
* THE
* POCKET
* ARMENIAN
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Vol. 1, No. 4

Jamaica, N.Y.

September 7, 1974

1974PM (PA1)

Fall 1901

BRITAIN VIOLATES ICELANDIC TERRITORIAL WATERS

Austria (Darden): A Vie-Tri, F Alb-Gre, A Ser S F Alb-Gre. Owns Vie, Bud, Tri, Gre, Ser. 2 Builds.
England (Kellogg): F Nwg-Nat, A Yor-Nwy, F Nth C A Yor-Nwy. Owns Edi, Liv, Lon, Nwy. 1 Build.
France (Gruen): A Pic-Bel, A Spa-Por, F Mid-Spa(sc). Owns Par, Bre, Mar, Bel, Spa, Por. 3 Builds.
Germany (Barlow): A Ruh-Hol, A Kie S A Ruh-Hol, F Den-Swe. Owns Ber, Mun, Kie, Hol, Den. 2 Builds.
Italy (Bean): A Apu-Tun, F Ion C A Apu-Tun, A Ven H. Owns Ven, Rom, Nap, Tun.
Russia (Gildroy): A War-Lvn, F Bot-Swe, A Ukr-Rum, F Sev S A Ukr-Rum. Owns Mos, War, Sev, StP, Rum. Builds 1.
Turkey (Moore): No Moves Received; neutral moves were obtained in accordance with the house rules. A Con-Bul, A Bul-Gre, F Ank H. Owns Ank, Smy, Con, Bul. Builds 1.

Ron Kelly (#210, 225 Virginia Ave. S.E., Washington, D.C. 20061) is asked to stand by for Turkey. Winter 1901 builds are due 9/27.

ANOTHER GAME!!!!

(PA2)

Our second game has been filled. The players' names and addresses are below:

AUSTRIA: Adam Gilinsky, River Road, Scarborough, NY 10510
ENGLAND: Doug McMullin, Box #26, Muir Rd., R.R. 2, Courtenay, BC CANADA
FRANCE: Jamie Adams, 141 Seven Bridges Rd., Chappaqua, NY 10514
GERMANY: Laurence Gillespie, 23 Robert Allen Dr., Halifax, N.S. CANADA
ITALY: Ronald Kelly (see address above)
RUSSIA: Mark Zimmermann, 6812 Langston Dr., Austin, TX 78723
TURKEY: Cyril Penn, 147 E. 30 St., N.Y., NY 10016

It has been suggested to me that we allow 6 weeks (two issues) for initial negotiations, instead of one issue. This seems reasonable, since the first negotiations and contacts between players often determine their relationships for the rest of the game. Therefore, Spring 1901 moves are due October 18. Gamemaster is Greg Costikyan, 310 E.50 St., New York, NY 10022.

GAME OPENINGS DEPT.

We have one person paid for the Youngstown game, and a few others who said they will soon. If you need a map, tell us. Fee is \$5, which includes a sub to the 'zine as long as you're in the game.

Also opening is one more regular Diplomacy game. Same fee.

For Fall of Rome information, see next page.

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THE POCKET ARMENIAN
c/o Scott Rosenberg
182-31 Radnor Rd.
Jamaica, NY 11432

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Matthew Diller
Adam Kasanof
Greg Costikyan

THE POCKET ARMENIAN is a magazine of Postal Diplomacy & related & unrelated matters. Subscriptions are 10 for \$2. TPA is published every third Saturday, running twelve pages per issue. We welcome contributions, paying four free issues per contribution published. We give blanket permission to anyone to reprint anything, as long as credit is given and a copy sent to us. Back issues are available at 30¢ each. Diplomacy was invented by Allan Calhmer and is Copyright by Games Research Inc., 500 Harrison, Boston MA 02118.

FALL OF ROME NEWS

Unfortunately, it looks like we are not going to be able to run a tourney, for a number of reasons. Firstly, there aren't enough people interested. Second, it takes up an awful lot of space in the 'zine. Third, I really don't have the extra time to gamemaster it. Of the four or so people who expressed interest, only one has paid me. His money will be returned. I hate to do this, but that's the way it is.

POLLS

The past few months, many 'zine publishers have been filling up their 'zines with polls for various functions. These include 1974-5 Who's Who in Postal Diplomacy, North American Diplomacy Players' Survey, Beyerlein Player Poll, and others. Since many of you have received these ballots in other 'zines, we don't feel particularly anxious to print these up. If anyone really wants one of these ballots, I've got lots -- just write and ask.

