

"WELL," SAID THE GOOD FAIRY OF POSTAL DIPLOMACY, "AFTER TWO DAYS OF PLAYING DUNGEONS & DRAGONS, THE ONLY TREASURE WE'VE FOUND IS..."

ERHON 89

20 Jun 75



Welcome to the Hoosier Archives, ladies and gentlemen! On your right you will see a statue of the founder, Walt Buchanan, made entirely of scrap metal (old ditto fluid and mimeo ink cans). Over on your right is the electric punner with which Charles Reinsel finally punned John Boardman. Now, coming up on your left is a set of Besh-puppet strings...they are long enough to reach from New York to Pasadena. Passing on your right is a sub-machine knife once used by Edi Birsan, and next to it is a genuine piece of Len Lakofka's tail. Just behind the IDA prayer rug on your left we...

OUR COSTUME BALL

Come as the Person You Most Admire

"Cats eat lizards" ... Pussy Galore

Nero	John Beshara
William Randolph Hearst	John Boardman
Godzilla	Len Lakofka
Dracula	Don Horton
Talleyrand	Allan Calhamer
Gollum	Dick Miller
James Buchanan	Walt ditto
Grima Wormtongue	Eric Verheiden
Saruman	Bob Lipton
Alcibiades	Edi Birsan
One Godfather's Family	The IDA Council

Handwritten vertical text: "yep... PULL IT UP"

Meet Rodlie Dadrigh in the next DIPLOMACY WORLD!

PURE CONTENTS OF THIS PRISTINE ISSUE

BEYERLEIN DENOUNCES BESHARA	2
THE REAL WAR (1975CY Press)	3
THE OTHER WAR (1975CY)	8
1975CY CONTEST	8
AC/DC (Plugs for the People)	9
JOINERS	9

Handwritten: "Hi, Besh!"

DIPCON VIII will be in Chicago, 15-17 August 1975, as part of Citex 75. There will be a 3-round Diplomacy tournament, and the IDA General Meeting will be held. The site of DipCon IX will probably be discussed and set during the General Meeting. For details and fees write Viking Systems, Lock Box 2788, Chicago IL 60690.

For the record, if we begin to rotate the site of DipCon, New York has never had it, and should. However, perhaps the date could be moved up to June, before it gets so God-awful hot. In any event, any site the IDA selects is fine with me so long as it can provide a good Con at a reasonable price.

 * Entire contents copyright ©1975 by Rod Walker. All rights reserved.*
 * No portion of this issue may be reproduced without prior written per-
 * mission of the Editor. This permission is herewith automatically ex-
 * tended to all postal Diplomacy Editors and publishers, with the fol-
 * lowing exceptions: John Boardman, John Beshara, Richard Miller, Eric
 * Verheiden, and Robert Lipton. The reprint permission given here is
 * subject to two conditions: the original author and source must be
 * properly credited and a copy must be sent to the Editor.

EREHWON is a monthly journal of postal Diplomacy and other fungi from Yuggoth. Subscriptions are 5/\$1 (but 8/\$1 to any Editor of a postal Dippy 'zine I don't trade with and who is not a member of TDA). Sub rates and other prices are in \$US only (check, money order, or US stamps). Back issues, @10¢ each, are: 40, 41, 45, 50-88.

Original articles and other material are solicited. The right to edit, in the interests of space, grammar, maximum effect, and some debateable standard of "taste", is reserved to the Editor.

This is Alcalá Publication #616, published by Alcalá Press, 1273 Crest Dr., Encinitas CA 92024. Editor: Rod Walker. Associate Editor: Pussy Galore.

