

The Pocket ARMENIAN

SPECIAL DOUBLE ISSUE
DIPCON REPORT
WORLD WAR III VARIANT
INTIMATE DIPLOMACY
THE DIPLOMACY ASSOCIATION

19/20

Jamaica, NY

August 30, 1975

DIPCON VIII by Scott Rosenberg

The New York Conspiracy first fully exposed itself to the gazes of outsiders at this year's DipCon. Thirteen New Yorkers made the haul to Chicago. In a two-car convoy organized with the invaluable efforts of Edi Birsan went Mike Rocamora, Nick Ulanov, Gil Neiger, Matthew Diller, Howard Mahler, Greg Costikyan, Arnold Proujansky, Evan Jones, Edi, and me. Also attending, but by the expensive route, were Stephen Tihor, Ben Grossman, and Bob Lipton.

Our car (Mike Rocamore drove with Gil, Nick, Matt, Howard, and me) left Manhattan at about 8 AM Thursday, August 14. The trip to Walt Buchanan's in Indiana went without too much trouble until we got near Lebanon. I ran a dungeon expedition in the car (no mean feat!).

Howard Mahler, who had been to Walt's before, assured us that he knew how to get us there, and that we didn't have to call up to get directions. OK, we said, so we get off at the Lebanon exit? Well, Howard answered, you get off at either the second or the third Lebanon exit. He wasn't sure which. We got off at the second.

Needless to say, in five minutes we were completely lost. We asked Howard if he recognized anything, at five-minute intervals; he always answered yes. Eventually he explained that he recognized everything in Lebanon because last time he went he had gotten lost. So we called up Carol Buchanan to get directions.

We missed the third exit (which was the right one) and ended up traveling for an extra fifteen to twenty minutes because there wasn't another exit for miles. We finally found a nice-looking round that seemed to fit all specifications (Howard even recognized it!) so we sped down it, all saying how wonderful it was that we had finally found the road.

It ended in fifty feet, a dead end.

We found a gas station; Mike remembered the name of Walt's road as "Hazel Rigg Road" or somesuch, so he asked directions for it. We got them and went merrily on our way, winding through the Indiana flatlands from small road to smaller road. We found "Hazel Rigg Road" or "Hazel Ridge Road" or "Hazel Rigg Ave." and took it, checking box numbers as we went. When we found one that said "Rural Route 3" we had a small celebration. But we couldn't find Box 324 or anything that sounded like Buchanan. After about a half-hour of this, all the time wondering when our gas would run out, we stopped and Nick went in to a house and asked for directions or to use the phone. He disappeared into the house, and didn't come out.

We began to get slightly worried. Was Indiana really as bad as Duncan Smith said it was? Nick finally came out, though, with the news that we would meet Walt--

(continued on page three)

THE POCKET ARMENIAN

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THE POCKET ARMENIAN is a journal of Postal Diplomacy among many other silly things, including humor, fantasy & SF, D&D, wargaming, poetry, parody, news, pot roast, and ink & paper (mimeo, of course). It is published tri-weekly (which does NOT mean three times a week!), subs are 8/\$2 (please!). Game fees are irrelevant since there are no games open. We welcome contributions, paying 2 ishes for up to one page and 4 for more. Permission is granted to all and sundry to reprint as long as credit is given and a copy sent to us. TPA is a division of CHOAM Publications, which has as its esteemed Director none other than Scott Rosenberg, er, that is, Nick.

NEWS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS (A new regular feature, I expect)

(1) This issue is late (wow!). In some ways, however, it is not. In others, it is, especially. Meaning the following: last deadline was one week before DipCon, when I was slaving in front of this very same typewriter producing the IDA Handbook. I had no time at all to do TPA. Thus, I sent out the game reports to players and left the rest of you up in the air. Wasn't that nice of me? Thus, this issue is a double issue, to make up for the total absence of the last issue--or rather, that issue that should have been last issue had it ever existed. And so to the next case:

(2) JOIN THE IDA! I mean it this time! In the future, IDA members who subscribe to TPA get it at the rate of 9/\$2 instead of 8/\$2. I know that isn't that big a difference, but it's my own little way of encouraging you to join (which you will do by sending a \$2 check made out to "International Diplomacy Association" to the Vice President/Treasurer Walt Buchanan, RR 3 box 324, Lebanon Indianan 46052). People in games, I'm afraid, will miss out on this--but games do end, eventually, you know (although players in PA2 and PA4 may doubt the veracity of that statement). And after the game you'll have to subscribe, in which case you'll get the discount. If/when (more likely if--see elsewhere in this issue) I open more games, there will also probably be an IDA member discount. IDA is the only organization in the hobby that is "run by the members, for the members." It's goals are simple--to make the hobby more enjoyable by providing services and helping people out. All members receive the bi-monthly magazine DIPLOMACY REVIEW, the organization's forum. For a good example of a worthwhile IDA project, take a look at the plug for the Handbook elsewhere in this.

(3) GAME OPENINGS 'B' NORTH AMERICA is yet another IDA service. It is a computerized, always up-to-date listing of game openings in North America, both regular and variant. It is available for a stamped, self-addressed envelope from Stephen Tihor, 122 Henry, Princeton University, Princeton NJ 08540. If you're looking for a game, this is where to go!

(4) One of the newest things to pop into hobbyists' mailboxes was a letter from a group called DIPLOMACY RATING SERVICE, a project which will rate face-to-face games providing certain conditions are met (like paying a \$1 fee). Unfortunately for DRS, their original mailing was poorly done--nowhere did it properly identify the people running it. That, coupled with the fact that they're run from a PO box and they ask for money, made it look to many folks that it was a rip-off. I'm pretty certain it's not. If you're interesting in getting FTF games rated, by all means write to Diplomacy Rating Service, PO Box 731, Lynnwood WA 98036. I don't know whether it will sink or swim--on the one hand, I think it is being run by extremely capable people, but on the other, their initial mailing may have done too much damage to their operation. If you're willing to pay the money though, it sounds worthwhile.

(5) As players already know, we have instituted a new policy around here for accepting moves--ONLY THE GM FOR A GAME WILL ACCEPT THAT GAME'S MOVES. Any GM who receives moves for another game will discard those moves. This is a measure that had to be taken because of the confusion that was resulting from everyone getting everyone else's moves. To facilitate this measure, I am going to print the GMs addresses every issue. This is, however, a rule and will be enforced.

back at the other end of the road where we had been a half hour beforehand! Anyway, we got there, and followed Walt back to his ~~farm~~ house.

There we met Walt, and Carol, and Doug Beyerlein. We were shown through the Archives, of course. Both Walt and Doug took pictures of everyone--why, I can't imagine. We took looks at all the various classical antiquities like GRAUSTARK #1 and VERITAS VINCIT. We eventually got to sleep (at least I did) around 3 AM.

The next morning John Boyer arrived with Lee Kendter Sr. and Bill McDonough. After a not-so-quick breakfast we left for Chicago. The trip there was reasonably sane. About two blocks away from the hotel, we saw a battered, partially burnt old sign that said "Midland Hotel" suspended precariously above the street. We were certain that we were going to end up in a shabby flophouse. As it turned out, the Midland, while no paragon of plushness, was adequately air-conditioned (a most important consideration) and minimally uncomfortable.

After eating dinner and scrounging around town for some cassettes to record the IDA Meetings on, we attended same. The Council held a meeting before the General Meeting. Surprisingly enough, Pulsipher and Birsan did not get into a fistfight--although if Brooks had been there, who knows what would have happened!).

The General Meeting, on the other hand, was quite eventful. The first item on the agenda was a discussion about Edi Birsan's proposal for a Novice Entrants Project. Among the arguments that developed here were Anderson vs. Buchanan over a proposed GRI project of including DIPLOMACY WORLD subscription forms in new Diplomacy sets (after all, DW is owned by GRI); Reinsel vs. Buchanan over why Walt does not place Charlie on his list of game openings (it was suggested that Charlies has placed people in games without their requesting him to do so); and others. The general consensus, however, was that NEP is an excellent idea and should be implemented.

The biggest fireworks came up during the next discussion of DipCon site selection, moderated by Lew Pulsipher. The big bombshell was dropped by Gordon Anderson, who announced that he had applied for a trademark on the word "DipCon." Many people answered with shocked voices; it was pointed out that the name "DipCon" is irrelevant as long as there is one annual gathering of postal Diplomacy players. Edi Birsan commented that he personally felt what Anderson had done was "disgusting," and that he resigned from his games in EL CONQUISTADOR (Edi later apologized, for an "emotional outburst" that he "felt was justified at the time.").

A discussion on how to reorganize the IDA regions, if at all, was then held; I'm not certain, but I believe the final decision was to reorganize them in terms of population (not PLAYING population, total population).

Nick Ulanov presented his proposed draft for a new IDA Constitution, which includes the most sensible federation program yet proposed. I gave a presentation on the 1975 Handbook. We sold a total of about 30 Handbooks in Chicago, and distributed about another 35 for regional dispensation (UK and Canada). DIPLOMACY REVIEWS, GO 'B' NAs, and THE CEPHEIDS were distributed. The meeting ended, after a surprisingly short 110 minutes.

Later that night I played in a WAR OF THE RING version-something-or-other game in John Boyer's room. It was a fairly standard Pulsipher middle-earth variant, but we played it without allowing any negotiation, for some unfathomable reason. This made for a strategic breakdown that ended up with a number of two-player wars running across the board. When I saw that I (Saruman) was losing mine against the Eriadorians or whoever they're supposed to be in this one, I took my double army and punched a hole in my enemy's line, taking a home center. Next year I migrated north with my DA and one single army following. Then I, finding no empty centers left in Eriador to prey on, stomped my way north to the Orcs (Len Lakofka), and took two of his home centers. I don't think he appreciated that! When Len assembled a large enough force to kick me out, I ran off again into the Misty Mountains. Eventually I made my way back to Orthanc. Then they declared a four-way draw...without me.

(continued next page)

Next morning I awoke dreary and early to start in the tourney. Naturally, I ended up playing Italy. I allied with Robert Correll (AUSTRIA), but got whittled down and stabbed and died in 1905. I was tied with four other Italys in that round; I ended up on bottom board by bad luck. This time I got Germany and was wiped by an Anglo-French-Russian stomping attack.

In between the two rounds on Saturday, I ran a dungeon expedition...and what an expedition! Walt Buchanan asked to play, since he had never played before. So they took Walt along. He was a fighter. Playing in that expedition were Diller, Neiger, Mahler, and Walker (Pat--no relation to Rod).

