

I have a confession to make. The ashame was difficult to bear in the past, but with this new North American Zine Poll slander coincidence, I can no longer keep the painful truth a secret. I Eric Ozog am the reincarnation of Bill LaFosse.

Diplomacy By Moonlight, Inc.

The 21st most popular zine in North America

C			D			J			K		
47%	4%	5%	10%	5%	5%	17%	17%	14%	17%	11%	17%
15%	15%	21%	20%	18%	18%	15%	15%	15%	15%	15%	15%
20%	7%	15%	20%	15%	15%	15%	15%	15%	15%	15%	15%
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22%	10%	15%	25%	15%	15%	15%	15%	15%	15%	15%	15%
10%	8%	15%	25%	15%	15%	15%	15%	15%	15%	15%	15%
39%	29%	15%	25%	15%	15%	15%	15%	15%	15%	15%	15%
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43%	7%	15%	25%	15%	15%	15%	15%	15%	15%	15%	15%
36%	7%	15%	25%	15%	15%	15%	15%	15%	15%	15%	15%
47%	7%	15%	25%	15%	15%	15%	15%	15%	15%	15%	15%
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57%	7%	15%	25%	15%	15%	15%	15%	15%	15%	15%	15%
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63%	7%	15%	25%	15%	15%	15%	15%	15%	15%	15%	15%
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66%	7%	15%	25%	15%	15%	15%	15%	15%	15%	15%	15%
61%	7%	15%	25%	15%	15%	15%	15%	15%	15%	15%	15%
61%	7%	15%	25%	15%	15%	15%	15%	15%	15%	15%	15%
11%	7%	15%	25%	15%	15%	15%	15%	15%	15%	15%	15%
9%	7%	15%	25%	15%	15%	15%	15%	15%	15%	15%	15%
24%	7%	15%	25%	15%	15%	15%	15%	15%	15%	15%	15%

DBM is now a publicly owned corporation listed on the New York Stock Exchange. Yes, I've said before that publishing a diplomacy zine should be treated as a business, now I'm changing my noble words into action.

1000 shares of DBM are now for sale at 10 cents a share. There are no restrictions on the number of shares bought. However, I shall retain controlling interest when necessary and will purchase 15% of the stock at the beginning.

Make checks payable to Eric Ozog. All monies will be held in my savings account, where higher interest can be gained. Capital gains will be used for zine improvements/operations.

At this time I do not have a system of how stock prices will rise and fall. My price per share of 10 cents will remain in effect indefinitely. Perhaps if more zines follow DBM's lead we can open a Diplomacy Zine Stock Exchange (DZSE) and start a bourse for zines.

Stock certificates will be issued and may only be bought, sold, or traded through Eric Ozog, until the DZSE is set up. Stock in DBM will be given as payment for letters/articles (as well as the usual free issues).

Stock prices have no effect on DBM's subscription rates. However, DBM's sub rate may have an effect on stock prices.

(continued on the 5th page)

"We must combat the truth with lies"

"A man's foes will be those of his own household"

Who am I? I will not say, but some of you can tell I have bought a new typewriter ribbon. I can believe my 'zine's low show in the Leeder Poll; I don't put too much work into my 'zine, the twelve games I'm in preclude it. I mostly started pubbing because I wanted to play in a lot of games cheaply, and many pubbers will let me sub for free & play for free if I trade. Never-the-less I cannot believe the Leeder poll results. Trash 'zines like Coat of Arms (or is that Goat of Arms), and Retaliation ranking highly. 'Zines that rank highly because they plunder people's dignity and reputations. Juvenile pubbers with tawdry scruples. Everyone can see where these pubbers get their jollies. Ask Dick, Steve & Gary! They know. I never publish bitch pages like some of the above. And I (usually) never offend without reason and never mercilessly, unfairly, libel like Retaliation. But I know when I am licked: hoi polloi demand reckless accusations, nasty asides, and ridiculous slanders. Thus, the Battle of Dorking.

To better have material to be nasty with & slander I have done what I never have done and subbed to Coat of Arms and Voice of Doom to stay current of the latest gossip and contribute my shrill voice. Will any pubber volunteer to be my mail drop so I may remain anonymous?

The Battle of Dorking will follow all of the best Diplomacy traditions:

- (1) non-existent or incomprehensible houserules (see below)
- (2) named after a fictional place;
- (3) will never allow any persons attacked herein to respond unless by the response they make even bigger fools of themselves than I ever could;
- (4) will offer cheap games (game fee of \$3.00 plus 25¢ per issue) & will only offer one game so I can mutilate it properly;
- (5) will allow black, non-obscene press. Obscenities are the devil's work boys, and being good Baptist that I am I never cuss;
- (6) complete houserules: You trust me, right? All GM decisions are final - pay attention - no ombudsman or friend can save you if you enter one of my games;
- (7) as to the above, I am reliable. Only one of my issues has ever been late, and that because of a death in the family;
- (8) will trade with any other pubber who does not mind trading with an anonymous pubber who may attack him herein;
- (9) accept only cash. Maybe my "front" will accept checks & give the cash to me;
- (10) will be as literate & witty as possible. Despite such litotes as "usually never" and cliches like "never-the-less...."

Wit & not wit: With that introduction The Battle of Dorking will open its first game: Puking Figs:Dorks I.

Despite Larzelere's first name being Mark I admire one tradition he has started and I will follow: never say the nasty stuff in your own 'zine. Use another vehicle.

THE BATTLE OF DORKING, 1871

page two
still no address.

"We must combat the truth with lies."

"A man's foes will be those of his own household"

I cannot wait until Voice of Doom or Coat of Arms arrive so I can carp on Dipdom's latest egregious errancies. Today's issue is devoted to the Coughlin-Martin feud. Sounds like a birdcall, right? A species of sick matins go coughlin, coughlin along. Anyway, Dick, you screwed up. You let Gary know that you are a [DBM CENSOR] who cannot separate lying and caviling in a game from lying and caviling in everyday life. And Gary, while I agree with you that enough is enough (oops, 'nother cliché) you should not take his calumnies to heart. To be slandered by [DBM CENSOR] D.M. is equivalent to the John Birchers calling Eisenhower a dedicated communist, or calling Reagan a socialist. Obviously he is off target and is so wacked out he can't cope with the hobby of Dipdom anymore. Why don't you all ignore each other?

I apologize for this being so short, but my material for carping is limited to the few 'zines I can borrow or receive myself.

Speaking of other 'zines who can front for me:

Konrad, why are you living in 1969?

And you, Dave Carter, why the tasteless nudes & leather. From what I've seen in Mad Max & The Road Warrior you should move to Australia. You'd be in fashion there with the backwards nits.

Are you sure Judy Winsome that you aren't Doug Beyerlein? Doug seems to be making a hobby comeback (much as I did years ago) and you to seem to share a few interests.

God I hate romances and westerns. Endless stories about "the code of the west" and "women of quality." Do any of you Diplomacy pubbers read this junk? If so let me know so I can abuse you publically.

Can anyone identify both of the quotes at the top of the page - as a hint the second one is from the Bible. Hah. Bet you already knew that.

I can't keep my identity a secret forever, so here it is:
I'm Arthur C. Noonan of 1308 Long Swamp Road, String Heights, South Carolina, 29482. You knew I was from the south because I said I was a Baptist, right?

bye

ISCOREDONEHUNDRETTWENTYSEVENONEASTERNFRONTLASTNIGHTWHILELISTENINGTO
ALSTEWARTSROADSTOMOSCOWTRUEIUSEDTHEOPTIONBUTTONTODOUBLETHESTRENGTH
OFMYFORCESBUTTHENHAVINGUSEDITMYSCREWASTHEBESTTHATCANBEACHEIVED!!!

Thanks to all of you who helped me mail this.

Arthur Noonan

Arthur C Noonan, a.k.a. Guy R Hail, 1103-B Lorrain Street, Austin, TX 78703

Dear Publisher, please publish the following in the next issue of your zine.

Dear Humanitarians:

Let me introduce myself as a faithful Eric Ozog toady. It recently came to my attention while speaking to a fellow toady that Eric has recently turned 21 years of age. I also became that Eric was depressed that he still has not had his first date. (Please no jokes about Eric's sexual preferences as I am 100% sure that Eric is straight with a slight tendency toward bondage) Therefore I am asking any interested young ladies to fill out the attached questionere and apply to be Eric's FIRST date. You need not worry about your virtue as Andy Lischett has volunteered to chaperone should it be neccessary.

you know the res

NAME Cathy Cunnig ADDRESS 710 W. Las Palmaritas
PHONE 602-999-1556 BIRTHDATE 10-5-60 HEIGHT 5'7" EYES green-blue

BUST CONCAVE ___ FLAT ___ ACNE ___ REASONABLE X BIG ___
NEED BRACES IN ORDER TO STAND ___

LEGS SHORT&STUBBY ___ OUT & OUT FAT ___ USUALY HIDDEN X SHORT & SEXY ___
LONG & LUSCIOUS ___ NOT WORTH MENTIONING X

FACE CUTE X SEXY ___ AVERAGE ___ HOMELY ___ USUALY HIDDEN ___

FIGURE SLIM X MEDIUM ___ HOPELESSLY SKINNY ___ CHUNKY ___ BLIMP ___

ARE YOU STRAIGHT X BISEXUAL ___ SELF SERVING ___ FRIGID ___ LESBIAN ___

INTO BONDAGE ___ S&M X ORAL X BEASTIALITY ___ ORGIES ___
DEVICES ___ JUST GET IT OVER WITH X ANYTHING ___

ARE YOU FRIENDLY X PLEASANT X CONSTANTLY ON THE RAG ___ SELFISH ___
A BITCH ___ AN INTELECTUAL X A LIBERAL ___ A CONSERVATIVE X
A GOLDDIGGER ___ A TRAMP ___ PERFECT X USELESS ___ RUDE ___

oh I do have some faults

OTHER (PLEASE SPECIFY) I could go on and list all my ~~great~~ great talents but that wouldn't be modest which I am also. Just think all this perfection is just waiting for you to come to Phoenix.

WILL ERIC SCORE ON THE FIRST DATE ___ ON THE SECOND DATE ___ AFTER SPENDING \$\$\$ ___ AFTER HE SAYS I LOVE YOU ___ WHEN HE PUTS A RING ON YOUR FINGER ___ WHEN YOU PUT A RING THROUGH HIS NOSE ___ NEVER ___

TO ALL LADIES, anyone interested please send the above questionere to Eric Ozog at 1526 N Lawler Ave. Chicago Ill. 60651. Please this is not a joke, Eric is a lonely well intentioned sole who needs company. If you feel that you have anything to add to the above please feel free to drop Eric a note.

(DBM Stock, continued)

Stockholders may vote their shares at DBM stockholders' meetings, to be held three times a year, starting in March. Stockholders' proposals concerning DBM will appear in the January #46 issue and voting results will be printed in the March #47 issue. (Proposals may include DBM format, contents, etc.)

EXAMPLE: Andy Lischett, bored with Cheesecake's warehouse format and not knowing how to establish a toehold in the profitable readers' market, attempts to merge DBM and Cheesecake into Cheesecake By Moonlight. Unfortunately, Eric senses trouble and buys 51% of DBM stock to prevent Andy's takeover bid. No one can bust my trust, oh too bad!

EXAMPLE: Al Giddings proposes that he and 'Dixie Gray' be allowed to play in the same DBM game and threatens to vote his block of 250 shares (1 share = 1 vote). Other shareholders will want to combine their forces to prevent such a rude proposal from materializing.

See the endless possibilities and the much needed subscriber interest it will stimulate for DBM? Oh what fun!

And, if this zine ever turns a profit, dividends will be paid. So buy stock in DBM today!

One young lady braves the Date Form

Cathy Cuning, 710 W Las Palmaritas, Phoenix, AZ 85021

Oct 5, 1982 -my Birthday!

Dearest Eric,

Thanks oh so much for a copy of DEM! Also congradulations! [sic] You win my own award of being the editor with the best handwriting!! I mean you sure beat me out, but that doesn't say much.

Now my poor, poor Eric will no one fill out your date forms? I can't let you go on being unloved now can I? Why do people refer to you as an elf? I'm not saying it's bad, some of my friends say I look like an elf too. Do you really like Fairport Convention? So do I-- oh Sandy why did you go away?! As for your story-- good show and all that stuff. Personally I think I write better fantasy stories, but then that's favoritism. [sic]

Now to more serious matters. Yes, I will sub! I don't know what's happening to me, I keep saying, "yes, yes, yes" all the time and now my checking book is beginning to say "no, no, no" all the time. I've never had these disagreements before!?

Don't worry about putting me on your waiting list. I will (hopefully) be starting about three american games in the next few months, plus the British games I play. Oh that reminds me-- thanks for getting my address right-- Some people-- "Woody"-- just can't get addresses right.

[[Well, that's two good qualities you see in me (the handwriting and addressing). I like how you leave 'american' in lower case and capitalize 'British'. Oh Cathy, I know you're the right one for me!]]

You want to know about Phoenix and Arizona? Poor boy (actually I shouldn't call you a boy, since I just turned 22 today). Poor man, (that sounds silly!-- oh well) to want to know something about a place that worships Barry Goldwater. Well Phoenix is brown and hot. It got down to the mid 90's the other day as a high-- I think we're having a cold spell. Actually the state itself isn't too bad, at least it has variety, but it doesn't have any Dip players, I visited Chicago-- well I stopped over for a night-- on my way to and from England. I have friends who live in the Deerfield area. I went to the top of the John Hancock building! Big deal eh? In Phoenix a tall building is 10 floors high.

Well my dearest Eric, I shall end this most exciting saga. I know that's hard for you but all good things must come to an end. Take care and cheers
Cathy

[[Oh Cathy, if I could get these unromantic fingers to type some poetry I could tell the world how I feel about you. You have all the desirable qualities, you are Elfin, write fantasy and like Fairport Convention. What more could I ask for? Well.....

The Elf business started back in DBM #37 when I wrote about a Halloween party at my house, and you guessed it, I was an elf. My sister and I were elves for a day, and we walked over to the local supermarket to get a gallon of milk, braving the neighborhood populace. With some P.R. on my end, the persona stuck. Some though said I do look elfin and others say I look and act more orcish, it all depends if you're an Ozog Toady or not.

I was upset when Sandy Denny died also. She was Fairport Convention. Her written music and singing has an extreme haunting quality to it, it pierces straight to the heart. She had quite a supernatural aura about her, I bet she was a witch. With her and the talented musicians of Fairport Convention, you had a band which took the art form of music and elevated it. Such music as theirs will never come about again. Even with crazy fiddler Dave Swarbrick screwing things up.

I am attracted to the southwest for some reason, I'd like to nose around in the Arizona/New Mexico area. Keith Sherwood says there's pine forest around Los Alamos, so there must be variety. And the Arizona Highways calander is so beautiful. Now listen everyone! Everybody buy an Arizona Highways calander (They sell for \$3.50) for 1983. Then you will ooh and aaah and your mouths will hang open from all the natural beauty within.

So Cathy, you've been to the top of BIG JOHN. I've never been up there, but I must have been up Sears Tower at least six times, it's easily accessible. I suppose BIG JOHN gives you quite a different perspective of the city. And you've friends in Deerfield, why our own Chuck Kaplan is from Deerfield, what a small world it is.

I'd like to see some of your fantasy, and I'm sure the Moonies would too. And tell us about England too. I have four people signed up for the next game (do you want to take this Dan or shall I?) so it shouldn't be much more of a wait. Hope to hear from you again Cathy, I'm glad I am loved.]]

