

Bob Olsen has formed a new band called The Nuclear Regulatory Commission. Why? Well, you remember his crazy article when he blasted the recording industry and all the lousy bands in it? Since he was so fed up, he decided to strike out on his own. The first solo album boasts of 3 top-40 hits: Three Mile Island, India Nukes Pakistan and Scream Baby Scream for You're All Aclow. The album will be released shortly. And Remember, you heard it first from the zine...

DIPLOMACY 32 BY MOONLIGHT

Monday August 10th 1981



Olsen and the NRC. Funkadelic pop rock.

Rate: \$5.00 gamefee plus postage. Straight subscription is \$1.80 for 10 issues. See my houserules sheet for all discounts. There are game openings in Regular, Air-Sea and Kriegspiel Diplomacy. If the event I cannot fill at least one of these games by the October 2nd deadline, I will not run national games and this zine may cease to exist on the national level. At any rate, a few friends will still get this rag and the others will get their refunds.

The Northeastern Illinois Game: Chicago area players with a style all their own

The last CWA convention (Chicago Wargamers' Association) was a good one. Not only did Andy Lischett and I clean up the board (These suburbanites are a bunch of winps), I also found a pool of new recruits to add to my camp. Pending receipt of their checks by the September 4th deadline I will start them off in a regional game. These individuals are Brad Johnson, Peter Manti, Chuck Kaplan, Don Glass, Dave Gervais, Bob Amstadt, G. Pons and Frank Pons. That makes 8 people, so since the Pons are related, would it be alright if I placed one of you in the national game? Of course it will. With your checks, send a preference list of which countries you prefer to play. Then I will send back a copy of the houserules and we'll get started. This ought to be interesting, for none of you have played postal before.

A Rebuttal to Two Letters From Berch and Osuch to Brutus Bulletin

Mark Berch (BB #97)— Next there is Ozog's what-will-become-of-me letter. I have exchanged a number of letters with Ozog, and I sincerely hope that he does not leave the hobby. He does recognize that he shouldn't have done what he did at the end of 79IW and he made some dreadful errors at the start of the game as well. It is clear to me that Ozog is just not cut out for GMing, and should not GM. There is no disgrace in this. I'm not cut out for GMing either (albeit for rather different reasons). There are many ways to participate in this hobby other than by GMing.

Mark, I do think I can be cut out for GMing. Sure, 1979 IW was a disaster, but didn't you even bother looking at my record of GMing 1979 IX? You will find that that game hasn't had any serious errors at all. Doesn't that say that there is some hope for me after all? I believe that there is. I'll leave it up to the people who might play in this zine; they've until October 2nd to decide. However, if I do quit GMing (on the national level), I hope you can find some place in the hobby for me where I can stay out of trouble.

Bob Osuch (BB #96)— On the other hand, Eric Ozog has placed himself in a world of shit. ((Good ol' Osuch!)) I know Eric pretty well, but feel he will be lucky to fill any new games he might open. Well, Eric is young and impressionable, perhaps the hobby will realize this and forgive him. Hell, in ten years we'll likely have all moved on anyway. Hang in there, Eric.

Thanks a lot, Bob. I certainly seem to have the knack for "placing myself in a world of shit", don't I? Anyway, I'm still young, but no longer impressionable. I am "Eric the Amiable" no more. When you say hang in there, are you being sarcastic?

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OZOG TWC — 1979 IX / Fall 1909: Russian Government Is There, But Not Entirely There. Up There

ENG (Stafford) a bre-par, f enc S FRA f pic-bel NSO, f spa/nc-gas, f mid-bre

FRA (Nelson) a par-paratroops to mos! NSU IMP, a tyc-vie, a mun-ber, f bre R pic, f pic-bre, f gas S f pic-bre, f in little sea north of mos S paratroop a par-mos! NSU NSO IMP, ECT, ECT.. submarine under lon blasts the britches off Stafford! ((Jesus Christ, another joker...))

