

# THE POCKET ARMENIAN

NUMBER 23

(1) Well, much big news here. First, a new mimeo--a Gestetner 310, for those who know about such things. A fine machine. I get much better printing and a much wider print field than my old machine, which is still for sale--contact me for details.

(2) With the new machine comes new format. This front page, with the new masthead, will be devoted to news and other items of interest. Articles and material will follow, and games will close out the issues. Gil Neiger kept on screaming at me with the old format that "I shouldn't put articles on the front page because 'nobody reads the front page'". I don't know whether this is true or not, but this new order of things is easier on me, and that's what counts. With the new format and machine will come more extensive use of big lettering and graphics, which I hope will make things look nicer--but which more likely than not I will botch in many cases.

(3) WHERE ARE ALL THE GAMES THIS ISSUE? Well, because of the Canadian postal strike, games PA2 (1974GH), PA5 (1973FM), and PA6 (1975B) are being delayed till the strike's over. Sorry, people, it hurts me more than it hurts you, but it's the only thing I can do.

PA4 (1974ID) is delayed because of a replacement--see last page. PA1 (1974FM) and PAI (1974AGcv) are being distributed by carbon copy by Matt Diller because of a slight screw-up. That leaves lonely little pa3, and that's in a winter season! Oh well...

(4) I received a lot of comment on VERHANDELN, Lew Pulsipher's article last issue, and I also have further columns from Lew. None of it appears this issue because most of these stencils were typed beforehand. So next issue you'll all get an issue heavy on political commentary--that should balance this issue's concentration on frivolity (and what could be more important than frivolity?). (Money.)

(5) G.M. ADDRESSES: Scott Rosenberg, 182-31 Radnor Rd, Jamaica NY 11432 212-969-3555  
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(6) DEADLINES: For PA1, PA3, PA4, and PAI (AGcv), 9 PM Thursday, Nov. 20, 1975.  
For PA2, PA5, and PA6, play it by ear with the Canadian strike, but we'll let you know what's going on. Try to get moves on file--it'll help to get things rolling again.

(7) THE BEYERLEIN PLAYER POLL is back in business, and we urge everyone to participate. The way I understand the Poll from Doug's published explanations and some correspondence on the subject, you are NOT supposed to run around looking for names to put on the poll from rating lists and such--just put in the best players YOU know. A good enough player will show up in the trends. If you only know a few players who you think are "great," don't put down others who you have been told are "great"--put down the next bunch of people in quality of play that you know. The BPP #8 Ballot is printed on page 11.

(8) I.D.A. -- THE INTERNATIONAL DIPLOMACY ORGANIZATION is the only democratic hobby-wide organization devoted to the service of the hobby. To join, send \$2 (check made out to IDA) to Walt Buchanan, RR 3, Box 324, Lebanon IN 46052, who is the club's Treasurer. It will have a new treasurer soon, since Walt isn't running for re-election. So don't send Walt membership money after Dec. 31st (my god! We're nearing the end of the year already!).

(9) Next issue we have some goodies planned. I can't reveal just what we have in store, but it's great!

(10) We in the Dippy hobby from NYC have experienced our own version of the current anti-New York fervor that some people (mostly Ford) think exists, so we have a little foretaste. Yes, after NYC and NY State have defaulted, and the national economy lies in ruin, and there are food riots in the streets, at least we in NY will have the satisfaction of laughing at a president Ford who will most likely lose the next election in the worst slaughter in history. DEATH AND DESTRUCTION! Till next fortnight-and-a-half,

*Scott Rosenberg*

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THE POCKET ARMENIAN is a journal of Postal Diplomacy and many other oddities which are chosen completely at the whim of whatever divine force guides people to write material. Subs are 8/\$2, or 9/\$2 to IDA members. It is published tri-weekly, and normally runs 12 pages an issue. There are no game openings. We welcome contributions, paying 2 free issues for up to one page, 4 for more. Back issues are available; inquire for details. Permission is granted to everyone to reprint anything, as long as (1) credit is given; (2) a copy sent to us; and (3) if it is not written by one of the editors, get author's consent too. TPA is the gem in the crown of CHOAM Publications, which has Scott Rosenberg as its esteemed Direct.

#### FOUR DEUCES IN AMBER

By Mark Zimmermann

##### Chapter I

I was about to be beaten up. There was no question about it. Somehow the six idiots whose game, 1974GH, I had been screwing up through my incompetent GMing, all showed up simultaneously (one drove down from Nova Scotia, another flew in from L.A.) with the unanimous goal of smashing my body to pulp. They were scratching at the closet door frantically, but though it might keep them out for a while, I knew that eventually they would break in. No way for me to shift out. I reached up, pulled a string, and a naked light bulb glared down on me.

Fortunately I had my pack of deuces on me; I took it out and began to consider which of my brothers to appeal to for escape. Matt? His twisted frown on the plastic-coated card discouraged me...I feared he had not quite forgotten my last stab, and would be more than happy to leave me at the mercy of the six fiends (one of whom had come to his sense enough to fetch an ax; the closet door was rapidly being reduced to splinters now). I slid Matt's deuce to the bottom of the deck and studied the next--Scott. He was my only hope.

