

# North Sealth, West George

A place, a concept and now a home for mutants

Vol 2, Issue # 6

January, 1982



Coming Next Month: 2 Games From "Just Among Friends"  
3 More From Jack Fleming's  
"Paranoic Monthly"  
N.S., W.G., Warehouse West? Or "Bob & Doug" solo?  
And who are the three heads of the Mutant?

Dec. 12th, a dark and rainy sunday night.

Yes boys and girls I have Jack Flemings wonderful Smith-Corona to play with and I'm sitting here pounding my little heart out, quite frankly the only real advantages I can see are space saved and time. Hand lettered a page takes an hour to an hour and a half. With this little gem a page only takes an hour to an hour and a half.

The one problem I see with picking up all of Jack's games is that fact that he has some fanatical press writers so I may wind up running his two regular games, the bourse, Abstraction and Middle Earth Dip as seperate sub zine under the title of "Bob and Doug". I'll keep you all informed. Jack gave all of his players the holidays off so the deadline for those games isn't until Saturday February 5th at 2p.m. Pat Conlon requested that the Abstraction game not take a break, so if you're in that game and getting NSWG for the first time you have him to thank. Anyway the bottom line is that one way or another we will get jack's games out on time next month.

I will speak briefly about the two polls that came out this month. In the Marco Poll NSWG came in tied for 15th out of 35 szines recieving votes. This is rather gratifying consider ing this thing was only four issues old at the time. I actually got mentioned in the GM poll which is even stranger because I had only GM'd two turns. In the Whitestonia Poll were the results that really astounded me. I wasn't that far back, 12th aft er you insert Don Ditter where he belongs.

My thanks to all you who voted, if Lazelere and Caruso will give me a list of the voters you'll get your subscription adds.

Coming up in February is the freshman class poll run by the infamous Scott Hanson, pubber of "IRKSOME", a fairly reputable szine. What you do is take all the szines that have started in the past year and rate them on a 1 to 10 basis with 1 equaling snail shit and 10 equaling a "new" dip set with wooden fleets and armies. You should have seen at least 2 issues of the szines you vote for. The only new szine that I recieve is 'Perlandra' by Father Gaughan, Brotherhood of St. BoredMan. The one that I've seen a fake of is Willard Hightower's szine for future Hitler Youth 'Modern Patriot'.

Now that I think about it Judy Winsome's 'Winsome Losesome' is also a freshman. The arguements over who Judy really is are amusing but it's a nice szine running three well GM'd games. The five week deadline is deadly slow though. Jim Meinel's 'The Prince' probably is the best in terms of neatness and good repro. I would like to vote for 'Damn the Torpedos' just because Daf Fritz is so much nicer than Kathy on the phone, but then who isn't. The Keither's 'You Know My name' isn't vital unless you're a ratings freak. If any of these sound interesting or you want a game start or two let me know and I'll give you adresses. But anyway vote for the ones you've seen and send that vote to

Scott WHO SHAVES HIS FEET IT'S RUMORED, HANSON  
939 18th Ave SE  
Minn, Minn 55414

VOTE

Still no news on the employment front. Noone is running up and offering me barrels of money to come and work for them but despite this fact I am still way behind on my letter writing. I am continueing my work on the rehabilitation of Cathy Cunning to help her over come her Caruso/Ozog fixations.

I think each month we should start a vicious rumor to pass around and make people crazy. They don't have to make sense and shouldn't have a thread of truth. For the best vicious rumour submitted each month you'll get a free issue but only if I get to attribute it to you. Here are samples:

It has been printed in NSWG that Dip Digest is the hobbies most boring Szine. (Damn, I was only going to write untrue ones).

Arnawoodian means 'Hamster Molester' in Armenian.

John Boardman is playing in Julie Martin's 'Everyone Plays.'

Bernie won't be in any more game starts here.

Bob Sach's has decided to quit forming committees and concentrate on being the best dip player that he can possibly be.

Rod Walker is going to encourage each pubber to run several polls next year and he'll plug them all in Dip World.

Brux is trading for NSWG so he can steal ideas.

Hightower has dropped out of school to work for Kennedy.

Playlist: Dr. Demento

Still Dec. 12th but a little later.

- Okay we still have game openings but ghod alone knows why. What we have is:
- 6 for postal drop dip and Paul Rauterberg says he's been working on rules so I offer him the chance to guest gm it if he wants to.
  - 2 for regular dip.
  - 2 for a two week game and if this doesn't fill fairly quickly I'll probably shelve it for a while because I've got a couple of variants I'd rather try such as
  - 0 for postal Monopoly. Win criteria would be the same as the regular game or all the properties divided by two plus one. One major difference would be that all movement would be simultaneous and you would receive your dice roll for movement with the previous months adjudication. And if two players were about to hit the same proper tie they would each be allowed to bid on the property. A player in this need not be a subscriber. Thus if you have rug rats they could play this. In fact if I could get six players under 18 I would run it that way but in any event I will accept 6 players in this little gem.
  - 0 for Abstract~~ion~~ and same for Kamakura, either of which I'd run but the monopoly looks like more fun.

Dec. 13th

The moves from Flemings happy little band of deviants have started to trickle in despite the fact that they are still not due for a month and a half.

