber the pubber doesn't know is deadwood. So if you followed that then you realize that there is nothing evil or bad about deadwood. It's just that a pubber never knows what to do with them. So here is the plan.

Each month I will name a person from my sublist who I know nothing or very little about and I will ask him--

1. A seemingly meaningless but potentially interesting question and
2. I will ask said deadwood to introduce him or her self.

Now the really dedicated deadwood will just think to him or herself "Screw Tallman, I'm not supplying filler for that rag he puts out." Thinking of course that once Tallman has the check for the duration of your sub you are safe. Au contrair moi petite bozos!

Failure to answer at least one of the questions will result in the return of your sub balance! (A hush goes over crowd--he wouldn't would he?)

Why, you may ask, would a pubber purposely risk losing subbers? Well, for most of us the joy of communicating is very similiar to sex. And masturbation is only half as much fun.

So anyway I'll start with someone I sort of know and who I am reasonably will write an interesting response. And remember, for those of you called upon in issues to come the intent is NOT to drive you away but to find out who you are and introduce you to the rest of the gang.

My first choice didn't really come here by choice, he was in an orphan I picked up and I have talked to him a couple of times when he called in late orders. So he's not total deadwood, just a little brown around the edges.

A spin of the cylinder, we pull back the hammer, pull the trigger and.....
RANDY GOLDRING THIS IS YOUR LIFE!!

1. How many hamsters does it take to publish the average (and they are very average) issue of Coat of Arms. This is not true/false or multiple choice.
2. Who are you in relation to life, the hobby and everything.

And yes Dick Martin, this is the kind of idea I hope to find in HOL, you may feel free to copy or adapt this idea if you feel it's appropriate.

Next--More Monopoly

Stephen Lee had a postal Monopoly game under design when I beat him to the press. He has offered to run a second game here if there is interest. If there is enough for a game start and he still wants to run it here so it goes. Note the differances in his rules and mine. Write direct to Stephen at 23690 Doane Creek ,Sheridan, Oregon 97378.

VARIANT HEART -- Postal Monopoly w/ 4-7 players; under 12 free! Ladies' Day!

This simple little thing is not only well adapted to postal play, but developed to appeal to Diplomacy players with an instinct for manipulating their game through alliance. Standard Monopoly encourages diplomacy in the trading and selling properties we are familiar with. In this variant there is also an incentive to coordinate movement with other players because, unlike standard Monopoly, players are able to control their movement to a certain extent. It is a game for players.

Each turn players are given three dice rolls each; 2-12 possible. Players must discard one and play the other two rolls in any order. For example; given 10-3-7, you might return an order like 3-10-7 meaning that from GO you would first move to BALTIC AVE and then on to STATES ST discarding the 7. Being the start of the game you might also include conditional orders to buy both properties. All properties bought from the bank are at standard list price, or at morgage value if applicable. You must specifically state that you want to buy the property you have moved to in order to buy it from the bank.

When two or more players occupy the same space at the same time, and that space is an unowned property; neither player may buy it. But if the space is owned by a third party, both players may occupy the space "rent free". This should be an interesting incentive toward diplomacy-like negotiations. Still, if one of the players involved in this stand-off is already the owner of the jointly occupied property, then the other player(s) owe the appropriate rent.

There are a few board changes. Another utility has been added along with a whole slug of new tax spaces in place of Chance and Community Chest. All taxes go to Free Parking and anyone landing on it alone can collect the balance.

Property Tax is equal to \$25 per house and \$125 per hotel. Income Tax is always 10% of cash on hand. Taxes are figured at the end of each full turn. No player need pay either the property tax or income tax more than once each turn inspite of how many times the tax spaces are landed on in either half of the turn. Note that some tax spaces are assesed against all players while other taxes are charged only against the players landing on that space.

All rent money is transfered after the end of each full turn so no one goes BANKRUPT in the middle of the turn.

Go past GO, collect \$200. Land on GO, collect \$400.

NMR = GO TO JAIL. Two nmr's in a row and you're out with your property returning to the Bank and on the market.

If there are enough of you stump-suckers out there willing to try pulling on this one, I'll make up official game start game charts showing the new spaces and places along with all the familiar info on rents, prices, etc.

title: *The Toob Report*
 author: *Jim - Bob Burgess*
 subject: *Whatever the hell I feel like discussing!*

The gauntlet has been tossed nonchalantly into the dirt, but now the surprise is here, the challenge has been taken up and this is the fateful result. The original intent of this piece was to provide much needed balance to the careful and attractive script of the esteemed pubber of this szine (the gauntlet caster) by producing something much more interesting, unattractive disgusting garbage (see sample above). However, I was threatened with great bodily harm as well as rejection of my words of wisdom (I'm not sure which would be worse) if I failed to comply with the "request" that this be typed in a format to facilitate its economical publication (as a concession to me, the heading had better be run as written, or else). What is basically going to go on here is that I am going to ramble on for awhile on whatever I feel like discussing and if I get some feedback (positive or negative, as long as you get some reasonable facsimile of my name in there) I may or may not be a continuing feature. For those of you who are not aware, that feedback can be addressed to me at 66 Hall St., Providence, RI 02904, (401) 273-5629.

My first subject (read "target") is Bob Olsen. Bob will note (in case this gets in before the games) that I was a loyal toady and supported his little ol' fleet into Portugal in NSWG 2. See what a nice guy I am? Bob tells me in his last letter (read "condescending slab of pulp") that he is ordering (ordering?), yes, ordering, Terry to run the Yawner Poll all over again. The reason? Peery's intent to try to run a Bob Olsen Award Poll, an opinion survey on who the most pathetic Dip player in the hobby is (I realize that's not a sentence but as Russ Rusnak says, "I make the rules here, take it or leave it."). Bob thinks that's a good reason to have Larry replace Dick/Gary/BruX as the hobby's most obnoxious figure and wants the results "adjusted" to reflect this assertion. All (actually, not quite all) I have to say is, what is this crap? Suddenly Bob Olsen thinks he is God and if a poll doesn't come out "his" way the sour grapes pour all over the hobby, what a stench this is creating! Some of you may not yet have heard that Bob is also challenging the results of the Toady of the Year Poll run by Mark Luedi, an election that Bob almost won (he tied for first with BruX) fair and square. I won't rehash my opinion on that issue here (check out the latest issue of Thirty Miles of Bad Road pubbed by the Vegematic himself from P.O. Box 2424, Bloomington, IN 47402, by the way, it still gets me how these students can manage to live in such small boxes, maybe they make post boxes bigger out in the Midwest, after all Luedi says it takes him at least five rings to get across the box to answer the phone hmmm, but vegetables aren't known to be fast) Anyway, I'm not too pleased about the prospects of a Bob Olsen Award either, I am certainly as qualified as anyone to win such a dubious honor, but the proper thing to do is to ign----- It seems about time for an interlude . . . and now for:

JB's Believe It or Not! *Strange but true takes for your dinnertime enjoyment.*

I am now partially off the unemployment rolls (i.e. I have a part time job) and on my little pleasure stroll to work I pass an unprepossessing little funeral home, Mariani's by name (I live in a "well protected" working class Italian neighborhood in Providence called the North End). Anyway, Mariani is having a little digging done in his front lawn, what appears to be landscaping. The contractor used to park his dump truck

right in front of the funeral home while he did his business, but after awhile he began parking in back, virtually out of sight. I know, you're all thinking that this big dump truck is ugly and they wanted it out of the way, but I think the reason was more fundamental than that. Plastered on the door and the back of the dump truck is the name of the contractor: "Providence Body Co." . . . end of interlude.

Now . . . back to the Report!

