

SPECIAL POCKET ARMENIAN DEATH ISSUE

• URF DURFAL, GRANDSON OF POUCH #26/27

URF DURFAL, stronghold of Gestetner! Slime of Slime! Monstrosity upon monstrosity! Death to offsetism! This is URF DURFAL, GRANDSON OF POUCH #26/27, a double issue. URF DURFAL, GRANDSON OF POUCH is, of course, the One True Descendant of the Fallen Pouch. In addition to our offer to run any variant someone else organizes the players for, we've got openings in regular Diplomacy, Near Utter Chaos, and Partition of the Ottoman Empire. Articles are paid for at the rate of 2 issues/printed page, except for E. Danger Ladenheim and Adam Kasanof, who have Subscriptions for Life. Subs are 8/\$2. Back issues are 5/\$1 or 24¢ each (except for The Pouch Anniversary Issue, which is \$2, \$1.50 for IDA members). Most back issues of URF DURFAL, IMLADRIS, CAIR PARAVEL and THE POUCH are available. The following variants can be obtained for an SSAE: Excommunication!, Diplomafia, Near Utter Chaos, Utter Chaos, Indonesian Diplomacy, Stab-Happy, Dudland, Grand Fenwick's Revenge, Ancient Hebrew Kingdom, World War III, Partition of the Ottoman Empire, 1721, Colonia II, and the Unification of Germany (the last an Origins variant). Conference maps for Europe and South America in Colonia II are also available for an SSAE, as are the URF DURFAL house rules. The Costikyan Publishing Empire is also offering: the 77 Diplomacy Handbook is available for \$2, \$1.50 for IDA/NA members; the New York Conspiracy Hymnal for \$1; all five back issues of GIGO for \$2 or 50¢ each; issues 2 and 3 of THE INVERTED GRAPEFRUIT at 75¢ each or \$1.25; and issue one of FIRE THE ARQUEBUSIERS! at 50¢. Persons with subscriptions to Urf Durfal may cash their subscriptions in for any Costikyan Publishing Empire products at the rate of 25¢/issue.

Editor:

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Honorary Editors: Nick Ulanov, Duncan Smith, Gil Neiger, Paul Neumann, Jerry Paulson, Scott Rosenberg, Adam Kasanof, Mat Diller, Dave Barlow.

1. Firstly, none of the players in 76Pfh (Colonia II) has bothered to subscribe to this zine. Since their subscriptions to PDL were refunded to them when the game was transferred, it therefore behooves them to obtain subscriptions to this zine in order to receive same. I can't throw the non-subscribers out, as I don't have standbys; however, it would certainly be courteous for said players to pay for value received, as it were.

2. FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS! For a limited time only (Madison Avenue jargonese for until next issue, anyway) people who agree to take over positions needing replacements in either COLONIA II (76Pfh) or EXCOMMUNICATION! (77Ags) will receive a free 8-issue subscription to URF DURFAL. This subscription will be rescinded if said player then NMR's out of the game.

Please note that there are several strong positions in both games requiring new players. In Excommunication!, I need players for Russia, England, possibly Byzantium, Albigenis, and Roman Catholicism; there aren't many games in which you can submit a preference list when you standby.

In Colonia, I need players for England, Austria, and possibly the Ottoman Empire. Note that Austria is still in pretty good shape, the Ottomans are potentially one of the most powerful nations on the board, and England still has not been hurt beyond recovery.

Maps for either (or both) games are available for an SSAE.

And, yes, if you standby for both games I'll give you a 16/issue extention to your sub.

3. I have openings in NEAR UTTER CHAOS and PARTITION OF THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE at \$1 plus sub. I may be able to start NEAR UTTER CHAOS next issue; if one of you wants to play, I can clinch the matter. I've got 4 people signed up for POOE (it needs 7 players), so two people would fill it. Either or both variants are available for an SSAE. POOE has been called a highly interesting variant (if I do say so myself. My design).

4. I've got openings in regular Diplomacy at \$5 refundable deposit plus sub, the \$5 being refunded at the end of the game or when your country is eliminated, but not being refunded if you drop out; in addition, \$1 is removed from the \$5 deposit each time you NMR.

5. If you are truly interested in the Diplomacy hobby, you should refrain from joining the International Diplomacy Association/North America (or IDA/NA, a/k/a NADIDA). One joins by sending \$2 to the Acting President, Bob Hartwig, 304 Slater Hall, University of Iowa, Iowa City, IA, 52242. You might also refrain from joining The Diplomacy Association (TDA), which is even worse than IDA/NA; joining this thing is accomplished by sending a letter to John Behhara telling him you want to join. I can't find Besh's address, though.

6. Brad Hessel, publisher of DIMAN, is now Capo di Tutti-Frutti of Duh New York Mafia Protective Association, or DNYMPA. DNYMPA is a regional New York organization of publishers who ensure each others' games; thus, when any member-publisher of DNYMPA folds, DNYMPA assigns the games run by that member to the zines of the other members. One of the games in this zine, 75HM, was transferred here under the auspices of DNYMPA when THE MORAVIAN DYNASTY folded. When Valinor folded recently, all 6 of the Valinor games were transferred by DNYMPA to DNYMPA zines.

The games in this zine are protected three ways; firstly, DNYMPA protects them. Secondly, TIDA, which is another regional organization, now mostly defunct, centered in New England, also protects them. Thirdly, Ray Heuer, who is head of the Orphan Games Project receives this zine and thus would know if I folded and would be able to transfer the games.

However, I have no intention of folding; and, were I to do so, I would find homes for the games in any case.

7. There are two maps in this issue; one of Europe, the other of South America. Both are conference maps of those continents for COLONIA II. The abbreviation of a province's name is the first three letters of the name, unless otherwise noted. Some provinces have a number of province names listed in a box inside them; such provinces are adjacent to the listed provinces, which listed provinces don't appear on that map-section.

8. This is the POCKET ARMENIAN DEATH ISSUE because TPA lasted 27 issues, and this is the 27th (or rather, half of it is the 27th) issue of URF DURFAL. In other words, Urf Durfal is now as old as the Pocket Armenian was when it croaked.

75HM (Moravian Dynasty game) GM: Tom Gould S07
England (Morton) A Mar-Pie, A Tyo-Mar, F Lyo-Tyn, F Mid-Spa(sc), F Por S F Mid-Spa(sc),
F Eng-Mid, F Lon-Eng, F Lvp-Iri, F Wes S F Lyo-Tyn, F Tun S F Lyo-Tyn, F Den H, A Kie H,
F Nwy H.
France (C.D.) A Ven /h/
Italy (Agosta) NMR! A Rom /h/, A Pie /h/ (R-Tus, OTB)
Russia (Davies) F Sev-Bla, A Arm-Ank (R-Syr, OTB), A Ukr-Sev, A Tri S A Bud-Ser, A Rum S A
Bud-Ser, A Gal S A Rum, A Vie-Bud, A War-Ukr, F Bal H, A Bud-Ser.
Turkey (Cook) F Nap-Rom, F Ion-Alb, A Gre S A Ser, A Ser S A Bud-Rum, A Bul-Rum, A Smy-Arm,
F Ank S F Smy-Arm

CPA for Bob Davies now at MacGregor House, D-125, 450 Memorial Dr, Cambridge, MA, 02139,
tel. 617-253-1000 ext. 59281

SHORT, SPACE-FILLING LETTER:

Greg:
I polished up the handle so carefully
That now I am the ruler of the Queen's Navy.
Scott Rosenberg
Jamaica Estates
Queens

ANOTHER OF SIMILAR ILK:

Greg,
Just a spoonful of cocaine helps my pulse-
rate decline,
M. Poppins
Bogata, Columbia

HOW I SAVED THE UNIVERSE

by John K. Liberman

I walked into the briefing room aboard the huge saucer. Ah, what a noble thing to be in the Outreach Service, chosen among all mankind to journey to the core of the universe aboard an alien spacecraft with our diminutive humanoid hosts. Actually, the Service emblem of an outstretched hand epitomized my thoughts of grabbing big bux when I returned to earth and sold my book, "Sex Orgies Among the Stars", a floridly illuminated memoir of travels with these outer space gunkies.

All my comrades (zipperheads, really; the men were clean-cut, the women sexually unapproachable and likely followers of Sappho, if you perceive my drift) had already sat down on the colored crystal formations the wong-gongs had instead of decent chairs. I sat down, my canvas bag in my lap. One of the gewgaws started to speak, in English, to my surprise. He (she? it? I never got to telling them apart) stood perhaps five feet high, was whiter than a Pepsodent smile, and wore little clothing, except a silvery kilt-thingo. They had slanty yellow eyes and pearly teeth and two hands with six fingers per.

"I know you must have questions," he said breathily. One borad raised her hand, and he pointed a thin play-do-like finger at her in the manner of an albino hermit indicating to the Madam of a sleazy whore-house which girl he wanted.

"When do we return to Earth?"

He smiled like a flasher about to part his overcoat asunder, and replied: "We don't."

"What?" This was one dumb broadski, all right.

"We don't".

Other people started looking at each other wish that "Christ Almighty give me a Pepto-Bismol" grimace of the missionary who is told he'll be the entree at dinner. I raised my hand. He pointed at me.

"Excuse me, but is one to understand that you have no intention of returning us to earth?"

"Correct."

"Was our return to earth not part of the agreement under which we joined the complement of this ship?"

"It was."

"Ahem."

"Please try to be philosophical."

"Yes," I answered, "I shall be. In fact, I seem to recall the inspirational words of John Locke, in his Second Treatise of Government to the effect that, when there is no judge on earth (or in space, as the case may be) it is time for an appeal to heaven."

