

WHO DO YOU TRUST?

Watch Your Back, Game Players Are About.

Publisher: Timothy R. Haffey, Sr.

Issue No. 8/9

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8-9MayDIPLOMACY ZINE FOR DISCRIMINATING DIPLOMACY PLAYERS

May you all have a happy 4th of July 2005



\$3.00 PER ISSUE

“WHO DO YOU TRUST?” is a monthly Diplomacy zine dedicated to the game of Diplomacy^{R.*} and other games that strike my fancy. It is published by Timothy R. Haffey, Sr., 810 53rd Ave., Oakland, CA. 94601, Telephone (510) 536-3513, email - trhaffey@yahoo.com

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RATES

The subscription rate for “WHO DO YOU TRUST?” is \$36.00 per year. That is equal to \$3.00 per issue. Overseas orders must add \$12.00 per year to the standard rate or, \$48.00 per year. Overseas subscribers who want their zine delivered via air mail must add still another \$12.00 per year to cover the extra cost but, this is optional. All rates are annual. Games are FREE.

Send all subscription orders to Sub, Timothy R. Haffey, 810 53rd Ave., Oakland, CA. 94601

Make all checks or money orders out to Timothy R. Haffey in US Dollars please. Overseas subscriptions must be paid via money orders in USD.

Contributions

All Contributions of articles, reports, reviews, art, cartoons, and whatever related to Diplomacy and its variants are always welcomed and will probably be used. I do edit for appropriate content and size but, I am pretty opened . All contributions will become the property of “WHO DO YOU TRUST?” and will not be returned unless requested and a SASE is included. The deadline for contributions is the 15th of the month in order to be included in the following issue. If you like you can email these to me at trhaffey@yahoo.com.

Comments, by Tim Haffey (trhaffey@yahoo.com)

The Saga of the Shingles.

I must apologize for the lateness of this issue but, I have been sick with the Shingles. Consider this a double issue. However, I will add a month to everyone’s subscriptions. Shingles is truly not something I would wish on my worst enemy. I was up in Oregon visiting my sister in Astoria at the end of April. I began to experience pain in my left thigh and hip. I figured I had pulled something or had pitched a nerve or something and it would go away. It didn’t.

When I got home I went to the doctor and he thought the same thing even though I told him I did not think so. A couple of days later I was laid out on my deck when my son came by. I was wearing shorts and he looked at my leg and said you have shingles dad. I felt the leg and I feared he was correct. Tim, Jr.’s grandfather had shingles and my own dad had shingles and we were both familiar with shingles. So, he took me to the emergency ward at the hospital. The doctors there did not seem to be able to figure out if it was shingles or not and would not start treatment. Instead, they referred me to a dermatologist and gave me some pain pills. Idiots. I could not get into see the Dermo Doc for four days. He took one look and said you have Shingles. He started my treatment immediately. Five pills for seven days. Now, that kills the Shingles virus but, it does not end the problem. Oh no, that is only the beginning.

Shingles is caused by chickenpox. If you have ever had chickenpox as a child or early in life, you will have shingles some time later in life. The chickenpox go dormant and takes up resident in nerve roots. When it does come out, usually when your immune system becomes weak for some reason and

it can be decades later, 50+ years in my case, it breaks out and damages the nerve that it is connected to.

What this means is that the nerves must "recover" as the doctor put it. This means pain and lots of it. This is an intense, continuous, unrelenting pain that keeps you from sleeping, moving, eating (you lose your appetite) and even thinking clearly. All you want to do is stop the pain. Now the pain pills help. They gave me Tylenol 3 witch I took with Excedrin. That helped but, not by much. At least I could sleep for a couple of hours. But, then it came back in spades like it had to make up for lost time or something. Two weeks of this was enough to almost drive me crazy. But, then it started to get better day by day. Needless to say, I did not even look at my computer during this time.

However, here it is the first of July and now that you have heard my sob story, let me say that I am now able to type on my computer and try to get this out. My butt still hurts a bit but it is manageable. If you ever wanted to hurt so bad you wished you were dead, shingles will do that for you. OK, back to work.

News and Tidbits of Information around the Hobby.