I stared at the image, a filthy stableboy with pitchfork in hand, and gradually the magic that the madman Bwordman had built into the picture began to work. The view shifted a bit--Scott was standing knee-deep in a compost heap, leaning on a shovel. He asked, "Who calls?"

"Greg," said I, "pull me through, quickly!"

Scott extended his hand; I grabbed it and stepped abruptly forward into Amber, as the frustrated six crashed into the closet behind me, too late.

"That was close," I said, "Thanks! How are things here?"

"The usual," Scott replied, and waved a hand to indicate the surroundings. Our family, I must confess, is one of the lesser Houses of Amber; our duties might appear to an uneducated eye to be rather menial, though we know better. I glanced around the barnyard and saw that all was in order with the pigsty, the chicken coop, and the stables in their usual dung-filled state. I took a deep breath, then coughed as the fetid odors hit me. Scott pounded me on my back until I regained my composure. I wiped the tears from my eyes and continued the conversation.

"The situation on Earth is completely out of control, Scott. Everything I do turns to Chaos. I see no alternative--I must regain my powers--I have to walk the Pattern!"

It was Scott's turn to puke then. When finally he had finished retching, he pushed me away and whispered hoarsely, "Do it, if you must..but keep away from me!"

Though it was all I could do to keep my lunch down too, I knew I had to walk the Pattern. I crawled down from the compost heap, brushed some of the rotting garbage off, and walked shakily to the trap door beside the cow's stable. I lifted the heavy slab of oak and began the descent into the subterranean chamber that held the pattern. I looked back at Scott once...he was watching me, but turned away embarrassed to meet my gaze...then the door fell closed above me and I continued the long walk down into Stygian darkness.

At length I reached the bottom of the stairs, and as my eyes adapted I saw occasional shafts of sunlight piercing the cracks in the heavy wooden ceiling. This chamber had been

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## FOUR DEUCES IN AMBER (Continued)

dug, long ago, to provide drainage for the barnyard above, and it was here that the wizard Bwordman had laid out the Pattern, in all its dizzying complexity, painted with luminescent fungus on the rock floor.

This was the Pattern, the design that only members of our family could walk...for another to try invariably proved fatal. Once started, a walk along it had to be completed...any hesitation was deadly. I felt my will ebbing---before I chickened out completely, I forced my feet to take me to the start of the Pattern. Then, after a long pause, I planted my left foot on the fungus and began the walk.

With each step, gas sacs burst underfoot and released tiny farts of stink. The disturbed slime glowed brighter; I glanced back and could see my trail shining green. Ahead, as the path curved and approached the First Veil, the pale lite was more brown, and for good reason.

Then I was passing into the Veil, a steady rain of liquid manure. It was all I could do to continue, step by step; there seemed to be a tremendous force opposing my motion. I almost stopped, but kept pushing...at last, I broke through and was out the other side of the Veil. No one not a member of our family could have possibly made it! The rest of the Pattern went easier; I hardly noticed the dripping pigs' slop, for example.

I approached the final spiral to the center under the chicken coop. Their floor, my ceiling, was wire mesh. The birds heard or saw my movement, and as I began the last steps of the Pattern they fluttered up in fright. A deluge of chickenshit poured down upon me. I blew my cookies then, but continued my steady pace forward.

At last, I had reached the center of the Pattern!!! All power was now mine for the taking! I climbed the staircase to ground level and emerged into the barnyard. Scott was standing almost a quarter mile away, but I could still see his face pale before he turned and ran farther. The farm animals scattered to avoid me, terrified by my powerful aspect, you may be sure. I walked out the gate and started down the path to the village, and as I walked I began to shift towards Earth. I saw few people along the way, none at close range.

As I walked toward Earth, I wondered how I could test my powers. Should I clear Times Square? Grand Central Station? Should I walk through Central Park at night? In my present condition, fresh from the Pattern, such tasks would be too easy. I decided to avoid fooling around, and go straight to the fight against my enemies--I would invade the Courts of Chaos themselves!

"Here I come, Beshara," I said through gritted teeth.

TO BE CONTINUED -- PERHAPS

## DUDLAND

## CONCLUSION

THE COURTS OF CHAOS: "Welcome, welcome, my friends," said the Custodian of the Dudness. His head was enshrouded in the thickest dudness, so that none in the King's party could tell who he was. All that clearly distinguished him as the quintessence of Chaos was the staff he held in one of his hands--it was impossible to tell which, as all that was visible was the tip, which extended beyond the ragged edges of dudness. At the very tip of the staff were eight arrows arranged in a circle--the Symbol of Chaos, which was repeated in a design on the ceiling above the Custodian's dais.

"I was hoping you would get this far. It should prolong my enjoyment of the game." The voice came at them from all sides, even though there was quite obviously only one entity from which it emanated. "Come, come, use your weapons on me! I command you!"

The host of megaphones blared their familiar message. There was no result, other than the Custodian's yawning.

"You see, your weapons cannot harm me. The reverse, however, may not be true!"

The Custodian extended his hand out, palm downward, and uttered an incantation. The King's party saw one of its guards tossed into the air, to land head first. A cloud of dudness swept in from above and spirited the remains away.

Another wave of the hand; another incantation. A 16-ton weight--clearly labeled--fell from the high, vaulted ceiling directly onto another guard.

