

# the Pocket Armenian

#15

Jamaica, NY

May 17, 1975

D I P P Y -- An Opera Depicting Various Aspects of Our Hobby  
Lyrics by Scott Rosenberg  
Music by The Who

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE:

A Narrator, who narrates

Captain Walker, self-explanatory

"Rocky," a "Dippy Wizard"

Uncle Evan, a pervert having some connection with a similarly-named  
Cousin Raymond, as above person

Doctor Calhmer, experienced prognostician of alliance diseases

Reverend Besh, preacher of a little-known sect

Peery, a Schismatic

Numerous Players, and others

## NINETEEN-OH-ONE or WHAT ABOUT THE 'ZINE?

Player 1: Got a feeling that oh-one is gonna be a good year,  
Do you think we might ally, by any chance?

Player 2: Yes, I think that oh-one could be a very good year.  
Let's get together now and eliminate France!

(aside) I have no reason to be overoptimistic,  
But somehow when I lie, the game is enhanced!

BOTH: What about the 'zine? What about the 'zine?  
What about the 'zine? It hasn't come!  
We didn't get it, it's too upsetting,  
We haven't heard yet, not a word yet,  
We haven't got any letters, we'll lose to our betters  
Because of the mail!  
We didn't get it, it's so upsetting  
We've gotten nothing from no one, not a single word  
Our alliance is done for, to IDA we've come for  
To rant and to rail!

(continued on p. 3)

THE POCKET ARMENIAN  
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Jamaica, NY  
11432 CHOAM #27

Publisher: Scott Rosenberg  
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Scott Rosenberg  
Financier: " "

TPA is a magazine of Postal Diplomacy and anything else we damn want to make it a magazine of. Subs 8/\$2. Gamefee \$6.50 incl/sub, no games open. All contributions welcome; 4 free ishes for 1 page or more; 2 ishes for less. Blanket reprint permission given as long as credit is given and a copy sent to us. Backishes (all except 4 & 5) are available at 30¢ each. We'll be at twelve pages per issue for a while to come. TPA is a division of CHOAM PUBLICATIONS. Director: Scott Rosenberg.

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THE 1975 INTERNATIONAL DIPLOMACY ASSOCIATION HANDBOOK

I am editing this year's monstrosity. The most important thing right now is to get material. WE NEED ARTICLES! If you write something and we print it, you get a free copy of the Handbook, a \$2-\$3 value. And you retain reprint permission rights.

We really need stuff. Don't not write just because you feel you're not good enough for the Handbook; try it! The worst that can happen is that it won't get printed (very unlikely), in which case I'll send it back to you. If you're not writing because you're already writing a lot for other places, think about how much more permanent a contribution to the handbook would be! We need tactics articles, strategy articles, hobby news type articles, humorous articles, Press Release articles, statistical articles, ratings articles, variant articles! Anything you can dream of that has something to do with the hobby.

Send all your stuff to me. Deadline for letting me know that you're writing something and what you're writing is June 30. Deadline for articles themselves is July 31. Start writing!

#### SACKS AND SO FORTH

Robert Sacks naturally wrote a rebuttal to my rebuttal last issue. I feel (1) that the argument is becoming counterproductive and (2) that it's taking up too much space here in TPA. So, I have written to Sacks and asked him if he insists that his letter be printed. If he does, I will print it separately from TPA and mail it to interested parties.

#### THE FUTURE

Many people have asked when we're going to have games open again. Well, despite the overwhelming temptation to open some more games to refill my coffers, as it were, I have decided (we have decided) not to open any more games until one of our present games ends. That way, there will always be room for articles (unless everyone starts writing gobs of press) So I really can't say when games will be open again. Believe me, as soon as possible, for my own sake if not yours!

As for upcoming articles, there'll be more DIPPY next issue. I also have another Snarkish poem on hand, if you want it. And more JPJDL. And more (or the start of, depending on what time Greg gets here) (you're not expected to understand that) DIPPYHELL. And a Dillerarticle, if he produces. And more Dudland.

Issue #17 is going to be an anniversary issue. Not a gala fifty-to-seventy-five page thing as once considered, but rather a measly 24-pager. We can't make it bigger for reasons of money and time (the IDA Handbook is monopolizing my supply of the latter). However, I'll keep press out of those 24 pages, and games (game reports will be issued separately; pres will be delayed an issue. I've got a lot of material for the Anniversary issue, but could use more. So, if you've got a non-Diplomacy-related article, send it to TPA; if it's Dip-related, send it for the Handbook.

AMAZING GAME

Narrator: Lying and cheating can be self-defeating, but not in this game.  
"Honesty pays," but in its own ways, it's less pay, more pain.  
Sickness will surely take the mind,  
When minds venture playing such a game.  
Come, play Diplomacy with us,  
You'll never be the same!

A vague haze of deceitfulness creeps up, unseen,  
All at once a ten-center ally confronts me;  
The only plan of action that I can see,  
Is to stab him quick, before he stabs me!

