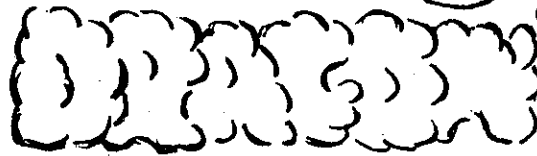


Saint George

AND THE



Vol. I, No. 3

April 6, 1976

A Vast Wilderness Publication

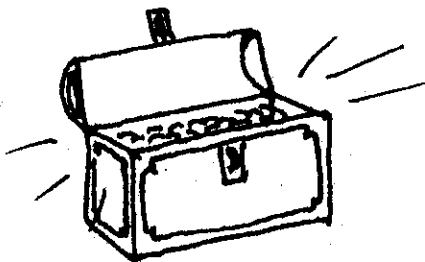
"Diplomacy is the art of letting someone have your way."

No, the vice squad has not caught up with us yet, so I am still to send this zine to you. In the Jargon this is known as "sadism." Since you are on the receiving end, you are called "masochists." In a later issue perhaps we shall discuss the whole Sexual Revolution, the new meaning it has given to the term "water sports", and why you don't need to know how to swim to play the game.

But for now, let's talk about Diplomacy. One of the disadvantages of being employed is that when your employer says you will work, you will work. May 1, my next deadline, is also the day we take inventory at work, so I will not be home if you want to change your moves by phone. I will be home to answer the phone April 29, Thursday from 6:00PM to 10:00PM EST. Consider that the effective deadline for phoned orders. Mailed orders will be received through May 1.

There are no game openings. Standbys are needed for all games. Subbers can have a standby position for maintenance of a sub. Players in another game may standby free. All I need is a declaration that you wish to standby, and I will tell you what to do.

And now let's see what treasure awaits in..



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Saint George and the Dragon is a monthly journal of postal Diplomacy* available from : Robert Sergeant, 2902 St. Paul Street, Indianapolis, IN 46203. Subs: \$2.00/10 issues; Sample Copy or back issues for first class postage each. NO GAME OPENINGS. (317) 786-3290

*Diplomacy is a registered trademark for a game invented by Allan B. Calhamer. Copyright owned by The Avalon Hill company.

SAINT GEORGE SPEAKS



Over The Board...or under the table ?

Over The Board is a new ratings zine which differs from the standard; it is designed to rate FTF games. For those interested in such a service, OTB is available from : Diplomacy Rating Service, P.O.Box 731, Lynnwood, WA 98036. The idea is that someone writes to them, and for five dollars he receives 5 game report forms, a set of instructions, and as long as they submit games to be rated, they will receive the zine.

The current issue of the zine mentions some objections raised by others in the hobby as to the basis of the rating systems used, but they do not touch on what is potentially the biggest drawback of the system - the unlimited possibilities to cheat.

There is no guarantee that the person who sends in his five dollars does so under his own name. If you wish to rank high in the games you are rating, and wish to avoid any question of impropriety, simply ask to have the report forms sent to you under an assumed name. And just to be sure, have them sent to you at the address of a near relative or good friend who does not mind being an accessory to fraud. However, if you want to throw caution to the winds, you are permitted to rate games in which you have played.

Since only a small percentage of people who engage in FTF play go on to play postally, everyone would expect to see names in reports of FTF games with which he is not familiar. In postal play there is something of a check on this in that someone must be at an address to pick up a copy of the zine. In FTF ratings by postal zine, there is no guarantee that of seven players, six do not exist. Of course all seven could be imaginary, but the idea of this is to promote one's own rating so that would be pointless. The thing to remember is to pick believable names. If one sees that George Smith was beaten in a game, one has no trouble believing it. On the other hand, if we see that Mary Hatrman lost as Russia, or discover that Isaac Asimov went down to defeat playing France, we are entitled to be a little doubting.

And if, in spite of all these hints, you feel obligated to go out and find six real people to play the game with you, I have one final hint. If you lose the game simply don't submit it to be rated. Keep trying until you win; then submit the game.

I believe ratings do a dis-service to the game. In the Bridge Master Point System, if you do well in a tournament you gain Master Points, depending on how many other pairs you competed against. While a private game may sharpen your skill, you don't get points for it. And more important, if you do poorly, you simply don't get points -- you don't have points subtracted from your total. In Diplomacy the reverse is true.

I don't really think we need another rating system in the hobby. And particularly not one so open to falsification.

And just under the wire we received two more volunteers, so we will begin the third game in this issue also.

Winter, 1900 Cyclops 1976??



Cyclops

Austria-Hungary:

Michael Muchnik, 2520 Hyacinth Court,
Westbury, NY 11590

England:

Chuck Doehrer, Satirist Press,
P.O.Box 1832, Chicago, IL 60690

France:

Bart Levy, Plymouth Hill,
666 W. Germantown Rd.,
Plymouth Meeting, PA 19462

Germany:

Margaret Gemignani, 3200 NE 36th, Apt. 907
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. 33308

Italy:

Kathy Gordon, 3237 Wellington Ave.,
Indianapolis, IN 46224

Russia:

Larry Bresslour, 524 Cambridge St., Apt. 3
Allston, MA 02134

Turkey:

Charles Spiegel, 515 York Rd. 3F
Willow Grove, PA 19090

As you can see from the double question mark, I have not had time to get a Boardman number for this game yet. Please refer to the House Name, Cyclops, when submitting your moves. I will have the number for you by the next issue.

DEADLINE FOR SPRING, 1901 IS 3:00 PM EST, MAY 1, 1976 - See page 1

And last, but by no means least - Medusa -

Spring, 1901 Medusa's snakes begin to stir ! 1976R

- AUSTRIA (McArdle) A VIE holds, F tri-ALB, A bud-SER
- ENGLAND (Rittel) F edi-NWG, A lvp-YOR, F lon-NTH
- FRANCE (Happel) F bre-MAO, A par-GAS, A MAR-pie
- GERMANY (Cohen) F kiel-HOL, A mun-RUHR, A ber-KIEL
- ITALY (Stephens) F nap-ION, A ROME-ven, A VEN-pie
- RUSSIA (Rauscher) F sev-BLA, F st.p(sc)-FIN, A mos-UKR, A WAR holds
- TURKEY (Dittmar) A con-BUL, A smy-ANK, F ank-CON

Underlined orders do not succeed. Caps denote final resting place of the unit. Remember, I want conditional Winter builds submitted with Fall orders. Press is on page 5.

DEADLINE FOR FALL & WINTER, 1901 IS 3:00 PM EST MAY 1, 1976 see p. 1

MINSTREL'S LAY
The Moonman
Chapter III



The Taxman Cometh

Seymour Jock, a strapping young Internal Revenue Agent, strode confidently toward the cell where the banana-like purple Moonman had been incarcerated.

"Hello, I'm Sey.."

"I know," I said, glancing toward my floating friend.

"..mour Jock." Mr. Jock swooped into the cell with aid from a ferret-face man-in-blue. The Moonman appeared to quiver slightly at his approach. I lifted myself from the Moonman's cot and prepared to do battle. From experience, I knew that Revenue men could be more tenacious and belligerent than an indignant unwed mother in a paternity suit.

"Listen," I started, "so I wrote-off my bedroom as a business office."

"Not you, counselor," Jock protested. "Him." Incredulously, he motioned toward the Moonman, who, as if in response, descended slowly to the cot. I'd had that sinking feeling myself upon occasion.

"What?"

"That's right." Then to the Moonman, "We have no records of your ever having filed an income tax return." The Moonman quivered. I about barfed.

"That's ridiculous! He's an extraterrestrial being, not a taxpayer!"

"That's the problem," Jock snorted. "He's not a taxpayer. We've no record of his ever paying tax. Yet he owns a space vehicle, hires an attorney, and is being supported upon tax dollars while staying here. Sounds like another case of being short on forms and long on excuses, if you ask me."

"This is crazy!"

"Every living, thinking, breathing, rational being who partakes of American bread must help provide the Wheat." Jock nearly pushed his finger through my chest in his enthusiasm.

"But..."

"The only 'but' here's going to be his." Jock paused for a moment, perhaps to let his Geritol settle. "Look, counselor. As you well know, aliens domiciled in the US of A are liable for tax upon their incomes, even though earned outside this country. He's going to be in the can for four months, which makes him a US domiciliary." He turned toward the Moonman. "You could get 10-20 for this."

"Hey, wait a minute," I protested. "By your logic he'd be subject to the alien registration laws, the selective service system and the foreign investment tariff. That can't be right."

Jock shook his head. "As you know, it's not what's 'right' but what's legal that counts. But I'll give you a break," he winked at my alien friend. "We won't tell them."

continued on page 7

MINSTREL'S LAY
(continued from page 6)

As Jock turned to go, I knew we'd be lucky if the CIA, FBI and DAR weren't on our trail in a week.

I could hear Jock muttering as he slinked triumphantly down the hall: "So he wrote-off his bedroom, eh? His wife did that a year ago, and we HAD to allow it!" Chuckle, chuckle.

I knew we had to go underground.

...and more 1976R PRESS

via Paris (Spring, 1901): ...And now the words of secret agent Alan d'Coors, exactly as he wrote them in his personal journal 75 years ago on this day....

.....
I was quite stunned when General Gusset presented me with my current mission. Jacques and Enri were likewise taken aback (judging from the dazed expressions on those boyish faces). I grin to myself whenever I remember those looks. I think I am grinning too quickly today, laughing too quickly. I am drinking too much cognac. Nerves, I suppose. They will not even let me write Mitzi to tell her that I might not return for the wine-making this season. She has to think I am remaining in Pontivy; reading technical manuals in the day...quaffing ale in the night. Oh, Mitzi, Mitzi! One day you will have this journal in your hands...sent to you along with my watch and pipe and a short note from the President.

General Gusset was typically gruff when he barked at us to sit down. He looked at a paper as he spoke to us.

"You boys have had it too easy at this spy school," he growled. Gusset was the only man in Brittany who could say 'spy school' and not be court-marshalled((sic)). Everyone else must say 'training camp.' "Too much wine!" he accused. "Too many women!"

"I have not drunk wine!" Enri contradicted. Jacques and I sniggered.

"Shut up, damn you!" the general roared. "Don't think I don't know what goes on in my school!" Realizing he had gotten off the track, the general made an effort to sit back and calm down. I felt the mood congeal like cold gravy.

"I've got some work for you boys," the old man said.

Gusset is never dramatic in making assignments, but slight variations in the way he speaks will tell whether he is sending you to a picnic or to your death.

This time he was sending us to our deaths.

.....
...That was Alan d'Coors day...75 years ago...ON THIS DAY.

Cagliari, Sardinia (29 April, 1901) Gino Contini burst into the small taberna, wildly waving a newspaper.

"Dio mio, Gino," said Isabella Tarantella, local barmaid and favorite recreational activity of half the town. "What can be so importante you run around at eight in the morning like a man who put itching powder in his jockey shorts?"

(continued on page 8)
