

DIPCON is virtually upon us. As usual, it's where ORIGINS is - Detroit, Michigan. And, in true LOM fashion, I shall personally make my annual ORIGINS/DIPCON PREDICTIONS!!

The National Monstergaming Society returns in force - only to have Dick Martin join in on whatever game they happen to be playing this year. Hopefully, it'll be WAR IN THE PACIFIC, which will wear Dick out, or CAMPAIGN FOR NORTH AFRICA, which will give him writer's cramp. (I couldn't tell which one - I did see a lot of maps, though.)

Somebody known for Diplomacy will do very well in a tournament that can best be categorized as wargaming - probably a KINGMAKER or CIVILIZATION tournament. Is that Glenn Overby with an ORIGINS plaque?

Is that Glenn Overby?! He returns to the scene of the crime - the DIPLOMACY board. However, here was not the site of his victory, if indeed he had one.

The big guess....this year's new champ:

.....*****BERNARD SAMPSON*****

Provided he shows up....you heard it here first.

BIGGER NEWS! No Committee of 1/2/3 in their right minds would choose Dallas as the site of DipCon 84. The next DipCon will take place in.... that bastion of Diplomacy in the West, SAN DIEGO! (MAYBE Los Angeles. Nowhere north of there.)

So much for ORIGINS....it's almost time for the decision on where ORIGINS 1986 will be held. I like Los Angeles's chances, if they can get a good con to sponsor the event. Otherwise, it'll go to a city that hasn't hosted ORIGINS since number 3 (back in 1977, I think) - NEW YORK. (This could prove whether Robert Sacks or Rod Walker can lay claim to being the one and true King.)

(Did you ever notice how much white space is over here?)

Did I actually say THE HACKOLYTE last time?

Good night!

~~-YOU-KNOW-I-HAVE-A-FEELING-I-FORGOT-SOMETHING-LAST-TIME-NOW-I-KNOW-WHAT-IT-WAS-BUT~~

...since no one ever reads these things, nobody missed it

GAME OPENINGS
Yes, there are still game openings, if anybody is interested. Now that there aren't any games running, you'd better start filling some of these up - I'm too nice of a guy to fold, although, unlike SOME people who shall remain nameless because I can't come up with their names at the moment, I do have the money to refund the subs if necessary.

DIPLOMACY - GM: Dick Martin. Signed up: Michalski, Brawner, Gardner, Lucas. Need I repeat that there are NO Game or NMR fees? Note that John Michalski's sub is running out, and, since I hear that he is unemployed, he may not renew. This would leave FOUR openings. I've been trying to fill this since AUGUST of 1982 - that's NINE MONTHS, shattering my old record of 6 months for 1980LE.

MASTERMIND - GMed by computer. Still no takers!! When the ZINE DIRECTORY comes out, this had better change!

SOURCE OF THE NILE - No response - but the opening still exists. Does anybody out there even OWN this game??

KINGMAKER - Unless I can persuade Larry Reagan or Mike La Beau or somebody like that to GM a game in LOM, there will be no openings. (Yes, GMs for non-Dip games get lifetime subs)

EMPIRES OF THE MIDDLE AGES, THIRD REICH, ANYTHING ELSE YOU CAN NAME - Wasn't my Runestone Poll rating low enough last year?

ILLUMINATI - Cancelled for no apparent reason other than apathy....

PAGE 2 - is that some new game, or what?

DIP WARZ

CHAPTER V - V FOR VICTORY? No, that's V as in 5. I suppose you're going to say something like "Why didn't he just say 5? Why this V business? Wasn't V a movie about some aliens?" I don't know; I watched 1941 instead.

OK, so the Diplomatic Rebels have escaped the latest towel attack of the Empire by means known but to God.

"That's a lie!" exclaims Lord Sacks Fifthavenue. "I have no idea how they did it!"

Anyway, we've got Oboe-1 Caruse, Princess Luscious, John Poleo, Earl of Peericlees, and Baldo Calberchian, up against Lord Sacks and his friends, masterminded by Emperor TS'M Alex I (the Voice of Doom if ever there was one). When we left our rebel friends, they had just escaped, like I said. Oboe-1 comes up with his usually smart question: "All right, youse guys, where to now? We've tried ice planets, heat planets, soda water planets, large-economy size planets, pineapple planets--"

"Pineapple? WHERE!? WHERE?!" yells and screams the Princess.

