

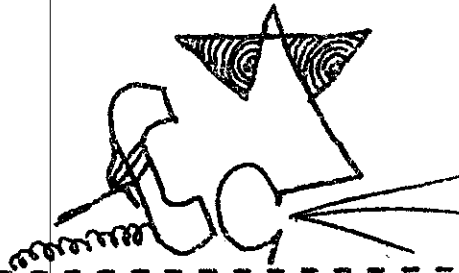
"You may not believe this," said the Good Fairy of Postal Diplomacy, "but my name is

ERHON 900 *bingo!*

26 July 1975

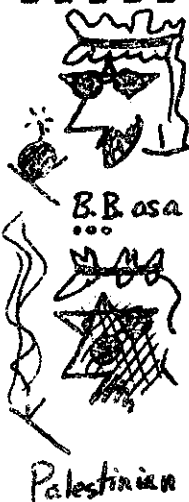
1974JB. Magazine: Graustark (Boardman). Players: A- Chris Schleicher. E- Richard Kovalcik, Jr. F- Eric Verheiden. G- Richard Miller. I- John Beshara. R- Robert Lipton. T- Eric Blake.

	01	02	03	04	05	
A	3	3	3	3	2	
E	3	3	3	3	2	
F	3	3	3	3	2	
G	3	3	3	3	2**	
I	6	9	12	15	22**	wins
R	4	4	4	4	2	
T	3	3	3	3	2	



"You will rate this game, you willlllll (froth, foam). If you don't rate my win, I'll... (froth)... I'll... (foam)... I'll WHINE all over you!!!!"

OUR OFFICE STAFF

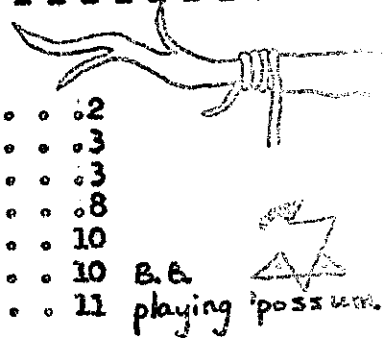


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Catty Remarks Editor.	Pussy Galore
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 tions are 5/\$1 (but 8/\$1 to any Editor of a postal Dippy 'zine I don't trade with and
 who is not a member of TDA). Sub rates and other prices are in \$US only (check, money
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GIL NEIGER BIDS "TDA"

In CAIR PARAVEL #1, Gil Neiger does a lot of talking about how he feels. He does
 not like the Beshara-Walker feud. That's fine; neither do I. My primary concern,
 however, is not Besh. I tried to maintain personal contact with him, while calling
 attention to what I believe to be wrong with the Diplomacy Association, but I guess
 everyone knows by now that that is impossible. Even so, it should be possible to
 separate "feuding" from things which are concretely wrong with the DA.

In the same issue, Gil does exactly that, exposing new reasons why "TDA" is in-
 imical to the hobby, as Edi Birsan once so accurately said.

On the one hand, Gil documents "TDA"'s attempts to puppetize the DNYMFA. This
 is an association of New York gamesmasters ostensibly for collective insurance of
 their postal games. It was founded by Bob Lipton, prominent New York Beshhead.

Suddenly we discover that Besh has been pressuring the "NY Mafia", first by of-
 fering to bankroll their operation and then by threatening (through Lipton) to with-
 draw this support if they did not do what he wanted. Luckily, most of the Big Apple's
 postal publishers saw through this charade and, hopefully, DNYMFA will continue as an
 independent entity instead of a subsidiary of Besh's "TDA" plot.

Gil also documents another instance of "TDA" game-stealing. You will recall that
 in #67 I documented the instance of Dan Gorham's games. Gil notes that "TDA",
 through Lipton, tried to steal 15 games from THE POUCH. (Gil didn't toady to Besh,
 so here is his reward, Mafia-style.) Second-guessing this latest attempt at larceny
 by the DA was Richard Kovalok, whom three different New York correspondents have
 described to me as "Biggest Beshpuppet of the Year".

Gil also throws new light on THE FIGHTER'S HOME. Says Gil: "Stealing games is
 in the tradition of TDA. John Beshara also instructed TDA members who are games-
 mastering games for The Fighter's Home not to give any more moves to its publisher,
 Dan Gorham." It's shocking, yes; as Gil says. More important: what is being done
 about this sort of thing? Until there is hobby-wide action to neutralize the DA and
 its continual plotting against the free operation of the hobby, this kind of thing is
 going to continue. To hell with feuding; let's get something going to take positive
 action against this menace to our hobby!

