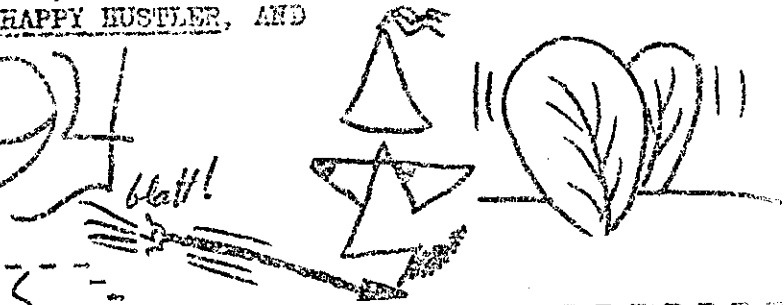


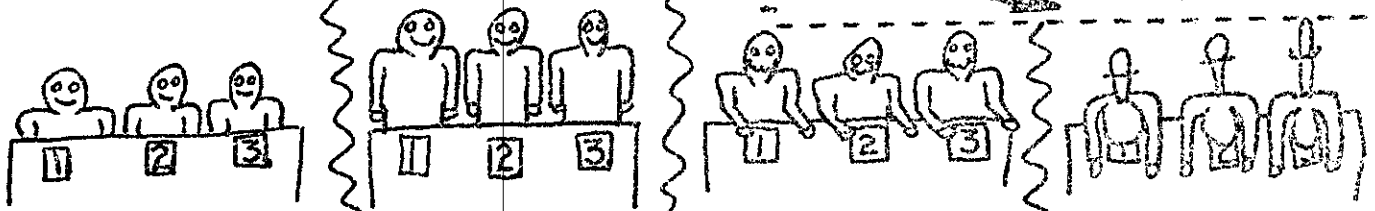
"AH," SAID THE GOOD FAIRY OF POSTAL DIPLOMACY, "WHAT A NICE SELECTION OF READING: THE TALE OF O, JUSTINE, THE HAPPY HOOKER, THE HAPPY HUSTLER, AND

EREWON 94

16 Jan 76



adapted from STAs



"Now, will the real Diplomacy player please stand up?"

CLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAP
 CLAPCLAPCLAPBRAVOCLAPCLAPCLAP
 CLAPSTOMPWHISTLECLAP....

WE PROUDLY PRESENT THE RESULTS OF OUR RECENT POLL:
 "Who Would You Like to Be When You Grow Up?"



"Wanna take a shower?"

Richard Nixon	John Boardman
Abe Lincoln	Conrad von Moltke
Niccolo Macchiavelli	Edi Birsan
Spiro Agnew	Gordon Anderson
Hermann Goering	John Beshara
John Beshara	Richard Kovalick
Pinocchio	Eric Verheiden
Ko-Ko	Bob Lipton
Benito Mussolini	Robert Sacks
Gracie Allen	Peggy Gonnanni
Carrie Nation	Carol Buchanan
Edi Birsan	Len Lakofka

LOADED CONTENTS OF THIS GRASSY ISSUE

Betty Ford for President!

ROSENBERG DUDS "TDA".	2
EYE-BYE GORDY	2
HEAR YE, HEAR YE!	2
THOSE CONTESTS.	3
THE GAME (1975CY)	3
LOR' LUBBA DUCK...HERE COMDA PRESS...	4
ABOUT THAT COVER CARTOON.	7
A BRIEF EDITORIAL	7
CODEWORDS (A SYMPOSIUM)	7
PRESS VOTES.	9

Bugs Bunny is fixed for life - we put him on Fudd Stamps!

STAND-BY PLAYERS ARE NEEDED FOR 1975CY. This is a ProssRelease Game, and press is required each season (the best press receives a remission of game fee). Replacement players pay 25c a season beginning with their first season of play. I am out (or virtually out) of stand-by players. Would anyone like to be on the list?

THE DIPLOMACY ASSOCIATION presents:

Let us rip you off; accept no substitutes. Send \$1 to John Beshara. We'll laugh all the way to the bank. O.K., suckers, HUSTLE!

