

"From the end of the world to your town"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ... What? What's this stupid alarm clock doing? Going off at 5:15 A.M.? I must have screwed up. I'll just reset it for a reasonable hour like noon. Wait! Hey, that's right! I set the alarm for 5:15 because Stuart Lancaster's mom is going to pick my brother Jeff and I up at 5:30 to bring us to the train station so we (Jeff, Stuart and I) can board the train that leaves for Chicago at 6:45! Fortunately, Mrs. Lancaster didn't show up until 5:45 so surprisingly, Jeff and I were all ready when she stopped by.

CHICAGOCON 1982 --by Randy Ellis

Here we are, riding to the train station listening to Mrs. Lancaster warn us about "weirdos" that have tendencies to molest males. She had to warn us to act calmly if approached by any of these types. "Yes, we'll be alright" and similar statements had to be made multiple times before the subject was dropped. Finally, we arrive at Kansas City's Union Station at about 6:15. The train was already boarding when we arrived there so I didn't have time to throw away my quarters on the video game coin stealers that inhabit this particular train station. I picked up my sleeping bag, my suitcase, and my trash bag that contained my Frenchman costume, and walked toward the train followed by Jeff and Stuart who looked even sleepier than I did. After Stuart kissed his mom good-bye (just like a good little boy), we boarded the train. Jeff ended up sitting a couple rows behind me and Stuart who had a minor disagreement about who would sit next to the window. After a few seconds of debate, Stuart settled the argument by sitting his

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170 pound body into the window seat and I had to settle for the promise "You can sit next to the window on the way back." Meanwhile, a tall dark-haired man seated himself next to Jeff who was still a couple of rows behind Stuart and I. After a brief discussion with Stuart concerning guesses on when our train would actually arrive in Chicago (the train schedule said we'd get there at 3:15, but you know how close trains stick to their schedules, right?), the train lurched and started to slowly roll.

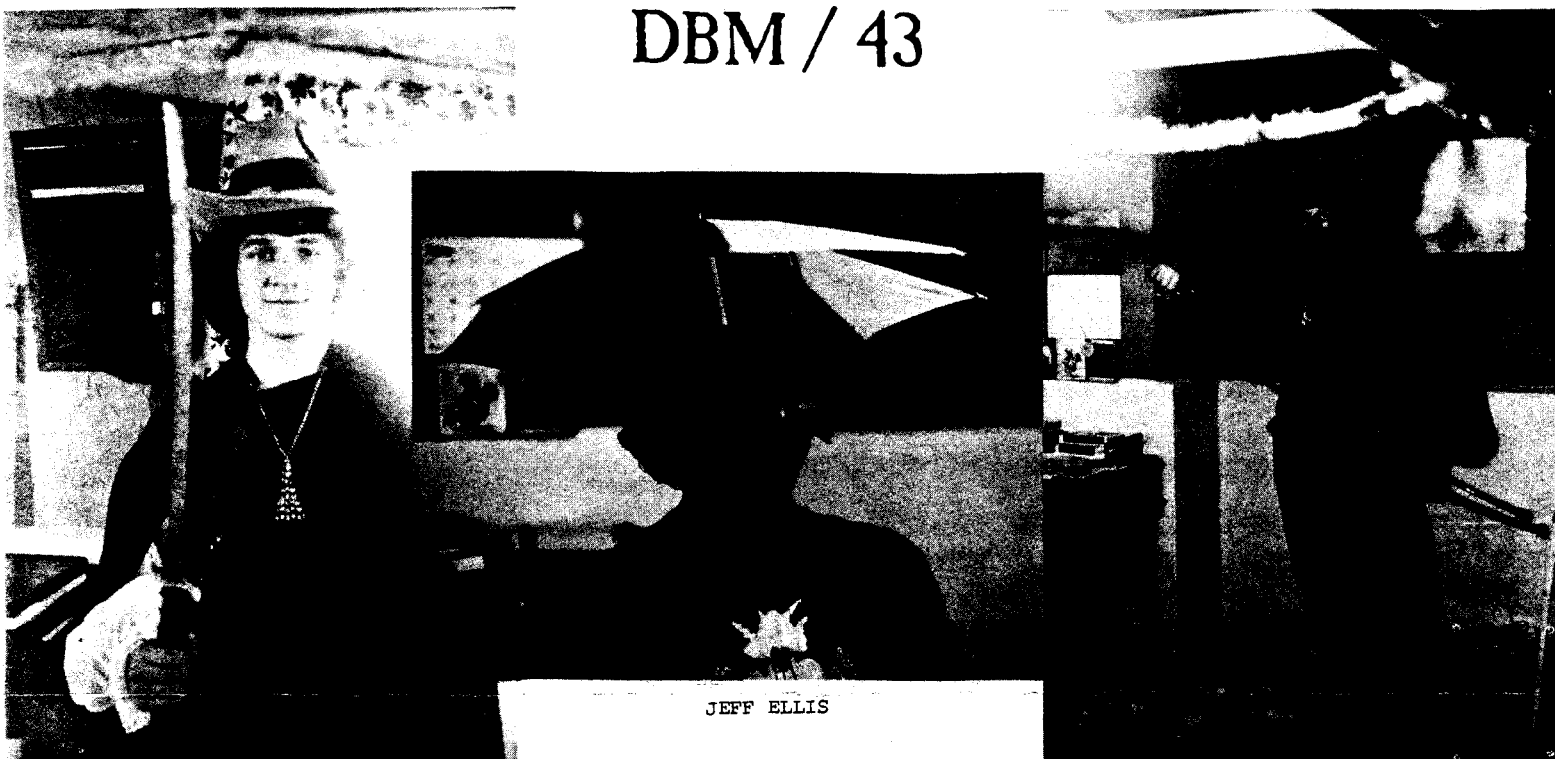
"Ah." I thought, "and to think if this was a regular Friday, I'd be getting ready to go to school now!" I watched out the window as best I could (Stuart makes a much better door than a window) for a while before drifting off to sleep. ZZZZZZZZZZ.

I woke up and realized that the sun was pretty high overhead now. I guessed I must have slept till 11 o'clock or so. Stuart, who had dozed off about the same time I had, was now wide awake and studying the Missouri rural terrain as our train rolled along at about 45 miles per hour. "Perhaps now would be a good time to memorize those French phrases that French teacher wrote down for me," I thought. "What?" you're probably saying to yourself. Let Monsieur explain. You see, Stuart brought to Chicago an outfit that made him look like a 1900 Russian (complete with sword and scabbard) and I brought along an outfit that was supposed to make me look like an 19th century French nobleman. We planned to put our "uniforms" on when the Diplomacy began on Saturday. Sort of to liven things up a bit you know? Well, I asked a French teacher at my school to write a few phrases down so I could memorize them on my way to Chicago. Somehow though, I just didn't feel like going so far as to memorize those stupid phrases. I crumpled up the piece of paper and threw it away.

It was nearing 1 P.M. now and Stuart, Jeff and I were about to die of boredom. Jeff got up out of his seat and strolled over toward Stuart and I. He wanted to know if Stuart and I wanted to play "21" with a deck of Amtrak cards he bought. Stuart and I thought it was a pretty good idea so we all made our way to the dining car where we could sit at a table, order rip-off priced soft drinks (only 60 cents for a 12 oz. can of Coke!), and play cards. Since I'm the world's undisputed world's worst card player, I declined to put any money on the games. Stuart and Jeff bet between themselves who would win while I played but put no money on the games. At one point, it got to where Stuart owed Jeff \$3 or \$4 but then Stuart made a comeback that made it so that Jeff owed him about a dollar when we all got sick of "21" and the overpriced cokes and stumbled back to our seats (I say stumbled not because there were alcoholic substances in our coke but because train aisles aren't very wide in the first place and when the train's moving at 60 miles per hour, it's difficult to walk through the aisles as the train cars sway from one side to the other.)

After getting back to my seat, I watched the Illinois farmland gradually give way to the industrialized Northeast area of the state. When the train stopped at Joliet, I knew we were very close to our destination. After what seemed like an eternity, I sighted the tall, grey buildings of Chicago and the unmistakable Sears Tower. "Finally" I thought. The train slowed down and in a few minutes, it stopped. The three of us grabbed our luggage and I gave Jeff a red, white, and blue umbrella hat to wear. Why? Well, we told Eric to look for three teen-agers with 1 of them wearing a very unusual hat. I must admit, the hat did stand out quite a bit and Stuart and I had trouble attempting to carry our luggage while laughing so hard at Jeff's ridiculous appearance, I tried to console Jeff by saying, "Look at it this way, Jeff. I'll bet we find Eric quick with you wearing that hat. It just attracts attention."

The three of us got off the train and walked in the general direction everyone else was walking in. We made it to the gate of Chicago's train station with no real problems. Of course, Jeff's hat got a lot of stares, but so what. The next thing



RANDY ELLIS

JEFF ELLIS

STUART LANCASTER

I knew, we entered the waiting room and spotted a mediumly built blond-haired, scraggly-bearded, Eric Ozog in Jordashe jeans. It was great that we found each other that quick considering he really didn't know what we looked like and we didn't really know what he looked like.

After brief introduction, Eric helped us carry our bulky luggage to his car where we put everything up. After a little bit of discussion, we decided it would be best if we waited until Chicago rush-hour traffic had died down a bit. We decided to go visit a planetarium. I can't remember the name of the thing [Adler] but I do remember that it didn't cost us a thing to go to it. It was a great deal for free. We observed various space artifacts and the like until we were all knowledgeable space scholars. Next, we went to the shore of Lake Michigan. We just sort of sat around talking and enjoying the cool lake breeze. I went down to the water's edge and was surprised to see that the lake actually looked relatively unpolluted. I always had the impression that Lake Michigan, at least around Chicago and Milwaukee, was a bunch of fatal chemicals and pollutants with a little bit of lake water and dead fish mixed in, I was wrong. It appeared instead to actually be a lake with only a few hazardous chemicals within and I spotted only two dead fish.

After discussing such things as DSP, philosophies on stabs, Road to Ruin (a game that Jeff and Eric are in the zine IRKSOME) and all sorts of other goodies [just think folks, talking straight dipshit on Chicago's lakefront], we left the shore of Lake Michigan to be introduced to Chicago traffic. WOW! Being a Kansas boy, I was amazed at the traffic in Chicago. And I thought rush hour in downtown Kansas City was bad! Whew! After a long time of riding and listening to some rock group I'd never heard of before that didn't sound too bad [Camel], we arrived at the honorable house of Eric Ozog. There, we were introduced to his mom, a nicer mom there never was, and Eric's 2 dogs- a big friendly mutt [Pippin], the other a small, grouchy little pipsqueak that sounded like a human mutant when it barked [Molly]. (Sorry Eric, I had to say it!)

After establishing who slept where and resting, we dropped by Burger King before going to all sorts of people's houses... [Andy Lishcett's and Jim Williams' parents] to play something I never played before- gunboat Diplomacy. My inexperience showed through as I was clobbered in every game I played. One game stands out in particular. I was France. In S'01, Italy occupied Piedmont, England waded out into the Channel, and Germany bounced my A Paris out of Burgundy. I never had more than three centers that game while Italy (Eric Ozog of course) picked up Marseilles, Trieste and Tunis that season. AGGGGGHHHHH! Jeff and Stuart didn't do very well either. Finally we went home at about 4 A.M. Saturday. Everyone was to meet at Eric's house at noon on Saturday so not many people were to get a lot of sleep. We went back to Eric's house and went right to sleep after being up for about 20 hours.

I woke the next morning around 10 A.M. I groggily stumbeled to the bathroom and forced myself into my hot, caped, uncomfortable Frenchman costume. I felt a little weird when I stepped out of the bathroom with my French blue vest, ruffled sleeves, black cape, French hat, and of course, a sword. Regardless, I wore the thing to breakfast where I got quite a few laughs out of Eric's little sister [Paula] as well as his mother. "If Stuart chicken's out and doesn't wear his costume, I'll kill him," I thought to myself as I chomped away at some excellent pancakes that Eric's mom was kind enough to bestow upon me. After eating, I went upstairs to Eric's room to make final adjustments to my costume [the hair kept falling off]. I then headed down to the basement where I was surprised to see Dave Carter, Art Haehnel, Paul Rauterberg, Pat Conlon, and others already there. I felt a little uncomfortable being the only "Frenchman" there but I left the costume on.

Later, the rest of the "gang" trickled in. There was Jim Stillman, Don Swartz, Garry Hamlin, Jim Williams, Dick Martin, Julie Glass, Gary Coughlan, Michael Quirk, Scott Hanson, Bill Becker, Russ Rusnak, Andy Lischett and so many others I can't remember everyone. The "serious" Diplomacy playing started around noon or so. "Here's my chance to make up for my shoddy gunboat performances!" I thought. My first game (the first game played in fact), I drew Austria. I got Italy (Art Haehnel) to start off with a Lepanto while I convinced the stupid Turk (my brother Jeff) to support me into Rumania. What do you know? I got three builds in W'01! The next season I stabbed Turkey and took Bulgaria and I stabbed Italy and took Venice because I saw France (Don Swartz) heading in Italy's direction and I wanted to get a piece or two out of it. Unfortunately, French forces were a bit slow in coming and the Turks, Italians, and Russians saw to it that I was reduced to six centers by W'03. Jeff and I had our own private little war while the English (Jim Stillman) and French alliance cleaned up Germany (Garry Hamlin), Russia (Jim Williams) and Italy. By 1905, the E/F alliance had 23 centers between them while the ignorant Turk refused to draw up a peace treaty. At that point, I decided to throw EVERYTHING I had at Turkey and let France pick up any centers he wanted in Trieste and Vienna. The game ended in '06. The result- an E/F draw. My result- a tie with Turkey for 3rd place with a paltry five centers. [See supply center chart under Game 1.]

July 5th

In my next game I drew Turkey. The situation in my area was totally chaotic as I would stab Russia (Art Haehnel), Austria (Stu Lancreature, er, I mean Lancaster) would stab me, Italy (Jim Williams) would stab Austria, and Russia was getting murdered by Germany (Mike Quirk). I had four centers in 1902, 1903, 1904, and in '05, when the game was voted a F/G/I draw. Yuck! I had to get the bad taste out of my mouth so I played another game. [See charts for games 6 & 7]

This one I got France. Stuart was England and Pat Conlon was Germany. Me and Stuart hit Germany with help from Scott "Frauke's coming next week" Hanson as Italy. Germany was out by 1903 and then I stabbed Italy. The E/F alliance was working great and by 1904, I had 10 centers and my English ally had 8. Turkey (Russ Rusnak) was the only other major power on the board and he too had 10 centers. Then it happened: The English slime drew his sword and inserted it squarely between my shoulder blades; a stab. At that point, I was totally caught off guard because I really wanted a two-way draw but Stuart just had to stab me and go for the win! Then I knew my chances of winning were nil and 0. It was just a matter of who'd win between England and Turkey. I threw all my units in Stu's direction thus leaving Italy free to tour Southern France and Iberia while Turkey toured Italy. I was eliminated off the board in 1907 but my goal was accomplished: Turkey had 19 centers to England's 13. Italy managed to keep two. Oh well, at least the red-haired bastard (as Rusnak jokingly called Stuart) didn't win!