"Well," said the Good Fairy of Postal Diplomacy to the delivery boy a couple of hours after he arrived, "let's see what's in this package you brought. Why...it's

THE GAME

1975CY: GALLIC DAGGER UP TO HILT IN GERMAN BACK. AUSTRO-RUSSIAN BORDER TENSION UP. BELGIUM RETAINS INDEPENDENCE DESPITE DUAL INVASION. TURKS MOVE WEST.

Fall 1901: Italy (Warren Wyman) submitted no orders. I have general orders for Italy, however, and a specific build order for WOL. In addition, there was no press from Nick Ulanov...and that, under the specific rules for this game, is the same as a missed deadline. I hope to line up some stand-by players by next season. It will be necessary to replace both players if they miss the WOL deadline.

AUSTRIA (Watson): A Bud-Gal, F Alb-Gre S by A Scr. Owns: Bud, Tri, Vie, Gre, Ser (5). Build 2.

ENGLAND (Lakofka): F Nrg-Nwy, A Ycr-Bel C by F Nth. Owns: Edi, Lpl, Lon, Nwy (4). Build 1.

FRANCE (Schlickbernd): F Mid-Por, A Spa tilts at errant windmills, A Bur-Mun. Owns: Bre, Mar, Par, Mun, Por, Spa (6). Build 3.

GERMANY (Leeder): A Kie-Hol, A Ruh-Bel, F Den sighs for what might have been. Owns: Ber, Kie, Wpp, Den, Hol (4). Build 1. New Address: 208 Haysboro Cres., Calgary, Alberta, CANADA T2V 3G3.

ITALY (Wyman?)(byOOs): A Apu-Tun C by F Ion, A Trl H. Owns: Nap, Rom, Ven, Tun (4). Build 1.

RUSSIA (Ulanov): A War-Gal, F Bot-Swe, F Rum /h/ S by A Ukr. Owns: Mos, StP, Sev, War, Rum, Swe (6). Build 2.

TURKEY (Rosenberg): F Con-Aeg, A Bul-Gre, A Ank-Con. Owns: Ank, Con, Smy, Bul (4). Build 1.

WINTER 1901 ADJUSTMENTS are due on Friday, 22 August 1975. Hmm...actually, I have standby players for this. Yesss...

Stand-by Players:

ITALY: Capt. Steven Brooks, 4960-B, Ave. C, Great Falls MT 59405.

RUSSIA: Randolph Bart, 9950 Reseda Blvd., #13, Northridge CA 91324.

Please send no orders now, but get ready in case I ask you for SO2.

Note - Nick Ulanov is having trouble w/lost mail-incoming & outgoing. His press was mailed but not received!

THE RAISON D'ÊTRE
1975CY Press



Don't forget to vote for the best press!

NOTE: We are going to have votes for the best press, as I said before. Len Lakofka suggested a better voting system, so it's not an all-or-nothing shot, and I am adopting this with revisions of my own. Please see the ballot at the end of this issue.

The Quest for the Queen (II)

VIENNA (somewhere on the back streets): The dancer could bump as well as she could grind, and there was no shortage of either such motion in her routine. Her legs were thick and strong, intriguing in their possibilities, and like the rest of her body they were a deep, dark tan. The veils she wore were falling off in rhythm to the music provided by the sextet in the corner, and all eyes were on her sleek muscles. Sir Knave was watching with pleasure the gyrations of her posterior when a small squeal erupted from the deep, wide pocket of the cardigan he wore. "Please, really, Sir K.! Aside with your arm, sir, so I too may have a peek at the frosty-haired, green-eyed lady who is causing such a stir amongst the clientele."

The voice was that of Matog, the six-inch, hooped and hairy demon located in that same pocket. He had been placed there out of Sir Knave's prudence. (Exactly

how would he explain to the bouncer that Matog was well over the age of majority--545 to be exact. Anyway, there was a city ordinance demanding that all patrons wear shoes and Matog had not yet paid his monthly visit to the blacksmith.) In compliance, Sir Knavé shifted his arm so that Matog had a better view of the proceedings. "Who is she?" enquired the demon.

"Krysti Kuda, or so the program says. Famous as a nude dancer. Hails from Boulder, Colorado. Nice legs."

"Indubitably," agreed the tiny demon in complete accord with the young man's thoughts, "but hadn't we better leave? As Fate would have it Sir Anthony is due in for the King Arthur bit early on the morrow, and we really should be there."

"Yes," sighed Sir Knavé reluctantly, "I suppose you are right. Duck your head and we'll be off." He got up but no one else seemed to notice; Krysti Kuda was about to reach her climax (of the act, that is). Noiselessly they left the room, but it was far from the last time they would see Krysti Kuda.

