

ERHWON ...incorporating LILLIPUT

55 18 September 1971
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*Cesare
Borgia*

Gleep! This is EREHWON, friends, a special memorial issue to Cesare Borgia. EREHWON, as you all know, is a journal of postal Diplomacy* and other Papal militancy. It is not produced at the whim of John Beshara; EREHWON cannot be bought; but copies of it can, by subscription, 7/\$1.00. This is Pandemonium Publication #384, edited and published by Rod ("god") Walker, 5058 Hawley Blvd., San Diego CA 92116; telephone (714) 282-1921; member, NFFFGB, NFFFGBDD, IFW, IFWDS, DA.

was born on 18 September 1475. Aside from being one of my favorite Diplomacy-type characters, he also typifies everything John Beshara stands (if that is the term) for.

*DIPLOMACY is a registered trademark for a game invented by Allan B. Calhmer and copyright by Games Research, Inc. It is available from GRI (48 Wareham St., Boston MA 02118), postpaid, for \$8.00.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

1. ADDRESS CHANGES. Howard Latin, 1942 Russell St., #B, Berkeley CA 94703. Stephen Lissandrello, Haverford College, Haverford PA 19041. James L. Nash, Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter NH 03833. Greg Warden, 4500 Walnut St., Apt. 106, Philadelphia PA 19139.

2. THE "ULTIMATE SUBSCRIPTION": Pandemonium Press now offers a new way to subscribe. You can get everything I publish (everything which has a Pan Pub number, which will amount to all 'zines, new variant games, &c.) for one low price. Here's how. All 'zines will be set aside in a manila envelope. When it reaches 10-12 oz., it will be sent to you via the "printed matter" rate. This should occur at about 3-month intervals, taking 2-3 weeks to reach you. What you get will not be current, but it will be cheap. You can choose between two plans:

Plan A: Each sheet of paper, 2¢. Single-sheet 'zines would then be 2¢, and 5-sheet 'zines like EREHWON would be 10¢ (still 5¢ off the first-class price).

Plan B: Each 'zine, 3¢. You will save more on large 'zines, less on small ones.

The kicker is that if I have occasion to send you something 1st class, I will take older items out of your 3rd-class packet and send you as much as I can without increasing postage (thus, a 1-page letter would be accompanied by 4 sheets of other material).

Minimum order in either case is \$1. Please specify "Plan A" or "B". This rate does not include items you are already getting as a player, subscriber, or trader--it does include everything else I publish. Unfortunately, I must reserve the right to exclude EREHWON from the package deal if the demand for it would otherwise exceed my ability to print sufficient copies (my current practical limit is not much above 120).

3. VARIANT GAMES, formerly in THANGORODRIM, are being restarted by Lewis Pulsipher (321 Twin Towers, Albion MI 49224) in SUPERNOVA and by P. M. Gaylord (2035 Todd Dr., St. Paul MN 55112) in RAMSEY DIPLOMAT. If you are interested in one or more replacement positions in some interesting games, please contact one or both of these gentlemen.

4. JOIN THE DIPLOMACY ASSOCIATION. Whether John Beshara wants it or not, the DA will be "run by the members for the members". We will be able to vote, know what's going on, freely express our opinions, and other things Beshara regards as horribly wicked. Larry Peery, 816 24th St., San Diego CA 92116, Western Membership Chairman for the DA, is leading the fight for reform. He is supported by Edi Birsan, Walt Buchanan, and many others. Join the DA by sending \$1 to Larry. This will be held in trust while the DA is being cleaned up. And if you want a copy of VERITAS VINCIT, the 25-page publication in which Larry exposes the wrongs in the DA, and shows how they can be corrected, send 50¢ to Walt Buchanan, R.R. #3, Lebanon IN 46052.

5. STAND-BY/REPLACEMENT POSITIONS are open in EN PASSANT. You will receive the 'zine free of charge if you take one or more vacant positions. E.P. is being restarted by Greg Warden after a summer of attacking Italy with pick and shovel. Write Greg at the address on page 1.