My final game was as England [See game 9]. Russia (Bill Becker) started off right at first out to kill me by ordering A Mos-Stp in S '01 and A Stp-Fin in F'01. I thought I had a German ally in Scott Hanson but I guess he wasn't impressed with my trustworthiness from the other game. Russia took Norway away from me in 1902 and the G/R alliance got into the North Sea in 1903. I knew death was imminent so I decided to throw what centers I could to France (Jeff) just so the German/Russian rascals wouldn't get everything. I managed to give France London and Liverpool but the Russian scum got Edinburgh and there wasn't anything I could do about that. I was out by W'04 and I clenched a tie for last place (with Pat Conlon's Turkey). ARRRGHHHHH! Enough of this!

I didn't care to play any more Diplomacy for 2 reasons- 1) My 4 miserable performances in the last games, 2) it was about 4 A.M. Sunday morning. The guests shuffled out as Eric, Jeff, Stuart and I picked up about 2,047 beer cans (O.K., maybe only 2,046), doughnut boxes, and junk in general. We got the place mostly picked up and then retired to our respective sleeping quarters where we all (Eric, Jeff, Stu and I) talked before we dozed off.

Sunday seemed to breeze by pretty fast. I woke up, got all my luggage together, and put it in Eric's car. We went over to CHEESECAKE pubber Andy Lishcett's house for a couple last gunboat games before we had to leave a 2:45 so we could catch the train back to K.C. that left at 3:45. I bid farewell to all parties concerned and reflected back on the whole experience as Eric drove us to the train station. I found myself wishing it was Saturday morning all over again instead of Sunday afternoon. The thought of a 9 hour train ride back to boring ol' K.C. didn't exactly thrill me. Alas, we boarded the correct train and the ride back was pretty much uneventful except for Jeff's Coca-Cola war with Stuart. We arrived in K.C. at 11 P.M. where my mom, who had obviously been "out drinking with the girls" was 45 minutes late. I enjoyed the Con so much that I'll probably try organizing a Kansas City Con sometime in the direct future and I may even go to Baltimore this summer for DipCon. If I go, hope to see ya all there. If not, maybe I'll see some of you in Kansas City someday if I form that KC-CON. Au Revoir! (See! I did learn one French word after all!)

[Thanks for being such gracious guests! These kids had a moral obligation to clean up the mess on Saturday night, insisted we get it done. I couldn't have cared less at the time (would have saved that task for Sunday night), but I meekly obeyed.

I'm happy to announce Randy and Stuart will accompany me and Stafford on the pilgrimage to DipCon, which is now right around the corner. As for a mini-con in Kansas City, who knows, perhaps in May of 1983? For a Con to be held that far west there would have to be commitment from some of the folk in Texas, as well as others. Michalski seemed interested. How about you, Olsen? Care to break out of your cave for a change? We'll see! It all depends on what you of the hobby want.]



RUSS "REAGAN'S A LIBERAL" RUSNAK

RUSS RUSNAK TELLS IT LIKE IT IS WITHOUT COLORATION

On May 15th 1982 daggers flew and blood ran freely in the basement of Eric Ozog. Such was the nature of Midwest-Con, or at least the games I was involved in anyway (that will come later). For the week preceeding this con I was like a seven year old waiting for Christmas morning. Well, at noon of the 15th Christmas morning came for this kid when I finally enjoyed the pleasure of walking into a basement filled with Diplomacy players. Eric kind of reminded me of Bilbo Baggins scurrying around his hole trying to maintain the image of a good host while his home had been invaded by a hoard of self serving dwarves. When Eric noticed me he quickly ran up, said hello and then disappeared in a frantic fervor befitting almost any field rodent running for the safety of his hole.

The first person I saw that I knew was Paul Rauterberg. Paul is a liberal who lives in a world of theory and has a hard time adjusting when reality gets in the way. Anyway I went up to say hello only to be greeted by a series of moans and grumbles. I just assumed Paul was loosing again and I went on my way.

The next person I ran into was none other than the Grand Wazoo himself (Bill Becker) Bill and I talked for a while about our first meeting in Kalamazoo as well as a postal game we are involved in. Out of nowhere Bill broke into a subdued deranged laughter which lasted for the rest of the evening. This laughter once again aroused my concern for Bill's sanity or more precisely his lack thereof. Bill is the only person I know who will purposely snatch defeat from the jaws of victory "just to make a game interesting."

About this time Eric scurried up, got us involved in a game, and then scurried off. The game started with I as Germany with Becker (Italy) & Osuch (Austria) putting armies in Bohemia and Tyrolia while Becker (still giggling) was assuring me that this was in no way a threat to me. Combined with this Mark Luedi attacked from France but luckily I was spared his assault when the English (Scott Hanson) headed for northern France. I really didn't pay much attention to what was happening in the south after 1902 when the southern threat left (I really don't remember why) therefore I was kind of surprised to notice that Italy and Turkey (Chuck Kaplan) had departed the game just about the same time France and I took England out (Hanson never did get over three units). Then it turned into a simple war, France & Germany vs. Russia (Mark Lazelere) & Turkey. The war was going well until France once again stuck his knife in my back. Luckily I had a decent position and was able to overcome his stab. After that point I could never get another ally and the game went on until I reached 14 centers, at which time Osuch, Larzelere and Luedi all walked off and insisted on declaring the game a four way draw. Even though I was truly disappointed I

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realized that there was nothing I could do so I gracefully accepted the draw. [See game 2 results.]

After taking a walk and getting a bite to eat I began to wander around the room looking at what was happening on different boards throughout the basement. I was shocked to see Chuck Kaplan actually doing well in a game, from what I understand he actually won it (congratulations Chuck). Scott Hanson & Bill Becker were once again being wiped out, I guess some things never change. I spoke with Scott briefly and he mentioned that he just kept getting screwed. I had just decided to cast my vote for Kathy Byrne as far as the Origins dunking festival is concerned (figuring a good dunking in cold water might do Scott some good by waking him up) when Gary Coughlan came up to me and insisted that I could not be me simply because I didn't fit Eric's description in DBM 41. Therefore Kathy Byrne you have my vote if you will dunk Mr. Coughlan as well. After all anyone who believes everything he reads (especially when Diplomacy is involved) deserves a wet-head. How about it Kathy, agree to both of them and you have my vote.

After a while I became involved in another game where I was Turkey. Paul Rauterberg (Austria) set up a three way alliance between Becker (Russia) he and I, which Becker anxiously agreed to. No sooner did Paul leave the conference to talk to Italy (Hanson), when Becker demanded that I help him against Paul. When I said I wasn't sure Becker turned on me. A strong Franco-English alliance with nobody else on the board working together left Germany (Pat Conlon) out at the end of 1902 and the rest of us still bickering. Luckily (for me anyway) I worked an alliance with England (Stuart Lancaster) and due to the element of surprise he and I started to sweep the board. Even luckier for me France (Randy Ellis) turned totally against England handing me the game. The only survivors at the end of 1907 were me with 19, England with 13 and Italy with 2. [Game 7.]

That concludes my story about my win. I would like to once again congratulate Chuck Kaplan for his victory as well as pat myself on the back for my own. From what I understand we were the only two winners of the weekend. (Both from Chicago naturally, even if one was only a Northsider.)

Now I would like to voice my main concern about the Diplomacy hobby. After speaking with an assortment of people at this Con, I realized that the hobby is loaded with those who have no faith in themselves so they have decided that they are owed something by everyone else. They are in essence people who believe they are owed something from the work of others simply because they cannot make it on their own. In short the hobby is plagued with one of the worst viruses of all in this day and age, yes, I am talking about the most disgusting of all human beings, LIBERALS. Yes this is also a plea to all, help stomp out this disgusting virus before it not only wipes out the hobby, but the country as well.

[John Michalski, meet Russ Rusnak.

One other Chicagoan should be mentioned for winning, me, in a gunboat game on Sunday (was in a daze most of Saturday, not very good playing). I'll talk about that little gem later. Now let's have some stats and some more pictures.]

THE STATISTICS OF MID-WEST CON CHICAGO

| GAME 1 | 01 | 02 | 03 | 04 | 05 | 06 | GAME 2 | 01 | 02 | 03 | 04 | 05 | 06 | 07 | 08 | 09 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 |
|--------------------|----|----|----|----|----|----|----------------------|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| AUS [Randy Ellis] | 6 | 8 | 6 | 5 | 5 | 5 | AUS [Bob Osuch] | 5 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 6 | 6 |
| ENG [Jim Stillman] | 5 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 11 | 11 | ENG [Scott Hanson] | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 2 | 0 | | | | | | | |
| FRA [Don Swartz] | 5 | 5 | 7 | 10 | 10 | 12 | FRA [Mark Luedi] | 5 | 5 | 7 | 9 | 9 | 10 | 10 | 10 | 10 | 10 | 7 | 7 | 6 |
| GER [Garry Hamlin] | 5 | 5 | 4 | 2 | 1 | 1 | GER [Russ Rusnak] | 5 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 7 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 12 | 13 | 13 | 14 |
| ITA [Art Haehnel] | 4 | 3 | 1 | 0 | | | ITA [Bill Becker] | 5 | 4 | 3 | 2 | 0 | | | | | | | | |
| RUS [Jim Williams] | 4 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 0 | RUS [Mark Larzelere] | 6 | 7 | 7 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 9 | 8 | 7 | 8 | 8 | 8 |
| TUR [Jeff Ellis] | 4 | 4 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 5 | TUR [Chuck Kaplan] | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 0 | | | | | | | |

Two way draw between England and France.

Four way draw between Austria, France, Germany and Russia

| GAME 3 | 01 | 02 | 03 | 04 | 05 | 06 |
|------------------------|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| AUS [Dave Carter] | 5 | 5 | 6 | 5 | 6 | 7 |
| ENG [Paul Rauterberg] | 4 | 5 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 7 |
| FRA [Pat Conlon] | 5 | 6 | 8 | 10 | 12 | 11 |
| GER [Peter Manti] | 5 | 3 | 2 | 1 | 0 | |
| ITA [Dick Martin] | 4 | 5 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| RUS [Stuart Lancaster] | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 2 | 0 |
| TUR [Gary Coughlan] | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 7 | 8 |

Four way draw A/E/F/T and Italy out in Spring 07.

| GAME 4 | 01 | 02 | 03 | 04 | 05 |
|---------------------|----|----|----|----|----|
| AUS [Garry Hamlin] | 4 | 4 | 5 | 7 | 7 |
| ENG [Mike Quirk] | 4 | 6 | 6 | 8 | 9 |
| FRA [Stan Casella] | 5 | 5 | 7 | 7 | 7 |
| GER [Eric Ozog] | 5 | 4 | 3 | 0 | |
| ITA [Art Haehnel] | 4 | 4 | 2 | 0 | |
| RUS [Jim Williams] | 6 | 6 | 7 | 9 | 10 |
| TUR [Andy Lischett] | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 1 |

Four way draw A/E/F/R. Thanks for all the help, Stan.

| GAME 5 | 01 | 02 | 03 | 04 | 05 | 06 | 07 |
|--------------------|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| AUS [Eric Ozog] | 6 | 8 | 9 | 9 | 8 | 4 | 2 |
| ENG [Peter Manti] | 5 | 6 | 5 | 3 | 0 | | |
| FRA [Chuck Kaplan] | 5 | 6 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 12 | 16 |
| GER [Scott Hanson] | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 4 | 2 |
| ITA [Jim Stillman] | 5 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 2 |
| RUS [Bill Becker] | 5 | 3 | 2 | 2 | 3 | 2 | 1 |
| TUR [Don Swartz] | 3 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 7 | 9 | 11 |

Concession to France. Thanks for taking all my centers, Don. Thanks for being such a sucker, Bill.

| GAME 6 | 01 | 02 | 03 | 04 |
|------------------------|----|----|----|----|
| AUS [Stuart Lancaster] | 4 | 2 | 2 | 1 |
| ENG [Jeff Ellis] | 3 | 4 | 5 | 4 |
| FRA [Stan Casella] | 4 | 7 | 7 | 9 |
| GER [Mike Quirk] | 4 | 5 | 5 | 7 |
| ITA [Jim Williams] | 5 | 7 | 8 | 9 |
| RUS [Art Haehnel] | 4 | 3 | 3 | 1 |
| TUR [Randy Ellis] | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 |

Three way draw between France, Germany and Italy

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| GAME 7 | 01 | 02 | 03 | 04 | 05 | 06 | 07 |
|------------------------|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| AUS [Paul Rauterberg] | 5 | 4 | 3 | 1 | 0 | | |
| ENG [Stuart Lancaster] | 5 | 7 | 8 | 8 | 10 | 12 | 13 |
| FRA [Randy Ellis] | 5 | 6 | 9 | 10 | 8 | 4 | 0 |
| GER [Pat Conlon] | 4 | 2 | 0 | | | | |
| ITA [Scott Hanson] | 5 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 2 | 2 |
| RUS [Bill Becker] | 6 | 5 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| TUR [Russ Rusnak] | 4 | 5 | 7 | 10 | 11 | 14 | 19 |

Turkish win.

| GAME 9 | 01 | 02 | 03 | 04 | 05 | 06 |
|-----------------------|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| AUS [Paul Rauterberg] | 5 | 7 | 6 | 6 | 7 | 8 |
| ENG [Randy Ellis] | 4 | 3 | 3 | 0 | | |
| FRA [Jeff Ellis] | 4 | 6 | 6 | 8 | 5 | 4 |
| GER [Scott Hanson] | 5 | 5 | 5 | 6 | 6 | 8 |
| ITA [Dave Carter] | 4 | 4 | 6 | 6 | 9 | 8 |
| RUS [Bill Becker] | 6 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 7 | 6 |
| TUR [Pat Conlon] | 4 | 3 | 1 | 0 | | |

Two way draw between Austria and Italy.

| GAME 8 | 01 | 02 | 03 | 04 | 05 | 06 |
|---------------------|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| AUS [Garry Hamlin] | 3 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 0 | |
| ENG [Chuck Kaplan] | 5 | 5 | 6 | 8 | 10 | 9 |
| FRA [Andy Lischett] | 5 | 6 | 6 | 7 | 5 | 5 |
| GER [Dick Martin] | 5 | 5 | 3 | 0 | | |
| ITA [Jeff Ellis] | 5 | 5 | 3 | 0 | | |
| RUS [Mark Leudi] | 5 | 6 | 8 | 7 | 6 | 7 |
| TUR [Eric Ozog] | 4 | 5 | 6 | 9 | 11 | 13 |

Four way E/F/R/T draw. Funny, I don't remember Martin being in this one. Maybe it's because he died. Note that Stillman played Turkey for '01.

| GAME 10 | 01 | 02 | 03 | 04 | 05 |
|-----------------------|----|----|----|----|----|
| AUS [Jim Williams] | 3 | 5 | 4* | 2 | 0 |
| ENG [Gary Coughlan] | 5 | 6 | 7 | 7 | 7 |
| FRA [Garry Hamlin] | 6 | 5 | 7 | 7 | 9 |
| GER [Paul Rauterberg] | 4 | 6 | 7 | 6 | 6 |
| ITA [Jim Stillman] | 4 | 4 | 0 | | |
| RUS [Pat Conlon] | 4 | 1 | 0 | | |
| TUR [Don Swartz] | 5 | 7 | 9 | 12 | 12 |

*Should have been 6 but stabbed by Turkish dog! Four way E/F/G/T draw. This game played Sunday.