VIENNA (the War Department): Geoff appeared distressed. There was nothing he could do. The army of the Dual Monarchy was falling apart. At every bivouac the fever had struck; on board every ship in the fleet the passion was in evidence. What was the malady...yellow fever? VD? No, it was ping-pong. Even the ruling monarch, Gilbert (the pussy king), was stricken with the game and played endlessly. In an effort to try to rouse some martial spirit, Geoff, in his capacity as commander of the armed forces, ordered the 2nd Corps under his most trusted Colonel, Bonor, to attack Serbia.

VIENNA (the public square): Sir Anthony strode as nonchalantly through the square as possible. He was desperately trying not to draw any attention, but his suit of armor, dating from 500 years before, was a bit out of place, to say the least. Located in an obscure corner of the square was a pile of peat moss, and true to Fate's word, located therein was an old broom and a dust pan. He walked over to the stinking heap and wrapped a gauntleted hand around the handle of each article. He looked around him but to his disappointment, he saw that no one seemed in the least bit interested. He couldn't understand it; after all, wasn't he soon to be their King? He shrugged (again, as I said, it was difficult), and easily slipped the articles out of the mire.

The square's occupants continued on, unaffected. Enraged, Sir Anthony shook the smelly tools over his head and cried (as best he could through the closed visor), "IT IS I, THE CROWN PRINCE OF RURITANIA!" He waited for the tumult of cheers that was bound to come. Instead a few of the more curious passers-by stopped and looked at him in amusement. "YOU KNOW, YOUR KING?!" Still nothing, but a bigger crowd had gathered. "With this broom I conquer?" The crowd parted to let in the two uniformed gendarmes, who grasped his armored arms and led the sobbing knight off. "Fate's going to hear about this," he thought bitterly.

BOHUNK: The Queen that was perfection sighed her perfect sigh and looked once more at the clock. Ten-fifteen; the show had just let out. She wished Krysti would hurry; there was such a hunger in her perfect stomach.

PARIS (The Plot Coagulates): D'Arktanya scratched the top of his head with a dagger, causing a thin rill of blood to trickle down his forehead and onto his nose. "How are we going to find those jewels, my friends?" He crossed his eyes so that he could watch the progress the blood was making.

Asehole was poking around the now-empty treasure room, ostensibly for clues, but more likely in the vain hope that something was left behind for him to pocket. "We won't find them by sitting about defacing ourselves," he barked, somewhat annoyed by the young musketeer's attitude. He picked up a handkerchief lying on the floor and tossed it to D'Arktanya for him to wipe his face with.

"Why bother?" asked Err Amis, twirling his moustache. "This Roquefort fellow would hardly leave any trace of himself in France with the loot he has."

"A clue," shouted D'Arktanya, waving the handkerchief under Amis' nose. He

snatched the cloth from D'Arktanya and read an apparent advertisement embroidered on it: "Milady's Massage Parlour and Spy Shoppe, 69 Fille-de-Fer, Paris."

"A name! Is there a name on it?" panted Porthole anxiously.

D'Arktanya snatched it back. "Um...yes! Milady la Douche, Proprietress."

PARIS (Going-in-Seine): Four shadowy figures glided silently down the darkened alleyway. The shortest of the four bumped into a garbage can, and a half-starved cat loudly announced their presence. "Buffoon," cursed Acehole, smashing his fist into Porthole, sending the latter sprawling into a gutter. He looked around angrily; "Where are we?"

"Paris?" offered D'Arktanya accurately, while dodging the buffet directed at him.

"A sign," pointed Err Amis. He went over to investigate. They were in the right place; the sign was a luridly painted poster showing in the utmost detail what that particular establishment had to offer. "Perverse," he drooled, while studying one couple that looked like a deformed pretzel.

"Perverse, you say, young man? Step right up, the show's about to start," said a silken voice from behind him. "Milady la Douche, at your service." A woman of startling beauty and proportions stepped out of the shadows and confronted the four.

"M. Acehole, at your service."

"M. Porthole, at your door."

"M. Amis, at your feet."

"M. D'Arktanya, at your body." He leaped forward, intent on completing his statement, but the woman deftly straight-armed him and he tumbled to the damp pavement. She turned to the others and motioned them inside, then looked back at the musketeer still lying on the street.

"Coming?" she asked.

D'Arktanya opened his mouth to reply, then thought better of it. He picked himself up and followed her--very closely--inside.

