



SLEAZECON, TOADCON, CLONECON WEST

Four Chicagoans in a car
Cruising downstate wasteland
Ozog eyes stray not from road
Shreve is reading dirty book
Osuch grunts, growls, grumbles
Ashley falls asleep
No chance to tear each other's throats
But wait till we arrive

DEPARTURE FROM CHICAGO

Peter Ashley arrives at my house via the RTA, (Road To Aggravation or Regional Transportation Authority) one hour late. He mumbles incoherently to me on that chill Saturday morning, "Musivbin partng t'lng."

Diplomacy By Moonlight; November, 1981

Translation-- "Must have been partying too long."

I met him at the bus stop and we walk back to my house. My dog immediately attempts to maul Pete as we open the door, "Bark! BARK Grrrr...ruff ruff ruff."

"Shuddup Pippin!" I said in a voice louder than hers, "It's six a.m!"

"Uh Eric, can I use your bathroom?"

"Yeh, but hurry up," I pointed the way to a grateful man in need, "We got to get out of here quick and get the others."

We walk out to the garage. Pete's eyes cast upon my auto, a '78 Cougar XR7. "What a piece of junk!" He recoiled in shock.

"It'll make point five past light speed," I place Ashley's briefcase into the trunk. Four folding chairs and a card table are revealed. "See? I take good care of us. Let's get going."

We pick up Dwayne Shreve and Bob Osuch. Both had little briefcases. Pete had a briefcase. I, however, brought no briefcase. I don't believe in briefcases.

We are ready to roll. I shove the road atlas into unsuspecting hands and state, "Dwayne, you're navigating."

Dwayne returns a blank look and pulls his moustache, "Heh. Uh, shit."

THE MINI CONVENTION AT ST. LOUIS: I enjoyed myself even more at this FTF event than at Gen-Con East. At Gen-Con there were too many people which prevented a more personal, warm atmosphere from developing. And at Gen-Con I think people still regarded me still as some sort of an outlaw or something. Which I was-- one doesn't place Bernie Oaklyn on a pedestal and expect to be accepted by the Eastern Establishment with open arms.

Gary Coughlan picked a different place to stay, the "Best Western St. Louis Airport Motel," twelve dollars a night, three to a room. A dingy place, admittedly, but he wanted it because it was so cheap and he got his wish. I cancelled my reservation at the Holiday Inn in order to keep all of us under one roof. No big deal really, the management nor the other guests didn't bother us for making a racket late at night. When I think of it, the management at the fancy Holiday Inn may have strung us all up for whispering too loudly.

There were fourteen people there in all. Four regular games were played Saturday and two gunboat games played the following morning. We all went out together to dinner on Saturday night and most of us went together to breakfast on Sunday morning. All in all, I am certain all of us enjoyed each other's company and all profited from the warm, informal atmosphere of our little group. I want a Chicago Con to become a reality next Spring so more people from the Northern states (maybe even Southern Canada) can enjoy the fun of FTF play.

I kept records of the two games I was in, the results are rather interesting. Also, you can refer back to these charts while reading comments from Dwayne Shreve and Pete Ashley. Note that when I play Diplomacy, I usually get bored around 1906 and sue for peace. Chances are I'll give away the store. The game below ended in a seven way draw with A/R/T stalemating the other four:

Saturday Afternoon Results

	<u>1901</u>	<u>1902</u>	<u>1903</u>	<u>1904</u>	<u>1905</u>	<u>1906</u>
AUS [Ozog]	5	5	5	5	5	4
ENG [Ashley]	4	5	5	5	6	6
FRA [Michalski]	5	5	5	5	5	8
GER [Grimm]	6	6	5	5	5	5
ITA [Coughlan]	4	4	3	3	3	2
RUS [Williams]	5	5	6	6	5	4
TUR [Rauterberg]	5	4	5	5	5	5

Saturday Night Results This game ended in a two-way Russian/Turkish draw:

	<u>1901</u>	<u>1902</u>	<u>1903</u>	<u>1904</u>	<u>1905</u>	<u>1906</u>
AUS [G. Hail]	4	3	2	1	1	0
ENG [Lischett]	4	5	5	5	5	4
FRA [Ozog]	5	7	7	7	7	7
GER [Williams]	3	2	0			
ITA [Coughlan]	4	5	5	5	5	5
RUS [Osuch]	6	6	8	9	9	10
TUR [Hanson]	5	6	7	7	7	8