I should have snapped a picture of that one and sent it to Real People except that I never watch television and my huge ego would never abide not knowing if my submission ever made the show. Since I gave my TV away a year or so ago I found I haven't missed it a bit. With Dip and other interests I just don't feel like wasting my time with it anymore, and I was never much of a watcher anyway. I'll bet most of you out there feel the same way. Sometimes I wish I could get cable, which I consider a completely different medium, since I still enjoy movies and would love to get MTV. I'll probably do that someday.

Con News Time: Cons are the lifeblood of this hobby. They are virtually essential to maintaining one's enthusiasm for this crazy hobby. I'm pleased that Terry has indicated his intention to travel to Dafcon in Sacramento at New Year's. That should be a great event. Remember too that I'm offering big money for Tallman snapshots. I'll pay double for a proportional representation (e.g. Terry standing next to a standard sized toothpick or sitting next to Daf). For more info on that one, contact Steve and Daf Langley at 4112 Boone Lane, Sacramento, CA 95821 (I think that zip's correct, I'm translating [%*#] from Terry's address list in the last NSWG, a case of stuck caps). If any of you out there are foolish enough to want to meet me (or encounter me again, for those of you I've met), check out the next Byrnecon over Thanksgiving weekend in the Big Apple. Unfortunately, I won't be able to make it to Dafcon but I will make it to New York. Featured special guests include Bob Olsen and Mike Mazzer from the Midwest and So. Cal. respectively. Other Easterners (and Southerners) expected to put in an appearance include Dick and Julie Martin, Woody, Carl Russell, Blarfo (a.k.a. Mike Barno and generally a persona non grata in Seattleland, will we ever see that final TSS?), you can ask Mikey himself, and Gary Coughlan. Check this one out if you can. Contact Kathy Byrne and John Caruso at 160-02 43rd Ave., Flushing, N.Y. 11358 for more info. The way I see it just about everyone in the hobby should be able to make one or the other of these, except . . . I almost forgot about you Midwesterners. You guys are always having Cons . . . it's great, I hope to make it out to one again someday. I can't recall when the next one is offhand, it might be at Luedi's or Rusnak's . . . oh well, there is no excuse for not hightailing it to a Con soon. If nothing else comes to mind, drop in on Michalski next time you wander through Moore, OK, he loves to have visitors. If there aren't enough people around to play Dip you can always help clean up from the flood, are you still above water John? If you are, your current position (non-position?) in NSWG 2 should help sink your ship.

I think I'll close out this sucker now, Terry. It should fill up about a page, I think. Let me know if my margin spacing is acceptable, I think the print on the word processor I'm using with your reduction will make for quite small print. Time for all you oldsters to pull out your reading glasses. Since Michalski misplaced his in the flood I could probably take advantage of him and make all kinds of other nasty insinuations but I'll refrain and leave you all with whatever else Terry has in store for this issue. Take it away . . .

I keep telling myself that I like Larry Peery. He writes amusing things sometimes and unlike the bulk of the old timers he actually plays in a couple of games. But every once in a while he does strange things.

The power poll he ran in this quarters Xenogogic was an interesting attempt to gauge who the real movers and shakers are in the hobby. Everyone knows but Larry didn't so he ran a poll. Unfortunately only 5 people voted but rather than say, "Oh, well," and move onto other things he spent 56 pages listing the supposed power wielders, drawing maps to show where they live, charts to show how they interact, lists of their hobby positions to support his conclusions and more. This poll was almost enough to convince me that Larry's mother might have slam-dunked him once or twice when he was young.

Then I turned to the 'main' part of the szine, a mere 72 pages more. While Larry has made more than his fair share of proposals that reek of the sulfuric stench associated with ORGANIZATION. I now quote from this months Xenogogic:

"...I suggest that the hobby levy a \$1⁰⁰ per player tax on each original player in any pbm regular or variant game or on any participant in a FTF Dippy Convention/tournament game. This would not include replacement players in PBM games or "just for fun" games at home.

All proceeds from the tax would be sent to the BNC or MNC and it would be the responsibility of each PBM pubber or gamemaster or con host to collect the tax and transmit it to the BNC/MNC. They, through their records, would be able to keep track of the various funds.

A committee of five individuals, including the BNC, the MNC, and the editor of DW and two members of the hobby at large (coopted onto the committee by the three institutional members) would be responsible for the disbursement of the collected funds for hobby services and project services...."

Brother Ozog, my robe. Brother Michalski, my mitre. Brother Stafford, the holy water, and Brother Bowen you bring the demon bane. We plunge now into the depths of the hobby, to a hidey hole far below the very foundations of the hobby and before us a stone. Chained to the stone is a small man with quiet eyes. He howled and wailed for years and finally he was cast down to this pit where the demons possessing him screamed for release. This quiet creature was once THE HOBBY DEMON but as it is written in the book of Berch, "There shall only be one total pond scum. There shall be lesser lights but only one shall rule supreme." And as we can see this chained soul cries no more for revenge. SET UNCLE BERNIE FREE! In the name of St. John the Bored Man go forth and play pinochle or canasta, but you no longer warrent this stone and it's chains.

Now Brothers in the Society of St. John the Bored Man go forth and capture this new demon^{who} would reduce a proud hobby to the level of putt-putt golf, Hold your cross of wooden blocks before you and he shall not rend your soul. Refuse the glitter of ORGANIZATION and he shall not blind you in your task. But bring Larry Peery to this rock and bind him with chains, and bar the door and let his demons howl and scream until his soul is purged and the demons give up and return to Avalon Hill. Let his szine wither and his games fade away. Let Mark Berch not quote him nor the Keither save and catalog him. Let the age of Xenogogic be forgotten, erased from the chronicles, lest this age of ours be called the Dark Age when Diplomacy Lost it's Soul.

In Buchanan's name I bid thee be still.

SERIOUS COMMENTARY ON LARRY'S PROPOSAL SO LISTEN UP AND LISTEN TIGHT.

There are very few things in the hobby that really offend me or get me cranked up but Larry has hit ~~on~~ that strikes home very hard.

During the 5½ years I was in the Air Force I learned to play chess as more than a mere wood pusher and started playing postally through the United States Chess Federation. The game fees were minimal, I was subscribing to "Chess Life and Reveiw", the 'flagship' of the American hobby and enjoyed writing letters to people all over the country along with my chess moves. And then I came home to Washington and enrolled in college.

As a 24 year old transfer student with a full time job there were not a lot of activities offered that appealed to me. But I did find the campus chess club and through them started in playing in face to face tournaments. This is where I first saw the advantages of ORGANIZATION.

In virtually any city in the United States there is at least one big chess tournament. Most regions have what amounts to a circuit of tournaments. In California if you don't mind the travel you can play in a tournament with 20 or more players every weekend.

But you have to belong to the USCF, I think the membership is about \$15 or \$20 a year now. And to play in the tournament you have to pay a fee, usually between \$5 and \$20. And there are cash prizes. And there are ringers, and grand master draws and the Evans gambit of intentionally losing the first round so you can play weaker players if they are power matching (which most tournaments do).

And if the tournament director wants his tournament games rated he has to pay a dollar for every game played during the tournament. And he has to keep precise records, and they have to be on a special format, and he has to be approved by a qualified tournament director approver and if he screws any of this up no matter how much fun his tournament was, or how much of his own money he spent the ORGANIZATION tells him he's a schmuck and he won't be able to run tournaments anymore.

By the time I graduated from college I had made our local chess tournament a respected event that everyone played in. We drew players from all over Washington and some from Oregon and Canada. And I filled out my paper work and I sent money to Newburgh, New York so my games would be rated and I went to WCF conventions and I watched people in New York and LA and Chicago feud over who was going to control our tournament sites, and who would control the flagship szine and what it would say and who would control the money and what it would be spent on.

