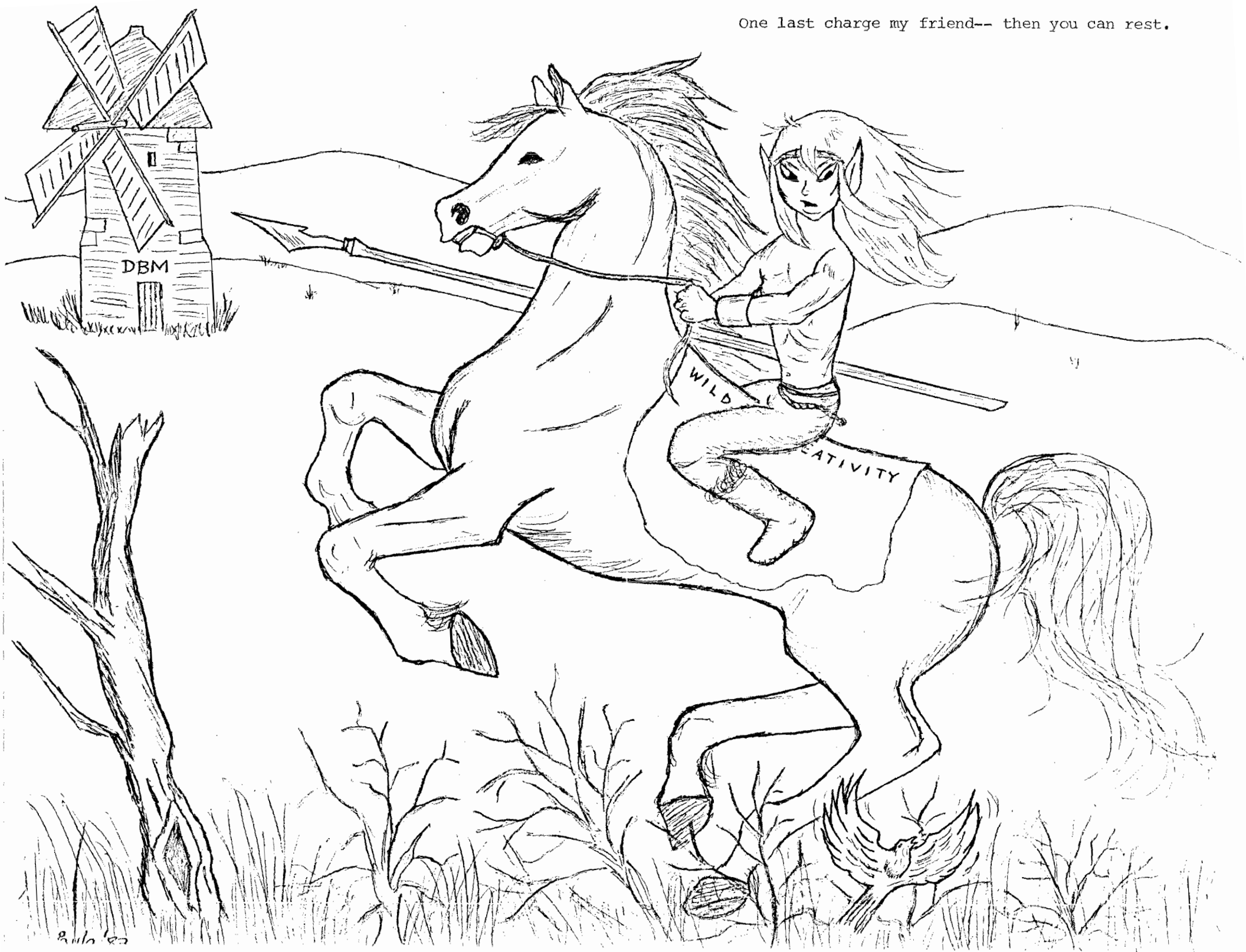



One last charge my friend-- then you can rest.



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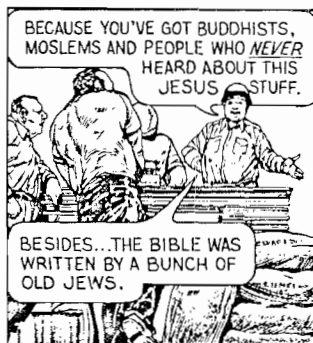
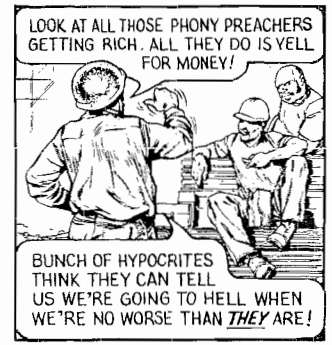
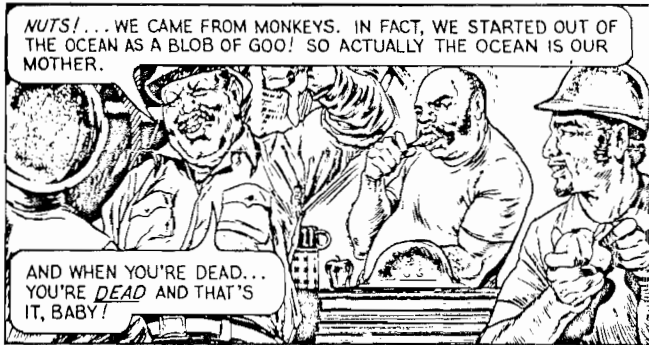
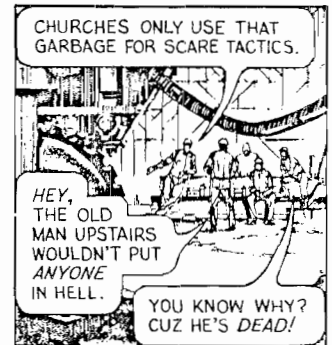
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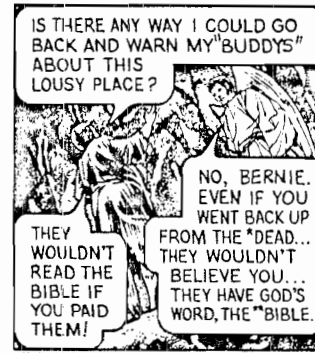




*Luke 16:19-31



*John 8:24

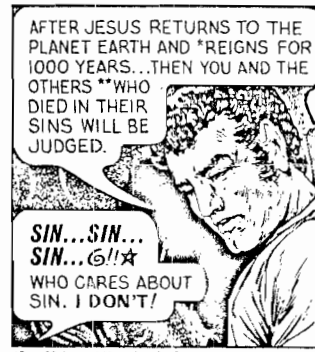


*Luke 16:31

**2 Timothy 3:16



*Matt 25:30



*Rev 20:6

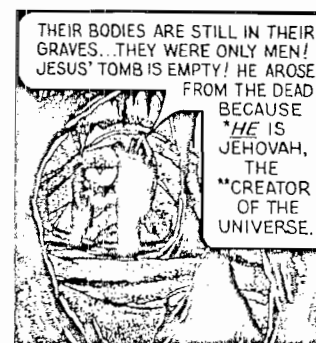
**Rev 20:12-15



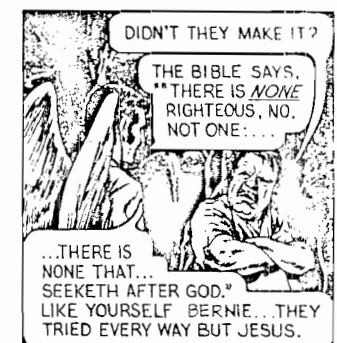
*Rev 1:5



*1 Peter 1:18-19, 1 John 1:7



*Rev 1:8 **Col. 1:16,17

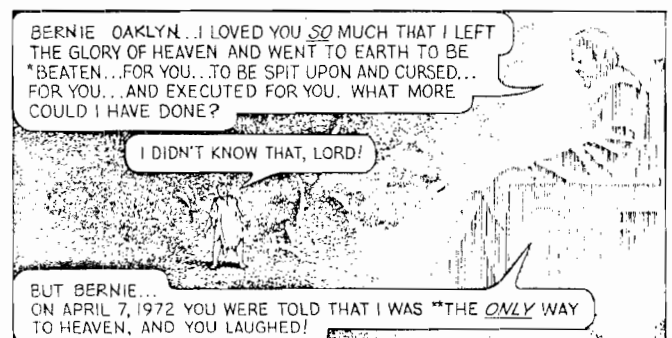


*Romans 3:10-11



*Rev 1:5, Rev 22:13, Isaiah 44:6

*John 5:22, Rev 22:16



*Mark 16:7, 16:16

*John 1:16

IT BREAKS MY HEART TO DO THIS, BERNIE...WE TRIED EVERY POSSIBLE WAY TO REACH YOU DURING YOUR LIFE. "I WANTED SO TO BE YOUR SAVIOR SO YOU COULD REIGN WITH ME IN GLORY...BUT "YOU WOULDN'T ALLOW IT."

YOU THOUGHT MORE OF YOUR "BUDDYS" AND WHAT THEY SAID...THAN ME. WHERE ARE YOUR "BUDDYS" NOW? NO ONE CAN HELP YOU...YOU DIED IN YOUR SINS.

BERNIE'S LIFE IS "PLAYED BACK"...EVEN HIS "THOUGHTS ARE BROUGHT OUT. HE IS WITHOUT EXCUSE.

*2 Peter 3:9

**Jer 8:6

1Rev 20:11-12

1Psalm 139:2 Matt 13:35-37

YOU IGNORED GOD'S LOVE "GIFT, SO NOW I MUST BE YOUR "JUDGE! "...DEPART FROM ME YE CURSED INTO EVERLASTING FIRE PREPARED FOR THE DEVIL AND HIS ANGELS.

OH MY GOD...I'M GUILTY...I'VE BEEN A FOOL. I WASTED MY LIFE! JUST TO PLEASE MY FRIENDS...AND THEY DIDN'T CARE.

*John 3:16

**John 9:22

1Matt. 25:41

...It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment.

Hebrews 9:27



I'LL BE SEEING YOU!

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son (GOD, THE SON), that whosoever (THAT'S YOU) believeth (TRUSTS IN OR (THINGS TO) in him (JESUS) should not perish (GO INTO THE LAKE OF FIRE), but have everlasting life (IN HEAVEN).

John 3:16

BECAUSE THEY ARE AFRAID OF WHAT PEOPLE MIGHT SAY...THE MAJORITY OF THE PEOPLE WHO READ THIS STORY WILL END UP LIKE BERNIE OAKLYN

FRIENDS ARE FICKLE... BUT JESUS WILL NEVER LEAVE YOU NOR FORSAKE YOU.

see Heb. 13:5

THIS MAY BE YOUR *LAST CHANCE TO RECEIVE HIM AS YOUR LORD AND SAVIOR.

*Prov 27:1 11 Cor. 6:2

GOD LOVES YOU AND WANTS YOU TO DIFFERENCE PEACE AND STEADY IN HEATH.

WHAT YOU MUST DO:

1. Admit your need (I am a sinner).
2. Be willing to turn from sin (repent).
3. Believe that Jesus Christ died for you (on the Cross) and rose from the dead.
4. Through prayer, invite Jesus Christ to come in and control your life. (Receive Him as Savior and Lord.)

WHAT TO PRAY:

DEAR FATHER, I KNOW THAT I AM A SINNER AND NEED FORGIVENESS. I BELIEVE THAT CHRIST DIED FOR MY SIN. I AM WILLING TO TURN FROM SIN. I NOW INVITE JESUS CHRIST TO COME INTO MY HEART AND LIVE AS MY PERSONAL SAVIOR. I AM WILLING, BY GOD'S GRACE TO FOLLOW AND OBEY CHRIST AS THE LORD OF MY LIFE.

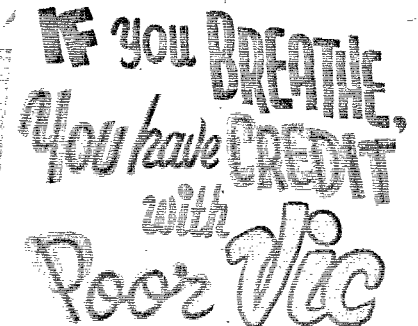
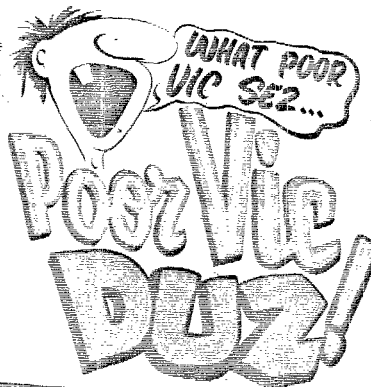
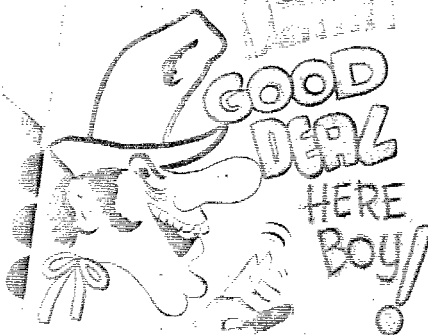
IF YOUR ANSWER WAS YES, THEN THIS IS JUST THE BEGINNING OF A WONDERFUL NEW LIFE WITH CHRIST. NOW:

1. Read your Bible every day to get to know Christ better.
2. Talk to God in prayer every day.
3. Tell others about Christ.
4. Be baptized, worship, fellowship, and serve with other Christians in a church where Christ is preached.
5. Read the NEXT STEP. It contains vital information for your Christian growth.

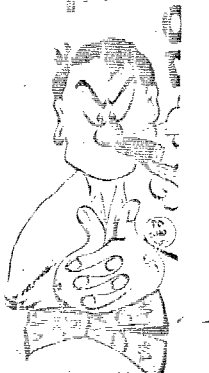
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DID YOU ACCEPT JESUS CHRIST AS YOUR OWN PERSONAL SAVIOR? YES NO
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YOU MAKE YOUR



SE HABLA ESPANOL

Poor Vic's AUTO SALES

SALES

Poor Vic's AUTO SALES



HEY, HEY, HEY, WHERE IS PO VIC?

I WANNA MAKE A DEAL!



