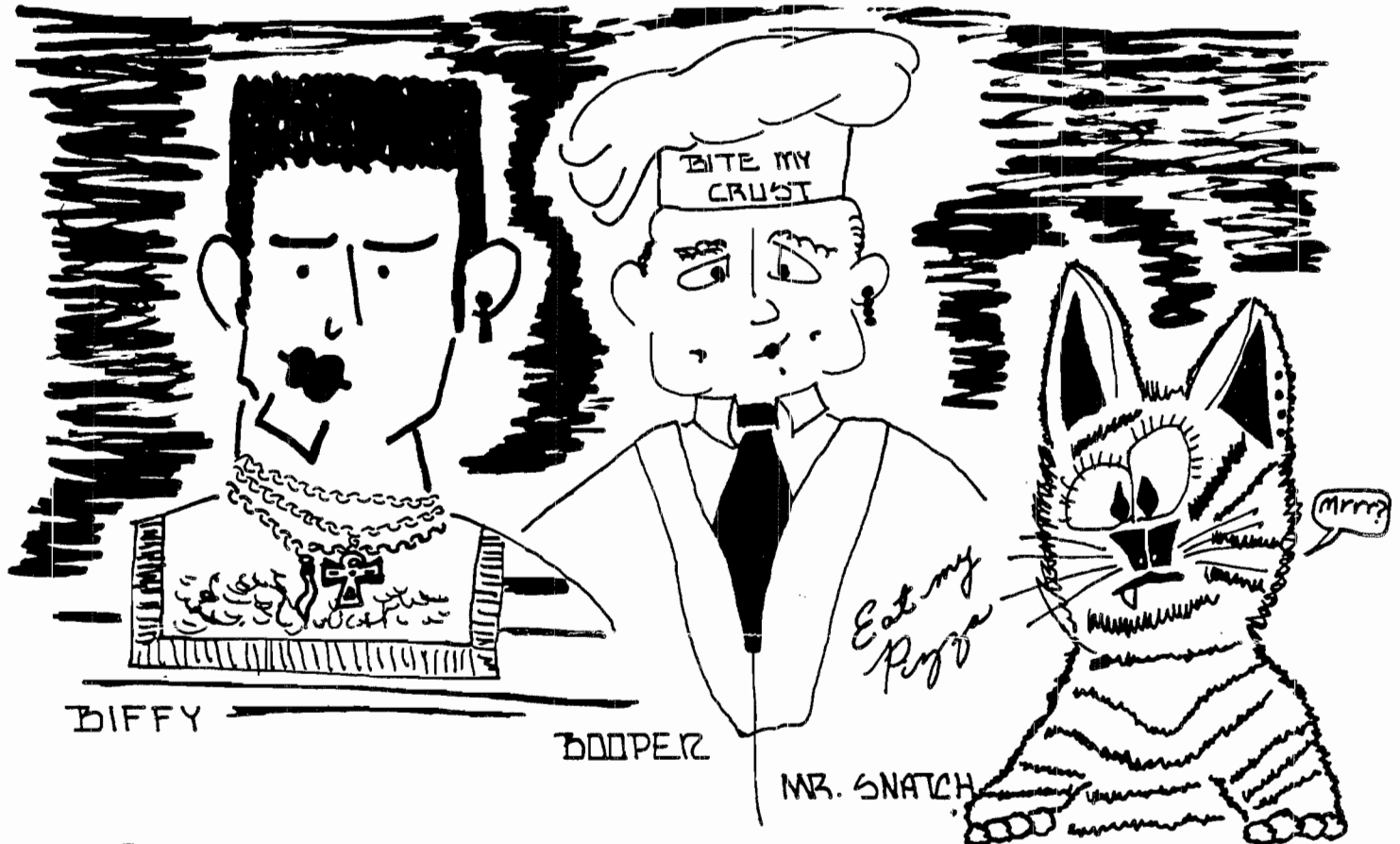


North Sealth, West George

Issue #9 A Place, A Concept and now a
NON-CONTROVERSIAL Change of Address



DAN "BIFFY" STAFFORD HAS GIVEN UP HIS ATTEMPT TO BECOME THE HOBBY'S FIRST MALE LESBIAN. TO PROVE HIS SINCERITY HE HAS MOVED IN WITH DERWOOD "BOOPER" BOWEN & HIS CAT- MR. SNATCH.

BOOPER WAS UNWILLING TO DISCUSS HIS ROLE IN BIFFY'S SUDDEN CHANGE IN ROLE MODELS BUT HE DOES NOTE THAT BIFFY HAS NEARLY WORN OUT A VIDEO-CASSETTE OF "VICTOR/VICTORIA" AND LAUGHS AT RATHER STRANGE PARTS OF THE FILM.

MR. SNATCH HAS FOUND HIS OWN WAY TO DISCUSS THE SITUATION. HIS REMARKS, HOWEVER, ARE NOT EASILY RENDERED IN PRINT.

ANYWAY- FOR THOSE OF YOU IN NSWG#1 YOU CAN REACH BIFFY AT:

1643 GRANITEWAY LANE
COLUMBUS, OHIO 43229

COMING NEXT MONTH: A D-D GUEST THROUGH
CATHY'S NEW RESIDENCE

MARCH 27. REMEMBER BACK IN THE OLD DAYS WHEN THE WHOLE SZINE LOOKED LIKE THIS? WELL THOSE DAYS MAY WELL BE BACK COME JUNE. JACK FLEMING WROTE TO GARY COUGHLAN AND SAID HE'D BE BACK AROUND MAY 15+ FRED BE PRAISED. THAT WILL MEAN ONLY THE B.N.A. W.G. GAMES AND PERHAPS THE POSTAL MONOPOLY-WHICH NOW HAS 4 PLAYERS SIGNED UP

ON THE HAMSTER MOLESTER FRONT- SEVERAL WEEKS AGO WOODY TRAVELED TO MEMPHIS FOR A FISH-CON. APPARENTLY HE HAS A BIG AQUARIUM FULL TROPICAL FISH AND WAS EVEN PREPARED TO PUT UP WITH GARY IN ORDER TO AVOID PAYING FOR A ROOM. GARY PLAYED WOODY A TAPE I MADE WHILE CHANGING THE OIL IN MY 1966 BUICK. WOODY TOLD ME IT WAS REALLY HEARTWARMING TO WATCH GIGGLES & LAUGHTER EXPLODING FROM GARY AS I DISCUSS THE LOCATION OF THE OIL FILTER AND WHY I USE 30 WEIGHT. GARY REALLY KNEW HOW TO SHOW WOODY A GOOD TIME.

APPARENTLY SOME OF YOU HAVE BEEN ASKING CATHY IF I'M REALLY A 6'8" BLOND SEX GOD. I UNDERSTAND THAT IN ORDER TO PROTECT ME FROM ALL MY FEMALE FANS SHE HAS MADE UP SOME STORY ABOUT ME BEING SOMEWHAT LESS THAN "TOTALLY AWESOME" NO HUMOR HERE. SHE STILL TENDS TO GET A LITTLE GIDDY WHEN SHE FIRST SEES ME. I DON'T KNOW IF I COULD HANDLE ANY MORE ADULATION.

I THINK IT WAS MENTIONED IN "ANDUIN" THAT THE SPECTER OF A 'CODE OF ETHICS' IS RAISING ITS UGLY HEAD AGAIN. AS ONE OF THE HOBBIES SEMI-ANARCHISTS I FIND THE WHOLE IDEA TOTALLY BOGUS BECAUSE: 1. IT'S UNENFORCEABLE & 2. YOU GET THE BRAIN-DAMAGED SEGMENT OF THE HOBBY-BRUX, HACHS, ETC., TRYING TO CONVEY EVERYTHING FROM HOW A G.M. PICKS HIS AS TO WHO'LL BE WOODY'S ROOMMATE AT ORIGINS. SO I'M OFFERING THE OFFICIAL NORTH HEALTH, WEST GEORGE CODE OF ETHICS.

1. DON'T SCREW ANYONE ON PURPOSE (EXCEPT FOR EXERCISE OR PHYSICAL THERAPY).
2. IF YOU FIND YOU SCREWED SOMEONE BY ACCIDENT BE WILLING TO CORRECT ANY RELATED PROBLEMS (IF IT WAS EXERCISE OR THERAPY ASK IF IT WAS GOOD FOR HIM, HER OR THEM TOO).
3. IF YOU DON'T CORRECT WHAT YOU DID DON'T BE SURPRISED IF PEOPLE CALL YOU NAMES AND TREAT YOU AS THOUGH YOUR DECIDEDN'T FAIL.

THESE RULES ARE NOT 100% FOOLPROOF. IT'S POSSIBLE TO LIVE BY THEM AND STILL:

1. BE KICKED OUT OF GRAUPTARK.
2. HAVE BRUX NOT ACCEPT THE WAY YOUR ORDERS WERE WRITTEN.
3. HAVE JIM-BOB FOR A TOADY.
4. PUBLISH A SZINE THAT IDEASN'T MEET MARK BERCH'S CURRENT NEEDS.

THIS TOPIC IS LINKED TO MY OVERALL DISTRUST OF SOME OF THE HOBBY DO-GOODERS WHO KEEP TALKING ABOUT HOW MUCH WE NEED THIS OR THAT. LAST ISSUE I STATED THAT WE NEED AN OFFICIAL HOBBY POLLUTER AS MUCH AS WE NEED A HOBBY PEARL DIVER. STAN JOHNSON HAS VOLUNTEERED HIS SERVICES FOR THE PEARL DIVING POSITION AND I UNDERSTAND DAF & STEVE ARE GOING TO CAMPAIGN FOR THE POSITION TO GO TO ME. THANKS GUYS.

ONE OF THE MOST DIFFICULT THINGS I DO EACH MONTH IS COME UP WITH A COVER FOR THIS MONSTER. THE MAP ON #1, THE "B.T." COVER, AND LAST MONTH'S "ZIT-FACED TEENS IN RUT" JUST SORT OF HAPPEN, ONE DRAFT AND I'M DONE. BUT YOU SHOULD SEE SOME OF STUFF I DON'T USE. FOR EXAMPLE- I HAVE THE FOLLOWING SKETCHES ON MY TABLE RIGHT NOW:

KATHY IN BIBOVERALLS, A MET'S HAT, WORK BOOTS, TATTOOS AND A LOOK OF CONFIDENCE. THE COVER WOULD HAVE BEEN "A PLACE, A CONCEPT AND NOW A DUMP TRUCK DRIVE."

CATHY TIED TO RAILROAD TRACKS, A LARGE HAMSTER DRIVING THE TRAIN AND MUMBLED ABOUT WHO'LL BE HIS ROOMMATE AT ORIGINS AND A TOADY AND A HOBBY SEX GOD IN TIGHTS. "A PLACE, A CONCEPT AND NOW A SUPER HERO COMIC STRIP- JIM-BOB & TOADMAN."