Any of you who have to fuck with other peoples lives, who have to organize something or you can't sleep at night, who want to fight feuds that the real world will never notice and generate tons of print on topics that 4 other people in the univers will ever read and that not even they will care about. If you want all of this to be linked to a strategic board game, and you want to play by both mail and face to face-then go join the USCF and your state federation, if there is one. And leave the postal dip hobby alone.

There are currently just enough services. They manage to stumble by on gifts from friends and supporters. There are usually some reasonably sane people around when the load gets to heavy for someone and they need to pass it on.

But if you try to force, or coerce or sleaze ORGANIZATION on us. If you want to make us pay to play I warn you now that I shall fight you in the szines and in letters and on the phone and face to face if I get the chance. 6
But the ORGANIZATION stops here!

Sure your intentions are good. You want to help. You want to honor. But the bottom line is you want to ORGANIZE.

This part of my anti-Larry Peery section is typed several pages/days later. I've had time to cool down and think about other things but I can still ignite wooden buildings and shrubs with the adjectives that come to mind when I dwell on Larry's most recent proposals. One thing I want to make very clear is that I am neither condemning nor condoning his szine, Xenogogic, but I will go on record as saying that Larry's approach to improving the hobby compares to James Watt's methods of improving the environment-pave it, put up a sign telling about it, charge people to see/use/experience it.

I've talked to four other people so far and one was angered by the idea of institutionalized game fees, two were displeased and one laughed alot and just chalked it up to the southern California climate and softness of the skull pan.

The Bob Olsen Award would have been amusing if encased in the rest of the szine, not as a seperate mailing. And after all that was the only part of the notice of any real import to the hobby.

The John Michalski Piss Poor Loser Award is probably just the forrunner of what I'll recieve for standing against hairbrained ideas of the hobby's would-be kingmaker.

The whole problemn is that anytime you allocate real resources, in this case monies collected as game fees, you get into all the questions and hassles of responsibility, accountability, and control.

Imagine for a moment if Bob Sacks had control or even John Boardman had control of monies that belonged to the hobby. How many of you out there are on one or both's shit list?

Or worse yet imagine that Peery got control of said monies! Imagine a forty foot art-deco statue of Walt Buchanan in San Diego! Imagine free copies of Xenogogic (several hundred pages at least) to everyone who responds to the flyer in the new dip sets! Imagine Peery trying to generate hundreds of useless awards for any concievable purpose and buying cases of trophies and plaques to give out! And the sad thing is that LARRY is reading this and saying to himself, "Gee, those are some swell ideas! We just got to start charging game fees so I can do all the weird shit that I think up every day!"

Anyway I am designating NSWG as the official Muzzle Larry Peery Szine for the hobby. It shall be our task to halt the spread of Peery Projects and allow everyone the chance to avoid being deluged with the quantities of bullshit that he produces as a matter of course.

On a lighter not I received a few other szines in the mail. The second Pollitesse by Ed Wrobel, he points out that my geography is weak because I call hime the voice of the Maryland face-to-facers despight him living in Virginia. My point was that he's a hard core Julie Martin groupy and Maryland has a lot more players. But the szine doesn't tun games, just the wit and wisdom of Ed Wrobel.

I'm in a couple of games with him and I detect a lot of the Mad Lad style of play-smother's you with bullshit and grabs your dots as soon as he gets the chance. I'm a standby in a game with him and he made promises the whole time his Germany raped my France. I think I can come within a center of rolling over to Jeffy Ellis, thus thumbing my nose as my last center denies him a peice of the draw. Ghod, but it is an evil world we live in.

New EE the usual with another Mos Eisley Space Fart. Michalski is dragging the formerly pristine EE down some new paths. Graustark (yawn), Murdering Ministers and Dogs of War-both excellant szines for games and light commentary on life the universe and other stuff.

This has been aquiet weekend aside from the fact that I learned that Biffy and the Orc have decided to rape me in an Irskome game. Because I'm a federal employee I got today, Oct. 10th; off. This makes three days in a row that I've stayed in bed until at least 10.

My job is starting to catch up with me. I'm inspecting and responsible for about a million and a half bucks worth the new construction. The paper work is bad and soothing the tempers of everyone who realizes for the first time that what they thought they were getting isn't what they are really getting.

Officers and NCO's in charge of various facilities are asked to come up with proposals to repair, remodel or replace their quarters. These are then run past an engineer who takes the whole project apart, and then puts it back together in a manner that bears little or no resemblance to what was originally requested.

Then the guy who originally put the project together comes to me demanding to know why and how the concept got so totally messed up and I get to try to administer the change orders necessary to correct the glitches or I get to convince the user that the changes made are valid and that he or she, no matter what his or her rank should go soak their collective heads in a bucket.

Cathy is probably going to have a minor rebuttal here regarding the references to Mike Barno last issue. My wording may have been a teeny, tiny bit harsher than what she actually said. But the facts are that the games are orphaned, except for the international game, and Dick Martin is in the process of rehousing them.

I was in one of the guest gm'd games there and I know I havn't heard from either Barno or the guest gm, although Cathy says the guest gm called her to see what was going on.

I have read still further into the recent Xenogogic and found a wonderful listing of things to fight on page 10. Regional szines to replace us poor inept clowns who insist on working solo instead of by committee. A call for 'realistic' sub and game fees so that pubbers don't subsidize their szines. Yes I get a whiff of sulfur every-time I read further.

Rumors reach the coast that Willard is on the outs with Linsey and Kane makes veiled allusions to Highthumper and us folk on the west coast are in the dark again. In a conversation with Michalski we decided the hobby would be a quieter, if more boring place if New York and San Diego both were nuked.

I drive around town and wish I carried a portable recorder so I could describe what Seattle looks like in the fall.

We are going through a bit of an Indian summer so the air is very clear. If you are east bound the Cascade Mountains stick up several thousand feet and already the snow is working down the slopes. If you head west you look across about fifteen miles of water and then past the foot hills of the Olympics to their snow capped peaks. Far to the north is Mt. Baker and to the South is Mt Rainier, a pair of old volcanoes sticking up past their neighbors. From various parts of the city you can see piles of rock and snow and forests 50 to 70 miles away in just about any direction.

The sound is like a big lake, ferries and ocean freighters cruise up and down and tugs that spent the summer pushing loads to Alaska bring back their empty barges.

Most of the forests are evergreens but here and there are small splashes of color where the leaves on maple, alder and oak are turning. Heaven help you flatlanders.

This next bit is my first nomination for the first annual Walker-Baumeister-et al Award for giving an issue number to every piece of paper that passes through your hands. William etc. Lowe is a Canuck and long time weird person. One of the few people who makes even my views of role playing look fairly conservative. I have no idea what kind of gm he is but he is a terminal whacko.

He claims the szine is going to be straight warehouse for the play of Machiavelli but I will believe it when I see a few more issues. The nice thing is that he has a mail box on a post right across the border so you don't have to worry about turns being jostled by both Canadian and US postal bozos. He can be reached at PO Box 241, Northport, Washington 99157.

◀ MACHIAVELLI

Volume I Number 1

C.F. Machiavelli

October 10, 1983

C.F. Machiavelli is a zine for Machiavelli published monthly by William C.S. Affleck Asch Lowe. Current game openings in the zine at present are:CF-1, CF-2, and CF-3. Subscription is on the account system (\$5 Canadian or US to start) wherein subscribers are charged the cost of printing and mailing. Free issues of the zine are available for trade, articles (1 free issue per page), and active standbys (1 free issue per active standby). This zine is part of CFAPA, an Amateur Press Association run by the same person, and is Panda Populist Press Production #13, Celtani Federation Press Release #10, and Bondage Disciple Publication #3 intended for:CFAPA, BONDAPA, TFF, BCAPA, and that's all for now. Games run in this zine are all advanced rules MACHIAVELLI (TM Avalon Hill) with no game fee or NMR deposit. Slogan for today: I'm a Celt - Don't you wish you were one? Bondapa is for James Bond!