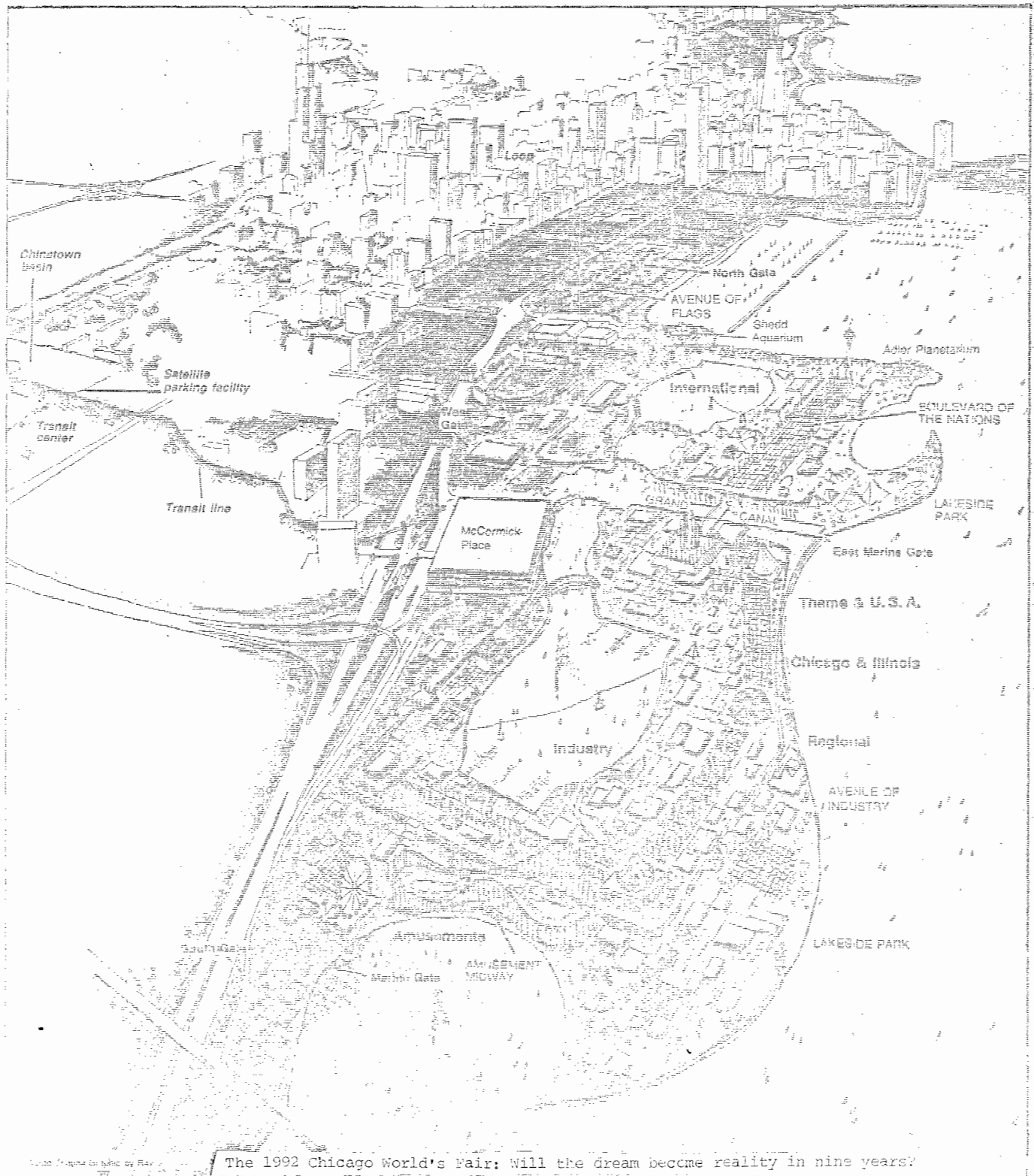
Publishing a Diplomacy zine is much like jousting with a windmill: One moment you're swept off your feet and the next you are thrown to the ground.

This is the final issue of DBM. I would have considered giving a soapy monologue to explain why events happened the way they did but I ran out of bullshit. So let's just name the culprit as common burnout and leave it at that.

This issue is by far not the best one I've done, for my desire to write and my ability to imagine strange things has utterly collapsed- but overall the reader will see this issue more as a scrapbook than anything else. And of course this issue should differ somewhat from all the rest.

Enclosed is a check to each subscriber who has money coming. Some I know will not bother cashing their checks. I INSIST these checks be cashed, don't screw up my checking account! If a subscriber had free issues coming to him he will be reimbursed by me giving an extra 60 cents per free issue you had coming. After all, you earned those free issues and besides, my record keeping system doesn't show it any other way and I would not have it any other way. And don't try arguing with me on the correct amount, for I am correct and will thus ignore you. A total of \$222,70 in refunds has been sent out. This is a total of subscriptions, NMR fees and \$ sent for DBM stock. Cash those checks!

All I wish to say now is I want all of this crazy hobby to know that I consider all of you my friends and that although I may no longer care about publishing, I still care about you- the people. And because of this fact I will never disappear. Sincerely Yours, Eric Ozog --the good, the kind, the blackhearted half-elfin toadymaster, etc, etc.



The 1992 Chicago World's Fair: Will the dream become reality in nine years?

"Dear Tsar Eric, I was supposed to read your mind, huh? Reading your mind is about as useful as reading this sheet of paper before I put it in the typewriter! Don't give me that goody-goody malarky--from you I don't buy it. Shreve has your number and so do I. You're all washed up, you're dead, dead, dead, deader than dead, deservedly so, and if necessary I'll send a couple of armies over to drive the stake through your tiny little heart--assuming they can find it, since in 1901 the electron microscope has not been invented--and run your warped little soul off to oblivion."

[Bob Olsen-- October 1980]

Generally I am not a prolific press writer, but when inspiration hits me, I'm on the loose. And there has been no better inspiration available than Kathy Byrne. Below is some of my 'short story' press from the zine Anduin, game 1981 IP.

The anti-Byrne press war

by Eric Ozog

The Royal Palace, Vienna, July 1901

The candlelight reflected in our eyes and wineglasses as I toasted to Katherine of the Russian empire. We sat at the oaken table while I summoned one of the servants,

"Gary, please pour us some of that old Russian vintage." Gary filled our glasses with the fine, clear liquour and I toasted to Katherine again, "It's a good vodka, 1850. In fact, it was brought all the way here from Vladivostok, via Moscow. Some say it has the soul of the Tsar himself trapped within, the tragic result of his drunken state from it, when he staggered and tripped into his glass liquor cabinet to his death. Regrettable. It was rumored to be a Mongol curse, but that's an old wives' tale."

She responded with a mere, "Uh huh."

"I could tell you were impressed," I added.

Food was served, a fine roast venison accompanied by uncountable exotic vegetables and fruits. The Russian empress ate very politely, then set down her napkin and questioned my motives.

"Look Eric it's all very nice and you're very nice and I especially like your silverware but what about business at hand and why are you doing all this? You know what I mean?" she sputtered at 78 r.p.m.

"Of course, of course, I understand you well," I half laughed while trying to choke gracefully on my food, "I want to patch up our differences, and besides, it isn't on every new moon I get to treat you to dinner. And contrary to popular opinion, I can be nice too."

"What about Galicia?" she demanded.

"Ah, Galicia! How I love your lonely forests, rugged hills and quiet valleys. In fact, our confrontation there reminds me of an encounter I had with a bandit who attacked me upon the road outside of Varna," I frowned slightly, trying to recall, "...the year was 1305. Hmmm, I believe I was training for the guard at the time...do you believe in reincarnation?"

"WHAT? Are you out of your mind?"

"Please, be patient! Do you ever remember being somewhere and thought that you were there before but you never were?" I guess I sounded a little too cryptic to her, for she only shrugged. I continued on.

"Regardless, I quickly overpowered the rogue. He was a poor S.O.B., one can always tell the misfortunate. He begged for mercy and I let him have it. Mercy, that is. I then gave him most of my weekly pay and my fur lined cloak, telling him to find honorable work and to never forget who gave him a generous new start on life.

"He of course looked wide eyed and open mouthed. He had bad teeth and bad breath and called himself 'Vlad'. He thanked me most profusely, slobbering on my hand and then I told him to get lost. He did.

"And do you know what happened? I met Vlad once again! It was five years later on a dismal misty morning.

"I was on patrol for the Prince Novi Korten, out on the accursed Ludogorsko Plateau, and my scouting party was ambushed by men of the rebel Axintele, a dissident Bulgarian who was really Rumanian. That's why he was dissident.

"The small battle went poorly, and ended quickly. I and my men were exhausted from a week on the plateau with little provision, Novi being a bastard of a prince. All in my group were killed and robbed of what little value we had, including our half dead horses. I was left for dead with a near fatal wound in the side.

"But then Vlad arrived! He was on his way across the plateau with a horse and cart to go to Varna, where a few bushels of grapes would fetch a high price at that port city. He had become a farmer and had a family, with a small tract of land outside of Silistra on the Danube. He found me and brought me back to his home and they nursed me back to health. He did not realize who I was until I later recovered. So the thief-turned-farmer had had a change of heart after all."

Tears were in Kathy's eyes and she sobbed, "But what does it all mean?"

"Well, I now in the present, am that vulgar thief. And I ask you to be kind and to be generous so I can repay you."

"But how?"

"I have a way. Come this way." So I rose from the table, taking her hand and led her to a room at the end of the palace. Inside was an immense multicolored dome with a round door and a few dials and push-buttons on the front. Kathy was somewhat on her guard again.

"What the hell is that?" she accused.

"It's a time machine. You and I change history and forget our past, especially Galicia," I said, setting the digital dial to February, 1901. "You see? We go back in time together and sign a peace treaty of everlasting friendship and that is that."

We stepped inside the time dome. Kathy softened up a bit, recalling my story and instantly brightened and exclaimed, "Of course!" By the gods, the woman can turn her emotions on and off like a spigot.

I then pulled my fast one.

I hit the power button, reset the date two millenia to the future to the year 3901 and backstepped quickly out, slamming the transparent door. I had her! A loud humming began and she disappeared. Rid of her at last!

I hugged myself and laughed, "Heh ha, so-long Kathy Byrne! Heh ha ho har...heh...what?" I felt a hand on my shoulder and whirled and cried "Yahaahahah yah ya!!"

It was Kathy Byrne! My great victory shattered to pieces! She was supposed to be trapped in time! "You should be in there!" I complained and pointed to the now empty time dome.

"NO!" she countered, "That was one of my clones! I watched the whole fiasco on closed circuit television within the safety of my coach from a miniature camera embedded in the diamond which hung around her neck so now I know I could never trust you and I'm leaving."

She walked to the palace back door and I just stood there open mouthed as she exited. I was crushed and didn't even bother to call the guards or sic the dogs on her. She had won...for now. I rushed over to the back door and called out to Kathy, "Still think of me though! I did give your clone a last meal!"

Vienna

Eric Ozog sat at his desk brooding over how to defeat a Russian/Turkish coalition [[Byrne/Nadaner]] with the assistance of an incompetent Italian ally [[D.S. Palter]] when his chief aide rushed into his office.

"My Lord Herr Burghermeister! See what Research & Development has invented in honor of your coming 21st birthday!"

He placed the gift into the Austrian monarch's hands.

Ozog growled his disgust. "This looks like a little toy doll which looks like 'My Lady' in Moscow! An effigy of Byrne!" Before the aide could speak in protest, he added, "So what's it for? A fancy paperweight to place on my table as a constant reminder of my past errs in military planning and tactical inadequacies? A poor joke, that."

The aide looked hurt. "It's not just any toy, Sir. Have you ever heard of Voodoo? Try it out!"

"All right." The Austrian leader roughed the doll around a bit and banged its head on the desk. "Okay. Maybe that'll shake her brains out on the floor."

Ozog didn't think that was good enough. He took the cigar out of his mouth and burned off its left leg. It smoked nicely. And that's when the thing bit him. Blame it on John Boardman's 'supernatural'. "Oooooooch!!" Ozog threw it across the room, then clutched his thumb in agony. The doll landed in the corner, its Kathy-like eyes staring into space. The aide tried to keep a straight face. He'd better not laugh. Ozog growled a second time.

"I hate toys! And they hate me! Gary, take this down." He took out his note pad and began scribbling as...

Eric Ozog Quotes Famous Christmas Shows Dept:

"It's a difficult responsibility

When you report to the number one lawmaker, me

Let it be known throughout the land from sea to sea

There'll be no more toymakers to the king!"

A perverted scene from Star Trek II

Captain Byrne rubbed her chin in puzzlement as she sat at the command console of the U.S.S. Ozogchaser. Her Lieutenant Dan Stafford (Chief Science Officer) rattled off his report of the intruding starship:

"It's one of ours, madame, the destroyer Moonlighter. But it's not responding to our hailing frequency. This isn't logical. This isn't mathematical."

The captain mused, "This is damned peculiar, yes, I'm familiar with the ship's commander, he wouldn't ignore me and I know I stick my nose in his business too much when I'm not wanted but I'm so curious..."

Meanwhile, aboard the Moonlighter: The half-elfin captain silently rejoiced as he realized his long, tiresome 5 year mission would end soon-- 'To hunt down and kill Kathy Byrne whenever she becomes too abrasive'. Communications Officer Rauterberg announced to his captain,

"Ozogchaser is signaling, Sir. Eric, she wants to know...er, why you're...um...kissing Gary Coughlan's ass. Should we send a messege?"

The captain of the Moonlighter smiled a vengeful smile. In the old days Ms. Byrne had caused innocent Eric much grief and pain and had always escaped. But not this time. This time he had her. He wondered how she'd like having three sets of photon torpedoes rammed down her throat. And in space no one could hear her scream. He ordered the ship's crew to battle stations and answered Rauterberg's question:

"Let her meet static."

OPEN YOUR HEART AND ADOPT AN ORPHANED HUN



Daniel Stafford as a child

"Eric, Now that we're equals, maybe we can become partners as well. As I said before we are ideally suited as allies...The chemistry is there too. I mean we both trust each other....well, let's say, equally. This scheme of things would require, of course, that you live up to your promise...I realize that this would be a tremendous sacrifice for you, (it would mean that you had kept your word for once and that would ruin your perfectly awful record) but if you are willing, then so might I be. Oh, why is it that I distrust you and doubt your every word. Still, an articulate letter from you probably could convince me. Won't you try??"

"No, this won't do. Try again. I asked for an articulate letter with which you might convince me not to remove you from the face of the earth; not a letter full of vague insinuerities. One thing I'll say about Shreve, he comes right to the point and doesn't mince words. (Was that a veiled threat or a 'discovered' check) (and mate?). Did you catch that arrogant tone in my voice? Of course you didn't, you can't hear my voice. But if you could....!"

"Us! '...old friends...! Never! We're too much alike. Too competitive."

[Dan Stafford-- June/July 1980]

--courtesy Mad Magazine & DBM #30

THE REAL SCOOP

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

So this is DBM's last issue. This may be as good a time as any to analyze the situation to try to understand why this sad turn of events came about.

First of all, let me say that the many who ascribe DBM's demise to Eric's drug habit are wrong, at least mostly wrong. Lack of drugs may have been a problem at times, but no, this by itself did not cause Eric to throw up his hands.

Next, I want to rebut the many rumors that Eric is in fact an illiterate lout and that his ghost writer, himself an eighth grade drop out, quit on him. No, Eric still has the services of that nearly incompetent wretch.

What then could cause Eric to give up his monthly opportunity to annoy, offend and impugn? Has he taken leave of his senses? Maybe, he has reformed? Not Eric.

Friends, it is my sad duty to inform all of you that Eric Ozog has the dubious distinction of possessing the first recorded case of terminal herpes. With the end fast approaching, he has become perhaps more sensitive to others, and is curtailing his activities to spend his remaining time with loved ones, and to look up old acquaintances, vowing with typical Ozog concern to "get the broad that gimme this."

Yes friends, Eric is going off to that big blistex bottle in the sky. No more will we get to kick him around for all his rotten ways. I imagine that in a future year, Frost, Osuch & I will be sipping some liquid encouragement at a local watering hole, and we will remember the old days. I can see it all now.

Frost is in the middle quaffing a generous beer. Osuch is on the left belching and ordering another round. I am on the right sipping a bit of Lancers.

"Dwayne, why so quiet?" asks Jack.

"Nothing. I just remembered Ozog."

"Yeah. I remember. Too bad about Eric. Good guy."

"Guy sure looked funny at the end," says Osuch, working on another Budweiser.

"Well," I say, "remember when Diplomacy was fun & you really looked forward to your mail?"

"Yeah, I sure do," agrees Frost, "you never knew what that crazy kid was going to do or write next."

"I never seen so many blisters," adds Osuch.

"Who cares if he was a terrible ally? Not me," I say most generously, forgetting many, many situations.

"Me neither. Anyone could be an awful ally," says Jack most agreeably.

"Looked like they was all over his body. Thought I'd puke" added Osuch, "but I didn't hold him against him."

"That's right," I say, "we didn't hold any of it against him. I propose a toast, my friends. To Eric!"

We then toast former president Reagan, Richard Daley, Minne Pearl & Roy Rogers. We drink an especially long toast to John Wayne and continue with Red Buttons, Wally Cox, Mister Greenjeans and the president of Swaziland.

For my part, I want to make sure Eric's name lives on. For that reason I am starting the Ozog Herpes Foundation. Just send those checks and money orders to me, D.R. Shreve, 4103 Wildwood Dr., Crystal Lake, IL 60014, and you can help this noble cause.