The latest 'Give Me A Weapon' is called 'Retaliation' and the new Retal is called GMAW and Julie Baumeister has moved up in the world (sort of).

Steve Langley sent me the latest Magus and pound for pound it's a real bargain, and as I sat there drooling and thinking to myself that he just might be crazy enough to trade it came back to me that he is one of Jack's and is going to get something from me one way or another anyway. Shit, looks like I'll have to subscribe.

Father Peter of the Brotherhood of St. BoredMan writes and tells me that having Hightower in his szine is no more bizarre than having Bernie here. What's sad is that we pick up Wee Willy with the rest of Jack's otherwise okay folks. Hmm, I guess if we can put up with Michalski then Hithumper won't be too big a shock.

I've just been reading 'Whitestonia' and saw that Caruso the Wimp also plugged Scott Hanson's Freshman Szine Poll and recommended that when you vote say that you heard about it in Whitestonia. That's okay but tell Scott you didn't believe it until you saw it here.

I started to do up a special little Christmas issue with pictures of Olsen on the cover in his union suit and little elves running around and it was really going to be good. I had the originals all done up ready for the xerox store and then stopped and thought about you all and how much you mean to me and said 'Bah humbug' and went out and bought a case of Henry Weinhard's Private reserve instead. Happy New Year's!

And on that note how about a letter? From the desk of Kathleen Byrne, Notary Public State of New York No. 41-4742335 Queens County Commission Expires March 30 1983

This is an authorized notarized statement declaring you to be insane. You have your choice of Creedmore, the local mental institutuim for all the foreigners or Woody's Basement (I hope you like rats and fish). Please advise at your earliest convenience (NOW STUPID).

Since you collect junk, enclosed find a postage receipt forged by a Canuckie, Hutton. Complain and Woody will send you some flys! No, he isn't going to cut the zippers out of his pants! He already sent them to Toots.

The Marines are looking for a few good men-but the Canucks like jerks! Please enlist there and do your country a favor!

Ronald Reagan

Always nice to get a few encouraging words from one of my fans. By the way, Cathy Cunning has written and informed me that the last issue had such a pro found effect on her that she is founding an order of nuns for the Order of St. BoredMan in order that she might have sufficient time to look back at her obvious error in percieving the Wimp as macho. Unfortunately the Order calls for a vow of silence and like Superman and Kryptonite, Green Lantern and the color yellow I fear silence would be your demise.

Dec. 21 and all my Christmas shopping is done

Cathy Cunning will probably never be able to fully thank me for bringing her into the Dip limelight last issue but she wants to try.

Dear Mr. Toadman; Upon receiving NSWG I must admit that my heart went out to you. To be in such sad shape and lacking so much material that you had to use someone as interesting as me to fill your pages!

Now I can ignore your comments about Eric and John as the mindless ramblings of most toads, who having seen their toadies slip through their fingers come unglued. However the mere thought that you could ever think of calling me a "Valley Girl", that went too far. Have you noticed the distance between California and Arizona? ((Yes, none)) Most Valley Girls die before they get here. For that matter toads from Seattle also suffer the same fate. But then I forgot the size of a brain that toads have--sorry, my mistake.

Also you should thank me--after showing your comments about sorority girls to my fellow sorority sisters, it was all I could do to keep them from going to Seattle and talking to you personally about it. Imagine 50 girls on your doorstep, all in Oxfords and topsiders and all from California ((Just asked my brother and he's all for it)). By the way sorority girls have very high hit points.

Further more I don't like Tom Selleck! Malcolm McDowell is more my ideal of the perfect man.

Also I just don't see how Fleming could actually trust you. After all you did promise to give me Berlin didn't you.

Ah yes, another satisfied reader. No Cathy I did not promise you Berlin in the Irksome game but I'm liable to squeal to a potential ally of yours if you don't toady most humbly.

The other night I received a phone call from a total degenerate who insisted that I not use his name but who wanted me to tell the tale of how Jim Burgess became JIM-BOB Burgess. It's a sad tale and not necessarily true. Jim-Bob will probably want to clarify some of the fine points later.

#### The Tale of Jim-Bob or Mr. Burgess Goes to Dallas

It was late in the summer of '82 and the heat still lay heavy on the New England country side. In an isolated but tasteful section of Providence, Rhode Island a family is gathered. The old white mansion with its stately pillars belies the agony of those within. Outside all is calm, inside is not the same.

In the library a young man is on his knees before his mother who cries gently into her kerchief, "Mammy, how I love You, how I love you, my dear old mammy."

"Don't be givin' me no mo o' yo crap," she cries, "Yo be goin off to live with them... them... Texans!" She swoons as though about to faint, obviously the hated word has brought her near to fainting.

"But Mammy I has to go..."

"Sheeit," mutters his father who has been staring out across the grounds outside the bay windows. He slowly turns and stares at his son. "You heer me boah?" He walks slowly towards Jim and looks down with despair on his old, grizzled face. "Yeah! I says Bullsheit!"

With tears in his eyes young Jim struggles to his feet, "Mammy, pappy, youse just got to understand. I've been dead wood in dis here hobby foah years now. I played foah massuh Bernie but he nevah gone let his toadies fr ee. So I starts to playin foah massuh Eric and I fine'ly starts to see whats I can be. I can be a toady mammy! I already be a toady for massuh Terry and I be makin a name but.."