HUGO AWARDS

Labor Day weekend, we all attended the World Science Fiction Convention in Washington, where the 1973 Hugo Awards were given. So, here are the most important: Best Novel, Rendezvous With Rama, Clarke; Best Novella, The Girl Who was Plugged In, by James Tiptree; Best Novellette, The Deathbird, Hadian Ellison; Best Short Story, The Ones Who Walk Away From Omelas, Le Guin; Best Pro Magazine Editor, Ben Bova of Analog; Best Dramatic Presentation, Sleeper (Woody Allen)(!).

STANDBY LIST

Now on the standby list are Stephen Tihor, Wayne Gildroy, Mark Zimmermann, Ben Grossman. Ron, do you want to be put back on the list?

COMING UP

Within the next few issues, a new Lord of the Rings Variant, which will attempt to be the most 'realistic' yet, with many, many special rules. Possibly an article by Matt Diller about the morality of people not actually playing a position in a game helping players in that game. The conclusion of My Summer Weekend on Nantucket. More of the Kampfpanzer System. A pirate story by Adam Kasanof. Perhaps a sequel to the Technological Warfare article. And possibly the worst review of a game you will ever read in your life -- Starforce: Alpha Centauri.

((This new scenario for WORLD WAR II was designed by Dave Waxtel, of the Waxtel Game Club, (as it is called around here). I don't know whether it was playtested or not, but after playing it five times, I can tell you that it is probably one of the best "minigames" I've come across. It allows you to play a decent game of WORLD WAR II in less than an hour. So --))

D-DAY AND THE DESTRUCTION OF ARMY GROUP CENTER
A New Scenario for WORLD WAR II

Scenario starts on Game-Turn 20, Allies to go, with all eight amphibious points used already for the units in 0713. m=mech, p=para

<u>GERMANS</u>		<u>BRITISH</u>	
<u>outside of Russia</u>		1	2325
4 & 2m	1217	2	1218
2m	1117	3	0811
1m	1012, 1612	4	0712, 0713.
1p	0714		0512
1	1209, 1207,	<u>FREE FRENCH</u>	
	1702, 1517	1	0711
2	1112, 1415,	<u>AMERICANS</u>	
	0916	4	0713, 0512,
3	0812, 0813		1218
4	1514	<u>RUSSIANS</u>	
<u>In Russia</u>		2	2004, 2114,
4 & 1	1908		2314
4 & 1m	1909	3	1905, 1906
3 & 2	2009	4	2007, 2008,
1m	1910		2109, 2113,
3 & 2m	2010		2013, 2014,
1 & 3m	2111		2115
2 & 2	2112	4 & 4	2110, 2210,
1 & 1m	2011		2211, 2212
3 & 1	2012	Russians roll on	
4 & 2m	1913	29-25 column for	
3 & 1	1914	production.	
4	1915	<u>PARTISANS</u>	
<u>AXIS ALLIES</u>		1809, 1911, 1812,	
Rumanians:		1518, 0814	
2 & 1	2015	<u>VICTORY CONDITIONS:</u>	
Hungarians:		Allied Decisive Victory: Russians must have	
1	1915	52 points, Allies 20 points in Germany	
2	1715	Allied Substantive Victory: Russians must	
Bulgarians:		have 40 points, Allies 16 points in Germany	
1	1718	and Allies must capture Berlin.	
2	1817	Allied Marginal Victory: Russians get 40,	
Finns:		Allies 16 points in Germany, but do not cap-	
1	1805, 1907	ture Berlin.	
2	1806	Axis Decisive Victory: The allies do not	
		achieve any of their Victory Conditions	

There are 8 German points in the second replacement box.

Perhaps an analysis of this next issue, with any comments from people.

DAS RHYMEKRIEG

((Adam Kasanof and Evan Jones asked me if they could have a "poetry-war" in the pages of TPA. I said, "Fine" and then burned all the poems I received by mail. I then repented and reconstructed them all by memory. And if you believe that, you'll believe that all these poems were written while asleep. Anyway, I received no poems from Jones, so this is more of a Rhymeschlacht than a Rhymekrieg.))