THIS IS MARK LEUDI BEFORE AND AFTER BEING STABBED BY OZOG



THIS IS ANDY LISCHETT. YOUR DONATION CAN SEND THIS BOY TO CAMP.

REVIEW OF MID WEST CON --by Michael Quirk

This Con was my first try at face to face Diplomacy and it was a pleasant surprise. After reading reviews of other cons I was expecting to run into a bunch of beer guzzling, dope smoking rowdies; but the group at Mid West Con was friendly and well behaved and everyone seemed to have a good time.

The only bit of perversion came when one of the players announced that he was going to send a nude picture of himself to Kathy Byrne (the diplomacy player, not the mayor of Chicago's daughter). I have heard that Ms. Byrne already has a nude photo of Eric Ozog which she throws darts at, you can guess where the bull's eye is.

Getting back to the review, it was fun meeting some of my postal opponents in person. It was also fun stabbing our host Eric Ozog, he took it well. However, the highlight of the con came for me when I was playing Germany. I was attacked on the first turn by Russia [Haehnel] even though he had promised to leave me alone. My staunch French ally [Casella] stuck with me

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though and attacked England [Ellis]. With my rear secure I could concentrate on the Russian and the game ended in a France-Germany-Italy draw. This is the kind of instant gratification you get only in face to face Diplomacy.

I want to close by thanking Eric Ozog for running a great con and by recommending that all postal players should try face to face Diplomacy if they get a chance. It's a lot of fun.

WHO IN KAZOO INDEED

Mr. Ozog

It is with deep regret that I must inform you that my husband Bill Becker never returned from Chicago on May 15th. Even though your letter suggests otherwise I suspect you are harboring him in some clandestine Diplomacy denizen for those hopelessly addicted to the game. Oh I've let him go to Dip Con before and he always came home like a responsible real human being, but since Kal Kon and meeting you he had been continuously up on gaming, Diplomacy in particular. Even now I have about 20 you call them zeens that he requested samples of before he left. Anyways after Cons before, he always said he was burned out and then he'd NMR a couple of games and come out of it. But he didn't even brown out after Kal Kon, it was more, more, please more. He was coming home from work every day by 11 A.M.- the mailman delivers by then you know, usually. He'd get so upset when a sub would do the mail and get here late, or a blizzard wiped out mail service. Oh what did this game do to him? It used to be he'd gloat over his fine position, how he'd stand true with one ally while dashing the hopes of others. Occasionally he claimed he'd won a game, but I could never tell the mail just kept coming it seemed more not less. Anyway lately he's been mum about position, winning, drawing, surviving. It had just been who's new. Look mail from 17 different states in one week a post office record maybe. So he went to Chicago Mr Ozog but he didn't care about winning he just wanted to meet people whom I fear were near as deranged as he was. And I'm sure he did. And he loved it. He doubtlessly gloried in it. And now he refuses to return to his real life. He is sitting over there on the wrong side of the lake in some basement playing Russia or some other God forsaken country perhaps into Eternity. I don't doubt that in years to come he may resurface like some WWII Japanese soldier defending the emperors empire 30 years after the war.

You just keep him and all those others he claimed you were drawing from across the USA and Canada. Let them beat each other senseless with their bulgarian gambits, triple alliances and lepanto openings. You can do the country a great service by keeping such men secreted away from the general populace. You can undoubtedly keep his kind alive on junkfood and as little as 4 hours sleep. When all this comes out in Diplomacy Expose or whatever your covet underground zine is called...well I just hope you get what you deserve- 20 years as a 3 center turk.

Its really too bad that it was too late to save him. I just hadn't noticed the signs in time once he started talking Chicago Con he let go of his hope for Baltimore. He said it didn't matter. Didn't matter! Its been on the calendar since it went up last December. I suppose you might take your cell of players cross country to such a hell hole of a city and gaming conflict but by then they might not let you. Face it they have everything they want right there with you. Others who live, speak, breathe, Diplomacy. You know he was talking of Diplunacy near end. It was his word for endless diplomacy playing. He wanted to go this way. Diplunacy he said. Endless nirvana. Chicago, Baltimore, Byrne Cons, my God he was possessed, but you possess him now. And good riddance to him and you, leave me to the real world.

...you can stab him for all I care.

(Eric, if the printed material isn't usable and you want something more on the plod like KAL KON that I wrote just send another letter back requesting same. I would suspect CHI CON will get rather extensive coverage. I consider it the finest FTF get together I've been to. It was hard to believe so much Diplomacy could be played so laid back. It was very close to ideal Diplomacy. Every game was populated by "intelligent" Dip players, people conversant in the language. Every game was quality play. Even the last one after midnight which was voted prematurely an A/I draw because of player burnout I believe. Much thanks to you and your entire family whom must have given up a nights sleeps because of the lunatics in their house clamoring til sunrise.

| | |
|---|--|
| CRAWLER PICKERS & WORM DIGGERS - need ed. Work for yourself. Bring bucket & pitchfork. Sportsman's Bailiand, 722 Riverview Dr. 381-9639. | I'm enclosing a small ad from the Kazoo Gazette. Perhaps some of the college students who are desperate for a summer job would be interested. I'm sure they'd give Scott Hanson time off for Dip in Baltimore and Frauke could get gainful employment too. My wife just told me I have to give her credit for suggesting sending it in. So... yeah she occasionally reads the articles in the Dipzines. She hated Brutus Bulletin, but enough, has anyone ever published for the spouses of Dip players? -- KBill in Kazoo.) |
|---|--|

[I'm sorry to say that I'm sure some spouses (diplomacy widows) are left on the great "ash heap" of history. Some cope though like Daphne Fritz and Liz Hail. There's also my favorites in Flushing, John Caruso and Kathy Byrne, who operate a strict partnership I believe. But hey, if Frauke Baby doesn't want to go out East, why not drop her off in Kalamazoo, Scott? She can keep Mrs. Becker (Sorry Mrs. Becker but I forgot your first name) company. As far as the Ozog clan losing sleep on Saturday night, don't worry, they were warned, they took it in stride. Heck, even my brother Kurt got in the spirit of the con and rigged up a hangman's noose underneath the basement steps.]

THE LOST WEEKEND --by Bob Osuch

Chicagocon was probably the highlight of my Diplomacy career. Oh sure, I have several wins under my belt, as well as being recognized as an all-around swell guy. And yes, I do babysit for some noted hobby idiots twice a month, but that doesn't hold a candle to the scene at Ozog's house on May 15. My mission in the master plan was to entertain Scott Hanson, Dick Martin, Julie Glass and Mark Larzelere. I don't know if I succeeded, but they sure entertained me, unwittingly, I suspect. So sit back. Kick up your feet. Put them back down. Get up. Pour yourself a stiff one. Sit back down. Kick your feet back up. Children of the damned, beware!

I left my abode at 3417 S. Paulina at oh, around sixish, to pick up Scott at Midway, 'Chicago's Big Little Airport.' It was hot. It was sticky. Traffic was a bitch. As we sat suffocating on the Stevenson Expressway, Daryl, my two-year old, shook his fist at the cars parked around us and squealed, "Come onnn, come oooooonnnnn."

"SHIT!" I mumbled to myself, "Too damn cheap to take a cab."

We made the 10 mile trip in forty-five minutes. I figured Scott would be waiting at the terminal, but no such luck. As it turned out, his flight was late, so Daryl and I waited at the arrival area. I scanned the sea of passerby, but couldn't locate Scott. Suddenly, Daryl began jumping up & down on the bench, shouting "Munch-kin, munch-kin," and pointed into the thrashing mob. It was Hanson. We exchanged amenities hastily and headed for home, stopping only to get oil and pick up McRibs on the way.

We got back and ate, and I introduced Scott to Rita, my wife. We chatted for a while, then I went to make a beer run. As I was about to leave, Rita took me off to the side. "You can't be buying beer for him," she scolded, "He can't be more than fourteen years old."

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"He's twenty, fer Christ's sake." I replied, and went to get the brewskies. Rita later would say that her impression of Scott was one of Walter Polavchek with a snide side to his personality. Also, she couldn't believe he travelled 500 miles because they didn't have McRibs in Minneapolis. Anyway, we sat there guzzling beers and listening to tunes, waiting for Dick & Julie to arrive. After about twenty beers we started to get bloated, so Scott suggested we switch to Southern Comfort. I don't believe we were still in control of our faculties when Dick, Julie and Mark Larzelere arrived at around 11:30. I don't remember what happened next, but I was relieved to wake up the next morning in bed, as opposed to on the bathroom floor.

Saturday was the day of the con. We had donuts at Huck Finn's, where the Marylanders embarrassed me with their rowdy behavior and general lack of table manners. I apologized to Chuck, my good friend and owner of the establishment, and ushered our group out the door. Julie was gracious enough to leave a penny tip inside a half of a glass of milk, topped with a mangled chocolate donut. Of course, I didn't get invited to Chuck's gala Memorial Day bash, but perhaps he'll have forgiven me by this time next year.

I repaid my guests by taking the "scenic route" to Eric's house. After I had run out of Puerto Rican neighborhoods, we reached Ozog's. I was expecting 10-15 people, but once inside, I was surprised to find closer to 40 gamesters in attendance. Eric's transvestite friends were there, which was OK with me, as long as they kept their distance. Unfortunately, one fellow, dressed as a Viking maiden did not. "Know anything about real estate?" He asked, innocently enough.

"A little, why?" I replied.

"Is this a lot?" He countered, whipping out his schwanz.

"No, but how about a couple of achers!" Said I, pounding at his crotch with a ball peen hammer. After that, the weirdos left and only Diplomacy players remained.



BGB OSUCH, THE SCOURGE OF SOUTH CHICAGO

I was looking for a game. There were three or four in progress, so I started walking around scoping things out. There was Rauterberg at one table, I met Dave Carter and Pat Conlon, I saw this jerk with "1981AM who?" shirt on...yeah, it was Hamlin. Jim Williams gave us swords to have at it. I tried to lop his head off in one fell swoop, but missed. We ended up shaking hands but it was obvious we despised each other. I ditched him and met some other people. Someone else can tell you who they were. I'm no good with names.

I finally got into a game. It would be the only game of regular Dip I would play the entire weekend. I drew Austria, Scott Hanson was England, Mark Leudi was France, Russ Rusnak, Germany; Bill Becker, Italy; Mark Larzelere, Russia and Chuck Kaplan, Turkey. I talked to Lousy Liar first, and he seemed cooperative. At first I thought we had an alliance. I also talked to Becker and offered to support him into Munich in F01. He accepted, and A-I were rolling. I guess Lousy got paranoid, because he started propping up Turkey and abandoned me, while Germany and France jumped on poor Scotty. Eventually, G-F became a 22 unit alliance, England, Italy and Turkey were gone and Lousy and I were making a desperation stand at the GAL-SIL-BOH-TYO line. We proposed and approved a 2 way G-F draw, but Rusnak wanted to play it out in hopes of possibly winning, so he vetoed it. Sure enough, he stabbed France the next turn, and Luedi was reduced to groveling on his hands and knees before Mark and I would agree to work with him. That done, we easily stalemated Rusnak, who was forced to accept a four way A-F-G-R draw. Shrewd work, Russ.

My game lasted close to five hours, so I felt like mingling for awhile. Julie wanted some ice cream, so Bozog agreed to drive Julie, Gary, Lousy and I around for awhile. I think Lousy went. Anyway, Gary seemed to be quite inebriated, as he was having trouble keeping his eyes open and standing without support. We came upon a Jewel-Osco, and decided to check it out. I thought Gary & Julie were going to wet their pants, as they were consumed with laughter over the name "Jewel-Osco." Strange, it never struck me as particularly humorous. We went in, Julie got what she needed & Gary & I went searching for booze. We found it in Osco, and Gary bought a bottle of Amaretto & Cognac. Once back to Eric's, I think that bottle lasted all of two minutes. Gary kept spilling it all over the place, then got mad when there was none left. Eric, Julie, Mark & I settled down to play Rail Baron.

There are a few different strategies to playing Rail Baron. The basic one is to try to buy railroads which will connect from coast to coast, concentrating on heavily travelled areas. Since others have to pay in order to ride one of your lines, it is a good idea to try and lock out cities, so that if someone has that city for their destination, they must pay you each turn they are forced to ride your line. I explained as much to Eric. He replied he thought it was devious. The game began, and I bought the SAL, which is the only line that goes to Miami. Eric rolled his destination. Miami. Eric was out of the game in five turns, bankrupt. I went on to win, Rail Baron supreme.

After that, we just socialized. I remember walking past Andy while he stared blankly into space. I snapped my fingers before his eyes. He didn't flinch. "Too much dust," I nodded knowingly. Then we just hung all over each other until 2:30 or so, when we decided to head back. I remember asking Eric how to get to I-94 from his house, but by the time the wheels were rolling, I had forgotten. Needless to say, I got us lost, driving up and down Damen Ave about five different times, finally hitting Evanston before I finally figured out which way was south. I think we made it back by four.

The next day we were to go to Andy's house. Jack Frost picked us up and we took the scenic route so the kids could see the lake and all the big buildings. Jack was the model tour guide, and a good time was had by all. We stopped to eat, where we all gorged ourselves, then went to Andy's. We played one game of gunboat, where my Russia won, then Andy kicked us out. We all thought Andy was doing tranquilizers- that or he just had a lobotomy. The vacant look in his eyes was testimony to that. Andy begged us to take Pat Conlon to the bus station. We couldn't, as there was no room in Jack's car. Andy wept silently as we departed.

We ate at Chinatown. It was tasty. Then we came home and BSed for the rest of the night, my guests were such fun that I'm devoting the rest of this to them.



SCOTT "MUNCHKIN" HANSON



PATRICK CONLON



JULIE GLASS & DICK MARTIN

DAVE CARTER

Dick Martin: Maryland gamer hit it big with inane dipzeen, Retaliation. Since then, he's indulged himself with increasing flatulence in a spacy, mystical froth of irregularity and remarkably poor play.

Mark Larzelere: A young introvert whose physical presence is quite different from the sunny, sassy character portrayed in his zeen Appalling Greed. He spins out already dated one-liners about nothing of particular interest.

Julie Glass: It's hard to imagine a more inappropriate combination than Dick Martin and Julie Glass. This relationship may as well be a copy of the latest scandal-sheet gossip about College Park's odd couple. It's the bottom of the barrel after a long fall for Julie, and more of the same for Crud.

Scott Hanson: I like Scott. Besides, his inept play will draw plenty of criticism from others. No need for me to jump on the bandwagon.

I could go on, but Eric called and wants me to mail this now. Good, I didn't think it was ever going to end. Gee, in the beginning I was going to make this a parody on "Night Gallery," but I couldn't come up with a painting.

"Submitted for your approval, the fate of one Robert Paul Osuch, compromising diplomat and steelsucker supreme..."

