

"...your foreign policy seems to be dictated by the phase of the moon." —Mike Mazzer

"...I don't think that ANY zine needs a houserule to cover lunar eclipses, although I've heard that Ozog shuts his zine down during them..." —Bruce Linsey

"Let's invent a new houserule." —Eric Ozog



This will be a new houserule; called houserule VII. When a full moon or eclipse of the moon occurs on the deadline day (first Friday of the month), the deadline will be delayed to the next month. I'm a lousy enough GM as it is; I do not need the moon screwing me up further.

ERIC THE INNOCENT STRIKES AGAIN #2 Things to do in Chicago

Ah, Lake Michigan. Chicago's ace in the hole. I will laugh thirty years from now when the Southwestern United States dries up from lack of water. Chicago and the other big Northeastern cities will collect their revenge from all the industry, population and tax dollars that ran away to the "Sun Belt." Heh, heh, heh.

At any rate, this lakefront of ours is great for recreation, especially for building sand castles. Once one pushes the beached dead fish out of the way, you may build a civilization in limits only to your imagination.

My mother, two sisters, my brother and I arrived at Montrose Avenue beach around 10:00 a.m. Fog socked in the city on this day in July. Fog stuck to everything: Skyscrapers, the sand and your skin; it made my hair soaking wet and the fog would not lift until late afternoon. We staked out our little patch of beach and I and my sister Paula (15 years old) went to work.

"We need a medieval castle with a medieval king," said I.

"You really live in a fantasy world," said Paula.

"I also want knights patrolling the walls," I shot back.

Well, we couldn't get that fancy with sand, but one could imagine. The castle was simple (four sides with four towers), your typical castle. I dug out a tunnel in one wall for the door and built a walkway to and from the towers for the patrol. Also, I constructed a stable for horses and quarters for troops. My sister began building a village with a palace overlooking it.

"What the hell is thaaat?" I complained to my sister, pointing to a rectangular block of sand with a bunch of holes poked in one side.

"Huum? That's the housing project."

"You're wrecking my fantasy."

Meanwhile my brother Kurt (10 years old) was busy building a road leading to nowhere. He accomplished this by digging a trench which would later flood with water; a worthless road. It was not a canal for he called it a road. He also built a couple of drab houses which later crumbled. Paula and I called Kurt's project "The Alien Ruins."

Continuing into the afternoon, I dumped handfuls and handfuls of wet sand and built a volcano on the lake. A road wound around it and up to a parking area at the cone. Er, not parking area (this is the 12th century), but terrace. A plaza between the volcano and castle was leveled, and at its center I formed a circular cone (sort of a Christmas tree out of sand). This was a monument to the volcano.

Other hills, walls and pillars were constructed in the local area to compliment the scenery. These walls and pillars are a unique blend of architecture. Do you remember how Silly Sand worked? One simply takes extremely watery sand in the fist and lets it drip to form stone-like walls and tall spires.

The history of the "Society of the Sands" is a sad one.

There was a military governor who tried to exert his control on the populace. He used revenue generated from trade to and from the valuable seaport to increase his power. Like tentacles his hands stretched out, sucking the life out of the land and its people.

The people of this sand society were a simple folk (but intensely religious and superstitious) who worshipped the volcano. After all, the volcano created their world (or so they be-

lieved, thus the monument, remember?).

At this stage in history, trade was falling off with the distant cities in the East for the St. Lawrence trade run was becoming expensive; the horse and cart getting the fat contracts during the winter when the governor's fleets were slowed and sometimes stuck in the ice. Thus the land locked cities to the South would get much of the trade. A trade deficit occurred.

The less money coming in meant the military governor forced higher taxes from the people. He also cut the social service budget, which was almost non-existent to begin with.

This creepy dictator also increased the defence budget, for he devised a crazy plan to invade the alien ruins for plunder. The general opinion was the aliens were long since dead, but the vast trek across the desert would not be worth the trouble to look around. Besides, it was an old sacred law to leave the ruins alone, aliens or no.