The Custodian spoke. "I have a new weapon to show you, gentlemen--it is called 'The  
(continued on page four)"

Dudland (Continued)

Dud Missile.'" He extended his hand and from each fingertip came a sliver of mist, that upon touching a target (in all cases, again, guards), completely enveloped it in dudness and disappeared, along with its target.

"Can you defend against that, O Lords of Dudland?..."

The King did not accept the bait and give a taunting reply. He stood silently. But the visage of the Custodian turned from the glee of a wolf slobbering over his prey to the fear of one cornered.

For the King was king no longer--he had assumed the Aspect of something greater. He spoke, piercing the grey mists of that hall, spearing through the muddled thoughts of those there, cutting through the long-spinned webs of illusion in that tower, breaking the veil of spells woven carefully for ages upon untold ages there in the Heart of All Dudness. His words assumed a physical state, parting and slicing all traces of evil in the room, forcing their way inexorably toward their destination, the Custodian himself:

" U N D U D ! "

As the King spoke, he assumed in full, for an instant, the shape of the entity whose name he uttered. But just for an instant.

The Custodian lay on the floor. All traces of dudness were gone. Everyone there was stunned finally to see his identity--none other than Tud-Dud himself!

"This clears many things up..." the King muttered.

CAPITALDUD PALACE, DUDLAND: The High Council of Dudland met once more--no longer gloomy amidst the trials of war, but now cheerful.

King Neigerdud spoke. "My job here is finished. My whole reign has been spent in the long conflict with the Dudness. Now that our 'dud-out' extermination squads have eradicated every last bit of Dudness, the threat to our land is done with. I am weary of the struggle...I intend to abdicate and spend the rest of my days preparing the definitive History of Dudland."

Gasps arose from everyone around the Council table.

"No, do not protest--I am determined. The obvious problem to be settled is who shall be my successor. I would like to hear your--"

The King was interrupted by a loud crack from above. From the ceiling descended a cold, sleek sliver of intense greyness. It touched the King's crown and immediately enveloped him in mists intensely familiar to everyone in the room. Before anyone could speak, he was gone. But the mists remained.

Finance Minister Jaydee-eldud rose from his seat. "Well, gentlemen, he was obviously going to appoint me his successor, so if you don't mind--"

"We do indeed mind!" cried Secretary of Communications Gladdodud. "As a matter of fact, the King confided in me last week that I was to be his successor!"

"Not to contradict you, sir," said Colonel Dillthadud, "but the Tetrahedron has in its offices, along with miles of military records, a signed statement by the King that the Chief of Staff of the military will rule in his stead should a national emergency arise--"

"Coerced, I'll bet," said someone indeterminate.

"As the King's personal amanuensis--" "That's funny, I thought you were his slave!"  
"--The King told me I should faithfully continue the management of government in his absence," Rayrilladud told the group.

As the argument broadened, no one noticed the cloud of dudness enveloping the room, spreading from what used to be the King. It seeped out the doors and windows of the room, into the heart of Capitaldud City.

The only member of the High Council of Dudland who was not presenting some sort of claim to the throne was, strangely enough, Prime Minister Rosendud. At the inception of the argument, he had slipped off to a corner of the room. He sat there now, an amused look on his face. If anyone else in the Hall had looked at him, he would have noticed a subtle change in his garb; he would also have noticed that his Staff of State (his by right of office) had acquired an eight-armed symbol at its tip.

"I am now King of Dudland!" someone said.

"Oh yeah? Where's your crown?" said another.

(continued on page five)

Dudland (Continued)

"He's the King!" "I'm King!" "No you're not! I'm King!" "Why King? I'm Emperor!"

"You are not!" "I am too King!" "I'm an Archduke!" "I'm Pope!"

As the Dudness spread itself, once and for all, from its center in the High Council Hall of Dudland through the streets of the capital, and throughout the entire land, until everything was occluded by the grey mist, Rosendud calmly proclaimed, "I'm the Custodian."

FINIS

1974CL: DEMONSTRATION GAME AND ANALYSIS

1974CL KNIVES FLASH...BACKS BLEED...BUSINESS AS USUAL... Spring 1904

AUSTRIA (Calhamer): F Bul(sc)-Gre, A Gal-Ukr, A Rum S TURKISH A Arm-Sev/nso/, A Tri H S by A Vie, A Bud, & A Ser.

ENGLAND (Naus): F Lon-Nth.

FRANCE (Lakofka): F Bre-Eng, A Tyo S ITALIAN A Alb-Tri, F Nrg S RUSSIAN F Nwy, F Edi S ENGLISH F Lon-Nth, A Gas-Bur S by A Par, A Bel-Hol, F Pic-Bel.

GERMANY (Eller, resigns): A Kie-Hol, F Swe S RUSSIAN F Nwy, F Den-Nth S by F Ska, A War H, A Sil-Mun S by A Ruh.

ITALY (Key): A Alb-Tri S by A Ven, F Ion-Adr, F Eas-Ion.

RUSSIA (Buchanan): A Mos S A Ukr, A Ukr S A Sev, A Sev S A Ukr, F Nwy S ENGLISH F Lon-Nth.

TURKEY (Anderson): F Smy-Aeg, A Arm-Smy, F Con-Bul(sc).

1974CL RICH GET POORER, POOR GET RICHER, BUT TAR BABY, HE DON'T SAY NUTTIN' Fall 1904  
AN' JEST GIT BIGGER ALLA TIME...

