

A person, a place, a thing . . .
 A legend since August 1982,
 a folded szine May 1986
 NOSEWEGE II DA TOADBO
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 * NORTH SEALTH, WEST GEORGE *
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AH, where to begin. It has been a whole year since da Toadfather last sent something into your mailbox. I've been busy with other things. No apologies, that's just how it is.

This is the last issue. Subscription balances will be continued to the official szine of the UnDarkSide Poll, DOGGIE POD RISES TOO on a one for one basis. And be sure to vote in this year's UDSP. Remember the results of the last year's poll: UnDarkSiders 378, Linsey Poll 256. And remember if you vote in the UDSP I won't have to publish your name so I can proclaim to the world that you are my friend. I wouldn't trade my UnDarkSiders for any other buddy-buddy list in the world!

The games have been taken care of by the guest GM's so that just about takes care of folding the szine.

Now as to why I'm folding. I have a new interest in my life. No, not an girl. (A Sex Ghod must have more than one girl anyway.) A computer. I've gotten involved in my local ATARI user group here in Seattle.

Computers are a good hobby. For one thing, it doesn't cost \$3.50 a turn like commercial pbm games. Also, there are usually little in the way of long distance phone bills. Right now we have four editors for our Atarisig szine, and as a result we have four subazines. I'm trying to turn it into a unified whole.

Hobby news. A whole year to cover. Dipcon '85 was a big success. I don't mean that just because I put it on, but it did go off well by all accounts. The winner of the tournament were J. R. Baker, with Ron Spitzer coming in second. The tournament ran for seven rounds, so those who came really got their money's worth. I hope people will remember Seattle at the DipCon Society meetings at MaryCon this year so we can get it again in 1987 and mess up Fred Davis' vacation plans three years running. (And Linsey thinks I'm a sadist.) Then from there it's all downhill.

A couple of weeks after that I set a snivelly mass mailing from Larry Peery begging for money (again). This time it's for DIPLOMACY WORLD. To me DW is just another szine. No more, no less. If it can't come out then it shouldn't. Just like NSNG. No apologies, that is just how it is. He's turning it into another Xenosovic full of Peeriblah about how he wants money for this and that. Kind of like the politicians. At least that's better than what happened a couple of weeks after that, when Chris Carrier called me up on the phone all excited. It seemed that Bruce Linsey had just come out with a fake DW. He tells me what is in it. You can practically hear Chris having an orgasm on the phone as he is sleepfully telling me the contents: A cheap shot at John and Kathy, tributes to two of his toadies: Fred Davis (the Hobby Racial Theories Custodian) and Steve Hutton, the results of the Linsey Poll, the names of his 265 friends, a survey form for yet another hobby service grabbed by guess who, an asslicking review of VOD by his lawyer, the Dishonorable Mark Berch, and a page of Byrnebashing written by Gary Coughlan with her phone number printed with the advice to call her up and teach her telephone manners. I tell Chris that this is another issue of the UNNAMED HATE SZINE and chew him out for encouraging this shit. He laughs. I call him a closet DarkSider. He vehemently denies this and cites his opposition to Linsey in the Highfield matter as proof. Ok, he's not a DarkSider. But he is a kindred spirit with Bruxiepoop -- both enjoy mayhem in the hobby for what sick little fun they derive out of it. Chris says he's neutral -- but he gets his emotional sustenance of watching Linsey perform. That makes him a Linsey toad as far as I'm concerned.

It's getting to the point where you can hardly pick up a szine without running into Chris Carrier and his cheering on the fueders and telling the hobby that I was the person who told him all about it. I wish I could say it wasn't so, but I'm an ethical Journalist and cannot tell a lie.

I, Terry Tallman, wish to apologize to Kathy, John, and the rest of the hobby for letting a monster into our hobby. I only thought I was recruiting a loyal Kathy toad. I'm sorry. I really am.

Kathy has resigned as editor of DW. Word has it that Larry wouldn't agree not to print Brucie's smarmery and Kathy refuses to get involved in helping him spread that stuff around. One again the DarkSide scores at the expence of morality and the good of dipdom, folks. Kathy did the right thing. I wouldn't want to be a part of any Bruxian asslicking adventure either. Another example of the hobby old farts making your projects a travesty.

Dream time ...

