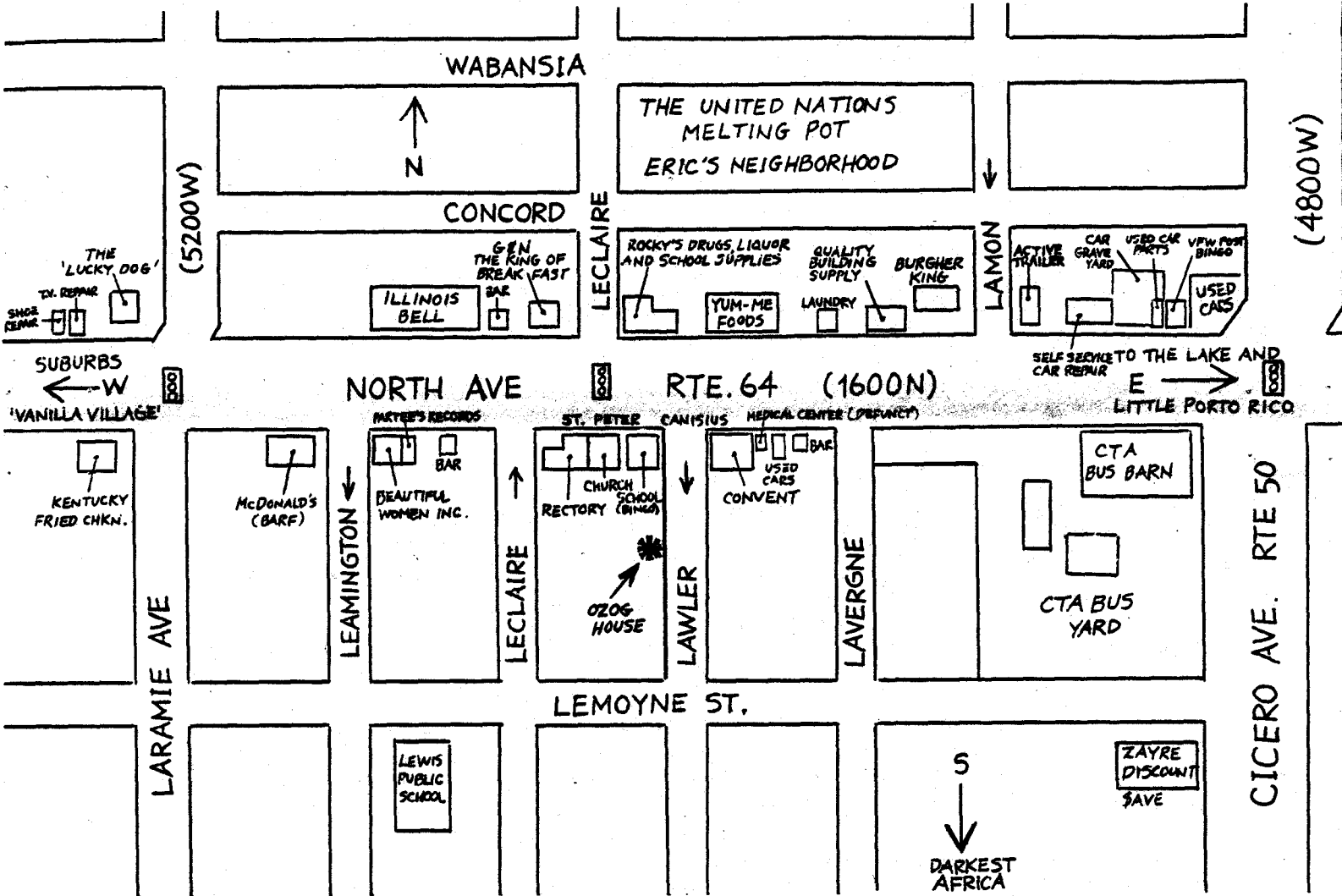


DIPLOMACY BY MOONLIGHT

Circulation: 51

Letters and Kons Issue, but first...



The Status of the Neighborhood Report

We the Ozogs came to this area in late 1968, for a West suburban crackerbox was out of our price range and we were unwilling to sacrifice our standard of living on the cross of high mortgage payments. So we settled in Austin, ignoring the real estate agent who said this neighborhood would be gone in 5 years. He was wrong of course, it would take roughly twice that long before the significant racial changes would take place, that mainly due to the sluggish economy. But it was inevitable to happen. The vice president of Community Savings and Loan (financer of our 20 year mortgage) told my father once,

"It's like a big wave. If I were you, I'd haul ass out of there."

Of course he'll say that, wanting to panic us, he's only making a lousy 6% off of us, bankers' chicken feed.

We stayed where we were. We watched most of the white families we knew move to the suburbs, the white flight syndrome. It usually happens with the first white selling to blacks, most follow suit, the real estate offices successfully 'bust the block'. White flight intrigues me. Whites fear blacks moving in, so whites move. Damned stupid if you ask me. Solution: whites don't move out, blacks can't move in. (One other interesting point, we've witnessed 'white flight' on the south side of North Ave, the north side seems somewhat stable for the moment. It seems that major streets act as barriers for a time, just like Division Street which divided white and black back in the 60's.)

The net result? I cannot complain nor predict gloom and doom, nor am I racially prejudiced. I'd say this is a more racialy balanced area than most. Although whites are the minority and blacks the majority, there has been a great influx of Asiatic/Oriental and Latinos in this area. Hey, we have a third world mini UN here!

The people who have moved in this neighborhood in the last 5 years have brought their families, families provide stability. For a while the sidewalks were empty because of the white flight vacuum, now Lawler Avenue is active with playing kids once again, it's good to see again. Kids are the best way for neighbors to get to know each other. There is some initial shyness and caution at the moment, relations cordial and polite.

As far as 'ghettoization' is concerned, I consider it unlikely, these are middle class families who want a better life, they are not at the poverty level.

What about higher crime? I doubt any such crime would be caused from the people who live here, if I may quote a neighbor who disciplined his kid (who threw a stone through one of our windows a number of years back) and said:

"Don't do that around here, go mess up somebody else's neighborhood."

The main problems of crime originate from vagrants and their associated rabble from the poorer areas to the south and east.

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They have become increasingly mobile too. Crime in the Austin area was down by a quarter last year compared with rises in the burbs. Generally, there's better stuff to steal out in the suburbs. In this neighborhood though, the elderly must be careful of punks, the old are the easy targets. If you're younger and strong, you won't be bothered.

In conclusion, I think we the Ozogs can count on relative peace and stability in our neighborhood for a few years to come, providing there isn't an economic collapse or something on that level. Count on major civil unrest if that happens. I recognize it's no fairylane out there though, it can't hurt to keep a watchful eye and tighten security somewhat. I have allocated funds for defense spending, had an alarm and lock system installed in my car. I put too much money into it for it to be stolen by some villain. That's right everybody, peace through strength! (Didn't Reagan say that?)

NOTES AND MAP EXPLANATIONS

1. This area before my time used to be a suburb of Chicago, called Austin, until the City of Chicago annexed it. See what good it did us!
2. Most of those blank spaces on the map contain single family brick and frame bungalows and two-flats. The Ozog house was built around 1920 and cost \$8000 back then.
3. 'The Lucky Dog' (a fast food restaurant) was named after Scott Lawryn's dog Lucky, who passed away in 1979.
4. Nor-Claire Pharmacy, or commonly called 'Rocky's' was recently expanded when the old man died and his son borrowed a lot of money to make it all happen. It's fun to see long lines of people waiting for lottery tickets.
5. Beautiful Women, Inc is NOT a whore house, rather, it is a beauty supplies wholesale outlet. This area is not respectable as of yet to support such an establishment.
6. Yum-Me Foods used to be called Jewel, the Chicago based supermarket chain, until Jewel pulled out, going for the mega-bucks with their megamarkets 'Jewel Grand Bazaars' to the east and northwest. Now, Mr. Yum has taken over with his Korean faction. He is so successful he opened a second store on the East Side.
7. Use this handy-dandy map when you come to MID-WEST CON. The main Diplomacy gaming will start on Saturday the 15th at 12:00 noon, my house. A few of us will probably get together on Friday night also.
8. For the people hanging around on Sunday, more gaming can take place if so desired, at Andy Lischett's house. Maps will be handed out on Saturday. Because of the lack of time involved, those games will probably be gunboat. Also it would be nice to show some people around town who want to see the sights. I'm willing to play tour guide. And for those who want a quick trip home, I can push you off the Sears Tower at no extra charge.
9. Remember to enter Lawler Ave from North Ave. My house is the 6th one down, right hand side, it has dark brick, white trim and red shingles a big tree sits in front. The address is clearly marked.

THE KONS

The following is a personal view of Rusnak Cons I & II. It does not reflect the view of the management.