ITA (Lischett) a rom-ven, f tun-wes, f nap-tyl

RUS (Caklyn) f nat S a edi-cly NSU, a cly U H, f bel S f hlg-nth NSU, f nth-yor, f yor U H, f wes-spa/sc, a pie-ven NSU, a ven U H, a ber-kie NSU, a kie U H, a war-ukr NSU, a ukr U H, f bla S a con, a con U H, f sev-rum NSU, f rum U H, a gal-sil, a boh S a gal-sil, a nwy U H

TUR (Sherwood) f gre S a bul, f aeg-con, a bul S f aeg-con, f adr S a tri, a tri S a ser, a ser S a tri, f apu-ion, f icn-eas

SUPPLY CENTERS

ENG -4-	lvp lon spa por	PAR	(5) Build 1
FRA -4-	bre par mar mun	VIE BER	(5) Build 1
ITA -3-	rom nap tun		(3) Even
RUS -15-	stp mos war sev swe nwy den kie ber		(14) Remove 1
	hol bel edi vie ven con RUM		
TUR -8-	ank smy rum bul ser gre bud tri		(7) Remove 1

(Paris Under Seige) Take that, you blistering Bernie brown-nosers! Seriously though, is there any reason for us to continue since no one wants to fight Bernie any more? ((Even Bernie doesn't want to fight Bernie)) I think Eric is right ((no I'm not, look again at the board)) and we should just concede to Bernie-poo (if he hasn't already won by the time this is published).

(Turkey to Demigouge) I apologize, you are quite right; I forgot that my letter was returned. I hope this one makes it.

DEADLINE for Winter 1909—Spring 1910 will be Friday September 4th 1981.

A Letter From Bob Olsen (Excerpts)

What a stroll down memory lane it is to write a letter to you! It brings back all sorts of maudlin reminiscences—being stomped by Uncle Dan in ZO—being stomped by Brown and Mazzer and . . .

DIPLOMACY BY MOONLIGHT #32

. . . McSweeney and Luckenbill and Reese in Reese-2—being stomped by you in dnd-1—yes, what memories these are. Why am I writing such a loathesome creature as you whom has done all these foul things to me?

I hope you have not taken my long silence as a mark of some sort of disinterest in you, or Heaven forbid, disapproval—I've just returned from two weeks' vacation and am just now getting to the top of the immense pile of mail that was waiting for me. Actually your letter came just before I left but there wasn't the time to compose a reply that would attain the high standards of literary craftsmanship you've come to expect of me. Okay, I'll think up another excuse and get back to you with it later.

Before my recent vacation I was really getting down on the hobby, but now that I've come back for some reason I'm very refreshed and enthusiastic. Why, I might even consider signing up for another game sometime soon. If you ever decide to play again maybe we can work something out after all. I'd also very much like to get one with Kathy Byrne ((ughh, you must be kidding, I was "Byrned" at Gen-Con)). Fraid I can't get behind one with Bernie though. Somehow Bernie seems to be coming to the fore again, at least Michalski has dug him up again, even though there's nothing new to complain about as far as I can see. Well, I guess it fills pages, though why Ditter has to be nailed to the cross as well I don't quite understand. Too bad people like Michalski don't understand how you could be friends on a personal basis with a guy even though you know he's a scumbag. These people simply don't understand good and kind. ((Right On!))

I tried to call Uncle Dan tonight but he wasn't home. How did your momentous meeting with him go? You didn't murder him as he'd feared, did you? ((I'll explain later)) He sent me a letter telling me when to call to hear from both of you clowns at once but that was during my vacation and I didn't hear about it till too late. Did you take that picture I wanted? ((Uh huh)) I have somewhat of an idea of what you look like—Coughlan says you're a long-haired hippie type—((Did he now? Growwwl)) but no real picture of Stafford in my mind. I know I'll be terribly disappointed. But for now I'm waiting for this picture of an elf standing next to a troll.

During my California trip I got to meet the Great One himself—Mazzerman. Having already seen his picture I knew what to expect but it was still a shock to realize that he really doesn't have a moustache, cape and plumed hat. Somehow he's just got to have these things. Mazzer is about 6'5" ((Jesus)) and looks rather young for his age (to me at least). He seems like a nice guy which just goes to show how appearances can deceive. Also met his wife (the Empress Peggy) and daughter (Crown Princess Amanda) and his menagerie of two dogs and a parrot. Quite a little group. ((Could you smell the cat?))

I'm getting stomped in so many games these days that pretty soon I'll be in the market for another one or two. Maybe—well I've just got to find that issue of your zine now—(slight pause) ah here it is—no, that's the old one. Am I going nuts or what? Didn't you just send me one recently? I'll find it, never fear, Anyway, maybe...hmmm, what was the question?