6. THE NEW YORK DIPLOMAT has been a little-known gem in Diplomacy circles. Its early issues available only in limited quantities, it is now becoming more generally available. Each issue reports a complete game, played over a day or two by a dedicated group of Rochester NY players. There is a complete print-out of the moves, news articles, and maps. Vol. II, No. 2, will be produced by ditto, in sufficient quantity for more general distribution. It will run about 50¢. I'm not sure if there will still be maps, but I assume there will. Write: William Jarvis, 44 Dover Park, Rochester NY 14610.

7. THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA DIPCON IV, the fourth time this quarterly event has been held, here in San Diego, will again be at the University of California at San Diego, Revelle Campus, the Informal Lounge, on Saturday, 4 December 1971, beginning about noon. Anybody who enjoys playing Diplomacy is welcome. If you don't know how to get there, write me for a map.

8. THE IFW DIPLOMACY ASSOCIATION, founded in 1969 for members of the IFW (the world's largest wargaming organization) interested in Diplomacy, will shortly open its doors to all Diplomacy players. The IFW Constitution demands that there be free and open elections, so have no fear of John Beshara or some other megalomaniac taking it over. In charge of reorganization is Bob Strayer, 207 E. Alice Ave., Phoenix AR 85020, in conjunction with Pete Weber, 3472 E. Sharon Dr., Phoenix AR 85032. If you would like to help with this project, or join the new IFWDS, write Bob or Pete. To answer the question you are all obviously asking, "Is this designed to replace the DA?", let me say, "Not yet". If the DA is willing to reform its present hagridden autocracy, there is no reason why both groups cannot be complementary and cooperative.

9. DIPLODEUR announces new games. Sections of Napoleonic (Rulebook 5-man) Diplomacy, Anonymous Diplomacy, Regular Diplomacy (4-week deadlines), and Regular Diplomacy (2-week deadlines) are now open. Game fee: \$4 (less 50¢ if a member of the NFFFGB, and another 50¢ if a member of AHIKS). The GM is Bob Johnson, postal Diplomacy's best-known ecology buff. Write Bob at Box 134, Whippany NJ 07981. [These games may appear in Bob's new 'zinelet, GAILLARDIA.]

10. VOINA I MIR is the name of a new 'zine being started by Paul E. Bond, P.O. Box 6477, College Station TX 77840. It will carry at least one section of Verrat, Mike Childers' great game placed in Europe in 1780. It is a large, complex, enjoyable variant. Paul will trade. He needs players. I am not sure of the game fee. He may also carry other variants, including some of my Imperialism series. Write Paul today!

11. THE VOICE is being transferred to Stan Wrobel, 7 Poland Village Blvd Poland OH 44514. This is confirmed by letters both from Stan and Jeff Key. I am not sure how quickly this will take place, although Jeff seemed to feel that it would be very quickly, and Stan says he's ready now. This is not quite the arrangement I had originally expected; however I know Stan as a dedicated player, and he lives near John Smythe and John Koning, both ex-publishers themselves, who can no doubt be of much help to him.

12. DIPLOGROK seems to have folded. Gary Jones, the projected Editor, has suddenly ceased to communicate. I regret having to come to this conclusion, since I had very high hopes for DIPLOGROK. However, pursuant to an agreement between the Diplomacy Division of the NFFFGB and Gary, I expect that the project will be transferred to a new Editor within the next month or so. I will try to keep you posted.

13. GAMERS' GUIDE (10/\$1.35 from Ken Borecki, P.O. Box 255, Rockville Centre NY 11571), your best bet for advertizing and information on wargaming generally, has tested the climate of public opinion on the Diplomacy Association. GG Survey #12 contained the following question: "Do you approve of the activities of the Diplomacy Association?" Of GG's readers, 10% said "yes", they approved; 20% did not know what the DA was, 20% had no opinion, and a staggering 50% did not approve. So much for the ridiculous myth, be-spread by the DA's propogandists, there there is any sort of wide-spread public support for their theocracy. Remember, this poll was taken before the distribution of VERITAS VINCIT. The time to reform the Diplomacy Association is already long overdue. The GG poll proves what Abraham Lincoln once said, that you can't fool all of the people all of the time. John Beshara, stop trying to fool us!