AUSTRIA (Calhamer): F Gre-Bul(sc) S by A Rum (F Gre disbanded), A Gal S A Rum, A Tri H S by A Vie, A Bud, & A Ser. Owns: Bud, Tri, Vie, ~~Gre~~, Ser, ~~Wyl~~, Rum (5). Disband one.

ENGLAND (Naus?): NMR. F Nth /h/ (disbanded). Owns: ~~Lon~~ (0). OUT.

FRANCE (Lakofka): F Eng-Lon, A Tyo-Mun S by A Bur, F Nrg S RUSSIAN F Nwy, F Edi-Nth, A Par-Gas, A Bel S ENGLISH F Nth-Hol/nso/, F Pic S A Bel. Owns: Bre, Mar, Par, Por, Spa, Lpl, Bel, Edi, Lon (9). Build 1.

GERMANY (Vagts): A Mun S FRENCH A Tyo/otm/, A Kie S A Mun, F Swe S RUSSIAN F Nwy, F Den-Nth, F Ska /h/, A War S RUSSIAN A Mos-Ukr/nso/ (-Lva, Pru, sil, OTB), A Ruh-Hol. Owns: Ber, Kie, Mun, Den, Hol, Swe, ~~Wyl~~ (6). Disband 1.

ITALY (Key): A Ven-Tri S by A Alb & F Adr, F Ion S A Alb. Owns: Nap, Rom, Ven, Tun (4). Even.

RUSSIA (Buchanan): A Ukr-War S by A Mos, A Sev-Rum, F Nwy S FRENCH F Edi-Nth. Owns: Mos, StP, Sev, War, Nwy (5). Build 1.

TURKEY (Anderson): A Smy-Gre C By F Aeg and S by F Bul(sc). Owns: Ank, Con, Smy, Bul, Gre (5). Build 2.

1974CL--Winter 1904

AUSTRIA (Calhamer): ~~A Gal~~, A Rum, A Tri, A Vie, A Bud, A Ser (5).

FRANCE (Lakofka): A Par\*, F Lon, A Tyo, A Bur, F Nrg, F Nth, A Gas, A Bel, F Pic (9).

GERMANY (Vagts): Disband A War. A Kie, F Swe, F Den, F Ska, A Mun, A Hol (6).

ITALY (Key): A Ven, A Alb, F Adr, F Ion (4).

RUSSIA (Buchanan): A StP\*, A War, A Mos, A Sev, F Nwy (5).

TURKEY (Anderson): A Con\*, F Smy\*, A Gre, F Aeg, F Bul (sc) (5).

"BENEATH THE ORANGE GROVE" -- A Devilish Review of 1974CL as told to Wade Hampton Johnston

The sun had long since departed Ohio's infamous Orange Grove. It was here that the masters of man first fell from favor in the midst of a great debate. From the first paragraph of the juicy tale, the sole content of that discourse was sufficient to damn the authors and readership to oral slavery for years. Nonetheless, they compounded their sins by a lengthy series of recriminations and reprints aimed at glorifying the participants in a spasm of pride and self-exaltation rarely matched in postal history.

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1974CL Review (continued)

Now the perpetrator of that coup against decency has called for an emergency meeting of the Lower Advisors to gather at the Orange Grove in order to discuss a most threatening earthly matter:

The Other (TO): I've conjured you here because it appears there are a few characters who are going into business for themselves down there.

BelzBoob (BB): Don't tell me they're running "The Exorcist" again...

Lucifer (LT): But Nixon has resigned!

TO: No, you dolts, those clowns in 74CL are playing games with each other.

Loki: Supporting this assumption, bring you what evidence?

TO: Send a man to Harvard and what do you get? Inverted syntax!

Look, guys, this is what we have:

It's quite obvious that Naus has sold his soul to Lakofka in order to pick up what he thought would be survival. Only the incompetence of the blessed post office turned away this Lizardly plot.

In the East, Andybrain has condemned A.B.C. to great depths by trademarking Greece and Bulgaria. Legally A.B.C. was helpless this season because of the clause on abandonment of use.

Meanwhile Vagts has tried to deal with the serf from the farmlands only to discover that his efforts were a futile exorcise, Russia being in the firm grips of vengeance, that delightfully human emotion.

What wonderful fruit we have here as a brief recap of some of the nuttier things that have occurred:

Austria broke the golden rule of all diplomats and didn't finish off Turkey when he had him down. Never can this sin be forgiven--death must be appeased by those who tease it. They must either give their victims or forfeit themselves in the long run.

France has proved to be rather formidable mainly because so few seem to be aware of his vile intentions. Where are the vaunted values of the great scholars who play to stop the pretender to the throne of all Europe?

Russia is languishing in self-destruction and must come to reach an accord with his tormentors to destroy those who would allow the west free reign and punish those in the east who violate basic principles of policy.

How they deal with these problems is the course we must follow--for now are the times that try their souls, and in that barter, we must take the prize--not a tail-less lizard or a windy serf from the flatlands!

#### PRESS

1975Zfs (Paris): Thwack, went the ball as it slammed against the squash court's wall. "And that's for Sister Elizabeth Ann Theresa Maria," declared Harrison Oxnard Knox III.

