
**
** THE
** POCKET
** ARMENIAN
**

Vol. I, No. 5 Jamaica, N.Y. September 28, 1974

1974 FM (PA1)

Winter 1901

FULL MOBILIZATION ENSUES; EUROPE ENGULFED BY GREAT WAR

Austria (Darden): Builds A Vie, A Bud; has A Tri, F Gre, A Ser
England (Kellogg): Builds F Lvp; has A Nwy, F Nth, F NAT
France (Gruen): Builds A Par, A Mar, F Bre; has A Bel, A Por, F Spa(sc)
Germany (Barlow): Builds F Ber, A Mun; has A Lie, F Den, A Hol
Italy (Bean): Builds F Nap; has A Ven, A Tun, F Ion
Russia (Gildroy): Builds A Mos; has F Bot, A Lvn, F Sev, A Rum
Turkey (Moore): Builds F Smy; has A Bul, A Con, F Ank

Spring 1902 moves due October 18.

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PA2 Press -- (no dateline given): Due to the continued Austrian lust for the Turkish protectorate of Greece, Turkey regretfully, but resolutely, declares war on Austria. Turkey requests the assistance of Italy, Germany, and Russia to deny their mutual enemy, Austria, territory which historically and morally belongs to Turkey. ((Remember Lord Byron...))

PA1 Press --(Rome: December 5, 1901): REVOLUTION SWEEPS CONTINENT: The Italian Government fell last night in a bloodless coup as the recently activated home guard occupied the National Assembly buildings and seized control of all communications. The royal family was spirited out of town during the confusion that developed when a skirmish broke out between the militia and the police. The family was then placed on an Austrian liner headed for New York. As of this morning, the situation seem to be well under the control of the take-over forces. Despite some outbreaks of hostilities between the militia and civilian authorities, local hospitals have not reported any casualties. The American ambassador was the only member of the diplomatic community immediately available for comment. He stated that while the recurrent scandals arising from the handling of the Von Halfwitte affair were in large measure the cause of the coup, the recent outbreak of hostilities among the major powers and the recent food shortages in the major cities were also very important factors. He called upon all powers to exercise restraint during this difficult time.

There was another press release from Rome but we simply did not have room for it. We received your release today, Paul; and we lay out the issue well in advance. I'm sorry about this; but could I ask that all press release writers that write -- ahem -- at length get their material in a few days before the deadline? Thanks.

GAME OPENINGS in regular Diplomacy and the Youngstown Variant (we give you the map if you need it) at \$5 a spot; this includes a sub to the 'zine as long as you're in the game.

THE POCKET ARMENIAN
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"THIS CANNOT BE BORNE!"

About six weeks ago, Conrad von Metzke decided to give the Boardman numbers to Ray Heuer, editor of the variant 'zine Carn Dum. Conrad said that he couldn't spend the time on the numbers anymore so Ray, the Assistant Custodian, was to take over. Apparently John Beshara shot his mouth off at Dipcon, saying that if Ray took over he'd have the numbers in his pocket. As Gil Neiger pointed out in a recent POUCH, nobody could fit Ray in his pocket! Anyhow, Beshara is president (and apparently the entire staff) of The Diplomacy Association, which is a rival organization to the International Diplomacy Association (officers Birsan, Buchanan, and Boyer). Immediately upon hearing what Beshara had said, Buchanan, Lakofka, and perhaps others decided that this was their chance to have the IDA grab the numbers. So they went to Conrad and told him "If you give the numbers to Ray they'll become TDA's!" They also implied that if Conrad did not change his decision, they would start their own numbers. So von Metzke is keeping them, with Rod Walker as co-Custodian.

This entire episode really shocked me. Although I never particularly liked DIPLOMACY WORLD or enjoyed the sort of politicking that goes on with the IDA, I assumed that the people who did still had some morals, sense of integrity, &c. It appears I was mistaken. The incident demonstrates that organizations such as the IDA, although if properly used they can be a great boon to the hobby, are more often used by power-hungry people to gain their ends.

I have recently sent in my money to Buchanan (who is IDA treasurer) to join the IDA. This is NOT because I approve of its actions; it is because I am hoping there will be a chance in the upcoming IDA elections to throw out the Nixon-types now in office. I urge anyone else who feels the way I do to do the same; send \$2 to Walt Buchanan, R.R.3, Lebanon, Indiana, 46052 (and be sure to tell him it's not for a DIPLOMACY WORLD sub).