"Gun control: Hitting your target on the first shot."

[Scott Lawryn]

"I came up with a great idea for a bumper sticker. How about 'Help save Social Security; Run over a senior citizen'."

[Dwayne Shreve]

"Will the Hobby Sexual Orientation Custodian give out numbers? Will they be called 'Stafford Numbers'? After he gives out '1982-AC' and '1982-DC' what will he do with all the other applicants?"

[Bob Olsen]

DEAR OZOG

Tom J. Johnson, 328 College Ave, Winthrop Harbor, IL 60096

Me, I don't give a rat's ass what kind of crappy books that Shreve collects. And I don't think I'd lose any sleep not knowing that Stafford guys roommate is homo. What kind of sappy zine are you coming up with? A goddam soap?

I can see it all now-- an Ozog soap. As the Homo Turns and theres that Stafford busted up over if he ought to get that sex change operation to keep Denise happy now that she's gone dyke. But will her brother object to ending their affair? And what about Sonya?

And then theres your soap, Books of our Lives with Shreve as the young depravo out to save garbage literature for future generations. Yeeh, sure...

Give us a break, Ozog. Print the kind of shit that Real Men Diplomacy players get into. I know you try by putting in those namby-pamby insults the weak tits put in their press, but it doesn't cut it. I don't take you for one of those limp wrist guys, so I can't figure why you put up with them in your zine, and if you don't believe me, sober up once in a while and read the garbage press the pansies write, not to mention the Shreve and Stafford crap. See if you don't puke.

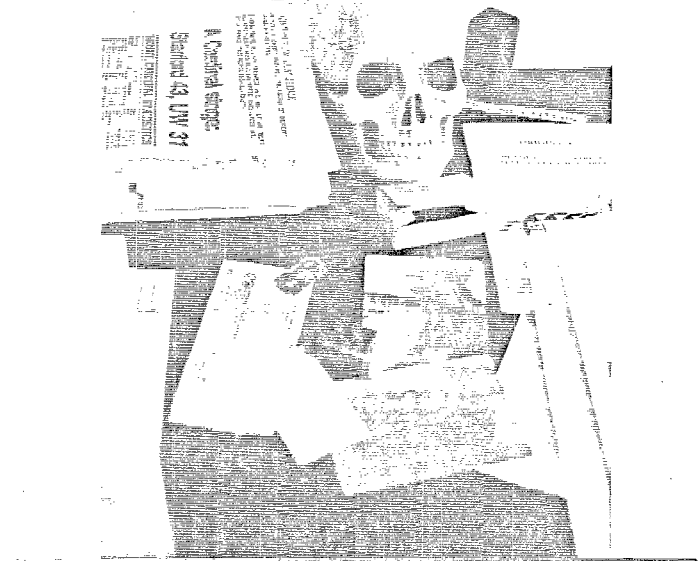
As for me I got this hunting shack near Rhinelander Wisconsin and Im going to have a coon hunting/Diplomacy weekend real soon. I call it Coon Con. You interested? Soon as I got some suggestions what weekend is best I will print it in your zine and others. I figure it will be the first real men's Diplomacy con. This is the kind of con where people like me, Bob Osuch, you and others (and maybe even Shreve if he shuts up on the books) can get together for hunting, drinking and Diplomacy.

The Saturday Night will be Rape and Plunder Night and we will all go into town and really raise hell, get drunk and bail each other out of jail before going back to the shack for Diplomacy. It should be great! Let me know.

your friend, Tommy Joe Johnson

Would you dodge the draft in 483BC? by Bryan Jurkowski

The comments on the draft registration, or was it you not wanting to fight in any war, whichever, were interesting. It made me think of the olden days though when this type of civil disobedience was handled just a bit differently. Like the real old days; in 483BC when Xerxes of Persia was mobilizing to invade mainland Greece he drafted the young men of Asia-Minor to serve in his army. There was a small civil disobedient movement that didn't like the idea too much. But Xerxes handled it very easily. He crucified the leaders of the movement and any one else who didn't still want to join up. Needless to say the movement ceased there. In the end Xerxes and Persia lost to the Greek Hellenic league. But don't look for any moral to the story in that, the Greeks all had some form of draft too. If there is any moral to the story I would think it would be that we really haven't changed too much over the years. We still have wars and we still have the draft. We have just gotten a little laxer on enforcing.



A PUBLISHER IN HIS NATURAL HABITAT

"Eric, you print a unique and superior zine when it comes to the article, and topic output. Game-wise I'm not concerned like I used to be. If I was a Dip game nut, I'd be playing 20 games in the fastest zines that were printing (3 week deadlines and less). But that's not what I'm interested in anymore, I like quality Dip related zines, and that's what you put out and there are only a couple in the whole hobby that I consider in your league."

[Bill Becker]

The Impotent Ape by Russ Pasley and Randy Ellis

The enormous, terrified, ape huddled in the corner of the ally as the echoes of man's thoughts filtered through his ears and the intense, bright, lights of society pierced into his already-tormented brain. As the men in the little, white, suits approached him from the rear, visions of crumbling dreams, chaos, and mechanical men-sheep walking in single file filled his head, melting his brain into a mass of bubbling, hysterical, lunacy.

It all started back when the dark hunters found him fruitlessly attempting to copulate with his ape-mate. The ape, who hereafter will be referred to as Clyde, was and is impotent. The dark hunters whisked Clyde away from his frustrated mate, caged the hapless ape, and sold him into captivity to American corporate pigs.

The voyage from the dark continent to America was an unhappy one for Clyde. Except for an incident where a buck-toothed sailor named Opie tried to stick his erect member up Clyde's greasy, sweaty, anus but instead of Opie experiencing sheer bliss, Opie felt gut-wrenching pain as Clyde took pleasure in breaking Opie's arm in 7 different places, Clyde experienced no pleasure during his voyage.

The ship finally arrived in America. A businessman, William Jowl (Ray Kroc's lover), bought Clyde to exploit him in a children's circus as well as enshrine Clyde as a new member in the McDonaldland's commercials. In the circus, Clyde was forced to rollerskate around a ring while waving his limp, diseased, organ at the screaming children who would throw bloody, soiled, condoms at Clyde that they stole from big sister's souvenir jar. Not only this, Clyde had to degrade himself further by pushing petroleum-based, pre-fabricated, artificially flavored, "food" products at the TV audience all the while making a greedy few rich at the expense of others. Clyde took these inhumane tortures comparatively well for months but it all exploded when Clyde was forced to appear on "That's Incredible!".

His "owner", William Jowl, was trying to impress Cathy Lee Crosby by showing the fat, mindless, American, TV audience "the world's first documented case of an ape suffering from impotence." Upon hearing the word "impotent", Clyde flew into a blind rage. The television set literally crumbled under Clyde's mighty wrath as technician after technician's face exploded in a pink mist as powerful ape fists collided with soft, vulnerable, human face muscles. During the chaos, Clyde escaped the evil television studio and hid in heavy brush where he was found by 2 passer-bys, Russ Pasley and Randy Ellis, who took sympathy on Clyde.

The 2 merciful ones, Pasley and Ellis, took Clyde back to their apartment where they gave him food, drink, shelter, and most of all, the freedom that he lacked so very much during his previous experiences. Pasley's catatonic poems and Ellis's anarchic teachings had a profound effect on Clyde and one day, he came up with the ultimate brainstorm. Clyde wanted to humiliate his old nemesis, Ray Kroc. He communicated this idea to Pasley and Ellis through the crude hand, body, and grunt signals that served as Clyde's language. After discussing the idea, all 3 heroes embarked on a mission to humiliate Ray Kroc, meglomaniac capitalist supreme.

On the way to Kroc's evilily-gained stronghold, our 3 heroes were confronted with a female thug that demanded that Clyde mount her. Clyde alleviated the situation by not mounting her (remember, he's impotent), but by twisting her head until a popping crunch sound echoed throughout the streets and the headless body of the female thug jerked spasmodically until a passing pumpkin truck hit the body and converted it into a quivering pulp of stewed, tomato-like substance and bone chips. After this misadventure, the 3 heroes continued on their trek to the domain of Ray Kroc.

Clyde, Pasley, and Ellis finally arrived at Kroc's palace, sneaked past Kroc's mentally-deficient guards, and scaled the wall to Kroc's personal bedroom. Upon spotting Kroc, Clyde shattered the window, froze the burglar alarm with an icy stare, and leaped on Kroc, rending the fat, overweight, out-of-shape, pink, bald, human helpless. Pasley and Ellis set up their cameras and Clyde forced Mr. Kroc to continue his previous actions- engaging in oral sex with a black Ronald McDonald. After taking rather revealing pictures, Pasley and Ellis, along with Clyde, escaped and proceeded toward the nearest newspaper publication building. Meanwhile, Kroc, with the aid of his McPhone, summoned his henchmen who intercepted Ellis, Pasley and Clyde 6 blocks away from the newspaper publication building. Pasley and Ellis were subdued and their film was confiscated and destroyed. Fortunately, Clyde escaped. Pasley and Ellis were severely beaten and dumped into a sewage disposal plant. Clyde managed to crawl into an ally where a hippie named Shaffer gave him "electric Kool-Aid" and Clyde's mind snapped, melted, and Clyde failed to notice the men in the little, white suits that approached him from the rear. Clyde now resides in the enchanted land of Bellvue. Send tax deductible contributions to Clyde the Impotent Ape, 8310 Grandview Lane, Overland Park, KS 66212. Every penny helps. With your aid, Clyde will be released into the home of half-elf Eric Ozog where he can fruitlessly try to rape Eric, Eric's sister, Eric's brother, And Eric's mother. Please, send money NOW!

(Anyway Eric, that's all. I realize that this article contains excessive amounts of sex and violence but I feel that the Diplomacy hobby suffers from not-enough-sex-and-violence. So, print this if you like it but please, if you don't, send it back. I consider this a "classic".)

"Do you accept leprechaun stories? After all, how many of your subbers are real, certifiable, County Cork, "little people"? Okay, so I'm six-foot-two . . . my eyes are still green. Speaking of eyes: If you're going to call me "Father Gaughan", you'll have to check it out with Allison Pearson (the Hobby Nickname Custodian). People have been calling me Eyes since junior high."

[Peter Gaughan]

"As to my riding a palimino, I'd just as soon have a spotted pony, mountain bred. I wear my hair long without hassle from the world. It doesn't take much in the way of guts to do that. Long hair fits my romantic image of myself. I think our taste in scenery coincides some. Ancient hills, treeless, empty- sounds nice."

[Steve Langley]

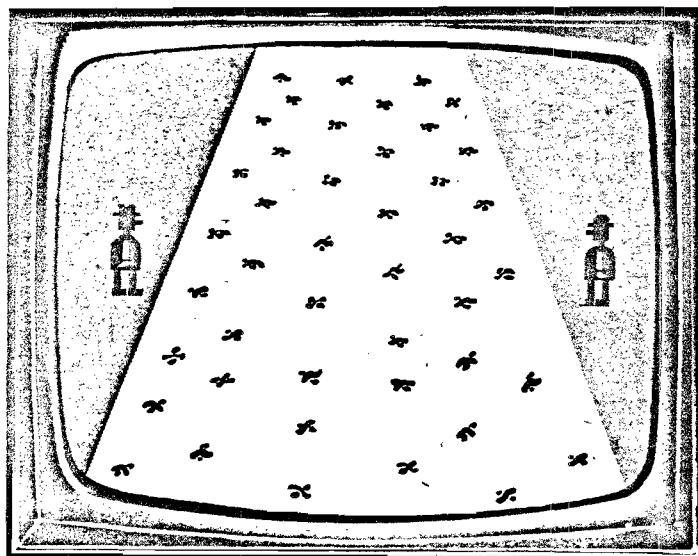
"Are you serious about this stockmarket thing? I can't tell. If you are, and others buy in, I'll buy some stock. But I don't want to go it alone now and seem like a fool...but "a cross between John Denver and Mark Berch"? Give me a break, I'll get you for that one, Eric, Dan has already written wondering how the secret got out that the Sleaze respects me and how he can live it down. I want the names of those who voted me a toady. I've got me zap gun, and heads will roll. Names, Eric, give them to me. You'll only make it harder on yourself if you don't."

[Keith Sherwood]

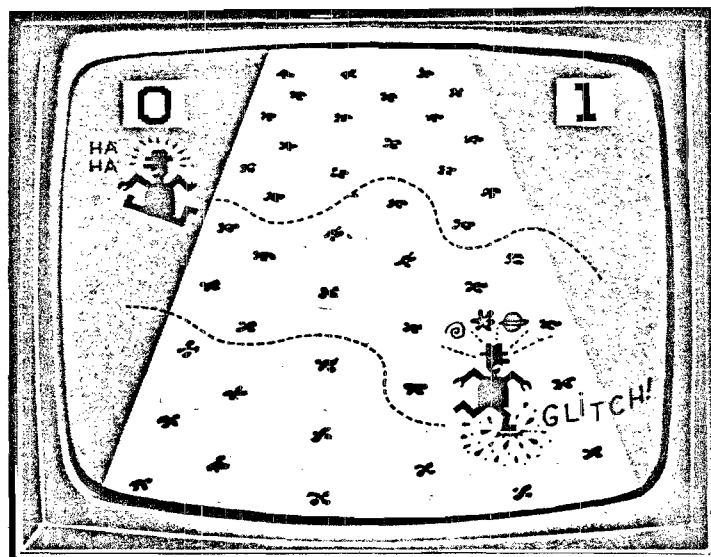
VIDEO GAMES BASED ON REAL LIFE

artist & writer: Al Jaffee

THE NAUSEATING "BIG CITY DOGGIE-DO" GAME

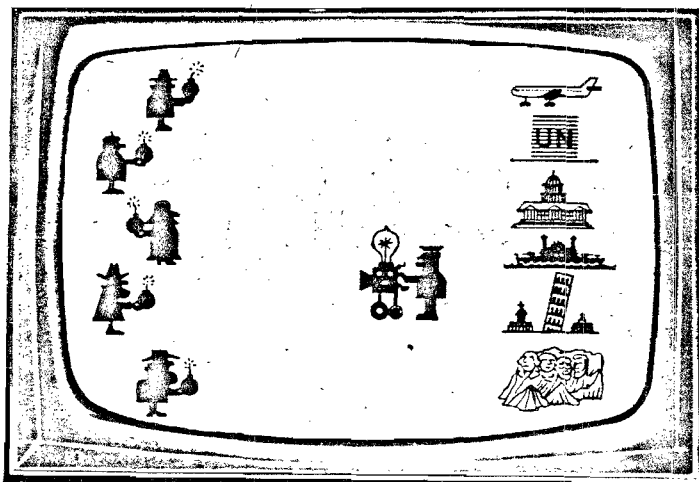


One Player can play against himself, or two can play each other. Object is to see how many times Player can go back

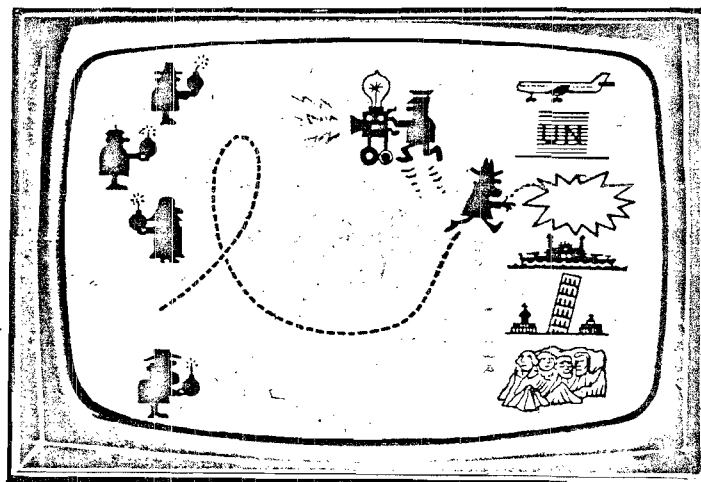


and forth across the street successfully. Each successful crossing adds points, and each misstep (yech!) subtracts.