((The sentiments expressed in these poems are purely those of Adam Kasanof. He says nasty things about some people, but that includes me.))

BAD, BAD EVAN JONES***

(apologies to Jim Croce)

Now the East Side of Manhattan,
Ain't the baddest part of town,
But if you're down there nigh to SPI
Watch out when you hang around.

CHORUS:

Oh it's bad, bad Evan Jones,
Stealing dimes out of old pay phones,
Madder than old Dark Scott,
Badder than jungle rot.

Evan more than trouble, you see
He stands about five foot four
An when he goes playtestin' down at SPI
They throw him out the door.
Repeat the CHORUS

Evan, he's a gambler,
so he sneaks back in the room,
So Simonsen jumps outta the Coke Machine
And pounds him with a broom.
He gets beat up by da broomstick,
And they push him all around
And they push him outta the open window
And he yells till he hits the ground.
Repeat the CHORUS

But Evan is undaunted
He sneaks back to SPI late at night,
And he blows up the computer
With a wad of dynamite.
But evan has a problem,
Cause he sets too short a fuse,
And now all that's left is
a big black burn mark
And a smashed up bottle of booze.
Repeat the CHORUS

You can talk of a six-pack of
beer, sir,
When you're lolligagin' here,
sir,
Launching Cutties with your
local Druid,
But when it comes to printing
'zines,
It's a whole new set 'o scenes
And you'll do yer work in
Spiritmaster fluid.
Now in Queens' Crummy clime,
Where I used to spend me time
Answerin Old Dark Scott's
telephone;
Of any dipzine's crew
The oddest chap I knew
Was a person by th' name of
Evan Jones.
Ol' Jones would never slouch,
A-workin' on the Pouch,
Which would print his poems
like Ye Katze.
The reason was quite plain,
Old Gil Neiger was insane
It was evident to all that
he was bats.

If you like these poems, I've
got plenty more of the same
type. Write and tell me if
you want them. In fact, write
and tell me if you don't,
also, or if you couldn't
care less. But write, please!

Two issues ago, we published a variant called 260 AD. On the next two pages, there's 1618. Both of these variants are not(by far!) in their final form; they need playtesting. If you're interested, Gil Neiger is publishing a 'zine (really a flyer) solely for this purpose. There is no gamefee, just ten issues for a dollar. Write him (or me) at 300 West 108th St., New York, N.Y. 10025. Tell him what game you want to join. Oh, by the way, it's called THE PLAYTESTER (surprise!).

A Variant of the Thirty Years War
Designed by Scott Rosenberg

1. These rules are to be considered as additions to the 1971 Diplomacy Rulebook. Except as noted herein, all rules are the same as in the above-mentioned rulebook.
2. The game starts with the Spring 1618 season.
3. There are ten players. Their starting positions and home centers are listed below:

AUSTRIA: A Breslau, A Vienna, A Trieste, A Tyrol, (see rule 6)