"Prayer?"

"Not quite," I responded, yanking my .45 caliber self-loading Heckler & Koch P9S pistol from my canvas bag and pumping a Velex explosive bullet into his creamy white puss. It was a desperate situation, I believe I may state without exaggeration, and so this action seemed

justified to me. After all, if I never saw the sweet brown soil of native Terra again, my book and moview royalties were all, in the words of Aristotle, flushed down the can. I drew a revolver (I forget which one) from my bag, and, with the satchel slung over my shoulder, set to the job, gun in each clammy fist, of blasting my way out. The white gonzoes mobbed me, and I let em have it till I had emptied both pistols. I then let the hardware drop and hanked a small glass test-tube from my bag.

"All right, then, my snowy friends, let's discuss things. In this phial I have a substantial jigger of Plague Plus, a product of the secret biological weapons lab in New Mexico. Now, I don't know how you feel about going to your maker, but unless you want to shake hands with him pronto you'd best arrange things as I say."

4

I lay back on the stuffed cushions of purple silk, as the naked broad (the same one who asked the Late and Lamented saucer captain about our return to earth) fed me grapes. She snorted slightly as I caught one of her finger tips in my teeth by accident.

"Quiet, woman! Remember that it is only through my good offices that those vanilla vermin are restrained from ravishing you!"

"Yes, your Celestial Awesomeness!" she almost spat the words out. I thought the titæ rather witty, actually.

MY LIFE AS A NUCLEAR TERRORIST

by ANDY COOK

Down in the basement of a little house I own in Vermont, there sits a length of thick steel pipe three inches across, and six feet long. On a workbench nearby rests a package of gold foil, almost an ounce of that precious metal carefully beaten into thin sheets. In one corner of the basement is a large rectangular block of concrete---at least, so it seems. Atop this coffin-like structure is a large poured-concrete box with a concrete top which slides off easily (if one has a block and tackle which can lift three thousand pounds with ease). Inside the box lies a long freezer of the grocery-store variety, but with a lid. When that lid opens, there remains two safes of cast iron, which hold strongboxes of polished steel. Inside each strongbox, wrapped in several inches of lead foil, is slightly more than one half of the critical mass of plutonium. As you may have guessed, in the cellar of my house I possess the necessary ingredients to home-brew a nuclear devine of devastating power. But perhaps this amazes hou; it shouldn't. Pound upon pound of plutonium goes unaccounted for each year; I happen to have obtained some of these missing pounds. I am now working on a simple atomic fission explosive device; an "A-bomb". I take from the concrete and steel safety containers no more than one mass of plutonium at a time.....

((This story discontinued because of the California quake.))

LETTER:

Greg,

Ye varlette, Ye armour polysher, Ye wishbone! 'Sblood, 'sfoot, 'swounds, 'snails, 'caveyour-confederatedollarsboysthesouthshallriseagain, the foule obscenytees printed in yeor laste iyssu breacheth every boundary of goodellie taste, and did offend me lady fair! I must needs smote you a fould vicious smite, and loppeth yer head from off yer bodkin. Othyr than thatte, liked yer rag a lot. Much better than Ye Haven Hairald, Grossman not eyvyn being aible to spelle his own naime correctly.

Your Obediente Servante,

Sir Duncan Donuts, Kn-K.B.-3

Ye Whyte Kastle Hamburger Square

FRODO BAGGINS 8

ESTABLISHMENT PIG

This article appeared originally in THE BAY AREA SOCIALIST of December 1971, a publication of the Bay Area Local of the Socialist Party, and the Norman Thomas chapter of the Young People's Socialist League. In its original form, the article was printed anonymously, along with a note that it was "found crumpled up at the bottom of a shopping cart at the Berkely Co-op". It was reprinted with slight editing by Redd Boggs in the Autumn '72 issue of his sf zine, BETE NOIR 24. I first saw it in the May 17 1975 issue of John Boardman's EMPIRE. It was first reprinted by me in GIGO #4, by sf zine, and I reprint it here. It is reprinted without permission from anyone.

The 1960's revealed 'liberal' anti-communism for what it was: merely another disguise for Amerikan imperialism. For the military-industrial compl-x, no weapon is left unused to spread Amerikan imperialism over the world, and maintain the control over Third World peoples now enjoyed by Standard Oil and its Pentagon allies.

That Amerikan Kapitalism, its hands reeking of blood, could presume to criticize the popular liberation fronts of Vietnam, Palestine, and Czechoslovakia ((this last word crossed out in the original)) is intolerable. What is worse are the fiendish devices Amerikan imperialism wi-l use to accomplish its piggish ends -- from the Tribal Zionism of the blood-crazed Israelis with their long tradition of bloodshed and war to seemingly harmless literary fantasies.

The most reactionary piece of imperialist propaganda posing as harmless "literature" is THE LORD OF THE RINGS trilogy by pig J.R.R. Tolkien. Superficially, the story concerns the efforts of one Frodo Baggins and his eight odious "companions" to destroy the "Ring of Power" belonging to an "evil wiz-rd" named Sauron.

Pig Baggins is a "hobbit from the Shire," and is helped by three other hobbits; Sam, Merry, and Pippin. In addition to this clique, there are a "good" wizard named Gandalf the Grey, an elf, a gold-loving dwarf, and two humans -- Aragorn and Boromir -- professional soldiers.

Helped by Gandalf's magic, vast, well-trained armies of humans, elves, dwarves, and other reactionaries, as well as a quisling named Gollum who is an obvious schizophrenic with a split peronality, the companions battle the "slav-s of Sauron". These "slaves" are Orcs, or goblins, who are "black-skinned" and "slant-eyed." They specialize in night fighting and ambushes. They speak several languages, tend to live in hills and mountains, and owe allegiance to Sauron.

Sauron himself is called "the Great" even by his enemies. He lives in a land in the east c called Mordor, which is a land of "smokes and fumes" -- apparently an emerging industrial economy with a severe pollution problem. He has succeeded in gathering immense armies of Orcs, "Eastrons", and "Southrons", and is assaulting the white city of Minas Tirith when the Ring is destroyed, his power ended, and his armies scattered.

The real meaning of this piece of counter-revolutionary art is clear to those whose consciousness has been raised and radicalized by the confrontations of the past five years -- years which have seen so many major reforms as a result of our activities. The trilogy is a glorification of Amerikan imperialism, and a piggish put-down of Third World liberation movements. Oikker Tolkien has glorified armed reaction, counter-revolution, imperialism, racism, and sexism. The "fantasy" is aimed at sapping the fighting will of the young revolutionaries who otherwise would dedicate their lives to smashing this fascist state.

One need only consider who Frodo (dog pig) Baggins and his "allies" are in order to strip the mask from under the rock. He is a bourgeois land-owner! He is a capitalist with no gainful means of employment who travels with a valet, whom he abuses at regular intervals. The hobbits are addressed as "squires" and "sirs" by the working-class hobbits (who approve, abet, and profit from their imperialist adventures.)

The other companions are even worse. The dwarves are gold-men, (the gnomes of Zurich). The elves are the Riders of Rohan [sic] are feudal and are ruled by a landed aristocracy. One of the humans, Boromir, is a mercenary, and the other, Aragorn, is a deposed king. Gandalf possesses tremendous technological skills and firepower, conducts aerial reconnaissance with the help of eagles, and is obviously the General Westmoreland of the epic.

These nine companions, armed to the teeth with weapons superior to those of the Orcs, launch a military expedition which fights its way through mountains, swamps, and dense forests. They kill peace-loving orcish inhabitants who are trying to unite their lands, and expel these invaders of another race. Gandalf's staff burns down any opposition with bursts of deadly fire. Remind you of anything?

The imperialist nine who are on this mission are all males who feel that the woman's place is in the hobbit-hole. They refer to Orcs as "savage", "slant-eyed," "foul", and "black", in derogatory ways. Pig Tolkien consistently refers to the colors black and red (as well as the word "dark") as evil and sinister, while white, silver and gold, and other light colors, are regarded as good and wholesome. A more naked example of racism and counter-revolution would be hard to find.

The reactionary nature of their ultimate goals is seen in the treatment accorded Aragorn after Sauron is liquidated. He accepts a crown, not from the workers and peasants, but from Gandalf. This setting-up of a puppet regime is a direct reference to the Thieu-Ky clique installed by Westmoreland against the wishes of the Vietnamese people. Death to all such paper tigers!

And what are they trying to do? This motley collection of feudal overlords, mercenaries, landed petit-bourgeoisie and supporters of monarchy and counter-revolution are, by their own admission, going into areas once "theirs" which are now held by orcs. They slaughter every Orc they meet, although no Orc ever offs a hobbit. The dwarf and the elf even play a game defending a strategic hamlet! Thus, the nine companions, on top of being sexist and racist, are obviously fighting an imperialist war of aggression and genocide. The "quest" is nothing more than a search and destroy mission!

If the companions are representatives of American imperialism and racism, who then are the Orcs? Again, Tolkien has stated the facts for all but fools to see. The Orcs are black (or sometimes yellowish.) They fight from ambush, from mountain sanctuaries. For the most part, they are poorly armed, and must travel at night. They control fortresses, strategic hamlets, and cities of their enemies. They are on the offensive everywhere, under the inspired leadership of Chairman Sauron, and are aided by other Third World peoples -- trolls, werewolves, "Southrons," and "Eastrons". They have liberated large areas which were formerly occupied by feudal nobles, and are building "mills" and "forges". One of their favorite colors is red. They live in the eastern part of Middle Earth.