14. STAND-BY PLAYERS are needed in various of my publications. I need stand-bys for regular games in WILE 'N' WORRY (1971BF), SERENDIP (game just forming), and KADATH (1970BL). Any player who has won at least one game of postal Diplomacy is welcome to stand by in any or all of these games. A subscription to any one 'zine is 10/\$1.00, but for stand-bys, I have a special subscription rate of 20/\$1.00.

THE D.A. CONSULTANT PROGRAM: A FOURTH VIEW ... Howard Latin

[Editor's introduction. Howard Latin, a New York player, now attending law school in Berkeley, is no stranger to these pages. A player in 1970AX, Howard has authored some good press releases in the past. Howard was introduced to postal Diplomacy by John Beshara, who encouraged him to join one of my games (I was not then a "bad boy" for presuming to disagree with the Omniscient Chairman Beshara). Howard's viewpoint on the Consultant thing differs from mine. I have previously seen three opinions on the matter: outright support, outright opposition, conditional opposition, the last of these being my position. Howard, however, may be classed as a "conditional supporter, the first I have run across. His articulate and intelligent exposition of this, a letter, prepared for publication and dated 10 September 1971, appears here.]

It is my opinion that identifying a Consultant before the commencement of a game would place an unfair burden on the novice and would ultimately be injurious to the game of Diplomacy as a whole. To substantiate this view, I submit five objections which I think necessarily or conceivably follow from the practice which you suggest. Let me first make clear that, where the protection of an experienced player conflicts with the protection of a

novice, my sympathies lie with the latter. Thus, I do not so much reject your claim of potential harm to established players as I do assert that your alternative produces a more likely and less desirable harm.

1. By the reverse of the logic which you employ, if consultants were announced at the beginning of the game, then experienced players could be prejudiced against the novice because of dislike of his consultant. Note that this is six times as likely as that the novice's consultant would prejudice him against any particular other player in the game.

2. Expert players operate under the natural disadvantage that their renown may cause other players to ally against them simply through fear of giving them any advantage at all. It is conceivable that players might ally against the novice simply because of the reputation of his consultant. This case differs from the first in that there is no personal enmity involved, but the situation is still to the detriment of the novice.

3. Up to the present, most players have been introduced to the game by friends or acquaintances. Since the better players are also the most active and effective recruiters, many of these new players have always had the benefit of unofficial consulting. The purpose of the D.A.'s program is simply to provide a similar service for the less conveniently located or fortunate novices (like those introduced by the Games Research flyer). Since there appears to be no way to enforce the revelation of unofficial consulting, and since this often occurs with greater frequency and detail than an official consultant would be likely to provide, there is no logical reason to penalize the already underprivileged novice who requires official consulting.

4. I think you forget what it is to be a novice. Even if the hypothetical evil consultant presents a biased assessment to the novice (or even dastardly specific moves), there is no certainty that the novice will understand the strategy well enough or be sufficiently successful in negotiation to harm the intended victim. Knowing what to do and knowing how to get other people to help you do it are vastly different and the latter cannot be communicated as easily as a faulty strategy.

5. If a well-known player comes to believe he was injured by improper consulting, he has some means of revenge available. He can denounce the evildoer, he can get his friends to reciprocate, he can even demand the consultant be barred from something in some way. The novice who has been injured by your suggested action will have no recourse. He may not even realize he was injured by the identity of the consultant. All that will remain is a feeling of frustration and a diminished interest in the game. This above all else is a feeling we should not contribute to.

I have several brief suggestions to make, but wish first to reemphasize my belief that, where the welfare of the expert and the novice potentially conflict, my sympathies lie entirely with the novice.

1. Publish the names of official (and unofficial where known beyond doubt) consultants after the end of a game or after the novice is eliminated.

2. Where possible, assign two consultants to each novice, not only to educate him better, but to serve as countervailing forces. It is important for the novice to learn that the only right way of doing something is a way that works and that different ways work for different personalities.

