

THE OFFICIAL

DIPCON '82

**SOUVINEAR
BOOKLET**

by

MARK BERCH

\$1

16:17

OVER THROW

AUGUST 7, 1982

2

"EVERY
ISSUE
AN EXTRA"

A Yippie Publication

Volume 4, Number 2

One Dollar

SHE'S GONE

THE
MAGAZINE
IS
GONE
FOR
GOOD

Yes, that's right. On the very due-date for this issue, Franke Petersen returned to Germany. She'll be back, though, Next May. And this time for good. So this will be the last time she leaves; the last time we'll be separated; the last good-bye. I should be happy. Why do I feel bad? Please, though, send no condolences. We both knew that one of the consequences of a long-distance relationship is saying good-bye. We both knew what we were in for. We chose each other, and therefore we chose the pain of leaving. We brought it on ourselves.

But enough about me....DRESOME is a journal of postal Diplomacy and other assorted garbage published by SCOTT HANSON, who until the end of the month lives at 817-12th Ave SE #202, Minneapolis MN 55414. But come the month of September, send your fan mail to

1000 UNIVERSITY AVE SE APT 8-1
MINNEAPOLIS MN 55414

My phone number is (612)623-4240, but that will be changing too. Subs to IRK/DOME are 55¢ per issue. This one counts as two. Inside are three subzines; Nos Eisley, Benzene, and Lost Cause. You may want to read Benzene this time because (because why?) he has scooped the world and got the LESGER POLL results. Yes, while the rest of you were complaining about Rod Walker buying the Poll, Mark Lew went and outbid him. So check it out; I'm a bit disappointed in my finish, but IRK is a young zine.

Deadline for next issue is SEPT 4. Don Ditter note that SICK ends this issue. Inside are BLIN, 82S and 82T.

GAME OPENINGS: BLIND POST CARD is full and has started
1w(see \$3) Oivan, Jones, Appleton, Wall, Bowen need 2
2w(see \$5) Falter, Slaughter, Frueh, Bowen need 3
also I'm opening a WINNER'S GAME--must have a total of 2 wins or draws
adding up to 2 wins to play. This will be a 2w game. Write if interested.

STANDBY LIST: McCloud Ehli Carter Sherwood* Keller Slaughter Tighe Ditter*
Martin Lew* PByrne* Frueh Ellis Dailey Kane Noto Woodson Woody.
standbys get a free issue 3 times a year. You may ask for only
small positions. I'm adding one issue to each of their subs now

FREE ISSUES 3-winners of 82C (Michalski Osuch Slaughter) 2 to winners of 82CK(Keller Ellis Noto Iverson) 2 to stand-by completions(McCloud Noto Keller) 3 to typed articles this issue (Parlmutter) 1 to untyped arts(Frueh Becker)

The Desperate Man stood atop his soapbox once more, this time on a corner of the Big Apple. 8th Ave and 42nd St. The Heart of the worm in the Apple. Most people whizzed by the nude, thin, tall man. Not caring that this moment would be henceforth referred to as:

LOST CAUSE II: THE SEQUEL

"You didn't listen. I warned you but you didn't listen. Now you will certainly pay the price for ignorance. For you see, I have with me yet another list of Lost Causes. Before I began reading I must ask you to please refrain from interrupting me. Interruptions make me angry and you wouldn't like me when I'm angry, so please save your questions for later."

The crowd assembled near the nude man continued to ignore him. A policeman on horseback rode by. A cabbie was yelling obscenities at a man who was trying to get a free ride back to Philadelphia.

The nude man shouted to the teeming masses:

- LOST CAUSE #1: Dick Martin and Julia Glass having a normal relationship.
(Bear witness to the bastion of normalcy: The Desperate Man)
- LOST CAUSE #2: Scott Hanson and the Eckernforde Frau deciding where to live.
- LOST CAUSE #3: Eric Ozog trying to get laid via USPS.
- LOST CAUSE #4: Irksome being published past issue number 25.
- LOST CAUSE #5: Trying to cheat the Mind reading Krulzens on Denebola Sigma IV.
(There is an elderly & blind Krul near the spaceport that you can take undue advantage of without him going Senn but that's another story.)
- LOST CAUSE #6: Playing a roleplaying game at a tourney without running into 47th level teenagers.
- LOST CAUSE #7: This years Leader Poll.
- LOST CAUSE #8: Woody eating a tropical fish dinner at Long John Goldfish's.
- LOST CAUSE #9: TAKING OVER a one center Italy in 07 and expecting to win.
- LOST CAUSE #10: Becoming a famous writer via dipzinas.
- LOST CAUSE #11: Playing Diplomacy with 'Third Reich' rules.
- LOST CAUSE #12: Playing 'Third Reich' with Candyland rules. (Uncle Wiggly much better)

LOST CAUSE #13:A WIGADOO meeting.

LOST CAUSE #14:The entire staff of...

A voice from the crowd interrupted the Desperate Man's monologue. "Say, you started with Lost Cause #1 last time. Shouldn't you have begun with Lost Cause #18 this time?"

The desperate man ran. The crowd responded as a mob. They chased him down 42nd Street to Times Square. The nude man ran down an IRT subway station, leaped over two teenage token suckers and got on the first train that pulled into the station.

He turned and looked out the window and saw the mob coming down the stairs to the station. The subway doors closed just as the crowd reached the train. He chortled at them as the train began moving. Then he turned around and saw the entire 96th Street gang of The Clean Wholesome Association Of Youthful Human vivisectionists And Other Atrocities. The leader of the pack was a handsome, well-mannered chap with a nine inch bloody dagger which he tossed from hand to hand while smiling viciously at the new passenger. "Well what you got to say for yourself before we dissect you?"

"LOST CAUSE #15:Finding a transit cop when you really need one."

The young man stopped smiling and cocked his head at a funny angle. "What were the first fourteen lost causes?" he asked.

"LOST CAUSE #16:The Desperate Man bluffing his way out of this mess."

The youth, now with a worried look on his face, asked. "Say, Mister, are you crazy? Whydontchagotnoclotheson?"

"LOST CAUSE #17:The Desperate Man expecting to get mercy as this band of harlequins assails his person with wicked looking apparently poorly sharpened skinning blades."

"This guy is a nut. Toss him out at the next station."

Two toughs grabbed the desperate man by the arms. One of them said, "Well, nut, looks like you get off easy."

"There are still game openings as no one has responded. Three dollars for a regular game of Diplomacy, Irksome house rules. Two dollars for an irregular game of Diplomacy, no refunds given."

"Whats he talkin about?"

"I dunno. Nut talk."

"There will also be a letter column which in no way will reflect on Scott Hanson."

"Whats that mean?"

"I don't know but if you keep listnin to this nut talk you'll go nuts too."

"Occasionally you will find a story. It could be about anything from NRC712888 to misguided trolls to subway toughs."

"I think he's talkin about us."

"I toldya not to listen to him! Ya wanna go bananas?"

"Contributions to the Lost Cause List will be accepted. Donors will remain anonymous. Also Anyone interested in starting a pbw game of TSR Divine Right please contact me. Never trust anyone who carries a nine inch bloody dagger."

"Hey, he's right ya know. How can we trust Fearless Leader Ericane when he's got a nine inch bloody steel dagger?"

"Ah, shift. Now I got two nuts I gotta throw out!!"

"Be sure to look for the further adventures of the Desperate Man in Just Among Friends, published monthly by al pearson(AKA Cowboy Hat), Box 898, Charles' Town, WV 25414."

"A nine inch bloody steel dagger cutting your flesh away as you beg for death from your captors. I can just feel the blade entering the skin cutting the blood vessels, severing nerves, slicing through vital organs, down to the bone. And the blood getting everywhere but you don't care because you can't think of anything but the pain..."

"Ok, nuts, we're just about at Canal Street. You can get out there."

"And another thing. I don't know where this Michowski fellow gets his information about Mos Eisley Spaceport. Take it from somebody who's been there. It ain't half as bad as Denebola Sigma IV or even the Star Bar Dive on Ophiucus. All right so there's a fight every now and then and someone gets a little sliced up."

"...and the guts are lying all over the floor and still the nine inch bloody steel dagger continues through tissue and sinew and you writhe in agony and it feels like every nerve fibre is on fire and you know that when you die they will dump your body into..."

"Canal Street at last. BYE BYE NUTS!!!" The subway tough gives the nude man and the former tough a shove and they land in a tangle at the base of a filthy orange looted candy machine.

The train carrying the gang left the station and the nude man at last stands up and walks away.

He passes a sign that says SEND CORRESPONDENCE TO GREGORY STEWART, 618 SHORT DICKEY, GREENFIELD, OHIO 45123.

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GOPHER HOLE SICK PEACE PREVAILS AS LAST FOUR SURVIVORS FINALLY AGREE TO A TRUCE

So much for sorry intros...let's take a look at the state for this slugfest; after all, I have to print them for Dippy Don.