Boardman Number Custodian is Tom Howell.
Miller Number Custodian is also Tom Howell. His address is
365 Storm King Road, Port Angeles, WA 98363.

The only zines I have received in trades for so far are

"The Abyssinian Prince" by Jim Burgess
"Graustark" by John Boardman
"Boris the Spider" by Paul and Meg Bolduc
"Northern Flame" by Robert Lesco
"off-the-shelf" by Tom Howell.
"Cheesecake" by Andy Lischeet

If any one knows of another postal zine, let me know and I will try to trade for it.

Games

I have openings for

Regular Diplomacy, 1 signed up.
1900 Diplomacy, (I was informed that this was always called 1900 Dip, so I changed the name.)
Dollar Dot Diplomacy,
Colonial Diplomacy,
Youngstown Diplomacy,
Nuclear Holocaust World War III, 1 signed up.

But, wait a minute, what is 1900 Diplomacy? This is a regular game of Diplomacy except, you start in Winter 1900 with no units. You then build whatever units you wish for your assigned country within the normal limits. For example, Italy could build three fleets, or two fleets and one army, or even three armies. This opens up a whole new dimension for negotiations.

Dollar Dot Diplomacy. This was originally developed as a way to combat dropouts. It is regular Diplomacy but part of the signup requires each player to contribute \$5.00 to a winner's pot for the game. Then, once the game is finished, each player gets \$1.00 back for each dot he owns. The player with the highest number of centers (dots) gets the

extra dollar. This is suppose to keep players in the game and to encourage them to play for the win. The extra dollar can be divided between two players with the same number of dots.

Nuclear Holocaust WWII. This game was designed and developed by David Grabar of Chowchilla, California many years ago. He gave me permission to run the game whenever I wanted. It has two really neat parts of the game that are unusual. The rest of the game is pretty much trying to take over spaces involving a military and economic component.

The first unique part is the way countries are selected. No random selection or preference list here. It's an auction guys. Everyone starts out with \$15,000 and you have to bid on the country of your choice. High bid wins. Losers have to bid again on remaining countries until they are all assigned. All money bid is lost. Remaining money is used to buy units to defend your spaces.

The second neat thing is the combat system. Various units in a space can add up their attack values but then the owner of the units can add money to the attack. Total attack values times amount of money equals total attack strength. Other players can also add money on either side of a conflict in any space in the world. All money is done in secret. So, money is a very important part of the combat, as well as being necessary to purchase and maintain units and upgrade areas. The object of the game, of course, is to take over the world or, as in Diplomacy, players vote on a solo or draw.

To Zine publishers: Pass on to your readers that these games are available here.

DRAGONS DO TO EXIST OR, AT LEAST THEY DID ONCE UPON A TIME.

by Tim Haffey

All of you old Dungeon and Dragons fanciers might enjoy this bit of truth and knowledge. I was watching a TV show the other night, I watch a lot of TV, and I saw a special on Dragons. I am not sure which channel it was on, I have about 120 channels on my TV. But, it was either the History Channel or the Discovery Channel or possibly Animal Planet. Anyway it was about a cave in the mountains of Rumania that had be uncovered by a earthquake. Some explorers went up to the cave, which was pretty high up, and opened up the cave to take a look see inside. They said they really did not expect to find anything but, they did. Boy, did they.

There were two sections to the cave. In the first cave they found four bodies frozen solid and perfectly preserved. They were men dressed in full armor outfits with weapons like swords and spears. They were all about 5'2" tall and it was determined that they were about 500 years old. In the second section of the cave, they found an animal back behind some rocks just like it had been hiding or something. They showed drawings and pictures of this thing and it was exactly what you see in paintings and fits the medieval descriptions of a dragon. Yeah, I know, a five hundred pound dragon flying around breathing fire, yeah right.

How could that be possible? Well guys, I guess we should never under estimate mother nature because that is exactly what this creature could do. Its wings were only twenty feet long and could not create enough lift to allow it to fly but, it did have something else. When they examine the creature they found that it had two rather large lungs plus it had two more chambers in the center of the chest. At first they thought these were additional lungs but they were not. They proved to be airtight. Not good for lungs. Then, it was determined that the Dragon could generate Hydrogen and store it in these chambers. This would create enough additional buoyancy to allow the creature to fly. Hydrogen lifts things up like a blimp. When

the two chambers were full of Hydrogen it would make the dragon light enough for the wings to lift it up and fly.