RUSNAK CON I & II (OR THE JOY OF MIDNITE PIZZA) by Chuck Kaplan

As someone only recently introduced to DBM, I naturally was curious about the people behind the names appearing in the zine. When Russ Rusnak decided to host a FTF Diplomacy game one Saturday (Feb. 20), I was game. Russ²nak lives in a far off backwater called Burbank. As the only civilized spots in the Chicago area lie within two miles of the lake or north of the city limits, I had no inkling where Burbank was, only that Johnny Carson never visited there. Russ² informed me that all I had to do was go south on Interstate 294 until a pothole swallowed my car, and take a left.

With these easy-to-follow directions I arrived promptly at four o'clock. Immediately, I became concerned. Russ²'s pupils were dilated, while the only other person present, Paul Rauterberg, had a totally vacant expression. Typical drug scene. Only it was not drugs but monsters, "Godzilla vs. The Smog Monster" to be exact, which were producing these profound physiological effects. Russ²'s eyes remained glued to the T.V., occasionally muttering words like "kill", "maim", "blood", "classic action", "pow", ect., so Paul and I talked. He mentioned that he had been shopping at the U. of Chicago bookstore. "Another pseudo-intellectual," I thought, "he has to be attacked during the game."

Eventually the others trickled in. For a while, we watched Russ² watch Godzilla literally kick the garbage out of the Smog Monster. Once Tokyo was saved for another week, the game started. The line up: England- Eric Ozog, France- Russ², Germany- Dwayne Shreve, Italy- Walter Lischett, Russia- Rauterberg, Austria- Andy Lischett, Turkey- myself.

For reasons mentioned above, I had already decided to attack Russia. With Andy's cooperation the attack started well. However, an Anglo-French alliance was sweeping east. Since Paul turned out to be a good fellow despite his intellectual pretensions, we made peace. Soon, it was clear our alliance would sweep the board.

[Editor's note: The Rus/Tur alliance did not 'sweep the board'. After my one center stab of Dwayne's Germany, he went over to the Rauterberg camp, firmly anti-English. I couldn't make him pro-Ozog again, thus I engineered his destruction in '03, despite Rauterberg's assistance. Then came time to deal with Rauterberg. He had been building fleets like crazy, all of them on the south coast of St. Pete. They wormed their way up to English holdings and it was tough fighting between us for a time, but eventually Rauterberg collapsed in the north. All this time Russnak and I did not doublecross each other. A wonder. The game ended in a draw, E/F/T and perhaps A. Also, the two Lischetts could not seem to work together.]

By then, it was close to midnight. I had celebrated each conquest with another beer or two. We decided to go to a local pizza parlor two blocks away. Being a confirmed suburbanite, I volunteered to drive but the others wanted to walk. There, we ate pizza, drank more beer and discussed the issues of the day: Poland, the draft, the advantages of FTF, where to meet women etc. Russ² gave an inspired impromptu dissertation on the attributes of the better half. Other issues may have been discussed but my recollection of events starts to lapse around then. On the way back, most of us overcame the icy, rough terrain, but Paul (sorry to mention this, Paul) made a most graceful rear entrance into a puddle to the entertainment of all. Once inside, we decided to adjudicate the game as Andy and Walter were to leave. I think Paul, Andy and myself were victorious, but I'm not sure.

Anyway, we started a second game: Russ²- England, Paul- France, Eric- AH, Dwayne- Russia, Mark Luedi- Italy and myself- Turkey. As Dwayne appeared to be even more buzzed than myself, I decided to stab him early. Unfortunately, Eric stabbed me as well and things went bad. At 4:30, Dwayne and I conceded defeat to Eric, Mark and Paul over Russ²'s strenuous objections. By 5:00 I was on the road, heading for civilization, anticipating another Sunday afternoon headache.

[Eric here. The second game was short by one, Germany became the wild country, controlled by anyone who drew the one black block out of the box at the beginning of each season. As for Dwayne, he was on his 'vendetta kick', he attacked me at the start while Kaplan laughed and said he didn't want to play the same game as the first (when he allied with Austria). That

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told me I'd have a Kaplan on my back sooner or later. Somehow I managed to convince him he could not rely on a drunk czar as a good ally. He believed it, stabbed Dwayne, then I stabbed him. So I was up against Russia and Turkey for the duration, it was a good cat fight for a while, me not getting any real assistance from Luedi until '04, when Italian fleets would break Kaplan's back. Until then, I slugged it out on my own, clawing out Shreve's guts (for the second time that evening), then chasing Kaplan out of Bulgaria. It sure helped me out by leaving the board and listening secretly to Kaplan/Shreve strategy in Rusnak's walk-through closet. Rauterberg tattled on me though. And it seemed that Kaplan/Shreve sobered up in the end when they saw they were about to lose. Mark Luedi is ultra reliable, but is a stubborn SOB. Meaning, if he gets one thing in his mind, he will follow one strategy for the entire game and won't deviate from it, nothing you can tell him will get him to change course.]

A month later I was at the same place for another FTF game. Six of us talked, played Risk (won by Pete Ashley, the one newccomer), and generally had a good time. The game proved inconclusive. As Austria, I stabbed Turkey three times, Russia once and, in turn, was stabbed by Turkey twice. Again we interrupted play to walk (!) to the pizza parlor and chat. Russ² proposed making this event monthly or bi-monthly. At the time it sounded like a good idea. It still does, but more participants are needed.

The only moral is if one is to play FTF after midnight, don't eat the anchovies.

[That game at Rusnak Kon II was an absolute disaster for me as France. I really caught my cookies on that one, well deserved. I was stuck between the conniving Peter Ashley in England (he always looks for the better deal and changes alliances at the drop of a hat) and Rusnak's Italy (my equal in all counts, including notoriety). I didn't do anything to establish trust between Italy and France, I'd move to the West Med, Lyon, then move back, build a fleet in Mar and move it the other way, all that good stuff. Germany was again the wild country, there being only six of us. That wild Germany would cause endless headaches for me. I was allied with Ashley, but I knew the deviant would turn on me. He did. I was chopped up between the two. Being a poor sport I went on my usual pirate crusade. Since I was screwed I had to do some screwing myself. I chose Lischett's Russia to screw.

I had an army bordering on Warsaw and a fleet in the Barents that miraculously slipped through Ashley's forces. The fleet was eliminated but I still had the army. Andy said to me,

"What are you doing with it? I need to go somewhere else, not bounce you."

"I won't take Warsaw. Believe me," I lied to his face (quote Dwayne Shreve, who won't play FTF anymore),

He believed me. Warsaw became French. Andy later helped me back into Germany against Ashley. Andy's a nice guy.

[Chuck forgot to mention when he dumped a partially consumed bottle of beer on Rusnak's head. You see, Rusnak is such an arrogant loud-mouth that Kaplan couldn't take it anymore.]

RUSNAK KON II's PLAY LIST --by Russ Rusnak

Boston-----Boston	Martin Mull-----I'm Everyone I Ever Loved
Dave Mason-----Certified Live	Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention-----Over-Night Sensation
Crosby & Nash-----Wind on the Water	Tommy James and the Shondells-----The Best Of
Charlie Daniels-----Million Mile Reflections	Allman Brothers Band-----Wipe the Windows, Check the Oil Dollar Gas
Rare Earth-----Rare Earth in Concert	Grateful Dead-----The Best of Skeletons From the Closet
Al Stewart-----Year of the Cat	Blue Oyster Cult-----On Your Feet or On Your Knees
Jefferson Starship---Spitfire	
Alice Cooper-----Greatest Hits	
Jethro Tull-----Living in the Past	
Frank Zappa-----Just Another Band From L.A.	

KAL-KON IN KALAMAZOO MICHIGAN --Russ Rusnak

On Saturday 4/17 I was lucky enough to make it up to Kalamazoo for the Kal Con. It turned out to be quite a gaming success for the Kalamazoo wargamers since they had over 100 people in attendance. It was also a personal success since I was since I was lucky enough to win the FTF game that I played in. My biggest pleasure of all however was that I had the distinct honor of meeting the hobby-wide renown Bill Becker, now I can see why a well known lady from New York has nicknamed him Bozo.

Now to pat myself on the back and write a few words about my win. The roster consisted of Marion Bates as Austria, Jim Waters as France, Alan Vliet as Germany, Bob Travis as Italy, Eric Clason as Turkey, myself as England and Richard White, Joe Hawthorn then Bob Travis as Russia. The game started with me attacking France, Russia and Turkey attacking Austria, Italy moving on Turkey and Germany refusing to take sides. After 3 years Austria had fallen to the Russian/Turkish alliance while I had reached a peace agreement with France. Together and along with Russia we attacked Germany. Before this alliance had gone very far the Turks had destroyed Italy and Germany, France and England stood against the oncoming Russian/Turkish alliance. After 1906 the Russians turned on the Turks while the English attacked the French and Germans and eventually when I felt strong enough the Russians as well and in 1909 I won on a concession, courtesy of Russia, Germany and Turkey. [Whew!]