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

BEYERLEIN DENOUNCES BESHARA

The latest issue of POICTESME (#16) contained quite an eye-opener. Doug Beyerlein, one of the most respected and neutral people in the hobby, contributed more than a page jumping all over Besh and his phoney-baloney "TDA". I am not going to quote all of it here. Much is devoted to the unsavory history of the "Diplomacy Association", already recounted in these pages. Late in his letter, Doug continues:

"[For the \$1 membership fee] you receive exactly what a non-member gets: nothing. There is no organizational publication any more; only articles and news releases sent to publishers who back IDA policy. The services that IDA runs are geared to one thing only: making John Beshara look like the greatest guy in the hobby. The IDA rating system (one of six currently active rating systems) has only one purpose: to get John Beshara's name on the top of a rating list. (John Beshara's reluctance to play in a game that he might conceivably not win and his attacks on the credibility of others' records is a fascinating story in itself--and one that at times I played a major role in.) John wants very much to be proclaimed the greatest player in the hobby. And in fact, when I conducted my annual player poll last summer I received a number of photocopied ballots from people I had never heard of. Later I was able to obtain a photocopy of a memo from John Beshara which states, and I quote: "...re the current BEYERLEIN PLAYER POLL. Get as many FIRST PLACE votes for me as you can. Don't vote for anyone else that is in contention. H U S T L E."

You may remember my notice in #85 that members of the "D.A." were given ballots with Besh's name already written for them in the #1 slot, and that these were being circulated at the last DipCon. I said, "Now do you get the point of IDA?" Doug Beyerlein does: "[I]t all has one goal: the glorification of John Beshara." We need this sort of thing in our hobby like the world needs another Adolf Hitler.

NOTE TO PR WRITERS: I am typing press as it comes in, rather than waiting until deadline as has been my wont previously. Therefore, your press is set in cement once you send it in; I won't be able to make last-minute changes. Isn't that neatsy-pie?

STAR DATE 2853.74, Captain Pytsch reporting: The Halifax had been in orbit about Galagos III for 1.37 stellar days on a mission of peace and exploration at the edge of the neutral zone between the Federation and the Klingon Empire. A small vessel of contemporary Klingon design has approached Galagos III and, despite our hailing, has passed and moved into Federation territory. The only contact from the vessel was the one word, "Peace," which is surely not a typical Klingon greeting. To the amazement of our science and engineering departments, the vessel then accelerated to Warp 7, an "impossible" performance considering the necessary matter/anti-matter mass requirements, but nonetheless, we observed it. For 7.41 stellar days we have followed the vessel, which displays no conventional space debris and is untraceable via its ionization trail. We have placed the quadrant on condition red and request further star base assistance. Its destination seems to be Earth!

STAR DATE 2853.87, Captain Walker reporting: The starships Enterprise, Potemkin, and Toronto are in place before the onrush of the Klingon space coupe which, pursued by the Halifax, has increased speed to Warp 9. We will have little chance to stop it at that rate, as the Halifax has already been forced to drop behind and is effectively out of the chase. We have picked up the vessel on our scanners and all of the starships are assuming a parallel course at Warp 8.8. At my signal we can go to a maximum of Warp 9.2 and fire our phasers in unison. The shields of a full battle cruiser could not withstand that impact. ... The vessel approaches. Warp 9.1, 9.2, 9.4, 9.6, 9.8, Warp 10. It is gone and we never could fire! Only Solar System defenses are now left. The vessel must reduce to Warp 1 or slower lest it miss Earth entirely.

NEPTUNE III, Commander Cal-a-Mar reporting: The Klingon vessel must pass within .0037 parsecs of Neptune's satellite defense network. It has been sighted decelerating to Warp 1.3 and is now in visual contact. We have hailed with no reply. All phasers are ready. I have given the order to fire. There is no effect! The vessel's screens shed our phaser fire as if we were firing maser beams! Earth is defenseless!

EARTH-BASE I: The Joint Council is in session to discuss the Klingon threat. The mystery vessel is in orbit about earth. A channel has been opened. "Earthmen. We will beam down in 10 of your Earth minutes. The war between us is over. I, Buchanan, have said it; for we have a blessing and a peril and we must join for our very existence!"

To be prolonged.

BERLIN (the Bad Part of Town): Fog and darkness. Streetlights, straining to breach the gloom, barely illumine a striding figure muffled in a London Fog overcoat, hound's-tooth cap, and tweed scarf. The unknown benighted walker turns into a ratty allyway--and immediately his progress slows as he becomes involved in kicking rats from his path. As one impeccably British-booted fott connects with a furry squealing form, sending the tiny creature arcing beautifully into the darkness, a voice speaks from a shadowed alcove: "Oh, well punted, sir!" Then it launches into an impromptu soliloquy: "Lo, how you foot, with leathered carnal thwack, Poises to swing from pavement into rat; Yearning to smash the little rodent's back, Boot upon fur, flesh upon stone to splat-- Poises, then swings! Like to a falcon's stoop, Spring of the ohestah, fanged cobra's strike; Lion on claud, muskellunge on pike, Foot striketh rat, and rat becometh goop."