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 * issue may be reproduced without prior written permission from the Editor. Such per- *
 * mission is herewith extended to all postal Diplomacy Editors and publishers except *
 * members of the so-called "TDA" (see list last issue) and Gordon Anderson. This per- *
 * mission is subject to 2 conditions: the original author and source must be properly *
 * credited and a copy sent to me, please. *

EREWON is a more-or-less monthly 'zine of postal Diplomacy and other hangover symptoms! Subscriptions are 5/\$1...however, if you are a postal Diplomacy publisher, and if I have refused a trade agreement with your 'zine, and if you are not a member of "TDA", you may subscribe at 8/\$1. US \$, of course, stamps or cash.

Back issues available: 40, 41, 45, 50-93. They are 15¢ each; 10¢ each in batches of 2 to 11; 12 issues for \$1 and 7¢ for each issue above 12! US \$ or stamps, of course.

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HELLOWALTANDCAROLHOWDOYOULIKEYOURNEIGHBORHOUSHOWARETHEWEDDINGSHOWSTHEWEATHERITSOVERSOMEONEBECACKLE

ROSENBERG DUDS "TDA"

Scott reminds me I forgot to include his very important statement among the many, many denunciations of the Great Phony Operation of New York which I have reported in these pages. True.

THE POCKET ARMENIAN #19/20, last August, carried an article, "THE DIPLOMACY ASSOCIATION AND PROOF OF ITS DECEIT AND USELESSNESS". It includes a reproduction of the DA's first advertisement and an analysis of how it has reneged on its promises! One of the funniest (and truest) lines in this one: "When I asked a prominent Besh-Pup-pet, Richard Kovalcik, what you get when you join TDA, he stammered for a few moments and then mumbled 'new players get a letter from John Beshara.' Wonderful!"

Like most people in the hobby today, Scott knows that "TDA" is nothing but a rip-off. He asked for "Counter-evidence to the above statements." That was last August. To date, not even the most dedicated toadies of the DA have been able to provide any. Why should there be? Scott's charges that "TDA" is a useless rip-off are so obviously true it is impossible to refute them.

HELLOLENEHOWAREYOU DOING HOW THAT YOU ARE REIDAVPI GUESS I SHOULD SEND YOU MY TWO BUCKS SO I CAN RUN FOR SOME OF

BYE-BYE CORDY

Well, thus far Gordon Anderson's track record seems to be as follows: he has not produced EL CONQUISTADOR since September. He has not made any attempt to "trade-mark" our hobby institution, DipCon. He got 9 whole votes in the IDA election (does that mean we have 8 fools in the IDA?). He has written bum checks to cover his obligations from DipCon VII and no checks at all for DipCon VIII (I am speaking here of the much balleyhooed "cash prizes").

If it is of course no crime to gaff from the hobby if you have to. In Gordy's case, it is downright refreshing!

FIGURE OTHER I DONT EXPECT TO GET ELECTED OR ANYTHING BUT THE CAMPAIGN IS SO EXHILARATING AND I GET A TACKLE

HEAR YE, HEAR YE!

1. THE DIPLOMAT, my other 'zine, needs stand-by players for regular Diplomacy and my big new variant, "2001" (postal games 1975IP and 1975BMgz). Subscriptions are 10/\$1 (US), sent in batches of 2 or more. Replacement players, once they take over a position, pay the usual game fee (20¢/season for one game, 25¢/season for both). The set of rules/maps for "2001" is \$1...which is applied to your game fee if you become a replacement.

2. Elmer Hinton, Jr., of 20 Almont St., Washou NE 03060, runs an outfit called Federation Specialties. He does printing and mailing, and appears to have quite reasonable commercial rates. He can, for instance, do a 4-page 'zine (2 sheets both sides) to a readership of 100 for \$29.28, including postage. I have a huge listing of rates which I can't reproduce here, but I'm sure Elmer will be happy to provide them on request.

3. It would appear that I am, at least temporarily, again Chairman of the Postal Diplomacy Rating Commission. That means I will be publishing LAPUTA again! Anyone who wants the PDEC to consider excluding a game or class of games from the Standard Rating Base, or who has other questions or problems which need to be considered by North America's Ratingsmasters, should write to me.

