

UTTER CHAOS

This is vanity, all is vanity. I looked upon URD DURFAL, and behold, it was vanity. This vexation of spirit is printed to playtest Diplomacy variants a deviants of other games. There is no gamefee, and no set subscription rate. The cost for each copy for each subscriber is determined by the following formula:

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In other words, cost. If any person writes more than 1/2 page of press in an issue, he gets that issue free. The only people who qualify this issue are Ray Heuer (who trades anyway) and Mike Dominskyj (who won't get it anyway because he lives in Canuck-land)

Back issues 1-6 are available at 25¢ a piece. Copies of EXCOMMUNICATION!, DIPLOMAFIA, UTTER CHAOS, NEAR UTTER CHAOS, INDONESIAN DIPLOMACY, SNOT DIPLOMACY, my house rules, and an unusual little game called DESTRUCTION OF SPI CENTER are available for an SASE. GIGO, my sf/wargaming zine, is available for 50¢ or 6/\$2.50. FIRE THE ARQUEBUSIERS!, my long-awaited D&D fanzine, is finally out. 36 pages, 1/50¢ or 6/\$2.50. Subs to FTA! and GIGO may be combined in any way.

ISSUE 7 DEADLINE: THURSDAY 7512.11 (DEC. 11)

All right now, no nonsense. As you can see, a goodly number of people NMRed this issue, even though they all had an extra week to get there moves in. This has two reasons:

A) In the past, people have expected Scott or me to call them up to get their moves. We did not do this for this issue, and we will never do it again. YOU are responsible for getting YOUR moves in. Quite often, Scott's and my phones are busy---we do quite a bit of talking (as does my sister and my mother, but that's another problem.) We make no guarantee of being able to take these calls (see my house rules,) so if you can't get us by phone, that's your problem. Mail your moves---that's just about the only sure way of getting them to us. If you like, you can submit General Orders (see the house rules,) return postage cards (ditto,) or request that the GM's call you COLLECT if they haven't got your moves by the time they adjudicate.

B) I am a notoriously shitty gamesmaster. Ben Grossman missed his moves twice in a row over the last two issues because I lost his moves. Moves given to me at work or school have only a 50-50 chance of ever actually entering my file. Phoned moves are a little better, but MAILED moves have an almost 100% chance of getting into my files. If you want to be absolutely sure that I've got your moves, you should a) Mail me your moves, or, if you must phone them in b) phone them in a few days before the deadline, when I'm less likely to forget.

I take full responsibility for the shittiness of my GM'ing. It does add a bit of Chaos to the FRIGG IT! game, which is probably to the good (how's that for command control rulesx---the GM moves your moves), although it tends to fuck up the EXCOMMUNICATION! game.

But the former is inexcusable.

Oh, yes, I am in desperate need of standbys---David Gladstein hasn't once submitted moves xxx for his position as Germany in STAB-HAPPY, and its into its 2nd year. Anyone want a 6-unit Germany? If not, the game will have to be delayed until I get someone to take the position.

THE URF DURFALIAN CANDIDATE

Chapter 1A

Ray Heuer

Gil had the hamburger snatched from his hands. "Well, Fu. You should know that one is for me." Gil started. The voice was that of the international killer, 'Tug.' But that was impossible, Gil thought, as he started to turn, that was just a movie role played by.....

"Hey!" he cried.

"Who else? I told you duds that I would meet you here, didn't I?"

"No," chorused several voices.

"Oh, well I thought I did." The body the voice was coming from was unmistakably that of Raymond E. Heuer, a/kaa Undud. ((Rude noise-Scott Rosenberg))

"But.....but.....but" opined Rosenberg.

"Your motor's running," said everyone save Heuer, who was eating his second hamburger.

"How, by the way, did you manage to survive 15 bullets in the heart?" asked Gladstein.

"Three Patriarchs in the room, and he asks how someone was raised from the dead," remarked Paulson.

"Actually," said Heuer, starting in on his third hamburger, "this had nothing to do with D&D. You are all, I assume, familiar with Dr. Christian Barnard?" The others offered affirmative mumbles, and he went on. "Well, recently he has developed a new transplant method. The old method had one large drawback. They removed a damaged, but working heart, and replaced it with an undamaged one. What happened when the body rejected the new heart is both obvious and recorded. However, he has come up with a method of grafting the new heart into the circulatory system while leaving the original heart intact and in place. Then when either the old heart gives out or the new one is rejected, there is still a working one left. Well, I've had a weak heart for some time now....."