3. Publish and publicize a set of standards to which all consultants should conform. I suggest that most if not all of these are relatively self-evident to experienced players, but they should be spelled out. Furthermore, the novice himself should certainly be informed of what his consultant should and should not do. In this way, he may realize that a

consultant who dictates specific strategy and tactics and who allows his personal feelings to color his advice is actually cheating the novice of the experience and enjoyment for which we play Diplomacy.

WALKER RESPONDS...

There is much of merit in the above; perhaps more than in the program it defends. Howard points out, as I have also, that what the DA now calls "consulting" has been going on almost from the beginning, informally. The reforms he suggests would certainly make the program better and more acceptable. To avoid problems, however, a program like this would have to be run by someone who is honest, judicious, and fair. John Beshara is none of these things. His only apparent concern with authority is how best and most quickly to abuse it. In ATLANTIS game R-4, for instance, he has assigned one player in the game to be a consultant for another. Furthermore, the notion that any novice can have a consultant is a myth. You can only have a consultant if you are playing in a 'zine of which John-baby approves. This excludes some of the most prominent Gamesmasters of the present time, including myself and Larry Peery. In short, I believe John is not above using the Consultant program for his own purposes--to help people he likes and hurt those he doesn't. I suppose with a competent person in control, the program would be more attractive. Let me comment on your 5 points:

1. I'm not sure where the "6 times as likely" comes in; however, I am inclined to agree that this danger exists also. Perhaps the right solution is (a) to avoid assigning a consultant to a game who is likely to be prejudiced against any player and (b) informing the Gamesmaster who the consultants are so that he, too, can judge their impartiality and keep an eye on things as the game progresses (he would in this instance not publish their names until the end, as you suggest). I have no objection to playing against players who are likely to attack me, so long as I know who they are--it was I, after all, who suggested the "Grudge Game", the game John Beshara was afraid to join.

2. One assumes that all the novices in a given game would have consultants, so that this situation would not arise unless one consultant were too far superior to the others. There is only one person whom I would so regard, John Smythe, whom John Beshara's jealousy would never allow to be a Consultant, even if he had time.

3. I think the role and number of informal "consultants" is exaggerated. Most of the older players have not cultivated protégés, nor had much time to devote to coaching. It is true, however, that many players in more settled areas have had the advantage of much FIF play, whereas those located more remotely have not.

4. I don't think novices are all that dense. I didn't even have to play a game to perceive, back in 1961, that (e.g.) Austria doesn't want Russia in Galicia (a fact belabored in WAZIR 2). The danger, however, is that there inevitably will be some novices who will let their consultants do their work for them, and there will be some consultants only too happy to do it.

5. I think you exaggerate the ability of any player, well-known or not to make a stink. Very few GMs are going to give space to people who want to spread sour grapes (legitimate complaint or no). Furthermore, if a novice's consultant can do this sort of thing on his own behalf, can he not also do it for the novice?

The basic problem is that the "Consultant" program is hidden behind an iron curtain of Orwellian information control and arbitrary strictures

of personnel. We don't even know who the consultants are in large, much less whom they consult with. Such a system is an open invitation to abuse, a temptation which someone with moral fibre might be able to resist, but which John Beshara apparently has not.

I remain unconvinced, especially under current unfortunate circumstances. I would be interested in reactions to all of this. I do not promise to print all (or even any) of what I get. It will depend on time and room. You may also wish to write Howard; I'm sure he will be interested in your ideas and suggestions.

ANNOUNCEMENTS
(continued)

15. CIRCULATION TOTAL is now 96, as indicated on page 1. I note this because it is the largest circulation EREHWON has ever had, and may even, for the first time since I began publishing, surpassed GRAUSTARK, which has been in the low 90s for a very long time, so far as I know. The 'zine with the largest circulation, probably from the beginning, has been XENOGOGIC, which is well over 100. A large circulation is nice, but is sure is a lot of work.