The people, burdened by the new taxes and riled by the governor's military objectives and apparent disregard for religious matters, successfully staged a revolution and "threw the bastard out."

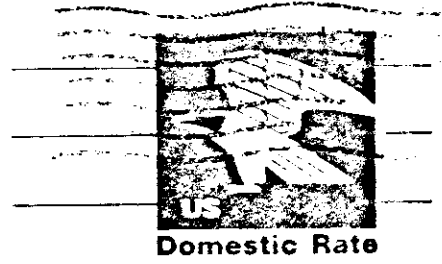
Their victory, however, was to be short lived, for the volcano (which had become damned noisy lately) violently exploded and pulverized the castle, village, palace (and even its own monument) into bits of sand.

Thus concludes something to do in Chicago.

Letters, Letters, Letters

Mark Lew— Hey! Thanks for the sample (I guess it was, you didn't say) I won't be subbing for various reasons (poverty, for starters), but I don't want you to think I'm ignoring you so I'll scrounge up 12 cents for the card. I can understand you guys still being pals with Bernie O. I don't want to toss him out of the hobby, though I wouldn't associate with him since we had a tiff and I'm a bad guy now. I'm behind all you toadies. Really. Stafford and I are active pals, even tho we're stomping Mazzer & Olsen in RJ—well, Olsen anyway. I'd sign up for a game if I'm the one that keeps you pubbing, but I can't fork over any bux.

MARK LEW -
3120 W 74th
ANCH, AK 99502



ERIC M. OZOG
1526 N Lawler Avenue
Chicago, Illinois 60651



but I can't fork over any bux

((Thanks for the encouragement and your drawing of the letterhead (at least you tried). I only need two more persons for the National game to fill, perhaps I will do it by October 2nd.))

Tom Pritt, Stafford's Friend— I must say I am disappointed -even worse- upset. Just as you were trying to get to know your host and "his friend," we were trying to get to know you and "Dan White." I thought you were a kind, sensitive human being - well, nice anyway. I even tried to moderate Stafford's rantings & ravings just for you and "Dan White." What do I get? No more than "a friend of Stafford's." No mention that Stafford's "friend" was the only player to win a game of the Sleaze's Risk variant. Not you, nor "Dan White," nor even the Sleaze himself. Only the Sleaze's "friend," I mean, if it takes riding all over the country with you to get your name mentioned all I can say is "you didn't ask." I suppose, though, I can see a reason. Anyone with feelings could never be Stafford's friend, eh? I mean, could anyone put up with that abuse unless they had a screw loose? You'd have to be gay or something, right?

At any rate, I wanted you to know I noticed the slight and I just had you taken out of my will (it's O.K., I was just going to leave you Stafford).

Tom Pritt a.k.a. "Dan Stafford's friend"

—By the way, I did enjoy your visit (especially when Stafford got upset during the second Risk game).

((Okay, OKAY! You have my most humble apologies for forgetting you, I'm notorious for forgetting people's names, especially when I saw as many people as I did this summer. Really, it was all one big blur! Yes, you must have "a screw loose" for being Stafford's friend, but that's your problem. Thanks for the note.))

Before I get to this next one, one more word about Stafford; he has never seen a Kaiser roll before! Really. I know it sounds like a bad pun, but when we stopped at Columbus, we brought some food in his kitchen and we fixed lunch. Included on the menu were Kaiser rolls for sandwiches and he asked what they were. When I asked him if he wanted one he said he didn't want anything to do with them so he had some drab white bread instead. Now you tell me...

Steven Duke-- Got your sample of Dip by moonlight. Looks good--damn good. I know you made a mistake or two in the past, but the important thing is you realized what the mistake(s) was/were. ((ha, shall I circle the correct one?)) I sincerely hope you don't end DEM. Sign me up for a game. Also, I'd like to trade The Schemer for DEM. You've not seen a sample of it yet (I'm out) but I'll get you the new one and then you can decide. Please don't close down shop. Your writing style is very good and I welcome anything you can contribute to TS. Your loss would be a terrible loss to the hobby ((sniffle)). I guess that's it. This short note was just meant to ask for a trade, tell you I liked DEM, get in a game, and ask you not to shut down. I hope to hear from you soon. Take care.