THE FRIGHTENING "INTERNATIONAL TERRORIST" GAME

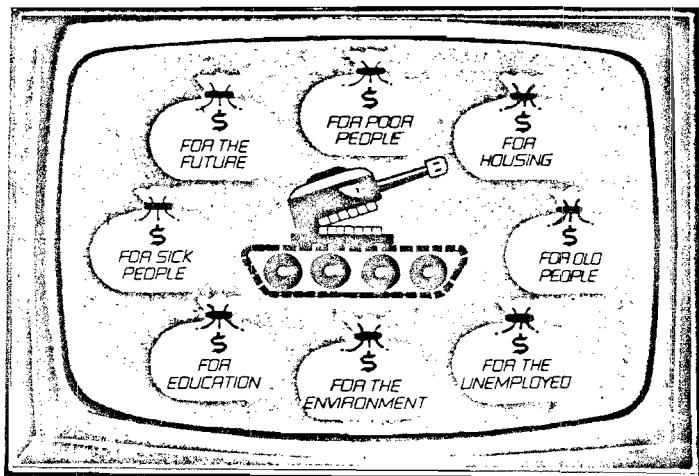


Gang of International Terrorists is at left. At right is Guard with sophisticated terrorist-detection apparatus. If Terrorist gets in range of apparatus, he is blown up,

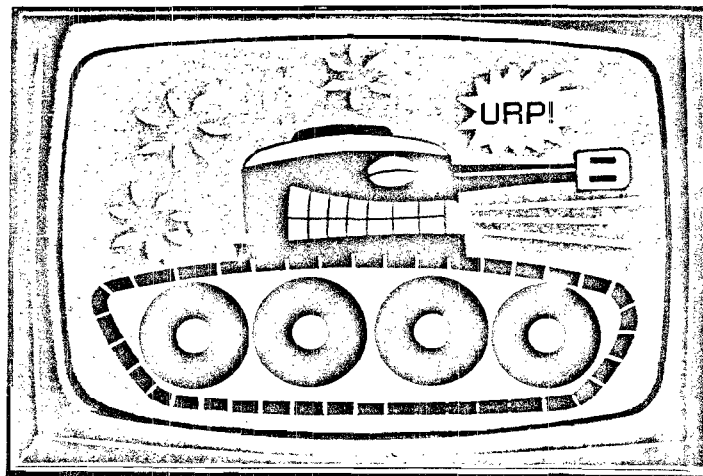


and Guard-Player scores points. If he gets through and blows up a vital object, Terrorist-Player scores points. Bonus points are scored when an entire side is wiped out.

THE PATHETIC "GUNS vs. BUTTER BUDGET" GAME

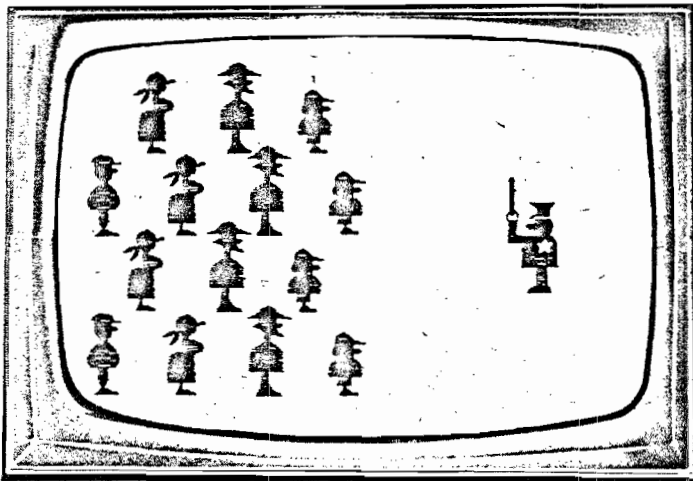


One player operates Military Establishment Tank, while other player operates Money Budgeted For Civilian Needs. Object of game is for Tank to try to gobble up as much

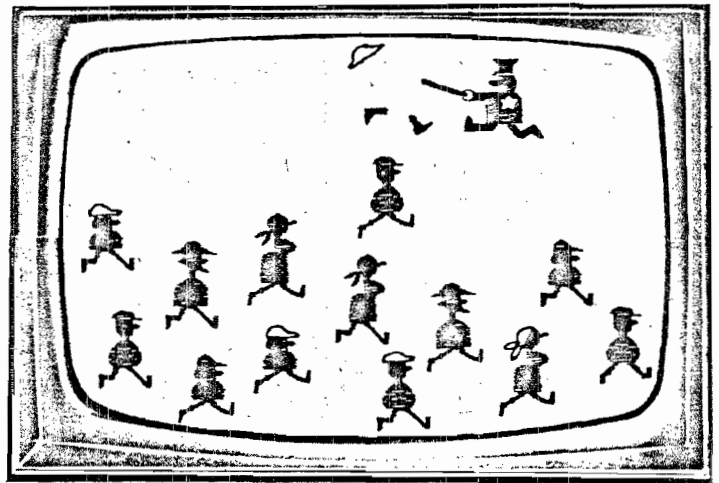


Civilian Money as possible, while Civilian Money tries to dodge Tank. Every time Tank misses, it grows smaller. Every time it hits, it grows larger. The survivor wins.

THE DANGEROUS "POLITICAL ASYLUM" GAME

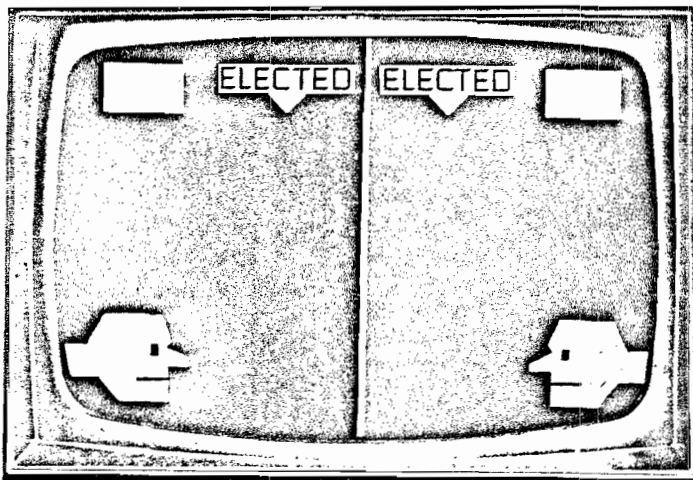


Player on the left tries to send Refugees to country on right. But mixed in with Desirable Refugees (white hats) are many Undesirable ones (black hats). Player on left

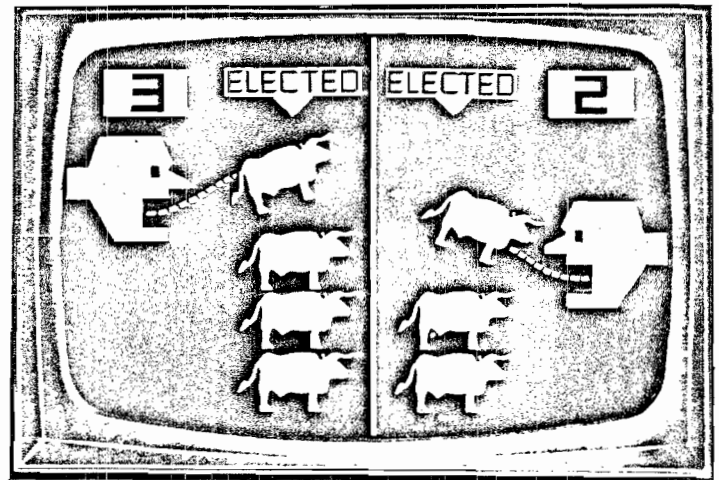


scores every time he sneaks crook or mental patient or saboteur or leper across border. Player on right scores whenever he blocks Undesirable Refugee from entering.

THE "PILING UP OF THE BULL" POLITICAL GAME

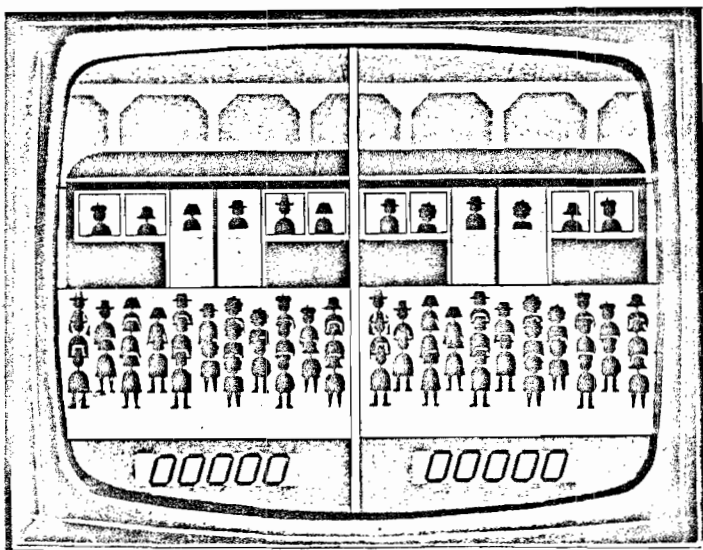


At sound of buzzer, each Politician opens his mouth and starts to throw the bull. Naturally, each Politician at-

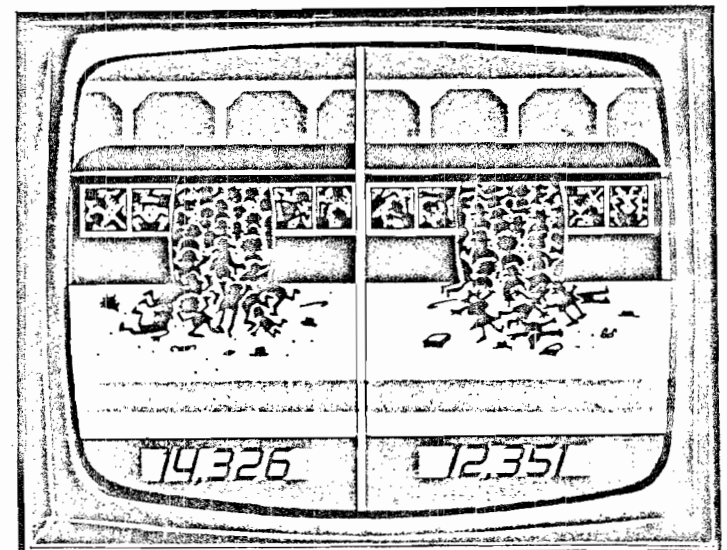


tempts to out-do his opponent as to how high he can "pile the bull." The first one to hit the "Elected" level wins.

THE MADDENING "SUBWAY RUSH HOUR" GAME

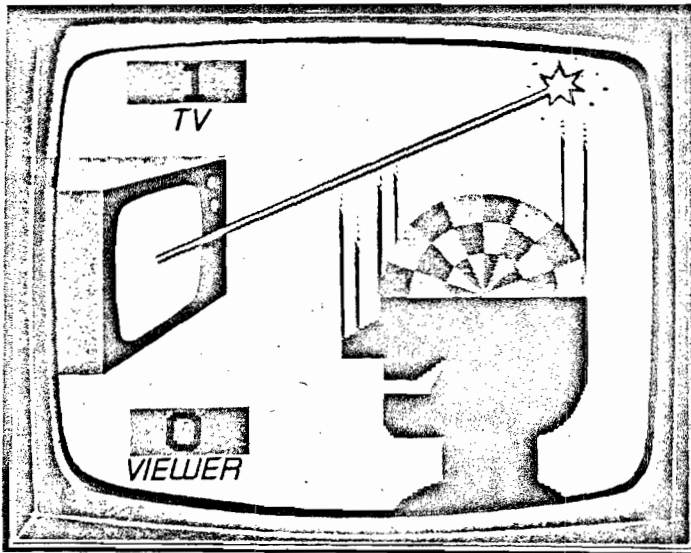


The object of this game is to see how many People each player can jam into his half of the subway car in twelve

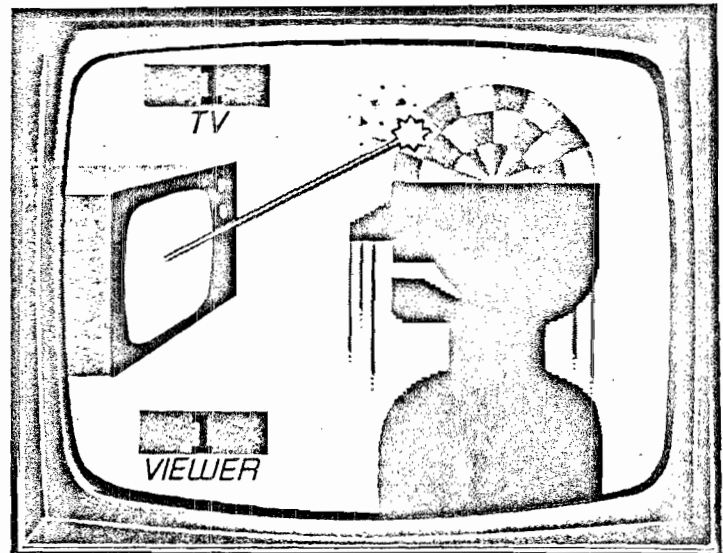


seconds. The record so far is 26,593, which is 42 short of the record actually set in June, 1980 in New York City.

THE "INSULT THE INTELLIGENCE TV COMMERCIAL" GAME

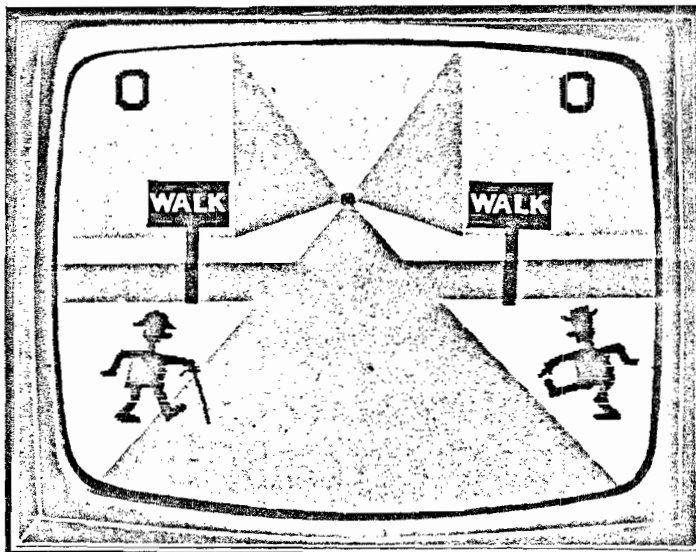


This one-player game is programmed to fire TV Commercials at the Viewer's head. Player can move Viewer's head up and down to protect himself. Every time TV Commercial makes

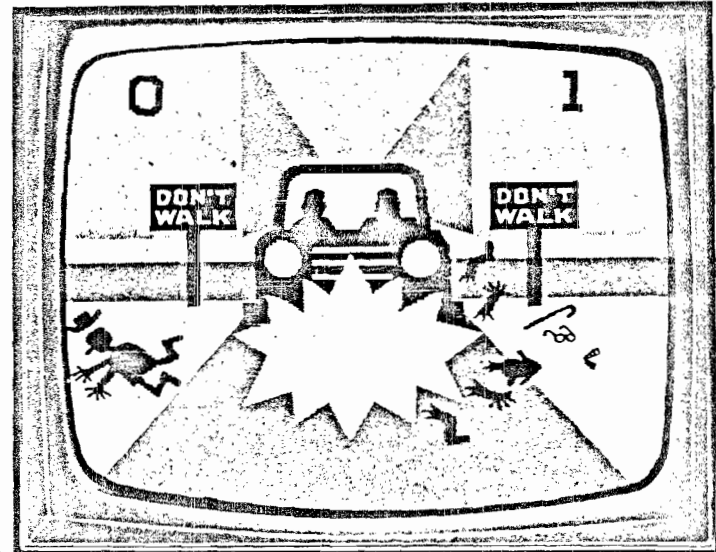


contact with the Viewer's brain, one piece is destroyed, and Game scores a point. Every time brain successfully dodges a TV Commercial, the Viewer-Player scores a point.