They found a secret panel. Howard opened it, and they suddenly found themselves with a charmed Howard. He began defending the panel. So a magic-user charmed him back. Now Walt, who had not read the rules and really didn't know that much about the game, I don't think followed what was going on. He said "I attack Howard with my sword." I have a rule that if a person does something, well, questionable, I give him one chance--if he says he's going to do it two times, he does it. I checked with Walt, and he gave the order a second time to attack Howard. So he did, and he killed Howard.

The party explained things to Walt, and I don't think there were any hard feelings. Gil resurrected Howard. They went on. After some other events, they found another panel. Among other things, inside it was a button. Howard pressed the button. A wyvern attacked. Gil, with his 8th-level sleep symbol, put the damn thing to sleep and the party killed it. And--you guessed it. Walt says, "I attack Howard with my sword." I checked again. "Yes--I take my sword and attack Howard." Once more, Howard was dead...

That evening, after the second round of dippy was over (or rather, after I had been knocked out of it), Walt approached me and said that he and his attorney, Matt Diller, would like to discuss his case, re his alignment, with me. So I agreed, and for fun decided I'd run it in mock trial procedure. Matt, Walt, and I walked over to a table. Nick Ulanov and Bob Lipton followed.

I had fully intended to run this thing privately--it was between Walt and the Gamemaster (me). Nick and Bob, however, refused to go away when I told them to. So I declared that they would be fined a 1,000 Gold Pieces for every word they uttered during the "trial." As a further ridiculously arbitrary and unfair condition, I declared that this money would have to be paid to Walt. I knew that these conditions were absurd--I meant to make them so unfair that Nick and Bob would leave. They, like fools, did not, and not only did they not leave, they talked so much that they ran up a 70,000 Gold Piece bill. And they blame it on me. Nii.

Anyway, once I let them stay, the thing became public. Walt argued that he was just a dumb fighter. Oh yes, by the way, Howard's character was named "Wilber the Wise," so Walt gave himself the appellation "Walter the Dumb." He argued that he had been brought up to place "the good of the party" ahead of any other concern. Howard endangered the party; Walt killed him. Throughout the proceedings, Mahler was referred to not as "Wilber the Wise" but as "Wilber the Dead." Wilber the Dead gave his own testimony via a clerical Speak With Dead spell. After all this the court made its decision. One of the side effects was that, since Walt was so dumb, he couldn't be trusted with the money to be paid him by Ulanov and Lipton, so the court was appointed fiduciary of the money for Walt.

After the trial we adjourned upstairs for more dudging. Stephen Tihor and I each ran an expedition. Mine was the worst collection of duds that I have ever run an expedition for--so, naturally, it bombed. Afterwards Mike Rocamora polymorphed Walt into a Beholder and Walt ran after Howard, again. Howard hired 1000 men and braced himself. About midway into the resolution of this battle, it was pointed out that Mike couldn't polymorph Walt. That ended that.

After that, Gil and I talked for a long while with John Boyer. We spent an hour or two explaining the fundamentals of D&D to John, and then considered various possibilities for running the game by mail, and we think we may even have come up with one! It's not the same as the face-to-face game, of course, but it's similar enough, and is very workable. We will report on this in the near future.

We finally went to sleep around 4 AM. Next morning came the third round of the tournament, and again I was on the bottom board. This time, though, things turned out considerably better for me, and my France in conjunction with a German ally pretty near swept the board...the game was curtailed in 1907 with me at 11 centers and Germany at 8. This made me top France for the final round, which upped my score to a respectable 10½ points--tied with Doug Beyerlein for 21-22 place in a field of 42; exactly average. Oh well, at least it's not as bad as I did at wintercon!

That evening was spent bidding farewell first to the Canada crowd (Correll, Drews, Ronson, et al.) then the Lebanon crowd (Walt, Carol, Bill, and John Douglas). Before they left the Con, we inducted the two Buchanan kids into the NY Conspiracy, and taught them the appropriate passwords--"dud", "dud out", and so forth. We even taught Prince William to say "Besh is a dud." When we tried to get him to say "Buch is a dud" he wouldn't. True Indianan stock, I guess. Finally we said goodbye to the California crowd, all two of them--the Beyerleins.

That night another game of Pulsipher's Middle Earth variant was played, while I ran another expedition. Somewhere in the middle of that, at around 11:00, I virtually fell asleep. It was an incredible experience, trying to GM while my head kept falling onto my reference tables and I couldn't read all the little numbers on the dice and all those people kept on saying such strange things to me! That expedition ended pretty quickly.

The trip home on Monday was fairly uneventful, except for the time when we pulled into a gas station along with Edi's car and told him we were going to return to Indiana to pick up Matthew's toothbrush that he had left there. As actors we were too good; Edi believed us, and drove off without us. We convinced Nick for about a half hour that we had made a wrong turn and were headed back to Indiana.

We decided that Matt Diller should win the Duncan Smith Award this year (for being most insulting to the state of Indiana). Matt had vomited out the car window onto Indianan land for about half the trip.

We arrived back in New York at 3 in the morning. Zzzzzzzzz...

It was a wonderful convention, and I thank all the great people who made it so much fun. I just wish I had got a little more sleep...

Some quotes:

"...D & D is better than...Diplomacy."--Walt Buchanan

"I am giving the Boardman Numbers to Ray Heuer."--Doug Beyerlein

"I should have taken that one supply center!"--Mike Rocamora

"I should have stabbed Reinsel!"--Edi Birsan

"Oh, you're Nick Ulanov, right?"--Lew Pulsipher to Scott Rosenberg

"You need a new ticket, right?"--Gordon Anderson to Scott Rosenberg (Nick Ulanov had lost his ticket)

"You stabbed me twice last year!"--Charles Reinsel to Scott Rosenberg (Nick stabbed Charlie twice last year)

"Besh is...a dud."--William Buchanan

IMPASSABLE (John Boyer, 117 Garland Drive, Carlisle PA 17013--subs 12/\$2 or 6/\$1., no games) is one of the finest 'zines around. First, it's printing is beautiful--compared to this rag, which is not the worst printing in the world, it looks like offset (or better). Second, it always has an informative news column and interesting articles and reading. Definitely one of the top ten 'zines around.

DIPLOMACY WORLD (Walt Buchanan, RR 3 box 324, Lebanon IN 46052)(subs \$4 a year--four issues, \$1 discount to IDA members if specifically requested) is, to put it simply, the biggest, most widespread, and most interesting 'zine in the hobby. It carries no games or press except the Hoosier Archives Demonstration Games. It's full of articles on ratings, variants, hobby politics, strategy & tactics, anything. The price has become a little bit steep, but then each issue is 40 photo-reduced pages, and we publishers all trade anyway! You won't be fully participating in the hobby unless you get DIPLOMACY WORLD.

INTIMATE DIPLOMACY SPORES FLOAT ACROSS ATLANTIC AND SETTLE HERE IN NEW YORK, AND NOW THE FUNGUS IS GROWING!!! AND THE BIG QUESTION: WILL SACKS GET PAID HIS SUBSIDY FOR THE ASSIGNMENT OF THIS MILLER NUMBER? ASK WALT BUCHANAN!

Intimate Diplomacy first came to most North American players' attentions (mine included) when it won the 1974 Calhamer Award for Best Variant. Ensuing from this discovery were many outcries of "it's not a variant! It's only two-player!"

Well, whatever Intimate Diplomacy may be, it's starting. Now. Here.

The first game of Intimate ever to be played in North America is being played between myself (Scott Rosenberg) and Nicholas Ulanov (Nicholas Ulanov). The game-master is Matthew Diller. The rules are available in the 1975 IDA HANDBOOK (see elsewhere in this issue (or on this page) for the ad for that).

Preference lists were submitted and gave us the following set-up:

FRANCE: Nicholas Ulanov (Scott Rosenberg?)

AUSTRIA: Scott Rosenberg (Nicholas Ulanov?)

EVERYONE ELSE: We'll soon find out!

Basically, Intimate is a game in which each player controls one country. An economic system is superimposed on the regular game: each player starts off with a certain number of credits. These are spent in every year to gain control of the non-aligned countries. Credits are awarded each player each year according to the number of supply centres he owns that year. Each year, the players bid with these credits for control of the non-aligned powers; whoever submits the higher bid loses that number of credits and controls the country for the next year. Bids are redone every game-year after winter adjustments.

Apparently Intimate in Britain was chiefly used as a sort of grudge-resolving mechanism of a semi-humorous nature. Well, in this case the feud is as follows: for the past two years people have been comparing me to Nicholas Ulanov (and mistaking me for him). Recently, people have been mistaking him for me--I suppose that reflects our changing fortunes within the hobby.

Anyway, this bout will determine--and here we run into the problem. I insisted that it determine who the real Scott Rosenberg is; Nick demands that it determine who the real Nick Ulanov is. Thus, we achieved the following compromise: the winner of this bout will be once and for all determined to be whoever he wants to be.

How's that for a broad-minded solution?

*****ASTERIX*****

THE 1975 I.D.A. HANDBOOK IS NOW AVAILABLE! REJOICE YE MULTITUDES!

After endless (two weeks) work and effort, the new Handbook is ready.

It's ca. 60 pages long, filled with the best in articles. IT IS THE FIRST ALL-ORIGINAL HANDBOOK--no reprints.

It has a beautiful offset-printed cover, and both the front and back are on heavy cardstock, to preserve your copy for posterity.

And, despite all these improvements, THE PRICE REMAINS THE SAME (AND IN SOME CASES IT'S REDUCED)! The Handbook costs \$2 to members of I.D.A. and \$2.50 to non-members. (Last year it was \$3 to non-members). In North America, (er--United States) write Edi Birsan, 35-35-75th St, Apt 302, Jackson Heights NY 11372--make check to INTERNATIONAL DIPLOMACY ASSOCIATION. In Canada write Robert Correll, 44 Rawlinson Ave, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4P 2M9. In United Kingdom--gee, I'm not sure. But you'll be able to find out if you write: Peter Swanson, 6 Welford Place, Wimbledon SW19 5AJ UNITED KINGDOM. I believe that, in one way or another, Walter Luc Haas, Postfach 7, CH-4024 Basel 24, Switzerland, will be distributing them in Continental Europe (not that anyone other than Walt from continental Europe gets this rag!).

The Handbook is one of the finest ways that you can both support the IDA and do something for yourself (getting a great article collection) at the same time. So when you buy it you do yourself and IDA a favor at the same time. You can save even more, if you're not a member, by joining IDA and buying the Handbook at the same time(see page 2 for info on joining IDA).