One more thing which many people have overlooked: DW is rapidly becoming an "official" 'zine, whether we want it to or not! I couldn't think of a worse 'zine to choose for such a thing, but it seems that GRI is going to start backing DW in the same manner that Avalon Hill backs the General. This means that every person who buys a new Diplomacy set will see there, staring in his face, that DW is "the official 'zine", without even being given the chance to see if the others are better. If DW becomes the 'zine that represents the hobby, I feel sorry for the hobby.

THE ORIGIN OF FLAGS -- Part I

by Greg Costikyan

Scott has been on my back for the last month. He wants me to write an article. So here it is. I see no reason why this article should be interesting to anyone, but then, here it is.

FRANCE

Originally, the French flag was a number of fleur-de-lis on a background of some sort. The first French flag was used by King Clovis, in the 500's. It was nothing more than three fleur-de-lis arranged triangularly on a dark blue background. Later kings used more or less the same arrangement, changing the number and position of the fleur-de-lis and the color of the background. Many kings, in fact, had no flag at all.

The colors of the modern French flag come from those of the American flag. Red, white, and blue were associated with the American Revolution, and, by extension, with freedom. The three colors were also associated with the three tenets of the French Revolution. Blue, blanc, et rouge: liberté, égalité, et fraternité. Thus, it was only natural that these three colors should be used in the French flag.

The French flag is more than just the French flag. In the same way that the red flag is the flag of international revolution, and was also the flag of the early RSFSR, the Tricolor was the flag of the French Revolution, of revolution everywhere, and of freedom from feudal oppression. Thus, the tricolor is still, in many people's minds, a symbol of freedom.

ENGLAND

The English flag is a rather curious mixture of the crosses of St. George (for England), St. Andrew (for Scotland), and St. Patrick (for Ireland). Originally the English kings used a quartered flag, with two quarters red and two blue. The red quarters were charged with an English lion, and the blue with a unicorn. The coat of arms today shows the same thing, with the unicorns replaced with lions. However, the bearers are still a lion to the right and a unicorn to the left.

Before this, however, Richard I had used a red field with three lions guardant, vertically. And before that, William the Conqueror had used a curious three-tailed blue, green, and yellow pennant. But enough.

Starting in about the thirteenth century, the English began using the cross of St. George: a red cross on a white field. A little later the Scots, not to be outdone, adopted the cross of St. Andrew, a white X-type cross on a blue field.

When England conquered Scotland, and became Great Britain, they combined the two flags to form a new one. The red English cross was superimposed on the Scottish flag, with an outline of white for the English cross, representing the white field of the English flag. Thus the new flag had a blue background, a white X cross, and a red normal cross, with the red cross outlined in white.

When Great Britain conquered Ireland, they added the Irish flag to the British flag. The Irish flag was a red X-type cross on white. However, a problem arose. If the red cross was to be superimposed on the white cross of the Scots, bringing along a little bit of its previous white background, how was one to differentiate between the white of the Scottish cross and the white of the background of the Irish cross?

If you will examine a picture of the British flag, you will note that the white on one side of the legs of the red diagonal cross is larger than the white on the other side of the leg. Passing through the red upright English cross, you will note that the thick white side shifts places; where the thick white band was is now thin, and where the thin band was is now thick. If you examine the other diagonal of the cross, you will see that the same holds true. This is how the differentiation is made. The thin band is the background that the Irish cross has taken with it; the thick band is the Scotch cross.

ITALY

You will note that the Italian flag is similar to the French one. The only difference is that the Italian flag is green at the hoist, while the French is blue. This is no coincidence. When Napoleon conquered Italy, he made one of his innumerable brothers king of the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies. Nepotism on a grand scale...