"That's because of your dud weight, fatboy," sympathized Neiger.

"Anyway," Heuer continued, the interruption giving him a chance to eat a fourth hamburger, "I volunteered for the operation, and it was performed about a month ago."

"You never mentioed it to us!" whined Rosenberg.

"One of the conditions of the operations' being free, I could never afford one normally, is that it not be mentioned until after certain tests could be made, three weeks after the operation, to see if the transplant/graft had taken or was being rejected."

"Hey, Dave" whispered Paulson, "do you notice anything strange about Ray?"

"Aside from the fact that he seems an unusually healthy corpse, and that he doesn't seem to be eating as much as usual, no," said Gladstein.

"No, I mean the fact that he seems much more tired than usual, he seems to be delivering a lecture as though he were used to it, and that he hasn't made any awful puns yet."

This seemed to puzzle Gladstein. True, he thought, Ray looked tired, almost sad. "Oh, yeah, that," he said.

"Well, the simple fact of the matter is that all fifteen bullets hit the grafted heart. My own is still as good--or as bad--as it ever was."

"Yeah," said Rosenberg, "but who killed you?"

"I don't know," said Heuer.

"WHAT???"

"Well, the fact that the shots didn't kill me doesn't mean I was immune to gunfire. I passed out almost immediately after the first shot. Evidently, the impact of all of them, sent me deeper and deeper into shock. ~~xxxxxx~~ I really don't remember what I was doing there, except that it had something to do with Vanable. Which reminds me, did I tell any of you that I was going to the Commodore?"

"Yes," said Neiger, "but it had nothing to do with Vanable."

"Go on."

"You said that you were going to see Gilinsky about holding DipCon there."

"Yes, ye. Gilinsky....."

"But I thought Gallo was holding it at Princeton," said Rosenberg.

"So did I, until he phoned me last week," said Rosenberg.

"But why did you call you [sic]?" asked Gladstein.

"That should be obvious," said Heuer. "He wanted Jerry to put up some money for it."

"Right," said Paulson. "Did you give him the check?"

"What check?"

"The check to pay the Commodore, of course,"

"But, said Heuer, "I don't....are you sure....when did...."

"Spit it out, fatboy," said Gil.

"Ray," said Paulson, "the check. Didd you give it to Gilinsky?"

"No. I don't remember you giving me a check in the first place."

Jerry considered the possibility of doing violence on Ray, but decided against it when he remembered the size difference. Gladstein said to himself "That's quite odd. Ray's memory and honesty are practically legendary. [sic] I wonder what's going on here."

"Neiger popped in with; "Jerry....you gave the check to Ray, right?"

"Yeah."

"Ray, you don't remember getting the check, but you have trouble remembering other things about the last 24 hours, right?"

"Right, but I don't...."

"Well then, it's simple. Although we still don't know who shot Ray, we do know why. Somebody who knew that Ray would be there at the Commodore set him up."

"But the only people who knew that Ray would be there are me and Gilinsky," said Paulson.

"And," said Heuer, "Vanable and I."

"Hmm," mused Gladstein, "that's one of the few times I've known Ray to use correct grammar."

IS THIS THE REAL HEUER? IF SO, WHY WAS HE KILLED? WHAT WOULD A KILLER GAIN BY GETTING THE CHECK---- WHICH COULD ONLY HAVE BEEN MADE OUT TO GILINSKY? WILL KASANOF WRITE THE NEXT INSTALLMENT, WILL HEUER, OR WHAT? WHERE IS STANLEY WADE WELLMAN NOW THAT WE NEED HIM? (OR IS THAT WADE STANLEY WELLMAN?) BUT MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL----WHO CARES?

ADDITIONAL FRIGG TT! RULES

Varse, it's time again for some more rules:

24 GALE FORCE WINDS

If the wind is currently at Fresh, and the gamesmaster rolls on the wind table and is directed to increase the wind force, the wind becomes "Gale." In a Gale, all ships with a defense strength less than three are "swamped," i.e., flip over and sink. This is SPECIALLY directed against "Dil-ships." As well, all ships are required to bring in all but a minimal amount of sail; thus, the movement allowance is reduced once more to 8 for ships-of-the-line, and 9 for Frigates. On the turn in which wind forces increase to Gale, there is a 1 out of 6 chance for each ship that a ship will have part of its mast snapped off, i.e., take one Mast Hit. Not air balloons move at 32 in a gale. This "mast hit" does not cause Gunpowder-loaded ships to explode.