Another hobby of mine

Dwayne Shreve, 4103 Wildwood Drive, Crystal Lake, IL 60014

What was it about The Hardy Boys, The Bobsey Twins and Tom Swift that made them endure, when others in the genre, such as The Motor Boys, The Boy Scouts and The Darewell Chums did not? They all came out of an era before comic books and television when adolescent flights of fancy were often fulfilled by reading adventure books which involved youths similar to themselves, involved in often far-fetched adventures. Series after series of these books were printed, catering to the adolescent market, and perhaps it was the sheer number of them which demanded that only certain ones should withstand time.

As for myself, I collect the ones which did not endure. I get excited over another "Boy Pioneers" book, and poke through many piles of dusty volumes to find an edition of Boy Scouts Pathfinders. I pore [sic] through the advertising in the back pages for leads to new (to me) series, and rejoice when after knowing about one for months, I finally run across one of the serials in print.

While I have always been interested in obscure books, for some reason I have focused on this type. One advantage is that the price is low, in that I have paid anything between \$.25 to \$2.00 for a book. Another is the thrill of the hunt, which for a book lover is considerable. Also a plus is that my wife can stop in antique stores to her heart's content without boring me.

I don't plan to try to make money on this hobby. Far more important is exploring this little chapter in American literature. At least, to me, so if you're ever in an antique store and you see some blond fellow thumbing through the books and muttering, that could be me!

[[But Dwayne, I thought we were going to experience the 'thrill of the hunt' when we'd go bow-hunting for deer, not end up in some old codger's dusty shop 'hunting' for boring old books that deserve to remain unknown! I know, I know, I'll try to be patient with you. Besides, I'd like to wait awhile until I can shoot properly so it will be worth buying the license so we won't get caught poaching on the King's land. Let's stick to the ice fishing instead for this Winter.]]

New Pacific Northwest coalition (yawn) flexes its muscle

Terry Tallman, 16047 28th NE, Seattle, WA 98155 (in the process of moving)

Well Eric;

Here it is- a check. Due to your convoluted subscription rates I've just pulled a number out of the air and that's how much you get. [[That check's amount was \$7.77]]

I think it's relevant to note that this makes a year of this bullshit for me. And no I haven't forgotten that you drug me into this shit.

My god, the level I've sunken too [sic]. I even got toadys [sic]. If my mother knew she'd be crushed.

I think Jim-Bob has the right idea. The hobby needs to be taken out and aired. I mean after watching the "feuds" and the pomposities of the east coast shoguns and the energy spent arguing where polls will be first and how draws work and should these rags break even I ask myself "Are these adults?"

So I hope you'll support my effort to rip the seat of power away from the east coast. It's my intent to have the new seat of power here in Seattle.

We can now announce the North American Diplomacy Junta. Jim Meinel, Jack Fleming, and myself have made up some really nice uniforms with lots of medals and henceforth will run the hobby by decree.

We will soon be naming a Fleming Number Custodian for all regular games and a Meinel Number Custodian for variants.

And of course there is the question of conventions. The whole idea of having them all on the east coast is objectionable simply because the east coast is objectionable. The midwest is an okay place but past experience indicates that Cons in that area are too much fun.

Hence forth cons will be held in the Seattle area. The weather is kind of rainy but that's okay because you'll be inside playing dip anyway.

For some of you it may be a long trip but there are ways to cut your costs. If you're coming from the east coast you can drive to Chicago or Kansas and commute en masse the rest of the way.

Some of you may think that this is a little out of line but you've left us no choice. It's obvious dip will never run smoothly in the hands of the in-6. So the gang of 3 will give it a try.

For your new game starts please enclose \$25.00 for a Fleming Number. Checks should be made out and mailed to "Terry Tallman".

Long live the Junta.

[[Oh phew. We in the East can afford to ignore your new faction without much difficulty. You guys are so far away that in the time it took for your communique/decreed to arrive, the great midwestern 'Kon' faction rose to life and then sputtered and died. But I cannot wait until January to reveal my own Chicago area clique. Regionalism is dead, in order to dominate the hobby one must rifle-butt a fanatical band of locals together to do your bidding. Kick into line all your metropolitan toadies to do your dirty work. Don't sweep the nation until you sweep your own kitchen. I see the relevance and practicality of the Tallman/Fleming/Meinel axis, all reside in the same city. I though prefer a one-man show, and Chicago is too fragmented at the moment. But just wait. A BIG BOSS will come.]]

TOADYCON REPORT (and general letter to the editor of DBM)

Jim Burgess, 8457 Southwestern Blvd, Apt 5159, Dallas, TX 75206

I have been a Dip player for about 13 years (I'm one of the few people I know with one of the old edition pinkish-red boxed sets, you know, not just one with wooden pieces but also a one (!) piece board) and despite the worst Dip play of my life, I can't say when I've ever had more fun playing the grand old glorious game. Right off the top I want to acknowledge the master gatherer who drew a fantastic bunch of people from all over the U.S. of A. to the broad flat plains of Wichita, Kansas (I heard more Dorothy jokes and Kansas prairie jokes in general to last more than a lifetime), kudos first and foremost to Mr. Bob Olsen. A more kind and gracious host (I forgot patient) has rarely been discovered as upwards of 20 strange (make of that what you will) people (Mike Mazzer, all the way from sunny Southern California being the only participant Bob had ever met prior to the Con, I believe) descended on a small home in a quiet suburban neighborhood and literally took over for the weekend (Fri. night Bob ended up sleeping in the closet, no! not that kind of closet!). I shall now defer to the format of my esteemed toadymaster Eric Ozog and do my Con reporting by the number:

1) I have been living in "beautiful" Providence, R.I. for the last couple of years and just about a month ago (as I write, not as printed) joined in on the flight to the Sunbelt and moved to Dallas. Eric, with his usual crisp efficiency, sent my August Eastfold Vale to an in-between maildrop at my parents house and announced my COA in Texas to a breathlessly waiting Dip fandom, including oldtime Le Front game partner Bob Olsen. With Bob's usual attention to detail, he noted that Dallas was only six hours or so from Wichita (more like 9-1/2 by bus) and dropped me a line informing me of Toadycon's imminent occurrence. I hesitated & hemmed and hawed, but when it came right down to it I just couldn't pass up the opportunity to meet my hero, Eric Ozog, so I caught a Fri. afternoon bus north.

2) I arrived in the Wichita bus station about 1:45 AM Sat. morning (or Fri. night, depending on your perception of the matter) and was met about 10 minutes later (the bus was early!) by a three man welcoming committee: Woody (help, Eric!, I never did discover Woody's real name) [[Steve Arnowoodian]], Mike Mazzer, and my illustrious host and chief toady Bob Olsen, who apparently felt like stepping out of the madness back at the ranch for a moment of peace. I recognized them instantly as Dippers (something about that faraway look in the eyes), though Mike was carrying some sort of Dip free sample pamphlets in an unnecessary attempt to help me identify them (I had never met anyone who was going to be here before myself).

3) On to Toadycon central . . . After a pleasant ride through Wichita's deserted streets (Bob almost had a heart attack though as Woody cut across 3 lanes of non-existent traffic to make a turn) we arrived safely to a relatively sedated scene. The last game of the evening had just broken up and most people drifted off to sleep . . . tired from long days of travel. The last of us were left to sit and "babysit" (Kathy Byrne's term, not mine, though quite appropriate) Gary Coughlan. Gary amazed me! It seemed as if he never slept. He threatened us with his deadly accurate and powerful squirt gun and regaled us with tales of publisher's woes, generally keeping the conversation hopping deep into the night. Finally, just Stu Lancaster, Steve Langley, and I were left and all of us were fading fast. So we decided (?) to just fall asleep there on the living room floor and see what would happen . . . well wonder of wonders, Gary seemed to go to sleep as well (at least he began to

speak more softly, perhaps merely mumbling, thru the night).

4) After only a couple of hours of sleep everyone was moving again and being in the middle of the living room did not facilitate sleeping. However, I didn't come all this way, with money I didn't really have, to sleep on a floor (really, Bob, it was a very nice floor, carpeted and all, but you know what I mean . . .), so off to the shower. On the way, I peeked into a bedroom and saw . . . yes it was! . . . (no! not that!!!) . . . Eric Ozog!! I recognized him from his recently published picture, so I said, "Hi, Eric" (what else do you say?). Naturally enough, he peered back thru sleep-fogged eyes with an inquisitive look, after all he had no idea what I looked like or even that I was going to show up at Toadycon. He had gone to bed the night before prior to my arrival after a long drive from Chicago and was also unsuccessfully trying to sleep a bit later. I helped him out by answering his unasked question and identified myself. He then replied, brightening up a bit (or was that just my imaginative ego?), "Oh . . . hi!" A more inauspicious meeting there has never been! But Eric and I still ended up as part of the last breakfast contingent with Stu Lancaster (he had also been unsuccessful at remaining asleep). All previous parties had gone to Sambo's and we were no exception. It must have been OK 'cause we went back on Sunday. What a boost to the local economy!

5) As we returned, things were settling down and two games quickly got started. It turned out that while Gary was asleep (he was?), all the squirt guns were rounded up and hidden, not to be seen (by me anyway) for the rest of the weekend. I suspect a plot by Kathy Byrne! Anyway I drew Russia, I hate playing Russia! I have never felt comfortable with it, since I have never found a strategy with it that I like to play, though I have won with it in the past. Mark Lew may say that discussion of FTF games is boring but what the hell . . . I can write whatever I want! I elected to take it easy and feel out my opponents. Ozog as Germany and Olsen as Italy were the only players whom I had opposed before and even then, only by mail, never FTF. Bob Osuch had England and Mike Mazzer had Turkey. These two worried me since I had heard they were good players. Coughlan had A-H (he couldn't still be awake could he?) and Scott Hanson had France to round out our motley crew. Of course you never win when you play it carefully and cautiously so I ended up fourth. Little did I know that this was to be my best showing of the day! I was determined not to get overrun so I teamed up with Mazzer to go after Coughlan, yet I secretly conspired to take him out first. Meanwhile, I tried to play it neutral in the north and thought I had an alliance with Eric. Well, Osuch got mad over a silly (at least I thought it was) little move in Scandinavia that hurt no one and got Eric to stab me. I convinced Coughlan to stay south and keep the pressure on Mazzer and eventually helped to take Turkey out (Turkey did very badly in general throughout the Con). I was pleased that Eric felt the error of his ways as he fell to Osuch and Bob [[Olsen]] was stabbed as usual by all his allies (those two went out first). I was then forced to concede an AFE draw.

6) Then we broke for lunch. I went with Woody as we followed Bob Olsen (a more cautious driver, which explained his trauma the night before) to Wendy's. I had never been to a Wendy's before, but noticed the nice salad bar that I suppose differentiates it from MCD's. I ordered the all-you-can-eat salad bar. Luckily for me, Kathy Byrne was with us and she's one of the slowest eaters this side of Lockjaw, so without seeming to hold anyone up I had plenty of time to absorb two huge plates of salad. I would have had time for a third, but there's only so much fast food quality salad one can take without chancing a permanent send-off. After a short debate, Stu, Woody, and I decided to take off on a hunt for the Kentucky Fried Chicken to satisfy Randy Ellis' (and others) hungry craving back at the Con. After an equally short hunt (and only one wrong turn) we found it and after a long wait for our order, spiced by the antics of our bilingual cashier trying to explain the menu to a pair of Hispanic customers, we were on our way back.

7) My next game began soon after, as a local friend of Bob's named Bill Yeaton showed up. I drew Russia again (boo, hiss). I was now in one of my crazy moods so I knew I was going to take a chance on something unorthodox that would either sweep me across the board to victory or lead me to bite the big one. Bill had Turkey and Bob had A-H. Mazzer drew France this time while John Michalski played Italy and Stu had England. Ah . . . and Kathy Byrne had Germany. A legend of the game! I had never even followed one of her games before, so I had no idea what to expect, except that she had the reputation of being nearly unbeatable. Well, nobody's unbeatable and as I said, I was ready for something unorthodox, so Kathy seemed like a worthy opponent. I couldn't get Stu or Mike to say anything one way or the other in Spring '01 so I decided on "a mos-war, a war-sil" and a friendly bounce with Bill in the Black Sea plus the standard move toward Sweden. I figured that if I couldn't get anyone to move with me on Kathy, I could drop down into Bohemia and Galicia on poor unsuspecting Mr. Olsen, a devastating situation! Well I figured wrong. After I moved on Kathy, no one would help me as I began a seasonal series of amusing discussions with Stu Lancaster. Every season I would try, to absolutely no avail, to convince him to let up on me, but he was in Kathy's spell. Anyway I dropped in on Bob in Fall '01, meanwhile supporting Bill into Rumania with his army, so we could bring four armies to bear on the mighty Emperor's home centers. Unfortunately for my continued existence, Kathy took my move as a personal affront and decided that I would be the first one out of the game. This goal, I am sorry to say, was achieved with ridiculous ease. I held my own in '02 and even took Munich but despite my many pleading discussions with Stu, I could see that Kathy was determined to make an example of me. At the end of '03 I went down three centers and lost the rest at the end of '04. My only ally, Bill, couldn't move fast enough and he too was defeated. I don't remember exactly who shared in the final draw (the God Ozog says it was an EFG) but I don't think I wanted to know at that point. I was most impressed, with Kathy's skill as a FTF player. I gather from her record that she is equally effective at putting across her dynamic personality by mail. It is a brilliant strategy over the long run for all your opponents to know that if they make a move on you . . . well let's just say no mercy was shown to me. Therefore, without a tight agreement to get her from the start you might as well do what Stu and Mike did, get in on the win. Oh well. At least I learned something. Congratulations, Kathy! Maybe this information, combined with Uncle Dan's "ruthlessness" lessons, will help to turn my sorry record around, perhaps not (where did my former ally Uncle Dan disappear to in Ozog III? Oh where, oh where did he go? Don't desert me! Oh, I'm sorry . . . was Sevastopol your last center? . . . hmmm . . . maybe I have learned something after all).

8) Just about this time, the near-legendary Al Giddings arrived. One of the hot topics of conversation thus far was whether or not Al would show up, and more than that whether or not the truly-legendary 18 year old bombshell Dixie Lee Gray would make an appearance. Al swore up and down that she was not just one of Uncle Bernie's fictitious daughters, but that her parents weren't real keen on letting her hang around with twenty guys alone in a house (I could ask . . . "What about Kathy?" . . . but we'll just leave that issue alone as apparently Kathy was just not sufficient as a chaperone). Dixie never showed so officially we remained in the dark, though I personally am inclined to side with Al's story. Heck, I wouldn't trust any daughter of mine in the same state let alone the same house as some of us guys (I'll include myself and fail to name names to protect my fragile bones).