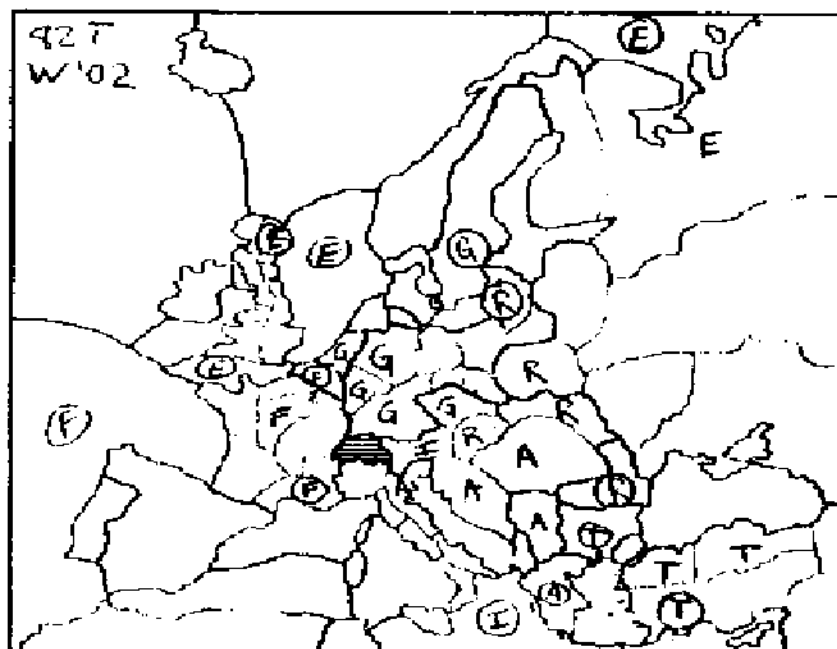
GAME: 1981CK ZINE: DRXSOME1 GM: Scott Hanson

	01	02	03	04	05	06	07	08	09	10	11	
A	4	3	1	1	0	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mark Cummings(dro FO3); GD(out FO5)
E	4	5	5	6	7	6	5	6	6	9	10	Randy Ellis(DRAW W11)
F	5	4	4	2	0	-	-	-	-	-	-	Jim Kostenick(out FO5)
Q	5	7	7	8	9	9	9	10	11	10	8	Bob Forman(dro 307); Mark Keller(DRAW W11)
I	4	5	7	9	9	10	10	8	4	1	0	Phyllis Byrne (out F11)
R	6	6	5	3	4	4	5	5	7	8	9	Omar Garcery(res FO3); Jeff Moto(DRAW W11)
T	4	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	6	6	7	Ken Iverson (DRAW W11)

Q-played 2 short

Congrats all around to the guys; consolation prize to Phyllis for sticking around so long against opposition on all sides. I'll print endgame statements next issue, due Sept 4.

SPECIAL EXPORT B2T WINTER 1902 AND IT STILL DOESN'T MAKE SENSE



seasons were separated upon request; normally one request isn't enough, but one request with a good argument did it. please note that unless I say seasons will be separated with one request, it's a good idea to include tentative orders with your request--otherwise if the separation doesn't go through, you're up NMR creek...

AUS A via r BUD; GER A bur r RUH.

AUSTRIA(Rusnak): Even.
ENGLAND(Frueh): Bld F EDI.
FRANCE(McCloud): Bld F PAR.
GERMANY(Spink): Bld A NSE.
ITALY(Frueh/Slaughter): res A alb.
RUSSIA(Dailay): Even.
TURKEY(Ehli): Bld F SMY.

Note that the Italian player is now Rick Slaughter--he's moved to 725 Cherry Lane, Flora IL 62839. Michael Spink has resigned; would MARK KELLER 9536 Shumway Dr, Orangetown CA 95662 please assume the position.

Deadline for S'03 is Sept 2. See note on my own OOA, in ROAD TO RUIN notes.

PRESS

PARIS-WORLD: The world should note that, according to the house rules by which we are governed, press may be datelined from another player's name, country, hometown, or anywhere except another player's home centers. I must regrettably inform you that I cannot take credit for the several items datelined "FRA" in recent issues, nor for the one datelined "McCloud" in Fall, 1902. So, Mike, it is someone else to whom your thanks are owed. The true author, in addition to considerable erudition and a nice command of language, seems to be obsessed by Kipling.

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WOULDN'T YOU RATHER HAVE A BMW THAN THE OWN PRESS?

TRUK-RUSSIA: Just keeping you honest.

KEVIN-MARK: Can I get two bites for a bump? Hey, if you pay my game fee I'll suicide out to ya.

FRUEH-RUSMAK: Yes, I made sure I wrote correct orders. I wouldn't want to screw up for you, would I? Oh, yes, did you keep Rumania? Wouldn't it be terrible if Kevin got Greedy, eh? Or anyone else (hah-hah)?

ANKARA-GERMANY: Nice comeback Eric, you've got my vote for Diplomat of the year.

MARK FRUEH INTERVIEWS SCOTT DALLAY

MARK: Thanks Scott for talking with me today (Scott nods) I just thought, I mean, we would feel safer if we met in a public place (they are at a city park.)

SCOTT: Oh yes, I come here all the time to meet little boys.

MARK: Right, I guess...tell me Scott, why do you shave your legs?

SCOTT: I just can't stand to have my stockings, or my so...cling to my slender legs.

MARK: Okay, I need to get going soon, but they tell me you're a Navy recruiter. Is that true?

SCOTT: Yes it is, I feel it's my duty to get as many young men inside the Navy. I just love to teach the young sailors about submarines and drinking.

MARK: What do you know about submarines and drinking?

SCOTT: With submarines, I'm an expert on going down on any torpedo. And with drinking I will always finish with my bottom up.

MARK: Good-bye, Scott, sorry, but I'm training for the Boston Marathon and I gotta run.*

SCOTT: Gee, just when I was beginning to like him.

*Run like hell, away from the quest.

GMruh, like I always say...I don't write it, I just print it.

COA: Mark Frueh (eff 8/21) 214 Henry Rust House, 115 N Orchard, Madison WI 53715

Jeff Note (eff 8/13) 4040 SW 17 Pl, Apt D, Gainesville FL 32607

LATE NOTE: Scott Dailay's orders arrived late--he's moved to 325 N Cedar Dr, Covina

CA 91722. It is temporary.

ROAD TO RUIN GLIN SPRING 1905 NOTHING BUT GREY SKIES DO I SEE

W'OH: AUS bld A VIE; ENG bld A LOW; FRA A pie r TIO, bld A MAR; RUS A stp r FIN, bld A SEV.

AUSTRIA(McCloud) F lon-TIS; F neg-ION; F gra-ALS; A bul-SER; A VIE-tyr; A kis h(d,ann); A BER s A kis; A MUN H(S A SIL); A war-QAL.

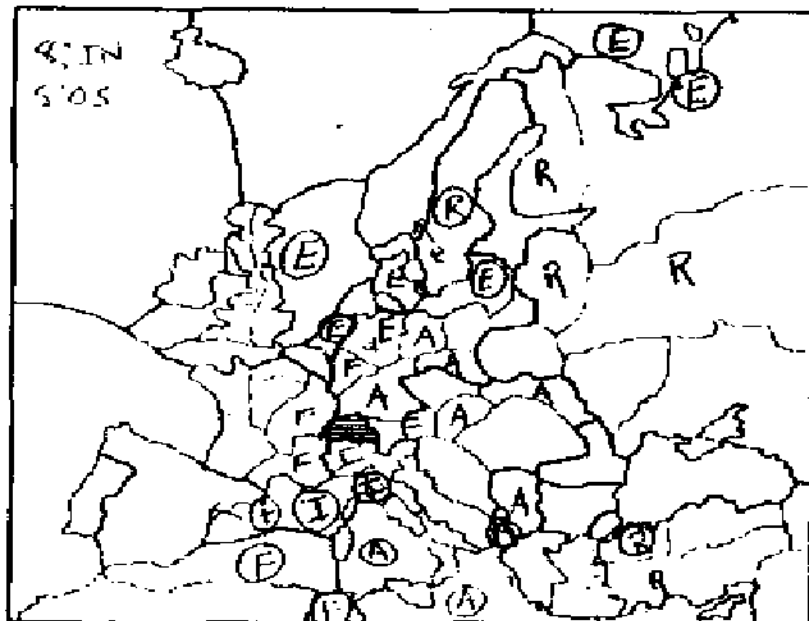
ENGLAND(Sherwood)///A den-KIE(S F HOL); F BAL-bary A lon-DEM(C F NTH); F STP(NE) H(S F BAR); A sup h(d,r neg,OTB); FRANCE(Keller)///A BUR-mug(S A RUH); A PAR-pia; F lya s A war-pie(d,r spa,OTB); A TIO s A war-pie; F TUN H(S F WES.); ITALY(Falter)///A PIR-war; F tyr-LYO; F TUS S F tyr-lyo. RUSSIA(Tighe)///F bot-SNE(S A FIN); A mos-LVN; A sev-MOS; F COM H(S A SMT).

Deadline for Fall 1905 is SEPT 2.

GM'S CHANGE OF ADDRESS****
note to GLIN & 82T

Yes, I'm moving again on Sept. 2. This shouldn't affect you too much since the deadline is the next day. All my mail will be forwarded, but it adds 3 days to the delivery time. If you have late orders, send them too

1000-University Ave SE Apt 8-2
Minneapolis MN 55404



ROAD TO RUIN PRESSES ON

PICTURE PRESS: This is example #3 of "Ten Ways to Win Allies When All Else Fails," a new book by Ozag & Sherwood. Word is out that they themselves posed for this photo. Amazing.

ENGLAND-RUSSIA: Ocar Flowers was a personal drifter who's moved on to other pastures to sow his seeds of discontent.

GM-ENGLAND: May the rootworm of deceit infest your fields of trust.

LOW-OM: Why did you slip in that picture of Frauke in my last picture press? That's not the fine dignified picture of the great Ocar Tighe I sent in!

OM-LOW: Ah, well, she insisted, so what could I do?

TIGHE-MCCLLOUD: In last month's Special Export quiz, Struther Martin is the correct answer, not Paul Newman. I hope you get your mind right, Larry.

GM-TIGHE: You might want to read this month's Special Export Press...

ENGL-OM: Congrats on Best Germany at Origins!! I'm sure Frauke is very proud.

OM-ENGL: Thanks, but I think Frauke is still smarting from what Mainardi did to her...