"THE DIPLOMACY ASSOCIATION" AND PROOF OF ITS DECEIT AND USELESSNESS

On the opposite side of this sheet is a xeroxed copy of a flyer that went out to a large number of hobbyists in 1971 advertising The Diplomacy Association, the first hobby-wide organization (or is it? Rod Walker says no, but I had always thought so...anyway, I think it was the first major hobby-wide org for everyone including players).

Many people may wonder why I print it. I have always attempted to stay as neutral as possible in the Walker-Beshara feud (both parties object to my calling it that, but that's what it has amounted to over the years--the organizations' names have changed, but the two antagonists have remained essentially the same). I had up until recently maintained open and friendly relations with both Walker and Beshara. Most recently, I, along with Gil Neiger and with suggestions from Nicholas Ulanov, mailed out a statement to some 50 prominent publishers about the feud, asking the publishers to cease printing material relating to this feud in hopes of killing it by giving it no exposure. A few responded enthusiastically, but most either didn't answer at all or said it was hopeless.

The most influencing event, however, was the response of the two antagonists (who were of course sent copies). Rod Walker responded with a lengthy and somewhat valid critique of the statement, and, while not agreeing to do what it asked, he did propose some possible means of ending the feud. It was a reasonable and sane reply.

John Beshara's reply was labeled "Not for publication" and thus I will not violate John's rights by printing it. Basically, though, it was insulting, unreasonable, and addressed the sponsors of the statement and not the statement itself.

If "Besh" were really interested at all in the good of the hobby, he would have not done what he did. If he did not have time to answer the substance of the statement or felt that he did not have to, he ought to have said so. Instead he stooped to an immature level and gave me convincing evidence of what other publishers have been telling me all along--he is a menace to the hobby.

To get back to the main point, the flyer of which there is a xerox enclosed states:

(1) "It will be run by the members for the members." As anyone who has had even casual contact with TDA knows, this is not the case. The organization is run by John Beshara, and only for the members he wants to run it for.

(2) "Interim officers are designated until elections can be held by all the members sharing equal voting rights." TDA has NEVER held an election, and it will never, if the organization is continued to run the way it is now. The only "votes" ever held in TDA were the votes of the Board of Directors, and these votes were not with all members sharing equal voting rights!

(3) "Everyone is welcome to join, help in the organization, be nominated for office and participate in the vital tasks of committees." As we now know, no one was ever nominated for election because there were no elections. No one was ever nominated for co-optation into the Board of Directors unless he was one of Beshara's puppets.

There's more in the flyer to rip apart, but those three points are the most fundamental and incriminating. Sending TDA your \$1 gets precious little for you and aids almost no projects. When I asked a prominent Besh-Puppet, Richard Kovalcik, what you get when you join TDA, he stuttered for a few moments and then mumbled "new players get a letter from John Beshara." Wonderful.

I hereby request anyone possessing counter-evidence to the above statements to show it to me. If it exists, then obviously I am wrong; however, I strongly suspect that there is no counter-evidence.

I acknowledge that my publication of this flyer and this statement essentially revokes my previous statement to stop the feud, but I will only negotiate with someone if the negotiations are open, non-personal, and non-hysterical; this, I am afraid, leaves John Beshara out.

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It's new,
it's for you.

The
Board
of
Directors:

It will be run by the
members for the members.

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Interim officers are designated
until elections can be held by all
the members sharing equal voting rights.

John Beshara
Edi Birsan
John Boardman
Walter Buchanan
Jeremiah Model
Brenton Ver Ploeg

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Everyone is welcome to join, help in the
organization, be nominated for office and
participate in the vital tasks of committees.

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Our chief function is to serve the members
and assist new players. A "newsletter" will
be published often, giving you a lettercolumn
where you can express your views and gripes.
There will also be news of:

*
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- * what's happening
- * game openings
- * reviews of zines
- * strategy & tactics
- * rules
- * stalemate positions
- * alliance structure
- * player ratings
- * gamesmasters
- * biographies
- * analyses of games
- * tournaments
- * prizes & trophies
- * help, there's more

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Join now. It's all for a dollar a year.

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*****	Edi Birsan	*****	John Beshara	*****
	Director		Chairman of the Board	
	48-20 39th Street		155 West 68th Street	
	Long Island City,		New York City,	
	New York 11368		New York 10023	

 THE MOST EXPERIENCED PLAYER * PLAYER WITH THE BEST GAME RECORD

Ed. Note: This flyer was mailed out in 1971. It is reproduced here as evidence,
NOT as an endorsement of The Diplomacy Association. The only two members of the
Board of Directors who are still on it from the above list are Beshara and
Boardman. It is reproduced IN ITS ORIGINAL FORM, without any alteration whatsoever.

There's no way you can get out of it. You're going to have to read the first instalment of a new column which will feature personal comments from me, Scott Rosenberg, and which is titled

THE LORD OF CHAOS MUDDLES THINGS FURTHER

Some people will no doubt be very puzzled about the seeming inconsistency between my statement in conjunction with Gil Neiger requesting people to cease publishing material relating to the "Beshara-Walker Feud", and my publication of the revealing material on TDA elsewhere this issue. I would like to explain this further.

I worded that statement as carefully and politely as I could; if I had allowed my personal feelings to enter into it more strongly it would have been a much harsher statement. I softened it deliberately to attempt to gain the goodwill of its two main targets, Walker and Beshara. I did not expect cooperation from either, but was fairly certain I would receive non-hysterical, mature answers from both. As I have explained John Beshara's answer was neither.

As far as I am concerned my statement with Neiger had not met with any sort of success. In any case, even if it had, I will not even attempt to keep up a pretense of neutrality in a case where a person virtually begs to be attacked.

John is no fool. His letter was deliberately calculated to goad me into making a wild attack on him. It preyed on me from the point of view of my age, accusing me of being immature...fully expecting me to bear this out by responding immaturely. (Incidentally, this letter called me "snotty"...and believe me if I have ever heard a snotty letter this one was it!) I will do no such thing. John has shown to me that he is acting in an immature manner, when confronted by issues and concepts, to choose the ad hominem method of attack.

I have discussed this matter with Bob Lipton, who offered to attempt to arrange some sort of reconciliatory talks between myself and John. Such a step would be welcomed by me, but only after I receive some sort of apology from John. No person with even a microscopic amount of pride would require less.

Bob explained to me that John has a very large ego, and my statement in one way or another hurt that ego. Perhaps this is true; but if John is the sort of person whose ego is deflated when he is confronted with real-life issues and problems, that is his personal problem; I do not feel I should have to alter my own attitudes to cater to someone else's shortcomings.

And now onto more pleasant matters. My room has been refurnished recently, which will allow me to function much more efficiently. You will find that in general letters will be answered more quickly and matters attended to with less delay. And while we're on that matter I think I owe many people an apology.

This summer has been one long publishing job for me. I began with DIPLOMACY REVIEW Vol. 4 #3, then onto the TPA Anniversary Issue, then the biggie, the IDA HANDBOOK, and now this big issue. It's been fun, and much of it was done by my own volition--but nonetheless, it's been having its effect, mostly on my participation in games and my correspondence. I beg forgiveness to all the people whose letters went unanswered this summer. This year I am settling back into a more normal routine and these things should clear up.

This elite typewriter is now owned by me, and thus will be used in the future for all my publications. It allows me to pack quite a bit more material on pages.

What ever happened to our letter column? I'd very much like to have some dialogues running, about anything you like--I'm sure to get some sort of response to this TDA business.

Does anyone know what has happened to Craig Nye? No one here in NYC has received RETIEF for quite some time. Are you there, Craig?

It takes over 20 hours to produce a 24-page issue like this. It costs over \$25. Please, please someone buy a copy of the TPA Anniversary issue for 50¢! I need the money.

If the postage rates go up to 13¢, several pages of the next issue may be filled with margin-to-margin cursing. Consider yourselves forewarned.

THE SHERLOCK HOLMES STORY or, as its author has now deigned to call it,
Book I of JOHN & SHERLOCK & MYCROFT & SHERLOCK & AL & SHERLOCK & MARIA &
SHERLOCK & THE MATTER DUPLICATOR

Mycroft threw the switch, and the matter-duplication process began. The light pipes that twisted up and around, in a pattern that made my head ache when I tried to follow them, glowed brighter, deeper blue. Sherlock lay drugged under one pick-up device, while in an identical glass coffin a murky brownish solution rippled gently under a similar maze of translucent plastic.

Al sat with me near the foot of Mycroft's throne/control chair watching the blue glow; suddenly he muttered to himself, "Ach, so...", pulled out an envelope, and began to draw angles and make calculations on the back of it, with side remarks like "schneller als licht" and such. I watched him for a while, until my attention was drawn back to the rusty brown liquid. Suddenly it became turbulent, and then a color change began at one corner of the tank and spread rapidly, until the entire fluid had turned a bright, unmistakable red that could only be, "Haemoglobin," I whispered.

"Very good, Dr. Watson," Mycroft complimented me. "The initial molecular rearrangement is going well...watch carefully now!"

As he spoke, a white powder suddenly condensed out of solution and began to settle to the bottom of the tank. It wasn't settling properly, however; I noticed a double line seemed to be floating near one wall of the coffin. I glanced over at Sherlock, sleeping, and suddenly realized that at the corresponding location in his coffin, his arm rested, pressed against the glass. Once I got the idea, I compared the developing skeletal structure with his posture, and found a childish delight in checking off the bones as they precipitated out of the liquid...radius, ulna, femur...what an anatomy lesson!

Then the skeleton was complete, and the fluid's surface began to ripple a bit more as tendons, ligaments, muscles, nerves, and blood vessels were laid down on the preliminary matrix. The process was so marvelous that I almost forgot the fiendish purpose that our enemy Mycroft was no doubt intent on accomplishing. "Brilliant," I had to compliment him. "Why, any medical school in the world would give you all they owned for this! It's priceless!"

"That it is," Mycroft replied, "no price would be high enough to tempt me to reveal it. There are potentialities here that you cannot possibly realize." He stopped when he saw how little attention I was paying to his speech; the continuing duplication was far more fascinating.