16. RECORDS ARE BEING MADE all over. In GRAUSTARK's 1970BQ, John Beshara's England gained 6 supply centers in 1905, the largest growth record in any game to my knowledge. In MONGO's 1971BE, Len Lakofka's Russia built 4 units in Winter 1901, the first time in any game, that I know of, in which Russia has realized this potential in 1901. MIDWESTERN COURIER's game 6 has been assigned Boardman Number 1971DA, the first game ever to receive a "D" series designation. The game which broke the previous record for the highest number assigned (GLORY ROAD's #1968CY) was LA GUERRE's 1971CZ.

17. THE SECOND BEYERLEIN POLL should have been out by now; perhaps by next issue. I do have one piece of information; Doug dropped me a line to say the results would be out soon, and noted that #1 in the rating was the brilliant San Francisco player, professional Dutchman, and itinerant platypus worshipper, Brenton VerPloeg.

18. THE FIRST FOLLOW-UP TO VERITAS VINCIT, a collection of letters in response to VV and a new poll, will be published by Larry Peery on or about Monday the 20th. Larry gave me a sneak preview, which included a letter from Edi Birsan. Edi states therein that the chief reason for his resignation from the DA, in addition to running fights with John Beshara over the organization, was Beshara's intention to "pack" the ballot box through the use of "secret" members whose names he alone would know, who did not play Diplomacy, and whose votes he would cast. Pretty raunchy, no? Well, so much for the cute little lies about Edi's resignation appearing in "WAZIR" and GRAUSTARK.

POSTAL DIPLOMACY AND THE LAW

A circular letter from Larry Peery, dated 14 September 1971, has arrived. What it says is so important that I will print it entirely. It is a series of numbered propositions, which I print as they appear, in capital letters. My comments appear in small type afterward. Larry observes, of these points, "I have sought legal counsel on the items discussed below and, to the best of my knowledge, the points reflect the current state of law in regards to contracts and property rights in California."

1. A POSTAL DIPLOMACY GAME REPRESENTS A CONTRACT BETWEEN SEVEN INDIVIDUALS (THE PLAYERS). I would be inclined to suggest, Larry, that it represents a set of seven contracts, each between a player and the GM. However, the effect would be pretty much the same. In some cases, however, a game has been organized by agreement between 7 people and then a GM sought. The Press Release game in SCHULDIGKEIT is the best example.

2. A POSTAL DIPLOMACY GAME REMAINS THE PROPERTY OF THOSE SEVEN INDIVIDUALS. That is obvious. They paid for it; it belongs to them.

3. THE SEVEN PLAYERS ENTER INTO A SEPARATE CONTRACT WITH AN EIGHTH INDIVIDUAL WHO IS THE GAMESMASTER OF THAT GAME. See my comment on #1.

4. THE GAMESMASTER OF THE GAME IS THE SERVANT OF THE SEVEN INDIVIDUALS WHO HAVE ENTERED INTO CONTRACT WITH HIM FOR HIS SERVICES AS GAMESMASTER. Yes; and this is one thing some egomaniacal GMs do not understand. The worst offender is Buddy Tretick, who thinks the players are his servants. He has a lot to learn in this regard.

5. THE GAMESMASTER HAS NO PROPERTY RIGHTS TO THE GAME. Agreed, no property rights. On other rights, though, you hold forth in #11, below.

6. THE SEVEN PLAYERS ENTER INTO SEPARATE AGREEMENT WITH ANOTHER, OR THE SAME, INDIVIDUAL TO PUBLISH SAID GAME. At least as among the 7 players, yes. "Publish" could be carbon copy, of course.

7. THE PUBLISHER OF THE GAME IS THE SERVANT OF THE SEVEN INDIVIDUALS WHO HAVE ENTERED INTO CONTRACT WITH HIM FOR HIS SERVICES AS PUBLISHER. The last word in your text, Larry, is "GAMESMASTER", but I am pretty sure you meant "PUBLISHER". Again, agreed.