One does not have to stand in the sun to know that there's the sun. The Orcs are obviously Third World guerillas who are in alliance with other formerly colonial peoples (trolls and werewolves) in a Popular Front -- the Orc Liberation Front.

Controlling the countryside, they wage a war of liberation against the reactionaries who once controlled their lands and are now everywhere on the defensive. Well, almost everywhere.

Sauron is a leader of great brilliance, of a stature with the other great twentieth century liberationists, Mao Tse-Tung and Ho Chi Minh. Practicing a form of democratic centralism with his nine "Nazgul" advisors, themselves trained in past colonial wars, he has survived military disasters (like Mao and Fidel) and is trying to industrialize Mordor as rapidly as possible, despite some damage to the environment. Protected by the armed might of the Orcish workers and peasants, he creates a modern, progressive state along communist lines, and shows the greatest compassion to his enemies, to whom he offers treaties of friendship and non-aggression. The hobbits are never killed when captured, but are fed and permitted to travel with the guerillas. His reactionary enemies take no prisoners.

What, then, is the Ring, the ultimate weapon possessed by the imperialist agents of the counter-revolution, which tries to destroy the O.L.F. and their revolution? The weapon which the imperialists do not hesitate to use to regain their formerly colonial empire? Tolkien feebly tries to disguise it by falsely attributing its manufacture to Sauron. But there is a dead giveaway which takes the wool off the bush.

The Ring of Power has another title -- the Ring of Fire -- nuclear fire -- the ultimate weapon which capitalist imperialism can alone unleash upon the world ----

((At this point the narrative breaks off in a large stain of avocado juice)).

LETTER:

from Dr. Cctn Slash, Woodmere General Hospital:

We regret to inform you that an acquaintance of yours, a Mr. Robert Bryan Lipton, has passed away. The circumstances leading up to his death are quite mysterious, and we were hoping you would help clarify them.

Mr. Lipton was picked up on the night of November 19. He was found on top of a hill in Inwood Park, Manhattan. His condition was quite serious as he was suffering from second degree and third degree burns. There was a pipe stuck in his throat and a knife in his gut. At the time he was wearing white robes on is said to have previously been seen dancing around a circle of stones on the hill-top and chanting in some archaic language. In the center of the circle, confined in a wicker cage, was a nude female by the name of Tricky Turner. This person wore a noticeably large quantity of makeup and claimed by be a hostess for a massage parlour on 42nd Street. Having presented the fact, let us now explain.

Mr. Lipton was rushed quickly to the hospital. There we operated, removing a meerschaum pipe carved as the bust of a woman (the pipe was still smoking) from his throat and sealed his right lung. After this he was immersed in a plasma vat for his wounds. In about a week, Mr. Lipton was up and around. When he was interrogated later, Lipton unabashedly admitted that he was there to make human sacrifice to a nature god. When asked why he was doing so, he stated that he needed to get into practice. In answer to what went wrong, he stated the following:

"...I got here into the cage. Once inside, I closed the door behind her, ignoring her inquiry into what I was doing. She started to shout loudly when I started to show her, the cage, and, unfortunately, myself, in Gulf No-Nox gasoline. Having emptied a 10 gallon can on the area, I stepped back and started to chant. Dancing around her, I drew forth my beautiful sacrificial dagger and closed. Unfortunately, when I got to stabbing distance she kicked out violently, knocking my gorgeous pipe (which I was of course smoking) down my throat. I was standing there breathing those delectable fumes into my lungs, directly, uncut. It was a wonderful feeling but I knew that if I were to go on with the ceremony I would have to get the pipe out of my throat. To accomplish this I pounded my chest with my right hand. This is where the worst thing happened, as I had forgotten the dagger in my hand. The result of this was that I impaled myself (which hurt), and opened my mouth suddenly, spitting forth a spark which ignited by No-Nox-soaked robes. This was the condition in which the ambulance arrived---the condition I was in, I mean."

(con't) 04 16 16

from The Pouch Department:

STRONGPOINT W-4

reprinted from THE POUCH #57

A SPI game (Stimulated Pouch Inc.)

(1.0) Strongpoint W-4 is a simulation on a strategic/tactical level of a possible attempted invasion by British forces to occupy Italian strongpoint W-4 in North Africa around 1940.

(2.0) GENERAL COURSE OF PLAY

Strongpoint W-4 is basically a two-player game. The British player moves his unit in an attempt to fulfill his victory conditions. The unit moves from hex to hex by using part of its movement allowance. He then attacks all units adjacent to his unit by using the CRT and rolling the die.

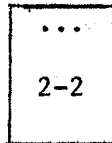
(3.0) GAME EQUIPMENT

(3.1) The game-map is a 2" x 1" mapsheet portraying a part of North Africa. A hex grid has been superimposed to make Movement easier.

(3.2) The playing pieces are two colored sets of counters. They represent the various units of opposing forces that will be in the campaign. It is strongly recommended that the units be sorted out to make setup easier.

(3.21) Sample Unit:

organizational
type



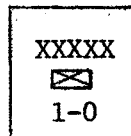
organizational size

combat strength

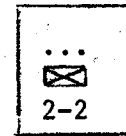
movement allowance

(3.22) Summary of Type:

Italian
Army:



British
Platoon:



(3.23) Definition of terms:

Combat Strength: attack and defense strength quantified in strength points

Movement Allowance: number of hexes a unit may move.

(3.3) Game charts and Tables:

Various visual aids are provided to simplify and illustrate certain game functions: the Combat Results Table (CRT), and Terrain Effects Chart (TEC)

(4.0) SEQUENCE OF PLAY

The player-turn:

1. British or Italian Turn.
 - A. Invasion Phase (British only)
 - B. Player moves units.
 - C. Player conducts all attacks.
2. The game ends.

(5.0) MOVEMENT

(5.1) Procedure: Move each unit individually tracing the paths of movement through the hexagonal grid. Each unit uses one Movement Point to move one hex.

(5.2) All units must move their full Movement Allowance.

(6.0) COMBAT

(6.1) Procedure: Total the Combat Strengths of all attacking units and compare it to the combat strength of the defending unit. State the odds ratio: attacker's strength to defender's strength. Round off the ratio in favor of the defender to the simplified odd of the Combat Results Table (CRT), and roll the die; apply the result immediately.

(6.2) You must attack all units you're adjacent to.

(6.3) Combat units' strengths may be altered when defending See the Terrain Effects Chart.

(7.0) BRITISH INVASION

(7.1) On the first turn, the British Player lands on the beach hex and then moves.

(7.2) Beach landing uses up one Movement Point.

(8.0) THE SCENARIOS

(8.1) There are two scenarios: M + 1, and M + 2. In M + 1, the British moves first. In M + 2, the Italians move first.

(8.2) Deployment: The Italian Army deploys in Strongpoint W-4.

(9.0) VICTORY CONDITIONS

Whoever is left on the game-map at the end of Turn One is the winner. If both are eliminated, the game is a draw.

(10.0) DESIGNER'S NOTES

The war in North Africa was a war of trickery. Such is the situation in Strongpoint W-4. The special capabilities of units are already included in the combat strengths of the units. The major point of this game is to emphasize the great mobility of the Italian army. After all, let us not forget that their army lived on lasagna! The British's high combat strength can only be due to the great amount of scotch they drank. After all, a drunk man doesn't know what he's doing, and that's how they always managed to surprise the Italians.

(11.0) DESIGN CREDITS:

Game Design and Research: Al Nofi

Physical Systems Design and Graphics: Duncan Smith

Game Development: Evan Jones, Gil Neiger, Raymond Heuer.

Rules: Duncan Smith

Production: Nicholas Ulanov

THE TERRAIN EFFECTS CHART:

effect on movement effect on combat



1

defender x 2

strongpoint



1

no effect

beach



1

no effect

clear

THE COMBAT RESULTS TABLE:

die	1-1
1	AE
2	AE
3	EX
4	EX
5	DE
6	DE

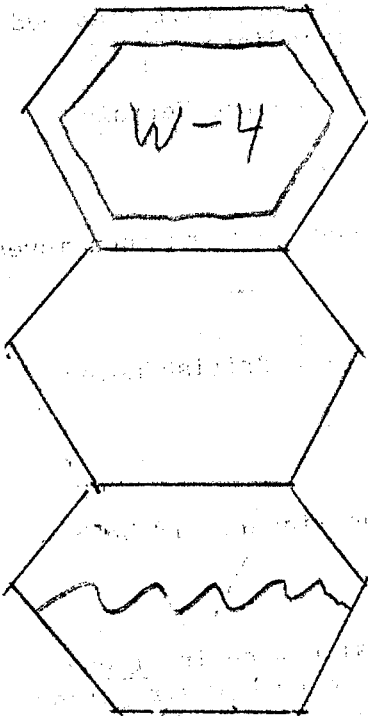
Explanation of Combat Results:

AE - Attacker Eliminated

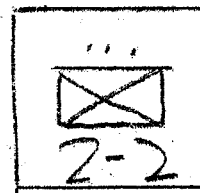
DE - Defender Eliminated

EX - Exchange; both sides eliminated

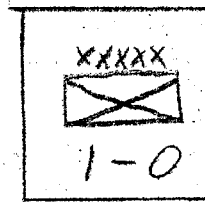
THE GAME-MAP:



THE ORDER OF BATTLE:



British



Italian

(con't from page 7)

This was obviously not the cause of Mr. Litpon's death. As soon as he was able to move about again, he insisted on lighting up his pipe. When the odor was first detected, a nurse went into his room to tell him not to smoke. She only had just passed the threshold when the fumes overcame her (since then she has died). A change in our strategy was obviously in order. The staff assembled oxygen masks and distributed them to some orderlies (we staff members are far too valuable to be exposed to so much risk) who were ordered to charge the room. They burst into the room and were confronted by Mr. Lipton wielding in one hand a surgical scalpel and in the other a copy of his magazine, "The Mixu-Maxu Gazette". After a short melee the orderlies fled in disorder leaving one of their own on the floor with a scalpel slash across his throat. As the orderlies cowered in one corner, Lipton hit the down orderly on the head with the copy of the Gazette, obviously a coup-de-gras. Seeing himself in an obviously superior position, Lipton leapt onto the bed and started to chuckle. The physical strain of the laugh was what killed him, it appears; the strain ripped the sutures out of his lungs, causing hemorrhaging and death. Compounding his mortal wound was the fact that the orderlies picketed the body and none of the doctors would cross the line.

