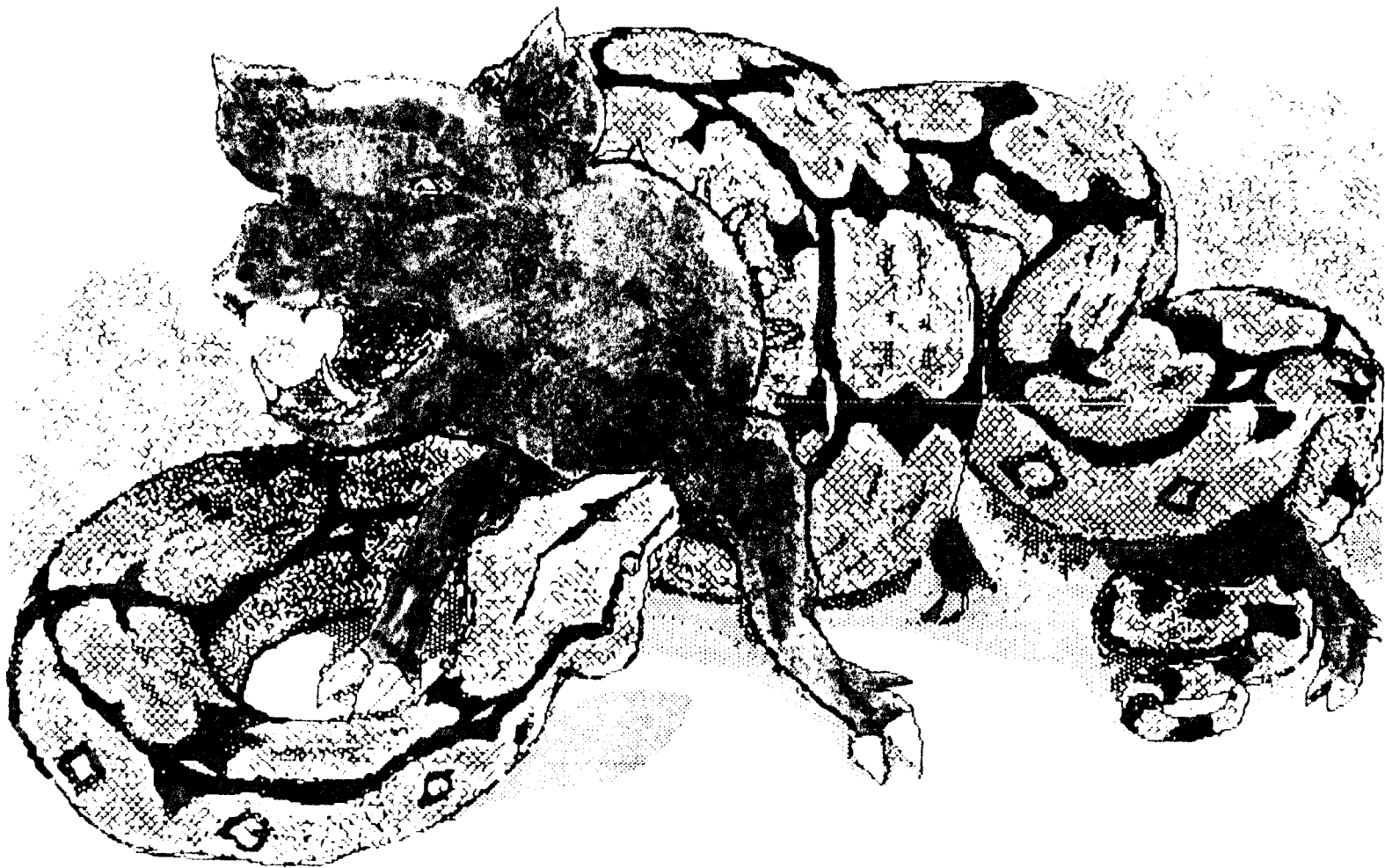


Politesse:

WELCOME



WARTHOGS

yes, this is the place!

Politesse, the monthly bulletin of the Washington Area Retinue of (Tacitly) Highly-Organized Gamesters, is published by Ken Peel and co-edited by Ed Wrobel. This month's special cover is the computer-generated production of Bob Masso, which served as the directional aid for the Heart & Hearth Games. Subscriptions are 39¢ per month, and may be purchased from Ken Peel at 8708 First Ave., #T-2; Silver Spring, MD 20910 (495-2799).

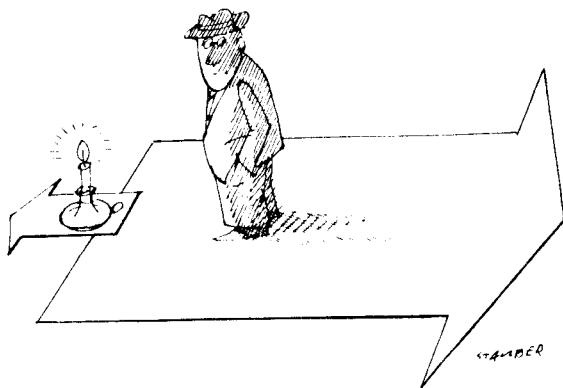
Greetings!

So much to say, and so little space! So I got a promotion, and I figured I'd play around with some fancy shamsy rub ons. So sue me. 1985 contains many important 40 year anniversaries. All of them in some way have to do with the end of World War II. V-E Day and V-J Day we are all familiar with. A couple of other anniversaries, however, are also of note, and they have been topics of hearings at the House Foreign Affairs Committee: 40 years of the Bomb, and 40 years of the United Nations.

When the Bombs dropped over Japan, the world truly stood still. Commentators and analysts all saw and feared a new age. In this uncertain world there may be few things that we know for sure, but one of them is that conflict in the nuclear age, at least between nuclear powers, is of a different kind. For the first time, a weapon was invented that absolutely divorced deterrence from war fighting capability. Now, I am not one of those who believes that the genie can ever be put back in the bottle, and I certainly support the maintenance of a credible nuclear deterrence. But even in all this time, the U.S. military establishment has not caught on to the fact that a nuclear weapon is only useful as long as it is not used. When those things start being thrown around, a new meaning is added to the term "Pyrrhic victory:" i.e., we're all dead. Therefore, efforts to strengthen our ability to respond to someone else's first use of nuclear weapons enhances stability. But any effort to build weapons that are only useful in first uses, makes the nuclear "balance" only more precarious. Can you believe that during consideration of the fiscal 1986 defense authorization bill, some obviously malcontent element in the House offered an amendment to delete funding for a new "commando" backpack nuclear weapon? Thank Ghod that was defeted. Now, we've just got to be sure that it doesn't get in the hands of a terrorist. Hey, no problem. We certainly have air safety under control now, don't we? Oh yes, I think that that same out-of-touch Member of Congress tried also to scuttle the new atomic artillery shell. We've had those things for years (after all, the Army couldn't be left out of the nuclear age, could it -- really, it was originally developed due directly to inter-service rivalry!), but the old version was found to be militarily lacking. I mean, who wants to shoot one of those things off with a maximum range of 20 miles with wind directions always so chancy?

And so it goes. How many Americans, I wonder, understand the subtle differences between the "first use" of nuclear weapons and a nuclear "first strike?" Yes, the United States has vowed never to initiate a first strike, meaning a strike intended to disable the other side's nuclear forces (before they had a chance to launch) effectively disarming their capability to strike back. Sounds good, eh? Sure, but how about the fact that the United States continues to operate its strategy for defense of Europe on the immediate and first use of "tactical" or "theatre" nuclear weapons? Not so good. So, 40 years after the Bomb we still have some lessons to learn. Let's hope that at some point we actually do.