8. THE PUBLISHER HAS NO PROPERTY RIGHTS TO THE GAME. He has one residual property right I can think of: the right to dispose of, in any fashion he deems fit, back issues or copies of moves of the game which were not distributed to the players. Those copies are his, not theirs. But as to the game itself, he has no property rights, yes.

9. WHEN ONE INDIVIDUAL ACTS AS BOTH GAMESMASTER AND PUBLISHER HE STILL HAS NO PROPERTY RIGHTS TO THE GAME. Agreed, as above.

10. HE REMAINS THE SERVANT OF THE PLAYERS. Yes.

11. THE PLAYERS, BY MAJORITY DECISION, MAY MAKE ANY DECISION REGARDING THE GAME THEY DESIRE, SUBJECT ONLY TO THEIR ACCEPTANCE OF THE HOUSE RULES OF THE GAMESMASTER/PUBLISHER AND THE CONDITIONS IN THEM AT THE TIME THE CONTRACT IS ESTABLISHED BETWEEN THE PLAYERS AND THE GAMESMASTER/PUBLISHER. Yes, although that is a mouthfull! It implies the players can add new House-Rules by majority vote, unless the HRs already limit them in this regard. Most importantly, however, they may obviously choose a new Gamesmaster/Publisher if they wish. They may also recover the unexpended portions of their game fees (or perhaps, under certain circumstances, all of them). As a practical matter, however, this recover is not very probable. If one player lived in the same state as the GM/Publisher, he could sue for recovery in Small Claims Court--although whether only his own fee or all fees, I do not know.

12. ALL RIGHTS TO THE GAME, INCLUDING GAME NUMBER, REMAIN THE JOINT PROPERTY OF THE SEVEN CONTRACTING INDIVIDUALS. To the game as an ongoing process, yess. But such things as reprinting the moves at a later date, for instance, are the right of the GM/Publisher, I should think. In other words once the players have played the game, their interest in it is voided. Note in this regard the next point.

13. WHEN AN INDIVIDUAL IS REMOVED, OR RESIGNS FROM A GAME, HE CEASES TO BE PARTY TO THE CONTRACT, AND THIS PORTION OF THE CONTRACT IS DIVIDED AMONG THE REMAINING PARTIES OR IS BESTED IN A NEW INDIVIDUAL IF ONE JOINS

THE GAME. Yes. In extension, however, it seems to me that the same principle must apply to those liminated

I suppose we are now beginning a process of finding out what relationship player has to Gamesmaster. I think the principles Larry has outlined here are sound. Once players have a more thorough understanding of their rights, they can be more diligent in enforcing them.

The theory that players own the game--which Larry presents as legal fact--has already been tested in postal Diplomacy. Through the agency of the NFFFGB Diplomacy Division 'zine GEHENNA, players have repeatedly voted to continue a game which has been abandoned and have accepted a new Gamesmaster. The implication was that they were also voting to transfer the game away from the old GM. This implication was made crystal clear by the players in the BROBDINGNAG games, who voted specifically to take the games away from the old GM and seek a new one. The precedent has thus been set.

I would like to thank Larry, and to congratulate him, for doing so much work on behalf of protecting players from GM abuses. It is significant that Larry is also the leader of the reform movement within the Diplomacy Association. It is a shame that, because of the puerile willfulness of one selfish man, we have to spend so much time on these organizational questions and political struggles when we could be devoting the same energies toward more useful tasks such as the one Larry has begun so well here.

And now, thrill as the God of Diplomacy creates:

THE BATTLES OF SAN DIEGO

or, Tales of DipCon IV

The DipCon was supposed to begin on 26 August, but it began unofficially on the 23rd. I was at home wondering when Larry Peery would call for chauffeur service. I'd driven him all over town the previous week; even so, it was a pleasure to watch him work: holding up Stationer's Corporation for 5000 reams of paper, screwing A. B. Dick out of 5000 ditto masters, taking Bank of America for a bag of "small, unmarked bills"...enough for a couple of issues of XENOGOGIC, anyway. Where would he want to go next? Jessup's Jewelers would be nice, I thought.