PARIS-OM: Keep the waps.

OM-MOSCOW: Take that, Tighe!



TEENAGE WASTELAND 82C ENDGAME STATEMENTS

John Michalski—3 way draw (Russia): I'm glad the draw passed. I enjoyed working with both France and Turkey, so I'm glad we didn't have to slug it out. I stabbed Turkey because I know he enjoys the "thrills" of endgame moves, which I detest. I like taking the 1/3 and moving on. Glad to see my way worked this time.

D.S. Falter—(Italy): This one ended with the country assignments. Michalski and Osoch, as usual, proved that a solid RT is unbeatable. I can't say I played a great game and certainly can't say it would have made any difference if I had. Congrats to Rick Slaughter for a most competent France.

Jeff Moto—(Germany)

This game is a perfect example of how quickly the German cookie can crumble when allies are nowhere to be found. The game started out with a quick letter from England asking for an alliance. Russia wrote asking for neutrality, and France's first letter did not arrive until the Spring '01 deadline day.

All went well until Fall '01 when Woodson ordered A Wal-Bud instead of going to London for a spring '02 convoy. I figured that he was going to build FLon, so I asked Slaughter for an alliance. He said o.k., so I thought I'd be all right.

Well, Winter '01 rolls around and I see F Lon and A Par. So now I go to Michalski (hat in hand, I might add) asking for an alliance. He said yes. However, upon looking at the board a second time, he decided a German ally that was about to be attacked by E/F wasn't going to be much help, so he joined in on the feast and, thanks to my help, got the largest part of the German holdings.

My congratulations to all three victors, particularly John. A lot of people consider him to be nothing more than Kathy Byrne's stooge, but he's one of the smartest players around.

As to the press, with the exception of the season that Scott sent my copy of the results to the wrong address, I submitted press every season. Oh, yes; I was the one who asked for the Spring '01 delay, due to the fact that I thought I'd be living at a new address once the New Year started.. Thanks to Scott for running this game, maybe I can do better next time.

you've seen the ads

10

you sat through the movie

NOW! read all the gory details!

WE WENT TO NEW YORK CITY...AND LIVED TO TELL ABOUT IT

I mean, who goes to New York anymore? Like Saturday Night Live says, it is the most dangerous city in America. It's hot in the summer, cold in the winter, dirty all the time, and the people are, to put it lightly, are not very nice. Those were the stories I had heard. But I had to find out for myself. So when Kathy Byrne and John Caruso extended an invitation to Frauke and I...well, who am I kidding, they demanded that we come out and visit them. How could we turn down such charm and grace.

So we arranged to stay in Flushing the week before Origins. Of course, first we had to get out there. Being poor students, we decided to take the bus. After all, 27 hours isn't really all that long, and we had each other for company. So we survived the trip.

We arrived at the Port Authority—what a strange name for a bus station. I always thought ports were for boats! The place was a madhouse. There was even this poor short woman running around from bus to bus asking total strangers where they were from. We felt sorry for her, until we looked closer and saw she was wearing a "Ralph the Gnome" T-shirt. Then we knew that she was our host.

She led us outside into the typical NYC summer weather—hot, hazy and humid. Our body metabolisms were just adjusting to the heat and pollution when this crazy guy with a camera jumped in front of us and took our picture, then ran off. Frauke may disagree with me, but I don't think I'm that good looking to begin with—and then with all the hours on the bus and the sudden heat, I was really a sight for sore eyes. I made some comment about strange people in NY when Kathy said, "Oh don't mind him, that's just Caruso." I later found out that he was acting a little funny because Kathy made him stay in the car while she waited for our late bus.

As we drove across Queens towards Flushing, we rode on what was to become one of my favorite spots in NY—the Long Island Expressway. The locals call it the world's longest parking lot. I couldn't believe it...it was 1 pm on a Saturday, and the highway was still packed! At least in the Twin Cities the people are considerate and only have traffic jams during rush hour. We were to ~~find~~ park the expressway several times that week.

Please don't take it wrong when I say the first thing I wanted to do when I got to Kathy's was to take a cold shower. The weather was very warm.

That night we had a surprise for Frauke—a real German Oktoberfest! So what if it was July and they had a polish band, there was an Oktoberfest in Flushing. I could tell Frauke was touched...

The next day, Sunday, we all went to the beach, except for John, who typed Whitestonia. Problem was, everyone else in NY went to the beach, too. It was closed when we got there, but the road was too crowded to turn around. The guy at the parking lot told us to drive through and go home. How stupid could they be. Of course we parked & went to the beach without paying the \$3 fee. That should teach them to trust Myers or Dip players.

I should take time now to tell about Kathy's dear children. Actually, the dear one wasn't home...she was in Ohio staying with some guy named Heinowski, so we got stuck with Frank and Phyllis. Frank is short, obnoxious, and talks a lot. I never saw Kathy smile so as when we dropped Frank off at her uncle's for two weeks. But Phyllis...she's intelligent, sweet kind...if Frauke ever left me, I'd take her in an instant. But she's in love with Rick Springfield. Poor deluded child. She's also a nasty FTF player. Dipcon had better look out when her parents let her go to the tournament.

We picked a bad time to go to NY for two reasons (1) the weather, and (2) it was Whitestonia deadline. I suppose helping put out a zine is a small price to pay for lodging. Even if it was 90° inside, and you can't type for 2 minutes without sweat dripping off your elbows. We wrote a couple boring articles and they were happy.

Monday was still hot, and we went to the beach again. We paid this time. That night Woody and Lousy arrived. They said they were going to Origins, and that Flushing was right on the way. They weren't even joking! After all NY is between Philly and Baltimore, or it would be if there was an earthquake.

Tuesday, well, we got Franke in her first Dip game. This is a story that must be told. The first game she drew Russia. (This is Gunboat, by the way... no negotiating.) First thing she attacks me in Turkey. (But I did try for Russia, so I guess I provoked her.) Next she attacks Woody in Eng. Smart girl. But the very next game year she goes after Kathy in Germany and Lousy in Aus. A Russia with four enemies is a bit too much. She said she just didn't keep track of whose dots she was going after. She had the general idea, and if we could get her to only attack one or at most two countries at one time, she'd be in business.

The next day we were all real tourists and went to the UN, meeting a friend of Franke's (one of her classmates visiting the US). We made fun of the tour, but we didn't really have a good time. We decided that Manhattan makes you grouchy. We hopped on the subway, except Kathy takes us to the wrong one...and I thought Ouch getting lost in Chicago was bad...but we do get back to Flushing to find Bruce waiting for us. That night we play Gunboat Dip and Franke's Franco took Venice from Bruce in 1901. We all knew she'd do alright at Dipcon.

Thursday...Bruce went on to Baltimore, and Woody and Lousy went back to Philadelphia. Kathy took Franke and to Belmont Race Track. It was a real treat as I had never bet on horses before...it's not legal in Minn. And we really spent big bucks, \$2 a race. Franke & I decided to take turns betting...I bet to place in my 3 races and pick the second place horse each time. Kathy was doing alright as well, and for the last race the favorite was named "Hangover Yank." With all the beer we were drinking, we could turn that name down. Kathy and I each bet across the board on him, and even Franke, who had rotten luck until then, had to bet. The 3 of us had \$14 on one horse, really high stakes for us. Of course Hangover Yank won. His odds were 8-5, so we didn't exactly make a killing, but we felt good.

That night Gregg Fritz stopped by for the night. He endeared himself to Kathy and Franke by saying women couldn't play Dip, but they were merciful and didn't kill him right away. We should have gone to bed early to prepare for your trip, but we played Rail Baron instead.

The next day we had a big decision to make...whose car should we take to Baltimore. Kathy's car was small but reliable. John's convertible would be comfortable, but had a history of getting stuck. It had just come from the garage, and had run well. We chose John's car. It was to be a fateful decision.

After getting a cooler full of beer, we took off. The car ran well through Queens and Brooklyn. We crossed the Verazano Bridge. We got in line for the toll. Some guy in front of us couldn't find his change. We sat for over 3 minutes. The car stalled.

When John's car stalls, there is just one thing to do. Let it sit for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour, then while someone (namely, me) holds down the choke, you start it. So we pushed the car through the toll booth and sat. We pushed the car through the Delaware Bridge toll booth at the end of the New Jersey Turnpike. We got stuck 20 miles outside of Baltimore. We got stuck 1 mile from UNBC, the site of the mom. John didn't brag much about his car anymore.

The last time we got stuck, we saw John Daly and Woody pass us. Some friends they are, we thought, but they did come back, and while waiting our customary $\frac{1}{2}$ hour we started drinking. Well, Kathy Franke & I had finished the beer in the cooler, so we had to give Gary one from the trunk. He was riding with Woody. He didn't seem to mind.

pt 2 WE SURVIVED ORIGINS

Once we got John's car going again, we easily coasted in to UNBC, the site of the glorious event. We left the car by a gravel pile, figuring that if it never moved again, it would be a fitting resting place. Woody had spent the entire day getting lost, so he went to check us in to our room. We were in the apartments on the edge of campus. Four-br places, with a limit of 4 people. We had six, and since Lousey stayed with us the first night, we really had seven. Lousey, Woody, Kathy, Caruso, Mainardi, Frauke and I. We were upstairs from Pearson and Co, so we knew we were close to where the action was.

We went to register. The name tags had a little quirk...your age was printed on them. Of course, if you told them to "Mind Your Own Business" like Kathy did, you didn't get a number. But since Frauke and I had told them our ages were 82 and 2, that's what we got. We then wandered over to the publishers seminar. It was supposed to be a fake meeting, set up by Al as a kind of prelude to the WIGADCOO beer bust. But 24 people signed up for the thing, so they had to do something. Turned out most of the Dip players there showed up. Kathy, Woody, Frauke and I weren't interested in the meeting, so we stayed just long enough to say hi to everyone and left in search of people we knew.

