

THE POCKET ARMENIAN

**First
Anniversary
Issue**



'To pursue it with forks and hope'

DEDICATION

Well, really, this is an Anniversary Issue, and an Anniversary issue isn't a proper one unless it's got a Dedication. Now I must rack my brains and figure out just who I ought to dedicate it to.

The most obvious choices, of course, are my co-editors. They really were great help--when they weren't babbling about taking votes on editorial matters and trying to usurp my rightful powers as Editor.

Greg Costikyan's articles were rather varied in nature--but had the amazing ability of sparking off discussion on topics to the point where Greg only had to write something every four or five issues--the magazine in between would be filled with material in response to or further elaborating on his. His gamemastering, of course, was impeccable (snicker).

Adam Kasanof was always there in a pinch, with twenty thousand page of his pulpy epics at his fingertips. It has reached the point where he becomes the variable in my pagination equation--I type up all my material, then my press, then my games; and whatever's left over I fill with Kasanof. You can take that as an insult if you like--it's meant as a compliment.

Matthew Diller shied away from writing most of the time and helped me out on the more mundane aspects of publishing--help which was probably more greatly appreciated. Matthew has finally perfected the art of "Dill-work"--but I've also been improving my mimeo skills, and eventually, Dill-work will be obsolete!

There were others, though, who should be considered for the dedication. Gil Neiger, for one. He helped me out immensely at the start by giving me a copy of his mailing list--to which I mailed copies (100) of #1 and from which got my starting circulation--and giving me other important information on publishing.

There's Nick Ulanov, of course, whose fine work on the old POUCH was my first contact with Dippy fandom and was what I originally based TPA on. Or Duncan Smith, who was the person who actually introduced me to the postal game by "telling" me that I was subscribing to the POUCH.

Then there are all the people who pitched in at the beginning with subs, gamefees, and advice, when it was most needed. They are too numerous to mention personally.

Of course, I can't forget our fine press writers, whose humorous efforts added diversity to our pages. Mark Zimmermann, in particular, deserves special credit for his engrossing Sherlock Holmes series. And, of course, the writer of the Dudland stuff--who refuses to make himself known to me.

Others deserving thanks include the whole local horde who helped occasionally with collating and words of en/discouragement as were warranted, and my brother, who has been doing those beautiful mastheads since #10.

But, you see, no matter how deserving all these people may be, and no matter how much thanks they may ought to get--and no matter how ravenously they all want to see their names in print--this issue will not be dedicated to them. It's not even dedicated to my parents--the very first in a long chain of "without whom"s. Nope. It's dedicated to the one person who made TPA what it is today.

Me.

And I might as well also note that this issue, besides being THE POCKET ARMENIAN's first anniversary, also marks the birthdays of three of the four editors: Matthew Diller's on June 10, my very own on June 24 and Adam Kasanof's on June 27. Poor Greg.

DUDICATION...

This special First Anniversary issue of THE POCKET ARMENIAN is dedicated to all those people who made a dud out of my first year of publishing.

Foremost among that rank, of course, must lie my esteemed co-editors, without whose negligible diligence and ever-absent words of kindness I survived in any case. Shall we go into detail?

Matthew Diller's skill as an excuse-deviser for getting him out of helping me run off issues should go down in history. This skill was perhaps only surpassed by his Fabian delays in producing articles--in fact, in this whole year he has produced two articles. A record?

Adam Kasanof's writing was in great volume that was only matched by its incoherence. I would estimate that 30-40% of any Kasanof story was written by me--first, Adam writes in "manuscript" form: that is, he does not use paragraphs. Second, his knowledge of language does not extend to personal pronouns. Third, quite often he leaves out important parts of sentences--like their verbs or concluding thoughts.

Greg Costikyan was the anomaly on our staff--or should I say "Armenaly"? His articles ranged from the soporifically obscure to the soporifically common. His gamemastering errors have given me some good laughs--and will probably cost me a few hundred dollars in the long run.

All this does not mean that my fellow editors weren't the only ones who duded me out. Rod Walker started my involvement in the hobby with a real bang by accusing me of being part of a massive, megalomaniacal conspiracy to assume the God-like powers of Controllers of the Hobby. He followed that one up by apologizing and admitting that I was All Right after all. And of course one cannot mention Rod Walker without mentioning his complementary--not complimentary--twin on this side of the Rockies, John Beshara. John did one thing for which I shall never forgive him--he kept me on the phone for TWO HOURS, not terrible in itself, but those two hours happened to include the time that Monty Python was on. Was that the same conversation in which he grumbled when I told him I wouldn't join TDA?

Gil Neiger probably did the most of anyone to sow discord and disagreement among us editors. He had the amazing ability to carry on phone conversations, back to back, in which he convinced each person that he was on that person's side, and that the other person was on the other side. Sounds confusing? It was.

Bob Lipton did the most he could to condescendingly bully us into believing that we were literately inferior to his 'zine. At least he didn't say literally. "Tud-Dud" Nick Ulanov helped immensely with the production of this issue by holding onto the article I wrote about Neiger's Disease, maintaining to the end that he would put out THE TIMES. Richard Kovalcik made my life miserable by parroting to me everything John Beshara said--three days after I heard it from Beshara himself. Edi Birsan did his part by refusing to break down and confess when I accused him of trying illegally to keep the Boardman Numbers from our fledgling conspiracy.

But wait! I have forgotten one person who did more than anybody else to dud out the year! This person consistently typed over the right margin, thus rendering the last words of each line unreadable. He wrote silly press. He perverted the English language (duded it out) by using "dud" too much. He waxed tyrannical over his fellow editors. He bought a manual mimeo to torture himself. And he decided to put out a large Anniversary Issue to further torture himself. But I don't remember his name!

N.Y. ^{the} Conspiracy Tapes or

This is going to take over the hobby!

((On June 4, 1975, a meeting was held at My (Scott Rosenberg's) house of a number of local Diplomacy Personages. The purpose of this meeting was to attempt to come up with a solution to "The POUCH Problem," Gil Neiger's recurrent difficulties with getting THE POUCH out on time. Present were Matthew Diller (D), Raymond Heuer (H), Mike Friedman (F), Gil Neiger (N), Bob Lipton (L), and myself (R). *The meeting (or rather, 90 minutes of it) was taped, with the knowledge of only some of the people. The tape is in two parts: the first one from the period when we were all waiting for Gil to get there, and the second after Gil had arrived. The tape is obviously presented edited here; there were too many conversations going on at once to reproduce the whole thing coherently. Most of the time, Jerry Paulson was babbling sub-audibly in the background about Dungeons & Dragons, most often to Matt Diller. Anyone may obtain a copy of this tape if you send me a 90-minute cassette, blank, and enough money to cover return postage. I can't guarantee its audibility. Hey Walt, you want taped evidence of Bob Lipton's intentions of taking IDA over? Here goes...))

*And Jeremy Paulson (P).

TAPE ONE

((A discussion is proceeding about game 1974GR, in which R & D have just been stabbed by their one-time ally who has gained five centers in one year.))

L: Who's Germany?

D: Brian Burley.

L: If you can convince Burley that part of a stalemate is better than nothing--

D: We've both stabbed Burley--twice each. ((Laughs)).

L: Then it looks like your chances are very poor.

F: I wrote to Gygax, asking him how he means to divide those points...

H: Which points?

F: You know, whether it's for each person gets that or otherwise....

H: Which points?

F: Experience points.

D: How can you have a Meyer without a Greenwood? (To P in back.)

R: (to P re Gil) You're responsible for him?

L: Why don't we take a vote the way the Lunarians do: take a vote to decide on whether to vote to decide to vote on whether to accept the minutes of the last meeting and decide that that is not something that should be aired before the other members and throw them out.

R: Now, Bob--and Ray--I can sit on this table. You cannot! It would break...

L: Now hold it! We're not working for WOR this year!

R: There's no food here for any of you...

H: Then we'll eat Scott.

F: Riot!

L: By the way, did I tell you people? No more cruddy brown paper in THE MIXUMAXU GAZETTE.

R: There'll be cruddy pink paper instead. L: Right!

R: Remember the old blue ink on pink paper? H: Dinsdale. Dinsdale!

R: I didn't want this many people here. L: Then leave.

R: This always happens. F: Everyone likes you so much, Scott.

F: (Looking at a copy of the ~~Exp~~Dudponent) Oh no! I'm cutting off trade!

R: That's what I did at first. I can't, unfortunately, because of DNYMPA.

L: Well, you could always subscribe... R: And pay for it?

P: (Re Kovalcik) I'll get him into debt to me and then I'll own his soul.

L: You can't. EXPONENT is owned by the High School.

H: And Kovalcik is owned by Beshara!

(continued)

R: He sold his soul to John Beshara. Oh yes, that's right! A new article--
F: Evan Jones owns the world. H: Dinsdale!
R: Quiet! The article is "I Sold My Soul To John Beshara!"
F: You know what Evan did all night when we were supposed to be playing D&D? He played "Bobby Orr Hockey." ((Various derogatory comments about Jones.))
F: Oh no! Tihor wrote a D&D Article.
((Comments that everyone has lent his D&D rules out and no one can lend Lipton his.
P: (To R Re Besh) How much did he pay? I'll better it! I'll double it!
L: I've finally seen a 'zine that is dittoed and looks better than if it were mimeoed.
R: Len Lakofka's?
L: No, well--Lakofka would be better off burnt.
R: No, really, LIASONS INFERIEUSES has excellent ditto work.
P: INFERIEUSES? H: INFERIEUSES?
R: Oh, yes, that was the parody. I mean DANGEREUSES. I get them mixed up.
((Talk shifts to IDA.))
L: It would be easy to buy the organization. Just buy eighty or so memberships.
P: I'd rather buy people. It's more permanent.
H: Wanna bet? R: People don't stay bought.
L: Don't you see? Buy eighty or so memberships. With that you can grab the Council.
Once you've grabbed the Council you can drain the treasury.
R: It's not worth it. There're only something like \$500 in the treasury, and it costs \$160 to buy the memberships in the first place.
L: But you get the \$160 back. R: True.
L: And that'll be in January, right after all the new memberships come in. You're not going to get my money this time, by the way.
R: Who here is going to write me an article for the IDA Handbook?
L: I got your whatsit today--your request.
F: "The Value of Building F Nwy Left Coast"?
P: Please don't bring that up here.
L: (To P) Tell me, how much money do you carry in your wallet? It might be worth strangling you now and getting it all over with. H: Dinsdale!
L: Actually, you know who Bill Spangler is playing in Slobbovia now? The Duke of Dinsdale. They named one of the new provinces Dinsdale.
R: You know what? Gil doesn't know how to get here. He's going to end up on Ferf Ave
D: I bet you Gil's not going to show up.
R: So we can divvy up the FOUCH without him.
D: Yeah, let's divvy up the FOUCH...Jeremy, how much money does Gil owe you?
P: Gil doesn't owe me anything anymore.
D: Oh well, we decided to divide up the FOUCH, therefore you have to lend him some some money again and then you have to demand immediate repayment and we can divide it up.
R: He'll just pay it back, if he doesn't have a chance to spend it! Faulty logic-- "I've run rings 'round you, logically."
H: Oh, no. F: Yes, yes. Exploding Penguins.
L: By the way, Scott, I understand your trade with SLOBINPOLIT ZHURNAL has been cut. That's because you didn't have the sense to start playing soon enough.
R: I don't have time to play in SLOBINPOLIT ZHURNAL!
F: I need a piece of paper. R: Why? F: So I can write something down.
L: I don't think Gil is coming. H: He said five and it's only ten of.
L: This was scheduled for 4:30. R & H: That's why he's coming at 5!
L: Well then why don't we decide what we're going to do and then--
R: Because we need him here.
L: So then we can tell him that we've decided--
H: WE have decided that YOU...
R: The only people here who are members of "The Roundtable" are you ((H)), me, and Bol
P: I beg your pardon? H: There are only five members of "The Roundtable."
L: Well, we do have a quorum. P: Can I join? R: You can't join...
L: Why? Where's your copy of the By-Rules? R: I don't have them.