Octave completed, the other pauses, searching for appropriately high-flown sentiments for his sextet. But no stranger he to the Englishman, who ejaculates: "Kipperling! Lanyard Kipperling!"

[NOTE: I typed the last page on my typewriter at work; sort of an experiment to see if it produces copy dark enough. We'll see.] [Onward...]

"I...I am he, but how...?"

"I have sought you, sir, these many months. Do you not recognize me?"

Now it is the hidden one's turn to be nonplussed. "Inspector Barfushe! To meet you here, in this dingy city... What...? How...?"

"We cannot talk here. Heavens, what a stroke of luck, to come upon you so readily after all this fruitless searching. Come, let us find a quiet tavern. There is much I must tell you."

"But why...?" expostulated the ostensible minor patriotic, epic, and lyric poet.

"Come, sir," returned the Inspector. "Events have moved rapidly. The world once more has need of... Garbage Man!"

PARIS: "What?" said the King numbly. "they have been stolen!" oops...

The Cardinal nodded gravely, the plume in his hat tickling the King's nose. "They comprised your entire monetary reserve. Without them, France is bankrupt!" He made a sweeping gesture and knocked over the king's piggy bank. It tumbled to the marble floor and shattered, a single coin spilling out. The Cardinal scoffed: he never did like cheap symbolism.

"What am I to do?" wailed the King, falling to the floor and licking the Cardinal's boot.

The Cardinal pulled absently at the ends of his moustache. "Eh? Oh, why don't you send for those four adventurers of yours?"

"Do you think they can get them back?"

"No, but it should provide good comic relief," snickered the Cardinal. He summoned a messenger, who departed promising to be back within the hour. The King paced the floor nervously while the Cardinal snored loudly.

The fierce blast of nose-flutes and kazoos announced the return of the messenger. With him were four men, bedecked in floppy hats, lurid doublets, rusting rapiers, and unbluckled swashes. "Messieurs D'Arktanya, Err Amis, Porthole, and Acehole," bellowed the man. He started to laugh after he said M. Acehole's name, and the man so named drew his rapier and skewered the messenger in mid-chortle.

"That's 'Achole' with a long 'A'," he sneered, wiping his blade on the corpse's nose. He turned to the King: "Your Majesty, we are at your service." They all took off their hats and virtually swept the floor with them, they bowed so low.

"First time it's been cleaned in ages," mumbled the Cardinal. "There has been a theft, and you four musketeers have the honor of avenging it. The arch-fiend, Roquefort, has taken the loot to parts unknown in an attempt to bankrupt the government. This will create chaos in France, allowing England to regain her losses of the Hundred Years' War."

"Uh, begging your Eminence's pardon," interrupted D'Arktanya adroitly, having sensed a long-winded speech coming. "but what exactly has been stolen?"

"The King's Jewels."

The musketeers started to laugh, but stifled their mirth after the guards made several menacing passes with their halberds. The King scowled: this was going to be one of those kinds of press-series.

GENOA GOURMET (February 1901). Minestone on the French border. Giuseppe J. Giuseppe has come up with a new gastric phenomenon. It seems that Giuseppe's parents had left him the family business. Unfortunately, each parent contributed one. His father the barber shop and his mother the pizzeria (Giuseppe's Gas House).

Being a simple (or simple-minded, as a lay) peasant, Giuseppe easily reached a compromise by combining his problems into Joe's Clip Shop & Chop

House. After years of successful operation, Giuseppe's road apple pizzas and super shaves attracted the attention of the French commandant, Col. M. Gourden.

After four mutually satisfying years, a crisis developed. The new governor of Piedmont taxed imported hog bristles to finance a new palace for his mistress Sadly. This meant the end of clean shaves for Italian peasants; without the imported bristles, no brushes; no brushes, no shaves. Not only was there a shortage of bristles, but also of imported lard used to grease the pizza pans (using Italian lard, only the greatest exertions could free the pizzas from their pans).