 ERIC OZOG RATES THE PLAYERS: The St. Louis Mini Con

Bob Kluge of St. Louis -- After arriving at the motel and checking in, my passengers decided to go out into the world to pursue two desires, food and booze. Driving back to the motel entrance I saw some joker wandering around with a Diplomacy set in his hands. He looked lost, trying to find others of his kind. I backed up the car, rolled down the window and yelled out to him, "DIPLOMACY!" (it seemed an attention-getting summon). He walked to the car and said, "Hi there, I'm Bob Kluge."

The man's alright. He hopped in the car and tried to direct us to eats. Don't get directions from someone who might have a vague idea where he's going but pretends he is certain. Bob doesn't know the West St. Louis burbs, apparently he doesn't venture far from his area of town for some reason or another. Maybe he just got out of prison or off the boat or something. We did n't get lost anyway, Kluge didn't know enough to point us the wrong way.

Mike Grimm of St. Louis -- "I just don't know what to do with all these units," he complained, referring to the six German units he had to move in Spring 1902. Mike was whining through the entire game so he ended up surviving. Apparently people were taking pity on him. Most effective.

Paul Rauterberg of Milwaukee -- He will always play both sides of the fence. Paul is a royal rat fink who is always out for the best deal offered him. I guess I'm just mad because I had nothing to offer him.

Paul drove to Chicago and picked up Andy Lischett. Paul's Camaro broke down about 40 miles out of St. Louis. He called his best buddy, Mike Grimm, who rescued them. This was the only sour note of the whole trip, rather tragic. It would take a while for the mechanics to unfreeze frozen valves, and Paul took the train back to Milwaukee (I took Andy back to Chicago, my car only takes five though) and he would return a week later to St. Louis to retrieve his car.

Jim Williams of Des Moines -- When Jim does lousy in Diplomacy he draws on his endless supply of

humor to cheer himself up. It causes others around him to cheer up also; a pleasant side effect. Example: When we woke him on Sunday morning he opened the door to his room and announced half viscerously as he made the proper stabbing gestures with his hand, "Come back for more, eh? Stab, Stab, Stab."

Scott Hanson of Minneapolis -- The kid seemed to me to be half in his own world, but later I talked to him of the miseries of cycling in Chicago to make him feel less miserable about cycling in Minneapolis.

He plays a good game. Anyone who can ally with Osuch has to play good. However, he was somewhat distraught when I sacked his London with Italian fleets (one of the gunboat games) while leaving Italy free for the taking for Rauterberg (France). Scott wrote me a little note below:

"I did make it home from St. Louis--at 6:30 Monday morning! Jim & I just missed the afternoon bus from Des Moines [to] Minneapolis, and I had to wait for the one at midnight! It was worth it all, and I'll do my best to be in Chicago in April."

Guy & Liz Hail of Austin Texas -- Liz can play and Guy can't. Guy is too much of a Mr. Nice Guy, pun intended. He played a dying Austria in the game we were in together. I was France and later in the game I asked him if he wanted to get his Austrian fleet into Brest so he could survive. He looked at me as if I was retarded. Apparently he didn't know I like to look out for the underdog, whatever the costs. I later got him up into Andy's Liverpool, then told him to pull out when I called off the war with England. Guy does everything you tell him to. He's a nice Guy.

Liz seems a little more on the ball. She was Turkey and I Russia in the other gunboat game. We were after each other immediately and I held her off for a few seasons. However, Andy in England was on my back, and Jim (Austria) and I were occasionally screwing one another. Guy in Germany wasn't all that friendly either. What a drag. Seeing a no-win situation I cast a bone to Liz and moved out of my centers and went "pirating" (coined by Pete Ashley). I ended up with my Russian fleet getting into London while Andy got St. Pete. My army Galicia raced across land and rested in Portugal, via south of Switzerland. Who cares about the homeland when one can pirate!

Gary Coughlan, Revised -- Not "slave master," Jimmy Carter. He smiles and smiles and smiles and has a twinkle in his eye. He doesn't actually laugh, he just smiles, but without Carter's teeth. I mean, he has teeth, he only doesn't show them too much. He has a mild, acquiescent personality. Even when he tells you you're a dirty rat he says it so nicely that one is often confused on what he is trying to say.