"But what?" his mammy whispers.

"But I never be no toady for de BIG TOAD!"

"And jus who be de Big Toad?" asked his father.

A light begins to glow in Jim's eyes. "Why, the Big toad, the really GREEN toad, with the great warts...that's Missy Kathy!"

"AAAAIIIIII," screams his mother and faints dead away.

Jim's father helps the servants remove the stricken mother from the room. Gray faced he turns to his son, "Surely they be an easier way? Maybe self disfigurement? Maybe illegal drugs that turn your brain into something resembling mush or Diplomacey Digest? Surely you can abuse yo self some easier way?"

"No pappy, I cain't. If I'm going to be the number one toady I've gots to do it fo

de number on toad. And she say she already got too many toadies in new England. I'se got to ge t some place what ain't filled it's quota of Byrne Toadies and she say, "Dey stack it pretty damn tall out dere but not tall enough to toady fo me."

His father heaved a heavy sigh and turned to a small side closet and returned with a large white object. "Son I wants you to take dis wit yo."

Jim was a little confused, "Uh, pappy, what fo yo wants me to fetch a big clos' hamper to Texas fo?"

"Fool! What you got fo brains? Old Brutus Bulletins? Dis be a ten gall on hat. And if you wears dis mothu you gon' pass fo a Texican."

Tears welled up in Jim's eyes, "Thank yo, pappy. I'll always wear it, in doors, at dinner, in bed, even during sex. No body'll ever guess I ain't no real Texican."

"Yes dey will unless you cammy flage yo self. De hat be a star t but yo gots to have a goof ball name."

"But Pappy, how can I have a goof ball name? I ain't even been to Texas yet!"

"So we has to give you one now. One what will let you pass for a Texican no matter what. All you gots to do is use two furs' names like Joe -Jeff or Ralf-Ernie..."

"Or Jim-Bob Burgess!" muttered Jim-Bob half to himself.

So Jim-Bob packed his ten-gallon hat and new name and headed for the land of wi de-open spaces and wide open cow flops to become Kathy Byrne's toady.

I would like to take this opportunity to appologise for Jack Flemings Typewriter, orimarily because everyonce in a while it skips a space and I don't notice and it even spells the occassional word wrong or fails to punctuate properly.

Perhaps the happiest event this month is the naming of a Hobby Blame Custodian. The following is a quote from this monthes 'Mos Eisley Spaceport', put out by John Michalski;

"Kathy Byrne is not yet formally the Hobby Blame Custodian, but from what I hear she has the spot locked up. I understand she gets the blame for everyone in the hobbies dislike for everyone and anyone else, as well as being at fault for Curtis Gibson's bad looks and Bruce Linsey's bad breath."

Now that we have this established I want to blame Kathy for:

My failing to make the right move for Don Ditter in our Irksome game

My always being allied to Palter

For Rauterberg stabbing me in 82 CP instead of that other Turkey that he'll probably never play against again.

For Jack's typewriter.

For all the games I'm adding to this szine

For the fact that I only type one draft of this little gem

For the fact that I still like Uncle Dan and little Eric and cousin Gary and even Mr. Julie.

For the fact that Mark can publish a triple issue about what a great guy Mark is and ext olling what a hot-shit player he is and then charge everyone for a triple issue. (On second thought he can cover that one himself)

And then Kathy wrote;

Oh, I just knew you were going to be a chess player, all boring people are. I hate chess, maybe that explains why I'm not boring.

At least you are upholding hobby tradition by keeping Canucks out of your szine, however, I would like to know how the Canuckie ((William alphabet Lowe)) knew I was 5'4", brunette, perky-faced ((Sound of GM/editor stifling)) and had an SMG strapped to my leg. That is supposed to be a secret! At least my swithblade wasn't mentioned-maybe some things are sacred!

As for my brother, (Brad Trutt) pay him no mind, he's always been a jerk. I'm surprised he's not related to you. You just know he has to be a jerk because his idol is batman. He likes to pretend he's Batman and Woody gets to be Robin, well I guess it is better than the time when he used to change his clothes in phone booths-he finally stopped playing super man after the third time he was arr ested for being a flasher. He has brought nothing but embarrasment to the entire family.

"Save Cathy from the Jerk"-That's right Terry, I think Cathy should be saved from you! You=Jerk! Anyone who calls John Caruso a wimp on the cover of his rag definetly has a death wish or else he's just plain stupid. I believe you're the

latter. No one, absolutely no one but Honey Olen is allowed to call John a wimp.  
You are very mouthy for a fag. Does it come natural or do you take lessons  
You are also very dumb--does that come natural or do you  
take lessons from Woody?

Well I know how to save Cathy from you:

1. The Wimp goes to Seattle and breaks both your arms--then you can't type or write. ((That's always been in question anyway))
2. Mark Berch pays you a visit and double talks for three days.
3. Toots stuffs one of Fluff's old smelly socks in your mouth.
4. Mike Mazzer pierce's your right ear--just like his.
5. You must spend a week with Mark Luedi, everyone's favorite vegetable.

After all this has occurred, you should be as normal as the rest of us. The evil spirits will be driven from your body and your brain will be only slightly damaged.