On a much sadder note I lost \$5° on the Huskies against UCLA last weekend. But remember that Playboy chose the Dawgs to come in nearly dead last so the fact that we are second in the Pac 10 during what everyone termed a rebuilding year isn't too bad. There is still hope that someone will knock them off. On the other hand the Seahawks actually look like they may make the playoffs for the first time.

Warren Moon, of the umpteen time champion Edmonton Eskimos lists Seattle as a time he would like to play for. Look for the Seahawks to try and ad him next year.

And of course there will be Daf Con.

New Years in Sacramento. In some quarters that is used as a threat but this year I get to meet the queen of the dip groupies-Daf. I guess Steve and a few others will be there also. And of course the demon Peery.

Cathy is going to Phoenix to introduce the Orc to desert living so I couldn't con her into going. Stephen Lee is interested and if Lt. Dave doesn't have to fly the next day I may have him talked into driving.

I will however go on record as denying any hobby archivist permission to reprint, in any form any pictures of me obtained at the con by any means. That means no pictures in the szines to let the east coasters realize just what it means to have a hobby sex ghod and Hobby Nick Name Custodian.

As I type this Woody and Gary are still investigating closets in Europe and Gary sent a very nice post card that Cathy wouldn't understand. I'm surprised Gary even talked to those nasty french postcard type persons.

The second issue of Cathy's Hamster is out and once again the cover art is brilliant. How does she do it? It gives the szine such a distinctive air. I for one commend her for having the courage to go with great graphics. She runs two subazines, one by John Caruso that was pretty good but the other one was by one of her brain damaged friends and didn't make muck sense. All in all not a bad issue.

And then from groupy Joan Extrom: Ken and I and Samantha, of course, and probably one of our dogs will be in Seattle from Nov. 23 through Nov. 27. I would just be pleased as punch if you would come with me to the ~~Casbah~~ Famous Pacific Desert Company so we may indulge together in some chocolate decadence. (OOOOHH that sounds naughty) I'll buy! [[Your on]] This is a once in a lifetime chance, Tallman, don't blow it. [[Stifle that urge to use a great straight line]].

I thought of you last night while watching a slug slither (or whatever it is that slugs do) across our patio door at eye level. Not very appetizing to watch that while trying to eat dinner. Remind me sometime to tell you about the two slugs who were screwing on our front door. Also remind me to tell you about Guerneville, Ca, the town in which the slug bake off was held. I always knew those people were weird. That article certainly confirms it.

What criteria do you use in classifying your Hobby Sex Ghod groupies? In other words, how come Daf is class 2 and I'm only class three? Do you want us to have a bidding war over you the way we did over Caruso? [[Bidding doesn't get it, no credit with the HSGh]] I think I Won by default. If so then I bid on of my famous "Greta's Massage Parlour" backrubs [[Eat your heart out Caruso, I can collect and a bidding war...!!!]] and a homemade pumpkin pie. I'm really hurt to think that you'd drive all the way down to Sacramento to see her and can't even drive 250 miles to see me. Is it my breath? Do I lose points for associating with Lump? [[Lump-the newest Hobby Knickname by the official Hobby Knickname Custodian]]

Since you are the widely acclaimed Hobby Knickname Custodian I humbly approach you for a knickname. If you will refer to Voice of Doom #83, p. 39[[I'd rather support a Peery project]](force yourself, it's not that painful) [[AAAAAAAAIIIIIIIIIGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHH-no more,no more-I'll pay the dip tax, I'll stay awake during Berch]] you will see that Steve Knight has dibs on the name Cupcake. Please don't choose Pigwoman or anything else that Woody could come up with.

Speaking of Woody (only for a moment, bear with me pleas![[Daf doesn't put me through this kind of grief!]]), we are going to start teaching Samantha the sounds that different animals make. Dogs say'wwof', pigs say 'oink',

and we're going to tell her that hamsters say, "keep your hands off me, Woody." That's quite a mouthful for a little kid [[but damn handy for one]] but she's exceptionally bright[[you were fooling around on the Lump?!!]] she should pick it up in no time.

Let me know if I can steal you away for desert over Thanksgiving.
Hogs and Quiches, Joan.

Well, let's just go on record that the Hobby Sex Ghod thinks actions speak louder than words so if you wish to improve your groupy status-GO FOR IT. Caruso may settle for promises, I'm into a heavy dose of reality. Only Michalski is into a heavy dose of the clap.

I'll have to give this knickname of yours some thought, although no ombudsman would allow the VoD one for Knight stand up because it isn't an official HNC approved knickname.

I've got MTV on and Bob Dylan has a video out and I still say he sings like someone is squeezing his balls with a vice. On the other hand they showed an old Doors video and I still think Morrison was one of the few males alive who could give even the Hobby Sex Ghod a run for the money in the charisma department.

The Sonics beat the KNicks last night. Seattle went through a major overhaul in terms of personel so it's gratifying to see them playing so well together this early in the season.

And now a note from the other Oregon woodsman-Stephan Lee

Oct 10 11

Hey-Ho

Slugs of the Sierra Madre was a real nice issue. "yea, well, if you're really the GM, lets see your deadline..." I'll give you 3 points if you can name the actor who said, "... I don't got to show you no stinking badges". He had his own local (SF) TV show and continually reminded viewers that his only claim to fame was the aforementioned one-liner. He always deputized guests by making them run thru the dialoge as if it were an oath.

I think your typewriting NSWG makes it easier to read and more importantly to reread. But I don't know about this typing sideways on the paper. First, I can't hold my breath for 11"; and secondly, while I've got my machine balanced OK against the wall, my hips and elbows are taking a real beat-on the floor! This is just an experiment. This is print to fit and not necessarily fit to print.

Okay, I don't know what it is about Oregon but the air must be a little thinner or something. What I don't understand is why Bumpas, Lee, Corbin, Extrom and the rest of the Orygunners don't put together a little mini-con. Give the rest of us a little time and who know who all would make it. If you hold it far enough south it could be midway between Sacramento and Seattle. Could be one hell of a draw. How about February or March or better yet to coincide with a San Diego Con so that the northern Californians will have an excuse to be elsewhere.

Ashland is about the midway point-who do we have there?

Sly Stallone is on cable in First Blood. Lots of violence about a poor misunderstood vet which leads into-

War Stories-Ed Henry

Officer of the Deck on a destroyer underway from San Diego to Anchorage (as in Alaska). Thirty-foot waves on top of thirty-foot seas: a very uncomfortable ride. Green water over the ship from time to time, necessitating extra lines run fore and aft for the safety of personnel who absolutely must be topside for one reason or another. After one particularly bad wave (it felt like the ship stopped, and looked like we were playing submarine), I had the lee helmsman call back to the after lookout to make certain all was secure. No answer.

The after lookout on an old FRAM destroyer, for those of you who don't know, is normally stationed on the ECM deck--pretty high up in the after part of the ship, in other words. Unfortunately, under existing conditions, I still had cause to worry: the last wavetop had been higher than that.

I didn't want to call a man overboard unless I was sure. The lookout was not our most reliable sailor: he could have stepped into the ECM shack, could have been making an unauthorized head call or taking the same kind of smoke break, etc. Turning the ship across the heavy seas was quite undesirable in any event, as was waking up the entire crew and getting an accurate muster at 0430 in the morning (a very minor consideration, I assure you). Of course, he might actually have gone over the side, in which case a man overboard with all of its attendant evolutions would have become a requirement.

Naturally, all of this went through my head in a tenth of a second (or less). Meanwhile, I was sending the BMOW (boatswainsmate of the watch) back to check on the lookout, calling CIC to start plotting for a man overboard on the DRT (dead reckoning tracer) just in case, trying to ring up the ECM shack (no answer--it was padlocked, as I later discovered) AND...waking up the Captain. What did he say?