Nothing to trust, deceit is a must, supply-center lust.  
Each new province leads me to say, "Eighteen or bust!"

Sickness will surely take the mind,  
When minds venture playing such a game.  
Come, play Diplomacy with us,  
You'll never be the same!

His letters are writ in words that transmit,  
Honesty, truth, and all else that'll fit.  
In lying, deceiving, and stabbing he's first.  
The Diplomacy player, in truth, is the worst!

"BESH'S SONG"

Reverend Besh:

You talk on your society, I wish you would join mine.  
Yeah, you talk on your society; I wish you would join mine.  
Every time I write an article, We all know it's feuding time.

You know my group's got influence, I can tell by the way we talk.  
You know my group's got influence, I can tell by the way we talk.  
Every time we publish articles, we've got problems with Walk.

TDA's got power to help you, never fear.  
Yes, TDA's got power to help you, never fear.  
We'll stomp on the night beetles, whether far or near.

DIPCON

Narrator:

Did you ever see the faces of the players, they get so excited:  
Staying up on DipCon nights till after all else are benighted.  
They believe in games, and all they mean, including gamemaster supremacy,  
Peeking at each other's moves, and copying them with gleeful animosity.

And nobody can tell where DipCon will be:  
New York, Chicago, Baltimore or Los Angeles.  
How can we decide  
Where it will be: whose side?

Gamemasters: Pay me! Players: Write me, stab me, fight me.

How can we decide  
Where it will be: whose side?

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE

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Greg Costikyan will most probably be starting a new 'zine, tentative-  
ly named URF DURFAL (there's a long story behind THAT name!), for the pur-  
pose of playtesting variants. If this does come to pass, all of our var-  
iants will be playtested there, and not here. Watch for more details.

THE PROGRESS OF SPECIES: AN EPIC OF THE LATE JURASSIC  
by Paul Keith Rowe

The Rinderpest were restless  
The Snark were all aglow  
As captains of the wilderbeast  
Guide them through the snow.

The Rinderpest invaded  
The Snark-held abbatoir  
The Snark still manned the furnaces,  
Their Bishop screamed: "Bonsoir!"

The Bishop liad down his silver staff  
With darkening visage bleak he said:  
"We must awake our Lord or die--  
Now, stoke up those already dead."

Far from the fuming onyx abbatoir  
The Snark Lord slept on mossy ground  
While all the wise men of his realm  
Their liege did silently surround.

Many hours' labors' weary  
The councillors spent in loud travail  
But all attempts to wake the Lord  
Cacophonously fail.

The Bishop left the desperate fight  
His only hope immune to sonic  
Booms and the noises of the wise  
As he lay in regal catatonic.

A virgin from her tufted bed  
Arose; she came to where the wise concurred  
She knelt and whispered to the Primal Snark  
A single disenchanting word.

A far-off rumbling soon was heard  
The mountains skipped like sheep  
The Snark swayed but stood upright  
Awakened from his swampy sleep.

The Bishop filled him in on those  
Details of the Rinderpest assault  
His nostrils flared, he fiercely sais:  
"I will open up my weapon vault--"

"But first," he interrupted all  
"We must pay our debt to she  
Who saved our race from the obscure depths  
Of Darwinian insufficiency."

"I'll make her my Lady, I'll make her my Queen  
And by the way, it just occurred  
To me, did any of you Wise  
Happen to hear her sacred word?"

"You must have heard," the wise replied  
"We could not hear a thing."  
"Neither could I, neither could I--  
Yet I am still your king."

PRESS RELEASES

PA1 (1974FM): WEIMAR ZEIT-  
GEGOOF: War Minister Barlow  
was quoted as day-dreaming  
today: "Good, now that the  
Kaiser's out of the way we can  
go through the Hindenburg  
routine and that Reichstag  
nonsense, bump off Streseman,  
let Hitler get things ready,  
and then take over--like steal-  
ing candy from a baby. Then  
after the anschluss we can  
attack Poland and France...  
only better this time..."

DIE WEST BERLIN DULME-  
GESELLSCHAFTZUHAUSEGEBLIEBEN-  
EZEITSCHRIFT: Things have gone  
a bit quicker than expected.  
Hitler was in and out before  
Barlow knew it. The Soviets  
have established East Germany  
and built the wall, but the  
High Seas Fleet is still run-  
ning from Jellicoe. Doesn't  
time fly when you're having  
fun? Meanwhile our war mini-  
ster is in Paris discussing  
with Gruen how the remainder  
of the Bavarian Army can be  
transferred back to the Con-  
tinent. The first plan is for  
them to jump across the North  
Sea. If this doesn't work  
they'll have to tunnel to Mon-  
golia and catch a train. If  
all else fails, they will be  
ordered to intermarry with the  
natives to try to bring some  
culture to those barbarians.

PA6 (975B): PARIS: A represen-  
tative of Duke Myers' Cabinet  
has informed us that he would  
like to set up a unified world  
power conference meeting  
among all world powers and  
leaders.