9) With Al we now had 21 people and three games started up (Dinner was conveniently forgotten by most of us). I sort of dread even trying to describe this one, but I do have a few things to say about it:

ROSTER OF NOODLEHEADS-- A: Jim Burgess. E: Al Giddings. F: Keith Sherwood. G: John Michalski. I: Eric Ozog. R: Steve Langley. T: Mike Mazzer. I intend to say as little as possible about the game itself (naturally, I went out first), I leave that grisly task to you Eric, but here are a few little (perhaps amusing, perhaps not) vignettes.

a) I learned that a slip of the tongue can be deadly as I foolishly let Steve Langley find out my plans for Mazzer's downfall, forcing Steve to thwart my plans . . . dumb, dumb, dumb!!!

b) Bob Olsen's cat Olga was an amused, interesting observer. A constant battle was fought to keep the cat away from the caged bird in a popular negotiating room in the basement. I finally tied the cage up, more or less out of the cat's

reach, though once I caught the cat hanging from the bottom of the cage.

c) At the end of '02 Kathy Byrne came in as a general game consultant and GM. Thereafter much of the Diplomacy seemed to be taking place right out in the open. However that could have been just as much a function of the general level of fatigue (increasing at an increasing rate) as of the effect of Kathy's magnetic personality.

d) Terry Tallman called on the phone somewhere around '04 and a parade of loyal Tallman toadies began parading up-stairs for an audience with the great guru. This vexed Ms. Byrne to no end! Imagine!! Someone was actually trying to upstage her as a center of attention!!! She just kept muttering, "Who the hell is Terry Tallman!" over and over. If she hadn't turned down the offer of a sub to North Sealth, West George she might know who this rising Pacific Northwestern "pillar of the hobby" (to bastardize the now infamous Bruce Linsey term, hey I once used to live right near him and I didn't even know it) was. All I can say is, "That's only her own fault." I am overjoyed to be catching her in an error (Mark Berch, among others, has also made the regrettable faux-pas of turning down Mr. Tallman's kind and generous offer . . . all I can do there is cite it as evidence that their pillars are crumbling into slime). Anyway it seemed that Terry really called to talk to me! Boy was I flattered! With all those all time greats like John Michalski there and everything. I, at that time, accepted an offer of support into Stafford's last center in Ozog III. Had Dan finally taught me to be ruthless? I think it was just that Dan erred. If he couldn't at least make it to Toadycon to cement his toady line-up together, then he should have checked in by phone like Tallman did. As far as I am concerned that puts him completely out of the running for "Toad of the Year". Besides that he has been snuffed in Ozog III. Poor tender ego . . . The last thing Terry did was to cement the line-up for NS,WG's dream game #2. I'm not sure who all is in it as I write this [[Michalski, Ozog, Olsen, Uncle Bernie, Sherwood, Burgess & a Tallman Toady]], but I am truly honored to be one of the chosen few. That will be a great game. Everyone must sub to Tallman's szine and follow it . . . right Eric? (time and place for free plug to NS,WG) [[That's right folks don't miss this game, there's bound to be fireworks!]]

e) Soon this game unraveled completely. Eric and I ended up on Bob's front step at one point, hopelessly convulsed over the sheer absurdity of the whole thing . . . damn! We could hardly go back in and face them again (Mazzer especially, he was totally out of it).

f) I made more mistakes writing orders in one game than I had in all my other hundreds of games put together. For this and other sins of omission and commission I was mercifully put to sleep (figuratively, not literally, thought at that point I would have preferred both). But not before Mike Mazzer had had quite enough and turned over the command of the Sultan's forces to none other than . . . yes!, my old pal Stu Lancaster!! I had yet another opportunity to plead with Stu for my life. Twice in one day, what an honor. Somehow though my heart just wasn't in it this time. I just wanted to lay down and die. Bob Osuch at 2:00 in the morning (he moved in for Steve Langley) would do that to anyone.

[[May I cut in for a moment? I wanted to lay down and die also. Once Osuch & Lancaster took over my game was lost. Lancaster was cold and efficient, Osuch was insensitive to my plight. Wretched standbys! After begging to Osuch for perhaps two minutes, I knew I was dead. Osuch just replied, "Eric, forget your tears, sob stories and bleeding hearts. I only want to do what's best for my country. So tough."]]

g) Al Giddings was consuming nearly pure alcohol of some sort or another and almost completely lost it . . . his country, England, didn't do a heck of a lot better at the end.

h) Impressive throughout for his cool among all these loonies was John Michalski. He hung in patiently and was the only one of the big three (EFG) and the only original player to share in the final three way draw.

i) Mercifully, this one did finally end around 2:15 AM. Thank God!

10) Were we done yet? Hell no, it was only 2:20, so we sat down to a final game of Gunboat (or as we newly christened it . . . "Tugboat" . . . Hey Mr. Editor, could we have some historical background on where this term came from? I want to hear some more lore of the game!) [[I think Mark Luedi originated it, correct me if I'm wrong.]] Giddings, Ozog and I were the only ones left alive from the previous fiasco. I finally got to "meet" (well sort of anyway, everyone was half asleep) Marc Peters and Mark Luedi. Rounding out the crew was the Munchkin and . . . who else? . . . Mr. Gary Coughlan. I was again determined to turn around my dismal record . . . but . . . I drew Austria again! Everyone knows that Austria is dead meat in Tugboat. Damn, ah say damn again! I played it out as best I could but my record for the day turned out to be a fourth place and three lasts! I don't know that I could have done worse if I tried.

11) At this point I was nearly dead to the world. I succumbed to my instincts and went to sleep . . . leaving Al Giddings and Eric Ozog to babysit Gary. I was pleased that I held out longer than anyone but Eric (with his 10 hrs. of sleep or so the night before after his long drive from Shy-town) and Al (just arrived that afternoon). I also figured out how Gary did it! At night he would develop Chinese eye syndrome. I am positive that after 11 or so each night Gary was sleepwalking. His active imagination continued to provide conversation thru his dreams. What say you, Gary? Did I get it right? Do I win a prize?? What sayeth thou, sagacious editor and able arbitrator??? Also do we get any choice tidbits on Saturday's late night events? How did Al Giddings and up sleeping outside on the back porch??

12) Anyway, the dawn came all too soon, as I struggled my way back to consciousness Mark Luedi informed me that despite the early hour I was the last one up. Oh well, maybe next time I'll take refuge in the closet. Soon it was off to another breakfast at Sambo's. Eric and I both ordered exactly the same things that we had ordered the morning before (no imagination at all left by this time). I did this because I was broke. I ordered just cakes (cheap and filling) with iced tea. This morning I even got the iced tea (I got OJ instead on Sat. morn.). But Eric, why did you order the same thing both mornings? Huh? Well anyway, who really cares what Eric eats for breakfast (except perhaps Mama Ozog) but this got me thinking about what people were eating. [[On the contrary Jim-Bob, everyone cares what I eat for breakfast, though I say I'm keeping my reasons for eating identical twin breakfasts a secret.]] I noticed that I saw not one single cup of coffee consumed by us toadies all weekend. Dan Stafford is famous (he is now anyway) for caffeine consumption, but I understand that he doesn't drink coffee and despite all our lack of sleep neither did we. I postulate that great Diplomacy requires existence on a natural high without the polluting influence of caffeine. Coffee is obviously the worst source of that vile chemical, but clearly my atrocious play was caused by the consumption of iced tea. I forever after am giving up all sources of caffeine on "game days" and I suggest (for your own good) that all you other dippers out there (including Ruthless Dan) do the same! At the same time, further scientific study seems to be required. Just think what the Pentagon and the CIA would pay for info like this, not to mention the KGB. I volunteer to set up a non-profit research institute to study the problem. Send your tax deductible contributions to:

Institute for the Study of DECEIT (Diplomatic Effects of Caffeine on Eclectic Individuals and Toadies)
Jim Burgess, Chairman & Director of Research
8457 Southwestern Blvd, Lab #5159, Dallas, TX 75206

Contributors will not receive any premiums or other considerations of any kind, so they can be absolutely, positively sure that every last dollar of their donation will be put right to use whereit is needed to solve this fascinating mystery. We all want to enhance the level of knowledge in our hobby, right? We're all looking for that little extra edge?? Well don't hesitate. It's up to you. Get your check in the mail today. Give as much as you can, no donation is too small!

13) We picked up a burgher and fries for Osuch before we left. They stuffed the whole thing (fries and all) into one of

those styrofoam McD's "Quarter-Pounder" type boxes. Oh well, he ate it anyway. The waitress said it was quick and would take a second so we could order it just before we left. Luckily Eric was smarter than that and disregarded the advice. On the way home (at least it seemed like that to us by now) we were again treated to Eric's "Fairport Convention" tape. I have better taste than the Sleaze any day of the week. By the way, what album is that again? Eric, have you checked out the album "Shoot Out the Lights" from Richard and Linda Thompson (he a former member of the above named grp.)? If not you and everyone else should not delay in doing so! It got absolutely no airplay in the U.S. at all as far as I know but your local record store might still have a copy.

[[Alas, it's not easy to get! I did buy their other album First Light which is pretty good. I did hear of Shoot Out the Lights, our local WXXR played only one song off of it, Ball and Chain, and that because I think they were paid off. That is how radio stations work. They are paid off by promoters to play certain songs. The tape I played in the car was from the album Fotheringay, I think it's their best effort. Richard & Linda played in Chicago where they were warmly received.]]

14) Soon after we returned it was time for me to catch the bus home. Some warm goodbyes, then Al Giddings drove me to the bus station and just like that it was all over. A boring bus ride, a lonely (and semi-dangerous) half hour wait for a city bus in downtown Dallas, and a mile and a half walk from the bus stop and I could collapse into bed. Whew.

That's about it for my Toadycon report. I do have some other points to make, however, while I'm writing; I am still working on my campaign to be Toady of the Year and would appreciate (if you haven't sent it already) a sub list from Dip by Moonlight, so I can get those addresses to send out my campaign literature. I enclose a check for \$0.23 to cover postage and handling. I'm sorry I can't be there to see you cash it! Ha, ha (at least I thought it was funny, and I have free checking).

[[You, Tallman and Swider (who sent me a dozen 50 cent checks, each dated the 1st of the month) are on my crazy check writers hate list. But at least the tellers at my bank are used to it. Eric Kane does not qualify for the list because I asked him to write that check for 18 cents.]]

I want to congratulate you on "Doctor Grob and the Mushroom People". This was your most inspired story to date. Keep up the good work and you'll be published in the Saturday Review . . . whoops they went out of business, didn't they? Well the story ain't bad anyway. The art was attractive too, despite the usual reproduction problems. Hey, but how come your picture of Doctor Grob was stuck way back on the second to last page? The author's note that followed the story was trivial and meaningless as well. Other than that I have no complaints. Someone (I forgot who, but it might have been Disraeli) once said "Never complain and never explain!" If you could follow this (and you probably can't, I know I can't) your szine (as per Tallman official spelling) will not only be the best in the hobby but also be perfect! Oh well, it may or may not be a goal anyway.

One of my reasons for not starting a szine myself is my tendency toward perfection as well as masochism (I don't mind submitting stuff to you that might be garbage though). However . . . announcing . . . as part of my campaign for Toady of the Year . . . my services are hereby declared "available". I will be a standby, guest GM, orphan locator, general ombudsman, article writer, letter writer, story writer, and general all-round toady. I will accept no payment for any contributions of services rendered, but will be damned upset if you ask me to pay you. I make no quality guarantees, but anything I promise to do will get done, on my honor as a loyal toady. I reserve the right to turn down any mission and I will not ever directly publish a szine for anyone. So give me some free publicity! I wanna win."

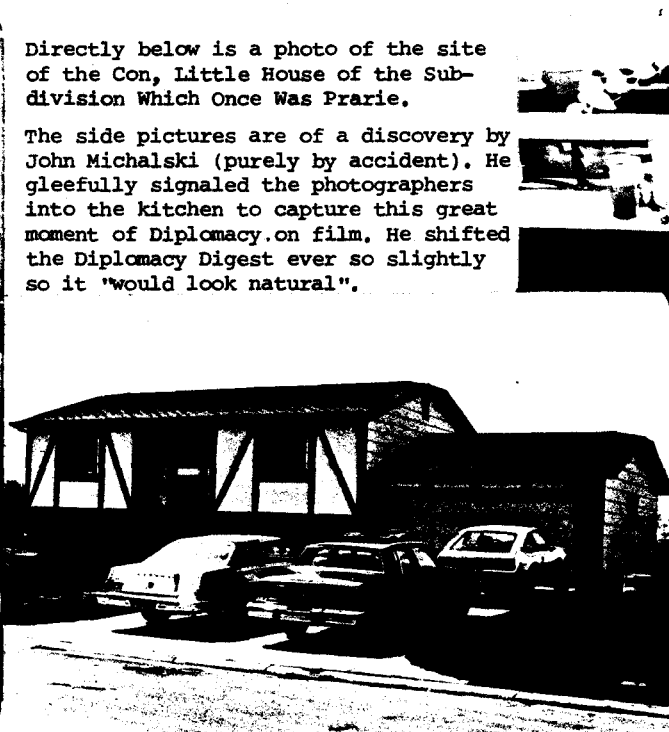
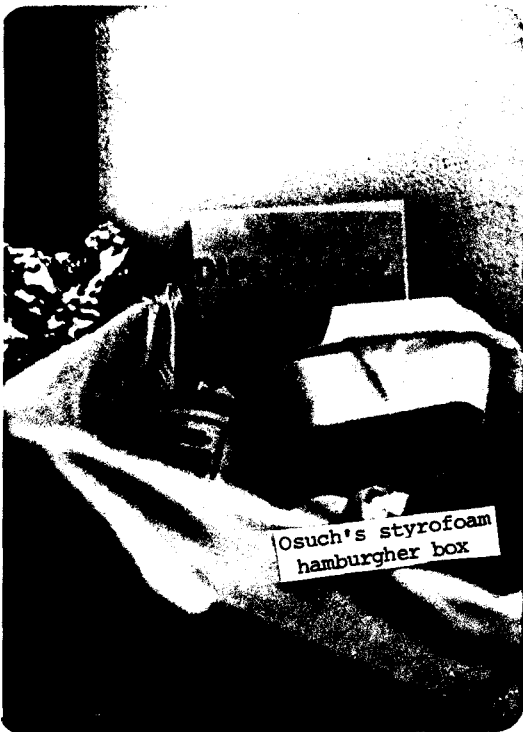
I have written far more than enough. See what going to a Con does to me? I haven't felt this eager since I helped to run a Con in Rochester, N.Y. (SIMCON I) in the spring of 1979. I won my own Diplomacy tournament (I had to enter to get two full boards) at that one though. See how far I have fallen?

Feel free to publish as much or as little of this as you desire, but after going to all the trouble of typing it I'll be pretty damn upset if you don't at least publish something. Thanks again for a great time to Bob Olsen and everyone who made the effort to show up. It was great fun meeting you all. Until the next Con . . . Take care, Jim Burgess.

[[Whew! You've earned the right to become my toady with your massive article. You even went through the necessary pandering exercizes all good Ozog toadies must follow. Your letter became too gooey-pat-on-the-backish towards the end, but that's fine by me. And there was no doubt in my mind I wouldn't print all of it, toady masters must take good care of their toadies or they lose them. Stay tuned in this issue for the political speeches/election results of the Toady Poll. I'm glad you had a great time in Wichita and it was good to meet you, old Le Front comrade!]]

Directly below is a photo of the site of the Con, Little House of the Sub-division Which Once Was Prairie.

The side pictures are of a discovery by John Michalski (purely by accident). He gleefully signaled the photographers into the kitchen to capture this great moment of Diplomacy on film. He shifted the Diplomacy Digest ever so slightly so it "would look natural".



PUDGECON '82 GAME RESULTS

BOARD BLACK	01	02	03	BOARD WHITE	01	02	03	04	05	06	UPSTAIRS GUNBOAT SAT.	08
AUS [Steve Langley]	4	5	8	AUS [Gary Coughlan]	5	5	6	7	8	10	AUS [Marc Peters]	6
ENG [Kathy Byrne]	4	5	5	ENG [Bob Osuch]	5	4	7	8	9	9	ENG [John Michalski]	10
FRA [John Michalski]	5	5	6	FRA [Scott Hanson]	5	6	6	6	8	9	FRA [Steve Langley]	5
GER [Randy Ellis]	5	4	4	GER [Eric Ozog]	5	6	4	3	1	0	GER [Paul Rauterberg]	0
ITA [Marc Peters]	4	6	6	ITA [Bob Olsen]	4	4	4	3	1	0	ITA [Mark Luedi]	3
RUS [Stuart Lancaster]	5	5	4	RUS [Jim Burgess]	6	5	4	5	5	4	RUS [Kathy Byrne]	7
TUR [Paul Rauterberg]	5	2	1	TUR [Mike Mazzer]	4	4	3	2	2	2	TUR [Stu Lancaster]	3

Two way Austrian/Italian draw. This was the first game of the day.

