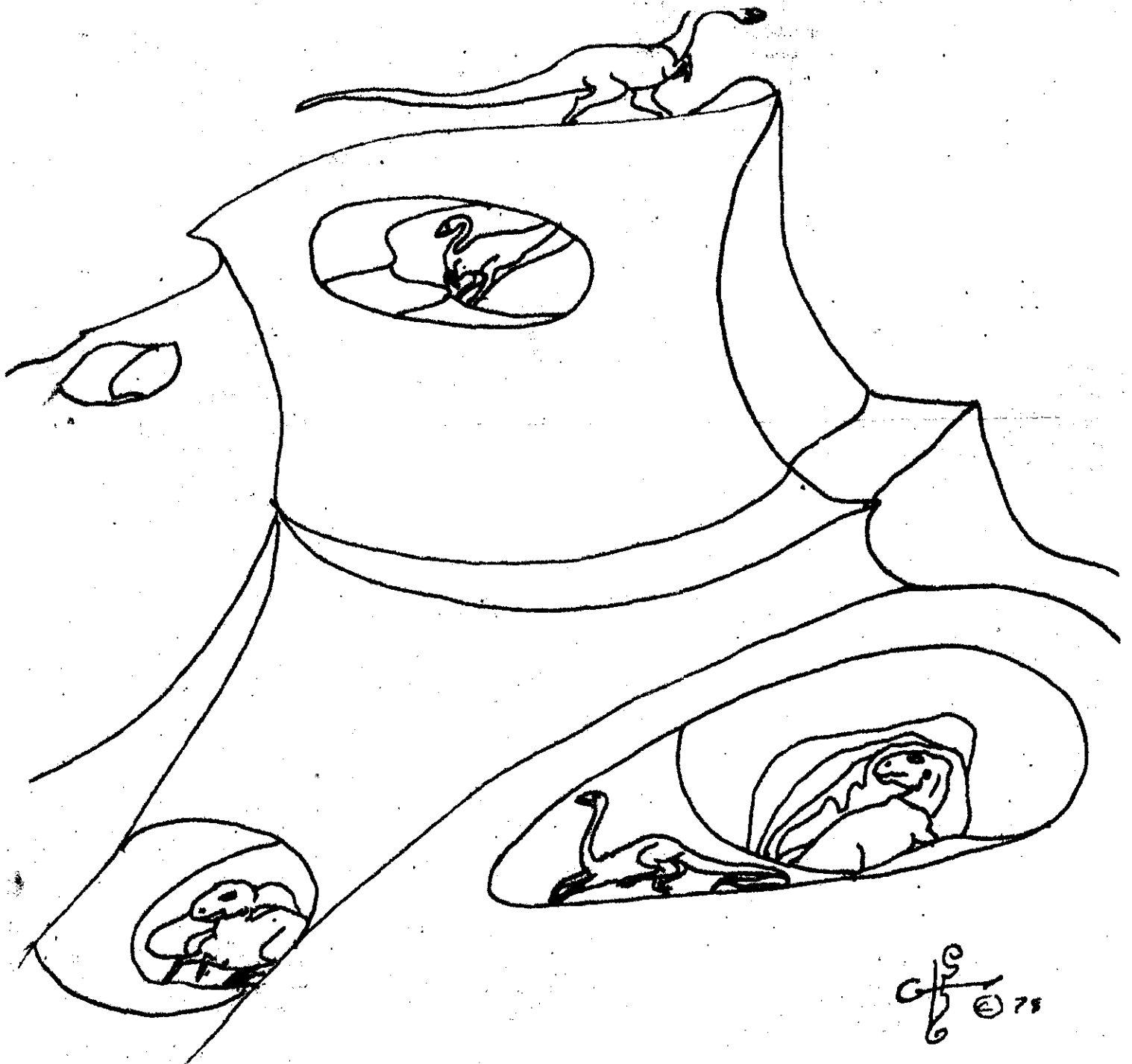


•URE OURFAL 37

Grandson of Pouch



Now incorporating THE POUCH, CALK PAKAVAN, ...ERIS, THE POUCH ARMENIAN, LUGBURZ, UDUN and pieces of ZIRKAST/THE PREDAWN LEFTIST.