THE MIND OF MAN (Chapter 1)

William Rodney Leonard had had an unusual year; 1975 had promised little more than a continuation of a mediocre education and the perpetuation of a life style punctuated with little excitement. Rodney hailed in the New Year with a bottle of unfortunate brandy (and suffered its after effects until the 3rd) and awaited the rest of the year with a true lack of interest.

On February 11, in a burst of unrequitable love for his mother state of Illinois, Bill threw away a dollar on the Lottery. He pinned the gaudy multi-colored ticket on the bulletin board among his picture of Bobby Kennedy, Mick Jagger, Art Garfunkel, and "Marilyn", and grumbled something about the latest bullshit to come from that broken promise incarnate, Governor Dan Walker.

Eleven days later, while reading the Wizzard of Id, Rick O'Shay, and Doonestary (his only reason for buying "The Trib" and "The News" on the weekend), he noticed the results of the Bonanza Drawing earlier that week. Since he had to walk by the bulletin board on his way for another beer, he pulled the ticket from the board, nearly tearing it in half. He sat down, baptized himself and the ticket with the opening spray from his can of Strohs, and examined the \$40 numbers. "Shit! Just as I thought." The paper was about to leave his hand when he saw the last digit of the Grand Slam--347132. There, in front of him, on his soggy, torn ticket, read the number "347132" and on the back, "redeem for at least \$1500 and a chance at the \$50,000 a year for life drawing." Lovingly he carried the precious pasteboard to a mending at his cluttered desk.

"The drawing for the Millionaire Sweep will be held in Peoria, Illinois," announced the form letter he received a week later. "If you choose to attend, the Lottery Committee will fly you to Peoria, pay for your Hotel for one night, and guarantee a minimum prize of \$2000." "What a waste of money," he thought.

Yet if you had to go to Peoria, flying must be better than the antiquated Illinois Central Railroad. At least he thought flying would be better until he saw the DC-3.

The plane caused him to recall a prayer he had once learned in 2nd grade and to ask himself if \$500 extra was worth risking his life for. He boarded, smiled at the plump stewardess, and fastened his seat belt--tightly.

When he arrived the fanfare was stupendous. Whenever an Ozark Airliner made it from Chicago to Peoria, non-stop, there was reason for exaltation! A worn limo deposited him and five other "lucky winners" at the Jefferson Hotel in the heart of the (old) downtown area, only minutes away from the stinking Peoria River. The Pierre Marquette would have been good but the \$5-a-night horror was a jolt.

Slouched beside the filthy glass doors, one of which was covered with plywood, stood an aging woman who displayed a pair of adequate tits that bulged from her too-tight and out-of-style dress. A hundred feet away her male counterpart leaned in a doorway, his hand exceptionally close to his vitals. Bill mused, "\$50 for both of them...\$30 for him." Maybe a few good orgasms would make Peoria worthwhile, but only a \$10 bill was in his jeans. He smiled, at both of them, went to the desk and registered. The room was dingy, the television in disrepair, and the carpet bordered with dead roaches and cigarette butts. Bill would be glad to get this over with!

One o'clock finally arrived and the lucky winners, all 173 of them, were escorted to the Union Hall near the Carson's Downtown store---there were two in Peoria? "... And now for the BIG one!" said the Burt Park-like announcer. "The winner is, and YES, SHE IS HERE,---Sally Nakowski!" Coyly he asked, "Where are you, Sally?" Sally bounded up the stairs, took a bow (though few applauded) and gave a ten-minute speech on what she would do with the money. Bill's mind wandered to his date with death on the return flight and absently noticed the announcement of the first runner-up.

Two hours later Bill was speeding in the general direction of Chicago, but only at 70 MPH. An ambulance can only go so fast, whether the occupant has a broken finger or a bullet in his brain. In one day Bill had won \$10,000 a year for life and a slug worth 89¢ from some junky who had tried to rob him at the hotel. \$10,000 a year for life! Bill might only live long enough to get \$50 of it; but he knew what he could do with that amount. (to be continued)

BERLIN: You don't know...you can't know," sighed Lanyard Kipperling, a.k.a. Garbage Man, "how had it's been!" He stared into his schnapps, whose surface reflected myriad mystic swirls of multicolor from the firelight's play on the dingy walls of the downtown bar in The Bad Section of Town.

"Go on," murmured Inspector Barfushe, after a moment's pause. He knew that his friend's depression must be traumatized in a cathartic orgy of candor and confession before he would be able to return to the serious business of combatting Crime, Evil, and Good Taste wherever it reared its ugly head.