L: YOU THREW THEM OUT? HE THREW IT OUT! H: AAAAHHHH!!!
F: How do you go about becoming a member of "The Roundtable"?
D: One must be either a major New York Publisher or Nick Ulanov.
F: What? H: That's about it.
D: Scott's not a major publisher, but he gets in because he's Nick Ulanov.
F: Well, how do you get in? D: Uh, I get in by, uh, Paulson...
H: He got in the same way you did--by the door.
F: How did you become a member? H: I'm a major New York publisher.
F: I'm a New York publisher. A little expansion and I'll be a major.
R: I do not look like Nick Ulanov anymore! He grew a beard!
F: I'm a NY Pubber and I'd like to become a member.
R: Richard Kovaldud isn't a member and he's a bigger publisher than I am.
L: He's not going to be for long. R: Oh, yes--thank God...
L: But he says he's going to start his own 'zine. R: AHHHHH....
L: What's his name, the guy who was--Fred Bremmer (sic)...
H: Is he any good? D: Who knows.
L: How could he be worse than Kovalcik? Unless he's Walt Buchanan.
R: Wait--hold on. This is very strange. Bob Liptno, A Besh Puppet, is calling Richard Kovalcik, another Besh Puppet, bad.
D: That's because Lipton's only three-quarters Besh Puppet.
H: That's because Richard Kovalcik, another Besh Puppet, IS bad.
P: Well, why not? He's on his own initiative for the moment.
R: Kovalcik? P: No, him (L).
L: How much money am I getting paid for saying these things?
R: Ginunganunganunganunganunganunganunganunganunganunganunganunga...
D: Ginunganunganungagap.
R: No, get caught--ginuuuunnnga...nuuuunnnga...nuuuunnnga...nuuuunnnga....
H: I am Undud. I am Undud. I am Undud. I am Undud. I am Undud. I am Undud...
D: You said that already!
R: You're ONE dud, not Undud!
D: To shut him up, all you have to say is "you said that already." He says "oh" and stops.
R: Is Greyhawk any good? H: IT is Undud.
R: Oh. I mean, you said that already.
H: NO I DIDN'T! R: DUD! L: DON'T USE THAT WORD!
H: I still haven't gotten a copy of PREDAWN LEFTIST.
D: Be thankful. R: Ray, you should consider yourself blessed and let it go at that.
L: WRONG! R: WIAT?
L: I'm reading this article by David Alexander, who wrote the immortal "F STP NC."
R & H: WRONG! That was Bill Seligman, er, Seligamn.
H: If his first name weren't Bill I'd think he was Rabbi Seligman.
F: Why? R: Because of the...uh... P: MAD ADVENTURES OF RABBI JACOB.
L: Wrong.
F: (picking up R's D&D) I guess I'll have them xeroxed.
R: Wrong! You are not borrowing them.
F: I am not borrowing them? Why not?
R: I do not lend someone as prized a possession as that. I haven't lent it to anyone.
F: You'll get it back Friday. P: MONEY? What is money?
L: It's what people make when they work. Ever heard the word used?
P: Oh yes...people work for me.
L: Yes, and while they're working for you they're hopefully earning themselves some money. H: Two or three dollars a week. P: Something like that.
P: Actually, you shouldn't be saying these things--I'm a floor captain of the Tenants' association in my building. R: What?
H: Floor captain? D: Awwwww...
R: Who here is in the Utter Chaos game? ((Babble))
D: YOU? You're in it? R: I have a unit, don't I?
D: Don't you hate the idea of a GM unit? Oh-yes--the next issue of THE TRADER is only going to the British, and it's going to say how the British are corrupting the hobby...

P: If we may have the thing come to order...Now, let's have a roll call of sorts...
L: OK, will all members of "The Roundtable" please leave.
P: All right, now that all of the unimportant rabble has left...
F: What is going on???

D: Sit down, Friedman. H: We are going to hold a meeting.
F: I'd like to see what you will do. P: Let's come to an agreement here.
R: Don't sit on the table, Bob. L: I've sat on tables before!
H: Not on this table. P: This table can only be said to be standing by the will of god. D: It's not even round!
L: Do you think that God's will is that weak that my feet would collapse it? Now here is an interesting case: can god create a Raymond Heuer larger than he can lift?
H: Well, he hasn't lifted me yet.
L: All right, the question is what are we going to do with Gil when we get him here?
H: I vote for crucifixion.
P: Wait, no: he's Jewish. That isn't exactly kosher.
H: So was the guy who was crucified in the first place!
L: He isn't Jewish. H: He was, though.
L: I'll be right back, I'm going to that Albanian Church.
R: (about Gil) With a name like that, bob? L: I thought he was just German.
D: And a face like that? H: And a nose like that? P: What else could he be?
L: All right, now, back to Gil, unpleasant as the subject may be...
R: How many games are you GMing, Paulson? P: Three. R: How many is Katzoff? P: Three.
R: That means Gil has what, five? D: Gil has five.
L: All right, may I make a suggestion I suggest that we try to convince Gil to give up the POUCH.
R: We don't have to CONVINCING him! H: That will take no convincing 'cause he wants to give it up.
L: All right, then that's settled. D: Can we adjourn now?
L: How large a magazine are you willing to run?
P: Me? Well, if it's just a matter of typing it up and getting it out...
R: That's what they all say!
P: Famous last words, eh? Oh, it really shouldn't be anything, after all we have an unsinkable ship here, you know: "Titanic" written on the lifeboats.
D: Also, Jerry, you're going away. P: Yes, I know. I'm going to be leaving for an archaeological dig near Beersheba on July 6.
F: What school are you going to? P: What are you talking about?
L: In that case, may I make a suggestion? First part of what we get Gil to agree to; He gives the mimeograph up to Ray. And Jerry.
R: Can he afford to pay? Or will Paulson pay most of it?
L: Ray owns half of it automatically. Paulson buys the other half. With that money, he'll pay for THE POUCH plus pay out whatever games he will not be taking over.
D: Sir? I'm willing...
L: Now, you will, in effect, be buying the mimeograph. The money will not go to Gil. It will be going to fulfil his obligations... H: HIS undud.
R: In other words, Gil will be giving you half of the mimeo in return for your assuming any debts he may have incurred on THE POUCH.
P: All right, first of all, who has the mimeo in their house? R: Gil.
L: You're going to have to wade through eighteen cats to get it.
H: No, only five, and...it will be transferred to my house. L: Immediately.
P: I don't want to go there! H: Why? You just take the Woodhaven Boulevard bus...
L: Seriously, Jerry, can you handle a magazine with thirteen games? It's a lot of work. Unless you hire a secretary, which you probably can... D: He'll hire Gil!
P: No, I'll hire Beshara. H & R: Not even you have as much money as Beshara!
L: Now the question is whether you can handle thirteen games. I have serious doubts.
H: So do I. R: No comment. H: And we know from experience! D: Silent approval.
L: Herb Barents'll have a heart attack if someone new's taking over thirteen games! You think he taught English? H: John Boardman does. P: Sanskrit, actually.
L: No, if you believe Lin Carter. That was in an introduction to one book--a Dunsany collection. We were at Boardman's house when he was on WBAI talking about Tolkien,

and we thought of calling up and saying that we'd looked up Professor John Boardman in the English Department at Brooklyn College and he's not there! Do you know where he is now?

H: John's comment was "Lin Carter couldn't find his head with both hands and a roadmap."

P: All kidding aside, I have never typed up a stencil in my life.

H: GREAT! Perfect experience!

L: It's not that difficult to learn--as long as you have a typewriter. Do you?

D: First you plug it in, Paulson. L: Now I assume you can gamesmaster.

P: Wait a minute! Who has ever had the gall, the guts, the sheer stupidity to say something bad about my gamesmastering?

L: I have. You gamemastered one of those games I was in--GK, I think it was.

D: Yeah, he was. R: I remember that game!

L: Yeah--you were--yes! Why do you think I stabbed you in GF? Because I remembered that game! R: Don't worry, Bob, I'll get you back sometime.

D: Bob! He'll get you back in the Black Hole game in EXPONENT!

L: Oh, you're playing in that game? D: Yes. L: Let's ally! H: OK.

L: You're in it too? H: No. R: Does anyone here know who Wade Hampton Johnson is?

H: Yes. Him. R: No. OK, Wade Hampton Johnson is doing the analysis for 1974CL, the demonstration game.

L: Oh, is that the one from the late, non-lamented EL CONQUISTADOR?

R: Gordon Anderson is going to have fun with me. D: Oh, really?

L: Can we take pictures? R: No. He'll probably want to sue me about that game.

P: When I go to DipCon, I'll walk up to him and say, "I've never really met a hysterical maniac before!" R: He'll probably sue me.

L: Did you see what he said? He is under the impression that he is not one of my favorite persons.

H: Yes, he also thinks that Edi Birsan and Rod Walker are malevolent towards him.

L: No, he's convinced that Rod Walker and John Beshara are in a conspiracy together!

H: Of course! Rod Walker's on TDA's Board of Directors!

R: (Quoting from Viking Systems Newsletter) "The Viking Newsletter is edited, misspelled--which is misspelled--"and other misuses"--"misuseses"--"of the English language by the embattled, battling Viking--"; notice that he misspells "misspell" and uses the English language incorrectly when he says other misuses. "Heimdall, the Warder of Bifrost, Stop all intruders into Asgard."

L: Did you find it yet? P: Oh, I thought it was finished.

L: Hold it! He's taping this!

END TAPE ONE.

TAPE TWO: RUSSIAN ROULETTE WITH THE POUCH

N: I want to get all this Besh-puppetting on film.

R: Now, Gil, the immediate problem is this: have you typed up the stencils for the latest POUCH? N: No, I haven't even opened up the package of stencils.

L:AAooww! H: Crucify him! P: Save the nose.

L: All right, I suggest that we, then, several of us, take a ride out to Gil's house and get the stencils, and throw them out the window.

N: I can get the stencils and all the garbage to Diller tomorrow. R: Diller?

H: Yes, you know, Diller, that fellow over there. R: Diller is doing it?

D: Yes, don't you know it's already been agreed?

L: Jerry and Ray, are you people willing to go over to Gil's house tonight?

N: Who said I was willing to go over to my house tonight?

H: Remember what we did to Gilinsky?

L: Well why don't we go over to diller's and wreck WAR IN THE EAST again?

R: Better than that, you can go down to my basement and wreck DRANG NACH OSTEN which was wrecked three times already. L: Oh, that's no fun. Is it set up? R: No.

L: Then it's no fun. D: It's been agreed already. Didn't you tell them?

N: No, I didn't tell them anything. D: That I'm getting THE POUCH?

R: Gil, what's going on? Are you resigning as IDA editor or not?

N: No, I'm definitely not doing that.

R: Are you going to do the next DR? N: No, I'm definitely not doing that.
R: Seriously, what's going on with the next DR? N: Uhhhhh. H: Yeah, well...
D: Come on, Gil, spit it out. N: We could always find an excuse for not doing it.
H: Anderson's a pretty good excuse. Did you get your money from Buchanan?
N: No money. H & D: There's your excuse.
R: For last issue? He hasn't paid you back for last issue?
N: No, he hasn't given me an advance for this issue.
R: Does he have to? Did you ask him for it? N: Nick did, but...
R: No wonder. H: Not so Buchanan would understand.
R: Gil, we're going to edit a transcript of this and publish it.
P: Look, let's get to the point, huh? N: We're already there. P: What? H: What?
L: The point! Yes, um, you no longer wish to--is it understood you no longer wish to
continue publishing THE POUCH? N: No, not exactly.
L: Is it understood that you are no longer GOING to publish THE POUCH? Because you
haven't been, and it seems more and more unlikely as each minute goes by that you will.
R: Now, listen, is Diller going to publish THE POUCH, or--
L: We seem to have agreed that Paulson would.
N: That's not what Ray and I agreed on. Ray and I had a secret agreement before we
came here.
L: Listen, Ray CANNOT Publish it, I don't care what you people say, HE CAN'T DO IT!
R: Quiet. Listen, Gil, I want to get this straight: we don't care WHO you give it to
as long as somebody gets it. I don't care who you give it to; just tell us.
L: Don't give it to Rod Walker. H: Give it to Rod Walker. D: Give it to Anderson.
N: No, no, I couldn't give it to Anderson. H: Yes you could. N: That's as bad as
keeping it.
H: You call him up and say "Gordon? We're going to make you Editor of IDA as long as
you take one small job with it."
N: No, I think actually I should give it to Bob since he's wanted it all along.
L: Fine, I'll give it to Jerry then. R: Costikyan wants it.
N: You can consider Costikyan permanently off the list. R: What list?
N: The list of people possible who get it. We can't give it to Paulson.
L: Why not? N: Because Paulson's part of the problem. L: What problem?
N: Paulson and Katzoff are going to be away for the summer.
L: Well, we seemed to figure out that Ray would publish it temporarily.
F: Gil, games can be run in their absence by carbon.
N: But who's going to run them? ((Babble.))
R: Now, Gil, this is what Bob thought. Bob thought that you would give Jerry your
part of the mimeo in return for him continuing the POUCH assuming all your debts.
N: I don't have to give Paulson anything, he's the one with all the money.
H: You just give him the machine. N: The main problem-- L: The main problem, Gil, is
YOU! N: No, no, no-- L: The main problem is--
R: The point is this, Gil. You're not telling us your intentions. Who do you want?
You say that you made a secret deal. What's going on? Tell us! L: Give a rational
H: How can you stay quiet, I don't believe you understand!
N: All these people are talking, that's why I don't say anything! All right, all right
P: Shhhh! Gil is about to speak.
N: First of all, no one came over on the train with me.
H: Well, the only person who could've was Evan. R: And I will not allow Evan here.
N: Now the main problem is not publishing in general. L: Yes it is, Gil.
H: Ginungagapagangil. N: Theoretically I can publish it. D: If he gives away his
mimeo, how does he do DR? L: He borrows the use of someone else's.
R: He's dumping DR by September. L: Or he RENTIS the use of someone else's. ((Babble.
Gil goes to phone.)) L: Gil, don't call Anderson. D: Not Conrad. N: I only dialed
seven digits. H: He's calling Evan and inviting him here.
N: I called Evan and his mother and Scott hung up on them. All right, I'm not giving
it to Scott, then. R: The POUCH? I don't want it. N: I'm giving it to you.
L: Gil, Gil--GIL, WILL YOU SHUT UP FOR A SECOND? The main problem despite whoever you
may want to put it on is you. You're supposed to have published that thing; you have
not published it. P: You're turning it into, really, a five-week publication.

