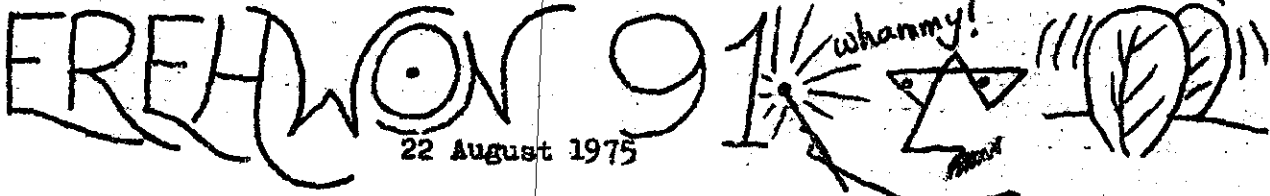


"For my next miracle, Cinderella, honey," said the Good Fairy of Postal Diplomacy, "I'll point the good old magic wand at that pumpkin there, and turn it into



22 August 1975



Omigod! All is lost...Edi Birsan just offered me an alliance...

OUR NEW COSTUME PARTY
Come as Your Favorite Villain

Baron Vladimir Harkonnen.	John Beshara
Sauron.	Edi Birsan
Ming the Merciless.	Len Lakofka
Wang the Perverted.	Dick Miller Gollum
Count Dracula	Don Horton
Queen of the Night.	Carol Buchanan
Ruggedo, King of the Nomes.	Buddy Trotick
Screwtop	Eric Verheiden
Pruneface	Charlie Reinsel
Grima Wormtongue.	Dick Kovalcik
King Id	Gerdy Anderson
Armbis.	Tony Watson
Lucretia Borgia	Rod Walker
Rod Walker.	Bob Lipton
Bob Lipton.	Fred Davis
Fred Davis.	Paul VI

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	<u>Member Benefits</u>	<u>'Zine</u>	<u>Financial Statement</u>	<u>Membership List</u>	<u>Elections</u>	<u>Constitution</u>	<u>Fair Play</u>
IDA	many	yes	regular	regular	annually	yes	yes
"TDA"	none	no	never	never	never	no	never

WHICH ONE SHOULD YOU JOIN? IDA is \$2 per year to: Walt Buchanan, R.R. #3, Box 32, Lebanon IN 46052.

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 * copy must be sent to the Editor.

EREHWON is a monthly journal of postal Diplomacy and other coloratura mad scenes.
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 with, who so identifies himself when he subscribes, and who is not a member of "TDA").

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 are in \$US only (check, money order, or US stamps).

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 BUCHANAN DUDS "TDA"

The latest in the long, long line of critics of postal Diplomacy's answer to the
 John Birch Society is Walt Buchanan, hobby archivist and widely respected Editor of
 DIPLOMACY WORLD. In POICTESNE #18, Walt at length writes about his unhappy experiences
 with the so-called "Diplomacy Association". Walt describes the power plays used by
 Besh to seize unchallenged rule over the DA and Besh's use of the club for his private
 purposes (including his use of the club 'zine, WAZIR, to continue his private feud with
 me). I won't recap it here; I strongly suggest anyone interested in the truth behind
 Besh and "TDA" read it.

(As an aside, Besh is at it again. In two recent instances, he has used the
 "TDA presents" logo and "TDA"'s mythical "copyright" to surround virulent personal
 attacks on me with what he imagines is an aura of respectability. Using the official
 channels of a supposed "service" organization to carry on a vendetta of character as-
 sassination (well, attempted; John is better at gutter talk over the phone) is about
 as low as you can get.)

 (Editor's note: I regret as much as anybody the fact that even the most impersonal
 criticism of "TDA" results in a personal feud with John Beshara. Before the current
 feud, John sent me an article which appears below. I publish it now because (a) I
 have room, (b) it is quite clever, and (c) I would not want John to be able to claim
 that I allowed the feud to interfere with my job as Editor to present all worthy sub-
 missions of humor.)

The Diplomacy Association presents:

SLIME SQUARE

by John Beshara

Chairman of the Board

Huck Hustler (19, 6", 175 lbs., 8"---thick, straight, moderate foreskin) ducked
 into a doorway on 42nd Street between 7th and 8th Avenues to stack his meat for better
 display. It was threecintheafternoon. He'd been on the block for almost an hour
 without scoring. His only offer was threethucks from a toothless slob who wanted to

suckhimoff in a peep show stall.

"Shoot for threebucks! Shit, for 5 I'll let ya have a couple minutes. Okay?"