No room for commenatary on the U.N. Maybe next month...



Scare Sunday Times/London

Havagame

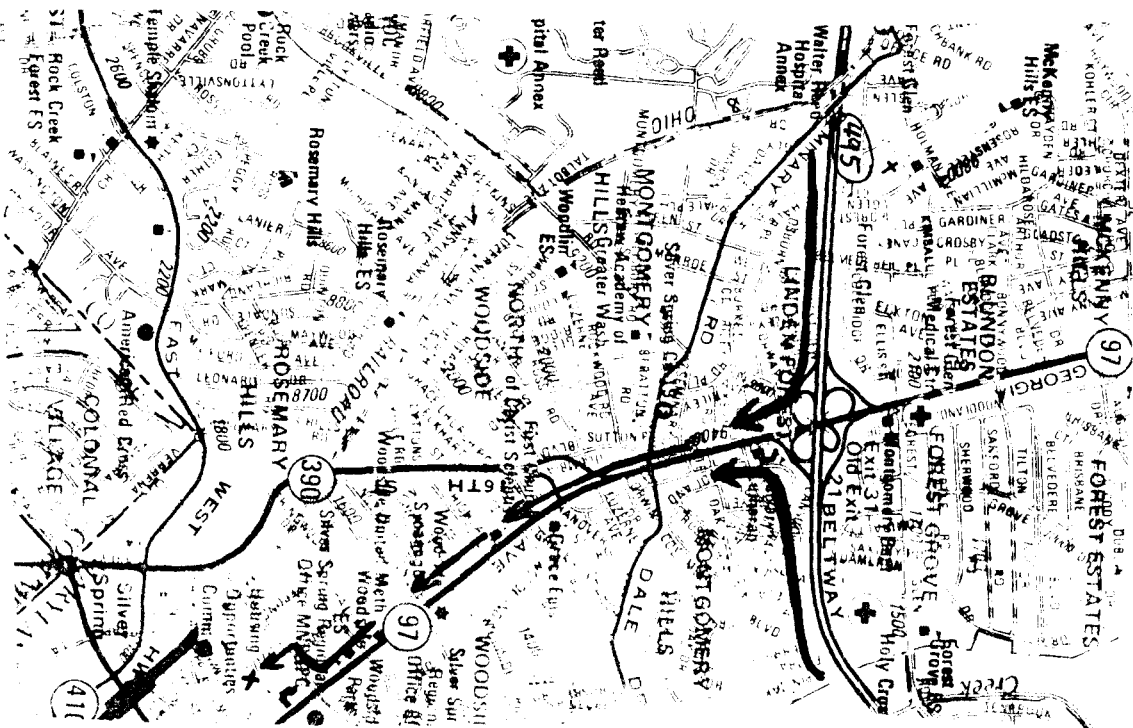
Gaetano Games Again!! Saturday & Sunday, September 21 & 22, Ken Peel hosting. 8708 First Avenue, #T-2, Silver Spring, MD 20910 is the place.

The festivities begin Saturday morning, say, around 11:00 a.m. Only one game is specifically scheduled: Diplomacy. I expect that there will be plenty of others for misc. open gaming, however. Those reserving a slot for Diplomacy so far are: Jeff Close, Doug Byrnes, Ted McDonald, Piotr Gajewski, and Bernie Oaklyn. I'll be the standby, so there is room for one or two more. If there is sufficient interest, of course, we can always open up a second board of Dip. Other games for which people have expressed an interest include Pax Britannica, Spanish Main, Supremacy, Stellar Conquest, and, oh, I am sure there are others. Be sure to bring your games with you! Others who have already said they will be attending include Ed Wrobel, Sean (and other?) Vessey(s), George Spencer, and David McCrumb & Co. For the Saturday, I have reserved the party room of the apartment building (which is just down the hall from my apartment), so there should be plenty of room. Those who wish to stay the night at my apartment are welcome to do so (bring a bag!), but I ask that you let me know, as floor space is limited. On Sunday I expect the group to be somewhat smaller, so we'll make do with my apartment for gaming. If people want to chip in the cash, we could always use the party room on Sunday too.

So here's the scoop: from the Washington Beltway take the Georgia Avenue exit (S). See the map below. When you start seeing some tallish buildings (a couple miles), you will be nearing "downtown" Silver Spring, and you should be on the lookout for Spring Street (there's a light), where you will be turning right. You will only go one block on Spring street, and will turn left at the first intersection at First Street. Hey, that's where I live! On the right, middle of the block, 10-story apartment building. Got the picture? Another way to arrive is from the Silver Spring metro station on the Red Line. I'm just three or four blocks, depending on how you count 'em. The metro station is that rectangular blob in the lower right corner of the map. Coming out of the metro station, walk straight ahead to the first light, and go left up the hill of Second street. Go two blocks, then go right on Finwick. In one short block you come to First Street and turn left. Same arrival story as from the Beltway, except my building will be on the left, not the right. If you are arriving on Saturday by the time that the games are getting underway, I may not be in my apartment (there's a security system at the front door). Dial "9" (for dial tone) and code 108 for the party room. For my apartment, dial "9" and code 109. But hey, it is all posted at the door. Give me a call if you can make it (feel free to come even at the last minute, though), and I'll see you there!

MAP HARD TO READ?

HINT: Its directional orientation parallels the ambulatory path of crabs, and many other crustaceans.



Hadagame

** PEEL GOES TO PUDGECON **

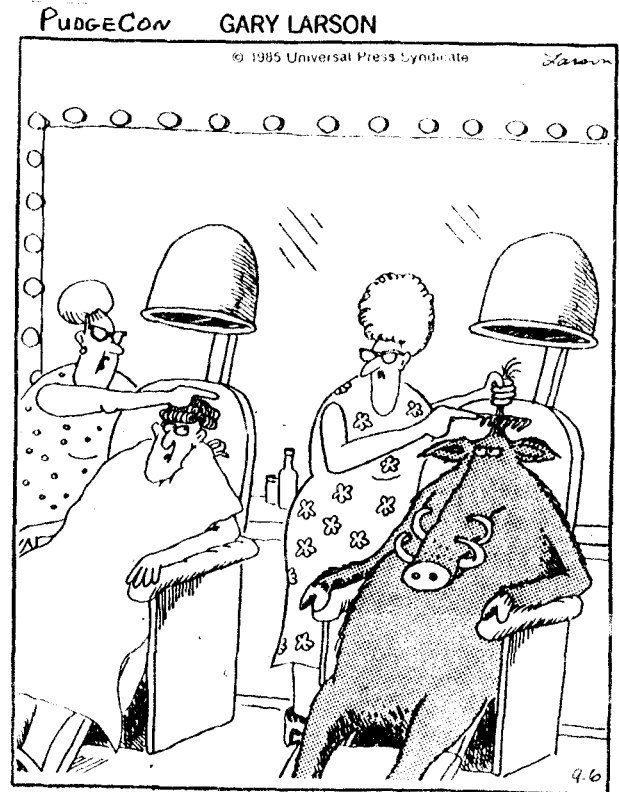
(or, Milktoast Makes it on the Great Plains)

As the poets would say, "That Pudge don't Budge!" Every Labor Day weekend, Wichita, Kansas acts as a magnet that draws postal gaming hobbyists from all over the country. PudgeCon IV proved yet another confirmation that this indeed is The Year of Bob Olsen (aka Pudge, Great Babirusa).

