

THE DIPLOMAT

#72

TRIPPING HITHER,
TRIPPING THITHER,
NO-ONE KNOWING
WHY OR WHITHER.

5 January 1975

Volume II Number 1

Well, after a year and 2 months, this is THE DIPLOMAT, a shorty journal of postal Diplomacy and other memories of Eric Just. For reasons which will be explained in all their ghastly details below, this turkey is now edited and published by Rod Walker, 4069 Jackdaw St., San Diego CA 92103; telephone, (714) 298-1523. It thus has a Pandemonium Press number, which is 581.

You may not believe this, but we are going to revive 1971EJ again. Eric just has approved this project (see below) and here I am to prove it (see above). This is a kick-off issue, just to get things...if you can believe this, knowing Eric or me or both...organized. Now, first of all, the personnel involved in this fiasco are as follows:

AUSTRIA: Paul Bond, Sikes Hall #208, E.T.S.U., Commerce TX 75428.
(home: 221 E. Ridgewood Dr., Garland TX 75___.)

ENGLAND: John Koning. Deceased.

FRANCE: Sid Cochran, Box 607, Tyler TX 75701.

GERMANY: Jack Flemming, 4246 E. Bellevue Ave., Tucson AZ

ITALY: Jim Bradley, 7805 Lyrewood, #833, Oklahoma City OK 73132.

RUSSIA: Jeff Key, 6918 NW 78th Terr., Kansas City MO 64152.

TURKEY: Mark Weidmark, 528 Park Cres., Pickering, Ontario, CANADA.

Former GM: Eric Just, 1838 NW 11, #4, Oklahoma City OK 73106.

1st Stand-by: Scott Berschig, 505 Bessel, Arlington TX 76010.

2nd Stand-by: Stan Wrobel, 7 Poland Village Blvd., Poland OH 44514.

Positions, a/o Winter 1905, are as follows:

AUSTRIA: A Ser, A Trl, F Smy (3 -- 2 short).

ENGLAND: A Lon, F Bre, F Eng, F Hol, F Mid, F Nth (6).

FRANCE: A Gas, F Tun (2).

GERMANY: F Bel (1).

ITALY: A Ven, A Pie, F Por, F Mar, F Tyn, F Nap (6).

RUSSIA: A Con, A Sil, A Mun, A Ank, A Kie, A Gal, A Mos, A War, F Bal,
F Den, F Swe, F Sev (13 -- 1 short).

TURKEY: None (out).

SPRING 1906 ORDERS are due on Monday, 27 January 1975. Scott Berschig is requested to send orders for England. Stan Wrobel is requested to send orders for Germany.

If on 27 January, I have a full set of orders, the game will proceed. If I do not, everyone who missed will be credited with a missed season and we will try again, possibly with additional stand-bys if I can rustle up some.

I told Jeff Key, who first contacted me, that I would continue this game only on certain conditions. First, that I could obtain a full slate of players for all 6 countries. Second, that my HRs would be used for the balance of the game. A copy of these rules will be sent to each active player, as soon as I know you're active. Basically, we are using the 1972 Rulebook. (I am very inflexible on this point...I do not have the time or energy to worry about rule differences between various games I GM.) Meanwhile, Eric says...well, here is exactly what he said, last 31 Dec.:

"Dear Rod,

"Paul says hi.

"Now then (Jeff says hi)(actually, Paul says Jeff said hi, but since Jeff is sitting right here and didn't deny it, I guess it would be fair to

say that Jeff has consented to his hi being used.)

"Jeff says hi.

"HI!

"The colonel says meow. (Pat's asleep, but he might say hi were he awake.) (Paul says, "Things being the way they are, I don't think John Beshara would say, 'Hi!'")

"Greetings:

"It has come to my attention (a 2x4 between the eyes) that I have a slightly used Dippy mag (Jeff says, "Everybody in the hobby calls it a 'zine' and Eric still calls it a 'mag'.) with a worn and almost finished game in it. This is true (alas). How would you like them? Jeff says you would. Who am I to argue with Jeff, considering how neutral and unbiased an observer he is. In any case, I would be pleased (overjoyed!). (Paul says, "Hey! This is a business letter and that I can't write on the back.) He's wrong. Then again,

Why not, since Jeff is providing the paper? (Jeff says, "Paul is providing the postage. Here it was:

As I was saying, you can have

THE) DIPLOMAT (Paul told me I forgot to close my ~~part~~ ~~part~~ these things () and the) (whoops: did it again)

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game, 1971EJ. You may consider this a letter of confirmation of my permission under the following conditions (any or all of which may be ignored:

- 1) You get the necessary subs.
- 2) You keep the game in THE DIPLOMAT.
- 3) You say hi to Conrad.
- 4) You don't say hi to John.
- 5) You either continue publishing it, or give it to Jeff, at the conclusion of the game.
- 6) You send me copies.
- 7) You allow occasional contributions from the Editor, Emeritus.
- 8) You send me twenty-five words or less.
- 9) This missive counts as the first contribution of the EE (see #7).

I hope this is most dissatisfactory and 10B (to wit [i.e., e.g. (to wit)]). (I'd include a sanity clause in this letter but Chico says, "Don'ta be silly...theresa no such thing as Sanity Claus.")

Love and kisses*



*Don't get any bright ideas...I'm straight.

Paul said goodbye.

Paul says Jeff said goodbye.

Jeff said goodbye.

Here we go again.

HI.

Greetings:

It has come to my attention...Oh, I said that, didn't I?

THE DIPLOMAT

#73

AL CONCERTO DI TROMBONI,
DI BOMBARDE, DI CANNONI,
CHE LE PALLE IN TUTTI TUONI
ALL'ORECCHIO FAN FISCHIAR?