You are, I am informed, well knowledgeable on Lipton's actions. Can you help explain his behavior? The Liptons are also interested in whether or not you will be attending the funeral. They are also asking that you write an epitaph in your zine. They will pay well.

LETTERS:

from Adam Gruen:

This is getting to be kind of a regular feature, but I can't help thinking that Urf Durfal is one magazine that I really look forward to seeing in my mailbox, however, irregular it may be. ((Adam Kasarof and Eric Laderheim undoubtedly have the same feeling--- when you're writing a good third of the magazine, it's nice to see your name in print.)) And, anyway, Merry Christmas (Happy Thanksgiving) (Happy Hanukah) (Happy New Years). ((Nurse Schivosk)).

To put a quick end to possible debate about Him Dunnigan, a number of things combined to prevent me from working for SPI, among them were: the fact that I did not live in N.Y.C. and so could not very easily get to SPI with much regularity, and also SPI was just coming out with their new slew of games, making it both difficult for Dunnigan to find time to seriously consider my game design ideas, as well as listen to them with an ear towards publishing. As to what Avalon-Hill would have done with a 15-year old game designer, I'm not sure, not having been around long enough to make a realistic guess. Incidentally, as you already know, Frank Davis left SPI for AH. Guess who would have gotten the job had he not arrived? (Me!) ((Frank Davis, the designer of FREDERICK THE GREAT and WELLINGTON'S VICTORY is a slow, thorough, and comprehensive game designer who demands perfection and requires extensive historical research. So much so that, in the high-pressure atmosphere of SPI, his games were almost invariably submitted well past the deadlines, and required expenditures considerably greater than their budgets. In the more relaxed atmosphere of Avalon-Hill, I hope that Frank will be able to give his games the time and attention they deserve and he demands. In any case, Avalon-Hill certainly needs a designer of his caliber)). ((I'm not putting you down, I just wanted to say the above)).

It is interesting to me that many companies, both large and small, now also have plastic containers for their games. While it is true that SPI was first, it does not necessarily mean that the idea of compartments for games was an SPI one. ((It doesn't? Whose was it, the n?)) Sour grapes indeed. I have a right mind to "box" your rears for that, sir.

I don't like SPI's practice of mass-producing games. SPI deserves some credit for major innovations in the state-of-the-art, but why must they churn out 10 games that are, more or less, akin to the original which was successful? While mass-producing games will satisfy the majority of the hobby by appealing to most factions, this often leads to poorer quality games. Case in point -- Terrible Swift Sword. A good system, very enjoyable. Then comes Wellington's Victories. Next will probably be Borodino, or Wagram, or Austerlitz, or Shiloh, or.... ((Tur enough. I'd also like to point out the Wellington's Victory is also an enjoyable game, in certain respects superior to TSS; for instance, the elevation rules and the rules for skirmishers alter the system sufficiently so that it is really an amazingly accurate depiction of Napoleonic warfare. Yes, the system is akin to TSS; but WV is a good game in its own right. To give another example of multiple systems; DRIVE TO STALINGRAD uses the same system as PANZERGRUPPE GUDERIAN. This doesn't mean that DTS is any less a good game than PGG; it just means it uses the same system. SPI has, on occasion, milked a game to death---witness the Quad system, which tries to make Napoleonic rules work for modern tank combat (which, needless to say, just doesn't work), or the umpty-dozen early East Front games that become increasingly boring. On the other hand, other companies don't exactly shire in the brilliance of their multiple game systems; I'd like to point out that, until Dunnigan came along, all the games Avalon-Hill produced used exactly the same system---whether they dealt with Napoleonic or WWII.)) ((In any case, the point is that mass production does not mean decline in quality. Yes, SPI produces more lousy games than any other company; SPI produces more good games than any other company, too. Perhaps this has something to do with the fact that SPI produces more games than any other company, period.))

The irony of it is that SPI's games that are based on a highly innovative and playable system usually bomb. ((Such as Conquistador, Panzergruppe Guderian, and TSS, no doubt?)) If they are not making enough profits to suit their tastes, it is most likely because they are producing too many games too fast. ((Wrong. SPI has done market analysis on exactly that point---whether it would be more profitable to produce fewer games and hope to sell more copies of each game. SPI has found throughout its history that it makes more sense, profit-wise, to produce as many games as possible and accept the lower per-unit game sales.))

I am looking forward to SPI's LORD OF THE RINGS game. Any words on what it is like and when it will be out? ((It's out now, although I haven't gotten my copy yet. I understand that the battle games are somewhat disappointing, but the strategic game is pretty good.))

OGRE is an interesting game system, but I hardly think it should be put in the same categories with BFM and L&W. The map is childish, the rules are printed strangely, and the pieces are too thin. ((So much for the graphics. The game rates an 8.1 on SPI's rating system---higher than any other game ever, with the sole exception of Terrible Swift Sword. It has received raves every place I've seen it reviewed, and Metagaming reports that it's selling like hotcakes. It is a delightfully, quick-moving little game.))

How is Brown? Are you satisfied with that paragon of learning? I find Johns Hopkins U. to be, well, er, actually it's kind of a pain. As Mark Twain once said, "I never let my education interfere with my learning," and so, I try not to let school bog me down with trivial things like grades and tests. The problem is, around here anyway, try to do something normal, such as reading a book that is not assigned, and people start to shun you like the plague. In JHU, the big joke (haha) is that a student is either pre-med, pre-law, or pre-unemployment. So I guess I'm pre-unemployment.

((I'm enjoying the experience so far. High school was, as you know, something akin to hell for me; at least I have a somewhat greater amount of freedom---both intellectually and in social terms---here. In terms of education, the major problem seems to be the push to specialize---it is impossible to take the courses I want to take in Computer Science and mathematics and history and the Humanities and physics et cetera all at the same time---and I refuse to let myself turn into a complete math-sciences zombie with no knowledge of reality, or into a snobbish humanities pre-unemployment person with no awareness of the realities of science. I hesitate to predict, but I will probably wind up with some strange major such as Mathematics And European History-0-which do not, um, exactly fit together too well. I guess that makes me pre-unemployment as well.))

from Robert Stimmel:

Your article on affirmative action causes me to make the following comments which aren't directly concerned with affirmative action.

Credit should be given by examination for self-education. This would save the taxpayers money for education and enable poor people to gain an education without the expense of going to college. A person could then obtain an education from books.

When I was young I heard that a famous university had such a program of education by correspondence, but after I wrote them I found that I had been misinformed. I'd probably have obtained a college degree if they had had such a program.

((I wholeheartedly agree. Personally, I am going to college not to obtain an education---for I find that I already know more than most other people I met, and also I know that I learn better on my own---but rather to obtain a piece of parchment that says I have an education. Our society is constructed in such a way that a large number of opportunities are shut off from people who do not have official recognition of their education; which in turn forces people to expose themselves to the often-stultifying propaganda of a college. Formal education fails to do the things that it needs to do most---ie, a) teach people how to write lucidly and succinctly, and b) teach people how to think for themselves.

((In order to destroy some of the rigidity of American education, and in order for those who are highly educated but never spent four years at an institution, it would make a great deal of sense to have a set of qualifying standards for official recognition of education. The main danger in such a procedure is that our benevolent government would undoubtedly be tempted to water down such a set of qualifications to the point where they become meaningless, as it has already done with the high school-equivalency procedure.))

from Stephen Tihor:

Actually, no. I turned Hahrvaht down, the parchment suitable-for-framing certificate of admissions they sent me. I'd rather work at something difficult here than relax and get A's at H. This isn't really intended for publication as it sounds pretentious, then again, it's true. Actually, Harvard's grad departments are very good---after all, that's where most prof's spend their time. *((More or less my impression as well. I'm afraid I can't brag that I turned Harvard down, because I never applied; I figured I wouldn't go if I got in, anyway, so there was no point.))*

What's news on LotR & S&S from SPI? *((LotR is out. I'm supposed to be writing a set of second-draft rules for S&S, and, in fact, have begun on same. S&S is proceeding at a sort of leisurely pace, and I understand very little has been done at SPI about it since I left.))*

P.S.--your zine name should be abbreviated to UD, shouldn't it? *((Yes, yes, a typo. Actually, the name abbreviates to UDGOP.))*

UD up to snuff (film's that is). Nick is for a change right but if I tell him that he'll be just as adamant as usual when he's wrong....come to think of it, he is anyway.

