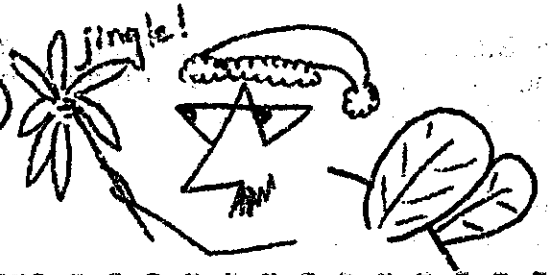


EREHWON 83

25 Dec 74



Frilby, you know I've always hated your guts. Now that I've been promoted to Postmaster, I was going to get you fired...but now I've decided you're really going to get it.



I'm transferring you to the Lebanon Indiana office... cackle....

CHRISTMAS CAST

Scrooge	Rod Walker
Marley	Conrad von Metzke
Bob Cratchitt	Margaret Gemignani
Tiny Tim	Eric Just
Mrs. Cratchitt	Tiny Tim
Ghost of Christmas Past	John Beshara
Ghost of Christmas Present	Charles Reinsel
Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come	Walt Buchanan
Christmas Fairy	John Boardman
The Grinch	Bob Lipton
The Whos of Whoville	members of the SLA, the Mafia, and TDA
Santa Claus	Richard Nixon
Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer	W. C. Fields
Frosty the Snowman	Eric Blake

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TO ALL OUR READERS...A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS AND AN EXTRAORDINARILY HAPPY NEW YEAR...FROM THE ENTIRE STAFF HERE AT PANDEMONIUM: PUSSY GALORE, POPE JOAN II, SENILE QUIVERLIPS, KING PANDEMONIUM V, AND BIG BROTHER; AND FROM JIM AND ALL THE DOGS; AND OF COURSE FROM ME.

In this special Christmas issue, no efforts have been spared to make EREHWON more enjoyable than ever. For one thing, it's one page shorter...

Note - There is a Special Announcement of general interest on the back of page nine (with the address section)!!

This is EREHWON, as if you didn't notice on p. 1 or on the line just above this one, an intermittent journal of postal Diplomacy and other nasty habits. Subscriptions are 10/\$1 to postal Dippy publishers and 6/\$1 to others. There are no sane openings. Original articles, poems, and short humor items are solicited. The right to edit, in the interests of space, grammar, maximum effect, and some extremely 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, 50-82; rates on request.

This is Pandemonium Publication #577, edited and published by Rod Walker, 4069 Jackdaw St., San Diego CA 92103.

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THE IDA ELECTIONS

The lesson of Britain's ballot-box-stuffing in the Calhmer Awards has apparently not fallen on deaf ears. A quick glance at the latest DIPLOMACY REVIEW will certainly show that.

Surprise, surprise, mild shock...except for the regional offices (Pacific, Central, British, and Canadian), there is one New Yorker, and only 1, running for election (there are 2 running for for the At-Large positions, where there are 2 vacancies). Isn't that interesting?

Even more interesting is that a good dozen New Yorkers have joined the IDA since DipCon VII. Jeff Key reports that they were asking at Dip-Con if they had "joined in time to vote?".

Of course, all of this is coincidence, isn't it? It couldn't be possible that these innocent babes are all running as a group and are getting their friends to join the IDA in order to stuff the ballot box, could it?

Anyone who believes this isn't a blatant take-over attempt is crazy. A narrow regional clique is moving to take over the IDA for whatever private reasons they might have in mind. No great tragedy if they do, since it will simply kill the IDA, but it seems silly to allow them to vent their personal ambitions and frustrations in this way.

I urge everyone, please, vote for the non-New York people on the ballot. In my own case, please note that John Leeder, also running for Ombudsman, is an excellent candidate. If you don't want to vote for me, please vote for him.