I would however like to commend the people in this game on how well they took being stabbed. (Far better than the temper tantrums I throw.) I should mention that Germany, France and Italy were high school students who were also the beneficiaries of most of the stabs. They acted with a kind of maturity (or else they were stoned) that I don't often see in the post-al games I am involved in or even more importantly the hobby feuds that seem to be constantly erupting.

Another thing that was kind of strange was playing FTF in a shopping mall. I kept looking at the people walking past and wondering what they were thinking when they heard someone yelling "Hey Turkey let's talk." I must admit I was conscious of a couple of people giving us strange looks wondering when the men in the white suits would come to pick us up. By the same token I felt really good about a total stranger coming up to me and asking me seriously about the game as well as the hobby itself. Another high point about playing in a mall was staring at all the attractive girls, Kalamazoo has far more than its share.

I was unlucky enough to be called as a standby in the in the other game just in time to concede to Eric Ozog as France. I was truly disappointed at the lack of guts the Kalamazoo contingent showed in this game. After 1906 Eric was up to 12 centers and the concession was due to the fact that the people in the game could not get together to try to stop him. Not that he wouldn't have won anyway, but at least they could have made him work for it. As it was he was handed a win as well as a marvelous trophy for his accomplishment.

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In short I had a great time at this convention and I am looking forward to my next. I think that everyone should try at least one and after they have made that one they will probably go back for more. At least I will.

P.S. Sarah Becker is a beautiful kid, considering her father (Bill). It shows that miracles still occur.

THE STATISTICS OF KAL-KON, GAMES 1 AND 2

GAME 1	01	02	03	04	05	06	07	08	09
AUS [Bates]	3	0							
ENG [Rusnak]	4	5	7	9	7	10	11	12	14
FRA [Waters]	5	5	5	3	3	2	2	1	0
GER [Vliet]	5	6	3	2	3	4	3	3	2
ITA [Travis]	4	6	6	4	2	0			
RUS [White dr 06 Hawthorne dr 08 Travis thru 09]	7	7	7	9	10	8	8	7	7
TUR [Clason]	4	5	6	7	9	10	10	11	11

Concession of the win to England.

GAME 2	01	02	03	04	05	06
AUS [Smith dr 02 Bates thru 06]	5	6	6	5	5	2
ENG [Hawthorne]	4	5	4	3	2	1
FRA [Ozog]	6	6	7	8	9	12
GER [Barents]	6	6	6	5	5	3
ITA [Foote dr 03 Rusnak thru 06]	4	4	4	4	5	6
RUS [Mol]	4	2	1	1	0	
TUR [Becker]	5	5	6	8	8	10

Concession of the win to France.

AN ARTICLE, YOU WANT JIMMY OLSEN TO WRITE AN ARTICLE- WELL ALL RIGHT CHIEF --by Bill Becker

Kal Kon III was Kalamazoo's finest wargaming event to date. We depend on the volunteer system and thus individuals with true initiative get to run the show. We intend to run another in October, and we want to top the one we just had. Personally I'd like to have 15 or 20 PBMers show up because they know there is more to Diplomacy than the game. So if you're reading this you're getting an early invite to an interesting con in October. This is enough tooting the horn for KK IV, the following is what happened at III.

I'd just gotten the first Risk game off and running when a gruff voice right behind me growls "Who's this Bill Becker? How'd you get my name?" This was success yowling in my ear. Marion Bates honored me by coming to see who was audacious enough to pry him away from his hospital residence. Actually he seems quite feisty and has a WHY ME attitude towards the game. He also now considers me a nasty player- something I can assure one and all that I am not. He is not quite a chronic complainer. Overall I would have voted him Miss Congeniality. Unfortunately Marion left at 5 p.m. and we were deprived of his wit, wisdom and probable storehouse of Dip stories. Overall he is an enjoyable sarcastic dour even-tempered person.

Also of note Herb Barents, editor of BOAST was talked into playing a game. Herb's been in PBM over 12 years. He can be characterized as agreeable and punctual. He's a rather large Bohemian looking fellow- but he never threatens to kill. He gave out game analyses as the game went along and said France had Germany & England right where he wanted them. Herb played a musical chairs type of position- always finding a center to put that displaced unit in and thus caused either England or Russia an embarrassment in their tactics. I speak with Herb somewhat regularly and I cannot think of any amusing stories he dropped this weekend. I forgot to ask him what first hand info he has on Origins, he should have a lot.

Anyway onwards, another local PBMer Lin Foote was persuaded to take a position and played the stagnant Italy, sometimes nothing works. Lin is about 50 and quite soft-spoken. In times past I have seen him reassure his allies with a twinkle in his eye like St. Nick, and with the moves would calmly rake off 5 of his allies centers. Tactically I like his style. I also enjoy the line of BS that goes with his Diplomacy. I hope he stays in the PBM hobby.

I'm going to lump a batch of our players together as local non PBMers, Bob Travis, Alan Vliet, Jim Waters, Eric Clason, Marty Smith and Joe Hawthorne understand the game, and PBM would undoubtedly help their play. The show varying skill at truly understanding the game. As far as I know only Marty is seriously thinking of playing PBM. It takes somewhat steady play to actually get good at the game. Something that has been evident is that PBMers have a grasp of all the little annoying rules and a few of the subtle plays that are available to them.

This leaves the two principals of this story Eric Ozog and Russ Rusnak to file. Eric looks like a blond Klingon, a fact I didn't realize until after Diplomacy when he was playing Starfleet Battles. The fact that we threw the Dip game to him in '06 was merely a way of saying enough of this farcical game. We could sit there and write out moves or concede that the basic diplomacy was laid and tactical position penetrated to allow France 18 in about 3 game years, thus Eric walked away with the big Greenie award, a green block about 5 times the size of an Italian army.

Russ Rusnak reminds me of me when I'm dead serious, don't cross him (me?). Russ has the gaming fever, he'll be my first invite when I hold my first Diplomacy Insanity tournament. If there is any interest we start playing at 7pm Friday nite, 1st round is over at midnite and round 2 starts, 5 a.m.- round 3. 10 a.m.- round 4 and 4 p.m.- round 5, then we take a sleep break and round 6 starts at 7 a.m. and round 7 at noon, thus seven games in one weekend. That's the intensity Rusnak can play at. I hope I can find another 5 players like that, that can come over some weekend.

The first game was won by concession also- this one after '09 had been played. For a while it looked like an R-T roll, then Russia tried to stab Turkey and met a stiff defense, thus letting England become resurgent and establish a fine forward position. For a reward he wanted another Dip game to get started, it was my one failure for the weekend.

The truly fun part of Diplomacy is telling stories. We managed to put in four hours of straight Dipshit over been after the con. I found Eric's side of his "indiscretion" credible but blaise compared to the kind words we exchanged while discussing Michalski, Byrne, Caruso, Linsey, Berch, Walker, Kelly, Osuch, Frost, Coughlan, Pearson, and I'm sure about 20 others.

At first in the morning I suffered the pangs of what to do with them now, I was sure I was out of stories, but not so! In the morning our discussion ran through ideas. Our combined conclusion, don't miss this year's DIPCON. In the past PBM has gone through bad feuds, fad fakes, and this year the fad is FTF. In fact, enjoy this fad now meeting other PBMers, it's a good time. Only PBMers understand Diplomacy fever. The GAME IS for them.

Another idea is that Diplomacy is populated by the public players, those whose names everyone knows, but that the majority of us play in the backwater zines because that's where I get my versions of TALES OF THE UNKNOWN IN DIPLOMACY.

And another oddity in Diplomacy is that all the rating systems are screwed up. Once you've got a good rating and a nasty rep you should get points for those times when you get wiped out by '03 because you're the only player who could win if allowed to grow two years in a row. Really, in those situations you don't control the game with your current line of Bull- everyone's based their decisions on the bull they know from the past- truly regrettable.

Is there any desire in the hobby for cash prizes for winning or drawing at Diplomacy? Even Class D chess players play in

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tournaments to claim 1st prize of Class D. There seems to be a fear that scoundrels would arrange the finances.

Lastly I learned some things about running Diplomacy FTF. I did not enforce a time limit. This is a must for a serious con. Some people just have to be prodded. I handled Dave Mol, a complete novice at the game (gee I wished I'd read the rules) poorly. A good idea is to have another player check the novice's moves before they are turned in. Not to help diplomatically, but to save embarrassment. I enjoyed playing, but a true GM would have to concern himself with keeping the time & enforcing some unpopular time disputes, I'm sure. These are my completely biased views of what happened at Kal Kon III and should be taken as gospel according to BB. Who in Kazoo to you.