THE VIEW OUT MY FRONT DOOR WITH ME STANDING WITH BACK TO THE VIEWER- AND BEFORE ME A VALLUPTUOUS BLOND. "A PLACE, A CONCEPT AND NOW - "DAF?!!!"

STAFFED IN DRAG. "A PLACE, A CONCEPT AND NOW THE HOBBY'S FIRST MALE LESBIAN."

DERWOOD DOWEN FILLED WITH LARGE, UGLY KNIVES. "A PLACE, A CONCEPT AND NOW GUY WHO STABBED ME IN A GAME FILLED WITH MY TOADIES."

THE MAIN REASON FOR REJECTING A POTENTIAL COVER IS THAT I'M NOT HAPPY WITH THE WAY THE DRAWING CAME OUT. FOR INSTANCE, THE "TOADMAN & JIM-BOB" COVER WAS INTERESTING AS A CONCEPT BUT TURNED OUT KIND OF SHITTY WHEN I FINALLY GOT IT ON PAPER. THE ITEM ON THE NEXT PAGE HAD COVER POTENTIAL BUT I HATE TO REPEAT IDEAS ON THE COVER. ANYWAY THAT'S A PARTIAL EXPOSE' ON HOW THE COVERS COME TO BE. IF YOU HAVE SOMEONE YOU WANT TO MALIGN AND A CONCEPT LET ME KNOW.

MORE ALEX) HOMEWORK TO THE REASSURING VOICE OF HIGHCHAIR TELLING ME HIS LIFE STORY. A COUPLE OF TIMES WHILE APPLYING MASCARA I ALMOST POKED MY EYE OUT... HE'S SO SUAVE. ANYWAY, AS FAR AS LOYAL TOADIES GO... THE TWELVE YEAR OLD HAS T. SHHHH-DON'T TELL ERIC, HE'LL GET REALLY UPSET. HE'LL SEND ME A TYPED LETTER ON THAT ROMANTIC IVORY COLORED PAPER WITH THE UNICORNS AND I'LL FEEL GUILTY IN THE MORNING... AS SOON AS THEY ALL GO THROUGH PUBERTY AND DEVELOPE SECONDARY SEX CHARACTERISTICS MAYBE THEIR FACES WILL CLEAR UP. OH WELL, THANKS FOR MENTIONING ME IN YOUR SZINE.

AND THEN BRUX SAID: YOU WANTED ME TO KEEP SCORE IN THE TOADY WAR FOR ALEX'S HAND. WELL, LET ME TELL YOU, IT'S NO CONTEST. ERIC TOOK HER HAND AND KISSED IT ONCE, AND YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN HER FLY UPSTAIRS TO SCRUB IT! BILL ASKED FOR HER HAND ONCE, BUT SHE ONLY GAVE HIM THE FINGER. BUT ME, WHY ALEX FLIPS EVERY TIME I EVEN LOOK AT HER. EVERY TIME SHE PASSES ME IN THE HALL SHE WAVES, SO I KNOW SHE'S OFFERING ME HER HAND. ALL OTHER TOADIES ARE BUT MERE PRETENDERS.

ERIC KANE HAS TAKEN VOWS OF SILENCE AND CELIBACY UNTIL AFTER SAT'S OR SOMETHING. HASN'T ANYONE TOLD HIM THAT IS NOT A TEST YOU CAN CRAM FOR? EITHER YOU HAVE IT OR YOU DON'T.