Again Giuseppe combined his problems. He smeared the outer edges of his 14" road apple pizza with shaving cream, planted his feet firmly 1.5 meters from his intended customer, and launched the foamy combination toward his victim. Thereafter, his reputation was assured. By treating his clientele to a meal and a shave at the same time, he had rescued the Italian barber industry.

These events went unnoticed in France, until the commandant requested his monthly shave and haircut. All went well until Giuseppe applied Step One to the face of Col. Gourden. This gesture was considered in poor taste (a bad pepperoni?) and the Colonel pulled his revolver and, peering between lather and road apples, he peppered the Italian's immediate vicinity, hitting him at least once in the derrière.

MILAN (March 1901): Imperial army conducts first maneuvers under new government. Austrian emigré Count Dumpsoff der Dunder has been named commander-in-chief despite his relatively advanced age (91). Premier Bombaszo has directed the Venetian Garrison to proceed into Piedmont in response to recent troubles between the French border troops and Italian civilians.

NAPLES (March 1901): Admiral Atts Meboata has ordered Italian naval units (two sloops) into the Ionian to investigate religious disturbances in Tunis--a new cult has spring up worshipping the God Krawll. Primarily these individuals debase themselves in the dust, refusing any work. Fig production is at an all time low, reportedly.

MUNICH (via Rome) (April 1901): Italian dispatches here have caused some concern. Rome reports troop concentrations in the Piedmont; however, Imperial German intelligence has been unable to locate them. Last week, however, two companies of weary militia stumbled into a Swiss border patrol begging for food and water. They are reported as stating that their commander had ordered them to "follow the first star on the right and go straight on 'til morning." The Captain in charge admitted some difficulty in travelling at night in such strange territory.

MILAN (May 1901): Where's the Army?

THE QUEST FOR THE QUEEN (I)

BUDAPEST: The 95-year-old neophyte (I realize this seems a bit strange I mean, who's a neophyte at anything when they're 95? Still this old geezer had only recently begun his studies, having been turned on by a course given at the Budapest Community College) bent over the ancient tomes and scrolls. He was a beginning researcher in Ruritanian history, a passion fostered by an even older professor at night school, and he was searching for a truly relevant find. A lot of people class Ruritania along with places such as Shambala or El Dorado; that is to say, purely creatures of the mind, but this old man truly believed that somewhere in this corner there was a land called Ruritania. (Not all that far from Bohunk, but that is a different story.) If he could only find something that he would be remembered for! But then, a fantastic stroke of luck! There, heretofore undiscovered, were two fantastic bits of info, written in the margin of one of the scrolls. First, the Crown Prince of Ruritania, whoever he may be, is the rightful and sole heir to the throne of the dual monarchy, and second that it is the duty of this prince to wed the Queen of Bohunk and thus bring

peace and harmony to the lands dominated by these two super powers (Ruritania and Bohunk). The old man gasped and shuddered in excitement. His heart beat fast, too fast, unfortunately, and the old guy keeled from his chair and fell dead. The next morning the coroner declared the cause of death as an overdose of Pepsi (wasn't a half-empty bottle found near the corpse?), but we know differently, don't we?

SOMEWHERE IN THE TYROLIAN ALPS. Sir Anthony lifted his visor, surveyed the rather icy terrain, and in a gesture of despair let the visor fall shut once again with a clang. "Oh, bother! I mean, why me?" His voice was just a taint metallic.

"Because," answered a rather celestial voice.

"Wait a minute," he thought. "Here I am on the top of some snowbound mountain, for what reason I can barely imagine, my only possessions being my suit of superb Toledan armor and my sure and steady blade, and now I am being answered by a rather celestial voice." Hesitantly, as if he didn't know quite what to expect, he propped up the visor and looked out again. "Who said that?"

"I did," came the majestic voice once more.

"Who's 'I'?"

"Why, your Fate, of course."

"Oh, yes, of course. Well, Fate, what does thou have in store for me?"