The great advantage of Wichita, of course, is that it is equally far from everywhere. Bob's research revealed that Wichita forms the exact middle point of a line drawn from Silver Spring to West Los Angeles. With such an uncanny coincidence, and with Mike Mazzer of West L.A. once again planning to call PudgeCon to order, I could not disturb the balance of the cosmos and fail to attend. PudgeCon drew from at least nine states, from California to New York and from Wisconsin to Oklahoma. Hey, there were even a few from Kansas! (Unfortunately, the con also drew from one Lansdale, PA. But amazingly enough, a good time was still had by all.)

Events like PudgeCon are one of the attractions of postal gaming. Much in these pages has been said of the postal Diplomacy hobby, which forms the mainstay of DipDom (Diplomacy fandom, of which WARTHOG & MaryCon are a part). As Wrobel points out in TALK2ED, many other games are also played postally, such as Pax Britannica, Stellar Conquest, Rail Baron, Titan, Gonzo Football League, and many others including Diplomacy variants. Through postal gaming, especially Diplomacy, one meets many fascinating and bizarre individuals (warning: even Woody), and cons such as PudgeCon provide an opportunity for mucho WARTHOG-style gaming with a lot of putting faces to names. Watch these pages for similar house cons, such as ByrneCon, HossCon, and WoodyCon. All within easy driving distance. WARTHOG, of course, doesn't "do" cons, but you will find the similarity to the Gaetano (and other weekend gaming fests) Games striking.

The most enjoyable gaming discovery I had at PudgeCon was the game of Spies (SP1, I think). The game simulated espionage in Europe during the 30s, and I would have won as Soviet Russia had not our very own Dean Dick of GRISTLE PIG U., at that point of Schotland Yard, not employed a loophole in the rules to throw the game to his French ally (gasp! It was Bob!) on the last turn of the game. Needlessly ruined another game... Definitely an intriguing game. Maybe more on PudgeCon next month if my pics come in. Spies anyone at the Gaetano Games?



"Woody, you fool! Don't tease that thing!"

To: Ed Wrobel, Head, Ministry of Silly Games
From: Bob Olsen, Great Babirusa
Subject: Yet another silly game

The establishment of the Ministry of Silly Games constitutes an important breakthrough toward prestige and acceptance, not only for the silly games themselves, but for silly people everywhere. Although I am not conversant with current procedures regarding the nomination of new Silly Games for the attention of the Bureau, I hope that this simple note, coming from me (ex officio) as it does, will bring to your attention what I conceive to be the silliest of silly games. The game I am referring to is of course Diplomacy.

It is my belief that the transcendent silliness of this pastime has the potential to cause insanity in aficionados. As evidence I point to just about any face-to-face game. How many times have you heard a Dip player chortle, "I have an army in Galicia!"; yet when you look at the map (note in passing the pararealistic confusion of the map with the place it purports to depict) all you observe is a funny-colored wooden block, or worse yet, a puny little plastic star! Surely it is a definitive sign of approaching madness to believe that a piece of wood or plastic is an army, or for that matter a fleet. (What next? Shall we term our rubber ducks "atomic bombs"?) If a piece of wood is an army then surely the question propounded by Mussolini (or some other smart guy who couldn't really make the trains run on time and wound up hanging by his heels), as to how many divisions the Pope has, needs much new investigation!

It is my belief that the entire concept of the game of Diplomacy is inherently silly. Pushing pieces of plastic around on top of a piece of cardboard is silly. Writing down what you want the blocks to do and calling it "orders" is preposterous. Sliding two blocks into the same "province" (which also has no real existence) and calling it a "bounce" is demented. Writing letters suggesting plans of action to people like Woody is the action of a fevered brain. We won't even mention the afflictions of someone who marks the pulverized remains of dead trees with ink spots and calls this effort a "Diplomacy Zine"...the Babirusic vocabulary lacks a verbal formulation for such actions.

I hope that you will give every consideration to taking this wacked-out pastime under the wing of the Ministry, so that those suffering from trans-reality confusion can be helped. If a cure for Diplomacy can be found, perhaps we can go on to the even sillier "hard-core wargamers", who, it is said, believe that a small square of cardboard can actually be a Panzer Division: Major General Ambrose E. Burnside: the battleship Missouri: or even the magical essence of troops who have run out of bullets. We must continue to treat silliness, with compassion but yet with firmness, whenever and wherever it may be found.

Snort snort,
Bob Olsen



Memorandum

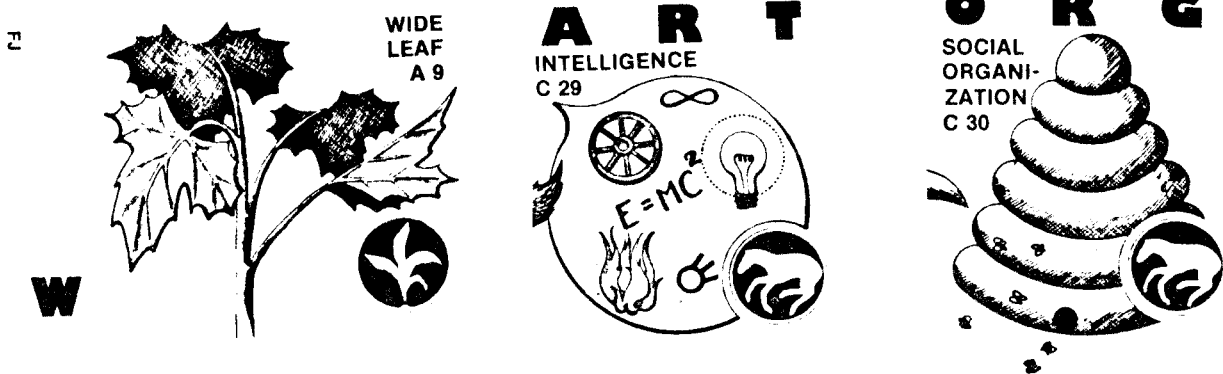
From: Ed Wrobel, Vice Premier; Co-editor, Politesse; ChairHog, Committee on Shoats and Pells; Head, Ministry of Silly Games; Director, Institute of Unabashed Mind 'Rasslin' and Nitpickery
To: Bob Olsen, Great Babirusa
Re: Yet more silliness

Your efforts in affording the Vice Premier this opportunity to further legitimate his newly-promulgated ministry are quite laudable. Of even greater significance, however, is your selfless and not undangerous revelation of the innermost workings of your flawed intellectual processes inspiring the generation of yet another indispensable twig upon the Wrobelesque branch of the solid oak of WARTHOG organizational frivolity, to wit, the Institute of Unabashed Mind 'Rasslin' and Nitpickery. As Director and Chief Ideologue of the Institute, I am charged with identifying incorrect thinking wherever it may exist, inside or outside DipDom, manifested within personal, professional or hobby lives, and taking timely and appropriate educative and pubitive action. Although you have served WARTHOG well in your capacity as Great Babirusa, you are not immune from scrutiny even in this, The Year of Bob Olsen.

It is my awesome duty to inform you that a disturbing tendency in your thought toward the heresy of Absolutism has been isolated. Absolutism is an insidious thought-trend which employs the tools of abstraction and unlimited extrapolation to undermine the fundamentals of categorization and distinction upon which bridges are built and meaning is made. Your attempt to include Diplomacy within the genre of Silly Games is nothing less than an attack upon Silliness itself. To class all games as Silly is to destroy Silliness as a subcategory. And that borders on thought-crime, Babirusa!

