

Feb. 1983

North Sealth, West George

A Place, A Concept And Now Gripping Drama

ISSUE No.7 A Legend Since August of '82



THIS IS THE CITY. MY NAME IS TALLMAN. I'M A DIPLOMACY PLAYER.

I WAS WORKING THE JANUARY WATCH ON QUEEN ANN HILL. IT HAD BEEN A QUIET NIGHT. SUDDENLY THE PHONE RANG LIKE THE SCREAM OF A ZIT-FACED TEENAGER WHO'S JUST LOST 3 CENTERS.

"N.S., W.G., TALLMAN."

"OH PLEASE! YOU'VE GOT TO HELP! IT'S MY HUSBAND! HE WON'T TALK TO ME. WE WERE JUST GOING TO SPEND A QUIET NIGHT AT HOME, DRINK A LITTLE WINE AND PLAY SOME MONOPOLY. YOU SEE WE MET AT A DIP-ANONYMOUS MEETING. HARRY WAS JUST KILLING HIMSELF TRYING TO WIN ALL THE POLLS AND I WAS SPENDING ALL MY TIME TRYING TO BE THE NEXT HOBBY QUEEN AND THEN EVERYONE SAW WHAT WE WERE UP TO AND WE LOST OUR TOADIES AND DROPPED IN THE POLLS SO WE QUIT. AND NOW HE WON'T TALK TO ME..."

"THE FACTS M'AM. JUST THE FACTS. WHY WON'T HE TALK TO YOU?"

"WELL, AS HE MOVED PAST "GO TO JAIL" I BUILT A HOTEL ON BOARDWALK..."

"THEN WE'LL HAVE TO BRING YOU IN M'AM. YOU'RE HUSBAND'S BEEN STABBED. WE'LL NEED THAT HOTEL AS EVIDENCE."

North Sealth, West George—a gameazine for the play of postal diplomacy and other perversions to weird to discuss at this point. Cost is 50¢ per issue, \$6.00 per year and \$250.00 for the life of theazine. Oddly enough I've had no takers on that last possibility. Perhaps everyone knows how fast I'd fold, change my name and take on a new identity. For reasons I alone am privy to I publish the first Saturday of each month.

January 5th—For those of you who have been here before, yes, I like to get a head start on this little monster. I find that if I only do a page or so at a time it isn't nearly as much like work. In the last issue I alluded to the fact that my tummy hurt for awhile after New Year's Eve. I drank two bottles of champagne, the second one without the time consuming necessity of a glass in the company of an older woman who seems intent on protecting my virtue. I really think it's uncalled for unless like Kathy's it will be worth more because it's never been shown to the public.

On a reasonably serious note, 'Diplomacy By Moonlight', published by Eric the Ozog, is folding after nearly 50 issues and Ghod only knows how many laughs and tears. As has been noted here before I started playing Dip (not just postally but period) in DEM last year after Eric dropped out of a commercial pbn game that he and I were both in. The game was a fantasy roll playing game and up until that point I figured that was all there was to pbn. Little did I realize! Now a year and a half later I have had my good name and reputation mangled and maligned from coast to coast. I even took the ultimate step towards ego destruction and started this which you are reading.

From time to time the content and style of NSWG has been compared to DEM and I will take that as a high compliment. After all I could have wound up like Pink Dragon, Dip Digest, Retaliation, Kathy's Korner, Voice of Doom or Europa Express. And then where would I be? I'm not sure but it would probably look a lot like Cleveland.

Anyway, I came into this assuming that DEM was typical. That Dipazines should be readable, interesting, humorous and more than a little off the wall and they should include Bernie for an element of suspense.

And here we are. I'm assuming that everyone else will try to talk him out of folding. And if we're lucky he'll change his mind. If not I hope he keeps playing in the same places I'm playing and gets off his butt and joins Schaubert's game.

Later January 5th—One of two people to send birthday cards was the lovely Arnawoodian:

"I suppose insanity runs in the Trutt family. First I met Kathy Byrne. She can at best be described as a bag lady. Her brother Brad Trutt—forget it, I refuse to compare him to anything. I will tell you, though, that each night he puts on his batman suit and runs about the house. To keep him happy and stop his tantrums I dress up as Robin. He is disappointed with my performance though. He claims that I can't compare to Kathy as Robin. But then I'm sane. Also I don't have the time to practice the Robin routine like Kathy does. After all, living in a padded cell what else does she have to do?

They are a pair, this brother and sister. Thank ghod they don't live in the same state! I do, however, wonder, why I must know them both? I believe that that is simply too much to ask of anyone. I have to go now, Brad is putting on his Lone Ranger outfit. I've never been an Indian before but what can I do?

Jan 16th—Irwin Schroeder and Uncle Darn each get a free issue for pointing out GM errors in game 3 and 1 respectively. Remember that only the first person to point out an error gets a free issue. William etc. Lowe went through my last issue and found enough punctuation and spelling errors to get him free through the year 2000. Sorry, only GMing errors.

I've written to Sachs and asked him to submit a letter on what the 'covenant' is and what it means to me. I've heard it, Sachs and animal sex all used in the conversation at the same time so maybe us new folk will be brought to a fuller understanding of both the man and the concept.

My mail has been rather slow this month and I didn't realize why until I found out that Kathy Byrne had left Byrne Con East early to go in, and have a plumbing overhaul. Quite a few people didn't believe that she was ill but she showed them! The doctors had a hard time figuring out how everything worked until John told them that she's been operating on other dipper's blood for years. But seriously folks...hope she gets better quick because Daf has agreed to defend me against the abuse that Kathy and Cathy heap upon my young, innocent head.

I offered the new folks from Uncle Al'sazine three different options. They could go ahead and subscribe, send two stamps and take a look at the next issue and then decide or pay 25¢ per month and just get their game results on a flyer (no I won't, Michalakil). Stan Johnson in a total lack of any spirit of adventure opted to just take us in the flyer format. Hmm, now what have you clowns been saying.

Incidentally I've quit giving sub credits for you my readers who vote in poles because I've given out about 2 months total production in freebies so far and I've finally realized that Reagonomics hasn't been trickling down like it should.

John Muir please note, I am back on Crane One in a very limited capacity and need a general overview of the current situation. Sort of a 'who's on first' run down. I prefer to work by cassette tapes if you can. The Halton Factor isn't moving enmasse but we would like to test the water. Crane Two is getting kind of quiet. It will probably come back in a year or so but until then...

Somewhere later here there will be a letter from Cathy Cunning denying the rumors about why her address is changing next month to match that of a respected, revered dip player from Seattle, who is not currently in Mexico and who refuses to feed the fires of rumor that abound in the hobby. After all who would believe a female would pack her bags and move across the country to be with some stranger. Hmm, might make a good movie but to hoaky to be believed. Don't think this has anything to do with the Mata Hari game that I'm running for Jack. Hey, just pretend I didn't say anything okay?

And then the winos at RussnakCon called. Midnight my time and Miller time in Chicago or where ever those degenerates were. Eric Ozog trying to do his Jim Morrison impersonation. Rauterberg pretending to be Coughlan, Hanson pretending to be Martin, Kaplan pretending to be Julie, Frush pretending to be Mark Birch, Woodson pretending to be Brux and of course Russnak pretending to be sober after leaving me high and dry in Le Front. What a den of iniquity! My understanding was that they were going to call Cathy after calling me and try to convince her that they were RussnakCon. But knowing that preppy wench she was out with a greek or failing that some geek watching lizard races on the desert.

Rumor number one: Mark Berch will be running his own version of KK inDD, this will increase hobby humor, as it should be funny as hell watching him fall flat on his face trying to be insane. ((It has always been my belief that noone could be that boring unless they were really trying!TT))

Those of you who are reading this with a magnifying glass and bitching alot should go ahead and tell me a better way to get my word count onto seven sheets of paper or less. My intent is to hold the price down to 50¢ an issue if possible. Also bear in mind that I've been (que the violins) unemployed since September, so there. At least I didn't go digest format.

