

THE POCKET ARMENIAN

#14

Jamaica, NY

April 26, 1975

WHAT REALLY GOES ON AT A BOARD MEETING OF T.P.A. (or WHAT WOULD,
IF WE EVER HAD ONE)

Scene: Dining room of Scott Rosenberg's ~~state~~ house. It is a small room, oak-paneled with an oriental screen in the corner. There is a large oval table with a thick white tablecloth on it in the center of the room. Sitting around it are Scott Rosenberg, Adam Kasanof, Matt Diller, and Greg Costikyan. Scott is seated at the head of the table with a clipboard in front of him. Scattered across the table are five bottles of Waldbaum's Cola and several back issues of National Lampoon.

Scott: Okay, first order of business is...

Adam: Food!

Scott (trying to be a good sport but gritting his teeth): Our circulation has leveled off at about eighty-five. How do we increase it?

Matt: How about a billboard campaign?

Greg: I'll give us a plug in GIGO, INVERTED GRAPEFRUIT, and HILLIPUT.

Scott: No! No! Please, anything but that! Matt, where's your next article?

Matt: Oh, it'll be along in a few issues. I'm planning one on what goes on at one of our meetings.

Scott: A true dud. Any ideas?

Greg: How about Diller and I having a tremendous feud in ALTERNATE REALITY

Adam: How about some food?

Scott: Hmm, we could put some variants in. Any ideas, Adam?

Adam: Well, there's always the Great Irish Potato Famine...

Scott: Oh, God...

Matt: Why don't we pretend Adam doesn't exist? No one will ever know...

Greg: Adam who?

Adam: How about a hamburger?

Scott: I've got it! Why don't we all write on the POUCHES again?

Greg: Trite. Matt: Dud.

(Continued on page three)

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THE POCKET ARMENIAN is a tri-weekly journal of Postal Diplomacy and other matters of interest. Subs are 8/32. Game fee is \$6.50, but no games open now. All contributions welcome; pay 4 issues for one page or more, 2 issues for less. Blanket reprint permission is given as long as credit is given and a copy sent to us. Back issues (all except 4 & 5) are available at \$.30 each. We alternate 12 and 18 page issues, but see back. TPA is a division of CHOAM PUBLICATIONS, Director: Scott Rosenberg

PRESS RELEASES

PA2: FRANCONIA: The clanging knell of the alarm bell brought von Winterfield to his senses. Groggily he rose from the pallet and shook the sleep out of his eyes. It was going to be one of those days, he thought gingerly. Already he could see the snow piling up against the barracks window, driven by a hard violent wind out of the north. An impossible day for flight maneuvers, but they were calling them up just the same. He looked at his watch. "Achh, it's late!" he cried to himself and, gathering his flight cloak tightly about him, he slipped outside. Instantly he felt himself immersed in a titanic ocean of sound, the roar of 140 Zeppelins being started up, the oaths of a thousand frost-bitten mechanics and greasers, and the vaguely urgent yells of crewmen trying to find their respective ships. "Where's the Barbarossa?" he wondered. He didn't know what was going on but he knew the penalty for being absent from one's ship when it took off. Stumbling awkwardly through the driven snow, he caught a glimpse of the familiar ZX-177, and he ran to it like a long-lost brother. But he was stopped just yards short of his goal.

"What are all these accursed Drachflieger doing here?" he shouted in anger at one of the junior mechanics he knew he could intimidate. He was becoming increasingly curious as to why such a tremendous operation was being planned in such ungodly weather. But the stuttering reply of the mechanic was lost in the whining "rrooom" of the Vaterland starting up its auxiliaries. Already the Vaterland was starting to strain at its moorings as the huge bubbles of hydrogen began to expand within her. Seized with mounting frustration, von Winterfield ran around the Barbarossa, and, grasping a rung in his hands, began to swing himself up to the deck. Only a mechanic would get onto a Zeppelin this way, he told himself, praying all the while that no one saw. At last he had reached the sanctuary of the deck and its relatively quiet noise level of about 120 decibels. He caught a glance of the ensign Frishfield on the level above and he shouted above the noise "what's going on here? What's with the drachenflieger?" Frishfield gave no sign that he had heard any of this but through the howling of the engines von Winterfield could hear him yelling "Augsburg...been attacked...reds...marching on Bernese Oberland...called up to protect...Swiss Experimental Squadron!" Von Winterfield shook his head in disgust and motioned Frishfield to come down. He could not make head nor tail out of Frishfield's cries, except that it all sounded like WAR!

PA3: ROME: If attempting to go through Italy is what the French forces view as being the path of least resistance, then France is doomed. Italy will never allow one of its supply centers to become French, and has force enough to back this. Thus, for France there is no path of least resistance except suicide. (Since the skull is so thick, try poison.)