L: Believe me, if he keeps it now it won't be every five weeks, it'll be every eight.
N: Can I ask a question? Why did I have to come here? You're not letting me do any talking anyway. ((Babble.))
N: Scott, when is food? R: Later, when we go down to Hillside Avenue.
N: That's what I thought. P: Point of order? L: The bed recognizes Paulson.
H: No, the bed recognizes the chair.
N: I think that I should be chairman since this is my last chance.
F: Why don't you give Gil a chance to say what he intends to say?
N: I'm trying to, but you keep babbling. L: Do you think you will continue THE POUCH?
N: The main thing--I can't continue it the way it is now. But the main problem is the next issue.
H: The next issue or the one that was due three weeks ago? N: That's the same one.
R: That's the problem! D: Gil, what's the problem with it?
N: I have a mental block against it. 'Cos, I know--now, this is going to sound silly --but I know, I'm going to have to sit down there and type up Beshara's article. And then--I have to type up Walker's letter. H: All right, Bob'll type up Beshara's article.
N: And then I have to type up dumb Chamberlain's article about girls.
R: You brought this on yourself. You asked for it! N: And then I have Friedman's press. D: And PAB!
N: I already got a different response to that article from Bero.
D: What'd he say? Bob, what'd he say? L: I didn't say anything! N: Say something, Bob! D: What'd he claim to say? L: I didn't say anything! I don't know what you are talking about!
N: There's no problem financially with the next issue. I have more than enough stencils, more than enough paper, more than enough ink, and enough stamps.
R: Just put the games in it.
L: Scott, he is not going to do it, and he is not going to do another issue. Gil, will you leave it? I've talked with Scott about this for five months. I told him when I handed DNYMFA over that the first transfer he'd have to handle would be THE POUCH.
N: It's not. I refuse. R: It was THE PLAYTESTOR. N: Yeah.
L: Well, I knew it would be something from you. Now we have managed to arrange as rational an out as we can. H: As is possible with this group.
L: Paulson will take over, and while Jerry's away Ray will do the publishing job. Is that what we seem to agree on?
H: I thought we agreed that Jerry would take over-- L: And further-- N: What about ME?? L: You don't count anymore.
N: Huh! I'm not going to give you MY 'zine if you're not going to let me play with it. L: Let's call Princeton and see what Nick says. N: NO! NO! I purposely waited till now to call this meeting so he couldn't be here.
P: I would like to make a statement. I don't want to take this over and be in the same situation as Gil was--'cause Gil is all alone on THE POUCH, which is no small little dinky magazine like--I won't say. N: It's a big dinky magazine.
L: He means you, Scott. R: It's not a dinky little magazine, it's got seven games out of thirteen and has a circulation of-- D: Shut the hell up, Scott.
F: He was talking about GINNUNGAGAP. D: Scott, he was looking at Bob, first of all.
H: Ginunganunganunganunga... D: Second of all, you're not alone.
P: It's amazing what you can do to what I say!
N: The financial problem with THE POUCH is the fact that I think it's one of the few major 'zines--of our type, anyway--which is over an ounce, every issue, and I figure I've lost over \$200 on it over the year. R: What's your price now, five for \$2?
N: Six. L: Whatever happens, I'm sure you'd have Ray's help. N: What about ME??
L: You're going to go away to college. If you think you have no time and money now, wait till you get to college.
N: I'm not talking about college, I'm talking about this summer.
L: This summer is not the problem. R: This summer is going to be the time that we reach a solution.
L: This summer is not the problem, the problem is the long-range problem. ((Babble.))

R: In other words, DNYMPA's standpoint is that if Paulson drops it, we take over.
N: Paulson isn't going to drop it. He can PAY someone to take it over.
P: Another thing, I don't intend to have it rest entirely, absolutely, and solely upon this one poor body.
H: Boy, is that a poor body.
P: Well, all right, would you let me finish my thoughts? I'd like to have it run, in some way or other, the way THE FOUCH was run originally.
L: Jerry, the problem here is that we are suffering a talent crunch. R: Is that a breakfast cereal? N: I'm leaving. P: Gil, you're not really going to be missed.
L: We are suffering a talent crunch. There are now 1000 people in the hobby when two years ago there were 1500. N: Oh, come on Bob.
H: This is the same person who last year at LunaCon was babbling about in five years we were going to have three-digit Boardman Numbers.
L: Yes, I did say that. I was prophesying that from the last two years' trend.
H: How did you know it was going to keep on that way?
R: Stop that, it'll dud out the recording.
N: You're actually recording this whole thing?
H: Yes! He started it as soon as you walked in.
N: What a dud. ((to tape recorder)) DUD! YOU HEAR? DUD!
H: I am UnDud, I am UnDud, I am UnDud, I am UnDud...
P: Again, like I said, there's a talent crunch. N: He said that! L: I said that!
H: Somebody said it! P: Right, I'm sorry. O can probably persuade Grossman to--
N: NO! R:Eahhh! H:Uhhh... N: No, I'm keeping it, I'm keeping the whole thing.
P: Did I say something anathema?
L: Jerry, I hate to tell you this, but there is only one new possible source of new talent left in New York-- N: And that's me. D: Jeff Myers! H: Dewey High School.
L: Exactly. R: Dewey High School is a source of dudness. L: It may be a source of dudness, but it is the only large, new group of people coming into the hobby.
R: Bob, I've got twenty new kids at Horace Mann who are all more intelligent than each and every one-- L: But they're not doing anything.
R: At least they're not Besh-Puppets. L: Now, Jerry, we figure--
R: The problem is, the most productive of them live out of town.
D: Okay, folks, I accept-- ((Babble.)) N: What about when YOU graduate, Bob?
L: You hate my magazine but you like my articles. N: You never PRINT your articles, Bob, I print them.
R: Bob, what was all that suff about math? Was it utter gibberish or was it a joke--
L: It was a joke but if you show it to a mathematician he will be able to drive himself crazy finding that there is some sense in it.
N: Bob, the reason why I don't want to give it to Paulson is because I've got something better planned for him. HE can take over THE TIMES! L: No one is going to take over THE TIMES. H: It was the best of times, it was the worst of times...
L: Nick said it was going to be out this weekend. R: Nick says that every weekend.
N: You know, Nye says that the real TIMES is going to sue Nick.
R: The main problem is this: Gil is dudding and we've got to find some way to undud him. L: Don't use that WORD, not in my house! D: Dud, dud, dud, dud, dud, dud...
H: I am UnDud, I am UnDud, I am UnDud... R: You said that already. H: Oh.
R: What if I say "You said that already" BEFORE you have said that already?
H: Then I say, "No I haven't." I am UnDud, I am UnDud...
L: Gil, do you really object to Jerry taking over?
N: I object to you people talking about me as if I was dead. D: You are.
L: We can arrange... L: You will be dead. You know why? Because everyone here will be able to note in their magazines that you have refused to cooperate in trying to get your games a decent home. You let them go out into the cold, crule world...
P: Aiihhiyuuhhii...
R: The main point is this, Gil: if you dump the games on DNYMPS we'll have to murder you. P: I'll get Eli Friedman. D: A relative of Friedman's?
N: Look, you don't have to kill me. I can just orphan them all, straight, if that's what you want. L: We don't. N: Well, then, stop dudding out!
H: I am UnDud. I am UnDud, I am UnDud, I am UnDud...

N: You can't do this to me, Lipton! All right, I'm giving them all to Walker.
R: Gil, you know what you're supposed to say now? "I Feel Better Now." Walker won't.
N: I think we should call up Walker and ask him if he wants them.
((Rosenberg, Heuer, and Diller sing a version of "Also Sprach Zarathustra" with the lyrics: "Dud--dud--dud..." and so forth.))
L: You know, you're talking about one issue at a time. N: That's how I print them.
P: There's only one thing that can justify this conversation. ((sound of toilet flushing.))
N: This is going to sound like "All In The Family." I want to hear the playback.
R: Wait until the tape is done. There's still half of it to go.
R: Gil, I want to deal with the immediate problem which is the next issue.
N: That's what I want to talk about! R: Do you have the adjudications?
N: I have everything! H: Well, type it up, dammit. R: If he refuses to type it u--
N: I didn't refuse to type it up. R: Well, you said you can't type it. Can you?
N: I can. L: When? N: I can, I didn't say I will.
P: He won't even do CONSPIRATIONAL DIPLOMACY. N: You would never give me the maps.
R: Give it to Costikyan. He's going to publish a variant playtest 'zine. ((Babble.))
N: I still think I'd prefer it if somebody else does it. But--
R: Paulson, are you willing to do a lot of typing this weekend? L: I'll help him.
N: I would prefer if Ray did it. L: I can do typing tomorrow. R: I can give you a hand. F: I can give you a hand. D: I can give you a hand but you wouldn't want it.
P: I can open up a used hand market! What are they going for nowadays?
N: I don't think you should bother Ray so much. P: Let him do it.
L: That's what he wants to do. R: Do you want to do it, Ray? H: Yes. R: Then do it!
L: There's a problem here, he has an issue of Carn Dum to put out. N: I'LL put it out. I've always wanted to put out an issue of CARN DUM. ((Babble.))
N: I didn't like the name THE POUCH from the very beginning!
R: THE POCKET BARBARIAN! H: MARXUBARXU GARBLETTTE! R: CUMULO DUJM!
N: I have absolutely no object to running a decent-sized 'zine with a decent number of games. Which is what Ray and I had planned before you duds came in.
R: Well why don't you tell us already? You never told us.
H: He have decided... N: WAIT a second! L: HE have? H: No, WE have decided that HE is going to publish a 'zine with like five games in it,.. P: Not with my money you're not. H:...and dump the rest of the eight of them.
L: Scott, if he does that and he remains in DNYMPA I am withdrawing.
R: If he does that he cannot remain in DNYMPA.
N: What do you mean, I cannot? I RESIGN! R: Yaaay!
L: You don't have to worry about John Beshara cutting off any support now. R: Huh?
F: Wait a second! Why can't he decide to orderly transfer some of his games and keep the rest? N: Cause they don't want me to do that.
L: You're not going to pull a Tretick on us! N: I don't see why not. He did!
R" the problem here is semantics. You said 'dump.' What do you mean by 'dump'?
N: Who said 'dump'? He said dump. L: You said dump. H: I said dump!
R: Do you mean dump them on DNYMPA, or give them to someone else?
H: Give three of them to Paulson, give two of them to...
R: Now how is Paulson going to run them? Carbon? 'Zine? N: No! Will you guys just calm down? For one thing, this was originally supposed to be a meeting of THE POUCH staff in New York, plus... D: I'm the artist! R: The Head of DNYMPA. N: No.
R: Well, that's who I am. N: Plus the Council appointee to the Publications committee... L: Gil, stop babbling! N: Why can't I babble? Everyone else here does!
L: Gil, whatever you do, you are not going to continue publishing past October. I make that as a flat statement, because he's going to college, Mike. N: I could put out a rag. L: You do put out a rag.
R: Now, listen. The main problem and what this meeting is supposed to decide is not in long-range terms, because, quite frankly, we're not going to be able to decide long-range things here. I think our main problem is the next issue.
L: Scott, he is not going to--don't you understand? He is exhibiting all the symptoms of someone who is going to quit publishing. Now, we can handle this two ways: we can let him inch on for another few months, publishing every eight weeks, until he

finally decides to hell with it and forgets about it entirely, he gets dumped on DNYMPA anyway and all of New York gets a black eye; or we can decide now, all of us, to make an orderly transfer... H: WE have decided that YOU... R: All of us except him. He obviously doesn't want to do this. He wants to keep five games.

L: He obviously isn't going to be able to do it.

N: Then I resign from DNYMPA again! H: You can't, you naven't been allowed back in again.

L: I hate to say this to you, Gil, but I have more experience in this hobby than you. You can ask Ray, you can ask Scott if you are not-- N: Scott's not more experienced. D: Scott doesn't know anything! N: He's a dud! H: I am UnDud...I am UnDud...

L: You can ask these gentlemen if you are not exhibiting the symptoms of somebody who is dropping out. N: I don't care!

D: Aha, multicolored socks! Aha, big nose... R: Gil, you got a haircut or you combed your hair. Yes, you combed your hair: that's it.

N: No, somebody else did, actually.

R: It's amazing, the change. Just one combing in eight months!

H: He looks almost human.

N: So, Bob, do you want to take over all the games? L: No.

N: The reason why I can't put it out this week is because there's too much schoolwork this week.

L: Gil, that's been your excuse for the last six months!

END TAPE TWO.

((Yes, that's it. A total of nine hours of transcribing. Do you know what it's like to do transcribing without a foot pedal? Tedious to the utmost.