Jan. 21-Time Bandits is on the cable but my brother wants to watch some other movie at 8:30. Some 50's John Wayne movie that is one of the ten all time biggies. What I've really got at this point is a few random thoughts about the mass of mail I've got piling up. First a comment to Daf. If I print your letters no one will believe they're real because everyone who's literate writes rude letters to me, and conversely we can assume that all my toadies are illiterate. And then you come along and say nice things. Do you know what people are going to say about you? And Kathy!!! You have to understand that since exposing the Wimp and encroaching on her right to badmouth Berch she's been pretty irate. And now you want to go public in saying I'm an okay guy? What a novel thought.

From Daf: Received your card and letter today. Thanks again for the beautiful card. The beautiful card. They are very special. I'm really becoming infatuated with your hand-writing. Normally green would rate a 3 on my personal scale, but coupled with the great form of your letters, it rated an 8 ((only?)). I had forgotten about Origins in July. I think Daf ConII will have to be postponed until next fall. You see we're going to Wichita in August. Bob Olsen is holding the next ToadyCon ((Pudgecon to those in the know)) and I wouldn't miss it for the world. I got a call from Michalski during the last one. This year I'll meet that sweet giggling fool in person. I have my fingers crossed at least.

Dave ((Schaubert, a new member of Stafford's reggae secret police)) was really a nice guy. We enjoyed him. He was a little uptight at first but loosened up and had a good time-I think-I hope. ((I sent him in their cold, if I had explained a dip con he would have been smart enough not to go)).

Did you read a 'World of Six' in Magus? You made a cameo appearance.

Geez Terry, you're making me feel bad, here I offer to be your female ally and I don't even get my letter in print! I guess I'll have to start bad mouthing you to get some recognition. ((PLEASE, NO!!!!!!))

Don't worry about the questions to KK. They were simple and straight forward. Of course you may have to worry about the answers.

What kind of work do you do? If you printed that info in NSWG, I missed it. Tell me the 'Terry Tallman' story, just start at the beginning.

Well sweetie, I must be getting along. Four kids plus one house plus correspondences adds up to a very little time. Take care.

There you have it folks, an NSWG first. Someone who realizes what a great person I am. And 'no, Jim-Bob doesn't count. He only wants to bask in the shadow of my superior playing style.

Ghod and Fred only know how many trades I've picked up in the last two months. I've got this pile of unread or partially readazines beside me and I'll comment about a few for those of my readers who don't get manyazines or in many cases any besides this one. For those of you bored byazine review jump ahead.

The Modern Patriot-Wee Willy Highthumper, 2012 Ridge Road East, Rochester, New York 14622

A teenazine, by that I mean that the editor/pubber is 18 and proud. To lift an incident totally out of context, during the Christmas holidays he met Alex Lord, a sophomore student who is either currently or was formerly a student of another pubber. Like most dip players Wee Willy is socially retarded. Some how the topic of Heath Bars was raised and she expressed satisfaction with the product. Upon arriving home he sent her a box. Ah to be in rut and young.

Another aspect of theazine is the satirical (he claims) slavish worship of Reagan and all things Reaganish. There is a continuing column called Reagans Youth that does manage to come across as satire. Some very strange filler. A complete list of his 157 board games, his subscription list and some other odds and ends. Quite a few games and a subazine called Hoof and Mouth by some one who passes for an adult.

Hal Jiknil Mark Keller, 9536 Shunway Drive, Orangevale, Ca. 95662 Mark happens to be playing in Jack Fleming's Abstraction game that you'll find elsewhere here. But because Mark signs his name so intelligibly and because he was referred to by another last name by Jack in Jack's last issue I was convinced at first that someone had MMR'ed and then when I found the orders with the unreadable name I was convinced that Jack hadn't left me his address. So I called the Pudge and asked what the hell was going on and finally we figured it all out. Anyway he was a subazine in Magus until Langley cleaned house and now he's off on his own. So far he appears kind of warehousey and has game openings in more variations than I'm willing to list. And he needs standbys. I'm willing to stick my neck out and recommend him if you're looking for games. The product looks nice, printed by a computer and then printed on what looks like a Kodak-quality copiers. Two pages of pictures from Daf-con and the one regular game that he has is another of Uncle Al Pearson's castoffs. One of the players signed up for his next game is Evans Givan. If you sign up for the game make your country request conditional on Givans being in it. And say that you want Germany and France first and second. This will probably put you adjacent to him and he's such a bozo that he'll either give you all his centers or wind up involved with someone else until you get around to it (he doesn't get NSWG but I have no problem with anyone reading this to him or showing him).

Appalling Greed Mark Larzelere, 7607 Fountainbleau Dr. 2352, New Carrollton, Md. 20784. Mark is one of the old guys. By that I mean he's been around longer that I have in the hobby. Theazine is mimeographed and runs a lot of letters that are currently arguing over whether or not the Israeli's are demons or okay guys. Runs about five games of regular dip and makes fun of Mark Berch. I would recommend it just to find out who and what Mark Berch is. He's got a Bourse, but just a dinky one. Not a real macho (and screwed up) one like we got here.

Emhain Macha Mike Mills, 26 Laurel Rd. Sloatsburg (I think I dated one once), New York 10974. The only reason I get this one is because he offered to run a game of Kamakura and no one else is running it. Kamakura for those of you who don't know is a game that uses the dip rules extensively, or at least a damn similar theory for movement, combat and builds and sets it in ancient Japan. Paper playing board and cardboard counters but it looks interesting. It's published by Dan Palters West End Games. Anyway, he has a couple of regular dip games and offers a shit load of different games. Most of which I'm unfamiliar with so there.

I'm not sure why I do this to myself but I have a standing offer to standby for anyazine that I receive. This last week I picked up three: standby positions. The one that looks like the most fun is a one center England with the Pudge, Kathy, Hamster Molester (Woody), Mazzer and someone sick enough to call himself Fuchs. Sounds like a Michalski pseudonym. This little gem is in Magus, Charly's in it, too.

One of the others is a ghod-am dias, phrophitic, 6 week in Manson's Urksome. One American besides myself and the rest are canucks. Kathy, are you aware that Scott has games that are filled with these bozo's? I've got Lowe and Hutton subscribing but now I have to play with brain damaged denizens of the great white north.

The third one is a russian position that Sigwalt has strung over the whole board. That's probably the one I'm hoping hardest for the original player to keep playing

And then Brad Trutt: What's the matter? Doesn't the pony express deliver to that part of the country? Just kidding. I really did mail orders, in fact it was Dec. 18th. I figured that was plenty of time to beat the Christmas rush- wrong! I mailed it from Danville, a real small burg. Perhaps they saw the address in Washington and sent it to D.C. If the pentagon moves the army to Holland and a Fleet to Sweden you'll know where the orders went.

I suppose you heard that my sister had to go to the hospital for an operation. She always was a hypochondriac, but I understand she was really sick this time.

I understand that Cathy Cunnning is moving to Seattle. Is this a conspiracy to make Seattle the Western capitol of dipcon?

I hope everyone out your way took notice of the number one football team this year ((barf)). Perhaps Washington can pick up a few weaker teams ((ASU, USC, UCLA?)) next year and make another run at the top spot. As for Batman being my idol, I think Adam West is a great actor. As for Woody, he makes a pretty lousy Robin. He is just too big for those tights. In fact he once got stuck going down the Batpole. What's worse, Woody has become religious and refuses to say the word 'holy' anymore. No more 'Holy cow, Batman!' Woody also refused to let me outfit his car with a jet engine and parachutes. So much for the Batmobile.

(Continued next page but who knows why)

More Brad Trutti: Hey the only person who minded me changing clothes in the phone booth was my sister; she turned me in twice. She was just jealous cause when she tried it people threw up. But I think she has a superhero fixation like mine. I mean why else would she dress up in a mask with high heels and fishnet stockings and a whip just to go out on a date. She didn't look like any superhero I know though.

My shrink says it's a miracle that I'm as sane as I am after growing up with Kathy as an older sister. 'Warm up the Batmobile, Robini!'

Another baseless rumor: After an evening of negotiations in Suite 100 Woody has persuaded Brux to drop his house rules. ((Not one of mine but not bad))

One last time, don't forget to vote in the Freshman Poll. I don't remember the exact date but I think it needs to be in to Scott by the 15th or thereabouts. Jim Meinel even sent out postcards with Scott's address in a particularly sleazy effort to up his body count in the poll. And remember if you are a Whitestonia reader to tell Scott that you didn't believe it till you heard it in NSWG. The szine that dares to call Mark Berch boring. Freshman Poll, Scott Hanson, 939-18th Ave SE, Mimi 55414.