"First the emergence from the time gate of 72DE, only to find England overrun and ourselves and the Highland Mounted Light Dragoon Cuirassier-Fusiliers homeless. Our unpleasantness in Denmark with the Midnight Environmentalist and his front man at Mondo Porno,...what was his name?...ah, yes, Herr Asafle. To say nothing of all that wandering in Slobbovia in the meantime. It leaves its mark, sir, let me tell you..." He drifted once more into reverie, then came, as it were, back to reality with a start, drained his schnapps at a gulp, and goosed a serving-girl with something of his old fire.

"But tell me, Kipperling," the Inspector spoke again. "How came you from...there to...here?"

"Would that I knew. This world is, I know, not that of 73DF. At the crucial instant in the Mounted Cuirasses' counterattack on Kjøbenhavn, something...happened. I felt the nexus forces swirl around me, and suddenly...there was a discontinuity, and I was...here. Not in this physical location, that is, but in a new Kjøbenhavn. No Mondo Porno, no battle, no Lone Junker overseeing from the gasbag, alone in a strante timeline...I had a little money. I spent it, travelling to Berlin in a desperate hope that perhaps Lance Boyle and the Lone Junker had been swept up in a similar time fault and ended in this world. It was not so. And now you find me, alone and friendless, in these

seedy circumstances. Which reminds me, perhaps you'd care to look at our new line." He handed the Inspector a seed catalogue and a few packets of gladiolus and deadly nightshade seeds.

"There's no time for that now, Langard. I, too, was swept up in the time swirl. However, I was thrown, perhaps, farther or shorter, I know not what. I too ended alone in a strange world. I travelled back to England, and made a place for myself in the Scotland Yard of this world, not knowing what had become of you or Tanteau."

"And...Tanteau?" reflecting on his faithful, if unsavory, canadien companion.

"That is what put me on the trail. Reports began to filter in from Boulogne, reports of a new...shall we say, "establishment", operated superlatively by a newcomer who wore a mackinaw coat and hobnailed boots, spoke French with a barbarous dialect, and was never to be approached lightly, especially from downwind."

"Good old Tanteau!" expostulated Garbage Man. "The little...errands on which I sent him have stood him in good stead."

"Tanteau awaits us in Boulogne," said the inspector. "We must go there as soon as I can procure transportation. As we travel, I will be at leisure to instruct you concerning the urgent need for the presence of Garbage Man, and of the Doom Awaiting All Mankind."

* I should remind all players that press is required with your orders, or at least *
* by each deadline, and it is also limited. Any press in excess of one single- *
* spaced typewritten page, in pica type, may be edited out by the Editor. This is *
* to insure that I can keep my space limitations. Scott Rosenberg sent a page and *
* a half, in elite type, which is about 2 pages pica, and I am including nearly *
* all of it this time because I am missing releases from 2 players this time. How- *
* ever, please observe the space limitation strictly in future. Thanks! *

JAMAICA to THE SHORE: What do you mean, "The Turk is finished?" I only put it in the oven fifteen minutes ago!

BARAD CREST: Radar range?

THE BRUNEI TO YUZHNO-SAKHALINSK FERRY: The Wild Man of Borneo inspected his boat tickets. He had fully intended, upon arriving at Brunei, to pay the full fare on the Far Eastern Boat Lines Brunei-Vladivostok express, but he was approached by a few salesmen at the ticket desk who invited him out to dinner and offered him the advice that he take the boat to Yuzhno-Sakhalinsk instead, which might be a short distance out of his way (actually, it was quite far..) but would save him immense amounts of money. Now, this appealed to the Wild Man, since his fiscal resources had been accumulated over a period of 24 years during which he and his orangutans had worked manufacturing those tiny paper-and-wood parasol/umprellas that one receives with desert in Chinatown. These resources, accumulated so painstakingly, were being expended at a rate that greatly alarmed our friend.

Thus the Wild Man was so happy about saving his money he didn't seem to care that he and his orangutan commandoes were the only passengers on the boat. Having little knowledge about the distance between Brunei and Yuzhno-Sakhalinsk (or between Brunei and the Kyzyl Kum, his ultimate destination, for that matter), he didn't look askance at the helmsman who told him, after only 3 1/2 hours on the boat, that they had arrived at their destination. He didn't even worry about the sign at the port--which was hardly a port, consisting as it did of three shacks, only one of which was standing, and one short pier--didn't say "Yuzhno-Sakhalinsk", but rather said "Spratly Is.", since he couldn't read English.

"All off! Yuzhno-Sakhalinsk! Change for the boat to Brunei only after checking with the clerks at the port!" the helmsman barked.