((This is the old Olsen" says Eric)

Ha! Found it! Damn. I hate Scott Palter. He's stinking up dnd-1. Personally I refuse to write to him anymore because the last time I did I got my letter back with little "yups" and "nopes" written on it as his responses. Hey. I see I'm on your standby list. Good, keep me on it (my memory is hideous, isn't it?). I'll leave it to the judgement of the Diplomacy Gods when and whether I get into something. What could be fairer than that. ((Well, my hair, for a start))

Well, guess that's all for now. Did I ever send you any money for a sub? I don't think so. You just send me this stuff because you ~~#####~~ are so polite. Well, here's some money to add you to the august list of prestige publications I receive. Best Wishes.

((Rob Olsen's writing style ranks among the most refreshing that I've seen in this hobby))

ERIC THE INNOCENT STRIKES AGAIN DEPT.-- -- The Gencon Report -- -- The True Story -- --

A background. I and a friend Daniel White recently took a trip out East for nearly two weeks (from July 23rd through August 4th. This trip would cover a distance of over 3600 miles, taking us through thirteen states and provinces. I was impressed with the East Coast and Southeastern Canada; I didn't realize there was so much forest out that way. Hell, there were woods in Ohio and Pennsylvania and New Jersey and Connecticut — an elf's paradise, and well, by being half Elvish myself, naturally gobbled it all up.

When we arrived in the Philadelphia area, we were careful to camp a good distance from the convention site, say about 25 miles; couldn't let John Boardman track me down. The price was . .

O.K., BUDDY, JUST GIMME THE FACTS



... right also, being only five bucks a night, as opposed to the Cherry Hill Inn's expensive hotel rooms. I mentioned to Mark Berch that we were camping out and he made a face; I guess he doesn't like to rough it.

The convention itself was extremely enjoyable (diplomacy or no), and just watching the wargamers playing on room size boards was interesting. Miniatures and fantasy gaming seemed to be the dominant craze. One layout for minitures (which looked like a model railroad without the tracks) was around 4 yards long! It had a tiny castle, a village, roads, trees and hills. Wargamers were next to the board with their rulers, carefully plotting the range of fire of their miniature tanks.

As I said, fantasy role-playing was big too. There even were little 5 year old kids playing D&D. I'm willing to bet that the next step in the fantasy field will be the scrapping the lead figures and moving into holography as a means of increasing the realism. You know, like the chess board that C3PO, R2D2 and the Wookiee were playing with in the movie Star Wars. It may take 10 or so years, but by then you will be playing D&D with a holographic character, say, an elf, and you'll fight a holographic dragon. Eric Ozog sees the future, don't you forget it!

The Diplomacy tournament itself was very well done, and it was refreshing to see some faces for a change; getting to know people who you've heard about and communicated with for so long.

And now, we have below the true exposé of Gen-Con and beyond (you've seen it also in Down 'n' Dirty):

ERIC OZOG RATES THE PLAYERS

the true view of the people and their hobby...

Mark Berch: I always thought of Mark as a clinical little snot who bamboozled you with his logic. This is true, but I found something else out, Mark is very friendly and easy to get along with! we even went out for pizza afterwards and talked a bit.

Bruce Linsey: Bruce looks to me like the poor slob of diplomacy, but nevertheless he is very easy to talk to. He's more reasonable in public than he is in his zine. Dan Stafford and I are avid BRUX fans. I won't ask him what he thought of me. Bruce went out to pizza too. We were ripped off on the pizza but it didn't matter. Linsey just generated excitement!

Dan Stafford: I met Dan on my way to the convention, stopping off for the night in Columbus. Me, being the brain that I am, forgot his house number and sat in the car on his street for about an hour until we noticed the name on his mailbox. Stafford saw a car in front of his house with Illinois plates, but did he bother to inquire who was out there? Noooooohhh. And he was expecting us too! That showed Dan White and I something about Stafford immediately. Stafford is very shy to strange folk. And are we strange!

Once inside his townhouse the conversation kind of stumbled around for a while and it was rather awkward at first. But then Stafford started lugging out the zines he received, as well as some of his writings and works (one literary piece he would later send to Retaliation he actually asked me my opinion on it and when I said it was fine he exclaimed, "So it gets the Ozog seal of approval."). At that point I knew Stafford was loosening up because his meekness disappeared and he started talking in the Dan Stafford style (how crude). Then the inevitable occurred (The conversation kind of went like this:)

"Come on Great Ozog, let's play a game, I'll take you and your buddy on."

"Uh, okay."

"I'm the best tactician that's ever lived! I'm the best, I'm gonna whip you boyyeee!"

"Snarrl."

"That's more like it! I get three countries and you each get two...No! Don't stand up the pieces that way, you lay 'em down like this; what-are-you-craazy?"