HIGHTHUMPER CAN'T KEEP A FIRM GRASP ON HIS "PEN" WHEN HE THINKS ABOUT HER SO HE JUST SENT ME A PIECE OF PAPER HE HAD DROOLED ALL OVER.

~~~~~

# Hi little dippers! I'm Mark Berch and I'm a Yawner!

AND THIS IS THE-  
"YAWNER POLL"

QUITE FRANKLY NSWG IS TOO ENTERTAINING FOR ME TO EVEN THINK ABOUT BUT WHEN I HEARD THAT THAT INCREDIBLY NON-CONTROVERSIAL SZINE WAS GOING TO RUN A POLL ON BORING SZINES I JUST HAD TO BE PARODIED. IF YOU'RE A PUBBER, TERRY WANTS YOU TO PLUG IT IN YOUR SZINE. IF YOU WANT YOU CAN EVEN COPY THIS PART OF THE PAGE.



THE CATEGORIES IN THIS POLL ARE:

- MOST BORING SZINE
- MOST BORING PUBBER
- MOST BORING PLAYER
- MOST BORING SUBSZINE
- SPECIAL INTEREST CATAGORIES
- MOST OBNOXIOUS HOBBY MEMBER
- MOST OUT-OF-TOUCH-WITH-THE-HOBBY-MAINSTREAM PUBLISHER

HOBBY PEARL DIVER - A CATEGORY THAT WILL ONLY MAKE SENSE TO NSWG READERS.

YOU CAN VOTE FOR AS MANY PEOPLE OR PLACES OR SZINES AS YOU WANT. JUST LIST THE ONE YOU FEEL MOST STRONGLY ABOUT FIRST AND WORK DOWN. YOU DON'T NEED TO LIST EVERY SZINE, PLAYER OR PUBBER YOU KNOW - JUST THE ONES YOU FEEL ARE WORTHY. AND NO, I WON'T DISCUSS TALLMAN'S RATING SYSTEM HERE. BUT IF YOU ORDER DIP DIGEST ISSUES 4672 thru 5182 I'LL SHOW YOU HOW IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN DONE.

BALLOTS ARE DUE JUNE 15<sup>th</sup> - 1982  
SEND THEM TO:

YAWNER POLL C/O TERRY TALLMAN  
820 W. ARMOUR ST.  
SEATTLE, WA. 98119

NEW SUB-RATES EFFECTIVE MAY 10<sup>th</sup> -  
60¢ PER ISSUE (AND THAT STILL DOESN'T REFLECT MY COST)  
IF YOU ALREADY PAID FOR - SAY 12 ISSUES AT THE OLD RATE, YOU'LL GET 'EM

(16 Apr 83)

3.

Dear Terry:

16 Apr 83

Thanks for your letter. Also thanks for the information in & enclosed with it.

Tretick was rather a sad case (is rather a sad case). When I originally discovered that "Oaklyn" was Tretick, my thought was only that people should be warned about who he was, and what his past record had been, and let things go as they may. After all, at that time it wasn't at all clear that he would make a repeat performance. I thought his use of a pseudonym, and his silence on the matter of financial settlements with those still in the hobby who lost out on him before, didn't bode well. But I was unwilling to make any definite judgement beyond a commitment to warn people to be careful.

As it turned out, things started out badly almost at the beginning. Ultimately several people wanted to come down very hard on Buddy and I finally, reluctantly, agreed to join in the posse. Although I signed the document that was drawn up, I never did hold with the provision about not letting Tretick into postal games as a player. (As it happens, though, I did prevent him from playing in a game I was GMing in CLAW & FANG, but then...as now...I have a HR specifically forbidding people to play under a pseudonym without my advance permission. Tretick never asked permission and I would have refused to give it had he asked.)

This latest turn of events suggests that the "boycott" approach was correct, although it can be argued (and no doubt will be) that the approach played a role in causing the result. He has, by the way, begun to NMR in LIBERTERREAN...see #189.

With respect to the abandoned games, I hope you will be in touch with John Daly and give him as much info on the games as you have. (And please also drop a note about this to Kathy Byrne. I know she is no longer officially associated with the HSOS, but she is still helping John on an unofficial basis.

It's really too bad that people in the hobby have to be faced with the sort of factionalism generated by the appearance of a Tretick

After all, "Oaklyn" appears inoffensive and there must always have been that niggling doubt in many minds that he might be an innocent or at least undeserving victim.

That is why I had always wished to downplay the warnings about "Oaklyn". Once you warn people that he has bad karma, you let people make their own choices and take their own consequences. Caveat emptor. But once you go overboard into the "boycott" routine, you start splashing others with the same tainted brush...if "Oaklyn" is so evil, what about the people who don't boycott him? I don't hold with that. Besides, if I were right, anybody coming in contact with "Oaklyn" would very quickly learn the truth and be able to make his own decisions. I was concerned, though, with the hope that we could help people not be ripped off as...in the upshot...it has now occurred.

The other people you name (and I suppose my name could be on that list): Sacks and Boardman (as I'm sure you know) don't have much grip on reality at all. Walt Buchanan just called today, in fact, to chuckle over a late batch of GRAUSTARKS. Boardman is still harping on grudges he has borne for over a decade (the Scott Hankins thing, for instance, in which he was not even personally involved...I was one of the losers there...whose "take" was not more than \$35, not \$100). Amazing. John is of course a very bitter person. So would you be too if you'd been hanging about the fringes of fandom for half a century and still haven't a single professional sale to your name. The pity is, he's capable of it. A professional sale, that is.

Speaking of which, I hear that Masters has made a sale to a soft-pornzine with a bit of fiction. It involves a satyr, and from the bit of plot I've heard, it strongly resembles a story which appeared years ago in the gay press. But I no longer have a copy of the latter and I have not actually seen the former so I have nothing on which to base any real judgement as to whether Jack has "lifted" somebody else's work. No doubt the resemblance is casual only,

as is often the case with short works in the same (or similar) genre.

(Interestingly, the nextish of DW will begin a series of Diplomacy shorts in the styles of various authors. Kevin Tighe is going these, but I will be open to similar contributions by others. It ~~xxxx~~ would be interesting to know Jack's reaction to these...he still gets DW...and whether he will make any such contribution himself. I did invite him to contribute to DW once, before the big flap but after I had already detected one of his plagiarisms myself, and had at the time told him I expected the material to be 100% original. Never got a response. Even now he does not know by what a narrow margin he missed being tapped to be Editor of DW.)

Gary Coughlan had a bad go, and I believe he has simply suffered from being oversensitive. A ~~good~~ good many quite straight men still have effeminate mannerisms (and in fact it would be a good guess that there are more straight transvestites than gay ones)...but they suffer a lot of peer ridicule in their teens. No doubt this has made Gary more than usually sensitive on that point and, in general, on matters of what others say about him. And in the recent set of flaps he wasn't the only person who overreacted.

Brux has been known to get carried away, too. Well, he's young and is the type which, in the ambiance of 1st-Century Palestine would have been a Zealot; in 17th-Century Switzerland, a Calvinist. But his heart's in the right place, I believe.

A lot of Michalski is a deliberate pose. There is a lot of posing in this hobby; I was once doing the same thing, the abrasive rhetoric and controversial opinions (which I usually overstated to get @ somebody's--usually Boardman's--goat). But he is really more the "drinking buddy" type.

Best,

The attached letter from Rod is in response to a Xerox of a flyer that Bernie sent out to the remaining players in the Le Front games. In it he stated that the combination of a new job and related pressures plus his continued ill health were forcing him to discontinue publishing Le Front.

As Rod noted there was no mention of rehousing the games. John Daly will be reading this and I suggest that unless some player specifically requests a rehouse that the games simply be considered abandoned. I will try to send game numbers to both Daly and Ditter.

I was in one of the two regular games he still had running and the Kriegspiel game and I'm not real worried about the outcome of either.

For those of you who didn't get the flyer Bernie closed with the question-what pseudonym should he use next time. So it is quite possible that he'll reincarnate once again.

Several people have disguised the Tretick/Oaklyn scam with me at great length, both to dissuade me from playing in Le Front and to keep him out of NSWG. I've seen back issues of Diplomacy Digest where Berch revealed all and the fall 1979 Dip World where Bernie once again denied all.

I am inclined to believe that he did virtually all of the things he was accused of and I defend none of them.

But I subbed to Le Front for the same reason I subbed to Graustark. As a new player I heard a lot of things second hand and felt that I would never get a real feel for these extreme personalities unless I dealt with them first hand. I still don't understand Bernie or Boardman or even Brux or Berch (neither of whom I sub to). But I've had an interesting time trying.

For the pure tacticians and rabid point players among you Bernie had to be a nightmare, one that you are glad to see ended. To me he's just another small part of the mosaic of personalities that I deal with in postal gaming.

I honestly don't feel Bernie will ever tell the real story to the hobby of why he put himself through the abuse he did. And who would believe him anyway?

But as far as I can tell you won't have Bernie to kick around anymore-or at least till he thinks up a new name.

T.T.

## AND HOW'BOU'T A QUICK EXORCISM-

LIKE SEVERAL PEOPLE INVOLVED IN THIS HOBBY MY BARK IS AT LEAST AS IMPRESSIVE AS MY BITE. JIM WALL SENT ME TWO STAMPS THE SAME MONTH THAT HE STABBED ME IN A TWO-WEEKS GAME IN "IRKSOME". WHAT JIM DOESN'T KNOW IS THAT IS ALSO THE MONTH I ADDED UNCLE AL'S TWO ORPHANS TO FLEMING'S 5 TEMPORARY ORPHANS AND MY 3 POTENTIAL ORPHANS - FROM 7 TO 10 GAMES ((COUNT THE BOURSE)) FOR A ROOKIE GM.