((This is the most "pro-Ozog" letter I've recieved yet. I like your style, Steve, you put your money where your mouth is (well, the mouth anyway) and signed up to test the water. Some people only said "lots of luck, heh, heh" and left it at that. Some people didn't care at all and some are totally uncompromising on the issue (like Mills and Michalski), they seem to be the only stick-in-the-muds in the hobby. However, despite all the encouragement, I still stand by the "do or die" October 2nd "fill 'em up or bow out" philosophy. I will not hold people's sub checks for six or more months while begging people to play. If I stay, I will certainly trade to TS and see what I can dig up out of my mind to write. Even if this rag does fold though, I'll probably still hang around in the hobby to get the news on PTF, as well as write an occasional story. I just hate strategy and tactics articles, this hobby needs less shop talk. That's why I like Retaliation so much.))

Gary Coughlan Hits Back-- Dear Eric, I must say that you really know how to intimidate people, Eric, or perhaps it is only "old slave masters from the South who are still fighting the Civil War." I mean the stationary you write letters on comes complete with custom made address and telephone and with an illustration ((it's pretty intimidating, isn't it!)). Plus you publicly print your view of people you met at GenCon yet you respond to a rebuttal letter privately with no assurances that you will print that rebuttal or your so-far private response. So your poison pen comments remain undisturbed.

((EGAD! Wrong letter. The above is a letter from Coughlan when he was drunk, and it said "NOT FOR PUBLICATION" on it. Oh well, it's colorful, but I don't want to hear from Gary's lawyer so I'll print the more "maudlin" one. At any rate Gary, I think you're looking for John Boardmans behind bushes.))

Friday August 14, 1981 Memphis ((excerpts))-- Perhaps I should fill in the blanks that Olsen left out of my comments about you which were in a telephone conversation shortly after GenCon when I mentioned several people. I told Olsen that you had not fit my image of you. I had you pictured as slightly chubby ((God, no)) (maybe all thos "O"s in Ozog which cannote roundness). I also thought that you might be in your late twenties, and would perhaps have a sadness due to the recent situation in your family.

But you weren't like any of this: I told him you were 18 or 19, very young looking, hippie-type with longish hair and that you reminded me of a blonde surfer-type even though I knew you came from Chicago. I fail to see what is so horrible about this description. Especially compared

with "some old slave master out of the South who is still fighting the Civil War!"

Apparently you and I have different views of the word "hippie". I don't view a hippie as not having a "sparkling clean appearance" or who doesn't cut his hair as often as I do. And who said anything about your open-minded and spiritual approach to life and that you dearly care for the well-being and happiness of mankind? Not I. I like to think of myself that way too.

There were a lot of people I did not get around to talking to, not just you. If we only shook hands and said hi, then what was your excuse? I had not slept the night before at all, I was worn out from the dip games I had already been in, and I just plain didn't have any energy. Is that a crime? Yet suddenly I am an old slave master still fighting the civil war-----how very open-minded, Eric!

You seem puzzled in #32 by Osuch's letter when you said, "are you being sarcastic." Well I am not angry at you despite what you might think from reading the above. By this time I am quite used to being ribbed about being from the South. As long as people only mention that, they never get any further toward knowing me do they?

In fact you and I have a lot in common and perhaps will have even more ((not if I can help it, snort, snort)). Both of us enjoy Bob Olsen's letters and both of us have been blacklisted by John Boardman. Boardman helped run a fair tournament but I don't see why you would want to be friends with such a man. I respect him for what he was and did in creating the postal dip hobby but I don't respect him, or even like him for what he has become: vicious attacks in print before Graustark readers against people whose only "crime" is to have differing views. He acts like that Senatoe McCarthy did in the 50s when he ruined people's reputations. Who ever made him God or a judge or a jury. When I was kicked out of Graustark, I printed his postcard kicking me out of his zine. A good decent friend of mine saw that and wrote to him on my behalf. Such an insulting letter Boardman sent to him. There was no call for that, it is disgusting.