"Ahhh, a most interesting proposition. It seems that the state of Austria-Hungary is in dire need of some progressive leadership. Legend has it that the Crown Prince of Ruritania, some obscure Balkan duchy, will some day come and forever forge a new and brilliant nation."

"My, my; that's very nice. Is this guy going to show up soon?"

"No, nit-witted knave. YOU are going to be the crown prince of Ruritania!"

"Oh, really," replied Sir Anthony drily. "I'm sure I'm going to walk into Vienna, proudly declare myself the Crown Prince of whatever place, and the people are going to throw flowers at my feet and worship me."

"No, stupid. You're going to walk into Vienna, to a large public square there, and from a pile of petrified peat moss, extract a rather ancient broom and dust pan. You know, sort of the old King Arthur bit."

Sir Anthony took some offense at the word "bit", bit a chivalrous knight himself, but deemed it wiser to remain silent. After all, it's not nice to correct Fate. "But doesn't work," continued the celestial voice, "use this." At the words a tiny card floated down from the heavens and lay before Sir Anthony's feet. "It's a membership to the Ruritanian Raquet Club; it's very exclusive and no less than a Crown Prince can get in." Sir Anthony picked up the card and nodded in mock appreciation. "Well," said Fate, "I guess that's it. Matog will meet you in Vienna; that way I can be assured that some one with some sense will be around. So, for the glory of Ruritania, the happiness and prosperity of Austria-Hungary, and the capture of 18 supply centers, good luck!" On that rather optimistic note, the voice signed off. Sir Anthony shrugged his shoulders (which is not easy to do in a suit of armor) and began picking his way down the mountain toward Vienna. After all, he mused, wasn't he a victim of his Fate?

HOLY ECHMIADZIN: It is the 23rd day of the Muslim festival of Ramadan. This holiday is celebrated throughout the Islamic world for the handing down of the Koran. The entire Turkish nation is celebrating; all, that is, except for a small gathering of persons in a dingy cellar here in Echmiadzin, who would surely disturb this holiday's serenity if the Sultan were to learn what they are discussing. What are these men discussing? In the manner of conspirators throughout the ages, they have hidden themselves from the local constabulary by stuffing bedsheets into the window frames and blocking the doors with rotting chairs. We shall follow a bit of their conversations:

"But, Eckmeck, what will happen if the Turks find out?"

"Don't worry, Gregor, we are taking the most careful precautions. Even if they find out what we're doing, they won't understand. Anyway, our plans call for [inaudible] and [irreconcilable]."

[BORNEO] With a minor switch of locale, we are now on the island of Borneo, the sole export of which is malarial insects. There is a meeting here that bears some of the conspiratorial nature of the one we have just left. A large, bald man with an ape-skin draped over his shoulders is addressing a group of perhaps 30 orangutans.

"Listen, my people! No longer will we accept without retaliation the indignities and injustices that are heaped on us! It came to me in a dream that I should rise up, and go, and take with me all of my people. And into the land of the Kyzyl Kum, between the Amu-Darya and the Syr-Darya, will we go, and become fruitful, and multiply, and inhabit the earth. And, in my dream, I was directed to buy 30 tickets on the Trans-Siberian Railway for the accomplishment of this purpose. And it shall be so."

The possessor of the above voice, as you no doubt have guessed by now is none other than The Wild Man of Borneo, whose true identity will be revealed in good time. He is talking to his platoon of Orangutan-Commandoes-in-Training.

CONSTANTINOPLE: Rumors have it here that the entire eastern section of this embattled nation has been wrested from Government control by a small band of Armenian terrorists who call themselves the Armenian Soldiers for Sovereignty (ASS). Liberal estimates give them control of Mesopotamia, Trebizond, Armenia-in-Turkey, and much of the Anatolian hinterland. Government sources have taken no notice of this reported rebellion except to deny all statements. A transcript of one interview:

Reporter: Is it true, Sultan Arglebargle, that most of your nation has been wrested from your control by the Armenians?

Sultan: We deny all statements. [To a near-naked masseuse:] A little lower, please, and further to the left.

Reporter: Then you are still in absolute control of your nation?"

Sultan: We deny all statements.