And then there was the second issue of Michalski's new szine 'Martian Hormones/  
Martian WhoreMeans". I thought the sub fee of \$25.00 per year was a little steep  
until he mentioned that he will only be running 10 day deadline games. The \$15.00  
game fee may also set some of you back but how else will JM ever get a retirement.  
He requests that no one plug him yet, he's sent the first two issues to all the really  
good players in the hobby for free. He also says not to tell Trousers Sherwood that  
he's missed two issues, otherwise he goes crazy trying to complete his library of old  
obscure dip-szines. Jim Meinel is the only other player I know signed up for the first  
game.

Dec. 29

I'm afraid I'm about to take a pasting in my new game in GMAW. No toadies! How am  
I supposed to play without at least three or four toadies in my games? Uncle Dan  
accuses me of cross gaming but I defie him to show me a single game where I sacrificed  
my position for an ally. This is the mark of a wanted one!

Dec. 30

Today is my 33rd birthday which makes me nearly as old as Kathy, a rare distinction.  
Kathy sent me a very nice card, although not in the same class as the one I sent her  
which depicted a character very much like her right down to the anchor tatoos on the  
bulging forearms and the penchant for sailors and sailor suits.

I had given thought up until last night of going to Byrnecon West but my car is  
running rough and it's just to cold to hitch hike seven hundred and some odd miles  
to meet a bunch of Langley toadies. I'll probably try to call both the east and west  
editions of the con.

Starting Monday I'm going back to school at night. I'll be in class four nights a  
week and will be gone from about 5:30 till 9:45 Monday through Thursday evenings. If  
you need to call those nights and you're in the east I suggest you call in the afternoon  
my time, in as much as I'm usually around. The last job that I applied for had 106  
applicants and was in Kodiak, Alaska. So it looks like my afternoons will remain free  
for a bit longer.

Other strange letters and notes from the Keither Sherwood, Derwood Bowen and others.  
and then Jim-Bob Burgess checks in with the winner in my exorcism campaign. And  
remember folks, I didn't write it--just printed it.

Hi! This is Jim-Bob Burgess, 1982 Toady of the Year. Let me introduce the  
players in our little docudrama:

Terry Tallman: Publisher of North Sealth, West George, the szine for Dyslexic  
dippers and frppers.

John Caruso: Accused wimp and decidedly decisive publisher of Whitestonia.

Kathy Byrne: Opinionated, vocal and generally not invovled in the controversy  
discussed herein but then who could keep her out?

Eric Ozog:Accused of Orcishness and publisher of the szine for the love lorn,  
Diplomacy by Moonlight.

Cathy Cunning:The accused sorority girl, in need of exorcism.

And reintroducing todays exorcist and chief toady to all of the above players  
(except Caruso of course, no one toadies to Him!).

Jim-Bob Burgess:And who is this mysterious person who came out of nowhere and  
worse t o capture the 1982 Toady of the Year Award? Well it is not the place of  
this humble soul to comment so I leave that to everyones favorite NSWG pubber.  
((Go back a couple of pages and reread the 'Jim-Bob story and now try to guess who  
requested it))

So the question up for discussion is how to exorcise Cathy Cunning. This is  
also some kind of contest. Now let me say something about that.

TT:Yes, Jim-Bob?

J-B:Uh...uh...well I was going to say that the whole concept is terribly sexist!

Do you think it has anything to do with the fact that she's female? After all  
Cathy can take care of herself,right?

CC:Don't worry about me Jim-Bob!

TT:Jim-Bob, are you accusing me of being unfair?

J-B:Me?Me!? Terry, you wrong me!How could you be unfair? I was only saying that  
Cathy is a fine young woman and can take care of herself, perhaps with a little  
help from an elf we all so well know.

EO:Well...I don't know...

TT:What elf?He's and Orc!!!

JC:Wai t a minute! If he's and orc then I'm a wimp! Besides, Burgess is an ass!  
I know because I said so! What are you fools listening to him for? Have you  
ever read anything he writes? You can'T!!!!!!((Try transcribing it))Besides  
if you co uld it's just garbage anyway. You should see the bull crap he's been  
sending to my address for the last month! As far as I'm co ncerned if he got  
trampled by a stampede last week it wouldn't be too soon!

KB:OHH! But he's so cute...he sends me the cutest postcards. What a honey-honey  
he is! I used to have this other honey...uh...but I forgot his name...Johnny  
dear, do you remember? I went to that con at his place in Sep tember...oh...  
and that is where I met Jim-Bob...he's so sweet! He told me I was a slow eater  
but I just couldn't stand to break up that lunch...he sat r ight next to me.

JC:So what? Damrr that woman, she's been talking that whay for for weeks now, If  
anyone needs exorcism it's her, not Cathy. The only thing Burgess has ever  
said right in his life was in:condemning this contest and he can't even do that  
right without wimping out.

EO:Hey wait a minute! Jim-Bob has said some very nice thingsabout me...

JC:See what I mean?

TT:Look turkeys, as far as I'm concerned, you two frogs can hop back into the mud  
where you belong! I can run any kind of contest I want to and if you don't like  
it, tough bull noogies!

JC:I'm not a wimp!

EO:I Have nothing more to say. Cathy will believe whomever she wishes to believe...

KB:I believe, Jim-Bob!What a wonderful toady...