In any case, you all now have a better idea of what the bosses of the New York Conspiracy are like. I realize that I'm performing the Conspiracy, under its codename "The Roundtable," a great disservice by disseminating this valuable information. It may cause some trouble when the Conspiracy makes its move. We'll have to see...

One interesting point that was brought up in the conversation was the talent crunch (detestable as that term may be). At this point, just about every one of my local friends who is capable of publishing is publishing; likewise for writers and GMs. Many of us are already overloaded.

I, for instance, have noticed that my vast publishing empire began to deteriorate the moment I took time off to publish this Anniversary Issue. Puppets' letters went unanswered, applications and nominations for puppethood piled up on my desk, and I lost track of my Publication Numbers.

Quite seriously, though, something is going to have to change around New York, and soon. What I suspect, albeit unhappily, will happen, is that as the publishers left here flee off to college, the whole younger crowd will disintegrate, leaving the old-timers back in sole possession of the area. As to Dewey High, it remains to be seen whether Diplomacy there is just a passing fad to die out when the seniors graduate, (or when everyone falls asleep from reading the DUDPONENT).

For those of you who don't know, the rest of the meeting went as follows: the whole crowd left for some food at a local Burger King (what else did you expect?), and while I kept Bob Lipton away from Gil, Ray, and Jerry, so that they could discuss things rationally, they did so. The solution that was worked out was that Gil will run a 'zine with six games until Jerry gets back, at which time Jerry will take it. Ray will run the rest of the games. I was stuck with listening to Lipton telling me that DNYMPA should declare THE POUCH folded and steal the games. What a dud!

To clarify one point: I stated that this transcript was edited. That does NOT mean that controversial parts were edited out; as you know by now if you got this far such is far from the case. It does mean that in situations where everyone was speaking concurrently, I tried to separate things out for clarity.

I would like to disclaim any responsibility for statements made in this transcript. All the participants later found out, if they hadn't already, that what they said would be printed, and none protested; thus, if you want to press libel charges, please don't come to me.

Although I could babble on and on about how dumb everybody came out from the tape I'll leave you to your own conclusions, and merely comment that after listening to that much of myself on tape I am convinced that I do sound like Nick Ulanov!))

THE POCKET ARMENIAN COMES OF AGE

By Nicholas Ulanov

What can you say about a 'zine that flourished? That it was bright, witty, amusing? That while you never actually kept it in your pocket or sat nervously awaiting its delivery, you were always glad to see it and almost never disappointed by its contents? Well, you might, but it would be an awful parody.

To put it simply, TPA is older and at once, that means there is less of it left to come, but more of it already extant to appreciate. It is a time of appreciating just how good TPA is instead of regarding it as a matter of course and then bemoaning its loss when it finally folds.

So Scott, et al: thank you very much for a great 'zine. I enjoy it and hope to see it for some time to come.

THE POCKET ARMENIAN has brought so many variants, amusing anecdotes, excellent press, and sage comments on the politics of the hobby. There is so much to remember: such as the feud between Scott and Bob Lipton over whether TPA or Mixymaxu Gazette was better (and though, doubtless, both Scott and Bob will deny that this was the crux of the issue that's what it seemed like to me), the entertaining, if scurrilous, entirely false, and petty insistence that Scott looks just like me. (And for the last time, I did not grow the beard so that people could distinguish between us!)

I could go on and on about how enjoyable TPA has been, or bitch about the very few things I don't like about it, but that sort of thing isn't necessary and, if I have properly expressed myself, redundant. Perhaps the most important thing for an editor to hear is that after all that sweat and effort, someone really does read what the hours of typing and mimeographing (let alone thinking) have produced. I read it, and I appreciate it, and I thank you.

One of the interesting phenomena in 'zines is that of imitation. A tremendous amount of imitation of other 'zines and literary devices takes place. Very little original technique is developed, yet the actual results are usually clever variations or re-combinations and thoroughly entertaining. I am speaking here of those 'zines of quality which have at least something of a personality, rather than those which are pure repetition and have nothing other than games to recommend them.

This lack of originality could simply parallel the world at large where one finds little original and much repetitive. But I think it is rare to find such a level of imitativeness in a creative area like Diplomacy 'zines. There are three things which, I think, explain the phenomenon.

The first is the relative youth and/or inexperience of the contributors to writing. Most of the producers of material in Diplomacy 'zines are not used to creative writing and are certainly pre-professional so that they follow role models and tried and true methods. Not only is this a valid exercise, but it is one of the few ways of really learning the technique of expounding creatively on paper.

The second thing which seems to help explain the repetitive nature of much of the Diplomacy Press (publications and "press") is attributable to the "pack" quality of the hobby. People in the hobby are very close, 'zines are interrelated and people respond to each other much more than in most circles. With the amount of response to work, repetition is inevitable. The secret is to combine the repetition with some originality. Excessive repetition can and should be avoided by refusing to write the merely repetitive, be it the simple "The Tsar today denounced the aggressive acts of the Austrian forces in the Ukraine," or the highly creative, "They hadn't always been Protestants."

And the last and most happy reason for the duplication of material is reflected in the truism, "Imitation is the sincerest form of compliment." This sort of parody is often excellent, frequently leads to more and better material and is, after all, something to make at least the original author pleased.

I find the degree of imitation in the hobby unfortunate, if substantially inevitable. To some extent it overshadows what it imitates and keeps its creators from truly creating something new. Moderation in all things is itself an excess, but as an occasional respite it's most welcome.

A truly pleasant aspect of THE POCKET ARMENIAN is that it tries to complement rather than directly imitate the better things in the hobby and to originate material and ideas of quality. It has failed a couple of times, but that is the fate of all that dare. A remarkable retiring professor of chemistry at Princeton, John Turkevich, recently told me that if no mistakes are made it is impossible to lead in the field of science, for to lead is inevitably to make mistakes. The same applies, I think, to most things and Diplomacy 'zines among them. TPA has had a remarkable number of successes and few corresponding failures.

((Thank you. But wait one moment--here I was, this whole year, certain that I was Scott Rosenberg, smug in my sense of self-identity. While typing the above article I realized that I was not he, but rather the author of the above article. Then I became terrified, for I realized that the author of the above article must be me, or rather, who I was, or rather, who I thought I was. I am Nick Ulanov. I am NOT Scott Rosenberg. But then the name of this 'zine must be THE POUCH. Or was it the TIMES? What's going on? Who am I, anyway? How about a vote? Or maybe I'm a Doppelganger?

((In all seriousness, I would like to totally refute Nick's statement above that TPA strives to "complement the better things in the hobby." I have never sat down and planned out a policy for TPA, nor have I ever decided that TPA will attempt this or that. I've always been too busy typing stencils to bother!))

*****[*****
LIAISONS DANGEREUSES (Len Lakofka, 644 West Briar Pl., Chicago IL 60657) is a well-produced, informative 'zine that usually contains material on game statistics, ratings and other stuff of a similar nature. A must for those involved in the above area, and pretty interesting reading in any case for someone who, like me, isn't. Subs 10/\$2, games for novices only at \$6, \$8 airmail.

ORIGINS I is an Avalon Hill con, and as such doesn't interest me that greatly, but I'm going anyway. Rooms are cheap, and what the hell, it is a wargaming con. To register send \$3 to AH, 4517 Harford Rd, Baltimore MD 21214. I'll be there, along with the other editors of TPA, as well as the usual NY horde. It's worth it to come, even if only to see my LORD OF THE RINGS game!

I have designed an all-purpose Player Record Sheet for Dungeons and Dragons. I can't very easily supply people with piles of them, but I can send single copies out to enable you to run them off yourself, with any appropriate changes you may wish to make. They are now two-sided (the first edition was one-sided).

Book comment time: two books I'd highly recommend to anyone at all interested in Rome and her history are I, CLAUDIUS and CLAUDIUS THE GOD, both historical novels by Robert Graves. Besides being immensely readable and enjoyable, they provide a wealth of Press release material to those so inclined.

THE LANGUAGES OF MIDDLE EARTH, compiled by Ruth Noel, is an invaluable aid to any serious student of Tolkien, and, in conjunction with A GUIDE TO MIDDLE EARTH, provides a complete glossary of Tolkienian terms. It's available for around \$4 from Mirage Press, PO BOX 7687, Baltimore MD 21207.

((What follows is a transcript of a Salutatory Address given at Columbia College on May 14, 1974, by James R. Russell:))

Our Armenian Heritage

I would like to talk to you about an Armenian mystic poet named Gregory of Narek. I have spent the last few years at Columbia studying the little-known but marvelous Armenian language: it is the chosen path of my life, for better or worse, and I will try to convey to you some of the beauty it has opened for me. If I succeed even partially in that deed of affection, it may justify the few minutes of your time taken.

Gregory was born to Bishop Khosrov of Andzevatsik near Lake Van in Southwestern Armenia around the year 950. At an early age he was taken to the monastery of Narek, where he lived for the remainder of his life. He was educated by his uncle Anania, a noted scholar at the monastery, and quickly rose in the ecclesiastical ranks. Certain members of the Armenian Church became disaffected with this excessively brilliant man and denounced him to the Katholikos, the chief patriarch of the Church, as an adherent of a communistic heretical sect. The Katholikos immediately dispatched a flock of priests to investigate Gregory. Several legends of this visit are related in a little book in Armenian published by Rouben Rakubyan in 1905, when the author was an undergraduate here at Columbia College. I am sorry to say that Rakubyan did not live to do more scholarly work; he returned to his hometown of Sebastia in Armenia and was slaughtered in the 1915 Genocide by Turkey that claimed the lives of 1,500,000 Armenians.

Rakubyan relates that the inquisitor-priests came upon Gregory with his flock of sheep in the plain below the monastery of Narek. A wolf appeared, and Gregory asked it to take care of the sheep while he entertained his guests--you can imagine the sarcastic tone of his voice in the last phrase. The wolf obeyed. Gregory led the priests to the monastery, seated them about a table, and had a platter of roast pigeons brought in. Apparently it was a Friday, and the priests expressed their horror at the violation of the fast; here was clear evidence of unorthodoxy. Gregory looked at them, puzzled, but nonetheless ordered the pigeons to be off. They sprouted feathers, got up, and flew away. I think certain people in high places today wish they could dispose of evidence against their misdeeds so quickly. And so elegantly.

During the first decade of the 11th Century, Gregory spent most of his time away from his sheep and his monastery, in a cave hollowed out of a mountain by a stream, behind a waterfall. Here he composed the Book of Lamentations, or Madyan Voghpergutyan, a cycle of 95 religious poems. The poems are composed in the Armenian meter, which is characterized by an arbitrary number of pentasyllabic feet per line, each foot more often than not consisting of a dactyl and an iamb. The Armenians ascribe miraculous powers to this book. To be successful in love, one old manuscript advises, read poem 72. For depression read poem 60. I guess that's what you do if 72 doesn't work. For the more ambitious, tradition has it that concentrated study of 40 consecutive poems from the Madyan Voghpergutyan, if accomplished without pause, will grant the reader power over demons, who will bring him gold and jewels. The catch is that the demons will try to scare you and make you stop. If they do, they will possess you. The pages of the book are holy, and it used to be common for parents to rip them out, fold them into a diamond shape, and hang them around their children's necks as talismans.

DIPPY

THE SCHISMATIC

Peery: If this hobby ain't what it could be now,
I know just what to do.
We all should quit TDA,
And start on Something new!
I am Peery, the Schismatic,
A Constitution first,
I am Peery, just remember
Elections are rehearsed.
Gather your checks, and send them in,
Your purses must learn to yield.
Send all that money to me
In envelopes, best sealed.
I am Peery, the Schismatic, A Constitution first;
I am Peery, just remember: elections are rehearsed.

DO YOU THINK IT'S ALL RIGHT

Scott: Do you think it's all right to publish some of Evan's poems?
Do you think it's all right? You'd think he doesn't know how to write!
But I guess it's all right, it fills space all right.

GUZZLE IT DOWN

Evan: I'm your sodden Uncle Evan, I'll be out before it's Seven
'Cos I guzzle it down, guzzle it down, guzzle it down.
Your readers want all of my writing but the bottle looks inviting
So I guzzle it down, guzzle it down, guzzle it down.
Down with the Rheingold, down with the Miller's,
Guzzle it down, guzzle it down, guzzle it down.
You won't frown as I guzzle it down!
Guzzle it down, guzzle it down, guzzle it down. Guzzle, Guzzle, Guzzle...

DIPPY WIZARD

"Rocky": Ever since I bought Diplomacy, I've played the Postal scene.
From Graustark to Arena, I've always swept it clean.
But such a great tactician, I've never ever seen.
That stab-happy demon, sure plays a mean Dippy!

Even with my favorite countries, he can beat my best.
His allies do the fighting, and he just grabs the rest.
He never seems to worry about long-range strategy
That stab-happy demon sure plays a mean Dippy!

He's a Dippy wizard, he lies away his life,
A Dippy Wizard's got such a bloody knife!

He ain't got no connections, no reputation to keep.
Says go to hell to ratings; into each game he leaps
With new ideas on playing, and pays his gamefee,
That stab-happy demon sure plays a mean dippy!