"I kin only spare three. C'mon."

"Fuck no."

Winter is rough on the street. Huck works 42nd only 2 or 3 afternoons a week when there's no action on 3rd Avenue. On 42nd he gets 20 or 25 usually but sometimes takes 15. The johns around there don't like paying more than 10 or 15. But on 3rd he gets at least 25 and often more. Even deliciously handsome Huck has to put out for the 25, if he wants to get repeaters.

"Fuckin' cold. Shit. Gotta score or beat it. Cops."

A Touristy looking, middle aged woman eyes him. Huck follows her across to 6th Avenue. She stops at a window of a Japanese shop and peers at him. He walks to Nathan's and stops. She follows.

"Hi there," he whispers.

"Oh. I a..."

"You from outoftown?"

"Well, kind of. Philadelphia. But I come into the city often."

"I've been here two years. Wanna hot dog? I mean, you want to go inside where it's warm and talk?"

"I guess so."

"I was suppose to meet a gal an hour ago. She didn't show up. I get hungry waiting."

"There's a coffee shop in my hoto. The Manhattan."

"Let's go."

At four-thirty Huck left her hotel room. It was an easy \$30 and he didn't have to come. She made a date for two weeks later, too. Going through the lobby, he collided with Linda Lovelace.

"Makin' out, stud?"

"Yeah, it's okay. What's up?"

"Business crap, as usual, these days. Hollywood. A couple months I start the picture."

"Great. For chrissake tho don't make it look so fuckin' easy when you swallow those cooks. Shit, every goddam john who saw 'Throat' wants me to gobble their joint down to the balls. Shit."

"Suck it up. That's what life's all about."

(The original of this article and the accompanying cover letter are now on file in the Postal Diplomacy Archives, Lebanon III.)

 "If you are an adult," said the Good Fairy of Postal Diplomacy, "and if you consent, you may see

THE GAME

1975CY, Winter 1901. In the unit lists which follow, builds are marked *.

AUSTRIA (Watson): A Vie*, A Tri*, A Bud, F Gre, A Ser (5).

ENGLAND (Lakofka): F Lon*, F Nwy, A Yor, F Nth (4).

FRANCE (Schlickbernd): A Par*, F Mar*, F Bre*, F Por, A Spa, A Mun (6).

GERMANY (Leeder): A Ber*, A Hol, A Ruh, F Dan (4).

ITALY (Wyman): F Nap*, F Ion, A Tun, A Tri (4).

RUSSIA (Ulanov): A Mos*, A Sev*, A War, F Swe, F Rum, A Ukr (6).

TURKEY (Rosenberg): F Smy*, F Aeg, A Bul, A Con (4).

SPRING 1902 ORDERS are due on Friday, 26 September 1975.

SPRING 1902 PRESS RELEASES are due on Wednesday, 24 September 1975.

PLEASE VOTE FOR YOUR FAVORITE AND UNFAVORITE PRESS, OK? BALLOT ON PAGE 11.

and now, ladies and gentlemen, the moment you've all been hoping to avoid... the ~~briefcase~~ ~~briefcase~~... er, briefcase, please....

THE PRESS

NORTHERN EUROPE (22 December 1901): It was a day of uncanny occurrences.

The captain of a German warship easing through the Kiel Canal suddenly blanched from the effects of a brief bout of nausea which he did not recognize as the backwash from a nearby temporal displacement nexus exit. Recovering, he squinted skyward at the dirigible that he had not noticed an instant before, then snarled at his mate to "a_hut that damned window against those cursed bagpipers!"

Through the halls of a mansion in Boulogne stumped a husky, colorfully-jacketed man. He paused before doors, now smiling at the falsetto shrieks coming from the Richard Sykes Room, now shaking his head in disbelief at the frenzied gnashing in the Rosenberg Room, now frowning at murmurs emanating through the transom of the Beyerlein Room. At length he moved on, mumbling something about "maudit anglais, tabernac et coupe de saint c'est boire...".

Most miraculous of all! In a field somewhere in England, where multitudes gathered to hear music, a man was seen to rise. He walked one hundred yards, deposited his garbage in a litter container, and lol thousands gazed at him in awe and wonder.

Oblivious to it all, two men sat in the smoking car of the Berlin-Paris express, chatting over brandy and cigars. Their topics of conversation included poetry, crime detection, harlotry, rose cultivation, the distribution range of the eastern and western species of the North American moose, the place of the Polish Cannon in modern warfare, and The Doom Facing All Mankind.

Yes, it was indeed a day of uncanny occurrences.