AT THE SAME TIME MARK FUEH WAS TRYING TO START A FACETIOUS ANTI-WALL-FAN CLUB. SEEMS JIM HAS BEEN A LITTLE QUICK WITH HIS DOT GRABS OF LATE.

ANYWAY, IT SEEMS THAT EVERYONE HAS TRANSLATED MY REMARKS ABOUT JIM TO MEAN THAT I FEEL HE'S A SCUM-SUCKING SLIME. SUCH IS NOT THE CASE. AS ANYONE WHO TRULY KNOWS ME WILL SAY-NO RIGHT THINKING HUMAN WOULD EVER DREAM OF STABBING ME. THUS JIM WALL MUST BE POSSESSED BY DEMONS.

SO AS CHARTER MEMBER AND BROTHER IN THE ORDER OF ST. JOHN-THE BORED MAN I SHALL NOW ATTEMPT TO DRIVE THE DIP DEMONS OUT.

BY THE BORING TRINITY I BIND THE DEMONS-

BY SACHS I BIND WITH ENDLESS COMMITTEES,

BY BERCH I BIND WITH TRIPLE ISSUES THAT NO ONE READS,

BY BORED MAN I BIND BY CARING TOO MUCH TO QUIT AND TOO LITTLE TO MATTER.

BY THE EVIL TRINITY I CAST YOU DEMONS OUT,

BY BERNIE I CAST YOU OUT FOR A MERE SUSPICION OF ASSOCIATION,

BY BRUX I CAST YOU OUT FOR HAVING EVEN THIS COVERED IN HOUSE RULES

BY MICHALSKI I CAST YOU OUT BY CALLING YOU BY YOUR TRUE NAMES - HYPOCRACY, BULLSHIT AND CONDESCENSION.

BY THE TRINITY OF GENTLE GRACES I NEGATE THE DEMONS-

BY KATHY I ABSORB AND NEGATE YOUR EVIL

BY DAF I DISPEL AND NEGATE ALL GLOOM

BY CATHY I NEGATE DESPAIR THAT THERE SHALL BE NOTHING NEW

BY THE TRINITY OF SELF-EFFACING I REPAIR YOUR EVIL

BY THE PUJGE I REKINDLE JOY

BY JIM-BOB I REKINDLE WONDER

BY THE ORC I MAINTAIN INNOCENCE

BY THE EDICTS OF THE BROTHER HOOD OF ST. JOHN THE BORED MAN

I SPIT IN YOUR EYE, LAUGH IN YOUR FACE, FAZT IN YOUR GENERAL DIRECTION AND MAKE FUN OF YOUR NAUGHTY BITS.

OKAY JIM-THAT SHOULD DO IT. BUT IN THE EVENT THE URGE TO STAB ME CROSSES YOUR MIND, GET A HOLD OF ONE OF FLUFF SCHAFER'S SOCKS AND WEAR 'ROUND YOUR NECK ON A STRING. I PROMISE THAT NO DEMONS-OR ANYTHING ELSE WILL COME NEAR YOU.

AND THEN OF COURSE THERE WAS SEALTH-CON 1. CATHY CUNNING, STEPHEN LEE, JIM MEINEL, PAUL GARDNER, LYNN WHOSE LAST NAME I'VE FORGOTTEN AND ME. AS YOU MAY HAVE NOTICED WE ONLY HAD 6 PLAYERS SO ITALY WAS CIVIL DISORDER. WE ALL WROTE ORDERS FOR ITALY AND WE'D DRAW TO SEE WHOSE WE'D USE.

PAUL AS GERMANY AND JIM AS FRANCE WERE OBVIOUSLY NOT GOING TO FIGHT. CATHY AS TURKEY AND MY RUSSIA TRIED TO LEAN ON LYNN'S AUSTRIA. THEN STEPHEN'S ENGLAND MOVED ON ST. PETE AGAINST ME. ITALY WAS TORDYING FOR THE FROG. THEN GERMANY MOVED ON ME. THEN CATHY STABBED BE FOR TWO DOTS.

I WAS SHOCKED AND APPALLED. I MIGHT AS WELL HAVE KAPLAN FOR AN ALLIE. HOWEVER, BY SUGGESTING A BRILLIANT COMBINATION TO ENGLAND I WAS ABLE TO GET HIM TO SWING ON GERMANY. MEANWHILE, FRANCE IS CHUGGING ALONG WITH LOTS OF DOTS AND NO PROMISES TO ANYONE. IN MY BEST DON PARDO VOICE I TRIED TO POINT THIS OUT TO THE REST OF THE BOARD BUT THE STABBING FRENZY WAS UPON THEM. CATHY REMINDED ME OF LINDA BLAIR IN THE "EXORCIST" THE EVIL CACKLING LAUGHTER, DEMONIC SCREAMING. IT WAS ALL THERE.

MEINEL HAD THE BOARD BY THE THROAT. AND THEN THE ENGLISH PLAYER HAD TO LEAVE. WE PUT RUSSIA IN C.D. AND I BEGAN MY BATTLE TO SAVE THE DRAW. I BRAVELY JUMPED INTO THE CHANNEL, THE FROG ROLLED BACK, GERMANY STABBED ME, AUSTRIA STABBED GERMANY, CATHY STABBED EVERYONE BUT AUSTRIA-HE WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO COULD RETALIATE. AND WE FINALLY SETTLED FOR A FIVE-WAY AFTER ONLY 7 1/2 HOURS.

OUR ONE CALL WE MADE WAS TO DAF WHO EXPLAINED TO ME THAT CATHY WOULDN'T HAVE STABBED ME IF BECKER-CON WOULD HAVE CALLED. SHE WAS FIXATED ON THE FACT THAT THE ORC-AND EVEN CARUSO FOR THAT MATTER-HAD STOOD HER UP SO SHE WAS STABBING ME, THE HOBBY HEX-GHOD, AS A SURROGATE.

ANYWAY, IT WAS MY FIRST FKE TO FACE AND I ENJOYED IT.

# Cathy's Ramblings

A rambling bit created by\*\*\*\*\* Cathy Cunning 1603 NE 50th St  
Seattle WA. 98105  
(206) 525-5740

Hello! To start us off today, I have to say good-bye to the Toad Father, who came to a tragic end recently.

Dear friends, we are gathered together today to say good-bye to the great Toad Father. It was sad the way he went. In the end he was crying, "Stabbed again! Stabbed again! I'll get you Cunning, just wait. I'll get Daf and Nancy after you!" Then in a brief flash it was over. Of course having fulfilled my first orders to the East Coast Clique, (destroying Terry Tallman) I had to come up with some way of covering my footsteps. So I called upon the great god himself-Mark Berch- and created a new Terry Tallman. Now this Tallman still has to be as mean and nasty as the old Tallman, but this Tallman believes in the power of the East Coast Clique.

There are a few mechanical errors though. Every time I bring it into It's weekly Mark Berch worship session, it starts going glass eyed and foams at the mouth and screams "No, no not Berch!!! I believe in Glover! I believe in the Denver Glont!" So I take him to the next step, the Glover Rogerson worship room, but he still refuses to accept and starts yelling, "Buddy and Bernie! He's my man!" And does a little dance around a statue of "Bernie Wretick". The only thing I can guess is that this Buddy-Bernie person must have slipped in at night and changed some wires.

Well, so now what to talk about? Lets see, Terry wants to make this a double issue and figured if I wrote something like a review of Sealth Con or even a Cathy's Ramblings, then he could put all the blame on me. Well you won't get away with it! I can't ramble as much as you. You're great at filling pages with mindless nonsense. But then what does one expect from a robot?

SEALTH CON - I was going to say something about this wasn't I? Yes? Well, there was a raging force of two waiting for me to show up. The real Terry Tallman and Jim Meinel. Jim's got a face you can trust, not like Terry's. So off we go with a three player variant. Me-England and Italy. Jim-France and Austria and Terry-Russia and Germany. The normal E/I beats up on the Frog was silly, because Tallman would just eat it and Jim and me up. No English attack on the Frogs. Then Terry makes the mistake of going to the ~~mistake of going to the~~ Bathroom, leaving me and Jim alone. Big Mistake! When Terry came back he found it being R/G against E/F/A/I With a wild card Turkey. I was a good toady to Jim. He got big and fat and I held Russia off.

Then a new player shows up. A gang of 3 turns into a gang of four. Stephen Lee walks in. Nice looking kid, but a sneaky face. Not as bad as Tallman though. We give Steve Turkey and Terry falls to his knees and begs for an ally. Steve gives in to Terry. Me, Steve and Terry stay small. Jim gets big! Jim plans to stab good little England/Italy ally. I get mean. Propose a two way draw or else!

Then the doorbell rings. And walks two more players. I can't remember their names! We decide to stop, giving the draw to me and Jim, and start a new game. Steve tries to complain, but he is quickly gagged and a new board is set up.

This game was Terry's downfall. He was Russia and I was Turkey. Well, I'll make a long story short. Me and Terry allied. E/G/F allied. and Austria was kind of a buffer to be used to keep me boxed in. Italy was a wild card. Dinner break came. Terry went to get Pizza taking the English player-steve- with him. A mistake- he left me alone with A/G/F. We plan to stab Terry. I would get two centers and Russia would be no more. The stab almost worked. The Austrian player didn't support my move right, but he was a novice. ( Funny Cunning, like you're not a novice) Terry's face is in agony. "You stabbed me! You stabbed me for two stupid dots! Did you study under the Chuck Kaplan or what?"

The Rest of the game was silly. Austria became my new ally. Russia had two centers. A stale-mate line was being drawn. My words were always, "All I want is six dots. That's my ambition in life The game never ended. Steve had to go home. The new robot Terry took over England. I got my goal of six dots. Then everyone wanted to know why I didn't go home. I couldn't leave Austria alone to fight off the demon in a business suit in France now could I? In the end I had 9 dots and resisted a two center stab of Austria. I was the biggest power on the board in the end.

So that was the great Sealth Con. Some other highlights were Gary Coughlan's call when only Terry was there. Jim-bob's call and Terry's call to Daf telling her what a mean and nasty person I was.

It's funny. I wrote this artical quite some time ago, although I'm typing it up now. Since then Stephan Lee wrote up his version of the Con. It's funny to see how different we view the same event. Terry may include Lee's artical so you can see for yourselfs.

\*\*\*\*\*CONTEST\*\*\*\*\*CONTEST\*\*\*\*\*CONTEST\*\*\*\*\*CONTEST\*\*\*\*\*CONTEST\*\*\*\*\*

Yes another contest- well sort of. Now I know the name Brian "Beast" Dolton doesn't strike fear into the hearts of many, but it should!! This man is the terror of the British hobby. You can't read any zines without seeing the name Dolton or Beast more times than you see the editor's name. It's worst enough that he threaten's people's life if they don't sub to his zine, Lokasenna, but you have to read his vile comments everywhere else as well!

Now there is one person in the British hobby who thinks he's more evil then Dolton. That person is the kind, gentle, fun loving editor of The Acolyte.- Pete Tamlyn. Not only does Pete think he's more evil then Dolton, but he's gone as far to start a "Who's afraid of the Beast" club. The worst thing is that some of the English hobby really think Tamlyn is nastier then the Beast! Well this just isn't so!

I have letters in which the Beast has threaten my life in ways that even Terry couldn't think of! This creature, Dolton, took the first issue of his zine and spent it talking about the social implications of eating one's underwear! (JUst the kind of stuff Michalski would love to read about and Woody would like to do, if Michalski would eat his underwear.) He even calls my idol, Glover Rogerson such vile names that they can't even be repeated here! But then this is Terry's zine and he likes this sort of stuff, so I'll quote him so you can get the point. This is from Lokasenna 2, after Glover makes a fine and fair review of Lokasenna 1, The Beast has these kind words to say to him