JC:Shut up or you'll eat stale, Chinese take out on dirty dishes in filthy clothes  
in a foul and putrid apartment. You'll be lucky if you even see me at Dip-con,  
though I do have to plan it...Ozog you do it! I quit!

EO:I don't see why I have to get involved with this. I'm no orc.

TT:Ar e you doubting the word of the one who the great Jack Masters has designated  
to hold up the northwest corner of the hobby?

EO:Well...

JC:Oh, shut up!

KB:I was just dreaming...am I talking in my sleep again?

TT:Oh, is that your problem?

J-B:Gee, Cathy, I'm sorry, it doesn't look as if you need any exorcising. Don't  
mind them, in a few monthes it will all pass.

CC:I know, Jim-Bob.

J-B:Yes, they always do, as long as you don't take them seriously. No one else does but me. I might even toady for Carus. Do you think he wants a toady?  
 CC:Oh, I don't know, but you are a pretty nice toady. I'm sure you'll find a way if you want to.  
 J-B:Oh, don't worry about me. It would ruin my image if anyone started toadying for me and I seem to be able to survive though for how long? I wouldn't give long odds on my survival. ((Especially after Kathy sees this)) You'll do fine though. Eric really is worth waiting for. I'll see you in Detroit?  
 TT,EO,KB,&JC:Detroit?! Oh, No! Is Jim-Bob coming?  
 Yelling and screaming continues on into the night.

Hmm, I really don't think anything I can say will shed any light on Jim-Bob's little voyage into the realm of the brain damaged. However if you really want to know just what he meant he said to call between 1:00 a.m. and 4:30 a.m. central time so he'll have plenty of time to explain all the child hood traumas that were released in the last page or so. 214-692-7074 is the number to call.

Jan. 2 The Games, I had these all together yesterday but my tummy hurt and I said screw diplomacy-except for calls to Byrne-Cons East and West.

82 HS NSWG 1 The 'Hot Shit' Game Spring 1902 Press? What press?  
 Austria H.D. Bassett-A Bud-Rum, A Ser S F Gre-Bul (sc), F Gre-Bul(sc), A Vie-Tri  
 England Rauterberg-F NSe-Den, F Nwy-NSe, F Lon S F Nwy-Nse, A Yor-Wal  
 France Cavins-F Mar-Spa(sc), A Spa-Gas, F Bre-Eng, F Por-Mid, A Pic S Ger F Bel  
 Germany Stafford-F Bel S Fre F Bre-Eng, A Hol-S F Bel, F Ber-Bal, A Kie-Den, A Mun H  
 Italy Bumpas-A tri-Alb, F Nap-Ion, F Eas-Aeg, A Ven-Apu  
 Russia Quirk-F Stp (nc)-Nwy, A Fin-S F Stp(nc)-Nwy, F Swe S Eng F NSe-Den, A War-Gal,  
 F Rum-Sev, A Ukr-Rum  
 Turkey Pal ter: A Ank Smy, F Smy-Eas, F Aeg S F Smy-Eas, A Bul S Rus F Rum NSO  
 And then the Press:  
 Russia to Austria: I'm just being careful. Italy told me you were moving to Galicia,  
 and I never heard from you  
 Russia to Germany and France: You know what I am asking for, let me know the answer.

82 IA NSWG 2 'The Barely Terrestrial' Game Fall 1901 Frog Seeks Toad or Toadies.  
 Austria Sherwood-Builds A Bud, A Vie, has A Gal, F Gre, A Ser  
 England Olsen-Builds F Lon, has F Nwg, A Nor, F NSe  
 France Michalski-Has F Mid, A Spa, A Par  
 Italy Burgess-Builds F Nap, F Rom, has F Ion, A Tun, A Mar  
 Russia Tretick-Builds A mos, F Sev, has F Swe, A War, A Ukr  
 Turkey Schaubert-Builds F Cor, A Ank, has A Rum, A Bul, F Bla  
 Germany Ozog- Builds A Mun, has A Bur, F Bel, A Kie

And then the press:  
 Southwestern: Toady, toady, whom do I toady for? Gee, they are all so worthy! I have my pride though!! I will not beg and snivel like the false toadies do, I will not name names but the sneveling liars know who they are.  
 Vienna: As Archduke Keither read over the battle reports from the russian front the candles lighting his small, austere cell began to flicker, a cold wind began to blow sending supernatural shivers up and down his spine. (Yes, Keither does have a spine) Strange, thought Keith, Me thought I heard the honking of geese... Suddenly, the ceiling of the room parted, a burst of sunlight shown through, and count Vlad in all his gloryglory descended from the Valhalla of 79KW riding upon swans. Keith quickly threw himself prostrate on the ground before the imposing figure, as Vlad spoke the room shook. "I have come," he roared, "to teach you how to play Austria!"  
 The suplicating Arch Duke rolled his eyes, "Oh, shit!" he muttered.



Michalski to Tallman: I did get into this free didn't I? I would hate to think I paid to get into this farce. ((And worth every penny))

Iceland: Press war! Press war! Read all about it.

