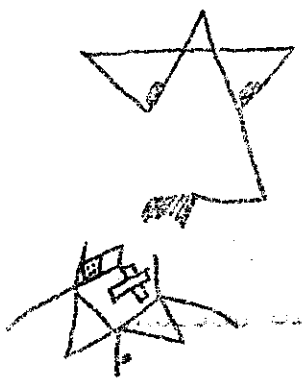
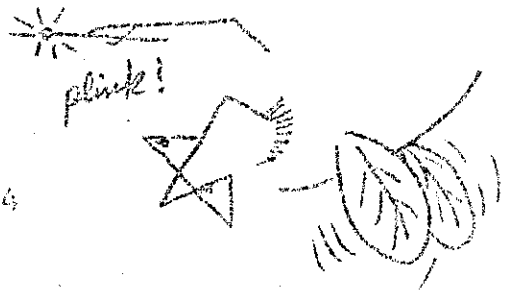


"Gee," said the Good Fairy of Postal Diplomacy, back from Dinkicon-I, "that was the first time I've enjoyed anything dinky. And speaking of dinky things, I guess I should get busy on

EREHWON 80

2 September 1974



"Oh, yeah! I mean...the Fungmaster is the nicest guy alive. But the next time we go to a Dinkicon, I think I'll wear my turtle-neck sweater..."

STAFF OF STATION W.O.O.F.

Announcer Rod Walker
Station Breaks Conrad von Metzke
News Walt Buchanan
Instant Analysis Eric Verheiden
Sports Midwest Mother
Weather Steve Brooks
Fashions Auntie Clio
Human Interest Pussy Galore
Censor Gordon Anderson
Audio Engineer John Beshara
Audio Mixing Bob Lipton
Audio Reversal John Boardman
Disc Jockeys Randy ("Literat") Bart, Don ("Teeth") Borton, Ron ("Cronkite the Barbarian") Melton, Larry ("How's That Again?") Peery, & Hal ("Harold") Naus.

STIFF CONTENTS OF THIS HORNY ISSUE

Who is "IDA"? 2
...And What is "IDA"? 3
1973IK 3
1973IK -- Analysis 4
1973IK -- Press 5
The Good Fairy at Dinkicon-I 6
The Dinkicon Master's Game 8
The Poetry Corner 10

THE EDITORS OF GOOD HOUSEKEEPING WISH IT UNDERSTOOD THAT THEY DO NOT RECOMMEND EREHWON AND WILL NEVER RECOMMEND EREHWON, DITTO THE NEW YORKER, DITTO-DITTO TIME, DITTO-DITTO-DITTO COSTAGUANA, DIPLOMACY WORLD, PRAVDA, LE MONDE, AND PSYCHOLOGY TODAY. AFTER DARK SAID THEY MIGHT. ACTUALLY, THEY'RE JUST WAITING FOR THE MOVIE.

This is EREHWON, a seldom regular journal of postal Diplomacy and other social diseases. Subscriptions to postal Diplomacy (like publishers are 10/\$1. Subs are not ordinarily otherwise available (except by renewal), but are 6/\$1. There are no game openings at present. Original articles, poems, and short humor items are solicited. The right to edit, in the interests of space, grammar, maximum effect, and some very low standard of "taste", is reserved to the Editor. Blanket permission to reprint any item in EREHWON is hereby given to any postal Diplomacy editor, subject to two requests: first, that the original author and source be properly credited; second, that a copy of the publication carrying the reprint be sent to me.

All sub rates and other prices quoted are in \$US (check, money order, or stamps) only. Back issues available: 40, 41, 45, 50-79; rates on request.

This is Pandemonium Publication #550, edited by Rod Walker, 4069 Jackdaw St., San Diego CA 92103. Telephone: (714) 298-1523.

DIPLOMACY is a registered trademark for the game invented by Allan B. Calhmer and copyright by Games Research, Inc., 500 Harrison, Boston MA 02118.

WHO IS "TDA"?

A Little Editorial

A plethora of things regarding the Diplomacy Association has hit the postal Dippy press lately. Announcements of changes in a "Board of Directors", plugs for money, and so on have appeared in several places. John Beshara has been kind enough to send me copies of some of these. Quite frankly, I don't know if I ought to print them.