The Peeri Poll: I realize that I hit you guys up every other month but I have to admit that someone has finally done up a poll the way I would. The thing that makes it important is that it actually breaks down the various aspects of a szine and lets you tell the pubber where he or she may have some weak points. Granted, like so many polls it will only be as statistically accurate as the coverage given it but on the szines that do plug it it should be fairly accurate.

On szines like Graustark where no one will hear about the poll there will probably be a very minor turnout simply because so few of you who read this will have ever even seen one. On the other hand szines like Europa Express, the late Dip by Moonlight, and Irksome will have a higher percentage of their readers participating. I realize that a lot of you don't vote in the polls but I would like to point out that this one is somewhat more than a popularity contest. Read through the instructions and then go through and vote. A couple of szines and nearly all the subzines have been left out so just to make life interesting for Peeri cross out the szines you've never seen and write in the ones that have been left out wherever you have such a spot. Subzines like KK, Benzene, Flat Bellum, Mos Eisley Space Fart and of course the legendary Le Front can all stand a little constructive criticism.

The copy of the poll came in an envelope with about five stamps on it. And more strange shit than you could shake Ozog at. Before the packages arrival I had decided to change my mind and not trade for Xenogogic. The one issue I had seen was pretty vague and not much to it. And then the Care package arrived. Peery is one of those hobby 'old farts' who has been in the hobby so long that he can actually remember when Boardman participated, Sachs played and Berch had hair. His szine is a combination of blast s from the past and efforts to organize the present.

The thing that makes it all a little confusing is that he puts out a half dozen or so different periodicals under the general auspices of his Institute for Diplomatic Studies. A lot of what he does is bemoan the lost 'Golden Age of Diplomacy' which I am inclined to refer to as the stone and bronze ages. I really don't think we are up to any of the harder alloys yet.

It's obvious that he's seen all the biggies come and go. The one redeeming factor is that he isn't as boring as Mark Berch. On the otherhand I don't think his research and reasoning on hard issues is anywhere near Berch's. He has printed two issues of The Pink Triangle. Not exactly a szine although he proposes that he might expand it into the hobbies first gay szine. But the purpose is to point out the evils that have gone down in the Coughlan-Stafford Affair-which I've managed to avoid in print so far. My main disagreement with Peery is that he apparently has not talked directly with either side and has drawn conclusions that are not entirely justified. He prints a letter, with no qualifying statements that, taken out of context, is at least as objectionable as anything Stafford or Michalski printed or said.

Now the one thing that can be said about my presentation here is that I am not quoting the material Peery printed, and I am not substantiating my own arguments. I am not even presenting my own arguments here. It's my opinion that short of a face to face gathering with trained mediation you are never going to sort out all the egos involved. On that basis I consider The Pink Triangle a complete waste. If on the other hand he really does intend to put out the hobbies first gay szine I can't wait to see the commotion it will cause. We'll finally find out who's really a liberal and whether or not Michalski and Kighthumper can field a hit squad.

Anyway, for those who are interested in the hobby's own Twilight Zone write Larry Peery, P.O.Box 8416, San Diego, California 92102. Xenogogic is not for players, more for nostalgia buffs and incurable organizers like Sachs.

And then in this mornings (Jan.22)mail came another letter from Kathy. Apparently her doctor has her on strong medication. No threats except for some grumbling about Jim-Bob but then even drugs have their limits. It would appear that his goal of having her declare for him over the long favored Bob Olsen is doomed to failure. The amazing thing will be seeing who toadies for whom in NSWG 2.

Kathy Cuning comes at you next to try to counter the incredible rumours about why she is moving to Seattle next month. Het, I believe her. I mean it makes sense to move to a city with 15% unemployment to look for work.

From Cathy: I was going to make some kind of statement about what an improvement the typewriter was over the hand-written mess but I made the false assumption that you could type! Blaming Jack Fleming's typewriter for your own mistakes! Fleming didn't seem to have any problems with it. (Do we know for a fact that Jack used this typewriter? Maybe it's a plot to lower my quality!)

You want a vicious rumor eh? OK here's one...Perry Tallman is the biggest toady in the hobby. He even toadies for Jim-Bob Burgess and Bob-Jim Burgess. Now that your secret is out how do you explain yourself?

Next before you start some strange rumor about how I'm making a pilgrimage to Seattle just to talk to a great toad like you. Ha! That's a laugh! Or leave you to your own twisted methods of explaining why I'm having my mail forwarded to your address after Feb. 24th. I wish to explain the situation.

I had a very long talk with my Flushing parents (Kathy and John) about what would be the best method of hitting you and hitting you hard. Having Kathy abuse you through letters and phone calls has it's strange points, but we are beginning to believe that you actually might be enjoying this type of thing like Woody does. Sending John to break your arms only has a short term effect as arms can heal. So it is your mind that must be destroyed. Not that you have much of one anyways. This was my chance of offering something to the family. Going to Seattle in the disguise of being a newly recruited toady, the mail bit is a good way of making surprise visits. I have spent many long hours studying the lowest forms of 'Valley Girl' and 'Sorority Girl' slang. Then the phone calls at 3:00 a.m. and 4:00 a.m. will come and followed by all the little visits on deadline weekend. I will spend many hours telling you the true wonders of the British hobby and why I think Mark Berch is wonderful.

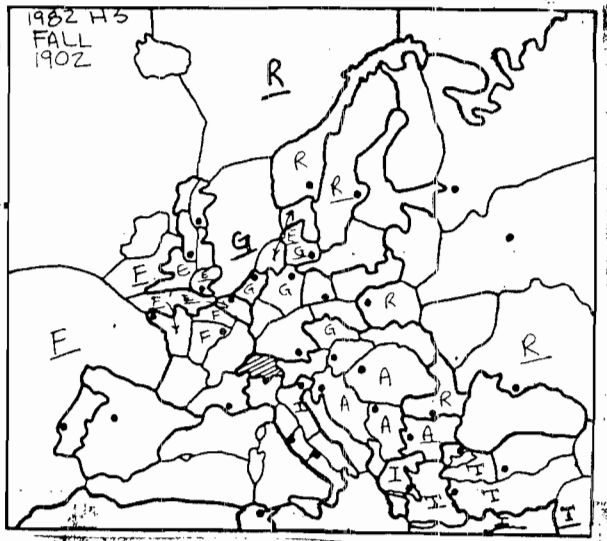
Then there will be the phone calls to N.Y. from your house. That way Kathy will be able to see how far you have degressed and give me any special orders. At the end of this you won't have a mind left to call certain people wimps and orcs. Now you have been warned!

Well, folks you've heard it here first. What can I say? When the toady bug bites it bites hard. I've tried to keep from drawing toadies the way a flame draws moths. But when you're hot you're hot.

I still havn't figured out what to do with the space at the bottom of these pages. Hmmm, how about more rumors?

Dick Martin is planning a major comeback in DEM 3.
Paul Rauterberg will get his for stabbing a loyal ally in Graustark.
A major press war is in the offing for NSWG 2.
Another major dip szine is going to bite the big one in the next month or so.
Cathy is moving to Seattle to print a sub szine called 'Not So...'