HELLOPEGGYHOWARETHINGSINFLORIDAISYOURHURRICANEWATCHAWAKESUREEOPPEYOU DONTGETRLOWHAWAYEYAS

THESE CONTESTS

Would you believe...I got no responses at all to the two contests in issues 92 and 93. I have a feeling that nobody knew the answers. They were actually quite simple. The big clue was that all the words were capitalized...that was not an accident. They were not, in fact, English words at all, but proper nouns.

To be specific, each list was a list of cities and towns. The list in #92 consisted of locations in France. The two "ringers" were Lot and Tarn...they are not towns but Departments (and also rivers). The list in #93 was from Switzerland. All places listed can be found in the Hammond International World Atlas.

We will try to have a new contest shortly.

HELLOBRUCEAREYOUENJOYINGTHISDELIGHTFULSUMMERWEATHERWEAREHAVINGTHISWINTERHOWISTHESMOGUP

"Gee, honey," said the Good Fairy of Postal Diplomacy to Elton John, "are you really one of the worst-dressed women in the world? Well, don't worry; if you think that's bad, you should take a look at

THE GAME

1975CY: TURKEY GETS IT IN THE BACK; STILL NO KING IN ITALY...?

Fall 1902: Until 24 Jan 76, John Leeder will be at: c/o G. R. Leeder, 923 N. Lee Ave., Arcadia FL 33821. He will then go back to Canada and freeze! Scott Rosenberg regrets that he must resign. He will be replaced effective Winter 1902. I will also ask for stand-by orders for Italy in case Randolph Bart nisses again.

AUSTRIA (Watson): A Bud-Ser, A Gal-Bud S by A Vie, A Ser-Bul S by F Gre. Owns: Bud, Tri, Vie, Gre, Ser, Bul (6). Build 1.

ENGLAND (Lakofka): F Eng-Nth, F Ska-Den, A Bel S FRENCH A Bur-Ruh /nso//d/, F Nth-Nwy. Owns: Edi, Lpl, Lon, Nwy (4). Build 1 (1/d/).

FRANCE (Schlickbernd): F Spa(sc)-Mid, F Bre-Eng, F Mid-NAT, A Bur-Bel S by A P A Gas wonders why the F Bre move was disallowed last time since it is only natural for A Bre to go into a Bra /have you asked NOW-about that?/. Owns: Bre, Mar, Par, ~~Nth~~, ~~Pop~~, Spa, Bel (6). No change.

GERMANY (Leeder): A Mun H, A Ruh & A Hol S FRENCH A Bur-Bel, F Den H. Owns: ~~Nth~~, Kie, Mun, Den, Hol (4). No change.

ITALY (~~Nth~~)(Bart)(?): HMR. F Nap, A Tun, A Trl /h/, F Ion /h//d/. Owns: Nap, Rom, Ven, Tun (4). Build 1 (1/d/).

RUSSIA (Ulanov): A War /h/, A Rum S AUSTRIAN A Ser-Bul, A Ukr S A Rum, A Sil-Ber, F Swe-Nwy, F Bla-Ank. Owns: Mos, StP, Sev, War, Rum, Swe, Ank, Ber (8). Build 2.

TURKEY (Rosenberg)(resigns): F Eas-Ion S by F Aeg, A Bul-Ser /d/, A Con-Bul. Owns: ~~Nth~~, Con, Smy, ~~Nth~~ (2). Disband 1 (1/d/).

WINTER 1902 ADJUSTMENTS are due on Friday, 6 February 1976. New players: ITALY (stand-by): Charles Bell, Antioch College/West, 1067 N. Fairfax Ave., Los Angeles CA 90046.

TURKEY (replacement): Capt. Steve Brooks, 4960-B Ave. C, Great Falls MT 59405. Don't forget, guys, press is a required feature of this game.