In our first game he wouldn't trust me. No matter, after the triple A/R/T alliance was formed after a hatchet burial (the three of us were attacking one another to no avail), I could go after Coughlan at my leisure. Michalski in France and I couldn't agree on what piece of Coughlan each of us should get, so Michalski backed Coughlan against the triple alliance.

In our second game, we stayed away from each other initially, then Gary moved fleets against me later on, when I was hopelessly stalemated against Lischett. Gary broke off the attack a season or two later when he finally realized around 1905 that Osuch and Hanson were allied. I believe they cast some kind of magical, hypnotic, herbal scented smokescreen on the guy. He complained to me late in the game,

"How come you didn't tell me they were allied?"

The damned fool. Like it was my responsibility to point it out to him. I shrugged and said, "Because it's your problem if you didn't see it." I was so mad at him I closed the drapes on Gary and Andy when they talked business outside the room and looked through the window at the board.

Bob Osuch of Chicago -- I learned much about Bob's "jolly cynicism" while on this trip.

Case 1: Someone comments on the sweater Bob is wear ing. I think it was a grey color. It was fuzzy in a few places where Bob evidently caught it on a few protruding objects. Bob's reply to the compliment ("Oh Bob, I like your sweater.") was, "Yeh, my wife knitted it," he admitted in his grimy South Chicago accent while smiling sarcastically.

Case 2: On the way home from St. Louis Dwayne mutters out of the blue something about how bearing and raising children turns pretty women into "old maids." Bob replied immediately, "Yeh, when I get home I'm going to shoot my son."

Case 3: When we arrived on the South Side to drop Bob off, we saw a strange sight at his place.

It was an ugly mask enveloped in the purple haze of a black light. Red phosphorescent eyes flashed on and off. It told us holloween was not far away.

"Ooooooh, lookit that!" I squeeled with childlike delight as I pointed to the gruesome display in Bob's second floor window.

Bob looked up to his apartment and half laughed, "Yeh, my wife must have done that over the weekend for the kids." He shook his head and said to the sky, "Shit."

John Michalski of Oklahoma City -- The man is constantly laughing and chuckling and smiling and giggling and grinning. Hey, cheer up, will you John?

He laughed when I presented him with an "I believe in Bernie" tee shirt. The shirt has pictures of the theater masks 'comedy and tragedy' on it and a bolt of lightning striking on the side.

He laughed some more when we were in a game together and I told another player (it may have been Rauterberg) "I'll talk to you as soon as I write my orders."

All the conventioners went out to dinner on Saturday night. John could have sat over by Coughlan and his gang but instead he chose to sit by Dwayne, Bob Kluge and I. He said, "I'll sit with the toadies." I replied that I was honored. We had a very frank conversation.

A. He chuckled some more when I referred to his press release in Mass Murders which said, 'I come charging out of your mailbox and into your jock.' He said, "It was kinda cute, wasn't it?"

B. He practically choked on his food when we talked about Bernie Oaklyn and he said between gasps "He epitomizes the very worst, and I bet he's having a helluva lot of fun doing it, heh heh har!"

C. I asked him about his constant referral to my past GM errors in Brutus Bulletin and he replied "When someone screws up I believe in heaping all kinds of shit on them. But you carry through your second set of games alright and you'll be O.K."

I agreed, "O.K., but when I do get it right I don't want no more shit heaped on me!"

John laughed some more.

Now don't get the impression that John was only laughing at me. He was laughing with and at everyone for some reason or another. He especially liked it when Dwayne declared himself as a real person at the dinner table and demanded, "Why did you forward that fake Tretick letter of mine to Boardman from your Chicago maildrop?"

"Well, because, heh heh, it did say 'Dear John' on it, and you didn't say which 'John'..."

I'd say John had a good time in St. Louis.

He was gone Sunday morning before anyone was up. Someone asked if he fell into the pool (a scuzzy swimming pool which was under construction and had a foot of stagnant water at the bottom.

