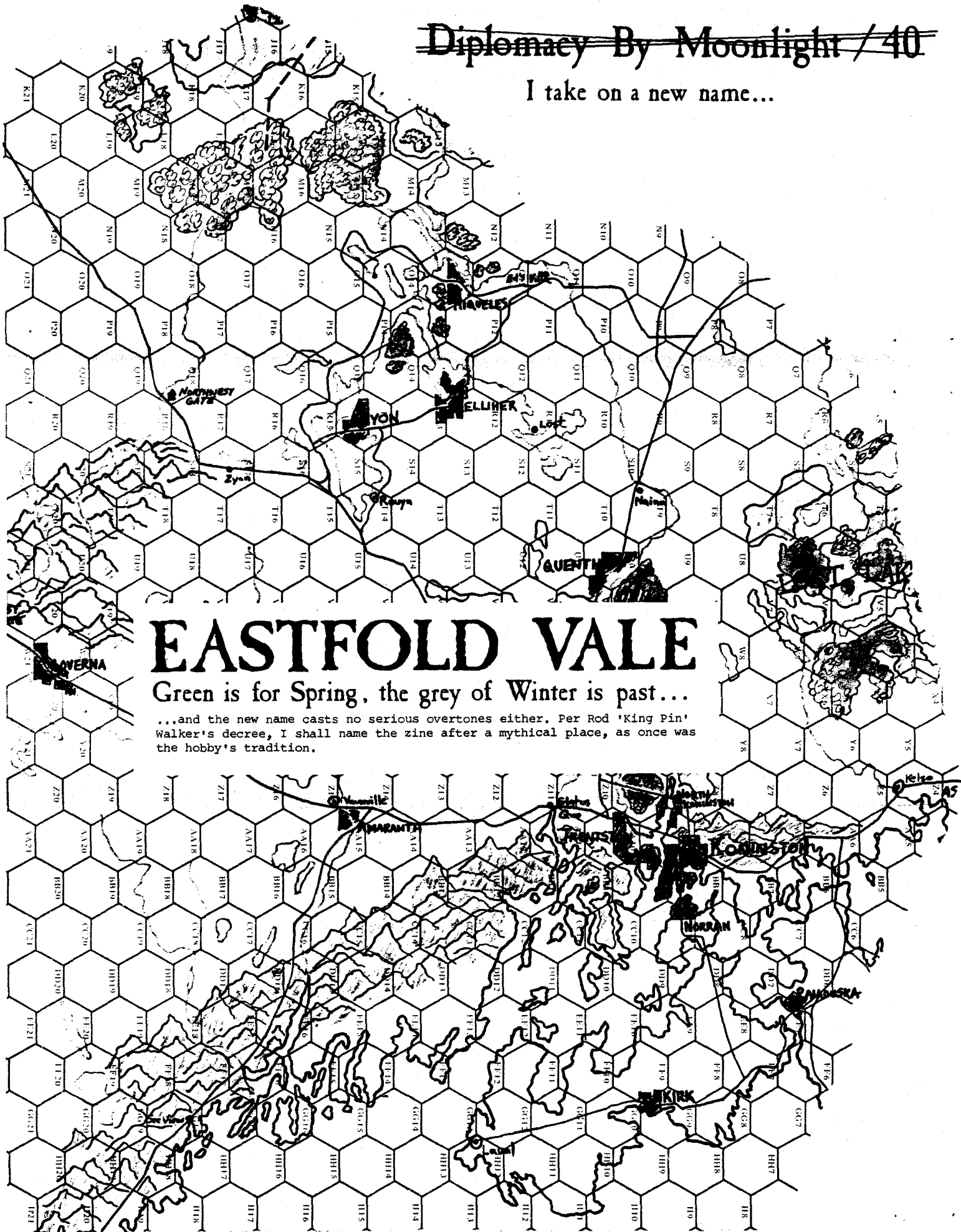


~~Diplomacy By Moonlight / 40~~

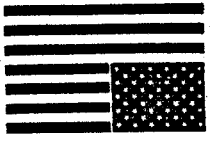
I take on a new name...



EASTFOLD VALE

Green is for Spring, the grey of Winter is past...

...and the new name casts no serious overtones either. Per Rod 'King Pin' Walker's decree, I shall name the zine after a mythical place, as once was the hobby's tradition.