1982 BS NSWG 1 The Hot Shit Game Winter and Fall 1902
 Austria-H.D. Bassett: A Tri-Vie, A Bud-Vie, A Ser S F Bul(sc)
 F Bul(sc) S Italian A Alb-Gre
 France -Cavins: F Spa(sc)-MAO, F Mid-Irb, F Eng S F Mid-Irb,
 A Gas-Par, A Pic S German F Bel d R Ere, Bel, OTB
 England Rauterberg: F Nth-Eng, F Lon S F Nth-Eng, Army Wales
 looks on in disgust, F Den S R F Nwy-Nth D R Skg, Hel, OTB
 Germany Stafford: F Bal-Den, A Kie S F Kib-Den NSU, A Mun-Boh,
 F Bel-Nth, A Hol H
 Italy Pampas: F Eas R Syr; F Ion-Eas, F Syr S F Ion-Eas (F Syr
 snuffed), F Alb-Gre, A Apu-Ven
 Russia Quirk: F Nwy-Nwg, A Fin-Nwy, F Swe S German F Bal-Den,
 A Gal-Par, A Ukr-Rum, F Sev S A Ukr-Rum
 Turkey Falter: A Bul R Con; A Con S F Aeg-Bul(sc), F Aeg-Bul
 (sc), F Eas-Syr, A Smy S F Eas-Syr



Austria Home, Gre, BUL Even
 England Home, Den -1 or Even depending on retreat
 France Home, Spa, Por Even
 Italy Home, Tri, GRE +1 had 1 snuffed
 Germany Home, Hol, Bel, DEN + 1
 Russia Home, Swe, Rum, NWE +1
 Turkey Home Bul -1

Press:

Vienna: The Italian toady working out of Moscow will rue the day he entered Galicia.
 Syria to Sevasto pol: Lying about a player in private diplomacy is one thing, the victimized player seldom learns of it in time to correct the damage. Lying openly in press is stupid, no one believes you long enough to get you any advantage and you immediately alienate the victim of the lying. I wish you were a better diplomat, then you might make a better diplomacy player and thus a better ally.
 Ankara to Syria: OK, great diplomacy and a good move but now what? Without Russian support you'll still have to slowly munch the heghog. Having done so you and Austria must still split four centers while redeploying to have F-O juggernaut. Think it over.
 Constantinople to Sofia: Great diplomacy but only a fair move. Far better to have led with the army and then used the fleet to force the Aegean which would be a sure thing if properly managed.

1982 BA NSWG 2 The Barely Terrestrial Game Spring 1902 The Old Toady Shines True, Young Toady Gets Overly Ambitious

Austria Sherwood: A Bud S A Vie-Gal, A Vie-Gal, A Gal-Sil,
 A Ser S Turkish A Bul-Rum, F Gre H

England Bob-Jim Olsen: F Lon-Eng, F Nwg-Bor iap; F Nwth-Nwy,
 A Nwg-Fin

France Michalski: A Par S A Spa-Gas, A Spa-Gas, F MAO-Spa (sc)

Germany Ozog: F Bel-Pic, A Bur-Par, A Mun-Ruh, A Kie-Den

Italy Jim-Bob Burgess: F Ion-Eas, A Tun S F Nap-Ion (cute)
 F Nap-Ion, F Rom-Tyn, A Mar-Spa

Russia Uncle Bernie: F Sev-Arm, A War S A Ukr-Gal, A Mos-
 Ukr, F Swe S Eng A Nwy-Den NSU, Fleet Sev is snuffed

Turkey Schaubert: A Ank-Arm, F Bla-Sev, A Rum S F Bla-Sev, F Con-Aeg.

Press:

A Silesia to the Orc: Keep pabbing Dtk-or else!

Vienna: Archduke Keither picked himself up off the ground and brushed the Swan shit off himself, "Vlady, could you get rid of the birds?" queried the young ruler.

"Silence young impudent one!" roared Vlad and the widow pines shook. "Stand in awe of those greater than your impertinant self!"

Keither shot a glance at the geese (which were now pecking his straw mattress) and frowned.

"Here!" boomed Vlad pointing to himself. He snapped his fingers and the birds disappeared. (But, noted the keither to himself with a smirk, the swan shit remained).

"So, you have picked up some insights in heaven then Vlad!" Keith asked, hoping to change the subject.

"Count Vlad, if you please!" he said puffing out his chest to its full 32 inches. "Listen", he said becoming friendly again, "I've learned things from my heavenly vantage point you wouldn't believe!"

"Oh?" asked Keith with more than just a touch of doubt in his voice. "Like what?"

Vlad was back on the defensive now, "Er like Buddy/Bernies Real Name!" Keith didn't appear impr essed "And-um- I now completely understand Kinsey's house rules."

Keith let out a low whistle, "Hey, that is pretty good count"

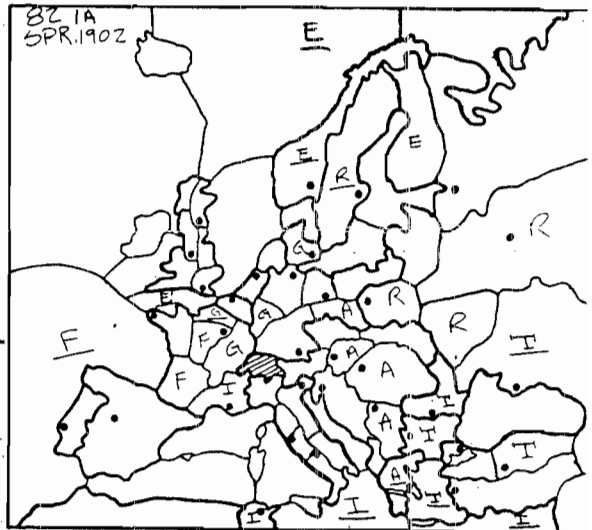
Vlad, under control now went on, Keither sat in a chair and leaned back. He knew there was no stopping Vlad now, so he relaxed. It was going to be a long night.

Jim-Bob to Seattle: Well it is over! What you ask? ((NO I don't!!!!)) The death of toadyism is here. KK says so so it must be true. The official and will come where it deserves to end-that is in the final issue of DM. I would prefer that you not leak too much on that before it's official but I did want to inform most of my former toads before hand so the shock wouldn't be to great. That shouldn't stop you from publishing your K-Mart Toady Article ((See no fixed adress)) if it's good. I leave your behavior to your judgement where it belongs.

I'm counting the days until I get to depart this forsaken place. It looks like May 23rd give or take a couple of days at this point. The Texans can have it. Watch out for anyplace that has to be so vocal in talking itself up. I wish they'd just all go shoot themselves and put the state out of it's misery. Such two-faced hypocrisy I would have never have believed possible! EEAAAARRRRRRGGHH!

I only got one late night phone call and whoever it was just muttered something and hung up. It was around 2:00 am my time but I happened to be up. Perhaps this is what bothered the mystery caller (I wouldn't be surprised if it were you, that would only be midnight your time) but I wish that he would have at least talked for awhile. The calls may have been out down by the fact that I didn't return to Dallas until Jan. 16th. I'm sure that others tried (perhaps not) when they read the szine and I wasn't home-too bad.

By the way Kathy liked my little docu-drama. I suspected that she would, Byrne can take a joke you know. I wouldn't have toadied to anyone who couldn't. I wonder what will happen now that I'm freed out from under all this toady crap? We'll just have to wait and see. Unfortunately for you you're stuck with me. ((Who says your free? As I've often said a master toad never shows his control until he gently rattles the chain, and then the toady isn't even sure what it is that he's responding to, but the control is there non the less, ribbit, ribbit))



Interlude in the press: I just got Highthumpers The Misled Poltroop and he says Eric Kane jumped my case in the last Anduin. Quite frankly I thought Eric was somewhat justified in his attack on me. I said everything he accused me of. He missed the fact that it was a friendly jab due to my language. And of course he picked up on my rabid fear of zit-faced teenagers. Hmm, maybe I'll go back and reread it. (Quiet thump of little feet leaving room and returning with last Anduin.) Hmm, obviously Bill and I read the article differently, I bitched about getting the spine lat and from Eric's response it's clear that he's only hacked off about me complaining about him being late. Shucks, thought I had missed something. Maybe I should run a 'Hobby Zit-faced teen Poll'.

Back to NSWG 2 press:

Southwestern to Seattle: You mentioned poll voting. I should get an extra issue ads (You al ready got them, boso) I want to retract my Marco Poll best GM Vote!((too late, heeheehee)). I voted you number 1 since you were the only GM that I ever played for who hadn't made a mistake9pretty hard in Spring 1901). This one is serious! An error of monstrous proportions! Please Mr. Larselare, tell us how we can change our vote! Oh damn!!!! Of course it is impossible. Be forwarned!! I'll get you in next year's polls.((Jim-Bob, Linda Ronstad is shaking it to 'Get Closer' on MTV and she puts me into such a state of euphoria I can even wade through your manderings))((However they get restructured by the admirable efforts of Steve Langley in Magus, check out the discussion there if this concerns you))((It does, I did and I've gone on record elsewhere about what a bogus idea a hobby poster is and I rather than fight the issue I'll just sit back and make fun of it))

Southwestern to Seattle yet again! Oh, I forgot--would you like to know what your slimey, ill-timed error that turned my skin inside out was?((No, but I'm sure we are about to find out)) Do you even care? Well maybe I'll give you another chance. The build season was Winter 1901, not fall.((Whoopee))

Burgess to Michalski: What's your problem? Liars get what they deserve. Kathy taught me that lesson. If someone wrongs you, even a little, let em have it with both barrels. Else you'll take it on the chin again and again and again. Of course, I'm always willing to forgive and reopen negotiations. By the way how come I don't get your new szine?