5 February 1975

Volume II Number 2

You may think you have escaped; but no, nobody escapes THE DIPLOMAT. Our main weapon is fear; fear and surprise. Our two main weapons are fear and surprise; fear and surprise and...well, and Rod Walker, 4069 Jackdaw St., San Diego CA 92103, who edits the thing. Yech. If you stick something in the mail after 20 February 1975, mail it to 1273 Crest Dr., Encinitas CA 92024, on accounta that's where I'll be then. And this (snort, guffaw!) is Pandemonium Publication #584. Hardly worth the effort, was it?

OK, gang. We are under way. Please note the following observations:

1. Russia also has F Bla (total of 13 units, natch?).
2. Supply center holdings are listed below.
3. England is now played by Hal Naus, 1011 Barrett St., Chula Vista CA 92010.
4. I have not received orders from Flemming or Bradley. I am therefore requesting s/b orders from the following persons:

ITALY: Tony Watson, 201 Minnesota St., Las Vegas NV 89107.

GERMANY: Stan Wrobel, see issue #72.

If Flemming and Bradley miss again, they will be dropped and replaced.

Supply Centers, as of Fall 1905, are as follows:

AUSTRIA: Vie, Tri, Ser, Gre, Smy.

ENGLAND: Edi, Lpl, Lon, Nwy, Bre, Hol.

FRANCE: Par, Tun.

GERMANY: Bel.

ITALY: Nap, Rom, Ven, Mar, Spa, Por.

RUSSIA: Mos, StP, Sev, War, Rum, Bud, Swe, Bul, Con, Ber, Kie, Mun, Ank, Den. Greedy, greedy.

*Don't forget
my change of
address above!*

SPRING 1906 ORDERS (FINAL) are due not later than Friday, 28 February 1975. Late orders will not be accepted. I have orders for Austria, France, and Russia. They may be changed, of course.

The following players probably do not have, and will get with this issue, a copy of my HRs: Key, Cochran, Bond, Watson. I will wait until I hear from Flemming and/or Bradley.

And now, a special-request message to Eric Just, Jeff Key, and Paul Bond:

H I !

THE DIPLOMAT

#74

BUT WITH DOUGLASS HART
AND WITH TRUSTY BLADE
WE CAN PLAY OUR PART--
FIGHTING IS OUR TRADE.

7 March 1975

Volume II Number 3

Well, let's see.... Yes, this is THE DIPLOMAT, you poor fools, and it is edited and published by none other than Rod Walker, "Alcala", 1273 Crest Dr., Encinitas CA 92024. Telephone is (714) 436-6619 (NOT FOR PUBLICATION, PLEASE). Our publishing empire (if that is the word) has changed name. This is Alcala Publication #589.

1971EJ

WHITE PERIL MARCHES AND SAILS RELENTLESSLY. ENGLAND WAITING FOR XMAS?

Spring 1906: Bradley and Flemming, having sent no orders for a second time in succession, are hereby dropped and replaced.

AUSTRIA (Bond): A Ser-Tri S by A Trl (A Trl /r//~~run~~, Vie, d/), F Smy -Aeg, Ring of Power Bulgaria-Hungary, Goblin Army Mt. ~~Keabor~~-London, Boy Scout Troop 547-Woods, Girl Scout Troop 83 Woods H /r/ in disorder-Town.

ENGLAND (Naus?): NMR. A Lon, F Bre, F Eng, F Hol, F Mid, F Nth /h/.

FRANCE (Cochran): A Gas-Par, F Tun H.

GERMANY (Wrobel): F Bel S ENGLISH F Hol. (~~F/φ/φ/φ/φ/φ~~).

ITALY (~~Bradley~~)(Watson): A Ven-Trl S by A Pie, F Por H, F Mar-Spa (sc), F Nap-Ion S by F Tyn.

RUSSIA (Key): A Con-Bul, A Sil-Ber, A Mun-Bur, A Kie-Ruh, A Gal-Boh, A Mos-StP, A War-Sil, F Bal-Swe, F Swe-Ska S by F Den, F Sev-Bla, F Bla-Con S by A Ank, A Siberia-Urals /frozen/.

FALL 1906 ORDERS are due not later than Friday, 28 March 1975.

Stan Wrobel: Please also submit s/b orders for England, and if I don't hear from Hal you will take over the position. (Have your s/b orders for S06, but under HR 16 I could not use them.)

Why is there no press???

Why is there no contribution from Eric Just????

Why have I agreed to take over this turkey?????

And out of the cloudless sky, a clear light shone full upon his upturned face. And as thunder rolled majestically upon the empurpled mountaintops, a deep voice answered his supplications. "BECAUSE YOU PISSED ME OFF!"

\$30\$

THE DIPLOMAT

#75

WHY DO THE NATIONS NOT
SO FURIOUSLY TOGETHER?
THE KINGS OF THE EARTH
RISE UP AND...

10 April 1975

ZY

Volume II Number 4

Yes, we are late. We are not the only one, Jeff, Paul, Sid, and Stan. You are now looking at Alcalá Publication #599, edited and published by Rod Walker, "Alcalá", 1273 Crest Dr., Encinitas CA 92024.

1971EJ

VAST FREEZE ENVELOPS CENTER OF WAR ZONE; ACTION ONLY ON THE FRINGES

AUSTRIA (Bond): NMR. (Summer: A Trl R-/d/.) A Trl /h/, F Aeg /h/.
Owns: Vie, Tri, Ser, Gre, Smy (5). Build 1 (1 /d/, 2 nb); no room for 2 more.

ENGLAND (Naus): A Lon-Yor, F Bre MS F Mid, F Eng-Bel S by F Hol & F Nth. Owns: Edi, Lpl, Lon, Nwy, Bre, Hol, Bel (7). Build 1.

FRANCE (Cochran): NMR. A Par /h/, F Tun /h/ /d/. Owns: Par, ~~X/A~~ (1). No change (1 /d/).

GERMANY (Wrobel): NMR. F Bel /h/ /d/. Owns: ~~W/Z~~ (0). OUT.