It turned out that most of the people we wanted to see were at the meeting anyway, so we went back, just in time to hear Gary use BRISOME as a bad example for some point he was making. Kathy announced to all that she was hungry, and after the meeting she had about 20 people following her for supper. We broke up into different cars and agreed to meet at some place a couple miles down the freeway. I was lucky enough not to end up in Woody's car...they weren't heard from for two hours, and I understand they ended up somewhere on the way to Washington. Frauke and I rode with fellow Minnesotan Don Ditter, who took us to Burger King.

Afterwards was the infamous beer bust. A great party, except for the lack of tans. There was beer, fake DIPLOMACY WURDS, and WIGADCOO Non-membership cards for all. Gary was handing out fun packets of all the junk mail he's gotten in the past year. Kathy was handed a huge trophy for the Nixon Award, complete with the "smoking gun," as well as a T-Shirt. Mark Berch offered to be the ombudsman for THE feud, but Gary wouldn't let him. (Gary's no fun...I don't think he ever understood that the whole thing was a joke.) Frauke found herself being romantically pursued by both Woody and Gary and ended up talking to Konrad most of the night. Roy Benricks was being his fun self...he won the award as Frauke's favorite person at the con. Just as the party was breaking up to go play Kingsmaker on some huge bed-sized board, a bunch of us went upstairs to play Gunboat.

I forget who all was in the game...I drew Tanky, stuck between Gary in Aus and Tom Snider in Rus. I knew I'd never get anywhere with those two for neighbors... Gary thinks I attack him in every game we're in, and since I know he'll attack me anyway, I have to attack him in every game. But I made slow progress and ended up with a draw with Kathy and Porter Wightman. After going to watch the Kingsmaker game for a while and helping Gary make a fool of himself, we went to bed about 3:00.

The next morning was the panel discussion at 10:00. It wasn't that exciting... Rod walker said he'd never try to buy the Leader Poll again. Kathy quit the Orphan Service. Brax told a cute story. We listened to Robert Sacks argue with Glen Taylor. Frauke and I asked a couple of dumb questions just to liven things up. And everyone wanted to know who won the feud. We told them it was a tie, and that we'd be dunking the campaign managers (Woody and Gary). We never got around to it there, but they both will be a Toady-con, so they will get their just desserts. I mean, Kathy and I got a total of 140 votes. Neither of us should be dunked for that.

We ate lunch with Dave Perlmutter, and we convinced him that Frauke was not a terrorist. Then we went to the tournament. A whole ton of people showed up, and it took them forever to get it started. It was scheduled to begin at one, but my board didn't get going until after two. Frauke and Caruso ended up on the same board. Kathy and Perlmutter ended up together with James Alan. I was on the very last board, number 22, and the only person I knew on it was Dave Carter.

ORIGINS SURVIVAL pg 2

I drew France, Dave was Turkey. I ended up allying with a kid from Great Neck, I think his name was Tim Bottoms, ~~EE~~in Germany. I moved against Italy immediately, but got no help so I didn't get very far. Meanwhile, my ally was crushing Eng, and the East was all mixed up. Aus eventually fell, and by end game it was F/O vs RIT. Our alliance was most uneven, he had 11 to my 7, and he could have gotten the win if I stabbed too late. But I never got the chance. Dave proposed the F/O draw, and my ally knew he it was too early to go it alone. The game was over. I got in a two way with just 7 centers.

Meanwhile Frauke had done alright allied to Caruso; she got a seven center survival, but couldn't get in the draw. Kathy had drawn Austria in her game, had been jumped immediately, but now had a stalemate line with her 4 units, Perl's 1 and Russia's 6. They played all night before they'd let her in the draw. A lot of good players were not doing well, Bob Sergeant, Kathy, Ozog, Gary, to name a few.

About this time Frauke, Gary and I were getting thirsty, and were searching desperately for a car to take us to a liquor store. We finally found Porter, and we got there in the nick of time before it closed. Meanwhile we missed the DipCom meeting; more BS was going on there. Sacks was fighting the world, and it was boring. The amendments the old committee proposed were defeated, and Caruso, Pearson and Eric Ozog were elected to the new DipCom committee.

Meanwhile the three of us were sitting drinking beer. Once the meeting was over, a whole crowd came in. They had to send for more beer, and Brax went to redeem all the milkshake coupons that Caruso had copied off and handed out. I understand that Mark Berch was really playing a game of Dip, albeit Gunboat. We started a game of Rail Baron, which ended for lack of consciousness and Frauke and I went to sleep.

Bright and early the next day, at 9 am, the second round started. My ally from the day before ended up on Board One, Caruso was on Board Two, I was on number 3.

Until the final 2 seasons, this was one of the most fun games I had ever played. I was Germany; Ron Brown was England; Ben Schilling, France; Shawn Kelly, Italy; Al Pearson, Austria; Allan Wells, Turkey. I don't remember Russia, but he was out by '03. A secret O/I/A alliance was formed immediately, which would hold the entire game. Meanwhile I won Eng's trust by keeping Rus out of Swa, and with Ita we eliminated France. Meanwhile Al were allied for the moment. I forget who stabbed who once R was gone, meanwhile E was on me to hit I, but I remembered the O/I/A, and stabbed E. He was ready, though, and we stood each other off. It looked like a I/O/E draw, since A hadn't got very far with T.R., would get most of the Turkish centers. Turkey would be out in two seasons.

But Allan Wells remembered something the rest of us had forgotten...the time limit. The games had to be over by 3:00; that is, no game year could begin after 3. So he made sure he stretched the deadlines to the max, and made sure that game year ended at 3:05. We would have had to include him in the draw. None of us wanted a 5-way. The only way we could get around it was to try to force a win. We flipped 3 coins...and I lost. I got to take everyone's centers to force the win. Ron Brown was nice enough to convey me to his centers. So each of my 8 units were in a new center when the game ended. Wells still wouldn't concede. So we went through the procedure to force the win. Of course, all my units were out of position, so my 16 center Germany had to take a 5 way draw. At least we tried. But I was sick; coming down with some ear infection. I was tired. I was hungry. I had a headache. And I'll remember Allan Wells the rest of my life for putting me through that mess ~~into~~ to get in a lousy 5-way.

I did get a best Germany out of the deal, but that was small consolation. Konrad Baumister won the tournament. And I saw Gary PAY him for an exclusive interview in Europe Express. After the stink he put up for an exclusive poll in Diplomacy World, I mean, who does he think he is? I think we should Boycott EE!

Well, that's all I have room for. The results will be out by the end of the month, in the real souvenirbook. I think I might have place in the Top 30. I'll finish my tale next issue, and tell how Frauke directed traffic on the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway.

14 DOUBLE ISSUE ^{would be paper doubler if Scott had made it limited up}
 BENZENE
 FEEDROLL RESULTS

INSIDE: irregular LEADERPOLL RESULTS

MAP.

are not maps fun?

((well wasn't that fun--*Germany is just Martin now, or more specifically, it always has been. ~~xxxxxxx~~ When I first called Dick about being in this he suggested that he play fall and Julie play spring. As near as I can tell, Dick didn't tell Julie about it until the day I phoned them for orders. Julie didn't like the idea so she pulled the phone off the wall and they ~~MM~~red. Something like that; I'm sure the true story will remain clouded with mystery. Just like "Mrs. Feinstein" &c. Anyway, Dick is the sole player. At this rate, when Barno goes to Rochester, we'll have to rename the game, hm? A little GMing quirk arose because Oauch phoned in orders expecting that his mailed ones wouldn't make it in time. He mentioned the mailed ones but didn't say anything about priority with phoned ones. The mailed ones did come on time & were undated. I figured it was pretty clear that the phone



ones took precedence because they were "dated", but I called Brux about it anyway and to my surprise he said he'd use the orders which were common to both sets, but that was okay because the two sets were identical, except for the vote which was botched in the written ones but Brux said in that case the phoned vote counts, which is too bad because if the botched vote counted, rule N would have passed, which was the one which said "all land non-dots become dots, and all dots become un-dots" I was hoping for that rule to pass, if it had, the SSC would have looked like this:

AUS: Y , Y , Y	0	remove 3, OUT
ENG: Y , Y , Y	0	remove 3, OUT
FRA: Y , Y , Y	0	remove 3, OUT
GER: Y , Y , Y , TIO	1	remove 2
ITA: Y , Y , Y , BOH	1	remove 2
RUS: Y , Y , Y , Y , FIN, UKR	2	remove 2
TUR: Y , Y , Y	0	remove 3, OUT

FREE deadline:

AUG 28

would have been much more interesting. Is it happened, only I passed, as you'd know if you counted the letters on the game report. I was the Swiss one. So the list of deviant rules is

1. Technology, add .1 point for year built in
2. Can convert any coastal unit A to F & vv with spring orders.
3. Swiss is passable and in a dot.

New rules proposed:

Q: A volcano erupts in Serbia, charring (eliminating any units there, in Fall 1923)

R: Once during the game, each player may declare last season void and have it replayed.

((But he can't exercise this right if he's out of the game. If the rule is revoked/reversed before you get a chance to use it, tough shit))

S: Builds can be made in any owned center, not just home centers

T: A nice long tunnel (you have to punch a hole through the board) connecting Tyrolia to Yorkshire to allow armies to pass between those two provinces. ((i.e. Tyo & Yor become adjacent)) ((If N had passed last turn, this would be a nice long cave in Yorkshire))

U: Dots no longer count for builds ((but remain victory criteria)) and everyone can build as much as they have empty home centers for

V: Builds & removals take place after both spring and fall turns

W: Units can combine into multiple units. Combining is a separate order, so they don't automatically do so if you get clogged. You cannot uncombine units. You may build multiple units if you have more than one build ((I assume F & A can't combine))

There you have it. If both U & S pass you may build one for every empty dot you have; if both U & V pass we can expect to see a lot of infinite multipleunits built. (making technology irrelevant) remember, Oo plus or times anything equals Oo, so they'd tend to bounce a lot.

