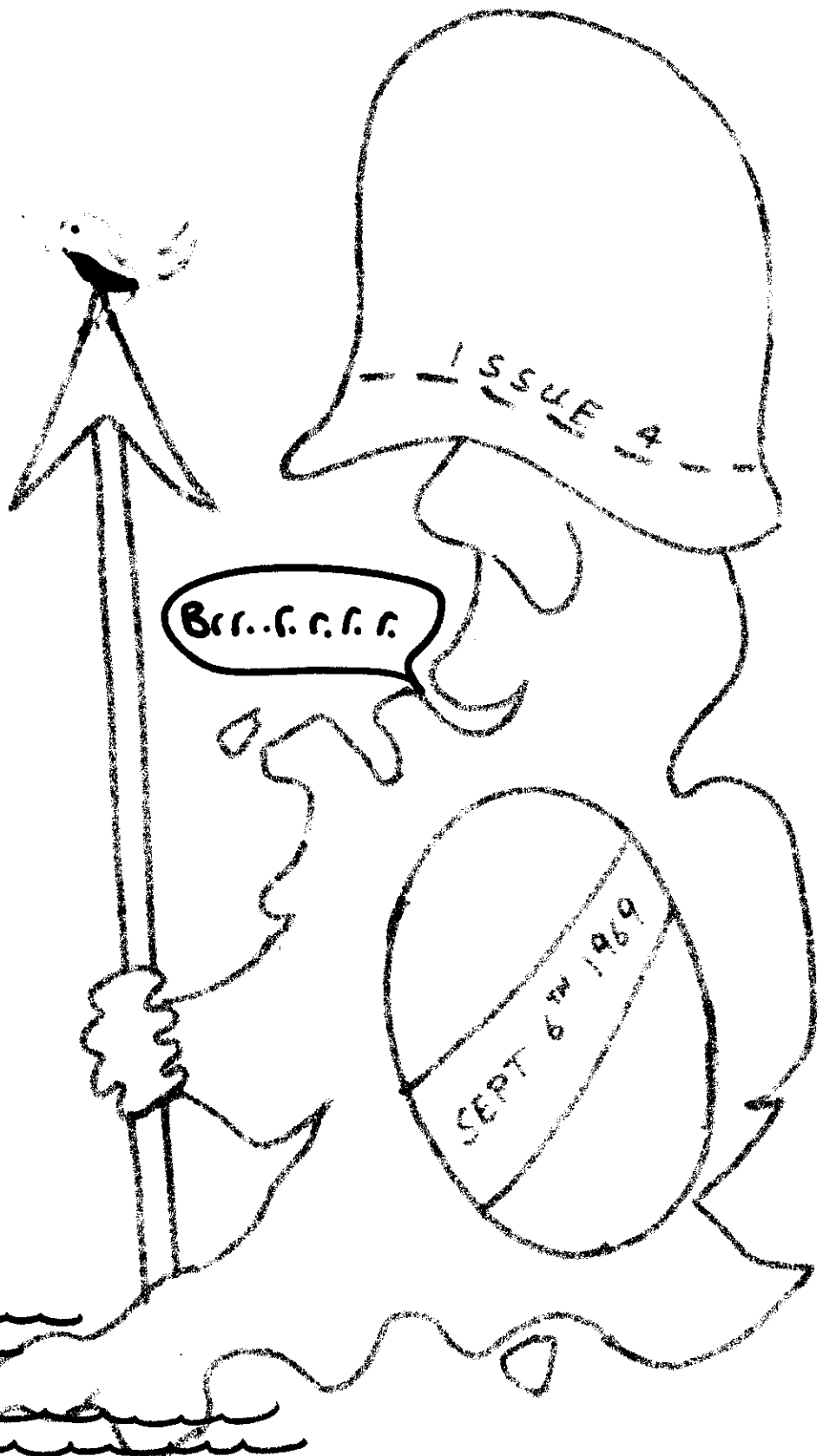


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A Bourse for Postal Diplomacy.

by Allan B. Calhaver.

I would like to suggest that some Postal Diplomacy magazine experiment with a Bourse in connection with one of its games. On the Bourse, subscribers who were not playing in the game would trade the currencies of the Great Powers, according to the rules of the Automatic Specialist. The Automatic Specialist is a system that I invented for use in a projected stock market game. After a few test plays, however, I decided that the game did not play up quite right, mainly because there were not enough players. A postal Bourse run by a magazine with good circulation could eliminate that problem. A second problem was the opposite of that in Diplomacy: in Diplomacy, the game does not play quite right unless everybody is trying to finish first. The Bourse does not play quite right if everybody is trying to finish first at any cost. Thus, in several games, the point scores should be totalled or averaged, rather than the number of first places counted.

The players buy and sell the currencies in units of 100, with all prices expressed in Diplodollars (Dd.). At the end of the game the fund of 10,000 New Diplodollars (N.Dd.) is exchanged for the currency of the winning country. Thus if a player ends up with 24% of the currency of the winning country, his score will be 2400 N.Dd. etc. In case of a draw, the fund is split equally among the surviving countries, which then redeem their currency.

The way the Automatic Specialist worked over the board, each issue had a separate column of numbers by 5's, somewhat as follows:

Pounds.	Francs.	Marks.	Lire.	Florins.	Roubles.	Piastres.
...						
110	110	110	110	110	110	110
105	105	105	105	105	105	105
100	100	100	100	100	100	100
95	95	95	95	95	95	95
...						

For the Diplomacy Bourse the numbers would have to go down to 5, and might get as high as 335; that represents a lot of numbers, and, to preserve the record over a period of a year or two, it might be necessary to shift to squared paper, with a whole sheet for each country.

The market in each issue is a point between two of the numbers. The lower of the two is the bid price, the upper the asked price. Thus if the market in roubles is 105 bid, 110 asked, or 105/10, a player may sell roubles for 105, or buy a hundred at 110. If he buys at 110, the market immediately moves up to 110/15. If he changed his mind at once and sold again, he would get his 110 back, and the market would fall back to 105/10. If somebody else then sells 100 roubles, the market falls to 100/05. If, then, somebody sells 500 roubles, he gets 100 for the first 100, 95 for the next, and so on down, a total of 450 Dd for the 500 roubles, and the market would stand at 75/80. If somebody now buys 300 roubles, he gets them at 80, 85, 90, total 255, and the market stands at 90 bid. In the absence of other experience, I think the starting bid prices should be: Piastres (or whatever the Turkish unit was at the time) 225, pounds 140, francs 105, roubles 105, lire 70, florins 35, marks 20.

Each player starts with 200 of each currency. If there are fewer than ten players, each might get 300 of each currency. When a player sends in orders, all his sell orders are executed first, in the order that they appear on the sheet, then all his buy orders, in the order they appear. If he doesn't have enough money, his buy orders are executed up to the point where he runs out of money. Orders from different players are opened as in received order. When two or more come in at once, chance determines.

Since players would get a quotation only infrequently, they have to be permitted to order 'buy at 50 or below', 'sell at 60' etc. These orders are executed as market orders if the conditions are met. If not, they are executed when the conditions are first met; but if the price shoots through their specified level while executing another's orders, their order becomes a market order, i.e. it is executed next at whatever level the market is then at. (This is standard stock-exchange practice with stop-loss orders).

Playing over the board, we found the Automatic Specialist very convenient. The numbers below the market on each column were covered with that amount of money. Bills in denominations of 75, 80, 85 etc. were used to start the game off and were very convenient. Bills were cut out of card stock, not paper, and were about $\frac{3}{4}$ " x $1\frac{1}{2}$ " in size. Above the market, the numbers were covered with identical cards marked 'lire', 'pounds' etc. Change was made with additional 5, 10 and 50 bills. When a player bought lire, he took the lowest 'lire' card, and replaced it with the right amount of money. The market could be seen at a glance by the point at which the identical 'lire' cards left off and the money began. All starting denominations were one colour; everything else was identified by its own colour.

Playing over the board, you play by rotation, and make only one trade of 100 units at a time. By mail, I think it should be first come, first served, on as many trades as you want.