KIEL: Sergeant Geordie M'Donald of the Highland Mounted Light Dragoon Cuirassier-Fusiliers (more familiarly known as the Mounted Cuirasses) was a simple man. His main concerns in life were women (or any reasonable substitute), loot, and a good fight--in that order. Unimaginative not quite to a fault, he was not a man to be diverted from his objective by a mere unexplainable supernatural-seeming event. So when the enemy with whom his regiment was engaged suddenly disappeared, he nevertheless gave no order to cease operations. The withering blasts of bagpiperery which his men were busily producing chattered a number of porthole-glasses, several pairs of expensive binoculars, and a quartz compass cover on the battleship which had suddenly appeared in front of the regiment, where the French Army had been an instant beforehand. The silical carnage was halted only by an Order from Above--not, in this case, a divine revelation, but rather a dispatch by parachute from the gasbag Heisenberg which was hovering overhead. Its captain, Lance Boyle, distinguished Irish patriot in exile and fighter-for-money, and its renowned passenger The Lone Junker, noted ruler (whenever he could find a Germany to rule), were men of more flexible make than the stubborn Sergeant M'Donald. Their keen senses and military intuition instantly sized up the situation and came to the firm conclusion that they didn't know what the hell was going on. At least someone (possibly a subaltern, but it was never determined who) had the presence of mind to order the troops to stop piping before the battleship's plates were ruptured. Just in the nick of time, too. The pipe major had been about to order "The Muckin' o' Geordie's Byre"!

MOOSE FACTORY: Lance Boyle and The Lone Junker appear in this series wholly without the permission of John Carroll.

The Guest for the Queen (III)

GALICIA (a border outpost): "Now you'll pay," snarled Sgt. Heinrich Austberg as he gave his Spalding "Turboflight" paddle a spin and then unleashed his famous serve. The white ball whizzed across the green table, took an odd hop, and was completely missed by the corporal on the opposite side. "Ah; that's 18-14, my favor," Heinrich smiled.

Suddenly the door to the rec room burst open, and a courier, bespattered with blood and mud burst in. "Sgt. Austberg! The Russians come!"

Heinrich turned with a concerned look on his face. "Russians be damned! Can't you see I'm playing ping-pong?" With that he turned and served once more.

Shortly thereafter, the door flew open again, but this time a soldier in a green-brown uniform came in. There was a two-headed eagle adorning his hat. "I am Capt. Ulanovsky of the 1st Polish Army of the Empire of the Russians. Please surrender your post to me." Heinrich (who was ahead 11-5 in the second game) turned to Ulanovsky and with pinpoint accuracy hurled his paddle, which caught the Polish Captain squarely on the nose. With a whimper (and a cupped hand to catch the blood) Ulanovsky ran from the room and ordered his army back to Warsaw.

"Ill-mannered louts," said Austberg, picking up his paddle. "Now, where were we?" VIENNA (the War Department): Geoff and Boner sat in silent contemplation of the map before them. General Geoff sighed, his head propped up in both hands, and turned to Boner. "What do you suggest now?" Geoff was the Hungarian half of the High Command and something of a dillard.

Boner stretched his long legs and stood up, fiddling with his handlebar mustache and wishing to Hell he had listened to his father and become a lawyer. "I don't know; we have survived this far only by the hair of our palms." (He smiled to himself, for he knew such a statement could not be made in Warsaw.) "I was able to badger the 1st Fleet into an amphibious operation against Greece only by telling them that the Athenians were sponsoring a national ping-pong tourney. I daresay they will be a bit pissed when they find none."

"Yes," rejoined Geoff, "and Galicia was saved only by a fluke. Its security is still in question. Oh, what to do! Our homeland crumbling! And we can do naught to save her!" At this he fell to weeping, turning his desk into a soggy mess.

Boner turned his eyes skyward, silently cursing the excitability of the Hungarians. Yet what the hulking Hungarian said was true; the Empire was threatened. What was the answer? Hmm, he mused, certainly he could manage passage for one on a packet to France? He was thinking thus, while idly patting Geoff on the back when the door burst open (as they have a great tendency to do in this press series) and two gendarmes entered, half-dragging a man in an outrageous suit of armor after them. Roughly they threw him to the floor where he continued to mutter and curse his fate. "And who be you, sir?" inquired Boner politely.

The man in armor haughtily threw open his visor. "I am Sir Anthony of The Meadows but as of late, Crown-Prince of Ruritania and rightful heir to the throne of the Dual Monarchy! And may I add, accursed by his fate."