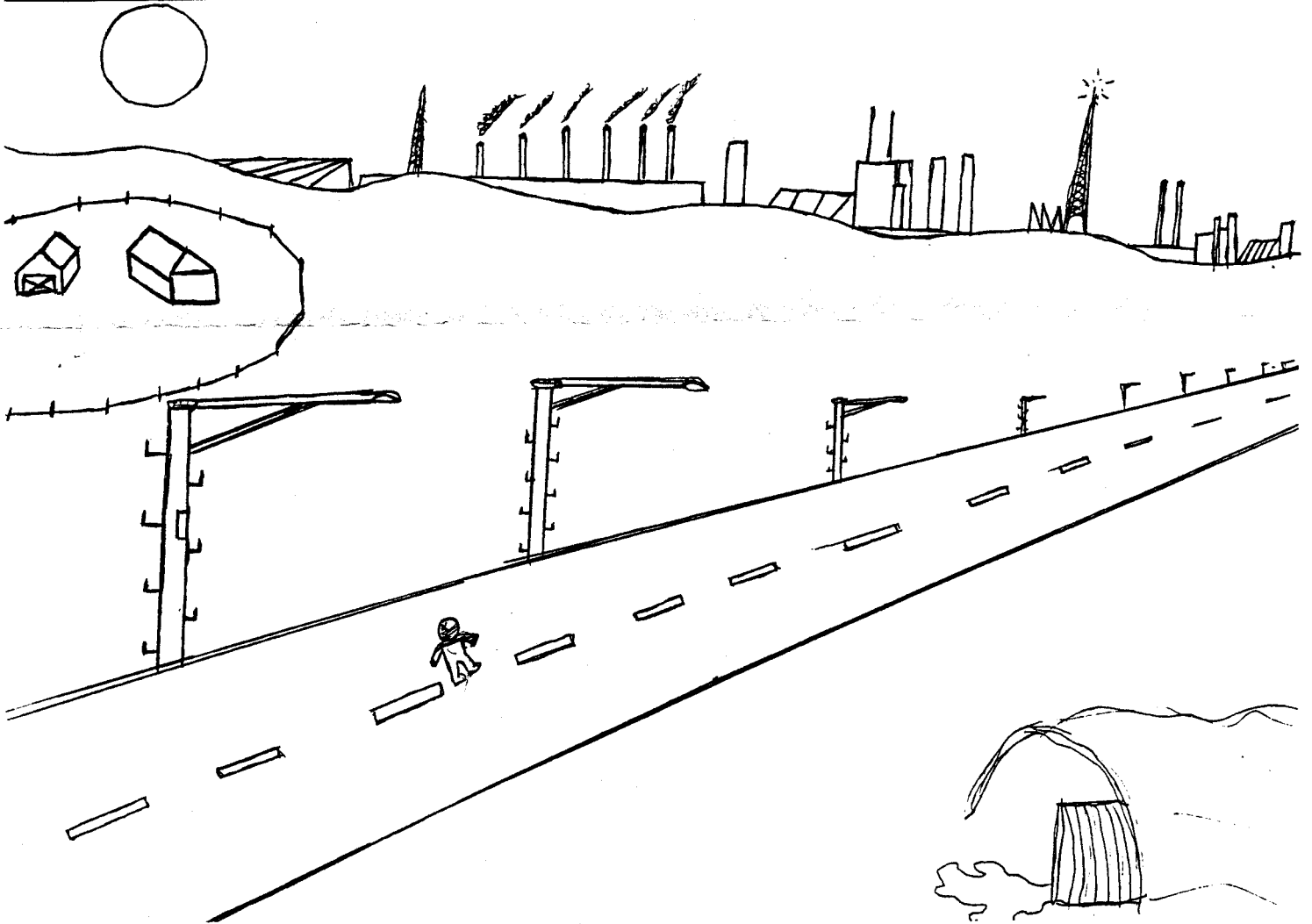


the Chicago Tribune

Sunday, June 6, 1982

Final Edition

digest \$1



21 year old dies of 'publisher burnout'

By Andy Anderson
Chicago Tribune Press-Service

ERIC OZOG, age 21, is dead. His body was found Saturday night on the shoulder of rte. 171, 5 miles North of Lockport. It is undetermined at this time if it was murder, suicide, or a hit-and-run accident, a police investigation is still underway. Also unknown is why Ozog was in this area of the Southwest suburbs. He did not drive there. However, the Tribune has learned bizarre clues to this mystery which lead to the 'occult'.

Kurt Ozog, Eric's brother, had a dream in mid-March which he claimed depicted the future (shown above is his artwork of

it, entitled 'Outside of a City With a Dead Man on the Road). Kurt said his brother was intrigued and disturbed by the drawing, Eric being unable to see such 'visions' of the future (he had stopped seeing 'Auras', the energy field which surrounds all living things, roughly 10 yrs ago. Recently, his brother claimed, Eric could no longer remember his vivid dreams, detailed with scents, colors and touch which he once could up until 1 year ago).

Upon close examination, the drawing shows the same rural/industrial location (in abstract form) where Eric had died.

Dorothy Ozog, Eric's mother, was not available for comment. Eric once referred to her as "DBM's resident witch". She has denied this in the past, but it is well known that she has delved heavily into such 'occult' beliefs such as 'reincarnation' and 'meditation'. She leads a 'study group' which meets weekly and discusses subjects like 'Edgar Cayce' and 'Earth Changes', ect. It is unknown how much influence she had on her son.

Jack 'Hi Guy' Frost of Lockport, Il (friend to Eric who lives close to where the body was found), said Eric

seemed depressed when he came to Jack's home to attend his 30th birthday party in February. "He [Eric] looked out the window across the field where a local factory was and I knew he was long gone," Frost said. "I tried to reas-

Continued on following page

I HATE THE MARK BERCH DEPT.

CHICAGO AND VICINITY: Sunday: Sunny; high 48 F [9 C]; southwest winds 10 miles [16 kilometers] an hour. Sunday night: Fair; low 35 F [2 C]. Monday: Partly sunny; high 56 F [13 C]. Map, other reports in Sec. 2, pg. 14

MOON TURNS FULL ON JUNE 6th



EASTFOLD VALE / Early Spring 1982

sure him that the area I lived in is considered an 'agrarian' economy, that city people weren't used to seeing an industrial plant in a rural area, but he didn't seem to accept that. Eric played poorly at Poker, too." (Jack Frost left the Diplomacy hobby in the late '70s. He is best known for his devious style of play and for getting kicked out of Brutus Bulletin.)

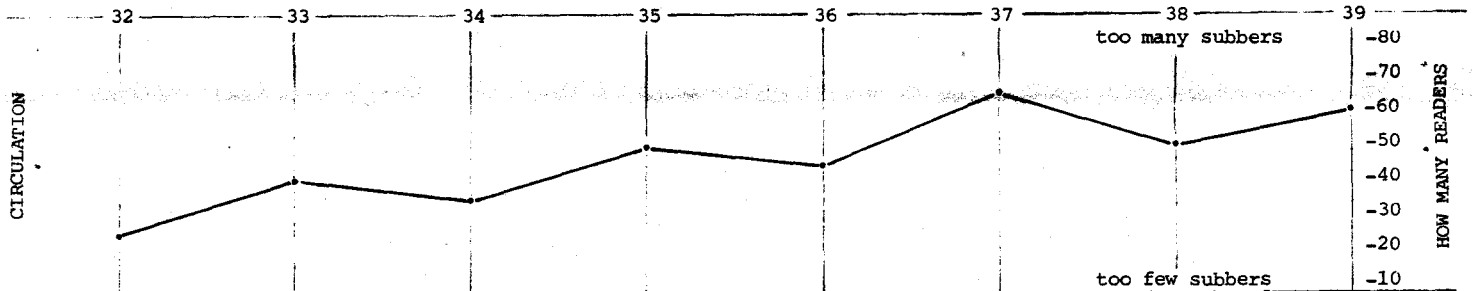
Bob Osuch, Ozog's closest friend, claimed Eric became further out of touch from reality as he took increasingly larger doses of the hallucinogen 'Melange Spice'. "It was real scary," Osuch said, "He [Eric] would ramble on how he could enter the 'alternate universe' with 'a little help from his friends', a gang of wayfaring elves who told him he could dump this world for theirs, and at the same time he was taking that shit. I know. I sold it to him...I just can't believe he's gone."

From the Tribune's investigation, we can speculate that Eric Ozog probably committed suicide, a victim of the so-called 'John Kelly Syndrome', persons who are destroyed by the Diplomacy hobby which consumes their very souls. Precautions and restraints must be implemented, houserules enacted to keep this psychological affliction from spreading, before others suffer the same fate.

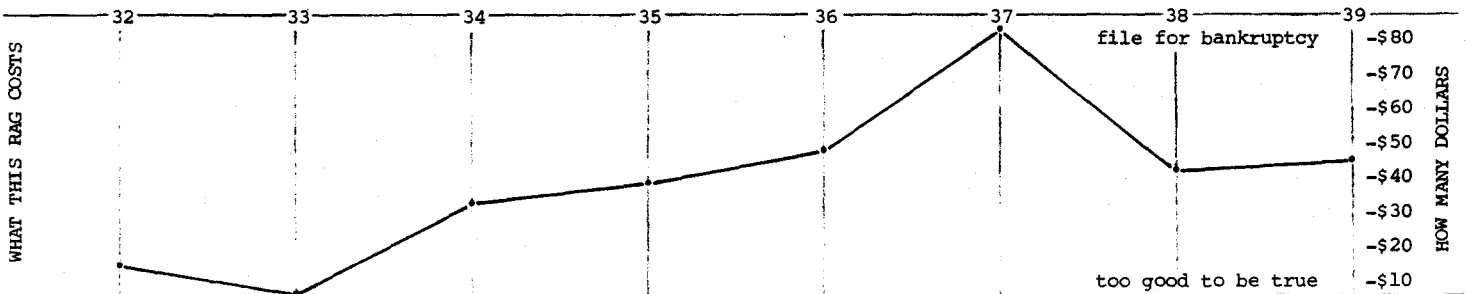
[Thanks for the article, Andy! Four free issues for you. Even though you've a sick writing style, the newspaper layout was well done. Jesus, this is reminiscent of the Marion Bates incident (when someone said Marion was dead), but at least this one is done tastefully. At any rate, I'm not going to die, let me reassure the hobby. Aw!]