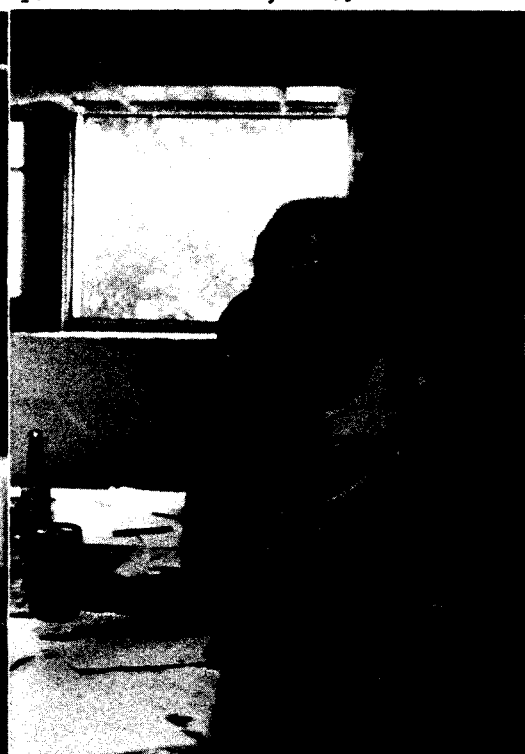
[...and I sure sucked your steel in the Rail Baron game. So I've been revealed as the innocent and naive one (not far from the truth), lived a sheltered life with a family not typical of this city, as you said on the phone. I still can't believe you turned off your sex drive for three years after getting screwed by that girl though. Whatever. Did you like sleeping in the pyramid? I find it relaxing. And I tried directing you to I-290, not I-94, the Kennedy. Have another brew, Bob.]



GARRY HAMLIN

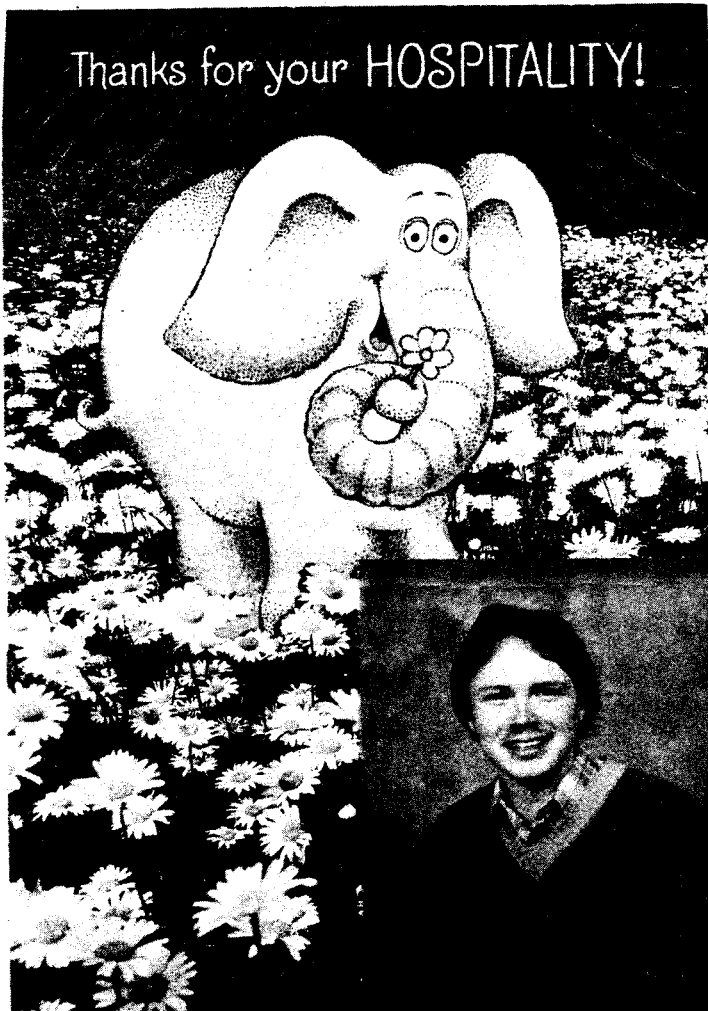


JIM WILLIAMS



PAUL RAUTERBERG

July 5th



TWO LETTERS FROM GARY COUGHLAN

Dear Eric, this is my first letter to anyone since getting back home to Memphis but I believe in first things first.

I had anticipated going to ChicagoCon for months. It, the Con itself, went by so quickly, at least for me. I had one of the best times I've had since coming into this hobby. And in large part it is because of you.

You promoted ChicagoCon. You presented a wide choice of dates so everyone could choose what was best for them. You printed maps of Chicago and you, along with Andy and Bob and Jim, opened your own homes up to us. Not to mention meeting us at the train stations and the airlines and taking us back on time and even hauling us around town.

Pat yourself on the back. You did a good job of organizing and it was more people than we ever expected. I counted 28 over the 3-day period and 7 of those are publishers whose zines will undoubtedly have write-ups.

I think your basement was perfect for the con. One look at its size removed my doubts at once. I even got Pippin and Molli to let me pet them, ha!

I wish I could have talked with you more while there. Guess that'll wait til Origins, which isn't too far off.

I tell you (this is now May 18th) I am still not back on schedule! I am used to sleeping late (11-12 noon) and working at nights (5:30-2 AM).

Chicago Con was get up early (@ 7-8 AM) for me and to sleep late for me. On the plane trip back I was just dead-tired. Got to Memphis @ 11:30 PM, went home to sleep right away. Got up at 9 AM! I couldn't sleep anymore but was still tired. I nearly went to sleep last night at work. It'll still be a day or two before I am on an even "Memphian" keel again! I know Andy was also tired and you looked sort of worn down too. Like me at GenCon last year! Were you?! That many people and that amount of gaming for 3 whole days can get anyone down.

I was in 3 gunboat dip games and 3 regular negotiation games plus one "Nuclear War" (non-dip) game.

Scott Hanson told me he bought a Sekai 1000 bike. Hopefully, I'll get around to buying one in the next few weeks myself. Did I tell you that I disobeyed you, O evil high priest Ozog and subbed to Bicycling magazine anyway?! Now that I'm out of Chicago, I can!!

Enclosed you'll find a picture of me for your dart board. I've had/having copies made since this is the first picture taken of me in several years. This was taken in January. I want you to have it because I consider you one of my good friends, inside or outside the hobby. You are good people, Eric. I enjoy knowing you and this

To Eric, a good friend who's there when you can use him and when you need him. I hope to be the same to him and others. Thanks for making Chicago Con (May '82) such a big success!

is one way I can show it.

Well, I'm back home now. I love getting off work at 2 AM on Spring and Summer nights. All the factory sounds and smells are gone. The birds are singing and you can smell the honeysuckle blossoms in the air. So peaceful.

Well, I guess I'll close for now. Thank you once again, for the great job you did in organizing and making us welcome in ChicagoCon. Til later, Sincerely, Gary.

Dear Eric, Turkey! I was so counting on DBM to give me ideas about what to write about Chicago Con and then I find out that you needed a "semi-vacation." Hmmp!

Well, I guess I guess I can't really complain because I know how energy-less I felt. As it is, I may still get inspired by the ChicagoCon accounts which will appear in DBM (you have this talent, Eric, for attracting all the talented writers at these cons to write for you).

Anyway I did enjoy DBM with The Schemer fake-let. It almost sounded like Steven Duke. It's getting so I never know what to expect to read in DBM next. While I'm at it, I might say Cheesecake shares that same quality. It must be something in the Chicago water, eh.

Speaking of "Chicagoland" (your metropolitan area has a greater population than Tennessee and Arkansas together), here are some clippings about Chicago you might be interested in.

One is about the 1992 World's Fair that Chicago wants and the other one is a view of Chicago which I enjoyed very much. If I had to live in a big city, I think I would choose Chicago over New York or Los Angeles.

Well, I'm looking forward to Origins very much. So many that I haven't met are going this year. This may be my last year to go (to Origins, not Chicago Cons!). I think you might feel that way about yourself, no?

I got a Raleigh (made in England) "Supercourse 12" 12-speed bike and my rear end is still sore! I really am enjoying it otherwise.

Well EE will be mailed out this Friday if the printer is through with it -- otherwise it is Monday.

Well, my break at work is over so I'll close for now. Til later. Sincerely, Gary.

P.S. Someone "almost" guessed you as the man in the picture in EE #14!

[Europa Express, Gary's zine, runs a picture contest every issue. I'll have to participate in the next one, making some wrong guesses too.

Thanks for the articles on Chicago (the one was about how the political turmoil is tearing the city apart). I say let's have some more political turmoil. I like our mayor, no matter what they say, and I bet she'll get re-elected. As for the World's Fair, it looks like Chicago will get it. I say let's have Dip-Con in Chicago in 1992, when you can visit the fair.

Fancy bike you bought, that. You'll get used to it. I have a '79 Schwinn Continental II and let me tell you is it a tank! I take it to work when the weather is good, a 16 mile round trip. I will 'escape to Wisconsin' with it this summer.

Paul Rauterberg is in to Biking, as well as Hanson. Hey Paul, have any free time this summer to do some cycling in your native state? How about in your altered state? I'll ride to Milwaukee and we'll go from there.

I'm excited about Origins myself, and it will be my last eastern con for awhile at least. I speak from a time priority/financial point of view. There's no doubt the eastern cons are a lot of fun, but they're so far away. You'll see me at Dip Con in Detroit next year though.

Duh Skeemer fake created mass confusion to DBM subbers who don't receive The Schemer. For most, it went over their heads. (More on this later.)

Yes, I was tired after the con and I fell ill on Sunday. It may well be these 3-day bashes are hazardous to your health, but I don't care.

I've never scented honeysuckle before. Never been to the South. Maybe someday I will.

Thanks for the kind letters. The first one flushed my face with embarrassment, not an easy task. A curious feeling, a sense of pride and accomplishment one gets from bringing these people together. No need to sing all this praise though, you and all the others should pat yourselves on the back for making this con what it was. And now something you'll really like...]

ERIC OZOG RATES THE PLAYERS



ERIC OZOG, YOUR HOST

Mike Quirk (North Suburbs): This is the player who'll send his nude picture to Kathy Byrne. Mike looks like a cross between Alan Calhmer and Professor Fate. He has a quiet style of play, he sits on the sidelines until he finds the opportunity to let the axe fall. Nice to meet you in person, you can have all my centers, too.

Patrick Conlon (Atlanta): Pat had walked from O'Hare Airport to my house on Friday, a rough 12-20 mile journey. He had his general directions, so picked his way across town on key streets, getting a viscious sunburn in the process. Pat was distraught no one would sell him liquor with an out-of-state I.D., even though he be dying of thirst. I asked Pat about his life in the military, reaffirming my decision to stay far away from it.

Peter Manti (Chicago): This guy was a strange one. Julie complained about his smoking and I whispered to her there was a good breeze coming through the window. Manti has greasy blond hair, is heavy set, wears glasses. He looks like Harry Carey (Chicago Cubs announcer) and talks like a lawyer. Pete had all these grand schemes about how he was going to win all the money at CWA's cut throat dip tournament. He ended up losing in both his games and walked out in disgust. Will I hear from him again?

Andy Lischett (Chicago): Andy was the workhorse of the four hosts, it showed because he was physically and mentally wiped out. I would have taken Conlon to the Greyhound depot, Andy, but I was sicker than you.

Don Swartz/Jim Stillman (Louisville): Don is big and burly. He'll ally with Stillman only, for Stillman is the only one he can trust. Never be Austria with a Turkish Swartz at your back. You are sure to get stabbed, eventually. Jim Williams and I found that out the hard way. Jim Stillman is Swartz's toady. He was a fence sitter and indecisive when he played Italy with me as Austria in game 5. Stillman is quiet and competent, but sometimes I wonder if 'all his cookies are in the oven.'

Russ Rusnak meets Bob Osuch: A high point of the con. Russ told Bob, "Reagan's a Liberal." Bob concluded after a minute or two of arguing, "Russ, you should live in Russia. In Russia, the kids turn their own parents in. Hey guys, my mom and dad attended a Democratic rally the other day. Haul 'em in and shoot 'em."

Dave Carter (Toronto): Dave stayed quiet and didn't make an attempt to break his personality out of the woodwork, but he was friendly. When I and my group arrived at Andy's on Friday night I asked Dave as a news reporter would ask:

"Dave Carter, Smyth's Fol-si-Fie is a 'dinosaur' and passchendaele is AWOL. Ron Brown's Snafu! is nice & clean, but dry. As having the only alternative Canadian zine, what course will you set for Sleepless Knights?"

With beer in hand, Dave just smiled and nodded.

Stan Casella (Chicago): One of my toadies from the old Le Front days, Stan promises a lot but never delivers. Well, he'd say things like, "Gee Eric, your proposal sounds real good, I'll think about it." Stan does do favors for everyone at one time or another during the game, then he'll take a center here, take a center there and end up drawing. Boring, but he does survive. Stan as France just watched while my Germany went down the diplomatic tubes. At least Stan stayed loyal to me and didn't attack.

Dick Martin/Julie Glass/Mark Larzelere (Washington D.C. Area): Dick was more sedate and serious while Julie was less subtle and shrewd and more open and at ease, than when I met them last year. Mark seemed rather spacey, he's an ex-D&Der. He claimed he was 'saved' before it was too late. Funny, one wouldn't notice. I suppose certain scars cannot be healed. Dick, how did you like a drunk Gary crying on your shoulder for half the night? Julie, I'm glad you liked the ice cream and I'll gladly go bankrupt on your railroad any time!

The Sunday game with the above trio was the most spectacular gunboat game I ever played, I winning as Italy, allied with Mark as Austria who came in 2nd place. England was Dick and Turkey was Julie. Scott was France and Russ, Germany. Jack Frost was the Czar. Bob Osuch wrote down a prediction saying A/E/T draw. I asked him what he based his prediction on and he replied, "With those three?" Bob ended up revising his forecast.

I played a very serious, mean game, allowing for no humor, I could not joke for I was sick. A mind splitting headache had driven my consciousness to the edge of the abyss, it later triggered a sickening nausea. I'd stand up, shake off the light-headedness, write my moves and plop back down in Andy's comfy chair, not saying much. When I fall to sickness I become like a wounded wolf. Friends become enemies, they dropped one by one, I would have killed the whole world if I could. Scott was the first to die. A useless struggle he put up. Dick tried to help him, but I ran circles around that Englishman. He crumbled soon after.

Meanwhile, Julie of the East was boxed in. I had sent one lone pirate fleet to the Aegean to cause all of her support orders from Constantinople and Bulgaria to be cut. Sometimes she'd get an extra fleet to kick me out, but I'd come and kick her right back. Julie was literally driven to insanity, stuck in her corner. Jack could not help her much, he was embroiled with Russ in Germany and later in the game the Russian homeland would fall to Austria. Mark then took the Sultaness out.

The concession was given to Italy, I think I had 14 centers at the time. My thanks to Mark for staying reliable without needing the spoken words. My apologies to all the others, I know it looked as if I was possessed. Yes, Diplomacy for 3 days is hazardous to your health. So why on Earth am I going to Origins? Because I don't care.