Jim Bob to Bob Jim: You accuse me of breaking toady rules by getting support into Marseille. Hey, he wanted to support me in. Doesn't that make me a more successful toady if I succeed in gaining favors? ((a good toady gives till it hurts and gets little or nothing back)) And what about you bouncing Eric the Toad out of Denmark? How dare you? I have nothing more to say to you until the final issue of DBX, charging out of your mailbox soon.

Uncle Bernie's Deathbed by way of Southwestern: The mystery remains. The Seven Dwarves hope that the recovery is imminent, as well as imminent.

Italy to everyone but Turkey: Believe it or not I told him I was going there. Why not?

Southwestern to Seattle: I guess that's it for today. I'll give you a break, have a nice day ((thanks))

LON_ROM: I know that a couple of sick troublemakers are trying to cause a "toady snit-war" between us, but Jimboob I just want you to know, you're the top toady with me. It doesn't matter if Eric rigged the poll, it doesn't matter that you don't know thing one of the finer points of toadying--none of that matters. I'm retiring, bent and old and my health shattered after three years of toady exertions, and I'm passing the sacred torch of toadying to you. It's all up to you now. Good luck. By the way, want to be my toady?

I think it would be a nice gesture if I give you some toady pointers to help you get started. Here they are:

1. Nobody appreciates a real toady, so don't expect to get the credit you deserve. Three years from now your turn will come to be gunned down in the Toady Poll, and it'll be your turn to give advice to some slobbering, mindless, sycophantic wretch.
2. When toadying try to present a dignified appearance. Never toady for southerners or Oklahomans because they habitually walk through cowpens and worse, and it gets on your tongue when you lick their boots.
3. Preface your toady remarks with phrases such as "After due consideration it is my opinion that..." and then toe the toady line. That way people, if they're stupid enough, will think you've formed your own opinions.
4. Be careful when picking your toads. There are toads and toads and if you pick the wrong ones you'll end up looking like a fool and an idiot. Being a toady, you are a fool and an idiot, but it's important to keep that a secret.
5. Nothing lasts forever; not even a toady. Someday you'll want to recover your self-respect. The first time that happens, just remember, as long as you can still live with yourself, it's not time yet.
6. Never toady for anybody whose true name you don't know.

ENG-FRA: You were right--~~xxxxxx~~ your original moves would have been better. OK, let's go with your proposed tactics for this season. You go to Dallas and chop Jim-Boob into hamburger, I'll go to Chicago and turn Ozog into a toad. Oh, he's already is? OK, then I'll turn him into a human--that would be real magic.

ENG-RUS: So are you out the hospital yet or what? I don't like to pick on sick people (except Eric).

1982 IJ NSWG 3 The Gene Damage game Scott Hanson lucks out, Germany is back.

Austria Uncle Bernie: Builds A Bxl, has A Ser, F Ore, A Tri

England Schaubert: Builds F Low, has F Nwy, F NSe, A Edi

Fra noe Laedit: Builds A Mar, F Bro, has A Bel, A Pic, F Fbr

Germany: Trutt: Builds F Ber, has A Kts, F Den, A Ruh

Italy Shroeder: Builds F Nap, has A Tun, F Idm, A Ven

Russia Lowe: Builds A Mos, A War, A Stp, has F Rum, A Sev, A Vie, F Swe

Turkey Ashley: Builds A Com, has A Bul, A Ank, F Aeg

Press:

Russia to England: See how nice and trusting I am? Incidentally, you try one false move into the Barents Sea and I'll get Morgaine the Nimble to steal your issue of No Shit White Gold, eh!

Russia to France: Bon chance, non ami! Nous avons confuse tous ces pays avec notre alliance, non? Et, maintenant, nous marchons contre les Suisses, hien!

Russia to Germany: Real good moves there, right buddy? As agreed, Vienna is all yours.

Russia to Austria: Bernie, baby, have I got a deal for you! You become my toady and all is forgive., right sweetthings? Like I told you, you need protection...so what's a little support here and there gonna hurt? Nappie, take the kid outside and show him how to swim, if ya know what I mean...

Russia to Italy: France? Why would I want to attack France? Are you crazy?

Russia to Turkey: See, I told you Tretick would fall for it. And I promise on my mother's grave, I won't even look at the fishes in the Black Sea. So, are you happy now?

France to Italy: Just keep ignoring me, ok? And I'll keep ignoring you.

Germany to board: Sorry about NMR. The pony express must have broken a leg.

Germany to Russia: Yes, where in Pa? How about beer and scrapple?

Germany to Italy: Consider me a spectator. Just make sure I don't get hit by the shrapnel.

Seattle to fingers, eyes and lower back: Hang in there kids, only 6 more to go.

Play list for the last two pages includes the last half of the movie Dragonslayer, several hours (it seems like) of MTV and KZAM FM

1981 IF NSWG 3, Formerly with the lovely Uncle Al, Fall 1907
 A Name after I get the feel for this little gem, but anyway
 welcome aboard.

England Finley: A Yor S German: F Nth-LonNSO, F Bar-Nwg,
 F MAO-MAO, F Lon-Nap

Germany Johnson: A Mar H, A Gas S A Mar, A Bur S A Mar,
 A Liv-Stp, F Nwy S A Liv-Stp, F Nth-Eng, F Edi-Yor, F Holl-
 Nth, A Mun-Boh, A Sil S A Mun-Boh, A Ruh-Mun

Italy Goldring: A Gal R Vienna: A Tyo-Boh, A Vie S A Tyo-Boh,
 A Ser-Rum, A Bud S A Ser-Rum, A Pic-Mar, A Gre S F Bul(sc)
 F Bul(sc) S F Smy-Cor, F Smy-Cor, F Spa (sc) to MAO, F Lyo-Spa
 (sc), F Wes-Tun

Russia Robinson: A War-U, A Gal U

France Wilson: F Lon U

Turkey Torres: A Mos S Russian A War, A Rum S Russian A Gal-Bud,
 F Ela S F Con, F Con E

England Stp, Bre, Tun, Lvp, NAP -1 (3)

France Lorr - (1)

Germany Ber, Kie, Mun, Den, Hol, Swe, Bel Nwy, Par, Mar, Edi,
 TUN +1 (12)

Italy Goldring: Nag, Rom, Ven, Tri, Vie, Ser, Spa, Gre, Por,
 Smy, RUM - (11)

Russia Robinson: War, Mos -1 (1)

Turkey Torres: Ank, Con, Sev, Bul, Rum, MOS +1 (was 1 short) (5)

Okay, we have two resignations so two of you standby types get a chance for fame and glory. Let's see, who gets
 to join this happy group. How about William Lowe becomes France, and Larry McCloud becomes Russia. So heres addresses:

England-Jim Finley, 1913 West Drive # 5, Vista, Ca. 92083

France-William Christopher Seth Affleck Asche Lowe, 2206 Daniel St, Trail, British Columbia, V1R 409 Canada

Germany-Stan Johnson, 10 Pine Street, Edison, New Jersey 08817

Italy-Randy Goldring, 5115 Allentown Place, Woodland Hills, Ca. 91364

Russia-Larry McCloud, 520 Geary, San Francisco, Ca. 94102

Turkey-Andre Torres, 2411 Westfield Dr., Wiles, Mi. 49120

1981 KC NSWG 5, Uncle Al's other castoff. Okay, in this one we had two people get ahold of me and say they never
 recieved the last adjudication. So what you have here is the last adjudication.