The entire area has been closed off to the press. Rumors indicate that the rebellion is led by Eckmeck Keyediff, and based in far Echmiadzin.

BORNEO: "You, in back! Make haste lest we miss the steamer!" cries a voice over the noise of the throng. The Wild Man of Borneo is herding his band of orangutans toward the port town of Brunei, where a chartered ship will take them to Vladivostok, whence they will travel overland to Samarkand, their primary destination, via the Trans-Siberian Railway. Who in the world cares? Yes, there are some who do; if readers would be so gracious as to wait until next installment, they will find out.

AT THE SHORE: The Fat Man sat on the porch overlooking the Black Sea and chuckled. And as the chuckling grew into an open laugh from the belly, he smiled.

The Turk was finished. It had started in April when the days were first getting hot. The woman, Antonia Warren she called herself, had walked into the café about five in the afternoon. For the second time in his life he had witnessed the phenomenon of a communal intake of breath. She'd asked directly for the Fat Man, unusual for her type, but then she was a bit off the beaten path of New York, London, and Paris.

At that hour the regulars had begun to arrive prior to their stroll at dusk and return to the café for the evening. Her story told of a chase across Europe and part of the Middle East. As usual the more serious the pursuit the more likely that the sought-after object was information rather than material. And in this circumstance her information was worth quite

chase, but he hadn't learned of just why she was so sought after--aside from the obvious--that night. Of women like Miss Warren one did not ask questions; one was told things.

"One cannot get good help these days," she addressed the Fat Man in flawless French.

"That depends on whom you go to for that help."

"I understand Shanghai is the largest city in the Orient."

"Would you care for a glass of wine?"

"Enchanté."

After he had fetched the chilled white wine (he couldn't get good help either), the Fat Man returned to the secluded table. "A dying man in Constantinople sent me to you. Whether you like it or not," she said in equally faultless English, "you are part of the Blue Half Moon now. You will see a lot of strangers in your café within a soon few days. Most of them would kill me if they dared. You stand to gain nothing in return for aid save an ornamental dagger, an excellent story a few years hence for your customers, and the knowledge that partially as a result of your assistance the dottering old man of Europe dies."

The Fat Man gave a brief nod and pensively touched fingertips to fingertips. "Done." He was just a little too fat.

"I am staying at the Hotel Crimea. Come up to my room tomorrow at 2:30. And avoid the mosque. Oh, yes; since you're wondering, I am a Swiss national. A bientôt. And perhaps one can get good help after all."

The Fat Man chuckled again and repeated to himself: The Turk is finished.

THE OTHER WAR

1975CY, the diplomaCY Game. TRIUMPHANT MARCHES EVERYWHERE...ALL ORDERS SUCCEED. AUSTRIANS STORM SARAJEVO. ANGLICAN LIZARDS HEAD NORTH. FRENCH ZAP VOSGES, IBERIA. GERMANS TURN BACK ON FRENCH KNIFE. ITALIANS ADVANCE TO "GO". TSAR PLAYS IT SAFE. TURKS PLAY ALONG WITH TSAR.

Spring 1901: These orders were published in BESEROVIA 25 and sent to the players some days ago. Nick Ulanov is now at: 48 University Pl., Princeton NJ 08540.

AUSTRIA (Watson): A Bud-Ser, A Vie-Bud, F Tri-Alb.

ENGLAND (Lakofka): F Edi-Nrg, F Lon-Nth, A Lpl-Yor.

FRANCE (Schlickbernd): F Bre-Mid, A Mar-Spa, A Par-Bar.

GERMANY (Leeder): A Ber-Kie, A Mun-Ruh, F Kie-Den.

ITALY (Wyman): F Nap-Ion, A Rom-Apu, A Ven-Trl.

RUSSIA (Ulanov): A Mos-Ukr, A War H, F StP(sc)-Bot, F Sev-Rum.

TURKEY (Rosenberg): F Ank-Con, A Con-Bul, A Smy-Ank.

FALL 1901 ORDERS are due on Wednesday, 23 July 1975.

1975CY CONTEST

Vote for the best press release. Any person on my mailing list for any particular issue may vote for the best PR in that issue. I will accept votes any time before the deadline for the next issue.