As his opponent and a couple of onlooking friends were congratulating him, they heard the sound of another ball in a nearby court, but it struck with a slightly dull, muffled sound. Raising his hand in a gesture urging silence, the student dashed out through the small door and into the court on the left.

The sight of her lying there before him set his mind racing back to that summer day at the National Gallery of Art in London, when, staring at an exquisitely executed bosom, he had proclaimed, "What a magnificent pair of breasts."

"Thank you," said the young lady. A broad smile crossed his face in response to hers. "My name's Penelope Dickens," the girl told him. He introduced himself as Harrison Oxnard Knox, Ox," and they'd moved on to the Impressionistic wing. They walked through the gallery making an occasional intelligent comment on a work, but mostly absorbed in the art. At closing time they walked to the entrance together with the crowd and emerged outside on the steps to find it pouring. Ox grabbed her hand and they ran across the street and hopped on the double-decker bus just as it started moving. They climbed upstairs and sat in the rear seats, looking back to see the receding statue of Nelson on the column in Trafalgar Square.

Penelope smoothed her skirt and brushed her palms over her wet hair. The conductor came back to them and Ox told the man he was going to Oxford street. As the conductor rang up two tickets for four pence Penelope said nothing, and Ox payed for them. The rest of the ride passed in silence as the two looked around them, but mostly at each other. At the stop the two made a two-block dash to Bryanston Square and Ox led Penelope up to the flat he was borrowing at number 14. Ox went into the kitchen to make some hot cocoa while Penelope lit a fire.

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1975Zfs Press (Continued)

The two sat before the blaze and told each other how they happened to be in London. Ox was spending a summer writing in the best tradition of the young, aspiring American author. Penelope was staying in London prior to visiting an estate she had just inherited in the Midlands. They talked of their love of London and how much fun it was to tour the country, and, impulsively, they kissed. About 12:30 they walked to the nearest all-night bus stop and were pleased to have a bus arrive within ten minutes. Penelope said goodnight and took the bus to the University of London dormitory in which she was staying.

Ox went back to his flat and wrote about happy things for about an hour, when he remembered he had to meet Penelope the next morning to go book-browsing with her. Wishing to get plenty of sleep, Ox retired.

The next morning, Ox found an envelope with his name on it waiting for him instead of Penelope. Opening it, he found the following message written in a long, graceful script:

"Oxie--

Something has come up. Please take the 14.55 out of King's Cross and come to my place. Please don't delay. Don't be alarmed.

Penelope"

Under the circumstances, Ox found it very hard to follow her advice. But he always prided himself on his ability not to worry uselessly, so he packed an overnight bag and went to King's Cross where he bought himself copies of the New Statesman and The Economist. He read the musings, decided as he always did that they were all mad and had lunch in the buffet. Knox bought a first-class ticket and, at 10 minutes to 3, entered the train. He dropped his coat-- a light one being necessary on this cool day--on the seat opposite him and sat down. He pulled out his Henry James and barely noticed when the train made a slight jerk, signifying it was leaving the station. Except for the mild interruption when the conductor asked for his ticket, he was unaware of time, so absorbed was he in his book, until his inner ear heard the conductor announce his station.

He alighted on the station platform and looked about him. There were boxes of flowers by the station doors and a heavily red-painted post box with the initials "V.R." visible in outline form. He went through the one-room station, found one taxi-cab waiting, and, throwing the no-longer-needed coat on the rear seat, told the driver where he wanted to go. With a "Right, Guv," he was off to Penelope's.

1974FM PRESS

(Paris): Matt continued his description of the events surrounding Scott's Murder.

"Adam excused himself from the room, saying he was hungry, and went downstairs to the kitchen. Greg went to the bathroom, and said he would be right back. I was still with Scott, in fact, he was sitting in the same chair in which he is sitting dead now. I decided to go downstairs and find out what Adam was doing, and get Scott and me something to drink and eat, since all we had upstairs was an almost empty pickle jar and a half-full bag of pistachio nuts. I couldn't find Adam anywhere, so I figured he went back upstairs with some food. When I went upstairs, however, I didn't hear anything, cranking off of the mimeo, or paper crackling. I rushed into the room, this room, to find Scott bent over in his chair, in exactly the same position as you see him now. I called up Ben, who came here unusually fast, Edi, and then you."

"Can you remember what time this was?" I said.

"Uh, I think about quarter after eight, when I called you up."

"I see," I said. I moved closer to Scott's body and outstretched hands, which grasped the pickle jar firmly. Apparently, he had tried to tear off the label, which read simply, "KOSHER DILL PICKLES, 59¢/32 ounces, HEINZ." Scott's thumb was over the 59¢/32 ounces part, and it took all my strength to wrench it away from his death grip. "Gentlemen," I said, "We have not only a very strange murder here, but also a very important clue as to who killed Scott Rosenberg. In the last few seconds of his glorious life, he gave us the only possible answer to the killer's identity."

Ben Grossman was the first to realize the hint that Scott had left us. "Of Course!" he cried. "It's obvious!"

I, as well as the others, was considerably startled by this piece of deduction by Ben.

"Who did it, Ben?" I asked.

"Look," he said slowly, "you say that Scott left us an important clue, right? Well,

(continued on page eight)

1974FM Press (Continued)

why in the world would he grab a pickle jar, when he could have shouted out the killer's name?"