Three way Aus-Eng-Fra draw.

Three way ERA draw.

SAT. DOWNSTAIRS	01	02	03	04	05	06	07
AUS [Dave Pilant]	5	5	3	1	0		
ENG [Randy Ellis]	4	4	1	0			
FRA [Bob Osuch]	5	6	6	7	9	9	12
GER [Marc Peters]	6	5	6	6	9	10	8
ITA [Paul Rauterberg]	4	4	6	6	4	1	0
RUS [Mark Leudi]	6	6	8	9	6	5	3
TUR [Scott Hanson]	4	4	4	5	6	9	11

Two way French/Turkish draw.

SAT. DOWNSTAIRS	01	02	03	04	05
AUS [Paul Rauterberg]	3	4	5	5	6
ENG [Mark Luedi]	4	3	3	0	
FRA [Eric Ozog]	6	6	7	10	10
GER [Keith Sherwood]	5	5	4	4	3
ITA [Al Pearson]	5	6	6	7	8
RUS [Randy Ellis]	5	7	7	8	7
TUR [Dave Pilant]	4	3	2	0	

Four way A/F/G/I draw.

SATURDAY UPSTAIRS	01	02	03	04	05	06
AUS [Bob Olsen]	5	4	4	5	4	3
ENG [Stu Lancaster]	5	6	7	7	8	8
FRA [Mike Mazzer]	5	5	7	8	9	9
GER [Kathy Byrne]	5	5	6	6	7	8
ITA [John Michalski]	3	3	1	1	0	
RUS [Jim Burgess]	5	5	2	0		
TUR [Bill Yeaton]	5	6	7	7	6	6

Three way E/F/G draw.

SAT. NIGHT DOWNSTAIRS	01	02	03	04	05	06	07	08	09
AUS [Jim Burgess]	4	4	4	4	5	1	0		
ENG [Al Giddings]	4	5	7	8	6	5	5	4	2
FRA [Keith Sherwood]	5	5	5	5	3	3	3	4	4
GER [John Michalski]	5	6	6	6	5	6*	6	7	8
ITA [Eric Ozog]	5	5	4	3	5	6	6	3	2
RUS [Steve Langley]	5	5	4	4	5	6**	6	7	7
TUR [Mike Mazzer]	5	4	4	4	5	7#	8	9	11

Three way G/R/T draw. *= 1 short. **= Resigned W'06, new Turk Stu Lancaster. #= Resigned W'06, new Russian Bob Osuch.

2:20 AM TUGBOAT SUN.	01	02	03	04	05	06
AUS [Jim Burgess]	4	4	2	2	0	
ENG [Marc Peters]	4	4	2	1	0	
FRA [Eric Ozog]	6	6	7	7	9	9
GER [Al Giddings]	4	5	6	7	6	6
ITA [Gary Coughlan]	4	4	6	6	6	8
RUS [Scott Hanson]	5	5	5	5	8	9
TUR [Mark Luedi]	4	6	6	6	5	2

Four way F-G-I-R draw.

SUN. DOWNSTAIRS	01	02	03	04	05	06	07	08	09
AUS [Bob Osuch]	5	4	2	1	1	1	1	1	0
ENG [Randy Ellis]	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	11	11
FRA [Marc Peters]	5	5	7	8	8	8	10	9	11
GER [Paul Rauterberg]	5	5	6	7	7	9	8	9	9
ITA [Dave Pilant]	4	4	1	0					
RUS [John Michalski]	5	4	2	1	0				
TUR [Stuart Lancaster]	4	6	9	9	9	6	4	4	3

Three way draw between E/F/G.

Another game took place Saturday night which was unreported, involving Kathy and her toady Woody vs. Gary. Below is my tally of Toadycon player rankings:

THE BIG LOSERS-- Pilant, Burgess, Olsen

GOOD SHOWING FOR ONE GAME-- Yeaton, Pearson

BORDERLINE DISASTER-- Rauterberg, Luedi, Ellis, Sherwood

BEST CROSSGAMERS-- Hanson/Osuch

SO-SO HALF AND HALF-- Ozog, Michalski, Giddings

MENSAN MISHAP-- Mazzer

SOLID DECENT PLAYERS-- Langley, Lancaster, Peters, Byrne, Coughlan, Osuch

MINDLESS TOADY-- Arnawoodian

THE BIG WINNER-- Hanson

ERIC OZOG RATES THE PLAYERS

Bob Olsen

There was a mixture of happiness/fear/wonderment in his eyes this weekend. I imagine his quiet lifestyle and musty, moth-eaten existence will never be as it was. The Bob Olsen psyche is this; when we stood on the raised patio deck and I commented on his green grassy backyard he responded, "I had the underground sprinkler system put in after I had the lawn done. Smart huh." Don't worry Uncle Bob, we love you.

Bob gets high marks for his patience with unruly Toadycon attendees. It took all his recently discovered guts to let this zany group have the run of the house- as his cat does. I tend to prefer basement Cons as Chicago's was done, where a host does not have to beg for a government financed low-interest loan to rebuild. I don't believe any trinkets/possessions of Bob's were destroyed, just disheveled. There may have been water damage to the house itself from the squirt gun wars. On the

way to and from Wichita's airport to meet Mike Mazzer, Keith, Bob and I talked, and every other phrase Bob spoke included the dreaded words, "squirt guns".

After a few hours of arrival in Wichita, my energy level collapsed upon my adrenal gland running out of juice. Yes, the long drive from Chicago took its toll. The full impact of the straight 14 hour trip hit me then with all the hoopla and fanfare of a Wall Street ticker-tape parade. In a semi-depressed state I beckoned to the elder I honored and respected, Bob Osuch of duh South Side and said, "Bob, what are we doing here?"

Bob, who was rather put out at the moment (Kathy was vypering him all evening) said, "You want to go back home? Let's go right now. We'll switch off driving."

Once agreeing we would be in a better state of mind on Saturday, I went outside on the deck and lay in Bob's lawn chair. The night breeze was warm and very dry, something I haven't experienced before. I could smell the coming decay of Autumn in the air. I lingered for a time in half-consciousness. I think Kathy came out to check on me for I heard her sharp New York dialect. Tranquilized from these new senses around me, I nearly dropped into a sound sleep...

Gary Coughlan

...only to be brought back to cold reality by a cold wet zap! I opened my eyes and saw Gary standing over me, an evil smile on his lips and moustache twitching, his science-fiction type squirt gun aimed and ready. I was horrified. Gary then open fired again and again and again!!

"You aren't going to sleep, are you?" Gary said.

Mumbling incoherently to this child-soul trapped in a 30 year old body, I staggered back into the living room and joined the others, plopping down on the floor against the wall. Kathy could not believe Gary's cruelty.

Gary had passed out assorted squirt guns. John Michalski got this real neat one which looked like a six-shooter. Gary offered me this wimpy palm-sized one which I politely refused. Even if I wanted to play squirt gun I would not have stood a chance against John's cannon. So I passed.

When Gary attacked me a second time I wrestled with him a bit, trying to wrench his weapon away without getting soaked. Gary refused to disarm and being the strong, stubborn little cuss that he is, I couldn't hold on. But after Gary broke free I feigned weakness, the gunman instantly relaxed and I ripped the Buck Rogers plaything out of his hand and threw it down the center stairs. I was amused watching Gary run to retrieve it, so I had a satisfying, although short-lived victory.

Kathy Byrne & Steve Arnawoodian

The eastern dynamic duo. A pseudo Johnny Carson and Ed McMahon. Kathy/Johnny would supply the jokes and Woody/Eddy would supply the chuckles. Despite Woody being a Byrne groupie, he has a unique style of comedy of his own. Woody's eastern mind could not comprehend a Wichita TV weatherman's bland presentation. If Woody were right in the studio making fun of the poor guy in front of the camera, I'm sure the meteorologist would have broke into tears.

Kathy, her usual bubbling self, dominated the convention. Her presence change the entire atmosphere of the group, it became more lively and faster paced. It felt to me at times as if I had travelled to a New York Byrne Con instead of Wichita. If Kathy wasn't there, I am sure Toadycon would have had a laid back atmosphere, similar to Chicago/St. Louis.

The Oklahoma Folk

John Michalski's glowing postal personality just barely peeps through when meeting him face to face, but it can be detected. When he, Al Giddings and I played in the same game Saturday night, John, having a hard-pressed Germany in '05 explained to me his intentions with a twinkle in his eye, "I'm going to retreat up in Scandinavia and just sit and wait for openings." Translated meaning: "I got my shotgun and I'm holed up in this cave just waiting for someone to stick his face in the opening. Then I'm going to blow the sucker's head off."

Al Giddings is quite a character. He has Michalski's gun toting style, but he's much more open with it, he never stopped talking. He talked about Dixie Gray: "She's 18. Yeah, she's pretty. Bitch." He talked about his wife: "Darned fool nearly shot me in the night." He talked about the hobby: "I get all this weird mail. I only wish I'd get normal mail now, anything. Even bills!" Giddings brought along his jug of "Aguavee" (pronounced that way, don't know the spelling), "the national drink of Denmark" and a strange beer for a chaser. I braved a sip of the clear liquor and nearly died. Ugh, it tasted awful! Giddings was fond of it though, too fond of it. The high point of the Saturday night game was when Kathy convinced Al to stab his allies- he had a solid E/F/G alliance which could not be stopped- but no longer, not with a wrecked Prime Minister at the helm and a 'wormtongue' whispering in his ear.

Dave Pilant, gunfighter at the OK Corral, stayed on the sidelines and was quietly wiped out in his games. Was it too much gun shoved up the nose and not enough talk? Who knows.

Honest Al Pearson

Whether he knows it or not, he's a Godfather of the Diplomacy hobby. Where was his machinegun? He did not have to show it. He and I cooperated rather well in our game together, but I kept waiting in paranoia for Uncle Al to do a number on me, and it never materialized. There was wariness and caution between us in the game, but we chiefly devoted our talents to shafting the other players.

Keith Sherwood

The cross between John Denver and Mark Berch. Keith wants to live at peace with nature. Keith wants to stay up all night archiving and tabulating scoring results. He is a hard-core ratings player with blond hair who even The Sleaze respects. It doesn't make any sense to me.

Steve Langley

You Steve don't belong sitting at the computer console. You don't belong in 1982. It would be much more sensible to send you back into history on your palomino to relive the battle of the Little Bighorn. You know, shoot an arrow or two just for fun. True, Indians don't smile. They only cry out of one eye when they see litter strewn about along the nation's highways. Really though, it takes guts to wear hair that long. Steve, you're my hero!

Toadies' travels to Toadycon by Eric Ozog

Half the fun of the far-flung cons is just getting there. Wichita was no exception. The vast distances would cause some to become companions of the road- people living within the same region would team up and travel together. It makes a more enjoyable trip.

The easterners (Kathy, Woody, Uncle Al) braved numerous logistics and weather problems to travel across half the country. Kathy took the train from New York to Philadelphia to meet Woody, then they hopped a plane and met Al in Pittsburgh (who had flown from Washington D.C.). After delays from fog giving Uncle Al an ulcer, the three of them flew to Kansas City where they met the Munchkin (flown from Minneapolis), then rented a car and drove to Wichita. Whew!

The other Toadyconers came by bus, car or plane. Steve Langley had a long bus trip, but he didn't have to die behind the wheel, only of boredom. Bus for Burgess, although a much shorter distance. Planes for Mazzer and Coughlan. The Okies had the easiest drive, not so easy for Sherwood, who had to drive hundreds of miles on two lane roads. The Kansas Kids Randy and Stuart could have had an easy drive, but good ol' Randy explained to me about his expensive speeding ticket as he hung his head in shame. Stuart had an equally interesting story to tell:

"Guess what? We should have taken your advice about checking the oil before we left Wichita. We were very (I mean very, very) low on oil and we had to stop at some gas station by the Howard Johnson's and beg for oil. They wouldn't accept our check, and we only had enough money to pay for the toll, so they gave us 1/2 quart which got us by till we got off the turnpike to buy more. Randy's ~~piece-of-shit~~ car burns oil like you wouldn't believe. Other than that, and getting pulled over for a missing taillight, and not having any music because the batteries in my ghetto blaster went out, and the constant fear of the transmission dropping out of Randy's car (or something similar), we had an excellent ride home. I hope yours was as good as ours."

For the Great Lakes contingent, we didn't have the surprises or headaches of our sister contingent of the east, but we gritted our teeth for the long haul. Mark Luedi arrived at my house from Michigan on Friday eve, Paul Rauterberg and Marc Peters came around 2:30 AM or so. We picked up Bob Osuch of duh South Side and departed in two cars south on I-55. Downstate Illinois was drab as usual, but it was a bit greener than when the Chicago group and I drove the route last October. Mark, Marc and I laughed when we saw Paul's car ahead hit a bump with sparks flying from the muffler hitting the pavement. Later it nearly fell off all together and we stopped at a farm machinery place so Paul could jury-rig it with rope.

Around St. Louis I had a bad feeling Bob & Paul would blow it once the junction for I-270 came up, the St. Louis bypass route which would link up with I-70 west to Kansas city. Paul was leading, so didn't see my turn signal, so sure enough, he blew it and we split up. I brought the Cougar down to about 50 and told Mark & Marc that Paul and Bob had one chance; If the interchange was a full cloverleaf, they could loop-the-loop their way around and around to get back on 270. If, that is, Paul had enough split second brains to realize he had to catch the second exit in a couple hundred feet at 60 mph. He did. The Camaro stole up from behind and passed us, Paul and Bob grinning sheepishly.

In Missouri Mark took over the driving and I sometimes dozed and sometimes studied the Missouri countryside. Mark liked the state, I didn't. The land was hilly, but all along I-70 it was burnt cornfields interspersed with grimy gas stations and billboards. However, Missouri looked much better when we drove I-35 north on the return trip.

Oh yeah, a few times we stopped to eat, gas up and empty our tanks. One town stood out in particular, Wellsville, Kansas, a one horse town just southwest of Kansas City off I-35. Bob was driving ahead at the time (I since took over from Mark) and at a moment's notice exited the highway and drove into town. Bob stopped at a small two pump filling station off a cobblestone street while I drove on looking for a station which sold premium gas. No such luck. (My car has a high octane diet, I know the agonies of engine run-on.) We returned to the station where Paul and Bob were. Bob was leaning against Paul's car with a can of pop in one hand looking rather pleased with himself. "Bob, why did you stop here?" I complained.

"I just wanted to stop. What's wrong, don't you like this town?" He then said louder for a few local passersby to hear, "You hear that people? Eric doesn't like your town!"

Embarrassed, I explained to Bob my only reservations were I couldn't buy premium here. This old man who was the gas station attendant approached, saying premium was "scarce in these parts", and I could go further down the road to Ottawa and try there, but doubted that larger town had any either. "Why don't you just buy it here?" he suggested. "I've got damned good gas." So I was amiable as usual and bought his 'damned good gas'. An older lady pumped the gas while Marc walked over to the Wellsville Recreation Center. Once returning, he said some old men were playing cards inside.

Back on the road again. Marc & Mark busied themselves by playing Mastermind and Evade while I kept myself awake by breathing deeply and cranking up the taped music. The last 4 hour hop from Kansas City to Wichita was the true test of the 14 hour drive. Total, I had driven close to 9 of those hours.