Also, they discovered extra molars in the back of the Dragon's mouth and found bits of platinum on the molars. What is the significances of this? Any of you who are Chemists probably know. The Dragon would grind down Platinum containing rocks with these molars and deposit platinum on the back molars. When Hydrogen is exposed to Platinum it ignites the Hydrogen. The Dragon could expel the Hydrogen from the chambers and breath it out through his mouth which would be ignited by the Platinum on the way out and it became a fire breathing dragon.

There was one problem the Dragon might have. If he was flying and expelled to much Hydrogen he would lose his buoyancy and fall from the sky. So, he probably did not do to much fire breathing in the air. But, once on the ground, look out. That is big hit points. Bye the way, he was said to be colored a grayish color.

Absolutely true story.

DipCon Society for North America

Now the DipCon society for North America has its own website. Some of it is still under construction but will be up and running soon. The website address is [Http://dipconsocietyna.org](http://dipconsocietyna.org). If that does not work, try timothyrhaffey.com/dip3.htm instead. We will use this site to discuss matters related to the Charter and Dip Con Locations, etc. It will have a chat room where meetings can be arranged for anyone interested, a Bulletin Board for discussions, and a listing of DipCon results for every ones information. Edi Birsan has provided a history of the DipCons that I think everyone will find interesting.

<<<Editor's Note: Due to my being sick for the last two months, nothing has been done on this but, I will bring it up and get it setup soon. I promise.>>>

THE REAL VALUE OF POSTAL ZINES OR AT LEAST WRITTEN RECORDS.

by Tim Haffey

For those of you who go to tournaments probably know the procedure for playing each game and the writing of orders does not lend itself to preserving the records of the moves themselves. They keep the Yearly centers charts but not the individual moves. So, you can not review or analysis the game in any detail afterwards unless you are in the game and can remember who did what. . The results may be kept on some website and perhaps printed in a postal zine but not always.

E-mail play is either lost right away or records are kept on the website where the players are associated with. But, eventually these sites close down and the records are lost as a rule. Perhaps we could create a archive website to take such records when the website closes. Something to think about.

Postal zines, on the other hand, are written records of every game in there zine, move by move, and all the stuff that goes on as well. And, when these zines are keep in archives, the records are available for review to anyone who wants them.

THE ARTICUS ARCHIVES

Official Publication of the North American Diplomacy Zines Archive

Issue #6

The Purpose of this sub-zine is to report progress and findings on the archive and what I am finding and what is available as we go along. It is published within "WHO DO YOU TRUST?" as a subzine by Timothy R. Haffey, Sr.

I changed the name of the archive to make it more relevant. Changing it from North American Diplomacy Hobby Archive to North American Diplomacy Zines Archive. After all, it is zines that are in the archive. So, then, the initials would be NADZA. I like that better anyway.

I am in the process of cataloging and organizing all of the zines I received from Larry but I have to tell you this is getting crazy. Some of it is organized and some of it isn't. So, this is going to be a long drawn out effort. If anyone has a particular zine they are interested in knowing something about, let me know and I will research it and include it in an issue of The Articus Archives.

I intend to create a database for the zines themselves, a database for articles and a database for games played in these zines. It is interesting to note that not all the zines, particularly the early ones, used Boardman numbers. Some zines just have one game in them. In other words a special zine was created and published for just that one game. Such as "MONGO".

There are plenty of other things to research and write about such as fake zines, feuds, controversies, fights over conventions, organizations, hobby services, and just famous players in the hobby, good and bad.

And, once again, I will ask anyone who has a stash of old Dip zines who does not want them anymore, consider donating them to the Archive before throwing them away. Send me a general list of what you have and I will tell you if I need them or not. I will pay for all shipping cost. Talk to me, we will work it out. My telephone number is (510) 536-3513 or email me at trhaffey@yahoo.com. Or, mail be a letter to Tim Haffey, 810 53rd Ave., Oakland, CA. 94601.