"He may have been strangled," I suggested.

"Or maybe he was hungry," said Matt.

"True, true, but if he were hungry, he would have reached for the pistachio nuts, not an empty jar of pickles. The fact is, he reached for DILL pickles!" said Ben.

"Yes, yes, of course!" cried Edi. "Matt did it! Matt did it!"

Well, there was a great deal of noise at this surprising accusation. Adam and Greg suggested death for Matt by stoning, while Edi and Ben favored erasing him with corflu. They came to me for the tie-breaking vote.

"Now hold on just a minute!" I said. "I'll admit things look pretty bad for Matt right now, but I'm not sure he's guilty. Where were you when this happened, Adam? How come Matt couldn't find you when he went downstairs?"

"Well, uh, the truth of the matter is--uh--that, uh, I--went out to the mailbox to look for some mail," he stammered.

"Nonsense," I said. "You knew as well as anybody else here that no one ever gets mail at 8 AM Saturday. Why don't you start telling us the truth, fast!"

"Okay, okay!" said Adam. "I confess! I was rifling through the TPA's treasury box, looking for some money to pay for my habit. See? \$43 worth!" ((Actually, it's more like negative \$150))

"You mean you stole a measly \$43 from the TPA treasury just to support a drug habit?"

"No, you ass!" he cried, "my habit of writing press releases and stupid stories for putrid magazines!"

Well, that put a pot-hole in my theory. Since we found the money stuffed in Adam's right shoe-sole, I knew he had an alibi, crooked though it seemed. I wondered...

"How about you, Greg?" I asked. "Where were you when all this happened?"

"In the bathroom, doing what people normally do in bathrooms."

"How do we know you actually went to the bathroom?"

"Well, the toilet overflowed. You can see for yourself!" he said. Sure enough, the toilet had overflowed. That fact put a hole in that theory also, since it proved that Greg actually did use the bathroom. That left Matt again as the prime suspect, and the clue that Ben discovered was overwhelming evidence. I still wasn't sure who did it. After all, all three sub-editors had good reasons for killing Scott ((Nonsen--ummmhhhhhh...)). I was just unsure of myself, that's all.

Edi spoke up. "Gee, Matt, you did a terrible thing killing Scott--we're going to get stuck with Anderson as Editor now. But that one clue he left really cost you..."

"That's it!" I cried. "I know who killed Scott Rosenberg!"

Do you? If you've been reading closely and carefully, you have all the facts you need to establish "who dun it." Was it in fact Matt Diller, who had been under Scott's thumb for years? Was it Greg Costikyan, blacklisted and shunned by Scott for being a dud and incompetent as a GM? Was it Adam Kasanof, the great ((sic)) writer who had been insulted by Scott's refusal to print his articles? Or maybe someone else, like Edi Birsan, who had good cause to kill Scott because of the latter's total control over the IDA. Or maybe it was Ben Grossman, rival publisher of THE PREDAWN LEFTIST ((That's a rival?)). Now, no guessing allowed. If you know absolutely who did it, then read on and show yourself right. If you're not sure, read on anyway to find out.

I called all of them together around Scott and the scene of the murder. "In the last moment of his life, Scott did indeed furnish us with a very valuable clue. He grabbed the pickle jar, and before he could do anything else, he died. You remember that he had his thumb over a certain part of the label. If it actually had been Matt who had killed him, his grip of the Dill pickle jar would have been enough to incriminate Matt. We know that Adam didn't do it, since he was engaged in--ahem--other things at the moment. Therefore, that leaves us with only one other suspect--GREG!"

"But we all saw that the toilet had overflowed!" said Ben. "We all know that Greg had used the bathroom while Scott was killed!"

"Yes, that's true," I said, "but did you notice something peculiar? There was no ---- ((Whatsamatter, Adam? Scared of writing "shit"?)) flowing out of it, even though it was overflowing. It is logical to assume then that the toilet was stuck up with something else. You see, Greg had always hated Scott after Scott called him a dud, and he had probably sworn revenge. With Matt and Adam both gone, it gave him the opportunity to take a dishrag and

(continued on page nine)



1974FM Press (Continued)

strangle Scott. As Scott was being strangled, he grabbed the only object he could--the jar, and put his thumb over the one important part of the label: 59¢/32 ounces, or, the COST. Since COST is the New York Conspiracy nickname for Greg, Scott left us his name in code. As for the torn dishrag, Greg heard Matt rushing up the stairs and panicked. He went back to the bathroom and tried flushing it down the toilet. Unfortunately for him, the stupid thing got stuck and overflowed. Now then, Greg, come quietly." It was one of my better cases.

((WRONG. As a matter of fact it's pretty dud. First of all, COST isn't Greg's name, and hasn't been for about a year--and when it was, it was not used much at all. His nickname is GUST (pronounced like a cross between gost and goost), because someone insisted that COSTIKYAN is pronounced GUSTIKYAN.

((Second, where would anyone find a dishrag in my second floor of my house? And my mimeo is in my basement.

((Face it, Gru. It's a dud.))