Some players are bothered by the fact that they have no cash to start off with. Cash to start with doesn't change the game any, except to make the total amount of money in the game vary with the number of players, which means that the highest theoretical price varies from game to game.

Many variants suggest themselves, including logarithmic increments (a needless pain in the neck) and what not. I advise getting some experience before trying variants. I suppose one might gain experience by playing in person, having the Boursemaster select a game from the postal records, keeping the choice secret, and playing out the moves on the board as the players buy and sell. He has to have the complete game, of course, and hope that nobody recognises it, and play it out correctly, and prepare the whole physical layout, which is a few hours work. Then one should have five or six players anyway. Players' names should be kept secret. It is one thing to buy Smythe* in a current game, on the strength of his record, another thing to buy him in a past game, on which the record was compiled.

(*John Smythe of Lincoln, Nebraska - winner of the largest number of postal Diplomacy games in the U.S.A. Ed.)

One could experiment with permitting players to play in the Bourse, too. Realistic? This way, stand-by players could play in the Bourse and thereby keep current with the game.

Incidentally, if the bid price falls to zero, further sell orders are ignored (you don't have him 'sell' at zero). Buying follows ordinary rules - the first hundred is at 5 when the market is at 0/5. If a country is eliminated while the price is above zero, the Automatic Specialist closes his market in the currency.

I have thought of awarding non-transferable currency to the players (in their own country only). There are some problems. 1365 Dd. worth of marks at 20, for instance, would be 7,800 marks, which means that, if Germany wins, the player would get slightly over half of the N.Dd. (There will be otherwise just 6,700 units of the winning currency around, give or take a few). But maybe this is perfectly fair, at least over a number of games. The 1,365 Dd. is the liquidation value of what the players start with. The 6,700 units is determined by liquidating the board and putting it all in one currency. You can buy just 6,700 units with the Dd. obtained by liquidating the board. (You get surprisingly little currency when you get down to selling off at 20, 15,.... in order to buy in at 300, 305,.....)

Allan B. Calhmer.

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The above article first came to my attention in SERENDIP number 10 (SERENDIP, published by John McCallum, is a new magazine produced solely to continue publishing results of the EREHWON games while Rod Walker is in transit, so to speak). I wrote to Allan and John to obtain their permission to reproduce the article in ALBION. In the same issue of SERENDIP, John made some comments on the Bourse which are well worth reproducing here, with John's permission.

John McCallum's comments.

I think that this might make a very interesting game and one which would add interest to the Diplomacy scene. Diplomacy, as it stands, is not much of a spectator sport. Often very enjoyable for the player, and sometimes for the gamesmaster, few bystanders are likely to take much interest in the game as presently played. This addition gives such bystanders a chance to try their own skill in guessing the outcome. They can pit their judgement against all comers. It is also an idea that has been used before, several times, in press release series. It would be interesting to see it converted into a game in which all can play.

To run such a game successfully it seems to me that a 'zine would have to have the following characteristics:

1. Have a wide readership. A Bourse game with only a few players in it would amount to no more than several fellows expressing their private opinions as to the outcome of the basic Diplomacy game. There would be no true 'market', no consensus, against which the Bourse players could pit their skill. Ten seems to me about the minimum required for a good game, and perhaps double that number would be preferable.
2. The magazine should appear frequently. 'Zines in which half the moves are conducted by carbon-copy letter would be no good for this game. Those Bourse players who happened to have a friend in the basic game would then enjoy a tremendous advantage over the other

Bourse players. One needs a 'zine in which all the information of the basic game is available equally to all the Bourse players, and is available promptly. Of course, a Bourse player with a friend in the basic game might still have some advantage, e.g. he might know a little ahead when a switch in sides was coming. This cannot be avoided and is true also of the real life situation that the game is trying to mimic. But a 'zine which frequently goes into carbon-copy reproduction, so that many, though not all, the Bourse players were cut off from the basic source of information, would make the game quite unfair.

Taking these two factors into account GRAUSTARK* seems to be the logical place to try it out.

(* GRAUSTARK is the oldest known postal Diplomacy magazine, edited by John Boardman of Brooklyn, New York; over 170 issues have so far been published. Ed.)

Some additional minor points. Piastres are correct for Turkey, although they are very small units. There are 100 of them to the Turkish pound, which in turn is worth about a quarter of the pound sterling, i.e. a piastre is worth about a half cent. Turkish pounds are also lire, but both pounds and lire should not be used as they are already used for other powers. Note, though, that the Austrian unit-of-account at the time of our game was not the florin, but the crown (krone).

The initial values of the various currencies that Calhamer suggests are wildly out of line with postal experience and very much exaggerate the differences between the powers. At the time of writing 80 standard 7-man games of postal Diplomacy have been completed, with the following results:

	W.	T.	3D	4D	5D	Total
England.	12	1	2	2	2	14.07
France.	9		3	1	1	10.45
Germany.	6	4		2	2	8.90
Italy.	5			1	1	5.45
Austria.	8	2			1	9.20
Russia.	16	2	1		1	17.53
Turkey.	11	3	3	2	2	14.40
Total	67	6	3	2	2	80.00

where W refers to a win, T to a split-board draw, 3D a three power draw, and so on. Regarding these as expectations of a win and converting them into starting prices for the various currencies we get:

English pounds	123.1	125
French francs	91.4	90
German marks	79.1	80
Italian lire	47.7	50
Austrian crowns	80.5	80
Russian roubles	153.4	155
Turkish piastres	126.0	125

where the second column gives the value to be used if we are content with values rounded to the nearest multiple of 5. These 'par values' should presumably be brought up to date with the beginning of each Bourse game.

As to players in the basic Diplomacy game also playing in the Bourse game carried by the latter. Easiest would be not to permit it. However, if stand-by players are allowed to play, and it is one of the attractions of the proposal that they would be given something to do while waiting, it would seem logical to allow regular players in as well. If so, I would not use the proposed blocked-mark scheme. They would be treated exactly as any other Bourse player getting 200 units of every country's currency. After all, most countries at war do possess assets in other countries which they use as best they can. With one exception: a player for a country would not be allowed to sell, though he could buy, his own currency. To allow him to do so would be an open invitation to suspicion of games being thrown. And, in any event, a belligerent power known to have little confidence in its chances will find little neutral credit available, thereby decreasing its chances. So the prohibition against selling its own currency would seem a realistic restriction.

Presumably a magazine offering such a game should offer it at the same time as it offers the basic game. Entrance to it would be cut off as soon as the player-country list is published. Trading not permitted prior to the announcement of the player-country list but trading to begin immediately after that publication. (The player selected, rather than the details of the moves, would often be the crucial factor in early trading).

Diplomacy is a peculiar game. The outcome of a given game may not be known far in advance. However, it is often possible in the opening years to narrow the possible winners down to two or three. It is therefore my guess that it will be difficult to make a large 'killing' in Diplobourse because it will never be possible to buy the currency of potential winners cheaply. The exception would be in the case of a drawn game. An astute bystander who senses that a game would go to a draw might, in that case, be able to buy cheaply and net a considerable gain.

There are a surprising number of economists in Diplomacy. Smythe, Pournelle and Koning are all college lecturers in Economics. I don't know whether they would be interested in such a simple market game as this, but I certainly hope that someone tries this out to give them a chance to see. I am tempted, Allan, I am tempted.

John McCallum.

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And so say I.

With postal Diplomacy only just finding its feet in the British Isles, any added factor which encourages new players to join in, at whatever level of participation, would be welcome indeed. However, before discussing this matter further, I would like to print a letter which I received from Allan Calhmer, which mentions certain complications implicit in the Automatic Specialist. After this the possibilities of ALBION running a Diplobourse will be considered and the question posed to readers in the British Isles.

From Allan B. Calhaver, 321 W. Calendar Ave., Apt. 2E, La Grange, Illinois 60525, U.S.A.

Dear Don,

Thanks for your letter and your interest in Diplomacy. I would be quite happy to have you copy the article on the Bourse; however, some of the incidental arithmetic on the subject of how much money is in circulation etc. is incorrect. The economics of the Automatic Specialist are interesting and a little tricky.