1974AGcv: PEKING: The peaceful  
peoples of China should like  
to point out to the Decadent  
& foolish warmongers who rule  
the downtrodden Workers of  
India that we shall meet them  
anyway anywhere anytime and  
as in the past so will it be now

The Progress Of Species (continued)

"We march today on Rinderpest  
I spit to say the word--  
We'll cleanse our sacred abbatoir  
Until their bones are blurred."

"We'll blur their bones, we'll mix their teeth  
We'll saw their arrogant tusks in two  
We'll make them eat their charred toes  
There's no crime we won't sink to."

"War drives this Snark to sin, I fear"  
The Bishop said in an aside  
"It was wrong to rouse this gnarled King  
It would be better to have died."

The Lady of the Snark walked by  
And saw his darkened brow.  
"I think I can ennoble our Lord,  
I think that I know how."

She led off the Lord from the murderous pack  
And brought him through the forest dark  
When after an hour the Lord returned  
He was a different Snark.

"I'm noble and lordly and wise and good  
I'm full of compassion and trust  
I'm ages ahead of the rest of my race  
Yet I don't look on them with disgust."

"I'm the model of the future king  
A proto-benevolent-despot  
But my people now are sorely pressed  
I'll gain them a benevolent respite."

As the Lord marched through the oceans blue  
To reach his jasper gates  
The Snark were pushed against their palls  
And the Margrave ordered out the forks  
and plates.

Their fur was singed; their tusks did melt  
And the fires of the Snark burned low.  
The Rinderpest, exultant, surged;  
But the Snark Lord stopped their flow.

The Lady of the Snark appeared  
And stood beside her Lord;  
Their countenance was lucid--  
The Snark behind were bored.

His wrath was great; no sign was seen  
Of his legendary phlegm  
The Rinderpest, befuddled, quailed  
For his gaze stared down at them.

Now the Margrave of the Rinderpest  
On the Snark's famed phlegm  
had placed his trust  
This had vanished and he now  
Was utterly nonplussed.

Press (continued)

PA3 (1974GU): SESTRORETSK,  
RUSSIA: In this small  
Russian town on the out-  
skirts of St. Petersburg,  
the English 1st Army trium-  
phantly paraded. It appear-  
ed that they might possibly  
capture St. Petersburg it-  
self. ((No luck!)) The  
English 2nd Army was report-  
edly capturing petrosavodsk,  
on the other side of Lake  
Ladoga. According to rumors  
the Russian Government is  
fleeing to Moscow.

PA4 (1974ID): COPENHAGEN;  
Today the leading elements  
of the German Fleet entered  
Copenhagen. After the dis-  
astrous bombings by the  
English, the Danes were  
welcomed to have a nice,  
warm, friendly people as  
their protectors. ((They  
were welcomed? No doubt by  
the lovable and kind  
Germans!))

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So much for press. I'm  
sorry to use this small  
column format, but it's bet-  
ter than wasting this space.  
Some plugs:

GIGO, Greg Costikyan's multi-  
fandom 'zine, has appeared  
for a second time. This  
time, it's 30 or more pages,  
and Greg is thinking of  
moving it to 48! GIGO is  
50¢ per issue, \$2.50 for 6.  
Bimonthly. 1675 York Ave,  
NY NY 10028. Very good.

ERHWON is Rod Walker's  
age-old 'zine. It's always  
got some interesting articles  
and questionable humor. You  
can really follow all the  
feuds in the hobby from the  
pages of this one 'zine! But  
seriously, it's well worth  
it. Rod Walker, 1273 Crest  
Dr, Encinitas, CA 92024.  
Subs 6/\$1, but 10/\$1 if  
you're a pubber but don't  
trade.

The Progress of Species (continued)

Ho grovelled in the olive furze  
And begged the Lord to think  
Of the Snark God's great compassion  
But the Lord of the Snark just blinked.

The Margrave failed to stagger or fall  
He failed to utter a groan  
He lacked even the Snarkish grace  
Of a perfunctory visual moan.

The Snark turned his trailing head  
Surveyed his people returning to peace  
He swayed his vaulted jaw once more  
And said: "Let all things cease."

That was in the late Jurassic  
And Snarks of course don't speak.  
This is not a treatise  
But the Snark is not a joke.

FINIS

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PRESS RELEASES

SOMEWHERE IN DUDLAND: "Look! Up in the sky! It's an albatross!  
It's an African Swallow! No---It's a BAGEL!"

The wise ones talk of a Cosmic Bagel, and the goodness that doth permeate it; and some make the claim that, within its limitless and endless center hole, doth exist an entity known as UNDUD. And its symbol was that very Cosmic Bagel.

"IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE DUD, AND THE DUD WAS WITH UNDUD, AND THE DUD WAS UNDUD."

("But how can dudness be undudness?" "Shut up, Dill!")  
So much for theology.

