

FROM ALL HIS POLICIES AND WEBS OF FEAR AND TREACHERY,
 FROM ALL HIS STRATAGEMS AND WARS HIS MIND SHOOK FREE; AND
 THROUGHOUT HIS REAM A TREMOR RAN, HIS SLAVES QUAILED, AND
 HIS ARMIES HAILED, AND HIS CAPTAINS SUDDENLY STEERLESS, BEREFT
 OF WILL, WAVERED AND DESPAIRED. FOR THEY WERE FORGOTTEN. THE
 WHOLE MIND AND PURPOSE OF THE POWER THAT WIELED THEM WAS NOW
 BENT WITH OVERWHELMING FORCE UPON;

the pocket armenian

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Jamaica, N.Y.

January 12, 1975

1974FM (PA1)

Spring 1903

ARMY BELGIUM HOLDS!!!

AUSTRIA (Darden): A Tyo-Ven, A Ser-Gre, F Bul S F Ser-Gre, A Vie-Boh,
A Tri S A Tyo-Ven, A Sud-Ber
 ENGLAND (Mellogg): F Cly-Edi F Iri-Ivp, F Eng-Ion
 FRANCE (Gruen): F Mid-Iri, F Bre-Eng, A Pic S A Bel, A Bar-Pie,
A Spa-Bar, A Bel H
 GERMANY (Barlow): F Nth S FRENCH F Bre-Eng, A Swe-Nwy, A Hun-Sil,
F Ber-Bal, A Lie-Ber, A Edi S ENGLISH F Iri-Ivp
 ITALY (Bean): F Ion-Gre, A Ven H (-Tus, Apu), A Tun-Rom, F Apu C
A Tun-Rom
 RUSSIA (Gildroy): F StP(sc)-Bot, A Bar-Sil, A Pru-Ber, F Rum S
AUSTRIAN F Bul(sc), F Bla-Ank
 TURKEY (Moore): A Con-Bul, F Ank-Arm, F Aeg S ITALIAN A Tun-Gre (no
such order)

Sorry about the delay last issue. Everything is now cleared up.
 Deadline for FALL 1903 moves is 12 NOON, February 1 1974. Moves may
 be made conditional on the Italian retreat.

THE POCKET ARMENIAN
c/o Scott Rosenberg
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THE POCKET ARMENIAN is a magazine of Postal Diplomacy & related & unrelated matters. Subs are 8/\$2. Game fee is \$6.50, including sub, but there are no game openings. TPA is published every third Sunday, each issue running twelve to eighteen pages. We welcome contributions, paying four free issues for contributions that run a page, two for less. We give blanket permission for anyone to reprint anything as long as credit is given and a copy sent to us. Back issues (#s 1,2,3,5,6,7,8,9) are available at 30¢ each. Diplomacy was invented by Allan Calhamer and (c) by Games Research Inc.

1974GH (PA2)

Fall 1902

STAB OF FRANCE BY TELEGRAM

AUSTRIA (GILINSKY): F Ion S TURKISH A Con-Nap, A Tri-Ven, A Vie-Tyo,
A Gal-Ukr, A Rum-Ser

ENGLAND (MCMULLIN): F Nwg-Nat, F Nth-Eng, F Eng-Iri, A Pic H**(see below)

FRANCE (ADAMS): A Mar S A Par-Bur, A Par-Bur, A Spa S A Mar, F Mid S
A Bre, A Bre S ENGLISH A Pic

GERMANY (GILLESPIE): A Sil H, A Ruh-Bur, A Mun S A Ruh-Bur, A Bel S A
Ruh-Bur, F Hol S A Bel, A lie-Ruh

ITALY (KELLY): F GLyo-WMed, F Tus-GLyo, A Tun H, A Pie-Mar

RUSSIA (ZIMMERMANN): A Mos S A Ukr, F Fin H, A War S GERMAN A Sil-Gal
(no such order), A Ukr S GERMAN A Sil-Gal (NSO)

TURKEY (PENN): A Bul-Sev, F Bla C A Bul-Sev, A Arm S A Bul-Sev, F Aeg
C A Con-Nap, A Con-Nap

SUPPLY CENTER HOLDINGS:

AUSTRIA: Vie, Bud, Tri, Gre, Rum, Ser, Ven; BUILD TWO (7)
ENGLAND: Edi, Liv, Lon, Nwy; EVEN (4)
FRANCE: Par, Bre, Mar, Spa, Por; EVEN (5)
GERMANY: Mun, Ber, Lie, Den, Hol, Bel; EVEN (6)
ITALY: Rom, Tun, ~~Ven~~, ~~Mar~~; REMOVE TWO (2)
RUSSIA: Mos, War, StP, Swe; EVEN (4)
TURKEY: Ank, Con, Smy, Bul, Sev, Nap; BUILD ONE (6)

**This season, one player tried to make moves conditional on another player's codeword (or number). This is contrary to the rules of Diplomacy, and as such will not be allowed in our games.

We would like to speed up this game by combining Winter adjustments and Spring 1903 moves in this game. Make your moves conditional (see House Rule #4). If you have a strenuous objection, write us as soon as possible. PRESS:

FRANCE: Slow mail; France announces sale of armies. Please tender offer

AUSTRIA: Dear Ron: Sorry, but I wouldn't have Turkey as an ally if I hadn't done it.

LONDON-PENN: Sorry guy, but my orders will have just barely made it in, so no time for constructive press.

DEADLINE for Winter 02/Spring 03 moves is NOON, Saturday Feb. 1, 1975.

GERMANY REINFORCES HIGH SEAS FLEET

AUSTRIA (Bennett): Build A Bud
 ENGLAND (Fox): Build F Edi
 FRANCE (Malmquist): Build F Bre, A Mar
 GERMANY (LaWhon): Build A Mun, F Ber
 ITALY (Weswig): Build A Ven
 RUSSIA (Nekorчук): Build A Mos
 TURKEY (Rosenzweig): Build F Con

Spring 1902 Moves Due Here NOON, SATURDAY 1 FEBRUARY 1975.

OTHER GAME NEWS

PA4: The Boardman Number is 1974ID. Perhaps one of the last #s assigned in 1974!

PA5: Since Ron Kelly did not receive his TPA until a few days ago, and I only have moves for a few of the players, this game is being delayed. Laurence Gillespie informs me that he was the standby for Austria in Mordor Gazette; let him remain so, since I need one for Austria. His address is: 23 Robert Allen Dr; Halifax, N.S., CANADA B3M 3G9. Russ Nekorchuk is still standby for Italy. If I have not heard from Austria or Italy by next deadline, the standbys will take over. Spring 04 due Noon, Sat., Feb. 1 1975
 John Morgan's address is now: Box 4600 Sta B; Nashville Tenn 37235

YV: If you have a problem with your map, write us, with SPECIFIC QUESTIONS. Our maps are no better than yours, tho' we know them better. We can't send you xeroxes of better maps since we don't have them.

RUBLBOUNCE: The printouts for this turn will be sent out separately from this issue, since we don't have things totally straight with the program yet. SEND YOUR MOVES TO THE GM ONLY, PLEASE!! He is Greg Costikyan, 310 E. 50 St, New York, NY 10022.

LAST GAME IS FILLED

PA6 has been filled. Following are the players:

AUSTRIA: Warren Wyman, 450 Hill Trail, Ballwin, MO 63011
 ENGLAND: Adam Gruen, 470 North St, Harrison, NY 10528
 FRANCE: Jeff Myers, 276 Riverside Dr., New York, NY 10025
 GERMANY: Don Ditter, 108 Colby Apts., Hoyt Lakes, Minn. 55750
 ITALY: Harry Drews, PO Box 282, Kitchener, Ont. CANADA N2G 3X9
 RUSSIA: Scott Rosenberg, 182-31 Radnor Rd., Jamaica, NY 11432
 TURKEY: John Torrey, PO Box 12084, Research Triangle Park, NC 27709
 GAMEMASTER: Matthew Diller, 8507 Avon St., Hamaica, NY 11432

IMPORTANT NOTE: PLEASE DO NOT SEND MOVES TO THE ADDRESS ON THE MAST-HEAD BECAUSE I, SCOTT ROSENBERG, AM PLAYING IN THIS GAME! Or, send the moves to me, if you want..... Send press to me if you don't think it's game-related, or to the GM if you think it is.
 All players will get House Rules with this issue. SPRING 1901 MOVES DUE NOON, Sat. Feb. 22 1975.