I like to know whom I'm dealing with. The DA has been in business for more than 3 years. In all that time, the organization has never published a list of its officers, never made a list of its membership available, never given an accounting of its finances, and has never behaved in other than a clandestine manner. I might add that there has never been an election of officers in all this time, either. How can anyone assess the integrity and worth of an organization of this sort? Obviously, he cannot.

I regret this, because TDA seems to have some worthwhile aims, programs, and projects. I say "seems to" because we have only their word for it. How can anyone trust the word of a group which is so secretive? How do we know that everything is on the up-and-up?

Honesty and integrity are the issues here. Any organization which possesses those qualities would not fear to make full public disclosure of its membership, structure, and finances. I personally cannot support any group which operates on such an unAmerican cloak-and-dagger level. I don't see how any member of this usually free and open hobby can, either.

Contempt for the public's right to know and to make up its own mind has just led this country to the disgrace of Watergate and the disaster of Presidential resignation. I believe it is shameful and repugnant that some members of the hobby should be treating others in the same manner.

Now, it may be that the DA is on the level and what it says about itself is true. But how do we know? I suppose TDA feels we should trust them. I don't see how this is possible until they learn to trust us.

OTHER PUBLISHERS:

If you agree, please copy. I feel we owe it to the hobby to speak up if we feel something is wrong...and I see this sort of thing as positively immoral. Perhaps a determined protest will get a little action.

...AND WHAT IS "IDA"?
An Even Smaller Editorial

I'm not sure what's wrong with the IDA, but possibly it's an identity crisis. Here is an organization which promised free and open elections, and has held them punctually every year. Here is an organization which continually makes complete disclosure of its finances, publishes a full membership list, and so on. Who could ask for more in terms of honesty, integrity, and those things which make up for public confidence?

Yet obviously something is not completely right. Less than 200 members of the hobby are members of the IDA. The whole organization seems to be floundering. Even John Boyer, the IDA's official publisher, has virtually called for reform.

The real problem seems to be determining what IDA should do now that it's organized. There have been some good things--the Handbook(s), an effective program for helping novices, and so on. Even so, there seems to be a need for more direction, more dynamism. Maybe, just maybe, what the IDA needs is energetic, proven, responsible leadership.

Len Lakofka, are you listening?

"Dear Diary," wrote the Good Fairy of Postal Diplomacy, "it's been a really military week. Monday I got a Greek sailor. Tuesday I got a Marine sergeant. Wednesday I got an Ensign off the Enterprise. Thursday I got two Lance Corporals, salt and pepper. But on Friday, all I got was

THE GAME

1973IK -- RUSSO-GERMAN WAR CONTINUES UNABATED: RUSSKIE MARINES MASSACRED TO A MAN IN MECKLENBURG. MUSICAL SUPPLY CENTERS IN ASIA MINOR. ITALIANS WOP OVER AUSTRIAN DEFENCES! ...and then... SURGING CONSCRIPTION DEPOPULATES FARMS, TAVERNS, SANITARY FILLS IN WILD CLAMOR TO SPILL MORE GOOEY BLOOD! GERMANS, FEELING LEFT OUT, CRAWL SOUTH IN ~~YEROWNIX~~ KIEV.

Fall/Winter 1903: Ron Kelly's ZIP is now 20061. Steve Brooks is now at 4960-B Ave. C, Great Falls MT 59405. Dave Scott is now at 16 Belmont, Northampton MA 01060. These orders are reprinted from BESEROVIA 11 & 12. Thanks to CvM for the Winter headline.

AUSTRIA (Scott): A Gal S RUSSIAN A Lvn-War, A Boh-Mun, A Sil S RUSSIAN F Ber, A Bud-Rum, A Bul-Con, F Smy-Aeg. Owns: Bud, ~~Tri~~, Vie, Bul, Gre, Ser, Con, Rum (7). Build A Vie.

ENGLAND (Kelly): A Lon-Den C by F Nth, F Bal S GERMAN A Kie-Ber, A Ruh S GERMAN A Mun, F Nwy-Ska, F StP(nc) H S by F Bar. Owns: Edi, Lbl, Lon, Bel, Nwy, Den, Hol, StP (8). Build A Edi.

FRANCE (Brooks): F Mid-NAF S by F Wes, F Lyo S F Wes, A Bur S GERMAN A Mun, A Mar-Pie. Owns: Bre, Mar, Par, Por, Spa (5). NC.