LOR' LUREA DUCK...HERE COMEA PRESS

The Quest for the Queen (III)

BOHUNK: Claire, Queen of Bohunk, lifted her long fingers from the crystalline bowl of Palmolive dish soap, daintily shook away the liquid greenness, and sighed a most perfect sigh. She tossed a languid look at her long red nails and noted she would have to touch them up again. It would be the third time that day, but so it was when one worshipped at the altar of Beauty. She was reaching for her Maybelline "Survival Kit" when a rather celestial female voice filled the room.

"Hi, Claire," it stated sensuously.

"Hi," replied Claire without looking way from the mirror in which she was doing her eyes.

"A little more eye shadow on the left lid," the voice offered. "...There, that's better. My, you're quite a fox, aren't you?"

"You betcha!" brightened Claire. She looked around and for the first time noticed that the voice speaking was attached to no body. "Eey, what is this? If this is someone's idea of a..."

"No, Claire," interrupted the voice in a soothing tone, "I'm your Fate, and a most beautiful Fate at that. I'm going to make you a star."

"A star, huh?" asked Claire, notably intrigued. "How?"

"Well, you see there is a certain knight running around, who's going to be famous some day, and I know he'll fall madly for you. Together, you'll really be quite a pair."

"Look, I've heard that number before. I've always got plenty of guys with plenty of promises of what they'll be someday; I want somebody with something going for him now." Carefully she fluffed her long dark hair.

"Well," began Claire's Fate, invoking a bit of elemental child psychology, "if you don't want Crown Prince Anthony..."

"Crown Prince, you say?" Claire's deep blue eyes were open wide.

"Why of course, ruler of Euritania and heir to the Austrian throne."

"Hmmm. Perhaps I am interested. Where is this guy?"

"That's a bit of a problem at the moment. You see, we don't know quite where he is," answered a slightly embarrassed Fate. "But I'm sure he'll show up soon."

"Well, then, gotta snapshot?"

"Sorry."

"No matter. I'll have to ask Krysti anyway. You dig up this guy and I'll get ready." She turned, and then, over her shoulder, "What do I wear to meet a Crown Prince, anyway?"

NORTH AFRICA: The red-haired princess was sitting alone in her tent. She downed the last of her Oly, followed by an A&W chaser, burped politely, and once again began paging through her Bible (an illustrated version because she hated to read). She wondered why the hell she had listened to her father and become a missionary. She closed her book and opened another beer; she could worry about conversions later. Right now, she was wondering what she was doing in this press series. Her reveries were broken when a courier burst through the tent flaps (ruined a lot of tent flaps, that). "A plague! A plague in Tunis and Italians drop like flies!"

"A plague? A plague?" the princess exclaimed, seizing two great handfuls of her flaming hair. "Do you think it's contagious?"

VIENNA (the Palace): Gilbert (the pussy king) sat with his cat (hence his name) in a dreamy reverie in his ping pong room. No one could beat him, his lightning serve, his extraordinary spins. What was there to do? Gilbert was what you call your jaded monarch.

VIENNA (the War Department): Geoff sat at his desk casting silent prayers that Boner would be right. He managed to up recruitment by offering advancement by merit -- ping pong wins, that is--but still... Behind him, within the door marked "Top Secret", could be heard emanating: "There you go, a little more wrist!" *Whoosh* "Good play! Four points!"

"Humm. Why, yes, perhaps I can learn to like this game."

VIENNA (wantering the city streets): "Tell me, kind sir," began Sir Knave for the ten thousandth time, "have you seen a fellow dressed in a suit of armor, about this tall...". For the ten thousandth time the citizen abruptly walked away. "Damn. This will never work. Matog, let's go home."

"Hush, Sir K; it is through your inability to follow orders that we must search the streets for the nitwitted Sir Anthony," replied the right pocket of Sir K's cardigan.

VIENNA (a back street): It was ten-fifteen and Kryeti Kuda was going home. She was stopped by a gendarme, who, after leering at her scantily clad bod, asked her what she was doing...to which she replied, "Why, I am merely making an appearance this issue so that the leacherous readers will stay interested."

The Four Musketeers

ROMAN AROUND ITALY: "Get that feather out of my face," cursed Porthole to his companion Acehole as the latter's hat-plumage draped itself half-way up the former's nose.