Scott: You know, Sacks is a real dud.

Matt: That's pretty obvious, Dot.

Greg: Gil wants to have a triple collating party over at Gladdo's house, BOCH, CUME, AND POUCH all at the same time.

Scott: NO! NO! Gil is still out for revenge for our writing on the POUCH!

Matt: Then we have to take a vote! Oh, fun!

Scott: Oh God! Come on, that's ridiculous!

Greg & Adam: Oh, goody goody! A vote!

Greg: I vote yes, that we go to Gil's collating session.

Matt: Me too! Come on, Adam, you must vote yes so we can overrule Scott!

Adam: Well in that case, there's little choice in the matter. Yes!

Matt: There, three of us to one of you!

Scott: Yes, that is true. On the other hand, I own the mimeo, and I've got the mailing list, and I've got all the stencils and paper...

Greg: So what? I can use the New Democratic Club's mimeo! And we can steal the mailing list!

Scott: ...and the checking account is in my name...

Matt, Greg, & Adam: Well, perhaps we should reconsider.

Greg: Why does your name always come first on the masthead, anyway?

Matt: That's right! And you cajoled me into becoming Assistant Director for CHOAM Publications. I don't want that!

Scott: But that means that if something happens to me, you get BOCH!

Greg: Hey, wait a moment! I rhought I was second-in-command!

Matt: Hah hah! I GET IT!

Greg: Not so! I GET IT!

(The two have come near to fighting. Scott pulls them apart.)

Adam: Let's have some food already.

Greg: I didn't like the way you ended that vote. It was pretty despotic and unfair. I'm going to rip you apart in GIGO and INVERTED GRAPEFRUIT!

Scott: So what? Nobody reads 'em anyway.

Adam: Wait one moment, Greg! Remember, you don't edit INVERTED G.F. now.

Matt: I won't do "Dill Work" anymore!

Scott: That's Ok. I can look for blank pages without your help.

Matt: Yeah, but you're not unionized!

Adam: I've got the next 300 pages of JEREMY PAULSON JDI here. I'll send it to CENTURION where my genius is appreciated!

Scott: Please! Snd it to Fox! I don't have room here.

Adam: You're expendable, you know. How would you like it if one day your mimeo exploded? Or the corflu caught fire? Or...

Scott: Yes, I know; or if my tanks got broken. We all know that one.

You're not the only one around here who watches MONTY PYTHON, you know.

Greg: Just remember, I have control over our name. After all, it's named after me!

Adam: No you don't! It's named after a joke that I told! I control it!

Greg: If we abandon Dot, where do we hold our meetings?

Matt: Greg's house! Greg: Matt's house!

Adam: Greg's house it is! I can't stand having to get up at the ungodly hour of 11:30 just to ride the train out here to Queens! Yeeeech!

Greg: Not at my house. Never!

Well, that settles it. Scott, do you want some help putting out The Pocket Armenian?

((The above was written 2/3 by Matt Diller and the rest by Scott; so this marks Matt's second article in two issues, a record! It's amazing just how realistic the scene is. All of the conflicts portrayed have occurred at one point or another.))

This issue is being typed on some old stencils, so the printing may not be up to the usual standard. I beg your forgiveness...

SACKS RESPONDS I

((As background for the next letter, note the following: Sacks, who is the Miller Number (Variants) Custodian, when he assigned our YV game the number 'AGcv' in his statistical 'zine LORD OF HOSTS, said it was in CARN DUM. I wrote him asking him to correct this, and he has refused.))

Dear Scott,

After reading your latest issue and accompanying messages, I feel compelled to respond immediately even before my typewriter is fixed. While you deny personal animus, it is extremely hard to believe that since your comments are apparently irresponsible, or at best ill-advised.

First, however, I have no intention of issuing a change of MN for AGcv. ((I'm not asking for a change--just a recognition of what 'zine it's in.)) I do not know how that mistake was made, but it was trivial. If that means that you will not resubscribe ((to LORD OF HOSTS)), so be it. Of course, if Heuer's first edition of El Dorado contains information about where games in play are, the correction will automatically occur.

Next, your reversal of position on T.I.D.A. is just plain despicable, since you were one of the principals who wanted a N.Y. Realm of TIDA rather than DNYMPA. If it wasn't for your insistence on the matter, I would have given up long ago on NY. You yourself approved of "God Save The Tsar," and nothing in the TIDA program has changed since WinterCon III (which incidentally was the formal establishment of the group; most of the groundwork had been done before then). Further, we have seen from Pulsipher's poll of the hobby that the position of opposition to the Calhaver Awards is a majority position, but then I am not impressed with majorities. Incidentally, TIDA does not have a Polish veto--in that system a single no vote defeated the issue, dissolved the government, and ((I can't make out this word))ed the legislature.