GERMANY (McKeon): A Kie-Ber, F Swe-Bot, A Pru-Sil S by A War & A Mun (A War R-Ukr). Owns: Ber, Kie, Mun, Swe, ~~War~~ (4). Disband F Bot.

ITALY (Blank): F Tyn MS F Tun, A Trl-Tri, A Pie-Mar. Owns: Nap, Rom, Ven, Tun, Tri (5). Build F Rom.

RUSSIA (Vagts): F Ber H /d/, A Lvn-War S by A Mos, F Ank H, A Con-Smy. Owns: Mos, ~~StP~~, Sev, War, ~~Mar~~, ~~Con~~, Ank, Smy (5). Build A Sev.

TURKEY (Civ.Dis.): No units. Owns: ~~Ank~~, ~~StP~~ (0). OUT.

SPRING 1904 ORDERS were due on Friday, 6 September 1974. My apologies to the s/b players--you should be getting copies of BESEROVIA, yes? Let's see if I can swing the bread for it...I had thought EREHWON would be coming out more reasonably on time. Sigh....

197312 - AT 10:58 -
Eric Verhelgen

Spring 1903 brings more surprises it appears; despite the English attack, the Germans still seem to be standing by them. It may be that they had no choice in the matter if they wanted to stay alive, for one or more of the reasons mentioned last time. Or it may be that English diplomacy has been truly phenomenal. Either way, the result is the same: the western alliance has pulled off something of a coup and can be said to have retained the initiative, though for how long no one can say.

Taking the countries individually:

Austria: While, unlike Italy and Russia, Austria is not under direct attack, its position is still difficult since Austrian units and centers must be used to bolster the defenses of its allies. If Trieste is given up to Italy, the gain of Smyrna will only serve to prevent a removal. A build would only be possible if Russia agrees to the annihilation of A Con. In that case we may have: A Bul-Con S by F Smy, A Gal-Ukr, A Bud-Gal, A Boh-Tri, A Sil-Boh.

England: More of the same can be expected from Kelly. In coordination with his German ally/puppet, a reasonable expectation might be: F StP(nc) H S by F Nwy & F Bar, A Lon-Den C by F Nth, F Bal S GERMAN A Kie-Ber, A Roh S GERMAN A Mun.

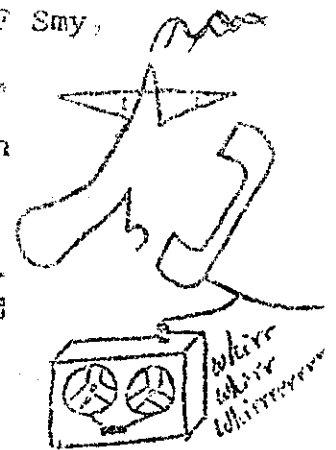
France: The French will continue to press the Italians unmercifully, clear in the knowledge that if no breakthrough is achieved now, it probably never will be. A good possibility for orders: A Bur S GERMAN A Mun, A Mar-Pie, F Lyo S F Wes, F Mid-NAF S by F Wes.

Germany: The Germans, alas, are reduced to following instructions, not issuing them. But at least the instructions may be interesting. One reasonable set: F Swe-Bot, A Kie-Ber, A Pru-Sil S by A War & A Mun.

Italy: The Italians are in the worst trouble of any member of the eastern alliance. The French will be threatening the Tyrrhenian and Tunis shortly; Piedmont is threatened already and other spaces are vulnerable as well. A rapid build-up is clearly indicated and the only ready source of builds is Italy's Austrian ally. Since the Austrians need to keep the French out of Italy almost as much as the Italians, Italy may well get the needed build. Then we might expect: A Tri-Tri, A Pie-Mar (or perhaps Tus), F Tyn H S by F Tun.

Russia: Russia lost St. Petersburg this time around, but given the fact that without German assistance its loss was virtually inevitable anyway, this cannot be counted as a major defeat. With the fall of Ankara, no centers will be lost and a new, much firmer defensive line can now be formed. Of course, a certain annoyance will have to be forcibly removed first: Germany's A War. This will give Russia a clear build, but care must be taken to prevent a retreat. For that reason, and that reason only, a retreat of F Bal to Berlin (and A StP-Lvn) is likely. Then we can expect something like: F Ber-Fru, A Lvn-War S by A Mos, F Ank H, A Con H.