Finally, the process was complete. Skin, hair, finger- and toe-nails had all been deposited, and the gallon or so of excess water that remained was drained from a valve at the bottom of the coffin. Then, the perfect duplicate of Sherlock Holmes lay there...but it was a corpse, dead, unmoving. After a pause, the machine lowered electrodes to the lifeless chest; a jolt of current surged into the body and its muscles contracted involuntarily, but when they had fallen still again, the duplicate was still a dead mass of flesh. A second, and a third time, the electric shock failed to produce any effect other than froglike twitches. Finally, after the fourth try there was a tiny, fluttering motion of the chest, a pause, and then with an expression of agony on its face the creature took its first deep, shuddering breath. As it sighed and exhaled I found myself doing the same...without realizing it, I had been holding my breath waiting for a sign of life. I found myself cursing my stupidity and intolerance for thinking of the duplicate as "it"...if this process were anywhere near as good as it appeared to be, the man I saw before me was Sherlock Holmes (2), as human (hopefully more so) as the Mycroft (2) who sat behind running things.

Sherlock (2) was breathing well now, settled down into a relaxed, mindless slumber apparently identical to the original Sherlock's drugged state. Mycroft threw another switch, and an automatic conveyor belt pushed the #1 coffin off to one side of the cavern, moved #2 containing the new body into its place under the pick-up head, and carried a third coffin half full of rusty brown solution into position

for the formation of another duplicate. I was mystified by the operation, and Mycroft and Al saw the puzzlement on my face.

Al must have glimpsed the answer; he spoke up to Mycroft, "The duplication process isn't quite perfect, is it?..."

Myc(2) smiled. "Very good, Einstein," he said. I filed the name away...Al hadn't mentioned it earlier, and I certainly had never heard it before. Mycroft continued, "As far as reproducing visible and even microscopic physical structure, the copy is indistinguishable from the original. However, the interconnections inside the brain are a bit more delicate...simple things like memory and logic are duplicated perfectly, as far as I can tell, but more sophisticated matters of value judgments, ethics, morals, etc. tend to get a little distorted from one copy to the next. I remember, for instance, some stupid handicaps that my predecessor Myc(1) laboured under...obsolete prejudices against taking worthless life, idiotic inhibitions about breaking the letter of the law, when his own rights rose above the petty run of humanity, and so on. I am, happily, free of most of the flaws that crippled him. After half-a-dozen copies, I'm sure my dear brother Sherlock will be, too. Actually, it shouldn't take that many duplications, but this way I can pick and choose...give #6 the antidote to the mind-numbing drugs that possess all the Sherlocks now, and if #6 is too flawed, 5 or 4 or 3 will be correct. Interesting, isn't it?"

Al seemed to take the revelation in stride, but I suspect behind his poker face he was as shocked as I was. I could see no way to counter this devilish plot, and little hope for the world if a Satanic Mycroft were joined by one or more Beelzebubic Sherlocks for henchmen!

Meanwhile the duplication of Sher (2) into Sher(3) was proceeding smoothly; I thought of tossing my shoe into the liquid's tank, but decided against it...it probably wouldn't have hurt anything, if it did, it might be hurting a good copy not yet turned evil, and anyway, I didn't relish the idea of getting crisped by one of the death rays of pyrotechnic light that Mycroft had demonstrated earlier. So, Al and I watched helplessly as, within 10 minutes, Sher(3) was shocked into life (still a gut-grabbing ceremony, but not as traumatic for me as the first time) and his duplicate, #4, began to take form.

When Sherlock(4) took his first breath, however, the usual routine was interrupted! Instead of lapsing like the previous three into stupefied sleep, Sher(4) opened his eyes, cleared his throat, and sat up. He pointed an accusing finger at the previous group and said, "It's a trick, Mycroft! None of them are drugged...they never were!"

Mycroft's fingers slid to the controls of the death-rays. "Thank you, Sherlock #4--I think you're the man I've been waiting for. Now, goodbye, my other brothers!" He pressed the buttons that would fry the first three men, still in their coffins.

***** BE CONTINUED*****
GRAUSTARK (John Boardman, 234 E. 19th St, Brooklyn NY 11226--subs 10/\$2; gamefee 10\$, still some openings) is the oldest Postal Dip. 'zine. It has been published totally regularly for something over ten years--quite an extraordinary feat. It used to contain interesting (although totally unintelligible) political commentary in abundance, but recently it's had little but games, because of John's "Open Door Policy" (the door closed recently, however). I don't blame him for the money-raising action--I know what it's like to lose money on a magazine!--but it has reduced GRAUSTARK's appeal to non-players. It's still worthwhile, though, as the price is low

GINNUNGAGAP (Mike Friedman, 76 Halyard Rd., North Woodmere NY 11581--no games, standbys \$2(!), subs 10/\$1.25) is a 'zine that I have not heard from since 6/30. Is it folded? Who cares? No, but really, what has happened to Mike? If he cut trade, why didn't he tell me? In any case, until I hear from him, I certainly can't recommend his 'zine. Ah well. Sorry, Mike.

Gee. I've never needed a space-filler before. Now I do. What will I ever do? perhaps

"A RAMBLE IN BOHEMIA"
(with apologies to Dr. Wolff),

or
"I hear of Sherlock everywhere..." (GREE)

"You would also be right in a sense if you said that occasionally he (Mycroft) is the British Government." (BRUC)

The German bombs which blasted apart that vault at Cox & Co. prevented forever our access to the battered tin dispatch box which no doubt contained the verification for Holmes' statement above. However, armed with the knowledge of The Master's methods and a bit of good will we perhaps can reconstruct the Holmes brothers' importance to Diplomacy.

Among the many tantalizing references to cases stored in Watson's box, readers will recall that of Isadora Persano, "the well known journalist and duelist, who was found stark raving mad with a match box in front of him which contained a remarkable worm said to be unknown to science" (THOR). No doubt hundreds of Sherlockian scholars, smug in the belief that nothing new is to be found in the Canon, have pondered this striking statement without hitting upon the key. Of course the operant question is: "Who?" Since Isadora is not a man, in front of whom was the box sitting? (Regrettably I cannot spoil Watson's magnificent joke by revealing her identity, although suggest consulting the Encyclopaedia Britannica Index under Isidora; fortunately her identity is not germane to our present inquiry.)

Danilo II, Gospodar, or Lord, of Montenegro, after defeating the Turks twice, was brutally assassinated on Aug. 11th, 1860 at Persano. The crime was thought to have been committed by a gang of Germans, who were never apprehended, though whether from political, personal, or other reasons is unclear. It has been fairly well established that the great detective Nero Wolfe is in reality the son of Sherlock Holmes and Irene Adler. Holmes was absent from London, thought to be dead by all save Mycroft, at about the time of Wolfe's conception; yet we have heretofore had no evidence to connect Holmes with Montenegro, the country of Wolfe's birth. Since the British Government was interested in the imminent breakup of the Ottoman Empire, in the Balkans and elsewhere, at the close of the century, it seems not only likely, but certain, that Holmes was sent to investigate Danilo's death. Watson tells us that the case was unsolved which is hard to credit; yet, if in Montenegro, Holmes encountered The Woman, who can tell. It should, however, be borne in mind that almost no duels were fought after 1850 except in New Orleans and Germany, and that German relations with Turkey were always excellent; consequently, our 'who' is most likely German.

In this sense Sherlock was involved in diplomacy; yet Mycroft's contribution was infinitely greater. His final official task was to prepare the various papers detailing each nation's participation in the first war to end wars: the Italian Green Paper; the Turkish Yellow Paper; the German Black Paper; etc..., which form the official accounts--and hence, the colors of our playing pieces.

(--Will McCullam)

EVERYTHING (Edited by Doug & Marie Beyerlein, 240 Hawthorne, Apt F, Palo Alto, CA 94301; published by John Weswig, 2115 N.W. Elder St, Corvallis Oregon 97330--send money to John) (10/\$4, \$8 airmail overseas, samples 25¢) is the official 'zine of the Boardman Numbers Custodian. As such it contains listings of New Numbers Assigned and Games Completed. It is invaluable to anyone keeping statistical records on the hobby. It's also extremely interesting to anyone who likes to follow the trends in wins. Offset printed, high-quality reduction.

1974CL DEMONSTRATION GAME with Analysis (of sorts)

1974CL--Spring 1903

TRIPLE ATTACK ON TSAR WALTER! ENGLAND SNAPS BACK, ZAPS GERMAN NAVY!

AUSTRIA (Calhamer): F Gre H, A Vie-Gal, A Dul-Rum S by A Bud & A Ser, A Tri H.
ENGLAND (Naus): F Eng-Nth S by F Lon.
FRANCE (Lakofka): A Mar-Pie, F Mid-Nat, F Bre-Pic, F Lpl-Cly, A Spa-Gas, A Gas-Bur.
GERMANY (Eller): F Kie-Bal S by F Den, F Nth-Nwy (-Bel, Edi, Hel, Hol, Nrg, Ska, Yor, OTB), A Bel-Ruh, A Ber-Pru, A Mun-Sil.
ITALY (Key): A Tun-Syr C by F Ion & F Eas, A Ven H.
RUSSIA (Buchanan): A War-Ukr, F Bla S AUSTRIAN A Con-Bul/nso/, F Rum S AUSTRIAN A Ser-Bul/nso/(-OTB), A Nwy-Fin, F Swe-Nwy, A Sev-Arm, A Ukr-Sev.
TURKEY (Anderson): F Smy-Con, A Arm-Syr, F Ank-Con.

1974CL--Fall 1903

RUSSIA TOTALLY DEVASTATED. FRENCH IN INNSBRÜCK, ITALIANS LAND AT DURAZZO, FRENCH RAVAGE EDINBURGH. GAME SPILLS GUTS ALL OVER!

AUSTRIA (Calhamer): F Gre-Bul(sc), A Gal-Ukr S by A Rum, A Bud & A Ser S A Rum, A Tri-Tyo. Owns: Bud, Tri, Vie, Gre, Ser, Bul, Rum (7). Build 1.
ENGLAND (Naus): F Nth-Bel, F Lon-Nth. Owns: ~~Lon~~, Lon (1). Disband 1.
FRANCE (Lakofka): A Pie-Tyo, F Nat-Nrg, F Cly-Edi, A Gas-Bur, A Bur-Bel S by F Pic. Owns: Bre, Mar, Par, Por, Spa, Lpl, Bel, Lon (8). Build 2.
GERMANY (Eller): Retreat F Nth-Ska. F Bal-Swe S by F Den & F Ska, A Ruh-Bur, A Pru-War S by A Sil. Owns: Ber, Kie, Mun, ~~Den~~, Hol, Swe, War. Build 1.
ITALY (Key): A Tun-Alb C by F Ion, F Eas-Aeg, A Ven S FRENCH A Pie-Tyo. Owns: Nap, Rom, Ven, Tun (4). Even.
RUSSIA (Buchanan): A War S A Ukr (-Lva, Mos, OTB), A Ukr S A War, F Bla-Rum S by A Sev, F Swe H (-Nwy, Bot, OTB), A Fin S F Swe. Owns: Mos, StP, Sev, Nwy, ~~War~~, ~~Ukr~~, ~~Swe~~ (4). Disband 2 (1 annihilated).
TURKEY (Anderson): F Smy-Aeg, A Arm-Smy, F Ank-Con. Owns: Ank, Con, Smy (3). Even.