It was a normal workday in Chris Carrier's life when his computer woke him up that morning in 2015. He went to work in the same job he had done for a third of a century, only today he was happy. Chris was Happy because it was the anniversary of the day the fued (oops, forgot to spell that with a capital) Fued started so he told all his co-workers about what a great day this was and how much fun he had had for thirty years.

When he went home for lunch he got the mail. There were some returned copies of issue 319 of his hate szine THE POSTAL WARRIOR with appropriate markings "SICK FILTH -- Return to Sender" written on it. Then he checked his email, and found a letter from his publisher for a book about the hobby he was writing: LIFE WITH FUEDER, by Joshua Berch and Eric Wrobel, as told to the Fued Fan himself. After work his computer gave him a briefing on the state of the hobby. He hummed to himself "about even," he called it. Byrne toadies -- even after Kathy Byrne's death from lung cancer in 1996 the term was still in use -- outnumbered bruxelles 8684 to 4592, but on the other hand the bruxelles presently controlled 276 hobby services to the Byrne toadies' 197. Most satisfying was the circulation of THE POSTAL WARRIOR -- 7233 -- and the computer's estimate of the resolution date of the fued -- 2183 A.D. He thought of the ebb and flow of the fued over the years and how nice it would be in a couple of years when he retired from his job and devoted full time to the fued and to his monument to himself -- a one gigabyte harddisc full of fued material. His original was to be sent to the Smithsonian and his backup buried with him.

His reverie was interrupted by a knock on the door. He went to get it. A young woman was standing in the doorway. She looked about fourteen years old in pigtails and braces. "Hello," he said. "Girl Scouts? Sorry, I bought at the office."

"No," the girl said. "My name is Susan R. Proskin. May I come in?" Chris' reservation at letting a girl that young into his place vanished. He knew it was OK to talk to Bruce Linsey's girlfriend.

"Susan? What brings you here?" he said. "Actually, government business."

"What sort of business?" Chris said. "I hope you're not with the IRS or anything like that --" "Oh, no, I've come to inform you that you were a subject in an experiment which has now ended."

"What sort of experiment?" he asked. "Whether people will believe disinformation over an extended period of time. I have news for you. The fued ended in 1986."

"THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!!!!" Chris angrily shouted. "I just got some Fued mail today! There was a phoney truce for a while in 1986, yes, but I was able to get the fued going again by fall of that year. Take a look over there! (He pointed to his collection of fuedblab.)

"Nonetheless, it is the case." "How so? What about all the people I called up on the phone?" "Those were computer generated voices." "What about when Brux came here in 1992 and 1997, and when I went to MesaDipCon in 1991 and 2003?" "An actor, and an elaborate hoax." "All the email I sent?!" "Ever heard of the ELIZA program?" "Postal letters?" "Mail drops." She smiled. "Our experiment was a success. We will, however, compensate you for all the phone calls and computer time you have used over the last thirty years at ten percent interest --" She handed him a check for \$1,503,809.34 -- "you're a wealthy man. I hope you don't mind."

"QUIT TELLING LIES, DAMN YOU!! The fued is alive and well. It will live longer than both of us, thanks to me." He thought for a second. "I'd like to see your ID." She handed her wallet over. His eyebrows went up when he saw the birth date on her drivers license.

"How long have you been going out with Bruce Linsey?" he asked. "Three years. Surely you know that." "Well, Ms. Proskin, you are a liar. Your license says you are 22 years old. That would have made you nineteen when you started going with him. Linsey doesn't start relationships with girls over sixteen, especially after he got elected to the Massachusetts legislature and sponsored a bill to lower the age of consent. You, Ms. Proskin, are a jerk. I would take this check to the authorities and have you thrown in jail but that would be a fued foul. So get out of here." He paused. "I haven't got violent with a woman since junior high, don't push me!" She ran and left.

Before going to bed Chris typed in a summary for issue 320 of the POSTAL WARRIOR. "Some crazy woman has been calling herself Susan Proskin and saying that the Fued ended in 1986. Don't buy her bullshit."

A modest proposal for taking care of some of the whackos in this hobby...any takers?

*** DOGGIE POO RISES TOO! ***

DOGGIE POO RISES TOO is the official publication of the custodian of the UnDarkSide Poll and the successor to BAD DOGGIE, a subzine of North Seattle, West George dedicated to the premise that Bruce Linsey and his hobby services are a hazard to the North American Diplomacy Hobby.