1975Zfs

INTIMATE DIPLOMACY  
SCOTT STABS SCOTT; NICK STABS NICK

Spring 1901

AUSTRIA (Scott Rosenberg): A Vie-Bud; A Bud-Ser; F Tri-Alb.  
ENGLAND (owned by Nick): F Lon-Eng; F Edi-Nth; A Lpl-Yor.  
FRANCE (Nick Ulanov): F Bre-Mid; A Mar-Spa; A Par-Bur.  
GERMANY (owned by Scott): A Mun-Ruh; A Ber-Mun; F Kie-Hol.  
ITALY (owned by Scott): A Ven-Pie; A Rom-Tus; F Nap-Trn.  
RUSSIA (owned by Scott): A War-Mos; A Mos-StP; F StP(sc)-Swe; F Sev-Bla.  
TURKEY (owned by Scott): A Con-Ank; A Smy-Syr; F Ank-Arm.

A concession has been proposed to the GM.

## PRESS:

(Paris): Once upon a time there was a dot. An insignificant little dot. In fact, the dot was flawed. It was a flawed, insignificant little dot. It was ugly, an ugly, flawed, insignificant little dot. It was hideous and snivelling, a hideous, snivelling, ugly, flawed, insignificant little dot. As such, it was jealous of almost everything and everyone. So it decided to masquerade as something better than it was, which is to say as something else. And one day it announced that it was Nicholas Ulanov. After all, you might as well go straight for the top. Unfortunately, though, dot was so hideous, snivelling, ugly, flawed, insignificant and little that no one noticed him running around shouting, "I'm Nicholas Ulanov! I'm Nicholas Ulanov!" It was just as well. No one would have believed him anyway.

Sort of reminds you of a mayor we know, doesn't it?

## SAURON'S DWIMMERLAIK

by Scott Rosenberg

to the tune of "Johnson's Motor Car"

Oh, down by Nen Hithoel  
One mornin' I did stray.  
I met a fellow Nazgul,  
And to me he did say,  
"We've orders from the Witch King  
Towards Orthanc haste to make,  
But how are we to get there  
Without a dwimmerlaik?"

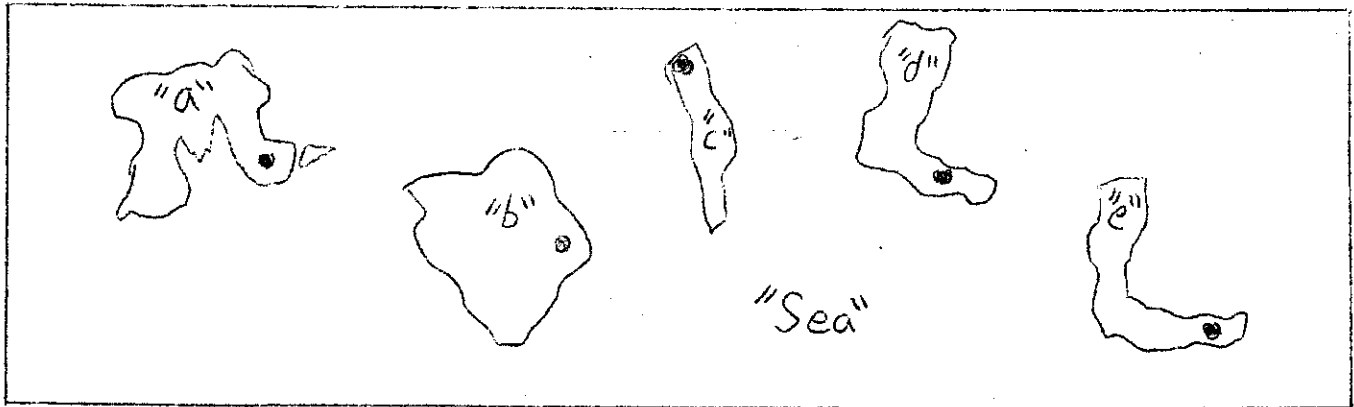
"When we approach the Morannon  
We'll give the lads a shout.  
We'll tell them all to hurry,  
and what it's all about.  
We'll send Lugburz a message:  
'Prepare, for Morgoth's sake,  
a steed for us to ride on--  
Like one o' your dwimmerlaik."

"Oh, Rider dear, be of good cheer  
I'll tell ye my black plan.  
We'll travel through the Marshes  
Ne'er to be stopped by man.  
Through Dagorlad we'll hasten,  
And when with mud we're caked,  
We'll wish we'd died or had a ride  
On Sauron's dwimmerlaik.

"And once we've got our flier  
We'll make haste to Orthanc.  
And when that Sharkey's done with  
Our masters we will thank.  
Over the fields of Gondor  
A little ride we'll take,  
And we'll give those there a bloody bad scare  
On Sauron's dwimmerlaik.

# The Trader Variant

by Matthew Diller



All rules are the same as in regular Diplomacy except: the board consists of six spaces. Five are islands and supply centers, one is a sea province. The game starts in Winter 1900 and each player chooses his build. The game then proceeds normally. The provinces are designated "a" through "e" and "sea." Each player starts off with one of "a" through "e" as a home supply center. To win, a player must own more than half of the centers on the board.