"Oh, take care of it, Ed. 'Yawn.' Call me again if he's not there."

Two thousand heartbeats later--about five minutes--the BMOW (very wet) made it back to the bridge, and reported that the after lookout was back on station. I called CIC and had them secure the DRT, then breathed a huge (and silent) sigh of relief.

Not content to let it go at that, I got on the phone and talked to the after lookout.

"H_____, where in hell were you?!"

"Sorry 'bout that, Mr. Henry...I was asleep."

Who says sailors can't sleep anywhere?

It was a dark and stormy night...actually it was the middle of a typhoon and unlike Ed I was an nco in the Air Force in Okinawa at what was normally a nice safe Air Base. But during the typhoon season all hell broke out.

Usually we would have enough notice to get all the airplanes fixed and off the island but during one typhoon we had one bird that had to stay because it was still broken. The captain sent everyone home except my crew.

Captain Klekatski was a mortuary science grad from some small Minnesota school and had a voice that was kind of high and cracked whenever he got excited. Sort of the way I imagine Highthumper.

We got the nose of the bird into the wind and by the time the eye of the typhoon was within 10 miles we had winds ranging from 75 to 125 miles per hour. The airplane had a bad tendency to want to take off during the gusts.

We were running the engines at about 50% with full down pitch on everything. The wind had quartered us a little and the left wing was rising now and then. Captain K had us hook a line to the wing tip and with three of us hanging on it was still lifting. He came over and grabbed the line and told us to get some weights to attach so we all let go as a gust hit.

He was still hanging on and was lifted about 15 feet in the air and was yelling for us to get him down, and all we could do is fall down on the ramp and laugh.

Okay, try imagining it's Highthumper.

Postal Monopoly

Galvanized Garbage can bids \$505 on New York and wins.
Traffic Light bids \$300 on States and loses.
Some Friend of Eric's buys Tennessee at \$180.
Velvet Merc bids \$366 on States and wins, buys B & O for \$200, buys North Carolina for \$300.
Teddy Bear Freuh replaces Rusty Carrot and bids \$300 on States and loses.
Teacup full of Poodles buys Boardwalk for \$400
Siamese cat gets \$50 rent from Jim-Bob that I forgot to credit her last time.
Broken Mirror NMR's, fails to bid on New York.
Brick Post Office buys Oriental for \$100.
Jabba the Doorstop buys Kentucky for \$220, and Marvins for \$280.

Galvanized owns Reading RR and New York	Merc Velvet owns St. Chuck's, States, B & O, North Carolina
Traffic Light owns Vermont.	Teddy Bear is homeless
Fire Hydrant owns Baltic	Teacup full of Poodles owns Boardwalk
Tape Deck owns Tennessee	Siamese Cat owns Penn Railroad
Pud zooter is owns Connecticut	Broken Mirror owns Electric Company
Post Office owns Oriental	Jabba owns Kentucky and Marvins

Galvanized Garbage Can rolls 6 to B & O, has \$632
Traffic Light rolls 6 to New York, has \$1406
Fire Hydrant rolls 6 to Virginia, has \$1294
Metal Tape Deck rolls 7 to B & O, has \$1320
Iron Pud Zooter rolls 7 to chance, Advance to St. Charles (pass go collect \$200) has \$1555
Teddy Bear rolls 6 to New York, has \$1500
Teacup Full Of Poodles rolls 9 to St. James, has \$1275.
Siamese Cat rolls 2 to Illinois (doubles), rolls 10 to Pennsylvania. Has \$1291.
Broken Mirror rolls 6 to B & O, has \$1350. Will Nancy Irwin please submit standby orders.
Brick Post Office rolls 7 to States. Has \$1400.
Jabba the Doorstop rolls 8 to Park Place. Has \$1000.
Merc Velvet rolls 6 to Luxury Tax (\$75 deducted)

Rule notes. I have not noted whether you buy or bid. You figure it out. But you should be aware that the stated price is the minimum bid. Several of you have tried to bid lower and have lost anyway.

A house rule my brother pointed out goes into effect now. I have not deducted any rents. If the landlord tells me that any or all of the players on his or property owe him rent then it must be mentioned in said landlords next set of orders and the fee will be duly deducted from the rentors funds. If the rentor can talk the owner out of charging the rent or if the owner fails to point out that the rent is due before the next deadline then the rent is not deducted.

Free Parking now contains \$390, land on it and it's yours. Three doubles and the third one automatically sends you to jail. Rather than pay your way out of jail you can roll doubles and get before the three turn deadline.

Sorry but no new players here but any of you interested in another game, with different rules should see Stephan Lee's rules elsewhere this issue and write to him if you want into the next game...

Diplomacy Opening-Ken Corbin has volunteered to GM a game. Those of you who are terminal deadwood fans will love Ken. He plays in Graustark and is widely ignored in Whitestonia. As always the game fee is free, and no NMR fee. Bob Seki of Seattle is signed up and some of you more recent subbers that I've never heard of should sign up to avoid having your name in the Deadwood Roulette section. To sign up send a country preference list to Ken Corbin at Route 1 Box 26 W, Philomath, Oregon 97370. Ken has the option of my house rules, his own or anyone's that he can borrow with the specific exception of Bruce Linsey's. And yes Ken, I will send you a copy of the map to xerox.

Oops, I almost forgot the Monopoly Press:

From Eric's Friend: I support Mr. Lee's argument that this stabbing rule should be abolished. It is very unrealistic that one party can say "I'll give you Baltic for Connecticut" and the other party says, "Screw you, I'll keep Connecticut and Baltic, and change the zoning law and open a couple of massage parlours" This is not a Diplomacy game people, this is America! We are playing a game where American business is dealing with itself, not a bunch of commie bastards. There are little things called contracts, lawsuits, and small claims courts. Long live Capitollism.

GM: Willard? Is that you? I thought screwing people was what made America great. How do you think IBM, ITT and the rest got to be so big? It sure wasn't by keeping all their promises!

Metal Tapedeck to the Elvish Garbage Can: My ghod man, defend your woman!(So much for lily white press).

GM: Defend her from what?

Garbage Can: I was strolling down the purple/orange/middleclass side of the board and I saw this street with all this trash on it and thought, "What a perfect place for me to live out my life, here on New York Avenue." You better hide your matches cause the trash man is in town.

The Games

NSWG 1 1982 HS The HOTSHIT Game Fall 1905

Austria-Basset: A Bud S A Tri-Vie, A Tri-Vie, A Tyo S A Boh-Mun, A Bon-Mun, A Arm-Sev, A Rum S A Arm-Sev, F Con-Bla
 England-Rauterberg: F Was S A Lvp, A Lvp thinks Russia sucks, F Yor-Edi
 France-Cavins: F Nao-Lvp, F Iri S F Nao-Lvp, F Mao=Spa(sc) A Mar S F Mao-Spa(sc), A Bur S A Mar
 Germany-Stafford: F Nth-Lon, A Sil S A Mun, A Mun H, A Vie-Gal, A Bel-Ruh, F Den-Bal, A Nwy-Swe, F Nwg S Rus F Edi
 Italy-Bumpas: F Tun-Wes, F Spa(sc)-Por, F Pie-Mar, F Lyo S F Pie-Mar, A Smy H
 Russia-Quirk: R F Rum-Sev; F Sev H, A Ukr S F Sev, A War S Ger A Vie-Gal, F Edi H, A Cly S Fre F Nao-Lvp

Notice-starting next turn your new gm is Keith Snerwood, 8866 Cliffridge Ave, La Jolla, Ca. 92037 so send your orders to him, not me.