Summer 1906 Austria A Tri R OTB(NRR), Turkey A Ser R Gre

Fall 1906

Austria Moon: Mar A Vie-E, A Ser H D R Bud, OTB, A Rum H D R Bud, Sev, OTB

France Diamond: F Nth-Dem, A Bur-Bel, A Pic S A Bur-Bel, A Mar-Bur, F Lyo-Tus, F Tyn S F Lyo-Tus, F Tun S F Tyn,
 A Pic-Typ A

Germany Wiggers: F Bot-Stp, A Stp-Mos, A War S A Stp-Mos, A (Gal-Ukr), A Pru S A War, A Sil-Mar, A Mun-Bur, A Tyo-Pie,
 A Ven-S A Tyo-Pie, F Nwy-Nth, A Bel H D R Rum, Hol, OTB

Italy Jurkowski: ANRA Rom E

Russia Woodson: A Mos-War, D R Lvn, Sev, OTB, A Ukr S A Mos-War

Turkey Robyn Finly: A Tri S A Gre-Ser, A Bul S F Ela-Rum, A Gre-Ser, F Ela-Rum, F Aeg-Ion, F Ion-Tun, F Bud-Tyn

Builds:

Austria Bud, Tri, Vie, Rum -1 (2)

France Home, Por, Spa, Lvp, Lorr, Tun, BEL, DEN +3 (10)

Germany Home, Hol, Bel, Den, Edi, Nwy, Swe, War, Ven, MOS, STP - (11)

Italy Rom - (1)

Russia Mos, Sev, Stp -1 (1)

Turkey Home, Bul, Gre, Ser, Nap, TRI, RUM +2 (9)

Both Austria and Russia may retreat to Sev, however if they both do they are eliminated.

I have orders on file for France, Germany and Turkey. Both Austria and Italy have resigned so we have two more standbys,
 The new Austrian is Mark Luedi, the new Italian is H.D. Bassett so the addresses are:

Austria Mark Luedi, 730 Atwater # 15, Ellettsville, In. 47401

France John Diamond, 41 Riverridge Trail, Otmond Beach, FL. 32074

Germany Earl Wiggers, 3843 Gladney Dr., Chamblee, Ga. 30341

Italy H.D. Bassett, Route 5 Lake Road, Newtown, Conn. 06470

Russia James Woodson, 2329 S 9th St. #414, Minn, Minn. 55406

Turkey Robyn Finly, 1913 West Dr. # 5, Vista, Ca. 92083

And now for Jack Fleming's happy little band of misfits.

1981 IX Paranoic Monthly

Austria Coughlan: A Sil-Ber, A Vie-Boh, A Tyo-Mun

England Arnwoodiam: F Eng S F Edi-Nth, F Edi-Nth, F Nwy-Swa,
 F Mid-Wes, F Naf-S F Mid-Wes, A Ruh-Kie, F Hel S A Ruh-Kie,

France Koehler: A Par-Bre, A Mar-Spa, F Spa(ce)-Lyo

Germany Ethington: F Dem U, A Ber U Struffed, A Mun U, A Boh U

Italy Keller: A Ven-Tri, A Tri-Bud, A Ser S A Gre, A Gre-
 S A Ser, F Ion-Tun, F Wes-Tun, D R Tyn, OTB,

Russia Briggs: A Stp-H, F Bot-Smy, A Pru S Austrian
 A Sil-Ber, A War-Sil, A Rum-Bul, A Bul-Con, A Ank S
 F Con-Smy, F Con-Smy

Turkey Elau: F Aeg S Italian A Gre-BulNSO, A Smy-Con.
 D R Syr, Arr, OTB

Austria Vie, Bud, Ser, BER (2) -1

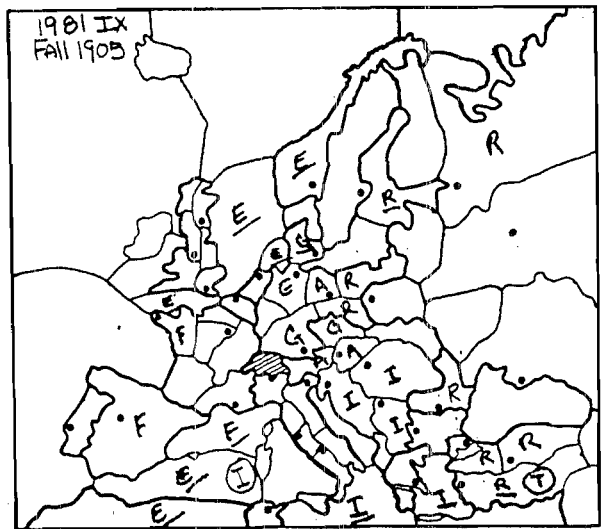
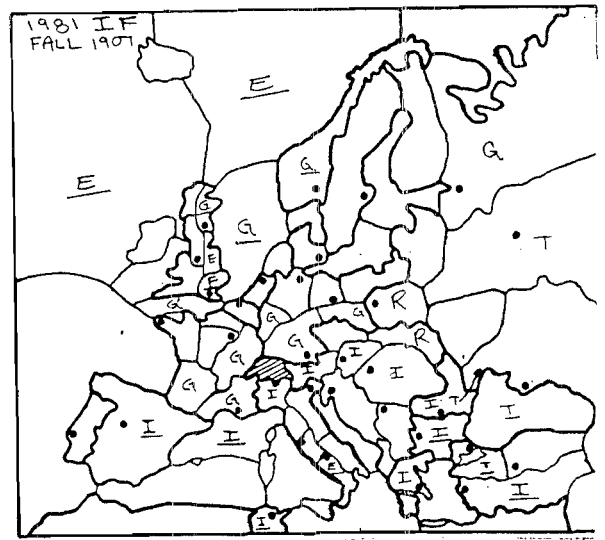
England Home, Nwy, Bre, Bel Hol, KES (7) even

France Par, Mar, Spa, Por, BRE (5) +1

Germany Mun, Kie, Ber, Den (2) -1, 1 short

Russia Home, Swe, Rum, Bul, Con, SMY, ANK (9) +1

Italy Home, Tun, Tri, Gre, SER, BUD, BUL (9) +4



Turkey Ank, Smy (0) Remove 2

Daf to Reefie Baby: Chains on my couch are just one of my bag of tricks. Once I get rid of the clown in the Bosk suit we can see what develops.

Daf to Tallman: How does it feel to inherit one of the most torrid press games in the history of dipdom?

Tallman to Daf: Tis not for me to judge worthiness of thine many suitors, merely to act as courier for their dreams and passions. The bearer is oftem able to look on and hold his counsel until the time is appropriate. I bide my time.

Bosk to the Free Woman: Wearing the collar is like wearing a brand. Once done it can not be undone. It is not significant of a change of state so much as a change in perception of state. You are a natural slave. Now you will start to appreciate your nature.

Bosk to Samos: This slave has spirit. She may prove to be an adequate scullery.

Giant Rat of Sumatra/Abstraction: April 1915 IBM going to call this sucker musical chairs simply because I can't figure out who's getting dumped on in this, aside from Hightumper of course.

Austria Daley: A Mun-Tyo, A Boh-Vie, A Bud-Gal, A Tran-Rum, A Ser-Bul, A Mac S A Ser-Bul, F Gre-Aeg, A Sil-Boh

England Olsen: F Lpl-Heb, F Ply-Iri, F Lon-Ang, F Bre-MAO, F Por-SAO, F SAC-Mor, A Tus S French A Mar-Pie, F Nwy-Swe, A Hol S Ruski A Den-Kie, F Bel S A HoD