One exception: I strongly recommend the election of Gil Neiger as Editor. Gordon Anderson is one hell of a nice guy, and EL CONQUISTADOR was one hell of a good 'zine. But let's face it, EL CON is 6 months overdue, and its future is by no means certain. Now, while Gil has been incredibly ugly about the recent Boardman Number disputes, the fact is that he puts out a good 'zine, regularly, and to my mind is certainly not unqualified to publish for the IDA. Regretfully, I cannot recommend anyone vote for Gordon Anderson until it is certain he is publishing again.

By the same token, however, voting for the entire New York slate is tantamount to turning the IDA over to a private club. Who wants that? (Um...well, if I were in the Eastern Region, I'd vote for Nicky Ulanov for Regional Sec., but I'm not.) (And John Boyer is also an excellent choice...it's a shame we can't have both of them.)

For what it's worth, then, my votes in the election have gone to:

President, Len Lakofka.

Ombudsman, John Leeder.

Editor: Gil Neiger.

At-Large Sec.: Steve Brooks & Jeff Key.

Membership: Paul Boymel.

EREHWON strongly recommends an independent slate, not a New York clique.

 and lo, the Good Fairy of Postal Diplomacy arose on Christmas morn, and went into his stocking on the mantel, and found therein

THE GAME

1973IK: ANGLO-FRENCH WAR FLARES AS UNION JACK WAVES OVER KREMLIN AND HMS PINAFORE THREATENS BREST & LISBON.

Spring 1905: A vote on a 6-way draw was defeated, 4 yes to 2 no.

AUSTRIA (Scott): A Vie-Boh S by A Trl, A Gal S RUSSIAN A War, A Boh -Sil, A Bul-Con, F Ion S ITALIAN F Tyn.

ENGLAND (Kelly): A StP-Mos S by A Lvn, F Bar-Nwy, F Bal S/A Lvn, F Nth-Hol, F Nat-Mid S by F Eng, A Mun S A Sil (no English A Sil; HR 7c).

FRANCE (Brooks): F Bre-Mid, F Mar-Lyo, F Naf S F Tun, F Lyo-Wes S by F Tun, A Bel-Hol, A Spa-Mar.

GERMANY (McKeon): A Sil S ENGLISH A Lvn-War /nso/, A Ber S ENGLISH A Mun, A Pru S A Sil.

ITALY (Blank): F Tyn H, F Rom-Nap, A Tus-Ven, A Pie H.

RUSSIA (Vagts): A Ukr, A Mos, & A Sev S A War (A Sev S A War impos.), A War S AUSTRIAN A Boh-Sil, F Con H. (Oh...A Mos /d/).

 1973IK -- ANALYSIS

Eric Verheiden

Despite the GM's rather hysterical headers for the Fall (Has Kelly Met His Backstabbing Match?...), actually more likely is that all bets are still very much on in the west.

England was to get a build he couldn't use; instead, he gave to France a build for the two fleets needed to hold off the Italians. The use of Germany's A Ber in supporting A Mun clearly shows that it was anticipated that France would use A Bur for something other than supporting A Mun. Further, the fact that aside from A Bur-Bel all the French orders were very much anti-Italian clearly indicates that detante (or entente) is still far from a reality on the southern front. As for England's F Nrg-Nat, F Nth-Eng, with the Mid being left open to a possible Italian order F Wes-Mid, it would have been foolish indeed not to take a few precautions to prevent, among other things, Liverpool from taking on a decidedly greenish tinge.

Before leaving the Fall of 1904, it might be appropriate to take a brief look at the Italian orders. Despite appearances, there was a method to the Italian madness. Consider for a moment what would have been the most obvious Italian attack on Tunis:

F Wes-Naf, F Tyn-Tun (S by AUS F Ion), F Rom-Tyn, A Pie-Mar, A Ven-Tus.

against this attack, there is only one French counter:

F Tun-Tyn S by F Lyo, A Spa-Mar, A Bur-Mar (to hold Marseilles open for a build).

In turn, the best Italian counter to this set of orders is what was actually played:

F Wes-Lyo, F Tyn-Tun (S by AUS F Ion), F Rom-Tyn, A Pie S FRENCH A Bur-Mar, A Ven-Tus.