For example, if all the currencies start at 100 bid, selling off six of them to plump into the seventh, as would happen at the end of a game, yields $6 \times 5 \times (1+2+3+\dots+20)$. However, if the opening prices vary from 100, but average 100, according to my suggestions, the total amount thus liquidated is higher, because a sale at $100-\triangle$ does not yield enough to make a purchase at $100+\triangle$. (If it did, beggars could ride!)

I would appreciate it very much if you would send me ALBION.

I am glad to hear that Diplomacy continues to sell in Britain, though I knew this also from other sources. I believe that Britain is potentially one of the best of markets for Diplomacy, although its recent history has been one primarily of tenacity. Perhaps the founding of ALBION is an indicator, and will be a cause, of growth.

I do not know of other English groups. Perhaps the people who market Diplomacy there could advise you.

Thanks again for your communication.

Yours very truly,

Allan B. Calhaver,
Inventor of Diplomacy.

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In reading the above, remember that mathematicians (and presumably economists) use the symbol \triangle to indicate 'a small amount'. The meaning of the relevant section above is then obvious.

The arithmetic certainly is a little tricky, as I have found when trying to confirm some of the figures appearing in the original article.

Take the 1365 Dd. figure first. This is obtained by assuming that all currencies start at 100 selling price, and that a player manages to sell off all his currencies into Dd. before any other player has had an order considered. He would then get 100 Dd. for each 100 units of currency, then 95 Dd. for the second 100 units; 7×100 plus 7×95 is 1365 Dd. Correct. This is also true if the opening sell prices average 100, since the average sell prices of the second block of 100 units would be 95, and the same arithmetic holds true.

I cannot agree, however, with the figure of 6,700. If all the currencies start at 100 sell, then players would be able to sell until the selling price reached 5, at which point no further selling in that currency would be allowed. I reckon that 10 players each of whom sells off his holding in each currency, would be sufficient to take the sell prices down to zero. The total yield in Dd. would then be 7350, according to my calculations. The difficulty arises when the currencies start at selling prices which differ from, but average, 100. For a start, more players would be needed to ensure that all currencies reached selling prices of zero.

However I am not entering into this factor in more detail - the question of how much money is around seems rather an academic one, and to fix it would not make any difference to the actual running of the game, which is the factor I am principally concerned with. To return to the latter question:

If we look again at John McCallum's suggestions for the type of magazine most suited to running the game (with which I agree entirely) coupled with a suggestion in the original article, I think ALBION could fit the bill very well, for the following reasons;

1) ALBION is issued regularly - we seem to be falling into a frequency of about one issue per fortnight, which is certainly sufficient for the purposes stated. Agreed we give builds (and will be giving retreats) by carbon-copy, but it won't be any great hardship to send such copies to those playing in the Bourse and not in the game, providing subscriptions cover the postage. Also, if my second suggestion below is adopted, the carbon-copy factor won't enter the question at all. And I think we can keep up the present publication frequency, give or take a few days.

2) Clearly we have not enough subscribers in the country to play a worthwhile Bourse, unless those currently playing in ALBION 69/1 could be involved, in which case the criticisms concerning game players also participating in the Bourse apply. BUT we have quite enough players if the Bourse is not based on a current ALBION game, but on another game already completed. For a start, the basic Diplomacy game would be American, and few, if any, players could recognise it, since few American Diplomacy magazines are owned over here. Similarly, even if the names of the players were announced (which they wouldn't be), no-one would recognise them.

If these suggestions are adopted, I would first find a suitable complete game on which to base the Bourse, and obtain the permission of the appropriate editor to reproduce it. The game moves would be printed in each issue of ALBION, together with the Bourse prices etc. Of course, there would be no press releases as such, unless I choose to comment on the current Bourse situation with respect to prices etc. I would handle all the transactions centrally, and there would be a small fee to cover printing of necessary detail.

We would need to find more players, of course, even if we allowed the players in ALBION 69/1 to join in; that would give us nine players, assuming the current British non-playing subscribers were interested. This is perhaps not quite enough; however further plugging in the regional bulletin might bring in a few more, and after all - there are plenty of Diplomacy owners in the British Isles and all we need to do is find them.....

So there it is - quite possible, seemingly. I will now sit back and await response to the articles and the suggestion that we give it a try. Any comments, suggestions etc. will be surely welcome and will be printed in the next ALBION, subject to the usual limitations.

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We now pass on to our regular features. There is a game report, fellas - just be patient.

In addition to the letter received from Allan Calhmer, above, the ALBION offices have been subjected to a deluge of other letters, reproduced below. Others arriving before publication day will be printed after the game report, press releases etc. (You've guessed it - this particular page is being written a full week before the next deadline; advance preparation such as this helps enormously to keep to the announced publication dates, and my thanks are due to those contributors who sent in their contributions well in advance).

To the Editor.

Dear Sorr,

Hoots, mon, yeir haverin'. Ah keep speirin' in yoor mighty muckle bookie aboot 'England' movin' her braw sojers aboot, as weel as a' her wee boaties. When will ye Sassenachs frae sooth o' the Boarder reealise? Ye ken verra weel that it's no 'England', but 'Scoatland', or, if ye reeally must, 'Britain'.

A' the bonny sojer laddies are frae Bonnie Scoatland, onywie, so dinny blether sae muckle havers, ye wee nyaff, an' drie yer ain weerd, else Ah'll come doon therr an' stoat yis yin, an' pit the heed in.

Your humble and obediant servant,
Hamish Angus McTavish McTaggart McGregor.

To the great and wonderous scribe of the Earthling periodical ALBION. Greetings, Oh masterly commander of the vocal arts.

It is with much amazement that we learn that the descendants of the Men of the Middle Earth have progressed as far as experimenting (?) experiencing with Hyperspace.

We would not have known of this amazing fact, were it not for some of our scouts who discovered (?) uncovered a wandering stranger, moving through our lands. We were unable to converse with this person, as our translating scribe/wizard was absent, but by means of signs we ascertained that he was, by name, Hypertweedle, and that he was fleeing from a cell where he had been incarcerated (?) incinerated for disturbing the peace. By using the fourth-dimension, he had inadvertently passed through the ***** (untranslatable) through a reft in the waft (?) warp (?) weave into our Kingdom. We helped him on his way through the gap in the veil between our two worlds, and are greatly rejoiced to learn that you have advanced so far along the paths of knowledge.

It is with regret, however, that we must inform you that we have placed guards over the reft to prevent this happening again, not, let us hasten to add, that we wish to avoid discourse with you, but purely as a safeguard for your own protection. As we have progressed far beyond the fourth-, up to the sixth-, and are even now attempting to understand the secrets of the seventh-dimension, should any of your people pass into our lands, they would be rendered even more insane than they are at present by the overwhelming **** (untranslatable). We trust that we will continue to learn of your progress through the medium of your excellent series in your distinguished (?) extinguished magazine, and we earnestly (?) franktly beseech you not to give way to the clamourings of the more backward of your readers, especially that imbecilic Scotsman, but carry on regardless.

May the protection of the Lords of Good watch over you and your ancestors, forever.

Signed. Atanatar IX, King of Gondor, Eriandor & the North-lands.

The unusual letter printed on page 10 was delivered at the ALBION offices recently by a small human-like figure, who brought with him, as a sign of goodwill and friendship, a bottle of potent liquor, which has since been consumed with great delight (and some bail) by the ALBION staff. We have decided to return the compliment by sending this charming messenger a crate of stout, but cannot trace the correct address to which to send this token of the British way of life. Can any reader help?

We are aware that most readers will have no trouble in deciphering the letter; however, just in case some difficulty is encountered, we append a translation (more strictly a transliteration) below.

To the noble Editor,
Greetings,

How wonderful to see the name of hobbits appear in your superb magazine. Please continue to print your exciting serial about Hyperspace, and keep to your promise to describe us in a future issue. After the downfall of Sordaur, we became very interested in hyperspace as well, and have become extremely advanced in this subject, far more than you appear to have done. As a result, if you ever require any assistance, please do not hesitate to call upon us for help.