off into the heat-haze above the Gobi. A mirage, cried he. Indeed it was. There stood a pink elephant, working wage-and-price controls, and a non-coercive government. This is URF DURFAL, GRANDSON OF POUCH #37, and this mine is the One True Descendant of the Fulle Pouch. In addition to your offer to run any variant someone else organizes the players for, we've currently got openings in regular Diplomacy, Youngstown, Swiss Variant II, and Machiavelli. Articles are paid for at the rate of 4 issue-credits/printed page, except for E. Danger Ladenheim and Adam Kasanof, who have subscriptions for life. Subs are 14 issue-credits/\$2. Back issues are 5/\$1 or 25¢ each. The following variants can be had for an SSAE: Excommunication!, Near Utter Chaos, Utter Chaos, Indonesian Diploma Dudland, Grand Fenwick's Revenge, Ancient Hebrew Kingdom, World War III, Partition of the Ottoman Empire, and 1721. The following Origins variants are available: Unification of Germany and Origins of World War III. Urf Durfal house rules and postal rules for After the Holocaust, World War I, and Frigg It! are also available. The Costikyan Publishing Empire is also offering: The New York Conspiracy Hymnal for \$1; all five back issues of GIGO for \$2 or 50¢ each; issues 2 & 3 of THE INVERTED GRAPEFRUIT at 75¢ each or \$1.25 for both; issue one of FIRE THE ARQUEBUSIERS! for 50¢ and PHOENIX for \$2. Persons with subscriptions to Urf Durfal may cash their subscriptions in for any Costikyan Publishing Empire product at the rate of 25¢/issue.

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1. The weekly deadlines haven't worked too well so far. I know what the problems are. If a zine has been irregular for a while, interest in the games in the zine drops off among the players. There doesn't seem to be any rational explanation for this, but it's a demonstrable fact; I've seen the same thing occur in The Pouch, The Pocket Armenian, the early Urf Durfal, the Predawn Leftist, and the current Urf Durfal. The number of NMR's increase, the result being that the games move even more slowly because adjudications can't be carried even in each irregular issue; and thus a vicious cycle is entered, in which irregularity causes delays, delays cause a loss of interest, a loss of interest causes more delays, and so forth. The only way to break out of this cycle is for the zine to suddenly resume regularity; this happened when Urf Durfal was revived and took over the old Conglomerate games; this is what I'm attempting to do with weekly deadlines for Urf Durfal.

So far, the weekly Urf Durfal hasn't done too well. Not enough people whose deadlines were two weeks after the last issue got moves in to warrant an issue at that time; thus, this Urf Durfal is published on the old monthly schedule. I'm going to try again.

TAKE NOTICE!!! Henceforth, deadlines will be strictly adhered to. Issues will come out on time. Adjudications will be done on time. If you miss your moves, you miss your moves---even if 6 out of seven people don't get their moves in, we'll adjudicate the game with the one player's moves. The only exception will be if Canadians miss their moves through unavoidable CPO delays. (My gamemasters should also take notice).

2. Openings in Youngstown are available at \$3 plus sub. The \$3 is refunded as for the same rules as regular Diplomacy (see note 1). I also have openings in SWISS VARIANT II and MACHIAVELLI at \$1 plus sub (nonrefundable).

STAB-HAPPY DIPLOMACY

Designed by Scott Rosenberg & Matthew Diller

1. The rules of the 1971 Rulebook apply, except as noted herein and below.
2. The seven players remain the same, as do their home Supply Centers, as in the regular game.
3. A number of provinces now have two coasts: Moscow, Armenia, Syria, Wales; Bulgaria no longer has two coasts.
4. Fleets may move from Bul, or Bla, or Ank to Con (and vice versa); from Con to Smy (and vice versa); from Gre, Eas, and Syr to Smy (and vice versa). Thus, Smyrna is treated the same way Constantinople is in the regular game. Note that armies may move through Smyrna and Con as if they were all land; thus, A Arm-Smy-Gre, or A Ank-Con-Gre and so forth, is allowed.
5. Switzerland is now passable, and a neutral Supply Center.
6. Caspian Sea is now passable.
7. Other changes may be observed from the map.
8. The game starts in Winter 1900, rather than Spring 1901. At that time, each player chooses his mix of units by ordering what he wishes to be built where; in other words, each player starts off with no units, but owns his home centers.