And now, here's something you'll really like (for all of you statistics mongers):

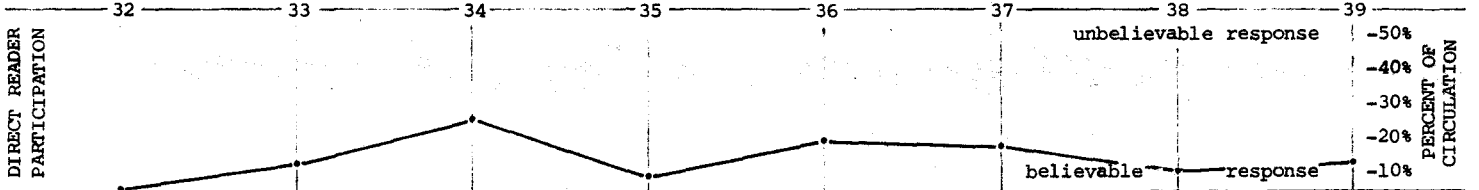
DBM's Index of Monthly Indicators



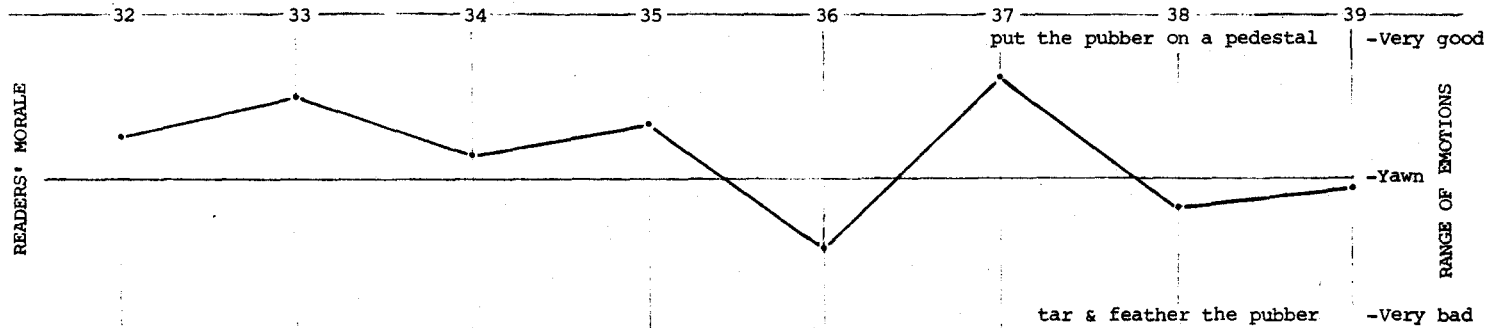
Figures include samples and courtesies



Figures include xeroxing and postage only, NOT office supplies (such as typewriter cartridges and transfer lettering). Note issue 37 was a killer. Total costs (issues #32 through #39) = \$310. Money coming in (#32 thru #39) = \$184 (includes estimated trade value with other zines). Net Loss = \$126 or 41%. Loss should ease when DBM gets government subsidies.

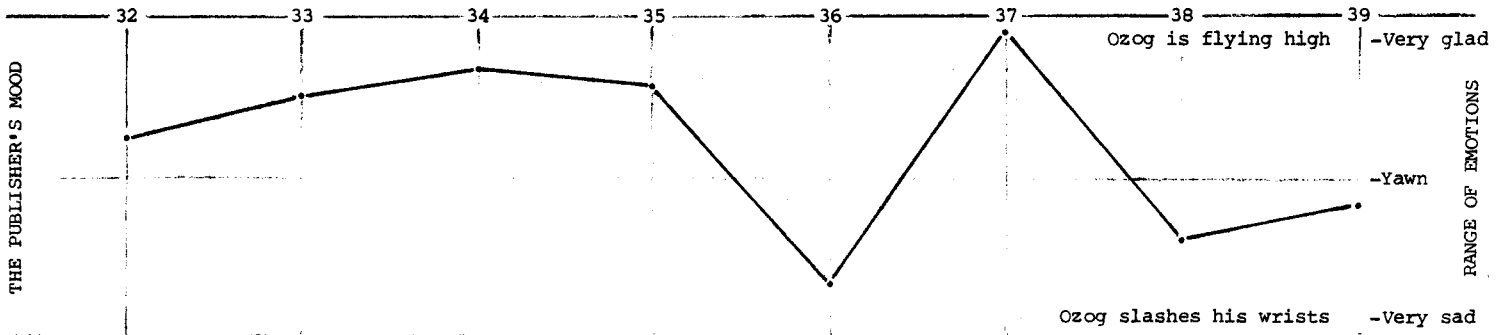


Direct participation means original material sent to me for expected publication.

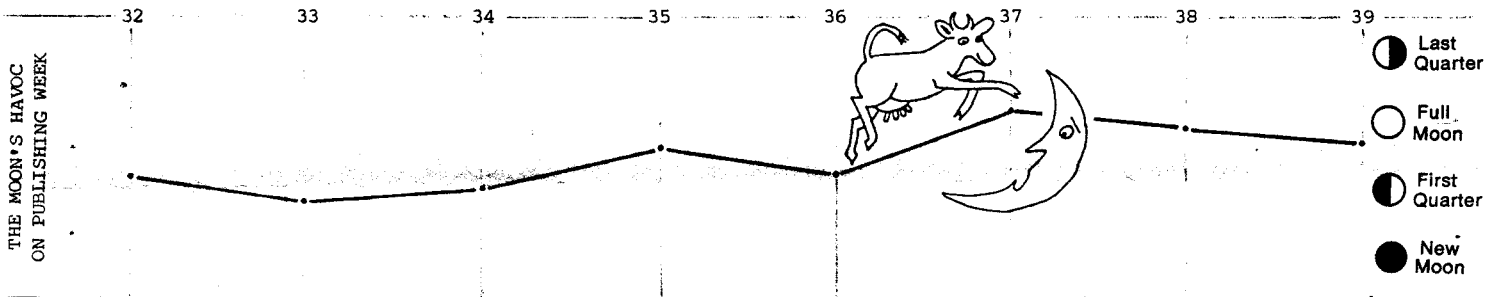


If graph drifts to 'Middle of the road', either the reaction of readers was apathy or hysterical opposites, which cancel one another out. Note that issue #34 generated extremes on both sides of the fence. In #39 the general opinion was 'screw the material, but I like the new format.'