1974CL--Winter 1903

TSAR PULLS PLUG ON BACK SEA FLEET WHILE HIS KARELIAN MERCENARIES ARE EATEN BY WOLVES IN FINNISH WASTE. KING HAROLD HOLIDAYS AT BRIGHTON WHILE WINSTON CHURCHILL GOES DOWN WITH ALL HANDS. HAPSBURGS, LABOFKOIDS AND HOHENZOLLERNS INCREASE DRAFT QUOTAS.

AUSTRIA (Calhamer): A Vie*, F Bul(sc), A Gal, A Rum, A Bud, A Ser, A Tri (7).
ENGLAND (Naus): NDR. ~~F Lon~~, F Lon (By GM) (1).
FRANCE (Lakofka): F Bre*, A Par*, A Tyo, F Nrg, F Edi, A Gas, A Bel, F Pic (8).
GERMANY (Eller): A Kie*, F Swe, F Den, F Ska, A Ruh, A War, A Sil (7).
ITALY (Key): A Alb, F Ion, F Eas, A Ven (4).
RUSSIA (Buchanan): Retreat A War-Mos, F Swe-Nwy. A Mos, A Ukr, ~~F Nth-Nwy~~, A Sev, F Nwy, ~~A Ukr~~ (4).
TURKEY (Anderson): F Smy, A Arm, F Con (3).

* indicates new (built) unit, /// indicates disbandment.

ANALYSIS by Wade Hampton Johnson

(Note: As a change from the previous lackluster analysis format, we bring you direct from the bathrooms of National City, California, known for many an orange debate, a glimpse of analysis by conversation. Eric Verheiden and Big Edi eat your hearts out!)

--Spring of the Third Stall, heard coming from the Eastern corner of the bathroom:

BUCHANAN: I don't understand what went wrong. Why did you do this to me, ABC?

ABC: Look, hayseed, it's about time you realized who invented this game. And anyway I can't ruin my reputation by keeping an alliance over three moves.

ANDERSON: I'm glade to saw that you lieing hatefool cheating dogsdon't able to attack too good you turkeys...

MANY: Shut up, you're playing Turkey.

ANDERSON: Howcome none of youse like me, you communist pinko call me anti-orange...

MANY: Speaking of pinkos what does the Green Slime think of all this?

KEY: I'se been had, he's ducking out of the turkey festivities. Teach me to trust that peach-faced inventor...I'll fix him in the Fall for dropping that jive turkey load on me all alone.

INNOCENT BYSTANDER (As if such a person existed in a National City outhouse): I'd be confused if I really knew what was going on here, but why didn't you attack the Black people rather than the White pieces...

MANY: Shut up, you trying to get us all killed or somethin'?

BUCHANAN: Well, actually, I would have moved to Silesia like a good little Tactician but while I was plowing I realised that Silesia was rotten farm land and nobody would go there in the Spring.

--From the West side of the room by the urinals, or from the side where they pour _____ on people:

LIZARD: Get off my tail, goddamnit!

ELLER: Who told you to stick your ass into the lowplaces? It'll never work that way you know. Trust me, I'm from Boston, and we know all about playing with sacks.

NAUS: What are you talking about? I know I left my fleet somewhere here.

MANY: Shut up, a guy leaves his place, you rush in here and start poking around with things and people you don't know about. You are lucky we even let you into this mess.

LIZARD (aside): Whoow, I've got to sneak into Tyrolia, to give the old Munich crowd a scare, what a mess job this'll be on wops. I can't understand why my ass doesn't seem to fit in the lowplaces. Could my estimate of what size it is be all wrong? Maybe I need both lowplaces to support it.

ELLER: You've got the balls to lay claim to one of my lowplaces!

LIZARD: Well, how complimentary of you to notice, you really like them?

ELLER: Get your tail out of there or else I'll pour _____ on your claws!

LIZARD: Oh my, don't get violent now, it's only one little dottie of 3⁴, and anyway if you let me take it I won't write any press about you.

ELLER: Make it that you won't write any press period and you've got a deal.

LIZARD: I'll think about it and consult with my lizzy writer first.

--Later that same session:

ABC: How'd you do, Hayseed?

BUCHANAN: Not too bad--only two removals--considering the pressure I was under.

ABC: Yeah, that can really rip the guts right out of you. I think I'm a little bloated and constipated by all this myself, in fact I feel one bit heavier.

KEY: What happened to that new kid over in the western stall?

BUCHANAN: He got all wet and was last seen heading for the door.

ELLER: Damn that Lizard, can't you just build boats and float away?

--That's life in the National City ~~boath~~bathroom.

((Ahem. Yes, well we'll be back next issue with another exciting installment.

Now excuse me for one moment while I...))

In the past I have plugged 'zines rather haphazardly, typing down whatever came into my mind at the moment I had space to fill. I am going to institute a new system going down my mailing list and reviewing trades one by one. In the past I have limited myself to plugging good 'zines and not criticizing anyone, but I now feel I am experienced enough and have published enough to earn me the right and the knowledge to actually review 'zines.

TURNABOUT (Peter Berggren, Davistown Schoolhouse Rd, Orford NH 03777). Offset Monthly 8/\$2 16 pages (8 $\frac{1}{2}$ " x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ "). TURNABOUT's fine printing quality is not fully matched by its contents, which isn't really saying much since the printing is damn fantastic. Usually has some interesting articles (currently, a dialogue on the KGB), and is well worth the price. Peter should be more careful in who he credits stuff to

PRESS THE COURTS OF CHAOS: The Custodian of the Dudness lolled on his red velvet couch and thought about the events transpiring.

Dudland was finished; there was little left besides the final coup de grace, which was both necessary and important, yet whose outcome was virtually decided beforehand. The grey masses of Dudness had done their job admirably. After Dudland was totally ravaged, the Custodian could turn his ambitions elsewhere...to New York. That would require different tactics, however; a different weapon for a different enemy. In Dudland he had used the Dudness; in New York he'd use...ah, but that was still a secret!

CAPITALDUD PALACE, DUDIAND: "What was all that commotion about?" asked the King, just saved from an assassination attempt.

"Obviously Tibordud has something that he considers of some importance," answered Prime Minister Rosendud.

"Then let him in, dolts!" the king said to the two guards.

Tibordud opened the door and straightened out his rather badly mussed black jacket. He slammed the door behind him in the faces of the two guards.

"Your majesty, I have the answer." He paused a moment, for emphasis.

"What answer?"

"The answer to defeating the Dudness." Another pause.

"Well? What is it?"

Tibordud stared into space. "Ah, yes. What is it?"

"THE ANSWER, CLOD! THE ANSWER TO THE DUDNESS! TELL US, ALREADY!"

"Oh, that. Dud out."

"YOU... YOU INSOLENT... GUARDS, TAKE HIM AWAY!"

A CORRIDOR BENEATH THE PALACE: The guards were leading Tibordud down into the catacombs beneath Capitaldud Palace.

"Gee, this would make a pretty good real-life dungeon. I can just imagine the Beholder in there, and the chest over there, and a bunch of Hobgoblins behind that door, and--"

Tibordud was silenced by the crack of a whip to his back.

BACK IN THE THRONE ROOM: "Your highness, he might have something with which to beat the Dudness, and, if so, wouldn't it be worthwhile to bear his, er, insolence?"

"I suppose...but what nerve! Telling me to dud out! All right, let's go and visit him."

They walked down a stairway and into a long corridor. They stopped three doors along on the right and walked in.

King Neigerdud said, "Listen, could you please tell us the answer?"

"Dud out!"

"YOU... YOU GODDMAN MEASLY LITTLE SHADOW OF A TOAD...YOU--"

"No, no, no! You don't understand! That's the answer--dud out!"

Neigerdud was about to launch a powerful kick in Tibordud's general direction, but the Prime Minister restrained him. "Hold on--could you please explain that for us?"

"To dispel the Dudness, you just tell it to dud out!"

MILITARY HEADQUARTERS, CAPITALDUD REGION: A complete change in strategy, tactics, and doctrine was effected in the Dudland Army. No more guns. No more artillery. No more cavalry charges with sabres sweeping. Just megaphones.

A crash training program was instituted. Considering how little time was left to Dudland, it was worse than crash--it was lover's leap. The program took about thirty seconds per soldier. The trainer said "Dud out!" to the soldier, who replied "Dud out!" This was repeated with megaphones, and the soldier was on his way back to the front lines. armed with a more potent, more dreaded weapon than yet wielded on the battlefield against the Dudness.

WORLD WAR III -- A Diplomacy Variant by Scott Rosenberg

(1) All rules shall be the same as in the 1971 Rulebook of Diplomacy except as noted below.

(2) The first season shall be "Spring 1984." The starting positions are as follows:

FRANCE: F Brittany, A Lille, A Paris, F Marseilles.

GREAT BRITAIN: F Edinburgh, A Liverpool, F London, F Gibraltar.

ITALY: A Venice, F Florence, A Rome, F Naples.

IRAN: A Tehran, A Bagdad, F Syria.

UNITED STATES: A Berlin.

UNITED SOVIET SOCIALIST REPUBLICS: A Moscow, A Urals, F Leningrad, F Volgograd.

WEST GERMANY: A Bremen, A Ruhr, A Stuttgart, A Munich.

WARSAW PACT: A Warsaw, A Slovakia, A Hungary, A Rumania.

(3) Spain and Gascony are the only double-coasted provinces. Denmark functions as it does in the normal game, and Schleswig-Holstein acts as did Kiel. Turkey as a whole functions as did Constantinople; thus, F Bla-Tur-Cyp is legal.

(4) NUCLEAR ATTACKS: Players in this variant may bomb provinces with nuclear weapons. The US gets 4 nuclear attacks per game, the USSR 3, England and France 2, Iran 1, Italy, Warsaw Pact, and West Germany none. No country may make more than one nuclear attack per game.

Nuclear attacks may be used at any point during the game as long as the attacking player has not used up his nuclear attacks and still survives owning at least one home center (for US, no European home centers--only the hypothetical "US" province; for Great Britain, don't count Gibraltar). Note that the first country to use nuclear weapons incurs certain penalties (see FIRST STRIKE).