ITALY (Watson): A Trl S RUSSIAN A Boh-Vie /nso/, A Pie H, F Por H, F Spa(sc)-Wes, F Tyn-Tun S by F Ion. Owns: Nap, Rom, Ven, Mar, Spa, Por, Tun (1). Build 1.

RUSSIA (Key): A Bul, A Ber, A Bur, A Ruh, A Boh, A StP, A Sil, F Swe, F Ska, F Den, F Bla, F Con, A Ank all /h/...NMR! Owns: Mos, StP, Sev, War, Rum, Bul, Swe, Bud, Con, Ber, Kie, Mun, Ank, Den (14). Build 1 (1 nb).

And that was Fall 1906, kiddies.

Well, let's see. Austria builds 1, in Vienna, obviously an army (if he gets orders in). England builds 1, essentially behind the war zone. Italy builds 1, ditto. Russia builds 1, ditto.

OK, we'll take Winter next. Stan Wrobel, who gallantly submitted no orders for now-defunct Germany, is still stand-by. Stan, submit orders for Austria and Russia. You will take over whichever misses. If both miss, you take over Russia and Austria goes into civil disorder (unless I can find a replacement).

Now, I'm pretty pissed, guys. I took over this game on the understanding it would be played, and specifically on the request of Bond and Key, both of whom missed this time. I am running this thing at my own expense, as a personal favor, and if you guys can't get with it, you can get yourself another boy.

WINTER 1906BUILDS are due on Thursday, 1 May 1975.

Jeff, you still owe me a correct supply-center chart for 1901-1904.

(30)

THE DIPLOMAT

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IN ENTERPRISE OF PARTIAL KIND,
WHEN THERE WAS ANY FIGHTING,
HE LED HIS REGIMENT FROM BEHIND--
HE FOUND IT LESS EXCITING.

3 May 1975

Volume II Number 5

Almost on time, guys. So were you. Paul's orders, and Stan's s/b orders, arrived on the 2nd. Would you believe I accepted them? Don't push my good nature, which is in large part determined by whether I got layed the night before. Anyway, this wafting your way is **Alcala Publication #608**, edited and published by Rod Walker, "Alala", 1273 Crest Dr., Encinitas CA 92024.

1971EJ

WAR BACK ON SCHEDULE AS CONSCRIPTION SWELLS COMBATANT RANKS. ADMIRALTY IN LONDON SUSPENDS DRAFT FOR TEA-TIME, HOWEVER.

Winter 1906: In the position lists below, builds are marked *.

AUSTRIA (Bond): A Vie*, A Tri, F Aeg (3, 2 short).

ENGLAND (Naus?): NBR. A Yor, F Bre, F Mid, F Bel, F Hol, F Nth (6) (1 short).

FRANCE (Cochran): A Par (1).

ITALY (Watson): A Ven*, A Trl, A Pie, F Por, F Wes, F Tun, F Ion (7).

RUSSIA (Key): A War*, A Bul, A Ber, A Bur, A Ruh, A Boh, A StP, A Sil, F Swe, F Ska, F Den, F Bla, F Con, A Ank (14).

SPRING 1907 ORDERS are due on Friday, 23 May 1975. Stan, this time, please send in stand-by orders for England, OK?

Press

ROME: "So this is the upper world," said Anubis, the jackel-headed god of the underworld, with a shrug.

"Oh, yes, oh yes! It certainly is!" squealed Matog, the 6-inch, hoofed, and hairy demon that was perched on his shoulder.

"Not much to look at, is it?" grunted Anubis.

"Well, m'lord, as they say, 'Beauty is in the eye of the beholder.'"

"Yes, so they say," Anubis replied drily, mentally noting that Matog could, at times, be somewhat of a twerp. "Oh, yes, Matog, what was the name of the nation again: you know, the one I won from the Pope?"

"Why, Italy, of course!"

"Yes, Italy. Hmmm, that was a Hell of a crap game, wasn't it?"

"It surely was, m'lord."

"At first I could not understand why the Pope, in hock up to his ass anyway, was willing to bet so much real estate just to get me to give up a few lost souls. But now that I get a glimpse of this place Italy, I can see that he had nothing to lose, really. The transportation system is shoddy, the food is always a variation of tomatoes and something, and the worst, oh the very worst! is the fact that the women have hairy armpits! Urgh! How uncouth!"

"But they are amply endowed in other respects....," suggested Matog with a wag of his spiked tail.

"To Hell with that! I can't see past their armpits!" answered Anubis moodily.

"Let's go to the strategy room, O Mighty One," offered Matog in an attempt to change the subject.

"OK, nothing else to do in this boring place, anyway." So the pair, demon and jackel-head, went up the stairs in the interior of St. Peter's. (The Vatican came with Italy. Anubis didn't quite know where the Pope was staying, but he figured that a man of his importance must surely have a

friend or two he could bum a night's lodging off.) They came at last to a room Matog had had especially redone. Holy pictures had been removed and replaced with paintings of martial goings-on and a copy of the 1905 Lloy-boy calendar (1906 hadn't come out yet). Precisely in the middle of the room was a huge table on which a map was mounted. Atop the map was a curious array of small, multi-colored, wooden blocks.

"This, my lord," stated Matog as he jumped up on the table, "is the world situation." He proudly indicated the map and the wooden blocks with his hand.

"What does all this mean?" asked Anubis, slightly annoyed at Matog's stupidity.

"Why, this is a map of Europe, divided into provinces, some of which are valuable for economic reasons. These little blocks are military units; the long skinny ones are fleets and the short fat ones are armies."

"Could've fooled me!" said Anubis.

"Oh, m'lord, they are only representative of armies and fleets."

"Of course. Now which ones are ours?"

"The green ones."

"Green? Yuk! Why can't we be blue?"

"Because," said Matog, whipping out a small booklet and opening it, "it says right here in the rules that Italy's units are green."