Yet there are people who defend him even knowing what he is like and how he hurts people. I call such people, "Boardman Toadies" and to me there is no lower form of life in the dip world than a Boardman toady. Now there are some people who genuinely believe and admire Boardman and I don't include them here. A Boardman Toady is someone who panders to Boardman and tells him what he wants to hear----they are in effect making fun of the man while they attack their "friends" in comments which find their way into Graustark. I thought I had a good friend, someone I really liked and who I thought liked me. This "friend" wrote some comments, about me to Boardman knowing they would be published, as they were, before Graustark subbers whom I do not know. He fails to understand why I am hurt at this. If he doesn't know, then no amount of explaining on my part can tell him.

You mentioned in a previous DEM that you were into bicycling. Could you tell me more about this? I am thinking of getting into touring too and I want to buy a real good bike. What would you suggest? I have bought several books on bicycling and will shortly be subbing to Bicycling, the biking magazine.

I don't know if you get Dot Happy by Allen Wells but just in case you don't I am sending you a copy of an article I wrote for him based on how he messed up my sleep at GenCon. He told me someone asked him if I was drugged. From your comments in DEM #32 about Allen Wells, it is clear you spent time with him so I think this must be you.

I would like to hear back from you, Eric. If DEM does remain, you indicate it might not, I would like to subscribe. Well till later.

((I'm glad I didn't fit your image of me (CHUBBY!?). Nobody ever pictures a person correctly before they've met 'em, so it's always a shock at the first handshake. I've done it numerous times and always lost. About the hippie business, no, I don't consider your description "horrible." In fact, I'm flattered by it. Since it is the case that I'm a hippie, well, let's have some more hippies in the world!

We probably have the same concept of "hippie," I was just trying to write about what I thought was the typical stereotype flower-loving hippie. About the "open minded and spiritual approach," I thought I'd throw that one in for the effect for that is the way I truly believe. I'm glad you think you're that way too; we should have talked some more and bored each other with our related philosophies. My excuse was that I was too occupied staying alive in the game, as well as trying to meet all the people I wanted to see between moves (the Kendters, Kovalcik and others). I also was checking up on my companion Dan White to see how he was doing (he placed last, the poor soul).

So you were physically and mentally wiped out in the tournament and your energy level was

zero, huh? Yeh, face-to-face is draining. I was less tired than you though because I've played it a lot locally. No, it isn't a crime to become tired, and don't take my "old slave master out of the South" routine seriously. Most of my writing about the people of Gen-Con was supposed to be serious, although I did give everyone both barrels. Anyway I wrote what I wrote to stir the coals a little bit and it was successful on your end. I wish more people would have replied. You know as well as I that you're no "slave master who's still fighting the war." I know you are a perfectly reasonable chap who, as I, have been blacklisted by good ol' Boardman and like Olsen's letters.

Getting on to Boardman, I don't follow who is whose toady for that matter (how about a Coughlan Toady? Hmmm, a new controversy we can start!). I don't like Boardman for he is too fickle in letting people express their opinions in his zine, as well as him printing stuff without a person's permission, but I don't worry about it. Heck, Boardman is Boardman. If you were smart you would get your priorities straight and ignore him. Who cares if Boardman denounced you in front of Craustark subbers. I cannot believe Boardman's subbers would be stupid enough to believe every word the old man says. I cannot believe Boardman's subbers follow him without question. So you've nothing to worry about.