Regrettably, this is not your initial flirtation with Absolutist tendencies. Your refusal to grant our beloved Politesse a "10" in the last of the Runestone polls was based on an erroneous assertion that no zine was perfect and deserving of the highest rating (be it a 10, or failing that, a 9, or an 8, and so on into fruitless extrapolation). Such action constitutes pathetic naivete at best and blatant insubordination at worst. Until now the upper reaches of the politBuro has granted you the benefit of the doubt in view of your excellent record of service to DipDom and your vital geopolitical position as midAmerica Muffin to the One True Hobby Mistress, the Grand Duchess of Flushing. However, be forewarned that WARTHOG, having seized 2/3 of the seats on the DipCon Administrative Committee, can no longer be considered a simple collection of marginal face-to-face provincials. Our tusks are up.

But let us turn to the usual re-educative efforts. Reproduced herein are several representations from a genuinely Silly Game, "Quirks," illustrating alternative theoretical explanations of the evolutionary origin of WARTHOG. The Linguist School offers wide leaf (w), intelligence (art) and social organization (org) as the primal generative characteristics of our association of piglets.



Although presenting a convincing aural representation and a pleasing central position to nascent intellectuality, this construct includes a disturbing vegetative connotation totally inconsistent with the dynamic nature of WARTORG--er, WARTHOG. The physiologists, on the other hand, believe the Snoovorg, with its rooting snout, hide and hooves, and social organization, is the true missing link.



Discussion of the relative significance of these competing theories is best left to cultural anthropologists and certified nitpickers. Of particular import to Loyal Shoats Everywhere is the prominence of social organization at the tail end of both pictorials. In that respect, it is vital to ascertain the nature of the game and its fit into the jigsaw puzzle of the social ambience of the event under consideration. For example, at our recent Silly Games Cookout, it quickly became apparent that Cosmic Encounter was insufficiently silly to be learned and played in stifling heat and humidity, whereas Quirks and Wabbit Wampage fared quite well. (Diplomacy would have been out of the question!) Premier Peel played the farmer in WW and achieved a decisive victory over Peter Loebach, Meredith Minter and Danny Dancause. I entered the game in the fall as a standby for Danny and tried to rally the wabbits against Farmer Peel but an unfortunate absence of feeling for solidarity prevailed. Nevertheless, Meredith did succeed in destroying the chicken coop and Peter dropped the H-bomb on the dog house. We neglected to note the instruction on the H-bomb card that it also successfully attacks the user, the implication being that it includes no delivery system, a terrible oversight on the part of the Acme Atomic Co., but an amusing game mechanic. The concensus of the players was that wabbits could not enter a hole in the same turn that an attack was conducted. The rules do not specifically address this question but I believe it's apparent the bunnies have sufficient mobility to do so. After all, they are allowed to dig a hole at the end of a turn even after an attack, so surely they could jump into an existing hole. Moreover, play balance demands such an interpretation. Otherwise, holes would be underutilized since constant attacks are an absolute necessity, especially by the wascally wabbits who are frequently outgunned. The Quirks game was noteworthy in that it was not won by Dick Martin, despite his timely play of the rooting snout characteristic. (I am of the opinion he should receive at least an honorable mention, though.) Julie Martin and Tony Loebach also played but the winner was Terry Doe who dominated the upper niches and cast Dick into his third extinction for the win. I regret not having the opportunity to play Snits' Revenge at the Silly Games Fest but c'est la vie-- perhaps at The Gaetano Games, if a copy is available. (Does anybody have one to sell?) Is this clear now, Bob?

TALK2ED

Being a Compendium of Fascinating TidBits about Playing-by-Mail by Mr. Ed

Most exciting this month is the start-up of the Gonzo Football League and the very first postal Pax Britannica games, the former by Kevin Stone, 229 Newark Ave., Jersey City, NJ 07302, 201-432-5162, and the latter by John Boardman, 234 E. 19th St., Brooklyn, NY 11226. As you may note, both hail from the country's most obnoxious standard metropolitan statistical area, but don't hold that against them. Kevin did a very credible job of running the GFL last year and is very enthusiastic about this year's edition, which promises to be even bigger and better-- so much so, in fact, that the franchise fee is \$15 and a second independent division, under the stewardship of your correspondent, Ed Wrobel, 3932 N. Forestdale Ave., Dale City, VA 22193, is being formed. Each division will consist of 8 teams. You name your team and build it through a competitive draft, choosing actual NFL players such as Eric Dickerson, William Andrews and Billy Sims, not to mention those that will play. Your Gonzo team scores points based on the NFL performance of the players you've successfully drafted. Fourteen owners are currently signed; two additional spots may be taken at any time. Draft lists are now being distributed and must be returned by September 20. (Hope Ken is not too late with this issue...) Boardman has begun his PB games but can still use standbys, at only \$6 for 9 issues. His PB publication is called The Valor of Ignorance. If you like PB, this is a great opportunity to see the first postal games of it, and maybe jump in at a discount price. Highly recommended. Boardman also needs standbys for regular Diplomacy in his Graustark. I only recently began playing in Graustark and I've found the clientele to be active, interesting and decidedly on the slimy side, particularly our own Dick Martin and the former Bob Bragdon, although mayhap I judge them abruptly. If you want to play postal Gunboat Dip (now there's a concept!), try Melinda Holley, PO Box 2793, Huntington, WV 25727. Black press is permitted (anonymous and misdirected) which is particularly effective in gunboat. Melinda is also looking for standbys for regular Dip and gunboat. New game fee is \$5 which includes a subscription to "Rebel." If you want to be a "universal standby," write to Bill Quinn, Boardman Number Custodian, 301 Conroe Drive, Conroe, TX 77301. This means you volunteer to standby wherever you're needed. Let Bill know how many games you're willing to play (regular Dip). Tom Swider's MediocreCon was cancelled due to other obligations; too bad, it probably would've been at least fair. My favorite zine continues to be The Inner Light, from Keith Sherwood, Le Pit, 4824½ Muir, San Diego, CA 92107. Yes, I know, you hate California and this zine is ARCHETYPAL CALIFORNIA in caps. In small letters, and I mean, all small, is benzene, from mark d. lew, 1327 w. 27th #104, anchorage, ak 99503. lew has a great sense of stream of consciousness, even after the third draft, and fancies himself a frontier intellectual. great stuff. I mean, Great stuff. Very interesting letters and better replies. Price is something like 60¢ an issue. Kevin Tighe's address is now 1360 Alder St. #9, Eugene, OR 97401. He moves around a lot, so tell him you learned his current address here in Politesse in TALK2ED. Also for exciting reading don't miss The Not For Hire, Steve Langley's megaDiplomatic correspondence zine, at \$1 per issue, from 2296 Eden Roc Lane #1, Sacramento, CA 95825. I just received #3 and there are some great letters in it, including revelations of telephonic theft in the pursuit of romantic entanglement by one of our most prominent DipDomites! Also hot into my mailbox is...Diplomacy World!! (Hope you got yours, Mr. Breidenstein.) It looks mahvelous! A note from George Graessle, 326 Park Place, Irvington, NJ 07111 advises me that my sub has expired and I can resubscribe at only \$8 third class and \$11 first class for 4 issues. Pricey, yes, but 50+ worthwhile pages. Lastly, check out Pommes mit Mayo, a culinary delight for discussion of real-life diplomacy from Scott Hanson, 2626 Stevens Ave., Minneapolis, MN 55408 at 35¢ per issue with actual European Dip Hobby participation.