[Walker here--Thank you Eric for you usual good analysis. I hope my readers are enjoying this series as much as I am. If you guys would like to pass a few good words and comments to Eric, his address is 3245 SW 185th Ave., Aloha OR 97005. Drop him a line of thanks. OK?]



Hi, Ronnie? I hear you're going to be looking for a new Lieutenant-Governor soon... Yeah, and I was thinking that I could...Ronnie? Are you there?? Ronnieeee.....?

SPAIN (24 November 1903): Prince Adam completed the final review of the massed Battle Fleets and the joined elements of the Third Fleet for their visit to the Barbary States. The fleets will continue on their tour and attempt to visit Italian ports as part of the good-will visit. Unfortunately, the Italian visas have not yet arrived, but Prince Adam will pick them up in Rome or Naples.

PARIS (1 December 1903): King Steven announced that France will continue to aid in the defense of Bavaria until the unknown invaders from the South have been identified and repulsed. It is rumored that the looters are Turkish, but the King dismissed that theory, saying, "Turks? There are no Turks any more; Italians take note! Piedmont must be free!"

NICE (3 December 1903)(Butler Press): General Balrog, reassigned here from the German front, reports on the nature of prisoners taken on the Bavarian and Piedmontese fronts. Looking up from his trough, which contained a light repast for luncheon, the General commented, "It would appear that all captured prisoners speak Italian, although they do not seem to read or write anything. They are also very musical and much given to outbursts of "Ritorna Vincitor", "Pace, Pace", and the Funicular Railway Song. However, the conclusive evidence that they are undoubtedly Italians is that they all taste heavily of (yum) garlic. Hroooooom. What ho, scullion, let's have another haunch over here!!! HROOOOOOOOOM! YUUUUUUUUUMMM!!

VENICE: The Traveling Hordes (?) [Whordes, actually] of Madame Floozie have streamed out of Venice, complaining of a lack of revenue while in the city. Spokesmadam for the leaving ladies, Thunder-Thighs Sal, gave this report to the Mayor of Venice when he met them at the city walls to beg them to return. "You Italians are all alike. First we come to the Borgias and their men keep us up all night playing checkers and singing dirty songs while drinking Cherry Kool-Aid. The only thrill we had was watching Prince Cesare having nocturnal emissions while clutching his Teddy Bear. Now we come to Venice where men are said to be men and what do we get? The Army leaves town and sure, they are good and full of spirit. But what did that leave us with? We have only experienced the thrills of boys these last months. We are fed up with this lack of action. We are on the march now and won't stop until we get some action!" With that the Traveling Hordes of Madame Floozie disappeared into the West.

TORINO (28 May 1903)(Standby Press): Col. Rocco Vermicelli today announced his awarding of the Italian Medal of Courage to Private Giacomo Lasagne of the Fourteenth Footborne Division, concurrently with Private Lasagne's promotion to PFC. Col. Vermicelli emphasized that the award and promotion were given solely on his own initiative, and not under orders from Rome. "In fact," he said, "I have not before heard of an Italian Medal of Courage. It seemed like just a good idea, and when I find someone to get close enough to the furnace, I am having him make one."

TORINO (29 May 1903)(From the editorial page of the Northern Italian Standby): We, as well as all other Piedmontese, are truly proud to have a hero of the Italian armed forces in our midst. At any rate, we certainly imagine we would be proud if the situation should ever arise. However, we feel it our duty to point out our feeling that yesterday's award to PFC Giacomo Lasagne may have been ill-advised. From reliable sources, we have learned the facts of the case. It appears that PFC Lasagne was among the rear guard of the 14th Footborne (as were virtually all of the rest of the Division). On the night of 24 May, PFC Lasagne "thought he heard something French" and immediately advanced in the other direction. In his haste, he mislaid his compass, maps, rifle, and, in fact, everything but