"Hmph! I don't think I'm going to like this game." Anubis studied the map for a few moments. "Hey!" he cried out, "here's Tunis! They got foxy dancing girls in Tunis, don't they?"

"Indeed they do, m'lord."

"Well then, let's put one of our blocks in Tunis and bring home the dancing girls. They would certainly be an improvement over the hairy Italian women."

"But, my lord, do you not see another block, that representative of a French fleet, already in Tunis?"

"Why, the French have but two blocks on the board. Clearly a backward nation, and I know they don't want to stand in the way of progress. Anyway, we have two blocks and they have but one. I say kick 'em out!"

"As you say, sire. By the way, the capture of Tunis will allow us to create yet another unit."

"Really? Hmmm, maybe I can learn to like this game!" Anubis studied the map again. "Matog, who do all these white blocks belong to?"

"Russia, m'lord."

"I believe, little demon, that it would be prudent to stock the border provinces with vodka and caviar."

THE DIPLOMAT

#77

OH, MEN OF DARK AND DISMAL FATE
FORGO YOUR CRUEL FAME!
HAVE PITY ON MY LONELY STATE,
I AM AN ORPHAN GAME!

25 June 1975

Volume 11 Number 6

Well, here we go again. This thing is proceeding at a snail's pace, but it is proceeding; n'est-ce pas? Anyway, this is Alcalá Publication #615, edited and published by Rod Walker, "Alcalá", 1273 Crest Dr., Encinitas CA 92024. My telephone number is now our business phone and is listed under "Alcalá". Our personal phone will be installed next month some time, and will be listed under my name.

1971BJ

RUSSIA DOMINATES THE BOARD, BUT FAILS TO GET ATHENS. ENGLISH ARMY FOILED.

Spring 1907: Jeff Key's address is now 6501 Melody Ln., Kansas City MO 64152. He says "Parkville", but it's the same ZIP as last time.

AUSTRIA (Bond): A Tri H S by A Vie, F Aeg-Gre.
ENGLAND (Naus): A Yor-Hol C by F Nth and S by F Bel (F Nth /r//Nrg: Hol, Lon, Edi, d), F Bre H, F Mid-Eng, F Hol-Hel.
FRANCE (Cochran): A Par-Bur.
ITALY (Watson): A Ven-Apu, A Pie-Ven S by A Trl, F Por H, F Wes-Lyo, F Tun-Ion, F Ion-Alb.
RUSSIA (Key): A War-Gal, A Bul-Gre, A Ber-Kie S by A Ruh, A Bur-Gas, A Sil-Mun S by A Boh, F Swe-Nwy S by A StP, F Ska-Nth S by F Den, F Bla-Con, F Con-Smy S by A Ank.

FALL 1907 ORDERS are due on Wednesday, 16 July 1975. I will publish that night and I will not accept late orders. Send a set now and don't wait; you can always change them later. I have a set on file for England.

THE UNDERWORLD: Cerebrus stared at the pulpy mass before him with all six eyes in all three of his heads. One head bowed low and sniffed at the mess of stringy noodles, blood-red tomato sauce, and chunks of meat. He snorted and withdrew in disgust. The second head was undergoing a seizure of vomiting from sampling the alien cuisine, while the third was looking quizzically at the card that had come with the tangled monstrosity. It read: "To my pup Cerebrus: Be a good pup and enjoy some leftovers from dinner. I know, food from the upperworld IS strange but, as they say, 'when in Rome, do as the Romans do,' or some such nonsense. Don't fret; I should be sending you some juicy Austrians soon. Love and kisses. (Signed) Anubis." The second head began to vomit again.

ROME: A wiry old Arab was playing on a strange stringed instrument. The room was awl with swirling eastern ladies in sheer thin silks, dancing and swaying to quarter-tone melodies. Nestled on a mound of brightly colored pillows was the jackelheaded God of the Underworld, Anubis. Cradled in the crook of one arm was the Tunisian princess, Erialc Selul; occupying the hand at the end of the other was a glass of wine. Bounding into this scene of sensual chaos was the six-inch hooved and hairy demon Matog. "My Lord! My Lord!" he squealed.

"Yes, what is it, Matog?" Anubis replied, notably perturbed. "Can't you see that Erialc and I are enjoying a bit of merriment?"

"That is more than evident. But news has come in from the front."

"The front?"

"You know, my lord; the war?!"

"Oh, yes, THAT front. Haven't we achieved our war aims with the capture of Tunis and the deliverance of these fine ladies?" He gave Erialc a pinch for emphasis.

"No, I am afraid not; more lays ahead of us. World politics is a continuing game of international intrigue, of cloak and dagger, of..."

"Enough! Spare me the rhetoric. I come! But Erialc comes to!"

"I'd love to!" The dark-haired Erialc adds an accent that is not Tunisian. (Actually, it is Bostonian. The maiden [Erialc is not her name but merely a clever pseudonym] is an exchange student at the University of Tunis. Anubis, ignorant of the upper world, does not know this.)

Thus the trio ascended the steps to the strategy room. Somewhat self-consciously, Anubis took down the 1906 Playboy calendar. "This," stated Matog as he left up on the strategy map on the table, "is the world situation."

"Oh, jeez; not wooden blocks again!"

"But m'lord, they are the key to victory."

"OK, OK. Now that we have defeated the French Mediterranean fleet, what do we do? A new war would help fill the Underworld...."

"Yes, m'lord. May I make a suggestion?"

"Certainly."

"Austria."

"Austria?"

"Yes; the red blocks."

"Well, they do hold some interesting real estate. I've always wanted a Bavarian castle and Erialc here needs some olive oil. Austria it is, then."

Erialc merely nodded approvingly, but much more was going on in that lovely head.