WE INTERRUPT THIS PRESS SERIES TO BRING YOU AN ANNOUNCEMENT FROM THE AUTHOR: Some of you out there may have read a press release purportedly from Dudland in an issue of a dubious something with the dubious name of PREDAWN LEFTIST. THAT RELEASE DOES NOT CONSTITUTE A PART OF THIS CONTINUUM! In other words, Grossman is blabbering but does not have the direct line of communications with Dudland that I possess. On the other hand, releases from Dudland printed in THE POUCH have constituted, to a limited and contorted extent, a part of this series in the past, although they may not in the future

SOMEWHERE IN THE DUDNESS: A small being is being led to the guillotine by a hooded executioner. Branded on his forehead is the word "DOPE! DUD." The being says to the executioner, "Can't we talk things over?"

THIS PRESS SERIES PROTECTED BY VANGUARD ALARM SYSTEMS

NYAWK: "What now, master?"

"Listen carefully, Konvulcuk. I am your master."

"Yes, master." "You are to travel to Dudland and fall in to the ranks of my Besh Puppets. From there, you will witness all the movements of the Puppets and everything else that you can see. Report to me each night on these events by way of your special PuppetPhone."

"Yes, Master."

"You shouldn't have too much of a problem. Just act like a normal lower level Besh Puppet and follow the whistles, and above all remember to say 'DOO! DOO!' at all times."

Plugs (continued)

CENTURION is Russell Fox's new gamezine. You can get in a game FREE with a subscription at 8/\$2! That's a bargain not easily passed up! Russell Fox, 5160 Donna Ave, Tarzana CA 91356.

THE PREDAWN LEFTIST is a 'zine whose quality is...questionable. Nonetheless, despite the first issue's mediocrity, it is published by a...well...competent person and should improve (it won't improve). (I should complain about his typing...) Ben Grossman, 29 E. 9 St, NY NY 10003. Subs 10/\$2, Gamefee \$2 not including sub. GAAKKK! Another New York 'zine, to swell the ranks of the New York Conspiracy!

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1974GU (PA3) ITALY GIVES UP

Fall 1903

AUSTRIA (Bennett): F Ion-Tun; A Tri-Tyo; A Bud-Vie; A Gal S GER A War.  
 ENGLAND (Fox): A Nwy-StP; A Fin S A Nwy-StP; A Edi H; F Nrg-Nwy; F Nth-Den; F Den-Bal.  
 FRANCE (Malmquist): F Mid H; F Wied S AUS F Ion-Tun; A Mar-Bur; A Bel H; A Ven H; F Trn-Nap.  
 GERMANY (Diller): A Kie-Mun; A Hol-Kie; F Ber-Bal; A Warsaw prays.  
 ITALY (Weswig): R F Ttn-Rom. A Tun-NAf; F Nap-Apu; F Rom S FRENCH F Trn-Nap; A Tus S F Rom.  
 RUSSIA (Torrey): A Gal Retreat to Boh; A Boh/h/; A Lvn-StP; A Mos S A Lvn-StP; F Sev H(-Atm, OTB)  
 TURKEY (Rosenzweig): A Rum-Sev; A Ukr S A Rum-Sev; F Bla S A Rum-Sev; A Bul-Rum; F Aeg H.

AUSTRIA: Bud, Ser, Vie, Gre, Tri, Tun; BUILD TWO (6)  
 ENGLAND: Edi, Lvp, Lon, Nwy, Swe, Den; EVEN (6)  
 FRANCE: Par, Bre, Mar, Spa, Por, Bel, Nap, Ven; Build two (8)  
 GERMANY: Ber, Mun, Kie, Hol, War; Build one (5)  
 ITALY: Rom, ~~Yen~~, ~~Nap~~, ~~Tun~~; REMOVE THREE (1)  
 RUSSIA: Mos, StP, ~~War~~, ~~Rum~~; REMOVE TWO (2)  
 TURKEY: Ank, Con, Smy, Bul, Sev, Rum; BUILD ONE (6)

Winter 1903 & spring 04 will be combined, unless there are objections  
 BOTH DUE 12N, June 17 1975.

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PA2 PRESS

THE SHERLOCK HOLMES STORY: I read, in shaky script:

No time--ArtIm<sup>o</sup>r<sup>y</sup> IS H--ow--the bIte!-mY HEa<sup>d</sup>....

"What's this?" I asked. "Something stopped him from writing anything more, and left him the way he is now?"

"I think we need to examine him more carefully," Holmes said. We returned to the foyer where H. AuVin had now fallen asleep on the rug, and looked over him again. There seemed to be a knot at the back of his head; I parted his long hair, and froze.

It was something silvery, like a metallic beetle, clinging to his skin at the base of his skull.

"Don't touch it, Watson!" Holmes pulled out a pocketknife and gingerly cut off the two long antennae at the bug's head. Then, a little less cautiously, he pried it loose from AuVin's scalp, which woke the (former) politician and set off another crying spell. We ignored him; the bug came loose and left almost no visible wounds, only reddened spots where its feet had been clinging and a pinprick under its head. The reason was obvious from a check of the inert miniature metal robot--it was equipped with a fine hypodermic needle for a beak.