five canteens of Col. Vermicelli. After ten hours of dithering about in the darkness, PFC Lasagne found himself with five empty canteens near a large building with the sound of surf pounding in the background. As dawn was breaking, he discovered an open basement window, crawled in, wandered around for a while, and finally secreted himself in a dark corner of what appeared to be a large storage room. As his eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, however, he quickly realized that he was actually in the wine cellar of what turned out to be one of the major resort hotels in Nice. To his credit, PFC Lasagne did manage to sustain himself for over 48 hours with a complete lack of food. But at that time, a group of hotel employees entered the wine cellar to take the monthly inventory. When they discovered a 40% shortage, they ran panic-stricken and shouting madly up the stairs. PFC Lasagne took the opportunity to escape from the cellar and begin his journey back to the Italian lines. Rumors of an impending wine shortage quickly reached the French troops, and to a man they immediately turned away from the fighting and applied for furlough while the supply lasted. At virtually the same instant, PFC Lasagne entered the Italian camp with 6 bottles of Chateau Lafitte-Rothschile 1877 which he presented to Col. Vermicelli. We feel the record speaks for itself.

MOSCOW (23 September 1903)(Stand-by Press): The Tsar's second cousin thrice removed (from the Tsarina's quarters) has arrived in Moscow with designs on the throne. Most of the designs were stolen from the Chinese. Mount Panda Bearis was greeted on his arrival by a flock of pigeons which covered him with appropriate greetings. Immediately thereafter he went underground via an open manhole in mid-stride. At last report he appeared to be making his way to the Palace despite the pervasive fragrance which heralded his approach.

and now, in lieu of reams of boring press from Poderkugg, we will instead bore you with the next heart-throbbing chapter of

THE GOOD FAIRY AT DINKICON-I

I was having a nightmare. Somewhere a giant buzzer was going off. There was an ice-cold foot in my back, and I was falling. I woke up on the floor; the alarm clock was cheerily signalling the arrival of 6 (AM). It was the middle of the night. Jim looked down at me. "It's time to go to that blinketty-blank mumble-grumble stupid silly Diplomacy thing..."

"Convention," I corrected.

"Whatever. And if you want to go, you are going to have to get something done around here."

Checking for broken bones, and not finding too many, I arose from the floor, let the dogs out, put on a pot of coffee, let the dogs in, shaved, let the dogs out, took a shower, let the dogs in, poured two cups of coffee, let the dogs out, took Jim a cup of coffee, let the dogs in, got dressed, let the dogs out, let the cat out, let the dogs in, let the cat in, let the dogs out, let the cat out, let Jim out....

Eventually we were in the car and under way. "Where is this IckiCon?" Jim asked, obviously warming to the subject.

"DinkiCon," I corrected. "Place called Holmby Park in West L.A."

"Is it smoggy?" asked Jim, checking out his gas mask.

"I don't know," I replied knowledgeably, checking out my gas mask.

The drive up the coast was uneventful, by California freeway standards. We were stopped a few times and searched for enemy aliens, passed by 95% of the cars on the road (we were doing only 65), sniffed at by 137

suspicious fuzzmobiles, stared at by some 3500 curious turistas, saw 76 wrecks, scored 63 close calls, and dodged a couple of bewildered AmTrack trains. We had breakfast in San Clemente, at a cozy little place gaily festooned with microphones and sound booms.

Dinkicon-I was to be held in a ritzy area just west of Beverly Hills, which was nice because the bread lines are so much shorter there. It was unusually clear in L.A., and we found that pushing our way through the smog only decreased our speed by 10 MPH or so. Jim's Volvo is air conditioned, and we found that by changing the filter every 15 minutes we could get through the worst of the lower West Side without using our gas masks. The Westwood Village area is a real oasis of clean air, and we got by with just wet handkerchiefs over our noses.

We found Holmby Park easily, since Pete Shamray's published directions were faultless (also nonexistent; we used a map). We got lost only once, winding up on the UCLA campus. We had been signed up for Advanced Basketweaving and Archaeology of the Watts District before we could explain to officials that we were not really students. This didn't seem to cut much ice, though, and they were putting us into a course on the isothermal configurations of wet blankets when I pointed out that since we were white, they had no quota allocations for us. We were instantly released.

We finally got to the Park about 10 and began looking for the Con. I could smell deceit and treachery very strongly at the north end, but the only people there were a group of nice-looking clean-cut college kids. I was very puzzled by this until we saw knives glinting and axes being honed. "That's it!" I yelled, for while Diplomacy players are occasionally not weird in appearance, there is no mistaking the traditional tools of the trade.

