

22 January 1970

This is DESEROTIA, a Diplomacy 'zine which ought to know better. So should you. But here you are, playing in #1969BQ and having your morals utterly corrupted. Subs are as indicated in #2b. The game fee is \$1 to UCSD people only. This is Pandemonium Publication #109, and was edited and published by Rod Walker, 5058 Hawley Blvd., San Diego CA 92116; 'phone 282-1921. This unworthy is a member of the Games Bureau (Diplomacy Division) of the W3F, and of the International Federation of Wargamers (Diplomacy Society).



'Twas BRILLIG...

Our new game is still open, at \$1 a shot. We have one paid registrant (Gullett) and two as-yet unpaid (Hobday, Ransom). Whombody else?

#1969BQ

WEST EUROPE LOOKS LIKE A PATCHWORK QUILT...TURKEY FAILS TO ATTACK ITALY (BUT FRANCE DOESN'T...)...ENGLAND IS NOT NICE TO RUSSIA OR FRANCE...TURKEY IN SINISTER QUIETUDE

Winter 1903: GERMANY: F Den (R)-Ska. E A Ruh. ITALY: E A Tyr, F Tyr.
RUSSIA: B A Mos. TURKEY: B A Con, F Smy.

Spring 1904:

AUSTRIA (Fouchet): A Vie-Tyr, A Bud MS A Tri.

ENGLAND (Parrish): F Nth S GERMAN F Ska-Den, F Hel S GERMAN A Hol-Kie, F Eng-Bre, A StP-Lvn.

FRANCE (Baor): A Mar-Pie S by F Lyo, A Bur-Bel S by A Pio, F Spa(so)-Por.

GERMANY (Hobday): F Lon-Eng, A H ol-Kie, A Bel-Ruh, F Ska-Den.

ITALY (Oberschulte): A Pie-Tus, A Ven H, F Mid-Spa(so).

RUSSIA (LaMotte): A Mos-StP, A Swe-Fin, F Den-Nth /d/ /Swe/ Bal/, A Ber-Kie S By A Mun, A Boh S AUSTRIAN A Vie-Tyr, A Gal-Ukr.

TURKEY (Evanson): F Tun-Wos, F Ion-Tyr, F Aeg-Ion, F Smy-Aeg, A Bul-Gre, A Con-Bul, A Rum MS A Ser.

FALL 1904 moves are due on Wednesday, 28 January 1970. If the direction of the Russian retreat is important to your moves, and is not posted, you may make moves conditional upon the direction of that retreat. RUSSIA IS REQUESTED TO GIVE ME THE RETREAT OF F DEN AS SOON AS POSSIBLE--IMMEDIATELY, FOR INSTANCE.

AND NOW, PANDEMONIUM PRESS PRESENTS LAMONT CRAWSTON IN.....

TURKEY-SHOOT

I am the Shadow, and I walk by night. Who knows what evil lurks, nyeh, hyeh, heheheheheheheh? The Shadow knows, for I walk by night, looking for evil lurking.

Anyway, there I was, lurking...uh, looking, I mean, outside a seedy portion of the Lower East End of the university when I saw Turkey. At least, when he said to France, "Howsa by you? Me, I'ma Toorkey, paizan'," he sounded convincing. There was a heavy odor of bananas, eggs, and Blueberry yogurt pervading the atmosphere, not to mention tension, mistrust, treachery, deceit, and whatnot, so I decided to follow this ill-matched pair.

They entered a rather nice-looking rat's nest through a red door, and proceeded to plot. But they were observed! A pale, wraithlike figure sat in a dark corner, steeped in volumes of forgotten (with good reason) lore. His long flowing sideburns and fen gave him away as some sort of foreigner. "He'sa nobody," said Turkey, "don'ta pay him-a no mind."

"Who are you?" asked France. The stranger hemmed and hawed; "Merhaba, ate," he said. "Hey," said France, "aren't you Turkey?" "Well..." "No! I'm Turkey!" cried the first Turkey, "Signora, you must-a believe me!" "Aaaaargh! I've been duped! You know all my plans...aaaargh!" Needless to say, France was distraught. Ah, well, as we say, who knows which Turkey lurks...

