

URF DURFAL

9

This is URF DURFAL, beloved child of Yahweh, Newsbringer to the Orient, learned journal of the wise. It is printed to playtest various and sundry variants and deviants of Diplomacy and 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:

$\frac{\$ \text{Stencils} + \$ \text{ink}}{\text{circulation}} + \$ \text{paper} + \$ \text{postage}$

In other words, cost. If any person writes more than 1/2 page press, he receives the issue his press is printed in free. Back issues are 25¢ a piece. Back issues 1-3 and 5-8 are available. Copies of EXCOMMUNICATION!, DIPLOMAFIA, UTTER CHAOS, NEAR UTTER CHAOS, INDONESIA, DIPLOMACY, my house rules, and a game entitled DESTRUCTION OF SPI CENTER are all available for an SASE, or SSAE, as we say in wargaming circles. GIGO, my sf/wargaming zine is also available from me for 50¢, or 6/\$2.50. A new issue should be coming out soon. Subs to FIRE THE ARQUBUSIERS!, my D&D zine, are \$2.50/6, the same as GIGO, or 50¢/1.

This is ISSUE #9. Deadline is MARCH 6, 1976. The zine will be printed by March 15

NOBODY GIVES A SHIT!

I first began publishing URF DURFAL 9 issues ago—about as many months ago. There was never any real enthusiasm for the zine, but the fact that games were cheap and I ran rather strange games attracted enough people so that I am now (as far as I know) the largest all variant zine running. I opened six games in as many issues, all of not previously-played variants. I printed four variants. I printed a large amount of press.

In the past three issues, a horrible trend has occurred. NO MOVES were received this issue for 260 A.D. Two sets of orders were received for Near Utter Chaos. Three were received for DilDil. Four for Stab-Happy. I had to call the majority of the EXCOMMUNICATION! players to get enough moves to adjudicate. Nobody responded to my call for volunteers for replacement for the games last issue. Several players refuse to get their moves in for any game, no matter how much force is exerted on them. Nobody has responded to a game opening since issue 5. I have received no variants as submissions since issue 6. All press printed in this zine for the past several issues has been written by me, Kasanof, or has been a spinoff from something by Kasanof.

Apparently, now one gives a shit about Urf Durfal. I'm sorry if this has been caused by my lateness—I don't believe Urf has ever come out less than a week late. But I don't think it has been. I'm sorry if this has been caused by my shitty gamesmastering—but the only two games that have been running with any regularity are FRIGG IT!, and Excommunication, the two games GMed by me. I don't know what is causing it.

But if no one is going to evince interest in Urf Durfal, I don't see why I should publish it at all.

260AD is dropped with this issue. Any and all of Scott's other games will be dropped next issue unless 6 players in each game ~~re~~ respond, and get their moves in by nexish.

If it comes to the point at which it's obvious that there isn't any point going on any longer I'll drop Urf. There are only two games not in limbo this issue; that's ridiculous. There must be more next issue. I'm printing this zine for my own enjoyment, but unless I get something out of it other than a debt, there's really no point.

The games which have an interest evinced in them will not be abandoned; Scott Rosenberg has kindly offered to provide me with a number of pages in each POCKET ARMENIAN to do with as I will, and EXCOMMUNICATION! and FRIGG IT!, at least, will be continued there.

I'm afraid this issue is only going to be 10 pages long, due mostly to the lack of space.

SHIP'S LOG #3

I'm getting a bit tired of my world, Intas. It has a number of good conceptions, but there are also a number of things that I let slip past that I shouldn't have, and that I'd like to correct. For instance, I invented a class of technologists---which made sense, as Intas is an After-the-Holocaust world in many ways. But the use of technology is getting a bit out of hand. True, the fanatic enforcement of the Darkovan Compact has limited the use of Whitmore's Sharps to a few occasions, and has forced all instances of use of technology to be limited. However, when alcohol-driven steamboats start running up and down the Mississippi things are a bit out of hand.

I'm also sorry that my world is advanced in another way---monetarily. Using various and sundry Medievally unknown techniques---playing the market, hexametallic-bimetallic conflicts and so forth, several characters have amassed a considerable fortune. It has come to the point at which Intas has become more Stock and Bonds, and less Fafhrd and Grey Mouser.