The existing problems with regions and functions is that they are not viewed as legitimate. In recognizing legitimacy it is hoped that there will be responsibility and cooperation. Your contention that anything would be difficult to accomplish is false, belies your claim that the group could be political and your desire to join it, and apparently malicious. ((Huh?)) I wonder what you mean by non-political. ((Where?))

Now let us come to your "challenges" on the Gemignani Awards. 1A: material in the times is claimed to be "press." 1B: the two items might constitute a series, even if it didn't happen that it was to be part of a continuing series, and 1C: people don't have to vote it. 2: While I admit that some of the black press contributed to my nausea, in the words of many of the nominators "they're all bad." Of course if you do win I will be happy to note on the citation the credit which belongs to your brother and friends. Now, your write-in campaign for me for "Dud of The Year" is charming, though you by far deserve that honor more than I ever could. However the proposal does not compare in stature with the other nominations for Special Award or for Least Meritorious Contribution.

Finally, let us look at your irresponsible comments concerning the variant committee. That group may have begun as an advisory panel to IDA certainly cannot prevent me, as Miller Number Custodian, from putting real business before the committee ((it most certainly can!)), and investing it with authority. Indeed it seems to me that your real objection is to having a group associated with IDA decide anything, since, as a subscriber to LORD OF HOSTS, you know I was putting some of this business before the committee.

Yours, Robert Sacks
Miller Number Custodian
3rd Commissioner, TIDA
Chairman on leave, IDAVC
Gemignani Awards Teller

I will take these things in the order that they appear in Sacks' letter.

As a hobby officer, Sacks has a moral obligation to report things accurately and correctly--in this case, as Miller Number Custodian he's got to keep his statistical records straight, no matter how trivial his errors may be. This obligation cannot and ought not be shirked.

On TIDA: My position on TIDA at WinterCon was predicated on the assumption that it was all a joke. When I discovered it was serious, I didn't mind, although I stopped pushing for a NY Realm; I only began to object when I realized that, as a serious organization, you were going to implement proposals that weren't worthy of a serious group (i.e., sabotaging awards). There was no "insistence on the matter" of a NY realm from me; I suggested it at WinterCon and have said nothing further since. And NEVER was I in favor of a NY realm rather than DNYMPA, because I thought TIDA was a joke. Opposition to the Calhamer Awards may be a majority, but not many of those want to sabotage them actively--in fact, the reason why most players are disenchanted with them is that, one way or another, the CAs have been screwed up in the past. You're not helping things any by furthering these screw-ups; you're not being constructive, rather destructive.

I have word from Peter Berggren that he has support on the TIDA Council (or whatever it is) to veto the sabotage idea. That's good news. I apologize to everyone for calling TIDA "Sacks and his crowd"; all the info I had on TIDA came from him at that time, so I assumed Sacks ran it.

On my Gemignani Awards challenge: you do an excellent job here, Robert, of evading the issue. Ad for 1A: some TIMES material is press, but not the stuff headlined as articles. 1B: OK, perhaps. 1C: This is about the most ridiculous thing I have heard yet! If a candidate is ineligible, you as organizer of the awards have a duty to remove them from the ballot--you can't just say, "Well, if it's not eligible, it won't receive votes!" That's pure hogwash. 2: You completely circumlocute my objection. I don't give a damn what contributed to your nausea. You refuse to specifically enumerate which single release you nominated for Worst Single Press Release. All you have to do is say "this one" or "that one," but with your usual petulance you refuse.

Of all your comments, the ones on the IDA Variant Committee disturb me most. The IDAVC is subject to the IDA Constitution, Sacks; the Constitution doesn't give a damn whether you're Miller Number Custodian or MIT Chief Baby-Sitter. The IDAVC is an IDA Committee responsible to the IDA Council, not its Chairman who lets power go to his head. From what I hear you've been wasting the committee's time with non-existent problem like "the definition of a variant." In other words, to sum up, you have no authority to invest the IDAVC with authority or power.

You assert that my comments are "irresponsible." I assert that your actions are irresponsible. 1) As Miller Number Custodian you have been delinquent in your duties; 2) as an officer of TIDA you have been advocating malicious and destructive policies; 3) As Chairman of the IDAVC you have exceeded constitutional authority and diverted the committee from its agenda assigned by the IDA council; 4) As Gemignani Awards Teller you have allowed ineligible nominees to remain on the ballot.

That's a pretty impressive set of duds.

The most recent hobby scandal is as follows: Rod Walker reprinted some TDA stuff in his 'zine EREHWOE that TDA has copyrighted, so TDA is requesting apology and the like. Well, I don't know what to make of this one and will not commit myself one way or the other. Beshara's case is legal and technically right; but Walker's makes good sense too.

PA3: LONDON: Today KING (PM) Russell I confirmed that His Majesty's Thing Army, now stationed in Liverpool, is an army. It had been reported that it was a fleet, but how can an army be a fleet?