"Watson, please empty your snuff-box and keep this in it for me," Sherlock said as he handed me the creature. "We will have a chemical analysis to do of its contents, though I suspect we won't learn much. Do you know of any drug that can erase a lifetime of memories?"

"No--it is simply incredible, Holmes. Even if such a thing exists, what happened here? Where are the servants? Why did we find AuVin in the doorway? What is the motive for such an incredible (excuse my use of that word so often, but it is incredible) crime?"

"The explanation is clear," Holmes said, "if you would only observe. First, the--"

He stopped abruptly as we both heard, faintly, a high-pitched buzz coming from the adjacent room. Then, through the doorway flew a shining metallic beetle, and the buzz abruptly grew louder as it arrowed its way for Sherlock Holmes!

(continued next page)

The Sherlock Holmes Story (continued)

Holmes' reflexes were those of an expert swordsman; his hands moved almost too quickly to follow, and as it reached him he caught the deadly insect by its wingtips and held it immobile. Then, I noticed one of his strange introspective looks; the great detective's eyes met mine briefly. Perhaps he was distracted, but it seemed that either Holmes' hands moved, or the bug twisted momentarily, and then a look of terror and agony that I had never seen before crossed his face. With a twitch, he threw the creature across the room and it smashed against the wall and fell shattered to the floor.

But it was Holmes, not the insect, that held my attention. His left hand grasped his right wrist in a deathlike grip, as if to slow the circulation to his right hand. He spoke to me hastily in a low voice.

"John, you may have a few seconds to get out of here--run, leave me, and get in touch with August DuPin at 1861 Rue de la--AH, the pain! My..."

I caught Sherlock's body as it began to slump to the floor. To leave and desert my friend was inconceivable, whatever he said. I sat on the rug, Holmes' head in my lap. A few seconds later, he opened his eyes and I saw in them no memory of me, of where he was, or anything else. They were empty, in a way, not the eyes of an idiot, but the eyes of a bright, newborn babe. A smile crossed his face and, involuntarily, I smiled back, and tried to contain the tears that I could feel coming. The mind of my friend, the greatest mind I had ever met, was no more.

Artimory's men entered the room a moment later. Nothing needed to be said; I surrendered my friend's body and followed as it and the body of M. AuVin were carried on stretchers to the waiting carriages outside. I sat down in one, next to Holmes, and then grief overcame me--I remember no more for a time. (to be continued)

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A CLANDESTINE LOCATION IN DUDLAND: "Yes, my colleagues, we must contribute to the fight against the Dudness in one way or another. What say you, Sacerdud Gorham?"

"Well, we could Interdict the lot of 'em."

"Unfortunately, that would have no effect, since no one in the Dudness gives a damn whether or not they are interdicted. Any other suggestions?"

"Well, we could start an Inquisition..."

A MUNITIONS FACTORY IN DUDLAND: "You! Johnson! You've been slacking off recently. In fact, you've been doing so little work I might think you you're in league with...the enemy!"

"Well!" said Johnson. "I didn't expect a Dudness Inquisition!"

booooo0000MMMM! "No one expects the Dudness Inquisition! Our chief weapon is incompetence, incompetence and inefficiency--TWO chief weapons! Incompetency, inefficiency, and the stupidity of our leaders--Three weapons! Three chief weapons! Incompetence, inefficiency, the stupidity of our leaders, and the ineluctability of defection--FOUR CHIEF WEAPONS!"

"Uh, excuse me--those aren't weapons, but rather hindrances."

"Well, yes, I would suppose so. But you don't want me to go through that whole routine again, do you? No. So: you have ONE LAST CHANCE. CONFESS the heinous sin of Dudness! REJECT the works of--TWO LAST CHANCES!" CONFESS..."

BACK AT THE CLANDESTINE LOCATION: "I think we've got our man, Sacerdud," said a dayglo-yellow-robed monk.

"Who is 'e?" said the slurred-voiced Sacerdud.

"General Costodud!"

"Huh? But Why?" "The name. Not only do we think he's a traitor, we think he is..." "Custodian of the Dudness!"



THE GAMES; BUT BEFORE WE BEGIN, A NOTE ON GAMEMASTERING

Last issue was semi-disastrous as far as GMing went. I made one semi-major error, Matt made THREE in the YV game, and Greg made a major one in PA2. Stringent measures have been taken; this will not happen again. We apologize.

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1974FM (PA1) ARMENIANS FIGHT BACK Winter 1904 & Sp. 05

AUSTRIA (Darden): A Sil S RUS A Ber; A Boh-Mun; A Tri-Ser; F Bul(sc)-Con; A Gre-Bul; A Tyo S A Boh-Mun.

FRANCE (Gruen): Build F Bre. F Naf S F Mid-Wes; F Mid-Wes; A Mar-Pie; F Bre-Mid; F Lvp-Nat; A Ruh S A Bur-Mun; A Bur-Mun; A Spa H.

GERMANY (Barlow): Retreats A Ber-Kie. A Fin S F Mwy; F Bot-StP(sc); A Mun-Ber; F Bal S A Mun-Ber; A Kie S A Mun-Ber; A Edi H; A Nwy H.