"Sheesh," whispered Boner to himself, but then politely, to the armored man: "That is quite a mouthful, dear sir; have you any proof of your claims?"

"Indeed I do!" snapped the knight. "Before I was so abruptly apprehended by these clowns," he jerked a gauntlet at the gendarmes, "I had garnered the instruments of power; the broom and the dustpan." At this cue one of the gendarmes produced the said articles.

Boner pushed them away and covered his nose with a hanky. "Overwhelming 'phew' evidence, but have you any other proof?"

Sir Anthony looked thoughtful for a moment and then, grinning wildly, pulled from his breastplate pocket (well the suit had been updated a bit) the membership card to the Ruritanian Raquet Club. Boner looked at it, noted that it indeed was issued to a Sir Anthony, and that in fine print the words "no less than a Crown Prince may join so this fellow, according to legend, is the rightful heir to the throne, dummy" appeared. Now, Boner was a thoughtful fellow, and saw the effect that legend and patriotism could have on such as Geoff. His mind ticked away; perhaps he could save Austria after all. He helped Sir Anthony to his feet and very pal-like said, "Now tell me, you jer...I mean, Your Highness, can you play ping-pong?" His arm around Sir Anthony's shoulder, Boner helped the knight to his conference room.

VIENNA (the public square): "Well, where in blazes is he?" Sir Knaves said moodily.

The right pocket of his cardigan rustled and a perturbed voice emanated. "Well, as is obvious from the fact that the broom and the dustpan have already been withdrawn

Sir Anthony has already made his appearance, an appearance we missed due to the fact that you kept us up all night at that stripping establishment watching the gyrations of the she-hellion, Krysti Kuda. Really! Sir Knave, where is your sense of duty?"

"Crap," replied Sir Knave, "if I had known we would be late anyway, I would have stayed to see her climax."

GREECE: The Austrian marines charged up the plain at Marathon and accosted the first shepherd they came to. "Which way to the national ping-pong tourney?"

"Ping-pong tourney? No such thing," muttered the peasant.

"Hoodwinked, by gum," cried the marine Colonel. "I darosay I am slightly pissed."

KERTCH (anybody know where Kertch is? /the Crimea area, Warren/)(November 1901): A DEAL IN THE WORKS? Rumor has it that Premier Bombasto and the "Old Man's" nephew are trying to make a pact behind Sir Anthony's back. This "nephew" (probably one of the unrecognized bastards) is one I Aned A Rasha De Merde. We think they're both full of it.

TUNIS TRAPEZE: TUNIS TAKEN--SOLDIERS TAKEN. Italian soldiers recently arrived here are sicker than the curs they usually behave like. A full 25% were stricken by the end of the first day's activities. The local commander expressed no alarm, however, stating that the figure was a little high and that it was usual for a number of his men to have trouble standing after the first night.

BISERTA TRIUMPH: STRIKES SPREAD, ARMY BROUGHT TO KNEES. It was felt in local circles that once the New Roman army arrived, the fig crop could be gotten in. But no, things are worse and the army powerless, having fallen to a new disease which has left 60% unable to walk or even stand. Tunisia is at a "lay-still". A minor point: authorities claim that the problem is made worse by the fact that the only people still moving around under their own power are drunks and prostitutes. *** In related action--Rome (Premier Bombasto) has ordered Army Corps I (Tyrolia) to return to Venice to be shipped to Tunisia.

BISERTA BUGLE & TELEGRAPH (Religion Section): A new prophet appearing nightly at the Bedja Dato Works and Olive Oil Supper Club is drawing rave audiences. Strangely, he claims credit for the recent plague which has been affecting the "New Romans" over in Tunisia. No one seems upset about it and many soldiers seem to be among his most recent converts. He preaches doom for the unbelieving and counsels debasement (as opposed to de attic or de dining room) before his god, "Kraivil". We must admit that during the "climax" of his "act", he sure gets his folks into some really different positions. Bring the whole family--sheep are also welcome, if you're on to that scene.

PALERMO PENTAGRAM (Entertainment Section): Places to See and Visit in Tunisia, by Muckraka de Merde. Today's selection is the Arrivederci Rigornotico Funeral Home and Pleasure Palace. It's a rather flashy place run by two sisters. We talked to one, Mammaria Pendulosa. "Has business suffered since the plague hit those soldiers?"

"Well, sonny, actually not. We have all we can handle. None of our customers are sick at all--well, I mean they don't get the plague, anyway," she chuckled.

"That's reassuring."

"My sister is out now advertising that we're some sort of plague preventative."