Therefore, I shall be creating the world of Thalassa. Thalassa is mostly a sea world; there is one large continent, which is mostly a number of small kingdoms, dukedoms, counties and the like, nominally owing allegiance to the Emperor Pro Tem, but in actuality independent. The rest of the world is nought but numerous archipelagos. Most adventuring will be done by ship, and a new characteristic is hereby included; Seasickness. And God help you if you've got a Seasickness of over 14.

Players may transfer from Intas to Thalassa. However, to do so successfully, they must make the necessary roll on the table below. Note that something horrible is very likely to happen to you.

TABLE ONE

01-30	Arrive unscathed
31-40	Arrive dead
41-50	Lose all equipment
51-56	Lose from one of the top six characteristics; see Table 2 to determine the number of points lost. Determine the characteristic from which lost randomly.
57-61	Lose 1-4 levels
62-66	Lose from 2 characteristics. Other as above (51-56).
67-70	Lose 1-6 levels
71-74	Lose from 3 characteristics.
75-77	Lose 1-8 levels
78-80	Lose from 4 characteristics
81-82	Lose 1-10 levels
83-84	Lose from 5 characteristics
85	Lose 1-12 levels
86	Lose from 6 characteristics
87-00	Body and belongings annihilated in transport

If a character loses more levels than he has, his body is annihilated, but his belongings make transport successfully. Increase the die roll by 3 times the characters' level. Each character may bring 300 Gold Piece weight-equivalent. No Adamant or Valiant coin may be transported. For every 5 points of weight above 300 transported, add 1 to the die roll.

TABLE 2

01-35	1 point lost
36-38	2 points lost
39-50	3 points lost
51-53	4 points lost
54-60	5 points lost
61-64	6 points lost
65-67	7 points lost
68-69	8 points lost
70	9 points lost

GEMIGNANI AWARDS BALLOT

Check off or write in up to 7 candidates for the first award and up to 1 for each of the others. Mail in a signed envelope indicating your present or most recent relation to the hobby, to Robert Sacks, GEMIGNANI AWARDS TELLER, 4861 Broadway, 5-V, NY, NY, 10034. Ballots will be opened and counted on 22 May 1976.