"Which quote comes from that foul-mouthed Bennite lefty pseudo-revolutionary bastard Glover Rogerson in Denver Glont."

How can the British be so slow as to not see what an evil creature the Beast is? Well they are. But you can make the difference! The American hobby could tip the scales of power! Just finish the following sentence.

"Brian"Beast" Dolton is more evil then Pete Tamlyn because....."

Now I know many of you are saying, but Cathy, We don't know who this person is? Does that really matter? How Many of you knew Woody before you attack him or Bob Olson? Or how many of you would trust the words of Mike Mazzer or my own mom Kathy Byrne? Just pretend that Dolton is the meanest low life scum in the world and that he makes Mazzer or Tallman look like Saints. Why you can trust me. Just ask my robot friend Terry, he'll tell you that My word is as good as gold.

Oh there is a prize for the best entry. Besides the satisfaction you will get for changing the future of the British Hobby. The winner gets a copy of Brian's zine "Lokasenna. Yes, I know that that is something that shouldn't be forced on an unwilling audience, but the other choice was a picture of Terry and I thought that would be even worst. Except for Daf. So Daf if you enter, I'll send you Terry COD, ok? What a deal.

So enter today Ok? I expect enteries from Jim-Bob, Ozog, Kathy, Coughlan, Michalski, Woody, Luedi, Daf and anyone else out there who feels like abusing someone they don't know.

Terry called just a few minutes ago and wanted to know when I was going to have this done. I would like to be done now, but Terry reduces this thing down to nothing and I still have a massive amount of space to fill. I could describe how I bet Terry at a game of Wizard's quest recently, but even robots have some pride. I could complain about how I'm not going to see the Kinks tonight in concert, because I don't have the extra money to spend 12 dollars on tickets. Or I could mention about how I don't have a job yet, but no I won't go into all those problems. Instead I'm going to fill the end of this by ripping off The Dragon #72 and Stealing a song they printed. It's called the "Valley Elf". I'm sorry Eric, but it was so funny and you know how I love elves.

## Valley Elf

Valley Elf,  
He's a Valley Elf,      So cool, so fair,  
Valley Elf,              With chartreuse hair,  
He's a Valley Elf...      So young, secure ---

"Fer sure, fer sure,  
like, oh, man, I was really *down* today,  
like, sooo *down*,  
I almost flunked *archery* today,  
I was blitzed totally, it was  
*wrong*. Like, I wore my elven cloak  
into the *dungeon*, y'know, and it got all  
grody with, wow, like  
*spider* webs and *green slime* all over it,  
like *yucko*, like  
when I saw it when we got out I thought, oh,  
*gag* me with a *wand*,  
it was *grody* to the *max*, just *psionic*, like,  
and I had to clean it, oh,  
*gross* me *out*, man.  
Totally *awesome*. I *hate* to go in *dungeons*,  
they are so *rank*, and some of the monsters just like  
*freak* me *out*, man, like wow.  
I even saw a fer real monster, like *real* close up  
once, and it was *really*, like, totally  
disgusting, *barf* city man, it was so *gross*  
that I thought, like, Hey, keep away from *me*, man!  
Like *no way* I'm gonna ever even use *my* sword  
on *you*, I just *waxed* it, y'know, like  
*gag* me with a *mace*."

North of Geoff, South of Ket,  
By the River Javan wet,  
Living with the stubby gnomes,  
The Valley Elves do make their homes.

"Sure, totally, y'know, I had a dog, man,  
a cooshee, like he was special,  
a Gucci cooshee poochie,  
he had designer genes, like, really rare,  
he was just *awesome*, but not too housebroken.  
I had to clean up after him, and that was like *grody*  
just *gross to the max*, but, wow,  
like, no biggie, cuz he was my  
*dog*, y'know, but he's gone now, totally, see,  
I met the *mage* the other day, and, wow, man,  
the *mage* has got like *no*,  
*totally no* sense of humor. Like, I made a joke,  
y'know, I thought it was *super*,  
like, I saw the *mage* and said like, hey,  
we're in the Valley of the Jolly,  
like, Ho Ho Ho, Green Valley Mage,  
just like the freakin' commercials,  
but he just looked at me, like *wow*,  
he must have *really* been *out of it*, man,  
like he was so out of it he threw  
one of those, like, meteor swarms at me, it was just  
*awesome*, I mean it was just, oh wow man, it was  
*astral*, and it missed me and hit my dog,  
my designer dog, like,  
*crispy critter city*,  
I was *really* bummed out, really bad like."

Valley Elf,  
He's just a Valley Elf,  
Valley Elf,  
He's just a Valley Elf ..

He's a super Valley Elf,  
So chaotic, sure of self,  
Tall and thin and fair of face,  
His brain is lost in outer space.

"Oh, super, like I live in the  
good part of the Valley,  
y'know, where we're all into, like,  
*real* *ethereal* things, like  
I got a set of designer *ring* mail  
for my birthday, I was totally  
*freaked out*, like, my old set was getting  
full of wrinkles and it had  
blood on it from where I cut myself  
with my short sword, yeah, really, like  
*agony*, man, I was in total agony  
for an *hour*. *Really*,  
but now I'm together, like,  
fer sure, *no problem*.  
That was *close*, man,  
like I was so *sure* I was gonna  
*pass out* fer sure,  
I lucked out *totally*.  
Good thing."



# BY STEPHEN LEE - A SUB-ZINE OF "RETALIATION"

ELEPHANT HEART -- Sealth Con Report (the REAL revised history) April 10enth

Four hours to Seattle, eh? The first thing I remember doing Saturday morning is breaking my alarm clock just prior to 7 am. The night before we had a dance at the school I janitorize and it was 3 am by the time I got sleep after locking out the clean-up committee, tooting with the chapairones, and hosing out the stomach pump. So I got a real slow start up I-5 and by noon had reached the Kalama River only in southern Washington. As I passed a huge nuclear reactor, my stomach gave a non-negotiable, if not untimely, growl. Time to scam the system. The restaurant was packed of course and my waitress lost me. I moved to the counter which lead to some question of responsibility until I gave the bus-boy (girl) a field promotion and demanded she bring me the next plate out of the kitchen. I really wanted scrambled eggs and home fries but knew better than making enemies with the cook; my only ally. The bus-girl assured me the ministrone soup, although nothing like real ministrone, was good none the less; and she was right! So I took a chance and ordered mashed potatoes if they were real and not whipped. Bingo! The high-lite of the meal. The veal was fair; not as good as my own, and the gravy was good.

Back on the road, I finally hit Seattle around 3 pm and despite great directions I manage to get a little lost. Queen Anne Hill is easy to spot but I can't find the right road that goes all the way up. Then I come upon it stretching up into the heavens and slick with the drizzle and rain. Swear to god, they actually have teams of slugs that pull the mini-busses up the hill. I haven't seen anything that steep since San Francisco.

I am greeted at the door by Terry Tallman, a gnome-like creature with a curled beard and a twinkle in his eye. "At last, an ally!" he says putting his arm on my shoulder and guiding me thru the entry way and living room toward where the board is set up. "Look, they're ganging up on me and you're my only hope," he manages to squeeze in before introducing me to Jim Meinel and Cathy Cunning who both look as if they had just swallowed a urinary. Now that I think back on it, I think I did see Cathy moving a few blocks around as I entered. "You are Turkey and I am Russia and Germany and you are my ally," Terry told me. For three-way, they had each taken two countries; R/G, A/F, I/E and each drew for control of Turkey each turn. They were indeed stomping Terry. Jim had a very strong A/F and Cathy was claiming that she had no other choice but to go along. I said I had never played ftf before which was my first in a long series of mistakes that evening. I got the chair up north and the good fortune of gazing upside down at an already unfamiliar board. I'm really lost without my felt pens. I was so spaced-out that we were hours into it before I realized there were wooden fleets. My set has only the one sized block. And get this. Terry also has the English board with different colours ranging in the blacks and purple areas.

Despite all this, I managed to bring Turkey to near victory by controlling nearly one-tenth of all centers; when there was a knock at the door... Jim called for a concession. Cathy seconded, knocking some blocks around as she got up to get the door. It all happened so fast. (I can hear Cathy knocking as she reads this.)

Enter Paul Gardner and Friend, Lynn, both tall lanky red-headed tree planters from southern Washington. They could be brothers. They've brought large bags of Oreos and M&M's and Paul takes the seat by the Med; facing the board. I am impressed. No one has much experience ftf, but Lynn is the only novice as the rest of us are all veterans of postal play. Lynn plays a very good Austrian despite handicaps. With six of us we played with Italy as the wild card; each turn drawing for the honors of controlling it. Terry is the Russian and Cathy is the Turk. They don't even leave the table as they conspire against Austria in 1901. I am England and alarmed at the prospect of a R/T alliance aimed at Austria. R/T have a one-third chance