When wind is Gale force, ships may only travel in one of the three directions immediately opposite the wind. Thus, if the wind is Northwest, a ship could only travel South, Southeast or Northeast.

Ships, artillery rafts, and so on, drift two hexes per turn in a Gale. As well, due to the spray and so on, the attack strength of all ships is halved. No damage control may be attempted during a Gale; that is to say, for as many turns as the Gale lasts, no rolls will be made for Damage Control.

25 Scott Rosenberg Obnoxious Rule

All of Scott Rosenberg's present ships, as well as any ships he may purchase in the future, are hereby destroyed. If any player ever, in the future, enters with what the Gamesmaster considers an unreasonable number of ships, the gamesmaster may choose to destroy all of those ships. Monetary remuneration will greatly increase the number of ships the Gamesmaster feels are "reasonable."

26 Pirate Ships

Pirate ships are essentially ships equipped with few guns, but with a large ram and with hordes of crew people just waiting to choke the life out of the crew of some other ship. Pirate ships always move as Frigates, no matter the defense strength. They have ONLY ONE range (0-2). The number of money points expended to provide strengths at this range must not be more than 10; that is to say, the maximum strength at this range is 10. AS WELL, however, pirate ships pay for a special Afoul strength; for every money point expended, three Afoul strength points are bought. Thus, if 20 money points are expended for the afoul strength, the pirate ship has a strength of 60 when afoul. Pirate ships run afoul of enemy ships on a die roll of 1-3, rather than 1-2.

1975Sgs Excommunication! Fall 1101

ROMAN CATHOLICISM ON THE DECLINE; ALL RELIGIOUS POWERS DUD OUT; AMPHIBIOUS
LANDINGS IN BRITTANY; BYZANTIUM AND THE SELJUK TURKS PLAY MUSICAL CHAIRS

ALMORAVIDS (Laddauer) F Cordova-Balearics F Fez-Hammadites A Ara-Avignon
A Saragossa-Barcelona.

Owens: Cordova, Fez, Saragossa Ara Bar: Build 1

BYZANTIUM (Grossman) F Pontus-Chalcedon F Constantinople H; F Epirus S F Con;
A Khazars H; F Cibhyrrian- Cyprus; A Mosul-Baghdad

Owens: Cherson, ~~Trebizond~~/, Constantinople, Greece, Serbia Khazars Chalcedon
Cyprus, Bagdad

CAIRO (Goldman) F Hammadites H; F Greece-Adriatic; A Sicily H; F Ionian S F
Greece- Adriatic.

Owens: ~~Tunis~~ Alexandria Cairo Sicily Hammadites: Even

ENGLAND & NORMANDY (Phillips) [NMR] A Scotland /h/ F English Channel /h/
A Nor /h/ F Canterbury /h/

Owens: Nor, Canterbury Chester, Scotland: Even

FRANCE (Polsky) [NMR] F Bor /h/ A Avignon /h/ A Paris /h/

Owens: Paris, Bor, Avignon: Even

LEON (Gildroy) F Bay of Biscay C A Leon-Brittany; A Leon-Brittany A Nav S Alm-
oravid A Ara (NSO); A Burgas S A Nav

Owens: Leon, Toledo, Burgas, Nav: Even

POLY ROMAN EMPIRE (Muchnik) A Hungary R Croatia. A Croatia S A Verona-Hungary;
A Bohemia S A Verona-Hungary; A Verona-Hungary; A Pomerania-Poland; F Rome-
Tyrrenhian; F Norman Principalities S F Rome-Tyrrenhian; F Tyrenhian-Tunis;

A Saxony-Debmark.

Owens: Genoa, Pisa Salzburg, Bohemia, Saxony, Rome, ~~Hungary~~ Pomerania, Croatia
Norman Principalities, Tunis: Build 2

RUSSIA (Sacks) A Smolensk-Minsk; A Kiev S A Hungary; A Patzinaks S A Hungary;
A Hungary S A Poland-Bohemia; A Norway Conv to Albigenian; F Gu of Finland-

Baltic; F Swe(ec)-Denmark; A Poland-Bohemia.