"So let the specter of death take me, so long as I can get in one last game of Diplomacy." --Eric Ozog, 1982

Mark Leudi (Michigan): "I think I've recovered from the con now. Everything else has been so hectic I can't tell. I really had a great time at the con. You deserve a big pat on the back (though after that one game...) for hosting the Saturday affair. Those donuts at 3 in the morning were so timely! Very well run and alot of fun too. I especially like the company you keep."

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EGOCENTRIC REVIEW OF THE CONS --by Chuck Kaplan

Windicon

There sure are a lot of people. Seven to ten faces peering at three boards spread over the basement. More people playing diplomacy at one time than I had ever seen before. Hope I am not too late to get into a game.

Those were my first impressions as I entered Eric's basement. I need not have worried about getting into a game. Before too long I was starting a stretch of three games and a game of Risk over 14 hours.

My first game as Turkey, I never really got going, and then my Russian ally decided my time was up. [See game 2]

The second game proved more satisfactory. As France, I quickly formed an alliance with England, Peter Manti- one of the few I had met previously and picked up some centers. When Pete started to talk to the Germans too much, I pounced on him. With Russia, Germany and Turkey fighting I had little difficulty advancing in the north. Down south Austria (the elf) had grown quickly, and Italy pleaded for assistance which I graciously granted. Eric made an unfortunate choice in allowing Turkey to revive, his ultimate undoing. When I had grown to twelve centers, I decided against keeping Italy in a two-way draw, and attacked everywhere, gaining four. With the rest of Germany to fall next year, I was voted the concession. [See game 5]

My third game saw me as England. I grew quickly to ten centers and was allied with Russia (Mark Luedi) and France (Andy Lischett) against Turkey (the elf). Mark offered me his centers, but I refused, as I wanted a three-way draw. At the critical moment, I had the choice of taking two of Andy's centers without opposition, or keeping the alliance, crushing Turkey and possibly winning solo. Also, I wanted to prove to Andy that I could be trusted as I had stabbed him every game played with him. Of course, I stabbed again, and once I realized the stupidity of my actions I strove for a four-way draw. [See game 8]

After that, a game of Risk and the Spring '01 negotiations of yet another game which featured plans for a joint English, German, Austrian and Turkish assault on Russia (Russ Rusnak) in retaliation for his endless bragging about a win. The enjoyable sight of eliminating Rusnak by '02 was aborted as players were forced to take rides. It was three in the morning, after all.

One major reason to go to a convention is to meet other players, get to know them, and just have a good social time. Diplomacy players tend to be better informed and more opinionated which makes for interesting discussions. I did get to meet several players, but by the time I was played out it was past two, and people were groggy. My own fault that I did not spend enough time away from the games, but I am a sucker for "just one more game."

Rusnakon III's Atmosphere Tainted by Unruly Guest

RUSNAKON III --by Chuck Kaplan

As usual Rusnakon proved to be a lot of fun. As usual, my car suffered innumerable indignities traveling an often one-lane (!) expressway before reaching the marginally civilized area Russ calls home. As usual, I was one of the first there, though I was a couple of hours late. That was part of the plan, as Russ is extremely generous in the supply of beer, stocking a large refrigerator with brew.

This time it was Wisconsin day. Over half the players came from there. Before the first game started we got into a discussion of Madison and campus life, nostalgia is so enjoyable.

In the first game as Russia, I was denied Sweden in '01, fought England and was stabbed by AH (Eric) and Turkey (Jim Wall) later. Despite all this, I remained at 6 centers after '01 for the entire game, though the location of these centers shifted north and west. Finally, we reached a 4-way draw.

I felt good about this result, because I was playing a second game again as Russia, downstairs simultaneously. In this game, I made a five year alliance with Andy Lischett (Austria) which held. As I indicated before, in every previous game I have stabbed Andy even when I really did not want to. As I aspire to be a Lischett toady, my behavior had to change. We crushed Turkey quickly and then Italy and Scandinavia. After outguessing Germany (Paul Rauterberg- who wanted to get me for publicizing his artful pratfall at a previous Kon- (sorry again Paul)) to save Warsaw, Germany was soon being rolled. By '05 Andy and I had 10 centers each, and as we swore a lasting alliance publicly we were granted a two-way concession after Russ conceded the inevitable.

Speaking of the devious host. In fall '01 Russ as England had to guess whether I was to move into Norway or Finland. From downstairs, I heard a scream "Kaplan you ba----d!" As I went down the stairs Russ appeared, and indicated that the moves had been read. I smiled, and asked whether we had bounced in Norway. Russ returned my smile and said the moves had not been read yet, and proceeded back to the table. I returned upstairs. Of course Russ went into Norway with unnecessary support, as I slipped into Finland.

The third game (again as Russia- I get on streaks of choosing the same country) was a fiasco. England consistently wrote "Nor" to mean Norway and "Nth" for North Sea. In 1902 Fred Winter as Germany chose to challenge the English moves of a fleet to "Nor" as being ambiguous. After ten minutes of arguing, Winter allowed the move. Then, I noticed that I could have gotten into Norway if the English move was disallowed. I opened my big idiot mouth, and stated that "Nor" was indeed ambiguous. This started everyone going again. Once I realized that England had been consistent I wanted to allow his move to Norway. But it was too late. Winter was ranting, raving, and whining about sloppy play. The rest of us wanted to continue play, but Winter picked up his pieces and threw them back into the box. At that point, we were ready to jump Winter. (Previously, in my first game he refused to concede the four-way draw, forcing us to eliminate him. Meanwhile, 13 people had to wait an extra hour to start the second round of games.) Winter left and the game dissolved. Winter had succeeded in dampening the jovial atmosphere of the Kon for many others. Thanks.

After this episode we all went for the traditional pizzas, and stuffed ourselves. (Apparently Rauterberg managed the journey in splendid fashion.) I talked to many of the Wisconsin group before returning to play a game of "Axis and Allies" with one Wisconsinite [Mark Frueh]. At dawn, I slipped past bodies scattered on the floor and rode back to civilization.

BILL BECKER WHY ARE YOU HIDING? --by Russ Rusnak

On Saturday, June 19th, Rusnak-Kon III became both a reality and a success. During this con there were 14 people in attendance, most of whom commented about having a good time and expressed interest in coming to the next FTF. Surprisingly only a little over 4 cases of beer went and for the first time ever there was even some junk food left at the end of this con. Following are the biased ramblings of the con promoter on both the con itself as well as the people who attended.

The first two to arrive were Mark Frueh and James Wall who arrived Friday evening. I am in two postal games with Mark and the two of us sat and lied through our teeth to each other for about a half hour while Jim looked over some of the material I had on postal Diplomacy. Jim is now trying to find his first postal game and he is very curious about what he has to look forward to. Giving up on each other Mark and I turned our conversation to the expectations of the weekend. One of Mark's biggest thrills was to be meeting Eric Ozog. (No I can't explain why.) After a while we switched to politics (Mark is a liberal. Jim is intelligent), sports, past experiences, and any other bullshit that comes to mind.

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At about 1:00 PM or so we began to worry that there would be no con since we were still waiting for a 4th person to show up. Things quickly changed and by 2:30 the first game was under way: it included Mark and Jim as well as Eric Ozog, Chuck Kaplan, Fred Winter, Joe Baldassi and Bryan Jurkowski. After the game was started I went out to eat and never did find out what the outcome was.

When I returned from lunch I stopped to talk with Paul Rauterberg (soon to present me with a knife in my back as well as my downfall in both of my games) and Andy Lischett. A few minutes later Marc Peters, Dale Bakken, and Mark Luedi arrived and game two was ready to begin. The lineup for this game was Lischett as Austria, myself as England, Marc Peters as France, Paul Rauterberg as Germany, Mark Luedi as Italy, Chuck Kaplan as Russia, and Dale Bakken as Turkey. Kaplan & Lischett formed a quick alliance and promoted dissent among the rest of us until they became unstoppable. About 4 or 5 hours after the game started Lischett and Kaplan walked away with a two way draw.

While the above game was getting ready to end, Jack Frost, the 14th and final person to attend arrived. Jack wandered around for a while making his presence known to those of us he considered worthwhile until it was time to begin two new games. We drew for the participants of each game and were off again.

Unfortunately the only real problem of the evening occurred in the other game. According to 4 participants in the other game one person's childish nitpicking stalled the game until it was declared ended before the end of 1902. I was really surprised that someone would demand strict tournament rules at a friendly get together and I will state now that any people planning on attending future FTFs at my home are asked to come with a reasonable attitude toward the game and the other participants as compared to coming with an assanine chip on their shoulder that will ruin it for the others in attendance.

With the other game breaking up and 4 people heading for home the rest of us decided to adjourn to a local gin mill for pizza and beer. I was really kind of happy about this since I had drawn France in my second game and I was quickly attacked by Italy, Germany and England. While at the bar some people amused themselves with video games while the rest of us talked about just about anything under the sun. I was really surprised when Mark Frueh noticed a young girl at the bar who would exit and return with an assortment of male patrons. (I really thought he was much too innocent to understand these things.) We wound up returning to my house about midnite to continue the game that was still going on.

When we returned Mark Frueh & Chuck Kaplan decided to try their hand at Axis & Allies in my kitchen while the rest of us returned to the game in progress. For me it soon turned very boring as all I did was write defensive moves that were doomed to failure. After a little while and a few more beers Paul Rauterberg (my English ally and downfall) decided we needed a diversion as he was no longer doing that well either. Naturally there was only one thing to do, call somebody else.

Daf Fritz was not impressed when she was roused from a deep sleep by a phone call from Chicago. As a matter of fact she seemed almost upset at being woken out of a sound sleep. However after a few minutes of talking with Paul and I she was in the form one would expect from the author of Daf's Place. After a while she actually seemed to be enjoying the conversation, joking about past and present experiences with each other as well as an assortment of personal experiences (yes Greg she told us about the leather, whips & chains) as well as anything else that came up. After a few moments the phone was passed around to anyone who had even vaguely come in contact with Daf. This phone call was quickly terminated when Paul pointed out that I was footing the bill. Daf if you are reading this hopefully you enjoyed the call as much as the rest of us.

Having been utterly destroyed in the game as well as by the beer I passed out at about 3:30, however the game and con went on until about 6:00. From what I understand Mark Luedi was waking Ozog up so he could make his moves. Around 6:30 six people claimed floor space and the others left to the comfort of their own beds.

When I awoke the following morning I couldn't believe what my home looked like with beercans, bodies and paper all over the floor. Peters looked up when I passed him and he reminded me of a soldier taking his last gasping breath before going under for the final time. Rauterberg snored away occasionally pushing an assortment of beer cans further from his floorspace. Bakken and Luedi were dead to the world. Wall & Frueh were hidden (in different rooms) out of sight.

After everyone was up we sat and talked about the night before as well as future possible FTFs. Peters was complaining that his mouth still burned from the pizza the night before. I personally believe it was divine intervention in retaliation for his shabby treatment of the truth the night before. We then turned to the serious matter of organizing future FTFs.

As a result, Rusnak Kon IV will move to Milwaukee at Paul Rauterberg's home on 8/14. There will be an Origins Alternative for anyone who cannot make it to Baltimore at my home on 7/24. This will be for people who really feel bad that we cannot make it to Origins but would at least like to play for a night. Also we decided to steal Bill Becker's insanity Diplomacy idea. This will be held at either my house or Mark Luedi's house (northern Michigan) when we have seven people. Insanity Diplomacy consists of seven people sitting down [I hope we can sit down] and playing seven games as seven countries in only one weekend. Anyone out there care to try? Anyone interested can call me at (312) 598-4708 and I will be very happy to provide any information or answer any questions that I can about the upcoming FTF's mentioned above.

My final thoughts on this con: I was disappointed that many who expressed an interest in coming did not bother to let me know what they had decided. I was very happy to meet the assortment of new people that I had never met before as well as seeing those whom I already knew; my personal respect for Dale Bakken, the only man to have a beer the following morning. My thanks to the people who left the cash in my kitchen to help foot the bill; my thanks to those in attendance who made this con a success and treated my property with the care that they would treat their own. In short I am happy with the way things turned out and I look forward to next time seeing those who were here as well as meeting those who are interested in coming. THANK YOU.

THE STATS FROM RUSNAKON III

| GAME A | 01 | 02 | 03 | 04 | 05 | 06 | 07 | 08 | 09 | 10 |
|-----------------------|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| AUS [Eric Ozog] | 5 | 5 | 6 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 7 | 8 | 8 | 7 |
| ENG [Brian Jurkowski] | 5 | 5 | 5 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 9 | 10 | 12 | 14 |
| FRA [Fred Winter] | 5 | 5 | 5 | 5 | 6 | 6 | 5 | 2 | 1 | 0 |
| GER [Joe Baldassi] | 5 | 5* | 4 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 0 | | |
| ITA [Mark Frueh] | 4 | 4 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| RUS [Chuck Kaplan] | 5 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 6 |
| TUR [James Wall] | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 7 | 6 | 7 |

* 1 short. Germany in civil disorder in Fall 1907 after Joe passed out. Four way draw between A/E/R/T.

| GAME B | 01 | 02 | 03 | 04 | 05 |
|-----------------------|----|----|----|----|-----|
| AUS [Andy Lischett] | 5 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 10* |
| ENG [Russ Rusnak] | 4 | 3 | 3 | 4 | 3 |
| FRA [Marc Peters] | 6 | 5 | 6 | 6 | 5 |
| GER [Paul Rauterberg] | 5 | 6 | 5 | 4 | 4 |
| ITA [Mark Luedi] | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 2 |
| RUS [Chuck Kaplan] | 6 | 7 | 8 | 10 | 10 |
| TUR [Dale Bakken] | 4 | 3 | 2 | 0 | |

* 1 short. Concession granted to Rus/Aus.

July 5th

| GAME C | 01 | | GAME D | 01 | 02 | 03 | 04 | 05 | 06 |
|-----------------------|----|---|--|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| AUS [Mark Frueh] | 5 | The game at left was declared a seven way draw after the German resignation and Jack Frost flipping the board in disgust. Can't blame him. | AUS [Eric Ozog] | 4 | 4 | 5 | 5 | 6 | 3 |
| ENG [Mark Peters] | 3 | | ENG [Paul Rauterberg] | 5 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4 |
| FRA [Jack Frost] | 5 | Frankly I didn't care the game ended when it did for Jurkowski and Frueh jumped all over me with their fancy Lepanto, but that's another story... | FRA [Russ Rusnak] | 4 | 4 | 3 | 2 | 0 | |
| GER [Fred Winter] | 5 | | GER [Mark Luedi] | 5 | 7 | 7 | 8 | 8 | 10 |
| ITA [Brian Jurkowski] | 4 | The game at right a 3 way G/I/T draw. | ITA [James Wall] | 4 | 5 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 6 |
| RUS [Chuck Kaplan] | 5 | | RUS [Andy Lischett & Mark Peters S'04] | 6 | 6 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 |
| TUR [Eric Ozog] | 4 | | TUR [Dale Bakken] | 4 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 6 | 8 |

ERIC OZOG RATES THE PLAYERS:

The Wisconsin Folk

Mark Frueh (pronounced free): Mark is of average height with black hair and very bloodshot eyes. He was deeply tanned (how long did you sit under the sunlamp to become that dark this early in the year, don't you know suntans are 'out' in Chicago?). When Mark played Italy in game A, Mark stayed loyal to my Austria until the end, even though his country be on the rocks. Mark told me I was the "expert" so I should solve all his problems. When I told him he was washed up he looked forlorn and said, "I'm sorry." Don't worry Mark, there will be hope for you someday when you get used to playing with 'real' players, not the easy bait you manipulate when in Madison.