"No, no pineapple, just the planet."

"I thought that one had my name on it."

"What, the pineapple?"

"WHERE? WHERE?"

Haven't we heard that somewhere before? (It was in #29)

"Who, me?" Peericlees asks as everyone looks to him. "How about forming a committee?"

"No, no," says John Poleo, "we have to go in and fight!"

"Always the military solution, isn't it? We have to find a peaceful way out of this," says Oboe-1.

"As long as they're out there...."

LLOM takes this opportunity to come to life. "May I make a suggestion?"

"You've gotten us into enough messes!" Baldo gives LLOM a swift kick.

LLOM responds with loads of flashing lights and computer-synthesized noises, followed by spinning reels of tape and high-pitched mumbling.

"As I was saying," completes LLOM, "after total analysis, past performances, accounting for the eccentricity of the orbits of nearby asteroids, and a few good old randomly-generated numbers, I have the solution! Who's the only person the Empire won't go near?"

"E. Gary Hijack?"

"Milton Bradley?"

"Dil of Linseed?"

LLOM gives a synthesized yawn, or reasonable facsimile.

The rebels suddenly come to the same conclusion - "That thing means...."

Meanwhile, back on the imperial flagship.... "My Lord, scanners indicate rebels changing course to heading 116 mark 85, warp factor 0.85, range 2.15, high 114%, low 111%. Computers indicate a direct course for... for the Alcalá planet!!"

His Lordship shook in his boots. "Severe turbulence encountered!!"

"Course plotted and laid in. Maximum speed obtained! Encounter with planetary atmosphere in, er, uh, ooh, about 30 seconds or so. Red eight on black nine."

"Thank you, LLOM - wait a minute!" (CLICK)

"Prepare for standard elliptical orbit!"

"John," asks Luscious, "why don't we ever use the circular orbit?"

"It's probably the unamerican way!" claims Peericlees.

"Ssssh - don't ever mention physical science questions in front of that mechanical maniac! You'll get another of those stupid lectures.

Besides, we're in orbit already...prepare to land on the surface!"

Oboe-1 turns to Poleo. "Where? It's all mountains down there!!"

"That keeps the imperial detectors away, you idiot - it's more camouflage - just land anywhere."

LLOM begins flashing its red lights. "Warning! Warning! Things are what they seem to be!"

"Don't you mean they're not what they seem to be?"

Before he got an answer, the ship rocked with a massive series of bumps. It seems that those mountains were real....LLOM was right - things were what they seemed to be.

"Nobody likes a smart aleck, you know."

"Actually, 11.3% of all intelligent life forms prefer-" (CLICK)

- PAGE 3 of LOM to other page 3s "

"Damage report!"

"Well, I survived...."

"Can't have everything! Just kidding, Princess!"

"Oho-1, turn ILOM back on - at least there'll be some intelligent conversation."

"Smartest idea you've had in this series!" says Calberchian. "ILOM, assess damage - and pinpoint whatshisname on this economy-sized pincushion."

"Damage report - well, I survived...the ship, however, needs major repairs, plus chewing gum and bailing wire. As for the owner of this planet, he's within close range - point blank - well-"

Somebody taps Poleo on the shoulder. "I'm standing right behind you." Everyone turns to face....

"It's....it's....it's **BOB SEAPARTER!!** What a surprise!"

"Glad to see you drop in! I see you're in a bit of trouble, though. What's happening with the war effort?"

"Well, we've escaped the LOM weapon, among other things. How are things here?"

"We've been working on a few weapons of our own. For destroying the other guy's computers - the **AHREM-STAR!** (Note: this refers to "RM **", the UNIX command to remove all files in the current user's directory) Have I forgotten something? What do you **MEAN**, I have to put "UNIX is a registered trademark of Bell Laboratories"?