Austria Home, Bul, Ser, Con, Ank, RUM	8 build 1
England Home	0 out
France Home, Spa, Por, LVP	5 even
Germany Home, Hol, Bel, Den, Swe, Nwy, LON	9 build 1
Ita Home, Gre, Smy, POR	6 build 1
Russia Home, Rum, EDI	5 Even

Press:

Rome: One reason I'm having a hard time keeping up with correspondence is a book I'm writing for Consumer Guide on top Atari software. I've been writing it since July, but I'll probably be finished by the time you read this. You may write me again now.

NSWG2 1982 IA The Barely Terrestrial Game Fall 1905

Austria Keither: F Adr-Ion, F Gre S F Adr-Ion, A Tyo-Mun, A Nap H, A Apu-Ven, A Boh S A Gal-Sil, A Gal-Sil, A War S Tur A Mos Lvn
 England Jabba: F MAO-Por, F NAO-MAO, F Bre H, A Lpl H, F Nwy S F Stp(nc), F Stp(nc) H, A Lvn H R Pru, OTB
 France McChuckleski: F Por S A Spa, A Spa S Ger A Gas-Mar NSO, NSU
 Germany Orczog: A Mun H, A Ber H, A Kie S A Ber, A Ruh S A mun, A Bur S A Mun, A Gas S Wop A Mar, F Bel H
 Italy Jim-Bob: R F Ion Tyn; F Tyn-Tun, A Spa S Eng F Mid-Por, A MAR S A Spa
 Turkey Lt. Dave: F Ion-Tyn, F Aeg-Ion, F Con Aeg, A Smy Con, F Eas H, A Ugr-Mos, A Mos-Lvn

Austria Home, Ser, Gre, Ven, Rom, War, NAP	9 build 1
England Home, Nwy, Swe, Stp, Bre, POR	8 build 1 or 2 depending on retreat
France Mar, Por	0 out
Germany Home, Bel, Hol, Den, Par	7 even
Italy Nap, Tun, Spa, MAR	3 even
Turkey Home, Bul, Rum, Sev, Mos	7 even

The EGTA draw fails. The EGTA draw is repropoed ant an AT draw is proposed. Remember that a No Vote Recieved equals a yes vote.

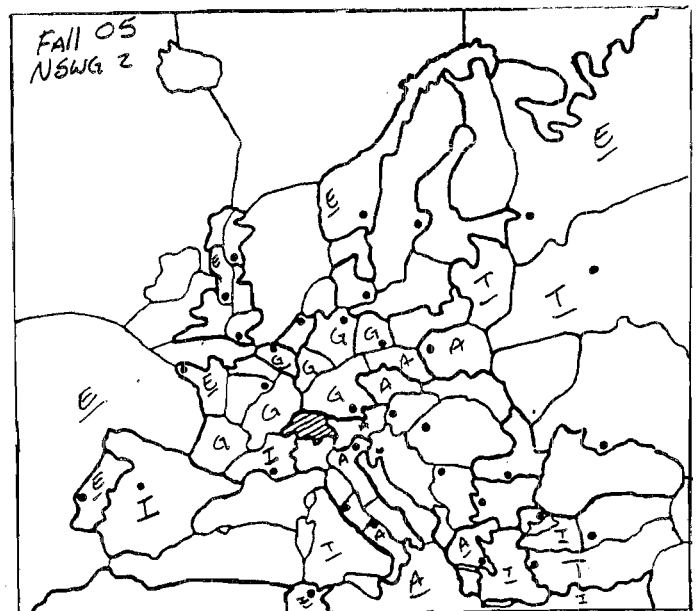
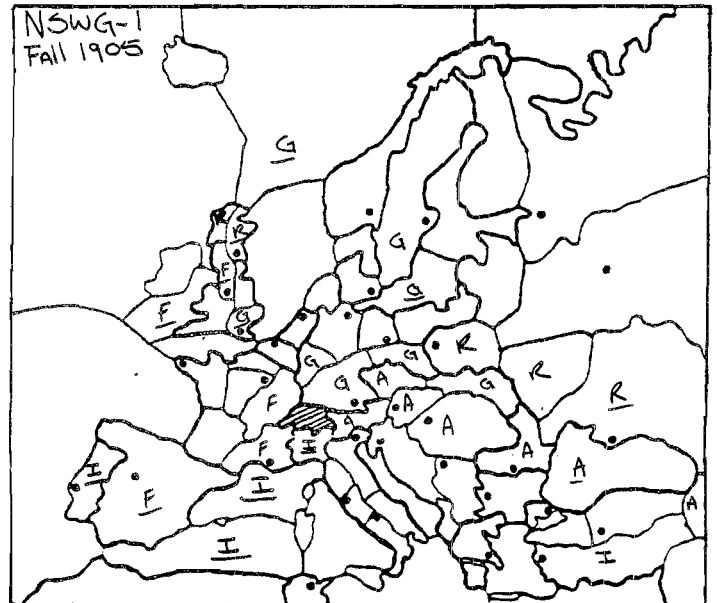
The Press:

Eric to Uncle Bob: Let me know if you want to use my fleet to help us stop up the Mediterranean/Mid Atlantic.

Aus to Stafford: Hey master tactician! Check out this move-Burgess' fleet can cover either Tun or Tyn. So I dislodge my Turkish ally and he retreats to whatever Italy didn't cover. What do you think?

GM to Austria: I think Turkey figured it out on his own.

GM TO BOARD: I am stalling till we get to the next page so I have the room to run Michalski's press, but what the heck, let's sneak over there right now.



NSWG 2 Press:
ENGLAND CHALLENGES
THE ORC TO TRY AND
TAKE BREST.



Dear. Mr. Tallman, I found this picture of your friend who also publishes what you call "Dip Szine" in with masters you brought for printing. Not sure what you want me to do so I print same same. Thank you for your business.



NSWG 3 1982 IJ Gene Damage Winter 1903 Separation at the request of two or more players

Austria retreats A Alb OTB
Italy No build recieved, will play one short
Russia Retreats F norway of the board, builds F Stp(sc), A War.

It should be noted that Turkey's sub has expired and no moves are on file. Will Bob Seki please submit standby orders.

Austria Ed Henry
France Mark Luedi
Germany Brad Trutt Italy Irwin Schroeder
Russia William Lowe

Bob Seki, 2432 Calhoun Ave, Seattle, 98112. Everyone elses address is in last monthes NSWG. Spring moves are on file for Austria, Englan, France and Russia

Aus-Board: Come on guys, you won't write, so kill me already. It was educational-and strange.

Russia Germany:Wanna trade? I'm dreaming of a white Kiel...

Russia Turkey:So what happened?

Russia Italy:I am not hostile to you. So stop acting weird, okay? Maybe if you wrote me...

Russia France:It looks to me like black and white. Vegatables grow best in white light.

Russia Austria:Better dead than red. Sorry about the backstab. Good luck elsewhere.

Russia to England:Help! Where is the navy whaen you need them?

NOTE: KEITH SHERWOOD IS THE NEW GM. SEND YOUR
NEXT ORDERS TO HIM. HIS ADDRESS IS WITH NSWG 1.

NSWG-4 1981 IF Booper's Revenge

GM: Dan Stafford
1643 Graniteway Ln
Columbus, OH 43229
(614) 431-9334

AUTUMN 1909: ITALY: A tyo R TRI
F spa/s R POR
ENGLAND: F lvp R IRI
WINTER 1909: GERMANY: build F KIE, A MUN, A BER
ITALY: builds A ROM
TURKEY: NRR! GM removes a ukr, f bla
ENGLAND: removes F iri

SEPERATION OF SEASONS GRANTED! Orders on file for
Germany, Italy, and England.

STANDBY FOR TURKEY IS: Doug Beyerlein(addresses below)

PRESS: ITALY to GERMANY: You will have to earn your win
with me around, my friend.

GERMANY to PUBBER: Fortunately, Benny the rat
tipped me off about your goons; so I decided
to take a hasty trip out West. However, my
brother did not. He should be out of
intensive care any week now.