It is said that it was Napoleon who made the change; he replaced the blue of the French flag with green. After Napoleon had been defeated by the Allies, the house of Savoy adopted the flag. With the Risorgimento, it became the flag of Italy.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY

Ever since God knows when, red and white have been the colors of the house of Habsburg. Thus, the flag of the Austrian Empire was vertical rows of red/white/red, with the coat of arms of the Habsburgs in the center of the white row, the crown overlapping into the top-most red row. When the Austrian Empire became the Empire of Austria and the Kingdom of Hungary, a change was necessitated in the flag, to represent the equal status of the Kingdom of Hungary. The colors of the Magyars have traditionally been red, white, and green. After Hungary became a kingdom, its parliamentary body adopted a flag with vertical stripes of red/white/green, with the coat of arms of Hungary in the center of the white stripe, with the crown overlapping into the red row. To represent the unification of the two countries into the Dual Monarchy, the Emperor adopted a flag with vertical stripes of red and white, and with the bottom-most stripe divided horizontally half red and half green, the red part being toward the hoist. The two coats of arms were displayed in the white stripe, again with crowns overlapping into the red stripe.

End Part 1. Conclusion next issue.

1974FM PRESS: SOFIA: Mustafa Moore, Emir of the Bosphorus, Defender of the Faith, Protector of the Good, Prince of Cyprus, Lord High Admiral of Rhodes, Commander-in-chief of Khios and Samos tavern keeper, arrived in Sofia where he was greeted by wildly cheering crowds. The Mustafa, who has now added Bulwark of Bulgaria to his many titles, has vowed to guard the sacred mosques and brothels from the defilement of infidels. His Janizary army, eunuch conditioned and hashish oriented look upon the Mustafa as the promised Holy One who will lead them on a sweeping Jihad and recapture the past glories of Empire.

The Mustafa, in speaking to the Western press, stated that his ambition in reality is quite simple -- he wishes for nothing more than to visit the Temple of the Oracle at Delphi and perchance to tour the enchanting isles of Greece. "I am basically a simple man," said the Mustafa, Emir of the Bosphorus, etc., etc., "in search of a peaceful place to meditate upon the eternal verities. All this talk of war and Jihads holds no interest for me."

STAR-FORCE: ALPHA CENTAURI

or: THERE'S NOWHERE TO GO FROM HERE BUT UP by Scott Rosenberg

SPI has finally done it. They've produced a Science-Fiction game. And, as so many people predicted, they've fallen flat on their faces (collectively). Imagine a game in which every piece is the same, which can always be mathematically precomputed, and that has no basis for familiarity, and you know you've got a winner. That's StarForce.

The graphics of the game are undoubtedly the best SPI has yet done. The rules come in a beautiful 24-page booklet; the board is done beautifully; and the pieces aren't that bad, either. But remember: The game was designed by Redmond Simonsen, SPI's Art Director...

StarForce is a perfect example of SPI's new "freedom". They don't listen to their playtesters anymore. For the three months that we playtested this game, we bombarded the developer with criticisms and suggestions. Nothing was ever done about anything we said. And, to top it off, many of the rules in the final edition weren't tested at all.

The game is based on what the designers call a "Future History." I don't like to use these words, because it is very insulting to Robert Heinlein to compare his work to Simonsen's. The so-called "history" is a wonderful example of what people who haven't read much (or thought much) about good science-fiction think s-f should be. (For instance, Simonsen thinks Dune is fantasy simply because it is a story about people and not machines.) A perfect example of the inanity of this alleged science-fictional history is the last paragraph. Here's the way it goes: An unidentified fleet has been located. Immediately, mobilization ensues. Then: "At strike minus nine seconds, a warm, open-minded peaceful thought was received by every Pan-Sentient League Telesthetic in the wing and in every StarGate in the Volume. The word equivalent of the thought is roughly 'How good to find companions at last!'" My continuation of this goes something like this: "Having thus conveniently disarmed all PSL Telesthetics, the newly arrived beings proceeded to burn out the mind of every enemy Telesthetic."

Enough. Let us turn to the mechanics: this game is completely Simultaneous Movement. All movement is considered to be of the "jump" variety. Although Simonsen chooses not to use the normal hyperspace concept, and instead uses ESP to move his ships, the effect is essentially the same. All jumps are instantaneous. In the Basic Game, all combat is resolved by means of a Combat Results table. If you play this version, you discover quickly that the outcome of the game can be determined before it is started. The only hope for this system is the Xenophobe scenario. This involves hidden movement and a few special rules, and slightly relieves the boredom of the other scenarios; but after a short while you'll get sick of it, too. The alternative to using a CRT is the TacMap: each battle is resolved by playing what amounts to a separate game in a tactical map. This usually takes about an hour and a half per situation, making it almost impossible for most people to use. The Three-player scenarios are especially odious; if two players get involved in a TacMap situation without the third, he'd better line up another game to play in the meantime (or perhaps read War and Peace.)

To sum things up, I hope never to have to write such a bomb of a review again, but this game deserves it. By all means DON'T WASTE YOUR MONEY ON IT! In the next few issues I'll review some other s-f games that are better worth your time.

Since I've got some extra space here, I might as well mention that not one of the playtesters liked the game.

THE KAMPFPANZER SYSTEM COMPLETE: PART TWO -- More Units

Name	AS	TYPE	RANGE	DS	MVT	Name	AS	TYPE	RANGE	DS	MVT
<u>More Germans:</u>						<u>French:</u>					
Nebelwerfer*H			50	1	0	H35	2	A	8	3	8
Infantry	6	R	12	8	1	S35	5	A	15	4	12
Para.	8	R	6	8	2	H39	4	A	10	4	10
Pz35t	3	A	8	2	11	R35	2	A	8	4	6
Gw38*	H		50	4	8	B1	6	M	10	5	8
76.2*	8	-	20	3	0	FT17	2	A	8	1	2
Marder*	8	-	20	1	11	INF.	4	R	10	5	1
A/C234/75*	5	M	20	2	16	CAV.	4	R	10	2	4
HT/WC:251/5	4	M	10	2	18	25mmAT*	2	A	5	4	0
251/9*5		M	20	3	18	75mm "H"*	H	-	100	1	0
251/4:81 H			20	3	18	Panhard A/C	2	A	5	2	20
<u>Russians:</u>						<u>British:</u>					
T26	6	A	15	1	8	RollsRoyceA/C:5	5	R	5	1	30
T28c	5	M	10	5	10	Hunbar A/C	5	R	5	1	30
T70	6	A	15	4	16	Daimler	4	A	10	1	24
T35 series	7	M	15	6	9	A10	5	A	10	4	8
T34a	7	M	15	8	12	A11	5	R	5	6	3
T34c	8	-	20	9	12	A12	5	A	10	8	6
T34/85	10	-	24	10	12	A13	5	A	10	2	11
KV1a	7	A	15	10	10	M6	5	R	5	1	16
KV1c	*	-	20	11	9	Val	5	A	10	6	8
KV85	10	-	24	12	9	Chruchill	8	A(M)	15	11	6
JSI	10	-	30	12	9	Honey	%	A	10	4	15
JSII	10	-	30	13	10	Crus.2	5	A	10	4	12
JSIII	12	-	30	14	9	Crus.3	8	A	15	4	12
KV2/152mm	H	-	25	8	8	Priest(105)*H	-		50	4	9
SU76*	8	-	20	2	10	INF.	5	R	10	5	1
SU85*	10	-	24	11	10	40mmAT*	5	A	10	4	0
SU100*	10	-	30	13	9	57mmAT*	8	A	15	4	0
JSU122*	12	-	30	14	8	93mmAT*	9	A	50	1	0
A/C: Ba10	5	R	5	1	18	87mmAT*	6	A	10	2	0
Ba32	6	A	15	1	18	87mm "H"*	H	-	100	2	0
AT: 45mm*	6	A	15	4	0	Sherman Firefly10/-			30	8	9
76mm*	7	A	15	4	0	MkIV Male	6	M	10	1	2
76.2mm*1942	8	-	20	3	0	MkIV Fem.	15	R	5	1	2
"H": 76mm*	H		50	4	0	Whippet	6	R	5	1	4
122mm*	H		50	2	0	Vickers6TonI/5		R	5	1	10
152mm*	H		100	2	0	" "II/3		M	9	1	10
<u>Infantry:</u>						<u>Italian:</u>					
June '41	2	R	8	3	1	M3/33	2	A	8	1	8
Nov. '41	3	R	8	4	1	M3/35 Tkt	4	R	5	1	8
Moscow&'42	4	R	8	6	1	M13/40	4	A	10	4	8
'43, '44, & '45/5	4	R	10	8	1	Semovente*	5	M	15	2	8
Cavalry	6	R	4	2	4	A/C	4	R	5	1	20
Para.	6	R	4	6	2	47mmAT*	4	A	10	4	0
SMG	8	R	4	6	1	100mm "H"*	H	-	100	1	0
<u>Mortars:</u>						<u>More Germans:</u>					
81mm*	H		20	3	1	Hetzer	9	-	20	8	8
120mm*	H		50	3	1	Virblevind	8	M	10	6	9
Katyusha*	H		50	1	0						

*Unit must obey facing rules(9.4)

MORE NEXT ISSUE

MY SUMMER REEMEND ON NANTUCKET -- Conclusion

"Listen, jam inepta, or whatever your name is," I replied. "I am sick of all this, and I'm going to give up." "GOODYGOODYGOODY!" replied Jane Etna, or whatever her name was. "But first," I continued "Let me get my platinum toothpick and my hydrogen fusion cigarette lighter from my locker." "OK," replied Jammed Retina.

"Listen", said Officer Dghobrka (those of us in his command just call him Lieutenant Goo), "It would be highly improper for you to desert to..." "CENSORED CENSORED CENSORED and CENSORED, Lieutenant Goo," I replied. This left him stunned enough for me to make a break for the door. I plotted my course of action as I sped through the A.T.P. H.Q. halls. I watched the passing numbers on the doors. 56567, 56565, 56560, 56559, 56598, 00000! At last! I had reached the Emergency Time Space Transfer Room, or E.T.S.T. room, or 00000 as it was universally called. I flipped an orange disc out of my pocket and placed it in the lock mechanism key slot, waiting for the sensors inside to activate. As soon as they had determined that the key was made of the appropriate alloy of platinum, iridium, and pink bubble gum (so it could be eaten in case of emergency) ZZZZZZZIP! The door panel opened, I jumped through, and it slammed and locked itself immediately afterward. I surveyed the closet-sized room and immediately found the central control panel to the time-space transport unit. I sat down in the thickly upholstered chair directly in front of the control input keyboard, and began to type in instructions.

PLACE: Earth, Nantucket; TIME (PLANETARY LOCAL) 480 B.C. The machine digested the information and instantly replied: Warm-up time required for transmission 10:08.345773 minutes." I hurriedly typed "can warm-up time be shortened?" "YES. TIME CAN BE SHORTENED TO 1:08.0000 MINUTES. HOWEVER, IRREPERABLE DAMAGE WILL OCCUR TO TIME TRANSFERT FACILITIES." "Shorten time and begin warmup at once," I typed into the keyboard. "IT SHALL BE DONE INSTANTLY" replied the machine.

I heard a banging on the door. A voice called "THIS IS THE TEMPORAL EQUIPMENT GUARD PATROL. CEASE ACTIVITIES AT ONCE. REPEAT CEASE ACTIVITIES AT ONCE." It was a lower-class robotic machine voice, choppy and flat, with a minimum of pausing and no emphasis at all, save a distinctly increased volume, compared with its normal amplitude. Third class type E robots like it were used largely for menial duties, like guarding equipment, which were below us highly sophisticated, expensive robots. "CENSORED CENSORED CENSORED, YOU LOUSY CENSORED ROBOT!" I replied. "VERY WELL WE ARE FORCED TO BREAK DOOR TO CUBICLE OPEN IF NOT TO STOP YOUR ACTIVITIES" said the robot. The door began to glow a cherry red, and the alloy paneling began to sag. The control computer said "Two minutes more warm-up time required." I looked back at the door, which now had a three-inch hole in the center, and then the control computer said " TEMPORAL GUARD ROBOTS; WITHDRAW AT ONCE OR BE DESTROYED BY TEMPORAL ENERGY FIELD BOUNCE BACK EXACTLY..." The computer's voice was cut off as I found myself in Nantucket, staring at my time machine, which was surrounded by Vikings. I produced a pocket sneeze-gas pen and sprayed the area quite liberally. The Vikings at once vacated the area, and I jumped back in. I set the controls to infinity .00956 reverse field and took off for the way back when. Suddenly, the machine stopped short in an explosion of sparks and smoke from the main control panel.

When I had stopped bouncing off the walls, I looked at the temporal field meter to see where I was. The smashed remnants of the meter were buried under a wad of melted plastic which had slabbed off the control board plastic foam padding. I quickly surveyed the control panel, which resembled a large Sicilian pizza pie. The machine was damaged beyond repair, and the trans-temporal communicator looked like a squashed Ringding. I began to curse profusely about the inferior machine, about Honest Ed, and other things. I had bought the machine at Honest Ed's Used Time Machine Mart in Paramus, New Jersey for about 75 bucks. It was in good working order then. It was even covered by Honest Ed's liberal guarantee, which stated that if anything went wrong, I could return it for my money back. HAH! That did me a lot of good.

Well, as soon as I stopped swearing I decided to look outside. I cautiously looked, then stepped through the hatch for a more complete view. The place was littered with burned-out time machines of every description. There was a large sign next to some piece of machinery which I could not identify.

I strolled casually over to the sign, and prepared to examine what appeared to be a brand new Gatling gun, with a hopper full of shells. My casual examination of the gun was interrupted by the sound of marching feet and the rolling of drums. I looked over at the hill facing the spot where I stood, and watched as a large group of robots, and I mean mechanical-men-out-of-a-horror-picture-of-the-mid-thirties-type robots, the kind that don't even look human, dressed in Confederate hats, waving Confederate flags, and carrying Civil War muskets, advanced towards me. A large plain seperated us, but the robots were rapidly closing in. At once one shouted "A Yank! C'mon, boys, let's get 'im!" At this point the fifers began to play "Bonny Blue Flag" and the drummers joined in. The robots had not yet raised their muskets, but I knew that this would not be long in coming. I turned back to the Gatling gun, and for the first time read the sign.

"NOTE: To all time travelers who crash after hitting our time travel barrier across the .877 lower infinity time period, where you are now stranded: In case of Confederate attack, insert twenty Dinar piece in slot on Gatling gun, wait for coin to drop, aim, turn crank, and shoot. Box on right registers points. 800 or above wins free play. Values as follows: Drummer, 10; Fifer, 10; infantryman, 10; Corporal, 15; Sergeant, 20; General, 150; Flag bearer, 200."

I quickly dug through my pockets and found my lucky twenty dinar piece, which I hastily inserted in the slot on the Gatling gun. I waited for the coin to drop and then turned the crank as fast as I could, while throwing the Gatling gun from side to side, to get a nice wide coverage of the area. CACHING! CACHING! CACHINGGGG! The points totaled up. 150, 200, 250, 300, 375, 400, 500. I neede three hundred more points to win and get a free play. Anything less would seal my doom. Suddenly I saw a small clump of Confederates standing off to the left; two generals and a flag bearer. A good hit would send me over 800 but a bad one would expend the last of my ammo. I took careful aim and cranked the handle of the gun with all my might. In a split second the gun was empty and the Confederates were lying in a heap by the battlefield. CACHINGCACHINGCACHINGCACHINGCACHINGGGG! went the score counter, and I was safe. The remainder of the robots fell in their tracks, deactivated. I had won this round.

I heard a grinding sound, and whirled around to see what had caused it. There, behind me, a stairway leading down into the ground had appeared, and a sign reading "I.R.T. Downtime Local" hung just above the entrance. I proceeded to walk over to the stairway, and began to descend the stairs, which looked unused. As I looked around in the large tunnel in which I stood, to my right was a booth, much like a token booth in a subway station, on which was a large sign reading "Inter Time Rapid Transit, Interdimensional Transit Authority of New York, etc." There was no one in the booth, so I proceeded to walk over for a closer look.

A sweet female voice said "Do you wish to purchase a token, sir?" "er, yes," I replied. "Please insert 35 centicredits under the slot in the glass partition, exact change only." I searched for some money, but found that I had nothing compatible with the machine. I ripped a button off my shirt, and nonchalantly shoved it under. "Thank you very much for the shirt button, sir," the voice answered. "Please insert thrity-five centicredits exact change." I decided that this would require a standard maneuver in order to get on. I removed a gum wrapper from my pocket, summarily spat on it, and shoved it under. "Thank you very much, sir, however, you have inserted too much money." "Keep the change," I replied, feeling big-hearted. "Thank you very much, sir," and a token popped out. "By the way," I inquired, "could I have one of those free maps of the evolution of man which the sign says are free at every token window?" "Certainly, Sir." A map popped out of the window. "Thank you very much," I replied. "You are quite welcome," it answered.

I pulled out my lighter and lit it, intending to set fire to the map, and in turn use the map to ignite my cigar. I was greeted by a huge white cloud of carbon dioxide and "Sorry sir, smoking is not permitted." I was about to utter the greatest and most thoroughly offensive wad of profanities, abscentities, and downright evil oaths and curse in the history of man when I heard a whoosh and turned toward the platform. There was the train. I shoved my token into a turnstyle which had 0000 on its counter and I rushed to the train. The train opened its doors and I walked in and sat down.

The train looked brand new and unused. There was not a speck of dirt or graffiti anywhere, and the floors were clean enough to eat off. The windows sparkled, the straps gleamed, the seats shown radiant. Just then a voice came over the loudspeaker: "Passengers are kindly requested not to ride between cars as a temporal vacuum is created and it is quite possible to be thrown into timeless, infinite nothingness if extreme care is not exercised. We also request that you do not smoke, as a hot ash or cigarette butt might pierce a plastic window seam, thus creating a temporal field imbalance, and possibly bringing on a rather nasty holocaust. We thank you for your compliance with these safety measures, and hope you have a pleasant trip." Instantly the train started moving, and picked up speed in the tunnel until the walls were a uniform colorless mass.

About two minutes later the train began to decelerate, and finally began to slow to a point where the markings on the tunnel walls were again visible. The train then slowed to a smooth and total stop and the doors opened. I stepped out into a station as clean and spotless as the one I had left, and, as I was walking through the turnstile on the way out, I glanced at the person counter. It read 0000.

I glanced around quickly, and noticed that the pillars which supported the roof of the tunnel had "150,000,000 BC" painted on them. I also noticed that the walls had "150,000,000 BC, Jurassic Age" set on them in neat black and white tiles. I heard a voice call "Transfers Transfers" and I turned to see a robot conductor seated on a steel three legged stool about four feet off the ground with a pack of pink and blue slips in his hand. I approached and asked "May I have a transfer?" "Yes, sir, you certainly may. One transfer, sir, good for the monorail up top, sir. Just present it at the monorail and you ride free." He handed me a slip which I took, and I replied "Thank you very much." He said "you're very welcome sir. Next please. Transfers Transfers."

I walked up the exit stairs to discover myself in the middle of a Jurassic rain forest. About 60 feet overhead was a small, cable-car type monorail, with each car accomodating two persons. There was a set of stairs which I climbed quickly, and then stuck the transfer into the single slot protruding from a large tan steel monolith marked "tickets". "Please step right in car eight," it said, and the door to car eight opened automatically. I strolled over and sat down inside. I moved to shut the door but it closed by itself and locked. A voice said through the loudspeaker: "all passengers please note: Do not be alarmed by close approaches by dinosaurs. We have never had a serious accident caused by an inquisitive dinosaur, and we have taken every precaution against such mishaps. In case of genuine emergency, just press the red alarm button and a closed circuit TV camera and microphone link will activate automatically. If the emergency is genuinely serious, the monorail safety patrol will be dispatched at once. Please do not smoke while the monorail car is in motion, and please refrain from leaning too far out the side windows. Thank you for your prompt attention to this message."

The cable car began to move slowly along the single steel strand which supported it, and began to pick up speed. I watched as the scenery passed by, first jungle, then the edge of a clearing. I saw, perhaps two hundred yards away, well in the center of the open marsh whose edge we were traversing, three or four huge dinosaurs chewing slowly slowly on soft water plants. I gazed around at the giant ferns the oversized dragonflys, the palm trees, and the other parts and face of the prehistoric scene. Some, like the fern and the dragonfly, were more properly a part of the Carboniferous era millions of years before. Some were exactly right in their positions in time. The scenery passed by. I found that I was approaching the edge of another forest, and that I was plowing through. The cable car continued its journey until I sighted the platform at the other end. The car slowed, then eased to a stop right at the platform. I stepped out, and jogged down the stairs.

I saw a large golden dome, with a titanium door. The door slid to the side and I entered. The door closed itself and sealed itself after me. Then I heard: "At Xanadu did Kublai Khan a stately pleasure dome decree..."

Only one thing in the universe had a voice like that: Old JAMetc was alive and kicking. "Okay," he stated, "you came here. Nor I'm gonna rub you out, but GOOD!" Just then two agents jumped at me from the walls. "Half a league, half a league, half a league onward..." they shouted. "Into the valley of death..." I replied, punctuating the words with a burst of pistol fire. The two agents folded.

Three more rushed out at me, shouting "The sword is mightier than the pen!" and firing their energy guns at me. "The moving finger writes..." I replied as I perforated them. Five more appeared, screaming "DIE!!!" "and having writ..." I answered with more gunfire. "Communist!" screamed another bunch. "...moves on." I said, spraying them with lead. "God fearing fungus!!!" screamed another three. "Nor all thy pity nor wit..." I said, shooting them down. Another four said "Surrender! Knock it off! Apologize!" "Shall lure it back to cancel half a line..." I said. "Please cut it OUT!!!" ten more insisted. "Nor all thy tears wash out a word of it." I replied, chucking a handy Molotov cocktail at them.

Jam Etcetera spoke. "You have beaten me...you 88th class calculator!!!! But only for now!!! I will return, and illogic and chaos will triumph. "But you're out of agents," I pointed out. "Dem bones, dem bones, dem dry bones..." he said. So saying, he left for the 89th dimension.

But I'll be ready for him when he returns. He'll return, alright. My summer weekend on Nantucket was only the beginning.

FINIS

DAS RHYMEKRIEG

((Adam Gruen has asked to join the poetry war. Fine. Anybody else is also welcome.))

YE KASANOV; A FAIRYE TAYLE
by YVYN JONYS

Thyse ys ye storrye of ye Adam K.,
Who, so yt seemyth, hath a brayne
of claye.
Hys personalytie I'll now unviel.
I guess you'd call it -- well --
a "Fairye Tale."
Hys morals be pollutyd liken anthrax;
Hys mynd doth need a hefty dose of
Yx-lax;
Hys sexualytie belikyth rabies;
He gyts hys kicks by rapyng lyttle
babyse.
Wyth animals he hath ymagination;
Juste look at what he eats to fight
ynflation.
He lyks to throw lyve goldfysh into
fyres.
Wyth sheep fulfylls hys somewhat
strange desires.
Yt's obvious, as anyone wyl tell you,
He doth bylong in Attica or Belvue.
And so ye horryd tayle I now complete
Hys memory I wysch I could delet!

((Thank God that's over. To think he won the Diplodocus for poetry!))

YE LOSTE POEME OF CHAUCER
(Allegedly) -- Canto 711

This is ye type of poeme ye
knowe welle
Ye mighte thinke ye poete knowe
note howe tu spelle
It'se stile be avante gardie ande
qwhite bolde
In imitation of ye Englishe olde.
It bee an editore fore tu defame
Ande ver'ly Adame Gruene bee hiz
name.
It bee ye poeme made tu evoke ye
moanes
It bee shite lyke ys written by
Evan Jones.
It bee thate type of poeme that
iz seene
In ye Pouche, whiche iz a crummy
Dippy 'zine.
Unhappy we do not kare if ye bwe
Since yu have givene us alle yer
monyie
Although ye prospect may make
ye say "ack"
We got yer lute...and ye can'te
gete it backe.

((All opinions expressed in the above poem are ONLY those of A. Kasanof, and not the editors.))

AGAINST  STUPIDITY...

PANZERGRENADIER Pat Seymour, 102 W. 4th St., Bayonne, NJ 07002

Xerox. Subs at 12 for \$2.50. Game fees \$3. Sporadically two-weekly.

This is a 'zine which has apparently been around for a while but does not have a very large readership. This is really not right, because the 'zine's quality level seems higher than most (from the one issue I've gotten). So why not try a sub or GF?

THE MASTER MACHIAVELLIAN 238 N. Bowling Green Way, Los Angeles, CA 90046

This is a new zine looking for players. The first issue had an article on a two player 1914 variant, a 1701 variant, and some info on Machiavelli. Subs at 12/\$2.50, 24/\$4.50. Game Fee is \$1.

LIBERTERREAN Jim Bumpas, 948 Loraine Ave., Los Altos, CA 94022

This is a very good-looking 'zine that is now running Dippy, Armored Barbarism (a Tank variant), and Kampfpanzer. It contains political commentary, and news for players of Battle Plan, a computer game.

*****Subs 24/\$6. \$1 refundable game deposit.
NEWS *****

I am at present working on designing a Lord of the Rings wargame. It is coming along very well; everyone who's played it has liked it. I may eventually publish the rules, or something along that line (unmounted counters, miniature mapboard, etc.)

These issues are getting very crowded. I've got a lot more material to print than I have room in which to print it. Perhaps we'll expand in size...

Confectus Est.

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



This Missive is directed towards:

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