The Premier Speaks

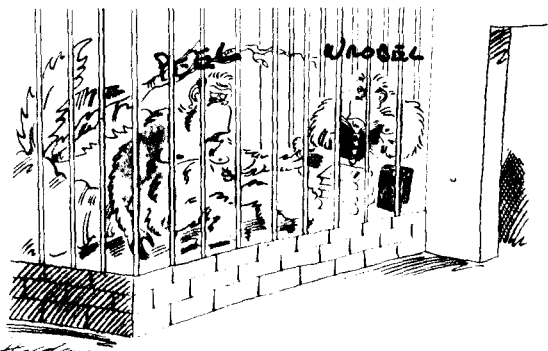
It has now become abundantly clear that the Vice Premier and co-editor of this publication, our own Edward J. Wrobel, has become dangerously enthralled -- and possibly addicted -- by power and titles. As a revolutionary organization based on elitist egalitarianism, as an organization serving as the vanguard of the downtrodden unorganized gaming masses everywhere (or at least in the Washington-Baltimore area), WARTHOG's leadership must always strike a delicate balance. Our ever-important work of "encouraging" the ignorant masses along the historically-correct path rests fundamentally upon the touchstone of ~~the appearance of~~ free will. No less than this is at stake.



Let me not parse my words: the Vice Premier's ongoing effort to centralize all major committees, ministries, and institutions within his portfolio is ideologically incorrect, and must be opposed. As the magnanimous, trusting, father figure to loyal shoats everywhere, I have until now allowed great latitude to the Politburo, especially to the Vice Premier, who has played such an important role in containing the proliferation of the Vessey clique and its attendant threat of rampant Hexplague. None of us detected the early signs of Wrobel's unfortunate sociological tendencies when he so skillfully outmaneuvered WAT Vessey by usurping the key position of ChairHog of the Committee on Shoats & Polls. In the past two consecutive months, however, the Vice Premier has created and retained for himself two new positions, namely the Head of the Ministry of Silly Games, and the Director of the Institute of Unabashed Mind 'Rasslin' and Nitpickery. This trend is a dangerous cancer to our very organic integrity.

Nevertheless, it is my hope and expectation that Vice Premier Wrobel can be rehabilitated without incarceration in Gulag Dale Cite or without regular outpatient visits to the Naylor, Virginia Clinic for Reeducation. Rather, it is my hope that this anti-social behavior can be corrected by public revelation of the deeper forces driving his obsessive orientation toward sociological concentration and organization, and ending it through intense aversion therapy. For many months now I have been protecting the knowledge that the Vice Premier's first undergraduate degree was, yes, I must say it, in Sociology. Wrobel's latent sociological orientation has, until recently, been held in check by his later, and more constructive, undergraduate degree in English. All who care about the future of our tacitly organized retinue must do their part to bring about the restoration of Wrobilian control.

I hereby call for submissions next month degenerating (in concentric circles) the field of Sociology, Sociology majors, and Wrobel's recent inappropriate behavior. Make it good, strong medicine, and remember that it is both for the health of the Vice Premier and for the greater good of WARTHOG. Until demonstrated success of the shock treatment of aversion therapy, I will take upon myself the ChairHogship of the Committee on Shoats and Polls (preparations for the ever-imminent elections continue to move ahead apace), and will leave undetermined the status of the Vice Premier's directorship of the Institute of Unabashed Mind 'Rasslin' and Nitpickery pending the renaming of this institute in a less connotatively impacted fashion. Remember, Ed, this hurts us more than it hurts you:



"You're in here for life. What earthly use is a sociology degree?"

MASTERS OF DECEIT!!

As many loyal shoats and poliSubbers the world over know, the publisher and co-editor of this humble publication (Politesse, the monthly journal of the Washington Area Retinue of [Tacitly] Highly-Organized Gamesters) have recently thrust themselves into the eye of the hurricane Dipdom by their symbiotic transmogrification from twinlike but marginal Dipdomits dancing like angles on the head of a pin at the periphery of the postal Diplomacy hobby's organizational essence into two organisms attached at the rib yet seperate, comprising thus a full two-thirds of that great, powerful triumverate known as the DipCon Administrative Committee. DipCon at MaryCon in '86!

Therefore, in our ((well, me, really -- that's Ken)) hobby custodial role, it behooves us to show the kind of self-promotional self sacrifice called for by this great coup. Yes, it is time for a massive plug for that still-new postal Diplomacy novice publication wherein -- coincidentally -- Ed and I have articles: MASTERS OF DECEIT! The first edition (a run of 150) are now virtually sold out, and a second edition will be out soon cleaning up a number of typos and such from the first edition. Our very own Babirusa, Bob Olsen, is the editor of MoD, and the publisher, thanks to the cheap rates he gets through his service co-op, is one Steve Arnawoodian, Woody to you and me. To get your own copy of MoD (and get them quick, or you might have to wait for the reprinting), send \$1 to Woody at 602 Hemlock Cir., Lansdale, PA 19446 (215-699-7659). Or send him no money, send me an article, and Woody gets another dollar added to his poliSub. And you get your Masters of Deceit to boot!

To highlight both the great stuff inside MoD, and the fact that this is indeed The Year of Bob Olsen, I have chosen an article by the Great Babirusa himself. [Undoubtedly, this is a great power play by Bob, who besides moving into his first hobby custodial position with his compilation of MoD, is also the winner of the hobby Writer's Poll, the winner of the Don Miller Award for hobby service, and the biggie of them all, the Nixon Award for excellence in lying.] Fifty-two pages in all with articles on all aspects of Diplomacy as a game and postal Diplomacy as a hobby! And now...

* * *

FROM HERE TO THERE: GRAND STRATEGY by Bob Olsen

The object of the game of Diplomacy is, obviously, to win, or at least, to wind up with a share of the draw that ends the game... preferably with as few other people as possible. A lot can happen between Winter 1900 and the conclusion of the game, and even the best players occasionally hose one away. But your goal in starting a game is to come out on top, and no matter which country you play, the overall principles are the same. You need allies; you need to grow, that is to increase your supply center count; you need to stab as necessary and within reason; and while juggling all this you also need to prevent anybody else from winning

All countries start the game about equal in strength, and after the neutrals are picked up, everybody is still in rough parity. In order to grow, you must attack another player; but since everybody is of rough equal strength, a one-on-one battle is useless unless the enemy is totally incompetent. Therefore, you must make an agreement with at least one other player against a third party. A strong diplomatic effort at the start of the game is crucial, and not to at least try is not only suicidal, but makes you participation in the game pointless to begin with. Sometimes, despite your best efforts, you will wind up odd-man-out, but if you don't try, you can't succeed.

((cont., next page...))

((Masters of Deceit, "From Here to there," cont.))

The European countries sort themselves out into the western powers (England, France, Germany) and the eastern powers (Austria, Russia, Turkey) with Italy sort of swing vote. Your object early in the game is to be on the winning side of the war in your sector-- as, for example, by allying your France with England against Germany or vice versa. Once the odd-man-out has been eliminated or crippled, and you have received your share of the spoils -- no less than two dots for sure, three preferably, and four if you have a very foolish ally -- it's time for a decision. You and your ally are in the range of 6-8 centers, but the quick spoils are gone, and you will be looking for other worlds to conquer.

There are several ways to continue. You can continue close alliance with your ally against another power. You can put the alliance on the back burner, go for a neutrality pact with your ex-ally, and combine with a third party against a second victim (example: England/France wipe out Germany; France then attacks Italy with Austrian help), or you can stab your dot-stuffed ally and try to take his centers. The advantage of the latter tactic is that if you succeed, you have emerged supreme in your part of the board; though you can be attacked by a more distant power, nobody is going to build nearby and be able to get at you quickly.