"Just what sorts of services to you offer here?"

"Why, anything you want, honey. Well, almost anything. We got picketed last week by the prophet's people. They wanted us to stop some of our stuff--said it cut into their religious ceremonies. Said that they spent all their time on their knees debasing themselves and here we were enjoying it. Got real upset. So we just went out and applied a few lip-locks (now they're our customers) and threatened to do the same to anybody else who came by. Why, business has boomed! We've sent for a couple more girls from Bologna--but that's another story."

The Mind of Man (Chapter 2)

"William Rodney Leomund!" the voice spoke his name slowly and distinctly. "Come on Bill, don't be bashful," the voice offered in a more seductive tone. "You've just won \$10,000 a year for life!" and the voice rose to a crescendo of ecstasy. Bill moved through the crowd in a trance, taking the 7 steps in 2 giant strides. Sally

Nakowski, the Grand Prize winner, forced her face into a vacant smile of recognition. The chubby, middle-aged housewife scanned Bill from head to toe, with a prolonged stop in the middle. A glance made it clear how she'd like to spend part of her \$50,000.

Bill's mind clouded for a moment and then he thought of the dingy corridor of the Jefferson Hotel and the young man who accosted him. The boy's eyes were glassy; in his hand a small calibre pistol trembled. "The money, the money, \$10,000!" came the staccato demand. He must have expected Bill to produce a wad of new \$100 bills with which he could pay off his connection and impress his friends at the local bar. Bill had no money and tried to convince him of it. "You've got to have it! You've got it!" The gun rose in his hand and spoke loudly, only once.

"My God!" Bill's eyes opened to a blinding fluorescent light showering the sterile white linen around him with a blue-white iridescence. Bill's head flooded with pain at the sudden thrust of light into his darkened mind. A nurse, sitting beside his bed, rose resentfully and with a muffled "Shit!" stuffed her latest copy of PLAYGIRL beneath the mattress, assumed a pained look of concern, and dramatically exited to find a doctor.

A small team of doctors returned and after a very complete physical announced that the damage was actually minor, considering the course of the bullet: some loss of vision in one eye, a small hearing problem, and some stiffness in the limbs. Nothing too serious.

"But how long have I been here?" kept punctuating the examination.

"You've been in a deep coma for just over 8 months. A few days ago you began to show signs of coming out of it and we posted a nurse in your room."

"Well, there goes a few years of lottery money," Bill sighed. (However, to save itself embarrassment, and a law suit, the State had already paid the bills.)

The next weeks of therapy and testing passed quickly and Bill left the hospital on December 30. "Just in time for a good drunk and a good piece," he thought. Everything was almost back to normal, except for a few mental abilities--which had dramatically improved. Bill would not forget 1976.

AT THE SHORE: At 2:30 the next day, the Fat Man entered the lobby of the Hotel Crimea, crossed the huge oriental rug to the clerk's desk, and asked for Miss Warren's room. Ordinarily to ask to visit a lady alone in her room would have produced outrage but now resulted in barely the batting of an eyelash on the part of the clerk. Clearly Antonia Warren had established herself as a most unusual woman.

The ceiling fan in Suite 354 beat slowly with its huge, wooden blades, circulating the air more than cooling it. The Fat Man in his light white tropics suit sat in his wicker lounge chair across from Antonia. "Who would you say is the most destructively powerful man in this part of Europe?" she asked.

"Abdul Bishara Constantine," he replied without pause.

"What would you say if I told you there is firm evidence to remove him from the power he now exercises over his minions?"

"I would say you would do the poor, unknowledgeables of this corner of the world a deep and lasting good. He masks himself as a helper of the many and a friend to all the inexperienced, unknown, and powerless, while he manipulates his puppets and produces little but self-gratification, spite, and vicious castigation of those who dare to look forward and refuse to bear his yoke."

Lady Warren smiled; a smile, which along with the intimation that something might exist to remove the oppressive presence of Constantine, stirred feelings in the Fat Man he had not felt in almost too long to remember. "Among the informed it is well known," she said, "that Constantine has thrived by committing the very acts he enjoins those with consciences from performing. Deceit has been his mainstay. It will now be his undoing. He has only succeeded by operating on an individual basis. Many of those whom he has tried to manipulate are now gathering here to compare notes and to find a way to weaken and, if possible, end his destructive role."

"I am indeed pleased," the Fat Man replied, "but what have I to do with this?"