Well, the filling of PA6 leaves us with 7 games. That's enough, don't you think? Otherwise we will be eaten up by games, and no fun articles will there be. So, until other news, we have no Dip. games open.

LETTERS TO HOLY ETCHMIADZIN

ROBERT SACKS: Your article/editorial/whatever on the IDA election ***** was rather poor. I will only point out that if the IDA has services then it has intrinsic power; if it does not have services then it will have no power (or membership) even if it tries to be a government.

I also dislike this practice of campaigning in one's own journals, and I have refrained from doing so in the 4+ journals I am associated with. I expect that means I'll've been defeated.

I am getting really upset over this continuing BNC mess. It has now gotten to the point, with the latest letters, of disrupting reputations in addition to the peace of the hobby. Meanwhile, how does one join the "New York Group"?

((My point about IDA power was that it should not divulge itself of services, but rather relinquish control over such; i.e., support hobby services, and perhaps initiate them, but not administer them. It seems the only solution to saving the IDA.

((I see it necessary to campaign in my 'zine openly because of two reasons; firstly, I did want to elaborate on my brief statement in DIPLOMACY REVIEW; secondly, I had to reply to certain slanders (specifically from Rod Walker) that stated that I am running as part of a master coordinated plan to enslave the IDA to New York. I am not. I am running because I believe in certain principles, and think they should be represented on the Council.

((The "BNC Mess" is resolved now (I hope) except for a few left-over recriminations from Walker et alia. If personalities have been brought into this, it is only because they are relevant to the matter at hand.

((If you want to join our Evil Diabolical Clever-and-Scheming New York Conspiracy To Overthrow The Just And Rightful Rulers of The IDA, Lenard Lakofka and Rod Walker, you must attend our weekly meetings in a deathly-dark dungeon and pass our rigorous initiation rites.))

Hmmm. I have a number of letters concerning Raymond Heuer's letter last issue, but since EVERYTHING has finally been published, it seems that these are all irrelevant. So, unless I'm desperate for material later on this issue, I won't print them.

So, some other items of interest. It seems that I will begin publishing a Science Fiction magazine, tentatively named MORNA MORUNA. I've wanted to do this for a while, after witnessing the bumbling attempts of some of my friends, and now feel that I have the time, experience, and inclination simultaneously, a concurrence that has not occurred to me in the past. The first issue of the magazine, probably to be published in March, will be sent out free as a sample to everyone who gets THE POCKET ARMENIAN. Anybody wishing to submit something should feel free and encouraged to do so. I can't guarantee its being printed, but will return anything not accepted. Especially solicited is artwork -- I'd like to have an offset-printed front and back cover, but I can't draw (I can barely write!). Ah, I see I forgot to mention that it will vary between quarterly and bimonthly depending on my time situation; the bulk of it will be mimeographed in the same quality that TPA is.

I received a number of inquiries as to just what STOCKS & BONDS is. It's a 3M Bookcase game about the Stock Market, which is really a great deal of fun, and not quite as luck-ridden as the usual "adult" game, although it does involve a good amount of chance, otherwise it wouldn't be an accurate representation of the stock market!

((And now for something that I've been waiting quite a while to do, and that is some work on our house rules. First, we have an outside commentary that John Beshara graciously provided:))

THE POCKET ARMENIAN HOUSERULES: A COMMENTARY

by John J. Beshara

In endeavoring to adjudicate a postal game in an orderly manner, the Gamesmaster cannot foresee all of the problems that may occur. Therefore, I've always endorsed non-rigid houserules and am delighted to see the Houserules of THE POCKET ARMENIAN are designed to give the GM a proper dose of discretion. Some examples are Rules 2, 5, 13, and the catch-all, 21.

Dividing the game-year into five seasons (Rule 4) and providing for expedited adjustments is a longstanding pet of mine. The importance of speeding up play outweighs the theoretical merits of always providing a full negotiating period for these orders.

While your standby provisions of Rule 9 are adequate, players won't bother negotiating with a standby and a standby is not customarily going to devote considered judgement to moves that may not be used. Though it takes additional time, I recommend that before a standby's first set of moves are published, all players be given an additional period to negotiate and may change their moves.