I'm asking for spring 1902 next month, but I'll separate with only one request if you give me a good reason (e.g. point out to me why conditionals would be an inordinate amount of work or how it can affect your deviant scheme) If winter is separated, rules still pass and propose as usual, no delay there. The deadline is once again 6 days before Scott's: - Scott, write the deadline, up there by the would-be ass.

I think that's all for the game report, but if I think of something else I'll stuff it in whenever

The big thing to whine about these days is how the Leader poll result is going to be so late. ~~xxxxxx~~when I first heard about it I was pleased because I had put off voting and now I had an extra month. but naturally, come end of July I still hadn't gotten around to it, so I figured what the hell, it'd be original to phone in Leader poll votes, so I called him and to my surprise (why do I get the feeling nobody believes me - I'm serious) he said the results were already done and he could give them to me over the phone if I was interested. Was I? What a scoop. It seems the only thing Rod was going to pay him was a year sub to DM, oh my boy. So when the big stink was raised he said oh yeah, I'll show them and figured up the results and made them available to anyone who asked. But there was no point in going out of his way to let them know about it, right? That, coupled with my good fortune in happening to phone at the right time, is why many of you are probably seeing these for the first time. John said I was the third person he gave the results to, and the first two were Canadians, in ~~xxxx~~ one of his games, who don't publish. I'm sending this to Scooter Special Delivery and he says Irsome will be on time this time, so we can expect 6 to 7 days. When I called John, he said Runestone wasn't quite ready so with mailing from Western Canada, I expect it to take 8 or 9 days, so I've probably even beat Runestone which you should see in a few days.

So I figure I'll fill up some pages with a Michalaskiesque commentary. In general there is a drastic change, with the high the high votes going to the



away from the well-established and attractive zeens, and to the backwaters. I see in this a movement away from the old, conservative zeens. To put it in political terms, zeens such as Tob and EE are a strong and established thesis, but their style has gotten so old that it has stagnated and is being challenged by the younger zeens which are the antithesis (If we wanted to be even more esoteric we could relate it to the primal tribe with the sub-dominants murdering the dominants for the females, and toas in an Oedipus complex, but I'll spare you) Anyway, the only people left who appreciate the established style are the decrepit stalwarts, like Couplan, Lindsay, etc. Though you hear alot about these guys, they aren't a strong voting bloc. The masses instead are the novices, and the backwaters who play their xfew games and don't concern themselves with the In 6 &c. These vote average scores to the establisheds which are what seems ordinary to them, then when they see a dull or an ugly zeen, x they think of it as a novelty (having been reared on attractive zeens) and vote it high. The dominant zeens further drag each other down with low votes, zeros, results of the high amount of rivalry and discord among the In 6 and other stalwarts. That's why, if you're a stalwart (like me) you're first impression of some of the results is surprise, or even disbelief, but if you analyze the movements of the hobby, it all falls together. (and if you're a novice or backwater, it all seems normal) Well, without further ado, here ARE the results.

#1 #1: Didi Master (Mark Larzelere, all I've got here on hand is an old address in MD which I know is wrong; I think he's somewhere in MD or MI now)(subzeen in Coat of Arms)
This one (like almost all the results) seems odd at first, but makes perfect sense. DM appeals to everyone - the sub-dominants vote it high because they think it's tearing down Berch and that subconsciously piques their latent Oedipus Complexes. The Dominants appreciate its genuinely classy humor. I'd bet even Berch gave it a 10. Personally, I think it's the best part of COA which is one of my favorite zeens.

#2: Life of Monty (Don Del Grande, All I've got here is his old college address)
This is one of the ones I mentioned about where you have a boring zeen, but novices who aren't familiar with boringness think it's really neat. In its prime LOM had some innovative stuff like early DipBowl stuff, and I liked the monty python stuff which had been dropped when I let my sub lapse.

#3: Grapes of Wrath, I think this is a Swider subzeen somewhere. I'm not familiar with it at all
#4: Just Among Friends. (Al Pearson, I've got Box 898 Charlesgown, WY 25414 here but I think that's wrong) JAF is (like Anduin) a zeen I'd like to get, but never get around to subbing, and content myself with occasional samples. I would have expected it to get dragged down more, like Tob, but I'm not all that familiar with it. Based on its rating, I'd guess it's another insurgent like COA

#5: Kathy's Korner (K Byrne, 160-02 43rd Ave, Flushing NY 11358) Lot's of happy votes from ByrneCon toadies, lots of fear votes from wimps, and lots of tribed votes from suckers. About as appealing as a cute puppy with bad breath.

#6: Lord Star Diplomat (Mike Conner, I've got 1500-B Ashwood Road Austin TX 78722. Could be wrong)
A classic backwater. Made a nice impression original and then faded back with its well-run games and local type articles. The players there who don't give two hoots about the Byrne-Hanson feud &c, like that sort of stuff.

#7: Coat of Arms (Steve Arnawoodian et al, 602 Hemlock Circle, Lansdale PA 19446) A classic subdominant insurgent. My second favorite zeen (not counting subzeens) which ranked quite a bit higher than my 1st favorite (#5) for the same reasons Didi Master took #1, but with slightly less appeal. (Also Subzeens ranked remarkably high as a general trend. An expression of decadence, that, but no surprise)

#8: Winsome Lonesome ("Judy Winsome" 749 21st Ave Apt#3 San Francisco, CA 94121)
Good votes from the California groupies (Langley...) and from strange bedfellows such as Perl, Walker and personal toadies who like WL because "Judy" is really a pseudonym for Edi Biran's sister-in-law. Ordinary votes from ordinary people who know it's an ordinary zeen.

#9 The Shogun's Sword (Mikey Bano, 2811 Robins Street, Bndwell, NY 13760) Beats me how this piece of trash managed to rate so high. Maybe Mikey rigged the poll; I wouldn't put it past him.

#10: Phyllis' Pyramid (Phyllis Byrne, 160-02 43rd Ave, Flushing NY 11358) Another one of the subzeens which made it big. I guess its roving gave it exposure to novices who thought it was a new concept, or something like that. I'd guess this one squeaked in with just barely enough votes.

#11: Benzene (me) Naturally, I would put myself higher than this because I'm biased. But it is a lot higher than I expected. I've got help being a subzeen; subzeens cleaned up this year

#12: Retaliation (Dick Martin, moving around - try 26 Orchard Way North, Rockville, MD zip-7. Just like last year he got a lower rating than ex-



Scott says if he has to wait until Tuesday, I've got to have an even 4 pages, so I'll have to slow down my comments a bit. I had some Perlmutter stuff which don't stand much chance of fitting in this issue. Oh well.