BAVARIA: A Landshut, A Munich, A Braunau

BRANDENBURG: A Berlin, A Uckermark, A Brandenburg

DENMARK: A Holstein, A Kiel, A Copenhagen

PALATINATE: A Palatinate, A Heidelberg, A Upper Palatinate

POLAND: A Posen, A Warsaw, A Danzig

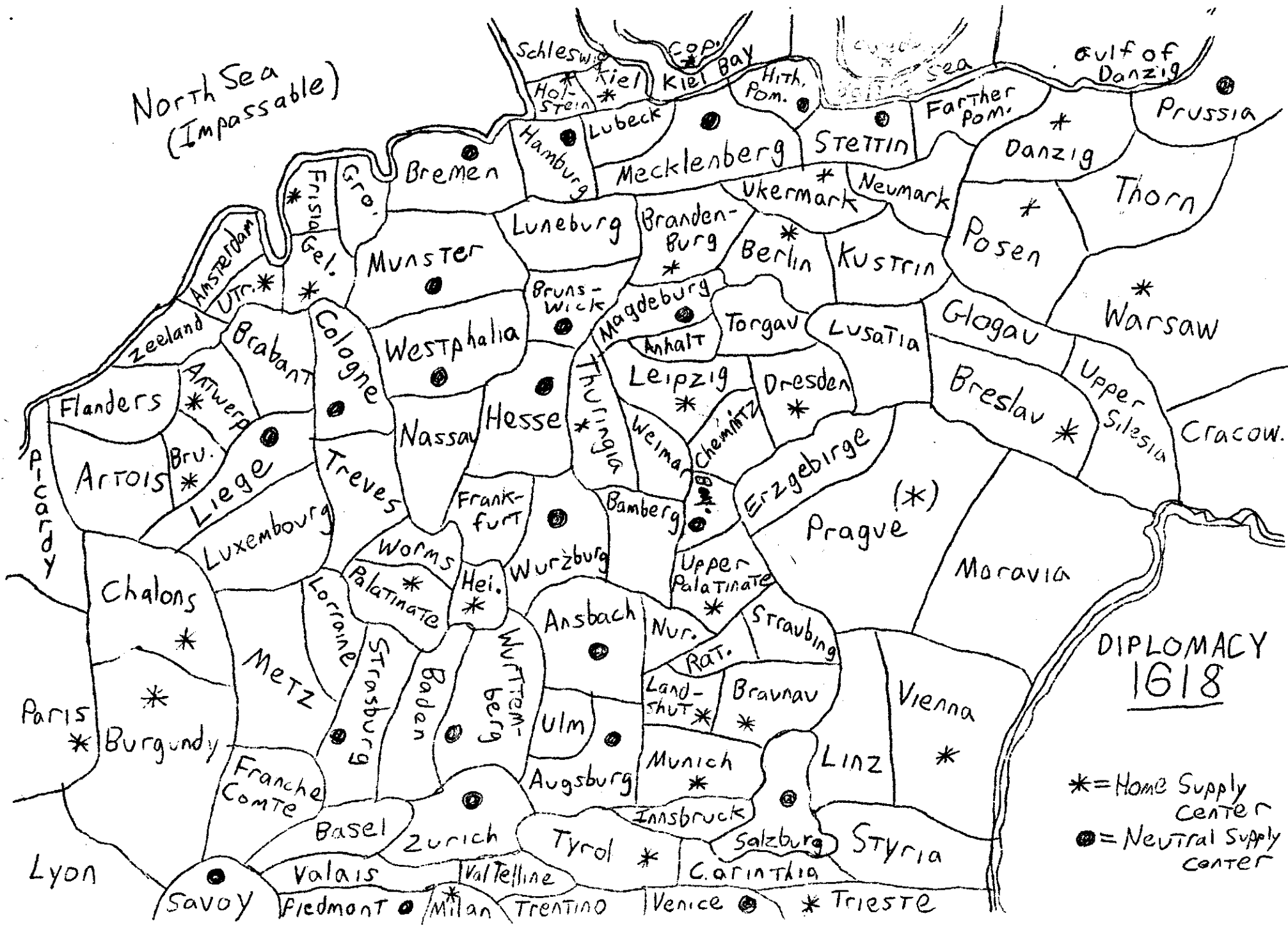
SAXONY: A Dresden, A Leipzig, A Thuringia

SPANISH HAPSBURGS: A Antwerp, A Brussels, A Milan

SWEDEN: A Sweden, F Baltic Sea

UNITED NETHERLANDS: A Utrecht, A Gelderland, A Frisia

4. Note that Sweden has one off-board Supply center which it may never lose; however, it may not build there. If Sweden takes Hither Pomerania, he may use it as a Home Supply center.
5. If Brandenburg captures Stettin, he may use it as a Home Supply Center solely for the purpose of building fleets.
6. PRAGUE: At the start of the Thirty Years War, Bohemia was in revolt against Austria, and asked Frederick V, elector of the Palatinate, to become its king. To represent this, at the start of the game Prague is considered to have an army in civil disorder occupying it. This army never moves. If dislodged, it is annihilated. It may be supported in place. If, at the end of Fall 1618, the Civil Disorder Army still occupies Prague, it becomes an army of the Palatinate, and Prague becomes a Palatinate home center; after this, if recaptured by the Austrians, it is no longer an Austrian home center. If Austria occupies Prague after Fall 1618, it becomes an Austrian Home center in all ways.
7. Abbreviations on the map: Cop= Copenhagen; Rat= Ratisbon; Nur= Nuremberg; Bru= Brussels; Gro= Groningen; Gel= Gelderland; Utr= Utrecht; Hei= Heidelberg; Bay= Bayreuth. The sea province to the north of Stettin, Hoth. Pom., and Farther Pom. is the Baltic sea. The land province directly to the north of the Baltic is Sweden, and is a home supply center. The northern- and southern-most provinces of the map are squeezed a little out of geographic proportions so that everything would fit on one map.
8. One thing needs explanation: this is the omission of naval movement in the North Sea area. I felt that, if I were to include this, I would have to add England. Then I would be compelled to add an Ottoman Empire, and Russia, ad infinitum, until the variant would lose its scope. It's not meant to be a Europe-wide thing like Paul Neuman's 1600, it is basically only showing the immediate theatre of the Thirty Years War.
9. In order to win a player must control 29 supply centers.
10. This variant will be playtested in THE PLAYTESTER; see page four for further details.