CURTIS GIBSON---FEH!

Recently, I received a packet of stuff from Curtis Gibson in the mail. Gibson is currently feuding with Hartwig, David Bunke and half a dozen other people, all of whom he managed to insult in the accompanying letter. In his "fight for truth", Gibson wants me to join his vituperative ad hominem argument, print the "evidence" accompanying his letter, and join his feuds. Apparently, Gibson thinks we have something in common because Bob Hartwig and I have not been on the friendliest terms for most of our acquaintance. Thus, apparently, I'm supposed to join with him in condemning Bunke, Fred Davis, and numerous others.

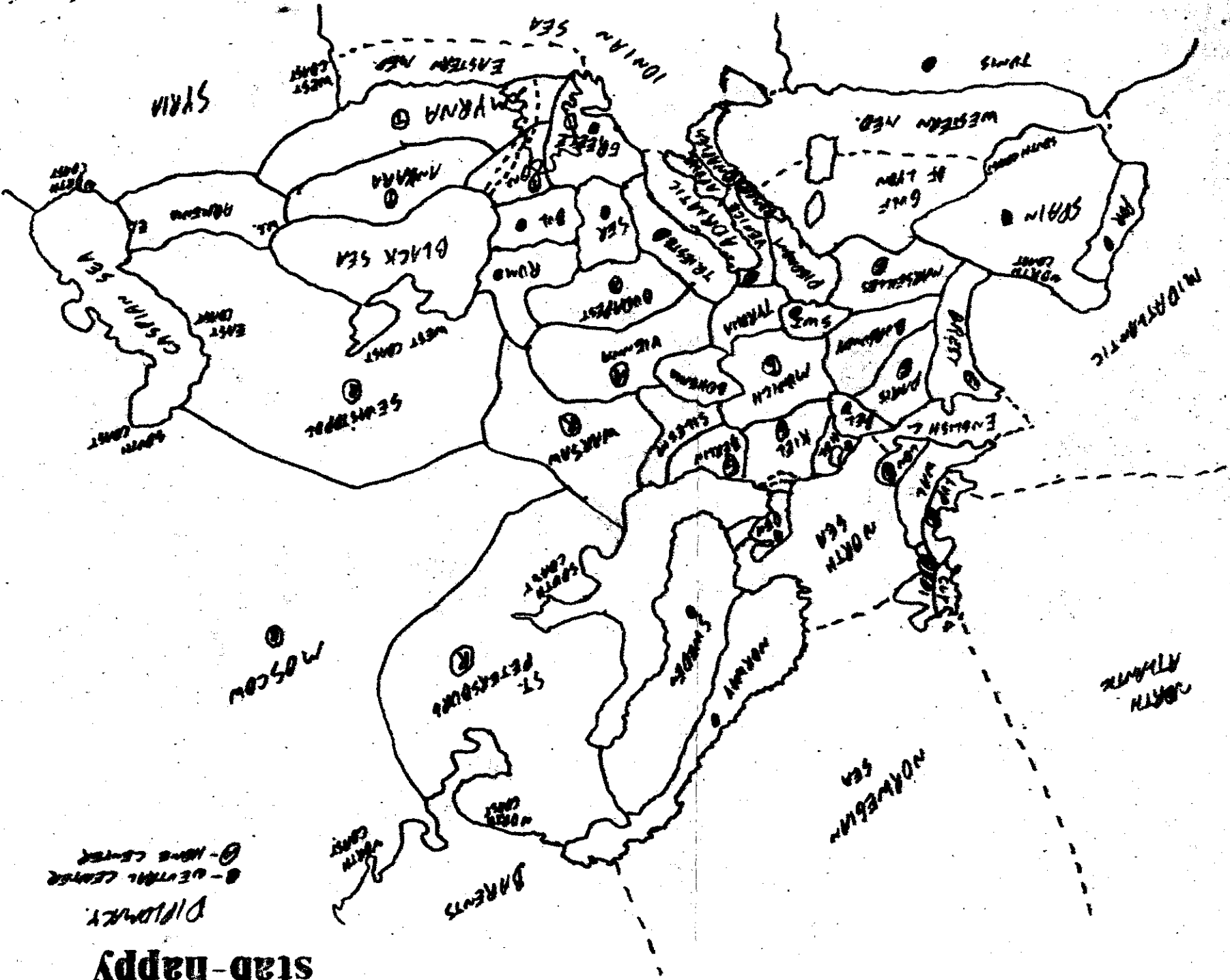
Who the hell is Curtis Gibson? He's some small-time asshole hobbyist who gets his rocks off by insulting other hobbyists, feuding, and insisting that he stands on principle every time he gets involved in a dispute. He's a common enough figure, both in the Diplomacy hobby and others, and people of his ilk can cause a lot of trouble before everyone else figures out what's going on and decide to have nothing to do with him.