Owens: Novgorod, Smolensk, Minsk, Kiev Sweden Estonia Poland Patzinaks
Hungary, Norway: Build 2

SELJUK TURKS (Gilinsky) F Sea of Marmara-Pontus; A Angora S A Georgia-Trebizond;
A Georgia-Trebizond; A Iconium-Armenia ; X F Antioch-Armenia

Owens: ~~Chalcedon~~; Iconium, Antioch, ~~Bagdad~~, Armenia Trebizond . Remove 1

ALBIGENSIS (Goldberg) [NMR] M Canterbury /h/ M Avignon /h/ M Franconia R OTB.
Owens: *Avignon, *Reims, *Mayence, *Canterbury: Build 2

ABASSID ISLAM (Rosenberg) [NMR] M Jerusalem /h/; M Eastern Med /h/ M Ionian /h/;
M Cordova /h/

Owens: *Cordova, *Antioch, *Jerusalem, *Bagdad: Even

EASTERN ORTHODOXY (Heuer) MxR [NMR] M Poland /h/; M Kiev /h/; M Hungary /h/;
M Minsk /h/; M Angora /h/; M Gulf of Finland /h/.

Owens: *Constantinople, *Trebizond, *Kiev, *Novgorod, *Hungary, *Patzinaks, *Poland:
Build 1.

ROMAN CATHOLICISM (Barlow) M Franconia /h/ M Salzburg /h/; M Granada /h/
M Massilian Gulf /h/; M Norway /h/.

Owens: *Salzburg; ~~*Canterbury~~; *Toledo *Rome, ~~*Poland~~ ~~Norman/Principalities~~:
Remove 2.

PATIMITE ISLAM (Kasanof) [NMR] M Alexandria /h/; M Cairo /h/ M Tyrenhian /h/;
M Balearics /h/.

Owens: Tunis, Alexandria, Cairo, Hammadites: Even

Persons, please note: I am no longer calling people for their moves. Most
everyone in this game has been informed of this before this issue. I know
there are a lot of missed moves: tough shit. I will call noone, unless I am
asked to make a collect call. Players may call me but the phone may be busy--
tough shit, again. I suggest that you mail moves.

THE FLASHING POLICEMAN
by Scott Rosenberg

I really don't know precisely where to start; I guess I'll just outline the events of a certain Friday night, and see how it goes.

Anyway, I was at home, attempting to relax (no mean feat with Dil calling me up every ten minutes to ask some dud question about Teeb's dungeon.) and I was alone ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ ((dud)) in the house, which gave me an opportunity to unwind in style. First, I put Van (The Hustle) McCoy's new album "The Disco Kid," which I'd won from a WABC contest, on my stereo, and turned the volume up as high as it would go, without distorting the music until it sounded like Mating Songs of North American Toads recorded at 78 and played at 16. I then took three joints out of my secret stash (located in my Diplomacy set, if you really care to know, and placed one in my mouth, and one in each nostril ("Grossman Style"), and lit them all. I then took a long toke on the joints and settled back to listen to the music.

The the doorbell rang. Cursing as I went, I ran downstairs to see who it was. A goddamned cop, of course! I yanked the joint out of my mouth and thre it into a large ornate vase nearby, then hurriedly opened the door without realizing that I still had two joints still stuck in my nose. The cop started at me for a second, then opened his huge overcoat to reveal the fact that he was stark naked underneath.

What a dud! IO slammed the door as fast as I could, and locked it. I took a quick look through the peephole in the door. The "cop" has vanished. Well, this was surely turning out to be an unusual evening. I went over to the huge vase and tried to get the still-smouldering joint out of it again, but it was too far down to reach and the vase was too heavy for me to flip over so I pressed my mouth against the opening in the top of the vase and began to hyperventilate, but it didn't work too well.

So I decided to try a favorite steady [steady favorite?] of mine, almost as good as dope: ditto fluid strained through a bath towel, mixed with ginger ale and poured over ice with a twist of lemon. I went to the refrigerator, but I was out of pre-strained ditto fluid so I had to make some more. After I had strained the new batch of fluid, I discovered that there were no lemons, so I had to have it with a slice of lime instead ("Jamaica Style.") Suddenly I heard a sound like a string of firecrackers going off outside.