COPENHAGEN: It was announced here that the English Empire had formally annexed Denmark as a protectorate. Because the old German Kaiser, Juan IaWhon, had left the men of a whole fleet stranded in Denmark with nothing to eat! The navy seamen broke into numerous homes and factories, including the factory of the TTR sultan-chair company. TTR is now headquartered in England. That was like declaring war on England. King (PM) signed the treaty today, here in Copenhagen on his way to St. Petersburg for talks with Tsar Russell I (aren't common first names enjoyable for press?)(no)). As you should know, Tsar Russell I's real name is Russell Rustonski Rustomanski II (he uses Tsar Russell I because he is the first Russian Russell to hold that rank!). Needless to say, they are brothers.

ST. PETERSBURG: The two Russells' non-aggression pact was signed today. It calls for about 3/4 of all Russian oil to go to England. If not England may occupy the Russian oilfields. In return, England will not attack St. Petersburg during Spring 1903.

LONDON: Princess Z-Z Zhotomahnantonski was shot in a bizarre incident today. While driving her motorcar in the Piccadilly Circus, she was stopped by a fake traffic officer, who then shot her! The assassin was caught when he went into the main office of the police and said "Someone has shut the Princess. Oh no, I've used my Deutsche accent!" The assassin then fled, and was caught by pursuing police. He was identified as Frederick Alfred Stueben Graf von Stürglbenheimer, KING (PM) Russell I's own relative! King (PM) Russell I rushed home from his conference in St. Petersburg. It was announced that he was using RUSSIAN GUNS AND AMMUNITION! ((Who: the assassin or King (PM) Russell I?)) Action will be taken, promises the King, who is now in the Atlantic Ocean on His Majesty's Ship The PRINCE OF WALES.

182-31 RADNOR RD: Next, please...

PA4: BERLIN: The government of Germany calls for the death of France! If they move one foot on German soil, they will be murdered!!!

TURKISH TIMES: General Ibu Fatiwon, the Bulgarian liberator, was investitured today with the highest Ottoman title of honor; Sofa. Following the ceremony we were fortunate to obtain an interview with Mustafa Ibn, vizar to the Sultana.

"Yes. Could you tell us something of Gen'l Fatiwon who has just been elevated to the Sofia, er the Sofa?"

"Pfagh. Only the camel is great!"

"Eh? Er, but surely you must all look to him in this hour of Turkey's peril?"

"His title will not protect him from orc's arrows..." "Pardon?"

"Oh, sorry, wrong fantasy, yet if one makes oneself mush, the chickens will eat him."

"Meaning Russia perhaps."

"The Russians, pfui, they may seek an ally in Austria. For the Russians a promise is only a cloud, but they shall wait long for the fulfillment of rain."

"To return to the Sofa for a moment..."

"The Shophar? But personally I have nothing against Jews; in fact, some of my best..."

"Excuse me, Mustafa, what chauffeur?" (Oops, blown the punch line...)

"Ah! Shoful, I do not recognize Yiddish as well as Hebrew, yet that is counterfeit money, no? Truly it is said, money is the best messenger; yet have the English also a proverb: "Don't slip the rozzer the dipsy in snide."

1974AGev; CONSTANTINOPIE: All the faithful are concerned about the wicked and savage Italian attack on Yemen. All Islam has arisen. The Infidels threaten Mecca!

ISTANBUL: Fr. Postoumi, the Italian minister to this great Capital, felt the need to return to Rome, thinking that his government would have more use for him there. But he has not left. He has made many friends here in the city of strange delights and the Vizier was concerned that Fr. Postoumi would not fare well in Italy since the Government there is so clearly controlled by lunatics. Instead the so-truthful minister has been invited to make permanent residence in this city. The Sultan's government will even provide him with free room and board in a shady spot. Very shady!

TOKYO: In view of the total lack of response to scores of diplomatic messages and attempts to establish some discussion with other countries, the Emperor has decided that hara-kiri is honorable and desirable. The Japanese sayonara will hopefully benefit the one diplomat in the game, even though he's a backstabber.

PA2: THE SHERLOCK HOLMES STORY: Our train arrived in Paris as the child of morning, rosy-fingered dawn, was extending her rosy fingers above the eastern horizon. I did not observe this peculiar French phenomenon, however, as Holmes led me half-asleep to our compartment in the local train which was to take us to Choisy-le-Roi and the home of M. AuVin, the French Statesman. We were rather delayed in departing, and after a cup of coffee I was alert enough to notice Sherlock's obvious agitation. Eventually, though, we pulled out of the station and within an hour reached the suburb which was our destination.

There were no cabs at the station, a rather peculiar circumstance, I thought. Holmes set off at a brisk walk, and I followed.