Gibson---who the hell are you, schmuck? Fred Davis is a conscientious gamesmaster and a long-time hobby member; Bob Hartwig has taken on the unenviable job of attempting to make something of the mess that is the IDA/NA (a job that lesser men have given up in disgust). I've had my disputes with both, but that doesn't mean I'll join with a nebbish like you in attacking them. When I stand on principle, I mean what I say and firmly believe in my cause; I don't invent principles for the purpose of standing on them. Try to get some neo publisher who's interested in "making a name for himself in the hobby", no matter the cost to his reputation or the hobby. As I said to W. Elmer Hinton last issue, "Fuck you."

stab-happy

DIPLOMACY

● - CENTRAL LEASER
● - HOME CENTER



THE

Sex Million \$ Man

adapted for radio by Greg Costikyan from a screenplay by Adam Kassanof, John Liberman, and Greg Costikyan

INTRO

THEME MUSIC: Logan's Run Theme

NARRATOR: The Sex Million Dollar Man, Episode

RCO: Capcom to Test Plane X-69, CapCom to X-69, Come in X-69.

AUSTEN (Speaking through static): CapCom, this is X-69. Over.

OSCAR: Steve, we have a problem. You've just dropped out of our radar screen. That means you're below a hundred feet.

AUSTEN (as above): Oh, shit.

SOUND EFFECTS: Sound of plane crashing.

SOUND EFFECTS: a regular beeping noise, continued through following sequence.

NARRATOR: Steve Austen is nearly dead, his plane totally destroyed. But all is not lost. We can build him...better than he was before. Stronger...faster...longer...

THEME: "Firebird" by Tomita, played at 45 rpm.

EPISODE 1

NARRATOR: Three doctors stand over the prone man on the operating table, their faces reflecting great concern. They are covered in blood to the elbows, their faces flushed; they operate with the speed of madmen. Their knives flash in a curious oriental ritual as they operate on Steve Austen.

OSCAR (subdued): How...how is he?

DOCTOR: Well, Mr. Goldman, I think we've managed to save most of him. However... we've been unable to recover...ah...certain parts of his...anatomy.

OSCAR: Good God.

DOCTOR: Sir, if I might...I think this is the occasion to test our bionic technology. There is an element of danger involved, of course. We need your authorization to proceed with surgery.

OSCAR: I think Steve would want it this way; I'm sure he'd prefer not to be.... I'll arrange for the transfer of the necessary equipment at once.

NARRATOR: It is five days later. Austen, apparently well, lies in a hospital bed, closely attended by a nurse. The door to the room opens, and Oscar Goldman enters. The nurse quickly pulls her hand away.

THEME: 3rd track side A, "Firebird Suite", Tomita.

OSCAR: Steve, old buddy, how are you doing?

STEVE: Oscar, what the hell is going on? I feel strange as hell...

OSCAR: That's what I came to talk to you about...to break the news to you... about your operation, and what we had to do.

STEVE: Ah...what do you mean?

OSCAR: Well, we managed to save most of you, but...well, we had to replace certain PARTS of your body with bionic equipment.

STEVE: What parts?

OSCAR: You see, there's a new science called bionics. Through this science, we've been able to develop new techniques that may, someday, make life worth living for millions of handicapped people.

STEVE: WHAT parts?

OSCAR: You see bionics is, in short, the technology of replacing organic parts of the body with mechanical substitutes.