"We need your help. We need you to help us contact those not of our number who might have information to aid us or want to join our numbers. We need your aid in

gathering here, your knowledge of the area, and your cafe as a meeting place. I can offer you no more than I already have."

"A man does not retract a proffered hand."

"And I shall not spurn it."

Miss Warren and the Fat Man had tea. As she was pouring the last cup from the Wedgewood pot, a thin man in a wide-collared open shirt entered the Fat Man's cafe. "A Green Dragon," he ordered. When the drink was nearly finished he motioned the waiter to his side. "Request Lady Warren to meet me here at 9 p.m., please."

The waiter nodded and moved to the next table.

THE NO-TELL MOTEL, PARIS: "Now, gentlemen, what brings you here?" smiled Milady la Douche.

"We can discuss this in your office," leered D'Arktanya, motioning to the bedroom.

"Why, so we can." She walked over to the doorway, turned, then gave them her best lascivious grin. The Musketeers looked at each other, nodded, and advanced at the door. Milady's eyes widened perceptibly.

"This won't do," observed Acehole. "We must choose a...spokesman. For my own part, I decline since I have found all women to be not worth the trouble"(his eyes lingered on Err Amis just a bit too long) "so I will be the judge." He grabbed a broom and broke off three straws. "Whoever draws the long straw will represent us."

Porthole grabbed one, followed quickly by Err Amis. They both displayed theirs before D'Arktanya had a chance to pull the last straw; Err Amis' was significantly longer. Porthole made a sour face and stalked off while Err Amis strode confidently toward the bedroom door.

"Wait," cried D'Arktanya, "I haven't drawn a straw yet."

Amis stopped, hesitated, then said, "Oh, go ahead if you insist. It's only academic..." he stopped short as D'Arktanya drew his rapier and placed its point against the other musketeer's chest, "...then again, perhaps I was presumptuous; as any fool can see you have drawn the longest of us all." He bowed as D'Arktanya passed through the door and locked it behind him.

"When you first came through that door," said Milady, "I thought you were not well-armed. But now I perceive that I was wrong, and that you must be the greatest swordsman in France with a rapier as long as yours."

"En garde," drooled D'Arktanya, as he gave a vicious thrust with his rapier.

"What did you learn?" inquired Acehole of his young companion.

D'Arktanya fell into a chair heavily, obviously exhausted. "After much fencing and beating about the bush, I was finally able to thrust home and convince her to tell me where M. Roquefort had fled. He has gone to Italy..."

"Then so must we! Porthole! Err Amis! Saddle your horses; we are off to Rome!"

Back in her boudoir, Milady la Douche tied a second note around another carrier pigeon. "One to warn Roquefort, and one to arrange the death of the unfortunate M D'Arktanya," she laughed to herself. She opened the window and tossed the two birds out into the night. They flapped their wings noisily, then rose swiftly out of sight, both to the east.

AT THE ABODE OF THE HASESHASHIN: A thin, hawk-nosed man approached a raised chair surrounded by beautiful and scantily clad women. The Old Man in the Mountain surmounted the chair, and he looked down at the messenger, who was nearly lost in his flowing robes. The latter bowed and scraped his head on the floor. "Another job?" yawned the Old Man, raising his bearded head from the pillow that the houri had by way of a breast.

"Yes, O Magnificence; this time one D'Arktanya, currently in a salacious press series."

"Hmmm? Then we will have to use a character assassin this time. You know my men; whom do you recommend for the job?"

The hawk-nosed man smiled nefariously. "Yes, yes, I have just the man for the

job." He bowed and turned to leave.

"Wait! His name?"

The messenger turned slowly. "May Allah protect us! Sirhan Beshara Sirhan."

THE RATINGS GAME

"TDA" has finally brought out its fifth rating survey, in NIXUMAKU GAZETTE #37. Inasmuch as the results for this were calculated some months ago, it is difficult to account for the delay (except for Besh's chagrin at finally having to admit that Walt Buchanan's rating is very much better than his own, despite all the trouble he has gone to in manipulating the figures). On the positive side, the DA is finally listing the games it rates. It took a lot of public pressure to get them to make this small concession to our right to know. On the other hand, "TDA" is still rating junk... particularly local games played over the telephone among friends. The reason for Besh's insisting on this (no other rating system includes such games) is that he won such a game... another example of how the DA is controlled largely by personal whim.