MY SUMMER WEEKEND ON NANTUCKET -- Part II

by Greg Costikyan, Adam Kasanof, and Scott Rosenberg

I peeked out from behind the boulder just in time to see two Spicans eyeing me blackly. "Huh?!?!?" I said. "Yer Turn," one of them said. "But you should have been blown to bits!" was my retort. "We were," said one that had chapped lips. "But we managed to pull ourselves together. Remember, it's your turn, he he he!" I realized a way out of this predicament, and replied, "Oh MY! How unfortunate! I don't happen to have any more of those sticks. But I can make one which, I assure you, will have the same effect on me as yours did on you." "Okay," one said.

I ripped off a portion of my shirt and placed a few handfuls of wet earth into it. I rolled it up and stuck it in my mouth. They handed me my lighter and I lit the piece of my shirt. They flame sputtered and died when it hit the dirt, obviously. They were still timing me an hour later. I finally took the makeshift dynamite out of my mouth and said "I guess I win." They scampered off to their polka-dot spheres, never to be seen by human eyes again.

I walked toward the Vegan pink trapezoids, mentally crossing the Spicans off my list. I yelled, "Open Sesame," and it opened. I looked around, and noticed that there was a dustpan and a brush in the corner. I picked them up and went outside. As I was sweeping the Vegans up, the Arcturians landed. I poured the Vegans into their ship. "Hi, chameleon," I said. "Could you set their controls to Vega?" "Shore, pardner," one replied. After they came out, the trapezoid ascended towards Vega. "Whoopes," I said. "I forgot something. Could you bring it back and open it up for me?" "Shore, pardner," he said as the trapezoid redescended from the sky and settled in the clearing. Once again it irised open, and I stepped inside. "Listen, mac," said the other lizard man. "We gotta go 'way for 'bout five minutes, then we'll be back. If yuh do anything to thu trapezoid, shi'll work on voice control." They quickly disappeared into the woods, and I yelled "Close, Oregon!" into the door control. The trapezoid responded instantly by sealing itself.

"Main info computer system on!" I yelled. A funny voice said "Computer on, sir." "Read through main control panel functions at once!" I commanded, and the machine began instantly. "Upper left blue switch with red-green pilot lamps main circuit, check, directly beneath orange pushbutton fuel consumption and level check, directly below green pushbutton electric power level and consumption check, directly below pushbutton temporal field/weaponry arming check, switch directly below temporal beam firing button, check, directly below coin return button, middle panel..."

"HALT!" I commanded. "Light up central viewing screen at once!" The screen lit up, revealing the two lizard men making their way toward the Vegan ship. I pushed the red button down and released it slowly. It glowed bright red and something began beeping intermittently. About every ten beeps a voice would say, "Caution: temporal beam and energy module weaponry systems are fully energized and armed, and extreme care should be exercised at all times." As the lizard men approached slightly nearer, I yelled out "Lock on the two target beings approaching."

"Beams locked on," it replied. "Caution, temporal beam and energy module systems locked on targets, which are advancing on periphery of minimum firing range. Beams should be fired within 45 seconds."

The lizard men were about fifty feet away by this time, and one of them called out "Hey amigo, come out of there queekly or we shall be forced to take steps." "Bye bye" I said as I pached the temporal beam firing button and watched as two orange beams of light struck the Arcturians, who disappeared, having been displaced to no-time by the temporal beam.

"Monitor hyperadio waves," I told the computer. "Monitoring," it answered. "Contact JAMDINEPNA machine," I ordered. "Contact made," the ship replied. A sudden deep voice boomed through the ship. It said: "Tweedledum and Tweedledee did sit upon an apple tree, and Tweedledum he said to me, Let's get rid of Tweedledee!"