"Hey, back to the story! Anyway, for the non-computer types, there's the usual assortment of junk, but it's almost time to unravel the **ULTIMATE** weapon - the **FINAL** solution - the **COMPLETE** peacemaker - the **TRUE** Rebel victory!"

"What's it called?" asks Princess.

"Sssh!" says Baldo. "Don't ask such genius such stupid questions!"

He turns to Seaparter and asks quietly, "Between you and me, what **IS** it called?"

"How should I know?"

Well, that ends another episode of **DIP WARZ**. Will the Rebels ever finally name their super weapon? How about the Empire? The rebels can't escape! It looks like we're nearing a conclusion - but I'll keep that from happening for a while, if you're lucky.

~~-WELL-THAT-ENDS-ANOTHER-EPIISODE-IN-THIS-INCREDIBLE-SERIES-WHAT-WILL-BE-NEXT-HOW-ABO~~

"Raiders of the Wooden Pieces"? I'll think about it....

KINGMAKER GAME OVER!!
I know it's lame,
and you know it's
lame....

Even **LARRY REAGAN** knows it's lame, and he won! Seems that **Bob Wyatt** **NMR**ed out - Larry is the only remaining player; therefore, he wins by default. And just when the game was getting interesting....all that the Wyatt/Sherwood faction had to do was to take London and they would have had a majority in Commons - and a win for Wyatt, who owned the forces controlling the King. Too bad....

What do I have to say about the game? I'll put it this way....that **GM** will (probably) never **GM** another **KINGMAKER** game in this 'zine! (Actually, I started out pretty well - but too much college & not enough time got in the way.) You want **KINGMAKER**? Try **ENVOY** (Roy Henricks, 128 Deerfield Drive, Pittsburgh, PA. 15235) or something like that.

Now how can I use up space with phrases like "YOUR NEXT CROWN CARD IS" followed by a load of white space? Wyatt, you are in **SERIOUS** trouble for this! I mean, there's a big surprise following this, but you've ruined the whole thing by not giving me the chance to fill half a page with stuff that only two (actually, **ONE**) people actually read?

And don't forget about the address change on page one....

SUB/TRADE/WHATEVER

NOTES:

XENOLOGIC

LIFE OF MOUNTY presents the first (and maybe only)

MARK & MONA BERCH BABY POOL

(not Poll-POOL!)

According to the April 1983 DIPLOMACY DIGEST, Mark Berch's wife Mona is expecting a child. The "due date" is August 18, but Mark says that only 5% of all "due dates" are correct, with 2/3 of the babies coming after the date. To honor the occasion (and since I'm not running any games currently in LOM), I'm running the BERCH BABY POOL.

TO ENTER THE POOL: Each person receives as many guesses as he or she pays for; each guess costs 50¢. To guess, send to me (Don Del Grande, 142 Eliseo Drive, Greenbrae, CA 94904) the sex of the baby, along with the date and time of delivery (time will be assumed as Eastern Daylight unless specified as otherwise). A guess will not be accepted if the same guess has already been received (determined by postmark, with random selection breaking ties), if the guess is postmarked less than 14 days before the birthdate, or if it arrives after the birthdate. Unaccepted guesses will have their money, if any, refunded.

HOW THE POOL WORKS: The winner of the pool is the person with the guess closest to the actual date/time of birth, after a 72-hour penalty for guessing the incorrect sex. In case of a tie, correct sex will have priority over incorrect, and earlier guessed time will have priority over later guessed time when guessed sexes are equal. (Thus, if the

... guesses time when guessed sexes are equal. (Thus, if the baby arrives at 7 PM on August 20 and is a boy, the guesses of Boy/August 17/6 PM, Boy/August 23/8 PM, Girl/August 20/6 PM, and Girl/August 20/8 PM all tie (boy guesses are 73 hours away, girl guesses are 1 hour away with 72 hour penalty for wrong sex, or 73 hours total); of the two boy guesses, the earlier guess - August 17, 6 PM - would win.

THE MONEY: Like I said, each guess costs 50¢. All of this money goes to the winner of the pool. I get none of it, even though this stuff costs - I'm taking the loss. Also, Mark & Mona don't get any, unless they win the pool (if they enter - would that be fair?).