Once on the Kansas Turnpike my spirits rose and my alertness returned, for now the land was changing from the farmland of eastern Kansas to prairie. The Flint Hills they were called, and they were truly beautiful- wild, barren, treeless...not a house or even a fence in sight for as far as my eyes could see- until the oil wells of El Dorado would appear. I experienced deja vu then, for these hills recalled to me one of my other lifetimes as a Mongol chieftain of the Asiatic Steppe. Bob Olsen said there were people in Kansas wanting to protect the hills, maybe declaring them a state park.

On Sunday night I brooded over my road atlas, looking over the route back to Chicago, which would take us via Des Moines and I-80 to where Marc's hated "flatlanders" dwell. I said outloud to no one in particular, "Oh I'm so far from home."

Bob Olsen, the greatest host there ever was, said, "Why, homesick?"

"No, it's not that, I just began to understand how vast this country really is."

CLOSING NOTES

Paul Rauterberg

"By the way, how did we lose you guys out in the middle of nowhere (central Iowa is nowhere)? You were ahead of a truck, and then you were gone. We shot ahead at 80 MPH trying to catch up, and then pulled over in case we were ahead of you. All to no avail. Did you all become elves and disappear into the forests?"

[[We really disappeared into the rest area and I saw your car pass- the traffic caused you not to see us.]]

Bob Olsen

"I had some doubts about your fabled imagination, your ability to fantasize at a moment's notice, and of course your notorious elvish origins, but hearing you rave about the beauties of the Flint Hills convinces me that there is truly something strange, romantic, and elvish in your soul. Obviously you are a sensitive person of the highest degree if you can see the beauty of this area (it escapes me, for instance, a lot of the time). So....want to buy some land with a view?"

"Do you remember passing through the city of Emporia on your way to/from Wichita? It's about 70 miles north of here and may be where you joined up with the turnpike if you came the way I was telling people to come. It's right on the edge (north edge) of the Flint Hills. Well, I just wanted to let you know that about six months ago I turned in a series of about 6 prospects in that area, close to the Emporia city limits and also somewhat north and west of there. The Flint Hills as they are are all very fine, but think how much more beautiful they would be covered with oil wells all directly pumping into Bob Olsen's pocket. Now that's beauty! Don't worry though--the petroleum potential of the area is very limited and there are nothing but dry holes in the area. Of course this will perhaps change once my brilliantly-conceived prospects are dilled..."

[[Bob is a geologist for an oil company. I had told him I hoped the hills would be protected before his oil company got their hands on them. I liked Bob's rock collection and his large map of the Wichita region showing the locations of all the producing oil and gas fields.]]

"I had a great time here at Toady Con. Next year, for sure, I will socialize some way again. Origins is a definite possibility, even though Detroit is a mythical place to me, like the Shire, or Moore Oklahoma. But meeting all these mythical personalities was really a great experience--it has totally refreshed my attitude toward the hobby, which was, actually, somewhat lagging from time to time."

"Everybody I have heard from, or of, caught cold here. Obviously the air conditioning was not turned up too high (it was 95 that Sunday; less than two weeks later there's frost on my windshield at night) so it had to be somebody. Mazzer has tried to grab the blame but I still think it's more fun to blame Woody; for one thing, he's bragging to everyone about how he made us all sick anyway."

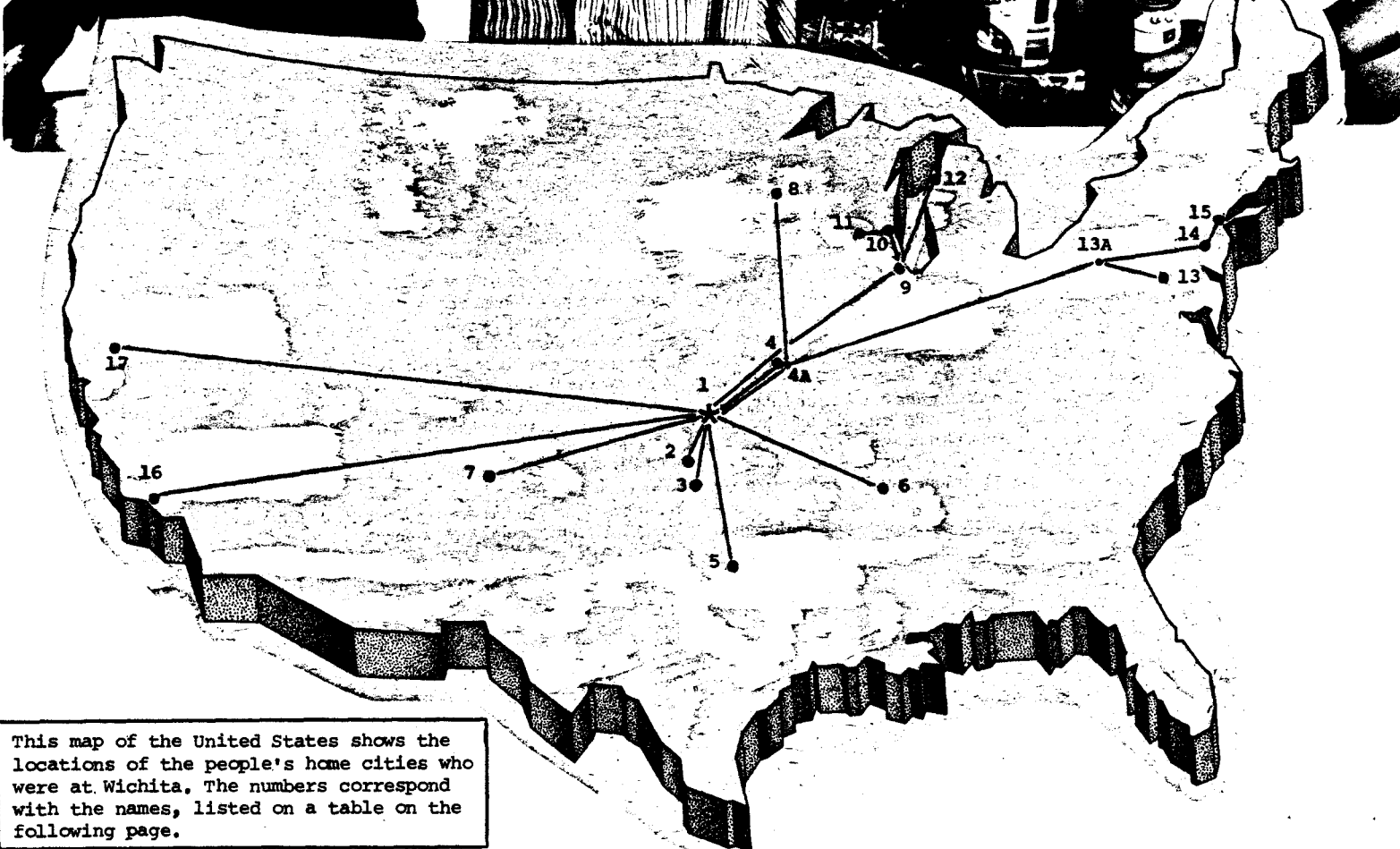
Jim Burgess

"Heard you didn't catch the cold at the Con. I didn't have it too bad & I take vitamins too...Hm...another research problem?"

[[You have your research work cut out for you. I partly blame the airconditioning. Even though it was 95 that day, I did not feel it at all because of the low, low humidity. It was simply glorious to walk out in the sun and not feel miserable. I did catch a tinge of the sickness, but I later threw it off. I really became sick from driving with Luedi into Chicago on a short stretch of the Dan Ryan Expressway though. So did he when he made a wrong turn on his way in Friday, ending up on Lake Shore Drive.]]

Tee Shirts at the Con

Below are some photographs of some of the toadies and their tee-shirts. Kathy Byrne had a 'Ralph the Gnome Fan Club' tee shirt (hooray for Ralph the Gnome!), Jim-Bob Burgess' shirt said 'Ashley does it with fidelity'. Mike Mazzer deserves special mention for presenting a 'Pudgecon 82' shirt to Bob Olsen. Unfortunately the term 'Pudgecon' never caught on. Unfortunately also half of my pictures I took did not turn out. I think my camera is crapping out, Kalamazoo's pictures turned out lousy also, and I hope my Halloween photos are not ruined either. I am definately going to buy a new camera, this time an SLR.



This map of the United States shows the locations of the people's home cities who were at Wichita. The numbers correspond with the names, listed on a table on the following page.

Map #	Names	Cities	Map #	Names	Cities
1	Bob Olsen, Bill Yeaton	Wichita	10	Paul Rauterberg	Milwaukee
2	Al Giddings	Enid, OK	11	Marc Peters	Madison
3	John Michalski, Dave Pilant	Moore/Oklahoma City	12	Mark Luedi	Honor, MI
4	Randy Ellis, Stu Lancaster	Overland Park/Kansas City, KS	13	Al Pearson	Charles Town, WV
4A	travellers junction	Kansas City, MO	13A	travellers junction	Pittsburgh
5	Jim Burgess	Dallas	14	Steve Arnawoodian	Philadelphia
6	Gary Coughlan	Memphis	15	Kathy Byrne	New York
7	Keith Sherwood	Los Alamos, NM	16	Mike Mazzer	Santa Monica/Los Angls
8	Scott Hanson	Minneapolis	17	Steve Langley	Sacramento
9	Eric Ozog, Bob Osuch	Chicago			

Diplomacy By Moonlight is published every two months by Eric Ozog, 1526 N Lawler Ave, Chicago, IL 60651. My phone number is (312) 237-4650, call me in the evenings. If I am not at home, PLEASE give someone at the house your name and phone # and I will return your call. If you're calling in moves and I'm not home, give your moves to my mother, she knows what she's doing.

SUBSCRIPTIONS are \$6.00 for 10 issues. Double issues, such as this one, cost double.

GAME OPENINGS are available. Five people are interested in the next game, to be either GMed by me or Dan Stafford. There is no gamefee, but a \$5.00 NMR deposit is required. My zine Eastfold Vale is published on alternate months and contains only game results and press. Players must subscribe to EV @ 60 cents. Game deadlines fall on every 1st Friday of the month. Dan Stafford's deadlines fall on the last Sunday of the month.

HOUSERULES of DBM must be overhauled. There are many additions to be made which the old houserules did not cover. I should have the revised houserules ready by January, and they will be sent out under separate cover.

SAMPLES will be sent upon request and cost 60 cents each for single issues. Occasionally I'll send samples unasked for. In this case the receiver of the sample is obligated to pay for it if he wishes a subscription to DBM. This is the most controversial samples policy in the hobby, but that's tough.

FREEBIES are given for articles and letters. Amount of freebies is determined by merit. The average freebie is the issue your article or letter appeared in, so you effectively bankrupt the publisher if your letter/article is published in a double issue.

PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENTS

THE 1982 DIPLOMACY PLAYER POLL is being run by John Caruso, 160-02 43rd Ave, Flushing, NY 11358. List your five favorite people in these categories: Best Dip Player, Best Variant Player and Best Writer. There is still time for this one, deadline is Monday November 22nd. You cannot vote for yourself. Results to be sent with a SASE.

THE 1982 MARCO POLL is run by Mark Larzelere, 7607 Fountainbleau Drive, Apt #2352, New Carrollton, MD 20784. List your five favorites in these categories: Best Zine, Best Sub-zine and Best GM. You cannot vote for yourself. Results to be sent with a SASE and will appear in Appalling Greed.

THE GAMES PEOPLE PLAY POLL is being conducted by Jim Williams, 2500 6th Street SW, Altoona, Iowa, 50009. List your five favorites in these categories: Games you most enjoy playing face to face and games you most enjoy playing by mail. Also, list any games you would like to see available for play-by-mail play, and also print the name of the zine(s) that you heard about this poll from (DBM). Jim is awarding a prize to the publisher whose subscribers send him the most ballots. There is no deadline specified on Jim's announcement, so don't put this off.

PELLENORATH is published by Rod Walker, 1273 Crest Drive, Encinitas, CA 92024. It is a zine which deals with the geography of fantasy lands. It is published six times a year on an irregular schedule. A sample copy is \$1.00. So if you like to escape and travel in fantasy lands (I know I do) you should get this zine for a guide.

DIPCON XV = TALES OF THE DIPIMASTERS is a booklet on this years Dipcon in Baltimore, available for \$1.00 from Mark Berch, 492 Naylor Place, Alexandria, VA 22302. Inside are the results of the tournament, player survey and top board game. There are articles by Steve Landria, John Kador and other stuff by Mark Berch.

YOU KNOW MY NAME (LOOK UP THE NUMBER) is a listing of player ratings using the Modern Calhamer Point Count, published by Keith Sherwood, PO Box 6457, La Jolla, CA 92037. This zine will carry Jim Meinel's "Player Reliability Rating" also. So if you want to know where you stand as a player, subscribe at 50 cents an issue.

RUSNAKON VII will be held on Saturday November 20th and will last all night and maybe partly on Sunday morning. Excellent turnout is expected for this one. Attendees are asked by the editor of DBM to bring \$\$ to pay the host for his food this time, don't be an ignoramous. For all travel information contact: Russ Rusnak, 8002 S Nagle, Burbank, IL 60459. His phone number is (312) 598-4708. And don't forget to dial (1) before the area code. I know I do.

THE PRINCE is the newest fast-paced game zine to hit the hobby, published by Jim Meinel, 628 Whitworth Lane So, Renton, WA 98055. He is a Tallman toady, therefore he's a good guy. The Prince's games will be run on fast three week deadlines. The zine itself will be warehouse format until June, when he gets out of school. Subscriptions are 25 cents each and the gamefee is \$5.00. Send for a sample with a SASE. Ask for the houserules, they have twists. The games are non-DIAS. Hooray!! (See Terry how I give your fellow Junta member a plug? See? Huh? Will I stay in your good graces? Please don't annex Chicago as a branch of the Pacific Northwest Clique!)

NO FIXED ADDRESS is a new Canadian zine published by Steve Hutton, 103 Dunbar Road S, Waterloo, Ontario, Canada, N2L 2E4. And when Steve Hutton talks, nobody listens. Steve picked up many of the abandoned Passchendaele games- he needs standbys. The zine has some nice reading so far, and includes an auction where I bought a Bernie Oaklyn business card for \$1.00.

OZOG II -- 1979 IX / Fall 1915: Stafford may not have any units, but his ghost WILL haunt us. Sherwood suicides too.

Summer Retreats

ENGLAND f spa/sc R otb ITALY a ven R apu

Fall Moves

ENGLAND [Stafford] No units on the board. I short.

FRANCE [Lancaster] f enc-wal, a par-pic, a mun-ruh, a ser-tri, f nap-apu, f spa/sc-lyo, f mar-pie

ITALY [Lischett] a apu H, f rom H, a tus H

RUSSIA [Oaklyn] a rum-gal, a gal H NSU, a bul S a ank-rum, f bla C a ank-rum, a ank-rum, a sil-mun, a boh-mun, a gas H NSU, a bur-gas, a ruh-bur, a bre-pic, f den H, f mid-enc, f tyn S ITA f rom-nap NSO, f lyo S ENG f por-spa/sc NSU, f wes S ENG f por-spa/sc NSU, a pie S a ven-tyo, a ven-tyo

TURKEY [Sherwood] f tri-adr

Supply Centers

ENGLAND -2-	por spa	(1) Build 1, no home centers, 1 short
FRANCE -12-	mar par bre mun ber kie hol vie bud ser gre SPA tun TRI NAP	(14) Build 7, no room, 7 short
ITALY -3-	rom ven nap	(2) Remove 1
RUSSIA -16-	stp mos war sev swe nwy den bel lon lvp edi ank smy con rum bul BRE	(17) Build 1
TURKEY -1-	tri	(0) Remove 1, Out

Deadline for Winter 1915 AND Spring 1916 is Friday December 3rd.