He can't stab me now, we've always been allied!
I guess I'll just have to join the other side.

I thought I was the Diplomacy king,
But I just handed my DipCon fee to him!

1974CL Demonstration Game And Analysis (By Wade Hampton Johnson)

WINTER 1901 (builds marked with an asterisk)

AUSTRIA (Calhamer): A Bud*, A Vie*, F Gre, A Ser, A Tri (5).

ENGLAND (Birsan): F Lon*, A Nwy, F Nth, F Eng (4).

FRANCE (Lakofka): F Bre*, F Mar*, F Mid, A Por, A Spa (5).

GERMANY (Eller): F Ber*, F Kie*, A Mun*, A Hol, A Bel, F Den (6).

ITALY (Key): F Nap*, A Tun, F Ion, A Ven (4).

RUSSIA (Buchanan): F Sev*, A StP*, A Mos, F Rum, A Ukr, F Swe (6).

TURKEY (Anderson): F Con*, F Bla, A Bul, A Arm (4).

ANALYSIS: The West: The building of the two French fleets is an indication of an all-out attempt to be made against England with the hope of an alliance with Germany. Consider how open France is in the 1902 period should the Germans throw three armies against France! To play a defensive game the French would have to have three armies and two fleets which could extend the life of France in the face of a strong German-English attack much longer than with three fleets and two armies. The French must be relying on a strong diplomatic overture with Germany to make such a build combination.

Germany has come through for the French with the building of the fleets which announce to England that he is alone and will have to get help from either Austria, Italy or Russia, and ideally at least two of them to pull out of the situation before him. The English build is a hedging one and must make anyone wonder whether Edi had not received a tip-off on the German builds. An all-out effort on France would have dictated a build in Liverpool. Possibly, Edi is hoping to switch things around here and go after Germany.

The Russian build in the North affects the West and gives some indication that Walt was fearful of a joint Anglo-German venture against both France and himself. However, with the building of the two German fleets he may feel more at ease towards the English but he should begin to have concerns for the future in the north since those German fleets could be used in the Baltic.

The East: The Austrian and Italian builds are fairly standard and leave those countries with flexible possibilities for the Spring of 1902.

The Turkish build is somewhat weak. With the Italians in a position to move into a Lepanto set-up in 02 it might be better advised to build in Smyrna and thus have the Italians guess over the use of the Aegean or the Eastern Med. as the position for the Italian kick-off.

The Russians have decided to dedicate one unit to the north when it might be better advised to play it on the Warsaw front. However, the indication must be that the Russians are expecting full Austrian cooperation in 1902 in order to allow them to dedicate that unit northward.

Strategic Overview: England must get one eastern power to turn west to survive and two to turn if he is to do well. This, however, would enhance the Turkish position to a point where the turning eastern powers would be seriously threatened by Turkey. Remember that the turning powers would not have an easy fight with the French and the Germans thus allowing the Turkish fleets to deploy in the Aegean and and the armies to make menacing noises in the Balkans.

SPRING 1902 -- WICKED WITCH-HUNTS IN FULL CRY

AUSTRIA (Calhamer): A Bud-Ser, A Vie-Bud, A Ser-Bul S by F Gre, A Tri H.

ENGLAND (Birsan): F Lon-Nth S by F Eng, F Nth-Hel, A Nwy-Swe.

FRANCE (Lakofka) : F Bre-Eng, F Mar-Spa(sc), F Mid-Nat, A Por H, A Spa-Gas.

GERMANY (Eller): F Ber-Kie, F Kie-Hol S by A Bel, A Mun-Ber, A Hol-Ruh, F Den-Nth.

ITALY (Key): NMR. General Orders. F Nap-Ion, A Tun H, F Ion-Eas, A Ven H.

RUSSIA (Buchanan): A Ukr & F Sev S F Rum, F Rum S AUSTRIA A Ser-Bul, A Stp-Fin,

F Swe-Fin, A Mos S F Sev.

TURKEY (Anderson): F Con S F Bla, A Bul S AUSTRIA A Bud-Rum (NSO), A Arm-Sev S by F Bla.

ANALYSIS: The West: Edi has taken the stance of the avenging ex-ally and has given up all hope of the attack on France and concentrated on Germany. None of the Eastern powers has come to Edi's help and the further advancement of the Russians'

suspensions over the possibility of an English attack in the North sea. Edi's fate. Note that the Russians, rather than concluding that England is in a poor state and would not venture to attack a third and as yet neutral party, have assessed the English at possibly doing just that. This type of behavior deserves greater inspection.

When you have a situation like this there are several considerations: 1) Does the English player realize the poor situation he is in? 2) Does the Russian player accept the situation: that is, does the Russian player realize the English are in bad shape? 3) Do the Russians believe the English to be such poor players as to not be aware of their bad position and take a sensible approach: i.e., not attack Russia? 4) Do the Russians judge the English capable of maintaining an alliance with a Germany who has three fleets?

Eight or nine years ago when Edi first started to play postally the answers to questions 1 and 3 might be: No, the English player may not realize what shape he is in, and Yes, the English are such poor players as to attack a third party when under attack by two others. But, since that time, Edi has shown remarkable progress on the whole and has reached a point in the hobby where he is capable of understanding what is going on better than most and to assume that he is acting out of poor judgement of the situation is foolish in any strategic setting. Therefore we must conclude from the Spring moves that it is the Russian player who has poorly judged the strategic setting and rather than approaching England for active help, thus allowing the English to slow down the Germans, the Russians are moving towards a policy that would strategically allow for a faster growth of Germany and France which can only hurt the Russians in the long run.

The East: Austria and Italy have sided with Russia in an effort to crush Turkey. However, it should be noted that the effort involves use of three out of the four Italian units, all of the Russian units, but only three out of the five Austrian units. Assuming that Austria holds Bulgaria through the fall, he will have three excess units in 1903 with which to cause serious trouble. Additionally with the containment of the Turks and A.B.C.'s tendency to balance-of-power politics it could prove deadly to any of his present allies who pass his supply center count and obtain a slight, but only temporary, strategic advantage.

FALL 1902 -- WICKED WITCHES WOUNDED WOEFULLY

AUSTRIA (Calhmer): A Ser-Bul S by F Gre, A Bud-Vie, A Bul-Con, A Tri H.
ENGLAND (Birsan): F Lon-Nth, F Eng-Mid, F Hel S RUSSIAN F Swe-Den(NSO), A Nwy-Swe (retreat to Fin, OTB). Resigns.
FRANCE (Lakofka): F Spa(sc)-Mid S by F Bre, F Nat-Lpl, A Por-Spa, A Gas H.
GERMANY (Eller): F Kie-Hol, F Hol-Nth S by F Den, A Bel-Hol, A Ber H, A Ruh-Mun.
ITALY (Key): A Tun-Syr C by F Ion & F Eas, A Ven H.
RUSSIA (Buchanan): F Sev-Bla s by F Rum, A StP-Nwy S by F Swe, A Mos-Sev S by A Ukr.
TURKEY (Anderson): F Con-Smy, A Arm-Syr, F Bla-Con (retreat to Ank, OTB).

SUPPLY CENTERS:

AUSTRIA: Bud, Tri, Vie, Gre, Ser, Bul (6). Build 1.
ENGLAND: Edi, Lon, ~~Lpl, Nwy~~ (2). Remove 2; if A Nwy R-OTB, then remove 1.
FRANCE: Bre, Mar, Par, Por, Spa, Lpl (6). Build 1.
GERMANY: Ber, Kie, Mun, Den, Bel, Hol (6). Even.
ITALY: Nap, Rom, Ven, Tun (4). Even.
RUSSIA: Mos, StP, Sev, War, Rum, Swe, Nwy (7). Build 1.
TURKEY: Ank, Con, Smy, ~~Bla~~. Remove 1; if F Bla R-OTB, even.

ANALYSIS: The West: What has happened is the destruction of England much faster than might have been recommended for the future safety of Russia. The English moves had to be predicated on one assumption: that the Russians would see that a longer-surviving England could only help to further the cause of Russia in the game. What would have happened, had the Russians accepted the offer, would have been the forced removal of a German unit, the remaining-the-same of the English forces and a Russian build. The Russians could have complemented the attack on Denmark with a move to Livonia from StP and with a build in Warsaw jumped all over Germany in 1903 with A War-Sil, A Lvov-Pru; Austrian help to Tyrolia and Bohemia could have totally destroyed the Germans in 1903 and given the game to the dual alliance of Austria-Russia.

Unfortunately for the English, the Russians decided to play the vulture while the Austrians were more interested in playing a long-term solo game-plan than a quick alliance blitz-style game.

Edi's resignation at this time seems peculiar when taken a year later. In fact, at the time there were the constant murmurs of the Biran-Lakofka non-feud/feud which could have influenced Edi to withdraw from the game rather than add fuel to those who would insist on the image of the feud. However, this is mere speculation and Edi has given no indication of why he resigned at this point. ((Maybe he's a sore loser!))

The East: The attack on Turkey seems to be going along quite well with the triple alliance forcing the positions by making attacks on Con, Syr and the Black Sea. The latter was forced and all the allies are prepared for what could be Turkey's last year of importance in 1903.

The Over-View: It is at this point that we enter into the most dangerous point for the Eastern alliance. With the extra Austrian units becoming available in the Winter, A.B.C. might well risk hitting one of his allies before Turkey is wiped out hoping to cripple that party before anyone in the East could readjust fast enough to stop him from becoming the dominant power.

Considering that the Italians have missed a move and the rising rumors at the time that Anderson was "disappearing" the East might see a move to crush Italy. In the west the Franco-German alliance will be moving to complete the destruction of England and will then either fall out between themselves or, swinging their fleets in opposite directions, head against the Russians and the Italians in a joint Eastern sweep.

WINTER 1902--MORE GOVERNMENTS TO FALL?

AUSTRIA (Calhamer): A Bud*, A Ser, F Gre, A Vie, A Bul, A Tri (6).

ENGLAND (Naus): A Nwy R-OTB. F Lon, F Eng, F ~~W/L~~ (3).

FRANCE (Lakofka): A Mar*, F Mid, F Bre, F Lpl, A Spa, A Gas (6).

GERMANY (Eller): F Kie, F Nth, F Den, A Bel, A Ber, A Mun (6).

ITALY (Key): A Tun, F Ion, F Eas, A Ven (4).

RUSSIA (Buchanan): A War*, F Bla, F Rum, A Nwy, F Swe, A Sev, A Ukr (7).

TURKEY (Anderson): F Bla R-Ank. F Smy, A Arm, F Ank (3).

ANALYSIS: The builds and retreats give no great surprises except that the English under Naus have removed F Helgoland giving up on the suicide mission started by Edi. The Russian build may be indicative of a possible mass attack with Austria or the Germans. Note the possibilities for jumping into Tyrolia, Bohemia, and Silesia. What the Spring 1903 moves will bring will be the probable course of the "Mid-game."

((Thank you. Wade has been requested by a number of people to concentrate to some extent on the humorous side of the game; thus, next issue's analyses may be just a little bit different from the above. We shall see...))

I have a letter on hand from Len Lakofka to Gordon Anderson about the status of 1974CL. The game was originally meant for publication in, as Bob Lipton put it, the late, non-lamented EL CONQUISTADOR, Gord'n Anderson's magazine. Since EL CON has not appeared for ten months, Rod Walker, the GM, feeling that as a demonstration game 1974CL should be published with an analysis, he offered it to me for publication. I'm not going to print Len's whole letter, but the gist of it is that Anderson has defaulted and thus has forfeited his rights to the game. Obviously, I concur, or I would not be printing the game! I would like to take this space to thank Rod Walker for his offer of the game to me in the first place. It provides a nice complement to all the non-Diplomacy material I print.

DUDDING: Matthew Diller, with assistance and advice from Gil Neiger, has started the Dud Rating System, which, instead of rating boring and unimportant things like ability and record that most other systems rate, tells you what you REALLY want to know about your fellow players: how often they dud out. Matthew is the Head Dudder. The Dudders are a group of ten or so people who rate various persons on their dud qualities. They will rate anyone nominated. If you'd like to nominate a good friend or enemy of yours or even someone you've never heard of, tell Matthew (8507 Avon St Jamaica NY 11432).

STRANGE DOINGS ON THE SPANISH MAIN

By Adam Kananof

A Brief History: King Scott I, having been accidentally driven out of his kingdom by a horde of strange persons, along with his wealthy compatriot Cardinal Diller, has decided on the advice of his clerical friend to seek aid from the Pope, and has bought a ship for this purpose. Since relations between the monarch and the inhabitants of France are somewhat less than cordial, the King agreed to travel by sea to Italy instead of overland. At the suggestion of the Cardinal, the vessel has been roaming the Spanish Main for a while in an inept attempt to buccannear up a few doubloons.

* * *

"Yeech!" Commented King Scott I as he tasted a bit of the lumpy grey mass he was holding. "What is this 'food', anyway?" he inquired, casting the remainder of the object over the rail into the sea. "A salt blintz," stated a nearby crewman. "Th' salt keeps 'em fresh." "Would that it did not keep them so fresh that heir flavor remains so vivid. Uch!"