- | | | |
|---|--|--|
| <p>1. SEVEN MOST INFAMOUS PERSONS IN THE HOBBY</p> <p>() Gordon Anderson
 () Peter Berggren
 () John Beshara
 () Edi Birsan
 () Eric Blake
 () John Boardman
 () Walter Buchanan
 () Harry Drews
 () Evan Jones
 () Dave Kadlecek
 () Ronald Kelly
 () Richard Kovalcik
 () Lenard KokoRa
 () John Leeder
 () James Massar
 () Larry Peery
 () Gary Peterson
 () Lewis Pulsipher
 () Charles Reinsel
 () Scott Rosenberg
 () Robert Sacks
 () Conrad Von Metzke
 () Rodney Walker</p> <hr/> <p>2. PUBLICATION MOST IN NEED OF IMPROVEMENT</p> <p>() Arrakis
 () Diplomacy Review
 () Graustark
 () The Mixumaxu Gazette
 () The Pocket Armenian</p> <hr/> <p>3. NEW PUBLICATION MOST IN NEED OF IMPROVEMENT</p> <p>() Arrakis
 () Magna Avis
 () The Moravian Gazette
 () The Predawn Leftist
 () Valinor</p> <hr/> <p>4. GM OR PUBLISHER MOST IN NEED OF IMPROVEMENT</p> <p>() Greg Costikyan
 () Dan Gallagher
 () David Gladstein
 () Jeremy Paulson
 () Scott Rosenberg</p> | <p>5. MOST IRREGULAR GM OR PUBLISHER</p> <p>() Daniel Gorham
 () John Hlland
 () Jeff Key
 () Ron Melton
 () Gil Neiger
 () Steve Solomon
 () Nicholas Ulanov</p> <hr/> <p>6. WORST PRESS SERIES</p> <p>() Da Duce's Diary
 () Downfall of Birsauron
 () Dudland
 () Sherlock Holmes
 () Jeremy Paulson, JDL</p> <hr/> <p>7. WORST REGULAR GAME</p> <p>() 1972DP/Paroxysm
 () 1973JC/Imladdis
 () 1974HB/Arrakis
 () 1975CM/Exponent</p> <hr/> <p>8. WORST VARIANT GAME</p> <p>() 1972Ndq/Runestone
 () 1973Hbu/Pellucidar
 () 1973CNbu/Carn Dum
 () 1974Vdq/Runestone
 () 1974Yfh/Carn Dum</p> <hr/> <p>9. WORST VARIANT DESIGN</p> <p>() 260 AD
 () Baltic
 () Colonia
 () Dalarna II
 () Gemignani 25-player
 () Utter Chaos</p> <hr/> <p>10. PLAYER MOST IN NEED OF IMPROVEMENT</p> <p>() Allan Calhamer
 () Ben Grossman
 () Scott Rosenberg
 () Greg Warden
 () Adam Gilinsky</p> <hr/> <p>11. LEAST RELIABLE ALLY</p> <p>() Peter Berggren
 () Edi Birsan
 () Matt Diller
 () Harry Drews
 () Adam Gilinsky
 () Dave Head
 () Edwyn Jacobs
 () Ronald Kelly
 () Eugene Prosnitz
 () John Stevens
 () Stephen Liber</p> | <p>12. LEAST MERITORIOUS CONTRIBUTION TO THE HOBBY</p> <p>() Gordon Anderson/Trademarking "DipCon"
 () Allan Calhamer/ Diplomacy
 () Gary Gyax/ Dungeons and Dragons
 () Richard Kovalcik/ Himself
 () Robert Lipton/ Reviving Slobbovia
 () Lewis Pulsipher/ Himself</p> <hr/> <p>13. WORST ARTICLE OR COLUMN</p> <p>() McKinley Shot Buffalo
 () Editorial Page/ Rebus Sic Stantibus V.1 #1
 () Verhandeln</p> <hr/> <p>14. BEST FAKE ISSUE</p> <p>() "Paroxysm 4/April 1"
 () "Ruinstoned 85/June 30"
 () "The Moravian Gazette 1"
 ((Obviously a fake issue of Mixumaxu))</p> <hr/> <p>15. AWARD FOR DELAY</p> <p>() Canadian & American Postal Services
 () Diplomacy World V. II #1
 () IDA Council & Calhamer Award Committee
 () IDA Publisher's Handbook
 () Bary Peterson</p> <hr/> <p>16. AWARD FOR CONFUSION</p> <p>() Gregory Costikyan/ NMRing players and then using their orders as neutral moves
 () Margaret Gemignani
 () Robert Goldman/ The Moravian Gazette
 () IDA/ Acts of the Council
 () Jeremy Paulson/ 1973JC
 () Lewis Pulsipher</p> <hr/> <p>17. SPECIAL AWARD</p> <p>() Harry Drews/ Open Mouth, Exit Drive! (Hedian Record & Paroxysm)
 () Daniel Gorham/ The Diplomacy Association, Inc.
 () IDA/ General Meetings which are unable to do business
 () Len Lakofka/ Most in Need of Minding His Own Business
 Urf Durfal</p> |
|---|--|--|

HUNG KUNG PHOOEY -- NUMBER ONE SUPER GUY

Chapter one: Uneasy Rider

by Eric Ladenheim

At the very moment that I was going to give up the idea of hitchhiking to Kansas City, a large tractor-trailer roared past me in a cloud of dust and hit the brakes. "Hop in," yelled the driver, "I need someone to keep me awake!" This seemed a fairly reasonable request, so I picked up my pack and proceeded cautiously towards the cab. After all, my experience in hitchhiking has taught me to exercise discretion in such matters. I took a closer look at the driver's face. He looked sober enough, but his unshaven appearance told me that he must have been on the road (or at least without a shave) for at least forty-eight hours. I decided to chance it after all; you only go around once in life, so....

"Pick up yer stride, hippy-freak!" he screamed. "I've got a hot load and my donut are burning!" Oh shit; just my luck. Thousands of cars go past me each minute, and I have to be accosted by a homosexual truck driver. So, like any yellow-blooded coward would, I started to flee for my life. It was at that moment that I heard a metallic click which I instantly recognized as the sound of a .45 being cocked. I stopped dead in my tracks for fear of further antagonizing my opponent. Range: 57.3 feet. Weapon: .45 caliber pistol. Probable outcome: With any luck at all he would blow my guts all over the highway. So I raised my arms while praying to several different gods for any assistance that they might care to offer. As I approached the driver, to my astonishment he uncocked the .45 and tossed it to me saying "Here, you'll need this in case we meet up with any Big Hats." I pled insanity.