Unfortunately for the Italians, they outsmarted themselves this time and

the French held Tunis as a result.

Over the winter, the only adjustment worthy of note was the Italian removal. Disbanding F Wes essentially let the French off the hook, but it also gave the Italians an absolute stalemate against the French (A Pie H S by A Tus, F Tyn H S by F Rom and AUS F Ion), so perhaps the trade-off was worth it.

In the north, the eastern alliance has another absolute stalemate (AUSTRIA: A Boh H S by A Trl, A Gal S RUS A War; RUSSIA: A War H S by A Ukr, A Mos H S by A Sev.) Aside from Silesia, so does the western alliance (ENGLAND: A Lvn H S by A StP, F Bal S GERMAN A Pru; GERMANY: A Ber S ENGLISH A Mun; [after Spring:] FRANCE: A Bur S ENGLISH A Mun). So what's left? not a whole lot actually. Why don't you guys agree to the draw so I don't have to write any more of these things?

PALESTINE

On occasion, I talk about non-Diplomacy things. This is one of those times. Since the United Nations has taken leave of its senses and begun to treat the so-called Palestinian refugees as if they were some sort of organized polity, it seems about time to look at this in perspective.

First, it is important to bear in mind that the original Palestinian refugees are the Jews, driven from their homeland a hundred generations ago. No amount of religious and racial bigotry can disguise the fact that they have taken territory indisputably their own.

(Of course, the ancient Hebrews displaced an even more original race, but that question is academic. Show me a bona fide, undoubted Canaanite, and I'll admit his prescriptive right to whatever city-state his ancestors were from.)

Second, we must ask ourselves, why did the Palestinians become refugees? Because the Jews drove them out? Absolutely not. They were duped into leaving, or forced to leave, by their so-called and pretended brethren, the Arabs of Egypt, Jordan, and Syria. If the Arab Palestinians had remained in their homes, they would today still be there, citizens of the State of Israel.

Some say the Palestinians fled to escape the Arab-Israeli War of 1947-1948. That is fair enough, and doubtless true of many. I hope no one is silly enough to believe the Jews provoked that war....

Third, the lot of the Palestinian refugees today is admittedly miserable. But whose fault is that? Not Israel's, certainly, since they don't live there. The fault lies, again, with the pretended protectors of these people, the Arabs. The Arab governments have deliberately lumped the refugees together in crowded camps close to Israel. Deliberately, also, are the conditions of want and deprivation which exist there, fostered by the various Arab governments. Inflamed by constant propaganda from their supposed friends, the Palestinians have become the cannon-fodder for the imperialistic designs of Egypt, and others, upon Palestine.

In short, the Arab states are now reaping benefits from their cynical and inhuman treatment of the Palestinians. The world has somehow come to blame Israel for a situation which the Arabs themselves have created.

Of course, because oil bubbles up through Western technology, the Arabs are now very rich. Through the sweat of their own brows and the blisters of their own hands, the Israelis are merely comfortable. As between the rich and the not-so-well-off, it always seems to be the former who can do no wrong.

Isn't it funny that none of the oil-soaked millions have managed to reach the Palestinians--about whom the Arabs pretend to be so concerned?

...AND NOW A WORD FROM THE AUTHOR

I've been writing as a hobby for a number of years. It is only recently that I have thought of doing it seriously. One project, which I have had some outlines on for some time, a novel-length farce, episodic in nature (like Auntie Name) based loosely on the Pope Joan II releases of 1966AA. A pair of more serious projects, one on the last days of Julius Caesar and why Brutus should have turned against him, will probably have my attention prior to the lighter work. Also Jim and I are working on a book together--but it will interest few of my readers, dealing as it does with the technical and practical aspects of dog breeding.

Anyway, getting anything at all done creatively requires a few changes at home. One is a projected move to a two-acre estate in Encinitas, this February if our bid is accepted. We plan to open a boarding kennel there. Ultimate'y, I hope to be out of my current 40-hour-a-week job, and into working the kennel, which should give me more of the time and surroundings I need to write. Encinitas, by the way, is a coastal community about 30 minutes north of San Diego.