Dear Mr. Ozog,

We would like to thank you for visiting our dining room on your recent visit to St Louis. We hope you enjoyed your meal, and would visit us again if you have the chance. However, we regret to say that it appears we overpaid the change for your meal by \$10, and we would appreciate the memory of your visit even more if you would kindly return this amount to us promptly. If for some reason your checking reveals a disagreement with this, or if you are currently unable to pay, please feel free to discuss this matter with our Chicago agents at the Acme Collection Agency. They are readily recognizeable as the fellows in those dark blue pinstripe suits with the words "Acme Collection Agency" tatoood on their chest underneath...

Did I have you going there, Eric? Or was it too recognizable as just motel courtesy stationery? Anyhow, the real reason I wrote is that I find my early morning exit caused me to leave behind the Bernie T-shirt you so kindly left me. If you took it back with you and still have it, let me know and I'll send you a mailing envelope to return it to me in. Thanks. If I ever get an extra Hitler record or something, I'll send you one to slip in at some party or something in return.

This is John's letter at the left, sent to me in a motel envelope. You did have me going there. I thought when I started reading it, "What the hell?" (There was a \$10 screwup with the check.)

It was a pleasure meeting you in St. Louis and you ought to have the tee shirt by now.

BEST WESTERN EXECUTIVE
International Inn
4530 N. LINDBERGH BLVD. BRIDGETON, MO. 63044
AT LAMBERT-ST. LOUIS MUNICIPAL AIRPORT



A RESTLESS NIGHT IN ST. LOUIS: After everyone retired to sleep, the restless night began for me. This room Pete, Dwayne and I shared had two beds, I volunteered to sleep on the floor. And it was so cold...

"Three a.m.," said the face of my little battery quartz clock, I was frozen stiff. I had no blanket and put on my coat. The others were sleeping soundly, curse them.

I went to the washroom, passing Bob Osuch who was parked underneath the sink against the back wall. He wandered in our room, violating the rules of 'three to a room.' Maybe Andy or Paul threw him out. Pure speculation. Pete mentioned that Bob slept where he slept that night "in case he was jumped during the night he could only be attacked from one side" or something on that level.

I would journey to the washroom numerous times that night. I drank much orange juice and ginger ale all evening (one can make a neat non-alcoholic drink). The others were drinking liquor and getting wrecked and messing up their moves while I kept a clear head. Gary can put 'em away.

I walked out of the bathroom and paced the floor, then layed back down on it. I noticed the control for the electric heater/fan was turned up all the way. "A stupid place to put a heater," I thought, "It's mounted on the back wall close to the ceiling and heat rises and never reaches the floor and I'm on the floor." I stood and shivered next to it for a few minutes.

I went to the washroom again. I saw a little brown cockroach in the shower stall and smashed him immediately, ha, ha! I brooded that perhaps roaches were crawling on me on the floor.

I concluded that my problem was I had been sleeping too near the door. So I curled up at the foot of Dwayne's bed and put my hands in my coat pockets, raised the hood of the coat over my head and tossed and turned in a half-conscious-chill-before-opening-dream-sleep for two hours.

I woke at 7:30; actually 6:30 for we gained an hour that night (but big deal, it did me no good). I saw that since I suffered, everyone else had to suffer too. Dwayne complained and said how he heard someone cry out during the night, "I'm coooold!" and how he thought it was God at first talking to him, but soon decided that it was only Eric and he was freezing. Dwayne said he debated whether or not to sacrifice his blanket and throw it on top of me, but his survival instinct won the argument and concluded, "Hell No!"

Pete woke and crabbed about how early it was and soon fell asleep again. Osuch did not stir and we thought he was dead. Dwayne risked the chill morning air and went to the motel lounge to get some coffee. He told of how he came by it, "It's real neat, Eric. They supply free coffee to all their guests." I mused that he probably filched it at the right moment, but I didn't care. I don't drink coffee. The stuff is simply awful.

I later learned that morning that Jim had a spare sleeping bag and Guy had a cot they could have lent me. This was only adding insult to injury. Never Again!

DWAYNE SHREVE'S VIEW OF ST. LOUIS

It was an interesting trip down to St. Louis. Aside from a delay while we shoveled Osuch out of bed, all went smoothly for the four of us.