It turned out that Dan White and I had Stafford out maneuvered at the beginning of 1903 so he gave up at that point. Boy was "The Sleaze" ever humbled! Of course I told my friend where to move his units, Dan not knowing a damned thing (Linsey saw it immediately at the tournament and pounced on my friend early in the game. Damn you Brux, taking advantage of the poor novice!).

About Dan Stafford's "tough guy" personality, well, it's all an act. Actually Stafford is shy and pretty reasonable. I wonder why he does it because it doesn't work (it's like a nice guy trying to be tough). It must be exhausting to act nasty when you're not. As for personal appearance, Stafford looks sleazy, kind of like a gollum (oh yessss my preciousss).

Later on one of Stafford's friends dropped by and we played a Risk variant that was well designed by the Sleaze himself. If he'll send me some written rules, maybe we can get a game going here? Anybody who has played Diplomacy has played Risk.

All in all, if I am ever in the Columbus area again, I'll be sure to stop at Stafford's.

Robert Sacks: He was the leader (along with John Boardman helping out) of the tournament. I must say, Bob, it was a well run event with a very fair scoring system and I commend you for it. It seems though, you like to be the "center of attention" but that wasn't the issue here. I can't understand that a few people were complaining as much as they did. A bunch of little kids making noise. Another thing about Sacks, Linsey and Stafford, they have these thick glasses that magnify their eyeballs to the point of them rolling around in their skull. Very strange.

Kathy Byrne & Julie Glass: These two women are very dangerous! I know. I was "Byrned" at Gen-Con. I was Turkey, Byrne was Russia. She allied with me at the start and then stabbed me horribly. Kathy's tactics are amazing. She always pulls this "dumb-broad-I-can't-make-up-my-mind-I'm-a-woman-routine." And let me tell you, is it effective. Julie Glass seems a little bit like Byrne, only she's more subtle and shrewd. Put those two women on the same board together and you get "Ozog Soup."

Gary Coughlan: He reminds me of some old slave master out of the South who is still fighting the Civil War. All we really did was shake hands and say hi. So I heard I'm a hippie, huh? Hippie? HIPPIE? I am labeled a hippie because I don't have the sparkling clean appearance of Bob Arnett and I just so happen to not want to cut my hair as often as you? I am labeled a hippie because I just so happen to take an open-minded and spiritual approach to life and dearly care for the well being and happiness of mankind? So be it! I am a hippie. Actually, there was a guy there (with a collection of beads around his neck and belly hanging out) who was hipper than I. Bob Arnett: The suave and sophisticated pre-fabricated credit card carrying diplomat. Hell, I bet his shoes were even shiny (I didn't get a chance to look unfortunately).

Allen Wells: When I first met Allen I blurted out to him, "You look like Danny Partridge." That started him going in a frenzy of laughter! Well, he does. The facial features, the red hair, the way he talks and acts in a businesslike fashion all suggested of the kid from the T.V. series. The only thing missing from Wells was Danny Partridge's smart-ass attitude. Also, Wells is 23 years old, but he looks like he's 19. We were good allies in the first round, but I tried to get away with too much so he had to strong-arm me in the end. I'm sure he talked a lot about that in Dot Happy. Also, Wells drives like he's possessed by the devil himself.

Dick Martin: He is "Mr. Popularity" in dippydom. I know of know other personality in the hobby today who has the charisma and magnetism that he does. It must be his innocence and boyish outlook. When Bob Sacks called the roll the next day and called out Martin's name, everyone stood up and cheered. When Sacks called out my name, Kathy Byrne yelled out, "The blonde haired kid overthere!" When I finally acknowledged that I was indeed there, some one says, "No, I'm Eric Ozog", and some other joker, "Not him, over here." Cute. I was rolling on the floor.

John Boardman: The first time I shook John's hand he was shaking all over (didn't think I could stir violent emotions in people). Apparently Boardman still didn't believe I was real, and Linsey assented to this. I decided to finish this foolishness off once and for all, went over to Boardman, pulled out all my identification and said, "I'm real, DAMMIT!" He responded by saying, "That seems to be the popular opinion." I said, "Can we be friends?" and he said, "What about Tretick?" I avoided the issue. I guess he still considers me a toady, but he warmed up to me in the end. I'm impressed with Boardman's knowledge of history which is vast, but I wish he wasn't so off the wall politically. That may be only an act of his. Whatever, everything turned out alright in the end.

Until next month, Take Care, ERIC