Am intrigued by the portion of Rule 14 stating, "A unit ordered to make an impossible move to a location on the board will have its order considered to be as written, and unsuccessful, and thus may not be supported in place." To my knowledge, this is a unique rule (does anyone else use this rule?) and I assume its purpose is to punish errors of commission, including typos. Obviously, the words "impossible move" do include orders for impossible convoy and support locations. There are those who incorrectly equate "move" with "attack"! Part of the game is knowing the rules and presenting correctly-written orders. Players who fail to do so merit punishment via Rule 14.

The conceded draw portion of Rule 18 I loathe and I would prefer following the standard practice of underlining support and convoy orders that fail (rule 19). But do not think too harshly of me; this is a trifling admonishment and I am getting crotchety in my dotage -- you're sure to get a letter saying I've always been both.

Scott, your houserules are exemplary. The brevity of that statement does not reflect the depth of my admiration.

((Thanks. I'll take you point by point.

I don't think it's worth delaying a game for standby orders, at least in most cases. Nine times out of ten, they are for dying powers anyway. It is true that standby players usually don't think overmuch on their orders, but then their real purpose is to have some orders on file for a country so that it doesn't sit and rot away.

Rule 14 was borrowed from the old POUCH House Rules (Nick Ulanov's).

The conceded draw business was included for the following reason. I don't believe that any situation other than a straight win should be considered a draw -- if you have two massive powers and one tiny one, and the players want to end the game as a draw, it's wasteful to force them to kill off the little power before drawing the game. The specific wording of this was suggested by Ernie Melchior, who thought it would be good if all GMs had a standard terminology for finishes, to aid in rating-system comparisons and the like. (cont.)

The House Rules (continued)

I agree with you about the underlining of failing support and convoy orders, and am changing the rules to reflect this (see below).

With these items in mind, and some other that have been bothering me, I present:))

REVISIONS TO THE POCKET ARMENIAN HOUSERULES

6. (addition): If postmarks are illegible or some other problem arises, the set of orders will be determined by receipt date; in any case not falling under the above provisions, the set of orders to be used will be determined randomly.

7. (addition): A player may request that the GM call him collect if the latter has not received a set of orders by the deadline; indeed, this is encouraged, as it reduces to almost nil the chances of NMR. Of course, it is not required.

19. (change & addition): Delete sentence beginning "support and convoy orders...". If a unit is ordered to stand (hold), the unit is printed with its location and "H". Delete sentence beginning "always allowable..." Printed with all retreat locations will be "OTB" (Off The Board, not Off-Track Betting!), to remind players of the annihilation option.

I can't think of any other additions or changes I want to include right now. All suggestions are appreciated.

John also included another paragraph which I forgot to put in before, so:

"I wanted to bring in something about the differences between interface play and postal play which necessitate different rules, but I did not manage to fit it in -- perhaps if I had not been up all night. And I might have brought in something about the Rulebook not being an altar at which one is required to genuflect, which makes your incursion all the more commendable."

John is referring here to rule 11 (players with NMRs may retreat dislodged units) which has come under much fire for supposed contradiction in the Rulebook. All I have to say to those critics is this: the rules don't include provision for transmission of moves by the USPS either; the whole purpose of House Rules is to adapt the game for postal play. If this involves contradicting the Rulebook, so be it.

Anyway, John, if you'd like to, feel free to write that item whenever you like, and I'll print it!

PA3 PRESS

WASHINGTON DC, USA (1 January 1902): Today in the White House, President Theodore Roosevelt of the US welcomed King Russell I to Washington. King Russell I had this to say about the US, "It is a beautiful, unpolluted land. Unfortunately they don't speak the same language and they drive on the wrong side of the street!"

LONDON (16 January 1902): As King Russell I returned home, the results of yesterday's general election finally became known. King Russell I, of the newly formed "kingdom" party, clobbered Stephen Chamberlain (Conservative), Ex-Prime Minister.

When we tried to get a comment from Prime Minister/King Russell I, we found him in an unusual locale, the London Jail ((Gaol)). He was being held for an account of reckless driving; it seems he was driving on the wrong side of the road. No one could understand the jargon that was coming out of his mouth. It sounded like English, but something was wrong with it.

CHESS VARIANTS

by Mark Zimmermann

Chess, the traditional game of western civilization, has many variants available for those who tire of the ordinary rules. Some deserve to be considered as independent games, like the Oriental shogi, or the Martian jetan ((Huh?!?)). At the other extreme are the art forms called "chess problems" and "endgame studies," which are fascinating solitaire pursuits within the rules structure of orthodox chess. The numerous intermediate variants which exist, based on minor modifications to the regular chess rules, are often collectively referred to as "Fairy Chess" (please, no editorial comments concerning Gay Lib)((All right)).