Southwestern to Trieste: Toady Scorecard-Jim-Bob toadies for Eric, who once toadied for Uncle Bernie, who never heard of Dave Schaubert. Bob-Jim Olsen toadies for Michalski who never toadies for anyone but Woody, who's not in this game at all. But Uncle John is toadymaster for you (Sherwood) and you're toady master for Jim-Bob who can't be a toad for anyone since he's chief toady. Jim-Bob would love to toady for Michalski but Uncle John is being cranky. Eric would love to have Olsen toady for him but Bob-Jim stabbed Germany (how unlike him). Uncle Bernie is surely a toad but is Burgess his toady? Can anyone tell, does anyone care? Olsen would love to toady for Schaubert but Schaubert can't tell an elf from an orc from a wimp from an ass from a toad from a toady, can you? Does that help, Keith?

Uncle Bernie's deathbed by way of Southwestern: Let me set the szine...Bernie is lying in bed sipping a glass of wine when suddenly...SMASH...the wine glass fell to the hospital floor and Bernie is heard to mumble the word, 'Rosebud'. What does it mean? Has Mark Berch sent Bernie a young rose? Has Rod Walker sent Mark Berch to see Bernie (in his delerium was the wine poisoned by chance?) Did Bernie mistake Berch's head for a rosebud? Can anyone answer these questions? Tune in next month.

Rome to Berlin: It's very windy here, it's not but a little moist here though, isn't Chicago the windy city?

Southwestern to Moore: Gee, he sent Eric one. I guess he doesn't like me. Or it could be the other way around.

Italy to Oaklyn's Lieutenant: Who are you? Olsen's ignoring me but...

Toady Snit War Update: Stop the gight! Stop the fight! I can't stand to see this beating, It's unfair, the only question is who's winning?

Tallman to all: Thank ghod, the end of Jim-Bob's stuff, be hopeful that Christmas break is his only long vacation this year.

LONDON TO TRIESTE: You need a score card to keep track of the toadies? Okay, here's one:

A--Keith Sherwood--a Stafford toady, but Dan is not in the game; therefore Keith is helplessly floundering around obeying his own toady commands. Therefore, Keith is doomed.

I--Jimboob Burgomaster--a false, fraudulent toady. Voted top toady in a rigged poll but has already disgraced himself and revealed his true nature by commanding his obedient slave and toady, Eric Ozog, to support him to Marseilles.

T--Dirty Dave Schaubert--a Sherwood toady, if that's possible. I don't think it is. But that's up to Keith.

R--John Smith--currently called Bernie Tretick--the only man in the hobby known to be the toady for a supernatural being (as distinct from Ozog who is a supernatural being, namely, an orc), Bernie regularly toadies for his hero, Satan. Yeah, Bernie is a devil of a Dip player, or so he says.

F--John Michalski--The only man who really knows what happened to Adolph Hitler (Dolph now lives in Michalski's basement and puts out Mos Gislely Spaceport: Hitler has seen "Star Wars" on Michalski's Betamax 1000 times, but only watches the final two minutes of the film), Michalski has taken the lead in turning Dip into a simulation of WWII, rather than WWI, with his play in NSWG-2. The plan which I can now reveal is to retreat the Free French to Wales and then invade German-occupied France in 1944

G--Eric the Orc Ozog--Obviously a Tretick Toady, Eric was until recently a respectable human being until Bernie seduced him with promises of a free slot in an upcoming Galaxy game in Bernie's zine. Having decayed to TT once again Eric will be hard-pressed not to sink to the next-lowest level of existence, pond scum.

E--Bob Olsen--the hobby's number one toady according to all honestly run polls on the subject, Olsen will not contest the blatantly rigged DBM poll because he does not wish to offend his toady-masters, Ozog, Burgess and Berch. Olsen has recently been caught reading his complete files of DD and gasping in admiration. "hen it comes to toadies, there are no others."

London to Berlin: I'm not 'looking the other way'. I'm looking your way, my evil eye is fastened on your mangy carcass, even at the risk of my being turned to stone by the sight. I looked at the cover of NSWG #5 and nearly turned to stone but instead I turned to mush. But soon, soon...

82 IJ NSWG 3 The 'Gene Damage' Game and the Kraut NMR's Fall 1901  
Austria Tretick-A Ser S F Alb-Gre, F Alb-Gre, A Tri-Vie  
England Schaubert-F Nwg-Nwy, F NSe C A Edi Bel  
France Luedi-A Bur-Bel, A Pic S A Bur-Bel, F MAO-For  
Germany Trutt-A Kie U H, F Den U H, A Ruh U H  
Italy Schroeder-A Apu-Tun, F Ion C A Apu-Tun, A Ven-Tri  
Russia Lowe-F Rum MS A Sev, A Gal-Vie, F Bot-Swe  
Turkey Ashley-A Bul-Gre, A Arm-Ank, F Con-Aeg

Austria had 3, has 5 builds 2  
England had 3, has 4 builds 1  
France had 3, has 5 builds 2  
Germany had 3, has 4 builds 1  
Italy had 3, has 4 builds 1  
Russia had 4, has 6 builds 2  
Turkey had 3, has 4 builds 1

I am reasonably sure that Brad Trutt simply overlooked my deadline in the general holiday hub-bub but for good luck will Scot Hanson please submit orders for Germany? Press:

Paris: L'Emporor has heard the stories recently telling of one called "The Lonely Man" and wonders if he is not suffering from the same illness which afflicts the Lonely Man. Symptoms include a general lack of mail, severe deaf-muteness and the inability to think clearly, not to mention intense paranoia, diarrhia, and the urge to eat exceedingly boring foods. This is in addition to fanciful thinking, especially in regards to exacting revenge on the post man, and a generally mopeish attitude. L'Emporor is wondering if perhaps a cure might be offered by another of the leaders in Europe for this dreaded disease?