We were now ready for your big dramatic entrance. This was my first personal appearance at a Diplomacy game in two years. It was a moment to remember, an Event in the annals of Diplomacy history. We strode purposefully up to the pullulating group of Diplomaniacs, as I debated what ringing phrase to utter on this occasion ("Calhauer, we are here"? "Veni, Vedi, Dinki"? "Sic Semper Diplomenis"? "Stab if you mist this old grey back"?). We crossed over and stood before the assembled illustrious names of California Diplomacy. I got ready to utter my ultimate bon mot.

"Where's the head?" asked Jim. So much for my dramatic moment.

"Over there," said somebody, indicating a long-haired dude puffing away on a hand-rolled cigarette. Sigh...generation gap strikes again.

I decided just to introduce myself. "I'm Rod Walker," I said, to nobody in particular. After I repeated this a few times, Jim, who had now ascertained where the kind of head he wanted was, pointed me out to several people who had given him directions. There were immediate expressions of lack of interest.

Finally, a rather sinister-looking gentleman walked over. "I'm Fangmaster Horton," he said, clicking his teeth and making for my neck. I warded off his attempt on my jugular and shook hands rather quickly, as he was getting ready to go down on my wrist. I believe a photo of this attack will appear in FIGHTER'S HOME.

I next met Bruce Schlickbernd and Dave Lagerson, each of whom promised to destroy me in the game we're in together. Also there was--believe it or not--Steve Cartier, a.k.a. Dan Brannan, once editor of WILD 'N WOOLY, and the only person known to me who has designed a variant which is more idiotic than any ever designed by Dan Alderson. Steve had a new goody, something involving rifles and sniper fire, and finally got a group organized

to play it. We could hear them firing gaily away in the trees and underbrush of the park all afternoon. I believe we lost a couple of players to random bullets, but nothing to the stab-wound casualties which this, a typical Dippy Con, saw. The Red Cross had a nice station set up, and siphoned off a pint from each wound before doing the stitches. I guess they got a couple dozen gallons....

Pete Shamray and the others who organized the stabfest had set up a "Master's Game", which I was supposed to GM. With a few discrete threats and twisted arms, we actually got 7 people to volunteer for it. It took up the whole morning and afternoon (see below).

The rest of the Con went about as expected. A huge 14-player world-wide variant was played, a sort of expanded version of the Youngstown Variant. That seemed nice, especially with Australian boomerangs, Argentinian bolos, and American Bowie knives added to the usual stabbing tools. Another regular game got started in the afternoon, siphoning off latecomers and those from the other two games who had unwisely turned their backs on allies and bosom buddies.

Jim had a very exciting time. He was double-crossed 12 times, lied to 8 times, and stabbed thrice--without even playing in a game. The Red Cross had sewed him up nicely and even put up his arm in a sling when he was grazed by one of Steve Cartier's snipers. About 4 he plucked my sleeve with his good arm and asked if we could go home now.

We drove home uneventfully, since most of L.A.'s drivers were now too weak from smog exhaustion to attack us much. We finally got home. I unlocked the back door, let the dogs out, let the cat in, put on a pot of coffee, let the dogs in, changed clothes, let the dogs out, poured us some coffee, let the dogs in, let the cat out, let the dogs out after the cat, let the cat in to get away from the dogs, let the dogs in, let the cat out, let the dogs out, let the cat in, let the dogs in, let the dogs out, let the dogs in, let the cat out, let the dogs out, let the dogs in, let the cat in.....

THE DINKICON MASTER'S GAME

This is the complete record of a game played at DinkiCon-E, for whose players Pete Shamray and I really had to hustle. This will probably turn over into the next issue. I will do a few comments, I guess.