"We should be in time for breakfast," I remarked.

"We're too late already, I fear," Holmes said over his shoulder, "and not just for breakfast! At every turn they seek to delay me..."

For the next five minutes he strode in silence. A high stone wall paralleled our path; at last, we reached a gate in it, a gate which stood open and unattended. I noticed a small sign on the wall as we entered--it read "Chateau Coq." A deep silence lay over the grounds inside, broken only by the crunch of our footsteps on the gravel driveway.

The path turned right, and then we saw the mansion before us. Sherlock broke into a run; I did likewise, as I saw the open door and, in the morning light, the body on the threshold.

We reached the house in moments, and I kneeled to catch my breath and examine the man lying there. Holmes was already inside when my shout brought him back.

"This man's not dead!" I exclaimed. I turned him to face upward, and apparently doing so woke him from a deep sleep--his eyes opened, face contorted, and with a loud "Wah!" he began to cry lustily.

Holmes was at my side, and conducted a quick but medically thorough examination. "No injuries visible," he commented, over the man's cries, "but motor coordination is almost entirely absent...level of development of reflexes similar to a one-month-old baby, I estimate. Hmm...he'll need to be toilet-trained again, too. Watson, meet Monsicur AuVin--now, help me carry him inside."

We did, and left him on a soft rug. Holmes began to search the house, but he had not gone far when he seemed to find what he was seeking, among the papers on the Frenchman's breakfast table.

"here, Watson, read this," he commanded. "It's on the back of the telegram I sent a day ago in London...delivery seems to have been delayed, for some reason, until this morning."

(to be continued next issue)

PA6; OUTSIRTS OF CAPITALDUD, DUDIAND: The sergeant stood with his back to the large sign that said "DUDS Training Camp." In front of him, in precision ranks, stood one thousand BESH PUPPETS. Lying on the cold, desolate ground in front of each one was a small whistle. "BESH PUPPETS are controlled by these whistles," the sergeant was saying to the 250-men of the "Dudland United Defense Systems" (DUDS), who stood staring in wonder at these marvelous contraptions. "You! Chest in, dud out!" he shouted at a member of DUDS who had fallen asleep. The chastised soldier immediately broke down and began to cry, screaming "I can't take it anymore!" He was deleted from this press series, since this plotline has been exhausted.

Each soldier of the 249-man DUDS walked over to the BESH PUPPETS and picked up a whistle. They stood there for a moment, puzzled. Finally one screamed out, "There aren't enough of us!"

SOMEWHERE IN THE DUDNESS: Dopeydud lifted his head groggily from the cold, damp floor of the room. He looked towards the front of the chamber and virtually jumped to the ceiling. "Welcome!" boomed a baritone voice. "I am...THE CUSTODIAN OF THE DUDNESS!"

"AAAAhhhh" screamed Dopeydud. The Custodian of the Dudness, nemesis of Neigerdud! For ages, ever since the first foray of the Dudness into Dudland, the whole mind and purpose of the Dudland loyalists had been bent towards discovering who this mysterious Custodian was. And now he, Dopeydud, a mere scribe, knew.

"Is that all you can say?" said the Custodian. "Ah well, by your garb I can tell you are obviously a mere scribe. Dronc! Take him away!"

Dopydud was led out of the room by two dead-eyed men. As soon as he returned to his chamber, he began to think about what he could do to inform the people back in Capitaldud as to who the Custodian was. After a time, he devised this plot: he would take some of the bread he would be fed with and hang it out the window, thus attracting some birds. He would train one of those birds to go towards Dudland, and then he'd attach a note, telling who the Custodian was.

He set his plot into motion, daily rationing himself and taking half his food to place it outside the window. Eventually, a likely looking bird-victim appeared by his window. He painstakingly trained it day after day to fly in the direction of Dudland.

Finally, his day had come. He tore off part of his dirty clothing, and cut himself with a fork (they hadn't given him any knives). With his blood, he wrote this on the cloth:

THE CUSTODIAN IS

"Just what are you doing?" shouted a familiar voice, booming across the room from the doorway. "Seize him!"

Dopeydud was dragged away and executed.

The Custodian leaned over and picked up the note. "SO? They still haven't figured it out? What morons! They'll never win..."

CAPITALDUD PALACE, DUDIAND: Hiding in a closet, Colonel Dillthadud looked more like a broomstick. Nonetheless, he was hiding in this closet and stroking a red amulet violently. For a few minutes, nothing happened. Then, suddenly, a voice jumped out at him, deep and booming.

"Yes?" "Please, not so loud! Listen, master, a thousand BESH PUPPETS have arrived here in Capitaldud. They're going to be used against you." "Hmmm. Very well, they can be handled. How else have things fared with you?" asked the Custodian.

"Very well," Dillthadud answered. "No one suspects me, master."