Turkey-Russia: You don't really need a map, just go west. I'll send you a compass, how's that? At least Turkey's aren't endangered.

For Scot (and the rest of you) here's a list of the mutants. Please note that Ashley has moved.

Peter Ashlev 760 33rd St. Boulder, Co. 80303  
Scott Hanson: 939 18th Ave SE Minneapolis, Minnesota 55414  
William etc. Lowe 2206 Daniel St; Trail, B.C. V1R 4G9 604-364-0396  
Mark Luedi 730 Atwater #15; Bloomington, In. 47401  
Dave Schaubert PSC Box 55358; Mather AFB, Ca. 95655  
Irwin Schroeder 1203 Shoreline Dr; San Mateo, Ca. 94404  
Bernie Tretick 13412 Brackley Terrace; Silver Spring, Maryland 20904  
Brad Trutt 602 Hemlock Circle; Lansdale, Pa. 19446

Hey, all you guys in NSWG 1 I keep forgetting to tell you that Bumpas moved.  
Jim Bumpas 4405 Dillard Ave; Eugene, Orygun 97405

And as always the deadlines for all games are always the first Saturday of each month at 2:00 p.m. Pretty simple, even Michalski remembers it.

And then came Flemings GIANT RAT OF SUMATRA/ABSTRACTION March 1915  
Austria Daly no builds, has A Mun, A Boh, A Sil, A Tran, A Ser, A Mac, F Gre, A Bud  
England Olsen builds F Lpl, F Lon, F Ply had F SAO, A Tus, F Bre, F Por, F Bel, A Hol, F Nwy  
France Conlon no builds had F Leon, A AND, A Mar, F Lio, A Lyo  
Germany Wells-removes F Swe, F Pru has A Ruh  
Italy Highfield-Disbands A Dresden, had A Mor, F Wes, F Tyr, A Mar, F Cen, F Eas, F Mal  
Russia Mark Peters-Builds A Mos, has F Ber, A Kie, A Swe, A Den, A Gal, A Rum, A Ukr, F WBS,  
Turkey Marc Peters-No builds, has F Emed retreats to Pal, F Aeg, A Egypt, F Smy, A Bul, A Con

Abstraction Press:

Ruhr to the World: The Frei-Korps is once again. Negotiations for the use thereof c/o German Gov't in exile, Usual Address.

LONDON: I protest! How come Marc Peters gets to run two countries, both Turkey and Russia? And what happened to Keller? Peters, what have you done with him, you scoundrel? Probably languishing in some KGB torture chamber, right Bill?

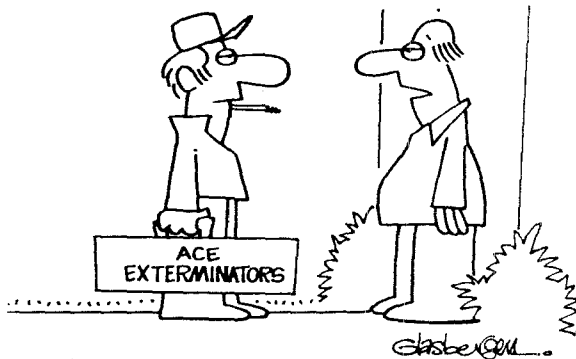
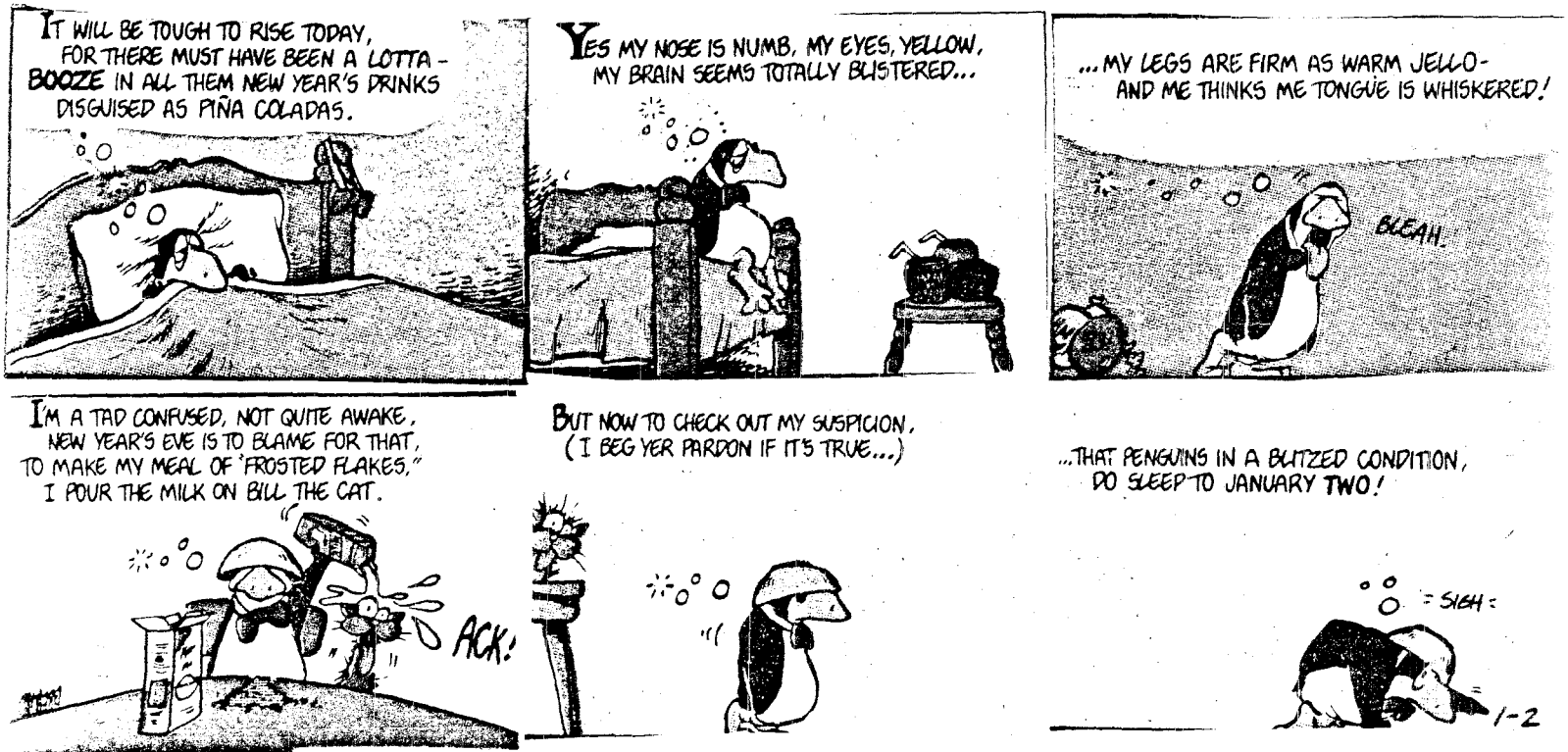
OLSEN-BOARD: Speaking of torture, introducing... Tallman's Handwriting!!!