Letters to the Editor

Sun, 17 Apr 2005 14:31
DixieCon 87

Around June 1987 the results of the DixieCon (Chapel Hill) may have been echoed in one of the achieved 'zines. If you can find the rankings or even an article or two on it... send it to David Hood and Gwen Maggi please.

Thanks

<<<Editor's Note: Sorry, I have been sick with the Shingles for the last month and a half. But, I will work on this. I was also asked to look for Diplomacy World #9. I will look for that also.

As I read articles in the various Dip Zines in the Archives I find that many of them are just as relevant today as they were when they were written. Here is an article from "Murdering Ministers", Issue 13, November 2, 1979. I found it quite entertaining. I hope you do to.

NOTE: The following report is from the *DAILY SUNDIAL* of California State University Northridge. Since this report contains information that is vital to the health and well-being of all Diplomacy players, I am passing it along for your benefit.

*John H. Masters
Valencia, California*

RARE NEW PHOBIA DISCOVERED

Northridge, November 1979: The entire world of mental health was rocked back on its heels and forced to sit up and take notice today by a report submitted to the *Gestalt Foundation for Psychiatric and Clinical Research on the Basic Neuro-Metabolo-psycho-Somatical Redunciea to the 'Stimuli-Recall Mechanism of the Psychotic, Neurotic, Paranoid or simply Nutty.*

The report, submitted by Dr. Lazarus Flurfy, professor of Abnormal Psychology at California State University Northridge, was entitled: **A Report on the Neuro-Psychical Basis of RUSSOARMOGALICIOPHOBIA.**

Russoarmogaliciophobia (or simply R-A-Gal-phobia) is defined by Dr. Flurfy as being an inordinate fear of Russian armies in Galicia. Dr. Flurfy, it's discoverer, claims that it is an extremely rare and somewhat trying condition of hypochondria brought on by playing Austria to excess in postal Diplomacy games. The affliction may take on any of several forms.

In an advanced state, known as Hyporussoarmogaliciophobia, the disease may assume new and interesting characteristics, such as a morbid fear, not only directed against Russian armies in Galicia, but of Russian armies (or fleets) anywhere. Another common manifestations is a deep-seated fear of any small, square, white object. The sight, or even thought, of a pair of dice is sufficient to send a hyporussoarmogaliciophobiatic into hysteria, or a sulk, depending upon his kinesthetic—neural makeup.

"I know of a most interesting case," writes Dr. Flurfy. "We shall call the patient Mr. Ex (because that is his name, Bill Ex). Up until the time about which I am writing, Ex was, barring his phobia, a perfectly normal human being. He had been blasted out of Austria, via Russian attack in Galicia, in several postal Diplomacy games; but his phobia had not yet reached an extreme manifestation. He did not exhibit any perceptible fear of sugar cubes, Chtcklets gum, books with white covers, typewriters with white keyboards, etc. Nor did fear Russian derived words or objects. Still he would refuse to eat chicken Kiev and would wince at pictures showing Marie Osmond smiling."

"For the first several months of my observations, Mr. Ex seemed to be able to cope with his phobia. Then one day when he came into my office, I could see the hallmark of the hyporussoarmogaliciophobiatic on his worried face. "It's getting worse," he said. I nodded and asked him why. He told me that after being set back by Russia in yet one more postal Diplomacy game that there had been changes made at his job (he worked in the production department of a foods company). He had been transferred to the department that made marshmallows. Immediate action was called for."

“I advised him to quit his job immediately. He should also accept positions in Diplomacy games if he would be playing France; he was never to play Austria again. The next step was to come into his home and make major changes. Everything white was painted some different color. Even the most minor things had to be taken care of. A piano had to be removed, because of its keyboard. Special ice—cube trays were brought in, that made round instead of square ice—cubes. His new telephone with it’s white push—buttons was sent back for an older model, black with a dial. Note pads, white books, pillow cases, a black and white chess board, and even an ivory mahjonn set were all removed. From now on Mr. Ex would eat sandwiches made with pumpernickel bread only, and never with white bread or Russian rye.”

“Things went very well for several months. Mr. Ex was a very sick man, but we had managed to control his environment. Of course there were still a few problems and. set back much as the time Mr. Ex went. into hysteria just as he was getting into the tub. He had suddenly envisioned the bath water as the Adriatic Sea and the bar of Ivory soap in it as a Russian fleet.”