#13: Diplomacy by Moonlight (Eric Osog 1526 N. Lawlor Ave Chicago, IL 60651) Insurgent. I used to like this one a lot, but nowadays it has a lot of PTF game reports which are dreadfully boring and I don't like it's sharp look, though many do, I'm sure
 #14: Cheesecake (Andy Linchett 3025 N Davlin Chicago IL 60618) Lots of solid votes, because no one has reason to hate it. Established but backwater & non-controversial. Added benefits: it's cheap and Andy is an all-around nice guy (not to mention devilishly handsome)
 #15: Magus (Steve Langley 12154 Fairfield Rd Sacramento CA 95815) Subzone of the COA type. I don't like its emphasis on press
 #16: Dot Happy (Allen Wells, I have 1450 Worcester Rd #8109, Framingham MA 01701 probably wrong) Like LSD (#6) but with more connection to the stalwarts to drag it down 10 spots.
 #17: Down 'n' Dirty (Dave Marshall Route 3 Box 361-A Russellville, KY VERY backwater. Generally skimpy & uninteresting, but lots of loyal toadies like me
 #18: Give Me A Weapon (Konrad Baumeister, in Hales Corner when I phoned but may be back in DC) probably a mix of votes from people who see it as a new seen and those who see it as a bunch of stalwarts brought back from Egg Nog which would go back to predate VD, EE &c
 #19: Diplomatic Immunity (Steve Arnowoodian, see COA) best part of COA I think. Picked up a few hate votes maybe, I'd put it up a bit
 #20: Dragon & the Lamb (Steve McLendon) Folded. old & reliable then. warehouse. high class
 #21: Paranoia Monthly (Jack Fleming, in WA I think) Never seen it. Insurgent but skimpy, I'd guess
 #22: Snake Pit (Keith Mercer, RD#6 Old Ash Rd Merces PA 16137?) subzone somewhere, never seen
 #23: Murdering Ministers (Bon Brown, 1528 El Sereno Bakersfield CA 93304) stalwart but gone a bit backwater, haven't seen it in quite a while
 #24: Hoof & Mouth (Sigwalt) a bit small & struggling, but Sigwalt's been around and many (me too) appreciate his writing. Some steady votes there I imagine
 #25: Blarney Stone; Mills' COA subzone, ordinary COA stuff. not bad
 #26: Sleepless Knights (Dave Carter 118 Morham Willowdale Ontario M2M 1Z9) I'd expect this to have more appeal but I guess it's seen as too stalwartish
 #27: Dogs of War (Daly) warehouse & backwater. Haven't seen in years
 #28: Pol Si Pie (Smyth) Old time Canadian with some toadies winding down
 #29: Why Me? (Kendler) warehouse. we're getting to the mediocres now
 #30: The Chamber (Manuel) A sad tale. Pretty garbaged. Maybe some people gave it decent votes as a joke?
 #31: The White Duke (Shaddix?) never saw
 #32: Europa Express (Gary Coughlan 4614 Martha Cole Lane Memphis, TN 38118) Classic stalwart. This one ranked higher as it did due to a lot of toady votes. I don't know if the Belgians were allowed to vote
 #33: Monge: a fake 1962 thing Some prankster got enough votes to rate it I
 #34: Bushwacker backwater, haven't seen in ages
 #35: Bahain Macha - Mills' old & new seen. Lots of stalwart drag on it
 #36: Jihad (Overby) I'm not familiar with. I think it folded
 #37: BusQ? arnett's game seen from Voklerwandering I'm surprised enough remembered to vote for it
 #38: Irksome (hanson) With these stalwarts (EE, EM, I) how low we go is a measure of how close it gets to that repugnant paragon, VD
 #39: Apathic Greed. (Larsalere) haven't seen in quite a while. Stalwart, I'd guess.
 #40: Envoy (Henricks) warehouse
 #41: Bersaglieri (Mainardi's part of COA) too warehouse for COA's readers
 #42: Tar-ran (Holnowski) old, I'm unfamiliar
 #43: Everything (genuine) quick to have gotten here
 #44: Graustark (Boardman) Anachronistic a few toadies & more anti
 #45: Snafu (Brown) rather young & new but too stalwart in its style (compare to EM, EE) novices don't know better and are bought.
 #46: Fink Dragon (palter) rightwinger propaganda I hear. Never seen
 #47: DipDip (Borch) Ha we're getting really close to the stagnant role model, VD. Only some garbage & outcast stand between
 #48: Boast a few toadies (Becker, et) but sloppy work. I haven't seen in a while
 #49: Expletive Deleted: Swider, trash
 #50: Diplomacy World (flagship) LOTS of hate votes for the Leader poll scandal. Ironically, it doesn't get the results first either. Poor cuss.
 #51: A bit stalwart but I don't know why it got this low. (below DD??) I don't get it too often; maybe the teenage boys turn people off?
 #52: Le Front (Oaklyn) Lots of anti votes I haven't seen it in awhile
 #53: Voice of Doom (Brux Lindsey, 244 Quarry Drive Albany NY 12205) My personal favorite but we've already explained. Leader told us there was 54 but would tell us who got the bottom. I don't know what could go lower than VOD and EVERY seen of any consequence at all is already listed. Wish I had more room. Just enough to say I heard some of the GM results. JL enforced his rule that you could only vote for those you've played under & Bernie O got his toadies to put him at #1!!! I kid you not. Pretty clever on BO's part I'd say. The same way Brux took #5. & last place was Scott Hanson himself. No kidding.
 Bye now.

coming next issue: Perlmutter in AK THE TRUE story



HOW YOU GONNA KEEP 'EM DOWN ON THE FARM
ONCE THEY'VE BEEN TO RUSSAK-CON
two reports

THE WISCONSIN VIEW by Mark Frueh

Somehow Russ pulled it off. He got six out of towners to come to Burbank. The Chicago mob had been scared off by the Wisconsin team. The story unfolds with Russ sitting on his porch (watchful for any "foreigners" or any life form he didn't appreciate on his street.) Bill Becker and Mark Leudi drove together. (I pitied Mark.) Since I was first last time I decided to be second today. So I drove up 4 seconds later. I was carrying excess baggage, namely James Wall (A pro-Kansas person.) Next came Paul Rautenberg from some bear famous town. And finally Marc Peters showed up. I should have connected a ride with him--we're both from Madison. But bodyguards don't always drive together. The MMI - Madtown Mob, Inc. - had arrived. (James Wall, Marc Peters, and I dedicated to hurt each other.)

After 3 minutes of hellos and how's-your-mother-in-laws, we started to play. Now I can admit it - Russ gave me twenty dollars to let him win the first game. The boy knows my language. So I "screwed up" my convoy order to Belgium to give him the center in 1901. Later I fought a doomed war with my "sheat head friend" insuring Russak's win. Don't brag Russ - it was a gift - you being the host and all. About time we let you win a game.

The second game was interesting - but I'm a terrible Diplomacy player when I can't focus my eyes - tired. Paul and I were facing a five-way coalition by Spring '02. Paul and I probably would have won except for my bad moves. Bill Becker and Marc Peters began fighting each other at the end of the game. So they decided to let me share in the win before one of them got hurt.

Later around four in the morning I heard the doorbell. I thought, "Shit, it's too late for a KKK meeting - I wonder who is at the door." Naturally I opened it. Suspense. Come on eyes, start focusing. "Who's there?" "Is Russ home," she said. That's right, it was a woman for Russ. I couldn't believe it. I was thinking, "Honey, if you're that hard up for a guy why don't you..." But I said, "He is sleeping," thinking that would make her leave. "Well, wake him up," the young lady said.

There are some things I like in this world - waking Russ Russak is not one of them. After that I am not at liberty to tell. But I was told there was giggling coming from the bedroom. I was perturbed - a good host always shares everything.

Russ didn't share.

THE MICHIGAN VERSION by "K'zoo Blue" Bill Becker

I have been ~~volunteered~~ volunteered to hype the latest Russak-con and all forthcoming. Billed as a Dipcon Alternative it filled the bill nicely. Mark Leudi and myself drove in from Michigan (he did 4 hours to get to Kazoo and then 3 more to make Russ's). Paul Rautenberg, Marc Peters, Mark Frueh and James Wall came in from Wisconsin. That made 7 and that is all that showed. Perfect.

Besides getting in 2 regular Dip games on Saturday we also experimented with 3 games of Cosmic Encounters. One of the Wisconsin clan brought along computer chess plus playing a few human opponents. Game-wise we did not lack. Everyone played well and knowledgably which I consider a big plus when you get just postal players together to play FTF. We appeased Russ and allowed him to win the first game. In the second game he was held to a stagnating Italy. In the wee hours of the morn game two became a EFT draw.

But at Russ's you get more than games you get true comraderie. He has a fridge stocked solely with soda pop and beer, plus a wide variety of munchies. The evening meal is a true break and I understand traditional as we walk a couple blocks to the "Sit & Sip" for pizza and beer, plus a bit of pinball and Pac-man. It is all definitely "had-to-be-there" type experience.

PLEASE COME TO BURBANE....(cont)

Paul Rautenberg is hosting another Aug 21 in Milwaukee, and then another Chicago one in September and then there'll be a Diplomacy event at Kasco Con with overnight activities at the Becker name.

For the midwest postal players it is definitely going to be great opportunities for quality FTF. I recommend making them all even though I know I can't follow my own advice.

This is coming to you from the road to Knoxville so I'll be out of touch for a week once I get this sent off. I'm impressed that I can write better than Lew so I know it's printable goodnight.

((While on the subject of Face-to-Face cons, I should mention TOADY-CON, to be held September 12 at the home of Bob Olsen in Wichita. I at first thought that I wouldn't be able to make it--after all, I don't even know where the hell Wichita is! But then I heard the list of people who would be there--Kathy Byrne, Mike Messer, John Michalski, Mark Larzelere, Bob Couch, Steve Langley, Steve Arnowoodian, Eric Osoeg, Al Giddings and Keith Sherwood are some of the people who very probably (and in many cases, most definitely) will be there. So I dug out my US map. I still don't have enough but to make it, but contributions and/or rides would be deeply appreciated. What I'm trying to say is that I want to be there, but it's doubtful. Why are all these people going to Wichita? Write to Bob yourself and find out. 6818 Winterberry Cr, Wichita KS 67226.

((As for Rasmak-con North, I will not be there, sorry to say. It's a long story, but a classmate of Frank's got married to a guy from Washington who works for the Seattle Seahawks as a video technician and he has offered me a pair of tickets to the Seahawks exhibition game with the Vikings which happens to be the first Vikings game ever at the Metrodome and has been sold out for months. But a good time shall be had in Milwaukee, and get a hold of Paul Rautenberg, 1922 W Wisconsin Ave, Milwaukee WI 53208 for the gory details. That one is the weekend of Aug 21, so write fast!))

A IRKSOME CONTEST A IRKSOME CONTEST A IRKSOME CONTEST AN IRKSOME CONTEST

No, no--I'm not going to be like Frank and give a grammar lesson and ask which of the underlined phrases above is correct. Don't you hate foreigners who always correct your English. Then she tries to tell me that "Lüwenbrüh" is pronounced Loo-ven-broy. Hey, I watch TV. I know how to say it.

This contest is much more pragmatic. You see, for various reasons, I've become quite dissatisfied with my present employment. (I'll be discreet and just say that it's in the fast food industry.) So since my return from Origins I've been looking for work. With unemployment at 9.8%, the highest since 1941, I'm going to have to be very creative, and/or lucky, to find a job.

So your task is to GUESS SCOTT'S JOB. Send in your guess before the next issue. If you guess right, you win three, no, make that five free issues. Of course, the idea is to send in your guess before I find the job, then maybe your idea will inspire me to find a job in your chosen occupation. Note that "unemployment" does not count as a guess...in that case I wouldn't be able to afford to give out free issues.

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

"MY NATURAL IMPULSE IS TO TOADY."

-Erica Jong

"You will never find a more wretched hive of scum and villany"

MYOS TESTLEY SPACEPORT

I'll bet that with that old familiar lead-in quote, some new readers thought that this is a special column reviewing Origins happenings, but no such luck. This is instead a general bullshit column put out now and then by John Michalski, Rt 10, Box 526-Q, Moore, OK 73165. Besides, there wasn't much news from Big O anyhow. The big head-dunking contest came out at a tie, they figured, and so it was the press managers, Coughlan for the forces of evil and the unlikely Fuddybucker Arnawoodian for the forces of Innocence-Justice and-Right, that had THEIR heads dunked instead. Sounds like a big put-on to me. I think Scott was just too nice to give Kathy what she deserved--too bad, too. Konrad Baumeister won the Dip tourney I understand, and Frumpy Petersen was given survival in a game, also out of sympathy, I'm sure.