I've tried all of the following variants, and found them playable to a greater or lesser extent. All are from published books, though I can't recall any titles.

TWO-MOVE CHESS: Normal board, pieces, rules, and initial set-up, except that each side makes two (legal) moves per turn. A check on the first move ends that side's turn; a king must get out of check immediately, and cannot move through a square where he would be in check to a safe square. Game ends as ordinary chess does, by checkmate, stalemate, draw, resignation, etc. (This resembles Adam Gruen's "Blitzkrieg Chess" variant. Blitz usually refers to speed chess, where each side has ten seconds per move, or five minutes for the game, if chess clocks are used.)

ACCELERATING CHESS: Normal set-up; White begins by making one move, the Black makes two in a row, White makes three, Black four, etc. (It rarely takes more than six moves to set up a mating net.) A check at any point ends that side's turn, as above, and the other side has one move to get out of check, or he loses. This one really produces "outrageous and quick" games!

GIVEAWAY CHESS: Normal set-up; captures, however, are compulsory. Checks don't count, the kings can be captured, and the winner is the one who gives away all his pieces first. Stalemates do occur when one side finds itself left with only pawns. If several captures are available, any one of them can be chosen.

PUTBACK CHESS: Normal set-up and rules, except that captured pieces are immediately replaced on a square of the capturer's choosing. Pawns must be placed between the 2nd and 7th ranks, and a bishop must go onto a square of the same color it came off. This variant can go on forever, almost -- the only way to win is by checkmate.

KRIEGSPIEL (AH stole the name...): This requires the service of a third party to referee. Players are in separate rooms, or back-to-back, if they can be trusted not to peek at each other's boards. All rules of chess are followed, though the referee is the only one who knows what moves both sides have made. Each player, when it is his turn, makes a trial move on his board; if it is legal, it stands and it is the other player's turn. If an illegal move is attempted, the referee says "no" and the player takes that move back and tries another.

To save time, instead of trying all possible pawn captures each move, a player may ask "any?" and the referee will reply "no" if there are no legal pawn captures, or "try" if one or more exist. The player must then try at least one pawn capture; if it's unsuccessful, he may make any other move he pleases.

When a legal move turns out to be a capture, the referee removes the captured piece from the victim's board and announces that a capture has been made "on the rank", "on the file", "on the long diagonal", or "by a knight."

(cont.)

Chess Variants (continued)

He ~~does~~ not say what piece has been captured. Similarly, if one player's move results in the other's king being put into check, that fact, and the direction that the check is coming from, is announced.

Players may arrange the enemy's pieces any way desired on their boards; sometimes, deductions from impossible trial moves give surprisingly accurate pictures. It's a good idea to remove one enemy piece every time a capture is announced, even if it's not clear what piece has been captured. Pawns are promoted when they reach the 8th rank, which happens fairly often; the referee makes no special announcement, however. That can produce some surprises!

This is one of the most fascinating chess variants around; it's great, if you can find a sharp referee who doesn't overlook checks, etc. A pocket-size chess set is handy for him to keep the position on, though a full-sized one will do. KRIEGSPIEL is mentioned in many game books, like "Hoyle's" (Edmond Hoyle's name has been stolen so often in the past 200 years that I put it in quotes...).

* * *

There are lots of other chess variants, many using new pieces with unusual powers of movement (grasshopper, maharaja, etc.). Capablanca, the world champion in the 1920's, thought that the classical game was being exhausted, and suggested several variations himself, none of which caught on. He was wrong, of course -- as one master said, "Chess is an ocean, in which a gnat may drink and an elephant bathe."

PA3 (1974GU) PRESS

MOSCOW TO BERLIN: We trust that the treacherous pirates of the german fleet Denmark will be apprehended and punished, and that there will be no recurrence of such incidents.

SOMEWHERE IN GREAT BRITAIN (GM Assumption): "Marvelous pectoral development," I commented to myself. Holmes interrupted my reverie.

"Watson, if you have finished your physical examination of the Tsarina, perhaps you could tell us what you make of this." He handed me a small glassine envelope, folded twice and sealed with a piece of tape. It contained a teaspoon or so of white granular powder.