ERIC OZOG'S HIGHLIGHTS AT KAL KON III

- A] Russ wakes me up via the telephone, wondering where I was, I being very late. He was paranoid that I left without him and was contemplating driving alone. Upon arriving in Burbank I am shocked when I see that Russ has shaved his beard- the beard had given an evil aura about him. Now he looks like an innocent kid.
- B] When we arrived at the West Main shopping Mall in Kalamazoo I noticed immediately how good the air smelled; I don't miss such scents. It was raining on and off all day, the moist wind pine scented.
- C] Introduction to Bill Becker and the usual shock of the first close encounter. "And Marion Bates is dying over there," said Bill. Bill was playing a game where players take over the hotel business. Bill reminds me of a semi-retired real estate salesman.
- D] Russ and I walked through the mall. We encountered persons from 'The Society of Creative Anachronism', members who dress up as medieval characters, the equivalent to the Chicago/Milwaukee King Richard's Faire group. A kid was dressed in a white robe with reflective sunglasses and carried a sword, impressive. I told him he was a 'far out monk.' There was also a fellow who looked like a pseudo Robin Hood. Later these fantasy heroes would duel it out in swordfights and such.
- E] Saw a large gathering of people clustered around a huge race track, participants racing electric remote control cars around the course. Apparently anyone could give it a try. Spectators oohed and aaahed when the little plastic cars cracked up.
- F] We went out to eat at 'The Chicken Coop', a better than average fast food restaurant located at the mall which served chicken and fish. Russ noticed something was wrong about the place immediately and commented to me about the girl behind the counter, saying she was too happy, which she was, the almost idiotic naive type happy. Perhaps she was brainwashed by some religious cult, which may have been possible. Russ spotted a clear plastic bank where people could deposit donations 'so more homes can have bibles.' Russ, being a pagan at large, snickered and quietly told me he'd gladly donate his bible to whoever wanted it, but it wouldn't quite fit in the little bank. Also, quotations from the bible were printed on the paper soft-drink cups. Weird. Talk about religious hard-sell. All you need now is a pipe organ and priests frying the chicken.
- G] While waiting for Dip to start, a young kid (12? 13?) named Marty literally begs me to play Starfleet Battles with him. I accept the challenge and he teaches me to play. I was the Federation and he the Klingons, one ship to each. After a brief melee I smeared his Klingons and he runs off somewhere, probably to forget his loss while playing D&D. I knew this would be a fine day for winning.

H] Game 2 and Diplomacy player profile, the following Michiganans = Chicagoans:

Herb Barents = Bob Osuch. They even look alike and grunt alike. The both have the 'wait and see' playing style.

Marion Bates = Jack Frost. Both have the delightful smart ass/wise guy sarcasm which is priceless.

Lin Foote = an aged Andy Lischett. Lin, like Andy, is a soft touch who can get raked over the coals if he's not careful.

In the game I allied with both England and Germany, but was wary of veteran Barents. The English player, Joe Hawthorne, was a sap. One can stab him and stab him again, and as long as you keep a tiny bit of honesty in your relations with him to keep it all believable, he will come back for more. He feared Barents and used an anti-Barents policy, thus I didn't have to worry about either of them.

I used enough honesty mixed with BS with Lin Foote (Italy) to keep him out of my hair. Although I was debating whether or not to move in on him, I never really had to worry about him. Lin dilly-dallied around in this game, to France's benefit.

I stabbed Herb too early (Herb knew it, too), but at this point it wouldn't matter. There were such built up dislikes between England and Germany that they would not unite against me when I attacked them both. But the real fun part came when Marion took over Austria and offered to puppet for me. I accepted, having once refused offers of puppetry from England and France, ones who would surely be dangerous puppets. I told Marion to take Munich and he did. I told Marion to take Berlin, he obeyed while I took Munich from him. Herb was genuinely crushed. He complained, "Marion, why? Marion! Why Berlin?"

"But it was the only thing I could get!" Marion replied.

All in all it was clear sailing for France in the mid game years.

I] Some freak from out of nowhere gets me in his sights, then starts lecturing me about how great the game Nuclear War is. What a sadistic wild-eyed one he was. He also wanted to know what edition of the game it was and who owned it, apparently the early edition was of some value to him, he was fingering and caressing this card game! I of course couldn't have cared less about it, but I listened politely. What a nut! He must have been an agent of Tom Swider's sent to distract me from the menace of the East Coast Clique.

J] The second game of Starfleet Battles, five people in this one, three Klingon ships vs. three Federation. The Becker Mission: Get to the asteroid belt and grab the dilithium crystals, then run for it while you blast your enemies. The Becker Fackter, a cosmic force which made the very fabric of space weak, could damage and outright swallow ships. But Bill became bored and forgot to roll his percentile dice for it. Whatever. I and this kid from the Great Lakes Naval School were the Klingons, two little kids and their older leader were the Federation. The Klingons won and I nearly destroyed this little kid's heavy cruiser. When my Klingon weaponry (disrupters and missiles) wiped out his ship's laboratory section, I cried victoriously,

"Dr. McCoy is dead! He's deader than a doornail, oh Captain!"

K] Supper with Bill and lots of heavy talk late into the night, as Bill described it. The TV had a werewolf movie on, to Russ's delight. I settled on an air mattress and was out immediately. The following morning Bill complained about Russ's snoring and said I was moaning (leg cramp). We sat for a time on Bill's patio, talking again for some time over orange juice. Bill asked us to cut the lawn and clean up the yard and we respectfully avoided the issue. Russ didn't like all the birds chirping. Soon it was time to say goodbye to our good host and his wife and child. Then it was back to the big city. Thanks Bill, for putting up with us, we'll surely come to the October Kal-Kon.

[I wanted to make one short comment to further explain the discussions Bill, Russ and I had. There are, effectively, three Diplomacy hobbies. The first is the public hobby, the people in this phase of the hobby go for the social/popularity aspect, the second hobby is the players who generally play the game only and reside in the hobby's 'backwater' zines, and the third

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hobby is the FTF wargamers, who generally attend FTF events at conventions and do not express interest in postal play. I am not saying any of the three 'worlds' are good or bad, I am just acknowledging they are there.]

Kon and General Announcements

A WARGAMING CONVENTION will take place at the River Forest Community Center on June 18th--19th--20th. This convention is expected to have a good turnout and will feature historical wargaming as well as fantasy role-playing. Pre-registration is \$3.00 and \$5.00 at the door (for the entire weekend). There will be a Diplomacy tournament on Friday evening the 18th at 7:00p.m. and yours truly will oversee it. There will be prizes. For location and registration information send a SASE to: Brad Johnson, 347 Keystone, River Forest, IL 60305 (312) 771-8136

RUSNAK KON III will take place Saturday June 19th @ 12:00 noon until whenever people want to leave. There will be a grill in the back yard for people to cook their own food. The Diplomacy games will be played outside, weather permitting. Let's get some turnout on this one, as you see from the reports, Rusnak Kons are a blast. For all info contact:

Russ Rusnak, 8002 S. Nagle, Burbank, IL 60459 (312) 598-4708

DIPCON AT ORIGINS '82 will be held July 24th and 25th at the University of Maryland in Baltimore County. I will definately be attending and I plan to drive there, I want to unwind on the open road. It will be a six day trip for me, I-70 all the way, arriving in Columbus on Thursday the 22nd and getting to Baltimore Friday eve. I will take two others in addition to Dan Stafford and myself. So if you live along or reasonably close to I-70 I will pick you up, you pay for the gas on your leg of the trip only, split between the travellers accordingly. If interested, let me know ASAP. DipCon is the biggest and bestest Con, and everybody who's anybody will hit this one. If you can afford to go, do it now before this FTF fad dies out.

Eric Ozog, 1526 N. Lawler Avenue, Chicago, IL 60651 (312) 237-4650...

...who publishes DIPLOMACY BY MOONLIGHT, Cheesecake's Sister Zine. How two zines of opposite ends of the spectrum can co-exist in the same city without cancelling one another out is beyond my understanding.

Subscriptions-- 10 issues/\$6.00 Players of 1981 IK & IL-- 10 issues/\$3.00 Standbys-- 10 issues/\$5.00

Samples-- 60 cents a shot on a one time basis. There are no grace issues nor courtesies.

Sub Credit-- For a decent sized article or letter you will receive the issue it appears in for free. Your material is much appreciated, it keeps the zine rolling and prevents publisher burnout.

The 1982 Zine and GM Polls

The Fifth Annual North American Gamesmaster Poll: You may rate any GM in whose postal game or games you were a player during the period beginning 1st April 1981 and whom you played under for long enough to gain an objective assessment of his or her competence as a GM. Rate eah GM on a scale of 0 to 10 (0 being the lowest possible rating, 10 the highest). No fractions, please. Gamesmasters may not rate themselves. Others may not rate GMs in whose games they were not active players during the poll period. Violations of these rules will result in invalidation of the entire ballot.