STEVE (somewhat upset): WHAT PARTS?

OSCAR: And, although you were very seriously hurt when you crashed---there was some

doubt as to whether you would live--we managed to save you.

STEVE: Oh, no.

OSCAR: Yes, Steve, I'm afraid it's true. You have a bionic pecker.

STEVE: OSCAR!

OSCAR: It was either that or nothing.

STEVE: OSCAR!

OSCAR: It's not really all that bad, Steve. As well as functioning in its normal capacities, it had certain additional features. It can go from zero to 5000 degrees in 10 seconds for use as a heating or cooling element, it can act as a pneumatic hammer, it can dispense liquids upon command in limited quantities, it can function as a variable band laser. And, because of your generous contributions to the sperm bank, you'll be able to reproduce. We'll just place spermatozoa in the appropriate section of your liquid bank. Think of yourself as a test pilot, not for airplanes, but for...

STEVE: Oh, fuck.

OSCAR: Exactly.

NARRATOR: Stay tuned for episode two of the SEX MILLION DOLLAR MAN, when you'll hear Oscar Goldman say...

OSCAR: Don't worry, Steve. You have the...ah, cream of American technology.

EPISODE 2

NARRATOR: Our story so far, Steve Austen, engaged in the near-fatal crash of the X-69 Test Plane, was saved through the miracle of bionic technology. Although Austen's doctors strove with great skill, they were unable to save certain portions of his anatomy. But these portions--including a certain, ah, member, were replaced with mechanical parts of even greater ability than the organic flesh they replaced. A certain part of Austen's body, for instance, is now capable of changing temperature by up to 5000 degrees in ten seconds for use as a heating or cooling element, acting as a pneumatic hammer, dispensing liquids in limited quantities, and acting as a variable-band laser. And now, to our story

OSCAR: Steve, I think you've become sufficiently familiar with your new equipment. I believe it's time to undergo some rigorous testing.

STEVE: With observers?

OSCAR: No, no, it'll be electronically monitored. Come on, Steve, it won't be so bad. We got a blonde...you know you like blondes.

STEVE: I don't know.

OSCAR: The woman is from the Reconnaissance Section; her name is Dr. Pepper.

STEVE: All right, anything for science, Oscar, there's something that's been bothering me...

OSCAR: What, Steve.

STEVE: Who manufactured the thing?

OSCAR: Hammond.

STEVE: We subcontracted to Hammond?

OSCAR: That's right, Steve, Hammond Electric Organs.

NARRATOR: Some time later, Steve is taken to the laboratory, where he is ushered into a room containing a pound bed covered with satin sheets and a white fur blanket. Austen sits down and begins to undress. Shortly, an attractive blonde woman enters the room. She is wearing thin, light stockings which barely cover the upper portion of her thighs.

JOY: Hi! My name is Joy. Isn't your's Steve?

STEVE: That's right. You say you're Dr. Joy Pepper, eh? Let's see some ID. (short silence)

JOY (breathlessly): How's that?

STEVE (eagerly): Final Final Ah...why don't we get to know each other better?

JOY (coyly): I'd like that. They say you have the most fantastic...personality.

STEVE: Well, I do. Would you like to see it?

JOY: Oh, yes!

NARRATOR: Steve rushes up to Joy and begins to caress her. She begins to make mewling sounds as he touches her breasts. Joy makes a grab for his fly and pulls down his

sipper. The most vivid and erect...
CENSOR'S BLEEPER: ***BLEEP***
(short silence)

VOICE: Had enough, Steve?

STEVE: If you keep 'em going, I'll keep 'em coming.

VOICE: All right, I'll send in number twenty.

(panting for a short period, suddenly broken by:)

FEMALE VOICE: (high pitched, extended scream) AAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

VOICE: Oh, my GOD!!

STEVE: What happened? What happened?

VOICE: Oh my God! Somebody, get an ambulance, quick!

STEVE: What happened?

VOICE: Your heating element switched to 2000 degrees!

NARRATOR: Later, Austen and Goldman are seated at a low bench in a workshop lined with electronic equipment and worktables. Steve is sipping up his pants as a technician replaces tools on a nearby table.