"Looks like sugar to me," I said. "Where did this come from?"

Holmes smiled. "Tsarina," he said, "if you don't mind, would you repeat your story for the benefit of my colleague? He seems to have been distracted."

"Why, shore," the naked lady replied. "Call me Maria...and please fo'give mah Southern accent; Ahm from Georgia.

"As Ah was sayin', m' Old Man's been actin' strangely lately. It's hard to describe, and maybe nobody but me's noticed it -- he keeps to hisself a lot. Jist last week, tho, ah found him in the study, with a heap o' these little bitty envelopes, empty, layin' in front o' him. He was unconscious, or somethin', Ah dunno. Anyway, one of those envelopes wasn't empty, so Ah snatched it and y'all are lookin' at it now. The next day, Nicky, I mean the Tsar, was hisself agin -- Ah gues he slept it off, whatevuh it was. Ah didn't tell nobody about findin' him stoned; Ah had to kinda pick the lock to get into the study, that day, and Ah don't think he wanted to be disturbed."

Holmes nodded. "Fascinating -- and when did you first notice the change in your father, Maria?"

"Well, Ah reckon it was aroun' the time he went to Mr. Artimory's "Castle of Youth" operation in Switzerland...you all have heard of the place, Ah'm sure.

(cont.)

"It's a real snazzy health-spa thing, supposed to take ten years off of you, and mosta the rich nobility in Europe have been there. Ah went along with Daddy, tho ah shore didn't want to lose any ten years mahself -- Ah'd be too young to have any fun, then! Ah was hopin' to bump into yore Prince Russell, but he wasn't around when we got there.

"To get to the point, while Daddy was havin' their rejuvenatin' treatment, one o' the young butlers they have there came by mah room in the castle and asked me if Ah'd like a little tour. Well, Ah expected Ah knew what he wanted, but was too shy to ask for flat out, so Ah went along...but it turned out to be a real tour, not jist of the dark corners of the castle, either. After that, tho, mah recollections get mighty fuzzy, almost like it all was a dream."

"Ah," Holmes said, "this may be most important, Maria. Please describe exactly what happen'd, as well as you can remember."

"All right -- like I said, tho, it's fuzzy. We looked in a bunch of ordinary exercise-type rooms, and so on, but then we came to a locked door, that none o' the butler's keys could open. He apologized and was about to go on to somethin' else, when Ah asked him to wait a spell. Ah picked the lock pretty easy, opened the door, an' found mahself at the top of a long flight of stairs. The man got pretty nervous then, said he didn't think we should go down there after all, maybe, but Ah insisted. At the bottom of the stairs, after openin' another locked door, we found ourselves in what looked like a real antique dungeon! The first few cell were empty, but farther on Ah heard some voices. We went that way, looked into a cell through a peephole in the big wooden door, and what Ah saw makes me really think Ah was dreamin'. It was the Turkish Sultan and the Austro-Hungarian king, a-playin' duplicate bridge!"

I frowned. "Duplicate, with two people?" I asked.

"No," she replied. "There was eight of them, two tables. Four looked more like the Sultan than his own brother...Ah woulda swore they were the Sultan, if ah'd a-seen any one o' them alone. And the same way with the four that were look-alikes for the Austrian King. But Ah know that, that week last January, both the Sultan and the King were at home -- Ah checked the newspapers and even asked a friend o' mine in Imperial Russian Intelligence...their secret reports confirmed it.

"So, right there Ah figgered Ah better get outa that dungeon and back to mah room quick -- but before the butler and Ah turned to go, Ah heard a pistol being cocked behind us, and a gravelly voice that froze the marrow of mah bones said 'Hold it right there. Don't turn around.' A shot rang out and the butler collapsed to the floor beside me. Then before the echoes died away from the shot, somethin' hit me hard on the back o' the head. Ah woke up in mah room, with nobody else around, a terrible headache, and a bump that took a week to heal.

"Well, you can bet Ah didn't do any more explorin' of that castle! Ah almost convinced mahself that the whole thing was a dream, tho that didn't explain the bump. Daddy and Ah went home the next day, and that's when Ah began to notice that he didn't seem to be hisself anymore. He acted younger, yeah, and he seemed to remember everything about our family and his work that he should; he looked exactly like he always did, maybe a bit healthier. But he just didn't act like the same man. Finally, when Ah found that envelope you have there, Ah knew Ah had something concrete to come to you with, Mr. Holmes. Will you take the case, Suh?"