of controlling Italy, too. I decided to cultivate an alliance with France, played by Jim Meinel. He could take on R/T in the Med while I hit Stp in the north. Jim is a very bright accural type person with the clean hands of a dentist and only one step above having a pocket full of pens and slide-rules. He adjudicated the games. Diplomatically, I would describe him as humble/genius quietly amasing centers without enemy -- everything I aspire to. In fact at one point Terry was pounding the table and screaming, "Don't you see what he (Meinel) is doing? Don't be fooled by that nice guy stuff!"

If I was to stick-up a 7-11 store, I'd pick Jim as the Meyer Lanskey type brains of the mob. I'd give Terry the gun (unloaded) with the advice, "Look mean, Bubba." Paul and Lynn would make great inside witnesses. "No, officer, I've been dropping quarters into Master Blaster all day and I never saw no robbery." "That right, man, just like he says." Cathy could drive the decoy Seville into a utility pole and probably work an insurance scam on the side. And in keeping with this character illustration, I would be the one to keep the cash in a "safe" place until things were cool.

As well as an alliance with France, I wanted a deal with Paul in Germany, if I was to take on Russia. And besides, he set the M&M's in front of me and I didn't want to foster an image of being above taking a bribe. In 1901, both France and Germany got 3 builds. France built a fleet in Marsailles and actually declined any build for Brest. What an ally! But Germany not only did not bounce Russia from Sweden but built a fleet in Berlin. Time to reasses my priorities.

Someone said food so we phoned up some pizza. I thought it abit ironic that Paul asked for part vegie after all the goodies he brought. Lynn said that Paul was known to have partaken in a Big Mac or two. I was staggered at being able to get such a good ethnic pizza only a few blocks from your house. I have to drive 45 minutes just for plastic franchise pizza. The crust was the only thing keeping it from being a great pizza. Plenty of cheese on top and not swimming in tomatoe sauce either. B+.

One of the highlites of the evening happened during the meal. Terry was a large aquarium with one large fish and alot of little fish to feed the big fish. All of a sudden, amongst the sounds of our own chomping, we hear a thud on the side of the tank and the glub glub of air bubbles surfacing. "Did he get one?" "Check if he spits out scales," says Terry. Cathy passed around pictures of hobby notables and we talked about the rest of you. Terry said that Gary Caughlan phoned before I arrived. "Am I suppose to phone him back right away?" "No, he just wanted to know if you wanted to move the game." "Oh, its fine here under the light." Quote of the con goes to Cathy: "All I want out of life is 6 cents."

Early in the game, I made a terrible stab of Germany. I really botched it up. I stuck around long enough to make a few more bad moves then at 10 pm I had to leave. Terry took over my English position. There was one particularly great moment in the game that sticks in my memory. Germany was Venice and Rome with an army in Rome. France has an army in Tuscany and Austria has army Trieste. Then I overhear France telling Germany to play up to Austria by offering Venice. Jim says to Germany that he will use his army Tuscany to bounce the Austrian and thus save Venice for Germany, cultivate the Austrian, and simulate a rift in the F/G alliance. What beauty! I was torn about whether I should tell Lynn what I had heard. Would he believe me? Was it in English interests? I keep quiet and it all went down as planned. Great!

The ride home was uneventful. (No tickets) Day-old donuts and coffee at a greasy diner off the highway. The worst Country and Western Band in the World were playing in the saloon next door. Rolled in at 3 am.

Hi Gang!

As you may have noticed in the last issue of North Sealth, West George, Terry has suggested foisting this game upon my own 'zine, MIDLIFE CRISIS. I am willing to do this, but only if you vote unanimously to transfer the game. If even one of you wants to see Terry carry out his "obligations" to this game, it stays in NSWG. Of course, if the game moves Midlife Crisis, you must all sub to it at a rate of 10 issues for \$4.50. Don't feel obligated to sub, by any means! I can't say if any of you have subbed already, but you know who you are!

We have our first NMR already. Oh well, the \$2.00 fine levied against the English player pays for sample issues of Midlife Crisis for each of you. Luckily, I have one standby on hand. So—here we go!

THE ANONYMOUS GAME (Miller Number applied for)

Spring, 1901

AUSTRIA (Vienna Waits for You): A Vie-Gal, A Bud-Rum, F Tri-Ven.

ENGLAND (Fool on the Hill?)NMR. Neutral Spring 01 orders; F Edi-Nwg, F Lon-Nth, A Lpl-York.

FRANCE: (Casual Sutterby): A Mar-Spa, A Par-Pic, F Bre-Eng.

GERMANY: (Konrad von Kriegen): F Kie-Den, A Ber-Kie, A Mun-Ruhr.

ITALY (Erin Thomas): F Nap-Ion, A Rom-Apu, A Ven-Tri.

RUSSIA: (Anatasia Romanov): Army Mos-St. Pete, A War-Ukr, F St P-Both, F Sev-Blk.

TURKEY: (Joe Friebetz): A Con-Bul, F Ank-Con, A Smy-Ank.

UNDERLINED MOVES FAIL. Will the "Unknown Standby" please submit orders for ENGLAND? Will Fool on the Hill please return to society?

Do you want me to do a commentary on the game? If you unanimously say "yes," I'll be glad to do one (based solely on the moves—not what I see in you correspondence!). For now, I'll settle for a few "headlines":

VIENNA IGNORES LEPANTO; SHAFTS THE ROMANOVSI  
ENGLAND SLEEPS AS F/G CREEPS!  
SERBIA WIDE OPEN IN FALL '01 (UNHEARD OF)!

THE DEADLINE FOR FALL 1901 ORDERS WILL BE NOON Saturday, April 30th. Mail early: one of you missed his moves, one got them in some day before the deadline, and another phoned his in 2 days before the deadline (during a time that I'm not supposed to be at home!).

ENGLAND TO GERMANY—Your letters sound a lot like Mazzer's. Don't tell me you've found me even in an anonymous game!

AUSTRIA TO TURKEY—Gary? Is it really you, my little southern cutie?

RUSSIA TO BOARD— I am not Steve Langley. Perish the thought.

RUSSIA TO BOARD—I'm not Woody either! Geesh, some of you have really got your signals crossed.

CASUAL TO FOOL ON THE HILL: You don't honestly think I'm Michalski, do you? Nice thought, but no banana!

FRANCE TO AUSTRIA: Only when the kids are in bed. Goats love to watch.

CASUAL TO GI: Has your typewriter developed a nervous twitch yet?

GI TO CASUAL: No, but the ribbon broke.

REGULAR PRESS

E.T. TO OTHER PLAYERS: Spell Diplomacy. That is incorrect. Spell Atomic Bomb. That is incorrect. Spell Toadies. That is correct.

CASUAL TO E.T.: Spell Cute. That is correct. Spell trustworthy. That is hopefully correct.

ST. PETERSBURG: What actually amazes me is that there were six other fools dumb enough to agree to play in this game.

FRANCE TO GERMANY: Like, this game is really one for the books—like cook books or sex manuals or, you know. Gee, is that me really sitting in Burgundy? Cosmic.

MIK MO TO FRANCE: No, I don't think that's you in Burgundy, unless you're masquerading as the "invisible man."

FRANCE TO ITALY: Your writing style is reminiscent of Citizen Thomas. Are you perhaps Ralph the Gnome's alter ego?

SWITZERLAND TO ITALY: E.T. Go Home!

E.T. TO SWITZERLAND: Spell Fuck Off. That is correct. Spell invade Switzerland....

VIENNA: Aren't any centers at all for the sole use of the country player?

JOE FRIEBIETZ TO WOOL ON THE HILL: Why don't you drop in for tea sometime? I'm at 15 Cherry Lane....

TURKEY TO RUSSIA: I ~~am~~ look forward to working with you. Just remember that Vienna Waits for Us!

TURKEY TO GERMANY: Wenn Sie ein Freund von Russland, der ein Freund von mir ist, sind, bin ich sehr froh und freundlich mit Ihnen!

AUSTRIA: Austria's pseudonym comes from "Vienna Waits for You" by Billy Joel.

FRIEBIETZ TO VIENNA: If you hit the right combination of offers, I'll consider helping your cause. In fact, if you've written this season I may already be considering it!

VIENNA TO TURKEY: I like you because I figure no one will be after you until Thanksgiving. I wonder when people will be after me?

VIENNA WAITS FOR YOU: So why aren't you here already, nebesch?

FRIEBIETZ TO THOMAS: New secret weapon for sale. Meet our representative in Budapest, Spring 1902, for contract talks. It will be a pleasure to do business!

VIENNA TO RUSSIA: Please don't take this personally. Why, I don't even know you!

LONDON (via BLACK press): Ambassador Tricheur puzzled over this diplomatic faux pas. Although he had sent the British embassy advance notice of his desire to negotiate, there had been no reception for him waiting; indeed, he was now left out in the lobby waiting for an audience. Finally, furious at the shabby treatment that he, a decorated French hero, was receiving, Monsieur Tricheur went looking for the English Ambassador himself. Roaming through the embassy, he found the halls curiously empty. He had wandered around for a while when he heard curious noises coming from a nearby room. It was none of his business, but his curiosity had been piqued by the odd noises, and his old "spy days" from the WWII resistance era came back to him. Cautiously opening the door, he peeked in—and barely suppressed a "Judas Priest!" There was the English Ambassador, his secretary, his chauffeur, and two guard dogs, all of them.... Unable to stand any more, Tricheur closed the door. Good God, he thought, and I thought the Russians were weird! Shaken and revolted, he made arrangements to visit the German embassy. Perhaps there were diplomats a little less perverted there! Meanwhile, he must make sure that England and France's common border, the Channel, was kept free of England's navy and its sailor boys.

VIENNA TO ITALY: It's not what it looks like! I could explain but 40¢ a letter is too expensive for that!

VIENNA: Help! I'm trapped in an anonymous gunboat game Gled by Paul Rauterberg and appearing in Terry Tallman's North Sealth West George! Well, at least I'm not alone.

VIENNA TO GM: You hate this game, don't you? Come on, fessup! If you really liked it, you would run it in your own zine instead of foisting it off on Toad Tallman.