Rate each GM by name, not by 'zine. Votes which do not use the GM's name will not be tabulated. To help in tabulation, please list the GMs in alphabetical order by surname.

The Sixth Annual North American 'Zine Poll: You may rate any publication substantially devoted to Diplomacy (including genzines, house organs of organizations, etc.) which has published more than one issue since 1st April 1981. Rate the series, not individual issues. Rate only 'zines of which you have seen enough issues to form an objective assessment of the quality of the publication; do not base votes on hobby feuds, agreement or disagreement with the editor's opinions, ect. Rate each 'zine on a scale of 0 to 10 (0 being the lowest possible rating, 10 the highest). No fractions, please. Specify sub-'zines and rate them seperately from their parent 'zine.

Publishers may not rate their own 'zines; violation will result in invalidation of the entire ballot. Sign your ballot and indicate one way in which you participate in the hobby (to establish eligibility). All votes will be kept confidential. Please list 'zines in alphabetical order to make tabulation of results easier.

I reserve the right to decline to tabulate ballots which do not follow the format outlined above.

The deadline for both polls is 30th June 1982. Results will be tabulated as soon thereafter as possible, and will be released first in DIPLOMACY WORLD.

Send ballots to: John Leeder, 605 15th St. NW, Calgary, Alberta, Canada T2N 2B1.

The Postal Games

OZOG II -- 1979 IX / Fall 1912: Did Toady Nelson take too much this season?

ENGLAND [Stafford] f por H, f bre H

FRANCE [Nelson] a pic-par, a bur-mun, a bud-ser, f mid-wes D R naf,otb, f mar-spa/sc

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

RUSSIA [Oaklyn] f nat S f enc-mid, f iri S f enc-mid, f enc-mid, f nse-enc, a gas S FRA f mar-spa/sc, a par-bur, f lyo U H, a tyo-pie, a vie-tyo, a gal-rom IMP, f rum S a ser-bul, a ser-bul, f bla-con, a arm-ank, a sev-arm, a ukr-sev

TURKEY [Sherwood] f tri H, f bul/sc H D R gre,aeg,otb, f con H, f smy H

SUPPLY CENTERS

ENGLAND	-2-	por	bre		(2)	Even								
FRANCE	-6-	mar	PAR	mun	ber	hol	vie	bud	SER	SPA	(9)	Build	4	(room for 1, 1 short last year. Will be 3 short this year)
ITALY	-5-	rom	nap	ven	tun	spa					(4)	Even	(1 annihilation F'12)	

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RUSSIA -16- stp mos war sev swe nwy den kie .bel (15) Remove 1
lon lvp edi par ank rum ser BUL

TURKEY -5- smy con bul gre tri (4) Even (1 annihilation S'12)

DEADLINE for Winter 1912 AND Spring 1913 is Friday June 4th

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Daniel Stafford, 2640 Adams Apt D, Columbus, OH 43202

(From the Paris Underground) Inspired by correspondence from the 'Sherwood' Forest, French officials have decided to die fighting rather than give up to the Czar Bernie. Thus was launched a surprise offensive to free Paris and the homeland with the chant, "We're off to see the wizard, the wonderful Wizard of 'OZ'og." No comment could be obtained from Toto or Auntie Em however.

[Mr. Wizard] Once I read as far as 'off to see the wizard' I knew I was in for trouble.

(Moscow to Portugal) Trapped in the random wave of the tapestry of the path of a motionless force, the English, Turks, and Italians struggle to keep their sanity while trying to outfox the fox himself. When asked if that "force" could or would force a win, while still remaining in the game, the Tsar replied, "Well, Don Ditter tried it before and could not succor me into his supply centers, forcing me over 18 in number. Maybe now, d'Stafford will find out how hard it is to win when there is talent in the game."

(Bernie/Buddy to Eric O'Smog III) What, Sir! Do you mean by "Meaningful exchange of supply centers." (That is to be read: What, sir, do you mean...) (If you get the pun). Does that mean any supply centers captured while not being defended do not count for keeping the game alive (and bankrupt you). I mean, after all, "he" is attacking me and taking my supply centers. What makes you think he is not going to stab me and make d'Stafford's day?

[O'Smog] Of course that houserule is subject to broad interpretation so I can deal with malcontents such as you. However, just keep feeding your toady Nelson some more of your supply centers and I am sure there will be no problem of there being a 'meaningful exchange of supply centers.'

OZOG III -- 1981 IK National / Winter 1902 Only, by player request

ADJUDICATION ERRORS IN FALL 1902--

AUSTRIA: a bul S a ser-rum D R A

In the above order, army Bulgaria is NOT annihilated, rather, it may retreat to Serbia or oth.

TURKEY: a arm-sev

In the above order, the unit in Armenia should be a fleet NOT an army.

All seven players were informed by me on April 20th when Jim Burgess pointed out the GM misinterpretation and typo. Thanks to him and Andy Lischett for GM advice. The deadline remained on schedule without delay.

Players have been advised to inform me ASAP whenever they think I have erred. Keep your games running smoothly.

AUTUMN RETREATS

AUSTRIA: a bul R ser

WINTER ADJUSTMENTS

AUSTRIA (6) Build a vie GERMANY (7) Build a ber, a mun TURKEY (4) Even

ENGLAND (6) Build f lon, f lvp ITALY (5) Build f nap

FRANCE (4) Even RUSSIA (2) Remove f bla, f bot

POSITIONS AFTER WINTER 1902

AUSTRIA [Reynolds] a vie, a bud, a ser, f gre, a rum, a ukr

ENGLAND [Ashley] f bar, a stp, a swe, f ska, f lon, f lvp

FRANCE [Duke] f mid, a bur, a gas, a mar

GERMANY [Tallman] a bel, f den, a kie, a ber, a pru, a war

ITALY [Palter] f nap, a pie, f tun, f lyo, f spa/sc

RUSSIA [Stafford] a mos, a gal

TURKEY [Burgess] f arm, a con, a bul, f aeg

DEADLINE for Spring 1903 is Friday June 4th.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Daniel Stafford, 2640 Adams Apt D, Columbus, OH 43202

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Peter Ashley, 2530 N Chelton Road, Colorado Springs, CO 80909 (Effective May 10th)

(Peter Ashley) Actually, I'm not "moving" but in between jobs (again). I decided to join the National Guard, which will take me out of town for the summer (and yes, Chi-Con (sob)). Which also kills Kalamazoo, as this coming weekend I'll have to play soldier. I've wanted to do this for awhile, but it does defeat what will otherwise be some pretty good times. Good luck in Kalamazoo. --Peter.

[Chicago] And good luck to you too! You will be missed at Chi-Con because you are the 'life of the party.' When you return there will always be more FTF, fear not!

(Madrid--Marseilles) I give up. I almost blew it by giving you more tactical credit than you deserved. How did you do it this time?

(Columbus--Chicago) Talk about "slashes his wrists!" I'm losing in only 3 of the 15 games I am in (and two of those are standby positions!) and they all three arrive in the same day. What a bummer!

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[Chicago--Columbus] Oh quit your complaining, things aren't so rosy all the time. Besides, you can collect revenge at DipCon. (Game, Moscow Branch to Germany) As a veteran of many dip games, I can tell you that this is a boring game.

(Turkey to the Game) And just who is this Tallman guy anyway? Great catalyst! This is one of the better PBM games I've ever been involved in!! Great communications, it's almost as if it were FTF. I was in one FTF game like this that played to a five way draw in 1920 (it ended only because we were all tired and wanted to get some sleep).

[DBM ECHO] 1920? Ughh. It's more like FTF when you have Tallman communicating via cassette tape. And your 1920 game reminds me of the seven-way draw we had in St. Louis. Some say the best Dip games are when the 'balance of Power' is preserved.

(Turkey to Germany) Fear not! One of the great hobby myths is that you must be offensive to be great! Untrue! Also, you may be big time already, Ozog is it!!