In the process of putting my files in order, I've come across a considerable body of material dating from my college days, 15 years ago. I dabbled in adult fantasy in those days, as I still do now and then. There was an abortive story cycle I did some work on. Readers familiar with the fantasy field will certainly recognize the derivative nature of these pieces, particularly from Clark Ashton Smith and Lord Dunsany.

The chief difference between their style and mine is that they achieve a dreamy, antique, and exotic affect which I don't. Long, atmospheric descriptions seem not to be my thing, and my style is therefore more narrative.

That is by way of preparing you for what follows; namely, I have done some pruning of one of the stories I wrote a decade ago, and it follows.

CLAY

© 1974 by Rod Walker

It is written, and the old songs tell, of how the hero Karamyntas came from the unknown lands of the south (or perhaps from the tropical isles of the southeast, or even from under the earth). His adventures were many as he sailed Ocean and the islands thereof. Finally he came to the great island of Pulabos, which straddles the seas south and west of the Continent Indorash. There he founded his city, Agalakoram; that is, imperial Agkora, in the days when Indorash was young, and brought into being the First Empire of our age.

On the shores of the Bay of Shadows, beyond the rocks Tarkis and Mashona, Karamyntas built his city, where the mountains of ta-Kaira dip their hills in the sea. With brick and stone he made Agalakoram high and strong, and with the wood of Pulabos' forests he built the fleets that made her rich. All this is told, and the minstrels sing it.

This, too, is told, but few have heard it: how the god Uuz came to be God of Agkora in the days when it was called Agalakoram.

In those days, even as now, every city had a God. Many gods are worshipped in every city, of course (save in Gordal the Blasphemous), but only one of them is God of the City. Many a god is God in several cities, while many another is God in none. That is the way of things; even a small town with no wall will not think itself so humble that it will take a God of small virtue. Thus it is that Shamash, the god of lightning, is God of one hundred twenty-seven cities, while Kraull, god of small snakes

and spotted turtles, is God of no city at all.

Now it came to pass that Karamyntas founded his capital, and gathered his followers to live therein and rule the land, and built him a great palace. When the walls thereof were finished, he stood forth thereon, having called together the bulk of his people, and proclaimed that the gods were invited to Agkora, that one of them might be chosen God of the City.

The stars had foretold the fate of Agkora, of her power and grandeur and wealth, so that the servants of many gods desire to obtain the primacy of the place. Therefore there came into the raw, unfinished city a stream of priests, prophets, fakirs, hermits, and holy men of all kinds. There were the gaudy priests of Shamash, with a golden image of their god; green-robed priestesses of Ahluet, god of Ocean, bearing a great emerald-studded icon; acolytes of Phekuund, goddess of fertility, with cartloads of erotic carvings. There were altogether representatives of an hundred gods and more, including such utter nonentities as T'wygg, god of birds' nests, and sau-Thpah, god of the left hand. Among these last was Uuz, the god of clay.

The High (and only) Priest of Uuz was named Krahk. He was tired of the neglect which heretofore had been the fate of his unheralded but extremely basic god. While the priests of the greater gods paraded before the palace, flaunting their riches and promising to bring back the moon, Krahk laid careful plans. While the priests of the lesser gods waited about, hoping, Krahk made precise and potent sacrifices.

Then, on the day appointed when the King Karamyntas would hear the speakers of the gods, and make his choice of the city's God, Krahk went forth to the palace. The contest was well advanced when he arrived. Karamyntas sat on a carved ebon throne on the porch of his palace, while the courtyard below swarmed with representatives of nine-dozen gods and their retinues. On the steps before the King, a golden-robed priest of Shamash, holding a great staff shaped like a lightning bolt, held forth. "Know, O King," he bawled, "that Shamash will be pleased if thy choice should fall on him. Might will be put in thy arms, and thy soldiers will strike as swiftly as lightning, so that none shall stand before thee!"