THINGS TO REMEMBER: 50¢ per guess - no limit.

Send guesses to: Don Del Grande
142 Eliseo Drive
Greenbrae, CA 94904

No minimum or maximum number of guesses, as long as they're paid for.

Each guess is for sex, date of birth, and time of birth (which will be rounded to the nearest minute).

WINNER TAKE ALL!!

Deadline: postmarked 14 days before birth, arrives in my hands on or before the birthday.

Determination of winner: closest time, with 72-hour penalty for guessing incorrect sex.

Enter early -- Enter often!

The "baby's sex" guesses will not be considered if it is revealed before birth (e.g. through amniocentesis)

Another miracle! Better...another article! Yes, you can be just like the author of this article and pick up some free 'zines...no, you don't HAVE to get free LOMs - \$1/page of ANY 'zina for articles appearing in this rag....now, without further ado....

REAL MEN CAN TAKE IT! by Gary L. Coughlan ((with occasional comments by me))

This wonderful world we live in is a mixed bag at times. In some ways, it's a man's world, but in others, it's a woman's world. For instance, we have to register for the draft (and fight the wars) while women don't. A woman can slap the fire out of you but, as a gentleman, you cannot strike her back. On the other hand, men are allowed to have looser morals by society than women are ("tramp", "slut" and "whore" have no male equivalents) and women will look in vain for the male equivalent of the Dallas Cheerleaders.

In other "worlds", men and/or women are all but unknown. In our Diplomacy Hobby, men are the players, the pubbers, the subbers, the writers - you name it and it's male more than likely. ((The persons sexually abused?)) Women are few and far between. The women who are a part of the hobby stand out like a sore thumb. Virtually everything they do is widely noted. I remember one female telling me that she thought the comments would never end when she ordered her Fleet Smyrna to Ankara! Have you ever wondered what it is like for a woman in Diplomacy - how exposed she feels and how out of place she feels at times?

Well, wonder no more. There is one "world" that is almost exclusively female or female-dominated that we have all been part of at one time or another, however briefly. Some of us have had more experience in this world than others and this article is a combination look?see and hints about getting along in this "world". You enter it every time you step inside a grocery store.

Yes, a grocery store! Whether Big Star, Krogers, Montesis, or Safeway ((I've never heard of the first three)), it is Woman's domain. And they are waiting for you, the lone male to enter, or so you feel....

Think for a moment of your typical grocery shopper. It's a woman, right? 95% of all grocery shoppers are women, some with their husbands. If you want a big laugh, men, just ask your mother or mate how she would feel if you did the grocery shopping, all alone without her or her guidance, and see the reaction. Why, Claudine ((Mrs. John)) Michalski and Perdita ((Mrs. John)) Boardman would rather die first! And I doubt very seriously if Mother Del Grande would allow son Don to select the meats for the family. ((You doubt correctly! I don't know a New York from a T-bone. I even like canned Spaghetti & Meatballs!)) Conquer Europe, yes; buy the right type of steak cut, no!

Unfortunately we men alone in a grocery store have an image to overcome. (Just as in Diplomacy, women have to prove continually that they are competent players.) ((And men don't? Do we live on the same continent? I almost forgot...Memphis)) The only time men go to the grocery store is to buy beer, right? (In Tennessee, beer is sold in grocery stores but liquor is not.) Men don't know how to use coupons. ((!!)) Men buy frozen food because they don't know how to cook. (Remember the all-male breakfast scene in Kramer vs. Kramer and countless sitcom TV shows of male helplessness in the kitchen?) ((Like Jack Tripper in Three's Company? For those of you ~~with kids~~ who don't watch that one - it's based on Man About The House - Jack is a gourmet chef))

Men don't know bargains, buy on impulse, ad nauseum. Would either of the two Johns mentioned know what colored tags on bread mean? ((Where I live, the tags have a day of the week on them)) Along with these stereotypes to overcome, men face very real dangers in a grocery store. A shopping cart in the hands of a woman intent on a bargain becomes a dangerous weapon. It is best just to get out of the way. ((If you're rather large, like I am, you can risk holding your ground, if you have a size advantage over your opponent and her momentum is not too great.)) Always watch for corners where a cart might pop out. (They won't watch for you.) Avoid old people who stop unexpectedly. Resist the impulse to strangle children who sideswipe you. Expect babies to stare at you and burst into tears. No matter what, it was your fault, you man!