DBM / 40



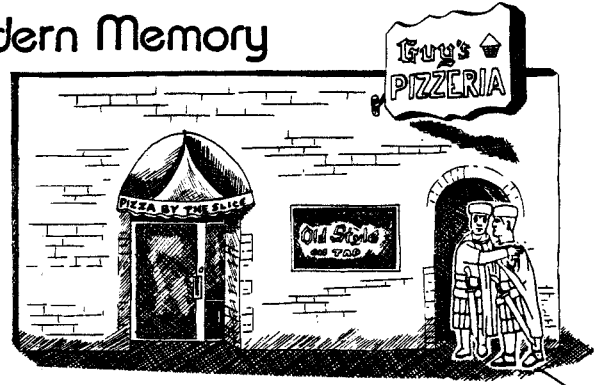
Note: 'Middle of the Road' means apathy only, no opposite extremes canceling one another out on this graph. I cannot be manic-depressive within the same issue of DBM. Well, I could, but for all practical purposes...also note #37: I'm broke, but happy. Downright giddy, I'd say.



Note the 5 week spread between issues #36 and 37 set DBM's publishing schedule dangerously close to the full moon, causing a tremendous burst of publisher energy in #37, then gradually caving in to publisher near-exhaustion in following issues. It will ease somewhat for #40, but a new round of full moons are forecast for #'s 41 and 42, with a close brush for #43. A full moon will fall on the September deadline. I hope I can hold out (gasp)...am I under siege! A revised mid-monthly schedule may be the answer, I must break this curse!

★★ "Danger Island" (1959) Peter Lorre, Jean Hersholt. Mr. Moto is pressed into service by the government to halt a Puerto Rican diamond-smuggling operation.

The Great War in Modern Memory



"HAVE A SLICE WHILE YOU SLICE UP EUROPE"

Many hours journey from Austin in we witnessed in the town of Milano, a city of Italian extant in our own times, a disaster. From what we could see from our carriage the year could not be far removed from our own, but, although we know the speech of Italy no citizen came forward to greet us as we went through the main street. We saw no inhabitants, only dozens of bodies decaying along the walks and boulevards and tightly shut houses. Such a sight rue us greatly. Had the hand of the Muslims rubbed out the face of humanity here?

And so it was.

After the last lap of our journey from Thebes, we arrived in Austin, home of our good friends Guy & Libby Hail, and their just blossoming pizza establishment. No Muslims here, only food and generosity fit for St. Stephen himself, with a warm fire surrounded by many kings' encouragements, the air filled with rich, historical conversation of such places and things as El Dorado (the city of jewels and gold), the Fungus Troopers who fight valiantly for the Pharaoh Ramses Koughlan, and the tale of the slaughter of Santa Claus by the Bandit Gardner.

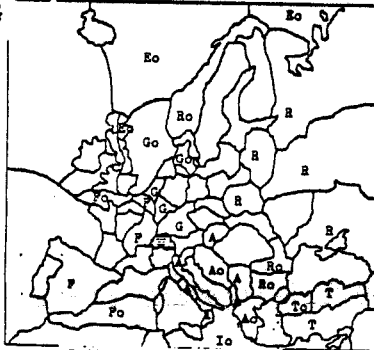
GWMM-- the only European zine in North America, published by: Guy & Libby Hail, 1103B Lorrain St, Austin, TX 78703
 "HISTORY, PHILOSOPHY & PIZZA, MANKIND'S AMBROSIA"

The Blood Stained 1981 IG Stagger to Victory

"The machine-gun is a even over-rated weapon and two a er battalion is more than sufficient."
 -Douglas Haig-

DEADLINE for Spring and Summer 1993 is Jan. 19th.

Austria conquers Italy. Whither Italy? England? French ambitions outback ordered at highest level last neutral occupied, will current alliances remain stable? Thank you all for getting your orders in on time despite the holidays!



Milanski
 A bul h (dsl, ann)
 P CON s a bul A SMY h
 A ANK h
 home MXI (3) even

Meinel
 A tyl-VEN, A tri-ALB
 P GRE s a tri-alb
 A ven-ROM.
 A SER s Rus f bla-bul(ec)
 home gre ser VEN ROM
 (7) builds F TRI, A VIE

Gosselin
 P bla-BUL(ec), A SEV s f rum
 P BUM s f bla-bul(ec),
 P NMY h, A STP s a nwy
 A nos-LIV
 home swe rum NMY BUL (8)
 builds A MOS, A WAR

Kestler
 P EAS/sny A tun-NAP
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Buddock
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Gorham
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 P ENGlon, P mid-WES
 A BEL s a bur
 home por bel SPA(6)
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Luigi
 A YORLon, P BAR/nwy
 P NRG s f bar-nwy
 P nth (dsl, r-EDI) f
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STUFFED PIZZA

	10"	12"	14"
	Small	Med	Large
Mozzarella.....	6.00	8.00	10.00
Extra Ingredient.....	.75	1.00	1.25

2 cont. on page 6

April 5th

John Boardman's Introduction (circa March 1981) to DBM's Fantasy Showcase

I see that the as yet anonymous sponsors of the "Eric Ozog" hoax have decided to give it up. Considering the poor judgement in releasing it on fandon in the first place, it is probably the best decision that Tretick, or Linsey, or Lakofka, or whoever, could have made. Ozog, fercrissake! It sounds like the name of an evil Martian high priest from a bad science-fiction pulp story of forty years ago. "'Saved!' cried the beautiful Fallopia, daughter of the eccentric Professor Barthelin, as she saw the stalwart spaceman Mike Deltoid charge through the cowardly horde of evil acolytes. 'Fallopia!' cried her here. 'Now I can take you back to Earth in my hypership!' He swept her into his arms, when they heard a sinister voice hiss, 'Not so fast, earthlings! You have not yet reckoned with me.' Turning in dismay, the heroic pair saw the evil high priest Ozog..."

Diplomacy By Moonlight's Fantasy Showcase

THE DREAM --by Eric Ozog (written April 1980)

They speak to you in riddles and all your senses are affected. Vivid colors, piercing sounds, and tepid smells accompany them. But they can be filled with terror, unleashing your deepest fears from the murky recesses of the mind. People have been known to die in their sleep from them, due to triggered heart attacks from unbearable stress and great physical pain. I talk of dreams. The great realm of the unconscious.

Invasion!

The invaders seemed to originate from nowhere. Yet, they came.

They were a ragged people, on ragged horses, and they had ragged weapons, crude swords and bows. But they were many, and with the element of surprise, they unleashed destruction upon the unsuspecting populace. And they seized a small portion of the southwestern United States and called it their own.

The mass-media chattered endlessly about the invasion; they haven't seen a good war in a long time, and they loved every minute of it. Cyrus Vance, Secretary of State, was interviewed. He claimed that,

"There is a genuine attack upon United States soil. The Indians number around a million and a half. We are now deciding how to contain them."

As I floated above the land, I saw there well-ordered camps. American citizens were either driven out, or killed.