"What the hell is a 'Big Hat?'" I asked.

"A smokey, highway patrol, state police, you know." Actually, I didn't, but I was quite willing to take his word for it. As I sat down on the wrong side of the cab he threw me a copy of the Truck Drivers' Dictionary, a little pamphlet published by Interstate Transportation Trainers, Inc. "Here," he said, "You'll need this."

"Why?" I replied. "Don't you speak English?"

"Sort of." He was quite surprised by my ignorance. I examined the dictionary carefully. It seemed rather well thumbed, therefore (now that I had the gun), I decided it would be safe to ask him how long he had been a truck driver.

"Huh?" he replied. Obviously he did not understand my question. I consulted the dictionary which promised to improve communication between truckers and laymen.

"Are you a Boll Weevil?" I further inquired. ((For the uninitiated, there is a glossary at the end of this article-GC))

"Naw, of course not. I've been driving everything from Cackle Crates to Possum Bellies for twenty-three years." That sounded reassuring, so I didn't bother looking up its meaning. At this point, I turned my attention to the phrase which previously puzzled me: "I've got a hot load and my donuts are burning." As it turned out, he meant that he had a rush shipment of cargo, and his tires were quite hot. With this ~~mis~~ misunderstanding cleared up, I seated myself in the proper side of the cab, and to my relief, we started tooling down the highway.

At least an hour later, I awoke to the sound of shots being fired. As we roared past a sign that read: "SPEED LIMIT 55 MILES PER HOUR," I glanced at the speedometer -- it read 95 MPH. "Are you a cowboy or something?" I asked. "How come you're driving so fast?"

"I've got new Flying Orders from the Chief Hood Lifter, but don't worry, it's all down in my Lie Book."

"But I though I heard some shots fired."

"Well...there's a few Big Hats after us, but nothing to worry about."

"Silly Bpy," replied my attacker. "Where do you think you are?"

"Obviously New York City," I courteously replied. "Help. Police." I continued uselessly. At that very moment I saw what appeared to be a copx break into a run---away from me.

"Well, it looks like you're at my mercy," remarked the mugger in a matter of fact way."

"I guess you're right," I admitted. "I suppose that you expect me to perform some acts of lewd sex with you? (In addition to my money, of course.)"

"Actually, the thought hadn't even crossed my mind until you brought up the subject. But please continue this train of thought; it sounds most amusing."

"I'll be glad to," I exclaimed gleefully. "What's your pleasure? Whipped cream? 69? Round the world? B&D? S&M? T.V.? French? Greek? Doggie Training? Cheap feel? Forced Rape? Vibrator? Voyeurism? Rubber diaper? Lezzie action? Dildo? Bearded clam? Back door bennie? Menage a trois, or all of the above?"

"I'd like to tell you something," said the mugger indignantly, suddenly becoming very righteous. "You must be a crude, disgusting pervert with an extensive vocabulary. You know what?"

"No, what?" I replied. (I simply adore guessing games.)

"I'm going to reform you."

"You? Reform ME?" I said scornfully. "That would make you the fifth person who's tried today."

"There's no need to worry," said the mugger, ignoring my scoffing. "I've got connections upstairs."

"Do you mean to tell me you know God?" I was simply fascinated; perhaps this person could introduce me to Him.

"Well, not closely, but I have a close friend who deos," stammered the mugger.

"Enough of this idel chit-chat; get on with our 'reformation'; I haven't time to palter with thee in a double sense." I was obviously annoyed (why else would I be using stupid, outdated expressions to express myself?)

"In that case, I'll get on with the transformation," said the mugger in an authoritative way.

"WHAT TRANSFORMATION?" I screamed. "I like my mind just the way it is: evil, sadistic, and rotten."

"That's just the problem," explained the mugger pateintly. "At this moment you are unfit to face your creator."

"I doubt that's a major problem," I sneered. "'Cause you're going to creak a lot sooner than I do." Without any further ado, I whipped two stainless steel throwing-knives out of the mapels of my jacket, raised them above my head in preparation for hurling them at that do-gooder mugger who was now standing before me in horror.