So the day proceeded, with more and more outlandish claims being made on behalf of the competing gods, the King listening patiently--if somewhat skeptically--to them all. Finally, in the late afternoon, Krahk elbowed and kneed his way through the sweating multitude, and came to the palace steps. Boldly he stood forth in the brownish burlap which were the robes of his office. "King Karamyntas, hear me!" he called out. "Uuz, the god of useful clay, claims this city as his own. I, his servant, say to thee that if thou acknowledge the claim of Uuz, he will prosper thy Kingdom and make thee rich beyond all accounting!"

"What?" cried the King, trying equally to restrain his mirth and his anger, "shall I own the god of clay, on which even beggars may walk? Nay...".

Boldly the priest Krahk interrupted even the King. "Accept not Uuz, and his retribution will be swift and sure. Do not, my lord, tempt his power."

"Begone!" The King rose, snapping with fury at such presumption. "Begone, you priest of dirt!" There was loud laughter in the courtyard, and in the portals of the palace, and the King, pleased with his own jest, settled back on his throne with a contented smirk.

Louder still even than the laughter, Krahk admonished the King: "Know, Karamyntas, that Uuz means to be God of this city. Feel now his wrath, and the token of his judgement against thee!" Turning on his heel, the priest displayed his back to the King, defying death for such impudence. "Uuz, Uuz!" he prayed silently, "now is thy chance. Great is my

faith that something will happen. Let it happen, O Uuz!"

And in that moment, every clay vessel and every brick in the city crumbled, and the porch of the palace collapsed, and the King was up to his neck in rubble. Nor was it possible from that moment to make any thing out of clay in Agkora.

This was a very serious matter. Cups, plates, vases, bowls, and all manner of useful things are made of clay. It is needful for the making of bricks, which are cheaper and more manageable than stone, stronger and less flammable than wood. But all these things, bricks, bowls, bottles; all were not to be had in Agkora.

Now were the sacrifices of Krahk proved efficacious. Strong was the power of Uuz, and long did he resist the counter-spells of the priests of other gods. Nothing could lift his curse. Within a week people began to leave the city, for they had neither pottery nor brick.

At the end of the second week of the curse, Karamyntas climbed a stone battlement of the city and called out, "Uuz, thou art God of Agalukoram!" Thus did the King decide, and within the hour, the binding power of clay returned and the people could again make bricks and pots.

The god Uuz became indeed God of Agkora. He resided in a magnificent temple of brick and had many priests and worshippers. In the second year of the city, Krahk led the King's ministers to a vast deposit of purest clay near the city. It was this heretofore humble substance which proved to be the city's fortune, so that it was said of Agkora, "There are in that place neither veins of gold nor deposits of jewels; yet out of the ground come her riches, and the wealth of nations ransoms the lowly earth of her hinterland." The pottery of Agkora is prized everywhere; but out of that fine clay are also fashioned the huge storage jars, the anfiri, without which the vast trade of Agkora would be impossible. In these containers are carried oil and grain and honey and wine, of great purity, safe from vermin and contamination, sealed with wax and arriving utterly fresh at their destinations, regardless of the length of the voyage. No other clay can make jars so large, fine, and air-tight. The containers themselves, as well as the products they keep so well, are in constant demand. Some of the leading families of Agkora have made their fortunes "in the mud-pits", as they say.

It is no wonder that Uuz, once only the god of clay, is now also the god of commerce, of prosperity, and of art. He is God of one hundred eighty-eight cities, and no other god has so many.

No wonder, too, that a man who is strong, resolute, and virtuous is said to "have feet of clay". It is said that among men of earlier ages, this saying had a different meaning; such was the poverty of their wisdom.

ABOUT THOSE STALEMATES....