STEVE: Are you sure it's fixed? I certainly don't want that to happen again.

TECHNICIAN: The repairs will hold temporarily, but we'll have to send it back to the factory for readjustment.

STEVE: WHAT??

TECHNICIAN (chuckling): Sorry, just a little joke. It's fine now.

STEVE (amused): Hah, hah, hah.

OSCAR: Come on, Steve, you know you've got the...cream of American technology.

NARRATOR: Stay tuned for the next episode of THE SEX MILLION DOLLAR MAN, when you'll hear Steve Austen say:

STEVE: Don't worry, Oscar, I can hold my own.

The above is an adaptation of a screenplay (or teleplay, if you prefer the current jargon) written by Adam Kasanof, John Liberman, and myself a couple of years ago. The adaptation is currently being aired on WBRU-AM, the local AM station. Episode 3 will be pub. nexish

NOTES

3. There are openigns in regular Diplomacy at \$5 plus sub. The \$5 is refunded at the en of the game or when you are eliminated, but is forfeit if you drop out. Additionally, each time you NMR or NBR, one dollar is forfeit from the \$5 total.

4. The following people have paid the gamefee for or have expressed interest in the following games:

REGULAR: Tom Schulz, Edward Vesneske

YOUNGSTOWN: Dave Barlow, Fred Hyatt, John Strain, Victor Ricci, Stephen Lee(?)

MACHIARELLI: Larry Ellfott

SWISS VARIANT II: Stephen Lee(?)

Anyone else interested in playing any of the above contact me pronto.

5. The Diplomacy Variant Commission recently awarded the following Variant Awards for 19 Outstanding Publication for Variants: Conrad von Metske for DIPLOMACY WORLD

Outstanding Variant Gamemaster: Fred Davis, Jr. for BUSHWACKER

Outstanding Variant Design: Martin Janta-Polesynski for Pseudo-Classical Diplomacy

Outstanding Article on Variants: Ken St. Andre for Unsolicited Editorial in DW 16

General Contribution to Variants: John Leader, for his work as a variant gamemaster, designer, and publicist.

WEST BANK STORY

by Brian Gister

WEST BANK STORY, that smash song-and-dance show conflict in the Middle East has arrived at theatres near you!

SCENE: A small oasis at which camels and such are tied. Before the camels stand a number of people in full battle dress. Falling into a rough order, the Turks begin to sing and dance an elaborate north Cossack kick-type dance:

Company: When you're a Turk,
 You're a Turk all the way,
 From your first ziggurat,
 To the last time you pray.
 When you're a Turk,
 If a Druze hits your lan',
 You got killers around,
 We'll cut off his han'
 You'll never atone,
 You're harem is respected,
 We all of our own,
 Sharing's not expected,
 We're all over-sexed,
 Then you can smirk,
 Your smile not away,
 As you kill off some jerk
 Who tried to cart you away,
 When you're a Turk,
 You stay
 A Turk.

MAKHMED: I know Ahmed, he won't let us down.

ASHWAT: Good, he's in. Lets start killin'.

GAMEL: Where we gonna slice Mohammed?

RATHMAL: At prayer tonight, at the mosque.

BERSHAT: But the mosque's a place of prayer and peace.

MAKHMED: I'll make nice then. I'm only gonna cripple him.

RATHMAL: That's wise. Then the Druses will have ta fight.

GAMEL: So everyone get their sword nice 'n sharp. Meet Ahmed and me at fifth prayer call. (Gallops off).

MAKHMED: We'll be there.

BARUB: Yeah, we're Turks, we're not scared.

ASHWAT: The fiercest.

BARUB & ASHWAT:

 When you're a Turk,
 You're the one not in town
 They can't say you hid
 When there're Christians around.
 When you'r a Turk,
 You're the most violent thing,
 Little boy you're a man,
 Little princes are king.
 The Turks they are near,
 You can tell by the smell,
 All evil steers clear

FADE OUT.

ANNOUNCING! SOMETHING NEW FOR THE SERIOUS ADVENTURE GAMER...

DIFFERENT WORLDS



This is a plug for Different Worlds, which will put out its first issue in January. Chaosium is a small company that has produced uniformly excellent products, such as RUNEQUEST, WHITE BEAR AND RED MOON, and ELR. The magazine will probably be of comparable quality. At a minimum, you should pick up a single issue to check it out.