The King's culinary discussion was aborted by a cheery voice saying "Yo there!" which turned out to be that of Cardinal Diller. "Listen, Matthew," said the king, "to date we haven't got a farthing from a weeks sail. The supplies of food and water are diminishing. Unless some marked improvement comes in our luck, we will have to stop on the coast to get some edible grub."

"Grubs, did you say?" asked a crewman standing by the rail. "Have a big pail right here. Glad to know you like them, as I was planning to put them in t'nite's stew." "Great," commented Scott, thinking exactly the opposite.

"Don't worry," commented the Cardinal. "I know for a definite fact that Sir Gill Nieger's ship Le Kangaroo D'Or will be through here any time now, and an internal revolution is fermenting on board."

"Fomenting, you mean," corrected Scott.

"No, fermenting. The whole ship's like a keg of rotting ale. I know that there was talk a while back of the four co-captains splitting up and each taking his own ship, but that was prevented by the general lack of funds."

"If they're so destitute, what makes them worth waiting around for here?" stated the King.

"Ah," said the Cardinal, "that's the reason I'm a cardinal and you are just a king. I happen to know that the Kangaroo D'Or is transporting a cargo of gold bullion for the King of Spain, more than enough to buy an army with which to repossess your kingdom and my Cathedral-Palace Casino complex."

"But won't the ship be guarded? How does the King know that Neiger won't split with the gold? He and his co-captains aren't known for their good characters, especially Sir Evan Jones."

"There won't be any escort ships because the King has promised that if someone steals his gold and someone else kills the thief, the person killing him gets to be an admiral. Everyone will be too busy trying to frame everyone else and kill him to become an admiral to try stealing the gold."

At that moment a cry echoed down from the crow's nest to the slimy deck on which the King and the Cardinal stood. "Sail on th' horizon, Sah!"

"Can you make out the flag she flies?" called the helmsman.

"Spanish pennant an' three golden spheres, two set above one forming a triangle!" came the shouted reply.

"That's Neiger's flag all right!" chuckled the Cardinal. "Raise the Jelly Roger."

"Jolly Roger," corrected Scott.

"No, Jelly Roger. I left the flag in my trunk full of grape jam jars."

Within a few moments the purple-stained black and white flag was up the main mast, flying just below Cardinal Diller's church pennant, which bore a red and gold cross surmounting a pair of dice showing three and four, respectively.

"Move in!" shouted the helmsman, and with that King Scott's ship, Le Misse Noir, headed rapidly towards the Kangaroo D'Or. The other ship turned hard about and began to sail away full speed, but then started circling back, and when it reached its original position began turning yet again. The Misse Noir bore down on the other ship, and shortly was close enough for a good cannon volley.

"Load up th' guns!" yelled the helmsman, and at the same moment the Kangaroo D'Or turned to face the Misse Noir once more.

"Ready!" shouted the helmsman, but even as he did the Kangaroo D'Or began to turn in circles again.

In a second they were within earshot, and a strange dialogue could be heard issuing from the deck.

"Damn it, let's get out of here!" yelled one voice.

"Drop dead for Christ's sakes!" shouted another.

"Since when are you the only captain around here?" stated a third.

"Let's get out of here before they blow us out of the water!"

"I vote we stay and fight."

"Fire!" shouted the helmsman, and the Misse Noir unleashed a vicious broadside at the Kangaroo D'Or as the guns roared and belched black smoke. Oddly, however, no hits were detected, which seemed a singular occurrence allowing for the extreme propinquity of the Misse Noir, and even odder than that, no characteristic splashes from spent cannonballs could be seen in the water, either.

"How could ye miss at that range! Ye coul' reach oot an touch 'em!"

"Beggin' the captain's pardon," said the chief gunner, "bu' we got n cannonballs."

"Goddamn it!" swore the helmsman, "I knew I had forgotten something. Well, don't just stand there, ye oaf, load up the cannons with anything ye got! Glass, nails, planks, anything! Quick, before th' folls on yonder ship figger out why we ha'n't hit 'em yet!"

"Well, Matthew," quoth King Scott, turning toward the chagrined Cardinal, "What do we do now? Eh?"

"Er,...Ah,... well..." came the reply. "Wait! I've got it! Set a parley! We'll bluff them into surrendering. Hey you on the Kangaroo D'Or! We want to talk with you!"

A figure in a gaudy but filthy fleet admiral's uniform turned to face the Misse Noir, along with the three similarly dressed persons who had been discussing their course of action in a huddle moments ago.

"What do you want?!" screamed one of the figures, and another immediately chimed in "who said you got to be chief negotiator?!" This started another flurry of talking until the first figure finally silenced the others by drawing both of his pistols from his belt. "Yo, I reiterate, what do you want?" he shouted.

"Is this Sir Gill Neiger I have the misfortune to be addressing?" inquired Diller in a casual fashion.

"Who else would wear his hat backwards and two different-colored socks!" shouted one of the other co-captains of the Kangaroo D'Or, which brought an immediate "Shut up, Evan!" from Sir Gill.

"SIR Evan, if you please, you miserable spitoon," replied E.J.

"Anyway," shouted Diller, "We want to parley. If you'll yield, oh, three quarters, let's say, of your cargo, you can keep the rest and escape alive. A sporting proposition, you'll agree."

"Never!" yelled Neiger.

"Probably never!" shouted Sir Evan.

"Possibly never!" screamed one of the other captains.

"Maybe!" screamed the remaining co-captain.

"Let me point out," said the cardinal in an offhand way, "that our next broadside will blow you out of the water."

"Ahem," commented Sir Gill, "A new factor which leads me to reconsider my previous statement. Yes. It's a deal."

"No!" screamed Sir Evan.

"Never!" chorused the other two co-captains.

"Enough of this arbitrary stuff!" shouted Sir Gill, menacing the other co-captains with his pistols.

"Ahem," said Sir Evan, "in light of the new evidence I vote with Sir Spittoon."

"Aye!" shouted the other two.

Neiger faced the Cardinal once again. "Very well, sir. I yield over three quarters of my cargo to you, in honorable surrender."

"Good," commented the Cardinal. "That's over with, at least."

The two ships were drawn together at some length and the gold transfer was slated to begin shortly. Cardinal Diller and King Scott called for the captains of the Kangaroo D'Or to come aboard the Misse Noir and a gangplank was set up. The Cardinal stood in his light purple robes near the walkway as the four captains approached the end of the plank tied to their ship.

"Shut up!" said Sir Gill to Sir Evan, who replied with the witty rejoinder "A pox upon your hat, which is as usual on backwards. And I shouldn't doubt that you DO have the pox upon your hat, as well as many other things, given the great infrequency with which you have it washed."

As a gesture of peace, Cardinal Diller waited on the center of the gangplank for Sir Gill, who was the first of the co-captains to set out for the Misse Noir, followed closely by Sir Evan. As he approached Sir Gill extended his hand to the Cardinal, to show that his dagger was not concealed therein (he usually kept it up the opposite sleeve) and as Diller began to shake hands, Sir Evan shouted "An opportunity to launder your headgear!" and with that pushed Sir Gill into the ocean, with Cardinal Diller still attached.

As a crewman made to throw a rope to the cardinal from the Misse Noir, King Scott cried "Hold!" and the crewman asked why. "I will give you the reason in verse," the King answered, and continued thus:

"Do not throw the Cardinal a rope,

Do not cast him a line,

What better place for a Diller pickle

Than in the foamy brine?"

"Drag Neiger out of the water!" commanded Sir Evan, and the crew turned in wonder at this break from his normal behavior. "Why, sir?" inquired one brave soul.

"Because he's no treat for the fishes. In verse:

"Leave the Cardinal in the water

For fishes seldom get Dills,

But drag old Neiger out because

Every fish has Gills."

FINIS

((Greg has a dud introductory paragraph here, but suffice it to say that those of you who don't know what D&D is should have found out by now. If you haven't, I will tell you that it is an open-ended set of rules for an extended game in a fantasy setting with unlimited number of players.))

In the famed ((to whom?)) Diplomacy level of my second dungeon, I included a number of omsters which, I think, would be of interest.

POCKET ARMENIANS: (Number Appearing: 50-300; Armor Class 9; Move in inches 15; Hit Dice 1 hit; % in lair, 75; type of treasure, nearly non-existent.) ((Greg neglects to mention that I invented this monster, in MY famed second dungeon.))

These are small monsters--6" to 1' tall, and are practically worthless as fighting beasts. There are four tribes of Pocket Armenians--the Dot tribe, covered with puce polka-dots; the Dill tribe, covered with pink fur; the Kasanofan tribe, black with white underbellies, and an unfortunate habit of spouting doggerel at the worst conceivable moment; and the Swarp ((Huh? Surely he means Armenian, or Sticky, or Costodud, or just plain dud)) tribe, distinct from all other Pocket Armenians in that they have blue eyes. They each make one bite per turn, which causes one hit, with a -2 probability of hitting, and may each take one hit before they die. They are always chaotic, and will respond to any command made by a Saber Toothed Neiger. They are not very good fighters, but, since they are so small, may fill a lo' corridor with twenty rather than the normal three people. They have a 10% chance of swarming over anyone they are fighting with, and pulling him down to the ground. There must be at least 25 PAs present to swarm. When a person has been swarmed over, his armor class is reduced to 9 until he is pulled back up, and he may not attack. A person who has been swarmed may be pulled back up 10% of the time per melee round, per person attempting to pull him back up. A person attempting to pull someone back up may not attack while he is doing so, and may not use a shield. PAs speak Armenian and Chaotic only. ((The first encounter with PAs in my dungeon was as follows: the party found one isolated PA, so they charmed it. They had this potion of diminution. They next stumbled on a spectre. They killed the PA, stuffed the potion in its mouth (WITHOUT it drinking it!) and fed the PA to the spectre. It ate it, strangely enough, and became very small.))

TUD-DUDS: (Number appearing 2-30; Armor Class 4; move in inches 9; Hit dice 3; % in lair 25; treasure type E.)

Tud-duds are approximately three feet tall, and look like teddy bears with puce polka dots. At a glance, they often look like large Dot Pocket Armenians. Although small, they are vicious fighters, making two bites per turn at 2-16 hit points per bite. They are always chaotic, and often travel in groups with Dunchounds, Rayrillas or Saber Toothed Neigers. A Tud-dud has a 50% chance of having a sleep spell that will ~~kill~~ sleep 1-8 first level types, 2-4 second level types, 1-2 third level types, or 1 fourth level type.

RAYRILLAS (Number appearing 5-15; Armor Class 6; move in inches 12; Hit dice 4; % in lair 50; treasure type I.)

Rayrillas are huge, hairy, ugly gorilla-like beasts, which are highly intelligent. They are always chaotic. They are undud, and thus are highly friendly to Tud-duds. Without weapons, they make 1 bite per melee round at 1-4 hits, and 2 normal hits per turn, at 1-8 hits. They may use weaponry, but can never use magical weaponry. They often have "false things" as pets. They usually attack on sight, but only take jewelry with them after they kill someone. They speak the Dark Tongue and the Northern tongue.

DUNCHOUNDS (number appearing, 1-25; Armor Class 5; Hit Dice 3; % in lair 60; type of treasure G.) These are large, semi-intelligent dog-like creatures, who bay while pursuing their prey. They kill only for food, but are always chaotic. If they have recently eaten, they will not attack even lawful creatures, but will report the presence of such creatures to any Evil High Priest or other high-level evil type on the level. They make 1 bite per turn, at 2-18 hits.

SABER TOOTHED NEIGERS (Number Appearing 3-40; Armor class 6; Hit Dice 4; % in lair 50; Type of treasure A.)

Saber Toothed Neigers are human-featured, cat-related animals with large fangs. They kill at any excuse, but if a battle continues for too long, become bored and run away. They attack with 1 bite per melee round at 2-16 hits, and two paw swipes per melee round, at 2-16 hits. Sometimes they will lie on their sides to use all four paws (25% chance of this, 50% if the Neiger is alone). If a cat lies on its side, its armor class is reduced to 9, but it makes four paw swipes per melee round at 2-16 hits each. They are reasonably intelligent, and highly chaotic. They often travel with huge hordes of Pocket Armenians who they use as slaves and cattle.

WALKERS (Number appearing, 1-5; Armor class 4; Hit dice 9; no lair; type of treasure, they carry 1-6000 in their sock.)

Do you remember the giant fist in **YELLOW SUBMARINE**? Well, a Walker is something like that, except that it's a foot, chopped off above the ankle. It wears a sock that is nothing but a cloak--that is to say, the sock ends before it covers the foot; it merely covers the ankle. Walkers are 5' across, and 15' abeam, so only one may go down a 10' wide corridor at a time. They do not actually walk, but travel by levitation along approximately 2' off the ground. They are always Lawful. They have a natural enmity towards Beshes. When they attack, if in a corridor, they will kick, at 2-16 points of damage; if in an area with a high enough ceiling (or if outdoors), they will levitate higher, and then stomp on the person(s) below. When a Walker stomps, it does 13-28 hits of damage (3 dice plus 10). Walkers don't speak.