"Blow it out your..."

"ACHOOO!"

"...well, that will do," concluded Acehole.

"Where are we?" asked Err Amis, standing in his stirrups and gazing about him. D'Arktanya started to open his mouth, but Amis saw him. "Yes, I know; Italy. But where in Italy."

"Is err amis?" purred a small, swarthy man wearing a flowing burnoose, stepping from a pile of refuse by the side of the road.

"Yes?" replied Err Amis.

"What?"

"Not what; whom," said Acehole.

"Who," corrected D'Arktanya.

"Who?" echoed the stranger.

"Me," said Err Amis.

"I'm sorry I asked," growled the befuddled stranger.

"And whom...who are you?" asked Err Amis.

"Allow me to present my card," grinned the man. He rummaged around in his robes for a while. "Uh, I seem to be having some difficulty...". He drew out a revolver, a dagger, a vial of poison, a garotte, a set of brass knuckles autographed by Al Capone, a Browning Automatic rifle, half-a-dozen thumbscrews (for the man who has everything), an assorted collection of muzzled vipers, and an odd bludgeon or three. He smiled weakly. Finally he drew out an oil-smudged card and handed it to Acehole.

"Sirhan Beshara Sirhan, Expert Guide." Just what we need! You speak the language.

"Si, Señor."

"Um, do you know where we are?" inquired Err Amis pensively.

"Of course."

"Well...?"

"Italy."

The Lone Junker &c.

MOOSE FACTORY (perhaps "Antelope" or "Elk" would be more appropriate nowadays, but to hell with geography): Wouldn't you know it! After all my efforts to get the story line transferred from 73E to here, the other bloody game revives! Ah well...any readers with an interest in temporo-cosmological theorizing, or just plain curiosity, go hold of a FOL SI FIE.

ABOARD THE PARIS-BOULOGNE EXPRESS: "Ever since...it...happened," confessed Langyard Kipperling in a moment of self-revelation, "I've felt somehow, well, incomplete."

"I've felt it too," commented the Inspector, sipping his absynthe the while. "A

sense of loss over and above disorientation. As if a part of me had been split off and hurled through a mad gulf between worlds, or, perhaps, between... I don't know."

"An imperfect analogy, my dear Harfguske. Not a split. There's nothing of me missing. No interior gaps, that I can feel. Just that I feel a need to be reunited with something I never parted from." He stared out the window at the Artois countryside.

Neither gentlemen could have put into words the fact that they both felt like an original document after a photocopy has been made. For, alas, Xerox had yet to be invented.

ABOARD THE HEISENBERG: "There's no doubt about it, gentlemen. We are in a different world!" The listeners, who had come to the same conclusion half an hour earlier, nevertheless made polite noises of revelation and wonder. It was well to honor The Lone Junker. The only member of the dirigible's complement who had even a slight pretence of meeting that worthy on an equal level was Lance Boyle, whose independence of mind in this circumstance was based on the following facts: one, a captain is, to some extent, God on his own ship; two, nobody knew where/when they were, let alone whether the Lone Junker's writ ran in this Germany; and three, if the Lone Junker's writ did not run in this Germany, a large part in its reestablishment would be played by one Lance Boyle. Thus it was that Capt. Boyle (who, despite the normal independence of mind of mercenaries the world over toward their employers, was deep down a craven) ventured to express an opinion.

"'Twould seem to me, yer Junkership," said he, "that our course of action is to head for Berlin."

"Gentlemen," said the Lone Junker, seeming not to have heard the good Captain's remark, "we head for Berlin." Of course all present applauded His Junkership's wise decision.

But first, the gasbag swooped low over the battleship Schweigschopf in the Kiel Canal. "Ahoy!" hailed Boyle. "Does the Lone Junker's writ run in this Germany?"

No answer. The entire crew had had their eardrums destroyed by that last pibroch.

HAYSEARD BENIGHTED CHURCH, CALGARY (Those of you who didn't attend Protestant Sunday Schools, please bear with us...): We will now sing hymn #467, "OH Wants Me for a Standby" (tune: "Jesus Wants Me for a Sunbeam", words by Lanyard Kipperling):

OH wants me for a standby;

To send some orders in.