Coming to Rock's superduperdudspedition Sat of Thanksgiving weekend? *((No.))*
TSR---INVASION ARMENIA---3000 scenarios of all excursions of Armenia. Over nine units.

from Edward Vesneske:

Dear shithead;

All right, guys, this is it. I've had just about all I'm gonna take from you greasy little punks sitting on your pimply asses in your Ivy League ivory towers. *((To set the record straight, a) I am quite short, b) I don't intend to do contortions before a mirror to verify the fact, but I'm confident that my ass is relatively free from pustules, and c) my dormitory is constructed of cinderblocks and bricks, not, unfortunately, ivory.))* You think just because you're already there and I have to sit here for the next month waiting to see if I got in or not means that you can fuck around with my life? No way, Jose'. *((If you're coming up here for an interview of something, I'll be glad to offer my rug as sleeping space.))*

First, you refuse to submit to my demands, then you have the audacity, the impudence, the unmitigated gall to give my game to some incompetent bagoon (not to say that he's any less incompetent or baboon-like than you, Gre) to GM, and, on top of that, ask for a standby for my country! *((Your NMR'ing might have something to do with the fact that you moved and didn't bother to inform me of your new address. Also, Tom looks a great deal more like a bear (at least when he has a beard) than he does a baboon.))*

Out of the extreme goodness of my soul, I'm going to give you ONE LAST CHANCE. (This is it, guys. Don't fuck up, as usual)

- 1) I will submit spring 1902 orders for 77IU.
- 2) I am enclosing five dollars for another Diplomacy game.
- 3) I am enclosing an SSAE for the rules of Colonia II which I would like to take over Netherlands for.

I expect you do do the following:

Tell this guy who's taking over my game to send me a list of the people in my game, since I STILL haven't got one (Greg, how the hell do you expect me to play in a game when I don't even know who's in it?)

Simple, huh? Even you can do that, sweetheart. (Don't they teach you anything at Brown?)

((You've got the list and Colonia map. I forgot to tell you the rules, but they're quite simple; a) the colonial centers are "home" to anyone who owns them (I mean, the home colonial centers are---the ones the players start out with. God, I'm confusing myself. What I mean is the Brasil, say, which is a Portuguese home center in the colonies can be built in as a home center by whatever player owns it, and so forth for the other colonial home centers. b) the "island" provinces like Azores and Samoa can be occupied either by armies or fleets, but armies in such centers can only move out of the province by convoy. c) Russia can build fleets in Crimea or Amur if it owns them, and d) (I'm not sure about this one) Naples is a Spanish center, but not a home one.))

PS - It's about time that you started paying me for all this brilliant shit. I work hard to keep your readers entertained, you know? They've got to have something to read besides Ladeheim's wet dreams and your and Gruen's mental masturbation. ((You do get paid for all this brilliant shit. People whose letters get printed get the issue their letter is printed in free. Writers of articles get paid at the rate of two issues/printed page. Wish I had more readers like you.))

from Brian Gister:

Gregg; ((My name is spelled GREG, damn it, gee ar ee single gee.))

I was talking to Bob Lipton the other day and he said that he would rat-er see this new letter which I was telling him about in Urf Durfal than he would see the Quetzlcoatl letter. For this reason I have included a denial of all previous letters received by you from Bob in this letter. Should you have not published the Quatzlcoatl letter at the time this arrives, refrain from publishing it. If the letter is already on stencil, hold this letter until next issue, with the denial. Cut the denial if this is published in place of the Quetzlcoatl letter. You need not worry as to the authenticity of this letter. It is as real as the Quetzlcoatl letter, it's just Bob wasn't around to sign this one after I finished retypping it from the written sheet he had given me.

There are a number of letters in here in addition to the one from Lipton. If a story is desired for as to where they came from, here it is. I was walking down the street (East 86th) the other day when I stumbled on a pile of letters on the street. They were addressed to you Gregg, so I took out the duds and sent what was left to you to be published in Urf Durfal. Now, ~~ys~~ you believe that...

Gregg,

I am writing you to tell you that I denounce and deny the letters you have been publishing in Urf Durfal recently and the %\$@*+ç who wrote them. To start with the proof of my not writing those letters. First, when I was butchering people I used straight razors, not knives, as they are beauteeful weapons when compared to the nasty cut a knife will make. Yuch] Have you even killed with a straight razor, Gregg? The skill you need and the fun you get really surpasses that of knives. Have you ever felt the sensation of swinging your razor and watching the throat be cut, feeling the warm blood on your face, hearing your victim's short yelp of agony and then seeing and hearing that victime fall dead? Weeoo!!! You should try it sometime. ((Razros have their drawbacks. Mat Diller, poor lad, is missing three fingers on his right hand because his razor closed on them during aml affray. Knives, at least, have stationary blades.)) I must further bring complaint against those frauds who claim that I use the bodies as paper for the Gazette. First of all, to kill enough people to turn out a copy of the Gazette would require me to kill at least 3 a night, every night between the day I turn out an issue and the day I sart the next issue. There is no way I can do this. At least one day a week I play D&D, one day I spend observing the Sabbath and eating chicken soup (family functions, I sall it). Anyway, my union only allows me to work on Mondays, Teusdays and Wednesdays under the rules of unfair competition. I feel this should be enough evidence to prove that I use the skin for my SMOKEY DRAGONS and not the Gazette. ((THE SMOKEY DRAGON is RBLipton's apa-zire for APA-DUD, the New York regional D&D apa)). If there is any body remaining after I turn out the DRAGON I throw it into my mixing machine and I get tobacco with real body (get the joke, ha, ha, ha).

I have some bad news for you Gregg. I have quit Jews for Jesus. Don't take me for being random in my religious selection, but after I read Ladenheim's sterline prose, "I Was a Druid Priestess" last issue of Urf Durfal I wanted to be a Druid priestess too. I have since done research on the subject, and consider myself to be the most qualified person for the job for miles around. This qualification is backed by the objects I stole from a friend of mine, a Celtic archeologist. Who s&se in the New York area has a sacrificial dagger, Druidic robes, plans for how to build sacrific&al wicker baskets, lots of wicker, and a copy of Stonehenge in their back yard?? By the way Gægg, I was wondering if maybe you would like to join my circle. You can bring down those people who have used my name in vain on the Winter Equinox, and then we can burn them for their crimes. Gee, it will be a great roast. If you join now I promise you at least an Archdruidship. How about it??

While I'm at it Gregg, did I tell you that I finally found a job. I got a great job doing advertising slogans on Madison Avenue. My first job was to come up with a jingle to sell a product on New Guinea. The jingle, sung to the tune of "Cows Eat Oats" is to convince natives to have their kids and prevent any over-population. It goes something like this:

Cows are beef and

Pigs are ham and

Little lambs are mutton,

A kid is a Bar-B-Q, aren't you

A kid is a Bar-B-Q, aren't youooooo!!

Doesn't it make your mouth water? Do you realize that that ditty made me \$100?? For one week's thought I earned \$100. Do better. I am now working on another food product, Armoured Hot Dogs. When I got this assignment I had to sit down and think. I finally came up with this, sung to the tune of the Armour Hot Dog commercial:

Hot dogs, Armoured Hot Dogs,

What kind of a kid would eat these hot dogs?

Fat kids, skinny kids, mostly kids who are insane

Love hot dogs, Armoured Hot Dogs,

The dog kids just can't bite!!!

Isn't that great? Doesn't it make you want to just run out and buy those hot dogs? What do you think of it Gregg. Write me and tell me.

Babylonia,

Robert Bryan Lipton

From D.R.A.C.

Dear Gregory;

Dear Abbey and Anne Landers wouldn't have my problem so I am writing to you. I have this problem. Recently I was hanging out at Harvard. While there I met this absolutely marvelous guy with thick glasses and crossed eyes. Boy how I love crossed eyes. We met in a swinging singles bar. There we found out we had a lot in common. For a starter only, he wanted to work on the Crimson while my favorite colour is pink (close enough, wouldn't you say). He watched the football games while I just love bodily contact. He liked satire, I am a satyr. This is, of course, just a start. From the bar we proceeded to his dorm. There we went to his room. When he finally found out (he pretended to just notice, I know he knew all evening) that I was a guy in drag, he flipped out. He ran straight to the door and out the hall. In the spirit of the game, I gave chase, my panties unfortunately catching on the door edge. I -pped. As I fell, I bumped him and his glasses fell off his face. Not being able to see his way, he flew over the rail and down the stairs. A pity. I quickly gathered my stuff and made for the door. I have not seen that charming young man since. Scott, if you are out there, I shall meet you under your window on the night of December 7. Please come.

from Shurlp Hisss:

Gregg,

We here are glad to know that you chose Brown and have come to Providence. We, having heard of your exploits with the Necronomicon in New York, wish you to attend church here. We are listed as the First Providence Church of Dagon. We can be found in the Yellow pages under fish; alternatively, some Saturday night walk the waterfront. Stop in front of Joes Fish and Chips. There evoke the elder gods. You will be met and brought to services before long by one of our members. As to regards to advance placement. All members of our church start at the bottom and work their way up. I feel, however, with your abilities you should go quickly up. Please come Saturday,

Shurlp Hisss,

High Priest Dagon, Providence, Rhode Island

SORCERY IN EN GARDE!

by Adam L. Gruen
(idea courtesy E. Danger Ladenheim)

Porthos jumped down from the balcony, foil in hand. "En Garde, ye pitiful dog!" he yelled at the black-caped suitor of the fair damsel Madam Le'Ore. The man leapt back, and turned to face Porthos, at the same time whipping out a strange blade from beneath the folds of his cloak.

Porthos stopped suddenly. "Shit," he said, his face turning a ghastly white, "a Miracle Slicer!"

Yes firends, imagine magical swords in your very own En Garde campaign. I admit that mixing magic with swashbuckling does take a little bit 'o stretching of the mind, but since fantasy takes imagination in the first place, why not?

First of all, it is obvious that not every fool can be a magician (and when I use that term I mean the same thing, essentially, as magic-users in fa-tasy gaming). I suggest that only those characters of native intelligence level 14 or higher be able to be a magician.