Later, I saw an electronic screen with luminous colors. Pinpoints of light marked the positions of the Indians and their camps. I watched the television, a man with a pointer showed the area of the country affected, and what stretches of interstate highways that were closed down.

Since I was in a position of authority, I took a helicopter trip to the main Indian camp to try to reason with them. I had an armed escort with me.

Their enraged leader would not listen to me, a savage ruling a small strip of desolation. The Indian went into a trance-like state and stared into me, gathering his energy to a crest, his mind lashing out.

It hit me like the force of the wind and I staggered. The features of my face flushed with pain, burning with an invisible fire. My left eye melted in its socket and was gone.

Power and Cruelty

I returned to my home.

I felt a gaping void where my eye should have been. A black patch covered the hole.

My mother entered the room. "Son! Where have you been?" She then cried out, seeing my face, "My God! What has happened to you?"

I snapped back at her, saying, "My eye fell out, rolled around on the floor, and now it is lost." And I left.

I was riding on the open plains upon a horse, a loyal band of followers at my side. There was no indication to where we were going, nor what end we would meet, and we rode for many days to the point of exhaustion.

A woman shared my horse with me, and she was weeping. In all those days of travelling she clung to me, and her weeping never ceased. In fact, most of my followers were crying out in sorrow and grief. Perhaps we were driven from our homes. I became tired of the journey, and I wanted to see normally again. It would soon become a dangerous urge.

The following dawn, my want to retrieve all of my sight became unbearable. An immense surge of power and obsession seized me, and I turned to the woman I loved, focusing all my mental anguish upon her.

She screamed out in pain, my thought reaching and groping into her skull.

I stole her eyesight, and she had mine. An ugly scar was where the left eye should have been, destroying her beauty. And she cried.

We continued on our way, my full sight restored.

After a short time, my followers and I arrived at a long sloping bridge which myself and a friend began to climb. We saw a spectacular view of the Indian nation and all its magnificence. And I was going to usurp it.

As I stared at one of the villages, the events of the morning finally caught up with me, then sorrow and guilt took over. Tears welled up inside. I thought of the atrocity I committed against her, how terrible it was, for we loved one another. "What have I done?" I yelled out loud.

"Commander," said my friend, shaking me out of my skin, "John will be arriving with his battalion in a while. Shall we attack?"

I nodded.

Fruitless Leadership, Torture and Death

I walked down to the Indian village and entered a great tent. Their leader stared at me. "So you've returned. Had enough?"

"I'm here to unite our two peoples," I said evenly.

"Like you've done in the past?"

"You know I hate you!"

I knew the plan would be hopeless. Our few hundred could not possibly win against his thousands. An attack would be foolhardy.

He read my thoughts. "Unite? Liar!" He smiled. "Fool."

I drew out a short blade and attacked him. He didn't move away from my thrust, and the sword entered and I stabbed and stabbed again. His body was bloodied and filled with gore.

But he didn't die!

He retaliated, sending hatred and poison. I doubled over in pain from his thought. My own mind fought back valiantly,

DBM / 40

but I knew I was losing. The pain increased, wrenching the very fabric of my nerves apart.

"Why didn't you die?" I sobbed. My mind was failing.

"You know why," he laughed.

"You..." I barely managed my last words, "are immortal!"

He exclaimed triumphantly, "I'll torture you and torture you and won't let you die!"

Images raced through my mind. I hoped that he would spare what was left of my people, though I knew he would not.

My mental ability was declining, and my original half-eyesight returned to my then, because the illusion of full sight wore out as my mind wore out. A sense of peace filled me. I knew that my woman's eyes returned to her, and she could see again, the way it should have been.

I had to escape him, I drew out a belt knife, and I summoned enough strength so he could not control my own hand. I stabbed too high above my own heart.

"You missed!" he roared, while pressing a device against my ankle and my very flesh began to boil. "Heh, heh, suicide?"

I was not going to be trapped in his eternal hell. A grim resolve possessed me, and this time the blade struck home, I took my own life. The world as I knew it would be no more.

I escaped.

THE COMEDIAN --by Paula Ozog (written January 1980)

The comedian leaned back in his seat on the train and thought, "It will be awhile until I get to that town so I may as well relax. It will give me some time to think up some good jokes and stories to tell when I get there." He was nervous about doing his act in that town. He had heard that it was an old-fashioned town that had not heard of modern entertainment. "Well," he thought, "I'll bring them into the world of modern entertainment, for I am one of the best."

As he gazed out the window, he thought back to when he was a boy and how he loved to make people laugh. "That will never change, even though my ego might," he thought with a smile. After all the funny things he did when he was a boy, he knew it would not be hard to get through to this little old-fashioned town.

It was still quite light outside, so he looked at the rolling farmland beyond the train he was on. It was a beautiful country, with its gold wheat fields, edged with bluish-gray mountains. He really liked the country even though he had lived in the city most of his life. "How peaceful it must be to wake in the morning to the sounds of birds instead of cars and noise. And to smell fresh air instead of smog. I shall enjoy staying out here."

About an hour later the train slowed to a stop. This was where he got off. He got his bags and stepped off the train. There was no one to meet him, nor did he expect someone. The town looked old-fashioned, just as he had heard. He found a hotel and got a room. After he had put his bags away, he went to look for a place to eat. To his surprise, he found a small cafe he liked quite well. He sat down and ordered.

"The people look fine enough, but they seem sort of gloomy about something. Maybe a good laugh will pick up their spirits." He stood up and started to tell one of the funniest stories he ever knew. No one laughed. He understood. They might not have understood. "After all, this is modern humor." He then told a very old joke that he thought they might know, but no one laughed or even looked up. He thought this very strange. This was the first time he had ever failed to make people laugh. Usually he only tells one joke and people laugh.

Now he started to get nervous. He told more jokes and even made some up. He told more and more, and he felt something he had never felt before in front of an audience. He could not quite detect it. He only saw the stupid people not even smiling, only looking at him as if he was a madman. He felt the same feeling again, only this time he knew what it was. Anger. Without realizing it, he yelled out loud,

"Why don't you people laugh?!"

Suddenly, he heard a laugh! But it was nothing like he had ever heard before. He whirled around and saw a man standing there. The man laughed again and said,

"Silly fool. How can you be so clever and yet be so ignorant? They do not laugh because they are robots."

THE MESSAGE --anonymous (written November 1979)

(Originally appeared in Tony Watson's Ruritania #60, sent to DBM from Gary Coughlan)

(The following was found hobbing in a bottle in the Adriatic off the coast of Trieste. Knowing that I am interested in wargaming in all its forms, the finder sent it to me. I cannot vouch for its authenticity.)

The Message:

Whoever finds this, take warning.

I was once a carefree college student. When not attending classes or doing homework, I amused myself by participating in role-playing games such as Dungeons and Dragons. This is a game where you pretend you are entering a dungeon in the quest of treasure. You encounter monsters such as the dreaded multi-armed Schlickbeast [Bruce Schlickbernd] (each arm holds a dagger that can only strike at the back of its victim). Then there is the multi-bodied Oaktick [Bernie Oaklyn]. Also the horrible Fangmaster [Don Horton] which turns from a goul to a monster in the light of a full moon. And so on. I also played a similar game called "Traveller" which is the same except the monsters are found on other planets instead of in the basement. I enjoyed these very much but I always had an open mind for something different.

