

"What is it?" George asked. "Is it a bird, is it a plane, no it's

GENURION #1

Centurion is published tri-weekly (except it isn't delivered for months) by Russell Fox, at 5160 Donna Avenue, Tarzana, CA 91356. Sub is 4/\$1, 8/\$2, or 8/\$2.25 airmail. When published, it is published at (on) the weekends. GAME OPENINGS in regular Diplomacy, and the Youngstown variant. YV maps are available from Randolph Bart (9950 Reseda Blvd., unit #13, Northridge, CA 91325) at 1/30¢, 2/40¢, and 20/\$3. Diplomacy was invented by Allan Calhamer and is copyrighted by Games Research, Inc. 500 Harrison, Boston, MA 02118. Current issue (and back issues when they become available) are 20¢ each. EDITORS: Russell Fox, and Mike Souveroff. We welcome contributions, paying 4 free issues for those which run at least a full page (on my typewriter) and 2 free issues for those less than a full page. For those who have trades, and want to enter a game, they have a \$1 game fee. Make checks payable to Russell C. Fox

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Hello out there in dippy land. This is Russell Fox and his Underwood 18 portable typewriter. As you may have noticed, this is Xerox. My mimeo is "on its way" according to Automated Business Machines, Inc. of Reseda, CA. Until it arrives, this zine is being done on Xerox. In this zine you can expect to find Diplomacy, Youngstown Variant, and anything else I can fit in. Subs are 8/\$2, which includes playing in a game. Extra games and games for those who trade with me have a \$1 game fee. Do me a favor, SUBSCRIBE. And now for your pleasure

((reprinted from THE POCKET ARMENIAN))  
JEREMY PAULSON, J.D.L.  
by Adam Kasanof

((I lost Part 1. so You see part 2))

CHAPTER II

Despite the feeble lighting of the Chateau Richelieu, Paulson noticed the head of the Special Espionage Section sitting in the corner as he and Gladstien (Paulson's associate) had entered. Although the SES chief was alone at his table, he was well protected, as Paulson saw, by four massive goons seated two each at nearby tables. The waiter who ushered Paulson and Gladstein in also escorted them to where the SES boss was sitting and as the waiter left them Paulson gave him a quarter, which was greeted with a look of disdain. "Sorry," said Paulson.

Then they sat down alongside the head of SES, who began to speak to them. "I'm sorry about the U.N. thing," he continued,

"but it was a mistake, pure and simple." With that he adjusted his false beard, which, along with his phony mustache, black trenchcoat, false sideburns, and wool cap, concealed his true identity. "Mistake, I bet it was a mistake," thought Paulson. "At any rate I have a very nice mission for you, on a tropical island." "Where in the tropics?" asked Gladstein/Carribean was his answer. The SES chief continued, "A small banana-republic type place called San Sui."

"San Sui?" said Paulson. "That doesn't sound very Carribean." "It's not" said the head of SES. "The place was oriinally San Guano, but it's been getting very friendly with certain Japanese interests, hence the name. In fact, that is the very reason we want you and David to go there. You see, San Sui has a rare combination of climate and soil which is peffect for cultivating a new strain of giant Japanese wine grape. These grapes get to be the size of hen's eggs, on occasion, and consequently they yield massive amounts of juice. A single acre on San Sui can produce twenty timea as much juice as an acre anywhere else."

"Very interesting," said Paulson, "however, what has it got to do with us? He gestured at himself and Gladstein. "I'll get to that now. You see, a Japanese comanany plans to set up a wine industry on San Sui, for the puposes of capturing the kosher wine market. If this were to happen, the state of Israel would lose massive amounts of money on its wine industry, and we wouldn't want that to happen." "Israeli wine!" said Paulson disgutedly. "That's even worse than kosher steaks ((???)!!)! Israel can't possibly sell more than a gallon of that stuff a year ((I personally think that wine is good)), except as a gasoline substitute. What's the real reason you don't want them to start a kosher wine industry on San Sui?" "Well, actually," said the SES cheif, "it's because the government of San Sui refuses to have its grape crop sold to the Maniscewitz Corporation for a great deal less than the Japanese intended to pay. In order to keep control of the market, the Maniscewitz Corpotation has paid us to ruin the grape crop and destroy the vineyards on San Sui, rather than let the Japanese have them."

"How much are they paying you?" said Paulson. "Er, ah, well..." "How much?!?" insisted Paulson. "Er, ahem, a million dollars." "A million dollars!" said Gladstein. "Yes," said the SES chief, "that's a lot of money. Enough to bail Kahane out of the slam many times." "Well," said Paulson, "I think we'd be willing to undertake that job for you, in return for the customary sum of 10% each, which comes to 100,000 dollars apiece. Not including expenses." "I'll tell you what," started the SES chief. "You'll pay us ten percent each, plus expenses, or we don't work," interrupted Paulson.

"Let's be reasonable, Jeremy," said the chief. "I can get people who'll do the job for less money. Even free." "That's right," agreed Paulson, "But when Gladstein and I call up the San Suian ambassador and tell him that someone intends to destroy his country's grape crop, I don't think you budget CIA is going to work. In fact, I bet the San Suian government is willing to pay for that information. I think they could scrape up \$200,000 to save their wine industry, with the help of their Japanese friends, of course." "Yes," concurred Gladstein. "?"

YOU'LL FIND OUT WHAT'S IN THE QUOTES NEXT TIME. . . . .



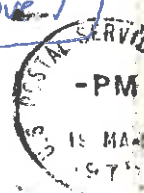
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Yours,  
Russell.

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