LOS ALAMOS TO ELF: Have no fear, the northern third of New Mexico is mountains. Los Alamos is at 7300 ft in a pine forest. Drop by anytime. But I'm in San Diego now...

ELF TO LOS ALAMOS: Forest, glorious forest in the mountains! Sounds like my kind of place.

BERNIE TO 1979 IX AND SLEAZE I PLAYERS: Sorry I have been out of contact. I have spent more than one month in the hospital. Please forgive Eric for his lack of honest compassion.

RUSSIA TO FRANCE: Pick the army you wish to go to Syria and we will take it there.

OZOG III -- 1981 IK National / Winter 1904 Only, by two players requests

Autumn Retreats

AUSTRIA a ser R tri

Winter Adjustments

AUSTRIA	remove f alb	GERMANY	build a mun	FRANCE	remove a gas, a bur
ENGLAND	build a edi, f lvp	ITALY	build f rom, f nap	TURKEY	build f con, f smy

Positions After Winter 1904

AUSTRIA [Martin] a tri, a bud, a rum

ENGLAND [Ashley] a mos, a fin, f nwg, a edi, f lvp, f iri, f enc, f bre

FRANCE [Barno] f mid

GERMANY [Tallman] a ukr, a gal, a war, a vie, a tyo, a mun, f den, a bel

ITALY [Palter] f por, f spa/sc, f wes, a mar, f rom, f nap, f ven

TURKEY [Burgess] f sev, a ser, a bul, a gre, f con, f aeg, f smy

Deadline for Spring 1905 is due Friday December 3rd. The proposed E/G draw failed. There is a new proposal for a concession to Germany. Vote with your next set of orders, NVR = YES.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Terry Tallman, 820 W Armour Street, Seattle, WA 98119 (206) 285-4374.

SOUTHWESTERN TO ORCHARD WAY: I know this hasn't been much of a life....well you suffered at the hands of the inept liar who preceded you. I hope we can oppose each other under more pleasant circumstances someday.

SOUTHWESTERN TO DEM'ERS WHO ARE NOT EASTFOLD VALITES: For those of you who missed it, Dan is gone. I resent the fact that Dan Stafford sees fit to accuse me of being confused as to my Toady status. I am Tallman's #1 Toady in this game & I know it....after all Tallman gave me all that help in the Toady of the Year poll (Did I win Eric?...huh?...Did I?). Also Mr. Stafford's lessons on how to be ruthless have successfully convinced me not to be his Toady today. Oh well?

BARNO TO THE WIZARD OF OZOG: You couldn't call me for Bernie's game? Gee, you're no fun. Terry and DSP barely add up to one Stafford, let alone an Oaklyn.

WIZARD OF O TO RA-CHA-CHA: The 'Bernie Goofball Game' is strange enough without letting you in there.

FRANCE TO ENGLAND: I dunno about Steve Duck, but I'm certainly into instant gratification. (Just watch.)

BARNO TO TRETICK: I hope your health turns out for the best, Bernie. I also hope the experience makes you realize that you

aren't In Control Of Everything Through The Force Of Knowledge And Will.

GERMANY TO ENGLAND AND TURKEY: We are gathered here today in the name of St. Boardman, the Virgin Eric, and the NADF to lay to rest the body of the late, not-so-great, actually rather mediocre Russian. The brow had his moment in the sun. He had times of glory but longer ones of despair. And of toadys he had but one. But a big one. Unfortunately not even the legendary Jim-Bob could keep "The Brow" from falling before the unified front presented by the super stars that he faced. So we say not "Goodbye, Brow" but rather "Nyah, Nyah, Nyah!"

Okay cover the box somebody.

EVIL HIGH PRIEST OZOG TO CONGREGATION: Amen.

GERMANY TO ITALY: Why is it we never know what you're up to. Although I have to admit it was a good idea you'll recall that it was my idea and you said no. Hmmm...

GERMANY TO AUSTRIA: My grandmother tried for 5 years to get me to try Amway and better yet I should sell it. I was polite for 5 long years. She played me the tape that Fred Amway prepared. She showed me the slides from the convention. But in the end I kept my integrity, I d [[The sentence ends here, I think Tallman's mind went blank at this point.]]

AUSTRIA: Boy, am I in trouble!

OZOG IV -- 1981 IL Local / Fall 1906; Russian, Turkish governments in disarray again. So what else is new.

Summer Retreats

FRANCE f bre R gas

Fall Moves

AUSTRIA [Shreve] a ukr-mos, a gal-war, a ser-bul, a rum S a ser-bul, f gre S a ser-bul, a vie-tri

ENGLAND [Rusnak] f edi S f lvp-cly, f lvp-cly, f nse-lon

FRANCE [Quirk] f gas S a par-bre, a par-bre D R A

GERMANY [Johnson] f kie-bal, a den-swe, f hlg-den, a pic S a bur-par, a bur-par, a bel-hol

ITALY [Kaplan] a spa-gas, f bre H, f mid S f bre, f enc S ENG f nse-lon, a ven H, f eas-smy, f ion-aeg

RUSSIA [Haehnel] NMR f cly U H D R iri,nat,nwg,otb, f lon U H D R yor,wal,otb, a nwy U H, f ska U H, a sev U H,
f bla U H, a arm U H

TURKEY [Glass] NMR a bul U H D R A, f con U H, a ank U H

Supply Centers

AUSTRIA	-6-	vie bud tri ser gre rum	BUL WAR MOS	(9)	Build 3, 1 short
ENGLAND	-3-	edi lvp lon		(3)	Even
FRANCE	-2-	par bre		(0)	Remove 1, Out
GERMANY	-6-	ber kie mun den hol bel	PAR SWE	(8)	Build 2
ITALY	-7-	ven rom nap tun mar	BRE spa por SMY	(9)	Build 2
RUSSIA	-7-	stp mos war sev swe nwy ank		(3)	Remove 4
TURKEY	-3-	bul smy con	ANK	(2)	Even, 1 annihilation

Deadline for Winter 1906 ONLY is Friday December 3rd.

Standby for Russia is Bob Osuch, 3417 S Paulina Street, Chicago, IL 60608 Phone: 927-7069

Standby for Turkey is Ed Bapple, 4531 N Milwaukee Ave, Chicago, IL 60630 545-7169

AUSTRIA TO ITALY: I really trust you, but one can't be too careful.

SPAIN--PARIS: Dear Sir, You are scum and deserve death. Best regards, the Pope.

DEERFIELD--SOUTHERN 'BURBS: Do not despair. Help is on the way. By the way, your ribs were delicious.

Other OZOG IV player addresses and phones: Dwayne Shreve, 4103 Wildwood Drive, Crystal Lake, IL 60014 (815) 455-4996
Russ Rusnak, 8002 S Nagle, Burbank, IL 60459 598-4708
Brad Johnson, 347 Keystone, River Forest, IL 60305 771-8136
Chuck Kaplan, 742 Grouse Court, Deerfield, IL 60015 541-2832

OZOG V -- 1981 K Greed / Fall 1906; This game ends in a G/I/T Draw with four voting YES and 1 NVR.

Summer Retreats

ENGLAND f nse R edi, f mid R iri ITALY f ion R adr

Fall Moves

ENGLAND [McCloud] f edi-nse, f lon S f edi-nse, f nwy S f edi-nse D R nwg,bar,stp,otb

GERMANY [Stafford] a swe S f nse-nwy, f nse-nwy, f den-ska, f hlg-nse, f bel S f hlg-nse, a bre H, a par-bur, a boh-vie,
a sil-war, a ukr S a sev-mos, a sev-mos D R A, a mun-tyo

ITALY [Townsend] a ven S f adr-tri, f adr-tri, f tyn-nap, f wes-tun, a pie-mar, f mid-iri, f spa/sc-mid

RUSSIA [Luedi] a mos S TUR a arm-sev, a war-ukr, a gal-sil

TURKEY [Carter] a rum S a arm-sev, a arm-sev, a tri-vie, a ser-tri, f alb S a ser-tri, f gre S f eas-ion, f eas-ion,

Supply Centers

ENGLAND	-4-	lon lvp edi <u>nwy</u> STP?	(3-4) Even or remove 1, depending on retreat
GERMANY	-12-	ber kie mun den hol bel par bre <u>war</u> <u>mos</u> swe <u>NWY</u> <u>sev</u>	(10) Remove 2
ITALY	-7-	nap rom ven tun mar spa por	(7) Even
RUSSIA	-3-	<u>stp?</u> bud vie WAR MOS	(5-4) Build 1 or 0, depending on retreat. In any case, will be 1 short.
TURKEY	-8-	ank smy con bul ser gre <u>SEV</u> tri rum	(9) Build 1

See below press for further explanation of GM decision

BERLIN: Stafford's Dm jinks [sic] is in full swing again.

MOSCOW TO BERLIN: Can the Lewd out-second-guess the Sleaze? (Boy, all this lewd and sleazy stuff. Are your children reading your zines?)

CHEEZETOWN--CHICAGO: The air quality worsened while I was away in Michigan. You used to be able to see the Chicago skyline on a clear day. Today was a clear day and I could just discern the ghostly presence of the Standard Building.

CHICAGO--CHEEZETOWN: Isn't it awful? It disgusts me to think of you pointing your finger toward the smokey distance and saying, "Ick, that's where Eric lives."

[[This game has brought up a question on how the end-game supply center chart should look like when a draw proposal or concession proposal passes in a Fall season. If I report the center count through 1906 there is the question of the English retreat. If I count centers through 1905, two seasons of players' efforts are wasted. Therefore, I will count centers thru 1906 and will also arbitrarily decide the retreat: ENG f nwy R stp/nc, because it is assumed a player will wish to end the game with as many centers possible.

If a draw/concession vote passes in a Spring season, I will use the center chart from the previous Winter season. This GM policy will be consistently used for all DBM games.]]

1981 K Greed Game History

Zine/Gamesmaster: Black Frog/Jack Masters (dropped after Spring 1905). Diplomacy By Moonlight/Eric Ozog through 1906.

	1901	1902	1903	1904	1905	1906	Players
AUSTRIA	4	3	2	0			Bill Quinn (out Fall '04)
ENGLAND	5	5	6	6	4	4	David Arnott (drop post-Spring '05) Larry McCloud
FRANCE	5	5	2	1	0		Mary Beck (out Fall '05)
GERMANY	5	6	8	10	12	10	Dan Stafford
ITALY	4	4	5	6	7	7	Fred Townsend
RUSSIA	6	5	5	3	3	4	Doug Landon (resigned Winter '04) Mark Luedi
TURKEY	4	6	6	8	8	9	Bobby Stephens (drop Spring '05) Dave Carter

SLEAZE I
1982 HQ
Deadline: 11-28

TO ALL OF WHICH I REPLY
WITH A STIRRING,
"So What?"

GM: Dan Stafford
215-D Delhi Ave.
Columbus, OH 43202
(614) 263-3012

FALL 1901: GREEDY GREAT POWERS GRAB EVERY NEUTRAL (AND SOME THAT WEREN'T)!

ENGLAND....(Palter): F NWG C A edi-NWY, F nth-HOL.

FRANCE.....(Bowen): F mid-SPA/S, A spa-POR, A bur-BEL.

GERMANY.(Reynolds?): NMR! F DEN U, A KIE U, A RUH U.

ITALY.....(Tallman): A ven-TRI, A pie-TYO, F ion-TUN.

AUSTRIA.....(Frueh): A tyo-MUN, A SER S russian F rum, F alb-GRE.

RUSSIA.....(Quirk): A SIL S austrian A tyo-mun, F RUM g A UKR-sev, F bot-SWE.

TURKEY....(Tretick): F BLA C A CON-sev, A BUL-rum.

- ENG: Lon,Lvp,Edi,NWY,HOL (5) build 2
- FRA: Par,Bre,Mar,SPA,POR,BEL (6) build 3
- GER: Ber,Kie,~~WY~~,DEN (3) even
- ITA: Rom,Nap,Ven,TUN,TRI (5) build 2
- AUS: Vie,Bud,~~TY~~,SER,GRE,MUN (5) build 2
- RUS: Stp,Mos,War,Sev,RUM,SWE (6) build 2
- TUR: Ank,Con,Smy,BUL (4) build 1

Hmmm. The standby for Germany will be chosen at random (by die roll) after eliminating the locals, the toadies, and the Rusnak's from Eric's last published standby list.

The lucky winner is: Randy Ellis, 8310 Grandview Lane, Overland Park, KS 66212.

PRESS:

ITALIA to GAY PAREE: How did you wind-up with all us macho types? Don't you know that SLEAZE I is the Macho Test Game? Anyone who survives the game and the press gets inducted into the "Robert Sacks Maso-Sado Hall of Fame." You face the most macho, hairy-chested group in all diplomacy-- and Dan's here, too.

CENTRAL EUROPE: The burning question of the day is soon to be answered: will Germany fall to pieces?

ITALIA to AUSTRIA: Hello Austria! Not much, how about you?

A SMALL HAMLET, NEAR SWITZERLAND: God, how you put me into a delicate situation; do I trust an Italian who moves to Piedmont, promising France no natural harm? Do I trust his majesty "Mr. Oaklyn" (was tempted)? Or do I trust the man from Illinios? I get this terrible pain from my back-- was it the bed? Or was it from a stainless steel blade? I know if it was the latter I will bring the knife to his feet - then die.

Forgive Me Father,
For I trust the man. I have faith.

ITALIA to ENGLAND: Now what the hell do I do; make pasta?

ANKARA: Floating gracefully on the morning fog boughs, supported by a sea of cattails, a well-armed Turkish canoe, named "Sleaze, Junior", plowed its way through grey matter thought to be Stafford's brain.

"Behave myself, indeed!" its Captain bickered, a thousand creases forming his puckered lips. "Humphhhh"! Wishing that his army was now in Armenia, the Captain wondered how one tiny post card could support the use of the egocentric-word, "I", seven times. ((The tiny post card moonlights in cocaine--how else?))

ITALIA to TURKEY: Names, like clothing, are an adornment. What really matters is the wearer-- or bearer. ((And this from a guy who let Bernie/Buddy Oaklyn/Tretick Sleaze/Junior sign up for three, count 'em, three games!))

PARIS: There had better be no green-clad troops in Marseilles. Or else ((there would be, right?!))

ITALIA to RUSSIA: Think we can do it twice? ((Shit in your pants? Hell, I'm not gonna stop you...))

PARIS: This is Captain France calling England, where are you? ((Porking Koo Stark, wad da ya think?))

THE SLEAZE: If you guys won't abuse each other, then I'll have to do it for ya.

Perelandra

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HOLLYWOOD & VINE

Yes, coming at you live from beautiful downtown Los Angeles. Actually, Hollywood & Vine is about ten minutes' drive from U.S.C., but I spend a lot of time in Hollywood, Westwood, and the other totally unique areas of Los Angeles. Hollywood Blvd. is really everything you hear about it: from hookers to preachers, head shops to the most beautiful legitimate theatre on the West Coast (the Pantages).

The neighborhood I live in, though, is one of the most depressed in the U.S. University Park is about three miles square, and even though it includes USC, three major museums, and the '32 Olympic facilities (Sports Arena, Coliseum and Swim Stadium), the median family income is around \$7000. The crime rate and living situation are vastly exaggerated, but could be better. I'm in a boarding house with 8 other students; my large room shared is only \$150 a month. There are quite a few large, renovated Victorian homes in this area; the school was founded in 1880, and the "slum" (not entirely accurate) only grew up around the campus after WWII.