As for cycling, I cycle when I can, and I used to subscribe to Bicycling, but it became a drag (all they talked about was of all this expensive equipment, blah, blah, blah, what kind of cycling shoe to buy, ect, ect, and the biography of the great winner of the City-Trek 2000 bike race...) I am not a fanatic; my longest trip was only 300 miles over five days. I own a Schwinn Continental II which is very heavy (I call it "The Tank"); not an ideal bike for touring, but it will do, and you don't have to spend an arm and another arm to have a decent bicycle. Buy a sturdy, light weight bike that costs around \$300; get it with toe clips for the hilly travel, as well as fenders if you expect to get caught in the rain a lot. I take my bike to work when the weather is good; 7½ miles one way on a lousy crumbling street in rush hour traffic. I love to joust with the trucks and busses, it's a miracle I'm still alive and I never get a flat tire....

Allen Wells heard it from a friend who heard it from a friend that you were drugged? It wasn't me; why would I say you were drugged? I didn't see you long enough to determine your state of mind at the time. Wells is not only a vampire, he's a vampire in a business suit, Danny Partridge style.))



Roger Tretick
In Perspective

"Dwayne Shreve"-- When my good friend and sometimes enemy Eric Ozog suggested I write something for his incipient (some say alleged) 'zine, I never dreamed he was opening up the opportunity of writing for an audience of well over ten individuals. Needless to say, upon learning this I was awe-stricken by my responsibilities to Western civilization and posterity. Recovering from my heart attack, I was undaunted and here is my addition to the zine:

It has recently come to my attention that that pointless individual, John Boardman has published a list of forgers and frauds in Diplomacy. Because this happened in April and no one has bothered to notify me too, I must assume that that miscreant has neglected to include my name.

Thus, I am greatly annoyed. I have gone to great lengths to perpetrate frauds on John Boardman and put-ons on Bob Csuch and feel that I deserve to be on the list. My ridiculous expose of "Roger Tretick" alone merits me honorable mention.

Ah, who could forget Boardman's annoyance to find that that letter exposing "Roger Tretick" as being the real person behind the D. Shreve name, and which he printed, was written by a somewhat tipsy D. Shreve. Boardman, in overlooking my name for his list may have shown a lack of historical perspective and should be corrected in his thinking. Thus, I am inaugurating the "Get Dwayne Shreve on Boardman's List Movement." I want all 12 of you on Ozog's mailing list or at least the three that are literate to write to John Boardman to express your involvement. The rest of you can help the same friend who is reading this to you to write out the following letter for your signature or mark:

My dear Mr. Boardman,

Your obvious lack of mental stability has caused you to neglect adding that great fun fellow and put-on artiste to your list of frauds. No American deserves being included more than Dwayne Shreve. You have made a serious error, which is not out of character with your quasi-rational mind.

That's right. Just sign & send it to John Boardman at the following address (Eric could you look it up, I forgot where that yo-yo lives).

John Boardman, 234 East 19th Street, Brooklyn, NY 11226

[This month sure has seen the strange letters. Of course, I will send Mr. Boardman a copy of this for I am a perfect gentleman. Remember, when you talk about someone, the victim will get a copy too.]

Note the new type style. This is a brand-new machine, and for Christ's sake does it make a lot of noise! Do these things have to be broken in or what? For those of you who are interested in faking this zine, this typewriter is a Smith-Corona Coronamatic 2500. One would want to get the same type style, right?

 THE DREAM POLICE #2

Eric Goes back to the Middle-Ages

Part 1-- A group of a few people including myself were busy playing one of those lousy war-games with the hexagons and the cardboard armies. The game had some diplomacy making in it and it reminded me of diplomacy because it took place in Europe, but old Europe.

I was the Russian player, but at the time before the Czars, I studied the mapboard and I knew I could not hold out against the madman Turks much longer. My cavalry would soon tire and falter, the foot soldiery would break apart and the line would collapse, Turks racing into the homeland. The only way they could be stopped was if my ally would save the day (I can't remember who he was, but, hrrumph, some ally) and prop up my forces. He decided to use his armies in Central Europe where he could make massive gains against the enemy. Anyway, so much for me, I don't have to explain further what the result was.