THE UNPREDICTABLE "WALK-DON'T WALK" GAME

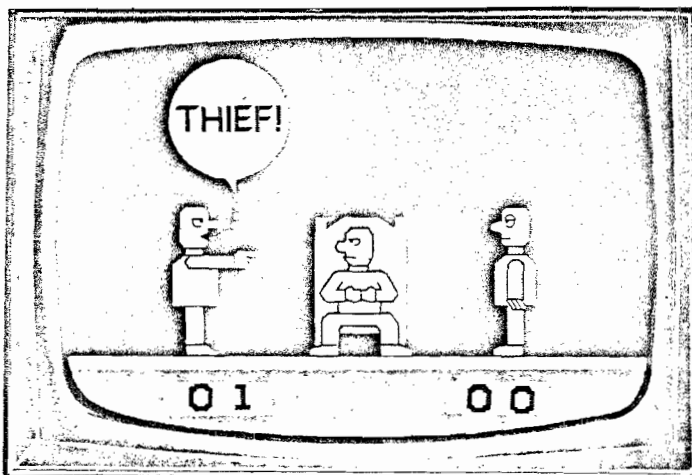


This electronic game can be played alone or with others. "Walk-Don't Walk" sign is programmed to change in same unpredictable manner as real ones. When "Walk" flashes,

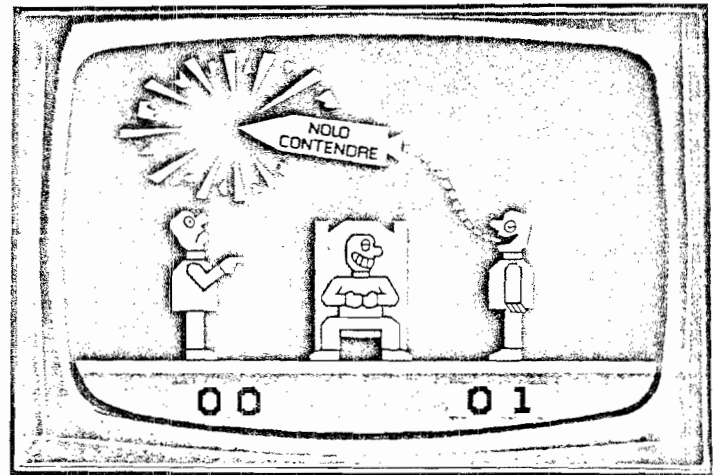


Pedestrian tries to cross street. If he times it right, he makes it and scores a point. If he fails, he loses a point, and another Pedestrian-Player then tries his luck.

THE "RICH AND FAMOUS CROOK—LEGAL MANEUVER" GAME

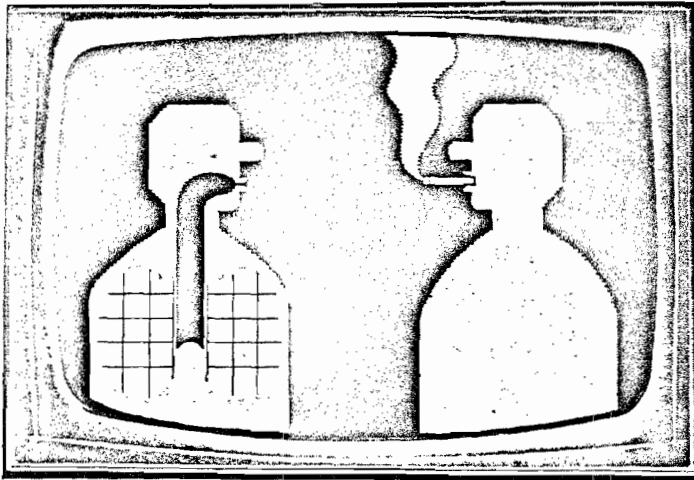


Prosecutor on left has 12 charges to make against wealthy and famous Crook in center. As each charge comes up, the wealthy and famous Crook's Defense Counsel tries to shoot

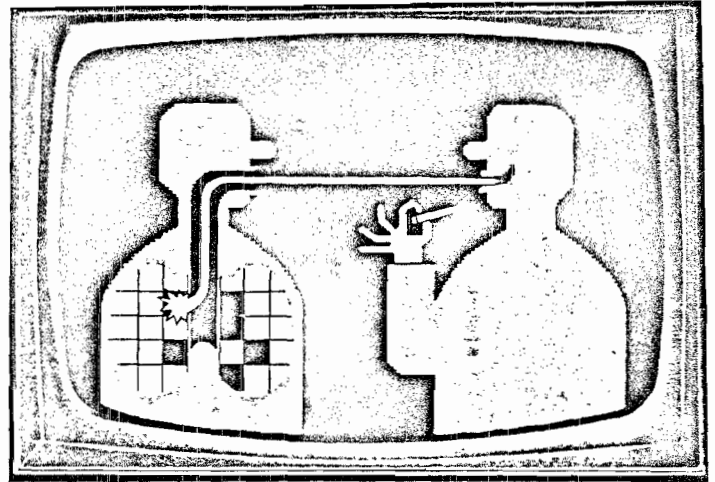


it down with his arsenal of legal ploys. If charge manages to escape ploy, points are scored by Prosecutor-Player. If charge is shot down, then Defense Counsel-Player scores.

THE FATAL "SMOKERS vs. NON-SMOKERS" GAME

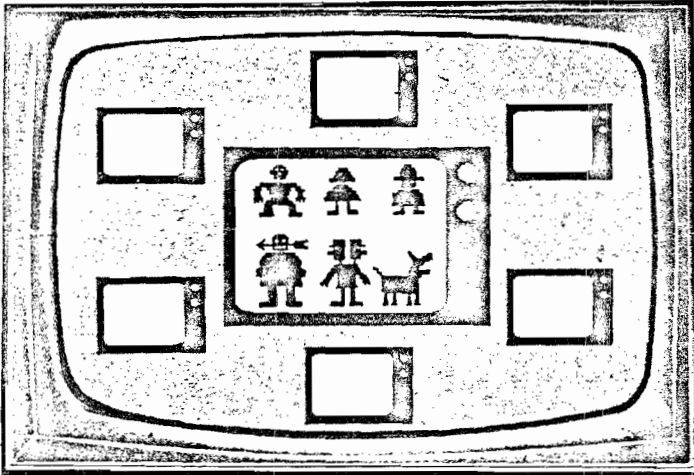


Non-Smoker at left must attempt to breathe in clean air to score points. Smoker at right must try to guess when

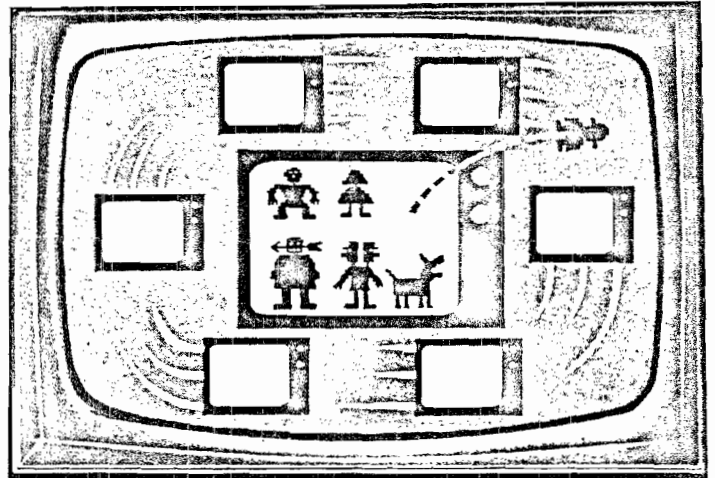


Non-Smoker's mouth will open and shoot smoke into it to hit and destroy Non-Smoker's lung cells to score points.

THE RIDICULOUS "TELEVISION SPIN-OFF" GAME

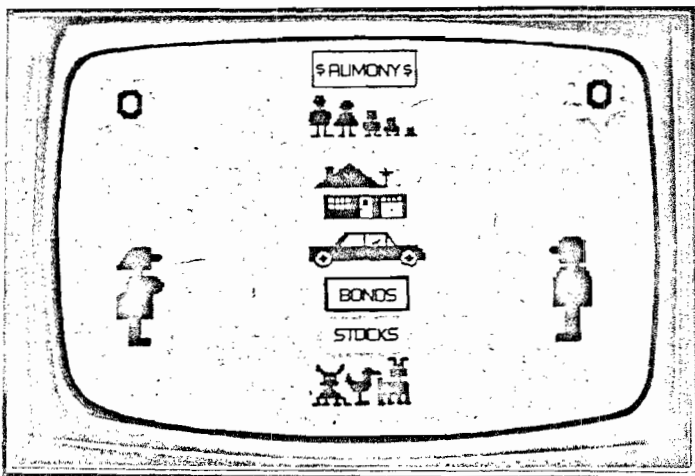


Producer-Player on left has successful TV Show on center screen. But he is greedy, so he attempts to send each of the characters from his Show to one of the other screens.

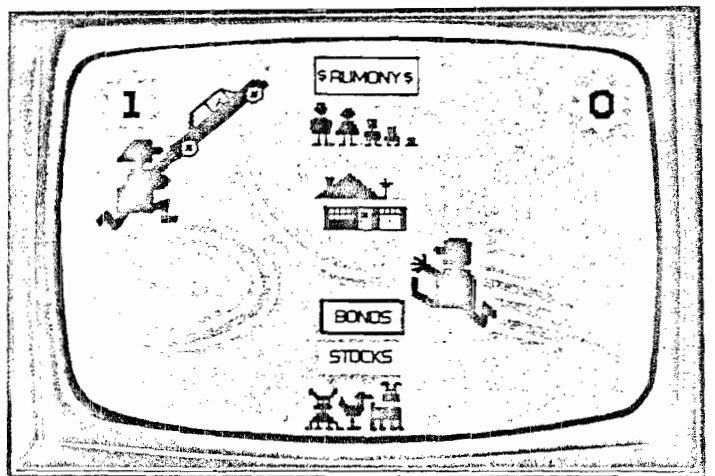


Viewer-Player on right is sick of poor imitations of old TV Show, and tries to stop Producer by moving TV screens clockwise or counterclockwise so he'll miss. Nobody wins.

THE TRAGIC "GREAT AMERICAN DIVORCE" GAME



Ex-Wife-Player on left tries to get all she can from Ex-Husband-Player on right. As she rushes to grab things,



he rushes to grab them back. Player who ends up with the most things on his or her side wins. The children lose.

"Dear Eric: I hope this does not sound too paranoid. I have your request for Pontevedria Supplement #7. I will be happy to send it to you. However, I feel a need to make one request of you. I would prefer not to have these new people exposed to a rip-off. I must therefore ask that you give me your solemn word this is not going to be passed on to Tretick. Most of them have gotten my last warning note on the subject, but there is no sense giving him a virtually virgin field to exploit. Just drop me a postcard to the effect that you will make use of the list yourself, and then destroy it without passing the information in it on to Tretick, and I'll send the list by return mail."

[Rod Walker-- December 1982]

Dirty Harry is back! He quit the San Francisco Police Department and is now working for...

THE PHYSICS POLICE

From Bruce Schneier's zine Invasion #8, January 1981

The air was still as the patrolmen crouched behind their squad cars, eyeing the Pool Hall ahead of them. Just then, a new car drove onto the scene, and came to a halt. The two men inside got out and made their way to the line of patrol cars.

"Bout time you got here, Harry," one of the patrolmen said to the newcomer. "We've got a Code 19MV. He's baracaded himself over there in the Pool Hall."

Harry's partner looked puzzled. "What's that," he asked.

"Code 19MV," Harry said, "Disregard of Conservation of Momentum." He turned to the patrolman. "How did he do it?"

"Playing pool. The numbered balls have a higher velocity than the cue ball after the collision. And the masses are the same."

"Have you checked to make sure they're not losing mass someplace? We can't afford to get stuck with another false arrest."

"Yeah. Remember when the air hockey sets first came out, You shot five or six people before you found out that the little jets of air were what was making the board seem frictionless. Boy, was the chief mad."

Harry's partner winced, and the patrolman continued. "Anyway, we checked masses. Momentum is illegally being gained someplace, all right."

Harry turned to his partner. "Let's get him, Wilson."

Wilson turned to Harry. "He's playing pool. You're going to arrest him for playing pool?"

Harry gave his partner a cold stare. "Listen, this isn't the regular police department. This is the Physics Police. He's breaking the Laws of Physics. We have to apprehend him. That's our job."

"Oh," Wilson said, unconvinced.

Harry turned back to the patrolman. "He's new here," he explained.

Turning his attention back to the situation at hand, Harry stared at the Pool Hall. To his left, another patrolman was shouting ultimatums from a megaphone. Still, there was no response from inside.

"I'm going in," Harry announced. "Wilson, cover me."

Harry ran along the length of the cars, out behind a row of trees, and finally ran to the front wall of the Pool Hall. The patrolman with the megaphone kept up a steady patter, to divert the attention of whoever was inside.

He inched along the wall to one of the windows, .44 Magnum in hand. Peering inside, he saw a man with a .38 at the window, and two other men at the floor of the pool table, tied up.

Harry ducked under the window and continued to move towards the front door. When he reached the door, he prepared to break in. He nodded to Wilson, who fired a shot in the air. Harry slammed his frame against the door and burst inside. The man by the window was distracted by the shot outside, and recovered himself in time to receive a slug in his shoulder. He fell to the ground dropping his gun. It landed inches from his hand.

Harry walked over to the man, pointing his gun. "This is a .44 Magnum," he began, "the most powerful handgun in the world. It fires a 15.56 gram slug at an initial velocity of 448.1 meters per second. Your head is about .24 meters deep, and the average stopping force of the human head on a bullet is 303 newtons. According to those figures, it'll blow your head clean off. Now maybe the random quantum movements of the atoms of the bullet will cause it to swerve, and maybe they won't. The truth is, it's impossible to know for sure." Harry pointed the gun at the man's head. "Do you anticipate a high probability of success, punk?"

The man looked first at Harry, then at the gun, and then again at Harry. With a gasp of submission he moved his hand away from the gun. Harry snickered and kicked the gun aside.

By that time the others had arrived and started putting things back together. Harry kept his gun pointed at the man on the floor. Just before he was dragged to his feet, he turned to Harry.

"I gots to know," he pleaded.

Harry pointed his gun at the man, and pulled the trigger. The bullet stopped in midair, spun around, and fell harmlessly to the ground. The man let out a whine as he was brought to his feet and handcuffed.

One of the patrolmen turned to Wilson and said, "There's only a two hundred and seven point nineteen times three hundred thousand times ten to the Avagadro's Number power of that ever happening again."

Harry didn't say a word.

Back in the squad room, Wilson was typing up a report of the previous day's events. Harry walked out of the Commissioner's Office, grabbed his coat, and called, "Hey Wilson, get over here, we got ourselves a big one."

Wilson pulled his coat off of his chair and ran over to Harry. "What's up this time. Someone not falling at nine point eight meters per second squared again?"

"No, worse. We just received the data from the Voyager I flyby of Saturn. It's that damned F-Ring. It's braided."

"So's my daughter's hair, and she hasn't been arrested yet."

"This is different."

"Oh."

"It's not supposed to happen. It's not legal. It's against the Laws of Physics."

"Wouldn't it be easier to revise the laws rather than to arrest a whole ring?"