THE
DIPLOMAT
#78

BELLA VITA MILITAR! OGNI DI SI CANGIA LOCO;
OGGI MOLTO, DOMAN POCO; ORA IN TERRA ED OR SUL MAR.
IL FRAGOR DI TROMBE E PIFFERI, LO SPARAR DI SCHIOPPI E BOMBE
FORZA ACCRESCE AL BRACCIO E ALL'ANIMA VAGA SOL DI TRIONFAR.

20 July 1975

Volume II Number 7

As you can see, we didn't publish on the 16th. Unexpectedly, I was not able to do it. So here we are, 5 days late. Sigh....

1971EJ

RUSSIANS NEARLY MAKE IT.

Fall 1907:

AUSTRIA (Bond): NMR. A Tri /h//d/, A Vie /h/, F Aeg /h/ /d/. Owns: Vie, ~~Tri~~ Ser, ~~Gre~~, ~~Spa~~ (2). No change (could build 1 [2 nb; 2 /d/], but no room to do so).

ENGLAND (Naus): F Nth R-d (NRR). A Yor /h/, A Hol-Kie /nsu/, F Bel H, F Bre H S by F Eng, F Hel S F Nth-Den (no "F Nth"). Owns: Edi, Lpl, Lon, ~~Wly~~, Bre, ~~Mpl~~, Bel (5). No change (1 /d/, 1 nb).

FRANCE (Cochran): A Bur-Mar. Owns: Mar, Par (2). Build 1.

ITALY (Watson): A Apu-Gre G by F Ion, A Ven-Tri S by F Alb & A Tri (A Tri /r//Pie, Ven, d/), F Por-Spa(sc), F Lyo-Mar. Owns: Nap, Rom, Ven, ~~Mit~~, Spa, Por, Tun, Gre, Tri (8). Build 1. (Build 2 if A Tri R-d.)

RUSSIA (Key): A Gal-Sil, A Bul S, AUSTRIAN F Aeg-Gre /nso/, A Ruh-Hol S by A Kie, A Gas S, FRENCH A Bur-Mar, A Boh-Tri S by A Mun, F Nwy-Nrg, A StP-Nwy, F Nth-Yor, F Den-Mel, F Con-Aeg S by F Smy, A Ank-Con, A Vie S, AUSTRIAN A Tri (no "A Vie"; nice try, Jeff--the old "Flying Dutchman" ploy, eh?). Owns: Mos, StP, Sev, War, Rum, Bul, Swe, Bud, Con, Ber, Kie, Mun, Ank, Den, Hol, Nwy, Smy (17). Build 3.

WINTER 1907 BUILDS (plus the Italian retreat) are due on Thursday, 21 July 1975.

Now. The GM would naturally like to end this game (and his expenses therefor) as soon as possible. Inasmuch as 1908 will bring an almost inevitable Russian victory, I see no problem with a concession at this point.

Therefore, the GM proposes a concession to Russia, effective Winter 1907. All players may vote on this by the Winter 1907 deadline. If any one of the major players (England, Italy, or Russia) votes against the concession, we will continue (see HR 28).

THE UNDERWORLD: St. Francis knealt over the tri-headed hound and shook his head in dismay. "I just can't imagine who would try to poison such a lovable pup as you, Cerebrus." The rightmost head of the wondrous beast whimpered in complete agreement. The saintly old man threw the infamous mass that had been tagged "Giuseppe's Super Deluxe Spaghetti Dinner" into the river Styx and stroked the suffering beast. He reached into his black satchel and extracted a small vial of stomach pills. Resolutely he made his rounds, stopping at each head in turn. "Take two of these, drink plenty of fluids, growl for me in the morning. ... Take two of these, drink plenty..."

ROME (the den of iniquity): For the fifth time that evening, Anubis, the jackel-headed God of the Underworld, was making a play for the luscious flesh of Eriale Selul, the Tunisian Princess. "Ah, come on, just once! It's Saturday night?"

Erialc pulled away with a coy smile on her lips and lay back on a hand-embroidered pillow. Temptingly, she ran her long-nailed fingers in a spiral around her enchanting navel, placed so neatly in her dark, Q-T-colored stomach. "Perhaps," she said slowly, "but first, tell me what you plan on doing with your fleet in the Gulf of Lyon."

"Oh, bother! What does that have to do with having a 'little' right now?"

"Different women get up different ways; I just happen to have a military fetish."

Anubis' tongue darted in and out of his mouth like lightning and his mind was a-boil with impassioned thoughts. After a moment of soul-rending silence, he turned to Erialc, his eyes on her tempting navel, and told her everything he knew.

BARAD CREST: I wonder if it's possible to give a jackel a haircut?

ROME (the Strategy Room in St. Peter's): Matog was bent over the world map, every inch of his 6-inch height grave and worried. The world situation was not as he had hoped. Once again, for the fifth time that day, he looked at the paper that had brought the news of the wars to him. He set the colored blocks representative of armies and fleets on the map. The Russians were fast gobbling up the continent and thwarting Matog's plans. They had refused to answer any of his diplomatic entreaties, and now they seemed to threaten Italian interests all around the board. If only he could get Anubis' full attention; but no, the jackel-head was far more interested in the Tunisian bitch, Erialc Selul. Didn't he realize, thought Matog, that bestiality was a sin?

BARAD CREST: How can a god sin? Besides, all he wants is her navel.

30

30

* 9*

Oh, yesssssss... This-here is Alcalá Publication #618, edited and published by Rod Walker, "Alcalá", 1273 Crest Dr., Encinitas CA 92024. Would you believe Walt Buchanan actually keeps track of stupid things like A.P. numbers? I believe I'll mess him up by leaving one out....

P.S.--At the conclusion of 1971EJ, THE DIPLOMAT will continue, either as a separate game-zine or as a subzine of EREHWON. It will continue under my Editorship until such time as Eric Just wants it back. I will not let it die. And now, as we said before,

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THE DIPLOMAT

MALHEUREUSEMENT
CETTE DISTRACTION
NE POURRA DURER
QUE QUELQUE TEMPS.