A nuclear attack on a province destroys any units and supply centers in it and makes it impassable through the second winter after it was bombed. A nuclear attack on a sea province destroys any units in it but otherwise has no effect. A unit destroyed by nuclear attack may not be rebuilt until the second winter after its destruction.

(5) NUCLEAR DEFENSE: Each player may choose one of his home centers to be defended from nuclear attacks (except the US--see special rules). A province defended from nuclear attacks is immune to the first nuclear attack upon it, but suffers full effects thereafter.

There is assumed to be a hypothetical "United States" province off the map from which all American nuclear attacks emanate and which has double nuclear defense. The Urals province, if nuked, suffers all the effects (impassability, unit destruction) except that the supply center remains in existence until the province has been bombed thrice.

(6) ALIGNMENT: Players may "align" themselves with other players during the course of the game. Alignment is unilateral. If one player aligns with another, then (a) neither player is allowed to attack the other's units or take the other's centers (orders that would do such are disallowed); (b) neither player may nuke the other's centers or units.

In order to align with another player, a player must inform the GM, who keeps it secret until it goes into effect. Alignment goes into effect at the END of the second turn after the GM is informed, and on that turn it is announced (example: Italy tells GM with Spring 1985 moves he intends to align with USSR. The alignment goes into effect AFTER Fall 1985 adjudications, and is announced then). Alignment is broken in the same manner--with one exception: on the turn after the GM is informed, although the alignment has not been broken yet, the player may launch nuclear attacks against his ally--in effect, he is informing his (ex-)ally of his breaking the alliance by the nuclear attack.

England and West Germany begin aligned with the US; Warsaw Pact with the USSR.

(7) FIRST STRIKE: Certain disadvantages are given to the country (or countries, if two use them on the same turn) that first use nuclear attacks. (a) no other c ountr

may thereafter support that country's units (except countries that were aligned with the nuclear attacker at the time of the attack and have remained aligned since), nor may they convoy (with the same exception); (b) a special season occurs after the first nuclear attack is made; during this season no military or nuclear orders are submitted, but players are allowed to change their alignments immediately, without the normal delays, during this season.

(8) MORE ON ALIGNMENTS: If an alignment is made by one party and broken by another on the same turn, the alignment status is unchanged. Note that no alignment may be ordered to be broken unless one exists already. A country may be aligned to only ONE other country; however, if two countries are not aligned with each other but are both aligned with the same third, then the conditions prevailing on two aligned parties also prevail on these two unaligned parties (e.g., West Germany and England at the start of the game).

(9) THE UNITED STATES is not represented on the map. At the start of the game the US has an army in Berlin. The supply center there functions as a home center. The "US" exists only as a spot somewhere off the map from which nuclear attacks emanate and to which they may be directed. If the "US" is destroyed (nuclear attacked three times) then the US player may make no more nuclear attacks.

The season after any non-American and non-American-aligned player makes a nuclear attack, the US may bring its Amphibious Force (or Army-Fleet) into play. The AF is basically an army riding on a fleet. It may enter the map in one of the following provinces: Barents Sea, Norwegian Sea, North Atlantic, Mid-Atlantic, South Atlantic, Straits of Gibraltar.

When moving from sea province to sea province, the AF functions as a normal fleet. The AF, when still combined, may NOT move into coastal provinces. It may launch an amphibious assault, as follows: at the start of a turn, there is an AF in Norwegian Sea. During the turn, you would write "AF Nrg Amphib-Nwy." The army "hops off" the fleet into Norway while the fleet gives it one support in. Thus, the Amphibious attack has a strength of two. An attack on the sea province while the Amphibious attack is made cuts the fleet's support. Once the army is disembarked, it functions as a normal army and the fleet functions as a normal fleet. The army may reëmbark in the same manner--the fleet gives the army a support onto itself. The GM should keep track of which army and which fleet composed the AF.

Any supply centers the US takes from Berlin or armies built there may only be used for building in Berlin or building normal armies or fleets in "US." Centers taken by the AF or any part of it may be used for building regular units in Berlin or "US," or any THREE such centers can support one new AF. New AFs must start in "US" and from there may move to any of the provinces listed above (those that the first AF could enter on). Any regular fleets built in "US" may move onto the board into those provinces also. Armies built in "US" must be convoyed from "US" through those sea provinces (or rather one of those provinces) listed above to any suitable destination on the board.

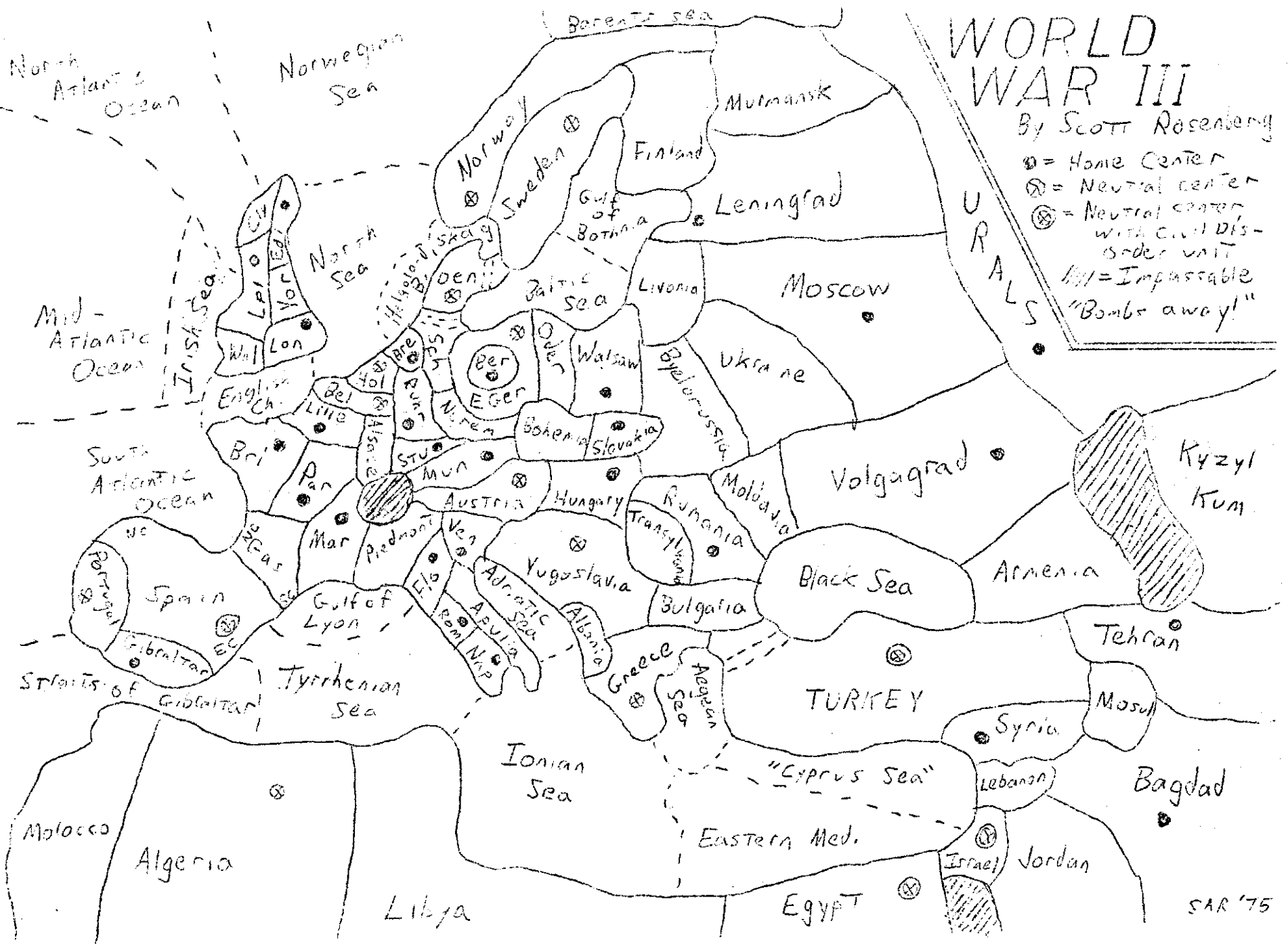
The initial AF is considered to be supported by "US" itself and needs no SCs unless the "US" is destroyed by nuclear attack. If such is the case, this, and ONLY this AF, may be supported by one on-the-board center.

(10) CIVIL DISORDER NEUTRALS: Turkey, Spain, Israel, Egypt, are all neutral supply centers that start with armies in them. These armies automatically hold and may be supported in place. If dislodged, they are annihilated.

(11) VICTORY CRITERION is control of 22 centers.

(12) The map was distorted quite a bit to fit it on one sheet. It may not look that great, but everything's there. Abbreviations: Edi-Edinburgh; Cly-Clyde; Lpl-Liverpool; Wal-Wales; Lon-London; Skag-Skagerrak; Flo-Florence; Rom-Rome; Ven-Venice; Nap-Naples; Bri-Brittanny; Par-Paris; Gas-Gascony; Mar-Marseilles; EGer-East Germany; Ber-Berlin; Sch-Schleswig-Holstein; Hol-Holland; Bel-Belgium; Nurem-Nuremberg; Mun-Munich; Stu-Stuttgart; Bre-Bremen.

This variant is CHOAM Publications #37. Do you people realize that between Greg Costikyan, Matt Diller, and myself, we are designing and running more variants than anyone else in the hobby?



WORLD WAR III

By Scott Rosenberg

- = Home Center
 - ⊗ = Neutral center
 - ⊗● = Neutral center with civil disorder unit
 - /// = Impassable
- "Bombs away!"

SAR '75

A MESSAGE TO ALL PLAYERS...PLEASE READ AND TAKE HEED

Last adjudications (with LUGBURZ #2) we announced that gamemasters from this point on would only accept moves for their games, period. People have been pretty good in observing this, and I thank them. However, other problems have come up.

Too many people are phoning their moves in. This game is not a phone game; it is a postal game. You ought to mail your orders in. It is particularly unfair to someone who lives out in Hoochikoo Mississippi to have to mail his last set of orders in a week before the deadline while someone else who lives in Manhattan calls them in an hour before the deadline. And then people complain that the phone lines are busy! To combat this, we are instituting the following rule: NO GM WILL ACCEPT PHONED-IN ORDERS ON THE DAY OF THE DEADLINE. In other words, it's your responsibility to get the orders in the mail. If we find that the same pile-up of phone calls occurs the night before the deadline, we will not accept any orders by phone. Consider yourselves forewarned.