"Do you know what it takes to change a Law of Physics? First, you've got to write a law that conforms with all the observable facts. Then you've got to get it published in some Physics journal someplace, then verified by at least three independent sources in three different physics labs. And only then can it be voted to law by a majority of the graduate universities. And even then the guys at CalTech can review the new law and wipe it off the books faster than you can say Quantum Mechanics. Anyway, that's not our concern. We have to enforce the laws as they are, not write new ones."

Wilson still wasn't totally convinced, but he thought better of pursuing the discussion. Instead he turned to other matters.

"How are we going to get to Saturn," he asked.

"Fly."

"How?"

"In a spaceship. It took Voyager only seven years to get there. We should be able to do it in at least that time. Technology has gotten alot better since then."

"Seven years. Are you out of your Physics-loving mind? Couldn't we just use FTL-Drive?"

"Faster-Than-Light travel is illegal! It's against the Laws of Physics. We'd be accused of illegal arrest procedure and the whole case would be thrown out of court. Anyway, seven years isn't forever. We could play pool to pass the time."

"Newtonian motion takes all the fun out of it."

"You say that five important postal players attended the con in K-zoo. Does that mean that they are important figures in the postal hobby, or that only postal players are important? Period. I had a good time watching the Brewers win the two games they played that weekend, so tough shit for you jerkoffs."

[Paul Rauterberg]

Kazoo Review

Bill Becker, 810 Turwell, Kalamazoo, MI 49007

I must say that before the Oct '82 Kal Con I had been suffering my worst case of Dip burnout in five years. When you fail to correspond you are just one step away from NMing out and thus leaving the hobby. There were a lot of contributing factors, the biggest being that other elements of life are more important. But that alone won't stop a Dipper in a burnout phase you get a horrible I don't care attitude.

A third contributing factor was that all my games with fine positions had ended during the first half of '82. I was left with all the down & out struggles to play out. Its the pits after concluding 4 fine games. I don't know why an explanation is necessary here but I do feel I let more than just myself down by neglecting my postal for three months.

So coming into Kal Con I didn't know what to expect of myself, would this dose finish me off? Close, for the weekend I'd had enough, but the other aspects of Cons saved the day. It's always good to get in a group of gamers and talk. It was a real surprise to have M.P. Barno show up- it made me feel good to just know how far he had come for 24 hours in Kazoo. It made me feel good that when a good share of the Chicago contingent fell out you and James Wall came ahead. Plus our last bits of Diplomacy paid off as we combined to get Luedi to show up late in the day, and Marion Bates even allowed us lowly dippers to grill him a bit at the end.

GMing was even a triumph this time as I felt I handled our novice, Dan Williams a lot better than a similar situation at the spring con. How come every novice at FTF assures you that if he can just read the rules he'll be ready to play in ten minutes?

This letter to you now has also got me thinking about getting these locals together for a New Year's Day Dip game. No I'm not soliciting you- though you'd be welcome. I'm just going to see if I can get enough locals up for a game primarilay. I know there are more Dippers around than show up to be part of the play display on the mall.

There are a lot of dippers about the countryside that have just not been exposed to any of the "national" groups on. Does luck have everything to do with discovering the hobby? I know it was such in my case.

Kal Con IV helped get me back my lost interest in Diplomacy. And I've already started hyping Kal Con V, April 8-9-10. Same place- West Main Mall all day Saturday. My place Fri eve, Sat eve, Sunday. Newest spark of interest in attending comes from Steve Hutton of No Fized Address- Canada. I'd love to have a Canadian contingent come. Once again Mark Lew has expressed interest if we'll just come up with his air fare. I have been extremely disappointed with Michigan dipper turnout. Except for Marion Bates no other in-state postal player has ever shown his face. Whoops, Herb Barents qualifys as Michigan. What is the dreaded secret/course I carry?

Barring I don't drop out of the hobby I'll be trying to entice more people here with a personal plea. Plus looks like I'll have to do some super toady jobs for Chris the head WARGAME TOAD/organizer so I have the official flyers to use with a six week lead time.

Enuf yet? Not first rate but straight off the cuff ramblings on what's going through the Kazooan's mind.

A funny thing happened on the way to Kalamazoo

James Wall, 308 High Tripp Hall, Madison, WI 53706

This story really all started in a McDonalds the Thursday before I was to bus down to Chicago. You see, I made the terrible mistake of eating a Big Mac for dinner. That nite at 4 a.m. I had a sudden violent desire to show my respects to the porcelain god. After 30 minutes of paying my respects I was in real doubt if Chicago could handle as devout a person as I felt at that moment. Courageously I did manage to make it onto the Alco bus and Eric Ozog here I come!

Anyway, upon arriving at O'Hare where Eric was to pick me up, that ever so intelligent bus driver told me to get off at the international stop. Well Eric and Mike Barno were 20 feet below and about 500 feet away from where I awaited them. Two and a half hours later and several phone calls to the Ozog residence, Eric finally came up with the bright idea of calling home to see if I'd called. So we at last merged into one happy group and headed to the Ozogmobile. On the way to the car I spotted an "I joined the Elquest" bumper sticker on a car and pointed out to Eric that this should be his car just as he put the key into the lock. With egg on my face for the second time in less than ten minutes off we went to the lair of the Ozog. I must say that as terrible a diplomacy player as Eric is he does have excellent taste in reading material.

After braving the local Burger King we went back to Eric's to crash. While we were talking and I was showing them the version of Cosmic Encounter Diplomacy that I had been working on, I maraged to lose the entire written set of rules that I'd come up with. After an exhausting search I came to the conclusion that Eric had an evil demon in his room and that it had eaten my rules. I went to bed that nite on the verge of a nervous breakdown. The demon must have felt sorry for me because the next morning the rules appeared in my backpack. By this time my face had so much egg on it from all my faut pas' that I could barely see.

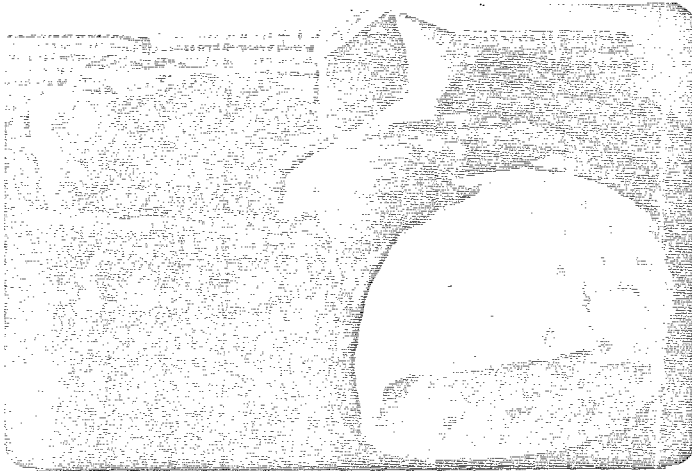
It was at this point that we embarked for Kalamazoo. Somewhere in the wilds of Indiana, Barno informed us in a not too subtle way that mother nature wanted to see him so we made a road stop, quick. Anyway while we were waiting for Mike to finish up his business Eric came up to me and accosted me for a quarter so that he could buy a copy of the "BEST MAP OF CHICAGO". I the gullible person that I am gave it to him. The next thing I know Eric is almost in tears because it was a different "BEST MAP OF CHICAGO" so he warned people, if Eric ever wants a quarter for the "BEST MAP OF CHICAGO" inform him he already has the map.

The rest of the ride was fairly uneventful and we arrived in Kazoo. In the grand tournament game I drew Austria and Eric drew Italy, anyway in Fall 01 he took Trieste. I should have known better than to not immediately stamp the life out of him but a little more egg never hurt anyone. It turned out to be the only game I ever took Belgium and Holland as the Austrian player. Mike Barno does deserve special mention due to his staying at 3 supply centers throughout 07 and surviving with 6 supply centers. Mark Luedi showed up and scared the hell out of us during the Dip game as well.

After the Dip game ended we all went to Bill Becker's for a game of Luedi version Cosmic Encounter Dip which was even more perverted than mine. That folded when the locals all had to go home so out came the Railbaron game. Sometime around 4 a.m. with my mind on the Geology exam that I had that Monday I began to whine to eliminate me from the game, I was doing

dreadful but still staying solvent. It was definately an experience of the worst way. Those kind souls began to ride my lines just to keep me in the game. I put up with that for about 45 minutes before announcing that I was ready to nuke the board. The geology exam was on my mind. The game was declared a draw and I was the only loser, bum. You'll all be glad to know that I bombed the exam and should have finished the game. Oh well! Somewhere among all this we managed to play a few games of Nuclear War as well.

I guess all this means that if you ever have any desire to go to Kazoo be prepared for a lot of eggs to fly your way and a terrific time as well. Thanx Bill I will get you back some day!



"Dear Eric, Well, did you recover from the last "Rusnakon" yet? I guess I bit the dust a little early again. It must be that little run down to the bar for pizza that kills me. Oh yeah, I heard you were being real cute with a camera down there too. Well, that's okay. I guess just about everybody wants a picture of a handsome guy sleeping, right? Maybe you could send it to Cathy Cuning and pass it off as yourself! (I heard about that too!)"

[Dale Bakken]

The following occurred in a Milwaukee Resturant:

Rusnak to Frueh: "I'm nothing but a piece of shit."

Frueh to Rusnak: "Oh come on Russ, you're worth at least a free beer or two."

[Rusnakon conversation]

THE DREAM OF ISLES, MAJIPOO

(Press inspired from an actual dream, appearing in Andy Lischett's Strawberries #36)

Mark Luedi, 730 Atwater #15, Bloomington, IN 47401

A meeting, to discuss the impending situation in Europe, has been called for by Mssr. Rusnak. Dinner is to be served; Mssrs. Rauterberg, Frueh, Luedi, Kaplan, Peters, and Ozog have all been informed of their required attendance. All are present, save Mssr. Kaplan; Mssr. Rusnak is betraying some anxiety for his tardiness. Mssr. Luedi is anxious for the meeting to conclude, as he must attend to some cats.

Suddenly, bursting through the door, is Mssr. Kaplan, with a dozen or more others, dressed in black pinstripe suits. Mssr. Kaplan's entourage crowd into their seats (the room is suddenly smaller), and announces he is prepared to begin discussion of the European situation and its effects on the New York Stock Exchange. As a group, the members of his black pin-striped entourage clear their throats.

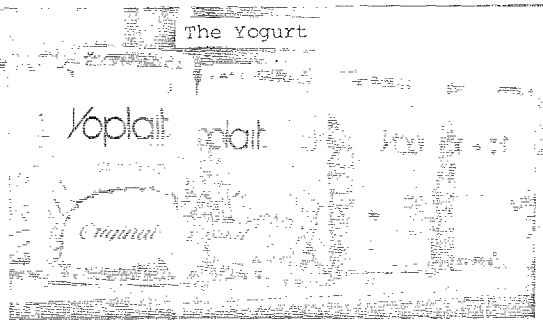
Excusing himself to attend to his feline responsibilities, Mssr. Luedi leaves shortly after the meeting begins. Later, upon returning, he meets the group leaving the meeting place, and taking Mssr. Rusnak to the side, asks him for a summation of the meeting. Mssr. Rusnak nods in the direction of a lone Mssr. Kaplan trudging through the knee-deep snow. As Mssr. Kaplan passes, Mssr. Luedi inquires as to the outcome of the meeting.

Mssr. Kaplan replies, "Nobody sends me any pineapple yogurt!"

"Pineapple yogurt?" Mssr. Luedi attempts to form an image.

"Yes, pineapple yogurt! How am I to know what's happening if nobody sends me pineapple yogurt??" Mssr. Kaplan continues on, following the others; leaving Mssr. Luedi standing in the snow, pondering.

The Yogurt



Mssr. Frueh

Mssr. Kaplan

The infamous "Rusnak's Revenge" Gang

[[Inspired by Mark Luedi's press, I ran over to Yum-Me Foods and bought some pineapple yogurt to bring to the next Rusnakon. All seven players in the postal game "Rusnak's Revenge" (GMed by Andy Lischett) were there, so Bob Osuch snapped the picture of us feasting-- on pineapple yogurt. From left to right-- Eric Ozog (France), Paul Rauterberg (England), Mark Frueh (Italy), Chuck Kaplan (Turkey), Marc Peters (Russia), Mark Luedi (Austria), and of course, Russ Rusnak (Germany).]]

RUSNAK'S REVENGE: Gain a loyal ally via propaganda blitz

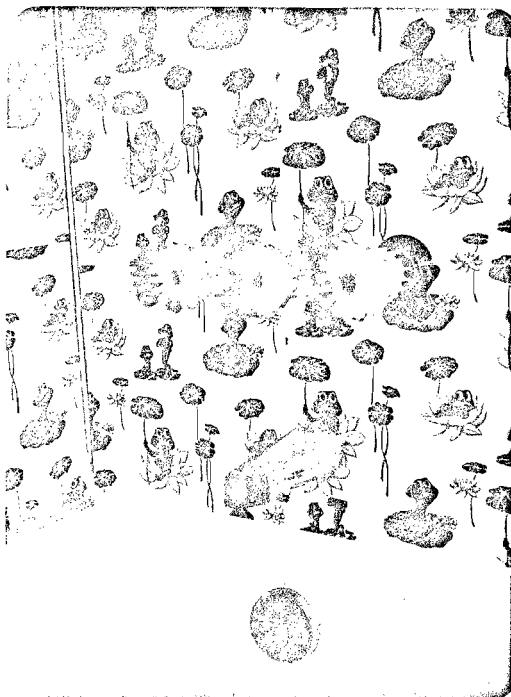
The Rusnak Letters

11/2/82 Dear Poor misguided Eric:

I am once again truly disappointed that you have built 2 armies however I am sure that the nasty things predicted earlier in your less than friendly negotiating procedure in our last conversation. Could you really wish to attack the only trustworthy one on the board while others feed me your plans and some seem to be thinking of even worse. I am truly disappointed being such a fan of Tolkien I had truly hoped to be able to cooperate with one who takes his ancestry from the writings of Tolkien.

On to matters at hand are you truly planning on allying with the puppy to my south [Frueh] or maybe the nasty white & red pieces that surround me. I would hope this letter will dissuade that little plan simply because I feel that you and I could still work out a relatively profitable alliance despite the misfortunes of Winter 1901. I was truly disappointed and deeply hurt, however being the kind and forgiving person that I am I will be very noble and offer you a second chance. I must admit that I was so deeply troubled that I almost retired from the hobby not being able to deal with the liars that I had hoped would not plague this game.

Another thing that is foreign to me is the English build in Liverpool, however I am assuming that is some long range plan in which I am lulled to sleep while you plan an assault upon me. I must admit the assault you have set up could almost inflict some minor discomfort to me however you have leaks in your intelligence and as a result it will be difficult for you. After all since you did express a great dislike for trying anything difficult in our last conversation I am still willing to accept an apology from the prodigal son so to speak and allow you back within my good graces. Feel free to get in touch with me if you are interested in my extremely generous as well as overly noble offer.



Russ Rusnak's bathroom decor:
Modern American Toady

11/27/82 Dear Possibly reforming Eric:

We stand and praise the fact that you may have seen the error of your ways and that you are interested in a possible solution to our unfortunate problem. You have taken the first step admirably and for that I salute you and hope that you will once again approach, but only this time accept the hand of German friendship that has been extended to you.

Anyway to make a long story short if you have not truly seen the error of your ways and you are again lying then evil will triumph and you will forever be tainted, to go through life as one tainted with evil is truly a pitiable thing and I would hope that you never experience it. You might grow up to be just like Marc Peters or even worse Mark Luedi should you once again be interested in joining these dreadful fiends. One of a Tolkienist heritage should never, nay could never be a part of such a vile sadistic lot when one so noble as myself is endangered. I submit to you that if you are truly a part to the great Elven Kindred of the West you would never consider such a thing.