One of his players is missing;

And that's a mortal sin.

Chorus: A standby, a standby;

OH wants me for a standby.

A standby, a standby;

I'll be a standby for him.

One of his players is missing,

What anguish doth he feel!

Seeing those fleets and those armies

In désordre civile.

Maybe he'll hand me a winner

With units all replete;

But with the luck I've been having,

'Twill be one stupid fleet.

The Mind of Man (Chapter 3)

William Leonard left Northwestern Hospital at 2:15 on December 30 after his unexpected 10-month stay. He hailed a cab on Chicago Ave. and returned to what had been his apartment before his ill-fated lottery trip to Peoria. Jeff & Kate, who had visited him 3 days before, said it would be ready for him. It was then no surprise, considering Jeff & Kate, to find his place looking like the site of an orgy which had been picked out by the IRA as a Protestant headquarters. Bill stepped over and through the rubble of his living room and wandered into the bedroom. Moments later he went to the kitchen for a gin and tonic so as not to upset the happy couple humping in his bed. "Damn, they'll fuck anyplace," he thought as he added a healthy second jigger to a glass of mildly bubbling liquid which he hoped was tonic.

By 3 a.m. the apartment was cleaned, a little, and Bill & Jeff had each had Kate 3 times. Not a bad homecoming after all.

On New Year's Eve Bill had no place to go and so he decided to join the mass who would drink their way downtown by midnight and then drink their way back north by some insane hour on January 7. He went from The Attack to Frier Tuck's, to O'Rourke's, to Mother's, to Pulchinello's, to Sunday's--the poppers were always good at Sunday's--to the Gold Coast--one drink for old times, and then downtown.

The 7-below weather bothered none of the drunks on State and Randolph. Bill closed his eyes for a moment just before 12 and he could have sworn he saw himself from elsewhere in the crowd, the image was so vivid. He scanned around to see two people looking at him, one he'd seen at Sunday's, the other at the Gold Coast. He smiled weakly in recognition. "Two three-ways in two days. Not bad, Bill old boy, not bad."

Three days later, Bill and his new-found friends were aboard a plane to Florida. He had the money; why not a lark? The young man who appeared at the rear of the plane with an automatic pistol provided one answer.

HELLO ERICHOW ARE THINGS IN OKLAHOMA HOW COME YOU ARE NOT SENDING ME ANYTHING FOR THE DIPLOMAT IT'S YOUR ZINE

ABOUT THAT COVER CARTOON.

The funniest cartoon ever done in postal Diplomacy appeared in John Koning's stab some years ago. It has been reprinted in EREWON and DIPLOMACY WORLD. The cover cartoon on this month's issue is a variation on that same theme.

HELLO DICK ARE YOU STILL IN ARIZONA OR WHAT I THOUGHT YOU WOULD BE HOME FOR THE WINTER BREAK AND YOU WOULD CALL

A BRIEF EDITORIAL

The U.N. General Assembly's idiot notion that "Zionism is a form of racism" is a neo-Nazi idea, pure and simple. It is a slogan around which anti-Semites of every disgusting stripe can rally. Anyone who supports that moronic resolution is a Nazi insofar as I am concerned.

If there is any race or group of people deserving of being the rulers of the world, the Jews are it. They may or may not be God's chosen people, but they are closer to it than any other.

Judging by their behavior in the U.N. and elsewhere, the Arabs and Africans were not ruled by the European powers long enough. They still need to learn how to be civilized. A consortium of France, England, the U.S., the U.S.S.R., and Israel should be given control of the Arab countries (with the exception maybe of Egypt and Jordan, which have recently shown that they know how to behave themselves). While we're at it, we may as well get rid of the village tyrant...village idiot would be more appropriate...Idi Amin. If the African nations cannot comport themselves properly in polite society, we can always slap them back into Trusteeship for another couple of generations.