You realise that Hypertweedle is obviously a member of the Took of Great Smial's clan, near West March. It is apparent to anyone that he is descended from Bolgar Took, who changed his name upon the occasion of his marriage to Primula Bracegirdle, taking that of Tweekle, from the name of his house at Tweek, and the last two letters of his wife's and Great-aunt's Brandybuck's name. Apparently this great and glorious name of Tweekle has been corrupted by the Earthlings into Tweedle.

As for the name Hyper, this frequently occurs amongst the many family trees of Hobbiton.

We are eagerly awaiting more of this gallant fellow's adventures, and we beg to remain,

Your humble servants,

Bolbo of Bag End,

Meriadoc the Magnificent, Master of Buckland,

Samwise, Mayor of the Shire.

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The ALBION editor acknowledges with thanks the description of the hobbits received at the editorial offices recently. Copyright does not permit us to reproduce the description word for word, but we hope that the following 'potted' version will suffice. The staff acknowledge the original source as 'The Fellowship of the Ring' by J.R.R.Tolkien.

Hobbits - a very ancient people of principally agricultural bent, peace-loving and spiritual. Technologically not so far advanced as humans, their understanding of simple mechanical devices being plentifully sufficient for their needs. They are small in stature, between two and four feet of our measure, and are fond of brightly-coloured clothes, particularly green and yellow. There are three different breeds, the Harfoots (mountain folk), the Stoors (more pastoral in inclination) and the Fallohides (woodland folk).

With thanks to John Robertson, who brought the matter to our notice.

And now, without further ado, we move right along to the

FURTHER ADVENTURES OF HYPERTWEEDLE.

At the end of our last episode, you will remember that we left our hero entering the suite of the villainous Grand Vizier, in all innocence and hippy clothes. We should pause at this point to summarize the nature etc. of this most recent addition to our cast list.

The Grand Vizier was black in heart, soul, mind, collar and cuffs. He had reached his status in the kingdom by means of the most subversive activities ever to be put on paper (which ALBION certainly will not do). However, he wasn't altogether ignorant, and had the enviable quality of never tackling a new foe without knowing the extent of the powers of the latter, a policy much sought after, but never achieved, by present-day politicians. He had therefore taken the trouble to read all the right books and consult the right oracles and tutors before opening fire against Hypertweedle. During his researches, he had happened upon a most important piece of information, up to now deliberately hidden from our readers for the very good reason that I have only just thought of it. The fact is that Hypertweedle, despite his boast of being able to command an apparently infinite number of dimensions, could only in fact control four, and the fourth was (you have guessed it) time.

I know, I know - it's contrived, but who's writing the darned story anyway???

The Grand Vizier had therefore, all armed with fiendish plot and waxed moustache, prepared a dastardly trap with which to remove Hypertweedle from the kingdom for ever.

Now for the story.

Hypertweedle, entering the lounge of the Grand Vizier's suite, and seeing the hordes of ravishing maidens that surrounded him, failed to notice a rather peculiar fact about the room. He sank, all unknowing, into a deep soft sofa, where he was ministered to (ALBION is a clean magazine) by a trio of beautiful damsels. The Grand Vizier summoned the tea, and soon Hypertweedle had been lulled into a totally false sense of security, marred only by a loud ticking which he was too lazy to trace to its source.

Oh careless Hypertweedle! Oh miserable fellow!

The Grand Vizier, luxuriating (if there is such a word) in his power and the success of his plot, finally couldn't wait any longer. He dismissed the damsels with a wave, sat facing the recumbent Hypertweedle, and fixed him with an icy gaze.

"Prepare to die", admonished the Grand Vizier.

Hypertweedle riposted with an original reply.

"Oh yeah?" he said.

"Oh yes", firmly corrected the Grand Vizier - wicked yes, but beautifully brought up. "I am going to kill you".

"Hm", said Hypertweedle, allowing his gaze to wander around the room, in readiness for a spot of time travel away from this discomfort.

It was then that he noticed the rather remarkable feature I told you about. The room contained no fewer than one hundred and forty-seven clocks (and you thought it was a bomb! Well well); not that there was anything so amazing about that, except for the fact that they were all set at completely different times.

Now hearken, dear readers, while the gruesome extent of the Grand Vizier's plan is unfolded. You see, if you can travel in time, you must know what time you left, otherwise, after the trip, you don't know what time to go back to. It's no use just popping up anywhen. Therefore, before Hypertweedle could escape, he had to know the right time, and he had left his watch in the bathroom, like everyone else does.

However he was only momentarily disconcerted; in a casual way he rose and strolled over to the telephone, dialling the number which the code book announced would connect him to the speaking clock.

Of course, the code book was wrong (it always is), and poor Hypertweedle was connected, in quick succession, with the following indignant subscribers (and they had all left their watches in the bathroom as well):-

Mrs. Honoria Blenkinsop, spiritualist and medium; one of the French Governments; the Prime Minister, just leaving for his holiday; the warden of a Lunatic Asylum; Alex Wintergreen; the Prime Minister, enjoying his holiday; Eustace Featherstonehaugh, under-Secretary (at least that's where he said he was); the Governor of Dartmoor Prison; the Prime Minister, returning from holiday; the Imprudential Assurance Company; Bill Burkins, gravedigger and mason to the trade; the Prime Minister, just 'off for the weekend'; Les Sexie Perfumiers of Bond Street, perfume as worn; Dolores Everredy, French and judo lessons, flat 5, ring three times; the Prime Minister, seizing a moment's relaxation; the office of the Government's new 'Dig Up The Roads' plan for congesting traffic; the Prime Minister, annoyed to be woken from his well deserved sleep; the Income Tax authorities, busy thinking up new laws to act retrospectively; a recording of Millicent Martin singing the aria from 'Hair'; the Prime Minister, eating his breakfast; the ALBION offices; the telephone exchange (most unusual to get them); the Prime Minister, eating his lunch; Lionel Bart, annoyed to be disturbed in his perusal of old song books; the Prime Minister, eating dinner as the guest of the Spanish embassy; Battersea Dogs' Home, on temporary loan to Barking; the Prime Minister, eating dinner as the guest of the Yorkshire Pudding Preservation Society; William Shakespeare; the Avalon Hill Company; the Prime Minister, eating dinner (anonymously) in a Soho night club; Bergan Flodpish; the Prime Minister, eating dinner again; a fizzing sound, reminiscent of Andrew's Liver Salts; the BBC Light Programme; the Ministry for Prevention of Pleasure; the Prime Minister, undergoing hospital care for extreme mental exhaustion.

At this point Hypertweedle gave up the unequal struggle. Putting the phone back on the hook, he turned slowly to face his adversary, defeat written all over his face. Wiping off the marks with his handkerchief, he drew himself up defiantly, stuck out his jaw and waited for the end.

He did not have long to wait.

THE END.

XXXXXXXX

And so we bring to an untimely end our most uninteresting cereal in three parts (one snap, one crackle, and one pop). Of course, many questions remain unanswered, which is as it should be. However, we cannot promise that Hypertweedle will not once more grace our pages. The fact is that communications with our ace reporter, on location with Hypertweedle, were cut at the crucial moment, and it may be that they will be re-established sometime in the future. We just don't know any of the answers, nor will we until our reporter disentangles himself from the serving wench with whom he has become 'involved'. We promise that we will do our best to tell you the outcome of the Grand Vizier's murder attempt, and any further items of interest.

XXXXXXXX

Now, it is our great pleasure to announce that Auntie Edith has been taken onto the permanent staff of ALBION. Her problem page will, we hope, be a regular feature in future issues. Her first problem has already reached us.

Dear Auntie Edith,

I saw in the last ALBION that you have a column, wherein you solve problems with tact, sympathy and soothing words. Enclosed please find a cheque for £2,000 and my problem, which I beg you to solve as it is driving me insane.

The whole trouble is that nobody loves me. Everywhere I go, people boo and shout at me, and try to hit me with sticks and things. Every time I try to make friends, I get slapped, or shouted at, or else the people ignore me. I cannot understand why this should be, as I am really a very kind, peacable, lovable person.