Secondly, those characters who do wish to be magicians must subtract the following points from their characteristics:

STRENGTH: -2 CONSTITUTION: -1 DEXTERITY: -3

Obviously, Endurance is affected also. However, the fledgling magician rolls three dice to determine his MAGIC PROWESS. Magic Prowess is inherited from family lines -- hence, while magical prowess may be increased throughout a magician's life, he starts out with a certain natural ability.

On the BIRTH TABLE A, a roll of 1 or 6 entitles a character to be a magician. Players should consult the following tables to see what the status of their father is/was:

die roll	2nd die-roll	color*	initial	allow	inher.
1	1	yellow	10	0	0
1	2	orange	20	5	30
1	3	red	30	10	50
1	4	red	40	15	75
1	5	purple	50	20	100
1	6	purple	75	25	200
6	1	red	100	20	300
6	2	purple	150	40	400
6	3	blue	200	50	500
6	4	blue	300	75	800
6	5	green	400	100	1000
6	6	white	500	125	1350

* = color of robe or sash indicates level of importance among Magicians. The weakest and most common of all colors is Yellow, followed by Orange, Red, Purple, Blue, Green, and then White. Sometimes Black is worn instead of purple to differentiate between royalty and magic level. As to actual game-corresponding terms;

Yellow = 1, 2, or 3; Orange = 4, 5, 6 or 7; red = 8, 9, 10, 11, or 12; Purple = 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, or 18; Blue = 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, or 25; green = 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, or 33; and white = 34+.

Hence a magician who starts out at Yellow Robes level number one needs but three status points in a month to raise to level 2. However, in addition to normal status points, magicians may attempt to gain even more status through magical combat, magical feats, etc.,

More of this will be discussed next time

PLUGS''

Firstly, let me indicate that I really have no idea of the reliability or record of most of the people I plug. This is not The Word From God; these are PLUGS, get it, noe sercon (fannish slang for serious, conscientious) zine reviews or anything of the fucking sort. These constitute a great Diplomacy hobby tradition. What I do, y'see, is I write a little squib for these zines, see, telling what their sub rates and stuff are, and sayihgwhat U think of the zine, and, if you're interested, you're supposed to write the bastards. If'n you want to, y'see. I'm not making no serious attempt to present an in-depth, well-thought-out review of these zines for my readership's benefit; none of that crap. Cum grano salis is the watchword.

The point is, I don't be too critical; I'd better not, at least if I want to be plugged back. Which is the whole purpose. at least from my point of view. Plugs are a necessary way of spreading information about zines in this here hobby; if you send in your money and never hear from the guy, it sure as hell isn't my fault. Caveat emptor, if you want some more latin.

Several new zines have started floating around recently:

THE BRUTUS BULLETIN is published by John Michalski, 913 NE Sixth St, Moore, OK. 73160. Sub rates are \$2 for a year, which, to me at least, either implies an infrequent production or a rich publisher. Gamefee is zilch, i.e., included in sub, apparently. Openings just in regular Diplomacy, apparently. The first issue of TBB includes a couple of pages of blathering by the editor, a couple of pages of house rules, the beginning of a first game, a reprint of "BUREAUCRATIC BLUNDERS" or somesuch from CONSERVATIVE DIGEST. Michalski claims to be conservative, although, from what I can determine of his writings, not libertarian. Better than some of these East Coast Knee-Jerk Liberal types we've got around here, like Jerry Paulson. ((He's a kike, to boot, which doubles the problem)). To continue, a reprint of the conference map (which, y'know, is violation of copyright, not that I, in my felony-inured soul, care); "The Ten Diplomandments", reprinted from DIPLOMACY DIGEST, which reprinted it from MIXUMAXU GAZZETTE, which shows the editor's good taste, if nothing else; a review of AFRICAN CAMPAIGN, which shows the editor's bad taste, if nothing else; and two pages of ads, apparently also ripped off.

Firstly, TBB has a nice free-wheeling atmosphere not entirely unlike Urf or DER FLEIGENDE HOLLANDER, and totally unlike the stultifying atmosphere of some other zines. I.e., the zine is slightly cruddy in quality, but the editor is more likely to amuse and less likely to bore you than, say, Russel Fox. All in all, not a bad first effort, and the zine is not without nope.

AGAINST THE ODDS from Craig A Reges, 16 W 761 White Pines Rd, Bensenville, IL, 60106, subs are \$3.50/10 (which is ridiculously high by my standards, and outrageous by Rod Walker's), gamefees are \$2 plus a \$2 refundable deposit for one or fewer NMR's. I haven't seen a copy of the zine; I'm quoting from a flyer sent out by Craig Reges; he says an issue will be out by December 5th. That's about all I can tell you.

THE TERRSMA-GAVUS GAZETTE is published by John Brennick of 192 Curtis Ave, Stoughton, MA, 02072. John has been a subscriber (or rather, was a subscriber) both to the POUCH and URF DURFAL for quite a while, and ran a postal D&D campaign at one point. The zine is a "monthly magazine of science fiction, space fantasy, swords & sorcery, and medieval fantasy", which sounds a bit ambitious for a twelve-page zine. Subs are \$2/4, which sounds a bit off to me; but then, it isn't a Dipzine. On the other hand, it's no bigger than a Dipzine. Also, there are openings in DIPLOMACY, En Garde, Traveller, Boot Hill, Frigate, Starf-orce, Business Strategy and Stocks & Bonds. The issue I've got (which is the second) contains a map of a D&D city, Primerva, with two pages of notes about the city; a review of Traveller; a world constructed by Brennick for Traveller, including a map and a page or so of notes; a couple of pages of a short story by Brennick; and some miscellaneous chatter. While this is not the greatest effort I've ever seen, it is better than most of the D&D zines I've seen (and this most emphatically includes DANKENDISMAL, I'd like to add.)

I expected to do one page of reviews, but I'm not finished yet. Maybe I'll make this a 24-pager

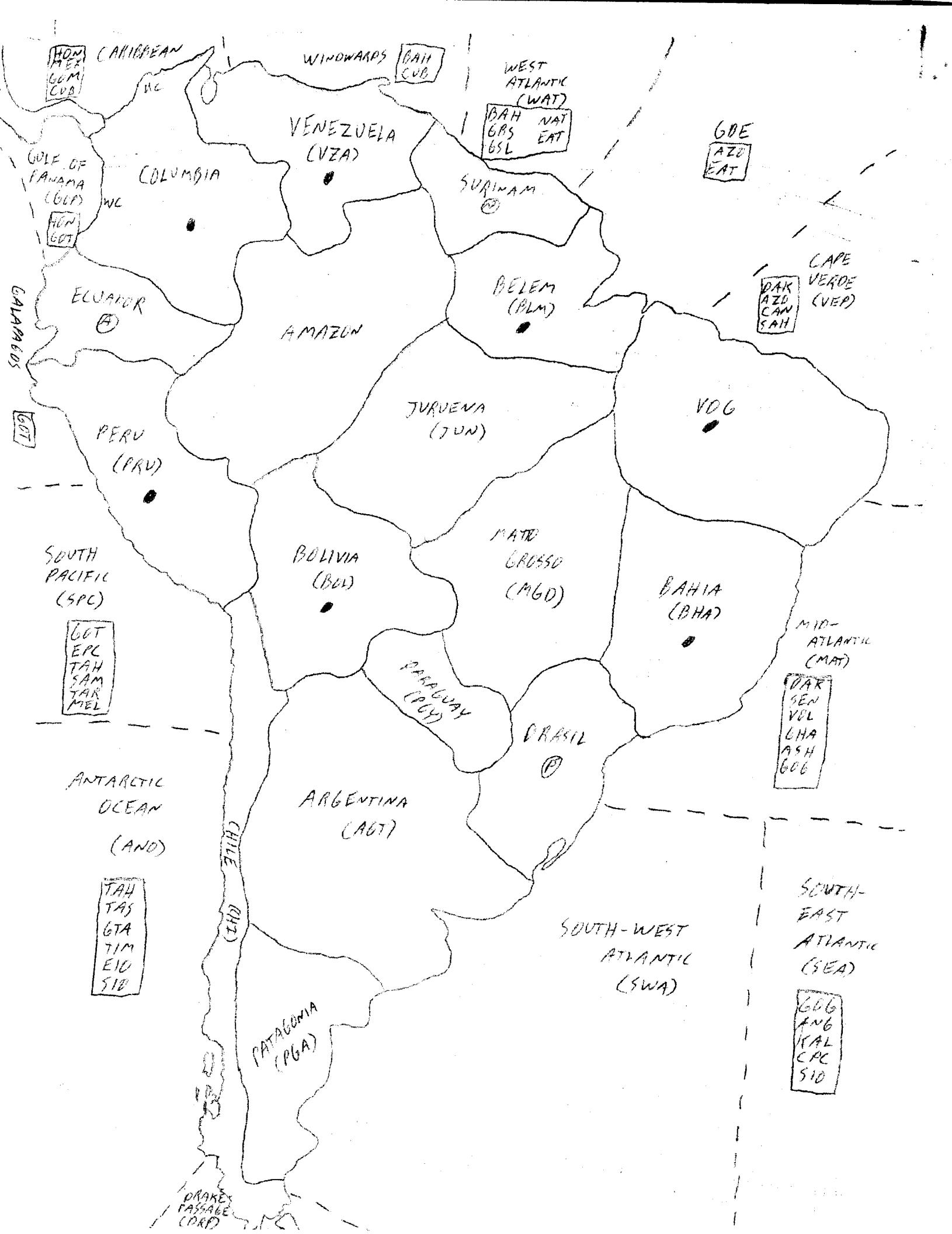
LILAF, published by Tom Gould, 40 W 77, NY, NY, 10024 is one of the best new zines I've seen for quite a while. Subs are \$2/8 (I think), and there is no gamefee. There are openings in Diplomacy and Conquistador, and standbys are wanted for the Trader variant (you must trade to play). Why is LILAF the best zine I've seen in a long time? Well, it's not only a good zine compared to other new zines, it's an excellent zine in its own right. Although it is somewhat disorganized----but then, so is Urf. Tom's zine is not just another gamezine, as so many new zines are; it is primarily really an sf zine. Tom is almost as well read in sf as I am, and is better able to write about it than I am (I usually find that any book reviews I write are lousy as hell). He also is an SPI employee, and is very much up on games and the gaming hobby. And, in addition, he's a member of the Conspiracy and thus has a line on the Diplomacy hobby. These three interests combine to produce a zine that is at once literate, full of interesting material, and still replete with enough of Tom's personality to make it something of a personal zine. The most recent issue of LILA, #3/4, which I have before me, contains; a page of intro history for Tom's Traveler campaign; a 3-page GENCON report; a competition drawn up by Adam Kananof; a questionnaire; an original folksong; reviews of THE SWORD OF SHANNARA and THE SILMARILLION; rules for Postal Conquistador; a SunCon report (SunCon was this year's World SF Convention); a Kasanovesque after-the-holocaust story, written in series format in collaboration between Tom, Ben Grossman, and myself; a list of this year's Hugo award winners; and lots of blathering by the editor. Of course this is a double issue, and thus contains twice as much material as normal issues; but the range of material is representative. I strongly urge you to subscribe.