12 August 1975

Volume II Number 8

THE DIPLOMAT was founded by Eric Just, one of the three originators of postal Diplomacy. It is currently edited by Rod Walker, "Alcala", 1273 Crest Dr., Encinitas CA 92024. Subscriptions are 10/\$1 (sent in batches of 2 or more). This is Alcala Publication #621.

1971EJ

ON WITH THE WAR!

Winter 1907: A negative vote from Italy defeats the concession and Russia has got to come up with an 18th center. In the lists of positions below, builds are marked *.

AUSTRIA (Bond?): A Vie (1)(1 short).

ENGLAND (Naus): A Ycr, F Bel, F Bre, F Eng, F Hel (5).

FRANCE (Cochran?): NBR. A Mar (1)(1 short).

ITALY (Watson): [Autumn: A Trl R-Pie.] A Ven*, A Gre, F Ion, A Tri, F Alb, A Pie, F Spa(sc), F Lyo (8).

RUSSIA (Key): F StP(nc)*, A War*, F Sev*, A Sil, A Bul, A Hol, A Kie, A Gas, A Trl, A Mun, F Nrg, A Nwy, F Nth, F Den, F Aeg, F Smy, A Con (17).

SPRING 1908 ORDERS are due on Tuesday, 2 September 1975. Players should note two errors from last season: the Russian orders F Nth-Yor and F Den-Hel failed, having been stood off by English units in the aforementioned locations.

ROME (somewhere in a secluded park): The Tunisian Princess, Erialc Selul, smiled and adjusted the tuning knob on her wireless. There was a camouflage tarp over the knot of bushes in which she sat and she felt secure from any detection. The radio whined and whizzed, but at last she was able to make out a voice. "Imperial Russian Headquarters," said the voice. Erialc squealed in delight and began to speak in her heavy Bostonian accent. "Hello, love; you'll never guess who this is! Why, it's lovely Erialc Selul and have I got news for you! Why you have no idcar...".

ROME (The Strategy Room in St. Peter's): Matog, the 6-inch hooped and hairy demon, was hunched, in a posture of severe gravity, over the map that described the world situation. Things were not going as well as he had hoped. To further complicate matters, his lord and master, Anubis, was uninterested in the affairs of state. Matog looked at the map again, sputtered a few words, and slammed a hoof on the table. To say the least pissed off. Speak of the devil (or of the God of the Underworld), but who should stroll into the scene but the jackel-headed god himself, Anubis.

"Oh bother, Matog! I seem to have lost my favorite bone. Have you seen it?"

"Matog suppressed a cry; Italy at war with 3 nations and Anubis was worried over a bone. "No, m^olord, I have not. I am sure it can wait. First look at this map. Things bode ill for us."

"Oh, all right. But I did want my bone so. Keeps the tartar off my teeth."

"From the look of this map, m^olord, you've got a tartar on your ass!" He pointed a long taloned finger at the knot of white wooden blocks.

"My, my. So it seems. Lots of Russians running about. But tell me, how goes our war with Austria?"

"Well, sir, we did quite well, capturing 2 supply provinces."

"Oh, joy! This is fun. I suppose now we are allotted two new units?" Anubis clapped his hands together in delight.

"No, m'lord, we are not. We in turn lost a center to the French."

"But they're just a mere inkling on the map. How could they challenge us?"

"They were aided by the Russians, my lord. They were able to defeat our fleet in the battle for Marseilles. It was as if they knew exactly what we were going to do..."

"Ooops," said Anubis, thinking back to a certain Saturday in the den of iniquity.

"What's that?"

"Oh, nothing. Just something I ate," Anubis proffered quickly.

THINGS TO COME. I have been thinking more of what to do with THE DIPLOMAT when this game is done. In giving me the 'zine, Eric gave the the choice (when 1971EJ was over) of continuing the 'zine myself or giving it to Jeff Key (see item 5 in his list of conditions in #72, p. 2). I would rather like to continue it.

I had originally thought about running a regular game. I am now thinking in terms of a variant. There are 2 possibilities:

2001, a world-wide variant which I have designed but not playtested extensively. It promises to be as good a game as, or better than, the original. It includes rules for nuclear firepower, a UN peacekeeping force, weather control, germ warfare, and like that. It requires about 10 players. The number of units, however, is only slightly more than the total in regular Diplomacy (about 50), which keeps it simple.

Treaty Diplomacy, another game I've designed but not playtested at all. Lew Pulsipher has my only copy of the rules, which appear to be quite workable (I'll have to get them back). The basic game design is simple: the players prepare written treaties. Any orders which are contrary to the provisions of a written treaty is null and void. The actual rules are only a page long.

Does anyone have a preference (assuming you want to play in T.D. at all)? Please let me know. I am also going to advertise this in EREHWON next issue.

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THE DIPLOMAT #80

GLORIA AI NUMI:
OGNUN RAMMENTI
CH'ESSI REGGONO GLI EVENTI,
CHE IN POTER DE' NUMI SOLO
STAN LE SORTI DEL GUERRIER.

31 August 1975

Volume II Number

THE DIPLOMAT was founded by Eric Just, one of three persons known to have independently invented postal Diplomacy. It is currently edited and published by Rod Walker, "Alcala", 1273 Crest Dr., Encinitas CA 92024. Subscriptions are 10/\$1 (sent in batches of 2 or more). This is Alcala Publication #623.

NEW GAMES!

TWO NEW GAMES are now open in THE DIPLOMAT, to begin with the ending of 1971EJ. They are:

1. Regular Diplomacy. You-all know what that is.
2. Diplomacy: 2001. This is my experimental global variant for 10 players. The Great Powers are: Western Europe, Soviet Union, United States, China, India, Australia, Nigeria, South Africa, Brazil, plus an optional 10th player, the United Nations Command. Optional rules for nuclear weapons, weather control, and biological warfare may be used. Despite the huge area covered by the playing board, there are only 157 spaces (some of them impassable) and only 53 supply centers. It is thus only slightly more complex than the regular game.