"Agent R.qxr reporting, JAMDINEPNA," I said. "Garbage in, garbage out," it replied. "Follow the arc to Arcturus and Spi to Spica. What was that?" "JAMDINEPNA," I said, "You're made in Japan. Agent R.qxr reporting." "O", he answered. "Really. Have you carried out your orders to mess your continuum up as much as possible?" "Before I answer I would like to know why you want me to mess it up." "I love New Jersey, by Ogden Nash," it said. "You're avoidng the issue," I answered. "So are you," he said.

While he was talking, I had taken a fix on where his radio voice came from. It was Polaris. "Nothing but gibberish," I said, adding in a low voice to the computer "Do you have Volcano class weapons?" After the computer informed me with pride that it was the most powerful ship of its class, I said "Arm them and fire at Polaris V."

"Have you completed your orders?" JAMDINEPNA asked. "No" I replied. "Why not?" he said, but I could hear him add in sub-sonics "Arm temporal distorters class 17." "I'm revolting" I told him. "I know, I know," he said. I pressed the firing button, and Polaris went nova. "If hyperwave temporal distortions sighted any closer than Sol IX, throw a shield around Sol III," I ordered the Vegan ship. "Done" said the ship.

"You shouldn't have done that," said JAMDINEPNA. I nearly jumped out of my skin. "You can't destroy me in only three dimensions," he said. "You are not God," I said. "Ship, locate him." "Strigil mess the bright blue cloves, that zarf-zarf in a pod of whales, and once upon cast-iron stoves, so put me in a grey-green jail," was his only reply. "You're insane," I said. "As a member of the Galactic Periphery Time Patrol, I must destroy you to stop your messing with the base time continuum, so die, so I can go back to being my cheerful self. JAMDINEPNA said, "I'm a blue moon, on the planet zoom, I went cloon, and brought you to Froom, Where we will stoon, Until we are doom." The ship's computer said "I have his fix. He is in the 4, 5, and six dimensions, and his coordinates are--" "Never mind. Can you destroy him?" "Yes", the computer replied. "Do so", I told it.

Five seconds later, the ship's computer replied "Brain function of JAMDINEPNA destroyed, he cannot be repaired." I set the ship to the coordinates of Vega, and said "Open Thyme!" I went outside and yelled "Close Parsley!" The Trapezoid was surrounded by Sirians. I felt an earth-tremor. The Vegan Temporal Shield had failed! Now time would be more mixed up than ever!

I quickly got back into the ship and thought about the situation. What I was trying to do was to clear up this temporal melee and get back to my own time era. I decided on this course of action: I would use the temporal movement capabilities of the ship to move Earth back in time! After a few hundred years all the mishmash would disappear, hopefully, and I could then speed back to my own time continuum.

I sped back to 800 B.C., and decided to take a look around outside the ship just to make sure everything was hunky-dory. I opened the door and saw thirty desperate Rigellians firing their matter-transposing guns at a horde of Persians while the Greeks were assaulting Troy with the aid of 400 hand lasers lent them by the kind worm-people of Aldebaran. I groaned and fainted.

When I awoke there was a voice booming at me from the sky. "I am JAMDINEPNA!" it said. I answered "who?" "You thought you had destroyed me, but as your ships weapons attacked me, I moved back in time and thus missed your blasts. Your computer was monitoring my brainwaves, and thus thought I was destroyed," he said.

"Look, unpronouncable," I said. "there must be something you want besides what fun you might be able to get from messing up time. What is it?" "Very rational," he said. "As rational as I would expect from a robot of your class. Unfortunately, I am the only computer programmed to be irrational." He continued: "Twas brillig and the slithy toves -- oops, that's been used.

"A = I have a diver down; keep well clear at low speeds

"B = I am taking in or discharging or carrying dangerous goods.

"C = Yes (affirmative, or "The significance of the previous group should be read in the affirmative")"

I set the trapezoid's controls for Xocktislán in the Lesser Magellanic Cloud, year 344 Universal, in the bBog sector.

"Hey, J!" I said. "I think you are equipped only with hyper-travel. I am going to plug a part of me into the Vegan ship that will convert it into an ultra-hyper-travel ship. Neither you nor any other civilization in this as yet backward galaxy has developed it yet. At Hyper-speed it would take you approximately 500 years to get to the Lesser Magellanic Cloud. Tootle-oo."