This particular deadline Matt Diller was kept on the phone for about three hours copying orders. This, I feel, is grossly unfair to him. Another clarification that needs to be made is that no GM is obliged to release results of adjudications over the phone; everyone will get the results in due time in the mails. This is not meant to restrict someone who hasn't gotten his issue a week and a half after the deadline; if that happens, by all means call the GM. It is to restrict people who call out of curiosity ten minutes after the deadline, before the orders are adjudicated.

And now for something more pleasant. As players in his games know, Greg Costikyan has not recently had the time to devote to his games that he should have. Greg has taken on a lot of publishing work with URF DURFAL and GIGo. Thus, his two games (1974GH and 1974ID) are getting new Gamemaster. David Barlow, 107 Gladwin Ave, Leonia NJ 07605 is the gamemaster for these games henceforth. Dave has been a long-time participant in this 'zine; he is playing in two games, PAL and the Youngstown game. I would like to thank Greg for his gamemastering. Greg will of course remain an editor of TPA.

I regularly receive four overseas 'zines. Oops, make that four British 'zines, one other overseas 'zine. I haven't really plugged them or mentioned them, but ought to.

NINETEEN OH ONE AND ALL THAT (Mick Bullock, 14 Nursery Avenue, Halifax, West Yorkshire, United Kingdom HX3 5SZ--subs 4p (ca. 10¢) plus postage) is the only overseas 'zine I've gotten since I began publishing. It is very regular. It usually has some of what the Brits call "chat", which is news and reviews and stuff. It's mostly games, though, and a lot of good press. Also has a nice letter column. 1901 should be one of the first British 'zines you sub to, if you're going to start subbing to British 'zines.

RETIFF (Craig Nye, "Rosedeane," Upper Common, Staplefield, Sussex, United Kingdom--subs 1p (2.5¢)/sheet (two sides) minus 1p, plus postage). This is another fine Britzine (a new fannish term?) that has good press and "chat", only problem is I haven't gotten it in quite some time! Oh well, surface mail is the slowest of all possible mails. Craig is the British Regional Secretary for IDA.

GREATEST HITS (Pete Birks, 39 Handforth Rd, London, United Kingdom, SW9 0LL--subs .3p (1¢)/side, no mention of postage) is probably the most interesting of these 'zines. It always has a huge letter column, recently it's had stuff on Poker & Monopoly. The only thing I can't understand is Peter's inexplicable attacks on IDA/UK. Oh well, no one in Britain will understand my attack on TDA!

THE NORNS (Dave Allen, 11 Alma Heights, Off Cavendish Way, Mickleover, Derby, United Kingdom, DE3 5BJ) is xeroxed (whoops--subs seem to run about 11p/issue, or 28¢) and has the most articles and other interesting material of any overseas 'zine I get. Dave is helping bridge the transatlantic gap, I think, by reprinting some American articles (like Diller's "F Nwy (left coast)").

See back page for info on ISE to sub to any of these rags.

AND NOW FOR SOMETHING COMPLETELY SILLY...THE GAMES

PA5 (1973FC)

GM: Rosenberg

Fall 1908

CUSACK JUST MISSES...ONE LESS SUPPORT AND HE'D HAVE WON

- AUSTRIA (Civil Disorder): a vie h (-OTB).
- ENGLAND (Kelly): F BAL-kie; f stp(nc) h (-OTB).
- FRANCE (Cusack): F BAR s a nwy-STP; F SWE s f nth-DEN; A KIE ϕ & A RUH s & A BUR s a ber-MUN; a pic-BEL; a PIE-tyo; A TUS s italian a rom; F TRN s italian f nap; A TUN h; F LYO s a tus; F WES s f trn.
- GERMANY (Kovalcik): Retreat f Berlin-otb.
- ITALY (Zimmermann): F NAP s a rom; A ROM s a ven; A VEN s turkish a tri-tyo.
- RUSSIA (Leeder): a war-PRU; A SIL s german f pru-ber/nso/; A GAL s a bud-VIE; f bla-BUL(ec).
- TURKEY (Swies): A BOH s A TYO-mun; A TRI-tyo; A APU s italian a rom; F ADR s italian a ven; F ION-tun; F AEG-ion.

Kovalcik COA: MIT Room 24-007, Cambridge MA 02139 (007 indeed!)

THE SUPPLY CENTERS (will I fit France on one line? nooo...)

- AUSTRIA: ~~fff~~. (0) out
- ENGLAND: ~~fff~~, ~~fff~~. (0) out
- FRANCE: bre, mar, par, spa, por, bel, hol, mun, tun, lon, lvp, (17) build two
edi, nwy, swe, kie, DEN, STP.
- GERMANY: ber. (1) build one
- ITALY: ven, nap, rom. (3) even
- RUSSIA: mos, war, sev, rum, bud, VIE, BUL. (7) build two
- TURKEY: ank, con, smy, gre, ser, tri, ~~fff~~. (6) remove one

As usual, WINTER 1908 AND SPRING 1909 WILL BE COMBINED! Deadlines, from now on, are on the last page.

1974GU (PA3) GM: Rosenberg Fall 1905

IF YOU GUYS ARE JUST GOING TO DUD AROUND, WHY NOT CALL IT A DRAW?

- AUSTRIA (Bennett): A GAL s german a war; a bud-RUM; A SER s a bud/otm/; f ion-GRE; a rom-APU; F MID c french a tus-cly; A LON s french a pic-wal.
- ENGLAND (Fox): A EDI s a lpl; A LPL sings "la marseillaise"; a stp-MOS; a fin-SWE; F HEL s f nth-DEN; F PRU-ber.
- FRANCE (Malmquist): F NAT & F WES & F TRN c a tus-CLY; F IRI s & F ENG c a pic-WAL; A BEL s german a hol.
- GERMANY (Diller): f bal-BOT; f KIE h; A HOL s f kie; A MUN-ber; A WAR s turkish a lve
- TURKEY (~~fff~~/~~fff~~): NMR. A LVA, A UKR, A SEV, F BUL(sc), F AEG; A SMY, A ARM /h/.

SUPPLY CENTERS:

- AUSTRIA: bud, vie, tri, ser, gre, tun, vie, RUM, LON. (9) build two
- ENGLAND: edi, lvp, nwy, swe, den, stp, MOS, ~~fff~~. (7) even
- FRANCE: bre, par, mar, spa, por, bel, nap, rom. (8) even
- GERMANY: ber, mun, kie, hol, war. (5) even
- TURKEY: con, ank, smy, bul, sev, ~~fff~~, ~~fff~~. (5) remove two.

Paul Rosenzweih has returned prematurely from his trip to Israel, so he will take up the Turkish position once more. His address: 26 Pond Park Rd, Great Neck NY 11023. AS USUAL, NEXT SEASON WILL COMBINE WINTER 1905 AND SPRING 1906 ORDERS.

RAGWEED (Al & Tom Burkacki, 13201 Dwyer, Detroit MI 48212--subs 10/\$2, openings in Biplomacy at \$1 plus sub, rules to same are 10¢ in cash or stamps).

This is a 'zine that I'm afraid I have neither positive nor negative feelings on. It usually has something interesting, but never that much. Lately it's been eaten up by the games and press. Matt Diller also seems to have some complaints about the GMing. Still, if you're interested in a complex vziant try Biplomacy. Printing is good mimeo, regularity is monthly, but usually on time.

MOCK GAMES

NOTE TO COSTIKYAN'S GAMES' PLAYERS: Both of Greg's games, 1974GH and 1974ID, are being sent out by carbon copy in a day or two. The problem is that Greg is away and won't be back for a day or two. So he will send out the adjudications.

NOTE TO PLAYERS IN 1975B: Because of some problems with this game, the adjudications cannot be included in this issue. They are being mailed out carbon copy to players, enclosed with this issue.

GAMEMASTERS' ADDRESSES: Scott Rosenberg, 182-31 Radnor Rd, Jamaica NY 11432. Matthew Diller, 8507 Avon St, Jamaica NY 11432. David Barlow, 107 Gladwin Ave, Leonia NJ 07605.

PRESS, 1973FC

A STATEMENT FROM MOSCOW: My move miss in Spring 1908 was caused by a postal delay. I accept such delays as an occasional hazard of postal play, and don't ask for a replay or any such thing. I'd just like my allies to know that I'm still hanging in. I think, though, that the current situation provides a graphic example of how a postal foulup at a crucial point can have a significant effect on the progress of a game.

I got home from my canoe trip on Aug. 22 (after driving 1300 miles in two days) and was not able to get my two-weeks backlog of mail caught up until just now. So there is a remote possibility that a second mail problem would provide a second miss ((fortunately not)). If so, I want to apologize to everyone who worked so hard to gain a draw in this game. Maintaining a multi-player alliance against one great power is a tricky job at the best of times; it'd be a shame to have it spoiled by a mail foulup.

Of course, LUGBURZ #2 did not specify a deadline ((it did, on the last page; all my deadlines are like that from now on)). I'm going on the assumption that it's three weeks past the previous one, but it could be that my fears are for naught. I hope so.

CONSTANTINOPLE: Demonstrations of Russo-Turk solidarity abounded here as the Russian fleet, passing through the Bosphorous on its way to play a major role in Mediterranean affairs, stopped in the port for refitting. The Russian government has recently made a major purchase of naval artillery from Turkish factories; installation of the guns was the larger part of the operations undertaken. The wooden stocks of the old guns were contributed by the fleet to a massive celebratory bonfire in the central square, as the jovial citizens of Constantinople joined with the Russian sailors (on special shore-leave for the occasion) in extolling solidarity between the two nations.

Next morning, a citizen watching the cleanup operations after the bonfire was heard to remark, "What a lot of gun-ash!" ((Uhhhh.....))

PRESS, 1974FM:

PARIS: Orders were given yesterday from the highest of high councils, Prime Minister Gruen's, that all units were immediately to start learning English. This was done primarily to help French forces gnash propoerly. You see, up until now, French forces could only nash, and nitting wasn't much fun, either. What was worse, the troops had to exercise by doing nee-bends, and they were constantly getting bitten by swarms of nats. Not only did the troops not have insect-repellent, they couldn't even pronounce the insect's name correctly! Prime Minister Gruen quotes thus: "Can you imagine what we've gone through these years without English? I could never knock a door, I always had to nock. Do you know ((no?)) what agony it is to eat without a nife??" Civilians will find benefits from learning English, also. For example, we now can have 'gnomes' in our D&D games! We can have "gnus" in the zoos again. Our dogs can once again "gnaw" at their bones. We can have gnomons in our geometry courses. Geologists can take samples of gneiss now!