1. So What's All This Noise?

The recent rash of articles of stalemates over the last year or so has added something of a new dimension to the hobby. The contribution is in some ways not really original--it has long been known, for instance, that England could hold the Straits and Scandinavia, or that Turkey could create a fortress out of its homeland, the Balkans, and Austria (Conrad von Metzke first adumbrated this position nearly a decade ago in WILD & WOOLY). However, no one before has patiently put together all of the possible stalemate positions...a feat akin to solving a bunch of John Boyer's logic puzzles about who lives in what castle and who owns the unicorn and who drinks bat's blood.

It would be nice, in a way, to have a catalogue of all possible stalemate positions. Unfortunately, the Diplomacy Association has attempted to prevent full dissemination of this information by "copyrighting" the articles involved. This means that only TDA's pets would be allowed to print it.

This "copyright" is, luckily, entirely ineffectual. For one thing, many of the stalemate articles appeared without any copyright statement; the later statement does not protect the earlier printing from reproduction. Further, the copyright--even if it is genuine, which I doubt--can not prevent dissemination of the information. A review of the stalemate literature which reprints the positions and paraphrases the necessary information--so long as the article itself is not reprinted verbatim--is perfectly legit. Editors interested in seeing this data reaches a wider audience should therefore look into reprinting the stalemate material.

The most unfortunate thing, however, is that a catalogue of stalemate positions is a mere statistical curiosity. What we really need is some analysis on how to use stalemates in a game, as diplomatic weapons, and how these weapons might affect the game itself. The various stalemate writers have failed to provide anything along that line that I know of.

I don't see any reason to make much fanfare about all the stalemate stats until we have a better idea what they can be used for. In an attempt to fill this gap, unattended to after more than a year of stalemate stuff, I have some preliminary thoughts on at least one aspect of the problem.

2. What to Do With Turkey

In his reviews for 1969G, in this publication, Allan Calhauer dubbed Turkey "the Wicked Witch of the South". There was good reason for this, for in many ways Turkey is the most formidable power on the board. Her defensive position is good, virtually as good as England's, but in addition she lies close to the great knot of supply centers in the Balkans and thus has good expansion potential.

A Great Power which reaches a size of, say, 13 units is normally still stoppable and normally has some sort of Achilles' Heel whereby she may be attacked and destroyed. But once Turkey gains control of the Balkans and Austria, she has achieved a position which is either deucedly hard to crack or can't be cracked at all. This means that even if she is stopped, another Power can win only by conquering virtually the whole of the rest of the board, a difficult feat indeed...so that games in which Turkey gets this far frequently end up as draws or Turkish victories.

Of course, Austria or even Italy could achieve a similar position, and so could Russia under some peculiar circumstances, but they are less likely to achieve it than Turkey.

I think it is fair to say, therefore, that Turkey at 10 units is far more dangerous than any other Power at the same level. This fact should prompt the other Powers to conduct their relations with Turkey with a great deal of caution.

Any close neighbor of Turkey who seeks an alliance should keep two principles in mind:

First, Turkey's more powerful situation means that the ally should be allowed a greater share of the mutual conquests. The ally invariably is more exposed, and probably fighting on more fronts. Further, Turkey at, say, 6 units, is more powerful than Russia at, say, 8.

Second, the ally should always insure his possession of a sizeable chunk of Turkey's stalemate line. Russia, for instance, should keep her Black Sea fleet, and hold Rumania, Budapest, and Vienna, and possibly even

one more in that area. Turkey will no doubt complain, but his choice may very well be between this sort of alliance and none at all.

Turkey, in dealing with his neighbors, may find that his great strength is a weakness. He may get very little out of an alliance with them. The result may be that he will have to seek further afield for a good alliance--with Germany, for instance, or Italy, or both.

All nations should be aware of Turkey's potential. If he is getting close to one of his stalemate positions, the only way to deal with him is an instant attack. For this reason, it is well to keep at hand a compilation of some sort showing Turkey's minimal stalemate lines. If I remember to do the research, I will print those positions in ERHWON.