Irregardless of whether you are or are not interested in joining the good guys I would assume that you will be in Burgundy on this move. Hopefully once you are there you will help me to retake the city of Munich and restore it to the rightful benovolent rule of the grand German government rather than allow it to be ravaged by the barbarian Austrian and or Russian units that will soon be ravaging my country. You realize that they preach the non existance of elves and they try to destroy anything that their textbooks say does not exist. I would hate for you, possibly the last of a once great race to meet your end at the hands of these vile creatures that pass for human. I will allow you to freely walk into Belgium as was so promised as a sign that I am truly the noble person you are beginning to perceive me as being. I would make the humble request that A Piedmont -Tyrolia in the hope of maybe saving Munich a move longer although I will in no way be upset (Though I will be deeply disappointed) should you decide not to do so

I submit it to you: Stand beside me and hold your head high as a member of the elven race as well as the power of truth, justice & the American way or join the accursed east and degrade yourself to the level of your fallen ancestors: the orc.

12/18/82 Dear Eric:

The time of decision is quickly approaching, once again this letter is to urge you to join the side of good and nobleness rather than to make a deal with he who is the decendent of the most infamous of all the enemies of the elves. You even as the Archives of Valinor state this is the person that has grown from the manure of Morgoth himself, non other than the vicious & wicked, not to mention not nice Mark Luedi. If you are truly of the lineage of such greats as Elrond, Fingolfin, Celeborn & the like your choice is clear to come to the aid of your battered and besieged German neighbor in this, his greatest hour of need.

On to other matters, what type of help can the newly found elven Lord offer to the mere but noble as well as pure hearted German neighbor that faces destruction. The Elven brigade in Burgundy could offer support to the besieged army in Munich or maybe support of the replacement troops being sent into Munich, these are the fresh German troops in the Ruhr which are anxious to join the battle. It would also be recommended that the Elven Lord hold troops in Brest as a reserve since these troops (according to my small knowledge on Elven Lore) would enjoy being at the shores of the seas near to the sound of gulls. I have heard nothing of any danger to Brest however it does seem the most invigorating place for your army to stand in waiting until needed in battle against the forces of the Immortal Shit himself [Luedi].

1/18/83 Dear Eric:

Just a brief note to applaud you on your excellent orders of your units in both Piedmont and Burgundy last move. They were indeed moves befitting of the noble ancestors from which you hale. Although your moves proved unnecessary due to my enemies incompetance they were still greatly appreciated as well as showing that you are indeed of the noble part of your kin. Now we must once again request that you aid our noble yet battle wearied troops in retaining Munich. I realize that this is indeed a great deal to ask but it is something that is necessary to prevent the Immortal Shit and his used piece of toilet paper from once again gaining a foothold in the land of Rusnak's Revenge.

The Puppy has stated that he is hopeful that you will indeed help him cut into the realm of immortal shit and deny him his coastline. I would urge you to do so, for who knows what vile things he would loose in the seas as time goes on and the sea is after all that which truly calls the heart of all elves. Would you let the Immortal Shit pollute them with his vile

filth and poor deformed creatures.

Your choices are of course yours and your vast knowledge in the field far outweighs my paltry knowledge of the subject but I would hope that you would consider strongly and favorably my plea for help in yet my time of crisis. Your elven troops would truly be welcomed fighting along side of my brave troops.

2/6/83 Most Noble Elflord:

Whispers are creeping through the air that thou hast made a pact with the evil Immortal Shit from the south and that your armies stood transfixed with his for six month pagan ritual. I realize of course that you are far too noble to consider even more a moment making a deal with the vulgar scum and condemning your people to the abuse and atrocities that go with such an alliance. An alliance or even a vague agreement with him is an agreement with defiling the light and the seas and all that is good. I would urge you to take action against those who had your valiant troops take part in that disgrace of last fall and send them to their Austrian masters as you again prepare to take your place along side the other noble leaders of Europe. My forces would once again greatly welcome having yours stand beside us in battle.

Naturally the elven hosts that join us will be rewarded not only with the joy of furthering a noble cause but also with vast stretches of land previously inhabited by less than noble folk whose ancestry is the same as the men that first flocked to the service of Morgoth. Naturally I am speaking of the northern neighbor who has emptied his fortress in order to conquer anything available. Your elven hosts can easily move into the remnants of his realm and reorder them in such a way as to bring peace to the north and end the realm of viciousness that has long prospered in the north. With the resources that would then become available to you you would be able to raise a great fleet or maybe even two or three with which you could take control of the seas in the south where Immortal Shit will most likely first try to defile them. If you are a quick enough noble elf lord you may even be able to put an end to him once and for all. At yours & your families service, Russ

"Those letters from Cathy Cunning are certainly interesting. Also, I might add that her handwriting looks awfully familiar, in fact, it looks a lot like Andy's. Now, Eric, are you trying to pull a Dixie Grey on the hobby, or is someone trying to pull a Dixie Grey on you????!!!!!!!!!!!!!! I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll promise to keep my mouth shut if you'll fill me on what's happening here. One thing that especially bothers me is that she really knows what zines to sub to (Irk, EE, DBM, COA), or is this just the effect of dealing with a "man's hobby"? We shall see. If this is just a farce, I'm sure I can be useful in helping to perpetuate it."

[Mark Luedi]

"I also heard from Mark Luedi. He's so funny. I think I can even understand him. He said you turned red, when you were handed the phone to talk to me. He also said that he asked you to let him drive the toadmobile out to Arizona to get me and take me back to Chicago. Is this all true? But then how does one trust the words of someone who claims to be not real?"

[Cathy Cunning]

CATHY'S CORNER

My dearest Eric, (January 2nd)

Hi cutie it's me again. I just meet Keith Sherwood a bit ago. He does look like John Denver! I wonder what he will tell you about me? He said you were nice, a little wierd perhaps but nice. Now Sherwood has the honor of being the first American in the hobby to meet me. He only got to shake my hand though- the rest of me is waiting for you.

I'm glad I got to talk to you, but I wish I had waited for you to call. Oh well- next time I'll wait for you to call. Caruso called me back. I didn't get to talk to him too much the first time. He was in a game and by the time he was free- I had hung-up! Oh well, he said that he'll send me a picture of you. I think he was serious. What else did he say about you. Oh he told me that you called at midnight on New Year's but he didn't realize it was you for awhile. He said that Kathy told him it was Terry Tallman?! I don't see how Kathy can confuse your voice with Tallman's, but John did say that you sounded different. You were louder and not so soft spoken. Let's see what else- John might say something to you about being my roommate at Origins. I told him what Woody said about me being his roommate! I told John he had to be a good Dad and protect me. So he said, "Oh you want to be roommates with me and Kathy?" I said no- of course. Then he keep asking me "Who do you want to be roommates with?" over and over again. I finally slipped out your name. He said, "fine, it's settled, Ozog will be your roommate". He said he had ways of convincing you like twisting your arm till it almost broke. I told John not to do that. It's your choice and not someone elses. Besides I'm not even sure if I'll be able to go! The future is so uncertain. But like you said, who needs money? Anyways, if I do make it to Origins and you don't mind having a preppy-witch for a roommate- then the offer is open.

Don't forget to send a real picture one of these days. There's this spot on my wall that's getting all dusty that says "Eric's picture". Oh you want to know something funny? You know how you can have a mental image of someone even if you haven't meet them or seen a picture just by their writing? Well I pictured you as being tall and black hair with very sharp and slanting eyes. Then I find out you're blond! Oh well, I love ya anyways. I hate to think what my handwriting makes people think I look like. At least you know the truth!

Oh how's my heart doing? Are you taking care of it? Lucky for me I have more than one of them.
love ya lot's and I missed you New Years Eve! Cathy oxxx

Dearest Eric, (January 6th)

Hi cutie, here it is 4:00 am in the morning and I can't sleep. Well I thought- why not write to my favorite elf- you! What exciting news do I have? Let's see- what happened today? I woke-up surprize! I took my new little car to a shop to get it worked on- it's leaking oil and the belts are loose. I almost had to walk home. Lucky for me that I got a ride instead. I got home, I nearly wrote all of my little column in TSS. It's going to be three pages, single spaced! Oh how I love to ramble. The mail man came. This is always the highlight of the day. NSWG is there. A sample of Magus, the newest Alarum & Excursions, a FRP-APA. A letter from a guy in one of my PBM Fantasy-wargames. He calls himself Brightspear and I've broken his heart because I have rejected his alliance- or I should say offer of alliance. Oh I'm so cruel to some men. Eric, you have no idea how lucky you are! My real ally in that game told me always to remind him never to get on my bad side. I told him my plans for some of the other poor trusting fools in this game. They call me the Golden Queen. Sounds pretty funny, eh?

Anyways back to my day. Called Tammy up and we decided to go to a movie and out to dinner. She said "hello! And she still thinks you're a cutie." Her brief flame has left her- oh but she was so happy for a few weeks.

Got a phone call- "What? Diplomacy? Tonight? Bring Tammy too? But we're playing tomorrow night? What you don't want to play Squad Leader, you're almost done with War and Peace and one of the guys refuses to play AD&D? So you want to play Dip and I'm the only one who has a board? My poor little boys, don't you have any more toys to play with? What?! I'm being serious here! No, it's just us girls tonight, I'll be one of "the boys" tomorrow. Bye."

So me and Tammy go off. We eat at Farrells. Tammy's on a diet and has a salad. I order a cheeseburger and fries and tell Tammy how I never gain any weight. Tammy gives me dirty looks. Done with the meal. Not time for movie yet, so we look at the

stores- or in them sometimes too! I find these cute cards that I'm going to send to you. I even find one that's perfect for Tallman- it says- "It sure was a pleasure and an absolute delight to get your last letter...I didn't know you could write!" It's that cute! Oh how I love to tease him.

Then we go off to the movie. We see "Dark Crystal". The Gelflings are so cute! I cry at the end, when the girl dies. I am always crying. Don't ever take me to see a sad movie. I'll cry on your shoulder the whole time.

Well cutie my handwriting is getting worst and worst I wonder if the fact that it is now 5:00 am- has anything to do with it. I'll end this bit now and dream about you and then I'll ramble a bit more tomorrow- Bye cutie!

Back again. We played Diplomacy last night. Tammy played too. Poor kid- she got England stuck between my France and this other very cute and persuasive guy who played Germany. We- me & Germany- had played together several times before and he's seen me backstab many an ally- so he didn't trust me one inch. Tammy didn't know what to do and tried to remain neutral. Me and Germany supported her into Belgium and then it was one big stand-off. France and Germany just daring each other to attack England. Finally me and Germany said this was stupid. Russia had gone civil disorder with 7 centers open. It was a six player game- so there was no Italy. Austria was turning into a monster and me and Germany were letting him do it! So I told Germany I would back off if he would and we could both finish England. He didn't trust me! You should have seen the look in his face when he moved into Burgundy with no opposition. He expected a bounce. He just sat there, saying "I can't believe it you told the truth! What a stupid move I just made."

Whatever it was a stalemate at the end. England stab Germany and it was E/F/T against A/G. Sorry I go on about this, I know you're suffering somewhat from Dip burn-out. How many years have you been playing? Tallman said it was something like four to five years! My poor dearest- no wonder you could use a break.

(January 9) I went to sleep and I didn't even tell you! Oh well, it was 3:00 am and I was getting tired. I'm more of a night person than a day person. I hate mornings. I guess since I don't seem to become truly awake until 10:00 pm or so. I guess this would go along with me being a witch eh? I will say one thing though. When I was in England, I was up at 7:00 am every morning or 8:00 am at the latest. At 11:00 pm at night everything in London is shut down and there's nothing to do. So which do you like? Night or day?

I was reading some of my little Astrology books. It says that Geminis will usually change jobs and locations 2 to 3 times. It takes a long time for them to settle down. They say that you're always moving and looking for new things. As for Libra and Gemini: they seem to say that we should get along good. We're both air signs- Air = intelligence. We deal on a mental plane more than a physical one. We both are changeable and want freedom. Perhaps you want freedom more than me. Sooner or later Libras want a place to settle down at- a place that's safe and secure. There's a slight problem in the fact that I'm a Cardinal sign and you're a mutable sign. Cardinal = leadership and Mutable = changeable. Basically it is that I might try to rule people. I don't like doing that. I hate pushy females with a passion and I hate myself if I feel like I'm controlling a man. I feel everything should be equal with no one controlling the other.

I think the hobby is going through a big change right now. Leave it to me to come in the middle of the change. But isn't there a saying about how if night falls in one place the sun will shine in another place? Or if one dies they will be replaced by the birth of a new? Have you ever played with Tarot cards? Being a witch, I play with them now and then. Anyways, it's like the Death card in the deck. This card is not a symbol of death but just an end of the old and a rebirth for the new.

How did you like Jim-Bob's little play in NSWG? I thought it was pretty funny though John may not be too happy with it. I talked to Tallman the other day and he explained the "Crane Players" tape to me. It would be so cute to hear you do all those different voices. Tallman said that he thought you were a real flake. But then that was in the days of your youth. What else? Oh in Feb on about the 24 or 25, I'll be moving to Seattle. I'm having my mail sent to Tallman's house until I find a place of my own. I think that's very nice of him to do that for me, since I may have a month that I'll be in limbo and without an address- it could ruin my games. He wants to know how I'm going to explain my new address- like I would move in with him!! I'd die first!! He'll say how I couldn't help but fall in love with him, once I realized that you were an orc. That would be rather difficult since you have my heart. Actually the real story is that I've been sent by my Flushing parents to destroy him and thus ending the upstart in the Northwest corner and placing the power back to the East Coast where it belongs!

lots of love, Cathy

"That's a remarkable likeness of you on the cover of NSWG this month. This guy is a true artist; it's like you're about to step off the page and strangle me. And his pic of Caruso is perhaps even better. It's like Caruso is about to step off the page and give me a big kiss! Hahahaha! Do you realize, I'm the one who's fastened the "wimp" label on John? All part of a plot to hold him in place till FBI agents can surround the house, you never know what these Mafia types have stored away in the basement after all. I've designated Caruso as "Hobby Criminal Element". [Bob Olsen]

"FLASH! The North American Diplomacy Junta has been deposed in an extremely bloody coup! General Meinelli has been found dead in Puget Sound, his body riddled with stilettos manufactured from Oregon wood. Admiral Flamingo is said to be on the run; he was last sighted signing up for a Post Office box in Vancouver, muttering, "Nobody will be able to subscribe to Paranoiac's Monthly now!" Still missing is Generalissimo President Terencio Real-Man, who has been replaced by the leader of the coup attempt, Alfredo "Sake" Martinez. Martinez claims to have the full support of Dipdom's military forces, and has already declared martial law in the Dip capital, Pocatello. "Sake" Martinez (pronounced sah-kay) is a former prize fighter who decided John "Lefty" Boardman in his last pro bout. Diplomats are rumored to believe that the new Dip government will last twice as long as the former Junta." [Peter Gaughan]

FIND OUT WHAT ALL OF DIPDOM IS TALKING ABOUT THESE DAYS- - - Sub to NSWG right now and join the Pacific Northwest Clique!

North Sealth, West George

VOL. 1 ISSUE #6 DEC. 1982
A PLACE, A CONCEPT, AND NOW

"THE EXORCISM OF CATHY CUNNING"

IT WAS A DARK AND WINDY NIGHT AND I WAS BEFORE MY ALTERED WITH RECENTLY ARRIVED DIP STINES. AS I READ I BECAME TROUBLED. THERE WAS SOME THREAT, SOME LINE OF THOUGHT COMING TO SEVERAL OF THE STINES BUT I COULDN'T PUT MY FINGER ON IT. I WENT BACK THROUGH THE LETTERS FROM NEW PLAYERS AND SIMPLY SAW THE SAME CONFUSION I MYSELF HAD GONE THROUGH A YEAR AGO.

AND THEN I FOUND IT. TRACES OF DIP DEMONS! IT WASN'T THE CLEAR, STRONG SIGN LEFT BY THE ARCH-DEMONS SUCH AS BERNIE, SACHS, WALKER OR BEACH.

RATHER IT WAS THE SPOOR OF A PAIR OF LETTER DEMONS.