Brian Jurkowski: I told the young 'Grizzly Adams' of Diplomacy that if he really needed one, I'd set him up with a Chicago mail drop for I have 'strong connections all over town.' At that point Brian just looked dumbfounded while Fred Winter jumped all over me, demanding I confess my crimes of playing under pseudonyms. I denied it, of course.

Fred Winter: There's no doubt his endless rulebook thumping/moralist hype caused grief to this friendly get-together. Chuck Kaplan's account is fairly accurate, except for the one English move 'F Edi-Yor' which should have been an army. I blew it by saying the move should not be allowed while the 'Nor' moves were OK. An angered Winter said, "If you're going to allow slop, allow all of it, not some of it!" He explained different situations when ambiguous/sloppy moves could be used as strategy and opportunities to cheat. He was right, although I don't like the way he acted and I doubt any player there would use 'slop' moves as a strategic advantage. I do say the 'Nor' moves should have been allowed without question, it was clear Norway was consistently intended as the destination. The 'F Edi-Yor' move should have went also. Regardless, I say to Marc Peters, when in doubt about how to write your orders, spell it out and use caution so you don't screw up. Oh well, it could have been worse. At least Fred liked my cheese and crackers.

Joe Baldassi: Probably the only Mexican to invade Burbank and get out alive. Becoming bored with Diplomacy he went out to find some girls. He stated to no one in particular, "I'd rather get laid every night than get stabbed in Diplomacy." Joe became lost in Rusnak's south suburb, which is not very wise for Burbank's 'white flight' residents are a bigoted lot. Fortunately Fred and Brian located him and hauled him back in.

Dale Bakken: Dale is a redneck of 'Mad City' and proud of it and the mole on his nose. Dale is a crude negotiator, but his methods are refreshing; he gets your story and the next guy's, then he does what he damn well pleases.

Paul Rauterberg: After the last game when everyone upstairs took to the floor, Paul, I and Dale talked for a time, then Dale nodded out. Paul talked about John Boardman's, his wife's and daughter's fanatical infatuation with science fiction, as well as John's big Victorian mansion full of secret passages (Paul visited our founding father). Paul was given the red carpet treatment in New York by Boardman. I now understand why Paul is soft on Boardman's ethics and eccentric views. "You don't bad-mouth someone who has treated you well," Paul said.

After other conversation, I recalled James Wall's question earlier that evening, "Who's the guy who's always sad?" I saw a familiar face in my mind and broke into hysteria, crying out the answer, "Jack Frost, the sad clown!" (Like the one at a circus, he is.) That got Paul and I going, while I added, "I'll see Jack's face in every headlight when I drive home, the sad clown!" Paul and I were laughing hard for a straight 15 minutes, bringing tears to our eyes. The laughter would die down for a few moments then start all over again. I think Dale even chuckled once or twice in his sleep. You see, Jack left early after the aborted game, but his spirit did live on.

Paul passed out as I lay in Russ's rocking chair. I stayed there for a while, then shoved Dale's body just enough to squeeze through the upstairs door. He did not stir. I went in the kitchen to the freezer and served myself some of my ice cream I never did get to try last night and stole some of Russ's sugar cookies. Then I hit the road for home, arriving around 6:30 Sunday morning.

A Rusnakon III Highlight: Going to the supermarket with Russ, almost getting hit by a local driver in the parking lot who demanded the right-of-way, but changed his mind when he slammed on the brakes. I shook my index finger at him, laughed and yelled, "Eh eh eh!" Safe inside Dominick's I was honored to be lectured by this older lady about which ice cream to buy. Meek and amiable as usual, I bought the brand she recommended, settling on chocolate mint. It was on sale too.

* * * * *

DIPLOMACY BY MOONLIGHT is published monthly by Eric Ozog, 1526 N Lawler Ave, Chicago, IL 60651. Phone (312) 237-4650 evenings.

RATES: Regular subscription-- \$7.50/10 issues. Standby rate-- \$6.50/10 issues (no new standbys accepted at this time).
Players of OZOG II, III & IV-- \$5.50/10 issues (until the end of your game).

Note the DBM pirate ship is leaving port. New rates are effective immediately, however, one's original subscription will be honored until it runs out. No subs are accepted beyond 10 issues.

SAMPLES: are 75 cents per single sized issue (1.50 per double) which will be deducted from a new subscription.

TRADES: will be converted to mutual subscriptions as of DBM #44. Some trades will be retained. Publishers will be notified of their trade status this August.

WARNING: I do not rule out the possibility of printing a double issue on rare occasions, which means double the price. The subscriber is assured to get a true double issue or it won't be published. This issue 43 is considered a double issue.

SUB CREDIT: judged by merit/quality of letters and articles submitted. At the very least you will get the issue it appears in for free.

GAME OPENINGS: Yes, there ARE game openings! Dan Stafford, a crack GM will run games in DEM. The initial cost to play is the \$7.50 subscription + a \$4.50 refundable NMR deposit. If you already subscribe or standby, you need only pay the NMR deposit but must renew your subscription at the new rates.

GENERAL KON ANNOUNCEMENTS:

DIP-CON-- Randy Ellis and Stuart Lancaster will be coming with Stafford and I to Origins. We'll be staying at one of the four bedroom apartments on UMBC, arriving Friday eve. I'll be attending Berch's panel discussion and hope to be at the dinner. Also the Oaklyn/Ozog summit will take place, Bernie is coming to Baltimore! See all of you soon.

RUSNAKON/THE ORIGINS ALTERNATIVE-- will be held on Saturday July 24th approx. 12:00 Noon until ? Bring \$ to pay for ribs on the grille. For more information contact Russ Rusnak, 8002 S. Nagle, Burbank, IL 60459. Phone (312) 598-4708.

RUSNAKON IV UP NORTH-- moves to Milwaukee on August 14th. For information contact Paul Rauterberg, 4922 W. Wisconsin Ave, Milwaukee, WI 53208. Phone (414) 778-0750.

 OZOG II -- 1979 IX / Fall 1913: Everyone hates this game including the GM. Oaklyn, I am running out of patience!

SUMMER RETREATS

RUSSIA NRR f lyo R otb (by GM) TURKEY f con R otb, f smy R otb

FALL MOVES

ENGLAND [Stafford] f por H
 FRANCE [Nelson] a kie H, a bre H, f spa/sc H, f lyo H, f tun H, a gre H
 ITALY [Lischett] NMR a ven U H, a tus U H, f rom U H, f wes U H
 RUSSIA [Oaklyn] f con-aeg, a smy U H, a ank U H, a bul H, a rum H, f bla-sev, a boh-sil, a tyo U H, a tus H NSU, a pie U H, a bur U H, a pic H NSU, a gas H, f mid-naf, f enc S f nat-mid, f nat-mid, f lyo-tyu NSU
 TURKEY [Sherwood] f tri H

SUPPLY CENTERS

ENGLAND -2- por bre (1) Even (1 annihilation S'13)
 FRANCE -9- mar par BRE mun ber KIE hol vie bud (13) Build 7 (room for 2, will be 5 short)
 ser GRE spa TUN
 ITALY -4- rom nap ven tun (3) Remove 1
 RUSSIA -15- stp mos war sev swe nwy den kie bel (15) Build 1 (GM retreat f lyo otb F'13)
 lon lvp edi ank rum SMY bul
 TURKEY -4- gre tri con smy (2) Build 1 (is 1 short as of F'13)

The DEADLINE for Winter 1913 AND Spring 1914 is Friday August 6th. The GM proposes a concession to Russia. Vote with your next set of orders. A non vote = a YES vote.

THE STANDBY for Italy is... (hmm, this game is already a joke so I'll say) BOB OLSEN! 6818 Winterberry Circle, Wichita KS 67226. The big question: Will Bob crossgame? Will Andy ever come back? Stay tuned for the next episode of Leave it to Bernie! (Sherwood to the 'High Ones') Thank you for wiping me out, Bernie, though I'm not quite sure why.

(From Keith Sherwood) Dear Eric, my my, I really hit a nerve, didn't I? But really, did you really need to print what obviously I didn't want printed (I'll have to do better on marking letters "Not for publication")? What did you gain by printing it instead of just responding privately besides embarrassing me and entertaining Bernie to no end? I know Nelson Isn't Oaklyn's pseudonym (I think...): he writes, while Oaklyn types (Eckloff). Although I take it the pseudonym crack wasn't the comment that so endeared me to you- in which case it's very good I didn't go on and say something else I almost did.

Look, I'm sorry I offended you, and I apologize for and retract my last letter. If you want to charge me the full price for DEM, go ahead. I generally like the stuff DEM is made of (except, perhaps the editorial policies), and probably it's worth 60 cents.

But on to more pleasant matters.

Took a trip out to Tennessee last week and met John Michalski and Gary Coughlan. Gary showed me his pictures from ChicagoCon. Of the few faces I remember, you're one. Wavy blond hair, huh? You didn't look like what I expected after your elf picture several issues back. Maybe it was the green skin that threw me off.

Gary's a nice guy, isn't he? Took us to lunch, he did. Drove us by Graceland and to the Coughlan manse. John gave me a Coors to deliver as a present from him to Gary. Ask Gary if he ever got, heh heh. The time spent with each was too short, alas, as we had to hit the road again.

Have a good time at Origins

[Thanks, Keith. I'm happy you were able to travel to meet them, they're both nice people. I just had a haircut the other day to get rid of that blasted permanent, I'll never do it again. Now I'll going to let my hair grow real long.

You don't owe me any apology and I wasn't offended at your accusation, but I did think it was dumb. I had not realized you wanted this discussed in private, not for all to see. I'm too young to have the wisdom to determine whether a subject is public or private. I consider it free game if the letter does not say "NOT FOR PRINT." My editorial policies are very good, not once have I printed material which was marked as not for print. Save your embarrassment. I tend to say more stupid things than you. I should not have mentioned your subscription to DEM, I am sorry. I am only tired of the way this game has degenerated because of Oaklyn's desires to take 33 centers or some such nonsense. I as the GM am in a no-win situation and I hate it.

What of the future of OZOG II? God knows. If Oaklyn doesn't have his pilot light on and screws up his strategy, he'll be delayed sufficiently where supply center exchange will bog down and I can declare a French/Russian draw. I don't know if I'm supposed to be talking about this, but I'm just being frank. Maybe Mark Berch can give me guidance. Oh Mark! Oh pillar of justice! Am I being unreasonable as GM, a bored child who wants new scenery, or do I have a legitimate case? Is there a way out legally! I am driven to tears.]

 OZOG III -- 1981 IK National / Fall 1903; See what happens when the GM won't call anymore? You get NMRs.

SUMMER RETREATS

AUSTRIA f gre R alb ITALY f spa/sc R por

FALL MOVES

AUSTRIA [Reynolds] a ukr-sev, a rum S a ukr-sev, a gal S a rum D R bud,otb, a vie H, a ser S f alb-gre, f alb-gre
 ENGLAND [Ashley] NMR a stp U H, a swe U H, f nwy U H, f nse U H, f enc U H, f iri U H
 FRANCE [Duke] NMR f spa/sc U H D R mid,otb, a gas U H, a bur U H, a mar U H
 GERMANY [Tallman] a bel-bur, f den H, a mun-tyo, a boh-vie, a war S a sil-gal, a sil-gal, a pru S a war
 ITALY [Palter] f wes S f por-spa/sc, f lyo S f por-spa/sc, f por-spa/sc, a pie-mar, f ion S AUS a ser-gre NSO
 RUSSIA [Stafford] a mos-sev
 TURKEY [Burgess] f aeg S a gre, a gre H, a con-bul, f bla-rum

SUPPLY CENTERS

| | | |
|-------------|-----------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| AUSTRIA -6- | vie bad tri ser gre rum | (5) Remove 1 |
| ENGLAND -6- | edi lvp lon nwy swe stp | (6) Even |
| FRANCE -4- | bre par mar por | (4) Even |
| GERMANY -7- | kie ber mun den hol bel war | (7) Even |
| ITALY -5- | ven rom nap tun spa | (5) Even |
| RUSSIA -2- | mos sev | (2) Build 1 (1 annihilation S'03) |
| TURKEY -4- | con ank smy bul GRE | (5) Build 1 |

DEADLINE for Winter 1903 AND Spring 1904 is Friday August 6th.

The STANDBY for England is Randal Husk, 1411 Scollon Court, San Jose, CA 95132.

The STANDBY for France is Randy Ellis, 8310 Grandview Lane, Overland Park, KS 66212.

(Dumbshit to Dumbshit) Will you be happy with English units on 3 sides of you, or will you try to support an English army to Vienna in a couple of turns.

(Dumbshit, again) When will Ashley sing, "Kaiser pow! Kaiser pow!"

(Dumbshit to Dumb Shit Palter) If you had a brain, Reynolds would be dangerous.

(Dumbshit to Reynolds) Looks like your "friends" have hung you out to dry! Which is just as well since you're obviously all wet.

(Stafford to Ozog) How dare you print my game chart! You jack-ass!

(Ankara) A little kidding is one thing but printing Mr. Stafford's postal games' status was a trifle unfair, I should think. I was only intending on a subtle dig at Mr. Stafford's prowess as a player. He has beaten me in several games but always by playing in complete honesty and fairness (from his point of view at least). Mr. Stafford has always been fun to play with and, though perhaps I should not have permitted myself the pleasure, I relish my superior position in this game and was merely expressing that honest contentment. I close by reiterating that I was not pleased to see Stafford's complete status printed with my comments as if I had something to do with it. I wash my hands of the whole affair and extend an apology to Mr. Stafford for all offenses intended and unintended.

[Chicago--Ankara] Oh but your comments did have something to do with it, they prompted me to print the list which was in the theme. I'm big on themes. Again folks, if you send me something, make sure you scribble on it "DON'T PRINT THIS, ASSHOLE" or else it'll end up in DEM and you'll get embarrassed. I wash my hands of this. Your complaint has been noted Mr. Burgess. Perhaps I should forget about kidding with the players and just shut up, for it just gets me in trouble. I'll start right NOW.

 OZOG IV -- 1981 IL Local / Fall 1904: We have a new French government, Europe. England will probably change hands too.