BESHES (Number appearing, 1(always); move in inches, 12; Hit Dice 10; % in lair, 100; type of treasure, between 100,000 and 1,000,000 gold pieces.)

Beshes never wander out of their lair. They are usually accompanied by 10-20 Besh-puppets as guards. They are always neutral, but will try to deceive all and sundry--even evil beings--into thinking they are Lawful. They have a natural enmity to Walkers. They are highly magic-resistant. They will disburse vast sums of money to anyone swearing fealty to them. They never attack, but will instead let their puppets do the fighting. Their treasure is always cleverly hidden in several spots, and a Besh will, in order to save its life, give away enough money to do so. They always dress conservatively, and speak Common, Bureaucratic, Lawful, Neutral, and Chaotic. They are never seen with others of their own kind. They are man-like in form, and are approximately 8' tall. They have a huge ego, and must be treated with proper courtesy at all times, or dire events will occur.

BESH PUPPETS (Number appearing, 10-20; Move in inches, 9; Hit dice, 1; % in lair, have no lair--in Besh's lair; type of treasure, none but what Besh gives them.)

Besh puppets are always seen with their master. They are unintelligent, and man-shaped, although approximately four foot tall. They move in response to a whistle blown by their Besh, and make a high-pitched "DOO! DOO!" sound as they walk. They attack at 1-8 hits per melee round. They are always neutral. They cannot be distracted by food or treasure, but if their Besh's whistle is captured, they will follow the whistle blower. Anyone killed by a Besh puppet becomes one.

CLOAK OF REVULSION: This is a magical item. It may be worn by any man-like being. It appears to be made of shimmering silk, and, when put on, a face of Evan Jones, leering horribly, appears at the seam and on the back. Any being (except undead) who glances at the cloak has a 60% chance of throwing up, and a 40% chance of fleeing immediately. A barfing being may not attack while so engaged (and is so engaged for 4 melee rounds), and then flees. If cornered and forced to fight, it attacks at half, because it is weak.

MAGICAL CORFLU: This is another magical item. It comes in one-ounce bottles. An ounce is a sufficient amount to make any being disappear. This being must be held still while the user brushes the corflu all over him. Once the corflu has been brushed, the being disappears, and the bottle should be discarded.

THE CONTINUING SAGA OF JEREMY PAULSON, J.D.L. and his Companion, DAVID GLADSTEIN
by Adam Kasanof

The karate master's eyes narrowed slightly for a moment, then returned to normal. Gladstein took a step backwards into the center of the room and set his feet as far apart as his shoulders. He extended his right arm slightly in front of him, holding his nunchaku underhand by one of the two rods, leaving the other rod resting on top of the first rod. With a light tossing motion he let the top stick of the nunchaku fly forward until the weapon was fully extended, and then with a sharp snapping motion of his arm he whipped the nunchakus backward over his right shoulder and caught it in the palm of his left hand. He released the stick held in his right hand and whipped the nunchaku downwards and to the left with his other hand, flicked the weapon up in front of him at shoulder level on his left side, then swung the weapon back down to waist level with a twisting motion of his left wrist which brought one stick of the nunchaku up into his left armpit and left him holding the other stick of the nunchaku perpendicular to the one under his arm.

"Not bad," commented the karateka. "I am anxious to see how well you do in, shall we say, 'competition'?"

"It's hardly going to be a fair fight," said Gladstein. "You have two nunchakus and I only have one."

"You are correct. I will not use this pair," replied the karate master, taking the nunchaku he held in his left hand and sticking it under the wide black belt of his karate uniform. He then stepped into the center of the room near Gladstein.

Gladstein took a step back and then stopped. The karateka placed his feet together and faced Gladstein, placing his other nunchaku in his belt as well. Gladstein did likewise. Paulson made a lunging grab at his case and pulled out the frame and receiver assembly of his submachinegun. "No time to look for the damn bolt," he thought.

Paulson glanced at the center of the room. Gladstein and the karate master were still standing silently, facing each other. Paulson rose to his feet as quietly as he could and moved toward the karateka, whose back was to him. He got within four feet of the man and froze. Gladstein and the karate master bowed simultaneously and slowly, each keeping his eyes fixed on the other to insure that neither engaged in any inappropriate conduct, like kicking the other in the head.

The two straightened up as slowly as they had bent over, and the instant that the karateka was standing upright once more Paulson smashed him on the back of the head with the frame of his gun. The karate master promptly fell on his face in the thick carpet of the room, unconscious. "Thank you," Jeremy," Gladstein said. "What do you suppose we should do with him?"

"Send him on a vacation," replied Paulson, fishing a pair of handcuffs from his jacket pocket, and fastening the karateka's wrists behind his back with them.

* * *

Paulson and Gladstein loaded the unconscious karate master, sans his handcuffs now that Paulson was sure he would remain unconscious (having been given a couple of sleeping pills for extra certainty), into the back seat of the taxi which they had flagged in front of the Commodore Hotel. Paulson slammed the rear door of the cab, and walked over to the driver's window.

"Listen," began Paulson, "my friend has obviously had, er, a few too many, let us say. He has to make his flight to Los Angeles tonight or he'll be in real trouble with his boss in California. Now, here's his ticket," he continued, pulling an American Airlines ticket out of his pocket and handing it to the driver. "Take him to Kennedy Airport and make sure he gets on his plane all right. I'd appreciate it." Paulson took a hundred dollar bill from his pocket and handed it to the driver.

* * *

Paulson and Gladstein sat at a rear table in the nearly-deserted "Famous Binacle Bar" of the Commodore Hotel. The place wasn't as greasy as Paulson had imagined it would be. "Jeremy, what do you think will happen to that man?" asked Gladstein.

"He'll get to Los Angeles," replied Paulson, "wake up eventually, perhaps even before he's arrested on vagrancy charges, and discover that he has no money and no identification. From there on, who knows?"

(continued next page)

"What are we going to do with the JDL's money, Jeremy?" inquired Gladstein. "We have a sizable chunk of it, and we did not complete our mission successfully."

"Considering that the J.D.L. failed to inform us that the vineyards on San Sui were guarded like Fort Knox, and it is certainly no thanks to them that we're still alive at this moment, or that we ever got off the island, I feel no overwhelming guilt about keeping their cash."

Suddenly the Binacle Bar appeared to be totally vacant. Paulson glanced toward the door. Five men in identical blue suits with their right hands stuck inside their coats and paper bags over their heads were standing in front of the entrance to the bar. They cleared a path through their midst to allow a sixth figure with a false beard, wig, mustache, and identical suit to pass through. The head of the JDL New York Espionage section walked over to Paulson and Gladstein's table and sat down.

"Hello, Jeremy," commented the JDL official. "I heard that the mission was not a total success."

"To the contrary," said Paulson, "it was a complete failure."

"Well, that's rather unfortunate."

"It would have been more unfortunate if we'd stayed on that island," said Paulson. "I have nothing against taking limited risks, but fighting tanks barehanded and taking on armies by myself is more than I care to undertake."

"On yes, the tanks," said the JDL espionage head. "Sorry about not telling you, but that was an order from..." He pointed upwards with his right hand.

"Not even for God will I fight tanks barehanded."

"Eah hah!" said the JDL man. "At least you still have your sense of humor."

"No fault of the JDL that I still have a sense of anything."

"But I'll tell you, there's something else which you still have that we want--our money."

With that the JDL Head of NY Espionage waved his right hand and his bodyguards drew their hands from within their jackets and leveled their automatics at Paulson and Gladstein. They advanced until they were a few feet from the table.

"I understand your feelings about this matter," said Paulson, "and I think I can arrange an equitable settlement to this situation. Gladstein and I will keep half of the agreed-upon fee, and we will give the other half back to you."

"I regret that I must have all of our money back," said the JDL man. "Or..."

"Since you put it that way, here's some of it." Paulson dug his hand down into his rightside jacket pocket as if reaching for money. After a second he pulled his hand back out and placed an olive, drab grenade down onto the table. He yanked the pin out with his left hand and threw the pin across the room, still holding the grenade firmly with his right hand.

The JDL official still looked smug. "Come off it, Paulson, that type of junk only works in movies. I know you're bluffing."

"I assure you that this is an authentic, live hand grenade," said Paulson, "and that I won't hesitate to set it off if your friends don't make themselves extremely scarce very quickly."

"Maybe it is live," said the JDL man, "but you still wouldn't throw it. That would take you up along with us, and I know that you wouldn't kill yourself. Not for money."

Paulson opened his hand and allowed the handle to fly off the grenade. There was a hissing sound as the grenade's internal fuse began to burn. The JDL men stared at Paulson for about two seconds, then scrambled for the door. By the time six seconds had elapsed, they were halfway through the door a few yards from the bar which led from the Hotel's lower level to the interior of Grand Central Station.

They were all the way through and still going when seven seconds, the standard time delay for hand grenades, had elapsed. When they heard the loud explosion echoing from the interior of the Binacle Bar they raced ahead still faster.

TO BE CONTINUED... DISCOVER HOW PAULSON AND GLADSTEIN GET THEIR WAY OUT OF THIS ONE!

I'm sorry for that stupid squeezing of lines above on this page and at the bottom of last page. I'll lick it yet.... As you can tell, this is a different typewriter--I've rented an elite for the summer. You can look forward to this new space-saving type face for the rest of the summer (joy).

THE SHERLOCK HOLMES STORY

"So it was you all along," I hissed.

The obese, bloated creature of a man shifted on what looked like a throne carved out of the stone wall of the laboratory. "What, Watson, you're not glad to see me back from the dead?" Mycroft Holmes, older brother of the Great Detective, asked with a cruel smile. "Actually, we haven't met before, you know--the man you probably have mistaken me for did die in London, apparently a suicide. I feel very close to him, of course, since he did set up this machine you see before you, and use it to make me, so to speak."

It was all too obvious to me--somehow, a matter-duplicator did exist, as Sherlock had conjectured...the product of Mycroft's genius, I supposed. This man whom I had taken to be the original Mycroft was only a copy, a copy that must have murdered its creator! My gaze fell from his face to the floor in front of him, where I noticed another of those transparent coffin-like containers which were lined up near the machine in the center of the cavern-lab...only this coffin contained the naked, unmoving body of Sherlock Holmes himself!!

My alarm must have shown on my face--Mycroft chuckled and said, "Not dead, of course, only stupefied and sleeping...though maybe soon, you'll think it would have been better for the world if he were dead!" The fat man punched a button on one arm of his throne, and silently Holmes' coffin slid across the cave floor until it stopped at one side of the giant apparatus that still glowed and pulsed in its own faint light. "I'll start the warm-up sequence now," Mycroft said, and punched another button on his chair's armrest. "It will take some minutes to get prepared--won't you sit down?" he asked, and waved at the floor in front of him. I snorted and began to walk towards Sherlock's body, but as I did Mycroft said quietly, "Dr. Watson, don't go any further. He touched another control and suddenly a brilliant arc or flash of unimaginably bright light cut across my path--it ceased almost before it began, but there was a thunderclap that knocked me off my feet. I came to my senses a moment later and blinked away the after-images in front of my eyes, and as I did I realized that my face and hands had been seared by the flash of heat. I smelled a sparky, ozone smell, plus a slight mixture of burned hair odor that I knew came from myself.

"Sorry to have to do that, Watson," Mycroft gloated, "but perhaps it will put all thought of escape out of your mind. You haven't been permanently damaged, I hope?"

"No," I replied, "only superficial burns." I remained seated where I had been knocked down; Al quietly sat down where he was, near the base of Mycroft's throne.

He waited a few minutes as the duplicator warmed up and the glowing pale blue lights in its transparent pipes grew slowly brighter. Then a harsh buzz startled us--apparently Mycroft as much as Al and me. He frowned and punched another button, and shouted to the air, "What is it? I was not to be bothered!"

"Sir," a military voice spoke, apparently from nowhere, "there's trouble, sector 14-B. Security has been breached, a private is dead, no apparent cause or clues as to the invader."

Mycroft grunted, "OK, go to red alert status, but clear everyone out of 14-B; I'll be coming out that way, and anyone left will be blasted. Out," he concluded, and threw another switch. A door slowly ground open in the wall of the cavern in front of us, from apparently solid rock. Mycroft sighed and levered his gross body to its feet. He picked up a small control box and began to waddle heavily down the steps from his chair.

"On your feet, both of you," he ordered. "Walk on ahead of me, and don't forget what I can do to you with a touch of a button." He touched a button, and again a blast of light flickered across the cave, in another direction, from no apparent source. We got hastily to our feet and proceeded to the newly opened door. Mycroft followed, walking slowly behind us. He groaned, "Those turkeys couldn't reason their way out of a paper bag! I have to figure everything out around here. Well, the machine will take a dozen more minutes to get prepared...if we're not back by then, it will wait--and I'm sure my dear brother Sherlock will!" He glanced at the sleeping body in the coffin with contempt. "He won't be going anywhere soon," Mycroft said. Then he reached us and we began to walk slowly up the sloping tunnel to Sector 14.