KIEL TO WORLD: Hey guys, I think you misunderstood Paul's definition of "anonymous" in this game. It only means that we don't know who everyone is, not that we don't know how to get in touch with everyone else. If you can't afford the postage, drop out and let someone else in who can. Or do like I do—flood the GM with all your letters at once: you can send a letter for each player for 37¢. If we want to get really cute, we all send in at least six letters for Paul to type all at once—five days after the published results?

MIK MO TO KONRAD: Keep it up, and I'll adjudicate your moves Tretick style!



official hobby pollster be called in to consult with the official hobby pearl diver. After all, in the heart of all the old toadies, even Olsen, it is a pearl of great price. If a new poll is to be done an option for a "no toadies exist" must be present but where is the poll? I can do as I please.

Seattle to the hobby: Trying to do away with the term toady will simply require the use of some new term. Jim-Bob personifies the concept of the Toady. He is like a rudderless ship when he is not under the direct supervision of a toad. So depriving him of the descriptive adjective will simply make it harder to refer to him or explain how he can flounder through his games the way he does. And the Toady poll isn't due until October so Jim-Bob is very premature in declaring it defunct. And poll or no poll a toady is as a toady does.

LON-ROM: Now do you see the difference between being a toady, and being a toad? Jim, I have bessead and pleased with you to stop your toady ways but just look at what has happened. Can you honestly say that this could have occurred if I hadn't become a surly, antasonistic, tedious bully instead of the snivelins, wimpy excuse for a pseudo-human being tha is a toady like you? Look around you Jim-Boob. Toadyins is out. You with your gravy-suckins ways, are the Past. The future belongs to people who attack Bernie--people like me! Hahahahaha!

ENG-RUS: I would say 'Hi, Honey!' but since there is a chance that Bernie might return, I better not give people the wrong idea. Can I make my 'Hi Honey' conditional on who plays Russia this next season?

ENG-GM: If this is not GM interference of the most blatant sort, I don't know what is. Do you now expect me to toady for Kathy if she comes in? n I Terry, let me tell you, this same is not real life, and as everybody knows I only toady for Kathy in real life. Or so it's it's said in some quarters...

ENG-GM: "Bernie has a new job with an asshole supervisor"...boy, that's a straight line if I ever heard one. Let's see what Michalski can make of it...if he doesn't pick up on this one he must be in hibernation.

ENG-ITA: Find somebody else to snit with, you're beneath my dignity. Soon you'll be beneath my heel. Doh, I think the power has gone to my head. Quick Terry, put in Mazzer as a standby so he can stab me!!!

NSWG 3 1982 IJ The Gene Damage Game Spring 1902

Austria Tretick: A Vie U, A Bud U, A Ser U, F Gre U, R Alb, OTB; A Tri U

England Schaubert: F Lon-Eng, A Edi-Yor, F Nth S F Lon-Eng, F Nwy H

France Luedi: A Mar-Spa, F Por-Mid, F Bre-Eng, A Pic s A Bel, A Bel H

Germany Trutt: F Den S F Ber-Bal, F Ber-Bal, A Ruh-Mun, A Kie-Hol

Italy Schroeder: F Nap-Tyn, A Ven-Tri, F Ion S Tur F Aeg-Gre NSO, A Tun H

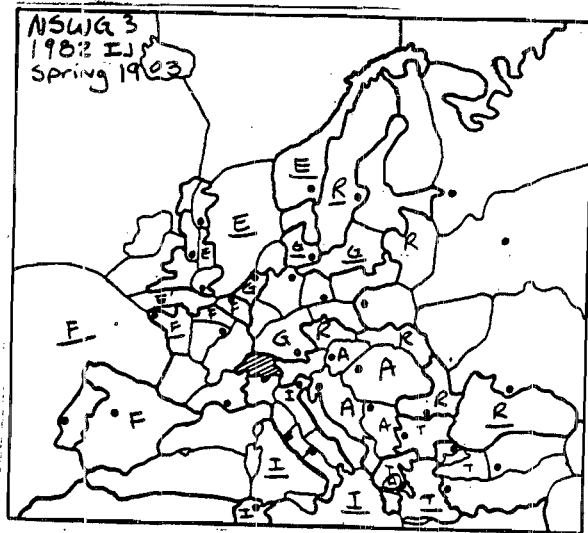
Russia Lowe: A War-Gal, A Stp-Lat, F Rum-Bla, A Sev-Rum, A Gal-Boh, F Swe-BaP

Turkey Ashley: A Bul-Gre, F Aeg-S A Bul-Gre, A Con-Bul, A Arm-Con

There is a new Austrian but in as much as I'm not at home and don't have my file in front of me look on either the back page or the second to last page for his address and name.

GM to Russia: No I didn't screw up. What you got was your original builds for those centers, but only two of them instead of three. I could not allow you to change them after seeing everyone else's, only let you decide which one not to make, and I've never seen 'Boast' so I cannot comment on the gming there. And you have to be first to point out an error to get a free issue. And we missed you at Sealth-Con. 82IJ France to Mata Hari Germany: OK, like you are not the Lonely man. If you doubt, refer to the last few issues of Magus, and leave the Lonely Man alone. Maybe he wants to be lonely.

France to Italy: Thanks for writing.  
France to England: No thanks for writing.



NSWG 4 1981 IF Fall 1908  
England Finly F Apu-Ven, F Iri-S F Nao- Mao, F Nao-Mao

France Lowe: F Lon-Nth

Germany Johnson: A Stp H, A Pru S A Sil-War, A Sil-War,  
A Mun- Sil, A Ruh-Mun, A Bur S A Mar, A Mar H, A Gal S  
A Mar, F Nwy-Nwg, F Edi-Cly, F Nth-Lon, F Eng S F Nth-  
Lon

Italy Goldring: F Smy R Eas; A Vie-Boh, A Tyo S A Vie-Boh  
A Gal S Rus A War, A Rum-Sev, A Tri-Ser, A Pie-Mar,  
A Gre-Syr, F Aeg C A Gre-Syr, F Eas Convoy A Gre-Syr,  
F Tyn-Nap, F Lyo-S F Spa(sc), F Spa(sc) S Wes to MAO,  
F Wes-MAO

Russia McCloud: A War H

Turkey Torres: F Bla-Bul(ec), F Smy H, A Ank S F Smy, A  
Mos-Sev

England Bre, Lvp, Nap, VEN 3 Even

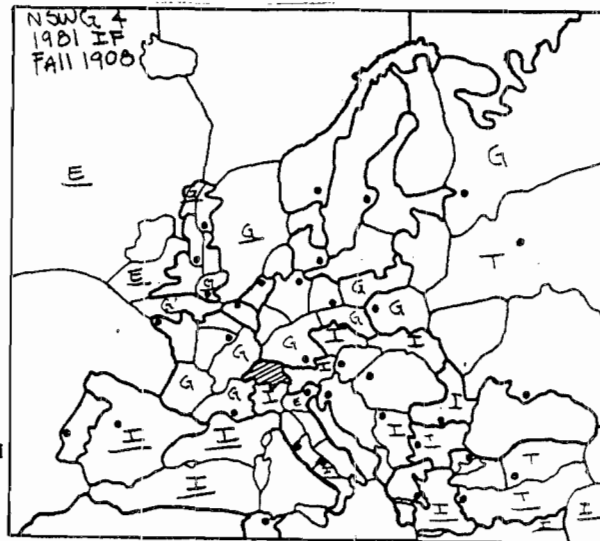
France Lon 0 out

Germany Home, Den, Hol, Swe, Bel, Nwy, Stp, Par, Mar, Edi  
WAR, LON 14 Build 2

Italy Ven, Rom, Tri, Vie, Ser, Spa, Gre, Bul, Tun,  
11 Remove 2

Russia War 0 out

Turkey Home, Mos, SMY, BUL 6 Build 2



With this set of orders Jim Finly resigned as England and  
I'm calling the lovely Derwood 'Booper' Bowen as the  
replacement. I'm not close to my file so look in the back  
of the szine for addresses And the I/G draw vote falls but is resubmitted. So you should  
all remember that a nvr equals a yes vote. And thank you Larry and William for plugging the holes so  
valiently.

GM TO TURKEY: If I could have found my house rules I would quote the number but I have one that says  
"The GM is always right."

GM to Italy and anyone else who cares No new game start till June when Jack Fleming's games have  
gone away(Abstraction, 81IX, Bourse, Mata Hari, Middle Earth).

NSWG 5 1981 KC The Golden Custard Game Fall 1907

Austria Luedi: A Sev-Rum, A Bud S A Sev-Rum, A Vie S A Bud

France Diamond: F Swe H, A Pic-Lon, F Eng C A Pic-Lon,  
F Tun S F Tyn, F Tyn S Wop A Rom, F Pie-Lyo, A Mar- Bur,  
A Bur-Bel, A Ruh-Hol

Germany Wiggers: F Bot U, A War U, A Mos U, F Nth U, A  
Ber U, A Kie U, A Mun U, A Boh U, A Pie U R OTB, A Ven U

Italy Bassett: A Rom S French F Tyn-Nap NSO

Turkey R. Finly:

Turkey R. Finley: A Tri S Ger A Boh-Vie NSO, A Ser-Bud,  
A Ank-Sev, A Rum S A Ser-Bud, F Bla C A Ank-Sev, F Con-  
Aeg, F Aeg- Ion, F Gre S F Aeg-Ion NSU-shown in error  
on last map, F Ion-Nap, F Nap-Rom

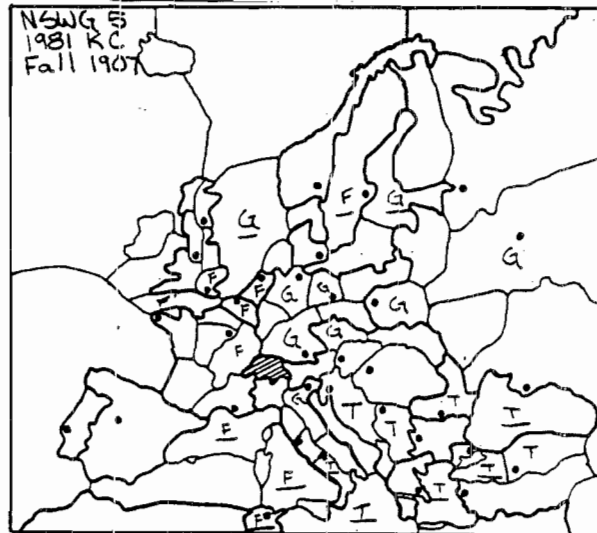
Austria Bud, Vie, Sev 3 even

France Home, Por, Spa, Lvp, Lon, Tun, Bel, Den, HOL, SWE  
12 Build 3, was one short

Germany Home, Edi, Nwy, Swe, War, Ven, Mos, Stp, Hol  
9, playing 2 short-no removal

Italy Rome 1 Even

Turkey Home, Bul, Gre, Ser, Nap, Tri, Rum 9 Even



I got a call from the German telling me that he nmred but will return.

Turkey-Austria: Thank you for the nice card. Sorry, but I'm busting out all over.

Austria to world: He if nobody wants the merchandise we go elsewhere. If you wanna talk we listen.  
If not, bye-bye.

As mentioned up above we'll probably open up a game plus the postal monopoly game in June after  
Jack takes back all jhis games. I've managed to misplace all the game requests and country lists  
so if you think your name is on my list-think again. Resubmit if you want to start a game in June.  
And I'm only going to start one. This is still a no game fee, no nvr fee szine but who knows for  
how long. On the other hand don't forget the sub cost is going up to a whopping 60¢ per issue  
effectice May 10th or thereabouts so get the cheap subs while they last.

I really abhorre leaving white space here and I don't want to start the next game till the next page  
so I'll mention that I called Kathy this morning and she had a living room full of ozoned dippers.  
Little Mikey Barno was there claoing he won't fold, and Carl Russel a sicko who writes for High-  
thumper, and Julie who wouldn't talk to me, and Dick and Konrad, and Greg Fritz and some others I  
forget. Kathy wanted to know what Stephen Lee is really like. I got several rather crude questions  
about Cathy which were pretty funny but otherwise unprintable. I was requested to do a KK letter  
on why Mark Berch is a hobby ghod ((barf)). And of course the usual scattergun conversation with  
Kathy and anyone who wandered by in the background.

I promise to work on the Mark Berch thing, my perspective is probably better than most because I  
don't sub to his szines-it doesn't meet my current needs. The cover on the last Dip World makes me  
want to barf some more. A non-player wins a non-game and makes the cover. The fact that Mark (yawn)  
writes a large percentage of the szine and Rod's desperation for cover art had nothing to do with  
this choice of cover-boy.



ABSTRACTION - APRIL & MAY 1915 DRAW VOTE 1 No. 1 YES, 4 NVR = YES

AUSTRIA-DALY: A TYO & A DRE & A BOH-MUN. A BOH-MUN. A BUD-VIE. A TRZA-RUM.  
A SER- & A TRAN-IZUM. A MAC-BUL-R ALB. OTB; F GRE-AEG  
ENGLAND-OLSEN: A LVP BOARD'S F HEB; A/F HEB-NWG SEA. A/F NWG DISSEMBARKS A TO LAP;  
A HOL BOARD F ANG. A/F ANG-HKA; A/F HKA DISSEMBARKS A TO SWE; F NWY & A HOL-  
SWE; F BEL-HOL; F ALG-TUN; F MOR-ALG. F HAO-MOR. F MAO-ENG  
AND HE BUILT F LVP  
FRANCE CONLON: B A MAR; A MAR-DBE. A OBE-HWA. A PIEH-R ZURICH. OTB; F WES-S ENG-  
F ALG-TUN. F TOR M & A AND  
ITALY MEINEL: R A ALB & A ROM OTB; A VEN-PIE. F TUS & A UEN-PIE. F SIC-TYR. F LIB-  
TUN. F CEN-MED  
RUSSIA KELLER: B A MOS & A ODE; A HWE-KIE. F BAL-C A HWE-KIE. A BER- & A MUN. A MUN  
& A GAL-BOH-D. R. RUM. OTB; A GAL-BOH. A WAR-HIL. A MOS-COU. A UKR-GAL. A RUM  
& A UKR-GAL. A ODE-UKR. F WBS- & A RUM  
TURKEY PETER'S: A CON-MAC. ABUL & A CON-MAC. F AEG & A CON-MAC. F LYP-HMY.  
F PAL-EAS. A EGY HOLD

PRESS:

ITALY-AUSTRIA: JUST LEAVE ME ALONE AND I'LL HOLD OFF E/F AS LONG AS I CAN!  