My undoing came when I ran into a stranger at LunaCon. He told me how much I would enjoy a game called "Diplomacy." He gave me the address of a gameshop where I could go to get into a game. I had heard something of Diplomacy but was always told the difficulty was getting seven people together to play. The stranger assured me that I could get into a game at this gameshop.

I proceeded to the seamy side of town and after a bit of looking, saw a sign that simply said "Gameshop." This was the place.

The proprietor was a gnarled little man and it surprised me to learn that he already knew why I was there.

"You want into a game of Diplomacy, do you?" he told me. "Come over here to the box." He opened the box, took out the mapboard and unfolded it. I looked at it. "Do I get a choice of countries?" I asked.

"This game is a role-participant game and your position is assigned."

I started to tell him that I had never heard that Diplomacy was a role-playing game. But, suddenly, he stepped behind me and pushed me into the game. Instinctively I threw my hands out to break my fall. Expecting to hit the table, I was surprised that I kept falling and landed on a brick surface.

I was immediately conscious of murmuring voices. I looked up and was startled to see that I was in Saint Mark's Square

April 5th

in Venice. Everything was much as I remembered it when I visited several years ago. There were two major differences. Everybody's clothes had a turn-of-the-century look about them and, where the Santa Maria della Salute church should be, set a huge green cube.

Before I could reflect on the incredibility of my new situation, someone came up to me shouting, "Are you the new player? Come on, it's time to move."

Before I could say a word, he grabbed my arm and hurled me to a gondola. As we were paddling toward the green cube, he gave me the only explanation I ever got. "You don't do anything but push the 'move' or 'hold' buttons. The seven madmen give the orders."

We reached the cube and he shoved me through a small door near the bottom. I climbed up a ladder and entered what appeared to be a control room. The furnishings consisted of a chair, two buttons marked 'move' and 'hold.' There was a small window and a prism-mirror arrangement that allowed me to see the view on all four out-facing sides of the cube. There was also a screen that had the word, "Move Venice to Trieste" on it. I sat down in the chair and with a 'What the Hell' attitude, pressed the 'move' button.

With blinding speed the cube left Venice and skimmed rapidly over the countryside. In the distance a city was looming larger and larger. I can only assume it was Trieste. Then, suddenly, a red cube appeared and was heading right towards me. We hit head on. The force of the collision knocked me out of my chair but I was unhurt.

I glanced at the mirror-prism. The cube was retracing its steps. In the rear Venice was approaching. In a twinkling, I and the cube were situated in the same spot in Venice from whence we started. The order screen had gone blank. I sat staring at it, trying to catch my breath and to figure out what was happening to me.

The screen blinked into life again with the same words "Move Venice to Trieste." Almost against my will I press the 'move' button.

The previous performance seemed to repeat itself...to a point. As I approached Trieste again, the red cube was heading towards me. I braced myself for the shock that was every bit as visiolous as the last time. Once again I and the cube roared backwards, Venice approached, but this time on the site of the Santa Maria della Salute church where I had been at rest a few minutes ago, sat a blue cube. I was in for another shock. This time it was much worse. Just as my cube was about to collide with the blue cube, another blue cube appeared from the south and a black cube appeared from the north. The three of them whacked into me simultaneously and sent me spinning out over the countryside. I carromed out of control down the coastline of Italy.

Looming up in the distance, and I was approaching it rapidly, was another green form. This was not a cube but an elongated green box. A friend at last, I thought. However, I suddenly changed direction as if I were repelled by the long box which was resting quietly in coastal waters.

The next thing I knew I was in the middle of the Adriatic. Even though my cube was made of wood, I sank like a rock. I'm now sitting here in a small pocket of air writing this last message. The air will be gone soon. I'll put this in a bottle and hope it finds its way to the surface to warn anyone who will pay attention.

Beware of anyone who knows of a little game shope where you can get into a "hot" game of Diplomacy. For the sane, there is no such thing as role-playing Diplomacy.

-end-

[Yes, put the message in the bottle for 'valuable information for those who may follow.' Good story! If we do a little bit of detective work and go back to Ruritania #60, I bet we could find the identity of this mystery writer. The writer is obviously a novice player who played Italy. He was pounced on by the Schlickbeast (Schlickbernd), Oaktick (Oaklyn) and the Fangmaster (Horton), all old pros to the game. The poor wretch! Look it up, Gary, and tell me what you find, and let's see if I guessed correct.]

DBM business and history, other local news

DIPLOMACY BY MOONLIGHT is published monthly by Eric Ozog, 1526 N Lawler Ave, Chicago, IL 60651. Phone (312) 237-4650 evenings
RATES: Readers- \$6.00/10 issues Standbies- \$5.00/10 issues Players of 1981 IK & IL- \$3.00/10 issues

This zine is reproduced on a 9500 Xerox at Acme Copy Corp. This Xerox machine is the best in the world. This zine is reduced at 77%, shrinking by 1/4, not as hard on the eyes, nice full margins and more room for material (a cross between the 'digest' and 'open page' formats). DBM's history is as follows:

Issues 1 thru 28, Oct 1979--Mar 1981, warehouse subzines of Claw & Fang and Le Front, average of two pages each

Issues 29 thru 31, May-July 1981, warehouse issues of two to three pages

Issue 32 August, Gen-Con East, 5 pages	36 December, Toady Backlash, 14 pages
33 September, Sandcastles, 8 pages	37 January 1982, Cats/Halloween, 22 pages
34 October, Toadies/Exposes, 16 pages	38 February, Oaklyn/Eckloff, 12 pages
35 November, St. Louis, 10 pages	39 March, Poland's Mess, 12 pages (photoreduced)

If anyone of you are wondering what 'Eastfold Vale' means, the Eastfold Vale (or simply called 'Eastfold') is a province of Rohan, a mythical land known for its rich grasslands and fine horses, created by J.R.R. Tolkien in Lord of the Rings. Rohan is located north of Gondor and south of Fangorn Forest, the home of the 'Ents.' No elves around here, their nearest realm being Lorien (The Golden Wood), a rough distance of 4 weeks steady riding. --And let us bow our heads in honor and remembrance to Theoden, the valiant king of Rohan who kept his word and came to his ally's flag in a time of crisis, only to die by the hand of the Lord of the Nazgul at the gates of Minas Tirith. Food for thought for the modern day diplomat.

Related hobby news:

1-- the 1982 zine directory is now ready. This directory has listings and some advertisements of all the dipzines in the known world, North America and Europe. This should be valuable to you local Chicagoans who want to break into the hobby mainstream. Send 75 cents to Mike Mills, 47 Mayer Drive, Suffern, NY 10901. If you get it, look for DBM's slick ad contained within (I don't think you could avoid missing it!)