U.S.C. pumps a lot of money into this community, but never has gotten a lot of respect in return. The administrations have always understood that they wouldn't get any support for new buildings or student recruiting unless the various area interest groups felt it was worth their while--so the school builds low-income housing, supports minority studies and programs, and has built a large modern shopping center, and still gets accused of being a "fortress-mentality snob center." Groan.

The rap on L.A. has always been that it is a city of tinsel, a town without any real meaning or value. But that, folks, only applies to suburbia--see map--and those of us who live in Los Angeles know that we have a long tradition of appreciating life. The Times is now 101 years old; City Hall is still in use and is a prime landmark, even when dwarfed by new, boring bank towers; our musical companies and their facilities are among the best in the world. So there.

Well, it's drizzling here (they're trying to get the Dodgers-Giants' game going) and this issue is going to be short anyway, so let's get moving to the Diplomacy. Watch out . . . it's going to be a Freeway Series this year! (map on Page 2)

Perelandra is published monthly except January and May by P.J. Gaughan at the address on page one. It is an amateur magazine chiefly devoted to the play of Diplomacy, a game copyrighted by the Avalon Hill Game Company. No material herein is copyrighted unless explicitly noted. Submissions of one-half page or more will be remunerated at a rate of 50 cents subscription or game credit per quarter-page. Erin go bragh.

Hello my brothers and sisters, my name is Father Gaughan, Pastor of the zine Perelandra, a Born Again Christian Zine that won't preach to you. My brother in God's Law Rod Walker says I'll go to heaven, will you also? Subscribe to Perelandra and find out!



Tribune photo by Frank Henkel

Mayor Jane Byrne leaves her daughter's apartment Friday night after the burglary was reported.

Kathy Byrne loses TV set to a burglar

By Andy Knott

A TWO-BEDROOM De Paul University area apartment rented by Kathy Byrne, daughter of Mayor Byrne, was ransacked early Friday evening by a burglar who took a television set and then flagged down a taxi to take the set under his arm.

Police said the burglary occurred at about 6 p.m. and was not discovered until shortly after 9 p.m. Mayor Byrne returned to her apartment near Armitage Ave.

According to Belmont Police Area Violent Crimes Sgt. Ronald Jablon, the apartment is equipped with a burglar alarm monitored by the police department, but the alarm was not activated.

Jablon said police were looking for a man who was last seen hailing a cab. Jablon said two witnesses were taken to the Belmont Area police station.

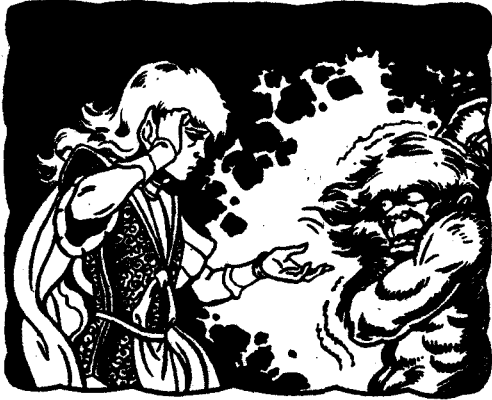
JABLON DESCRIBED the suspect as black, between 30 and 35 years old, about 6 feet tall, weighing about 200 pounds and having a "very muscular frame."

Mayor Byrne arrived at her daughter's apartment about 9 p.m. after cutting short an appearance at the 16th anniversary dinner of the Chicago Mercantile Exchange. Although she would not tell reporters where she was going at the time she left the dinner, she later told her daughter's apartment, "This is why you were going, and you understand why I could not go."

The mayor emerged from her daughter's apartment shortly after 10 p.m., saying her daughter was "up and would stay in her apartment the rest of the evening."

At one point, the apartment, one of 36 in a recently renovated building, was surrounded by police cars. Mayor Byrne's limousine filled in front of the building with emergency lights flashing.

(Elfquest characters copyright 1978 WaRP Graphics)



IT AIN'T SO, JOE: The publisher of the National Lampoon humor magazine has sent an apology to Rep. Nick Joe Rahall (D-W.Va.) for an article that satirically depicted Rahall as being sexually involved with a congressional page. Reading from a statement signed by publisher Julian Weber, Rahall said the magazine promised to publish a "full retraction" and apology for the article in its January, 1983 issue. "We are sure there is no basis in fact and not one shred of evidence in our possession that you have been involved in the kind of conduct described in the editorial," said Rahall, quoting Weber's statement. Rahall said the agreement was reached during a meeting he had with Weber in New York on Thursday.



Don't tread on me: Coughlan vs. Ozog

Gary Coughlan, 4614 Martha Cole Lane, Memphis, TN 38118

In my DEM #44, two months ago, I read the following quotes by you and Dan Stafford:

Stafford: "And to think that I thought the hobby was run by the Jews. Now they tell me it's the homosexuals! Who was it that started those "terrible" rumors about Walker and Coughlan! I can't really remember. I am neither Jew nor homosexual, but feel that the hobby is in pretty good hands."

Ozog: "Funny, I cannot remember either who started those rumors. No matter, it's not important."

"not important"....."not important"....."not important". Why not, Eric? Is it because this garbage wasn't written about you? Is this some sort of humor to you, Eric? What sense of "fun" is Dan Stafford getting by writing this crap to you and to Michalski and to God knows who else in this hobby? At least Michalski had some sort of decency and didn't print Stafford's unfounded and untrue innuendo, unlike you.

What "rumors", Eric? Who did you hear them from? According to your quote above, you certainly heard them. DETAILS PLEASE!!!! Let's really titillate your readers.

It is one thing for Dan Stafford to write such trash, but it is quite another for you to print it. I'm very curious, Eric....why did you print this Stafford shit? What possible interest did you think that your readership would have in seeing Stafford smear me within the pages of DEM.....a zine I had always highly regarded?

You have a rapt audience of one waiting for your public answer to this letter. And I will be paying close attention.

Eric Ozog responds

[[I know I am wrong for printing Dan Stafford's comments last issue. I apologize to you. But when you blame me, blame me for my editorial ignorance, not that I regarded his comments as humor. The quotation of me you refer to was written without much thought- yes, this is important. If Stafford was writing about me, I would have printed it, then defended myself. Whether in seriousness or jest, being called a homosexual is no laughing matter. It never occurred to me you could be homosexual, such speculations of people never enter my head. I don't have any opinion at all regarding homosexuals.

[[Truly, I did have reservations about printing that part of Stafford's letter, and I expressed my reservations to Dan over the phone- he still wanted me to print the entire letter. So I printed it, without lusty thoughts of how you or the postal hobby would react. I did not think DEM's readers would take much interest in Stafford's words. It turned out you reacted bitterly, but the general readership passed over it without a second glance and forgot it, if they noticed it at all. Most of DEM's readers (except for a very few new subscribers) know the B.S. style of this zine.

[[Dan Stafford created those rumors of you. I don't know the sense of 'fun' Dan Stafford was getting out of this, and only Dan Stafford knows his intentions why. He must answer that question himself. Whatever the reasons, I now believe he (or anyone else) should only have the freedom to say what he wants when it doesn't cause unjust harm to someone.

[[What of the future? All I can say is I'm sorry and attempt to be a better judge of what should or should not be printed. From what this lesson has taught me, I realize there must be a 'pain threshold' for freedom of speech and the press- how much freedom should be allowed at another's cost. When the cost becomes too great, such freedom should not be allowed.]]

Stafford explains why

Dan Stafford, 215 Delhi Apt D, Columbus, Ohio 43202

It appears that I am guilty of a certain amount of insensitivity in some of the things I wrote in a brief letter to DEM #44.

My letter, the intent of which was to pay tribute to Mark Berch and Rod Walker (Jew and homosexual, respectively), has been misinterpreted as an attack on Gary Coughlan. I merely sought to point out that Berch, Walker, and other 'minority' hobby members contribute (in my opinion) tremendously to our little sub-culture, and, quite frankly, I took great pleasure in pointing this out to certain "conservative" and/or prejudged member of our hobby.

Why did I include Gary in my comments? Well, I'm not the only one who, after meeting Gary, has wondered about his sexual preference (I'm told), but, no matter, I didn't think he would mind me using his name to make a point, if he was the enlightened, open-minded individual that I thought he was. I was wrong--on both counts.

Apparently, Gary considers the label "homosexual" to be some sort of disgusting insult. That is his right. I, for one, do not. My roommate is gay. Not only is she the best roommate I have ever had but she is also a very close friend, and a person with a zest for life that I can only envy. The result of knowing her is that for me, the term "homosexual" has a completely neutral connotation. But as I am discovering, apparently few others share this feeling; even those who profess to be the most tolerant of the subject.

It strikes me as being somewhat hypocritical for Bruce Linsey to defend homosexuals in the pages of Brutus Bulletin and then to (admittedly, very mildly) blast "people of the hobby" who have wondered if perhaps someone might be one of those (apparently) disgusting creatures. It strikes me as being very hypocritical for Steve Langley to tell us all about his "very close friend who is homosexual" and yet deplore the fact that Gary may never be able to clear his name of this (apparently) disgusting label and "convince the world that it is wrong". It strikes me as being extremely hypocritical of Gary Coughlan to refer to "all the scorn, contempt and disdain that gay people have to unfairly endure", and then heap scorn, contempt and

My Dearest Eric

Cathy Cunning, 710 W Las Palmaritas, Phoenix, AZ 85021

I hope this helps you out. Also I just want you to know that you're the only editor who gets my love and will be referred to as "Dearest". I'm sure John Caruso will be jealous! Does this make me one of your toadies? I really am cuter than a frog or a toad- honestly! Well my dearest, take care and take my money- (sob, sob) and don't forget to dream about me! love ya, Cathy

[[Oh I would dream about you Cathy if I only had your picture! And I'm so sorry for being a clod and printing your note above (this was about the date form) here, instead of in the front pages where it belonged. Please forgive me! We're mutual toadies.]]

Cathy Cunning, Oct 27th

Dearest Eric,

Hi cutie and how's it going eh? I was looking through the paper today and I saw this cartoon, that you might want to use for the next issue of DEM. You see, I don't think I should vote in the Toady poll and I couldn't come up with an article, but I think this picture speaks louder than words.

Please note the smile on the toad which says, "Boy, have I got these trusting fools." Not his sunglasses to hide the sly eyes. Also note the position of the hand, ready for a stab at any moment. As for the toadies, I think they speak for themselves. Yes, it must be a picture of Eric and two of his toadies!

I got a joke for you. Did I mention that I was a stagehand for the concert hall at ASU? Well anyways, I am. Today we set up the Gordon Lightfoot concert. While we were waiting one of the guys said this.

Stagehand #1- Do you know when you can tell a well seasoned stagehand?

Stagehand #2- No, when?

Stagehand #1- When his favorite band comes and all he said's is, "Oh no, not these assholes."

[[This is too good to be true! She even has a sense of humor!]]

Oh well, it was funny at the time anyways. You see Billy Joel was here last night and we didn't get off work till 5:00 AM! We would have been done earlier but the union crew were jokes.

Well I guess that's about it. Oh, mom wrote me, and told me you were great! Now if I could only be worthy of you.

Well, I've got a bunch of letters I must write to England. Bye cutie, lots of love & stuff. --Cathy

P.S. I am not Woody, no matter what some people think!

[[I never thought you were anyone else but yourself, Cathy...once you sent your check with you name & address on it that is. My lady, you don't have to ask if you're worthy of me, I am desperate. Some of my very early subscribers will remember back in issue #30 when I journeyed by bicycle to Illinois Chain-of-Lakes State Park. I shape-changed myself into a deer to meet a doe in the woods...and you know the rest. Whatever, with your nice mom rubber-stamping her OK, all I have to do now is find a way to escape Chicago to make a pilgrimage to paradise.]]

Bill Highfield for Toady of 1982!

Peter Gaughan, 2718 South Hoover Street #1, Los Angeles, CA 90007

Bill should be declared Toady of the Year for several reasons. He is the only person to publicly declare his faith in Old Man Michalski, "Ambitious" Al Haig, "Low in the Saddle" Reagan, and Maggie "Real Man" Thatcher, all in less than one breath. When you add this to the fact that Highfield has not yet typed even one page of The Modern Patriot without mentioning either John M. or Woody Arnawoodian, you begin to understand a man with no identity of his own. A man nobody has any doubts about (do you have a better description of "toady"?). A man, if you will, whose brain the Navy (and Rightism in general) has so scrambled that he looks at Diplomacy through rose, white and blue-colored glasses, thinking his toads invincible. "The Reaganite" for Toady of the Year!

While I'm at it I might as well nominate Arnawoodian for Toad #1, though keeping Highfield/Hightower on your lily pad is no big accomplishment.

Take care, Eric- and remember that if indeed DEM is the hobby's cult zine then I remain, sincerely,
your faithful Judas, Peter Gaughan.

P.S. Guess who's going to colored paper nextish???

[[Is this man an Ozog Toady or isn't he? Colored paper, I'm flattered! I also asked my "faithful Judas" if he wanted to go storm the temple together to throw out the scumbags. Highfield does deserve special mention, but it is my impression that the kid is going to mellow out.]]

A TOADY'S TOADY'S TOADY

Keith Sherwood, PO Box 6457, La Jolla, CA 92037

Toady. What image does the term bring to mind? A certain humble voice. A self-depricating writing style. A lugubrious facial expression and a constant maudlin emotional state. When someone mentions toady, I naturally and immediately think of one man. Bob Olsen. That's right, Bob Olsen, the personification of everything toady.

Who brought the term "toady" into the vernacular and turned it into a hobby household word? Who has described himself so much that in his letters he now types "toady" when he means "Today"? Who is custom made to win any toady contest? Bob Olsen, that's who, the Wichita wonder. Only Olsen could bring 20 people from east and west, north and south in Wichita (Wichita!?) for a con at his house. Those who wouldn't agree to attend when reminded of all his unrequited favors for them came when Bob pleaded and wepted over the phone to them. And then again, only a toady-extraordinaire could be duped to allow 20 raging dip fanatics to invade his home and drive the neighborhood property value down. If people were packaged like generic products, Bob Olsen would be dressed in white and across his chest would be a black stripe and "toady" ("Net wt 250 lbs gross").

Sure, other former "Tretick Stooges" (Thank you John Michalski) come to mind when "Toady" is mentioned. But Mazzer is more ingratiating than sincere, Ozog more blackhearted than kind and good, and Stafford more surly than...well, anything. Besides, Olsen has toaded for them all, making him the only Toady's Toady's Toady. He's a toady to the third power.

Everyone knows Olsen has an abyssmal record as a player (he couldn't ally with his mother!), and yet he placed highly in the Beyerlein and other player polls. How can someone who everyone knows is a terrible player do so well in the player polls? Simple, players know they can ally with Olsen and then stab him again and again. Nibbling centers here and there from a complacent Bob until he has no more centers to give away. (Mazzer has made a science out of this.) Toadies are popular for this reason, and to quote Carly Simon, "Nobody does it better" than Olsen. Take it from someone who has seen him bleed dry several times, his blood type is O, universal doner.

So think about it: Toady, Olsen. The very words are synonomous. Unlike other nominees Olsen is no spring chicken among sycophants. He's more than just a today's toady, Bob Olsen is a toady for all seasons.

[[How eloquent! And you used so many big words that I had to run for my dictionary numerous times...(growl), I especially liked your line about Olsen toadying so much he has written the word toady when he meant 'today'. I've found I've made that error quite a few times myself when writing to my toadies, but I'm sure not as much as Olsen has. I also remeber Olsen writing me at least three times before I told him I was definately going to Wichita.]]