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EIP



RAISON D'ETRE: The Games

77IU (Urf Durfal Game)

GM: Tom Gould

WO3

As a result of the fact that insufficient players got their spring moves in, we're splitting the seasons and printing the Winter builds alone. Spring moves due next issue. Please note the editorial on p. 2.

England (Vesneske): NBR!

France (Gister): B A Mar, A Par

Germany (Forrest): B A Ber.

Italy (Barlow): NDR! GM D's F Has.

Russia (Kelly): D F Nwy.

Turkey (Tutacko): B F Smy.

(Note: The abbreviation "D" (Disband) is used for Removal, rather than "R", to avoid confusion with Retreat (which uses the abbreviation "R")).

77Ags (Excommunication!)

GM: Greg Costikyan

Autumn 1104

Bill Newell, who has taken over for the Holy Roman Empire, indicates that he didn't get last issue; the Post Offal strikes again. Thus, I'm delaying the game to allow him to get his moves in. TAKE NOTE: SPRING MOVES ARE DUE, CONDITIONAL ON WINTER BUILDS. As soon as I get Bill's builds, I'll adjudicate the winter season. (If you don't even have builds in yet, get your ass in gear). If I have enough spring moves by then, I'll adjudicate the spring moves along with the builds, and set a deadline for winter moves; thus, if you want to get a jump on the other players, get spring moves in, too. If not, winter a spring will be separated.

According to our house rules, the "Autumn" season is used for retreats. There's only one retreat this season, which is:

Fatimites (Linden): R M Anti-Cbyn.

75BHfh (Colonia II)

GM: David Barlow

Limbo

I'm sorry, friends, but Dave Barlow still hasn't got in contact with me, and I can't print moves until he does---he doesn't have a phone, so I can't call him to get adjudications. Unfortunately, I can't take the game over myself, as I'm a player. Game delayed until further notice; if you still don't have your moves in, get moving!

76JJ (PDL-6)

GM: Dave Barlow

Limbo

See above.

78?go (Near Utter Chaos)

GM: Scott Rosenberg

Limbo

Can't get through to Scott. As soon as I can, I'll print the adjudications. If you haven't get your moves in yet, better move, as I'll probably get in touch with him by 16 December.

78???? (Partition of the Ottoman Empire)

GM: Greg Costikyan

Limbo

Glen Taylor apparently didn't get last issue. I'll try to get moves out of him as quickly as possible, and will print the adjudications then. That should be next week, or possibly the following one.

Now you know why I'm upset at the lack of player-response; of 6 games, 1 has split season and 5 are delayed. Two of the delays are my or the USPS's fault (78???? and 77Ags); two are Dave Barlow's fault (76JJ and 75BHfh); and one is Scott Rosenberg's fault (78?go). Luckily, with the weekly issue policy, I should be able to get in touch with Dave and Scott shortly, and get adjudications from them without waiting 3 weeks. Dave & Scot: VITE! VITE!

ACHTUNG! ATTENTION! ALLO, ALLO? ARE YOU LISTENING! READ THIS! IMPORTANT! TAKE NOTE! VITAL!

I just realized the, starting December 15, three of my GM's will be in New York.

FOR ALL DEADLINES BETWEEN DECEMBER 15 AND JANUARY 5, DIRECT ALL MAIL TO:

Greg Costikyan
1675 York Avenue
New York, NY, 10028
78777, 77Ags, KAH
212-860-8818

Dave Barlow
107 Gladwin Avenue
Leonia, NJ, 07605
75BRfh, 76JJ
201-947-8840

Scott Rosenberg
182-31 Radnor Rd
Jamaica Estates, NY, 11432
787go
212-969-3555

Tom Gould's address remains unchanged.

I'm sorry this didn't go on the masthead, but the masthead was printed by the time I got this done.