The Averaged Calhauer Point Count has already been calculated through EVERYTHING 20 (I'm working on 21 & 22 for publication in DIPLOMACY WORLD). Making allowances for the fact that the DA will rate any old game if it boosts Besh's point count, the time at which these systems are based is roughly comparable. The results:

AVERAGED CALHAUER POINT COUNT					THE "TDA" RATING SURVEY #5			
No.	Score	Name	Cal.Pts.	Games	No.	Score	Cal.Pts.	Games
1	917	Walt Buchanan	5.500	6	1	813	6.500	8
2	813	Don Pitsch	3.250	4				
3	761	Mike Rocamora	6.853	9	2	781	7.033	9
4	750	Michel Grayn	3.000	4				
4	750	Gareth Lodge	2.250	3				
4	750	Don Miller	3.000	4				
7	556	Lee Childs	3.333	6				
8	544	Tom Eller	6.533	12	5	627	7.533	12
9	500	Doug Beyerlein	12.500	25	6	561	12.900	23
9	500	Glen Hertz	2.000	4				
11	467	John Boyer	2.333	8				
12	458	Randy Bytwerk	5.500	12	8	542	6.500	12
13	433	John Beshara	4.200	9	3	683	8.200	12
14	413	Lew Pulsipher	6.200	15	10	494	7.900	16
15	395	James Fish	1.583	4				
16	382	Tim Tilson	4.583	12	11	478	4.783	10
17	381	Bruce Kindig	2.667	7	14	387	2.667	7
18	375	Pete Weber	1.500	4				
19	354	Don Horton	2.833	8	18	315	2.833	9
20	354	Jeff Power	4.250	12	15	353	4.583	13
(28	314	Ron Kelly	2.200	7)	4	633	5.700	9
(32	292	Monte Zelazny	3.500	12)	7	556	5.000	9
(48	196	Andy Phillips	5.833	30)	9	509	12.716	25
(49	170	Pete Rosamilia	1.700	10)	12	433	3.900	9
(29	313	Rick Brooks	2.500	8)	13	429	3.000	7
(27	323	Elliot Lipson	2.583	8)	16	323	2.583	8
(31	298	John Smythe	8.333	28)	17	321	8.333	26
(41	248	Gone Prosnitz	5.450	22)	19	293	6.450	22
(58	109	Jeff Key	1.200	11)	20	290	3.200	11

Why the differences? "TDA" rates a lot of games I don't (and nobody else rates them, either). In addition, the DA will rate a person in a game as a replacement player only if he wins or draws. What a no-risk bonanza for ratings freaks that if I will rate a player in a game (a) if he is the original player, (b) if he is a replacement player and drops, and/or (c) if he is a replacement player an players for

majority of the total seasons the game lasts. (Thus, 2 persons could be rated for a given country in a given game.) Furthermore, I will not rate a win or draw by any replacement player who had 13 or more supply centers when he entered the game (that is, more than 1/3). Most of the differences in the lists above can be accounted for by the DA's sloppy standards as to what it will rate. In the case of Bruce Kindig, the 6-point difference in score is merely due to a calculation error by the DA's nameless and faceless cabal of raters. (Additional errors: Tom Miller's score should be 628; Jeff Key's, 291.)

AC/DC

Plugs for the People

1. PETER BERGOREN, Davistown Schoolhouse Rd., Oxford ME 03777, is offering a fantastic new service. A new 'sine, as yet untitled (but tentatively TOTAL OF SYSTEMS), will carry all current rating systems in one place. It will in its first issue publish the results (as of EVERYTHING 22) of the ACPCL, STARS & BARS, CPCL, ODD, BROB, and Roguos' Gallery, as well as the rating list of "TDA". In addition, Peter will publish the ultimate rating system, TOPS, a composite based on the rankings in the six other rating systems. The first issue should be out the end of September. Subscriptions are 50c an issue, \$3 per year (probable 6 issues) 1st class; or 40c an issue, \$2.40 per year 3rd class.

(How this got started is interesting. Peter wrote me to ask help in getting info on games and other rating systems. I had been thinking of doing something like TOPS but didn't have time; so I suggested that system to him as well as a 'sine acting as a central source for ratings info as EVERYTHING does for game info. Would you believe Peter had been thinking on the same lines so was very enthusiastic about the idea. Anyway, if you are interested in ratings...there is the place to go. And Peter's venture needs your support, so subscribe, OK? Please?)

2. DIPLOMACY RATING SERVICE, run by Buz Eddy, P.O. Box 731, Lynnwood WA 98036, will (for a \$1 fee) register FTF games and keep a rating system based on the results of the registered games. The initial announcement of DRS raised a number of hackles (mine, Len Lakofka's, Bob Lipton's, Edi Birson's, Scott Rosenberg's...), but Buz has send out a second one which is far more informative and reasonable. I am very impressed with his willingness to let people make suggestions and help him improve his system. I have my doubts that this system will prove viable (Diplomacy being a different trip than chess or bridge), but if you are interested in this service, write Buz.