On our arrival, our first order of business was to locate a liquor store. After a long and tearful search we found one. Shortly, we walked out of there with a new lease on life, Osuch with some vodka, Ashley with some beer, Ozog empty handed and myself with some wine. No doubt the reader is wondering why we keep Ozog around. I used to wonder that myself, until one day I figured it out. He is around so that every time anyone says that Chicago Diplomacy players are all a bunch of drunken and drug-crazed lunatics, we can trot him out. This of course merely proves that we are not all drunken & drug-crazed, but it is better than no response at all.

In any event, we gathered with 11 or so other Diplomacy players at a motel which was the only one along that stretch without hourly rates. To Eric, that meant it was a good place. It was a remarkable motel, no doubt. The water in its pool, for example, would have been strangely reminiscent of the Chicago river, except that it was much greener.

At any rate we were soon working on Diplomacy games. In another room, Ozog was being crafty and cunning and somehow got in on a seven way draw. Meanwhile, I screwed up & only got a two way French/Italian draw.

Later in another game, I was visciouly stabbed by my Austrian ally. With my Italian centers falling all around me, I yelled defiance against her [Liz Hail] and her Turkish overlord, Michalski. Every last unit strained for vengeance. Every move was geared for retribution, as I and the Russian tore into her. Finally, seeing that I could not take her last SC and sensing an

impatience with my continuing two SC vendetta, I decided to finally vote for a three way draw, which of course included neither of us.

The next morning it was decided to play gunboat Diplomacy. Unfortunately our numbers had dwindled somewhat, so that in playing two simultaneous games, three would have to have concurrent countries. As fate would have it, I ended up in both games, as Germany in one and Austria in the other. I was appalled. I don't like playing Austria anytime and even less so when there is no discussion. I decided I wanted to pay more attention to Germany & perhaps be more daring with Austria, and try for survival there.

I managed to get my Germany into a three way draw and despite having Ozog as Italy battled my Austria into a second place finish. I still have nightmares where I have Austria and can't talk to anyone and have an Ozogian Italy foaming at the mouth at my back.

Another part of the weekend was the chance to get together with people from throughout the heartland of America and trade insults of John Boardman. My favorite was, "Even if Boardman managed to double the size of his brain, it still wouldn't plug a rat's ass."

All in all, it was a great weekend. I discovered that Michalski is an all right fellow even if a bit too moderate. We all learned that Bob Osuch is a man of many talents, not the least of which is an ability to sleep under sinks, after consuming impressive amounts of vodka. Essentially though, I enjoyed getting together with my fellow hell-raisers and play Diplomacy face to face

SAVE THE WOMBAT: by Bob Osuch

Eric, "Save the Wombat" is a campaign I'm starting to bring you back into the good graces of the hobby. Aren't you pleased? As you know, the Wombat is an endangered species. So are you.

Eric has asked me to write an article for his fine dipzine, Diplomacy By the Light of Incinerating Bodies, or whatever he calls it. Thoughtful guy that he is, he gave me all of one day to write it, so I am typing it up without the aid of a rough draft, so if you see anything out of order, blame Eric. Also, I am not feeling particularly interested tonight, so if you don't like this, blame Eric again. It's nice to have a whipping boy, isn't it?

First, I should mention that I hadn't planned on attending Louie-LouieCon, but Coughlan called one day and talked me into it. That same afternoon Eric called, or at least I think it was him. I answered the phone, but before I could say a word, I heard "It's Eric. Saturday. 6AM. Be there. Aloha.", followed by the dial tone. Weird boy, that Eric.

I was ready in plenty of time. 6AM came and went. Still no Eric. At 6:15 the phone rang, waking up the baby. It was Ozog. "Sit tight," he instructed, "Ashley's not here yet."

"So leave without him," I suggested.

"I can't do that, he's my puppet," he replied, then hung up.

"Damn punk kid," I mumbled in disgust. "No, not you son."