Please, please Help me, Auntie Edith, as I am all alone in the world, and I have no friends, and the utter horror of it all is driving me insane.

Giovanni Lollobrigida.

Dear Giovanni,

You think you have a problem - where the hell is the cheque??? However, we mustn't let nasty money spoil our relationship, must we? My advice to you is as follows.

Have you never been told how wrong it is for two young people to do such things? After all, the whole wonderful vista of life is in front of you - are you wise to sip the fruits of experience, only to lose the joy of discovering them later in life, when your emotions are more equipped to cope with them?

Do you know, also, that this sort of behaviour can only lead to sorrow and sadness, and the misery of a life which was cruelly spent too early? What you need, my dear Giovanni, is an absorbing hobby which will take your mind off your present habits - needlework I have always found to be a great comfort to me in my times of distress and taut emotions.

I do hope you will heed this advice and leave your silly past behind you. Remember that the race is not always to the swiftest.

Your affectionate Auntie Edith.

REPORT.

ALBION 69/1.

Autumn 1902.

The moves:

Austria (Nethercot); F(Tri)-ADS. A(Alb)-Tri.
A(Bud) S A(Alb)-Tri. A(Vie)-Tyr.

England (Munro); No orders received.
F(NWG) stands. A(Edi) stands.
F(NTH) stands.

France (Watson); F(Spa-NC) stands. F(ENC) S A(Bel).
A(Bel) S A(Bur). A(Pic) S A(Bel).
A(Bur) S A(Bel).

Germany (Newcombe); F(BAL) stands. F(Ska) S F(BAL).
A(Hol) stands. A(Mun) stands.
A(Pru)-War.

Italy (Robertson); A(Tyr)-Mun. A(Ven) stands.
F(IOUS) stands. F(Apu) S F(IOUS).

Russia (Hancock); A(War) stands. A(Liv) S A(War).
F(Nor) stands. A(Swe) S F(Nor).
F(GoB) S A(Swe). F(Rum) stands.

Turkey (Wood); F(EMS)-IOS. F(AES) S F(EMS)-IOS.
A(Gre)-Alb. A(Bul)-Gre.
A(Con)-Bul.

Notation:- S=supports. Underlined moves fail.

ADS = Adriatic Sea.

Retreats:- none.

Builds.

England builds 0 for 3.
Austria builds 0 for 4.
Italy builds 0 for 4.
France builds 1 for 6. (Spain).
Germany builds 0 for 5.
Russia builds 1 for 7. (Norway).
Turkey builds 0 for 5.

Deadline for Winter 1902 builds.

FRIDAY SEPTEMBER 6th. Carbon-copy notification.

To the Editor of the Times, reprinted by permission.

Sir,

In all my ninety-nine years as a reader of your paper, I have never seen so much rubbish printed as has been written recently.

All this poppycock and piffle about a bunch of blinking dagoes havin' a go at some other bunch of German chappies in some dirty corner of the world, while all the time a blasted Frog fleet is sailing up the ENGLISH CHANNEL!

What the blue blazes was the English fleet doing? Sitting about on their tarred bottoms, drinking tea, I'll wager. It's all the fault of that new chap, Fisher. No guts, the modern generation, none of 'em. I said at the time he was appointed First Sea Lord that no good would come of it. All this nonsense about battleships and cruisers. Rubbish. Sailing ships were good enough for me, and they are still good enough for nowadays. All they have done is put up the Income Tax another 2d. to 1/11d in the £.

If you don't stop printing rubbish, and draw the attention of your readers to the dangers of permitting a French fleet to sail up OUR chanel, then I will cancel my subscription and take out one with the Moscow weekly.

Your servant, Sir,

Vice-Admiral Sir Horatio Nelson Hornblower, RN (retd.), KGC, KGM etc.

Extract from the New York Herald Tribune.

.....The nation-wide strike of Italian longshoremen has today entered its third week. Liners from all over the world lie tied up in their berths, waiting to be unloaded. The strike, which was started when the men were ordered to unload an Austrian ship, looks like spreading even further, and reports are coming in that the Mafiosa are 'asking' other unions to come out in sympathy. The 39 members of the Hauliers and Truckers Union, who were asked last week, are reported as making splendid recoveries in the New York General Hospital.

25,000 Italians and Italian-Americans marched down Broadway yesterday, in a protest at the anti-Italian feelings in the newspapers, and also as a protest against the unprovoked attack of Austrian troops upon the peace-loving Motherland. The Austrian Embassy was attacked and burned to the ground, and all German flags were pulled down by the marchers. Their number was swelled by the addition of many Czech, Slovak, Magyar and Croatian refugees from the despotic rule of Austria, who saw their chance to bring to the world's attention the unhappy plight of their compatriots under Austro-Hungarian rule.

Extract from the Manchester Guardian.

Yesterday, all the fish-and-chip shops, ice-cream shops and ice-cream barrows refused to serve any customers, and Mancunians went hungry all day. This unexpected act was in protest against the British Government's attitude towards the cowardly attack by units of the Austrian army upon the customs officials at the Tyrolean/Austrian border. As reports of the atrocities committed by the Austrian troops spread, the feelings of the peaceful Italians are

roused. Already, any German or Austrian family residing here has been stoned, and rumour has it that even worse is in store for them. The police have been called out in force to try to stop these outbreaks of violence, but even more help is needed.

GIANT SALE!

MAMMOTH REDUCTIONS!

For genuine bargains, come to Lollobrigida's.
All prices slashed, for next week only.

Just in at fantastically low prices:

4 Austrian destroyers, in excellent condition, grey colour. Would make an excellent conversion to a cabin-cruiser, or a really up-to-date fishing boat. Offers.

1 Austrian battlecruiser. Although slightly large for the average boat-owner, this luxurious ship, beautifully finished in mahogany throughout, would make an excellent conversion to a luxury holiday yacht, or even, with a few minor alterations, a magnificent cruise ship. 12x11" naval guns thrown in free. Offers over 250,000 million lire.

Always a favourite! 6,000 job lots of 30 Austrian guns, recently acquired in the Tyrol. All in fairly good working condition. Ideal for grouse-shooting, peasant-shooting or just having a rumble. 5,000 lire each bundle.

Real Mod Gear. Be the first to look a real swinging dish with our new hit! REAL Austrian army jackets, complete with buttons, insignia, belts, side-arms etc. All ranks from private to Brigadier-General. These items are in very good condition, apart from some moth holes in the chest and some slight stains surrounding them. However these are easily removed, or could even add to the authenticity.

Many other genuine bargains, just in from the Tyrol.

Army boots, steel helmets, knapsacks etc. Send for our free lists TODAY.

DON'T DELAY - COME LOLLOBRIGIDA WAY!

Extracts from The Lyre, official organ of the Italian Government.

Tyrol border. Once again our gallant Italian troops have driven off ferocious Austrian attacks upon our frontier. These swarms of ill-equipped, ill-fed, ragged men, attempting to recapture the glorious Italian province of Tyrol, were beaten back with contemptuous ease, and with such a heavy loss of life, that observers noted that the last few attacks were made only by the Austrian commanders forcing their dupes forward at gun-point.

As I look down from the heights guarding the new Italian-Austrian border, I can see the slopes littered with enemy dead and wounded, while here and there gallant Italian medics move about trying to save the latter. This brave work still goes on, in spite of the barbaric Austrian attacks upon these gallant, unarmed wearers of the Red Cross. Numbers of our gallant corpsmen have already lost their lives in attempts to bring medical attention to the fallen foe, shot

down by the treacherous dogs they were trying to save. An appeal has been made to the International Red Cross for assistance in supplying the numerous refugees with the necessities. Already thousands have poured across the border from Austria, and many more are expected. Those who managed to escape being shot down by the Austrian troops in their attempt to cross, tell harrowing tales of the atrocities committed upon them by the Czech, Slovak and Serbian levies, brought up to this part by the vicious Emperor, Franz Josef. Obviously, this mad dog does not intend to leave anyone alive within the reach of Italian freedom and prosperity.

Venice. News reached here today of an attempt by Austrian ships to land a party of Marines upon Italian shores, in a supposed attack on Venice.