To be at your best, men, let's start at the beginning. Before you even enter Montesi's (a local chain in Memphis - the owner killed his wife, but that's another story), have a list of what you want to buy and the coupons to go with it. This will give you some grudging respect

Now I have more print on the page than Kathy's Korner!!

from the female cashiers when you check out. Choose a shopping cart with all its wheels working. A squeaky wheel draws unwanted attention to yourself. ((Also try to get one which can be backed up!)) Now you're ready to roll.

Push your cart with a sense of purpose. Always be polite and yield the right of way. Buy your M&Ms, Cracker Jacks, beer and toy water pistols ((those things are a lot of things - but toys they aren't)) LAST. First, you must establish yourself in the eyes of your female observers as a serious shopper worthy of their respect.

Don't just grab a carton of eggs. Open it up (several, in fact, if you do come back to the first one) and make a show of examining them. You're looking for cracks and white spots and dirt. Squeeze the lettuce. It should be firm. If it is not, reject it with a haughty look. Make sure the date on the milk carton is at least a week in advance of the day you do your shopping. The bread loaves have different colored tags denoting what day of the week they were placed on the shelf. White is Saturday, blue is Monday, etc. Get the latest day, preferably today's bread. Now that you've got these items, go get the M&Ms, Cracker Jacks, beer, and that far-out water pistol. They will blend in, at least until you reach the cashier.

Now some don't's. Don't ever buy underwear in a grocery store! NEVER EVER EVER. Get your "Fruit of the Looms" anywhere else, but not Montesi's! Don't ever buy your toilet paper in a grocery store. NEVER EVER EVER buy "Northern" issue! (I use "Chambly" - I'm a good Southerner) ((Northerners - never buy DIXIE paper plates!)) Don't ever, EVER go down the row that is devoted to feminine hygiene. People just won't understand, believe me!

By this time, you've also selected your turnip greens, rabbit, pork feet, and catfish and hushpuppy mix, right? Oops, I almost forgot that y'all don't shop in a Southern grocery store! Well, you should have your Rochefort ((I think he means Roquefort - is my spelling any better than his?)) cheese, your paprika and Hamburger Helper by this time. Head for the cashier.

The entrance to the cashier's is irrefutable proof that the grocery store is Woman's turf. Just look at the magazines (don't pick them up whatever you do). Glamour, National Enquirer, Star, Good Housekeeping, Cosmopolitan, Globe, Needlework, etc. ((I've seen some stores with Playboy, though)) It is permissible for you to buy a TV Guide and, if you're really daring, a People or Us. Avoid the others like the plague. ((Not Reader's Digest, too?))

Now it's show and tell. The cashier, the sack boy (see, men do have their appointed place in this order), and the shoppers in line behind you - all will know what you've bought. You are representing all men now and you'd better not let your sex down! Keep it up, not down! So to speak....

If you have bought beer, expect some clucking disapproval of any elderly matrons around you. (Memphis is in the Bible Belt.) If you have bought what the sack boy thinks is an inferior brand of beer, you will lose status with someone who should be a natural ally. Be prepared to endure the snickers at this point if you ignored what I said and bought bought underwear and/or toilet paper after all.

When the cashier asks if you have any coupons (you wait for her to ask, you don't volunteer!), matter-of-factly present them as if you've been doing it all your life. The surrounding women might not look impressed, but they are, they are! Then you push your shopping cart and you've survived and are a credit to your sex. So remember "Real Men" can take it.

And also remember: you may do your dishes with Joy but you don't have to be happy about it....

*****Thank you, Gary, for saving LOM from a long delay. Thanks, and \$2 credit to ANY 'zine. However, you forgot a few things!