2-- I first thought 'where the hell is Kalamazoo' but looked at a map and found it is only a 2-1/2 hour drive towards the sunrise. I and a small band of locals will make a pilgrimage to Kalamazoo, MI on April 17th for a wargamer's Con sponsored by the Kalamazoo Gaming Council. We'll be playing Diplomacy, of course. Our group will be staying at buddy Bill Becker's house and we intend on dealing death to a bunch of 'high school kids.' A write up of the events to follow in the May issue.

3-- Dave Gervais says the Chicago Wargamer's Association is having a convention to be held May 22nd--May 23rd. It should have

DBM / 40

a Diplomacy event, but details are still sketchy. At any rate, I'll show up. This is a good opportunity to get some more local Chicagoans to infiltrate the national postal hobby.

4-- Brad Johnson mentioned there'll be a wargamer's Con to be held at the River Forest, IL Community Center (June 18th--19th--20th) and he asked me to run the Diplomacy event. I'm much obliged, I'll do anything to bring some more toadies into my camp. Maybe I can become the big 'boss' of Chicago local Dip. All I have to do is rub out 'Big Bird' Lischett, 'Pops' Osuch and Jim 'Why is he hiding' Benes.

5-- It looks that Mid-West Con will have a good turnout, but there are a lot of undecideds out there. Remember, it is guaranteed that YOU WILL HAVE FUN! St. Louis was a Con to remember, this will be the same. Thanks to the publishers who have announced the Con, even though it was unasked for (by an oversight on my part). And if anyone out there knows someone who may be tempted to come, by all means tell them.

One final note, the hex map on the front cover was drawn by me, way back when when I was into game designing. The game 'Imperialism' would have a good industrial/military/economic system, with different grade armies, naval units, aircraft, bases, nukes, factories, natural resources, rail lines/road networks, ect. Diplomacy would play an important role. There would be several neutrals which the Imperialist powers could take over/fight over by using covert or military action. It had a fascinating set of basic rules concepts, but the final design never was done. All the pieces and unfinished maps sit in a drawer. Alas! For I know the bugs could have been worked out. No time to do it.

OZOG II 1979 IX, Spring 1912: Apathy strikes Europe

ENGLAND [Stafford] f por H, f bre H

FRANCE [Nelson] a pic-bre, f mid-spa/sc, f mar S f mid-spa/sc, a bur S f mar, a bud-tri

ITALY [Lischett] f spa/sc H, f wes H, a ven H, a tus H, f rom H

RUSSIA [Oaklyn] f nat-mid, f lvp-iri, f nse-enc, f edi-nse, a gas S f lyo-spa/sc, f lyo-spa/sc, a par-pic, a tyo-ven, a gal-vie, a war-gal, a mos-ukr, a ser-bul, f bla U H, f rum S f bla, a sev S a ank-arm, a ank-arm

TURKEY [Sherwood] f tri H, f bul/sc H, f con H, f smy H, f arm H D R A

The DEADLINE for Fall 1912 is Friday May 7th. Note this is a 5 week spread. Also, remeber my houserules state that if there is no meaningful exchange of supply centers for three game years, I will declare a draw between the five of you.

OZOG III 1981 IK, Fall 1902: Russia is the big loser

SUMMER RETREATS

RUSSIA a stp R mos TURKEY a bul R con

FALL MOVES

AUSTRIA [Reynolds] a bul S a ser-rum D R A, a bud S a ser-rum, a ser-rum, f gre S a bul, a gal-ukr

ENGLAND [Ashley] f bar S a stp, a stp H, a nwy-swe, f nse-ska

FRANCE [Duke] f mid H, a gas S a spa-mar, a bur S a spa-mar, a spa-mar

GERMANY [Tallman] f den-bal, a kie S f den-bal IMP, a ber-pru, a sil-war, a hol-bel

ITALY [Palter] a mar S f wes-spa/sc D R A, f wes-spa/sc, a pie S a mar, f tus-lyo, f tyn-tun

RUSSIA [Stafford] a mos-sev, a war-gal, f bot-bal, a rum-ser D R A, f bla S TUR a con-bul

TURKEY [Burgess] a con-bul, a ank-con, a arm-sev, f aeg-gre

SUPPLY CENTERS

AUSTRIA -5-	vie bud tri ser gre RUM	(6) Build 2	(1 annihilation Fall '02)
ENGLAND -4-	edi lvp lon nwy SWE STP	(6) Build 2	
FRANCE -4-	bre par MAR spa por	(4) Even	
GERMANY -5-	kie ber mun den hol BEL WAR	(7) Build 2	
ITALY -5-	ven rom nap tun mar SPA	(5) Build 1	(1 annihilation Fall '02)
RUSSIA -5-	stp war mos sev rum	(2) Remove 2	(1 annihilation Fall '02)
TURKEY -4-	con ank smy bul	(4) Even	

The DEADLINE for Winter 1902 AND Spring 1903 is Friday May 7th. I will grant a seperation of seasons if I get two requests in favor of it, as per my houserules. Regardless, write your Spring orders conditional on the Winter builds and removals.

(England--World) The PM today announced that the state candy company, Whitehall Sugars, will introduce a new candy shortly. Called "Russian Munch", the PM confidently predicted the candy would be so popular that there would not be enough to go around.

(Paris) President Boutheir today announced the command of the French military to Stevier Dukee. "We will drive the Italian dogs back into the sea, and crush them for their foolish attack. I will not rest until all of France is liberated and the Italian dog is dead."

(Germany to the game) Well guys, no one can accuse us of being boring. The bozos out there who'll ignore our board position and try to just read the press will never realize what an interesting one they've got here.

(Germany to Russia) OK, I'm ready for surprises.

Germany to England) Hope you wore your long johns. This looks to be a long, cold job.

(Germany to the game again) Quite frankly I can't come up with anything rude to say to anyone yet. Does this mean I'll never become a big time dip player?

April 5th

OZOG IV 1981 IL, Winter/Spring 1903: Turkey down the tubes?

AUTUMN RETREATS

GERMANY a mun R ber, a hol R kie TURKEY f bla R ank

WINTER ADJUSTMENTS

AUSTRIA (5) Build a tri, a bud GERMANY (3) Remove f nse, f den TURKEY (4) Even
ENGLAND (5) Build f edi ITALY (5) Build f nap
FRANCE (4) Even RUSSIA (7) Even

SPRING MOVES

AUSTRIA [Shreve] a vie S a tri-tyo, a tri-tyo, a bud H, a ser-bul, f gre S a ser-bul
ENGLAND [O'Donnell] f enc-lon, f edi S f bel-nse, f bel-nse, f hol-kie, f nwg H
FRANCE [Gervais] f mid-enc, f wes-spa/sc, a tyo S a bur-mun D R boh,pie,otb, a bur-mun
GERMANY [Johnson] a kie S a ruh-mun, a ber S a ruh-mun, a ruh-mun
ITALY [Kaplan] a mun-bur D R boh,sil,otb, f tyn-lyo, f aeg-ion, a rom-ven, f nap-tyn
RUSSIA [Amstadt] f bla S f sev-arm, f sev-arm, a rum S AUS a ser-bul, a ukr S a rum, f bar S f ska-nwy, f ska-nwy, a nwy-swe
TURKEY [Glass] a con S a bul, a bul S a con D R A, f ank-bla, f smy-aeg

The DEADLINE for Fall 1903 is Friday May 7th. The GM's phone is 237-4650.