"Your story is intriguing, Maria," he said, "and I will do my best to unravel this mystery for you. And please call me Sherlock."

(cont.)

PA3(1974GU)PRESS (cont.)

While this was going on, I continued my examination of the sugar-like powder in the glassine envelope. I unsealed the thing and brought it up to my nose to find out if there was any odor to it. Unfortunately I inhaled a little too vigorously and got a snoutful of the substance. It triggered an involuntary sneeze; I spilled the remaining contents of the envelope, and Holmes turned to me in horror.

"Watson, you ass!" he said, and then the rush hit me. The universe turned inside out and then collapses to a geometrical point inside me; I realized I had been blind and deaf from birth. I cannot describe the beauties I saw, the symphonies I heard, the joy I felt...

I awoke in my bed, and saw it was dark outside -- the clock showed it to be 3 AM. Holmes was sitting in a chair nearby, reading.

"I see you pulled through," he said. "You're strong, but that dose you inhaled almost killed you. Rest now -- in the morning, we leave for Switzerland. The game's afoot!"

PA1 (1974FM) PRESS

KRONSHADT (April 1, 1914(the future)): Kolya Ptitsyn made his way tediously through the circuitous alleyways which had long been considered a curse on this otherwise pleasant seaside town. The driving spring rain, accompanied by the night's blanket of darkness, made the aging Ptitsyn's nocturnal journey even less comfortable.

"Damned Vladimir," Ptitsyn muttered under his breath. "Calling me out on a God-forsaken night like this." Sensing that the neighborhood was becoming a little more familiar, Ptitsyn crossed the narrow alleyway, and began the all-but-impossible task of attempting to discern the scrawled names on the doorways. The few minutes that followed seemed like hours as Ptitsyn's aged fingers slowly underlined each set of smeared hieroglyphics. Finally, he found the charcoaled characters "V. Burdovsky," practically obliterated by the driving rain, on the doorway of a rather seamy ((?)) cottage.

Ptitsyn rapped sharply on the rotting door with his walking cane. "Who's there?" cautiously queried a voice from behind the door. "The Tsar himself, you fool," snapped Ptitsyn. "Now, open this damned door before an old soldier drowns." The door opened slowly at first, but was then flung open widely. "Ptitsyn, come in, come in," the revealed resident repeated apologetically. "I had feared that my message would not reach you tonight because of this frightful weather." "I wish it hadn't," groaned Ptitsyn as he shook a virtual shower from his soaked cape. "Come, Come, Ptitsyn," the resident cajoled, "you know I wouldn't go any further without consulting you first."

"Very well, Vladimir," Ptitsyn said, surveying the gloomy hole in which Burdovsky, the young writer, lived, "But you'd better hurry before I expire from the damned pneumonia which I probably have contracted." "Old Cossack," Burdovsky laughed, "you'll last as long as these walls." "In that case," retorted Ptitsyn, as he further scanned the one-room cottage, "there's even more reason to hurry." Laughter filled the small, humble premises, and, for a moment, the fury of the storm was vanquished.

Other than the meager light which escaped from the hollow recesses of the fireplace, the only illumination in the room was a single candle flame which seemed to float in darkness above the writing desk, over which Ptitsyn and Burdovsky leaned. "It's finished," Burdovsky blurted as the solitary flame danced in his eyes, "The Great Russian Novel." The same spark seemed to enter the old soldier's eyes. "The war story?" Ptitsyn asked with growing excitement. (cont.)

"Novel," Burdovsky corrected, not a mere story." He bent over, and, opening the bottom drawer of the desk, pulled out a voluminous manuscript. "There it is," beamed Burdovsky, "War and Pomerania. It's the story of a young army officer from Novgorod, Lieutenant Wanov Gildrowsky, who goes off to battle in the War of 1901 and discovers the senselessness, cruelty, and tragedy of war." Momentarily lapsing into thought, Ptitsyn probed the darkness. "I can't help thinking that I remember that plot from somewhere else..." he thought aloud. "Impossible!" Burdovsky interrupted. "This is MY story. I thought of it my self." "Of course, of course, Vladimir," said Ptitsyn apologetically but uncertainly. "Please read it to me."