MY FIRST CLUES CAME IN A LETTER TO D.B.M. IT WAS FROM AN ARIZONA "VALLEY GIRL". CATHY CUNNING. SHE STATED THAT SHE WAS CHARMED BY HIS ELUSIVE QUALITIES ANYONE WHO FOLLOWS N.S.W.G. 2 KNOWS THAT TO BE A VERY THIN CHARADE.

ERIC THE ORC IS KNOWN TO BE ONE OF DIPLOMACY'S MOST EVIL LEADER DEMONS.

ONLY THE FACT THAT HE HAS VERY LOW HIT POINTS ALLOWS HIM TO BE HELD AT BAY.

BUT IF IT HAD BEEN JUST ERIC I WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN OVERLY CONCERNED. A THREAT TO DAD MOUTH HIM IN A STINE AND HE DISAPPEARS IN A CLOUD OF CONFUSION.

JOHN "THE WIMP" CARUSO

The Ten Toady Commandments by Jim Burgess

- 1) Thy Toad is thy master. He hast brought thee out of the land of ignorance, out of the bondage that enslaves he who will not serve. Thou shalt hace no others before thy Toadymaster(s).
- 2) Thou shalt not make unto thee a graven image, nor any likeness of any toadymaster that is in heave above (eg. the St. Boardman?), or that is in the earth beneath (eg. Bernie Oaklyn?), or that is in the water under the earth (eg. Allan Calhamer? anyone remember him??): thou shalt not bow down thyself indiscriminately unto them, but serve them as thou wouldst wish to be served thyself.
- 3) Thou shalt not take the name of thy Toadymaster in vain.
- 4) Remember the szine day, to keep it holy. Six days thou shalt labor, but on the seventh day thou shalt keep up with all thy szines and all thine correspondence, for the seventh day is a sabbath unto thy Toadymaster.
- 5) Honor thy Toad, lest thy days be numbered in the land thy Toad has granted thee.
- 6) Thou shalt not kill (ie. snuff thy Toads).
- 7) Thou shalt not commit adultery (ie. toady for one Toad at the expence of another).
- 8) Thou shalt not steal thy Toadymaster's supply centers.
- 9) Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy fellow players (ie. never lie).
- 10) Thou shalt not covet anything that thy Toadymaster possesses.

Top Toady Resigns in Disillusionment

The question may be asked: with the demise (sad but justified) of DBM, who takes over the Toady custodianship? Alas the question has been rendered moot. Actually it could be judged a cause for rejoicing in some quarters. Yes my dear friends, the Toadies are no more (time for cheering &/or crying). As of the publication date of this article I am officially no longer either a toady or certainly (if I ever really was) Toady of the Year. Toadyism is certainly dead. One only has to look around at all the former toadies to see that they are just not doing the job any longer. Even the legendary Bob Olsen has taken a decidedly non sycophantic stance of late.

So what has happened? Why has Toadyism died? The answer has three main parts. Let me deal with each one in order.

The first reason has been best explained in the four page Guest Lunatic section of the latest KK. I don't want to rehash too much but basically the point is that Toadyism has been a fad whose time is past. This has become more and more clear to me and others as 1983 has dawned. The truth of this approach is uncontested but let us probe deeper into the nature of Toadyism as part of the never ending search for truth.

This brings us to the second reason. Also published in this noble szine are the 10 Toady Commandments. Never before have all 10 commandments been published together but when looked at in such an aggregated light, the problems of the toady become clear. It would be a formidable task for any member of the hobby to live up to just one of those commandments all the time. Think about it! Haven't you (at least once) stolen that supply center with lame excuses like, "I just couldn't pass it up. It was so close I could taste it,"? How many times have you slipped ever so slightly in the trust of your toadymaster? "But I only miswrote the order a little bit...I thought for sure you said that army was going to Switzerland..." Well? Is it any wonder that the toadies have given up in the face of such an impossible task? After all you can only lick and suck for so long before the tongue gets tired (that happens whether you're licking boots or...whoops this is a family szine isn't it?).

The last reason is the most compelling and prompts even as stubborn a toady as I to give up the fight and resign. I'm sure some of my toadymasters must be quite upset (then again perhaps not) by this article. I have notified most of you in advance so as not to shock you too much. I just want to reassure you that the health of the hobby as a whole is my only concern. Toadies are destructive and a drain on the hobby. As evidence I cite most of your feelings concerning our dear friend Bernie Oaklyn and his collection of toadies (and some sat pseudonyms, but that point is irrelevant to the debate, except to pose the deep philosophical question: Can one be one's own toady? And if so, can nobody do it better?). Is the quality of a Dip game improved by the presence of toadies? The obvious answer is that although toadies may be amusing for awhile (and I'm sure that I could cite 1000 or so Mark Berch articles that belabor this point to a deathly stare), eventually they take everything out of the game. Again to paraphrase dear Mr. Berch, this game (and perhaps all games) is predicated on the desire of all players to win the game. We all know that the best games are those where all players are trying their damndest to pull out a victory. I wonder if incidence of multi-player draws can be tied to the incidence of toadyism (unless it's just a game of "let the Toadymaster win")?

I leave boring problems like this for Mark to solve. If this issue is ever dealt with in Dip Digest though, be sure not to bother to tell me about it.

So it seems clear. The death of Toadyism was both inevitable and healthy for the hobby. I urge all of you to join me in renouncing this scourge on the reputation of Dipdom. It's our hobby and it's up to us to save it. In that spirit and for all of the aforementioned reasons I hereby resign as Toady of the Year.

Most sincerely, James F. Burgess

So...what next you say? First of all I thank you for publishing all of the material that I've written for the szine. You've been a most agreeable publisher. As you know, I heartily support your decision to close down DBM though I shall miss it immensely. It always has been my favorite szine (this is all straight...I think). Thank you for all your effort. Let's see ...other than that I think I'm about done. Good luck & I hope we can stay in touch. We're still playing in a couple of games together. May Cutter's courage of new discovery remain with you always. Take care.

Sincerely, Jim-Bob (for at least a few more mcs. before the trek back to R.I.)

THOSE GOOD OL' LE FRONT DAYS

(Harvard Press) Eric, you have been so nice to me of late that I thought I would return the favor by gracing your game with a little token of my esteem. Without further ado...

Eric Ozog ... The Early Years (an excerpt) by: Mike D'Artagnan Mazzer [[from Le Front, Ausust 29, 1980]]

The story really begins the day that little Eric, age 9, was coming home from the market with a load of groceries for his sainted father, Louis J. "Lousy Louie" Ozogini, when he spied an elderly lady gasping for breath in an alley, the victim of a mugging. A large knife was imbedded deep between her shoulder blades, blood pouring on the street. Eric immediately rushed to her assistance. Grasping the hilt of the knife, he carefully worked the blade first up and down, then laterally and finally gave the knife several slow twists, until the blade had firmly worked itself free. Eric felt deep satisfaction at the old lady's screams of gratitude. Little did Eric know that he was being observed by a distinguished looking passerby. This was Bernie Oaklyn, in town for a day to visit his Chicago mail drop. Eric, remembering his first aid, took some Morton's Salt from the grocery bag and began applying some to the old lady's wound. Oaklyn made a quick note in his pad and then called the boy over.

"Son," he said, "Would you like to come with me and learn a new game called Diplomacy?"

"Sure!" said Eric, sensing his destiny, "et's go!"

"Aren't you forgetting something?" said Bernie, looking back at the old lady.

"Oh yeah!" said Eric, and he quickly snapped the old lady's spine, putting her out of her misery. After giving the corpse a few quick kicks in the groin, he happily trotted back to Bernie.

"I like your style, lad," said Bernie, and, arm in arm, they strolled off into history.

[[Below is press by Dwayne Shreve, from two early issues of Le Front]]

(Chicago) (Near Race Avenue) Berny, I wuz walkin long bouts the road athinkin what you says to me, sayin my inglish wuzn't too goddam good when all of a sudden I sees this dumb looking blond feller whut sez to me,

"Spare change? Gotsa buy some food." So I sez, "Eric, yas got some gall askin me ifn I got some change when yas sees I just left the liquor store."

So the sumbech growls for a while and then admits to me that he really gotsta have some money so he can talk an write like how Bernie likes, only hes too proud to admit like he wantsta finish 4th grade and dont want nobody to no.

Then my mind is made up. I sez to the sumbich, "Sumbich, dont matter what no Berny Oakly sez to yas or might sez. Yas gotta be yourself no matter how dumb everybody else knows you for."

(Brackley Press) (via France) During my recent visit to Chicago, I had occasion to stop by the pleasant vacant lot at 1526 N. Lawler. Seeing some children playing ball there, I asked about Eric Ozog.

"You mean ol' blackheart?" was the response, "cops made his take his tent and syringes and move on. Have you tried the pool hall on West Race?"

I decided to give up on Eric and pay Shreve a visit. Driving up to 5850 W. Race, I parked in front of the currency exchange and rear of the Soul Food restaurant. Paying a persuasive adolescent \$5.00 to watch my car, I sauntered up to the front door of the house. After a short wait, I was ushered in by a massive 140 lb hulk whom I assumed to be Shreve himself, and indeed I was right.

A truly gracious host, he offered me a bottle of Ripple and some sort of thin cigarret. I accepted the bottle and noticed some kind of creature with fangs, growling and injecting a syringe into his arm in a dark corner of the room.

"Forgive Eric. He's had a rough day at the pool hall. Funny how he manages to keep his sense of humor. He's just terrible when he's in a bad mood."

"Yes, I can imagine," I said, wishing I'd brought a gun.

"Fortunately, he managed to cheer himself up by torturing some small animals while on the way over here."

"We all need something to do," I said, edging toward the door. "Well, I must be off." I left, ignoring the contented growls coming from Eric's direction.

All in all, it was an interesting trip and only one thing bothers me. They have promised to visit me as soon as Eric needs to be cheered up again!!

((With this gloomy thought hanging heavily over his ... head, Bernie left town, planning his return and its dastardly objectives.))

Gangster priests recruit a new member to the Moonies by Eric Ozog

In the old days of the original Chicago Clique, its founding fathers took any means necessary to bring more people into the Chicago area hobby to make Chicago a force to be reckoned with once again. Why wait for fate to bring in more people in the local hobby when there were more direct means available?.....

.....The decaying 1971 Lincoln Continental swerved to avoid a taxi cab racing the wrong way on Clinton Street. His eyes blinded by the approaching headlights, Shreve turned the wheel hard to port and the old grey battleship steamed up onto the sidewalk, almost smashing into a loading dock guardrail of the U.S. Postal Service Motor Vehicals Facility.

"Sheeze, shit! That son of a bitch almost done us in!" cried Shreve, bringing the car to a lurching halt. One thing Shreve could count on, the old mother had new brakes and the funny part was, Ozog's head had nearly become the new hood ornament, duh huh!

Osuch rolled down the back window and pointed his revolver toward the yellow taxi's dust/exhaust trail. Lischett grabbed his arm before he fired and chided, "Hey man, he's long gone. Save it for later." Osuch stared his baggy-eyed stare at Andy/Big Bird, but he did put his gun away.

Once Shreve recovered his nerve, they continued on, circling around the block to Canal Street and under the Eisenhower, then stopping at the expressway's entrance ramp. Sure enough, the same old black man was still there as usual, sitting right outside of Lemmy's Hot Dogs, sipping his evening coffee. He was there every day, a common street beggar, garbed in a rotting fur overcoat. He wouldn't cause anyone harm, not even the cruel-hearted ones at the local Social Security office. But he might be a prime candidate to become a loyal parishioner if he was at least fed occasionally. The four priests needed one more for the class. Osuch opened the car door and grabbed him.

"Come on buster, you're gonna go to church and learn about Dip."

"Huh, whadad ah do!?! Don't wanna do no dipshit, leave me aloooone!!!" He was a creaky, worn out old codger, but boy could he scream.

Osuch put an end to it immediately by giving him a big bear hug, crushing the victim and his coffee cup. Ozog shoved him in the back seat. Andy bound and gagged him and Shreve hit the gas. The whole operation was pulled off with the precision and quickness of a traffic light changing colors.

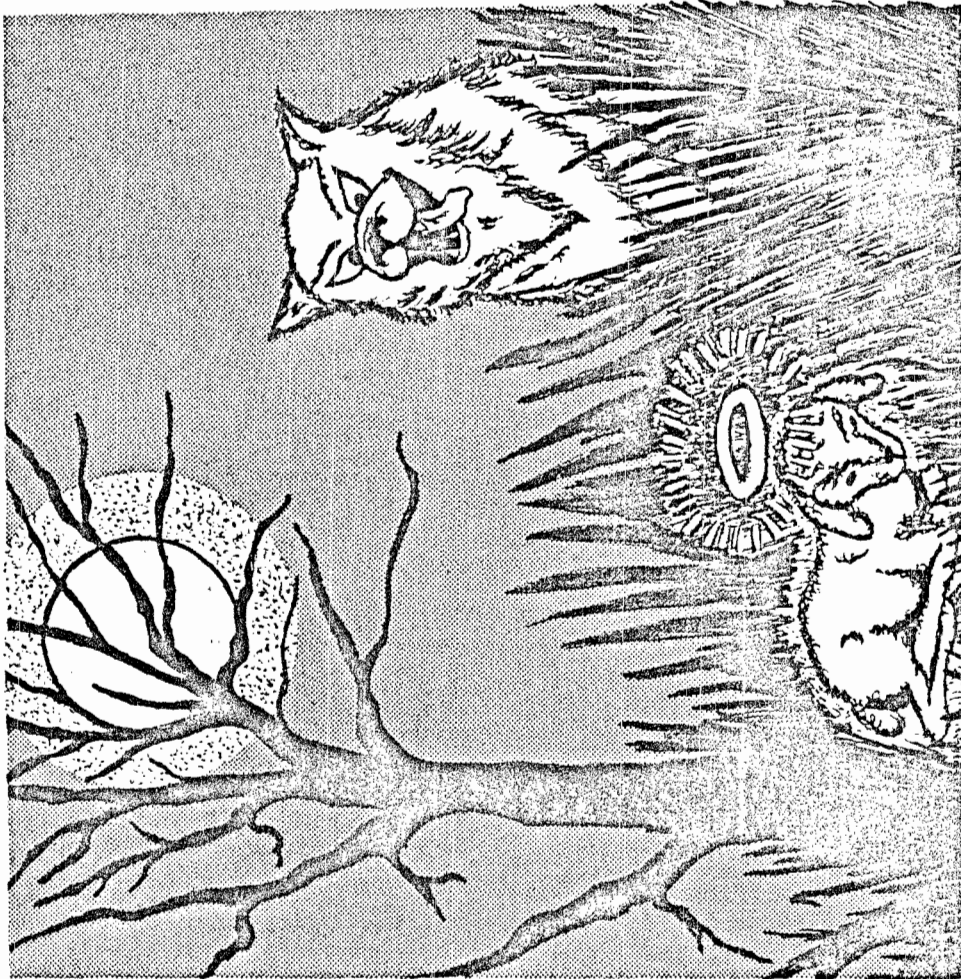
Nobody in Lemmy's even raised an eyebrow. Even the cop sitting on his three wheeled motorcycle didn't even look up from his newspaper.

Another job well done.

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

[John Boardman-- March 1981]

no more lynching innocent lambs
...until the next full moon, that is.



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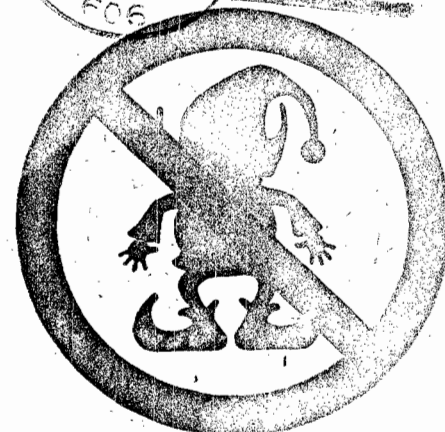
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