For news, well, the big news is that Frumpy has returned to heed the call of her Baader-Meinhof gang cohorts back in the Vaterland, leaving poor old Scott once again high, dry ~~and horny~~. Oh, well. She will come back some day, just like Larry Peery or Buddy Tretick, I guess. Other news, somewhat stale by now: STEVE McLENDON has folded his DRAGON & THE LAMB to devote more time to the space program; Buddy Tretick is pushing his LE FRAUD under his own name instead of his "Bernie Oaklyn" cover, but his style of acting hasn't changed; I understand he and some of his sons and hangers-on were even at Origins. But then, Perlmutter was running around introducing himself as me too, to Boardman and such, so who knows? "Tretick" may have just been Moss Pearson. Kathy Byrne has resigned from the Orphan Service, due to too much flak from the clowns who feel some basic urge to 'defend' incompetent GM-fuckoffs such as Overby's JIHAD that sank (or rather, was just abandoned) with 25 games left stranded... Just makes you sick. See Kathy's letter inside.

What else? Well, STAR WARS 1 will be back next week, but then, it may be gone by the time you read this... Something for me to look forward to anyhow. EMPIRE will be back for a brief Christmas run this year also, with REVENGE OF THE JEDI coming out next May. ISRAEL continues to provide nightly amusement with their bullshit claims of "defending" themselves in Bierut. How anyone can say what they do with a straight face is beyond me. They batter a city to shit, then shell the shit, because the occupants dare to put up some small arms fire in opposition. They talk of "artillery duels" with the PLO, and then at the end of the announcement, acknowledge that in this "duel", "no fire was returned". I guess when your history is that of defending yourself by way of lopping off chunks of every land neighboring your own, the Beirut story is just another successful-defense story. And Stalin was just "Uncle Joe".

News from the Oil Patch: Things are starting to match the rest of the economy here, with the collapse of gas prices a month ago. When your expenses for deep gas are as high as they are, you only drill for it and take the much-increased chances for the lure of those old \$10 per 1000 ft³ (\$10/mcf) prices that were paid. Well, now the purchasing companies are

only paying \$4.50/mcf, and they aren't eager to connect even at that price--just too little demand. The result is that no one is planning any more deep drilling at all, unless perhaps they are stuck with their own deep-drilling rig or something, and even then, your losses are less if you leave it stacked in the yard. Some outfits aren't even completing the wells they have in progress: they're just pulling the pipe and shutting down from wherever they are. I had thought the effects would be gradual because of the time to finish a deep well, 9 months or more, but with people just rigging down and moving off from where they stand at the time, all those walk-up-to-\$10/hr jobs have vanished from here. Shallow drilling, oh, to about 5-10,000 feet, is still profitable (because you get some oil usually, plus the gas) due to the lower pressures/risks/costs, but doesn't involve the amount of investment/equipment/employment that deep drilling does either. So while we are still a long way from Detroit in more than distance, it isn't quite as far as it was. Personally, I put the blame squarely on the unconscionable budget deficit that this "conservative" administration has pawned off on us. Frankly, I don't see the difference between some asshole like Kennedy putting my tax dollars into the grubbing hands of the wetbacks and welfare scum, or Reagan creating an equally absurd deficit to line the pocket of equally grubbing but better smelling military retirees and defense contractors. And then of course, the gov't now finds that there really is such a desperate need for a Dept of Education, Energy, Timeserving, and Queers Rights, that we just can't afford to dissolve those things. That's why my orders to Mike Mills are stamped by the Republican National Committee. Their requests for contributions get used as junk mail filler outbound, and I recycle the envelopes to something more useful. The Republicans are expected to lose 40 House seats this fall; I expect 60, and won't shed many tears over the fact. True, their replacements won't be any better, but if you bother to vote at all, the only message you can get in is that if you do what these bastards have done to us, out you go. Maybe after we replace them all, five or six times in a row, we might get a few who will figure we want them to do something different. The only party I would support the rest of this round, or from here on out for that matter, is one that will act differently than the rest. When the Fascist party appears on the ticket, I will resume supporting political movements here. Clearly no one else deserves it.

Summer has finally made its mark here: about July 1 or so, we got into our summer pattern of mid 90 days, mid 70 nights, and now that will continue until mid September. Not as bad as 1980 though, where it got to 105 in May and then stayed there for five months. If you're from or in the North, it is odd to drive past one of those big time & temperature signs and see it flash 1:20 in the morning, followed by "92 degrees". But at least at that time of night you can sit down in your car without first putting a day's newspaper between you and the upholstery. (1980)

Well, so much from me for a moment. Let's hear what some others have to say.

M.E.S. P.3

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JOHN BOARDMAN, Graustark

2 July 1982

Thanks for the 'courtesy excerpt' from Arkane. Personally, I can take 'courtesy copies' or leave them alone. The term was beaten to death a few years ago by Mark Berch and similar excrescences, who complained that I didn't send them 'courtesy copies' of the issues of Graustark in which I dealt with their misfeasances. The use of the word 'courtesy' by Berch, Linsey, Perlmutter, and such things is laughable.

Apparently Berch has been up to something really gross lately. Every time his name was mentioned at the Gen Con Diplomacy Tournament, people groaned or made insulting noises. I'm not interested in what he's done, but the reaction to him is about what I'd expected.

And, if the 'Gary' who signed the letter previous to mine is Coughlan, his remark "before I bow out of this hobby" is encouraging. It's been my experience that if we wait long enough, all these types will simply go away.

Your qualified approval of a military coup in this country only confirms what Dick Trtek said in the latest issue of Empire, which is enclosed. After all, there are said to be people in the Soviet Union who look back with longing on the good old law-and-order days of Joe Stalin, when there were no black-market blue jeans or rock-and-roll or uppity Poles or Jews perpetually complaining about things.

I never heard of Bill Highfield, but I question that, as you imply, there could be a "John Kelley of his generation". This implies that there is a generation younger than Little Johnnie Kelley, which I doubt. Oh, chronologically younger maybe, but certainly not emotionally younger...

What do you hear these days from Charles G. Brannan, alias Dan Brannan, alias Steven Cartier, alias John Warnock Hinckley for all I know?

Stay well,



((Nothing at all, although I see the name every once in a while.

The "Gary" you saw was indeed Coughlan. I noted later that he also mentioned you earlier in the letter, some insult in passing. Did you see him at Origins? I think it was mentioned in the latest G, but I'm a little hazy on it. I read somewhere too that Perlmutter was going around introducing himself as me. Perhaps that is some sort of fame?

If I qualified my support for a military coup here, I wish to withdraw the qualifications. I'd back 'em up. The most conservative we are ever likely to elect to the Presidency runs up the biggest line of deficits in US history. What's the use then? I'm ready to see the deck reshuffled myself, even taking a chance on some hotdog Gen. Bullmoose.

Pardon my having a laugh when I read your first paragraph, but I did. Actually, ol' Linsey is slowing down. Still puts out big issues, but not so often; I think old age is getting to him. The others are still pretty off-the-wall though.

To the readership: I'm taking the liberty of excerpting an editorial

M.E.S., P. 4

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from J.B.'s GRAUSTARK #457 below. There was a time I'd write these things,--well, more than I do anyhow--but now I'm too lazy. It speaks for itself.))

J.M. THE MINISTRY OF MISCELLANY

As one of the by-products of the Israeli invasion of Lebanon, a medical miracle was accomplished. A live baby girl was delivered from the dead body of an Arab woman, killed by Israeli shelling. (New York Post, 12 July 1982)

The report provokes several reactions. Congratulations to Dr. Hassan Akef, who performed the unprecedented successful delivery by Caesarean section at Gasa Hospital in West Beirut. Commiserations to Salam Khoder, the bereaved husband and new father. Corrections to the AP reporter, who described the dead woman, Ibtihaj Ebied, as a 21-year-old Palestinian, when there has been no such place as Palestine for over 34 years. Contempt to "a rifle-toting PLO guerrilla" who told Khoder that "She gave you a girl who will become a mother and give us boys and girls to carry on the struggle." And condolences to Prime Minister Menahem Begin of Israel. Granted, he got the mother, but he must surely be disappointed that the daughter escaped him. (Still he has a large and truculent army in Lebanon, and it looks as if they will be there for a long time, so he can still entertain hopes of sending the baby after her mother.)

*

With the Argentinian surrender in the Falklands, the number of wars in the world was reduced from 11 to a mere 10. However, last week it went up to 11 again, as Nicaragua and Honduras invaded each other - no mean trick, if you believe both governments. If you believe governments.

KATHY BYRNE (excerpt from an angry letter)

I officially resigned from the Orphan Service--due to some big mouths who think they know everything--I hope it goes under! I now have 4 GMS I'm supposed to look into--let someone else do it and then let them take the heat! I give up, if there is one thing I've learned from the orphan service experience it is don't try to help this hobby out. The less you do the more you're liked! They can all kiss my ass!

((I don't blame you. I hope you are right about being liked more, what with the few and slow MOS EISLEYS I'm turning out...))

LARRY McCLOUD (excerpt)

Do you ever miss the BRUTUS BULLETIN days? Of course, Mos Eisley gives you an outlet, but it isn't quite the same, is it?