This laughable incident was brought to a fitting climax when the entire force surrendered to a group of Italian washer-women, on their way to the river to wash some clothes. Upon seeing the green jackets the women were carrying, the Austrians, obviously thinking they were soldiers, threw down their arms and begged for mercy. The sailors, seeing this, immediately hauled down the Austrian eagle in token of their surrender, and the entire party fell into our hands.

Ionian Sea. On board the flagship 'Veedececece'. At dawn today, elements of the Italian and Turkish fleets met up in accordance with the secret plan jointly agreed by the two countries last week. The first part of the plan having been carried out, preparations were immediately put in hand for the concerted attack upon Austrian forces within the next few days. Meanwhile, the Italian and Turkish seamen continue to mingle freely, enjoying each other's hospitality. The Turkish commander, Abdul-C, kindly sent 15 Greek slaves to the Italian commander, Don Juan Peecapizza, upon which Don Juan ordered the floating bordello to be loaned to the Turkish fleet for a while.

It is to be hoped that, in the near future, the joint alliance of Italy and Turkey will see the downfall of the Austrian Empire, and the freedom of all the oppressed races within the boundaries of this totalitarian regime.

Rome. Today, all Italy mourns. Mme Matheiu, the French Ambassador, who was unexpectedly recalled to France, left this morning upon the express for her native soil. Crowds of weeping Italians followed her bed as it was carried by members of the Cabinet to the station. It was a fitting vehicle for her departure, as she had entertained so many of Italy's leading politicians, scientists, generals, admirals and chiefs-of-staff on it. In a farewell ceremony at the station, Italy's Premier pinned the medal of the Grand Order of the Hip-Bath to her cheek, and kissed her.

(We apologise to our readers for a transposition - the last passage should have concluded ...pinned a medal and kissed her cheek).

The Rome Police are still searching for the master-spy who has betrayed so many political, scientific and military secrets to the French. Although hampered by the need to control the crowds at the departure of Mme Mathieu, they are confident that an early arrest will be made.

News Flash from Rome.

At 0400 hours this morning, in agreement with a secret treaty with Austria, Russia and France, Italian troops started to move out of Tyrol. The recent, unprovoked attacks by the German forces upon Belgian territory had caused a sincere abhorrence amongst the countries surrounding Germany, and it was agreed by the four concerned, namely Italy, France, Austria and Russia, that stern measures would have to be undertaken to deal with the besotted German Emperor, Little Willie the One-Armed Bandit.

Accordingly, a treaty was signed, by which Italian troops would start withdrawal from the Tyrol, thus freeing Austrian forces to concentrate their attention upon their back doors, where the unspeakable Turk is attempting to overrun the neutral Balkans. Meanwhile France, Russia and Italy would immediately launch an overwhelming attack upon the German forces, and show the 'Orrible 'Un just what total war was really like. All too often has the descendant of Attila terrorised peaceful countries. Now, the shoe is on the other foot, and the German people are about to receive it where it hurts the most.

Giovanni Lollobrigida.

Vienna.

The following statement was issued this morning by the Austrian Foreign Office.

His Majesty the Emperor has directed me to inform all heads of Governments that he will no longer tolerate the continued barbaric acts now being perpetrated by the Franco-Italian Latins. Mindful that the future of World Culture and the interests of European civilisation are at stake he hereby proclaims that a state of interdict exists along the boundaries of his Brothers Germany and Turkey. Be it therefore so ordered that any man guilty of taking up arms against his Brothers or his Brothers' subjects is condemned to be quaderat demonstrandum. Ipso Facto Kaput. Likewise his heirs assigns ultra vires.

Note from Professor Karl Stricknene (Royal Phil-and-erer)

The proclamation of an ultra vires state of interdiction was last ordered during the reign of Max 63rd (1237-1268). It means that the subjects, serfs and dependents of the guilty parties may be or may be caused to be quaderated (quad-made square, erat-for ever). In strictly legal terms this implies condemnation to the old Teutonic Torture (the old T.Ts., not to be confused with the old D.Ts). The modern twentieth century interpretation is that all subjects who are citizens of the countries within the interdict lose all property rights, diplomatic rights and must leave the country applying the interdict within 24 hours. Failure to do so means arrest and imprisonment. It can be likened to a declaration of war BUT it can be revoked without notice; a formal declaration of war can only be terminated by a peace treaty. In effect it implies that the German, Turkish and Austrian Governments are fed up with France and Italy, but it does NOT follow that they are in alliance. In certain quarters

the declaration of a state of interdict will be seen as a direct challenge to the imperialistic ambitions of France who we now know is firmly allied to Italy and England.

Vienna M.O.I.

Senior officials are most surprised at the amateurish attempts being made by Franco-Italian propagandists to hide the obvious treaty arrangements which exist between their respective states. They feel that their statements have done nothing to cover up the confusion which now exists in Rome and Paris. The Austrian Government now believes that the current military situation in Europe is about to be transformed during the next few years. We can expect to see certain major shifts in the balance of power. The high command are known to be in favour of a strictly defensive posture, even if this means accepting the Italian invasion of the Tyrol. Peace has always been the mainstay of Imperial foreign policy and it should not go unnoticed that Italy was the aggressor. By attacking Austria, Italy was immediately cast out of the house of civilised nations and will reap the whirlwind she deserves. It is most unlikely that The Emperor will permit any renewal of relations with either Italy or France whilst the Tyrol remains under foreign domination.

Newsflash.

Sultan-A and Buda in conference stop FORMAL DECLARATION OF WAR AGAINST FRANCE AND ITALY stop

Austro-Hungarian Newsagency SPECIAL RELEASE.

The following statement was issued this morning by Prince Michael of Buda.

'In the last few hours we have been notified by the Governments of Turkey and Germany that the recent statement issuing from Rome to the effect that Turkey and Italy had signed an alliance is a complete falsehood. We have been in constant communication with both these Governments and there is now no doubt whatever that this latest example of Italian double-dealing has deepened the present international crisis. We wish it to be known that this Government will stand by its undertakings and honour all agreements made or to be made in the future. Aided and abetted by the Paris Latinist clique of De Gaul the Italian state has now irrevocably turned aside from the path of civilised behaviour. The Emperor has therefore directed me to inform all Governments that a formal state of War exists between this state and the states of Italy and France.'

Signed

Michael of Buda.

Berlin.

Once more, our beloved Kaiser, supreme warlord and commander of the armed forces, has changed his mind. I am instructed that all units have been ordered to rest, and our army of the East has been ordered to spend some time in a Polish holiday resort, following a kind invitation from the Tsar of all the Russias. The Kaiser himself has visited the troops in Flanders, to boost their morale so that

they might fight the harder for peace. He remains confident that his armies will push the French over the Pyrenees, and thus liberate France to German rule. In addressing the troops, the Kaiser pithily expressed our war aims as follows:- "The Franks ruled Germany and the heartland of northern France in the days of Charlemagne. I am the spiritual descendant of Charlemagne and it is my sacred duty to liberate the Frankish state from the usurping rule of the Gauls". Despite the rapturous acclaim which greeted his words, the Kaiser appeared dissatisfied. "Shun the insipid taste of Cognac and Champagne", he urged his soldiery, "and let us spread our Empire of good Rhenish Hock and Pilsener Beer".

Bulow.

Paris.

M. DE GAUL SPEAKS TO THE NATION.

In an effort to throw oil on the turbulent waters of the international scene and to calm the Gaelic races, M. De Gaul today spoke to the French nation. He called on all national leaders to cease their petty bickering and work for the preservation of peace in Europe.

On the subject of the German attack on Belgium he said:- "I, the French nation, do not wish to be dragged into conflict with my esteemed neighbour Kaiser Bill, but should an attack be launched on our protectorate again, French forces will take retaliatory action. A stiff protest note has been sent to the Kaiser to this effect. Also I am pleased to announce the re-opening of talks with Germany on the subject of Holland. Germany has agreed to a referendum on the future of this French possession; should the Dutch vote for the Kaiser then France will relinquish all claims to her and her people; should the reverse be the case, German troops will withdraw peaceably from Holland".