"Take that," said the mugger calmly as he reached into his pocket, took out a daisy, and tossed it at me before I could render the coup de grace with my throwing knives.

I felt damn peculiar. My knives turned to loplipops. My normal expression changed to a silly smile. The malice that I was filled with changed to an overwhelming desire to go out

and baptize the masses. John the Baptist style. Mercy Sakes. The only good thing I had ever done before in my life was to put a kitten out of its misery after I had raped it. Help. Someone! I feel so . . . so nice.

An old lady was trying to cross the street. I helped her.

A beggar was panhandling. I gave him last night's poker winnings.

Then I saw a figure clothed in white, carrying a staff, and coming towards me. (No, it's not Gandalf the White, it's God Himself.) Before he could have a chance to react, I jammed him up against the nearest wall and frisked him. He was packing a shield, cop's I.D., and a .38. Seeing the the picture was secured on the I.D. with crazy glue, I concluded that the I.D. was obviously phony. Likewise was his tin. However, the gun appeared to be real enough. I pocketed it.

"Well, well," I chuckled, "What's God-the-father doing impersonating a police officer?"

"O.K., Mr. Liberman," said God. "You got me cold. I'll tell you what I'm gonna do. If you let me go, I'll grant you one wish."

"Anything I want?" I asked.

"Anything," replied God.

"Then restore me to my original self," I demanded. "Some do-gooder mugger made me wholesome and pure."

"No sooner said than done," he exclaimed.

Then, things started getting blurred, and I realized that my glasses had fallen off. After putting them on, I discovered that the white figure wielding a staff had changed into a smelly drunk wielding a broomstick. The phoney I.D. and shield were gone, but the .38 that I took from God had turned into a .44 Magnum. (Such transformations I can live with.) Without a moment's hesitation, I brought up my pistol and fired as soon as it reached eye-level. The drunk's head exploded in a spray of bone fragments and blood. He was obviously dead, but I took the precaution of emptying all the chambers of the .44 into the stiff, taking perverse delight in each ghastly wound I inflicted.

"Hold it right there, you deviant!" said an unidentified voice. "Put up your hands and pray I don't kill you."

"Help! Help!" I wailed. "I'm being mugged!"

FRIG IT: IMLADRIS DUDS OUT; ARMENIA ON ITS WAYS TO SUBJUGATION

RULE REVISION: The duddness is hereby dudded. Forget it.
EG

WAPS: ABC Wind: shifts to NORTH Force: Fresh
DF

(hat Diller Obnoxious Rule: One-For-All-and-All-For-Me is destroyed.

ANAGIRON (Muehnik) Foundation (F) (acc. 1) 1715A(N), N3, 1712A(N). Speed 3.

ANSMAR (Heuer) Divine Left launches a Hunter-Killer balloon. Sloop John B vs. Barl (of Armenia) Destruction shared with Moravia. Mushashit vs. Heu (of Armenia) Destruction shared with Yahweh.

Sloop John B, 1306C, SW4, encounters Plotkin (of Armenia), destroys it and is destroyed.
Sloop John B, 1505C(SW), TS, S4, 1509C, runs afould of Yerevan (of Armenia.) Mushashi(f)

"I don't see any fucking cops!"

"Look way into the distance. See that Gum Ball Machine?"

"Yeah," I replied

"I think it may have clocked up as I was doing 126 MPH going past that overpass back there."

"Oh God," I wailed. "Please Dynamite the Brakes, and let me out of here, I really don't want to die at the hands of an irate Smokey."

"Shut up and read my Bible aloud," he demanded. "I think that the part which deals with Big Hats is on page 1904." I quickly located the section, and started to read in a halting voice the paragraphs entitled: "Evasion of State and Federal Officers."

"If the Big Hat is behind you," I read, "and you're no woodchuck, just open your Oakie Blower, Break the Unit, and ride Bob Tail like any good Aviator would." Just as I was reading this, however, the Highway Patrol car cut us off, obviously intending to force us off the road. A bullet smashed through the glass on my side of the cab, and narrowly missed by left ear. "Those Smokies really play for keeps," I remarked, but the maniac at the wheel was unperturbed. "Keep reading," he yelled.