((No, it's a lot different, which is why I'm doing MEISLEY instead of the BULLETIN. The latter was a killing pace for what I put out; this is a toot-off project for whenever I'm in the mood AND can motivate myself to do something about it (that's the hard part). I'm tempted to just write letters now and then, and drop this altogether. I've got enough sub credit to IRK to carry me for a while...))

Filler:

I guess you've all heard of the Penn Square Bank. They were right across the street from us, but fortunately, we had no money there at all. Still, the address (we're at "50 Penn Place") made people suspicious. All the publicity seems to give the impression that it's the falling oil and gas prices that caused it, which is bull. The bank gave BIG loans to damn near anyone who asked. It was simple fraud, that's all.

J.M.

If you thought I was kidding about being lazy, think again. Here's another article picked up verbatim, this time from Palter's PINK DRAGON 18-1 July 1972

VICTORIOUS GERMAN ARMS REVISITED-A DICGRESSION ON THE BRITISH ARMY IN WWII

In the first feedback I've gotten on the new revised series, I'm getting complaints from two Anglo-philes on my treatment of the Empire war effort. Neither has quite accused me for Anglophobia but both seem to feel that I am slighting Tommy Atkins. NOT HARDLY-the individual British man, section, platoon, company was as good as any in the world and a damned sight better than most. The British problem was twofold-doctrine and command.

Doctrine first-much mention is usually made that the Brits went into WWII as the world's only motorized army-everyone else being semimotorized or horsedrawn. Completely correct. Also as far as it regrettably goes. If France lost in 40 with an army from 1918, Britain was driven off the continent with the army of 1919-a motorized version of the 1918 model. They had tanks, but usually the wrong kinds (either too slow or too light); aircraft, but rarely enough ground attack and close support models that actually worked before 43-44; trucks, but no doctrine of organized motor march, or how to keep command control on one; etc. Basically they didn't learn mobile warfare until mid-44 when they managed two good mobile campaigns: the pursuit up to Antwerp in France and the advance to the Gothic line in Italy.

Now no one's doctrine is perfect, and 20-20 hindsight is easy. Still, they never reached the level of control and understanding of mobile operations equal to the Americans (the best) or the Germans (a very close second). As a classic example, the Brits never got the hang of the combined arms attack-they eventually learned how to coordinate infantry, artillery, and tanks, but were at a loss as to what to do with mobile AT guns, or indeed, what to do when confronted with them.

This doctrinal problem was aggravated and compounded by their officer corps-the Brit lieutenant and captain was no better or worse than any modern army-he was a draftee that was sent for officer training-in the context of 20th century warfare extremely good junior officers move quickly up to field rank, reasonably bad ones get dead very fast and the rest learn their jobs more or less. Within the confines of British doctrine and equipment the average Empire lieutenant made out about as well as his Japanese, German or American equivalent (this being the top of the league).

Similarly at the very top British theater commanders were usually skilled strategists, good administrators, able to handle their subordinates, etc-again as good or better than their German, Japanese and American equivalents-I personally think a shade better but then national strategy gave them a better brief to argue most of the time.

The gap was in the vast middle between tactical-operational through operational to operational-strategic-say from battalion to army group. To be charitable the Brits eventually became passable at this but that is being quite charitable. The fact is that the sorry trail from Libya through Malaya and Burma to Sicily and Italy and Caen is littered by a continual succession of British command botches. It says something that the only two successful British advances against contested opposition was O'Connor's in Libya and Cunningham's in Ethiopia-both against the Italians. Even down to the end the Brits could only make successful major advances against strategically defeated opponents-ex-Slim's in Burma in 1945-and only with vast superiorities in men

and material-far more than the Americans, the Brits won only through attrition and superior numbers-Montgomery at Second Alamein took the same percentage of casualties to combatants as did Haig on the Somme-he won because Rommel simply ran out of men, tanks and fuel after fighting a totally superior battle. Two stories tell the tale-the first is that Monty so botched the pursuit after Second Alamein that if Rommel hadn't evacuated Tripoli without a fight Monty would have had to withdraw his pursuing corps through inability to maintain it. The second and far more personal one, involves the scene out of a BRIDGE TOO FAR where Robert Redford gets them the last bridge at Nemeigen after an almost suicidal crossriver assault. The Irish Guards (one of the best units in the British army) cross the river and then stop for tea. Having had their tea they push a teeny bit forwards and hold for darkness. This is a true story. It is also a state of mind.

Now this is not to say that the Brits did not produce good generals-the names Slim, Auchinleck, Alexander, and O'Connor spring rapidly to mind. It is to say that the British officer corps was rotten through its middle to upper levels with people who even if they were competent had learned all the wrong lessons. The first wrong lesson was that of Haig in WWI keep pushing stupidly ahead and you'll eventually win. The second wrong lesson was the interwar lesson-being in the army means being a cop for the Empire. The trick is to avoid making mistakes while waiting for whatever fuzzywuzzies you are fighting to discover the realities of modern firepower. To use modern terminology, their reaction cycle was far too slow. By the time they had worked out what to do it was almost always too late. Thus in North Afrika, Burma, and Malaya they were run out of their positions by inferior but more aggressive forces who simply outmaneuvered the Brits-my concept of Iraq is based on Rommel's second advance to the frontier from Tripoli, plus Malaya.

Now two areas where I am aggressively antiBrit on the subject of the Army (the RN and RAF are their own raps, available upon request) are their tooth to tail ratio and Montgomery. The Brits had the best manpower mobilization ratio of any of the major powers-they then squandered this into the smallest fighting force of any of the majors. With the Empire added in, the Brits couldn't keep 50-60 division equivalents in the field. Even with Britain at its peak 41-43, they simply couldn't handle two campaigns at once. Libya was lost the first time to help Greece. Malaya was lost to retain Egypt-Egypt was lost to hold Burma. Think it through for a minute gents and gophers-the 8th Army at its desert peak numbered perhaps a dozen divisions-with this maximum effort the Brits couldn't maintain even an aggressive defensive in Burma. Long after the Med war had moved forward from ElAl to Italy, Britain had 250,000 men doing something or other in Egypt-Churchill used to go berserk over this-in 44 he had to kick up a monthlong rumpus to get a scratch brigade for Greece out of this mass of men. The British army allocated its men as if its primary war mission was garrisoning the Empire to suppress local nationalists. It was this more than anything else that caused the main British war aim to become the war against Rommel and Italy-taking on more than 3-4 German divisions at once was over their heads.

My second bete noir is Monty, who I think is the greatest fraud of the 20th century. I think. He is the George McClellan of the 20th century-a good trainer and organizer who has no place as a frontline general. This will show in any game or article I do involving him (again a full biography with pertinent details available on request). Had any other British commander been in command at Second Alamein, Rommel would never have escaped-had anyone had 21AG, Arnhem would have succeeded.

It always did seem to me that the British army was a sham. Hell, they seemed to provide the generals, while the Empire provided the troops. Nice deal if you can pull it off.

—END MOS EISLEY +



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ENOUGH
DOLLARS.



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IT SCREWS US OVER ECONOMICALLY...

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It taxes how we spend our money, and how we save it.
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THE SECOND ECONOMY IS BENEATH THE IRS, IT OPERATES IN THE JAWS OF
THE CONSPIRACY ITSELF!!!!

THE 1st PRINCIPLE OF ANARCHO-CAPITALISM:
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at the same time.

Save money by not putting it in banks. The interest doesn't
keep up with inflation (even now) and the government taxes that
anyway!

ENOUGH
YOUR DOLLARS.

Invest it in something that will stimulate a trade of dollars
and ideas between you and your friends.

PHOTOGRAPHIC
— 5-30-82

ROCKREVIEW: PRETENDERS II

By D.D. Perlmutter

As a friend of mine once told me "New Wave is old wave with ties and a woman" True? Perhaps. The Pretenders' first album set up a certain style, that is neither an imitation nor a compilation. Lead singer Chrissie Hynde has one of those flexible voices that can be as cutting as Benetar or as soft as Blondie. This with the (now dead) Guitar of James Scott make an eerie combination. The music is very lean. Little keyboards and less orchestration. If anything it reminds you of a wandering troubador and his lady.

Pretender's II is an album of all seasons. Instead of going for the gum popping top forty singles, the group has expanded its musical horizons. The Album begins with a certain single "The Adultress" . "Message of Love" and "Talk of the Town" are also good singles, but not out of design. For instance, The Adultress does not repeat its catchy refrain enough times to be called a J Geils Band type asshole single.

The two great songs on the Album are the most inconspicuous. The first is "I Go To Sleep" Nancy Wilson of Heart called this "The single Greatest love song ever written." And I agree. I am no fan of "My man done left me" songs, but with Hynde's vocals the refrain (which is only sung once!) becomes almost stunning.

I was wrong!
I will cry!
I will love you til the day I die!
You are,
You are no one else!

The music behind this refrain is stunning. It occurs to me (under 20 year olds take note) that this is the perfect Dashboard Lights song. And Scott, it is the perfect driving-Frauke-to-the-airport song. Play it loud. She will cry. I promise you. Believe, I speak from experience.

"The English Rose" is buried in side two. Its one of those songs you pass over the first time you hear it, but end up playing it the most. A Village Voice critic said it was a an anti-war parable. Perhaps. I think it's about young people, love, and war. Who knows? Who cares? It's a good song.

To the endless sky,
That pulls over the grave.
She looks for an answer,
But it's too late.
Maybe?
This is a story of fruit picked from the vine,
God left to rot before it's time,
I wish upon a star,
brought her here tonight.
At the courtyard she wates.
A thousand broken days.
But she holds the hymnal, so carefully prays.
Is the English Rose.
Aaa...she waits.
Aaa...tell me a story.

D.D.P.

Scott Hanson
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A
woman - at
joking
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he
(pg 18)
Claw?