(continued)

Well! There's more! Housewives can knead dough! People can find the "knacks" to things again! The rich can be served by knaves again! Hikers can have knapsacks! We can have death knells now! People can buy knick-knacks! Museums can show off knights in shining armor! Doors can have knobs, finally! Joy supreme! Ropes can have knots! Prisons can be equipped with knouts at last! Best of all, people can now give other people knuckle sandwiches!!!

LONDON: Dear Sir,

I object to that last press release. It is painfully obvious that the writer has no conception of what is decent and what is not. I can also see that he took all those "gn"s and "kn"s directly out of the dictionary. Anybody who prints that garbage ought to be strung up and hanged. Thank you,

R. Gumby

1974FM (PAI)

GM: Diller

Winter 1906/Spring 1907

TWO UNITS MOVE!!!

AUSTRIA (Darden): A TRI s italian a ven; A BOH s a SIL-mun; f APU s italian f nap; A BUL h; F AEG s italian f ion.

ENGLAND (dud)

FRANCE (Gruen): F NTH c german a edi-nwy; F NRG s german f nwy-bar; F LYO s A PIE; F TRN s A TUS-rom; F TUN-ion; A BUR & A RUH s german a mun.

GERMANY (Barlow): F BOT s A STP; f nwy-BAR; A KIE s & A MUN \neq a ber; A BER s a mun; a edi-NWY.

ITALY (Kelly): Build A Rom. A ROM \neq a ven; F ION \neq f nap; F NAP s a rom; A VEN s austrian a tyo-pie.

RUSSIA (Gildroy): f bar(-OTB) \neq & A MOS s a LVA-stp; A PRU s austrian a sil; A WAR s a pru.

A five-way draw among all surviving players has been proposed. PLEASE VOTE WITH YOUR NEXT MOVES. Personal note, GM-Ron: The original adjudication (the French in Tus) is correct as he also supported with F TRN ((Don't look at me!)).

1974AGev (PAI)

GM: Diller

Spring 1904

YAWN

AUSTRIA (Grossman): A CLU s A BUD-vna; A SER s turkish a bul-gre; f adr-TRI.

CHINA (Darden): f pek-YEL; F TOK s f ech-SOP; F FOR s f can-SCH; f sch-PHI; a vtn-ANN; a IMO h; a kan-SIK.

ENGLAND (Barlow): f kie-BER; f NTH h; f hol-KIE; f lon-ENG; f lpl-NAT; f nat-NATOB; f natobb-MIDobbb; F AND s f JOH-tha(wc); F SATOBB-ein/imp/.

FRANCE (Gilinsky): A SPA s a mar; A MAR h; f bre-MID; a bur-MUN; A PIC-ruh/imp/; F TIM s english f satobb-ein/imp/; F BOR-sch; a ann-CAM; F SIA \neq english f joh-tha(wc).

GERMANY (Proujansky): F PRU-bal; A BOH s a TYO-vna; A SIL-gal.

INDIA (Prosnitz): F ein-BEN; F WIN-ara; F MAL-sia; A DMA s & A LAO s a sha-THAI; A IRA h.

ITALY (Honig): A PIE s a ven; A VEN s austrian f adr-tri; A rom-APU; F YEM-ara; F RED s a egypt-JOR; F PEN s f ion-EMED; f nap-ION; a gre h (-ALB).

JAPAN (Weswig): F SOK-kar.

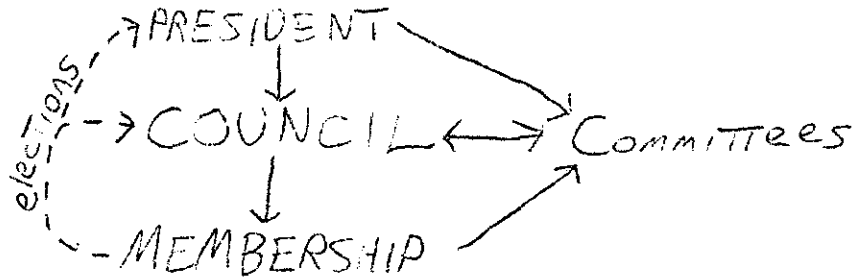
RUSSIA (Eisen): F SWE-bal; A FIN-swe; A LVA;pru; A WAR s a gal; A RUM s a gal; a mos-SEV; A GAL \neq a rum; f arm-ANK; f sev-BLA; A TUR s indian a ira; f kyo-SJ.

TURKEY (McGee): a bul-GRE; F AEG s f eas; F EAS \neq f aeg; F PER s A BAG-ira.

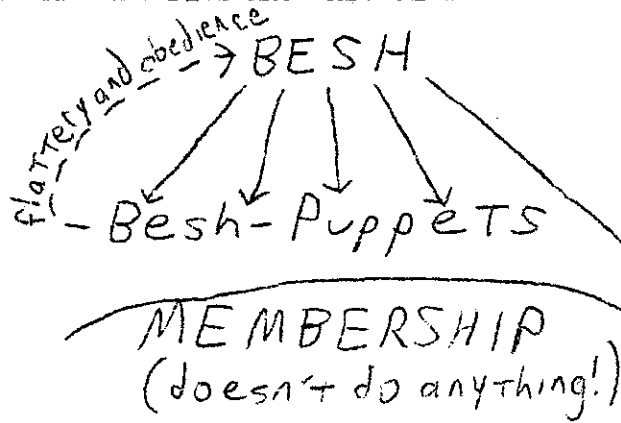
PRESS, 1975B: PARIS: The French Government appeals to the English to stop picking on Picardy and go stab the Germans.

Since I have nothing better to put here, I'm going to draw some diagrams that have been on my mind.

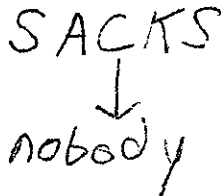
THE POWER STRUCTURE OF THE INTERNATIONAL DIPLOMACY ASSOCIATION



THE POWER STRUCTURE OF "THE DIPLOMACY ASSOCIATION"



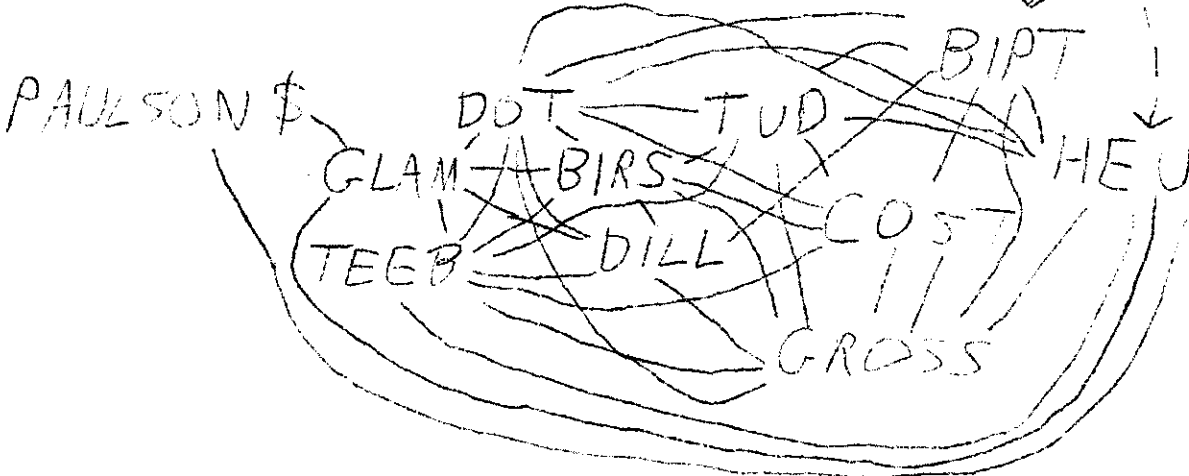
THE POWER STRUCTURE OF THE IMPERIAL DIPLOMACY ASSOCIATION



THE POWER STRUCTURE OF THE POCKET ARMENIAN

What power?

THE POWER STRUCTURE OF THE NEW YORK CONSPIRACY



ONE FURTHER REFORM OF OUR GAMEMASTERING

From now on all TPA deadlines will be on Thursdays instead of Saturdays. This is to enable me to layout these issues a little more carefully, and to get most of the typing done sooner, thus getting the 'zine out sooner. This has the net effect of cutting only two days of negotiation off each deadline, a negligible amount, certainly.

WHAT A SUMMER

I published over 150 pages of material this summer. While it was fun and I'm not complaining, since I took most of it on myself, it was still one tiring amount of work! Thank goodness things are quieting down a bit here, maybe now I can get some rest.

AN APPEAL

As one learns more about this hobby, he finds out that over 90% of the work, all the work, is done by a handful of people. This is understandable. But there is no reason why that handful of people should be so small! There are all sorts of projects and ideas waiting around for someone to pick them up and put them into effect. Why not do a little something for the hobby, if you think you can?

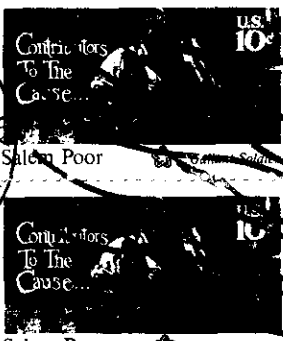
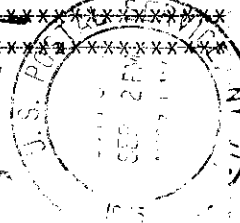
If you don't want to undertake a project, I know, at least, that there are many of you (most of you) who are capable of writing articles. Why not devote some time to doing that? I don't necessarily mean only for this 'zine; that would be appreciated, but there are lots of 'zines that need stuff, many that need it much worse than we do. The main article-writers of the hobby, of both tactics & strategy material and humor and satire and everything else, are already producing at highest output. Why not pump some new blood into that group?

And so, we come to the end of this 24-page monster. If anyone so much as mentions "stencil" or "corflu" or "typing" to me between now and next issue, he will receive one (1) nasty look from me and two (2) cursings-out. Thank you and good night.

Scott Rosenberg

***** GREG ARE MY PISTACHIO NUTS AGAIN. *****

THE POCKET ARMENIAN #19/20
Scott Rosenberg
182-31 Radnor Rd.
Jamaica, NY 11432



FIRST CLASS

THIRD CLASS

____ Your sub runs out this issue. Please resubscribe
____ You may not realize this, but Besh thinks you are a dw!
____ Now, Walt, that's "DW", not "D&DW"!

DEADLINE FOR ALL GAMES: 9:00 PM, Thursday, September 18, 1975.