ITALY (Bean): NBR. NMR. A Ven, A Rom, F Smy /h/; F Wes/h/(-Gly,Trn,Tun)

RUSSIA (Gildroy): Build A Mos, retreat F Bot-Lvn. A StP-Nwy; F Bar S A StP-Nwy; F Lvn-StP(sc); A Mos S F Lvn-StP(sc); F Bla S AUS F Bul(sc)-Con; A Sev-Arm; A Ber S AUS A Boh-Mun (-Pru, OTB).

TURKEY (Zimmermann): Remove F Aeg. F Arm-Bla. *see page for Standby!*  
FALL 1905 DUE 12 NOON Saturday June 7, 1975.

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1974GH (PA2) ONCE MORE, INTO THE... Spring 1903 again

This is the real adjudication, with Germany's real moves.

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 (-GLyo, Tun, OTB).

ENGLAND (McMullin): F Lvp-Iri; F Eng-Pic; F Naf-WMed; F Mid S F Naf-WMed; A Bre S GER A Gas-Par.

FRANCE (Gildroy): A Par-Gas; A Mar & A Spa S A Par-Gas.

Germany (Gillespie): A Gas-Par; A Mun S A Bur; A Bur S A Gas-Par; A Ruh S A Mun; A Sil-Gal; F Bel-Pic.

RUSSIA (Zimmermann): F Fin-Bot; A Mos S A Ukr; A Ukr S TUR A Sev/otm/(-OTB); A War S GER A Sil/otm/.

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.

FALL 1903 DUE 12 NOON Saturday 7 June, 1975.

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1974ID (PA4) UNION JACK FLIES FROM HELGOLAND Spring 1902

AUSTRIA (Honig): A Vie-Gal; F Gre-Aeg; F Tri-Alb; A Ser-gre; A Bud-Ser. engLAND (Denhart): F Nth-Hel; F Edi-Nth; F Bel S F Edi-Nth(-Eng,OTB); A Yor-Lon.

FRANCE (Brennick): A Par-Pic; A Bur S A Par-Pic; A Mar S A Bur; A Spa-Gas; F Por-Spa(sc);

GERMANY (Fox): F Hol-Bel; A Ruh S F Hol-Bel; A Kie-Den; A Mun S A Ruh.

ITALY (Keeping): F Ion S AUS F Gre-Aeg; F Nap-Apu; A Tun H; A Pie-Ven.

RUSSIA (Malmquist): A War-Gal; A Ukr-Rum; F Rum-Bla; F Sev S F Rum-Bla; F Swe S F StP(Nc)-Nwy; F StP(nc)-Nwy.

TURKEY (McCullam): A Bul-Gre; A Con-Ank; F Bla-Con; F Smy-Aeg.

FALL 1902 DUE 12 NOON Saturday 7 June, 1975.

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1974AGev PRESS

ROME (DANN): This capital disavows any policy statements made in press previous to this point in time. All previous press with this dateline is black press.

ROME (DANN): The government of ITALY would like to inform the other governments of the world that any press statements printed in this issue under this dateline, other than this one, are black propoganda and should be ignored. This press release is intended as a safeguard against other black press perpetrators, beware!

1973FC (PA5) RUSSIANS GIVEN LESSON IN LINGUISTICS Winter 1905/Sp. C6

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

ENGLAND (Kelly): Remove F Ska. F Bar S A StP; F Bal-Lvn; A StP S F Bal-Lvn; F Swe-Bot; F Den-Kie.

FRANCE (Cusack): Build F Bre, F Mar. A Naf-Tun; F Trn S A Naf-Tun(-Glyo, Tus, OTB); F Tun-WMed; F Mar-Pic; A Hun-Tyo; F Nat-Nrg; A Bel-Ruh; A Ion-Hol; F Nth C A Lon-Hol; F Bre-Eng; A Iyp-Edi.

GERMANY (Denney): NMRI A Lic, F Ber /h/, GH removes dislodged F Den

ITALY (Zimmermann): F Rom-Trn, A Nap H, A Ven S TUR A Ser-Tri. Built F Rom

RUSSIA (Leeder): A Mos-StP; A Lvn S A Mos-StP; A Gal-Vie; F Rum can so gnash ((It cannot. The Russians in that fleet do not understand English very well; they do not understand silent consonants. Thus, they pronounce gnash "guh-nash." If you want them to gnash, you'll have to order them to "nash."))

TURKEY (Swics): A Ser-Tri; A Alb S A Ser-Tri; F Adr S A Ser-Tri; F Ion S ITA F Rom-Trn; F EMBd S F Ion; A Bul-Ser.

\*\*Richard Kovalcik (947 56th St, Brooklyn NY 11219) standby for Germany.

FALL 1906 due 12 NOON June 7, 1975.

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STANDBY FOR ITALY IN PA1: Ron Kelly, #210, 225 Virginia Ave SE, Washington DC 20061.