He continued:- "It has been brought to my notice by certain of the ambassadors, that several countries have suggested that the fleet in the English Channel should be used to attack England instead of protect her. Such suggestions are to be deplored by all peace-loving and thinking men. England has for some time, and will remain, France's closest ally. A defence pact between us has been in operation for some time and will continue to operate. Any nation thinking of attacking England will have France to answer to also".

The Emperor went on to say that he would not tolerate nations attempting to use France to their own ends. He stated that he was glad to receive Russia's apology on the misunderstanding over F.A.R.C.E. and conveyed his apologies to Sultan-A for the unprecedented attack on his character in the French Press. "Such a thing will not happen again, and the newspaper responsible has been heavily fined", he said.

The Emperor's speech was followed by Tom and Jerry, another cartoon programme.

Malcolm De Gaul.

Moscow.

The Tzar recently issued the following ultimatums to both the German and British Governments:

To the German Government: There should be no doubt in the mind of the Kaiser that there would be swift and devastating reprisals if the forces deployed by the Germans should attack, in any way, any lands which are under the protection of the Russian people. The very fact of their deployment in their present positions leads the Russian people to believe that a pre-emptive strike is being prepared. However, all Russian forces are alert and will strike back should an attack come.

The Russian people would prefer to live in peace with the Germans, and it should be noted that it will be the Germans who will be the ones to start any conflict. No stone will remain unturned by Russian diplomats in their search for a peaceful settlement.

To the British Government: The Norwegian people have no need of protection from English forces after the movement of Russian forces into Norway. The presence of a large section of the British Navy in the Norwegian Sea can only lead to a situation which could easily lead to a conflict. However it is hoped that the Russian and British peoples should continue to live in peace. It should be noted that the Russian people would be rather distressed if a conflict should break out.

Constantinople.

It is with deep regret, after long deliberation on continued French and Italian provocation, the coalition cabinet has decided that a state of War now exists between Turkey and the afore-mentioned countries. Our allies throughout Europe have already received notification of our intentions with regard to both France and Italy. Already Turkish fleets are at battle with an Italian counterpart in the Ionian Sea, and if successful will be a major step nearer to eventual occupation of the Italian peninsula.

The Russian ambassador is expected within the next few days to discuss the worsening European situation with Sultan-A. It is expected that the two countries will reach agreement on several important issues affecting the general policy of both leaders.

London.

Once again the British press is silent. No news has reached the ALBION Central Press Agency.

Diplomacy rules - interpretation.

In the United States, where Diplomacy has become something of a way of life, bitter arguments sometimes take place concerning the correct interpretation of various points arising from the original Diplomacy rule book. During the considerable time since postal Diplomacy first saw the light of day in the U.S.A., many situations have been discussed and argued at length in the various magazines. Indeed, even at this present time, different magazines may rule differently on the same situation.

ALBION, in true British tradition, has as its avowed policy to follow the 'mainstream' of ideas and interpretations, and the house rules were drawn up with this policy particularly in mind. However it is interesting and instructive to take a look at some of the situations which have been argued back and forth over the years, in particular when a parallel situation arises in ALBION 69/1. The Autumn 1962 orders of Austria are a case in point - more accurately the orders F(Tri)-AUS, A(Alb)-Tri supported by A(Bud). What happens if the fleet cannot leave Trieste for some reason (a stand-off with an Italian fleet for instance)? Is the Austrian fleet dislodged by a superior attack, even though the attack comes from her own units? No - this situation is covered in the rule book; however, the position can get more complex, as witness this article, reprinted from BRONKHORST issue 84, with the permission of the editor, John McCallum.

The Gilliland Incident Situation.

In RURTANIA 21, published on the 16th of August 1964, Allan Calhauer, the game's inventor, playing Germany, made the following set of moves:

Army Munich to Bohemia.

Army Kiel to Munich.

Army Ruhr support Army Kiel to Munich.

With his moves he sent the following note: "Perhaps it is not necessary, but let me mention that if my piece fails to get out of Munich, it is not dislodged by my attempted move in with support. This is covered at the end of the section 'The Support Order'". The game-master of the game, in his published reply to the note, stated "We are aware of this, and in fact dispatched a note to Dick Schultz immediately upon receipt of a recent issue of BRGS where he ruled otherwise".

The passages of the rule book to which Allan Calhauer referred in his note are the following:

'Equally well supported units which conflict in the situations described under 'Conflicts' above, follow these rules', (The 'Conflicts' paragraph gives the usual rules for stand-off).

'.....an order to move, with support, against a unit belonging to the same country as the moving or supporting unit is of no effect; that is, a country may not force one of its own units to retreat'.

This combination of moves is often made. A country tries to move a unit out of the space it is in. It tries to follow in with another unit. This second unit is supported one or more times. The effects are then, if the unit in the van succeeds in its attempt to move, that the following unit follows it if it is opposed by a

single enemy force, or, at the least, that it stands the enemy off and leaves the space vacant, if it is opposed by an equally supported force.

Moreover, if the unit in the space does not succeed in getting out, the supported follow-up would stand off any equally supported hostile force, and so, in effect, give support, standing, to the unit in the forefront of the battle. Calhamer's statement shows that he intended that effect.

Dave McDaniel/Steve Johnstone, the game master of the EURITANIA game accepted Calhamer's position. His remarks indicate that he held it before receiving Calhamer's note. As he was at the time a member of the group which played Diplomacy at LASFS the supposition is that that club also played the game in that fashion. Moreover, in the following issue of EURITANIA there was a letter from Jim Goldman, objecting to a 'force attacked from two sides' ruling of EURITANIA's but supporting Calhamer's position and stating that that was the interpretation used in the East Paterson, New Jersey, Diplomacy Club. In other words, the two most active Diplomacy clubs of the time were already playing the game in accordance with Calhamer's interpretation of the relevant rules as far as this move combination was concerned. Boardman had bound himself to be ruled by Calhamer's interpretations on all issues. John Smythe and Dick Schultz, the only two other game masters then publishing raised no objections, and we find a remarkable agreement in all quarters of the Diplomacy world.

Then, in BARAD-DUR number 29, published 13th of August 1966, almost exactly two years after the printing of Calhamer's statement the following set of moves appeared:

England: Fleet Denmark to Kiel.
Fleet North Sea to Denmark.
Fleet Heligoland Bight support fleet North Sea to Denmark.
Russia: Fleet Skagerrak to Denmark.
Fleet Baltic support fleet Skagerrak to Denmark.

The English fleet Denmark did not make it out of that province. The game master, Jack Chalker, ruled that the Russian forces succeeded in their attack on Denmark and the English fleet was annihilated, having no available retreat. This was at complete variance with what had been during the previous two years the generally accepted game. Alexis Gilliland, the player for England, resigned in protest. For a month or so there was a heated discussion in various parts of the Diplomatic press; Jack Chalker put the matter to a referendum among his players, who refused to support his stand; Chalker then reversed his ruling but as several moves had intervened, and as Gilliland had already resigned, this did the latter little good.

I believe that every magazine now publishing would rule that the fleet in Denmark would stand, and that the English and Russian attacks on it would stand each other off. I believe that any game master who knew anything of the rules and the history of rules discussion, would have so ruled at any time after the publication of Calhamer's statement in 1964. Or that, if not, he would declare in advance that he was running the game under such-and-such deviations from the accepted standard.

The above article was extracted from BROODING issue number 84, published on July 12th 1968, with the permission of the editor. The issue is devoted entirely to rule disputes, and there are no less than 33 separate items similar to the above in depth of research and reasoned argument.

This issue of BROODING is, to my mind, one of the most valuable items in my small collection of Diplomacy magazines. As further situations come to light in ALBION games which are referred to in BROODING, the relevant section will be re-printed for the further instruction of British readers.

It will be a fair criticism of this issue of ALBION that it consists, to a large extent, of reprints from other magazines. The American readership, in particular, will be re-reading articles they have already seen elsewhere. Our apologies are due to this section of the readership for this state of affairs; however we intend to continue this policy when appropriate, since this is by far the best method of spreading Diplomacy news and history around the British Isles, currently bereft of the bulk of such information. Hopefully, those British readers who are interested to learn more on these lines will remedy the defect by obtaining issues of Americanazines, but until they know what magazines are available, and which are likely to be most useful, questions of rule interpretations etc. will be handled in these pages.