The orangutans filed off the small boat and onto the pier. When they were all off, the crewman from the boat lifted up the gangplank and the helmsman could be seen

starting up his motor. "So long, suckers!"

A small, busy-looking man with round spectacles walked up to the Wild Man and said, "Welcome to the Spratly Islands. We deal in something here that should be very familiar to you all." The Wild Man didn't know what was going on so he followed the funny little man into the shack. The orangutans filed in behind him. Once they were inside, they saw it was no mere shack, but rather the entrance to what they would later find out was a honeycomb of underground factories. "We have transported you here because of your skill in the production of miniature parasols. You see, the name of my nice little establishment here is 'Naughty Items of Spratly'. A new line of naughty item that we are moving into is exploding parasols and we want you to make them. And, of course, we do have our methods of insuring that you work for us."

CONSTANTINOPIE: The harried-looking, travel-worned courier was ushered into the Sultan's presence with little ado. It was well-known that he came direct from the fighting in the Anatolian Hinterland. "O Sultan! Allah be praised that I have reached you in time to bring you this vital information!"

The Sultan interrupted him, talking to his masseuse. "No, no--further over and ...yes, that's much better."

"The Armenian insurrectionists have assembled a large army and are now marching on Ankara. But you probably know that already."

"Very good--now move back down and towards the right...ahhhhh..."

"But I have something of much greater import to relate to you, something that affects your holy person itself."

"Excellent, excellent. Up to the shoulders and rub it nice and hard there...."

"The Armenians have revealed publicly that they have hired--"

"Now behind the ears--and be carefull, don't pull at them, just rub them...."

"ALLAH DAMN YOU, LISTEN!"

"Hmmm? Did you say something to me?" As the courier pulled a dagger from his belt, the Sultan continued, "Now, between the shoulder blades, right in the center, nice and deep...." The courier took his dagger and planted it where the Sultan had unwittingly directed him. "Ahhhhhhhhhhhh....."

As he left the bath hall, he said to the masseuse, "I was going to tell him that Eckneck had hired someone to murder him...." Leaving the palace he met two evil-looking men with swords not very well concealed under their robes. "Don't bother going in there," he said to them. "The job's already done."

The men looked at him as if he were a rare variety of mad. They proceeded in, but came out shortly afterward with a look of wonder on their faces.

AC/DC

1. THE CONTEST. Congratulations to Adam Stephanides, who submitted the first set of three correct answers and cops the whole prize. Thanks also to Eric Just and Dave Kadlecak, who also sent in answers. Dave also indentified the individuals listed, which wasn't necessary (usually correctly). If I have space, I'll run through them all. Anyway, the correct answers to the questions were:

1. Each of these men (says one, of course) created or built the cause of his own subsequent undoing.
2. This is called, "being hoist on your own petard".
3. The ringer was Guillotin. Dr. Joseph Agnace Guillotin invented the instrument of execution later named for him. Later a Dr. J. B. V. Gillotin of Lyons was guillotined, giving rise to the fable that the inventor was done in by his own creation.

Other names:

Euches Aubriet, while Provost of Paris, built the Bastille. He was then the first person to be imprisoned in it (on a charge of heresy).

Perillos of Athens, built the "brazen bull" for Phalaris, tyrant of Akragos in Sicily. It was an execution device in which the victim was burned inside. Perillos then became the bull's first victim.

Richard Nixon...well, you do remember Watergate and the tapes and all that?

Thomas Montacute, 4th Earl of Salisbury, was the first man in England to employ cannon. He was killed by a cannon ball at Tournelles in 1428.

Henry Winstanley built the first lighthouse at Eddystone in 1698. He was in it when it was washed away by a storm in 1703.

Enguerrand de Marigni, Minister of Finance to Philip the Fair of France, erected a gallows at Montfaucon. He was later hanged from it.

Ludovico Sforza invented a torture device called the "iron shroud". He was also the first to be tortured to death in it.

Clisthenes, or Kleisthenes, introduced the process of ostracism into Athens. He was also the first Athenian to be ostracised.

Cowper Coles designed a rather unseaworthy type of ship, the turret-ship. In a model of his own design, the Captain, he perished off Finisterre on 7 Sept. 1870.

Matthew Hopkins was a famous witch-hunter who devised many tests for finding witches. He was tried by his own tests, convicted, and put to death in 1647.

Eutropius, eunuch and minister to the Emperor Arcadius. He convinced the Emperor to abolish the right of sanctuary. He then committed some offence and fled to the church of St. Chrysostum who, in accordance with the Emperor's decree, handed him over to the authorities for execution.