SUICIDE is an uninspired little zine published by Andy Cook, 807 Crescent Dr, Alexandria, VA, 22303. Subs are 10/\$3, which is a wee high; gamefees are \$2 for Diplomacy, and \$3 for other games. Openings in Colonia (Stimmel variant), Kingmaker, Conquistador, Exploration of the Americas (a Dippy variant), and regular Diplomacy. The latest issue includes a page of politics which is unappealing to me (not the existence of the page, but the contents), an English tactics article which is supposed to be funny, and four pages of games, press, and stuff. I suppose I'm being a bit harsh---the zine shows some potential, after all,--- but for some reason the zine offends me.

THE PRE-DAWN LEFTIST is published by Ben Grossman, 323 Speakman, U of Penn, 3700 Speakman, Philadelphia, PA, 19174, subs are \$2/7. PDL is increasingly a personalzine and more interesting than most of the formal zines currently being printed. College seems to be rotting Ben's mind ---or at least, leaving him permanently in a state of altered awareness (as it were). This seems indicated by the incredible number of typos, grammatical errors, and so forth, which, I am sure, Ben would not make were he---er---not semi-conscious while producing the zine. The number of typos is beginning to approximate the number made by your esteemed editor.

THE MIXU-MAXU GAZETTE is a new zine published by a Robert Bryan Lipton, 556 Green Pl, Woodmere, NY, 11598. Mr. Lipton is new to the publishing world, as can be seen from the back-proofting and other crudding he gets when he tries to publish. His zine--at least the first couple of issues---have contained a number of worthwhile articles, but, for the most part, have been useful as little more than canary-cage-lining material. It is to be fervently hoped that Robert's first attempts at publishing will shortly result in the demise of his zine; the irregularity, bad English, numerous GMing mistakes and general ineptitude present in the zine make it a definite candidate for Worst New Zine of the year.

DER FLEIGENDE HOLLANDER is published by Don Wileman, 98 Sanderling Cres., Lindsay, Ontario, K9V 4N2, and co-edited by Adam Kananof. Subs are (I think) \$2/8. DFH is one of those zines that really shouldn't be a Dipzine; it's too good for the hobby. It should be published and read by those few who can appreciate it; it is interesting and amusing. 'The games are irrelevant, as they are, essentially, in this zine. Unfortunately, if one doesn't run games, one usually winds up with no subscribers, which shows the rotten taste of most Diplomacy players; they're too dependent on their stupid little game to care about a zine's other qualities.



POLITIQUE

I have informed the Periodicals Editor of the IDA/NA that I am running for the office of President of that organization, and have submitted a campaign statement. My campaign statement is as follows:

Should I be elected President of this organization, I will place the following proposal before the Council of the IDA/NA;

The Constitution of the IDA/NA shall be amended by the addition of a final article as follows:

I. Whereas the major purpose of the IDA and IDA/NA has, in reality, been to fund the Boardman and Miller Numbers, and the funding of the Boardman Numbers is now being handled by Avalon-Hill, and the Miller Numbers seem to require a minimum of funding, and

II. Whereas the IDA/NA now seems to be an organization with no further purpose to fulfill, and in fact its continued existence has become repugnant to some in the hobby;

III The Treasurer is hereby directed to return to the membership of the IDA/NA their dues in such part as their membership has not expired; he is further directed to forward one-third of the remaining funds to the Miller Number Custodian, and two-thirds to the Boardman Number Custodian.

IV. The purpose of the International Diplomacy Association of North America therefore being exhausted, this organization is hereby considered dissolved, and this session of the Council, its governing body, ended, on this day, _____, Anno Domini 1978, year 33 of the Atomic Era.

Should this amendment be defeated, I would resign as President.

Let I be labelled as one merely attempting to destroy an organization which others would wish to continue, let me point out that the above proposal would only come into effect if a) I were to be elected President by a plurality, and b) the requisite fraction (I'm not sure whether a constitutional amendment requires 2/3's or 4/5's of the Council) of the Council votes positively for the motion. Therefore, the IDA/NA will be dissolved only if a) I am given a mandate by the membership of the organization to so dissolve it, and b) the Council agrees to go along.

To further remove me from charges of attempting to destroy an organization which its members in reality wish to continue to exist, let me state that, should I be elected President with a plurality but not a majority of the votes, I shall conduct a referendum among the membership to determine whether the death of the IDA/NA is truly wanted by a majority of the members; and, if not, I would resign.

However, organizations----even such morally bankrupt an institution as the IDA/NA----have a life of their own, and will not die when the time is ripe for their demise. Needless to say, I expect to fail in my bid for the Presidency, as I am sure that a majority of the membership still has some sort of idea that the IDA/NA is capable of Doing Great Things and Uniting the Hobby, and turning us all into a bunch of serious, conscientious, Diplomacy players who write tactics articles and discuss the ethics of cross-game alliances and read The Strategy And Tactics of Postal Diplomacy with great attention and write serious critiques of Edi Birsan's playing style, and.....AAAAAAGH!!!

DU GAMES

77Ags (Excommunication!) GM: Greg Costikyan W1102
 Amoravids (C.D.) owed one
 Byzantium (Grossman) B A Cher
 France (Gruen) B A Avig
 Leon&Castile (Gould) B A Tole
 Rome (Goldberg) NBR owed one

Abassid Islam (Gister) B M Anti
 Fatimite Islam (Linden) R M Alex (NSU), R M Tyn, GM removes M Trip

henceforth, I will use the three- or four- letter abbreviations listed on the back page in adjudications. If it makes it any easier, you're welcome to use them when doing your moves.

76Pfh (Colonia II) GM: Greg Costikyan F1752
 The following errors were made last time:

- a) The Netherlands fleet Cey moved to Bbl, not And
- b) the Portuguese A Cpc moved to Kal, not Cal
- c) The Austria A Pol was able to retreat to Mor, not Mur.
- d) France has F Pei, not A.
- e) The Ottomans have A Rom, not F
- e) The Protuguese own Coc, although they don't own Col; thus, they are owed one build from last year.

Austira (Dale?) NMR! A Pol R-OTB. F Adr, A Psa, A Tri, A Bud, A Pra, A Bav, A Ken, A Pru, A Col, A Ecu, A Eth /h/.

England (Johnston?) A Lou, A Fla, A Gab, A Fez, F Sam, F Tas, F Nwy, F Ska, F Lon, F Heb, F Aus, F Vir, F Nig, F Lpl(ec) /h/.

France (Ricci) A Mah-Ben, A Niz H, F Pei-WIO, A Gha-Ash, A Sen-Vol, F Vep H, F Mat-GoG, F Lgn S SPA F Tun-Tyr, F Eng-Btl, A Sav-Bur, A Bur-Rhi, A Mas-Vir, A Ont-Ohi, F Gsl-Gbs.

Netherlands (~~Stalin~~Vesneske) A Sur S Por A Mma (NSO) (R-Ama, OTB), A Tan-Zam, F Bma H, F Bal-Swe, A Han-Bav, A Ant S A Han (NSO, imp.), F Bbl-WIO.

Ottomans (Taylor?) NMR! A Tur, A Afg, A Ara, A Egy, F EMD, F Ion, A Arm, F Rom, A Try, A Cra

Portugal (Hyatt) A Ama-Vza, A Bol H, A Bha S A Vdg, A Vdg S A Bha, A Blm S A Lis-Sur, F Gbe C A Lis-Sur, F Eat C A Lis-Sur, F Can-Azo, A Lis-Sur, A Con H, A Kal-Zam, A Nya-Moz, A Sze-Mon, A Chn S A Sze-Mon, A Sun H.

Russia (Oliver) A Irk-Mon, A Man S A Irk-Mon, A Ore S A Mta, A Mta S A Ore, F EPc S A Ore, F SoO-SoJ, F Swe-S A Kar-Nwy, A Kar-Nwy, A Bes S A Pol, A Pol H.