The game fee for either game is 20¢ per season; the game fee for both games is 25¢ per season. Only Spring, Fall, and Winter are counted as "seasons" for this purpose. All issues sent beyond a 500-mile radius from San Diego will be sent air mail. Minimum fee for joining the game(s) will be \$2. Preference will be given to players who wish to join both games. If by 1 November 1975 I do not have 7 persons in the regular game who are also interested in the 2001 game, I will fill it with players who want only in the regular game. Naturally, 2 (or 3) players who wish only into the 2001 game will be in it. Fees may be paid in \$US or US postage stamps only. Make checks payable to Rod Walker.

1971EJ

GOVERNMENTS TOPPLE AS ITALIANS AND RUSSIANS GRAPPLE AND FIGHT AND BLEED AND
Spring 1908: For two consecutive failures to submit orders, Paul Bor and Sid Cochran are dropped from the game. They will not be replaced.

AUSTRIA (~~Bor~~)(civ.dis.): A Vie /h/.
ENGLAND (Naus?): NMR. A Yor, F Bel, F Bre, F Eng, F Hel all /h/.
FRANCE (~~Cochran~~)(civ.dis.): A Mar /h/ /d/.
ITALY (Watson): A Ven S A Tri, A Gre-Ser S by A Tri, F Alb-Gre S by F Ion, F Lyo-Mar S by A Pie & F Spa(ac).
RUSSIA (Key): F StP(ne)-Nwy, A War-Gal, F Sev-Bla, A Sil-Boh, A Kie A Hol, A Gas S FRENCH A Mar, A Trl S AUSTRIAN A Vie, A Mun-Ruh, A Nwy-Swe F Nth-Edi S by F Nrg, F Den-Nth S by A Hol [impossible], F Smy-Eas, A Cons Gre C by F Aeg & S by A Bul.

FALL 1908 ORDERS are due on Tuesday, 23 September 1975.

ROME (atop the Dome of St.Peter's): She was having trouble tying the note around the bird's tiny leg; it was times like this that she cursed her long, blood-red nails. But they were beautiful and beauty is what Eriale Selul was all about. At last she managed to secure the betraying note, a giving the homing pigeon a "goose" for good luck, set the gray bird aloft

It circled twice, accurately befouling a monument to some crooked Pope, and set off for the east. Below, some priest was heard (thought he knew it not) describing a complicated curse in Latin. Smiling, the Tunisian princess thought back to the contents of the note: "Hi, guys! It's me again. I know, the wireless is faster, but damn, that little demon is a sly one and I can't be too careful. Still this should reach you 'fore winter's end and you can prepare an ample strategy to thwart his doggishness. As I have garnered from the jackel-head, the Italians will march on Serbia in Spring and judging from his boasting, no doubt he'll attempt to regain what he lost to the French. The fool; can't he see that he fights a fruitless battle? I hope you fellows at the High Command can come up with some dandy winning strategy soon; thought I love the way he follows me around like a dog (tee-hee, aren't I clever with the puns?); I'm tired of his breath (it's always like Gravy Train) and if I don't get out of here soon I'll be stuck with paying for his license another year. And a bowl of chowder would taste, Oh, so good! Love to all, (signed) Erialc."

THE UNDERWORLD: Cerebrus lay on his side, emitting a sign from each head in turn. The middle head burped (it had a tendency to eat a bit faster than its counterparts to either side) and all three wondered how they managed to grow them so nice and fat in Austria. Still, he wondered when his master would come home from his accursed sojourn in the Upperworld. It had been so long since he had romped the dark plains, chasing bones Anubis had thrown. Ah, the good old days! But he couldn't stay up there forever, and until then, munching the Austrians *burp* would serve as well.

BARAD CREST: For those of you who are wondering how a Greek dog got mixed up with an Egyptian god, be advised that Tony is in good company. In Act I of Aida, f'rinstance, the assembled Egyptians are told that Isis has selected Radames as commanding general and then told to repair to the Temple of Vulcan, yet, to pray for his success. Oy....

ROME (the strategy room in St. Peter's): Matog carefully set up the wooden blocks on the strategy map. For the 5th time he counted and for the 5th time he came up with 17 units for the Russians. Now Matog was a realist (as demons go) and he could read the way things were going. It was only a matter of time, and a short time at that, but he could only hope to do what was best for Italy. Anubis was a poor excuse for a leader, he thought as he forged the Deathgod's name on the orders for the armies and fleets of mighty Italy, and that woman, Erialc Selul! There was something phoney about that broad, in addition to her speaking Arabic with a Boston accent, he thought with a flick of his barbed tail, and he'd nail her if he could.

ROME (the den of iniquity): Anubis rolled his head over the brocaded pillow, wringled his snout twice, and sneezed. "Sheesh. What a morning after," he growled. Squinting, as if the motion would make his memory any clearer, he tried to remember the previous night's debauchery. Erialc had worn a translucent harem outfit (he smiled at the mental picture) and her belly button had looked soooo inviting. She had poured another goblet of heavy wine down his muzzle and began speaking again of her "military fetish" With a start, Anubis hoped he had not given away the top secret attack on Serbia. Then he relaxed; Serbia be damned, it's her navel he was interested in.

THE DIPLOMAT

#81

.... IRRIDE
L'UN L'ALTRO OGNI MORTAL,
MA RIDE BEN CHI RIDE
LA RISATA FINAL.

27 September 1975

Volume II Number 10

THE DIPLOMAT, founded by Eric Just, is being continued until further notice by Rod Walker, "Alcala", 1273 Crest Dr., Encinitas CA 92024. Subscriptions are 10/\$1 (sent in batches of 2 or more). This is Alcala Publication #626.

THE NEW GAMES

At the moment, we have 3 registered: Len Lakofka (pd. \$2), Jim Ronson (pd. ?\$2.50), and Jeff Key (sent IOU). All 3 are registered for both games.