ENGLAND-GM: You have Bill Highfield in your zine now. Please try to control the many "Down with the USA" and "Andropov Lives" slogans you've been bombarding us with the last few issues. Also please don't let on you're Teddy Kennedy's long-lost cousin.

OSLO: In a surprise announcement the Nobel Committee today announced a special award which has not been given before. A spokesman reported, "We are pleased to present Mr. William S. Highfield with the 1915 Nobel Prize for Impudence, in recognition of his unprecedented weirdness and his contributions to the rehabilitation of the Democratic Party." Particular acknowledgement was made of Bill's sublime, "Reagan's Youth Newsletter" which is now recognized as the foremost journal of prehistoric studies in the country.

GM to the Pudge: Handwriting? What is this handwriting you speak of?

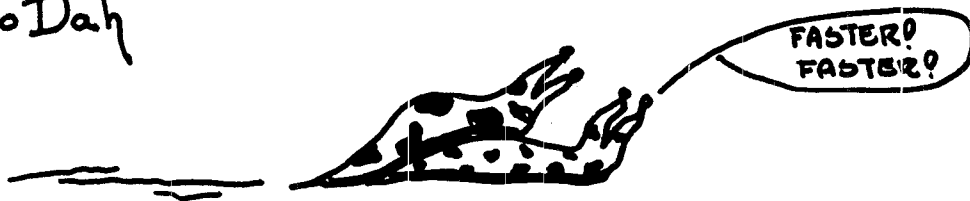
And now my hangover as reenacted by Opus the Penguin.



YES, WE NOW HAVE WEE WILLY HIGHFIELD. HERE HIS FATHER DECIDES TO "STAY THE COURSE."

"We changed our minds — we're sending him to military school."

Doo Dah



You indicated an interest in ANONYMOUS dip. Send your "Game Name", (can be anything as long as it doesn't match the exact spelling of any real dip players name) to Paul Rauterberg 4922 W. Wisconsin Ave; Milwaukee, Wisc.

53208 \_\_\_\_\_

Paul will send House Rules AND Deadlines as soon as he has the section filled. We will also print everything here, but not your real name.

You are Allen Hughes and your sub is about to run out \_\_\_\_\_

You are Snoozin Susan for reasons best left undisclosed \_\_\_\_\_

You are Larry Peery and I didn't realize your RAG was quarterly and weird, sorry - no "All for All" trade \_\_\_\_\_

You are Scott Hanson, a standby in 82 IJ "Gene Damage" \_\_\_\_\_

You are from Northern California, otherwise you'd have been the standby in 82 IJ. \_\_\_\_\_

You know what the blank signifies in Kathy's letter \_\_\_\_\_

You are the blank in Kathy's letter \_\_\_\_\_

You are a blank \_\_\_\_\_

No one gets this blank filled in \_\_\_\_\_

You recieved issues #1 and #2 of Michalski's new zine because you're a really good dip-player. But don't tell the others because they'll feel bad \_\_\_\_\_

North Sealth, West George  
Terry Tallman  
820 W. Armour St.  
Seattle, Washington 98119

6 Fun Filled Issues So Far,  
Still A Legend

FIRST CLASS STUFF