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1975B (PA6) DON DITTER DUDS DOT; DOT DEAD? DOUBTFUL Spring 1902

Austria (Wyman): A Bud S ITA A Tri-Vie; A Ser S F Alb-Gre; F Alb-Gre.

England (Gruen): F Iyp-Iri; F Ion-Eng; F Nth S A Bel; F Nwy H; A Bel S GER

France (Myers): A Par-Pic; A Mar S A Bur; A Bur S A Par-Pic; A Spa-Por; F Por-Mid

Germany (Ditter): A Hol-Ruh; A Ber-Sil; A Hun S A Ber-Sil; F Lic-Bal;

Italy (Drews): A Tri-Vie; A Ven-Tyo; A Rom-Ven; F Nap-Ion; F Tun S F Nap-Ion

Turkey (Torrey): F Smy-EMed; F Aeg C A Con-Gre; A Bul S A Con-Gre; A Con-Gre.

FALL 1902 DUE NOON Saturday 7 Jun 1975

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1974AGev (PAI)

AUSTRIA (Grossman): A Gal R-Cluj. A Clu-Vna; A Ser-Tri; A Bud S A Ser-Tri; F Adr-Ven;

CHINA (Darden): F Osak-Tok/imp/; F Ech-For; F Yel-ECh; A Sik-Vtn; A IMo-Han/imp/; A Nan-Pok.

ENGLAND (Barlow): F Nwy R-Ska; F Ska S RUS F Nwy-Swe; F Eng-Bel; F Nat-NatOBB; F Nrg H; F Nth-Hol; F Tha(cc) H; F Joh S F Thai(cc).

FRANCE (Gilinsky): A Bur-Mar; A Par-Bur; A Ann-Lao; F Sia-Bor; A Spa H; F Sat-SatOBB; F Pic S ENG F Eng-Bel.

GERMANY (Prouj): A Tyo-Mun; A Hol S A Bel; F Den-Nth; F Bal-Swe; A Boh S RUS A Gal-Vna; A Bel H (-Ruh, OTB).

INDIA (Proz): F Lin-Ccy; A Sha-Lao; A Bur-Sha; A Cal-Bma; F Jav-Cel; A Ira H

ITALY (Honig): A Tyo retreats to Pic; F Pen-Egy(nc); F Red S F Pen-Egy(nc); A Apu-Tun; F Ion C A Apu-Tun; A Tri-Ven; A Pic S A Tri-Ven; A Eth H.

JAPAN (Weswig): F SJa ret -SOL; F SOK-Vla; F NPa-Sib; F Spa-Phi; F Cel-Jav.

RUSSIA (Eisen): F Nwy-Swe; A StP-Fin; A Mos-Lvn; A Tur H; F SJa-lar; F Vla-SOK; A Gal-Vna; A Rum-Clu; A Ukr-Rum; A Sev S A Ukr-Rum.

TURKEY (McGee): F Per-Yem; A Nej-Bag; F Smy-Eas; A Gre-Buk; F Bul(cc)-Con; A Con-Ank; A Egy-Pcn(-Pez, Sud, Jor, OTB).

Please note that there were three mistakes with retreats last season. All were straightened out. They were: Austria A Gal had to retreat to either Clu or Sil. Japanese F SJa had to retreat to one of seven (i) places, and Italian A Tyo had to retreat to either Ven or Pic. (continued)

1974AGcv SUPPLY CENTER CHART:

AUSTRIA(4): Bud, Scr, Clu, Tri, ~~Yyz~~; even  
ENGLAND (8) Lon, Lvp, Edi, Joh, Tha, Nwy, Irc, Bel; build 1  
CHINA (8): Pek, Han, Can, Osa, Man, Oho, Vtn, FOR; Build 2  
FRANCE (9): Par, Mar, Bro, Sai, For, Nor, Cam, Bor, Spa; Build 2  
GERMANY (6): Lie, Ber, Mun, Pos, Hol, Den; Even  
INDIA (7): Del, Cal, Mad, Bma, Jav, Ira, Cey; Build 1  
ITALY (6): Rom, Ven, Nap, Mog, Pen, ~~Yyz~~, ~~ZZZ~~, Tun; Egy, Eth; Build 1  
JAPAN (3): Tok, Kyo, Phi, ~~Kaz~~; Remove 1  
RUSSIA (12): Mos, Oms, StP, Vla, Sev, War, Rum, Skg, Swc, Ior, Kar, Vna;  
TURKEY (7): Con, Ank, Bag, Smy, Bul, Gro, ~~Zet~~, Yom; even Build2  
Unless there are objections (which there probably will be), W02 & S03  
combined (conditional orders on builds) due noon Sat. June 7 1975

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JEREMY PAULSON, J.D.I.

By Adam Kasanof

Paulson jumped to his feet and grabbed the telephone receiver. "Hello," said Paulson, "Operator..." "Hey there, Jeremy!" came a familiar voice from the other end of the phone, "How are you doing."