NSWG-5 The Bird 1981 KC

SUMMER 1909: GERMANY: F nth R LON
A mun R SIL

FRANCE(Diamond): F ion-GRE, F NAP S F tys-ION,
A tyo-VEN, A EDI H, F SKA-swe, A ruh-HOL,
F ENG S + F NTH C A bel-LON, F nac-NWG,
A BUR S A mun-RUH.

GERMANY(Wiggers): A FIN S + F BAL C A ber-SWE,
A DEN S A KIE S + A BOH S A sil-MUN,
F lon-nth D (R yor, wal, otb),
A ven-tyo D (R apu, tus, pie, otb).

TURKEY(Finley): F ADR S A vie-TRI, A gal-BUD,
F BUL/S S A sev-RUM, F con-AEG,
F gre / D (R alb, otb) F EAS-ion.

AUSTRIA(Leudi): A SER S french F ion-gre,
A tri / D (R alb, tyo; otb) A bud-VIE.

ITALY(Bassett): A ROM S french A tyo-ven.

DOT STATUS

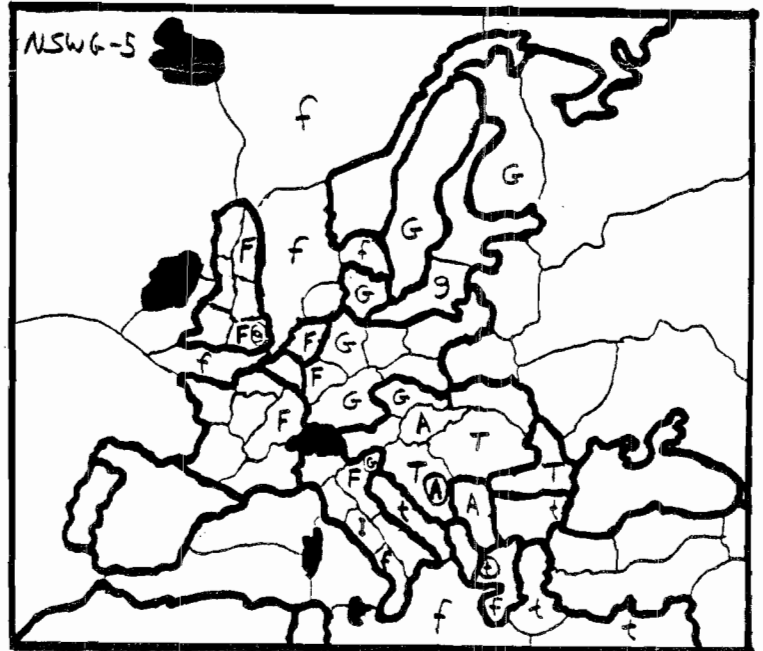
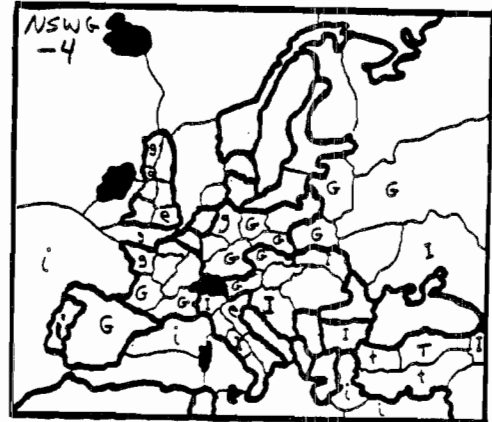
FRA: Par, Bre, Mar, Por, Spa, Lvp, Lon, Tun, Bel
Hol, ~~ste~~, ~~kie~~, Nap, EDI, GRE, VEN (14) build 1
GER: Ber, Mun, ~~sz~~, Nwy, War, Stp, Mos, ~~den~~, Den
KIE, SWE (9) even
TUR: Ank, Con, Smy, Bul, ~~ste~~, Rum, Sev, ~~kie~~, BUD
TRI (8) even
AUS: ~~bud~~, ~~kie~~, Ser, VIE (2) remove 1
ITA: Rom (1) even

PRESS: GERMANY to AUSTRIA: You offered help to
Turkey or France-how about me? I'm drowning
in frogs.

GERMAN MINISTER OF PEACE to POPE: If you can
be patient and turn your attention to some-
one else, I'll help you push westward in
1910-honest.

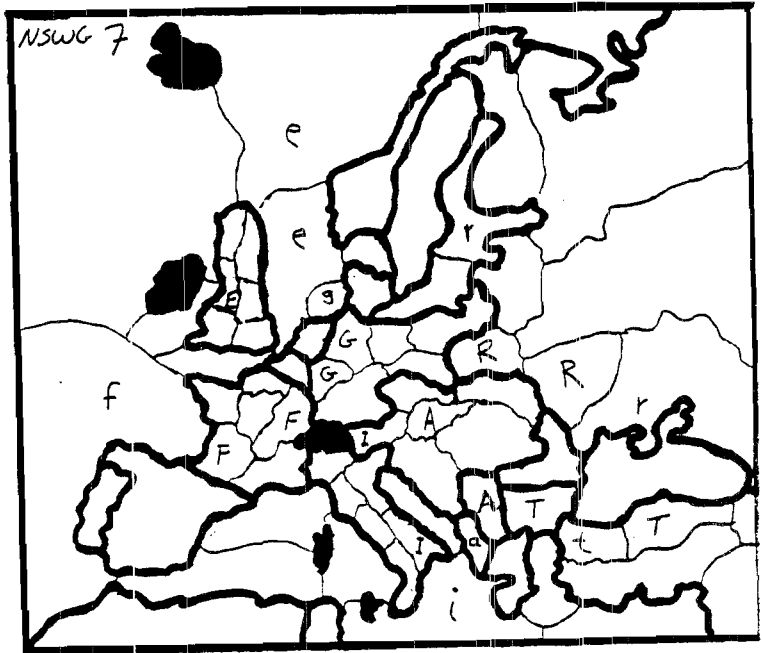
NSWG 4 Players Standby Turkey Doug Beyerlein
Stan Johnson Germany
Randy Goldring Italy
Scooter Hanson England
Andre Torres-Turkey Russia CD

All addresses are in last monthes NSWG



NSWG-7 Steroids 1983 HO

SPRING 1901: WESTERN POWERS DO FUNNY THINGS!!
RUSSIA(Bassett): A WAR-gal, F SEV H,
A mos-UKR, F stp/s-BOT.
AUSTRIA(Meinal): A VIE-gal, F tri-ALB, A bud-SER.
ITALY(Quirk): A ven-TYO, F nap-ION, A rom-APU.
TURKEY(Lowe): A con-BUL, A smy-ANK, F ank-CON.
ENGLAND(Gardner): a yor-lvp (NSU), A LVP U,
F edi-NWG, F lon-NTH.
FRANCE(Matthews): A par-GAS, A mar-BUR, F bre-MID.
GERMANY(Henry): F kie-HEL, A ber-KIE, A mun-RUH.
COA: Paul Gardner, P O Box 283, Randle, WA 98377
Address (zip code) correction: Simon Matthews,
432 N. Dollarton Hwy, N. Vancouver, B.C. V7G 1N1
PRESS: TURKEY to WORLD: Orthodox? Me? C'mon, why
would an Eastern power be orthodox?
TURKEY to BLACK SEA: FISSSSHESS: My phone number
is (604) 364-0396.
DATELINE CRETE: The island of Crete formally
seceded from Greece today. The provisional
government gave as a reason for secession:
"We've no American Birds, eh?"



REVIEW BY ED HENRY

The Prince. A Machiavellian name for a four-week 'zine put out by Jim Meinel, 7410 Nancy St. #1, Anchorage, AK 99507. Jim is presently looking for standbys for the prophetic play/regular Diplomacy games he runs. Sub price: 10/\$5.00.