THAT CONTEST

The series of quotations given last issue were all from famous editions of the Bible which contained printer's errors. Below are the references, the erroneous word corrected, the name of the bible in question, and date.

1. Acts 6:6. "Whom they set before the apostles...", the Bad Bible, 1653. This is the ringer; the error was deliberate, not a printer's error simply.
2. Genesis 24:61. "...and her damsels,...", the Camels Bible, 1823.
3. Luke 22:34. "...I tell thee, Peter,...", the Denial Bible, 1792.
4. I Timothy 5:21. "I charge thee...", the Discharge Bible, 1806.
5. Luke 7:47. "...are forgiven;...", the Forgotten Sins Bible, 1638.
6. Zechariah 11:17. "Woe to the idole shepherd...", the Idle Bible, 1809. /1820.
7. Isaiah 66:9. "...and not cause to bring forth?", the "Large Family" Bible,
8. Revelations 21:1. "...and there was no more sea.", the "More Sea" Bible, 1641.
9. Jude 16. "These are murnerers,...", the Murderers' Bible, 1801.
10. Galatians 4:29. "...the Spirit ~~to~~ to...", the To-Remain Bible, 1805 & 1819. The deleted words were originally a printer's correction, when asked if the following comma should be deleted.

I only got a few entries on this one, unfortunately. Only one person identified the common factor, and with over 100 points the winner is Dave Kadlecck, editor of the fine Diplomacy 'zine, SPECULUM. Congratulations, Dave; the free game in DIMAN is your prize. When I have room, we'll have another contest.

PRESS VOTES

Those who voted this time: Walter Blank, Brad Hessel, Chris Downs, Tony Watson, Fred Davis, Nick Ulanov, Peggy Genignani, Len Lakofka, Bruce Schlickbernd, and myself. The votes were added and averaged. The results follow (S01/F01):

Leeder (Garbageman series)5.0/4.9	(range, 1-9/1-3)
Lakofka (Star Trek/Mind of Man)6.7/5.5	(range, 2-10/1-9)
Rosenberg (Armenia/Borneo)5.9/6.6	(range, 2-8/3-10)
Schlickbernd (4 Musketeers)8.3/7.1	(range, 6-9/2-3)
Ulanov (At the Shore)5.3/ -	(range, 3-8/ -)
Watson (Quest for the Queen)6.0/6.2	(range, 3-7/0-3)
Wyman (Italian releases)4.4/ -	(range, 1-6/ -)

I should note that none of the players who voted gave himself a 10, and each of them gave one or more other players votes higher than his own. Interesting....

Hopefully, more of you will vote this next time, please.

(As an aside, Scott Rosenberg sent no press this issue. He asked to be excused since he is putting out the IDA HANDBOOK this month. That is indeed a valid reason for missing almost anything, and Scott was not counted as missing a deadline.)

(Players are again reminded to restrict press to 1 page in pica type with decent margins. I'm going to start blue-penciling....)

PRESS BALLOT #3

Please fill out the ballot, indicating how you would rate each release or set of releases indicated on a scale of 0 (yech!) to 10 (yum!). Mail to Rod Walker, "Alcala", 1273 Crest Dr., Encinitas CA 92024 not later than Friday, 26 September 1975.

- _____ Garbageman (datelines "Northern Europe" & "Kiel" & "Moose Factory".
- _____ The Quest for the Queen (III)
- _____ Italian releases (datelines "Kertch" through "Palermo Pentagram")
- _____ The Mind of Man (Chapter 2)
- _____ At the Shore
- _____ Four Musketeers ("The No-Tell Motel" through "At...Hashshashin")

_____ (Date) _____ (Signature)

SALUTE TO DINKICON II!

This issue of ERHWON salutes DinkiCon II, in Holmby Park, Los Angeles 24 August 1975. This is a gathering of California Diplomaniacs held in honor of the Fangmasher's annual appearance in southern California. I plan to be there, and will have a report on the bloodletting in the next issue. There is a slim possibility that will be a special issue in early September containing the report on the DinkiCon Masters' Game. I did that last year and I may get hornswoggled into it again this year. If so, we will have room for all the pluss I owe people and like that. This is all very "mayb"

Meanwhile, if I see you at the DinkiCon, guess what you're going to get shoved into your hot little hand?

This.

Ciao....



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