OZOG IV -- 1981 IL Local / Fall 1903: O'Donnell screws around while Shreve's in outer space

SUMMER RETREATS

FRANCE a tyo R pie ITALY a mun R otb

FALL MOVES

AUSTRIA [Shreve] a vie-boh, a tyo S ITA a sil-mun NSU, a bud U H, a bul S RUS f bla-con NSO D R ser,gre,otb, f gre-aag
ENGLAND [O'Donnell] f lon-enc, f nse-den, f edi-nse, f nwg S f edi-nse, f hol H
FRANCE [Gervais] a pie-tus, f enc-bel, a bur-mar, f spa/sc-por
GERMANY [Johnson] a mun H, a kie-den, a ber-kie
ITALY [Kaplan] f lyo-spa/sc, f ion-tun, f tyn-tus, a ven-pie
RUSSIA [Amstadt] f bla S f arm-ank, f arm-ank, a rum S AUS f gre-bul/sc NSO, a ukr H, a swe S GER a kie-den, f bar S f nwy, f nwy H
TURKEY [Glass] a con S f aeg-bul/sc, f aeg-bul/sc, f ank-bla D R A

SUPPLY CENTERS

AUSTRIA -5- vie bud tri ser gre (5) Even
ENGLAND -5- edi lvp lon hol bel (4) Remove 1
FRANCE -4- bre par mar spa POR BEL (5) Build 1
GERMANY -3- ber kie MUN den (4) Build 1
ITALY -5- ven rom nap tun mun SPA (5) Build 1 (a mun R otb summer '03)
RUSSIA -7- stp mos war sev swe nwy rum ANK (8) Build 1
TURKEY -4- bul con ank smy (3) Build 1 (2 annihilations, Spr & Fall '03)

DEADLINE for Winter 1903 AND Spring 1904 is Friday June 4th. There will be a separation of seasons if at least two players so request it. Regardless, write your Spring orders and make them conditional on the builds and removals.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Don Glass is back from college downstate. Write him at 442 Vassar Lane, Des Plaines, IL 60016.

GM's COMMENTS: Gervais, Kaplan, Amstadt, you three are lax when it comes to stating the coast when you move or support a move to a multi-coast province. It did not make a difference in the above moves, but there could be a situation where it's necessary and you will get burned if that coast isn't stated. Beware.

(Rome to Berlin) Now can we be friends?

Time to Clear the Letter File

SCOTT HANSON (IRKOME) 701 15th Ave SE, Minneapolis, MN 55414

Dear Eric,

The sorry thing about your Poland issue is I found myself agreeing with both Palter and Michalski! (Horrors!) But nothing much was said about Reagan's reaction, which, like most of his foreign policy, was half-assed and uncoordinated. It didn't do a thing for the "people of Poland," and probably hurt us as much as the Soviets. But, then again, what move could we have done. I suppose the gang at the White House thought the appearance of doing something was better than admitting nothing could be done. And of course Western Europe has too many economic problems of its own & depends too much on trade with the Eastern Bloc to even give the appearance of doing anything beyond mere tokens.

I suppose I should say that I have a bit of emotional interest in Poland. My girlfriend's mother comes from a part of Germany now in Poland, and I think some of her family is still there (though most got moved to East Germany by your friendly neighborhood Red Army.) One of my favorite authors, Gunther Guess, writes extensively about the area around Danzig (Gdansk) where he grew up.

Another strange thing I found reading this issue was that you and I are much alike. I have a disdain for technology, finding a bicycle just beyond me comprehension. I distrust and yet am fascinated by corporations- explains my interest in Economics. And as for registration for the draft, I think I forgot [Good for you!]. At least that's what I'll tell them when the Selective Service goons come after me. Then I'll put my name on the card, then when I move leave no forwarding address. But I'm in no "stop the draft" organization. No need to announce the fact I didn't register. Now as long as no federal agents read this letter...

[That's the spirit! Screw the draft. Let the boys who want to play soldier like John Kelly, Pete Ashley and Scott Lawryn (ex toady of Le Front) go to the front lines and get their asses blown off because it's their 'patriotic duty.' The only problem Scott is the people in the United States and West Europe may be losing the guttural war instinct, while the rest of the world is far, far behind us in their human advancement, the third world is a free-for-all dangerous place. But I'm not about to go fighting for the Banking/Industrial/Military monster either. No easy answers, folks.]

May 10th

MARK BERCH (DIPLOMACY DIGEST) 492 Naylor Place, Alexandria, VA 22304

Dear Eric Ozog,

I was surprised to see John Michalski's ringing endorsement of Reagan's policy with regard to Poland. Oh, sure, he had a few adjustments to suggest, but basically it's just the "Let's all sit on our hands, say 'Naughty, Naughty' to the Russians, and 'How Sad' to the Poles." So far, I see two major failures with regard to the situation: Intelligence and Policy.

The intelligence failure came first. For months Haig and the others were yelling, "The Russians are Coming." Numerous warnings were given of the dire consequences of such intervention. I paid a lot of attention to what they were saying, and there was NO serious discussion of the notion that the "crunch" would come from the Polish military. To be sure, a lot of the dirty work had surely been done by security police, but it was the Polish Military that fronted the operation, that gave it its legitimacy (such as it was) and the comprehensive presence needed. It had been almost an article of faith in the administration that the crunch would have to involve the Russian military. They were terribly wrong.

But the policy failure was even worse. The rise of Solidarity in my opinion posed the most serious challenge to the USSR since the Revolution (the other two were the Nazi attack in 1941 and the split with China in 1957). This is an extremely rare opportunity to deal with the USSR in a moment of palpable weakness. You don't see them passing up such moments with us, do you? But we have squandered this opportunity, and we have very little to show for it. There were two decisive choices that we could have opted for:

1. A Mega-bribe to Poland. Poland would pull out of the Warsaw pact, tell the Russian troops to leave, and assume a neutral stance in Europe (along the lines of Austria). The Polish economy would be restructured, perhaps following a Scandinavian model, since a US model would probably be too difficult to do. The bribe would be simple: The West would pick up the entirety of the Polish debt to the Eastern block. A good chunk of the debt to the West would probably be cancelled to boot. This is not going to be cheap, I'll grant you, but buying a second rate European power is worth it. It may call us to make all those interest payments to the USSR on the Polish debt, but let's face it, the scale of national security payments is in the billions of dollars (about 5 billion for an aircraft carrier group). Poland out of the Soviet Camp is a tremendous headache for the USSR --- much worse, I should think that the Cuba situation is here. East Germany is much more isolated, their lines of supplies are seriously disrupted, etc. Considering all the billions of dollars we spend on weapons that are eventually retired without ever fired in anger, a purchase of this sort actually does give us some real advantages. While Jaruzelski would not have bought it, his predecessor might well have. Sure there's a tremendous risk --- the Russians might well decide they couldn't tolerate it. But the Polish situation now is really dreadful. Productivity is going down, not up. When you're really down on your luck, it's the time to gamble. Just once, I'd like to see what happens when a Marxist-Leninist country switches the other way, rather than vice versa the way things normally go, and I'd have been willing to lay out the several billion dollars a year that such a plan would require. We'd expect some help from Japan as well, possibly Germany on a more indirect basis (e.g. cancelling Polish debts to the German government). Even if the plan had been turned down, I'd have saluted Reagan for giving it a good shot, I just don't accept the notion that when it comes to spending billions of bucks for national security (and that of our allies in Europe) that it always has to take the form of armaments.

2. Declare some of the loans in default, which would likely force the USSR to cover those debts. This option has been discussed quite a bit so I won't go into any details. But if the present system is of such low productivity and efficiency, why should the Western banks, whose capital was generated by capitalistic means, continue to, in effect, postpone the day of reckoning. Why are we doing these kind of favors? If socialist societies cannot, collectively or individually, generate the capital that they need to operate, shouldn't there be some limit to the extent that capitalist societies do it for them. And that limit, I think, is reached when government fails to give its full cooperation to a union/social movement that, in the long run, could provide a solution to many of the problems in the first place.

But what did Reagan do? Very little indeed. In a way, I feel a little bit of sympathy for the anti-Communist right for their plight. At long last they finally get a president who says, and has been saying for some time, that the US should take a "firmer" stand vis-a-vis the Soviets, who says we should have a more disciplined foreign policy. And this president is handed a splendid opportunity -- a genuine crisis for the Soviets. And what does he come up with? A policy that could have come straight out of the Carter administration!

[Ah, now you are learning that there never have been any concrete differences between any of the recent administrations, whether they be Democratic or Republican; very good, Mark!]

I don't agree with your 'Mega-bribe' idea at all. First of all, it won't work, the Soviets WILL NOT tolerate a neutral Poland on their border, no ifs or buts. You would be throwing U.S. taxpayers' money away, and that's who would end up footing the bill, not the International Banks who do not act in the interests of other nations-- only themselves; nor the Japanese, who couldn't care less about the Poles.

You are being too hard on the Reagan administration and you expect too much from it, there is nothing short of military action that can be done about it, and it would never come to that. You must realize that the Soviets have their sphere of influence (East Europe) and we ours (West Europe and supposedly Latin America). Other than some covert screwing the U.S. and the Soviet Union do to each other in those regions, nothing major happens. And the third world is a free-for-all, with both sides backing their own factions to topple the current government, blood is drawn and it's the poor innocents of some banana republic who always are the losers.

I think it would be fun though to try your bribe idea on Cuba, ah, now there's a country worth bringing back into the U.S. camp, not Poland. Hell, if you can't kill Castro, buy him! Think of the benefits, Castro would stop making trouble for us in the south and he'd get his country's economy rolling again. Think about it, State Department.