Spain (Stimmel) A Tau S A Alg-Tun, A Alg-Tun, A Arg-Heu, A Mad-Heu, F Tun-Tyr, A Uta-Tex, A Mex-Hon, A Cal H, F NPC-Epc, F Wpc-Tar, F Plp-Hap, F Nap S F Tun-Tyr

Supply Center Chart:

Austria: Pra, Vie, Bud, Tri; Ecu, Som; Pol , Psa, Eth, Col, Ken, Bav, Pru	12/11	+1
England: Lon, Fla , Lpl; Aus, Vir, Nig; Fij, Nwy, Ohi , Kam, Lou, Fla, Sam, Gab	12/14	-2
France: Par, Bre, Tou; Pdy, Que, Dak; Pps, Sav, Sen, Mah, Ont, Ben, Kha, Vol, Gha, Mas, <u>Niz</u> , <u>Btl</u> , <u>Ohi</u>	19/14	+5
Netherlands: Ant, Hag, Utr; Jav; Han, Moz , Vza , Tan Cey, Baa, Den	9/7	+2
Ottomans: Bag, Dam, Izm, Jer, Sof, Cnp; Afg, Per, Yem, Oma, <u>Egy</u>	11/10	+1
Portugal: Lag, Opo, Lis; Mac, Bra, Ang; Cpc, Sur; Vdg, Azo, Zam, Coc, Sze, Chn, Blm, Bol, <u>Vaa</u> , <u>Bha</u> , <u>Con</u> , <u>Moz</u> , <u>Sun</u>	21/15	+6
Russia: Ptd, Irk, Mos, Kie; Ala, Haw; Amu, Cri; Swe, Van, Ore, <u>Mta</u> , <u>Man</u> , <u>Pol</u>	14/10	+4
Spain: Mad, Cad, Val; Ifn, Mnl, Mex; Tun, Mrc, Jap, Cal, Nwg, Nap, <u>Tex</u> , <u>Hon</u> , <u>Tar</u>	15/12	+3

Because of the large number of builds, builds will not be combined with Spring moves next issue; submit only builds.

74CS (The Pouch Game) GM: Greg Costikyan F15
 Austria (Kelly) F Adr-Tun, F Nap-Tyn, F Wes-NAf, F Tun S F Wes-NAf, F Tyn-Wes, F Lyo S F
 Tyn-Wes, A Pie H, F Tus H, A Tyo-Mun A Sil S A Tyo-Mun, A Vie-Tyo, A Boh S A Sil, A Gal S
 A Sil, A Ukr S A War, A Sev S A Mos, A War H, A Mos H.
 England (C.D.) A Lon /h/.
 France (Hessel) F Lyo R-Spa(sc), F Wes R-NAf. F Spa(sc)-Mar, A Bur S F Spa(sc)-Mar, A Mar-
 Gas, A Ruh-Bel, F Mid-Spa(sc), F NAF /h/ (R-Mid, OTB).
 Germany (Gould) F Nwg-Nat, A StP S A Lvn, A Lvn S A Ber (imp), F Bal S A Pru, A Ber S A Mun,
 A Kie S A Mun, F Bot-Swe, F Fin S A StP, A Mun /h/, A Pru /h/.

Austria: Vie, Tri, Bud, Smy, Con, Ank, Rom, Vie, Nap, Ser, Gre, Bul, Rum, Tun, War, Mos, Sev, 17 even
 England: Lon 1 even
 France: Par, Bre, Por, Bel, Mar, Spa 6 even
 Germany: Ber, Mun, Kie, Hol, Swe, Nwy, Den, Edi, Lvp, StP 10 even

GM calls for a three way draw; please vote on it with your next moves. Please note that a stalemate line now exists, unless Germany stabs France, which would seem to be an unlikely eventuality.

75B (PA6) GM: Dave Barlow F10
 England (Kelly) A Bur S A Bel, A Bel H, F Bar S F Nwy, F Nth-Hel, F Lon-Nth, F Nwg S F Lon-Nth,
 France (C.D.) A Mar /h/.
 Germany (Ditter) A Smy R-Ank. A Lvn-StP, A Fin S A Lvn-StP, A Mos-Sev, F Swe-Nwy, F Den@Hel,
F Bal-Den, F Ska-Nth, A Ruh-Bel, A Hol S A Ruh-Bel, A Kie-Mun, A Gre-Ser, A Rum-Bud,
 A Ank S IT A Byl-Con
 Italy (Malmquist) F Por-Mid, F Spa(sc)-Wes, F Tyn-Ion, F Rom-Tus, F Nap S F Tyn-Ion, A Ser-
 Rum, A Bul-Con, A Tun-NAf
 Turkey (Gould) F Eas-Aeg, F Aeg-Con, F Smy S F Aeg-Con,

Supply Center Chart:

England: Lvp, Lon, Edi, Nwy, Par, Bre, Bel, ~~Wol~~ 7 even
 France: Mar 1 even
 Germany: Ber, Kie, Mun, Den, War, StP, Ven, Mos, Tri, Swe, Gre, ~~Smy~~, ~~Koh~~, Ser,
Bud, Hol, Ank, Sev 18 B4*
 Italy: Nap, Tun, Vie, Rom, Bul, Por, Spa, ~~Bud~~, ~~Ser~~, Rum 8 even
 Turkey: Con, ~~Ank~~, ~~Ser~~, Smy 2 R1

* = room for one

77IU (Urf Durfal Game) GM: Tom Gould S02
 Austria (Penn) A Vie-Gal, A Bud S A Vie-Gal, A Ser-Rum, A Alb-Gre, F Gre-Aeg
 England (Vesneske) A Yor-Nwy, F Nth C A Yor-Nwy, F Nwy-Ska, F Lon-Eng
 France (Gister) A Par S A Bur, A Bre-Pic, A Spa-Mar, A Bur H, F Por-Mid
 Germany (Forrest) F Hol-Nth, A Kie-Den, A Mun-Ruh, A Ber-Mun, A Bel H.
 Italy (Barlow) F Ion-Eas, F Nap-Ion, A Tun H, A Pie-Mar
 Russia (Kelly) A Ukr S F Rum, F Rum H (R-OTB), A War-Sil, A Mos-War, F Swe S F Eng F Nth-Den
 (NSO).
 Turkey (Tutacko) F Con-Aeg, F Bla S A Sev-Rum, A Sev-Rum, A Bul S A Sev-Rum, A Ank-Arm

EXCOMMUNICATION! ABBREVIATIONS

In order to facilitate GMing, the following abbreviations will henceforth be used for Excommunication:

Aeg - Aegean Sea	Ches - Chester	Jeru - Jerusalem	Pome - Pomerania
Alex - Alexandria	Con - Constantinople	Khaz - Khazars	Pont - Pontus
Ango - Angora	Cord - Cordova	Kiev - Kiev	Por - Portugal
Anti - Antioch	Corn - Cornwall	Leon - Leon	Reim - Reims
Arab - Arabia	Croa - Croatia	Lith - Lithuania	Rom - Rome
Arag - Aragon	Cuma - Cumans	Lon - London	Salz - Salzburg
Arm - Armenia	Cypr - Cyprus	Lorr - Lorraine	Sara - Saragossa
Auji - Aujila	Den - Denmark	Masi - Massilian Gulf	SATl - South Atlantic
Avig - Avignon	Eas - Eastern Med.	Maye - Mayence	Saxo - Saxony
Bagd - Baghdad	Eng - English Channel	Mid - Mid-Atlantic	Scot - Scotland
Bal - Baltic	Epir - Epirus	Mins - Minsk	Ser - Serbia
Bale - Balearics	Esto - Estonia	Mosu - Mosul	Smol - Smolensk
Barc - Barcelona	Fez - Fez	Navr - Navarre	Sici - Sicily
Bloi - Blois	Fran - Franconia	NAtl - North Atlantic	SoMa - Sea of Marmara
BoBi - Bay of Biscay	Frie - Friesland	Nejd - Nejd	Swe - Sweden
Boh - Bohemia	Geno - Genoa	Nmdy - Normandy	Tole - Toledo
Bord - Bordeaux	Geor - Georgia	NmPr - Norman Princip.	Treb - Trebizond
Brit - Brittany	Ghad - Ghadames	Novg - Novgorod	Trip - Tripoli
Bul - Bulgaria	Gran - Granada	Nth - North Sea	Tun - Tunis
Bulg - Bulgars	Gre - Greece	Nrse - Norse Sea	Tyn - Tyrhennian
Brgs - Burgas	GuFi - Gulf of Finland	Nwy - Norway	Ucle - Ucles
Bur - Burgundy	Hamm - Hammadites	Par - Paris	Vero - Verona
Cair - Cairo	Hung - Hungary	Patz - Patzinaks	Wale - Wales
Chal - Chalcedon	Icon - Iconium	Pers - Persia	York - York
Cbyn - Cibyhrrian	Ion - Ionian	Pia - Pisa	Zala - Zalaca
Cher - Cherson	Irel - Ireland	Pola - Poland	

Rules for abbreviations: a) where the province exists in regular Diplomacy, I've used the same three-letter abbreviation. b) Most abbreviations are just the first four letters of the province names. Notable exceptions are most of the provinces beginning "Nor"; provinces which are "Bays of", or "Gulf of" or "Seas of"; and Burgas (which is Brgs to avoid confusion with Bur).

ERY DURFAL, GRANDSON OF POUCH #26/27
 c/o Greg Costikyan
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Handwritten notes:
 D...
 G...
 M... 1777

DEADLINE FOR 75B, 75HM and 77IU: DECEMBER 30 1977
 FOR OTHER GAMES: 77AgS, JANUARY 6, 1978