Burdovsky smiled broadly. Eyes transfixed upon the manuscript, he slowly turned the first page...

KRONSHADT (Later that same night...) WAR AND POMERANIE, Chapter 1

Snow fell softly upon the tiny hamlet of Trzcianka as the morning sun began its daily sojourn across the Pomeranian sky. The soldiers were beginning to stumble from their tents, their heads smarting from the previous night's ration of vodka and village women. Cold water was needed to clear fuzzy minds, and nature had amply supplied it with this late-spring snow.

While the soldiers washed by the small stream near the encampment and the aroma of the morning meal drifted from the cooking area, a young Russian officer emerged from his tent. Surveying the campsite which spread out through the small valley before him, he noted that the wet snow had caused a considerable amount of muddy sod which was plaguing those soldiers whose balance had not yet returned. "Damn snow," the officer muttered. This was to be the day that the army would break camp and begin its march to a new encampment near Kostryń. It looked now as if the departure would probably be delayed until the ground again hardened. After all, he had heard from the other junior officers that the Germans were pre-occupied with England and that no German armies lay before them. ((I suppose so, if the Russians got as far as Pomerania!))

"Lieutenant Gildrowsky!" Gildrowsky swung around to come face to face with Colonel Rogozhin. "Sir!" Gildrowsky shouted as he snapped to attention. "You have an hour to prepare your men to march," the colonel said brusquely. "We have word that the Germans have an army marching east. The general staff agrees that we must reach Kostryń and prepare to fight in six days." "Yes, Sir!" Gildrowsky responded. As the colonel walked away, a strange feeling swept through Gildrowsky's body. WAR... His mind drifted back to the confining months at Danzig, the winter encampment. Those far-off thoughts of glory and valor in dreamland battles came rushing back to him. For the moment he was alone in the world soaring in his visions. A snowflake softly brushed his nose, shocking him back to reality. "Sergeant!" he shouted confidently. Slipping thru the mud, a middle-aged soldier ran up to the young lieutenant. "Sir!?!" Gildrowsky, self-bridling his inappropriate excitement, stated calmly, "Prepare the men to march; we leave in an hour."

After a year of marching and waiting, the time had finally come. Six days... Gildrowsky turned his back to the rising sun and gazed westward. Then, as though performing some ancient ceremony, he drew his sword from its scabbard and pointed it to the horizon. The enemy would be vanquished, for the Tsar and for himself.

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CONSTANTINOPLE (Dec. 17, 1901): The government wishes to extend to the government of Russia an invitation to surrender what is obviously a hopeless situation. This will save many lives and make the prosecuting of the war much simpler for the Turkish government.

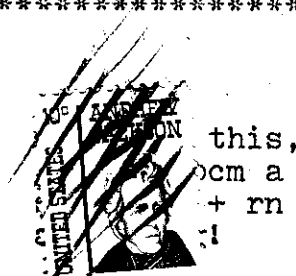
*** A magazine that I cannot possibly recommend highly enough to you is Nick Ulanov's THE TIMES. It is not, in the strict sense of the word, a Diplomacy magazine -- Nick is running no games, and not all the material is directly related to the game. It is a personal zine, containing anything the editor feels would be of interest to the readers. Subs are 6/\$2. Write Nick Ulanov, 334 Foulke Hall, Princeton University, Princeton, NJ 08540. One interesting thing about it is that he is going to have press without games -- something I've always felt is as good, if not better than, game-related press. To paraphrase an unfortunate recent cliché, "Sample it, you'll derive pleasure from it."

*** This issue, to use a phrase that is now imbedded in New York's Diplomacy community, "dudded out." I received an incredible amount of press, and less than the usual complement of articles. I hate to have to say this, and will avoid invoking it as much as possible, but in the future, press will be printed, in order of receipt, until the 12 or 18 page limit is reached. (some 18-pagers may be increased to 20 or 22). Press in excess of this will be given priority next issue. This limit is only because of physical limitations. I cannot reduce my pages as Charles Sharp can for his SLOBBOVIA press.

Anyhow, next issue will see the return of JEREMY PAULSON JDL, a review of EMPIRE I (Third Millenia's SF game), and other articles, and the usual games & garbage.

*****Confectus est.*****

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