The Players: Well, we have an all-stab cast for you, gore fans. We spared no pains to get the sneakiest, most back-peddling, most deceitful, most unprincipled rogues and knaves we could find. Unfortunately, all we got were:

- | | |
|------------------------|-----------------------------|
| AUSTRIA: Jim Murphy | ENGLAND: David Davies |
| FRANCE: David Lagerson | GERMANY: Bruce Schlickbernd |
| ITALY: Don Horton | RUSSIA: Larry Zehnder |
| TURKEY: Don Long | G.M.: Rod Walker |

Spring 1901: SHORES OF BLACK SEA ALREADY BLOODY

- | |
|---|
| AUSTRIA: F Tri-Alb, A Bud-Ser, A Vie-Tri. |
| ENGLAND: F Lon-Nth, A Yor-Edi, F Edi-Nrg. |
| FRANCE: F Bre-Mid, A Par-Pic, A Mar-Spa. |
| GERMANY: F Kie-Den, A Ber-Kie, A Mun-Ruh. |
| ITALY: F Nap-Ion, A Ven-Tri, A Rom-Apu. |
| RUSSIA: A Mos-Ukr, F Sev-Blk, F StP(sc)-Don, A War R. |
| TURKEY: A Con-Bul, A Smy-Con, F Ank-Blk. |

GM Comment: Some interesting things here. The French orders indicate a Franco-German détente, so England is either in trouble or there is a FEC alliance in the West. The Italian orders are typical of the Lepanto Opening, first used by John Smythe and then Don Berman in early games and popularized by Edi Birsan in his classic article on the opening. It is followed by convoying the army to Tunis, building F Nap, and then sending F Ion to Eas, F Nap to Ion, for an assault on Turkey. The move to Trl is unusual in this opening, indicating strong friendship with Austria (otherwise, it is followed by A Rom-Ven). The Russian and Turkish openings are weak (better for the former: A Mos-Sev, A War-Ukr; better for the latter: A Smy-Arm). However, a mutual attack on the Black Sea is sometimes used as a "decoy war" to catch Austria off-guard.

Fall/Winter 1901: TRIPLE ASSAULT ON GERMANY?

AUSTRIA: A Tri-Trl, F Alb-Gre S by A Ser. Owns: Bud, Tri, Vie, Gre, Ser (5). Build A Bud, A Vie.
 ENGLAND: F Nrg-Nwy, A Edi-Bel C by F Nth. Owns: Edi, Lpl, Lon, Nwy (4). Build F Lon.
 FRANCE: F Mid-Por, A Pic-Bel, A Spa H smiling sweetly. Owns: Bre, Mar, Par, Por, Spa (5). Build F Bre, F Mar.
 GERMANY: F Den H, A Ruh-Mun, A Kie-Hol. Owns: Ber, Kie, Mun, Den, Hol (5). Build A Ber, A Kie.
 ITALY: A Trl-Boh, F Ion-Tun, A Apu-Ven. Owns: Nap, Rom, Ven, Tun (4). Build F Nap.
 RUSSIA: A Ukr-Rum, A War-Sil, F Bot-Swe, F Sev-Bla. Owns: Mos, StP, Sev, War, Rum, Swe (6). Build A War, A Mos.
 TURKEY: F Ank-Bla, A Bul MS A Con. Owns: Ank, Con, Smy, Bul (4). Build F Smy.

GM Comment: The French orders are pretty anti-English (A Spa-Por, F Mid-Spa(sc) would be anti-Italian). Russia has apparently chosen to attack Germany in anticipation of an Anglo-German war. Austria and Italy have apparently bitched things through lack of trust. Austria should have ordered A Vie-Boh in Spring, so that Munich would fall in Fall or Germany would get only 1 build. Italy in Fall had to cover Venice just in case, and the Lepanto Opening was lost. Turkey's orders were weak--A Bul-Rum, A Con-Bul would keep Russia out of Rum without risking the loss of Bul, or would allow F Ank-Bla to succeed (one or the other was inevitable) (unless Russia and Austria were allied, which was possible, but Bul was still not being risked).

Spring 1902: VAST STAND-STILL ENVELOPS EAST AS WEST PLAYS MUSICAL ALLIES. BAVARIA WITHSTANDS SIEGE FROM THE EAST.

AUSTRIA: A Trl S ITALIAN A Trl-Mun (no ITA "A Trl"), A Vie-Bud, A Bud-Ser, A Ser-Gre, F Gre-Aeg.
 ENGLAND: F Nwy S GERMAN F Den-Swe, F Nth-Bel, A Edi H, F Lon-Nth.
 FRANCE: A Spa-Mar, F Por-Spa(sc), F Mar-Lyo, A Pic-Bur, F Bre-Mid.
 GERMANY: F Den-Swe, A Hol-Ruh, A Mun hurls 4-letter Anglo/Saxon invective at the Russians, Italians, and Austrians S by A Kie & A Ber.
 ITALY: F Nap-Ion, F Tun-Tyn, A Boh-Mun, A Ven-Pie.
 RUSSIA: A Sil-Ber, A War-Pru, A Mos H, A Rum S TURKISH A Bul, F Sev-Bla, F Swe II (R-Ska).
 TURKEY: A Con S RUSSIAN A Rum, F Ank-Bla, F Smy-Aeg, A Con H.