And the current Falklands crisis is similar when you take into account all the money Argentina owes to Western banks. The big banks have their fingers in that pie too. Only in this instance Argentina doesn't have a big brother overseeing them, and has vast natural resources that are easy pickings for hungry debtors. Get it?]

FROM THE TWO CANADIANS, DAVE CARTER (SLEEPLESS KNIGHTS) AND RON BROWN (SNAFU). SEE IF YOU CAN TELL WHICH ONE IS WHICH

Eric,

Re: US drivers in Canada. Don't they know that the speed limit is always about 30km/hr lower than the safe driving speed. This means that most Ontario drivers add 30-50km/hr to the limit. Cops are around but they are so conventional. Just slow down when you see a dark brown/blue/green midsize North American car. I own a V8 Lemans yet my buddies in the local wargamers club don't let me drive to the US cons because they think I drive too slow.

Dear Eric,

Nothing wrong with Quebec drivers. Best I've met anywhere. They may reach 90km/h between traffic lights in rush hour, but, at least everyone is consistent about it. You always know what to expect from a Quebec driver. Unlike those Turkeys in

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Ontario who all drive at least 20km/h under the speed limit in any damn lane they please. The slower they go, the more likely you'll find them in the left lane. They don't bother to stop for red lights either if they're planning on a right turn. I am quite comfortable driving in Montreal, but I detest driving in Toronto.

[O.K, I can accept that. But why in Trudeau's name does the Quebec highway dept have all the highway markers on the left side of the road? I look to the right to see what road I'm on and I end up lost. Oh, I liked the Wendy's in Montreal. I asked for chicken and the girls didn't know what I meant and they giggled a lot. I guess chicken at Wendy's didn't make it north of the border at that time. Thanks for the tip on how the cops operate, it didn't occur to me that Canadians would patrol in unmarked cars. Regardless, thanks to you both for setting the record straight.]

KEITH SHERWOOD, ARE YOU HOME FROM COLLEGE YET? WHERE DO I SEND THIS RAG?

Dear Eric,

Diplomacy By Moonlight, or Eastfold Vale, if you are truly going to switch the name, is looking better and better. The smaller print is readable, and I really like the rough large lettering. I don't much care for the reprinted material from MAD or newspapers, but I've liked just about everything else.

The graphs were interesting. Maybe it's time I write another article to bring up my reader participation, but I don't know if it could be as good as your recent articles in DBM.

What kinds of drugs do you take when you type up your fantasy pieces? I went to Disneyland with the college last Sunday. Half the people on the bus were on shrooms.

[Shrooms? Do you know where I can get some? I've built up a resistance to the stuff Osuch has been selling me. At any rate, you know I encourage people to write here, it doesn't have to be as good as my material either (read that line then throw up). As for the reprints, I did it basically because it all went together with the Polish theme issue. I'd rather do my own material, but you can't always be insanely inspired, you know. I have a few wild things planned for future issues.]

Wow, getting letters and pictures from Rod Walker. That's impressive. But don't get too carried away and become a Walker toady. A little too much reverence, I think. You know I know old Rod personally, and he's really quite a nice guy. He doesn't usually get as dressed up as he is in that picture. (I don't know who that guy is with the long robes to Rod's right that he's got his hands all over, though.)

Geez, I was sure I had more to say to you, but I forgot over the months. Oh well, I guess I should have combined the two pages of this correspondence and saved a tree. --Best Keith

P.S. Oh now I remember, do you want to negotiate for some reason in Road to Ruin?

[Nah, screw Road to Ruin (the game where I play Germany and suicided out against Russia on the first turn and Austria took everything, even the beer and ugly women). As for His Royal Highness, Keith, you know I must humor him. He asked me why the trumpets didn't sound when his name was mentioned and I fawned to him and pledged to hire an entire orchestra for him and they'd play Clarke's "Trumpet Voluntary", Walker's favorite theme. Rod said to include a mixed chorus. Ah well, you know how it is. Fortunately, the 'Kingpin' is way out in southern California. I'm going to kiss his ring at DipCon though.]

FROM 'IAN ECKLOFF' 11705 Ashley Drive, Rockville, MD 20852

[This letter was received at the editorial offices of DBM. It speaks for itself, but its authenticity cannot be guaranteed.]

Dear Eric,

I am a little bit puzzled, and even distraught, by your harsh words in issue #38 about my offer to subscribe to and play a game in DBM. I didn't know I was doing anything wrong, and indeed still don't know.

My Uncle Bernie came to me a little time ago and asked me to do so. I should explain that he likes me to call him Uncle Bernie, although in fact he is my natural father due to a very enthusiastic alliance with France in 1965 AG. He has always been very kind to me, and has even promised me his own ornate and jeweled Diplomacy board when he passes on. So I did as he asked me. He explained that in the true spirit of Postal Diplomacy all the powers start off on equal basis of faith and good fellowship, with mutual distrust and loathing sinking in only as the game progresses. But, he said, some unfortunate and less gifted players carry forward from game to game their suspicions and jealousy of anyone, like him, who has won the previous game in an open and above-board manner.

The only way, he pointed out, to cope with these unsportsmanlike players is to present them with a new face, a new name, every game. This made sense to me. I don't see how it matters who you are corresponding with, as long as he negotiates properly and gets his moves in, which I assure you I will do, with Uncle Bernie's assistance.

To make matters completely open, I made Uncle Bernie a promise that at the end of the game, when writing up about his win, he would reveal his true identity, and he undertook to do this with me, although he has never done so in the names of H.D. Bassett or Denise Tucker, for reasons that I will keep private just now.

I still think that this is a simple ruse-de-guerre, thoroughly allowable, and indeed adding to the game. It might be difficult if somebody entered twice in the same game, but any competent editor, such as yourself, can prevent that.

In the limit, somebody might enter several times under aliases, and gain himself a substantial victory.

I think I had better stop now, in case Uncle Bernie is thinking along those lines. Cordially yours, Ian

[I know the true identity of this writer, and I truly am surprised why such a one as him would take a stand on this issue, as long as I've known him he was a quiet one until recently. I think someone is elaborately pulling my leg somehow, but I can't put my finger on it, something feels wrong, suspicious. I may assign another case to DBM's Gestapo agent, Dan Stafford and his Reggae Police. Daniel, some of this letter sounds too straight and believabe. Find out for me who played in 1965 AG.]

WAYNE SHREVE PUTS HIS TWO CENTS IN, 5850 W Race, Chicago, 60644

Eric,

It is far more logical to attack someone whom you know to be a lying from one game or another, than it is to attack someone such as Bernie Oaklyn in a game for things unrelated to his playing. If beliefs and actions from outside are significant in one situation, then they always should be. No exceptions lest we accused of being vacillating non-entities, or worse, hypocrites.

Let us resolve to attack everyone who has used a different name anywhere for any purpose, including fake zines, phoney letters, meeting in singles bars, etc.

Let us agree to destroy & hound from the hobby any player who has ever lied to anyone and did not admit it.

Let us also agree to make no exceptions, not our best friends, not even ourselves.

Then Eric- then I will join you in attacking Bernie Oaklyn, right before I hound myself out of the hobby.

[But Wayne, you've already hounded yourself out of the hobby because you said you didn't like being lied to your face! All

May 10th

those years working at the Social Security office have soured your disposition. At any rate, I regret to say I have softened up somewhat on the Eckloff issue, a period of time and thought will do that to you. The Arabs and the Jews will mellow out too someday, you wait and see. I no longer have anything against someone playing under a pseudonym to escape a nasty rep, but all I have to say is the GM had better well know about it. Bernie Oaklyn never made an attempt to do that. I will not use DBM as a vehicle for pseudonym play though, you play under your real name here. I don't have any objections to someone Guest GMing a total pseudonym game here though. Any takers out there?

At any rate, the old toad and I have come to terms, signing a secret truce (oops, it isn't a secret anymore, is it?). And there will be the Ozog/Oaklyn summit meeting in Silver Spring this summer, as long as I'll be in the area.]

JULIE GLASS, 7400 #4 Columbia Ave, College Park, MD 20704

Dear Eric,

DBM will remain my second favorite zeen (after Retal) (tied with COA) only if you keep your same name! What is this Eastfold Vale stuff? Tolkien is my favorite author of all time- I truly despise Tolkien rip-offs. Now- will you reconsider? Pretty please? With whips and chains on top?

How can you listen to Rod Walker's advice when you have an "I HATE BERCH" department? Don't you know Walker is a Berch toady? Or is Berch a Walker toady? Dick says they are mutual toadies- "probably the first such combination in the hobby Dipdom." Ah- hobby Dipdom history in the making! Maybe the term "mutual toadies" will make Berch's next lexicon.