"Excellent, excellent. Just let not that amulet come into anyone's possession but your own." "Yes, master." "Very well..." the voice, trailing off, ended.

AND NOW...THE ~~WYS~~ GAMES!

page nine

1974FM (PA1) BRITAIN BIDS A FOND GOODBYE

FALL 1904

Austria (Darden): F Bul(sc)-Con; A Gre H; A Sil S RUSSIAN A Pru-Ber;
A Boh-Mun; A Tyo S A Boh-Mun; A Tri S A Tyo.
ENGLAND (Kellogg): No retreat received. F lvp retreats OTB.
FRANCE (Gruen): F lvp H; F Eng-Mid; F Mid-Naf; A Ruh S GERMAN A Mun;
A Bur S GERMAN A Hun; A Spa S A Mar; A Mar H.
GERMANY (Barlow): A Edi H; F Nwy S A Fin-StP; A Fin-StP; F Swe-Bot;
F Bal S F Swe-Bot; A Mun S A Ber; A Ber S JDI(-lie, OTB).
ITALY (Lolly): AVenH; A Rom S A Ven; ; F Eas-Smy; F GIyo-WMed.
RUSSIA (Gildroy): F Bla-Ank; A Sev H; A Pru-Ber; F Bot-Bal(-Ivn, OTB);
A StP H; F Bar S A StP.
TURKEY (Zimmermann): F Aeg-Con; F Arm-Ank.

SUPPLY CENTER HOLDINGS:

AUSTRIA: Bud, Tri, Vie, Scr, Gre, Bul; EVEN (6)
ENGLAND: ~~lvp~~ DEAD (0)
FRANCE: Par, Mar, Bre, Ion, Par, Bel, Spa, lvp; BUILD ONE (8)
GERMANY: Kie, Mun, Swe, Nwy, Edi, Don, Hol, ~~Ber~~; EVEN (7)
ITALY: Ven, Rom, Nap, Tun, Smy; BUILD ONE (5)
RUSSIA: Mos, Sev, War, StP, Rum, Ank, Ber; BUILD ONE (7)
TURKEY: Con, ~~Smy~~; REMOVE ONE (1)

Italy is still Bean, despite the above; Bean got his moves in barely.
Mark Zimmermann (Caltech 1-87, Pasadena CA 91109) takes Turkey.
We'll combine Winter and Spring. WINTER 04 & SPRING 05 due noon 5/17/75.

1974GH

SPRING 1904

KAISER IS OUT OF HIS ZEPPELINS!

AUSTRIA (Gilinsky): A Gal-Ukr; A Rum S A Gal-Ukr; A Bud-Gal; A Ven-Pie;
A Boh-Mun; A Tyo S A Boh-Mun; F WMed-Mid(-GIyo, Tun, OTB).
ENGLAND (McMullin): F lvp-Iri; F Eng-Pic; F Naf-WMed; F Mid S F Naf-WMed;
A Bre S GERMAN A Gas-Par/nso/.
FRANCE (Gildroy): A Par-Gas; A Mar & A Spa S A Par-Gas.
GERMANY (Gillespie): A Sil S RUSSIAN A War-Gal/nso/; A Bur-Gas;
A Bel-Bur/nsu; it's F Bel/; A Mun-Tyo (-lie, OTB);
F Hol-Bel/nsu/; A Ruh-Mun; A Gas/h/, (-OTB).

ITALY dead

RUSSIA (Zimmermann): F Fin-Bot; A Mos S A Ukr; A Ukr S TURKISH A Sev
/otm/(-OTB); A War S GERMAN A Sil
TURKEY (Penn): A Sev-Mos; A Arm-Sev; A Con-bul; A Rom-Ven; F Smy-Aeg;
F Bla S A Arm-Sev; F Ion-Trn; F Tun-Naf.

Note that Adam Gilinsky will be back at his NY address come May 10.
Wayne Gildroy takes over for France. FALL 1904 DUE noon 5/17/75/.

No room here for PA3, so let's do:

1975B (PA6)

WINTER 1901

Austria (Wyman): Even.
England (Gruen): Build F Ion, F lvp
France (Myers): Build A Mar, A Par
Germany (Ditter): Build F Kie, A Ber
ITALY (Drews): Build A Rom, F Nap
Russia (Rosenberg): Build A War
TURKEY (Torrey): Build F Smy

Spring 1902 moves due noon 5/17/75.

1974GU (PA3) BLOODY CAPORETTO Spring 1903

AUSTRIA (Bennett): F Ion-Nap; A Vic-Gal; A Bud S A Vic-Gal; A Tri S FRENCH a Pie-Ven.

ENGLAND (Fox): A Ivp-Edi; A Edi-Nwy; F Nth C A Edi-Nwy; F Nwy-Nrg; A Swe-Fin; F Den-Bal.