I will keep a running tally of the votes. At the end of the game, the player who received the most votes for his press will receive a complete refund of his entire game fee! (Yes, even the players may vote.) (Yes, the GM can vote, and will.) (Yes, wives/husbands of subscribers and traders are eligible to vote, also wives of players.) Help the players out and give them encouragement...VOIE!!! (Please?)

Plugs for the People

RURITANIA is 4/\$1 from Tony Watson, 201 Minnesota, Las Vegas NV 89107. Tony's 'zine has some good features. One is his writing, which is good--he's in the PR game in this 'zine. He has some good features...poetry some times, reports on travels and other doings, some decent press, and so on. The biggest drawback is the price, especially since RURI is never more than 5 pages and usually less. The high sub rate may be due to the expense of duplication (xerox). Anyway, Tony is a scifi/fantasy fan, and I believe his 'zine has lots of potential. With some encouragement from interested subscribers and contributors, Tony might be able to find a way to expand his size and decrease his sub rate.

LIAISONS DANGEREUSES gets better all the time. It's 10/\$2 from Len Lakofka, 644 W. Briar Pl., Chicago IL 60657. There is something worthwhile every issue. Vast quantities of game statistics and analysis thereof. Len now has a ***** rating for 'zines, and there are the usual editorials and other goodies. Write Lenny and tell him the Good Fairy sent you.

NORTH AMERICAN PLAYERS' SURVEY #2 is 20¢ from Lew Pulsipher, 423 N. Main St., Bellevue MI 49021. These are the results of Lew's survey of the Diplomacy population, which had 171 respondents. The results are really interesting...and Lew has reported them in 18 pages of data and analysis. If you want to know what the hobby is really like, and how the fans really feel, get this!

JOINERS

will be happy to know there are so many orgs in the hobby. You can, for instance, join the Beshpuppet Group (otherwise labeled as "the D.A."), and get absolutely nothing for your money (as attested to by such leading names in the hobby as Greg Warden, John Weswig, and Doug Beyerlein).

There is also "TIDA", the so-called "Imperial Diplomacy Association" which, as a joke, was mildly funny. Now that it is taking itself seriously, I would not advise bothering with it. This regional bunch has announced plans for sabotaging the Calhauer Awards and the Beyerlein Player Poll, and has put out (through Robert Sacks) the so-called "Gemignani Awards". As a joke, they would have been a delightful put-on. However, they are just serious enough to be ugly. If "TIDA" wants to sabotage things, they can start with this batch of bad karma.

Now Lew Pulsipher is passing out a circular for something called SMOF (Secret Masters Of Fandom). Uh-huh...sure.... Again, as a put-on, it might be all right, except that with John Beshara trying his damndest to be Secret Master Of Fandom already, there is enough to laugh at coming from New York. If this thing is serious, the hobby needs it like we need the Spanish Inquisition. Secret organizations like TDA and SMOF (if there is any such thing) are inherently and irredeemably evil. Anyone who has anything to do with such cabalistic crap is unquestionably a fool.

The hobby does not need private plots to boost the ego of Besh or any other megalomaniac. Nor do we need other kinds of "secret masters". Nor do we need destructive and counterproductive sabotage campaigns such as those which appear to be swilling out from "TIDA" in New England.

We do need constructive cooperation. The only organization which provides that is the International Diplomacy Association. It is the only one which represents and benefits the hobby (other than local insurance arrangements like DNYM and CalOrg). We need more IDA, and less "TDA" Besh-ego trips, "SMOF" put-ons, and "TIDA" hate campaigns.

MAILED
CLASS
FIRST

ADDRESS CODE KEY
S-XX -- Subscription (sub ends with issue indicated by number)
I -- Trade
T?? -- Wanna trade?
F -- Player in 1975CY
SB -- Stand-by in 1975CY
XX -- Last issue on sub/trade/whatever
C -- Complimentary copy (a/o this
NNN -- Note below:
Issue to Calhoun; Moot, von Metzke)



"Alcala"
1273 Crest Dr.
Encinitas CA 92024

FIRST CLASS MAIL

TO:

ADDRESS CODE:

See above for Key

FIRST CLASS MAIL