(Thanks a lot Dicko.) (He has this need to correct me.)

Perhaps we shall meet again, evil high priest Ozog, and once again I shall outwit you with my shrewdness and subtlety. David Reynold's article was right on the money. Very clever, and good pictures. I only wonder why he has not yet seen through my disguises (that's right- I am a "mistress of disguise.") Every bunny in that picture was actually me- the wonders of lapse-time photography! I am the bunny!

I like your graphs.

So has Gary written you yet about helping to settle this new "feud" between Dick and him? Would you like the position of Dipdom's Feudmaster? "And the nominees are...may I have the envelope please? And the winner is...Eric Ozog!" A shadowy figure steps forth from the crowd. The hood of his cloak slips back to reveal the shining face of the golden-haired elf.

I don't think the article about your "death" was in bad taste, either. I do think Allen Well's "April Fool's Joke" was in very poor taste. It is not worth a feud, though. --Mistress Julie

[Oh no, I though Well's joke was pretty good, especially because Berch almost had a heart attack from it. Seriously, read the "I HATE BERCH DEPT" as the I HATE THE MARK BERCH DEPT. The two are very different. All I wanted to do was poke some fun at the silly hobby tradition, and as long as I had the fake newspaper headline made...

No, I don't want the position as hobby 'feudmaster,' you humans are hopeless. But Gary asked my services as mediator and I accepted. I am happy to say that an accord has been reached. Part of my letter to them both began like this:

"I have looked over the material Gary has sent me (including Dick's ultimatum and Michalski's wise judgements), and the back issues of Retaliation for a background. I have decided to declare my neutrality in this dispute. Both of you are deeply entrenched and I do not have a hefty fleet to send to the rescue. Perhaps I will send Alexander Haig to mediate this dispute, for Al is an 'honest broker' (barf)."

My lady, I hope we do meet again, if not in Chicago, then Baltimore. But I am afraid you will not take this poor innocent to the slaughterhouse again. Consider us equals in all almost all accounts.]

AS LONG AS I'VE GIVEN AN EASTERNER THE FLOOR HERE'S A NOTE FROM JULIE'S...er, FRIEND

Dear Eric,

I'm glad to see in DBM #40 that you're not going to die at any rate, I wish I (and the rest of the human race) could say the same! Is that one of the side benefits of half-elfdom?

The charts, etc. were really great. How does it feel, having the only "concept zeen" in Dipdom? Alan Parsons and Pink Floyd would be proud of you. Where did I first see "the dream"? Maybe I saw the original? Oh well. Send me #41, y'heah!

Take care, Dick

[The Dream first appeared in the Tetracuspid and Cheesecake. I reran it mainly because there are quite a few "Moonies" who never saw it. Please stand by for new stories, two are now in the works.

The elves of European legend never died, but they didn't have an 'afterlife' either, unlike you humans. So you people can look forward to coming back over and over again, reincarnating.

Come to think of it, you're right, DBM is a concept zine, and I do have all of Alan Parsons' and Pink Floyd's albums. I like concept albums. This zine is great reading to music, try it some time. I try to make the zine flow like music. Well, you take care now. Boy am I burned out. It's after midnight on Sunday night, one big page to go and this rag has to get printed tomcrrrow (yawn). The trials and tribulations of half-elfdom.]

TERRY TALLMAN, 16047 28th NE, Seattle, WA 98155

Changing the name of a game szine is a lot like changing your sex. It indicates a profound confusion as to what you is.

[Hey, I don't have to put up with this at this hour of the night, growl...]

And you, Eric the Meek, are obviously moonstruck. Thus there is an inherit "rightness" to a title like D.B.M. On the other hand "Eastfold Vale" sounds like a description by a German-speaking dip player of how you staple you szine together. My ghod, Eric. I figured you'd gotten all that role playing crap out of your system and that you'd settle down to being a good, normal dip-publisher who can type glowing words of bullshit with one hand while putting out pure libel with the other.

Hmmmm, obviously your Halloween costume represents more than a temporary back sliding. If you'll recall, from Tolkien's Silmarillion, the race of orcs was a debased form of elves who were twisted by evil powers at dip conventions and then turned loose to wreck havoc on the non-role playing dips.

My point is that you face orc-dom unless you turn back. There are far too many orcs in the hobby now (they seem to thrive on the East Coast but that makes sense when you think about it). Only by following the path of tactical/political oriented folks who crush hard-core role players under rocks can you find your way back to that Western land (just beyond Idaho) where all is nifty and games are O.K.

Incidentally, when you try to achieve a higher plane of gamehood it's damn important you don't overshoot. From what I've seen, Alaska has an extreme numbing effect on the senses.

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In short Eric, I've made a nifty little spot on my game shelf labeled DBM and scotch-taped it on [Tom Swider's ears prick up at the moment and he says, "Scotch tape, anyone say Scotch tape?"] and I'll be pissed as hell if I have to change it. Remember always the final thought of Sauron regarding elves, "They probably like to play Italy." Keep 'em Flying.

[All right, let me try to understand what you've been trying to tell me tonight. You say I'm wavering to the other side and I say I'm only going through a phase (Elvish menopause?). I know what those bad guys did to our race in the First and Second Ages of Middle Earth, but that's no cause for alarm. This is the Fourth Age, man! And when Galadriel reformed and passed over the sea that pretty well erased the curse. I don't know of any trolls or orcs around today (I mean today), except Hanson the munchkin who comes pretty close, and then there's that Jack Fleming character. But we can forget the rest. So I don't have to worry about the evil magic anymore so I can play it straight now, no more role playing, except my own life of course. OK?]

LET'S WRAP THIS UP WITH MARK LEW, ALASKAN SOVIET SPY

I must be a terrible egotist; I read my own letter first. Must have been a really nasty one to translate because I noticed you messed up a lot. I agree it is in your rights to charge for the samples just like you can charge any prices you want and we can choose whether or not to sub; but it's still tacky.

[So why don't you take a hike across the Bering Sea to Siberia when its frozen over in the Winter?]

I wish you'd stop calling "(u)", "(u)".

[What is it? A "v"? Do you realize the agony of typing up your letter at 1:30 a.m. while listening to Peter Gabriel?]

I'm confused. Did I miss any issues between this one (39) and my "sub"? Did you get the stamps I sent? Have you gotten a gift sub for me from anyone? Please apply any money you get to any issues I've missed and then toward a sub, okay? I have paid for my freebies, except for this one (39), right? If you've gotten no money by #40 then let me know.

Mad magazine is decadent. Newspaper clippings are boring, but because of the ditto I haven't lost anything. Ditto is fine but don't go digest, huh? It does look like you're on your way to becoming BB's replacement though. That's good.

[Truly, I think not. DBM has a totally different personality than BB had, and I and Michalski differ politically. BB had the great quality of having one great long conversation because of its two week schedule, very prompt. I can at best publish letters months later. At any rate, I'm pretty happy how things have developed.]

Are you mixed up? I figured you were just contently opposed and partially detached from assorted social hype/standards. I for one would not turn out the light and go to knight-time. I'm fine, thanks and don't need to die or honor or believe to be fulfilled. I bet Frankie (local dipper & gaming buddy) would though, he's one of those types. Plato said something about them and made 'em soldiers in his republic. I haven't found life to "be a bitch" in 3 or 4 years. If you're having trouble "thinking in simpler terms" may I suggest: ruthlessly tossing out anything arbitrary (good and evil, moral obligations, God, reliability of the senses, etc.) and go way back to the beginning with self-existence and non-contridiction, and accept your axioms one at a time only after you are completely comfortable with them, then accept only whatever you can derive from them. You'll find some amazing things, like societies

[I just had a creepy feeling I was being watched and I saw a flash of light. Yikes! The basement light just flickered.]

are only groups of individuals and your emotions are yours to control. Good

luck.

[First Tallman, now you. This letter column just flowed together, I didn't arrange it in any particular order, its...its... magic! Well let's toss out some of your arbitrary stuff that makes up a person, me. I'll throw out the evil, religion, and keep my six senses. I must have more to life than just bare-bones self existence, and if you had to take me, Eric Ozog, as a role playing character in a Dungeons and Dragons game, you would be pleased to find a character with good strength and excellent hearing. Consider myself as far as allignment is concerned, to be Chaotic Good (you know, the type who have lots of charm and ride unicorns, all that good stuff). I tend to be too self critical, and that's bad if you have to go against a level 6 paladin, but overall I've a good disposition. Moral obligations? If I see a little old lady fall down an open sewer I'd probably jump down and yank her out, but as far as laying down my life for my country, forget it jack. That's it Mark, I really have to thank you for inspiring me to take an honest look at myself and I'm sure we will find a solution to your subscription problems eventually. After all, we've been negotiating your sub to DBM since issue 32 or 33.]

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FIRST CLASS MAIL

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