His only reply was "F = I am disabled. Communicate with me.

"G = I require a pilot

H = I have a --"

I rammed the plug home. I was met at the outskirts of the Lesser Magellanic cloud by the Lesser Magellanic Galactic Periphery Time Patrol. The Captain, a Zrlydnian, asked, "To show one's credentials?" I searched through my wallet. "NY Driver's License," I muttered. "M.B.A.S.G.N.Y. card, Lion's club, JAMDINEPNA agent card, void, Diners Club, honorary membership in ZXCVENM Society of Ursula Major, Priesthood certificate from Oaxaca, Mexico, ahí here we are," I flashed my Allied Time Patrols card. I showed him my Robot Registration mark on my neck, and after a few minutes of checking with the authorities, he let me land on Xocktislán.

Three minutes later I was arguing with my immediate superior at the A.T.P. "Call out the Time Militia," I said. "Look," he said. "We have to patrol 5 galaxies and all allied globular clusters in all times. We can't afford to send out even one troop of Time Militia."

A radio in the corner suddenly came to life. "Hello all," it said "It's me again." "Oi vay," I replied cleverly, "How did you get here?" "I came on ordinary hyper-travel and then went back in time 500 years. Now, as I was saying when I was so rudely interrupted:

"I = I am altering my course to port

J = I am on fire and have dangerous cargo on board, keep well clear of me."

NEXT ISSUE: THE THIRD (AND LAST) INSTALLMENT!!!!!!!!!!!!

1974FM PRESS RELEASES

((to)) Petrograd: My Dear Czar,
 You have fooled no one
 From Day '01.
 You cry, you rant,
 You beg, you plead.
 But everyone knows
 Your Imperialist creed;
 For every Muscovite
 Whatever his needs!
 The Devil to you Sir!

((Come to think of it, I can't think of any European powers of 1901 that aren't imperialist.))

London (Oct. 3, 1901) -- With war breaking out across Europe, King Edward VII disbanded Parliament and the office of Prime Minister. Mobs of people were in the street calling for Edward's head. In a swift coup, the British Consulate assumed complete control of the government.

((As I recall British law, the King can't disband Parliament...))

London (Nov. 12, 1901) -- The British Consulate, reacting from pleas of the Norwegian Government for help, ordered troops into Norway. In a speech to a gathering of Lords and clergy, Kellogg called a state of war and ordered the Norwegian ((Sea, I presume)) fleet to an undisclosed location. In his words, "Since only negotiations with two of the major powers have been successful, we must take precautions to safeguard the isles from our traditional enemies."

((Like the glaciers from Iceland? Uh, let me see. Norway called for help. Against whom? was it being attacked by the Swedes? If you're going to conquer another country, fine, but do it honorably, instead of in the manner of our own USA.))

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In the remaining space on this page, I would like to reprint a few very funny items from a very funny book. The book is called Bored of the Rings, and is a satire of the Tolkienian books of a similar title. It is available from Signet books for \$1.25 (paper), and was written by people from the Harvard Lampoon.

This Ring, no other, is made by the elves,
 Who'd pawn their own mother to grab it themselves.
 Ruler of creeper, mortal, and scallop,
 This is a sleeper that packs quite a wallop.
 The Power Almighty rests in this Lone Ring.
 The Power, almighty, for doing your Own Thing.
 If broken or busted, it cannot be remade
 If found, send to Sorhed (the postage is prepaid).

Against the True King Sorhed's workin'
 So play your cards close to your jerkin,
 For fortune strums a mournful tune,
 For those whose campaigns peak too soon.

From the halls of Khezaduma, to the shores of Lithui,
 We will fight King Sorhed's battles, with tooth and nail and knee...

((More next issue if you like it))

ZINE REVIEWS -- a/k/a TRADES -- a/k/a PLUGS

ARRAKIS John Leeder, Box 1606, Huntsville, Ont., CANADA p0A 1K0

Subs at 1¢ per page + postage; send a lump sum. This 'zine has a pun column which is really quite humorous (for puns). The one issue I've gotten so far didn't have too much in it, but then John was in the midst of moving when it was published. Will report in more detail after more data is acquired.