Growth is the key to the game. You start with three; you have to end with 18 to win (unless the other players give up and vote a concession... or all players agree to a draw). But growth has to be controlled. It's totally senseless to stab an ally for one unit; he's not seriously hurt (at least against you; you may well make it impossible for him to defend against somebody else) but your credibility with the other players most certainly is. For example, if France stabs Italy for one dot and Austria winds up with the other three, France has hurt, not helped her own position. Sometimes it may be necessary to loan a dot to a hard-pressed ally; to drop from, say, nine to eight for a year or two is no disaster as long as the loss is eventually made up.

If you are patient, tactically competent, reasonably shrewd in your assessment of the sort of rudimentary human character Diplomacy players exhibit, and reasonably lucky, you will succeed. But it does no good to get to 16 centers if somebody on the other side of the board gets to 18. It's very important to watch what is happening elsewhere. If France sees Russia or (horrors!) Turkey emerging as the dominant Eastern power, she should do everything possible to stop the Eastern juggernaut. A large amount of viewing-with-alarm in your negotiations is useful. You might try to act as intermediary between Austria and Russia, say, and help them patch up their differences, if both are in danger of being swallowed by the Turk. If the country you are currently fighting can be induced to join the stop-the-leader cause you might even back off him for a while; plenty of time to stab him again after he's given his all on the other side of the board. Generally it's probably best to be second in total supply centers in the middle part of the game; then you can engineer stop-the-leader alliances against somebody else more easily, unless the other guy is so charming that nobody will believe he could be such a scoundrel... in which case he is very dangerous. Later on, when everybody is busily putting down the menace on the other side of the board, you can make your move. Very commonly it's easier to get from 10 to 14 units than from five to seven; not only do you have much more to work with tactically, but the other players tend to become discouraged if they don't believe they can stop the leader.

Hobby legend relates a game wherein the Austrian player was reduced to one army, dislodged from a home center in a Spring turn, who somehow managed to come back to win the game. (Well, it's a nice story...) I have been in games in which 15-center countries have gone on to be totally eliminated. Anything is possible; maybe someday you'll have your own mildly preposterous tale to tell. In the meantime, with your hands grabbing for dots, one eye firmly fixed on the main chance, maybe you too will be able to get from "here" to "there."

* * *

THE DIPLOMAT TIMES

#8

GM AND EDITOR: JEFF CLOSE

August 20, 1985

"Since The Turn Of The Century"

READER'S POLL: The following questions are intended to give me feedback concerning the opinions of the players about various details of The Diplomat Times. As you can see from recent issues, I haven't yet decided upon certain aspects of the format and content. I'd appreciate it if you have any comments to include. Return this or another sheet of paper with your orders. Remember, this is intended to allow players to enjoy it more. Please be Frank (unless you have a better name).

1. GAME MAP

RATE: GOOD FAIR POOR

COMMENTS: _____

2. ADJUDICATION PRINTOUT (STYLE & SYNTAX)

RATE: GOOD FAIR POOR

COMMENTS: _____

3. PRESS FORMAT

RATE: GOOD FAIR POOR

COMMENTS: _____

4. EDITORIAL PAGE

KEEP IT?

PLAYER STUFF?

MY OWN?

COMMENTS: _____

5. FRONT PAGE

HUMOROUS ARTICLES?

REAL NEWS?

ANNOUNCEMENTS AND ADMINISTRATIVE?

HOW MUCH OF EACH?

RATE: GOOD FAIR POOR

COMMENTS: _____

6. AVERAGE TURN LENGTH

_____ DAYS

7. GENERAL COMMENTS: _____

GAME 1-85 / Spring 1903DEADLINE for Fall, 1903 is September 16, 1985 at NOON !!!AUSTRIA (Daniels):A-bud>GAL, [A-RUM(S)A-bud>gal], A-VIE(S)A-bud>gal,
A-TRI H, A-SER(S)A-tri H, [F-gre(S)T.F'-smy>aeg/r/>BUL[sc]]ENGLAND (D. Brown):[F-LON>ech], F-lvp>NAO, [F-DEN(S)F-hol>kie],
[F-HOL>kie], F-NTH(S)F-lon>ech, F-ech>IRI, A-bel>RUHFRANCE (Bienvenu):A-par>PIC, A-BUR(S)A-par>pic, A-gas>PAR, [F-BRE>ech],
F-MAO(S)F-bre>echGERMANY (Gardner):

A-mun>TYR, [A-KIE(S)F-bal>den], [F-BAL>den]

ITALY (Ellis):

F-apu>ADR, A-VEN(S)G.A-mun>tyr, A-alb>GRE, F-ION(S)A-alb>gre

RUSSIA (Close):F.SWE(S)E.F-den, A-MOS(S)A-sev, [A-SEV(S)A-ukr>rum],
[A-UKR>rum], [A-gal(S)A-ukr>rum/r/>WAR]TURKEY (Minter):

[A-ARM>sev], A-ank>CON, F-smy>AEG, F-BLA(S)A.A-rum

AROUND THE WORLD

Austria to Turkey: Look at my thumb. Gee, you're dumb. Now turn around...Vienna to London: Our court has found you guilty of murder, attempted insurrection, Treason against the state and the willful destruction of private property. You are hereby sentenced to death by dismemberment. Our minions in Russia, Germany, and France will select which appendages and when they will be removed.Vienna to Paris: I want his gaul!Vienna to Berlin: What do you see in him? Come away with me, the things I could show you.London to Paris: What we have here is a failure to communicate.British Command to troops: Beware of those filthy French catapulting cows.London to Paris: You need a compass? First you go West, then South, then East -- you now want North? Chuck the board, man. There's only one logical choice.Channal to Ionian: Great! I'll see you on the Riviera.Letter from Europe to Kaiser (Gardner):Berlin to London: Let's close his window, I can feel a draft.Gaz-Eng: Sorry I didn't write. When I do, I may send you zeroes of your own 1st and second letters. You did a most amusing flip-flop.Gaz-Fra: I hear you sent your top agent to G.B. to do recon. Find out anything?The Butler was exhausted. The coronation had gone better than he had expected, considering The new Kaiser had behaved with complete decorum, greeting all his guests properly and in correct order of importance to him while managing to keep even the last from feeling last. His face had been a mask throughout. It was only later when the coronation turned into something else that a certain sly sparkle appeared in his eyes from time to time. The butler had looked about nervously at those moments, but his Kaiser only winked at him, as if knowing what the old servant was thinking. When things got out of hand the Kaiser still had a cool enough head to step in between a blossoming row between the Italian and Austrian ambassadors. "THE SLAV HAS NO COUTH," bellowed the Italian ambassador, Ellisio. This was not strictly true. De Turac was a polished minister of the Viennese court,

AROUND THE WORLD, *Continued*

and parents spoke magyer, not a slavio tongue. The thing that irritated the Italian was Danturac's supercilious air and his way of insinuating that all Italians since the reign of the Caesars had ended were ignorant, uncultured peasants. Fortunately, this pair had been separated without doing each other harm, the Kaiser had retired for the evening, and the butler was left to keep an eye on things. It had stayed wild. In the end they had had to pull Danturac out of the chandelier and Ambassador Bienvenu of France had been found in an extremely compromising posture with Ambassador Browntree's daughter, who should have known better than to discuss corsets and lingerie with a Frenchman. Russia's Ambassador Klosov had faded out a side door early, while the Sultan's minister Minteri had sat in a corner quietly disgusted with the carrying on of these heathens. Roma to Berlin. What do you mean German military traffic has the right-of-way in Tyrolia? I've bounced Germans there before!

Italy to Austria. Alright, John, show us a REAL man's press. We're getting tired of this Italian drole. You know, give us some real INTELLECTUAL stuff.