- 1) If you buy a 6-pack and go to the express column, remember the 6-pack counts as one thing, and not 6. (Should the six-pack give you one item too much when counted as six and someone complains, do what Show did - drink one and throw the can over your shoulder so that it lands on the head of the complainer.)
- 2) Never buy all cans. Get a bag of corn chips or a TV dinner if you have to - but 100% cans make you look like (a) a typical non-cooking male, or (b) a survivalist.

2 1/2 - leave room to put PAGE 6

- 3) Frozen foods - TV dinners are OK. Frozen entrees are also good. (My favorite: chicken-stuffed pasta shells in cheese sauce). However, this stuff can get expensive. Also, don't buy frozen premade pizza! MAYBE you can buy pizza dough, sauce, and cheese, plus the usual toppings (e.g. pepperoni) and make it yourself.
- 4) This is the most important thing - NEVER buy anything with a white label that only says the thing you're buying. In other words, generic is out. I've seen generic macaroni & cheese, generic chili con carne, generic chicken a la king....even generic 6-packs of generic beer! (Don't let the sack boy see this!)
- 5) If you MUST drink Diet Cola, I've tried most of them....believe it or not, the only one that comes CLOSE to the taste of real cola (it's not as good, though) is Diet Coke.

Enough said about this subject....however, I will print any rebuttals to this article (also any agreements) if I ever get any.

~~DIP-DIP-DIP-DIP-BACON-AND-CHEESE-DIP-GUACAMOLE-DIP-DOUBLE-SPICY-TRIPLE-HOT-TACO-DI~~

DIP BOWL....will not be seen this month, but will return next month at its regular time.

"What? We have to wait another month to take our rightful place as champs?" Look, Barne, you can get into DIP BOWL as soon as I get another SHOGUN'S SWORD.

"That's OK; we can beat a bunch of New Yawkers anyway."

Grabar seems to forget he has some of those on his team.

"Right, but who answered the winning question last time?"

"Look, Gruesome," a certain bloodsucker who shall be nameless says, "you're lucky you got on this team!"

"If it wasn't for my incredibly amazing game-designing ability, you couldn't have a Institute of Nuclear Holocaust, could you?"

"No, but you could still be in an institution, after your incredibly bad Diplomacy-playing ability."

Grabar takes out his lunch....FOOD FIGHT!! Too bad Gary Coughlan doesn't have his far-out water pistol here.

Phyllis decides to take some time out to go to the movies.

"Hold it!" that certain bloodsucker shouts. "Do you have your can of mace, your extra-shrill rape whistle, your bloodthirsty guard dog, your .357 Magnum, your cobra venom, your New American Army switchblade, and your army surplus flamethrower? Be sure to stop by a gas station and get it filled up!"

Back to the action....the newspapers are preparing the headlines: "Use For Dorm Food Finally Found". The sirens sound - only to pass by.

"Were those fire trucks?"

"I suppose so...."

"I told Phyllis to keep the safety on that flamethrower! I hope that building has insurance."

PYTHONICS are also missing - but they'll be back. Say no more! Know what I mean, know what I mean, nudge nudge? Say, is it getting hot in here?"

"PHYLLIS, TURN THAT THING OFF!"

I have to pay \$350/month for 3 lousy meals a day, 8 feet by 16 feet by 9 feet of room space, and NO air conditioning (except when I open my window and my door at the same time, in which case my papers blow all the way across campus)?

Speaking of next month, that's when you MIGHT see 12 pages worth of stuff. As for this month, you can thank my professors - I have a project, a program, and a paper due within two weeks. Well, I've got a nice article by Kathy Byrne, and maybe even another by Gary C from Memphis T. That reminds me - next issue is the THIRD ANNIVERSARY ISSUE, and I'm still looking for nice long (or lots and lots of short) articles to fill the pages. Eleven months out of the year, I come up with all of the stuff (except for the OCCASIONAL article) - just ONCE, I'd like to see real stuff (for REAL credit to LOM or ANY OTHER 'ZINE - you name it! Subject to approval of that editor, of course)

Of course, the INTERNATIONAL PAN-DIPLOMATIC SUPER QUIZ is coming - here's another question: what is the maximum number of fleets needed to convoy a unit to an adjacent land space? (8 - Norway to Sweden)

PAGE 7 - what more can I say?

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