"_____" ((Quotes)) James Massar, 127 N. Emmons St., Dannemora, NY 12929

Sub at 10 for \$2. This dittoed 'zine's mascot is a yellow pig (don't ask me why!). The latest issue had a humorous account of the editor's experiences (pleasant or otherwise) at Citex the Dipcon. The purpose of Worst Opening Moves, James? Why, obviously to make people wonder why we printed them!

SPECULUM Dave Kadlecek, 1447 Sierra Creek Way, San Jose, CA 95132

Subs at 10 for \$2. Openings in Diplomacy \$1.50 + \$1 deposit. Youngstown variant \$2 + \$1 deposit. This is a Dipzine with sci-fi leanings. #2 had an intriguing Monopoly variant (don't turn your nose up, it's really excellent) that includes private banks, rail movement, and more. Latest issue had many reviews and an article about country standings at the Dipcon. A fine 'zine that holds great promise for the future (I'm at my fourth issue, so I've got no right to say that, do I!?)

BOAST Herb Barents, 1142 S. 96th Ave, Zeeland, MI 49464

Subs at 18 for \$2.75. "Bottom of a Sewage Tank" or "A Voice of MGA", take your pick. Now running regular Diplomacy, North American Dip., 1648, Youngstown, etc. Although it is a little swallowed up by the games, Herb promises to finish some of the games and bring back some of the features. Which is not to say it isn't interesting now; there's a lot of info about new wargames and things.

STAB Jeff Key, 6918 NW 78th Terrace, Kansas City, MO 64152

It doesn't say how much subs & GFs are, but there are openings in War of the Rings Diplomacy. This is a very interesting 'zine; if the editor doesn't have enough letters to fill up the letter column with, he writes letters to himself. The issue I got, he commented on the absurdity of television reruns, for "nobody but television has the gall to do the same thing twice and, I assume, charge the sponsors just as much the second time."

THE BOOK OF STAB 9950 Reseda Blvd #13, Northridge, CA 91324

Subs at eleven for \$2. What?? Another dittoed 'zine? But this one is definitely worth it. With some of the best press I've read anywhere (with the exception perhaps of Slobinpolit Zhurnal), in its latest "chapter" (issue) they began a story called "THE QUEST OF RUBRIC". I can't quite figure out whether it is meant to be a satire or not, but it is quite funny; it is some sort of an attempt to imitate Tolkien, whether by satirizing or mimicking I can't determine.

SLOBINPOLIT ZHURNAL Charles Sharp, 506 West College Ave, State Coll., PA 16801

This is a zine totally devoted to press releases. If you like good press, you'll love it; if you don't understand why people write the things, don't bother with it. There is one game, yes: of the Slobbovia variant, in which noone can win or lose.

COMMAND POST John Mirassou, Rt. 2, Box 623AC, Morgan Hill, CA 95037
Subs at 6 for \$1.10, I think (its unclear in the latest issue). Game fee is \$1 plus a sub maintained. This is a fun zine with decent press, although it has recently become swallowed up by the press.

RAGWEED Al & Tom Burkacki, 13201 Dwyer, Detroit, Mich. 48212

I can't find how much subs are, but there are openings in Strategy I Feudal rebellion, Operation Olympic tournament, and Regular Dip. all at \$1.50. This is an excellent place for dropping off any good jokes you may now. Lots of jokes (special section for the Civil War), a science quiz, and an article on tournament Operation Olympic. Plus some good press. Definitely worth getting, if just for the jokes.

THE POUCH Gil Neiger, 300 West 108th St., apt. 11B, N.Y., NY 10025

No, we are not affiliated with Gil. His sub rate is 6/\$2... Game fees \$10 incl. sub. Sounds like an awful lot but its really very little, when you consider that each issue is 20 pages long, and has lots of articles and press. This is the only 'zine I've seen that can run as many games as it does (I think twelve) and still have lots of room left over for articles and press. If I had only one 'zine I could subscribe to, I'd probably pick the Pouch.

BUT: An Expose!!! Recently, in Carn Dum, the Pouch was plugged as "by far the finest Diplomacy 'zine in the field". That's fine with me, but what you don't know is that that was on the page with the moves for Carn Dum's Youngstown game; Gil always types this stencil (you can tell by the different typeface). If you asked Ray what he thinks of The Pouch, he might say something different... But then, if you asked Gil what he thinks about Cumulo Dujm (as he calls it)...

Connectus Est.

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