

GRAUSTARK

#288 1971BG, 1971EB, 1971EC, 1972A, 1972E, 1973BB, 1973BC 21 April 1973

1971EB "Spring 1912"

ENGLISH ENTER TUNIS

ENGLAND (Birsan): A Lon-Bre; F Eng C A Lon-Bre; A EDI-Bel; F Nth C A EDI-Bel; A Mun S FRENCH A Ven-Tyr; F Bot & F Pru S F Liv; F Liv S F Pru; A St.P-Mos; A Ber, A Kie, & A Bur S A Mun; F Mar-Pic; F Tyr-Tun; F Wes S F Tyr-Tun; F Spa(s.c.)-Lyo. (sic; this unit is actually F Spa(n.c.)).

FRANCE (Holcombe): A Tus-Pie; A Ven S A Tus-Pie; A Rom S A Ven; F Nap S F Apu; F Apu S F Nap.

ITALY (Brooks): No moves received. F Adr & F Aeg hold; F Ion dislodged and annihilated.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY (Drakert): A Mos-St.P; A War-Liv; A Gal S A Sil; A Boh-Mun; A Sil S A Boh-Mun; A Tyr-Ven; A Tri S A Tyr-Ven; A Bul holds; F Gre-Ion; F Alb S F Gre-Ion.

Underlined moves are not possible. The deadline for "Fall 1912" moves is NOON, SATURDAY 12 MAY 1973. As it seems likely that the game will end then, I would be glad to publish an analysis of it. As a result of the end of the game, the following players' subscriptions to GRAUSTARK will end with the indicated issues: Brooks, 289; Hawley, 293; Ted Holcombe, 289; O'Neil, 304.

LONDON: Accuse me of false virtues and I insist on the rights of those unredeeming social characteristics. 'Tis a pity the French have been so unassailable to reason from the beginning of the split over Berlin.

The next issue of GRAUSTARK, an extra-large 10th Anniversary Issue, will go by 1st-class mail only to active players in current games. Others will get it by 3rd-class mail.

1971EC "Spring 1912"

TURKEY: ENGLISH IN, GERMANS OUT

Following "Fall 1911" moves Germany built A Ber, A Kie, A Mun. All players were informed.

ENGLAND (Lipton): F Adr-Alb; F Ion-Gre; F Eas-Smy; A Rom-Tus; A Pie-Tus; F Aeg S F Eas-Smy; A St.P S A Mos; A Mos S A St.P; A Swe & A Wal hold; F Nth S F Eng; F Eng S F Nth; F Lyo-Tyr; F Nap-Apu.

GERMANY (Berman): F Den & A Ven hold; A Bel S A Hol; A Hol S A Bel; F Kie S F Den; A Ber-Sil; A Mun-Tyr; A Arm S ENGLISH F Eas-Smy; A Gal-Rum; A Boh-Gal; A Tri S A Ven; A Bud S A Gal-Rum; A Vie S A Mun-Tyr; A Scr S ENGLISH F Ion-Gre.

ITALY (Leeder): A Bul S GERMAN A Scr-Gre; A Con S A Bul.

RUSSIA (Barents): A Smy-Arm; A Ank S A Smy-Arm.

Underlined moves are not possible. Germany must retreat A Arm-Syr or -Sev; the direction of this retreat should be sent in at once, and the other players will be informed. The deadline for "Fall 1912" moves is NOON, SATURDAY 12 MAY 1973.

BROOKLYN (URRP): It was reliably reported today that press releases from time line OWWT-73.3a have been smuggled into DIP-1973-EC. A search is on for the culprit.

BROOKLYN (URRP): The incoming lines of the United Rabble Rousing Press have been jammed by press releases from all sources, including the Bureau of Usually Reliable Sources, International Travelers, and Intelligence Spokesmen. A number of urgent reports from all time lines have been postponed to the Tenth Anniversary Issue of GRAUSTARK, due May 12, which the editor is desperately trying to hold down to 40 pages as of present writing.

1971BG

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"Spring 1908"

ON A CLEAR DAY YOU COULD SAVE SERBIA

ENGLAND (Lipson): A Bre-Gas; F Lon-Eng; F NAT holds; F Mid & F Tun S F
Wes; F Wes S F Tun; F Naf S F Tun.

FRANCE (Latin): A Spa-Gas; F Por-Mid.