AUSTRIA-RUSSIA: I THOUGHT THE DEAL WAS THAT YOU TAKE NONE OF MY CENTERS  
AND WHAT ABOUT THAT ATTACK ON ENGLAND?

PRESS:

ENG-RUS: OK if the draw passes, but if not...let's just say I'll never forgive you for the terrible things you said about my friend Way-Out Willie.

ENG-AUS: Let's resume negotiations, shall we, now that you've been freed of the onus of having Hightower for an ally. I also hope you've decided not to print any more of that filth in your zine.

ENG-ITA: Welcome, welcome, a thousand welcomes, and now prepare to meet the fate Bill Hightower so richly deserves.

CONTEST HEADQUARTERS: The "Defects of Bill Highfield" contest continues to go poorly. Keller writes that he lacks the time to send a 1000-page entry and anything less would not give Bill credit. Jim-Boob Burgess writes that he's Highfield's toady and will cry if anybody writes anything bad about his toad. Spaced out Steve Langley writes that nobody told him there was a contest. Pat Conlon writes that he's afraid if he told the truth about Bill, Highfield would, not throw his subzine out of TMP, but insist on continuing to run it. Kathy Byrne writes that any disgusting thing she might write about Willard would sound the same as the way she abuses her friends so he might get confused. John Michalski threatens to nuke anyone who bad-mouths his protege. Jim Meinel is still sulking about being in this game. In fact, the only entry in the contest was submitted by Bill Highfield himself! Here it is:

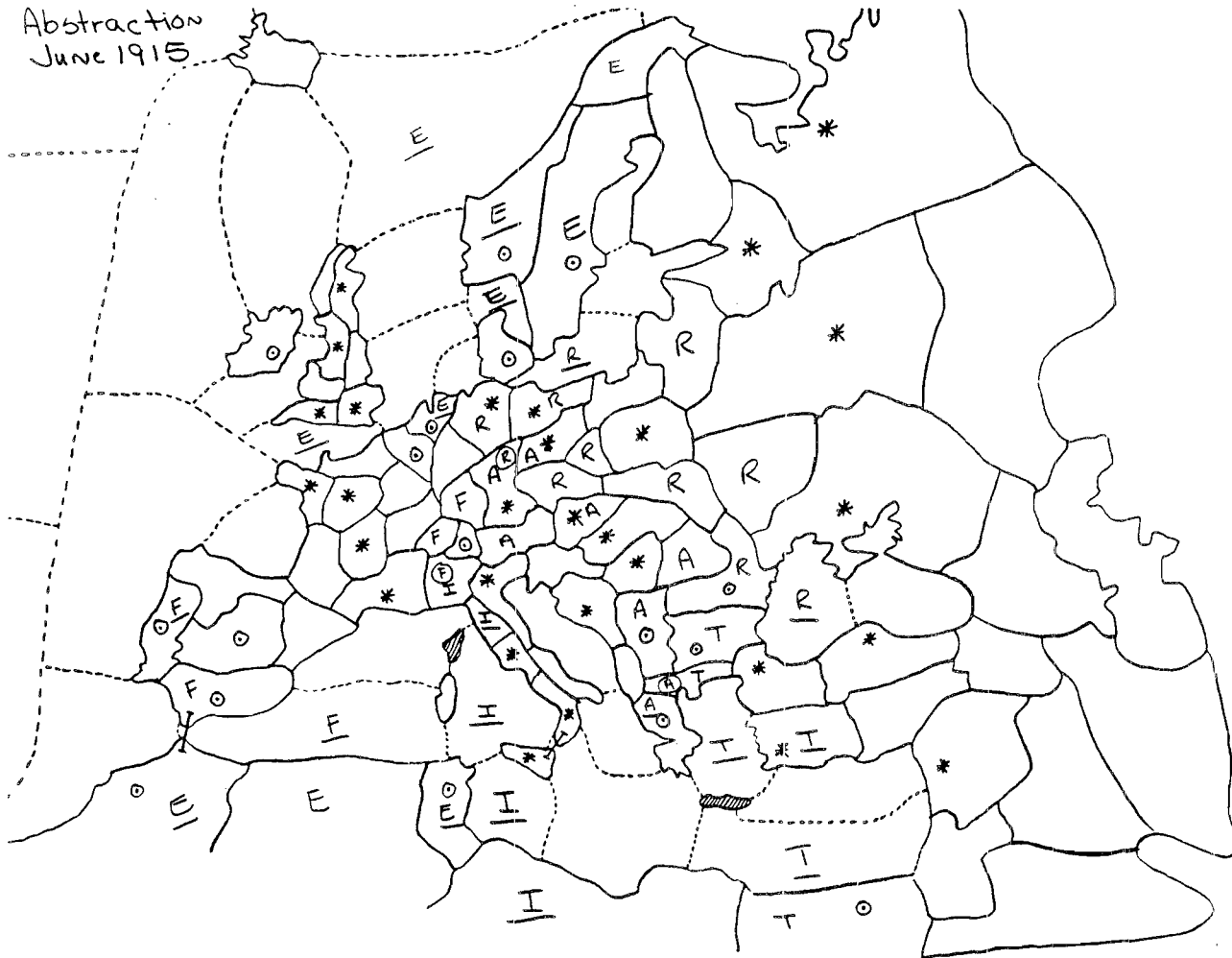
I confess, everything said about me by Stuart Lancaster (a close and personal friend) is absolutely true, though he has gone to certain lengths to minimize my failings. Further, as our Lord God Yuri Andropov said to me when I was in KGB spy school, it's lucky Americans are so soft and weak and tolerant or I'd be booted out of the country so fast I'd go into orbit around my primary, Space Cadet Langley. Also I really don't like Alex Lord much, because she called me a sniveling wimp and I don't even look like Caruso. You know I used to have a dog with a face like mine but I gave it to the SPCA...Is this enough Bob? Or do I have to discuss my intimate personal life?

HITLER'S DEFECTS: As my eyes glanced across that announcement a couple of issues ago and my mind registered the meaning over those words, I came unglued. "The Defects of Bill Highfield"...the possibilities raced through my mind. They came faster and faster. I couldn't stop them; I couldn't slow them down. They raced by too fast for me to acknowledge them all. It was like I had just taken a thousand hits of high grade LSD. Defects marched through the stereoscope behind my eyeballs like millions of Nazis marching and chanting "Heil Hitler, Heil Hitler". Thousands of tanks rolled by in parade with banners sticking out of their turrets proclaiming, "I Love Alex". Large machines flew low over the parade field like Tony Danza. "I love you, me, and David's brother's little" in light. The gold leagan movie shone in the eyes of the soldiers. "This one's for you" lips trickled down out of the sky. Landscapes that were made of human skin and looked like Hitler's face roasted weenies round a campfire whose centerpiece was Tip O'Neill tied to a stake. Suddenly Avatar shouted, "...you lousy sonofabitch"...BOOOOY! And peace returned to the land.

OLSEN-TOADYMAN: By the way you have your Berchian usage wrong. Please check Appalling Greed for the right nomenclature. To BERCH a unit is to build it. To SCOOP a unit is to remove it (something Mark would never do!). This all stems from history you see, for ~~since~~ ever since Mark was Berched (hatched) people in the hobby have been trying to Scoop him out of it!



Abstraction  
June 1915



### MIDDLE EARTH FALL 2755

ARNOZ-MEINEL: A EREGION-DIMRILL, F UMBAR & MORZDOR A SHADOW MTS. -> GONDOR N40;  
F S. SEA HOLD; A LEFNUI-14EN, A ESGAROTH & MORZDOR A W. RUHN-N. WILD-N S.D. R \*

A GRAY MT. - CARROCK; A MIRKWOOD-DOL GOLDUR; A LORREN & A MIRKWOOD-DOL GOLDUR  
GONDOR-STAFFORD: A EDORAS & A IEN-IENGAZD; A W.EMNET-FANGORN; A RAURON &  
A ANORREN-W.EMNET; A ANORREN-W.EMNET; F TOLPALA & GONDOR; A ANFALA'S  
BECOMES F ANFALA'S

MORZDOR-LANGLEY: A W. RUHN & RHOV. A N. WILDERLANDS TO ESGAROTH; A IRON HILLS-GREY  
MT.; A THE BROWN-CELEBRANT; A DAGORLAND-THE BROWN; A SHADOW MT-S. NUZN;  
F BAY OF BELF. -> GONDOR F TOL -> GONDOR

RHOVANION-KELLER: A NTH WILD-ESGAROTH; A WILD. & A DOL GOLDUR; A DOL GOLDUR &  
A BROWN-CELEBRANT

ROHAN LIND: A ISENGARD & ARNOZ A LEFNUI-14EN; A FANGORN-W.EMNET; A WOLD-CELEBRANT  
A E.EMNET-THE BROWN

\* ARNOZ A ESGAROTH R IRON HILLS, OTB

\* ROHAN A ISENGARD IC ENEDWAITH, DUNLAND OTB

### CENTER CHART

ARNOZ HOME, ANGMAZ, THALBAD, CARROCK, EREGION, LORREN;

"DIMRILL" 9 BUILD 1, 2 IF ZOTS

GONDOR STAFFORD: HOME, GONDOR, ANORREN, W.EMNET,  
RAURON, "IENGAZD" 8 BUILD 1

MORZDOR LANGLEY: HOME, DEAD MARSHES, DAGORLAND,  
HENNUTH ANNUN "CELEBRANT" 7 BUILD 1

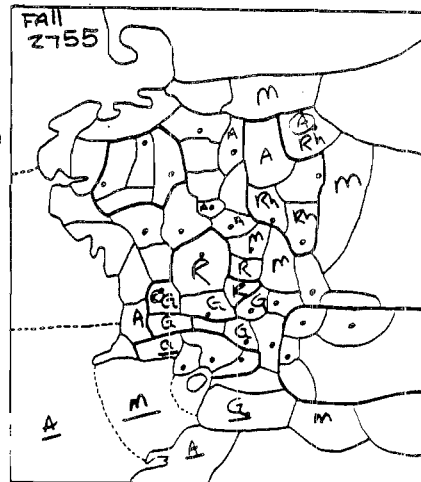
RHOVANION KELLER: N. WILD, DOL GOLDUR, ESGAROTH,  
WILDERNESS & EVEN

ROHAN LIND: FANGORN, ISENGARD, CELEBRANT, DIMRILL  
-> DISBAND 3 OR 2 IF RETREAT OFF THE BOARD.

### PRESS:

SOMEWHERE IN THE MISTY MOUNTAINS: ARAGORN

PEEZED INTO THE PALANTIR RESTING ON THE  
TREE STUMP IN THE GLADE. A SINISTER SHADOWY  
SHAPE MATERIALIZED INTO A BLACK FIGURE ATOP  
A STEED. ARAGORN COULD BARELY CHOKE BACK THE  
HATE AND NERVE THAT SWEEP OVER HIM AT THE  
SIGHT OF THE LORD OF THE NAZGUL.



"SO, MY AUGUST ARAGORN, YOU FINALLY BID ME TO NEGOTIATE. HOW VERBOSLY INTERESTING THE BLACK MACE THE NAZGUL WAS HOLDING SEEMED TO GROW BLACKER WITH HIS WORDS. "DEVIL SORCERER, I COME NOT AT MY OWN VOLITION AND WELL BE IT FOR YOU, FOR IF I DID I WOULD STRIKE YOU DOWN WITHOUT A TEAR BEING SHED ON THIS FAIR LAND OF DAYLIGHT. MY KING HAS ASKED ME TO SUMMON YOU, FOR MEANS BEYOND MY REASONING, TO LAY FORTH PLANS WITH THE DARK ONE FOR THE RULE..." AT THIS POINT ARAGORN VISIBLY SHOOK, "OF MIDDLE EARTH."

"Ho, Ho! HIS MAJESTY WISHES TO COUNSEL WITH THE LORD OF DARKNESS? THIS IS TOO FINE, THIS IS TOO RICH! AND WHAT MAKES YOU THINK, ELF LOVER, THAT MY MASTER WISHES TO PARLEY WITH YOUR CRONIES?"

ARAGORN'S HAND WENT TO HIS SIDE BUT REMEMBERED THE PALANTIR'S FIGURE WAS LEAGUES AWAY. "WE COME NOT TO PARLEY, ORC BREATH, BUT TO EMBARK ON A MUTUAL COEXISTENCE WITHIN MIDDLE EARTH. I BELIEVE THE TERM IS 'DETENTE'."

"AA, I SEE NOW, WOODSMAN, WHAT YOU WANT. THE POWER OF THE DARK ONE, TO WORK WITH THE LORD OF DARKNESS TO ACHIEVE YOUR OWN ENDS. NOT AN UNWISE PLAN, EVEN I MUST AGREE," SAID THE NAZGUL.

"NOT I," ANSWERED ARAGORN, "MY KING?"

MORDOG TO TERRY: WHAT "ROHAN ARMY THE BROWN SNUFFED?" I THOUGHT I HAD THE ONLY "ARMY BROWN" IN THE GAME.

TERRY TO MORDOG: DOP?

MORDOG: WAMAZG TRUDGED ONWARD, TOWARD THE DISTANT LINE OF BLACK MOUNTAINS. THE YOUNG ELF AND THE GREAT WAR WOLF FROLICKED WITH EACH OTHER AND A TRO STICK. LARGE TEARS DOZED SLOWLY FROM THE ORC'S BULGING EYES. IT JUST WASN'T FAIR. HE, WAMAZG, HERO OF HEROES, BEING MARCHED HOME ON A TETHER WHILE THAT TRAITOROUS WOLF PLAYED LAP-PUPPY.

DEEP IN AN INKY BLACK POOL OF FOUL LIQUID, SMALL FIGURES SLOWLY TOOK FORM. AN ANCIENT, BESIDE HIM, A WARRIOR, THEN A BOY AND HIS DOG AND AN... ORC? ARAGORN'S BEAUTIFUL FACE BROKE INTO A SWEET SMILE. THE HUMAN ATTENDING HIM SWEATED IN HIDDEN FEAR. THAT TERRIBLE SMILE.....

---

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\* INDICATES ANYONE CAN BID ON IT FOR NEXT TIME

# INDICATES NEW MANAGEMENT

REEFER-DAF: YOUR CHAINS ARE GETTING COLD? WARM THEM UP, THEN. USE YOUR .....  
INGENUITY.

SOCRATES: WHO DARED TO INSULT ME IN EE'S PIC CONTEST? QUACK!

DAPHNE (RESPECTFULLY) TO BOOK: MASTER

ON A NEARBY HILL IN THE SIERRAS: HIS EARS HEARD THE WORDS SHE UTTERED AND HE  
LOOKED ABOUT IN SURPRISE. "HMMM, A GREEN DJINN-SUCH AS MYSELF CAN ONLY BE  
CAPTURED BY A FREE SPIRIT AND ONLY HELD BY SUCH A ONE. SHE SEEMS TO SUBMIT  
BUT STILL I'M BOUND, MY OBLIGATION UNFILLED. THEN SHE MUST HAVE ..."

DAF TO CORAL REEFER: THE POST OFFICE DOESN'T ALLOW PORN THROUGH THE MAILS.  
A GIRL, WEARING NOTHING BUT CHAINS AND A RED BOW WOULD DEFINITELY BE MARKET  
RETURN TO SENDER.

POST OFFICE TO DAF: WHO HAYS WE'D SEND YOU, BACK?

BOOK TO AUSTRIA: GIVE ME A BREAK. I'VE BEEN SELLING MARKS FOR YEARS NOW. IT MAY  
LOOK A FORTUNE TO YOU, BUT ACTUALLY MY MARK HOLDINGS ARE MINOR.

BOOK TO CORAL REEFER: HORROR, THAT'S NOT QUITE THE DEAL I HAD IN MIND. AN INEX-  
PENSIVE TRIFLE PERHAPS, BUT NOT AN OUT RIGHT GIFT. AFTER ALL, I AM A MERCHANT.

BOOK TO THE NEWLY NAMED SLAVE "DAPHNE": NOT BAD, NOT BAD AT ALL. I THINK I'LL  
RAISE THE PRICE ON YOU.

BOOK TO CON OED: A SLAVE DOES ALL THE THINGS YOU CAN'T GET YOUR ATARI TO DO  
FOR YOU. NOT YOUR CAT EITHER.

BOOK TO THE SLAVE "DAPHNE": THE COLLAR, THE BRAND, EVEN THE WHIP ARE BUT SYMBOLS.  
NOW THAT YOU HAVE AWAKENED TO YOUR STATE, THEY TAKE ON A DEEPER MEANING.  
DON'T THEY?

BOOK TO GOURMAND DJINN: QUANTITY AND A SAUCE MAY SATISFY YOUR PALATE, MAKING  
EVEN A MEDIOCRE MORSEL SATISFACTORY. STILL, A TRUE GOURMET KNOWS THE  
PROPER SELECTION OF THE MORSEL TO BE CONSUMED TO BE ALL IMPORTANT.

DJINN TO BOOK: RESCAN MY PREMISE. OBVIOUSLY THE CHOICEST MORSEL IS EASIEST TO  
PREPARE. BUT AN ARTIST'S TOUCH WILL TRANSFORM NEARLY ANY, THUS REVEALING  
POTENTIALS THE LEASER CRAFTSMAN MIGHTS. THE CHEF MAY SELECT ANY, THE  
GOURMAND MUST BE FINAL ARBITOR.

IN THE BOURSE YOU NOW RUN \_\_\_\_\_  
YOU'RE A STANDBY IN \_\_\_\_\_  
YOU'RE ALMOST DR. SNOOZIN SUSAN \_\_\_\_\_  
YOU'RE MARK BERCH AND MEET NONE OF MY  
CURRENT NEEDS \_\_\_\_\_  
YOU MEET MANY OF MY CURRENT NEEDS \_\_\_\_\_  
THIS IS A SPACE FOR THE HELL  
OF IT \_\_\_\_\_  
YOU ARE CHOSEN AS A CANDIDATE  
FOR HOBBY PEARL DIVER \_\_\_\_\_  
I'M GLAD THIS ISSUE IS DONE \_\_\_\_\_  
Next deadline May 27, 9 p.m.

Thanks for the slug story?



North Sealth, West George

Terry Tallman

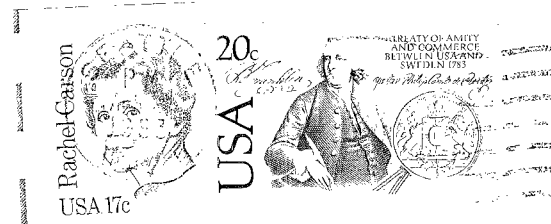
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