When Larry called, it was to announce that Walt Buchanan was arriving at the airport, that he had "picked up" a car, and would I like to come along? I'd seen Larry drive before, but I accepted. We arrived at Lindburgh Field 20 minutes later. Driving up and down aisles of parked cars looking for a parking place was interesting, although an hour and a half of it was a bit much. We finally parked on some convenient grass, Larry unhooked the car's jumper cables, and we walked toward the airport. After being mistaken for an escaped zoo shipment and a sack of mail (respectively) by several porters, Larry and I strolled into the terminal.

Walt's plane was on time (!!). When the first passenger to get off, an old gent with a turban, entered the waiting room, Larry walked up, made five mystic signs with his left hand, said "We expected you to be in uniform," winked, and jabbed the guy in the ribs with his right elbow. "Not Walt," he admitted, as I picked him up off the floor.

Larry went through the same routine with 29 other passengers, including several who were in uniform and six girls. They giggled. Alas, to no avail. The passengers were coming in faster than Larry could jab them in the ribs. We decided to have Walt paged; but as we were leaving, we stopped to help one poor guy who was obviously lost. We had mistaken him for a hatriack earlier, but now he was moving about, saying to each person in the room, "Larry?...Larry?...Larry?..." I was about to tell him where the small boats were when Larry made the mystic signs, said "We expected you to be in

uniform", winked, and jabbed him in the ribs. Instead of flooring Larry, this singular individual crossed himself three times, said "No, but I have a lighter," winked, and bashed Larry over the head with a brief case. And then I added, "I have an aunt who lives in Toledo!" "Larry," the tall personage said, "Rod". He was not so tall as Conrad vonMetzke. It was Walt.

We then went to wait for Walt's suitcase (which contained 10 reams of Dippy 'zines and a pair of socks). When the baggage appeared, we waited through the usual panic and free-for-all and then, when it was safe, moved forward. Walt's bag was not among the clawed and blood-soaked remainders. We searched for it, this mainly consisting of being referred from one information desk to another in circumlocution. We finally found it, discovering it had been brought down by mule train, which had had plenty of time to arrive while we were waiting for the baggage out of the airplane. We claimed the bag from a nice chap named Old Ranger and tramped back out to the car.

Larry reattached the jumper cables, siphoned some gas from the car next to us, and we were on our way. Walt was a very pleasant person, although very tall and hard to talk to when his knees are shoved against his chin. An ex-Navy man, his colorful talk was full of clever sayings such as "Belay!" and "Avast!", and I was sure that at any moment he would urge me to eat my spinach. We proceeded to Chez Peery.

Larry lives in an older section of town, where they won't kill termites for fear the buildings would fall down. His apartment was an interesting place, largely given over to books such as "Political/Military Simulation on Your Coffee-Break" and "Nikita Khrushchev in Bible Prophecy", record albums such as "Elvis Presley Sings Mozart" and "Sermons of William Ellery Channing Read by Lurleen Wallace", and 5000 reams of paper. We picked our way quietly, for fear of starting an avalanche, Larry mumbling something about "...mu get that filing done...". As we settled down, Larry said to me, "Rod, if you'd like something to eat, try the refrigerator." That was nice, and I would have thanked him, but I dislike talking with my mouth full.

After much reading of things Walt brought, and I brought, and Larry had just run off, we decided to go to dinner. We drove out to Chinese Village, which is across town. After stimulating our appetites a bit with some stunt driving, I parked the car and we went in. It was crowded and we had to wait about an hour. Sure enough, we were hungry again. Walt and Larry picked at their food, but I told them not to worry, none of it would go to waste. They took the hint and actually beat me to some of it.

The next day Walt and Larry came over to my place, Walt having been invited to dinner. Larry stayed awhile, gave my ditto machine nervous prostration, and then drifted vaguely away. He wasn't looking too well; I think he got a shock from the jumper cables.

Then I showed Walt my Diplomacy collection. I'd never seen a whirling dervish before. Suddenly, whole sections of my bookcase began to disappear, and there was the sound of ripping and shredding and a voice saying, "I need this, and I need this, and ooooooh! Look at this! I'll borrow this and take that and..." Three hours later, Walt staggered back to the house carrying a stack of stuff almost as tall as he was.