I continued. "If the Big Hat is in front of you, and you are going down a down-grade, then just pull the pin and smoke him by going into Mexican Overdrive."

"That's it," he exclaimed with glee. I watched spell-bound as the driver disengaged the tractor from the trailer, and Dropped it onto its Nose. As it hit the highway at high speed, it spilled its contents onto the road. At this juncture let me tell you that he was hauling gasoline. At any rate, the resulting explosion was sufficient to create the necessary diversion for us to start dusting, and leave that smokey to contend with the inferno we left behind. All I could think about at this point was getting out of this cab alive, so I suggested that we "go out and kick the donuts." He agreed, and laid on the air, whereupon I leaped around out of the cab, turned around, and drilled him four times with his own .45, which I had been holding up to this time. "FUCK YOU." were his dying words. Funny...they weren't in the dictionary.

I was alone again, without a ride. Suddenly, a black Cadillac came to a screeching halt alongside of me. "Hop in," said the driver. I complied. Suddenly, I realized that the door's had no handles, but it was too late -- I was a victim of one of the oldest hitchhiking tricks in the book. I was done for.

END CHAPTER ONE

IS HUNG KUNG PHOOEY REALLY DOOMED? WILL HE EVER REACH KANSAS CITY? AND WHAT OF LITTLE ISABELLE? FIND OUT NEXT ISSUE IN:

HUNG KUNG PHOOEY -- NUMBER ONE SUPER GUY

CHAPTER TWO: THE INFERNAL FELLOWSHIP

Glossary

Aviator -- Speeding truck driver	Dusting -- driving with wheels on road should
Bible -- The "Golden Rule" safe driving book	Dynamite the Breaks -- emergency stop using
Big Hat -- State trooper	every break on the unit
Bob Tail -- Tractor cab driven without trailer	Flying Orders -- trip instructions
Boll Weevil -- a novice truck driver	Gum Ball Machine -- rotating ball warning
Break the Unit -- uncouple the tractor from the trailer	light on top of an emergency vehicle
Burning -- hot (Usually refers to tires.)	Hot Load -- rush shipment of cargo
Cackle Crate -- Truck that hauls live poultry	Kick the Donuts -- check the tires
Chief Hood Lifter -- Garage superintendent	Lie Book -- driver's log book
Cowboy -- reckless driver	Mexican Overdrive -- kicking out of gear
Donuts -- truck tires	going down a downgrade
Drop it on the nose -- uncoupling a tractor from	a trailer without lowering the landing
gear to support the trailer's front end	(con't next page)

Dakie Blower -- Air scoop on air intake to increase power
Possom Belly -- Livestock trailer with a drop frame to haul small animals (chickens, etc)
underneath heavy cattle
Pull the Pin -- release the fifth wheel lock
Smoke Him -- pass another vehicle
Smokies -- Big Haas; state troopers
Tooling down the Highway -- driving vehicle along at normal speed
Woodchuck -- novice truck driver (same as Boll Weevil)

1975SGS

EXCOMMUNICATION:

SP 1102

ALMORAVIDS (Landauer) A Bar-Avignon, A ARA S A Bar-Avignon, F Saragossa S A Ara (imp.),
F Balearics-Tyrrhenian, F Fez H
BYZANTIUM (Grossman) F Chalcedon S F Cherson-Pontus (R- Marmara, Angora, OTB), F Con S F
Cherson-Pontus, F Cherson-Pontus, F Epirus-Serbia, A Khazars H, F Cyprus-Cibyrrhian, A Baghdad
Mosul, A Greece S F Con.
CAIRO (Goldman) F Ionian S F Hammadites-Tunis, F Hammadites-Tunis, A Sicily H, F Adriatic-
Pisa(ec) (R- Verona, Epirus, OTB)
ENGLAND & NORMANDY (Phillips) A Nor-Blois, A Scotland-York, F English Channel-MidAtlantic,
F Canterbury-English Channel.
FRANCE (Polak) F Bor-Nav (R- OTB), A Paris S A Avignon, A Avignon S A Paris
LEON & CASTILE (Gildroy) A Nav-Bor, A Burgas-Nav, F Bay of Biscay S A Nav-Bor, A Brittany
S A Nav-Bor.
ROMAN EMPIRE OF THE GERMAN NATION (Muehnik) A Pomerania-Poland, A Verona-Hungary, A Bohemia
S A Verona-Hungary, A Salzburg-Franconia, A Saxony S A Pomerania-Poland, F Pisa(ec)-Adriatic,
F Norman Principalities S F Pisa(ec)-Adriatic, A Croatia S A Verona-Hungary, F Tyrrhenian
S F Tunis, F Tunis Conv to Roman Catholicism(R-Tripoli, OTB).
RUSSIA (Sacks) A Norway-Sweden, F Novgorod-GoFinland, F Sweden(ec)-Denmark, F Baltic S F
Sweden(ec)-Denmark, A Smolensk-Lithuania, A Minsk S A Poland, A Poland Conv to Albigensis,
A Hungary S A Poland, A Kiev S A Hungary, A Patzinaks S A Hungary.
SELJUK TURKS (Gilinsky) (NMR--orders from GO) F Pontus-Chalcedon, A Angora-Trebizond, A Ico-
nium S F Pontus-Chalcedon, F Antioch-Cibyrrhian