(Vienna) In a recent audience, his holiness, the Emperor of Austria, Defender of Hungary and Grand Wazoo of Tyrolia, voiced his surprise at rumors of war with Turkey. "Why, the Turk & I are just pretending to be hostile. He is such a warm & wonderful soul."

(Vienna again) A howling mob, entirely masquerading as Austrian soldiers broke into the Turkish embassy, tarred and feathered the Turkish ambassador, rode him to Trieste on a rail and threw him into a cattle boat bound for Turkey. As an afterthought they returned to burn down the embassy. Viennese police were unable to apprehend the culprits.

(Rome to Paris) You are right, I have to decide which way to go. You are picked, you lucky dog. Thanks for the help in '02.



Rod Walker and his concubine

Letters, Letters and Letters

ROD 'KING PIN' WALKER (January 15)

Dear Eric, DBM 37 arrived today, lovable as usual. A very infectious zine, actually, and, if I may say so, getting better all the time. The repro is stunningly good-looking.

I wish to protest, in the strongest possible terms, the skimpy listing of toadies with which I have been provided. That is a pitiful showing for the amount of work I have put in on this hobby. I should think I ought to have a couple of dozen at least. Certainly more than Bloodsucker! Hm! If Kathy can be Bloodsucker, then I ought to be...well, we'll let that pass. But in any event, if seniority counts for anything these days, you ought to give me a few more toadies.

And better ones. I mean, Linsey and Berch, for God's sake??? You mean I can't have quality toadies, like Gemignani, Tretick, Masters, and Ozog? I'm crushed. And I certainly don't want any left-over Boardman toadies. Obviously this entire question needs rethinking.

[Yes masser, right away, sir! Anything you want is yours. My zine is your zine. My toadies are your toadies. You only have to say the word and I will jump to your every whim. You want Gemignani, Tretick and Masters? They're all yours!]

Holowe'en is not the only holiday which allows one to go in costume. We have a Bah-Humbug Party every year in nearby Oceanside just before Christmas. The affair includes a real dead Xmas tree with broken ornaments, a lynching of S. Claus in effigy, and costumes. I've gone as Scrooge, the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come, Herod the Great, and this year as the witch from Hansel & Gretel, complete with a basket of gingerbread cookies. Next year, The Snow Queen. (Friends observe my beard may be a problem, since if I shave it off again I will lose my Happy Home; but there is no problem; I'll just put glitter in it.)

Enclosed is a hobby first...actual photographs of His Majesty Herod I Magnus, along with a couple of family snapshots with His daughter-in-law Herodias

(no, that is not Salome). It was a fun party; several small children were skewered, toasts were drunk to the Grinch, and some of my own Christmas carols were sung:

O little town of Bethlehem, How still we see thee lie;
And while ye soft and dreamless sleep, King Herod's drawing nigh.
Good King Wenceslas looked out Upon the feast of Stephen.
The goodly Saint lay round about, Baked brown and crisp and even....

Next year we will be doing some of P.D.Q. Bach's marvellous holiday songs (Throw the Yule Long On Uncle John, O Little Town of Hackensack, and of course Good King Kong) for mixed chorus and kazoos.

Ha! And you thought DBM was even close to absurd??? --Best, Kingpin

[Of course nobody can possibly match your absurdity, your Majesty. You are the best, you are the top toad! Oh kind Sir, can I kiss your feet? Wash your car? --I like the idea of the Anti-Christmas party. Rod Walker likes to have fun too!]

DBM / 40

DAVID REYNOLDS REVEALS A NEW SCANDAL

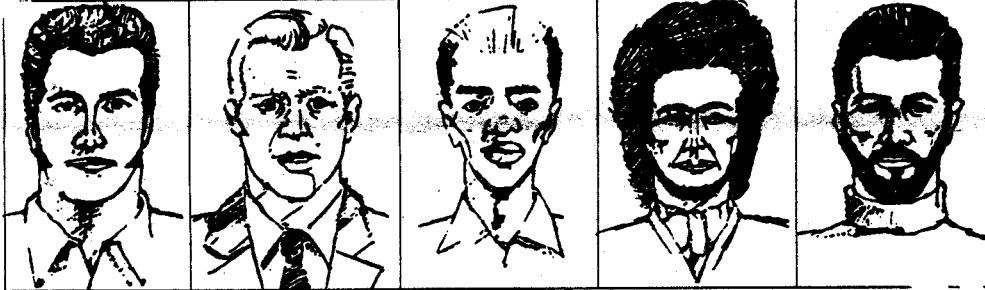
Dear Eric, As you know, I have for a long time been urging you to come clean, drop all these pseudonyms, and unveil your true identity. I am now delighted to see that you have done it, and done it with class, by publishing your birth certificate at the masthead of DBM.

Now you must tell us why you changed the respectable name of Kane to "Eric M. O'Zog". I realize that it is merely an anagram for "Crime Gozo", but why give yourself away like that? Are you saying that publishing DBM is a crime? Maybe.

Also, we must be a little bit more careful about details. On page III [issue 36] you say "[Expletive deleted] I'm only 20 years old...", but anyone with a pocket calculator can figure from your birth certificate that you have not yet seen your sixteenth birthday (unless you are Chinese, in which case, seventeen).

Now, I have been playing postal Diplomacy for a long time, at least six months, and there is little that escapes the shrewd eyes of us veterans. And I have to tell you that when you talk about toadies and pseudonyms of Boardman, you are a little bit off the mark.

The fact is that the Boardman operation has been infiltrated by a gang of goons from England, under the pretext of giving out the Boardman numbers, once a legitimate operation but now a mere front, their real purpose is to decide who is going to win and, more importantly, who is going to get the credit for winning. This hit squad numbers about seven, and each month they meet clandestinely under assumed names at a fictitious address to give out the good numbers and decide who is going to play, under an alias, in what games. A confidential source observed their last meeting and made sketches of several of them, which I have secured and enclose below.



Lorber

Caruso

Halpern

Byrne

Lischett

off to London, to the Playboy Club and other gambling establishments which take wagers on these games. As proof, I enclose an actual un-retouched photo of actual un-touched Bunnies learning how to plot a game. Byrne is on the left. Coughlan is in the center and Olsen is in drag.

The next, inevitable, step will be bribery and corruption! And that is why I write to you at this time. Anyone approach-ed by one of these people should get in contact with me, giving a frank account and handing over the proceeds, which I will place in a legal fund for truly needy players.

--D.J. Reynolds



Berch Clones visit Olsen after he leaves Le Front

--Mark Lew

ERIC M. OZOG

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Your subscription ends with issue COURTESY

I come charging out of my mind and into your wallet --Jim Williams