I went to the door and opened it and looked out and there on the steps was a bloody corpse. I figured then it was time to go to Greg's D&D game (I arrived at this decision primarily because I was not altogethe5r straight) and I started to wander towards the subway. Little did I know then that this was going to turn into the most celebrated case in my entire career.

#####thinksmall#####

Peoples, please note that this is the first Press for the DNYMPA Dudgame.

At the moment, DNYMPA is running a game of a non-variant in which each of the players takes the part of one single unit on the board. Each country must try to cooperate in taking over the other countries, but often, say, A Moscow will decide to stab F StP. Very wierd.

The game is being run in THE PREDAWN LEAFLET, or whatever Grossman is calling it nowadays, and press will be printed in any DNYMAP zine. As each player is required to submit at least 3/8ths page press to some DNYMPA zine each season, and there are 22 players, that should be quite a bit of press.

RTG IP! CONTINUES; DIL LOSES 5 SHIPS; ELVES ALLIED WITH HEBRAIC GOD

ANACHRON (Muchnik) Foundation vs. Bloated Bullfrog (of Sheepdog) (160-9,6-1)
Crew. CRT #1;1;Bloated Bullfrog sunk. 1713A Speed 0.

ARMENIA (Diller) Mat Diller Obnoxious Rule: Slug destroyed!
Pouc (f) 1516C(SW);SW8;0704F(SW). Followed in column by Cume (0903F(SW)),
Urf (1102F(SW)); Stax (1301F(SW)); Gallo (1516C(SW)); Buch (1715C(SW));
Burkack (1914C(SW)); Rout (2012C(SW)); Roso (2010C(SW)); Rock (Runs afoul
of Impossible, then Inimical (of Moravia) at 2006C(S)); Ev (see Rock.)
Titanic(F) 0601F(SW);SW8;1805D(SW). Followed in column by Andrea Doria (2004
D(SW)); Flying Dutchman (0203F(SW)); Marie Celeste (0402F(SW)); Croak (0601
F(SW)); Sinker (0816C(SW)); Tactical Withdrawl (1015C(SW)); Cost (1314C(SW));
Boardo (1513C(SW)); Kas (1712C(SW)); Ads (1911C(SW)); Speed 8.
Dot (F) 0608C(SW);SW8;1812B(SW). Followed in column by Gross (2011B(SW));
Teeb (0210C(SW)); Glam(0409C(SW)); Puls(0608C(SW)); Tud(0807C(SW)). Speed 8.
NOTE; the former flags to the above 3 formations have been destroyed; Diller
did, however, transfer flags from Dil to Dot, Pinafore to Titanic, and Bock
to Pouc. Also note that the following formation has no flag, and is thus
subject to greater panic, as well as to individual ships panicing out of the
formation.

13 enters 2001C(SW);SW6;1404C(SW). Followed in column by Black Cat (1603C(SW));
Tub (1802C(SW)); and Iron Coffin (2001C(SW)). Speed 8.
Not to enter: Birs, Dud, Fullo, Pals, Barl, Bipt, One-For-All-And-All-For-Me,
Sun-Up-The-Wight; Bawk-Bawk-be-Bawk, Thing, Yerevan, Plotkin, Besh, Heu,
Bobodobo, Prouj, Proz, Mirror-Mirror-On-the-Wall-Who's-the-Biggest-Dud-of-All.

ELTON JOHN (Adam Gilinsky) Crocodile Rock vs Bock (69-1,6-1)Crew;CRT#1;1;Bock
destroyed (note Yahweh was also firing on Bock.) Fire is SE1, Drift SE1,
1401D.

HMLADRIS, SON OF POUCH (Paulson) Bags of Gold vs. Gust (of Armenia) (34-1,6-1)
Crew,CRT#2;1; Gust sunk. Yamoto vs Good Ship Lollypop (of Armenia) (4-1);
Crew;CRT#1;1;Lollypop sunk.
Bags of Gold 1213E(SW);TS;S2;TSW;SW4;0801C(SW). Divine Right (1016E(SW)),
Yamoto (1215E(SW)), and Divine Wrong (1414E(SW)) follow in column. Speed 7.
1-for-the-money (1216E(SW));TS,S5xTSW,SW1;1106C(SW). Followed in column by
2-for-the-show (1204C(S)); 3-to-get-ready (1202C(S)); 4-to-go (1216E(S));
1-for-the-gipper (1415E(SW)). Speed 7.