A few minutes later, without incident, we arrived at post 14-B and saw the body of the dead soldier lying on the orck floor, his uniform in disarray. Mycroft stopped us with a word and began to make a careful examination of the guard room. I saw nothing significant, but kept quiet, since I remembered the brilliance of the Mycroft I once knew, as he showed, for example, in the singular case of the Greek Interpreter. In my judgement he was second only to Sherlock, or at least the original Mycroft was. This copy proceeded to astonish me, however. He first concluded his survey of the guard room, then motioned to me to come forward. "Examine the body, Doctor," he commanded. "What was the cause of death?"

I gave the private a quick but complete looking-over, but could find nothing obviously fatal. His face was contorted in an expression that only reminded me of extreme pleasure, so to have something to say, I muttered, "Death by ecstasy?"

Mycroft smiled, "Of course--congratulations, Doctor! You've helped me tremendously! Now please stand back." I did so, and Mycroft waddled forward and dropped heavily to his knees next to the dead man. I had removed the corpse's shirt in the course of my examination, and so Al and I watched as the Great Detective's brother took a small phial of gray powder out of his pocket and proceeded to sprinkle it across the chest of the soldier. He then carefully blew away the excess grains, and I could see that a pattern had been left behind. Mycroft took a carefully rolled-up cloth out of another pocket and covered the man's chest with it, then pressed it down smooth. When he lifted it the powder had adhered and formed a clear pattern: two pairs of concentric circles, dots in the center of each, and much other fine structure visible. Al and I must have shown our obvious puzzlement, because Mycroft grinned at us like a boy showing his friends a magic trick.

"titprints," he explained, "as unique as fingerprints! It's clear that someone penetrated this castle's defenses this far, but could go no further past this guard. They had to persuade him to turn off the automatic alarms, disarm himself (his weapons are missing, you noticed, I'm sure), and then they, or I should say she, apparently proceeded to kill him by literally raping him to death. The clues are obvious, to a trained eye. She then put his uniform back on his body and left through that door," he said, pointing to one at the side of the room away from the route to the laboratory. "Even those idiots I hire to guard me should be able to destroy her soon; she's lost in this maze of tunnels, and certainly won't interfere with us any more! Back to the chamber, please...I will follow."

Still mystified, Al and I led the way down to the lab again, and at Mycroft's command sat again on the floor where we could see all that was to happen. The big matter duplicator was ready to operate and glowed brightly...Sherlock's body had not moved in the time we were gone. All seemed to be under Mycroft's control as, seated on his throne, he threw the switch and the fiendish duplicating process began.

TO BE CONTINUED

PERSONAL NOTES.-- NEWS FROM MY PUBLISHING EMPIRE

As those of you who are IDA members know (and this is a good spot to plug IDA, since nobody's expecting it--send \$2 to Walt Buchanan, RR 3, Lebanon IN 46052 to join the largest, most worthy and generally most worthwhile organization in the hobby I spent most of the time before I published this issue of TPA publishing DIPLOMACY REVIEW, Volume 4 #3, which Gil Neiger, the IDA editor, was unable to do. As soon as I am done with this mammoth hunk of nonsense, I will be working on another--the IDA Handbook, which should eat up a lot of my time. If you write me and you're not answered immediately, don't worry--the weight of these commitments lies heavily on my time and I usually place the mass commitments of publishing before the individual one of answering letters.

I will be attending DipCon, most likely traveling in Birsan's Horde. I will be attending ORIGINS I, and will be bringing along my notorious Lord of the Rings wargam to playtest and get general comments on. I will not be attending SummerCon, since I went to WinterCon, and although I enjoyed myself, it was only questionable whether it was worth the transportation costs. Anyway, SummerCon is right before DipCon, the time when I ought to be putting the finishing touches on the Handbook.

DUDLAND

COUNCIL HALL, CAPITALDUD: The familiar ring of the Summoning Bell of the High Council of Dudland resounded through the Palace's halls and narrow corridors. The King dispensed with the formalities of singing "Hail to the Dud" and got straight to business.

"Well, gentlemen, by now you've heard the results of the Besh Puppet offensive...General Costodud, please report on these developments... General Costodud?..."

"General Costodud was arrested and is awaiting trial, your Dudness," answered the Honorable Tud-Dud. "Don't you remember signing the arrest order?"

"Ah yes, very well... I hereby appoint Colonel Dillthadud as Commander of my Armed Forces. Colonel, report!"

"Yessir. Force 'A' of 1000 Besh Puppets advanced to location 'alpha' --here--" (pointing to a map) "and seized hill 'Bravo.' They then disappeared."

"Huh?"

"No more was heard from them..."

"Well, goshdarn it all, WHY?"

"We suspect it was the work of your traitorous ex-commander, Costodud."

HILL BRAVO, DUDLAND: Kovaldud huddled underneath the boulder and pulled out his PuppetPhone.

"Yes, Kovaldud?" the familiar voice of his master rang out, for only him to hear.

"Master, terrible news. The whole force has been vanquished! A force of 1000 conventional soldiers in the pay of the Custodian charged at our force screaming 'Veritas Vincit! Veritas Vincit!' The whole hord of Besh-Puppets scattered in dismay..."

"Well, then, Kovaldud; you have failed in your mission. I suppose we'll have to terminate your puppetship."

"No, master! Anything but that!"

"Very well, we'll kill you."

A loud, high pitched noise was emitted by the PuppetPhone. It exploded, and left Kovaldud collapsed in a heap.

BACK AT THE COUNCIL MEETING: "Very well, I suppose that concludes the military part of the meeting.

"I have called a very special guest here today. He has headed up a secret project--unknown to you, funded by the Privy Purse--which has been investigating the scientific side of fighting the Dudness. The name of the project--Operation De-Dud. The scientist--my Minister of Science, Tibordud."

The man walked into the room and began to speak. "Our research has led us to many strange lands, through many far-off areas. Many of our avenues of approach have been dead ends--but others have each yielded, albeit grudgingly, tiny bits of information. We have complied this information and fed it into our giant computer, Dudivac. Theoretically, Dudivac should have told us the final answer to the Dudness problem. Instead, all we get is the signal "DUD OUT"--which is computer jargon for "stop babbling--these data make no sense.

"We shall continue to analyze our data. Perhaps we are missing one vital link. Whatever the case may be, you can be sure that we scientists are doing our part for Dudland."

Indeed, Tibordud was closer to his answer than he realized. B t, for the meantime, Dudland continued its losing fight against the dread Dudness.

((Last issue's publication of "Adam Kasanof, Industrial Spy" has started a feud, it seems. Feast your eyes on:))

GREG COSTIKYAN, INSURANCE INVESTIGATOR by Adam Kasanof (who else?)

Greg Costikyan sat in the deeply upholstered black leather chair and contemplated the office around him. It contained an extremely expensive-looking glass-topped mahogany desk which he was sitting in front of, several glass-fronted bookcases standing against the walls, an oak-pannelled bar, a massive wall-projection color TV and a number of other attractive extravagances. It certainly seemed that Shalom Insurance took good care of its executives.

The office door slid (electrically operated, naturally) noiselessly open and a tallish, black-haired man in a costly-seeming blue silk suit strolled in. Against his instinctive laziness Costikyan dragged himself to his feet.

"Hello," he said, managing his usual wait-until-you-see-my-fee grin, and extended his hand to the Shalom executive. The man took it, and, after a brief business handshake, motioned for Costikyan to sit down again (which he did at once). "Mr. Costikyan," began the insurance executive, sealing the door with a push of a button, "sorry about not introducing myself at once, but it was necessary that the door be closed. If any word of what I am about to tell you were to leak out, it would be disastrous for Shalom Insurance. I'm Samuel O'Hara."

"An Irishman, eh?" thought Costikyan. "Well, not much point in my saying it, since you already know my name, but I'm Greg Costikyan."

"I'll be direct with you, Mr. Costikyan. We here at Shalom are in deep trouble. This matter is of utmost importance to us. That is why we require the services of a professional of your caliber. That is why the normally frugal Mr. Paulson, our majority stockholder, has agreed to pay your ten per-cent fee."

"Eleven per-cent," interjected Costikyan. "Inflation."

"Whatever. Mr. Costikyan, have you ever heard of the Persian Star?"

"What is it? A ruby, sapphire, diamond, some rock like that?"

"Hardly," replied O'Hara. "It is the world's largest oil tanker. Fifteen hundred feet long, with a weight of about 550,000 tons. She set out from the Middle East some time ago, and then disappeared without a trace. A massive search has revealed nothing. The company that owns her is planning to claim the insurance on her, which comes to..."

"I don't think I need to hear any more," commented Costikyan. "I think I've got the mystery solved already." He dug through the pockets of his brown jacket, pulling out a packet of Derringer little cigars. "It's really quite simple," he went on as he shook the twenty cigars out of the box and into his hand, and then placed them all between his lips. "You see," he stated as he lit the cigars with his diamond-studded Colibri Touchstone lighter, and a haze of smoke began to enshroud his head, "The Star of Persia was never in its port in the Mideast in the first place. Actually, there was a rather substantial hologram of the Persian..."

O'Hara shook his head. "Of course!" said Costikyan, speaking as well as might be expected with twenty small cigars in his mouth. "It's exactly like that museum caper I just wound up in Austria! There's this large inflatable replica of the Persian Star, if you get my meaning, and everyone who sees it thinks..."

O'Hara shook his head once more.

"Well," said Costikyan, puffing vigorously on his cigars, "This looks like it's going to be a bit tougher than I had first anticipated."

END PART ONE or FINIS, depending on whether Adam continues it.

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CODES: A number is the issue your sub runs out; T-Trade, C-Complimentary, G-in a game, G&n-in a game with n issues to be sent after game ends.

The count: 86. C-6, T-27, G-34, Subs-18. These are probably off by one or two, since I was never much good at counting. The list is in near-alphabetical order, which means there are a few duds out of order.

AND NOW FOR SOMETHING COMPLETELY DUD...

PREDAWN LEFTIST is a 'zine from Ben Grossman that is better known around NY as Produced Leftist. It has improved tremendously since last reviewed; the editor has proved he knows English. Really, though, this is a good place to join a new game. Mimeo. Sub: 10/\$2, Reg. Dip. \$2 plus sub, Colonia \$4 plus sub, Schizo \$2 plus sub, Bourse, no fee. Ben Grossman, 29 E. 9 St, New York, New York 10003.

URF DURFAL is Greg Costikyan's variant playtest 'zine--but it's not just a warehouse. Greg prints variants also, and will occasionally have articles. Have fun watching the map mutate in the game of UTTER CHAOS I'm GMing. Openings in all variants printed in THE POCKET ARMENIAN, plus FRIGG IT!, ANACHRONISTIC, and DIPLOMAFIA. Just keep a sub, no fee. Greg will run any variant that has not been played before. Subs are a complicated formula fee; send Greg a lump sum. If you contribute over a certain amount of press, you get an issue free. See the list above for Sticky's address.

You may be wondering where our games went. Right after the last deadline, when TPA would normally have been published, I printed up LUGBURZ #1, a 'zine that just contained the game reports. Any person who wants a copy can just tell me, and I'll send it to him. That is, any one who normally gets TPA. LUGBURZ was only sent to players.

GIGO is another Costikyan 'zine, which is multi-fandom in format--SciFi, fantasy, wargames, computers, comics, dippy, anythings. Subs are 5/\$2.50, I think. V. Good.

THE POCKET ARMENIAN -- First Anniversary Issue -- Number Seventeen

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- International Dill-Workers Union Progress Report
- Dippy
- 1974CL Demonstration Game with Analysis
- Strange Doings on the Spanish Main
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- Leremy Paulson, J.D.L.
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July 11, 1975

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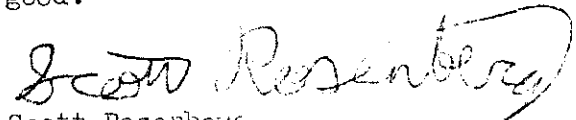
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THE POCKET ARMENIAN is a magazine of Postal Diplomacy and other oddities, of which wargaming, science fiction, Dungeons & Dragons, Fantasy, fiction, politics, are all parts. Subs are 8/52. Gamefee is \$6.50; no games open right now. Will open up as soon as one game we are presently running ends. All contributions are welcome; we pay 2 free issues for contributions less than a page or equal to one, 4 for more. Permission to reprint is granted blanketly (!), as long as credit is given and a copy sent to us. This magazine is a member of DNYMPA, and since all the editors are IDA members, I suppose one might call it an IDA 'zine too. It is at times a dud 'zine. However, we try to keep those times as infrequent as possible.

For those of you who are wondering where all the games are, the adjudications were mailed out in a separate 'zine (LUGBURZ) to all players. Any person who gets TPA is welcome to a copy of LUGBURZ for a SASE.

Next issue will be on time, despite this one's lateness.

Again, I'd like to take this final parting shot to thank everyone who helped me out over the year, who wrote articles, who sent money, who gave words of encouragement, who joined games, who wrote press (even if we didn't like it), who traded (except Kovalcik), who helped out by collating and whatnot--in short, everyone who has been a part of the phenomenon that is this 'zine. It has been a good year, and all I can wish is that next year will be as good.



Scott Rosenberg
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 a/k/a Arloch, Lord of Chaos
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- G(t) means temporarily in game.

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