2. Ref. my article on "Gather, Darkness!" by Fritz Leiber. Eric Just writes, "Van Vogt will be surprised to hear that Asimov wrote the Linn novels." Yeah, well.... Would you believe nobody else caught that faux pas? I'm always confusing Van Vogt and Asimov. They both write such neat stuff.

3. DIMAN is a very nice new 'zine by Brad Hessel, 15 Oak Ave., Tarrytown NY 10591. Walt Buchanan says its future looks bright, and I agree with him. Brad is very press oriented and his 'zine (only in #2) already makes interesting reading. I strongly recommend playing or subbing. First game is \$4 (bargain!) and each additional game is \$3. Subs are 15¢ an issue. He'll send you a sample for a 10¢ stamp. Brad also solicits trades. He is very sincere in this. He's sent me three issues already and he doesn't even know we're trading.

4. PROMETHEUS is a 'zine started by John Baker, General Delivery, Gradyville KY 42742. John wants to run a "1975-76 Postal Diplomacy Tournament". This is a very involved affair and it takes him 4 pages to explain it. The winner will have the title of "Champion of the 1975-76 Postal Diplomacy Tournament", which will mean something if players of the calibre of Buchanan, Eller, Birsan, Lakofka, Calhamer, and Rocamora (and of course others) join it. Anyway, if your are interested in playing in this tournament, or publishing any of its games, should write John for details.

5. PSEUDONYMS seem to be cropping up again. There has always been difficulty with pseudonymous players. Most of my readers will recall the famous "Eric Blake" ploy, whereby John Boardman played two positions simultaneously in a game which he, of course, "won". Boardman is now pushing the so-called "Diplomacy Association", whose nonexistent standard of ethics has been explored in these pages rather thoroughly--they deserve each other.

Anyway, in the latest BUSHWACKER (IV.8), Fred Davis calls our attention to pseudonymous Gamesmasters! Now, that is just ridiculous. The members of this hobby should know who is running each 'zine and each game. The masked bandits of "TDA" are quite enough, thank you!

Fred suggests the way to deal with anonymous and pseudonymous publishers and gamesmasters is to boycott them. I second that notion. No 'zine or game run in such a fashion will be mentioned in EREWON...unless I am warning people to avoid it like the plague.

The prize for this one is a free game in DMIAR... (that is, if you win and want to play in a DMIAR game, I will pay your game-fee. If you don't want to play in another game, you may assign the prize to any person you wish (in any way; like, have a contest of your own).

This contest is a very simple one. I am going to give you a sequence of quotations from the Bible. For each one you correctly identify (Book, Chapter, Verse), you get 1 point. All of these verses have one factor in common. If you identify it correctly, you get 100 points. If you identify that common factor, that will enable you to provide me with a sequence of dates corresponding to the verses quoted (I can't be more specific without giving something away). One point for each correct date.

1. "Whom they set before the disciples: and when they had prayed, they laid their hands on them."
2. "And Rebekah arose, and her camels, and they rode upon the camels, and followed the man; and the servant took Rebekah, and went his way."
3. "And he said, I tell thee, Philip, the cock shall not crow this day, before that thou shalt thrice deny that thou knowest me."
4. "I discharge thee before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, and the elect angels, that thou observe these things without preferring one before another, doing nothing by partiality."
5. "Wherefore I say unto thee, Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much: but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little."
6. "Woe to the idle shepherd that leaveth the flock! the sword shall be upon his arm, and upon his right eye: his arm shall be clean dried up, and his right eye shall be utterly darkened."
7. "Shall I bring to the birth, and not cease to bring forth? saith the Lord: shall I cause to bring forth, and shut the womb? saith thy God."
8. "And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was more sea."
9. "These are murderers, complainers, walking after their own lusts; and their mouth speaketh great swelling words, having men's persons in admiration, because of advantage."
10. "But as then he that was born after the flesh persecuted him that was born after the Spirit to remain, even so it is now."

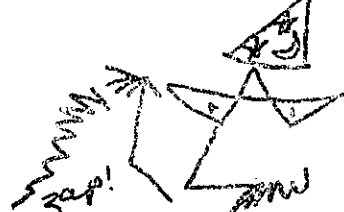
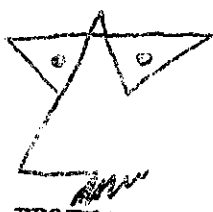
P.S. One quotation is something of a "ringer"—extra 10 points if you identify which & why.

DEADLINE is the same as the game, Friday, 22 August 1975.