MORAVIA, UNITED EMPIRE OF (Goldman) Semi-NMR; orders as submitted impossible;
modified to approximate as closely as possible the original intentions.
Impossible enter 2016E(S), S8(6); run afoul of Rock; then Ev (of Armenia) at
2006C. Followed in column by Inimical (also afoul of Rock and Ev),
Integer (2004C(S)); Inclement (2002C(S));and Decadent (2016E(S)). Speed 8,
except for the afoul ships.

UCV Illegitimate enter 2014E(SW)); SW4; 1616E(SW)); followed in column by
Incompetent (1815E(SW)), which is towing Lusitania at 1915E(SW), an art'y raft
Kildil enter 2010E(SW));SW8; 1214E(SW). Followed in column by Destructivel
(1413E(SW)).

Not to enter the board: Despicable.

NAMELESS ONES, EMPIRE OF THE (Kasanof) NMR! 0513B(SE);SE8;1301D(SE). Speed 8.

OAN, EMPIRE OF (Brennick) NMR! Winged Dragon 1303F(NW)--ship is facing NW,
*** wind is from NW. My error allowed it to move last turn. Ships lose all
moment, remain in place. Followed by Red Lion (1403F(NW)). Speed 0.

Don't on next page.

CHEEPDOG (Barlow) NMR! Bloated Bullfrog is destroyed by Anachron. Balrog
03DOB(NE);NE8;1305B(NE). Speed 8.

LAHWEH, EARL OF THE UPPER REACH (Grossman) Asunder vs. Pinafore (10-1,8-1)
Crew;CRT#2;1;Pinafore sunk. Asgard vs. Dil (10-1,8-1) Crew;CRT#2;1;Dil sun
Aslan vs. Bock (10-1,8-1)Crew;CRT#2;1;Bock sunk (Bock also fired upon by
Crocodile Rock.)
Aslan (1012C(NE);NE5;TN;N2;1508C(N)). Followed in column by Asgard (1509C(N)),
Asunder (1510C(N)). Speed 8. Turtles dropped at 1012C, 0913C and 0913C.

NOTES:

Dudness spreads to 0501C. Maps: E Wind: NORTH WEST. Force: Fresh.

Robert Goldman has failed to choose a flag. Please inform me as to which ship is a flag. Note that when a ship is heading into the wind, his speed is halved, and when a ship is towing an artillery raft, the ship's speed is halved; thus, Goldman's "Incompetent"'s speed is 4. Note that Paulson's "Yamoto" is a ship, not an artillery raft as reported last issue.

Note that all of the ships of the Lords of Chaos are destroyed as per rule 25.

ANOTHER RULE:
A player receives 1 flag for every 9 ships or fraction thereof.

At SPI recently, Barry Lazarnik made some snide comments about Diplomacy variants, so I invited him to create one. Here it is.

SNOT DIPLOMACY by Barry Lazarnik

The map is your face. You stick your finger up your nose. The first in wins. That faces most faces can build another hand and go to it most noses wins [what??]

THE PRESS RELEASE WITHOUT A HOME

Kind Readers will no doubt remember the Press Release without a home, started several issues ago and never continued. Kasanof has failed to produce his usual outpouring of materiel, so here I present it once more.

It took Shavek a moment to realize that he was no longer sitting before his austere wooden desk working on his field theory. He stood swaying a bit on his feet, as the change in surrounding hit him. At last, he looked around, taking in the rich Armenian tapestries on the walls, and the stone floor underfoot. Behind him, he suddenly heard the jangling of bells, and an anguished cry.

He turned and saw, at the far end of the hall, a number of people huddled around what seemed to be a table. Approaching closer, he saw that it was not so much a table as a machine of some sort. It consisted of a slightly tilted plane, not quite parallel with the floor, and an erect plane at right angles to the floor. Displayed in lights on the erect plane were a number of numbers

First Player	Second Player
10,340	16,450
Third Player	Fourth Player
20,450	15,000

Onward and onward they galloped, the unshod hooves the their half-wild ponies leaving a swath as neatly plowed as any farmer could wish. Their Khan followed the sun into the east, towards Urf Durfal.