A little after seven, Eric, Peter Ashley and Dwayne Shreve finally arrived, and we departed I should explain that Eric and Dwayne are both Oaklyn clones, and Ashley is a Boardman toady, so you can imagine my excitement at the prospect of embarking on a 5-1/2 hour car ride with these clowns. I was anticipating it as enthusiastically as I would a severe case of leprosy, or is it leprosy? Well, you get the picture. Anyway, the conversation naturally turned to Diplomacy, and I must say, the boys had me outnumbered. Having yet to meet Michalski, they had already deduced that he was an asshole. I guess because of what John had to say about their heroes, Boardman and Oaklyn respectively. So it was decided, Michalski was to die at all costs. I tried to reason with them, but they were all holding their own personal vendettas. Eric believed he had received general shoddy treatment from John, including a recent MASS MURDERS press release about Ozog, "Charging out of your mailbox and into your jockstrap," which Eric attributed to Michalski. Shreve was pissed because John had forwarded some letter written years ago to Boardman. It was sort of vague and I didn't pursue it due to lack of interest. Ashley was upset because Michalski had abused "The Father of Diplomacy", whoever that is. That wasn't so bad, but then the subject changed to Oaklyn. God, what a fantastic guy he must be, at least if you listen to Eric and Dwayne talk. After four hours of "Bernie this" and "Buddy that". I couldn't wait to get there.

We arrived at 12:30, or thereabouts, and finding nobody home, went to McDonald's (barf) for lunch. After that, we all went and puked (Oh, did I mention we picked up Bob Kluge), and then went and got some booze. I split a fifth of vodka with Pete, but he didn't drink the whole time because he was hung over from punkrocking all Friday night. After that, we went back to the hotel and met everybody. They were all there: Coughlan, a sleazy looking guy with a permanent devious

 my surprise) it came off rather well.

St. Louis was chosen because of its supposed central location to gather in a proper mix of players. What it meant was that everyone had to travel a long way. At least someone should be able to smirk at having the con in their home town.

To prepare for the convention, on Friday evening, right out of work, I hit the bars around Chicago until the wee hours of the morning, weaving home at 3 A.M. I was supposed to get up at 4 A.M. to reach Eric Ozog's by 5:30, but God had mercy on me and I woke up at 4:30 instead. Believe me, at this stage in the game every half hour counts. A long wait in freezing weather for the "el", another long wait for a bus, and yes, there was Eric waiting for me at the bus stop.

Within five minutes Eric and I had agreed to ally throughout the convention, and similar arrangements were made after picking up Dwayne Shreve and Bob Osuch. Chicagoans to sweep the convention! Unfortunately this was about the last time I was to hear such talk. In the heat of battle Chicagoans were to become just another juicy center.

The ride down wasn't too bad, with the more experienced among us filling in the others (i.e. me) about what to expect from the various personalities who had promised to attend. Eric was thoroughly interrogated as to the hotel arrangements he had made, "What do you mean, one star? I suppose we shower out in the pond out back!", ect...there was some hint that everyone wasn't going to get their own bed. I couldn't quite understand quite what the problem was going to be, but foreseeing some difficulties (and realizing my desperate need for a good night's sleep) I happened to mention that last week I was in Wisconsin with four other guys, all of whom were gay. Would it work?

We arrived a little after 1 P.M., and after food and a liquor run (and a shower!) everybody sort of wandered into the same hotel room, met everyone else, and settled down for the first game.

The personalities there were quite a bit different than what I had expected. Gary Coughlan was a nice looking young guy who wears a moustache to hide the fact that he looks so young but which only emphasises the point. His Southern accent was hardly as bad as you would expect from all the garbage printed about it in the various 'zines, just barely enough to notice. John Michalski was a real shock; one of the funniest guys I've ever met. If he had a little more weight, a lot more hair, and a little Thorazine he would have made a great Santa Clause. Except on the Diplomacy board, where I was fated to be next to him twice, and he played the cold realist as well as anyone.

There were 13 people for the first two games, and (somewhat arbitrarily) the Russian in the other game would be the Italian in our game. This "kiss of death" first fell upon Gary Coughlan, but he didn't fair too badly (at first). It was only after he tried to take both Marseilles and Trieste in 1901 that problems developed. As England I had my hassles with this comparatively new player named Mike (the German) who's diplomacy revolved around the phrase, "What's in it for me?" I was always too diplomatic to tell him that if he didn't go along with me I would beat his pointy little head into the pavement (just kidding). I took out my frustrations my stabbing and restabbing the Russians (whose name I spent this last week trying to remember), and reciprocated in kind. The east resembled a dog-chasing-its-tail freeforall, when suddenly -poof- everyone retreated from everyone else, and, yes, a RAT alliance was born. The effects were immediate, as an anti-RAT coalition arose to save themselves. The anti-RATs were so "successful" that the RATs formed a stalemate line along Moscow-Tyrolia-Tunis, and that's how an otherwise good ftf Diplomacy game rotted out into a shameful seven way draw. I still had some flexibility as a seven center England, and was strongly tempted to do away with Germany, when lo-and-behold a solitary French fleet from Michalski comes sailing along the game edge to hover over England. I swallowed my pride and became a good anti-RAT for the rest of the game.