And Toady Tarts for Breakfast

Bill 'B.B. Kazoo' Becker, 810 Turwell, Kalamazoo, MI 49007

"Jump! Jump! You squalid little green jerk," I couldn't see them but it was Rusnak's harangue that was piercing through that closed door Dip session. I knew I was in for a lot of grief. I was playing Germany to Russ' France. And he had the Italian behind that door, from the sound of it he had him by the toe and was swinging him about his head explaining how he liked the sound a toady makes when it hits the door.

Russ and I had made this deal. I had proposed an active alliance against Rauterberg, the blue nosed slime in England and Russ had accepted. Now in '02 all the French units were poised next to German centers. There was no doubt in my mind, Russ was pond scum.

The door opened and Rusnak returned to the table, no one followed. I ventured forth to deal with the Italian toady but the room was empty. I kicked at the dirty laundry at the edge of the closet door, it jumped but not toady like. No Italian- anywhere. Exiting I bumped into Ozog the half elf in an ear bent crouch at the door frame. He croaked into my- er, elbow (you know). Eric appeared rusty in his Head Toad technique this game.

There was one hope kind of long range (shot), Luedi's Russia. Would he toady to get a good shot at Rusnak? You ever see a toady with a bigger grin? He's secretly a Toadymaster type (yes it's still a secret).

That was the situation, T & A were immaterial as always during this part of the German game. There were seven sets of orders on the table but still no Italian present (NOT GIFT, in person). You know some toadies only need the reassurance of a wink to do thy bidding, but that's another story. Rusnak was really puffed yp TOADWISE ugly and fat.

Fall '02 moves were read; I held on to Berlin, Kiel, Denmark and the lowlands. Munich was Italian! I has helped Russia take Norway. The game proceeded...and I jump ahead too.

Fall '04 I have still not attained an Italian audience. I, eye Rusnak, he's picking at a wart on his left hand, somewhere he has the Italian under wraps, but where? Luedi has been a fine toady for my Germany as the end of '04 finds me with F Den. The Italian has only Army Munich, it has supported the French to Ruhr, Kiel and unsuccessfully against Russian held Berlin (thanks Mark). Mark also controls all of England. It is my fine direction of the smiling toady that has set up this brilliant position.

'05 is tense. During the critical summer '05 negotiations the toadying Italian appears, it is dramatic. At the end of spring adjudications Rusnak scrabbles to his feet, his left hand grasping at the bulge in his pants, with a noble toad like leap Chuck Kaplan tumbles out of Russ' left pocket, shiny 5 cent piece firmly clasped between his teeth and back foot ensnared in a soiled kerchief. (TOADS and TOADYING are not pretty). He rejects all of Rusnak's attempts at toadying up to him. Toady wise Kaplan seizes upon Luedi as the instrument of revenge. Rusnak sulks in the sun through summer '05.

Fall '05 is read. Luedi is everywhere from the Spanish/sc through the lowlands and upon the French shores. My fleet Kiel is hemmed up, except Italian order support Russia in! I've been eliminated by my own toady. That's unheard of, totally ungrateful. I choke off a "WHA?" that in my mind comes out cc-CROAK! Luedi proves to be as flaky as Post Toasties. Kaplan too.

They play '06. I don't. It's their story now. Personally blatant toadying is so reprehensible...what's that Russ go get everyone a beer? Right away. And bring the chip dip...yes sir. What did you want on the pizza? Shine your shoes master? Singing boss...yes Mr. Luedi, you too Mr. Luedi, howdy Doody Mr. Luedi. Got to run now Eric, things to do for the hobby greats and near greats...

[[Yes, of course. You know though, I don't feel so bad now wiping out Luedi in Wichita after I hear what he's done to you. I got Luedi's style down pat now. He'll act like a nice good meek toady until he becomes too fat of a toad to handle. At least Rusnak is so blatantly Toad you can see it and deal with it. Hmmm, I'm getting the bug for PTF again...]]

The 1982 DBM Toad & Toady Poll Results

TOAD (TOADYMASTER) OF THE YEAR

RANK	NAME	POINTS	RANK	NAME	POINTS
1	Byrne	18	10	McCloud	2
2	Boardman	11		Berch	2
3	Tallman	9		Kaplan	2
	Ozog	9		Coughlan	2
	Walker	9		Pearson	2
6	Tretick	5.5	15	Oaklyn	1.5
7	Woody	5	16	Luedi	1
				Michalski	1
8	Rusnak	3			
	Swider	3			

TOADY OF THE YEAR

RANK	NAME	POINTS	RANK	NAME	POINTS
1	Burgess	22	7	Stafford	3
2	Berch	14		Ellis, Randy	3
				Highfield	3
3	Olsen	10	14	Lancaster	2
4	Palter	7		Martin, Julie	2
5	Sherwood	5		Myers, Lanny	2
				Ozog	2
6	Davis	4		Byrne	2
7	Swider	3	20	Daly	1
	Woody	3		Eckloff	1
	Kane	3		Peters	1

NOTES: A lot of ticket-splitting is reported from the DBM precincts, with 35% of DBM's registered voters turning out to cast ballots. Someone voted for Oaklyn/Tretick, so I split his vote between the two of them. Lanny Myers is a Kal-Kon-Kid for those who don't know him. Note how some people were voted in both categories. Perhaps there should be a cancelling-out effect instituted next year. Example: Tom Swider, getting 3 points in both categories, would cancel himself out because he toads & toadys, thus he is "normal" and shouldn't be considered in the vote.

WHO VOTED: Burgess, Coughlan, Woody, Quirk, Becker, Sherwood, Palter, Olsen, Luedi, Caruso, Byrne, Barno, Tallman, Langley, Kaplan, Carter, The Sleaze and Father Gaughan. Thank you one and all for your support.

SPECIAL MENTIONS

Tallman: Toads- The Virgin Eric, The Sleaze Bomb Kathy, The Veg Brain Berch. Toadies (a.k.a. Toadides)(a.k.a. Toaditians)- Jim-Bob Burgess, The Virgin Eric, Dan "The Brow" Stafford. Toad Slime- Bernie, Hightower, Berch. Gives Warts- Everyone from Great Nect, NY, Everyone who writes for Dip World, Everyone who agrees with Walker. Farts Under Water Palter, Brux, Arnawoodian.

Byrne: Toad of the Year- Woody (ever see his picture), Toots "frog pants" Michalski. Toady of the Year- Mark (kiss ass) Walker oh sorry- Berch, Bob (my honey) Olsen.

Kaplan: Toady- Randy Ellis toadys to Eric Ozog, Stafford Toadys to Kaplan. Toads- Kaplan toads to Andy Lischett

Becker: Toady- You know. The guy who sent out the flyer.

CONGRATULATIONS to Kathy Byrne and Jim Burgess, their subs to DBM have been extended 6 issues each (1 year). Other free issues will go to the article writers. Approximate cost of this DBM promotional item: \$16.00. Bankrupt your pubber toady. da

DOES JOHN MICHALSKI wish to do a political analysis?

Jim Burgess's Acceptance Speech

First of all I want to thank each and every one of you who voted for me. I couldn't have done it without you! I graciously accept my 1 year subscription to the best typed szine in the hobby "DBM".

[[See? He's toadying already.]]

A special thanks goes to my choice for "Toad of the Year", Mr. Terry Tallman, for his heartfelt support for my campaign in the best handwritten szine in the hobby. I'm sure I spent more than and had more fun than anyone else in campaigning for this one. It was really worth it. I shall do honor to this truly unique title. I am now the first and only Toady of the Year in the hobby. It's up to all of you out there to make me earn it.

[[That about wraps this up. I'd still like to see perhaps a victory statement from Kathy Byrne and perhaps a concession speech from Bob Olsen, let's run this thing into the ground.]]

P.S. from Jim Burgess: Care to guess when I'll next actually owe you sub money? How 'bout Dec. 1984?? [[Shudder...]]

To Mr. Pillar of the Establishment

Chuck Kaplan, 742 Grouse Court, Deerfield, IL 60015

I have reached a not so startling conclusion. Success in diplomacy is inversely related to one's level of "mellowness". In the "real" world things have been proceeding nicely. I am in an even better frame of mind than usual. Consequently, my diplomacy skills are crumbling. I no longer am so devious. I'm telling opponents what I'm actually thinking. I don't have the heart to stab novices in FTF games, and take advantage of their naive trustfulness. Plausible rationales to explain away stabs or random moves no longer slip easily from my tongue.

After introspection I have realized I am in deep trouble. I need help in getting my aggressive instincts and devious double talk back to their previous levels. My skills are dwindling daily. Please provide me some aid in my noble cause to prevent mellowness. Maybe Rauterberg or Rusnak can provide assistance. There must be books, pills, psychoanalysis... something. I am getting despetate. Signed shakedly, Chuck Kaplan.

[[How about caffeine? You need Jim Burgess to shrink your head. Jim, here is your first case and chance to be a good toady. Or how about contacting Dan Stafford for ruthless lessons? Nah, even The Sleaze is down on the game these days, he said he is going into semi-retirement.

What is now happening to you has long ago happened to me. I don't have the knack for this game anymore, it IS due to mellowness. Remember when I called you and I told you about Anduin game 1982 AK, that I didn't have the heart to screw over poor Dave Anderson from economically depressed Pontiac, Michigan? Well, David wasn't so innocent, he didn't fall into the trap you convinced me to set. Regardless, I seriously wonder how much longer I'll last as a player. Konrad won't play anymore either, although it may be for different reasons. All the more reason the Diplomacy Hobby is Brux's River. Gee, this sure sounds anti-climatic and depressing, when Jim-Bob just wins the election.]]

"PAT ON THE BACK" LETTERS

If God be for us, who can be against us?

From Father Gaughlan, July 14th obsolescence

Dear Eric,

DBM's topic seems to be politics- just as so many other Dipzines are dedicated to innumerable unmentionable subjects- but even an innocent bystander like myself can get wrapped up in a ChicagoCon when it's presented as so much fun. Congratulations on doing a Con write-up the only right way: BIG. Also, kudos on your continued good reproduction- who (and what) took those snapshots?

#43 was well worth an ish of my subscription. However, if you persist in writing off "everything west of the Mississippi", I will be forced to revive my favorite character: a seventh level fighter elf, Eoin (pronounced "aywin", strength 18/07). His happy hunting ground is Yosemite Valley, and NOBODY writes off Yosemite.

If you had ever seen Santa Fe (NM), Shasta (CA), or Zion (UT) you wouldn't have said that.

Keep up the ~~good~~ excellent work. Happy stabbing, Peter G.

[[But Father, what if I told you I have seen Zion (IL) with a spectacular view of the atomic power plant next to Illinois Beach State Park, where one checks over the area with a Geiger counter before he sets up camp? As you see Father, I have been trapped in the industrial waste for too long. I wish to return to the wonders of nature. It's a waste of time to sic your fighter elf on me (I'm shivering in my high-soft leather boots), Elves do not Kill their own kind (especially if they are both kind and good.

I took those ChicagoCon pictures with my Yashica rangefinder camera. I am rather good at taking portraits, but I need to keep my hand a bit steadier. As I said, the camera is acting up, so I'm going to chuck it.

Actually my write off of the western states was an earlier judgement on that region's Diplomacy potential. But now after Wichita and seeing your write-up of PerryCon (and of course to mention the new Northwest Junta), I now have a change of heart. And since your letter, DEM has backed away from the political discussions.]]

One Kansas Kollege Kid

Stuart Lancaster, Hashinger Hall #630, 1632 Engel Road, Lawrence, KS 66045

I really enjoyed DBM 44, especially the "Doctor Grob and the Mushroom People" article. I had a vague idea that Grob was Stafford when he first mentioned logical and mathematical, and I then had no doubt by the second "Dick" and I even caught General Belgrano being Al Haig. I had no idea about Palter, but then I don't know him. You oughta do something like that again if you can.

[[I will. Another dip-related story is about half written, plus there is a more serious fantasy story in the planning stages. Palter had no idea about Palter either, because Palter didn't read about himself. He lost the zine and I sent him a second copy. I flatter him and he acts humble in the most extreme way, ignorance! I'm glad you liked the story.]]

CAN I BE A TOADY TOO?

Derwood Bowen, 2159 Bridlington Lane, Columbus, Ohio 43229

Dear Eric,

read the latest DEM & I must say I was pleased. So far, I am having a good time, I am in a game in another zine and, since Spring 1901 hasn't been published, I don't yet know whether the alliances I have put together have fallen apart yet, or whether Italy will sneak up my back yet. (Amazing how I got so many "yet's" in that sentence.) Actually, I haven't even heard from Italy in that game.

[[I think the game he writes here is in Scott Hanson's Irksome! Since this letter was dug up and dusted off, I'm sure many seasons have since passed.]]

In this game (the one in your zine (Sleaze I)) I am scrambling to hurry up and find an alliance, because I was transferred I had to get your zine after being forwarded. I am not sure I understand about the Eastfold Vale, Am I supposed to pay them, or are you doing that out of the money from my sub to your zine? And just what is a warehouse zine, anyway? I suspect I'll find out. (If all else fails, I reckon I can call the Sleaze himself for the moves.)

[[A warehouse zine is a Diplomacy zine which is published in a warehouse, because the publisher is embarrassed about the lack of reading material the zine contains, thus he does not want to attract much attention. Typically the publisher will do the zine at the warehouse during the night when nobody is around. Since there seems to be confusion about Eastfold Vale, I am hereby changing its name to The Moonlighter effective immediately. Who needs a damned fantasy name for a warehouse zine anyway? Players pay for DEM and TM. The subscription includes 5 issues of DEM and 5 of TM.]]

I sorta got the impression that you were suffering from "Dip" burnout when you were in Columbus. Despite that you were gracious enough to initiate us into Diplomacy Ozog-style. How awfully decent of you.

It seems to me, from what little I have seen thus far, that a lot of the fascination of DEM is the personalities involved. Of course, the game itself is conducive to bringing this out in people in the diplomacy. I am hoping to make contact with some of these characters from other groups. I reckon that means more DEM (but not until I figure out what I am doing). I expect the first couple of games to be an education.

It was nice of you to have mentioned us Columbusites in the chronicles of your travels, even if you forgot Sonny Gibson's name.

Do you get "Dr. Demento" on the radio in Chicago? If so, we ought to get up a petition for that classic song by Mason Williams, "Them Toad Suckers." Question: How does one become a toady, and, is it a good thing for toadier, the toadiee, or neither? For that startling answer I shall eagerly watch for the next DEM. Yours truly, Derwood Bowen.

[[Personally I think it's more of an honor to be the toadiee, although some bootlickers out there (Olsen, Burgess) prefer it the other way around. I hope the Toady Poll articles and results have given you some food for thought.

It really wasn't Dip burnout I was suffering from at Columbus, actually it was the fact I was "mellowing" and somewhat in a daze from the Chicago-Columbus run.

Dr. Demento is broadcast in Chicago, I used to listen to him when I was around...oh...in the 8th grade in '75. I remember a few of the songs' lyrics:

"Come on girls, bounce those boobies" or,

"Dead puppies aren't much fun" or,

"We bought him clothes, a brand new nose, he got a car, a jaguar. Then he wanted a swimming pool-- not in the yard, but in the car! Oh Marvin, Marvin, you're a rotten kid..."

Welcome to DEM, and take care.]]

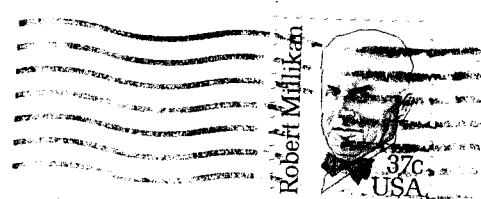
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This is double issue DEM #45.

Your subscription has been adjusted for various reasons and will end at 47

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I hope you get well soon!

I come charging out of your mailbox by only every other month, inflation effects horse feed, ya know --Keith Sherwood