Sixteen giant burnt ochre spheres of ligh and twelve pink trapezoids shot across the skies of Kzyl Kwm, ethereal red beams extruding slowly from the latter; quick, shapp blue lines shooting from the former. One of the red beams caught up with a burnt ochre sphere, and the sphere began a long, whistling spiral to the ground below.

Eventually, it came to rest gently on the well-plowed earth of a surprised Kzyl Kwman farmer. Two giant lizards stepped out.

"You're on Candid Camera!" said one of the lizards to the astonished garmer.

Arloch scowled at the images of Arcturian ochre spheres and Mongolian barbarians that shown on the viewscreens before him. Xiombargs Arcturians apparently had the upper hand on his Vegans, and the Platinum Horde would, no doubt, be no match for Urf Durfal.

NEW PLAYER FOR FRIGG IT!

Ray Heuer, 102-42 Jamaica Av, Richmond Hill, NY, 11418: ANGMAR

30: Higher bhian High command control . 19: Bushnell turtle
20: CRT #1 2: Dud out bullhorns

HCV Divine Left (5 Hunter-Killer, 5 Kamakaze, 1 Dud-out Bullhorn)

MUSHASHI (Flag): 4 110 JOHN B. : 7 4
25 3
4 Dud-out 1
4 Turtle 0

Will enter on map edge C west.

PRESS (BERLIN) In a lighting coup yesterday, absolute power was seized by Crown Prince Ladislav Dominskivich Hollezeren-Kropotkin, noted rake, bonvivant, anarchist cocaine-addict and all-round shit-distruber. The Crown Prince immediately declared the formation of the Unholy Empire, with himself as Unholy Emperor, Saruman V. To make it all "nice and legal like," the Emperor crowned four peasna from his East Prussian estates as Saruman I-IV, and immediately had them shot. "Five is my favorite number," quipped the jovial Emperor.

Political analysts here surmise that the money behind this coup d'etat came from the powerful Crupp Condom Works of Cologne, and the Deutsch Guild of Pimps and Bordello-Owners. Main opposition to the change-over came from such magginal institutions as the Conservative Pary, the Social Democrats, the Army, the Junkers, the Lutheran and Catholic Churches, the Industrialists, the Labor Unions, and 95% or the people.

Emperor Saruman V, in his first public pronouncement, banned the use of underwear, and declared war on "decent law-abiding citizens, wherever they hide, like rats, in their homes and apartments, suspiciously "minding there own business," paying taxes, going to work, and generally behaving like a pack of nurds.

In a further move, he made an unknown corporal, Scheckægruber, his first minister. Later, he wired St. Petersburg, requesting that the Tsar send over one Rasputin to become high priest of the realm.

Later that evening, at His Majesty's victory orgy, he delcared himself divine; "I, Emperor Saruman V, declare myself a god-descendant of Bacchus, and third cousin of Jesus Christ. I take unto myself the titles of Unholy Roman Emperor, Defender of the Faithless, Viceregent of Lucifer, and Grand Master of the



ALWAYS USE ZIP CODE

Nuremburg Parcheesi Society. "

At the same time, he introduced, as the compulsory state religion, the worship of Baal. "That includes temple prostitutes," he commented to the cheering assembly of winos and derelicts that he had flown in to the capital from every skid row in the Empire. "You guys seem like a nice bunch---how would you like to compose the next Reichstag?"

Stay tuned for further developments (if they print this crap)

Well, that's the issue. The next deadline for all games is December 11.

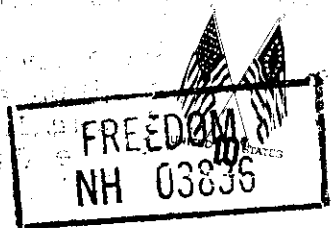
I have no variants on hand, and no press expected but some more Kasanof stuff. Contributions would be greatly appreciated.

At SPI the other day, I distributed some articles from Kasanof to Jerry Paußon, publisher of IMLADRIS, SON OF POUCH, and to Ben Grossman, of THE PREDAWN LEFTIST. Jerry took the materiel with a sigh, then looked to the heavens, and said, "Dear God, we thank you for Adam Kasanof. May he never expire."

Readers are, I am sure, familiar with the incredible volumen of Kasanovian materiel printed in the Pocket Armenian, the Predawn Leftist and in this zine. The quality often leaves a bit to be desired, the the materiel is usually interesting.

--- So much for this page ---

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