All I know of the other game was seeing this Russian army, their only piece on the board, in Portugal. Let someone else explain it. [See page III, under Guy & Liz Hail.]

After (an expensive) dinner a second game was underway, this time with Bob Osuch the double gamer. By the time he came back from negotiating in the other game his England had been diplomatically diced among France, Germany and Russia (me, but I was just tagging along, you see, and..) Austria and Italy stifled Turkey (Michalski) to the basic three centers while England, and then Germany went under in the west (lots of Russians in Scandanavia, a white Christmas in Berlin). For some reason first England, and then Germany fought France (Paul Rauterberg) frantically, ignoring the Russian creeping up to Kiev-Norway. Then I made the mistake which would cost me a win. Instead of helping Austria stomp out Turkey and receiving a share of the spoils, I helped Michalski's Turkey recapture Bulgaria. Italy then turned against Austria, and who am I too resist all those centers? The low-point of the game was when Russia (me) made peace with the three center

Austria to help against Italy (Shreve). Austria spent the next ten minutes outside the hotel room negotiating with Turkey over God knows what. Italy and I were just sitting there, and suspecting the worst from Austria, I promised to help Italy. The result? Austria, totally trusting me, took Venice, but was utterly annihilated in Austria. Everybody in the room fell down laughing at what a dirty skunk I was, while I was pleading with a furious Austria that she should have come back and told me that we were still allies. For some deranged reason this got the Italian (Dwayne Shreve) very mad, and he vowed never to stop fighting until Austria was eliminated. He was thus the sole dissenter in a concession vote to Russia, "Austria must die."

I unfortunately blew my builds on armies which piled up in central Europe. Turkey took the opportunity to snatch Rumania, Sevastopol and Budapest, relenting when I promised him a two way draw. And by the time Italy was cut down enough where he would become reasonable, France had solidify its defenses, and so what could have been a Russian win turned to a Turkey-France-Russian draw. What little consciousness I had left went into mourning.

So late, late Saturday night we closed shop. Shreve collapsed in one bed, I in the other. Despite my cheerful insistence, Eric insisted on sleeping on the floor, not even accepting one of the super-thin blankets from the bed. (Leprosy?) Bob Osuch crawled under the sink. I passed out.

Sunday, Eric was stomping around at 7:30 [actually 6:30, the clocks turned back]. He hadn't slept well at all, and I guess he wanted us to know it. Bob Osuch, still curled up under the sink wouldn't move a muscle for hours yet; for some reason nobody thought to check whether he was still alive or not. (He hadn't slept well either.)

After some breakfast we started a couple of games of gunboat Diplomacy. With only nine left the "double game" curse was spread evenly enough to be minimal. In our game everyone clawed every one else's throat out, while Germany (Andy Lischett) very, very, very patiently worked up to 13 or so centers and won the concession vote. Andy must have loved a win where he could be both very conservative and not stab anyone. The game was noted by various "former" Western powers turning "pirate" and leaving their homeland (under pressure, or course) to raid coast lines. For example Italy (Eric Ozog) was instrumental in bringing England (Scott Hanson) down by raids from the west. France was based in Southern France, Iberia, Italy and Greece.

We finished a couple minutes before noon, cleaned up, said goodbye, and were out. My greatest regret was not being able to recall all the good one-liners that passed during the weekend. Next time in Chicago, so we can carve up some Canadians!