HELLLO RICHARD HOW DID YOU ENJOY BEING ELECTED THE BIGGEST BESH PUPPET OF 1975 MY CHOICE IS VERHEIDEN ACTUAL

CODEWORDS

A Symposium

Len Lakofka: I have run into the codeword problem twice in games I have GMed in LIAISONS DANGEREUSES. Both times I have ruled against their use.

I have stated that orders may be made dependent upon a PRIOR season (i.e., a retreat or an adjustment). They may not be made dependent upon anything within the season to which they apply. Were a player allowed to use codewords he could make moves dependent upon whether a particular player sent in his moves--as no codeword would appear if orders were not made.

As Rod says, such a practice gives players a new chance to screw themselves. The last attempt to use codewords in LD proves that case. I received a call on the eve of of the deadline. The player asked if _____ had sent in his orders. I told him that I could not tell him that. Then he asked if a "red flare" meant anything to me. I said it did not--he did not even imply that we were talking about codewords. He gave me his moves. As it turned out, _____ wrote a press release containing the phrase "red flare"

without stating that this was in fact a code word. I would have had to acknowledge receipt of the orders to the player who called and/or read the press release to him. The player could also have used the "red flare" and then done something else anyway--stabbing the poor dolt who fell for the codeword.

It is my contention that players know what they are getting into, time-wise, before they start playing. If they do not have the time to negotiate then they should not play. Trying this codeword nonsense is a way of saying, "I'm kind of slow and lazy so I'll let the GM do the work." I am opposed to that. Orders should be clear and concise. Codewords make GM errors more probable and increase the GM workload. For all of these reasons I oppose the use of codewords.

John Leeder: Your objections to the use of codewords seem to be basically the following: (1) They are complicated, thus creating opportunities for foulups either on your part or on the part of the players. (2) In some cases they provide a possible method of determining whether another player has missed his moves. (3) Part of the game is the necessity of carrying on a limited amount of negotiations in a given time. My responses are:

(1) I don't know the details of your GMing system, but I have never yet had a problem caused by codewords (touch wood) and I am, I think, running a much larger number of games. I use a gamefile plus a master sheet; if a player's orders are conditional on a codeword, I simply note this on the master sheet, leave the orders in the file, and transcribe them onto the master sheet after the other player's orders come in. Nothing particularly complicated about that! As for the possibility of a player fouling up, if someone uses the codeword system without understanding it (not that there's much to understand) it's at his own risk. But I believe the benefits to the players, in the form of increased negotiation opportunities and time, far outweigh the probabilities of screwing up.

(2) On principle you have a case, albeit a remote one. But if you are going to stick to that principle, you're going to have to apply it in other areas as well. Example: this season, I submitted a set of orders for the condition that France declines to retreat his army dislodged from Munich. Practically speaking, the only case in which this would happen is in the event of a French NMR. I therefore have built-in protection against a French NMR! If you are going to hew to the line on principle here, you are also going to have to play a separate season for retreats, on the off chance that someone gains a material advantage in the form of NMR protection. (Note that, if the position were different, I could submit an aggressive anti-French set of orders conditional on a French failure to retreat, and have a good chance of pulling off a coup. The advantages to be gained here are real ones and, in fact, probably much greater than those to be gained from the use of codewords.)

(3) Again, true but remote. Postal Diplomacy is not simply an attempt to recreate PTF Diplomacy by using the mails. Even if it were, the volume of negotiations possible in postal play is vastly inferior to that of PTF play. Anything that permits postal players to get more negotiations into a given period of time improves the game.

I feel I have answered all the objections you have raised so far, and hope that this has helped to lay your trepidations to rest.

Rod Walker: Of course I side more with Len than with John. But to be fair, I don't believe your eleventh-hour phone call represents the way "codewords" are supposed to work, Len. Obviously a player cannot call to check up on your receipt of a codeword any more than he can call to check up on any other orders. So your player was out of line and you properly told him nothing.

I do not mean to imply, John, that codewords are all bad. However, it is a matter of weighing and of judgement as to whether one allows them or not. It is my judgement that I will not allow them. To be strictly technical, it is inescapable that a codeword is part of the player's orders for the given season, and I cannot allow one player to make orders conditional upon another's orders for the same season.