The results of the 1985 Subzine Poll: 1. KATHY'S KORNER, 2. FEUDETTE, 3. BAD DOGGIE, 4. FOOT IN MOUTH, 5. VICIOUS HATE SHEET, 6. THE BOOB REPORT, 7. FIAT BELLUM, 8. HARE OF THE DOG, 9. SEX APEEL, 10. MOS EISELY, 11. DEBI'S FILLER, 12. PHYLLIS'S PYRAMID, 13. HUMBOLDT, 14. HIGH PLAINS GONZO, 15. BENZENE, 16. ORPHAN CITY, 17. EXPLETIVE DELETED, 18. DIPLOMACY BY MOONLIGHT, 19. THE TOAST OF PHILADELPHIA, 20. MALAGUENA, 21. BUTTER BATTLES, 22. PERLMUTTER'S REVENGE, 23. CORN OF THE COBB, 24. FEMME FATALE, 25. STRANGE DOINGS, 26. GALAMATIAS, 27. SCREED, 28. THE SPACE VIKING, 29. SAVONLINNA, 30. CHOMPS & MIAMS, 31. THE LITTLE DIPPER, 32. BOTTOMS UP, 33. SUBMARINE WARFARE, 34. SHADOWPLAY, 35. FATHER KNOWS LESS, 36. THE BEHOLDER, 37. CUBIST'S CORNER, 38. BUT I'M HAPPY, 39. ESAD, 40. ONLY YESTERDAY, 41. MAGNIFICENT 7, 42. MEANDERINGS, 43. FNORD, 44. CONFERENCE CALL, 45. ECHO OF DUMB.

Of course I'm sure the 223 of you who voted in the Subzine Poll were less biased than the 112 who voted in that other subzine poll.

The results of the 1985 GM Poll: 1. BOARDMAN, 2. CARUSO, 3. STEVE LANGLEY, 4. BEYERLEIN, 5. DICK MARTIN, 6. MARC PETERS, 7. MAINARDI, 8. BARENTS, 9. FRITZ, 10. GARDNER, 11. DEL GRANDE, 12. HICKEY, 13. KELLER, 14. LEE, 15. BUMPAS, 16. CONNER, 17. WOODSON, 18. WALKER, 19. MILLS, 20. OZOG, 21. PEERY, 22. MAZZER, 23. RUSNAK, 24. SHERWOOD, 25. WHISKEYMAN, 26. WINSOME, 27. GAUGHAN, 28. ACHESON, 29. CALIFORNIA BROWN, 30. BENES, 31. COLBIRON, 32. CHRISTIE, 33. EARLY, 34. EHLI, 35. HENRICKS, 36. KANE, 37. BAUMEISTER, 38. HENRY, 39. DAVIS, 40. HANSON, 41. RICHMOND, 42. SMYTH/SACKS TIE, 44. McCRUMB, 45. LUEDI, 46. CARTER, 47. DALY, 48. HEINDOSKI, 49. RAUTERBERG, 50. LARZALERE, 51. KLEIMAN, 52. LISCHETT, 53. COUGHLAN, 54. CANADIAN BROWN, 55. HUTTON, 56. BERCH, 57. THE ASS FROM DALTON, MASS.

I'm sure that the 312 voters went out of their way to avoid grudge or buddy votes. I'm so sure of it that I counted all the tens and zeros twice. And unlike the other poll I won't discount your vote if I don't like what it says.

Someone might want to average this and compare it with 1984s real poll.

Attached is a copy of the 1985 UnDarkSide Poll Ballot. Mail it back to me, Terry Tallman, 7239 Sandpoint Way #308, Seattle, WA 98115.

If you find a ballot for the Other Poll, cross out the address and the name Ruinstone and write in lieu thereof UnDarkSide, and send to me.

Ballots are due back July 31 and will be reported in a future DOGGIE POO RISES TOO.

I may also call you for your vote. If I call you up, I take it that you'll be my friend? Won't you? And when I ask about NSWG you'll be unbiased, won't you?

One thing I need to make this poll run perfect. I need my own special toady. A Pat Conlon. A Nelson Heintzman, to make sure the poll runs perfectly. It won't take much work. All you have to do is be willing to collect ballots for me I'll mail you a handwritten statement of mine for you to sign so I can print it and show the world that you are my friend.

If the other pollster calls, hang up. Or listen to his songs and dance if you want to run up his bill. But don't listen too long, or you may become another Chris Carrier.

--Da Toadfather