ALBIGENSIS (Goldberg) M Mayence S M Reims-Lorraine, M Reims-Lorraine, M Avignon-Burgundy,
M Canterbury-English Channel
ABASSID ISLAM (Rosenberg) M Jerusalem-Cairo, M Eastern Mediterranean S M Jerusalem-Cairo,
M Ionian-Alexandria (R- Tunis, Tripoli, Cibyrrhian, Greece, Adriatic, Norman Principalities,
Sicily, OTB), M Cordova-Balearics.
EASTERN ORTHODOXY (Heuer) M Angora-Mosul, M Trebizond S M Angora-Mosul, M GoFinland-Novgorod,
M Minsk-Prussia, Poland-Franconia, M Kiev-Poland, M Hungary Conv Eastern Orthodoxy.
EXCOMMUNICATE RUSSIA (Fails--Russia Albigensian)
ROMAN CATHOLICISM (Barlow) M Franconia-Bohemia, M Salzburg S M Franconia-Bohemia, M Granada
Conv. to Roman Catholicism
FATIMITE ISLAM (Kasanof) M Alexandria S M Tyrennhian-Ionian, M Tyrennhian-Ionian, M Cairo H,
M Balearics-Cordova

HOW I GOT TO HEAVEN ON A PLAYTEX BRA

by John Liberman

Who says that you can't get to heaven on a Playtex Bra? Of course you can; its merely a matter of how far you can stretch it. The truth (especially) can be stretched. Your estimate of my intelligence is probably stretched. However, my specialty happens to be mind stretching. Or, as it is more commonly known, Mind Bending. Here's my account of how I found God, learnt how to love and cherish my fellow man, and generally had a rousing good time doing so.

"Help! Help!" I wailed. "I'm being mugged!"

1206C(SW);SW8; 1410C(SW). followed in Column by Divince Left (1510C(SW)). Speed 8.

ARMENIA (Diller) Fullox blows itself up, inflicting 1 Mast Hit on Diving Left (of Angmar), and blowing up Despicable (of Moravia.) Pauls blows itself up, inflicting 1 mast hit on John B. (of Angmar.) Birx blows up, inflicting 1 mast hit on Aslan (of Yahweh.) Dud blows up, inflicting 1 mast hit on Asgard, and 1 on Asunder (both of Yahweh.)

Titanic(F) 1009d(SW); SW8; 0213D(SW). Followed in Column by Adnrea Doria (0412D(SW)), Fly Dutchman (0611D(SW)), Maria Celeste (0810D(SW)), Cook (1009D(SW)), Sinker (1208D(SW)), Tactical Withdrawal (1407D(SW)), and Cost (1606D(SW)). Speed 8.

Dot(F) 1016B(SW); SW8; 0204D(SW). Followed in column by Gross(0403D(SW)), Teeb (0602D(SW)) Glam (0801D(SW)), and Puls (1016B(SW)). Speed 8/

Pouc (F) 1908D(SW), SW8, 1112D(SW). Followed in Column by Cume(1310D(SW)), Urf (1510D(SW)) Speed 8.

Buch 1707F(S), TSW, ~~XXX~~ SW7; 1010F(SW). Followed in column by Burkack (1209F(SW)). Speed

Kas 0816C(SW), SW8, 2004D(SW). Speed 8.