Roma to French Soldiers. Great press release! Monty Python is incredible!

Italy to Germany. No, No, No, Paul! Of course Tyrolia is not part of HIS country! It is wide open space open to those with the power to take it.

Naples to Ankara. You know, Meredith, we don't HAVE to be enemies. Why, look! There's that great big red blocked country between us that we could attack together! Isn't it romantic?? (OK, OK, Forget the romance. We can dismember Austria in a very professional and businesslike manner: Rumania, Greece, and Serbia for you/Trieste, Vienna, and Budapest for me. You build armies and go north/I'll build fleets and go west. I'm serious Well?

Roma to Moscow. Don't worry, old chap. That press release to Turkey was written from Naples, not Rome (where the power is) You know that you are going to get Rum and Budapest, don't you?? Hey, that works! I take Trieste and Vienna, she takes Greece and Serbia, you get Rum and Bud! Wow! That's great! Austria splits up nice and even either 2 or 3 ways! Let's do it!

Venice to Trieste. John, you didn't seriously believe me, did you? Nah, I didn't think you would. Oh, well, I had to try. You lied to me in 1902 and I certainly believe that one good lie deserves another. To War!!!

Pope to King of Franca. More power to Ye Catholic Soldiers! Make the English heretics pay for their unforgivable sins! Of course, you do plan to send the spoils of victory straight to Rome, don't you? DON'T YOU?!

Italy to Russia. I'll be glad when you get back from the real Europe. It gets so lonely in the East without any friends.

Roma to London. Sorry but it is impractical at this time to sue for peace with the Eastern Barbarians. I do appreciate your efforts, however. Good Luck.

Italy to Austria. It's funny. We never did really get off on the right track, so to speak, did we? And we could have had such a grand alliance. If only you hadn't stabbed me and bounced me in the Aegean. Oh, well, in a serious tone for a change, I think you are a capable adversary. I look forward to a well-fought battle involving both wits and blocks. Interesting.

Italy to GM. I hope someone else sent in a bunch of press. I hate it almost as much as everyone else does when my press occupies 90% of the AROUND THE WORLD section. Come on everyone! Let's send in some press, shall we?

GM to Italy. I enjoy your press! However, I do agree with the part about 90%. Yours should occupy about 14.3% of the AROUND THE WORLD section. If I start getting much more, however, I'm going to hire a typist. My 20 words per minute are no match for this!

Italy. My idea for the photo contest and someone else capitalizes on it. The story of my life... The story, in fact, of the Italian peoples.

Moscow to Berlin. From my window to the West, I can see forever.

Turk to World. Hey! Europe looks nothing like a diplomacy board!

Turkey to Italy. Come, now. Surely you inverted those pictures? That turkey is unmistakably a gobbler, and transvestitism is not among my sins. Furthermore, Perfidious Albion is the only one of us currently gobbling anything. (Right, Mike?)

Turkey to Austria. Well, you know what Churchill said about the Italians...

Turkey to Italy. Word spreads, it seems. Shall I send the photographers from Panthouza to Rome or Venice? I'm sure they can retouch the dart punctures.

GAME 2-85 / Spring 1902

DEADLINE for Fall, 1902 is September 16, 1985 at NOON !!!

AUSTRIA (N. Brown):

A-bud>GAL, A-VIE(S)A-bud>gal, A-SER(S)A-rum H,
[F-TRI>alb], [A-rum H/r/>BUD]

ENGLAND (Wroble):

F-lvp>IRI, [F-LON>ech], A-hol>BEL, F-NTH(S)A-hol>bel,
F-NOR H

FRANCE (Nicewarner):

[F-BRE>ech], F-por>MAO, [A-SPA>mar], A-par>BUR, A-bel>RUII

GERMANY (Oaklyn):

F-kie>BAL, F-swe>FIN, [A-DEN>swe], A-mun>SIL, A-ruh>KIE

ITALY (Mipter):

[A-MAR>spa], A-tus>PIE, F-tun>WES, F-rom>TUS, F-nap>TYN

RUSSIA (Andahl):

A-gal>RUM, A-UKR(S)A-gal>rum, F-SEV(S)A-gal>rum, [F-GOB>swe]

TURKEY (Vessey):

[A-GRE>alb], [F-BUL(sc)>gre], F-con>BLA, F-smy>AEG, A-ank>CON

AROUND THE WORLD

The Austrian Government requests that all others note the new address of the royal palace. Nate Brown / 3396
21st Pl SW / Largo, FL 33640

England from Austria: Naxar assume anything.

Italy from Anon: Sic 'em!

Turkey from Anon: If you're not gonna switch, then I'll fight!

strategies, huh! For the rest of you to get some meaning out of all of this, Vessey, in Turkish, means vacillation in German. Not all of the jellyfish are in the oceans.

[Hann] On the eve of a cosmic sandstorm, a barren planet with a thin atmosphere tugged gravitationally at its two moons that orbited on each side of its massive body. Appearing in eternal eclipse, one of the moons have already been scorched by the first Galactic empire. Realizing that all of this was about to fall on the Kaiser's head, he donned his hat and wisped himself away to woo the fair maiden.

1-85 Italy to 2-85 Germany: Berniel Long time, no see. Remember me, Randy Ellis (Osog's friend)? It looks like you've got yourself in trouble again. Hey, how is the martial arts situation progressing? Let me know