(1) My GMing system is about the same as yours. (Side note: The most original GMing system I ever heard of was Buddy Tretick's. He would throw all orders into a closet littered with paper and other stuff, and on the deadline he would root around in there and try to find everything.) Anyway, it is my feeling that codewords unnecessarily complicate the GMing process (however slightly). As for the players...as I pointed out last time, the player in question did foul up: he submitted no set of orders to use in the event he got two codewords from two different players, and if that had happened, his units would have gone unordered. (Besides, if I were in a game with a codeword-using player, it would be my policy to send in any codeword he asked for regardless of what orders I gave my units.)

(2) I agree with you that allowing orders to be conditional on retreats or adjustments does create opportunities for taking advantage of missed deadlines. However, allowing conditional orders of that sort is absolutely necessary to running a postal game with any sort of speed to it at all. Allowing the advantage is therefore the price one must pay for timely progress of the game. That is not the case with codewords.

(3) Au contraire, in my opinion, PBM Diplomacy should attempt to recreate FTF Diplomacy as closely as possible...recognizing of course that the limitations and possibilities in these two forms of play are inherently different in many ways. However, the press of the time limit on negotiations is essentially the same in both instances. I certainly disagree with you that more detailed negotiations are possible in FTF play. I have many times written letters with more in them than I could possibly have packed into a 15-minute negotiation period, and I can write to all 6 of the other players if I choose, whereas it is not likely I will get to speak with all 6 players in an FTF negotiation period. So the advantage in amount and detail of negotiations already lies with PBM play, and I see no reason to extend it.

Finally, even if I were to allow codewords, I would be remiss in my responsibilities as a GM if I did so without informing all of my players in advance and possibly formulating a House-Rule on them. To do otherwise would mean placing some players at a disadvantage vis-a-vis other players.

Getting back to point (2) for a moment: If a player must make a retreat or an adjustment, every other player knows it, and each of them therefore has the advantage of making orders conditional upon his failure to do so. In the case of a codeword, only one other player knows that a given person has been asked to submit a codeword...thus giving him an advantage none of the others have. I can't accept that. Insofar as the mechanics of the game go, the advantages and opportunities accorded the players must be equal insofar as is possible.

The basic point, however, insofar as I am concerned, is allowing a player to make orders conditional on something another player does in the same season. I do not see that it is allowable under the Rules; it certainly is not allowable under my House-Rules

HELLO EDIARLYOU'RE LIZING YOUR ASS OFF OUT THERE ARE YOU HAPPY WITH THE NEW COUNCIL NOW YOU CAN CALL MOST OF

PRESS VOTES

Leeder (Garbage man series)	5.6 (range 1-8)
Watson (Quest for the Queen)	6.6 (range 4-9)
Italian releases (Wyman)	3.3 (range 1-5)
Lakofka (Mind of Man)	4.4 (range 1-6)
Ulanov (At the Shore)	5.1 (range 1-9)
Schlickbernd (4 Musketeers)	6.9 (range 3-9)

My thanks to the following voters: Correll, Schlickbernd, Leeder, Ulanov, Watson, Blank, Hauer, Birsan, Fox, and myself.

PLEASE VOTE FOR THIS ISSUE'S PRESS (scale, 1-yech! to 10-terrific!). Submissions this time were Leeder (Long Junker &c. [Garbage man]); Watson (Quest for the Queen); Lakofka (Mind of Man); Schlickbernd (4 Musketeers).

Change of Prize: We're going to make this more interesting. The highest vote each season gets his game fee for that season free. That means Bruce Schlickbernd has won 3 times. Will it be somebody different next time? Please vote on the press!

P -- Player in 1975OT
 SB -- Stand-by in 1975OT. Orders requested
 S-XR -- Subscriber; last issue indicated by number.
 3 -- No trade.
 4 -- Would you like to trade?
 5 -- Would you like to trade?
 6 -- No trade.
 7 -- Would you like to trade?
 8 -- Would you like to trade?
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 99 -- Would you like to trade?
 100 -- Would you like to trade?



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TO:

ADDRESS CODE:

(See Key, this sheet.)

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