This is a good 'zine for players and player-watchers. Eight games, and as reliable as the sun coming up in the morning (except maybe in Alaska. Jim?). Minimal "dead time" between each deadline and receipt of the current issue. Jim will bend over backward to get everyone's orders before the deadline--and get them right. The GM'ing is at least excellent, and the press (as far as I know) is unedited: white and gray only, please.

The Prince also includes a subzine: "Humboldt" by Kevin Tighe. Usually a page or two of weird humor and odd comments, this feature provides a startling contrast to the rest of the 'zine--probably on purpose. Kevin ran a sub-subzine once ("Gosline" by Bob Gosselin) and threatened to make it a regular, but it has not been seen since. Jim is on the lookout for anyone interested in doing another (I assume "additional") subzine on a regular basis: drop him a line if you are so inclined.

The non-game, non-subzine portion of The Prince is usually a couple of pages' worth of housekeeping, odds and ends of hobby news, filler cartoons and other tidbits--the last issue contained a one-page description of Anchorage (with more promised). Letters and comments are printed very infrequently, and are not openly solicited. This is a very "clean" 'zine (pardon my poetry), and tends to avoid controversy--everyone involved seems to like it that way. If pressed, Jim would probably describe it as "an adult publication for the serious gamer."

In summary, I like The Prince. (Get used to that phrase.) It's not real big on entertainment, but the quality of the GM'ing and its solid reliability leave little to be desired in those areas. Playing the game is what it's all about, and if anyone out there ever has the opportunity to play a game in this 'zine, I strongly recommend that they take advantage of it.

Always it seems that things go awry at the last minute to put things back a bit. This issue is a couple of days late because Biffy was out catting around and was thus unable to get his games here on time. Which means this is a little bit longer than usual.

Once again I am at work using the old, beater selectric-so soon we get spoiled.

I note with interest that Whitesonia/Kathy's Korner has gone up to 70¢ per issue. I fully expect a lot of the biggerazines to go up to that or 75¢ here very shortly. I will probably bump mine up right after the first of the year. Watch for an nouncement next issue.

This month's squeaking from Jim-Bob may or may not be the start of his answer to Mos-Eisley. I've offered him space but we all know what a social butterfly he is in his toadying. We'll see.

Gary and Woody should be back from Europe by now. Watch for a mammoth Europa Express with Gary describing every puddle and bus stop.

For those of you who get Cathy's Rambling's may I point out that the Rambler was a make of Automobile made by American motors through the mid sixties or there about. And hidden, not particularly difficult to spot, in the collage are a pair of same.

I am about to give up on announcing the following month's cover theme for NSWG here. Response has been almost nil and I usually change my mind half way through the month anyway. Unlike Brux I run very few letters here because I get very few. In this month's Denver Glont, an English Szine, Brus solicited a plug and got same with the comment that all his uncut letters are boring.

I am inclined to agree. Brux, in his never ending quest to excede Berch's sub rate (number of bodies) hit me up to sub and I was able to truthfully say I couldn't afford it then although I had offered to trade. I have Jim Meinel's old collection of Voice of Dooms and while it can honestly be said that Brux prints everything he receives, much of it is a genuine waste. Many of the letters are very specific responses to things printed in VoD or elsewhere and often lack context if you know neither the writer nor the context.

There are occasional gems but by and large you wade through Brux's toadies toadying to him (I'm much to polite to say kissing ass). All in all VoD was a strong contender for Most Boring Szine in the Yawner Poll.

The other interesting thing about VoD is the most incredibly detailed house rules in the hobby. Brux has an unspoken one that says "never allow common sense to stand in the way of the addition of another houserule."

To say that Brux is fussy is to beg the point. I would never recommend VoD to a rooky looking for games either as an original player or as an opportunity to standby. The two kinds of games I won't play in are those with prophetic retreats and builds and those using Brux's houserules. This is, of course consistant with my own rather lackidaisical attitude on gming.

The strong points about VoD are that it comes out regularly on time and pound for pound you can't find a better buy on starting material for fires in the hobby.

There seems to be an informal competition to see who can put out the largest single issue of a szine. Highthumper came out with one about 106 pages this sumer. Peery hit about 150 pages last issue and Brux is the current winner at about 170. Sadly very little of it was new material. He rran some material from other sources and printed his houserules. A few interesting pieces and the obligatory 'way to go, Brus' letters.

And those of you who know Brux will note that I totally avoided the issue of fueding materials generated there.

Voice of Doom is put out by Bruce Linsey, address given an issue or two back in my sub list. A popular szine with the masses and the toadies.

The latest Anduin came. It also runs a lot of letters but seems a little more interesting. One problem I have there is that Eric Kane, the editor, usually misses my transitions from general rambling to tongue in cheek satire. I think I'll take a highlighter and mark those parts of my letters to him that are not to be taken seriously.

Eric is one of the few szines to incorporate art work as a regular feature on the cover of the szine. The art is usually done by his sister and tends towards fantasy but is a very nice touch.

Anduin gets the NSWG okay for novice and new players/subbers.

The next couple of issues marks the end of the sub for a lot of you but one of the more interesting deadwood on my list is Bernie Tretick. Long worshipped/decried as THE hobby demon he was often used as the threat to keep the zit-faced teens in line. "Willard, if you don't quit that your name will turn to Oaklyn!"

Still listed in Supernova as scum that walks, Bernie is still remembered as the gm who wasn't afraid to see to it that the players in his games kept their promises.

To mark the potential, although surely temporary, passing from sight of this hobby legend I offer three free issues for the best letter/article dealing with Bernie Tretick-the man and the legend. Runners up will get one free issue. And always remember, the editor reserves the right to edit.

This is brought up not only by the fact that his sub is running out but the fact that I was rummaging through my collection of old Le Fronts and was impressed by the cover art he used. He used greeting cards for his cover art. The format was digest so after reducing the rest of the copy he would simply copy a greeting card. No great shakes for originality or respect of copyright protection but made for an attractive cove month after month.

In as much as NSWG is sort of the old Le Fronter's home there should be a few comments.

Trouble in paradise-the hips at Cathy's are revolting against the resident manager, sit-ins are planned, rioting has been controlled by University district police. Details at eleven.

And beyond that not much else is new. I'm going to publish tomorrow and I still don't know which cover I'm going to use.

A note on Changes of Address. Be sure to call them out in big letters. Otherwise I miss them.. I don't compare the return address on your turns or latest letter to my files. Some people whine (read Osuch) tht I keep sending the szine to the wrong address.

I think it's a wrap. Crank up the presses Perry, send Lois out for some beers.



Don't forget to sign up for a game with Ken 'Deadwood' Corbin, he's mentioned elsewhere this issue. With luck we'll get comments and notes from the lovely Joan, newest member in the north west gang of several.

We have been considering organizing to fight the rabid organizers but it would obviously defeat it's own purpose. So we are not forming the Seattle Society for Stopping the Spread of Societies, Etc. and we are not meeting when Ken and Joan come up over Thanksgiving to plan our conquest of the hobby from within. We won't be printing a manifesto and we won't invite the rest of the Washingtonians, British Columbians, Alaskans, and Oregonians to join us, stopping the spread of that blight that seems to be trying to ooze out of San Diego and a few eastern locations.

We won't be dwelling on the inherent superiority of the northwest and it's non-existent membership.

So sign up for Ken's game-no game fee, no NMR fee. Unless he decides to charge one.

BOB HEKI & DOUG BEYERLEIN ARE CALLED TO
STAND BY,

ALL PLAYERS - YOUR DEADLINE IS
DEC. 9th - 9 P.M. Pacific Time
GM'S - YOUR DEADLINE IS DEC. 16th

A CURIOUSITY OF SORTS SINCE AUGUST 1982

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37c
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