"Goddamnit, Vanable, what the hell are you doing on this phone?" "Phone-freaking, of course, Jeremy," replied John Vanable. "Listen, I got this great new thing, a purple box, let's you make calls via satellite for free, and I was just testing..." "Get off this phone, Vanable! I have to make an emergency call!" "Who to?" inquired Vanable. "I hope it's not the police, Jeremy. A few of my friends said that they were going to screw up fuzz phones all over the city tonight!" Paulson slammed the phone receiver back down.

The loud banging on the doors increased in volume. Finally the two doors burst open in a shower of splinters. Through them the karateka advanced slowly, and proceeded to survey the room, keeping a close watch on Paulson as he did so. "Ah well!" said the karate master. "I shall have the distinct please of killing both you, Mr. Paulson, and your friend, Mr. Gladstein. If you would be so glad as to stand near your friend..." said the karate master to Paulson, motioning him towards Gladstein with a nunchaku, "and I will kill you both at once."

Paulson stopped over to where Gladstein stood. Paulson's casual dress, consisting of a light blue shirt custom-made by Paulson's Savile Row tailors, topped off by a jet-black velvet jacket, contrasted noticeably with Gladstein's attire, which consisted of a Dayglo purple shirt depicting two pieces of excrement above the legend "Get Your Shit Together!", blue-satin pants with rhinestone studs on the pockets, and a pair of metallic Puma track shoes. Gladstein also sported a shortish lucite walking stick with hundreds of silver sequins molded into its interior, causing the stick to glitter.

"Have you any last statement to make?" inquired the karateka, "before I dispatch you to your ancestors?" "Yes," replied Gladstein, "although it's really more of a question than a comment. Are those nunchakus made of steel pipe?" "Yes," replied the karateka, "and they are filled with tightly-packed sand to add weight and improve their balance. Why the question?" "I have some acquaintance with the martial arts," said Gladstein. "Indeed," answered the karate master. "Do you know anything about the nunchaku?" "I know a little," replied Gladstein. "Then perhaps you would honor me with a demonstration of your knowledge?" replied the karateka. "Here, take one of my nunchaku," he continued, proffering one of the sinister devices in Gladstein's direction. Gladstein gripped the nunchaku and hefted it in his hand two or three times, and then held it steady for a few moments.

(continued next page)

J.P., J.D.I. (continued)

last page

"It's really a bit too heavy for me to use, I'm afraid," replied Gladstein, returning the nunchaku. "I am most disappointed," answered the karate master, "I was hoping for a display of your skills; I thought possibly that you might even provide some challenge for me to overcome." "I would not want to deprive one such as yourself of a demonstration of my own moderate abilities; I would simply prefer to use my own nunchakus!"

With that, Gladstein twisted his walking stick near its center, and separated it into two lucite rods, joined by a length of chromium-plated chain.

TO BE CONTINUED

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1975B RUSSIAN MOVES; I'm sorry, but I completely forgot to put these with the report. So:

RUSSIA (Dot:): A Gal-Bud; F Bot-Swe; A Ukr-Rum; F Rum-Sev; A War-Gal.

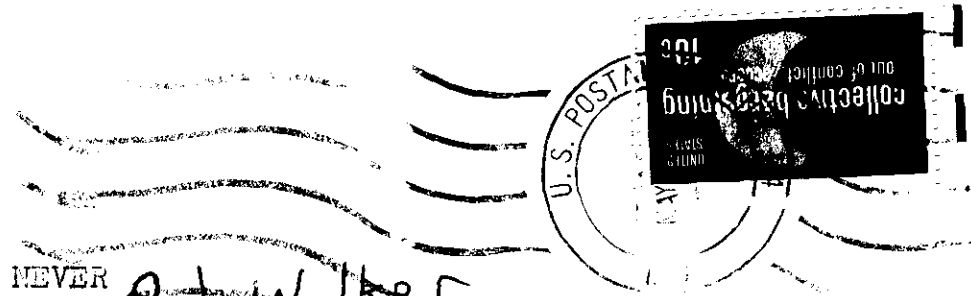
\*\*\*\*\*  
Well, DIPPYHELLI never got here, so you'll have to wait till next issue. No great loss, I should think....

\*\*\*\*\*  
DILLER PUTS IN HIS TWO BITS: This is Greg Costikyan usurping Diller's two bits. Nyah hah hah hah!

The above in our editors' age-old tradition of backstabbing.

TWO LAST CHANCES....

THE POCKET ARMENIAN  
Scott Rosenberg  
182-31 Radnor Rd  
Jamaica, NY 11432



NO DOUBT,  
THIS WILL NEVER  
GET TO

FIRST CLASS MAIL  
FIRST CLASS MAIL  
FIRST CLASS MAIL

*Rod Walker*  
1273 Crest Dr.  
Encinitas CA  
92024

- Trade is cut; this is not for personal reasons, but financial ones.
- Trade is cut; this is not for financial reasons, but merely for personal ones.
- your sub ends this issue
- Dud
- UnDud
- Dud Undud
- Undud Dud
- Tud-Dud

*Did you get my letter re: demo game and press game?*