SUMMER RETREATS

AUSTRIA f aeg R eas

FALL MOVES

AUSTRIA [Shreve] f eas-smy, a bul S RUS f bla-con D R gre,otb, a ser S a bul, a vie-bud, a tyo-pie
 ENGLAND [O'Donnell] NMR f nwg U H D R nat,cly,otb, f nse U H, f edi U H, f hol U H D R hlg,otb
 FRANCE [Quirk] f bel H, a mar-spa, f por S a mar-spa
 GERMANY [Johnson] a mun H, a den H, a ruh S a kie-hol, a kie-hol
 ITALY [Kaplan] f mid-bre, f naf-mid, f lyo S a pie-mar, a pie-mar, f tus-tyn
 RUSSIA [Amstadt] f ank S f bla-con, f bla-con, a rum-ser, a sev-rum a swe S f nwy, f nwy S f bar-nwg, f bar-nwg, f ska-nse
 TURKEY [Glass] f aeg S a con-bul, a con-bul, f smy-con

SUPPLY CENTERS

| | | |
|-------------|---------------------|--------------|
| AUSTRIA -5- | vie bud tri ser gre | (5) Even |
| ENGLAND -4- | edi lvp lon hol | (3) Remove 1 |

- FRANCE -5- bre par mar bel por SPA (4) Build 1 (was 1 short & 1 annihilation)
- GERMANY -4- ber kie mun den HOL (5) Build 1
- ITALY -5- ven rom nap tun MAR BRE spa (6) Build 1
- RUSSIA -8- stp mos war sev swe nwy rum ank CON (9) Build 1
- TURKEY -3- bul con smy (2) Remove 1

The DEADLINE for Winter 1904 AND Spring 1905 is Friday August 6th.

The STANDBY for England is Russ Rusnak, 8002 S Nagle, Burbank, IL 60459 (312) 598-4708.

Dave Gervais' subscription money has been refunded and I bid him good riddance.

(ROME) How about some snappy press guys? I'll start if anyone else cares. Johnson please try to stay awake.

[Eric Ozog Rates the Players] ZZZZZZZZZZZ...

A LETTER FROM KATHY BYRNE

Dear Eric,

I just want you to know that I'm a "Walker toady"-- yes that's right! If he'll vote to dunk Scott's head, I'll agree to his disillusionments that I'm his toady! I like him, he never charges me for all the hobby news he sends me, but then I don't charge him for my info on GM's. We have a great relationship! Rod & I understand each other, but I'll never see eye to eye with him on the Jane Russell fuller bra! I like the skimpy ones you can see through myself! (I mean on me, not Rod!)

I really think that I owe you an apology for you being a rip off artist- Mark Berch told me I owed you that! Scoop is always on top of everything! Seriously since you did pay John for the sample- I have to say at least you agree with your policy. I don't like it & I feel you took a great advantage by not telling me I'd be charged for all those issues you sent without my request. That is against the law, I checked- you must tell the person you are sending samples to- that unsolicited samples must be paid for- if they choose at a later time to buy your product. If you don't believe me ask our postal workers- two of them pointed this out to me!

[I believe you, believe me, I BELIEVE YOU! Please Kathy, don't turn me in? Oh please!]

Anyway, I do like your writings (not your sample policy or GMing), so I'll invest a few bucks in your rag. You're getting exactly 5.00- I think we agreed, I had to pay for 3 back issues (well I didn't agree- it was forced on me) so that's 1.80 & the rest is a sub fee. This is probably the only zine in Amer- where I'll keep track of my money! Slip up once & everyone will know how Ozog steals! (ha, ha!). [growl...] And do me a favor, don't ruin my reputation by telling anyone I sub to your zine! [urp] (my reputation is bad enough!)

What's this crap I hear that you're given up in Cobra game?! I thought you were a better player than that! Take Care, Kathy

P.S. In Anduin- Come take my centers- please!



[Yes Kathy, I'll come take your centers...while your toady Nadaner take mine. Oh Kathy, what is it I have to do to woo you? It took you several months to break down and send your check. And it doesn't matter that you don't believe in backcharging and you can ~~complain~~ voice your opinion all you want, all I see from these two half-Elfin eyes that when you sent the check, you surrendered. That is all that counts, woman. Fear not, I shant abscond with your subscription money, I wouldn't touch it even if it had lead shielding! I don't wish to get my fingers burned...several times. And can't you forgive and forget my GMing? My lady, it has been well over a year since that last, er, incident, and my GMing since then has been near perfect.

I don't like my Whitestonia nickname. Let's say I'm not thoroughly satisfied. Can we strike a compromise? Instead of "Toady Master" can we call it "Half-elfin Toady Master"? Thanks for asking I write something about Chi-Con to W John, but I couldn't. After doing this rag, I don't have much creativity left over for anything else. Sometimes I'll get inspired though and whip something up which is super easy to do, but that's not often. I'm glad Jim Williams wrote about Chi-Con for W.]

IS DIPLOMACY JUST A VARIANT? --by Dwayne Shreve

When I first heard about Diplomacy, it was back in college from my history professor, Dr. Meszaros. All these Diplomacy stories from the 50's sounded quite exciting. For example, his strategy as Bulgaria in 1936 was quite good & resulted in a successful invasion of Turkey.

At the University of Chicago the Diplomatsists would choose a period, for example 1914 or 1450 and would then play Diplomacy, meeting each Saturday during the school year for moves. Diplomacy was conducted during the week and at the Saturday meeting.

When I ran across the game "Diplomacy" in the store, I immediately bought it, thinking that while it seemed a rather simple version of the game, it was better than nothing. I had given up on finding a group of Diplomatsists to play what I saw as real Diplomacy with & took what I could get.

I later told Dr. Meszaros about my discovery and he was unimpressed. "Too simplistic" was perhaps the nicest comment. He was also somewhat taken aback by the fact that anyone knows how strong an army is by glancing at the board. In his games, armies varied greatly in strength & one had no idea in what way prior to the battle.

Now, it is conceivable that these games were based on Allen Calhamer's brand new idea of the same time. On the other hand, did he ever go to the University of Chicago? If so, or even if not, was he inspired by that group of Diplomatsists. You may wonder why from 1978 to present I have never written about this before. The fact is, I don't have enough proof one way or the other, and was hoping for more. Unfortunately, as far as I know at present, there is none. I do know that that group and Calhamer's copyright came about or were in existence about the same time.

This is no joke, no spoof and quite serious. Anyone who has more information on this should contact me.

Dwayne Shreve, 5850 W Race, Chicago, IL 60644

[Interesting. But the group at your college aren't the only ones who devised a Diplomacy type game. A friend of mine who went to high school in McHenry had a history class in which the teacher created a game with mythical countries which resembled our modern-day ones. The game was heavily into economics as well as the military and nuclear energy. Diplomacy of course had an important role. The object was to make your country the strongest one and most influential in the world, while keeping your citizens happy at the same time. I think I'd get more out of a game like that, than 'simplistic' Diplomacy. On the other hand, if Diplomacy was so simple, you'd think the typical country I play wouldn't go down in flames.]

Eric The Half-d-bell Elf FROM DOUBTING THOMAS SWIDER
Why bust the EC clique? When did the clique ever do anything to harm you? By the way, exactly who is in this famous EC clique? You are the only person I know that is ranting about this. I wouldn't mind becoming a moonie; I've always wanted to sell flowers in airport terminals.....

OK. Have you down for PAC-MAN, No preference list, eh? Guess that fills the Austrian spot....actually, its not too late for you to give me preferences. Keep on asking Woody for a mutual sub; not a trade; you see, CoA is put out by two people, and they want to keep the monies straight. I talked to him a few weeks ago [this must have been in late Jan, ages ago], and he mentioned that he didn't like some of the things you said about Kathy Byrne. I haven't the foggiest of what he meant; perhaps you'll have to let him know that he shouldn't take everything so seriously. CoA is not a bad xyn; its MEDIOCRE. What a dumb question for you to ask. I am no longer mediocre, but I support mediocrity nationwide, and therefore I have a subxyn to CoA. [I asked Tom, "If CoA is not a bad zine, then what is it?" In truth, the only things I've said about 'My Lady' were in my own self defense. Perhaps Woody doesn't know the whole story. I've also written some high class anti-Byrne press in ANDUIN, but I doubt anyone could get upset over that. Regardless, a truce has been declared between the two of us, therefore I assume all of Kathy Byrne's allies and toadies are included.]

One fringe benefit in playing with J Glass is being in the same game with her. For obvious reasons....but I don't know of any Chicanos other than you and Peter Ashley.

I had several toadies in a game, 1979 HA (SNAFU!), but one (Dave Carter) just jumped off the lilly pad. I guess I'm losing my touch. Can you give a poor boy a few pointers? [Toadydom just comes naturally to you.]

You know a little about me, via that issue of ED (the xyn), but I don't know much about you, period. From what I understand, you've been in the hobby for quite awhile, and that you're a fun person to be in a dip game with, sort of like pudge, except Pudge is a mean cruel person, way below the level of mediocrity. How 'bout a little background?

[Well, tonight the moon will turn full and there will be a total eclipse of the moon beginning at 12:30 AM Chicago time, July 5th. Even though I haven't sprouted fur, I do feel rather weak. Just imagine me glaring at my typewriter, wondering if I'll finish the zine in time to witness this spectacular event. I'll even give a loud howl or two just for you.]

Since you like cute drawings, here's a picture of a half-elf. Hope you like it as much as the pix of Mikey & I.

Gotta get back to designing a Runequest scenario. Working on a village scenario, where it's under threat by a colony of giant ants; sort of like the movie "THEM". I'm going to love seeing the expressions on the player's faces when they find giant ants breaking down the doors to the inn in which they are sipping/guzzling ale!

[At the Con at the River Forest Community Center last June, the Dip tournament bombed, only three showing up. Therefore I said "Screw it" and played some Runequest. It was much more fun than D&D and the GM was very imaginative and descriptive. I was a barbarian character and I led a group of six on a quest to find the "Ball of Tails" a talisman of evil magic which trapped the souls of dead animals. I was unofficially deposed as leader because I was considered too bold, reckless and suicidal. Anyway, that's the opinion this D&Der had, and he was real paranoid. I think I could get more involved with Runequest if I had the time, but I don't, so I won't.]

Congratulations! You are the first person to get a letter in my crimson mauve pen. You have to admit that its classier than Crud's Orange marker. Crud gave me one at GenCon East, and it just ran out of ink. So much for nostalgia

Got DBM #41 today and it was interesting as usual. It sounds like Rusnak Con was pretty interesting. But you only played Dip, Risk and SF Battles? You guys don't know the first thing about Cons. It is unheard of not to play Old Maid or Nuclear War at a Con, I'm sure that the Galactic Diplomacy Federation will have something to say about this. But seeing that you're not an East Coaster, we'll let so guys out there off the hook just this once.

I'm looking forward to meeting you and Sleaze at Origins. Perhaps we'll initiate you into the Nuke War cult. I think they may even have an expansion kit for it at the big "O". Someday, I'd like to meet Bob Olsen, too bad he's not coming. He's about the most interesting gamer next to Dick Martin.

[I'm sure we'll get Bob out of his hole someday. I'd like to try a game of Nuclear War and get initiated into the EC Clique. I may just become an East Coaster someday. Remember, everything west of the Mississippi can be written off. When I make my mark in the world and wish for some peace and quiet, I'll go where all good elves go to retire, the wooded mountains of southern Pennsylvania. I even occasionally pop in at a ByrneCon for a quick game of Dip and Old Maid. Hmmm, as I've said, I don't feel right...HELP! Andy!! Jerk me back to reality before it's too late.]

On the topic of the draft, I am one of the apparent few that signed up for it in Dipdom. Let's say that I'm willing to help out my country within reason. If I get drafted into a war which I feel is not in our country's best interest, then I'll begin to protest. Politically, I am slightly pro-Reagan, but tend to stay away from the topic of politics. I find it more important to talk about fun things rather than politics in hobby activities; this hobby is supposed to be for entertainment.

Oaklyn's schemes are boring, and I would prefer not to hear/see/talk of him, since I have no further contact with him. He was in a game of mine, and it seemed he was harassing me and trying to provoke me. He doesn't make a whole lot of sense in his letters or press. I can't see how the guy can keep the friends he has when his "holier than thou" ego always makes others feel apathetic/empathetic towards him. Not my idea of a "wild & crazy guy."

An additional note on the draft; I'm going into Management Sciences, so I guess that biases my view on the whole matter. Hopefully I'll be into big business someday myself.

Sorry to hear that you won't be able to play in PAC-MAN: I know what it's like to be in a GM too many games. At one point, I was in 9 games and GMing 10. Now, I'm playing in 4 and GMing 6. Deviant Dip (in Benzene) will be my last for awhile (until one of these games end, have a French possible win in 1979 HA in SNAFU!).



I'd like to go on the excursion to Uncle Buddy/Bernie's place. Should be good for a few laughs. I'm gonna introduce myself as Eric Ozog, and Mike is Tom Swider; you could be Dan & Dan could be Mike! Catchy, huh?

Mike say Du Schemer was a hoax. Did Duke really fold?

So, your gamefee will be forwarded to Steve. Asta La Visa & Mastercharge! Tom Swider

[Thanks. Right now I'm playing in 6 games and am not negotiating much at all in them. I should be wiped out shortly in three of them. Perhaps later I'll start a couple new ones when I can apply myself to them, but not right now.

So you want to needlessly torment Uncle Bernie? I should say not. This will be a serious summit conference, and Bernie will be at the tournament (hooray!). Truly Tom, we don't want to scare him off, do we?

Yes, Duh Skeemer is a hoax. More on that immediately following this broadcast.]



duh Skeemer



Stephen Duke • RFD #3 Fairfield Pike • Shelbyville, Tenn. 37160-0019

Issue #13

"The break with tradition."

June 1982

duh Skeemer is now a monthly sub-zine of Diplomacy By Moonlight by Stephen Duke (ph. 615-684-8265). There are no game openings at this time (explanations below). Existing games are subject to the strictest quality control measures known to the hobby, and standby players are needed. Subscription cost will remain separate from DBM, which is still \$4.75/12 issues. Articles are always welcome and worth 3 issues/page. ds's creative consultant is Richard Pryor.

Please note the new 9-digit zip code. This will enable the USPS to pinpoint the exact house in Shelbyville. I call it an invasion of privacy by "Big Brother", but they say the mail delivery is faster by 1 day.

As you know, I have graduated from high school and am now 18 years old. I liked high school, but am excited about moving on in life. That's why the biggest news in Shelbyville is I will be starting college this fall in Chicago. I will be going to the University of Chicago. It is a public school and I will be staying with relatives in Oak Park so it will be easier on costs. The university is real nice and so are the people. I will be majoring in sociology. I am very happy I am making this move. It's a great opportunity to pursue my real interests, to become more politically active and help our society. The only drawback is that in Illinois you are not a legal adult until you turn 21! That's why I'm not so excited about turning 18 anymore. Oh well.

But the big jackpot is I'll be able to throw off part of my "chick" image when I get used to Yankeland. I was never "chick." I can't see why people in the Northern states always rib us and stereotype the folks in the South. Heck, we're normal too, like the rest of the country, it's only the accent that's different!

How will duh Skeemer be affected in this? Well, as you see, ds will be a sub-zine of Eric Ozog's DBM for the duration. We are combining the zines early because I need more time to go to work this summer to help pay for school. We also want to see how this will work out for a smooth publishing operation. I'll type up the originals and Eric will have it xeroxed and sent out.

RON BROWN, RR #1, Low, Quebec JOX 2C0 (June 17th)

ds will be more "Chicago" oriented, as the title suggests (duh replaces the, per how a Chicagoan talks). Beyond the mechanics, the zine will keep its ultra-high quality and official green color. DBM will keep its seasonal colors, changing to blue this summer.