Rout 1216C(SW), SW8, 0404F(SW). Speed 8.

Besh 1314C(SW), SW8, 0502F(SW). Speed 8.

Robodobo 1712C(SW), SW8, 0916C(SW). Followed in Column by Prouj (1115C(SW)), Prozn(1314C(SW)), Run-Up-the-Wight (1513C(SW)). Speed 8.

Thing 1708C(SW), SW8, 0912C(SW). Speed 8.

Yerevan 1907C(SW), SW4, 1509C. Runs afouled of John B. of Angmar

Bipt 1902C(SW), SW8, 1106C(SW). Followed in column by Bawk-Bawk-Be-Bawk (1305C(SW)). Speed

ELTON JOHN (Gilinsky) Crocodile Rock vs. Boards (of Armenia) Automatic sink.

1502D, fires SW, wind-drift NW, 1503D.

EMLADRIS, SON OF POUCH (Paulson) Scuttles all ships.

MORAVIA, UNITED UMPIRE OF (Goldman) Lusitania vs. Barl (of Armenia) Destruction shared with Angmar.

Kildil (loses Cmd control) 1402C(SW), SW8, 0606C(SW). Speed 8.

Destructibel 1601C(SW), TNE, NES, 0115G(NE). Speed 8.

HCV Illegitamita (E) 1202C(SW), SW4, 0804C(SW). Followed in column by Incompetent (1003C(SW)) and Lusitania (arty raft) (1103C(SW)). Speed 4.

Integer 1208C(SW), SW1, TN, N2, 1107C(N). Speed 8.

OAN, EMPIRE OF (Brennick) Red Lion (F), 1105F(SW) (Acc. 2), TSE, SE3, 1406F(SE). Followed in Line Abreast by Winged Dragon (1405F(SE)). Speed 4.

YAHWEH, FLEET OF THE REACH OF (Grossman) Asgard vs. Heu (of Armenia) Share destruction with Angmar. Aslan vs. Fullo (of Armenia). Already destroyed. Asunder vs. Pauls (of Armenia) Already Destroyed.

Aslan(F) 1410C(SW), SW8, 0614C(SW). Followed in column by Asgard (0813C(SW)), and Asunder (1012C(SW)). Speed 8.

Turtles on 0713, 0812, 0911 all hold.

DAMAGE CONTROL PHASE

The Divine Left (of Angmar) and the Aslan (of Yahweh) successfully remove 1 Mast Hit each. All other damaged ships fail. The following ships ~~xxx~~ currently have 1 Mast Hit each, and must begin reducing speed to 1/2 of normal maximum starting next turn. Angmar: Sloop John B. of Yahweh: Asgard, Asunder.

NOTE THE NEW WIND DIRECTION: :

"In a hole in the ground there lived a hobbit. Not a nasty, dirty, wet hole, filled with the ends of worms and an oozy smell, nor yet a dry, bare, sandy hole with nothing in it to sit down on or to eat: it was a hobbit-hole, and that means comfort."

---Chapter 1, The Hobbit, J.R.R. Tolkien

1975Ngp

260AD

This game is herewith and henceforth dropped. Noone but me got his moves in. If three or more players contact me and evince an interest in reviving the game, I may do so. If not, forget it—without at least three players, (three out of five), I won't even try to find a home for it through DNYMPA.

1975Vgt DilDil

Delayed. Unless at least six players get their moves in next issue, I'll drop this, too. See the fucking front page.

1975Wgu

Stab-Happy

See above

1975Ygo

Near Utter Chaos

See above

I still need standbys. I've got players in all of the games who haven't been getting their moves in. LISTEN, DAMN IT, THE GAMES ARE FUCKING FREE, AND THE MAGAZINE IS COST. WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO, SEND YOU THE THING FREE IF YOU GET YOUR MOVES IN?

Anyway, if you want to play any of the games, just write. I can get you in on any of them.

In any case, the Pocket Armenian is going down hill. It could use my taking over a couple of pages. Shit,

0

Life is a Dud

Urf Dudout

c/o Greg Costikyan

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GET YOUR FRIGGING
MOVES IN!

Day is Dud. Dud the sun, dud the hills.....