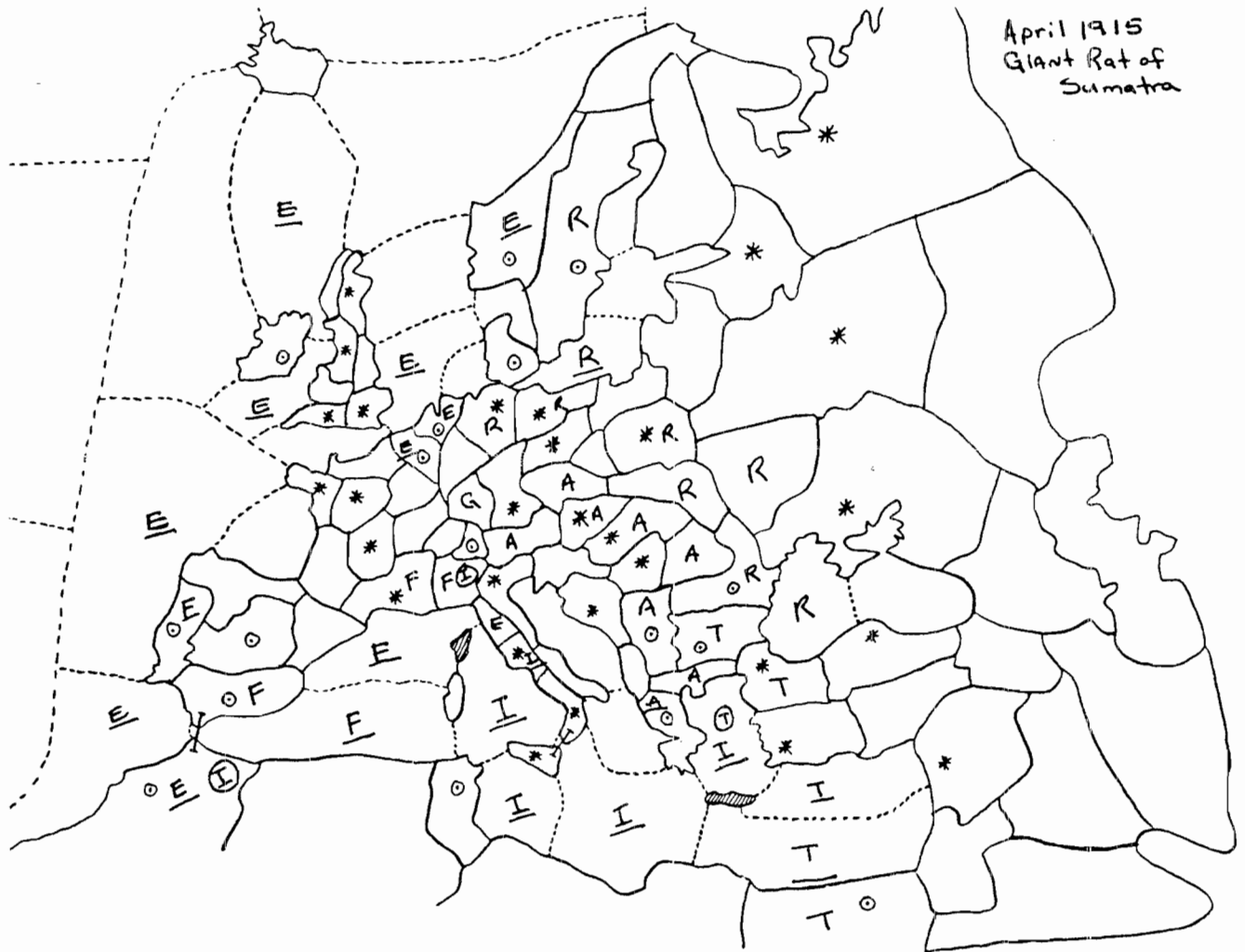
France Condorn: A And S Englander F SAC-Mor, A Gas-Mar, A Mar-Pis, F Leo-Por, F Lio-Wes

Germany Wells: A Ruh-Swa

Italy Highfield: F Tyn-Rom, A Pie-Ven, F Eas-Aeg, F Mal-Lib, F Wes-Tyn, A Mor prays for deliverance (Allah quotes from old Reagan campaign speeches about what happens to those who can't make it on their own) R Alg, OTB

Russia Keller: F Ber-Bal, A Kie-Ber, A Den-Kie, A Swe H, A Mos-War, F WBS S TURK A Bul, A Ukr S A Rum, A Rum S A Gal, A Gal S A War-Ukr

Turkey Marc Peters: A Con-Mag, A Bul S A Con-Mag, F Aeg-Gre D R Smy, OTB, F Smy-Cyp, F Pal-E MED, A Egy-Lib



Ruhr to World: The Frei-Korps is once again. Negotiations for use thereof c/o German Government in exile, usual address.

ENG-AUS: John I am surprised at you! I always thought of you as very straight, decent and respectable. Then I got a sample of your zine "Dogs of War" and was utterly shocked! You're a very sick man, John Daly! Sick, sick, sick! That was the most disgusting thing I've ever seen in my life. Oh, by the way, what are your sub fees?

ENG-ITA: Daly's zine was bad enough--but that editorial with your "thoughts" in Mp--now that's pornography!

ENG-RUS: M Come on Mark, how about spicing you your subzine too? You, too, can be disgusting.

ENG-FRA: I understand that you tugged the heartstrings of everybody at Byrnecon by wandering around with no shoes on. This will never do! No toady of mine should go shoeless! Tell you what, in view of the cold weather ahead, let's get you the entire "boot" if you know what I'm talking about...

ENG-TUR: I have nothing to say to a man who would pick on Woody except...well done!

ENG-GER: Tell you what, you hold your army this season, and I'll support you to Ireland. I wouldn't ordinarily do that, but what the heck, I forgot to send you a Christmas present (there were only two of Highfield's ears available and there weren't enough to go around!)

REPORT:
TOP SECRET: For your eyes only
SUBJECT: Cathy Cuning
MISSION: Completed
AGENT: O.07, Keith Sherwood

DETAILS: Received assignment on secret telex in refrigerator at 0825 hours on 30 Nov 82. My mission, if I chose to accept it, was to infiltrate Pheonix, Arizona, meet Cathy Cuning and live to report back to The Hobby. A nearly impossible task. Only one other agent of "The Hobby" had ever met Cathy Cuning: Simon Billenness was now the Prisoner, no. 6, confined to a small sinking island in the north Atlantic. Still, if anybody could do it, it would be me, Agent O.07. My disguise as a college student was perfect for the assignment. After contemplating the assignment for a couple days, my mind immediately came up with a full proof plan.

Pheonix was right on the way, more or less, between my base of operations in San Diego and my top secret base in the high mountains of northern New Mexico. Using my guise as a college sophomore to its fullest advantage, I wrote Cathy, also a college student, claiming to be going home to New Mexico for Christmas by car, and suggesting that I drop by on my way and meet her. Ha, what a con. She called (called! no less-this was going to be easier than I thought!) to confirm and set it all up. Little did she know she had run up against "The Hobby"'s toughest agent. She would be putty in my hands. She said only she had a job, and so couldn't meet before 5:00 pm on either day I proposed to be driving through Pheonix.

The zero day came and operation "Expose a Sorority Girl" went into effect. Mid-afternoon found me in Pheonix, while she was still at work. She had cleverly avoided me. Hmm, she was going to be tougher than I thought. Score one for the forces of Evil.

She had ruined my Christmas, too. I sulked all through the holidays, unreconcilable, thinking every minute about how she had fooled me and contemplating my revenge; how could I rescue my reputation, dupe Cathy, and complete the mission? I had one more chance when I returned to San Diego. Again I contacted her, but this time I called her bluff, demanding to know the nature of her job. She balked, and had to admit she no longer had one, and could meet me any time. Ha! Score one for me, agent O.07, enforcer of the Hobby.

This time when I hit Pheonix mid-afternoon, I had her. Taking the cross street off the freeway which she recommended, I stopped at a gas station with a phone. While I called her up, my two companions (non-Hobby agents; real university students whose presence I suffered only to further my disguise) hit the establishment of the tall red-headed clown named Ronald for some grub. Depositing my two dimes, I dialed.

"Hello?"

"Cathy? Cathy Cuning? This is agent....er...Keith Sherwood," I slezed in my most obnoxious teenage voice. She probably didn't know my tenacity and didn't expect me to try to meet her again. Off balance, she tried to squirm out of it. "Um, my mother's car is stalled and I have to go pick her up," she apologized.

The mission had reached its turning point. I decided it was time to get tough. "19th and North-ern," I told her. "Be there. Aloha." I hung up. I knew she would come. Besides, I had her mother hostage. While I kept watch, my companions...well never mind them.

Then she arrived, alone (Ha! had her out numbered if she tried anything funny), driving a modest compact car. Conclusion: old enough to drive, probably had driver's license, though I never did see it.

PERSONAL DISCRPTION: 5'6"; red hair, shorter than mine (ie. you could see her eyes and ears) (nice earrings); no glasses but probably contact lenses (she's devious); nice smile. Very nice. I'd

have to watch my step.. I understood why so few had met her and lived to tell about it. Yes, she was dangerous. She smiled at me again.