## ORIGINS

The Trader Variant was designed when Matt Diller decided he had to start publishing a 'zine. His idea was the following--he would publish a carbon-copy 'zine with the adjudications for a simple, endless variant. He would then trade with Walter Buchanan--who would need a copy for the Archives--and Doug Beyerlein--who might wish to assign a Boardman Number to it (it's not that radical a variant, now is it, Doug? You might give it irregular status!). The name of the 'zine? Why, THE TRADER--a rather succinct description of its purpose. Matt would of course have been willing to establish trades with other publishers, being such a magnanimous person, as we all know.

THE TRADER was never started. Matt came near to publishing another 'zine, THE TRAITOR, which would have contained slander on Scott Rosenberg's character, but he was dissuaded from this course of action.

One game of THE TRADER VARIANT was filled, back when Matt was going to publish it, but we have lost the list.

However, because of this variant's obvious innovativeness and its incredible appeal, we filled a game of it even before we announced the openings! Here's the player list--

"A"--Edi Birsan  
 "B"--Rod Walker  
 "C"--John Beshara  
 "D"--Lew Pulsipher  
 "E"--Robert Sacks.  
 GM --Matt Diller.

Like to see these fellows go at it!

**TACTICAL NOTES:** The key choice facing players of the TRADER VARIANT is whether to build an army or a fleet in Winter 1900. If a player builds an army, he will then have to rely on another player's fleet to transport him into someone else's center via convoy. If, however, he builds a fleet, it means he has very little chance of taking anyone else's centers.

The key to this variant is cooperation. If all of the players coordinate their moves properly, and go through the intricate tactical maneuverings necessary, it is conceivable--though unlikely--that a center will change hands during the first five years. If this happens, someone on the board will end up with TWO units instead of one, thus completely opening up the game, making anything possible! At this point it would be wise for the other players to band together to beat back the colossus, thus maintaining the balance of power.

BEYERLEIN PLAYER POLL BALLOT #8

The Beyerlein Player Poll is a poll of the Postal Diplomacy community to determine the best currently active players in Postal Diplomacy. Any Postal Diplomacy player, gamesmaster, editor, or publisher may cast his ballot for the top 14 (from #1 to #14) currently active Postal Diplomacy players.

Points are given as follows: 1st place--20 points, 2nd--17 points, 3rd--15, 4th--13, 5th--11, 6th--9, 7th--8, 8th--7, etc. The points are then summed by Doug Beyerlein for each player and the top 14 players listed by point totals. Results will be published in all interested magazines.

Overseas people may use an air letter form in place of returning this ballot.

The BPP is not affiliated with any Diplomacy organization.

TOP BOARD

COMMENTS:

- 1. \_\_\_\_\_
- 2. \_\_\_\_\_
- 3. \_\_\_\_\_
- 4. \_\_\_\_\_
- 5. \_\_\_\_\_
- 6. \_\_\_\_\_
- 7. \_\_\_\_\_

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SECOND BOARD

- 8. \_\_\_\_\_
- 9. \_\_\_\_\_
- 10. \_\_\_\_\_
- 11. \_\_\_\_\_
- 12. \_\_\_\_\_
- 13. \_\_\_\_\_
- 14. \_\_\_\_\_

Signature: \_\_\_\_\_

Please complete this ballot, sign it, and mail it directly to: DOUG AND MARIE BEYERLEIN  
240 Hawthorne  
Palo Alto, CA 94301 U.S.A.

Incomplete ballots or ballots without signatures will not be counted. DEADLINE: December 15, 1975. Thank you.

I conceived the idea of a player poll a number of years ago as a means by which the postal Diplomacy public could express its views of who the best currently active players are in the hobby. Once a year I run this poll and at this time I am distributing ballots for the eighth poll through DIPLOMACY WORLD and other interested 'zines. It is my hope that all will participate.

In the past I have asked each participant to rate his choice of the first through 14th best player. This should not be a popularity contest, but a strict evaluation of players of which you have knowledge from either playing against, watching, or reputation. If it is still difficult to choose 14 top players, select them in terms of the 14 players you would least like to play against if you wanted an easy win.

--Doug Beyerlein

1974GU (PA3)

GM: Rosenberg

Winter 1906

AUSTRIA (Bennett): Build Army Vienna.

ENGLAND (Fox): Retreat A Edi-Cly. Remove F Pru, F Bal, A Fin, A Nwy.

FRANCE (Malmquist): Build A Par, A Bre.

Germany (DILLER): Even.

TURKEY (Rosenzweig):: Build A Ankara.

Typing's getty pretting bad, eh? So's tje spelling, ...

Better call it a night, and dud the rest of this page.

It's the back of the BPP ballot anyway, so I won't put anything Important on it.

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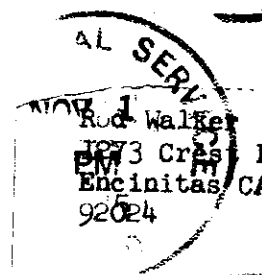
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T--Trade  
 C--Complimentary  
 ##--issue that sub runs out  
 game #--game you're in, you get TPA till  
 out of game or game ends  
 game # plus ##--number of issues you get  
 after out of game or game over

LAST MINUTE FLASH-- Ron Kelly COA! Do you people realize how many people will need this COA? It is: Ron Kelly, Room 120, 225 Virginia Ave. SE, Washington DC 20061. Not too different from his old one, eh?



THE POCKET ARMENIAN #23  
 Scott Rosenberg  
 182-31 Radnor Rd  
 Jamaica NY 11432



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