Aaag. I've been sitting here at my typewriter next to an open window most of the day, freezing my fucking ass off. I've got to keep the window open, because there has to be ventilation for the electrostencil machine to work. In operation, the cutting needle of the electrostencil machine bites into the polyvinyl (I think it's polyvinyl) stencil in the process of transferring the page to the stencil. As a result, it produces a cloud of these foul-smelling plastic pieces of dust, which quickly spread to fill the room with an unbearable stench. Thus, the window must remain open to provide ventilation. Thus, I'm freezing my ass off, as its De-fucking-cember, and even though the temperature outside is in the fourties, it's still DAMN cold here. And keeping the window open doesn't help that much, because its warm in here and cold out there (comparatively), and thus the breeze blows IN through the window (freezing me more thoroughly) and blowing the cloud of plastic dust into my face. As a result, I wind up breathing most of the plastic dust. Now, apart from the fact that this shit CAN'T be good for my lungs, I suspect it's polyvinyl and carcinogenic. I dunno about that, but I DO know that the stuff is giving me a headache (and I never get headaches), and drying out my lungs and throat something fierce. Not to mention the smell.

In any case, it's been a productive day. I've published Urf, run off some stencils for Tom Gould, and published the Brown SLS Newsletter (Students for a Libertarian Society), and some stationary for my use. Of course, exams are coming up and I've got two 20+ page papers to write in the next month, but first things first, right?

It's amazing how publishing becomes a way of life. It's a lot of fun, really, typing and running the stuff off (even if there are clouds of plastic dust blowing into my face), to the point where I don't think I'll ever stop publishing. The major reason Urf has lasted this long is not my passionate involvement in the Diplomacy hobby---I'm not that interested in the game any more, and my involvement in hobby politics is pretty minimal at this point---but simply that I enjoy putting out a zine, both writing and organizing the material and the physical act of publication. At various times, I've considered junking the games and just publishing Urf without them, but I sort of enjoy GMing games, as long as I don't have to GM too many, so why not carry a game or two? And I enjoy designing variants, and if I don't run the variants I design, noone else is going to.

So, it's entirely possible that sooner or later I'll fold Urf (though I have no plans to do so at the moment), but I'd only do so to start another zine, probably in another area (sf, gaming, politics or whatnot).

In any case, as long as I'm running games, I want to run them Right; whence this weekly idea.

"Power unused is power abused."--Egil Krogh, 1972

"In the long run, we are all dead."--John Maynard Keynes

"The tree of liberty must be watered with the blood of patriots once every generation."--Thomas Jefferson

"There is a long-standing split among philosophers on the subject of names. Realists taken them seriously, believing them to be things. Nominalists take them lightly, believing them to be means, believing them to be convenient labels. Every man in the world is either a Realist or a Nominalist. Give yourself a test: if someone called you a gigger or a fell-picker, and you knew it wasn't true, would you hit him or smile? That's how easy it is to tell.

Valuing names as they do, Realists are sparing with them. They are likely to be known only as Joe or Bill or Plato. And they don't smile much.

Nominalists have more fun. They are known as Aristotle or Decimus et Ultimus Barziza, or as Edward John Barrington Douglas-Scott-Montagu, or perhaps by one name in childhood and several others in the course of life.

A firm Realist misses out on one of the most satisfying of all human activities---the assumption of secret identities. A man who has lived and never been someone else has never lived.

It is true that occasionally there can be embarrassment in secret identities, but only a Realist will take the whole thing seriously enough to hit you. So have your fun, and avoid Realists."

---THE THURB REVOLUTION, Alexei Fanshin.

"If there is to be revolution, we would rather make than suffer it."--Bismarck

"Above our skies now gleams a shield of Martian steel, tempered by the blood of ~~Martian sons and daughters.~~ But should their courage exceed their might and the gangster forces of that evil monstrous Corporation break through---let them know upon this ground there stands each Martian child with gun in hand---freebord, and by that birth free and glad to die that this red soil a darker red be stained, with the blood of a thousand of his enemies."--BATTALION MARS, Private McArdle, 35 Duodecember, 2096.



URF DURFAL, GRANDSON OF POUCH #37
o/o Greg Costikyan
1675 York Avenue,
New York, NY
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- 1
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DEADLINES: 77IU - 30 DECEMBER
78777 - 23 DECEMBER
Others - TO BE DETERMINED

NOTE: SEND MOVES TO NEW YORK ADDRESSES!