CLOTHES: On her nice slim figure she had typical sorority girl dress: tight jeans, topsiders, and a polo sweater (this despite the unseasonably warm winter day). Did I already mention the tight designer jeans?

Her impression of moi: Yech! (Give me a break, I had been on the road for twelve hours). Looks like John Denver. (Ha! That old disguise gets them every time!)

We chatted about various and sundry for 15 minutes or so before she had to attend to her mother (sure...) and I had to continue towards San Diego. We dropped her mother off in Yuma.

PERSONAL COMMENTS TO THE BOSS: All in all, a very nice and charming person, Terry. But I must admit curiosity as to why The Hobby, and you in particular, Boss, should be so interested in this obviously harmless person. You looking for a date boss? Ha ha. Um, sorry Terry. But I was thinking wouldn't it be a gas if you two got together or she moved in with you or something?

Well, that's it Terry. I'm ready and waiting for my next assignment for The Hobby. This one wasn't too hard, really. It's hard to believe I am the only Hobby member in North America to have met her. Oh well, this is agent O.07 kicking back and relaxing. (Funny, this strange Arizona beer Cathy was nice enough to send me tastes distinctly of almonds. Oh well....)

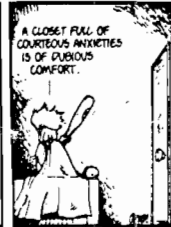
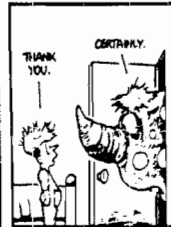
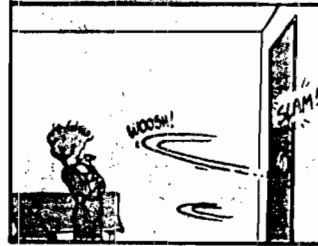
Mata Hari press continued from the last page:

Germany-England: You can take this "War Dept." crap and shove it where your FDS won't even reach. I've been informed by a "Chicago" friend that you think I am Al Giddings. This is a lie. I've also been informed of your unsportsman-like conduct at ftf games and have decided to take you down a notch. Please don't pout because I won't negotiate with you anymore. Perhaps someone still will.

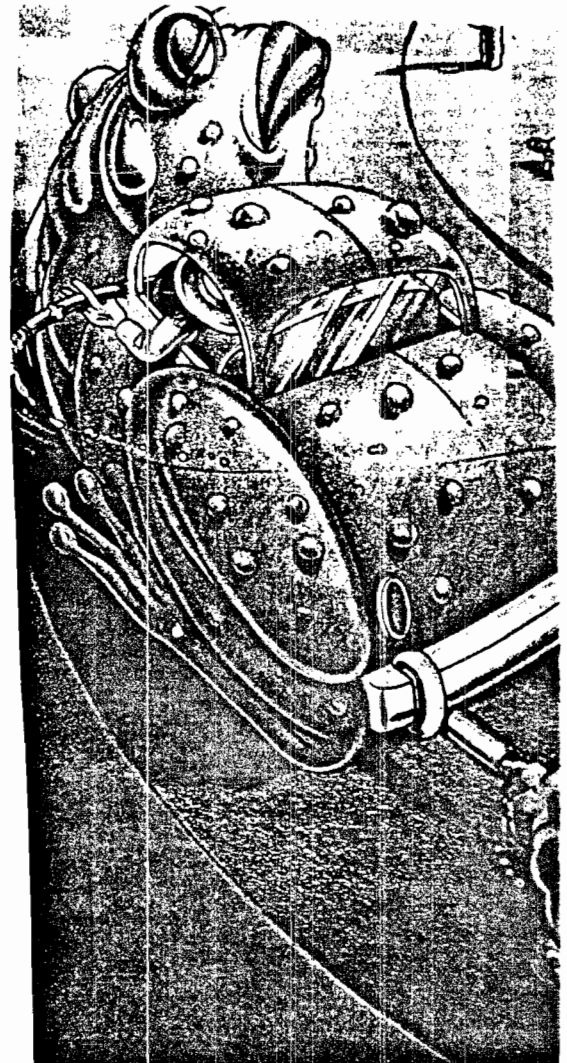
Germany-Europe: From now on my press will be datelined in addition to German centers, by the use of The Lonely Man. This should not be confused with the "Desperate Man". Since you may all think this anyway, I'll play along. How do I know you are who you say you are? Any comments from Jim, Marc, Gregg, Ron? Next thing you know someone will say Cathy Cuning is a guy.....or Kathy Byrne!



HIGHTOWER DEPT.



JIM BOB DEPT.



MICHALSKI DEPT.



"Doris, I'm constipated. Take off your clothes and gross the shit out of me."

Odds and ends: I alluded to Larry Peery's poll and had intended to include the form but ran out of space, if you want a copy write to him at Box 8416, San Diego, Ca. 92102.

I would like to fill one more game of regular dip if only to get Derwood Bowen in my clutches, So we will try to fill one more free game of regular dip and then we'll close down regular dip openings for awhile. Remember there is no NMR or game fee. Take advantage while the offer lasts. Monopoly will be run when we have 3 more players. We have 3 now.

Doodah the wonder slug will be back with us as soon as it gets a little warmer and I try to get my seeds to sprout.

Allen Hughes will see the space checked at the end of this and realize that this will be the last such space.

I will just mention Chris Harvey here so he can say he's been mentioned in an american diplomacy szine besides EE.

This is as good a place as any to admit that I did not do the drawing on the cover. Many of you won't bother to read this thinking it's just stuff designed to fill the back page but a few of you will and you'll know that it's a nice picture and shows the Seattle skyline very nicely but Tallman didn't do it. I thought about taking the credit but that would be less than honest and all us right thinking, warm, humble types can't abide by that kind of reasoning. Reagan is going to take credit if the economy heals itself and is going to point ten fingers in as many directions if it fails to do so right Wee Willy?

Talk to Sherwood if you want amplification on the 'zit-faced teenager' issue. He was the poster child a couple of years ago. He's also made personal appearances for Howdy Doody when Howdy hasn't felt up to it due to the aches and pains of age.

50¢ will get you into the 'Name the month and year Ozog starts pubbing again' pool.

\$2.50 will get you a color photo of Cathy Cumming trying to pick up her mail without getting her picture taken.

Why hasn't some one volunteered to host a con in the NW yet? Oregon seems like the ideal place, that way you can get the Washingtonians and the weirdos from down south. I hereby appoint Stephen Lee and Jim Bumpas as the 'NW Mini-Con Committee.' A weekend in March or April would be nice.

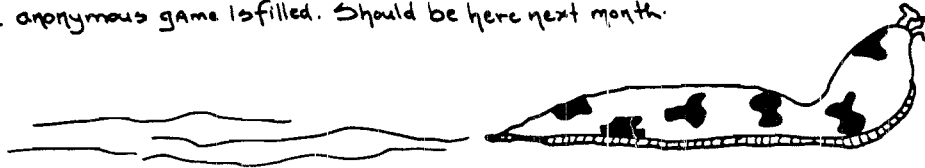
The space above this was two lines with a concept so gross in its relationship to the hobby that after consideration I decided that even Mos Eisly wouldn't run it.

I'm tired of writing just to fill space so I'll stop here and maybe doodle something on the rest of this before I go to the xeroxing store.

Players who were not nice to me this month, who either stabbed me or made very aggressive moves against me have been placed on a list marked "Aliases of Uncle Bernie." This list has been given to Bruce, St. John the Boardman & Mark Lew. They'll get you!

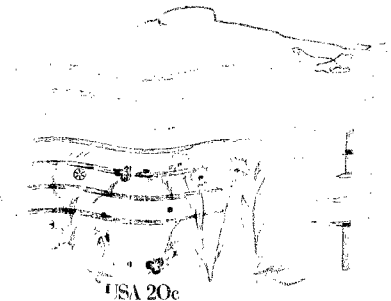
Michakki's new Sub-Szine "Pigs In Space" will appear in Xenogogic.

The anonymous game is filled. Should be here next month.



North Sealth, West George

Terry Tallman
820 West Armour St.
Seattle, Wash. 98119
206-285-4374



Larry Peery
Box 8416
San Diego, Ca
92102