LOOKING FORWARD

This is the 90th issue of EREHWON. Given my current schedule, the 100th issue will appear in late May or early June of 1976, about a month short of my 10th anniversary. EREHWON's 10th anniversary, that is. That calls for a gala, bang-up issue and I intend to do one. That means I have to begin working on it now, because I'll never get it done if I wait until next January to get started. Hopefully, this will be a triple issue, possibly with some reprints from stuff I've put out over the years, but also hopefully with lots of original material.

Articles and other things, especially humorous, are solicited. Now, I've written plenty for a lot of youse guys out there--not all you've wanted me to write, but still quite a bit. I hope that you will now return the favor. Help me make the 100th issue of EREHWON the biggest and best thing I've ever put out. Volunteers will be gratefully accepted. Arm-twisting will begin in a couple of months.



BIG BROTHER WATCHING BIG BROTHER WITCHING BIG BROTHER WASHING BIG BROTHER WISHING

PRESS RELEASE BALLOT #1 (Spring 1901), 1975CY.

In the spaces indicated below, vote for each release or set of releases. Vote on a scale of 0 (bad) through 10 (fantastic). Sign and return this ballot to Rod Walker, 1273 Crest Dr., Encinitas CA 92024, before 22 August 1975. Ref.: EREWON 89.

- _____ "Star-Trek" series (datelines "Star Date 2853.74" through "Earth-Base I")
- _____ Garbagecan (dateline "Berlin")
- _____ Four Musketeers (dateline "Paris")
- _____ Italian releases (datelines "Genoa Gourmet" through "Hilam (May 1901)")
- _____ The Quest for the Queen (I)
- _____ Armenians & Borneo (datelines "Holy Echmiadzin" through "Borneo".
- _____ Dateline "At the Shore"

_____ (date) _____ (signature)

PRESS RELEASE BALLOT #2 (Fall 1901), 1975 CY.

Same directions, same deadline. Ref.: EREWON 90.

- _____ The Quest for the Queen (II)
- _____ Four Musketeers (datelines both "Paris")
- _____ The Mind of Man (Chapter I)
- _____ Garbagecan (dateline "Berlin")
- _____ Armenians & Borneo (datelines "Jamaica..." through "Constantinople")

_____ (date) _____ (signature)

Please, everybody, mail in the ballots and vote. I'll compute running totals of the averages for each player, each season. (I'll have to treat a "no vote" as "0".) The player with the highest total of average scores at the end of the game will have his game fee entirely remitted.

In most cases, it should be obvious who is writing what. I have not identified the authors by name, however. If anyone feels I should identify them, let me know and we can see how all the players feel.

As I said before, anyone who reads EREWON is eligible to vote. You may use this ballot or a facsimile thereof. I will even accept votes from Hesh (although that will probably lower the property values of the votes in the same neighborhood). Seriously, though, please let us know how you rate the press. The writers will appreciate it, too. (Remember, you don't have to give anyone the maximum or the minimum. Just rate each release where you believe it would place in the spectrum covering the worst release ever written and the best ever written. The primary criterion should be humor, but you may use others if you wish.

COMING UP: Changes around Alcalá, some shorts I've had rejected and may not re-submit, plugs for good 'zines again, no doubt some more on how "TDA" is fucking up the hobby, tons of press, Big Brother, &c., &c. ... whatever fits. I am not always going to do 12 pages, but this time it seemed appropriate. Ciao.

FIRST CLASS MAIL

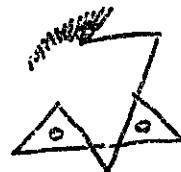
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SEE THIS PAGE
FOR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

ADDRESS CODE:

TO:

FIRST CLASS MAIL

"ALCALA"
1273 Crest Dr.
Encinitas CA 92024



- S-xx -- Subscription (sub ends with issue indicated by number)
- I -- Trade
- T? -- Wanna trade?
- T?? -- Are we trading??
- P -- Player in 1975CY
- SB -- Stand-by in 1975CY (* means we need you)
- XXX -- Last issue on sub/trade/whatever
- C -- Complimentary copy (Calhamer, Root, von Metzke)
- NNN -- Note below

FIRST
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SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT: "TDA", contrary to its usual practice, is actually doing something useful. They have prepared, and are distributing free, sets of maps for the Youngstown Variant, which I introduced to the hobby in 1968. This has proved to be the most popular and enduring variant I know of, and the maps are well worth-while having. I urge everyone to take advantage of this service: write Raymond Heuer, 102-42 Jamaica Ave., Richmond Hill NY 11418. Since they're free, you can always order 11 or so and run your own section of the game postally.