1971EJ

RUSSIA WINS. YOU WERE EXPECTING MAYBE THE SPANISH INQUISITION?

Fall 1908: Hal Naus has failed to submit orders twice in a row, and has not resigned, and is dropped accordingly.

AUSTRIA (civ.dis.): A Vie /h/. Owns: Vie, ~~Wt~~ (1). No change (1 nb

ENGLAND (Wt/As)(civ.dis.): A Yor, F Bre, F Eng, F Hel /h/, F Bel /h/ /d/. Owns: ~~Ed~~, Lpl, Lon, Bre, ~~Wt~~ (3). Remove 1. GM disbands F Bre.

FRANCE (civ.dis.): No units. Owns: ~~Wt~~, Par (1). Build 1 (1 nb, 1 /d/). No build...no player.

ITALY (Watson): A Ven-Tri, A Tri-Bud, F Alb-Gre S by A Ser & F Ion, F Mar H, A Pie-Ven, F Spa(sc) H. Owns: Nap, Rom, Ven, Spa, Por, Tun, Gre, Tri, Mar, Ser (10). Build 2 (A Nap, A Rom).

RUSSIA (Key): F Nwy-Nrg, A Gal-Bud, F Bla-Rum, A Boh S A Tri, A Kie A Hol, A Gas-Bur, A Tri S AUSTRIAN A Vie, A Ruh-Bel S by F Nth & A Hol, F Swe-Den, F Edi S F Nth, F Nrg-Nat, F Eng-Ion, A Con-Gre C by F Aeg & S by A Bul. Owns: Mos, StP, Sev, War, Rum, Bul, Swe, Bud, Con, Ser, Kie, Mun, Ank, Den, Hol, Nwy, Smy, Bel, Edi (19). (for record, GM builds A Mos, A W

CONGRATULATIONS to Jeff Key on his victory. Said victory took place as follows in the supply center chart (to Jeff and Walt Buchanan, my thanks for the earlier years):

	01	02	03	04	05	06	07	08	
AUS	4	3	4	4	5**	5**	2*	1	Conrad von Metzke (res F03), Paul Bond (dro S08), civ.dis.
ENG	4	5	6	6	6	7*	5	3*	John Koning (sec W05), Hal Naus (dro F08), civ.dis.
FRA	4	4	3	3	2	1	2*	1*	Buddy Tretick (res F04), Sid Cochran (dro S08), civ.dis.
GER	6	6	6	4	1	0			Jack Fleming (dro S06), Stan Wrobel (dro F06).
ITA	4	4	4	5	6	7	8	10	Jim Bradley (dro S06), Tony Watson.
RUS	8	7	8	10	14*	14	17	19	Jeff Key (won W08).
TUR	3	3	3	2	0				Mark Weidmark (out F05).

ROME (stop the 7th Hill): Matog directed the Italian trap shooter to bring down the swiftly winging pigeon. He knotted his tiny paws in anticipation; then the shot rang out and the bird plummeted earthward. Quickly the bird was fetched to him and just as the little demon had thought, there was a note attached! Quickly he scanned its contents. Just as he thought it was Eriale supplying strategic information to the Russians. Damn! He

had her now! He hopped up on the trap shooter's shoulders and together they trotted down the slope to St. Peter's.

ROME (the Den of Iniquity): Anubis, jackel-headed god of the underworld, and a present slightly jaded ruler of Italy, was lapping wine and thinking back to his last evening with the Tunisian Princess Erialc Selul. He certainly hoped he had had as much fun as he felt! His dreamy reverie was disturbed, for Matog stomped in, tapping his tiny hooves on the tile floor.

"I have some good news, m'lord."

"What...?" signed Anubis.

"The war is over. And we have succeeded in knocking both France and Austria out."

Anubis leapt up out of the pillows in glee. "Why that's great! I'll be ruler of the Upperworld as well; why, I..."

"Unfortunately, m'lord, the war is over because Russia has won!"

"Uh-oh. How'd that happen? Through no fault of our own, I hope."

"No, the Russians have been moving against the English, even as we have destroyed the Austrians and French. Proudly, we have not lost a center to them! But," he said, rustling the papers he held, "it was almost not so. You see, Erialc Selul is a spy!" Defiantly, the little demon slapped the offending papers into Anubis' paw.

Anubis' face changed from wonderment to dejection as he read the documents. Suddenly he jumped up and rushed out of the room. He ascended a few flights of stairs and burst into Erialc's room. However, the lady was gone and only a note remained: "Bye-bye, your diggishness. I'm back to America for the summer. Sorry about your empire and all, but if it's any consolation, I thought you were cute. Erialc."

"Well," mused Anubis, "at least she thought I was cute."

NAPLES (the last boat out): Matog stood on the railing and Anubis hung over it, watching the Italian coast retreat in the distance. "It was fun while it lasted," offered Matog.

"Yeah," replied Anubis, his face strangely resembling a fox, "and anyway all the women had hairy armpits, and the food was..."

THE UNDERWORLD: Cerebrus was standing up at the River Styx, his tail wagging back and forth at tremendous speed. The middle head barked in greeting (it always rushed things) and it was soon followed by the other two. Why was the Watchdog of Hell so happy? Up the tunnel, silhouetted by the light of the upper world, were the figures of Anubis and Matog coming home.

NEXT ISSUE will either announce the beginning of the new games or will be a companion piece to distribution of the 2001 maps/rules to the players.

I sort of plan to do a dittoed set, but with 12 pages of maps alone, it will take some time.

My special thanks to Tony Watson for providing some nice press...even if he did delay the game a whole game-year just so he could finish the plot-line. Sigh....

My current mailing list includes Key, Just, Lukofka, Ronson, Beyerlein, and Buchanan. This is Tony Watson's last issue unless he wishes to join the new game(s).

Hoot, mon, it's thirrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrty.