

• URF DURFAL, GRANDSON OF POUCH

#12

This is URF DURFAL, the eternal city, remnant of New York. It is published to carry the games that are remaining from THE POCKET ARMENIAN and THE POUCH, and to playtest variants, and to run games and whatever else strikes the insane imagination of the editor. Presently there are openings in EXCOMMUNICATION! @\$1 plus sub, and in DUDLAND and STAB-HAPPY DIPLOMACY at a like fee. It is possible to receive this zine by subscription (8/\$2), by trade, by writing articles (3/1 page printed), or by editorial fiat. Back issues are 25¢, and Issues 1-2 and 5-11 are available, as are issues 1-6 of THE CONGLOMERATE. Copies of Excommunication, Diplomafia, Near Utter Chaos, Indonesian Diplomacy, Stab-Happy Diplomacy, Dudland and/or the house rules are available for an SSAE. The same person also prints GIGO (an irregular sf/wargaming zine, 50¢ or 6/\$2.50) and FIRE THE ARQUEBUSIERS! (an irregular fantasy wargaming zine, 50¢ or 6/\$2.50).

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+++++
 HAVE A MISERABLE
 NEW YEAR
 +++++

As you may have noted from our masthead, I am discontinuing the policy of forcing people to write in order to get URF DURFAL; it wasn't working. No one was writing. So henceforth, it is possible to receive URF DURFAL, GRANDSON OF POUCH by subscription as well.

I'd like to make yet another plug for my openings in EXCOMMUNICATION!; I now have 12 of the needed 14 players, and if I get two more players (just two more, dammit), I can begin the game. In case you hadn't noticed, EXCOMMUNICATION! won the 75 Calhauer Award for Best Variant Design (American Division). The map and rules are available upon request. The game-fee is a mere dollar, plus subscription.

On to another subject; it seems that interest in the Diplomacy hobby goes in cycles. Not too many years ago, letters of comment and reader participation in zines was not a terribly uncommon sight. Currently, I have great difficulty in getting people I know personally and can brow-beat into production to write anything, let alone other readers. However, I hope to produce a decent zine nonetheless, and I think my last couple of issues have shown that I can do so. In the future, I intend to have a game review every issue, something on hobby politics, some Kasanof, and so on. At the moment, I have to write just about everything that goes into the zine; although I've been leaning on some people to write me something, nobody but Kasanof seems to be doing so. If anybody out there is interested in getting his work published, get to work; I do pay three issues per page published, which isn't a bad rate. And, of course, anyone is entitled to get URF DURFAL free if I publish a letter of comment or press from him that amounts to 1/3 page or more.

Anyway, write.

(The following was sent to Fred Davis for inclusion in a plebiscite he is currently conducting as to whether or not Robert Sacks should be removed as Miller Number Custodian. It will probably not be included therein, as the plebiscite is supposed to contain statomtns only be Conrad Von Metzke and Robert Sacks).

I firmly believe that Conrad von Metzke, Walter Luc Haas, Fred Davis and Rod Walker all have the best interests of the hobby at heart, that they are basically good men. I have been in the hobby too long to believe that anybody is Evil, anybody is Out To Drive Someone Out of the Hobby, or is Out To Dominate The Hobby.

But I cannot see any way in which the actions of these men can be seen as anything less than despicable.

For what they are doing, put bluntly, is this; they are attempting to destroy Robert Sacks because they don't like him.

Look, if Sacks had failed in his duty as Miller Number Custodian, if he had screwed anybody, if he had destroyed any hobby institutions, I would be calling for his removal as Miller Number Custodian as loudly as anyone else.

But he has not. He has fulfilled his duty as Miller Number Custodian. He has attempted to organize the variant hobby more fully than it was previously—although he seems to have failed. (Whatever you think of the Diplomacy Variant Commission, it was an attempt to set up a hobby-wide forum for variants). And he has defunded at least one hobby institution—the variant banks—against what he saw (perhaps wrongly) as encroachments upon their rights.

Robert Sacks has not only fulfilled his duty as Miller Number Custodian, he has fulfilled his duties admirably—in fact better than his predecessor did. To quote Fred Davis, "No one has ever accused Robert Sacks of failing to perform the mechanical part of his job as MNC. It was simply that Robert's personality is such that no one else outside of his own clique could work with him."

IF HE HAS DONE HIS JOB AS MILLER NUMBER CUSTODIAN, IF HE HAS FULFILLED HIS DUTIES, THEN WHY IN HELL DO CONRAD VON METZKE ET AL WANT TO GET RID OF HIM?

For one reason and one reason only. Because they don't like him. Because they find his personality abrasive. Because they dislike his insistence on legality even at the expense of practicality. Because they don't like the way in which he has opposed them on a number of issues. To quote Fred Davis again, "It was simply that Robert's personality is such that no one else outside of his own clique could work with him."

Damn it, this is not a logical reason, nor a good reason, nor a sufficient reason; to get rid of Sacks as Gustodian. He's done his job, and the fact that you don't like him personally has NOTHING WHATSOEVER TO DO WITH HIS COMPETENCE

MORE PRESS:
(1974AGcv)

PARIS, April 20, 1908

Ze French troops, we say, "Merde sur la Rye!" to all Ze imperialist armies of Ze world, and we krush ze life out of all who oppose Ze Communisme, our new governmentale Systemo! Vive La France Libre! To Ze Hell viz Italy!

Vienna, 1908

All I have to say to you, Italy, you Gay Homosexual Greek Pansy Queer Faggot Limpwrist Buggerer, is drop dead. D-E-D. DEAD.

SOMEWHERE IN SIBERIA

Tsar announced that he was banning spaghetti, Parmigiana cheese, salami, Ragu Tomatos Sauce, Pasta Wheels, all pictures of art by Michelangelo, Leo Da Vinci or Bernini, as well as a dish named for a certain city, and that the Italian Ambassador was Persona Non Grata in St. Petersburg.

THE MUGGING

by Adam Kasanof.

I was sitting by myself, upon an underground train whose destination was "South Ferry,". The hour was just dacking of midnight, and I was the sole passngger in the railway carriage. The train stopped with a giddy screeching, as it always beamed to, and its several doors opened to provide ingress and exit to the car.

A man garbed in high-heeled shoes, a sturdy jacket of black leather, stitched about with rhinestones and wearing a single gold earring entered, and looked round. The train commenced to move again, and he grasped one of the steel straps so as to maintain his footing whilst the train accelerated. He steadied himself, then walked to where I sat.

"Hey, man, you got the time?" he inquired.

"Indeed I do, sir," I responded, and looked at my wristwatch. "It is nine minutes until midnight," I answered.

"Hey man, you got a dime?" he queried next.

"Yes, sir, I do have a dime," I replied.

"Gimme a dime, man," he requested, extending his hand towards me, palm upwards.

"Why should I give you a dime, sir?" I asked.

"You gonna gimme a dime, man?" he said.

"No, sir, I will not give you a dime!" I replied, somewhat piqued. He reached his hand into the pocket of his leather coat, and next took thence a long, black object, which I guessed might be a flick-knife. He pointed the thing towards me, and a blade appeared from its end.

"Sir," I staded, somewhat annoyed by this time, "I have no interest whatever in purchasing your pocket knife, and while I allow it is a most attractive specimen of the cutler's art, I do not mean to pay even a dime for it."

At this he placed the very point of the weapon against my breastbone, I seized the wrist of the hand which held the knife with my left hand, and as I exerted pressure upon his elbow, forced his arm backwards. The fellow thinking as soon as I had placed hands upon him to wrest the weapon from my reach, moved side-wise, causing the backward moving knife to slip across his body and downwards in an arc. He must surely have kept the knife excellently sharp, for as it slid down and back it sliced through the leather of his jacket, his shirt beneath, and finally drew a long, bloody streak across his skin. Upon noting this, he skook visibly, and, his face contorted, perhaps by surprise, he let loose the implement.

TO BE CONTINUED (Maybe)

THE COSTIKYAN PUBLISHING EMPIRE STATUS REPORT

Urf Durfal Grandson of Pouch is in its third issue since its re-acquisition by the Costikyan Publishing Empire, and is pceeding apace. Since our acquisition, the publication has been issued with acceptable frequency.

GIGO #6 has had its first 12 pages completed, and is awaiting further work. It has been delayed until FTA! #4 and ADAM KASANOF'S GREATEST HITS may be completed.

The Palatinate of the Rhine's document for December has been issued, after a month of no activity.

FIRE THE ARQUEBUSIERS! #4 has been delayed for ADAM KASANOF'S GREATEST HITS, but is currently slated for publication in mind-February.

47 of the 72 pages of ADAM KASANOF'S GREATEST HITS have been completed, and the publication will be issued soon, perhaps by the end of January.

THE NIGHT I DIED

by Raymond E. Hauer (Deceased)

There really isn't much to say. It was a night, much like any other night. I was going to a D&D game, got to one, in fact (to protect the innocent, I'll say only that it was somewhere in Manhattan, downtown, way downtown, where you-know-who lives).

I stopped out of the brownstone (it was dark outside, and cold) and walked, slowly, to the end of the block. There, in a ragged, dirty line were a bunch of rowdies, swinging huge, heavy lengths of rusty drain-pipe swatched in smudged grey adhesive tape; and mirror-shiny-bladed, ivory-handled virgin Hoffritz Solingen-made straight razors, sharper than a serpent's tooth, the kind that flash through the toughest clothes (even leather jackets with massive steel studs pounded into them) like a silvery laser beam and swack through skin and sever arteries and hack tendons in a nauseous sanguine conglomeration of defunct tissue; and cheapcheap pitiful pot-metal-stamped .22 caliber Saturday Night Harrison Specials, which would be hot as two dollar pistols on a Saturday night-----for it was Saturday night and they (the rowdies) looked like they were ready to "trash", to use the vernacular.

One of them came up to me, swaggering, moving a huge black-and-white-and-grey-swirley-colored plastic-handled Japanese lock-bladed twelve-inch-long knife between the grimy fingers of his right hand and talked to me. "Hey, _____, you wanna die?" He made me mad.

Now, I try to control my temper, and it wasn't his wanton use of profanity which so enraged me, nor his wish to harm my person, for I can usually take care of myself and abhor violence and cruelty and paid in any form.

What I hated was the fact that he was breathing onions and garlic in my face. I smiled, grabbed his knife from him, and, with a whirly, twisting snap, jammed it into his gut. He fell over onto the sidewalk, unconscious. A rowdy came over and took a long roundhouse swing at me with his taped pipe, but I grabbed his arm and wrenched it in ways that people's arms don't usually go, and threw him to the ground. I took a gun from one of his pals, and shot the others with it (only minor wounds, but they all passed out right away from shock and fear).

I felt ill. I wound dissily to the lamppost at the corner, grabbed it---but it slipped out of my grip and I plummeted to the sidewalk. I lay there for a few seconds thinking. What could it be? What could be the cause of this dizziness?

Wait! At Grossman's house, I-----I-----I had Hawaiian Punch! The Red Dye #2! And the Maraschino cherries! That must have been, been it! And then I didd.

Thank you.

PRESS
(1974AGcv)

PEKING, SPRING 1908:

England, I'd like to set you on fire. I'd like to take a can of Ronson lighter fluid, drench you with it, and then, with a flick of my Bic, ignite you, and watch you turn in agony as the flames lick your worthless person like a nine-hundred-dollar call-girl. From now on, I'm allies with Austria, and to hell with you!

LONDON, MARCH 12, 1908:

The latest news from the front shows that the cheerful limeys of Her Majesty's Finest Third Unorthodox Warfare Regiment (The Fighting Disembowelers) have scored a smashing victory against their heathen foe by slashing the inmost marrow of the foul-smelling, dirty, incestous Italian pizza-pie-gobbling illegitimate-partakers-in-sexual-license with their Sheffield Commando knives. Death to the vile Eye Ties! God Save the Bloody Queen! Hip hip, Cheerio! Nothing Queer about old Bertie!

HOW TO FILL SPACE

"Some people think there is nothing more to publishing a zine than filling space"

-----Robert Bryan Lipton

Actually, there really is nothing more to printing a zine than filling space. The object is to fill space enjoyably and amusingly.

The average Diplomacy editor must produce 9-10 pages of material to fill out every issue. He can count on 2-3 pages of games (if the zine is of any size), and usually another two or three can be filled with articles by someone else. But the remainder is sheer work for the publisher.

One good way to fill space is to publish variants, as readers of this zine know. Variants are always good for at least two pages, unless the rules are very skimpy---one for the rules, and one for the map. A really good-size variant can run to as many as eight pages, which is undoubtedly one of the reasons COLONIA is so popular. Another popular space-filling variant is NEAR UTTER CHAOS, because the board in NUC changes so radically over move that a new copy of the map is a necessity with every issue.

One of the master-spacefillers in the New York area is Doug Reif, who publishes BLACK HOLE (67 Grosvenor Rd, Kenmore, NY, 14223). Every issue of BLACK HOLE runs to about four pages, which is filled with nothing but clippings from various newspapers that Doug gets. The amount of original material can be counted on the side of one piece of paper---in fact it is; he's running an ongoing serial entitled AMERICAN PIE, or something like that.

But Doug's zine is not boring because of this. In fact, it is often quite interesting. He manages to pick up some of the most amusing news&clippings he can find.

One of the more popular ways to fill space is to get into hobby politics. The constant search for materials by zine editors may, in fact, be one of the main reasons for the Diplomacy hobby's fiercely competitive political activity. Most of the zines I know are currently devoting at least a page an issue to the Von Metzke-Sacks Dispute, and before that it was the Lakofka Constitutional Question. And before that Lakofka's secession to the IDA's throne. And before that Biran's handling of the IDA Presidency. And before that Avalon-Hills takeover of Diplomacy. And before that, the Beyerlein-Hauer dispute over the Boardman Numbers. And before that---but you get the idea.

Reviews are another very popular way to fill space. Ben Grossman of THE PRE-DAWN LEFTIST publishes a book review in every issue (29 E 9 #9, NY, NY, 10003). I publish a wargaming review in every issue, carrying on a tradition started with the original POUCH. Lipton has published for over a year an ongoing list of sf writers, reviewing each as he goes along in alphabetical order (MIXU-MAXU GAZZETTE, 556 Green Place, Woodmere, NY).

If a publisher gets really desperate, he can plug other zines, print mailing lists or write reams of lousy press.

Press has, in fact, since the POUCH days, become one of the surest ways of filling space. Who does not remember the Transcaucasian-Transcaucasian Wars? The AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF KIMBALL DREK? JEREMY PAULSON, J.D.L. and its subsequent series? Kasanof's production has, in fact, become a core of material around which both URF DURFAL and PRE-DAWN LEFTIST are built, for Kasanof always manages to produce several pages for every issue of both.

If a publisher get's really desperate, he can start plathering on for a page or so about how he has to fill the page.

And if he gets really desperate, he can write articles about filling space.

At first, I was disappointed with MINUTEMAN. I wanted to see 1968 turned into a Revolution. I wanted to see Amerika overthrown and President Hoffman declaring the Free Nation. I wanted campus riots run wild. I wanted Pig Nixon's Police State thrown into the mud with Adolf Hitler, Richard Daley and Napoleon Bonaparte, where it belonged. I wanted to see The Revolution, man.

I wanted to see three competing revolutionary movements (if they're going to have a multi-player game)—say the socialists, the communists, and the libertarians,—attempting to overthrow the (il)legally constituted government of Tricky Dick. I wanted to see NAMES on the counters—SDS, Black Panthers, Mother Earth News, Akwesasne, all that. I wanted to play a game in which I could rub out Spiro Agnew.

Instead what I got was a cop-out. I got a revolution against a safely-distant American government in the 21st century. I got riots run wild, you bet—riots against some hypocritical government created by virtue of a dubious future history. I got NAMES on the counters, all right—such great revolutionaries as the PTA, the Salvation Army and the Knights of Columbus (I kid you not) are featured on MINUTEMAN's counters.

Damn it, the game is a cop-out. If you want to do the Second American Revolution (with the American flag burning in the foreground), you should do The Revolution, not some in-the-distant-future bullshit.

That being said, the game is relatively good.

The graphics are rather interesting. The counters are colorful—maybe too colorful. The three revolutionary movements each have different colors, and each revolutionary unit type is given a different shade—thus producing a total of nine different shades for the revolutionary units. Combined with three colors for governmental units, two colors each for Canadian and Mexican units, and another bunch for European Interventionist units and game-markers. The counters are colorful, all right. It's enough to give a rainbow a head-ache.

The board is a difficult experiment that doesn't entirely succeed. For the purposes of the game, both terrain and population density have to be depicted on the map, and they aren't inter-dependent. Terrain is depicted by color, population density is delineated by a dotted line around the inside of the hex. It looks kind of screwy.

The rules are unusually badly written. Although they are complete (and boring as hell) as are those for all SPI games, they are quite ungrammatical. For Example:

(14.74) After displaying a Passage Marker(s), it is always placed back in the Special Marker Pool.

And if you don't know what's wrong with that, you're either illiterate or some kind of pervert who gets a kick out of watching counters display themselves.

One of the problems with the game is that it is mechanically complex. By which there are a lot of little details that one has to keep in mind while playing the game. For instance; governmental military units can only attack revolutionary stacks that a) contain militia, b) are present in a riot hex, or c) are present in a hex covered by an Informer. Military units are doubled against Informer stacks. Military units may only attack other units via Military Combat, not via Sedition, Subversion or Infiltration Combat. Agent and Minutemen units, on the other hand, may engage in Infiltration, and Minutemen may engage in Sedition and Subversion, but not military combat. And so on.

Thus, the game tends to be lengthy—especially for the first few games, as constant reference to the rules is necessary.

However, the game does believably simulate the (rather ridiculous) situation it is supposed to. The game is mechanically complex, but most of the complexities make SENSE, when one examines them. It makes sense that military units can attack rebels in a rioting city, but not ~~xxx~~ everyday subversives engaging in peaceful subversive activity. The game system, while complex, is rather elegant. Even through the complexity, the game plays smoothly. As a whole, MINUTEMAN is a success.

Even if it is a cop-out.

BRING BACK THE STOCKS AND THE WHIPPING POST: a plea for prison reform.

We must acknowledge the fact that our current system of criminal punishment is a dismal failure. Although it is based on the most enlightened thought of our times, and originated with the purest of motives, the prison system has failed.

In my view, the facility of a system of criminal punishment may be judged by the way it fulfills four criteria;

The system should reform criminals.

The system should provide revenge for injured parties.

The system should deter crime in the first place.

The system should prevent criminals from committing further crimes.

As can be easily demonstrated, our current system fails in all four criteria. The system does not reform criminals; in fact, prisons have become breeding grounds for crime, where novices are taught new techniques by hardened criminals, where groups of criminals can get together and plan crimes to be committed once they are released.

The enlightened prison system fails to provide adequate revenge for injured parties. The fact that the foul murder of one's nearest and dearest is to be incarcerated for a dozen years or so with time off for good behavior, and is to be supported in reasonable comfort by the state is hardly sufficient recompense.

It is obvious that the prison system does not adequately prevent criminals from committing crimes subsequent to their incarceration; for the number of "repeaters" as opposed to the number of criminals who become "reformed" is astounding.

And the system fails to deter crime. The mere fact that crime has risen sharply, and continues to rise, since the end of the last World War, shows that crime is not being deterred.

There is an obvious, economic alternative. Bring back the whipping post and stocks.

Minor offenders (persons guilty of misdemeanors, perhaps) would be submitted to public flogging for a short period of time; peer group pressure is one of the surest means of keeping people in line. More serious offenders (felons, perhaps) would undergo a few lashes administered by a specially trained, licensed whipper, with a doctor standing by to tend to wounds. Those guilty of the most serious of crimes---murder, rape and so forth---and those convicted of felonies three times in a row would be subject to execution---cleanly, of course. The guillotine would be an ideal and humane way to execute prisoners, and the fact that the body is not mutilated would enable recovery of the criminal's body parts, so that his organs could save the lives of others.

The system would, for the most part, probably fail to reform criminals. But since the current system fails to do this as well, nothing would be lost in this sector.

It would provide adequate revenge for injured parties. Those subjected to crimes could ridicule their tormentors, or would have the satisfaction of seeing blood drawn from more serious criminals. And those subjected to the most serious of crimes would have the satisfaction of their accuser die an ignominious death.

The system would undoubtedly deter future crime. Speaking for myself, the thought of having several lashes with the cat o' nine's administered to my back deters me from, say, petty theft a good deal more than the idea of six months in a warm jail does; and the thought of death deters me from, say, rape, a good deal more than a probabamatical several years in jail with time off for good behavior does.

The system would prevent repeating criminals from committing future crimes. For three time losers are executed---which certainly prevents them from committing subsequent crimes.

Although the system is perhaps less humane than the one currently in force, it would seem to be much more effective. And it would certainly be less costly, for the cost of supporting an executioner or whip-handler or two is certainly less than the cost of supporting numerous correctional institutions..

Write your congressman today.

It is a well-known fact that the soft drinks of America have an almost mystical significant in the life of the average American. The most important decision an American has to make in today's cotton-wool-wrapped society is which soft drink he is to patronize.

To give an example of the soft drink's mystical importance, let me tell an anecdote about the introduction of Pepsi to Russia.

It seems that the Russians hold American bourgeois life in tremendous awe. As Adam Kasanof says in his landmark one-act play, THE SINO SOVIET BORDER, "Although, come to think of it, the ragers of being an imperialist do sound excessive. All the liquor you can drink, all the cigarettes you can smoke, a home with servants and every convenience, a gigantic, flashy automobile, respect from everyone; yes, that would be hard to tolerate."

In any case, it seems that many Russians placed their Pepsi bottles upon their mantelpiece in the place of honor, as signifying that they had arrived, that they too could now share the luxuries of capitalist America.

In any case, in recognition of the mystical significance of the soft-drink, URF DURFAL GRAND-SON OF POUCH is proud to present, 'NOTHER BEER, dredged from the files of The Pouch's One True Descendant.

'NOTHER BEER

by Nicholas A. Ulanov

(Originally published in THE POUCH Vol.1 #47.

It was a hot, summer day. The sun beat down on the dusty road outside Paul's Tavern. Inside, the light was dim. A Pearl Beer neon sign flickered erratically. Some flies buzzed in rhythm with the neon sign. In the back, the cue ball colliddd with the four ball and sent it rolling into the corner pocket. One of the men lazily called out, "'Nother beer, Paul."

The sound of tires coming to a stop on the dirt and gravel outside made its way through the door. Few heads turned to glance at who the newcomer might be.

The car door shut and in walked a duck-billed goose. The goose plodded up to the bar and ordered a root-beer.

"You can't just order a root-beer," came the dry rejoinder from the back.

Without turning, the goose quietly ordered said, "Root-beer."

"Get him a Dr. Pepper, Paul," said a voice in the back. The bartender started for a bottle of Dr. Pepper.

"Hold it," said the goose, barely audible. The bartender's hand froze. "Root-beer", repeated the goose.

The click of a rifle being cocked came from the rear. The bartender remained motionless. A voice in the back said, "Come on, try it. Yaw'll like it." The man with the rifle moved closer.

In a flash, the goose jumped in the air. His webbed feet came down with a thud on the man's back. The rifle fell, and then so did the man. In a blur of vision, the goose was behind the bar, grabbing a root-beer, and was back over the counter and out the door. The engine roared and the gravel flew as the car sped away.

Two bits spun around on the counter and slowly came to a halt. A man in the back nudged the man next to him and asked, "Can you beat that?"

"Nope," said the man.

1973HN

ITALIAN WIN

GM: Greg Costikyan

Fall 12

Austria (C.D.) A Arm /h/.

Germany (Peterson) F Nwg S F Nwy-Nth, F Nwy-Nth, A Mos S A Ukr-Sev, A Ukr-Sev, F Bal-Den, A Boh-Tyo, A War-Ukr, A Gal-Rum, A StP H, A Lvn-War.Italy (Tutacko) F Edi S F Lon-Nth, F Lon-Nth, A Vie H, A Bud S A Vie, A Ven-Tyo, A Rum H, A Bul-Con, F Aeg S A Bul-Con, F Smy S A Bul-Con, F Rom-Tyn, F Nap-Ion, F Ion-Eas, F Tun-Wes (NSU), F Adr H, F Gre H.Turkey (C.D.) A Sev /h/, (R-OTB) OUT

Supply Centres:

Austria: ~~Sch~~, ~~Zsh~~, ~~Ash~~, ~~Zsh~~, Ank

(1) Even

Germany: Ber, Kie, Mun, Bel, Den, Hol, Swe, Mos, War, Nwy, StP, Sev

(12) B 1

Italy: Nap, Rom, Ven, Bre, Gre, Lvp, Mar, Par, Por, Spa, Tri, Tun, Vie, Bul, Ser, Edi, Lon, Bud, Con, Rum, Smy

(21) B 7

Russia: ~~Sch~~

(0) OUT

Turkey: ~~Sch~~

(0) OUT

Notes: Germany proposed that a draw be declared between Germany and Italy, with Italy as "Senior partner." Since Italy has won the game, this seems sort of silly.

ATTENTION BOARDMAN NUMBER CUSTODIAN

Final Game Chart 1973HN

	'00	'01	'02	'03	'04	'05	'06	'07	'08	'09	'10	'11	'12
Austria	3	5	5	6	7	7	9	11	11	10*	9	5	1
England	3	4	3	3	2	2	2	1	-	-	-	-	-
France	3	4	6	6	6	5	2	-	-	-	-	-	-
Germany	3	6	5	4	4	4	6	7	8	10*	10	10	12
Italy	3	4	4	5	5	6	7	9	11	11	12*	17***21	
Russia	4	6	7	7	7	6	4	3	2	2	2	1	-
Turkey	3	4	4	3	3	4	4	3	2	1	1	1	-

* Owed one build in that year

*** Owed three builds in that year

Austria: David Lagerson (dro S11), C.D.

England: Leo Plotkin (resW02), Mike Ritter (dro W05), C.D. (out S08).

France: Ken Myszynski (dro F05), Robert Goldman (out F07)

Germany: Gary Peterson

Italy: David Tutacko

Russia: Paul Neumann (dro F05), Robert Goldman (vice P.N. to F04), Allan Stevenson (dro W06), David Wileman (dro S11), C.D. (out S12).

Turkey: Mike Honig (dro W06), Matt Diller (dro S10), C.D. (out F12).

Zines: Pouch (to S07), Cair Paravel (to S08), Imladris (to W09), The Conglomerate (to W11), Urf Durfal Grandeon of Pouch (to end).

Gamesmaster: Gil Neiger (to S08), Jeremy S. Paulson (to W11), Greg Costikyan (to end).

1974CS

GM: Greg Costikyan

Limbo

People, I'm going to get this game moving if I have to replace every damn player in the game. Which is exactly what I'm going to have to do. Ron Kelly took over for Kieth Thompson as Austria two issues ago; Frank Bero has NMR'ed for four issues in a row, and thus is being replaced by Brad Hessel; and Mike Hinmon has written to say that he has to drop out, and is thus being replaced by Tom Gould, as per the second to last issues' warning. (Positions, addresses etc on next page)

1974CS (Con't)

The positions are now:

Austria (Ron Kelly, #120/225 Virginia Ave SE, Washington, DC, 20061) A Tus, A Pie, A Ven, A Tyo, F Ahr, F Tyn, F Tun, F Ion, A Boh, A Gal, A Tri, A Bul, A Rum, A Con. Owns: Vie, Bud, Tri, Ank, Bul, Con, Bre, Rum, Ser, Smy, Ven, Nap, Rom, Tun.

England (C.D.) A Lon. Owns: Lon.

France (Brad Hessel, 15 Oak Av, Tarrytown, NY, 10591) F Wes, A Mar, F Lvo, A Ruh, A Bel, F Eng. Owns: Bre, Mar, Par, Bel, Por, Spa.

Germany (Tom Gould, 40 W 77 St, New York, NY, 10024) F Cly, F Nth, F Hel, F Hol, A Lvp, A Yor, A Mun, A Sil, A Pru. Owns: Ber, Kie, Mun, Den, Edi, Mos, Nwy, Sev, StP, Swe, War, Lvp.

Ron Kelly and Tom Gould have moves on file. Brad Hessel must submit orders. Fall 1910 orders are needed.

1974ID (PA4)

GM: Dave Barlow

Final Game

ATTENTION BOARDMAN NUMBER CUSTODIAN

This game ended in URF DURFAL #10, but the final game chart was not printed until this issue.

	'00	'01	'02	'03	'04	'05	'06
Austria	3	6	7	8	8	9	10
England	3	4	3	5	5	5	4
France	3	5	5	5	5	5	5
Germany	3	4	6	4	2	1	-
Italy	3	4	4	4	2	2	1
Russia	4	6	7	8	12	12	14
Turkey	3	4	2	-	-	-	-

Austria: Mike Honig (res S04), Jim Diehl (res S04), Scott Bennet Jr.

England: Curt Denhart

France: John Brennick (dro S05), Ferkin Doyle (sub to J.B. S03), Doug Reif (res W07), Mike Hinmon.

Germany: Joe Griffith (to W01), Russel Fox (res S05), C.D. (out W07).

Italy: Ron Keeping (res W04), Edi Birsan.

Russia: David Malmquist

Turkey: Will McCullam (out W03).

Zines: The Pocket Armenian (to W05), The Conglomerate (to S07), Urf Durfal Grandson of Pouch (to end).

Gamesmasters: Greg Costikyan (to F03), David Barlow.

F06 was mislabeled as F07 in the adjudications of the game, and from then onwards, the game was listed as being one year more advanced than it was in reality.

1974HJ

GM: Tom Gould

S08

France (Dahnke) F Lvp H, F Iri S F Lvp, F Eng-Lon, A Yor-Edi (R-Wal, DTB), A Bel-Hol, A Pic-Bel, A Par-Pic.

Italy (~~Byrd~~ Costikyan) A Bur S Fr A Bel-Ruh (NSD), A Tyo S A Ven, A Tri S A Tyo, F Ahr-Alb, F Ion-Reg, A Ven S A Tyo.

Russia (Kelly) F StP(nc)-Nwy, F Nwy-Nth, F Nth-Yor, F Nwg-Cly, F NAO-Mid, A Edi S F Nth-Yor, A Hol S A Mun-Ruh, A Mun-Ruh, A Sil-Mun, A Boh S A Sil-Mun, A War-Gal, A Vic-Bud, A Rum S A Vie-Bud, A Mos-Sev, F Con-Smy, F Ank-Con

Turkey (~~Byrd~~ C.D.) A Sev, A Ser, F Gre, F Eas, F Bul(sc) /h/.

Notes: Costikyan takes over from Burca, who NMR'ed again. Hinmon resigns, and his position is put into Civil Disorder. Danke, Dahnke, for getting your moves in, no matter how late. Kelly can win in the next season, so get you're moves in, and we'll have a completed game.

THE URF DURFAL POLL

People have a strange fascination for filling out little forms. I know I do. Therefore, you are urged to fill out this form and return it to me. The results (if any) will be tabulated in next issue.

You don't have to answer any questions you don't want to. Nor do you have to answer any questions truthfully. Silly answers are appreciated.

1. What's your name?
2. In what state do you live (i.e., state of dismay, state of disarray, etc)?
3. What is your social security number?
4. What is your telephone number?
5. How's your sex life?
6. Do you mind if I ask you these questions?
7. What's it like?
8. Nudge nudge, wink wink?
9. What is your favorite color?
10. What is your quest?
11. What is the air speed velocity of an unladen swallow?
12. do you consider yourself;
 - a. A trufan
 - b. a nazi
 - c. Buck Rogers
 - d. a Diplomacy fan
 - e. Death personified
 - f. all of the above
 - g. none of the above
13. What is the silliest word in the English language?
14. Have you ever seen a psychiatrist? If so, why? If not, why not?
15. What is your religion?
16. What is your favorite mathematical function?
17. What are your feelings about death (if any)?
18. Have you ever contemplated suicide? If so, why? If not, why not?
19. What do you do, aside from play Diplomacy?
20. If you were writing this fucking poll, what question would you most like to see asked?
21. On a scale of negative three through pi, with zero being optimum, rate Urf Durfal.
22. Is Urf Durfal
 - a. A mythical Mongolian city
 - b. a diplomacy zine
 - c. a graffitum
 - d. a fig newton of Ray Heuer's imagination
 - e. a dynamic and exiting new form of physical exertion
 - f. a symbol (and of what)
 - g. other (specify)
 - h. All of the above
 - i. none of the above
23. Please feel free to comment anywhere you can find the space.

At SPI (Simulations Publications Inc), there exists on the wall of the corridor between the art department and Dunnigan's office a bulletin board, situated between Playtest Room 2 and Playtest Room 3. Mounted on this bulletin board are all the letters and communications SPI receives, as well as whatever else anyone thinks might be amusing. For some months, a letter as follows has been on the bulletin board;

"Dear Mr. S & T;

I like your game War in the West much. But there is one thing that I do not understand. What do the little numbers on the counters mean?

Sincerely, Cholmondely Poncefoot."

As the letter was mailed from Illinois, we believe it to originate with the GDW people. The letter is scrawled badly in pencil on a non-descript piece of paper.

Austria was replated at the last minute with Eric Goldberg, and Russia with Brian Johnston.

Austria: (~~Blank~~ Goldberg) A Boh-Mun, A Sil S A Boh-Mun, A Tyo S A Boh-Mun, A Bud-Vie, A Pic-Tus (R-OTB), A Ven-Rom, F Aeg-Smy, F Ion-Tyn, A Apu S A Ven-Rom.

France (Gruen) F Tyn S A Nap, F Rom S A Nap, A Nap S F Rom, F Mar-Pie, A Tus S F Mar-Pie, A Kie-Mun, A Bur S A Kie-Mun, A Ruh S A Kie-Mun, A Hol-Kie, F Nwy-Bar, F Eng C A Pic-Nwy, F Nth C A Pic-Nwy, A Pic-Nwy, F Den-Bal; F Eas-Aeg, F Tun-Ion.

Germany (Kovalcik) A StP H, A Ber S A Mun, A Mun S A Ber (R-OTB).

Italy (C.D.) F Adr /h/.

Russia (Johnston) A War-Pru, A Ukr-War, A Mos S A Ukr-War, A Sev S A Mos, A Gal-Sil.

W12

Austria: Bud, Vie, Tri, Ser, Bul, Con, Gre, Smy, Ven.

(9) B1

France: Mar, Par, Bre, Bel, Spa, Edi, Lpl, Lon, Por, Tun, Swe, Nwy, Hol, Kie, Rom, Nap,

(18) B2

Germany: ~~Nap~~, Ber, StP

(2) Even

Italy: ~~Nap~~

(0) OUT

Russia: War, Mos, Sev, Rum, Ank

(5) Even

FINAL GAME WRAP-UP

	'00	'01	'02	'03	'04	'05	'06	'07	'08	'09	'10	'11	'12
Austria	3	5	6	6	6	7	7	7	7	8	8	9	9
England	3	4	3	1	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
France	3	6	6	7	8	9	9	10	13***	12*	13	16	18
Germany	3	5	7*	8*	7	8	9**	8	6	6	5	3	2
Italy	3	4	4	4	5	4	4	4	3	3	2	1	-
Russia	4	5	5	6	7	6	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
Turkey	3	4	3	2	1	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-

Austria: Dave Dardon (to S09), Walter Blank (to F12), Eric Goldberg

England: Don Kellogg (out Sum04)

France: Adam Gruen (won)

Germany: Dave Barlow (to S09), Richard Kovalcik Jr.

Italy: Paul Bean (to F05), Ron Kelly (to W11), ~~Rxx~~ C.D. (out W12)

Russia: Wayne Gildroy (to W11), C.D. (to F12), Brian Johnston

Turkey: Bob Moore (to F04), Mike Sieradeki (sub B.M. S02), Mark Zimmermann (out W05)

Zines: THE POCKET ARMENIAN (to S10), THE CONGLOMERATE (to S12), URF DURFAL GRANDSON OF POUCH

GMs: Matthew Diller (to F08), Scott Rosenberg

1974AGev, 1975B and 1974GH are delayed because of numerous NMR's. Get your moves in, dammit!

URF DURFAL, GRANDSON OF POUCH#12

c/o Greg Costikyan,

1675 York Av,

New York, NY, 10028

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