FRANCE (Malmquist): F Bre-Mid; A Gas-Mar; A Pie-Ven; F Glyo-Trn; F WMed S F Glyo-Trn.

GERMANY (Diller): A Ruh-Rie; A Hol S A Ruh-Rie; F Ber-Bal; A Sil-War.

ITALY (Weswig): A Tun H; F Nap S F Trn; F Trn S A Tus(-Rom, OTB); A Tus S AUSTRIAN A Tri-Ven/nso/.

RUSSIA (Torrey): A Mos-Lvn; A Ukr-Mos; A Gal H; F Rum-Sev.

TURKEY (Rosenzweig): A Bul-Rum; F Bla S A Bul-Rum; A Con-Bul; F Acg H; A Sev-Ukr.

John Torrey takes Russia. FALL 1903 DUE HERE NOON 5/17/75.

PA4:1974ID:DELAYED. GM MOVED WITHOUT INFORMING PLAYERS. Not y fault. Costikyan is now at 1675 York Ave, NY NY 10028. (212-860-8818).

Next deadline is noon 5/17/75.

1973FC (PA5) PLAGUE OF FROGS INFESTS AIBION Fall 1905

AUSTRIA (Kellogg): A Bud S A Tri; A Tri S A Bud; A Vie S A Bud.

ENGLAND (Kelly): A StP H; F Bot-Bal; F Bar S A StP; F Nth-Den; F Swe & F Ska S F Nth-Den

FRANCE (Cusack): F Eng-Nth; A Ion H; F Iri-Nat; A Wal-Ivp; A Hol-Bel; F Trn-Rom; F Tun-Trn; A Naf-Tun; A Mun H.

GERMANY (Morgan): NMR. F Ber/h/, A Rie/h/, F Den/h/(-Hel, OTB).

ITALY (Zimmermann): F Ion R OTB; A Nap-Rom; A Ven-Rom.

RUSSIA (Leeder): A Gal-Vie; A Lvn-StP; A Mos S A Ivn-StP; F Rum gnashes its teeth in frustration(Russians don't gnash).

TURKEY (Swies): A Ser S A Gre-Alb; A Gre-Alb; F Ion S A Gre-Alb; A Bul S A Ser; F EMed S F Ion; F Adr S F Ion.

SUPPLY CENTERS:

AUSTRIA: Vie, Bud tri; EVEN (3)

ENGLAND: Edi, Nwy, Swe, StP, Den, ~~Ivp~~, ~~Lvn~~; REMOVE ONE (5)

FRANCE: Bre, Par, Mar, Spa, Por, Bel, Hol, Mun, Tun, Ion, Ivp; BUILD TWO (11)

GERMANY: Rie, Ber, ~~Den~~; REMOVE ONE (2)

ITALY: Ven, Nap, Rom; BUILD ONE (3)

RUSSIA: Mos, Sev, War, Rum; EVEN (4)

TURKEY: Ank, Con, Smy, Bul, Gre, Ser; EVEN (6)

Dan Denney(Box 5890, Sta B, Nashville TN 37235) takes Germany.

WINTER 1905 and SPRING 1906 (combined) DUE NOON 5/17/75.

1974AGev INDIANS ATTEMPT TO SNEER Spring 1902

AUSTRIA (Grossman): F Alb-Adr; A Ser-Tri; A Clu-Bud; A Gal-Vna.

ENGLAND (Barlow): F Nth-Hol; F Ion-Eng; F Ire-Nat; F Edi-Nrg; F Tha(ec)H; F Joh-Mal; F Nwy H (-Bar, Skg, OTB).

FRANCE (Gilinsky): F Bre-Pic; A Par S A Mar-Bur; A Mar-Bur; A Sai-Ann; F Cam-Sia; F Mor-Sat; A Por-Spa.

CHINA (Darden): A OMo-IMo; A Man H; F Pek-Yel; F Can-ECh; F Osa S F Can-ECh; A Han-Sik.

GERMANY (Proujansky): F Den-Nth; F Rie-Bal; A Mun-Tyo; A Boh S A Mun-Tyo; A Ruh-Bel; A Hol S A Ruh-Bel.

INDIA (Prosnitz): F Mad-EIn; A Bma-Sha; F Jav-Mal; A Cal-Bma and sneers at Chinese A Sik(imp: Indians don't sneer, just grovel); A Del-Cal; A Ira H.

(continued next page)

1974AGev Spring 1902 (Continued)

Italy (Honig): F Nap-Ion; A Ven-Apu; A Tyo-Vnd (-Pic, OTB); F Yem-Red;
A Tri S A Tyo-Vna; F Pen-EMe; A Mog-Eth.

JAPAN (Weswig): F Lar-NPa; F Tok-SPa; F Phi-Ccl; F SJa-ECh(-OTB).