“Several months later, I received a phone call from Mrs. Ex asking me to come over right away. I found Mr. Ex in a state of semi-coma lying on the sofa and clutching some papers in his hand. Summoning all of the skill of the clinical psychologist I was able to bring him out of it. His eyes were open and he was aware of my presence. I reached into my pocket for some Nibs licorice bits. I offered several of the nibs to Mr. Ex. He looked at them and then jumped up in terror. In only an instance he had leaped through the window behind him. He fell to his death two- stories below.”

“He had dropped the sheath of paper that he had been holding and it had fallen at my feet. I picked it up and looked at it. It was a Diplomacy szine called *MURDERING MINISTERS*. I looked at the page he had been reading and saw that he had followed my advice and had started a game as France. The Spring 1901 adjudications had just been made. Germany had just moved army Munich to Burgundy.”

This report caused quite a stir at the Gestalt Foundation and the board of directors voted Dr.. Flurfy a further \$225,000 stipend to continue his studies of Russoarmogalkiophobia; with the nope that someday this dread disease may be cured.

As I read articles in the various Dip Zines in the Archives I find that many of them are just as relevant today as they were when they were written. Here is an article from “New And Improved Blazogene”, Issue 85/86, May 21, 1984. I found it quite entertaining. I hope you do to.

Diplomacy Through The Ages Chapter 1:
unknown author

The Age of Dinosaurs

The age of dinosaurs was one of the healthiest periods in the history of the Diplomacy hobby. Imagine, if you will, that you are 225 million years in the past. Television hasn’t been invented yet. Alcohol hasn’t been invented yet. Women haven’t been invented yet. What is there to do but play Diplomacy?

Then, as now, the Diplomacy hobby had many celebrities:

Stegosaurus:

A prickly creature with a brain the size of a cow turd. He spent most of his time writing houserules

and boring tactics articles. He usually played Turkey. He wasn't much on offense, but just try to stab him in the back!

Brontosaurus:

The largest of the dinosaurs, this massive creature had to spend most of its time in the water, so that water a buoyancy would hold it up. This mighty beast later evolved into Bob Olsen.

Triceratopa:

Easily the horniest of the dinosaurs, this creature was the life of DipCons —225 million to -65 million. In most Dip games, he wore a pair of enormous horns to intimidate opponents. Sometimes, he also wore these horns at parties and said, "Look at me, I'm a Viking". What a Joker!

Tyrannosaurus Rex:

The most successful Diplomacy player of all time, T. Rex had a unique negotiations style, "Give me your supply centers or I'll eat you". He won lots of games! He won games as Austria; he won games as Italy; he won games as the GM.

Pteradon:

A flighty creature, Ptery (as he was known to his friends) said things like "A szine, a concept, a giant lizard with Wings". To other Dippers, he seemed higher than a kite. It's a great mystery how he acquired his strange mental condition, since neither halucinogenic drugs nor Seattle had been invented yet.

Tylosaurus:

Something was definitely fishy about this prehistoric pubber.

Diplomacy, the great achievement of the dinosaurs, also proved to be their undoing. Some 65 million years ago, they went to a Dipcon and never came back. Rumour has it that these hobby dinosaurs are alive and well in California or, in the subways of New York..

On July 12, 1980 (how many of you can remember what you were doing on this date?), Dick Martin, Publisher of Retaliation, changed the name of his zine from Retaliation to a new name. Let's see if anyone can come with the new name. If you are a subscriber and come up with the answer first, I will extend your sub by one more month.

On The Home Front

Hey, for all of you fans of Big Cat Mama, she has a new litter. Four little ones I saw out and about right behind mama cat. They always look so cute when they are little. These are feral cats. Big Cat Mama is a big grey tabby who took up residence in my basement several years ago now. Seems she has a littler or two every year. She has given up on trying to get into my birdhouses I have around the backyard and the last time she tried to stand up and get into the bird bath, it tipped over on her and gave her a good bath herself. I heard the crash and heard the screech and when I looked out there I saw here trying to run and shake the water off at the same time. That was a funny sight.

Well that is all for now guys, more next time.

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