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 OZOG II -- 1979 IX / Fall 1910 : DRAW VOTE FAILS, FOUR SAY YAY AND ONE SAYS NAY...GUESS WHO?
 =====

ENG [Stafford] f lon-yor D R A, a lvp-edi, f gas-spa/nc, f mid-por, a bre-par
 FRA [Nelson] f bel-enc, a kie-hol, a bur-pic, a vie S RUS a ven-tri
 ITA [Lischett] a rom-ven, f tyn H, f wes S ENG f gas-spa/nc
 RUS [Oaklyn] f yor-lon, f nth S f yor-lon, f enc-wal, f iri-lvp, f spa/sc S ITA f wes-mid NSO
 D R mid,lyo,mar,otb, a ruh-bur, a ven-tri, a tyo S a ven-tri, a gal-bud NSU, a bul-con, f bla
 S a bul-con, f rum-bul/ec, a ukr-rum, a nwy H, a boh U H
 TUR [Sherwood] f adr S ITA a rom-ven, f tri S ITA a rom-ven NSU, a tri U H D R bud,alb,otb,
 f smy-con, f aeg S f gre-bul/sc, a ser S f gre-bul/sc, f gre-bul/sc

SUPPLY CENTERS

ENG -5-	lvp	lon	EDI	par	spa	por	(4)	Even because of annihilation			
FRA -5-	bre	mar?	mun	vie	ber	HOL	(5-6)	Build 1 only if RUS f spa/sc R mar. Had annihilation S*10			
ITA -3-	rom	nap	VEN	tun			(4)	Build 1			
RUS -14-	stp	mos	war	sev	swe	nwy	den	kie	hol	(14-15)	Build 1 if f spa/sc R mar, or build 1 if f spa/sc R otb
	bel	edi	ven	con	rum	TRI	LON	LVP	MAR?		
TUR -7-	ank	smy	bul	ser	gre	tri	bud			(6)	Even or Build 1 if a tri R otb Had annihilation S*10

DEADLINE for Winter 1910 AND Spring 1911 is Friday December 4th

(iri-lvp) Gonna try that one again, huh! How about, then, a trade, even up?

(enc-lon) Different way, though we did slip by you and trapped your fleet for sudden/sullen annihilation. Like the proverbial cat playing with the traditional rat. Hi, mousey!

(ruh-bre) You gonna try a standoff in Paris. Hope so! Guess what the next annihilation will be.

(Russia to the rest of the world, Europe at large, largely Europe) Gussed, or otherwise figured out what is going on yet?

(Russia to Turkey) Is it down three for you yet, or did you get lucky. Have a present, Italy. Don't, however, get too attached to it --- you won't hold it long enough to enjoy. Bernie/Buddy is moving, man!

(Bernie/Buddy and my three sons) You guys really have a thing going. I am beginning to wonder who the real toady is! Do you really hate so much? Or is that tone really a disguise for respect. Point is, you guys seem to have a need to crucify. They did that same thing to my Lord, and I want you to be clear that he is returning. Get it!

(Russia to Europe) This is to notify the gamesmaster that I am voting no, here and now, to the present, and to all future drawn game for 1979 IX. Eric, if you cannot accept this permanent vote you must show me in your house rules why not! [Houserules say ziltch, I accept your permanent vote.] I'll sic Boardman-toady on you. By the way, toadys grow up to be toads. Think you'll make it some day?

(Bernie/Buddy and the 3 stooges, Roger Tretick, Richard Tretick and Dwayne Tretick, to Ericmeboy) They will wait until I win this game before declaring the game "irregular". What else did you expect? Horseshoes! Would they take the game from any other player in this manner? Sure!

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OZOG IV -- 1981 IL -- THE LOCAL GAME / Spring 1901: EXCITING OPENINGS, GUNS ARE BLAZING!!
.....

- AUS [Shreve] f tri-alb, a bud-ser, a vie-bud
- ENG [O'Donnell] f edi-nth, f lon-enc, a lvp-yor
- FRA [Gervais] f bre-mid, a par-bur, a mar S a par-bur
- GER [Johnson] f kie-den, a mun-ruh, a ber-kie
- ITA [Kaplan] a ven-tyo, a rom-apu, f nap-ion
- RUS [Amstadt] f stp/sc-bot, a mos-stp, a war-gal, f sev-rum
- TUR [Glass] f ank-bla, a con-bul, a smy-con

DEADLINE for Fall 1901 is Friday December 4th

(Austria-Turkey) You certainly made things easier for me, but do I respect your honesty.

(Austria-Russia) Of course, you realize that moving into Galicia means war between us.

ERIC M. OZOG

F I R S T C L A S S M A I L

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I come charging out of your mailbox and into your jock.