DIPLOMACY MAGAZINE REVIEW.

NUMBER TWO - THE VOICE.

Published by: the Eastern Coast Branch Office of Entropy Press
Intrnational.

Edited by: Jeff W. Key, P.O.Box 251, Eatontown, New Jersey 07724.

Subscription: 10 issues for 2.50 dollars.

Average length: 15 pages (this figure is based on the three copies I have, but two of these are combined into a composite issue, and hence the figure I quote may be rather smaller than it should be,

Game contents.

Five games are currently reported in THE VOICE; of these, 1968CM is a variant which includes Assyria - the remainder are regular games, at least so far as I can discern from the moves. The actual reporting of the moves is unusual - armies and fleets are numerically designated; thus an order which we would report as A(Mun)-Kie might appear in THE VOICE as 2A Munich to Kiel. In addition, Jeff uses the effective system of printing moves that succeed in majuscule, those which fail in miniscule.

The numbering of the units is done for two reasons, as states the editor in Vol. III no. 8, in answer to a few criticisms; "the rules of my set (1959 edition) call for it.....it was deleted by Games Research to cut down on cost.....and it makes keeping track of the game much easier". Players are not required to use the system, but it is requested in all communications with the gamesmaster.

ALBION SPECIAL REPORT.

PARLEMENT - by Michael Nethercot.

Knowing of my interest in the political manoeuvres and cavortings which so delight the Central European mind, your Editor, that paragon of virtue and mathematical brinkmanship, commissioned the writer to make a long and hazardous journey to that hub of intrigue and machiavellianism - Snobodia.

Setting up his headquarters at the Grand Lux Hotel (bathnight Friday, hot water, female attendant 3 Crowns) your correspondent was soon immersed in the gay and vibrant life of the capital city, Blinkinberg, with its gay lightfingered people, whose smiling faces have so often trapped the unwary tourist into parting with his last Crown on some worthless trashy trinket. Set on the banks of the mighty Drinka river the towers of the BlancoLota (White Castle) can be seen from St. Botolph's Square, heart of the capital. Here stands the Royal Palace of Don 1st and the Kakelhausen or Parlement buildings.

To those of you whose knowledge of Snobodia is merely that of a name in the history book, I must explain something of the recent past. The Snobs are an ancient and proud race, kinfolk to the Slavs and Brats whose ancestors first crossed the Drinka plains towards the end of the Roman Empire in the late third century A.D. In the ensuing sixteen centuries the country was only independent for a short time; it broke away from the Austrian hegemony in 1842. Yet the desire for national sovereignty never diminished and the spirit of self-determination often irrupted into revolutionary warfare. Snobodia gained her full nationhood as a result of the recent peace treaty, largely through the efforts of Charles E. Wells, former adviser to the President Wilson. Wells was instrumental in drawing up the constitution and restoring the Tumbrill dynasty to its rightful throne.

Snobodia is a small country with a population of just under two million. It is mainly agricultural and is economically dependent on its production of root crops and vegetables. There is a growing Baked Bean industry, largely concentrated in Blinkinberg and the Eastern Region market town of Vindmuchbad.

Administratively the country is divided into five Regions, North, Capital, West, East and South. Communications are still primitive in the extreme, the only double-track main line railway runs across the country from East to West linking the capital with Prague and Vienna. Roads, outside the chief towns, are almost non-existent - one reason for the lack of petrol-driven transport. The motor car is a treasured rarity, the only gasoline station sells a potent mixture of pure alcohol and sludge oil - a state of affairs hardly conducive to the rapid expansion of a twentieth-century transport system. The radio station is situated in one of the towers of the BlancoLota; comprising a spark transmitter it provides an excellent source of high-frequency static. Newspapers abound - Snobodia has the highest literacy rating in any country in Central Europe - all the political parties own at least one Daily. The

printing industry employs a large percentage of the urban population.

Don 1st is an industrious and high-minded ruler. He takes a great interest in the affairs of his subjects; well liked by all political factions he is known to be on friendly terms with most of the party leaders. His hobby and first love is the study of military science, and one room of the Palace is adorned with maps, charts etc. As titular head of the armed forces he often engages in mock battles with the members of his general staff.

All adult males have the vote, there being a total electorate of about one million. Party allegiance is almost non-existent, each section or bloc of the population has only its own interests at heart and will therefore give its votes to the party which panders most to its individual foibles. Broadly speaking the parties of the left appeal to the Workers and Intelligentsia, whilst the Peasants and Catholics look to the right. The voting blocs are:- Workers, Intelligentsia, Bourgeoisie, Catholics and Peasants. The blocs are unevenly distributed throughout the Regions. The largest concentration is the Catholic bloc in the Northern Region which contains more than half of the total membership of all the blocs in the North. The smallest bloc is the Intelligentsia; relatively weak in terms of voting power, they come second to the Workers in the Capital.

The Kakelhausen (Parlement) is a one chamber legislature of 50 members. Elections are held 5-yearly, or in accordance with the provisions of the constitution. The parties, from left to right, are:- Communist, Socialist, Radical, Centre, Conservative, Monarchist, Nationalist. As a result of the recent constitutional referendum seats in the Kakel are distributed as follows:-

Communist 10. Socialist 6. Radical 6. Centre 6. Conservative 6.
Monarchist 6. Nationalist 10.

It is hoped that a Government will soon be formed, but this must await the appointment of Party Leaders by the King.

The workings of the Parliamentary system, electoral laws etc. are most elaborately detailed in the constitution of Charles Wells, which can be purchased from the King through his legation at Timperley. ALBION readers are most strongly recommended to change a few shillings into Crowns for this purpose. (£1 = 4 crowns).

British political 'know-how' is respected in Snobodia. All the parties require first-class leadership and are seeking outside assistance - in fact all facets of Snobodian cultural, economic and social activities are open to investigation and analysis. The King is seeking a first-rate Geographer and economist - even the Royal Coat of Arms needs redrawing. All readers who wish to take part in the creation of the Snobodian State should contact the King. Ideas, clean suggestions and friendly comments will receive the attention they deserve.

Michael Nethercot.

MISCELLANY.

Further orders for the rules of PARLEMENT have been flooding in. Colin Newcombe and Chris Hancock have now got copies, and the sounds of serious and concentrated thought are reaching the ALBION offices from far-off Chelmsford and Congleton.

NOTE something which I failed to note when commenting on the availability of the PARLEMENT rules in ALBION number 3 - the fact that the price is now higher than originally. Copies are now on sale for 10/-, which gives the distributor perhaps 1d. per copy.

Apologies to those who considered buying previously, but perhaps put off the day of reckoning. They will now have to cough up 4/- extra. However the rules are still ludicrously cheap, compared with the prices we are accustomed to paying for games from Avalon Hill etc.

Which brings me to an awkward point - the cost of providing ALBION to you good people. I used to have a source of free paper - rather irregular, agreed, but nevertheless useful. This source has now dried up, permanently as far as I can see, and therefore it is now costing me more to produce ALBION than I had originally anticipated. In addition, with the number of pages increasing in leaps and bounds, the cost of stencils is naturally going up per issue (a stencil costs 1/-, and the correcting fluid averages out at @4,326-7-2d. per page.)

However, joking apart, the time is rapidly approaching when I will have to put up subscription rates to those who obtain the magazine in other ways than trading. The details are not worked out yet, so at least you will get issue number 5 at normal price, but this is a grim warning that at sometime in the future I will be asking you to dip into your pockets to a small extent. Hopefully, the increase will be marginal - I'm not interested in profits and am quite happy to accept a small loss, but there is a limit.

You will have noticed that there is no French cartoon in this issue. This is not intended to be a permanent omission, and readers will rejoice to hear that we hope to continue publishing such cartoons whenever they are available.

And so, here endeth the lesson. Your weary editor, fingers worn to the knuckle, packs away the typewriter until next time.

ALBION number 4 ends.....