RUSSIA (Eisen): F Swe-Nwy; A StP S F Swe-Nwy; A Skg-Tur; F Lor-SJa;
F Vla S F Lor-SJa; F Sev-Bla; A Rum S A War-Gal; A Ukr
S A War-Gal; A War-Gal; A Mos-Sev.

TURKEY (McGee): F Bul(ec)-Bla; A Con-Bul; F Smy-EMe; A Gre S A Con-Bul;
A Lgy-Pen; A Jor-Nej; F Bag-Per.

Adam Gilinsky will be back in NY come May 10. FALL 1902 due noon 5/17/75.

THE CONTINUING ADVENTURES OF JEREMY PAULSON J.D.I.

by Adam Kasanof

Paulson tore open the trunk's catches and lifte its lid, and then pullwd out a custom-made Samsonite Attache case. He quickly set the case on the floor and undid its two latches, flipping up its top to reveal his custom-made 9mm Uzi submachine gun, along with the weapon's accessories. Unfortunately, Paulson had not had the foresight to put his gun back together after the last time he had stripped and cleaned it, so the weapon lay there in a heap of black, teflon-coated titanium pieces. "Goddamnit!" he thought.

His reflections were cut short by a loud yelling from the hall outside. "The karate slob!" he thought. "No chance to get out in the hall without being seen, so I'll have to stay here." He dashed to the table lamp which was the room's only source of light and turned it off. He scooped up his gun case and locked it in one rapid motion, and stood near the wall which faced the open door. "Here I Am!" he yelled. "Come and get me, saki slosher!!"

The considerably enraged karateka appeared at the doorway of the room, and, nunchakus stuck in his belt, hands poised to tear Paulson apart, sprinted into the room. With this running start he began to execute an unimaginably ferocious flying kick which would doubtless have sent Paulson's head flying off, if the karate master had not tripped on the length of piano wire which Paulson had strung across the room six inches above the carpet to deal with intruders. "Takes care of pesky maids better than any goddamn 'do not disturb' sign," Paulson had explained when Thom Anderson asked him what the wire was for.

The karate master's great momentum drove him into the floor like a sixteen-ton weight, and Paulson grabbed his opportunity to leap over the prostrate figure of his adversary and run out the door. He turned right and began to run down the hall of the Presidential Suite. He reached the end of the corridor and jumped into the room which lay just ahead, slamming and locking the doors behind him.

David Gladstein got up from the couch where he had just been sitting and reading an underground comic. Paulson turned and saw him. "Hello, Jeremy," Gladstein said. "Why did you slam the doors?"

"Because someone wants to kill me. An old friend of ours." A loud banging came from the doors, and Paulson assumed that the noise was from the karate Master trying to smash the doors down with his nunchakus. "That's him now, as a matter of fact." He opened his gun case and began to dig through the parts of his machine gun. "Goddamnit!" he yelled in a distraught voice. "I can't find the bolt!"

"Jeremy," Gladstein said, "there's a telephone on that table; why don't we call for help?" "An excellent suggestion," replied Paulson. "Why don't you look through that heap of parts and see if you can find the goddamn bolt, and I'll call."

YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT TILL NEXT ISSUE TO FIND HOW THEY ESCAPE...

WANTED: POETRY

Next issue is going to be a special Poetry Issue. I have on hand at this moment quite a bit: a "TOMMY" converted to Diplomacy; something called DIPPYHELL, which is a Diplomacy rendering of Dante's Divine Comedy; and some other stuff. Any and all poetry is welcome for this next issue. So write!

LIONRY

THE POCKET ARMENIAN has become a losing proposition: that means that in effect from now on we're paying for much of it. The main effect this will have on you as a reader is that there will be very few big issues from now on; they're just too expensive. Also, to the publishers out there: PLEASE plug us. There are a number of 'zines out there that we've plugged and have not been plugged in turn; I earnestly request them to redress the situation. We don't have openings but still have subs!

RUBIBOUNCE: IN MEMORIAM

Greg Costikyan has formally announced the death of RUBIBOUNCE. Because of a million and one program difficulties and general lack of interest, the game has been discontinued. Since no one payed anything to play, we don't owe you anything but apologies. As far as I can tell, only one person subscribed because of RUBIBOUNCE; if you (you know who you are) want your remaining sub money back, we'll refund it.

Next issue we'll have a listing of some long overdue plugs on our part. In the meantime: there are rumors of a Canadian Postal Strike. If a major stoppage does occur we'll play it by ear; but we'll be liberal about deadlines and in most cases delay things until the strike is over.



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___ Your sub runs out this issue
___ What if, when you turn the board around so that F Nwy(left coast) is F Nwy (right coast), someone else also turns the board around so that it's F Nwy (left coast) again? Huh? Then you can't move to Sweden!