Part 2-- The war went very badly; the kingdom was overrun, the capital city captured. I admit, I wasn't much of a hero nor a factor in the last battle; having lost my weapon and not wanting to run back into a circle of knife throwing to retrieve it, I merely hid behind a tree to wait it out. And I say So What! Me being the King's P.R. man, I did not know a soldier's ways. Killing with the sword is a waste of time as far as I'm concerned; I am much more effective with words.

So our king (who was a medieval pain in the ass, but a fun guy), his harlot, myself and my wizard friend (who suddenly popped out of nowhere to check up on us) were busy casting poor jokes at one another while the enemy's leader read the surrender terms to our war-weary people. We did not pay much attention to our victor for a surrender meant the same old story which was common to the times: reparations to be paid and plunder to be collected, hostages to be taken and we'd go trudging off to fight someone else's battle.

"So you guys were licked, huh, oh dear me!" complained my wizard adviser.

"You worry too much, go take a vacation," snapped back my king.

"That's me alright, Mr. Worrywart! Looks like the other side really did good!"

"That's enough out of you, you magical windbag. Yeh, they did good, and on top of it, Fatso over there is reading his terms soohhh badly. What kind of sick accent is that anyway?"

"Turkish, I believe?" I hazarded.

"You ought to be reading those terms, Golden Tongue, at least we would be able to understand what we lost," snorted our king, "I'm tired of this whole business!"

The king's harlot found the courage to speak up (takes a licking and keeps on ticking).

"I'm the one who's tired, tired of being your slave for all these years and years and..."

"Shut-up."

"They're his terms, let him read 'em. He looks funny by trying to speak our language, so let us laugh!" I asserted.

Later in the evening the smoke of battle cleared a bit and the camp settled down to sleep. The next day we would begin a trek; the few able-bodied men of our shattered army would go off to do battle under a foreign flag against some feudal baron whose toll road rates were too high. Big deal, one must always find some obscure reason to pick a fight. One has to hide the obvious reasons with transparent excuses. I talked with my wizard friend the next day, on the dusty road.

"You guys are beat, you're too small now to make a difference," he concluded.

I disagreed. "We're small, but we still have a part to play in all this."

"But you guys are always screwing around!"

"If our people were always goofing off then we wouldn't have gotten anything done!"

(The Dream Police continued)

The dream ends at this point. I woke myself out by speaking the last line "wouldn't have gotten anything done!" outloud. Occasionally I will talk in my sleep. At any rate, it is impossible to tell how the ending would have turned out; perhaps the situation might have changed in favor of our kingdom whose people "screw around" too much?

A final note, this dream had brilliant colors in it; most of them do. The wizard's cloak was brightly multi-colored, as well as other clothing typical to the period. I also remember the stench of corpses after the battle. You know, this whole business is better than LSD.

 GAME OPENINGS AND SUBSCRIPTION RATES FOR DEM

Rate: \$5.00 gamefee + postage. Straight subscription is \$1.80 for 10 issues. See my houserules sheet for all discounts. Players will be sent houserules at the game start. There are game openings for Regular, Air-Sea and Kriegspiel Diplomacy. The following have signed up to play:

<u>The National Game</u>	<u>The Local Game</u>	<u>Air-Sea Diplomacy</u>
Falter	Amstadt	Husk
Reynolds	Kaplan	Reynolds
Burgess	Glass	
Duke		

Pete Ashley will be either placed in the local or national game, it will depend on which one fills before the other.

If these games fill, standby players will be needed in the event of drops. To be a standby, you merely need to keep your subscription current. If a standby finishes his position to the end of the game, he will be able to enter into a new game for free.

One more thing before I sign off, I'm happy to say that DEM was rated a (0) ZERO in the Leader poll under "subzines receiving less than five votes." Also I received a (3.67) for GMS getting less than five votes. Thank you for your token-few hate votes. I also wondered who voted and if the voters play in or receive this zine.

ERIC M. OZOG

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Chicago, Illinois 60651

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I COME CHARGING OUT OF YOUR MAILBOX