I will still be going to Origins, of course, I wouldn't miss it for the world! I just have to meet John Caruso! Also, since I'll be in Chicago in June to take care of college registration and placement exams, I might just surprise the Chicago Dip group and get eaten up at Rusnakon III. Boy oh boy, am I excited!

All games for ds will remain on schedule, all orders should be sent to Shelbyville until I announce the address change in August. There will not be any new games starting here for a while, but once a couple of them and I'm sure we can probably work it out.

So now I'll close with one last y'all for the record. Take care, y'all!

Stephen Duke
Stephen Duke
Editor-in-Chief, ds

Oh, almost forgot! Those duh Skeemer tee-shirts are now ready! They are super sharp looking, are black, grey and white in color, and have a portrait of Al Capone on the front. Send \$7.00 for yours today.

MIKE BARNO JOINS THE U.S. ARMY DEPT.



(see next page)

Yes Dipdom, Duh Skeemer is a hoax. Steven Duke is not going to school in Chicago, rather, he'll stay in the South where he belongs. He has decided to fold his zine as an independent publication, but he will run The Schemer as a subzine in Damn The Torpedos. Now, to all those who let a fake zine go over their heads, can't you get my style of humor by now? Whatever. Let me explain the issue to you.

Page 1: Complete fabrication by E. Ozog, made to look like The Schemer front cover.

Page 2/3: This is an actual short story by a real Tim Courtney who goes to college in Alabama, but Tennessee is hom. Tim's story is not fit for a typical DBM, but it does fit into a faked Southern zine.

Page 4: The Michalski letter is fabrication by E. Ozog (it sure sounds like John, doesn't it?). The Garfield cartoon was drawn by DBM's resident witch and mother of four, Dorothy Ozog, under proper direction of her son. The murder of Garfield was intended to spoof Damn The Torpedos, the only zine which runs this simple-minded comic strip.

Page 5: Duh Skeemer 'Editorial' is an actual letter written by Duke, protesting my justified decision not to fight in any war. This letter would spark heated responses by two Canadians, Ron Brown and Steve Hutton. Their letters will follow. You guys shouldn't have been so hard on Duke (he's too young to know any better), but I like how the Canadian cavalry come to my rescue.

Page 6: Just something thrown in to even up the pages. After all, I was on a 'semi-vacation.'

And YOU MR. BILL 'Is that all there is' BECKER, now I hope you understand what DBM #42 was all about. For 60 cents not only did you get an address list to be used against me, but you received a brilliant fake. Thanks for the half of baseball card. What do I do with it? I think I'll tear it and a picture of myself into little pieces and mix them in a bowl. With a little magic out will come an elf who pitches fastball.

Dear Eric, In DBM/42, or DS/13, (all this subzine business confuses the hell out of me), there's an editorial by Stephen Duke that left me champing with frustration.

Just who elected the U.S.A. to be the "leader of all democracies"? This high-handed arrogant assertion has been used to justify enough crimes against humanity, as the U.S.A. has intervened around the world to support fascist governments against the wishes of the majority of inhabitants of those countries. The only freedom the U.S.A. was defending in Vietnam, San Salvador, et al. is the freedom of a handful of military rulers who can't even handle their own populations. These wars (sorry, advisory incursions) have been fought in violation of the American constitution and in complete disregard of the democratic process. Congress is supposed to declare war, and that's as it should be, but your presidents have been sneaking around that handicap. And, if any so-called "free" American speaks out against this practice, he's accused of being a "commie-dupe."

In answer to your question about who should decide which wars the U.S.A should enter: your congress, not the president or secretary of state.

So what if Kruchiev made a rude remark in the UN a few years ago? Have you listened to your president lately? That lunatic has been talking about "limited nuclear war" in Europe--and that is a much more deadly and final threat to democracy. That's the trouble with "conservative" Americans: they assume everyone shares their desire to commit suicide and will gladly welcome having bombs dropped on their heads by the U.S.A. in order to protect "freedom." And then they react with either hurt bewilderment or anger when the rest of us reject this grand gesture. I guess they never stop to consider that nuclear radiation doesn't stop to ask your politicians before it kills you.

So you don't like Russians. That's your option. But Russia has been trying to talk to the U.S.A. for years about nuclear limitations or disarmament, but no one seems to be listening. Reagan scuttled Salt II and, just recently, Gromeko made a new offer which was rejected out-of-hand by Reagan and Haig as being another "Commie trick." How the Hell are we going to get rid of those monstrous machines if this is the attitude your leaders and defenders of democracy take? I'm not defending whatever crimes the Russians have committed, but American leaders have got to get over this belief they have that they're fighting the battle of the Okay Corral in the international arena. The U.S.A. is not defending my freedom; it's threatening it in the most terrible and absolute way, with the jingoistic, irrational, and imperialistic attitudes made manifest in that "editorial."

Perhaps it's time the human beings on this planet got together and kicked those idiots with their nuclear toys into inter-stellar space where they can blow each other up as many times as they like. Then maybe we can all enjoy life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Peace, Ron P.S. I will never "curb my comments about 'our' way of life," thanks just the same. We're not living in a military dictatorship yet.

[Ron, we in the United States are closer to a dictatorship than most think. Below are a series of Executive Orders signed into law by John F. Kennedy on February 16th & 27th, 1962. These emergency documents give the president total dictatorial control in case of a crisis situation (they were inspired by the Cuban Missile Crisis). His executive orders are to be carried out by the Office of Emergency Planning and put into effect when such an economic or international crisis occurs:

Executive Order 10995: to take over all communication media.

Executive Order 10997: take over all electric power, petroleum, gas, fuels, and minerals.

Executive Order 10998: take over all food resources and farms.

Executive Order 10999: take over all methods of transportation, highways, and seaports.

Executive Order 11000: mobilization of civilians and work forces under government supervision.

Executive Order 11001: take over all health, welfare, and educational functions.

Executive Order 11002: the Postmaster-General, a member of the President's Cabinet, will operate a nationwide registration of all persons.

Executive Order 11003: to take over all airports and aircraft.

Executive Order 11004: take over housing and finance authorities- to relocate communities- to build new housing with public funds- designate areas to be abandoned as unsafe- establish new locations for populations.

Executive Order 11005: take over all railroads, inland waterways, and public storage facilities.

Executive Order 11051: designate responsibilities of Office of Emergency Planning, give authorization to put all other executive orders in effect in times of increased international tension or economic or financial crisis.

The other law which gives the president the ability to stage international adventurism 'with consultation of congress' is the War Powers Act which makes a mockery of our democratic system. Reference of the above material: The Day the Dollar Dies by Willard Cantelon, published by Logos International, Plainfield NJ, 07060 (1973).]

*STEVE KUTTON, 11 Nealon Ave, Toronto, Ontario N2L 2E4

Stephen Duke, duh Skeemer

Dear Stephen:

I'm not in the habit of defending 'pinko fuckhead's, but I think your editorial deserves a response. At first, I didn't quite understand how "they" were going to "oppress freedom and democracy", but I put this down to my not being a "daisy-pushing pot head". I assume you meant that "they" were going to oppress people who would otherwise live in freedom and democracy. You also claim that the U.S. has a duty to "keep the freedom-loving people free". But, even if we grant that this duty exists (which is granting quite a lot) it doesn't help us decide what to do about Vietnam, Nicaragua, Cuba, Iran and other places where neither side is likely to provide 'freedom and democracy'. We are left particularly confused in the case of Iran where Khomeini provided democratic elections but made freedom a much more distant goal.

But, the central question under discussion is whether or not the U.S. should have a draft. I am appalled that a person who considers himself a defender of freedom would say "we can't simply say that we won't go. It is not 'our' decision."

Throughout history, most governments have claimed the right to do anything they wish and have claimed that their subjects have no rights at all. This is still the case in most countries of the world. Whether such governments claim to derive their authority from a 'divine right' of 'the masses' or any other source, they do not concede that the individual has any rights. A little over 2000 years ago, some brave men turned this notion upside down by declaring that every individual has the right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" and that "to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men." Thus, they said that the proper function of the present American government is to protect the rights of Eric Ozog, Scott Hanson and millions of other Americans. If that government attempts to deprive Eric Ozog of his liberty by forcing him to spend x years of his life in the army; to deprive him of his pursuit of happiness by sticking him in a jungle thousands of miles from home; and quite possibly to deprive him of his life as well, he is quite justified in telling that government that he will not obey its orders. That government would not only be acting immorally, but also illegally. The 13th Amendment of the American Constitution states* "Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction."

If a state deprives innocent people of their lives, liberty and pursuit of happiness, it is called a tyranny. If it only does this when it can get the consent of 51% of the people, it is called a 'tyranny of the majority'. If it always or nearly always respects the rights of its citizens, it is called a free or nearly free country. If a nearly free country is invaded by a tyranny, anyone but a fool would help defend his freedom. (But, liberty also includes the right to be a fool.)

So, I am saying that it is your decision. If your government asks you to join the army, it is your right to say either "yes" or "no". That is the fruit of your "dead heroes". I close with the words of Henry David Thoreau: "There will never be a really free and enlightened State, until the State comes to recognize the individual as a higher and independent power, from which all its own power and authority are derived and treats him accordingly."

*Eric should not go to court with defense. Your Supreme Court has never accepted that this amendment means what it says.

[Thanks a lot. But can I come up north and run around eastern Canada with you? By the way, why all the address changes? Who or what are you running from, and for what reasons? Thank you for stating my rights. Below are some books I am listing that all decent citizens should read if they want to know the treason and mockery of freedom the financial giants of the world have committed. The real power behind the throne is money.

A Time for Truth / William E. Simon (1978)

Power Behind the Government Today / Helen P. Lasell (1963)

None Dare Call it Treason / John A Stormer (1964)

How to Keep Our Liberty / Raymond Moley (1952)

The Twenty Year Revolution / Chesly Manly (1954)

The Invisible Government / Daniel Smoot (1962)

America Incorporated / Morton Mintz and Jerry S Cohen (1971)

Giant Business: Threat to Democracy / T.K. Quinn (1953)

White Collar Crime / Edwin H Sutherland (1949)

The Folklore of Capitalism / Thurman W Arnold (1937)

None Dare Call it Conspiracy / Gary Allen (1970?)

Tragedy and Hope / Carroll Quigley

The Rockefeller File / Gary Allen

National Suicide: Military Aid to the Soviet Union / Anthony C Sutton

Wall Street and the Bolshevik Revolution / Anthony Sutton

Wall Street and F.D.R. / Anthony Sutton

Trilateralism: The Trilateral Commission and Elite Planning for World Management / Holly Sklar

DBM / 43

Monopoly / Joseph C Goulden (1968)

The Naked Capitalist / W Cleon Skousen

The Anglo-American Establishment / Carroll Quigley (1982)

The above books are becoming increasingly hard to find for obvious reasons. I have half of them, I wish I had them all. I am sure there are others. The subject they deal with is labeled the 'conspiracy theory behind history'. However it is no theory, but a reality. Your freedom and liberty is gradually being snuffed out and merged into the world socialist state. Gary Coughlan calls it flakey, but that's his problem. One book that is easy to read and understand is None Dare Call it Conspiracy. For the other side of the story and a good laugh, read Union Now With Britain, by Clarence K Streit. And the new book by Quigley should be especially interesting, it is the most recent.]

MARK BERCH, 492 Naylor Place, Alexandria, VA 22304

Dear Eric Ozog,

In #41, I suggested that Reagan should have tried a mega-bribe to Poland --- picking up its debt (or a major portion of it), in return for a neutralist Poland, following somewhat the present status of Austria. While this would cost billions, it would cost tremendous security problems for Russia, many more problems than would, say, the same amount of money spent on more aircraft carriers.

You suggested bribing Castro instead. But that is impossible. The only person who will accept a bribe is someone broke and desperate. Castro is neither. Unlike Poland, Cuba's economy is not rapidly falling apart. It's not healthy, but it's not deteriorating either.

You rejected the bribe to Poland, saying, "the Soviets will not tolerate a neutral Poland...you would be throwing US taxpayers money away." Its quite possible that Russia would not. If they moved (diplomatically to block it, or militarily to block it), then of course, we'd just stop making the interest payments the very next day, and all Poland would have bought in the interval is a little time. But it would have been a superb gesture, one not lost on the Polish People. Altho we cannot, as you recognize, give them military help, we can offer another kind of help, and such a bribe offer would make it more clear that Russia is blocking Poland's receiving the help it really needs. If Russia can pour money into our backyard (Cuba), I don't see why we can't try to do the same.

So I think you've got your head in the sand. You belittle me for thinking there might be, or there ought to be, some differences between Republicans and Democrats. But then you turn around and say we've got no options at all, we've got no choice --- its the Russian Sphere of influence. Well, of there are in fact no real options, then of course the policy will be the same.

But I think you've just bought the Russian propoganda. They want to think that as far as Eastern Europe goes, the US is totally powerless, and that all we can do is what Michalski and Reagan suggest: Shrug our shoulders. Of course, such "rules" don't ally to them. Look at this tremendous gas-pipeline deal they are setting up with Western Europe, which will make western Europe very dependent on Russian gas. Look at the \$\$ they pour into Cuba. This talk about Sphere of Influence is just a sucker play. Its meant to tie our hands, not theirs. Russia changed a lot of things in central America when the Cuban Revolution came along and they bought it. We had and even better opening with the Polish crisis. And you know from our little game of Diplomacy what happens to people who don't try to exploit promising openings that come along rarely. They lose.

#41- a very good issue- lots to read.

[Then you should find this issue very good too, thanks. I believe this is my largest one so far (30 normal sized pages which equals 20 reduced).]

OK, I won't buy the Soviet propoganda and say Eastern Europe is untouchable, but I still don't think it would work. If the United States government paid off Poland's debt it would send the wrong signal to our greedy financial institutions (who act in their own selfish interests for maximum profits), telling them it's OK to lend \$ to Commie Bob, we'll be the cosigner. The same goes for Argentina and all the other countries in the hole (including ourselves, of course). Hmmm, the United States seems to be the safest financial investment so far. And I do say so far.

As for the pipeline deal, I was surprised to see Alexander Haig (Nixon flunkie/false general) get the axe, some say because he was too soft on the official US pipeline stance. But Mark, if Western Europe really wants it, let them have it. Who are we to say they can't have the Soviet gas, they are sovereign nations that are quite capable of making their own choices. And who's are new Secretary of State? Shultz? He's another Nixon flunkie I believe.

I didn't mean to 'belittle' you, and I'm sure you know by now that there's "not a dimes worth of difference" between Democrats and Republicans.]

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This zine was delayed due to a serious reproduction problem with the photographs. I had the choice of sending this out on time with blackened pictures or delaying and fixing it. I chose the latter. All games are to remain on schedule, there was a five week spread between July 2nd & Aug 6th.

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



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NICE MEETING YOU AT DIRCON. YOU WERE BACK CHARGED FOR ISSUES 40 and 42 @ .60 EA. # 41 WAS FREE - #43 = PLEASE SEND ME A GAME OPENINGS FORM. THANKS.

This is DBM #43 which is a double issue. If you contributed, this is for free. If not, your subscription falls by an extra issue and will end at

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