RANDOM MUSINGS

1. Hi, Ms! One of the great achievements of the 20th Century has been narrowing the assumed differences between the sexes. This is another step in our historical development. Our earliest societies were matriarchal, but when the male's role in conception was discovered, the civilizations of the Bronze Age quickly became matrilineal and then patriarchal. Now we are leaving the patriarchal stage.

One healthy development is the replacement of "Miss" and "Mrs." with the more sensible "Ms.". For centuries, the female who has roped in a husband has been able to sport a title, Mrs., in much the same way a hunter displays heads on the wall of his den.

It is about time that we realized that married women, like married men, are really no different from the unmarried ones...except perhaps less horny. ("Marriage is popular because it combines the maximum of temptation with the maximum of opportunity."--George Bernard Shaw.)

2. Hello, I'd Like to Buy Some Maternity Trousers... There's one thing women can do that men can't, right? Wrong.

While most pregnancies occur in the uterus, the aberration known as a peritoneal pregnancy, in the outer abdominal wall, is not uncommon. The fetus is apparently a sufficiently efficient parasite that it can attach itself anywhere it can get at the blood supply.

Ultimately, like transplanting an organ or reattaching a severed limb, transplanting a fetus is merely a technical problem. Researchers at the University of California are working on achieving a successful fetal transplant--not from one woman to another, but from a woman to a man, attaching the little beggar into the abdomen. It will not be long, apparently, before the first male pregnancy is achieved.

This may sound like a mere academic curiosity, but it isn't. There are couples who have an emotional thing about having their own children, but the woman can't carry a baby to term for some reason (hormone problems, e.p.). Given this new development, their fetus can be transferred to his abdomen. He carries the baby for about 7 months, and it is then delivered (by Caesarian section, were you wondering?) as a premie and does the incubator bit until it is completely viable.

There are also any number of men in this country who have strongly developed maternal instincts. If a guy is emotionally tied up in becoming a mother, here would be an excellent opportunity for him to do it. (Personally, I hate kids, and the thought of being saddled with one from shortly after conception appals me...but different strokes and all that.) And of course, here's a golden opportunity for this country's growing population of transsexuals.

Wow...anybody can be a mother. It's beautiful.

30

// See other side for Special Announcement.

The Curators of all active rating systems (Jeff Power, Walt Buchanan, Doug Beyerlein, Len Lakotka, and myself) have agreed to attempt to arrive at a common fund of games (a Standard Rating Base) which we all rate. This would make our systems more easily comparable.

We are beginning by determining whether we will rate so-called local (or "telephone") board games. We need to determine what constitutes a local game and which games are local, as opposed to purely local.

So far as I can tell, the following games are presently considered local games: 1563C; 1964E; 1966G; BR; 1967E; BR; 1968BD; CU; 1969B; BO; BS; BI; BU; BW; CS; 1960M; I; VI; VO; 1971OC; RT; RW; 1972E; H; VA; BE; GC; GK; 1973VO; RV; BW; CA; CB; CC; DX; RR; BR; RY; CI; DX; EM; EU; GI; 1974P; R. Also 1972 E; BX.

If any of my readers wishes to give our group input on why we should or should not include local games in our rating systems, or why a given game is or is not local, or what constitutes a local game, write me. I will pass on to the other raters anything I receive by 31 January 1975. Or write any other raters, if you wish.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

ADDRESS CODES:

P- Player - # of seasons

S- Subscriber - last issue on sub.

I - Trade

177 - Wants traded?

S-XX - Last issue on sub; renewal needed if you still want this thing.

CCC - Complimentary copy.

XXX - Last issue unless you:

NRN - Note below (on this fold).

EEF - Enclosure

ARC - You are responsible for all this.

GRI - So are you.

QVM - My being in the hobby is your fault.

WR - How was the cruise, Walt?

LT - Give 'em hell, Len!

JJB - My phone never rings after midnight anymore...

LTL - Whaddya mean you won't subscribe 'cause you can read it free at home?

177 - I don't know; you tell me.



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Over for explanation

SEE SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT
 ON THE BOTTOM OF THIS PAGE