GM Comment: Apparently the triple assault on Germany caused some changes in the West, and there is now a FEC alliance. If the seeming war

with England was a blind, it did not fool Italy (although better orders might have been F Nap-Tyn, F Tun-Wes, with Austria ordering F Gre-Ion). Russia obviously was caught by surprise by the switch of England's polarity--although A Mos H shows a lot of uncertainty on his part (A Mos War might have been better if he were sure of England and A Mos-StP if he suspected treachery). I don't understand why Russia and Turkey are supporting each other in the Balkans and attacking each other in the Black.

Fall 1902: BATTLE LINES HARDEN AS ALLIANCES START TO MAKE SENSE

AUSTRIA: A Tri S ITALIAN A Boh-Mun, F Gre-Ion, A Ser Gre, A Bud-Ser A Vie-Bud. Owns: Bud, Tri, Vie, Gre, Ser (5). No change.

ENGLAND: A Edi-Cly, F Nwy H, F Nth-Den, F Bel H. Owns: Edi, Lpl, Lon, Nwy, Bel (5). Build F Edi.

FRANCE: A Bur S GERMAN A Mun, F Mid-NAF, F Spa(sc)-Wes, A Mar Pic S by F Lyo. Owns: Bre, Mar, Par, Por, Spa (5). No change.

GERMANY: A Mun closes eyes and H on tight S by A Ruh & A Bel, A Kie S A Ber, F Swe-Den. Owns: Ber, Kie, Mun, Den, Hol, Swe (6). No change (no room to build 1).

ITALY: F Tyn-Wes, F Ion-Tun, Arie-Mac (R Ven), A Boh-Mun. Owns: Nap, Rom, Ven, Tun (4). No change.

RUSSIA: A Mos-StP, A Rum S TURKISH A Bul, A Sil-Ber S by A Pru, F Sev H, F Ska-Den. Owns: Mos, StP, Sev, War, Rum, Ska (5). Disband F Sev.

TURKEY: F Smy-Aeg, A Con-Smy, F Ank-Con, A Bul H. Owns: Ank, Con, Smy, Bul (4). No change.

GH Comment: This situation looks very much like stalemate. If Turkey attacks the allies from the rear (the Eastern allies, that is), or if one of the alliance complexes breaks up, the game can progress; otherwise it's going to get awfully dull.

Spring 1903: TRENCH WARFARE ON LAND AND SEA

AUSTRIA: A Tri S ITALIAN A Boh-Mun. A Gre H S by A Ser, F Ion-Tyn, A Bud H.

ENGLAND: F Edi-Nrg, F Bel-Nth S by F Nwy, F Nth-Den, A Cly-Edi.

FRANCE: A Bur S GERMAN A Mun, F Spa(sc)-Wes S by F NAF, A Pic-Tun and F Lyo also S F Spa(sc)-Wes).

GERMANY: A Mun loses interest S by A Ruh & A Ber, A Kie S A Ber, F Swe S ENGLISH F Nth-Den.

ITALY: F Tyn-Tus S by A Ven, F Tun S AUSTRIAN F Ion Tyr, A Boh-Mun

RUSSIA: F Ska-Bal [impos.], A Sil-Ber S by A Pru, A StP H fast but gets a few men off on furlough, A Rum gets sick to its stomach

TURKEY: F Aeg-Ion, F Con-Aeg, A Bul H, A Smy H.

GH Comment: See what I mean? We will continue this stirring saga of blood and knives in the next issue. Will Turkey stab anybody? Will Germany get his lunch from England and France? Will Italy trade in her pizza for crepes suzettes? Tune in to EREHWON 81 for the possibly extremely boring answers.

THE POETRY CORNER

Poor old Famagusta
Is not what it usca
Be, way back when the Greeks
Were wooden-horsey sneaks.