Bonnie then came home from work and greeted Walt in the same friendly way she does all Diplomacy players, by baring her teeth and snarling. I kicked her in the shins, because she was supposed to be cheerful, so she smiled (I think) and said, "Oh, I hate to have you eat and run, good-bye." "He hasn't eaten yet, dear," I corrected. "Oh," she replied and spent the next two hours visiting her mother. We finally ate, and Bonnie discovered that Walt is a nice guy...and from then on I didn't get a word in. They

talked about submarines and Russian and other dumb stuff, not as important as Diplomacy, and when I finally did get to say something, Bonnie promptly fell asleep, so I took Walt home.

Two days later, the Convention began. There was a reception and Diplomacy game at Larry's place. Bob Strayer and Pete Weber arrived, as did George Harter (a San Diego player) and they played 5-man Dippy while I typed EREHWON on Larry's electric typewriter which only I know how to repair. There was cold chicken in the refrigerator, which I ate, and Larry had made some avocado dip, which I ate, to go with potato chips, which I ate (I had some help in all of this, you understand), and there were tons of little corn chips, which I ate, in small wicker baskets, which I ate....

By Friday morning, Dan Alderson and Doug Beyerlein had arrived, and during the day Steve Cartier and Phil Castora and Arn Vagts and Ben Zablocki and god knows who-all arrived. Dan Alderson GMed everything in sight and I tried to collate EREHWON 53 (without much success). Most of the day was spent in trying to outmaneuver Walt Buchanan and get Dan Alderson alone. Walt was, however, too clever for me, so I had to share. It was very hot that day, with little breeze. Whenever Larry opened his mouth, it was a lot breezier, but also a lot hotter.

Friday was totally devoted to gaming, and the happy sounds of Diplomacy were heard everywhere: the cackles and chortles of the successful and victorious, the shrieks and groans of the stabbed and dying, and the soft moans of the dead: "anybody want to start another game?" By midnight, most of the members of the campus police force had been by, watching incredulously, hands uneasily near their holsters.

And then it was Saturday. As the pieces had begun to slip and slide in the dew collecting on the playing board, we agreed to break it up and be back bright and early that morning. I went home, went to sleep, and was awakened by some fool who took us seriously and wanted to know why our meeting room wasn't open. By noon we were hard at it. Playing Diplomacy was no longer a passtime, no longer a hobby, but a way of life. Despite all obstacles, we pressed onward, negotiating, writing orders, moving pieces, lying, stabbing, cheating; it became an obsession. We passed up everything for it...a beach party, smoking, bathing, shaving; nothing, nothing, nothing must interfere; the game must go on; no sleeping, no drinking, no eating... now that is going too far. Yes indeed, although nor rain nor heat nor gloom of night stayed these warriors from their appointed moves, we did break for dinner, along with some speeches by Larry, Walt, and myself (luckily delivered after we ate). And then, eyes blazing with war-frenzy, conquest-madness, and blood-lust, we raced back to the playing boards for more hate, vengeance, moral turpitude, mass slaughter, and other fun things.

That night Dan Alderson introduced his Space War game. I told Dan, "Of course I'll listen to the explanation of it, but I won't play because I have too many other things to do and I want to get some sleep tonight." At 6 the next morning, we finally broke up, agreeing I'd have won the game if we had played to conclusion. I got "some" sleep, and was awakened by some fool who wanted to know why our meeting room wasn't open.

We honored the Sabbath with a few more quick rounds of warfare and finally called it a day. I stumbled home. As I came in, Bonnie said, "Who are you?" My child said, "Mama, who's that man?" I remember the dog sniffing me suspiciously as I passed out. I woke up Monday morning feeling as if I had donated a gallon to the blood bank. I took out my "Copyright 1959 by Allan B. Calhaver" Diplomacy board, and on it I swore: "Never again..."

...NEVER AGAIN UNTIL NEXT YEAR!:"