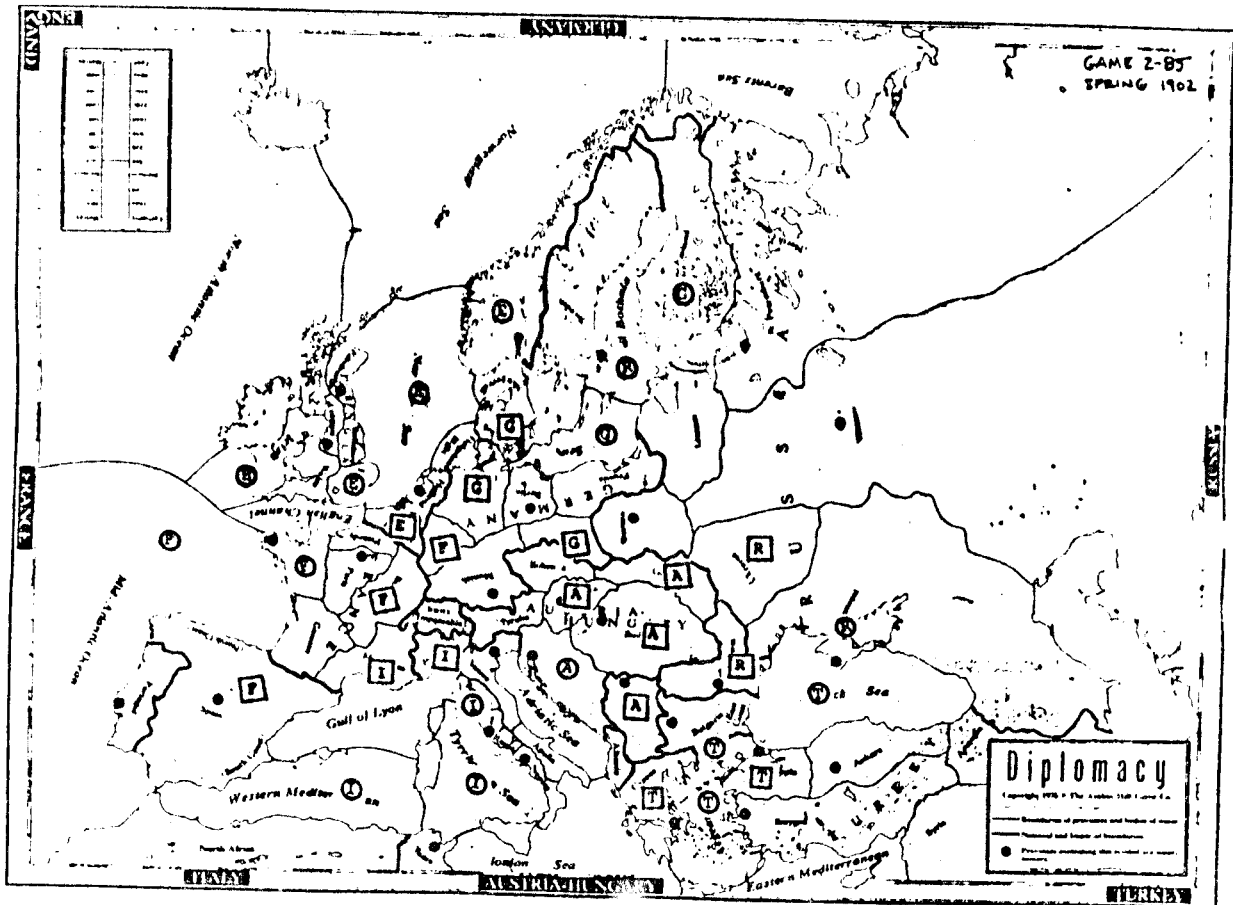
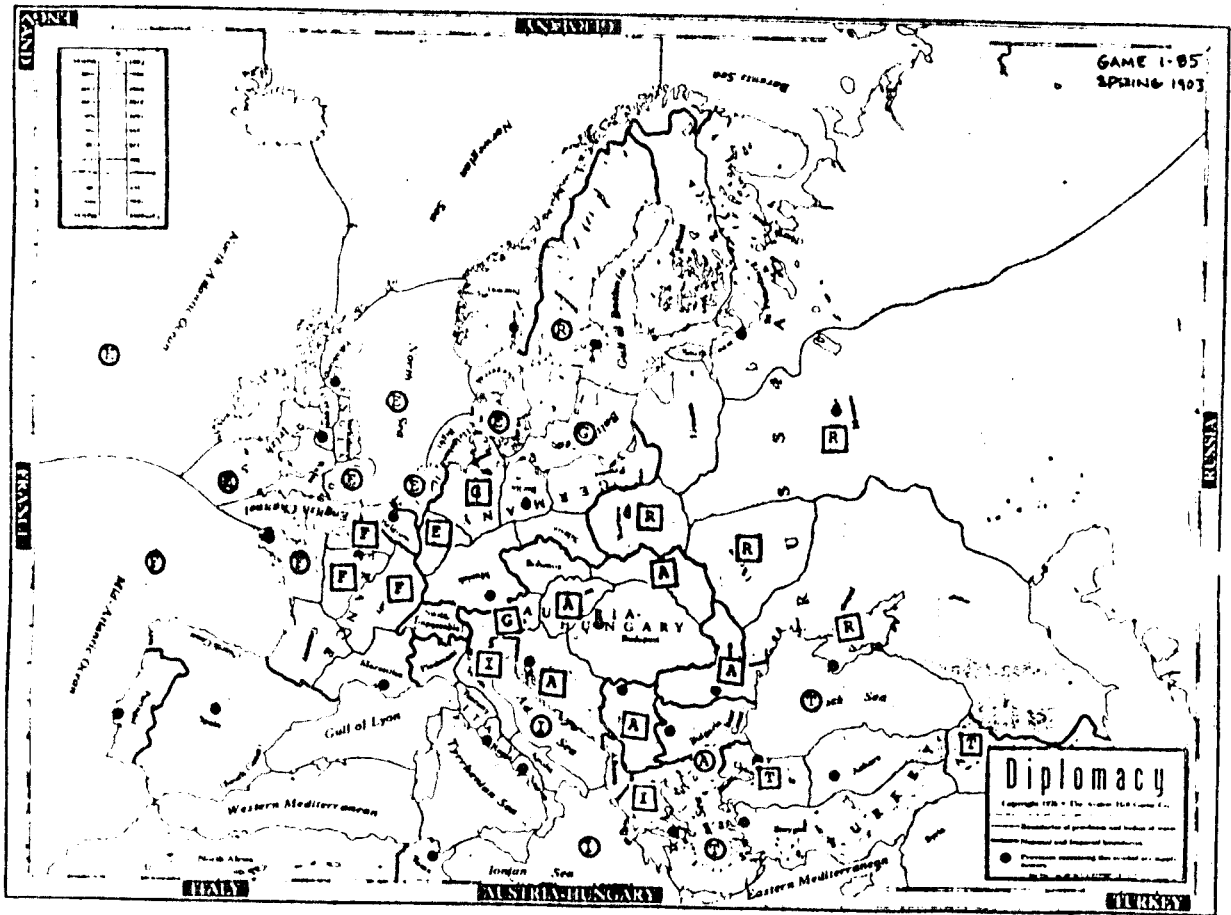
CHANGE OF ADDRESS:

Please note the following
COAs:

Nate Brown
3395 21st Pl. SW
Largo, FL 33540

Greg Close
2608 NW 114
Okla.City, OK 73120

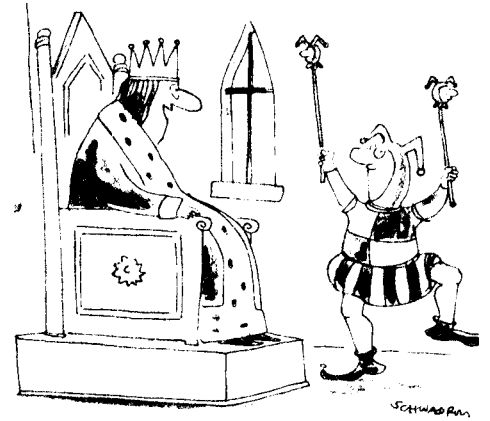
John Daniel
1241 Eldon St. #102
Herndon, VA 22070



The Congressional Page

The big news around here is that MaryCon has been chosen

as the next site for DipCon, the roving national Diplomacy tournament. MaryCon is held each year the first weekend of June at the campus of Washington-Monroe College (formerly Mary Washington College) in Fredricksberg, Virginia -- less than an hour south of Washington, D.C. MaryCon and WARTHOG have a long incestuous relationship, a relationship that will be even stronger in the months ahead as preparations move forward for MaryCon/DipCon '86. Ed Wrobel and I (along with Pete Gaughan, the publisher of that fine dipzine down Texas way, Perelandra) constitute this year's DipCon Administrative Committee. Ed will be the Chairman, and will publish the DipCon Committee newsletter, which will begin appearing in these pages next month.



"I'm surprised that someone like you doesn't hold DipCon office."

There will be plenty to do, but I expect things to proceed smoothly considering the fact that we are dealing with MaryCon, the best run Diplomacy tournament around, with the best facilities anywhere. Look for MaryCon in '86 to be doubling in size. So mark on your calendar Friday, Saturday and Sunday, May 30, 31, and June 1.

Politesse is dedicated to the east coast multiparticipational generative gaming community, especially the Baltimore-Washington Area. Remember the Gaetano Games at my place September 21 and 22. See HAVAGAME, page 3.

POLITESSE
c/o Ken Peel
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(301) 495-2799



*Ron: Sorry you didn't make it to Dodgecon! But I'll see you in a few months at Datcon?
Best,
[Signature]*

*Ron Spitzer
761 N. Bundy Dr.
Los Angeles, CA.
90049*

Pesticides and You