GERMANY (Schleicher): A Vie S RUSSIAN A Gal-Bud; A Boh S A Vie; A Mun-Tyr;
A Kie-Ber; A Mar S ENGLISH A Gas-Spa; A Bur S A Mar; F Den holds.

ITALY (Burley): A Ven-Tyr; A Bud-Vie; A Tri S A Bud-Vie; F Ion-Tun;
F Tyr S TURKISH F Lyo-Wes.

RUSSIA (A. Phillips): F Swc holds; F Ank-Bla; F Sev S F Ank-Bla; A Mos S
F Sev; A Gal-Bud; A Rum S A Gal-Bud; A Ukr S A Rum.

TURKEY (Nierenberg): A Bul holds; A Arm-Ank; F Bla S A Arm-Ank; F Con S
F Bla; F Lyo-Wes.

Underlined moves are not possible. Italy retreats A Bud-Ser. Eng-
land's F Wes and Russia's F Ank are annihilated. The deadline for "Fall
1908" moves is 6 PM, TUESDAY 8 MAY 1973.

1972E

"Spring 1911"

ENGLAND ENTERS AUSTRO-TURKISH WAR - ON BOTH SIDES!

ENGLAND (Abbott): F St.P(n.c.) holds; A Pru-War; A Liv S A Pru-War; F Bal-
Pru; F Ber holds; A Lon-Den; F Nth C A Lon-Den; A Mun-Sil; A Boh S A
Mun-Sil; A Ruh-Mun; F Mid-Wes; F Tyr-Ion; F Nap & F Tun S F Tyr-Ion.

FRANCE (Lipson): F Lyo-Tyr; A Gas-Mar; A Bur holds; A Pie-Ven; A Tus S A
Pie-Ven.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY (Prosnitz): A Sil-War; A Vie S ENGLISH A Boh-Gal; A Ser-
Rum; A Bud-Rum; F Ion-Gre; A Ven holds.

TURKEY (Hendry): F Smy-Eas; F Alb-Gre; F Aeg S F Alb-Gre; F Tri-Alb; F
Adr S F Tri-Alb; A Bul-Ser; A Rum S A Bul-Ser; A Gal S A Rum; A War
S A Gal.

Underlined moves are not possible. The Austro-Hungarian army in Si-
lesia is annihilated, and the Austro-Hungarian F Ion must be retreated to
Apulia or removed. The dislodged Austro-Hungarian A Ven must retreat to
Rome, Tyrolia, or Trieste, or be removed; it could also be retreated to
Apulia if the fleet doesn't go there. The Turkish A War must retreat to
Moscow or the Ukraine, or be removed. These players should send in or-
ders for their dislodged units by immediate return mail, and all players
will be informed. The deadline for "Fall 1911" moves is NOON, SATURDAY
12 MAY 1973.

1973BB - PRESS RELEASES

WIEN-AN-DER-DONAU (March 21, 1901): The author of this column has en-
tirely depleted his resources in two other games, and is open to sugges-
tions from anyone except Evan Jones.

BUDAPEST-AN-DER-DONAU (April 21, 1901): I know what Bob Lipton is
up to! He can't fool me?

TRIEST-AM-ADRIATISCHEN-MEER (May 21, 1901): The Imperial Sunfish
Fleet attempted to perform the standard maneuver of sailing from Point
Raymond to Cape Katzoff. It didn't make it. The entire fleet ran
aground on the mysterious Isle of Fybog.

BROOKLYN (June 21, 1901, URRP): The Seymour Haar Museum of Universal
Cosmic Knowledge today announced an expedition to the Adriatic island of
Corflu, in search of the rare Saber-Tooth Neiger.

1971EC - PRESS RELEASES

PRIME LINE (JDUNNO): The seven Scarlet Pumpernickels walked simultaneously into L's office. "How?"

"Had some workmen enlarge the door," said the shadowed L. He was smoking a conventional pipe (if one discounted the seven-foot stem). "Report".

"Naomi's gone, along with Boardman. The Tuba. Their operation's being dismantled." They looked at the pipe and smelled the smoke. "Troost Aromatic, Teddy Special and Middleton Walnut, mixed 3:5:2?"

"No. Chopped pencil erasers, dried herring, and polyurethane, 7:2:4. Boys - Boy - Pump, I want you - all of you to take a couple of weeks off." From behind L, a portrait of Torquemada spoke up. "Sir? Sir, there's -"

"What is it, Natasha?"

"Well, sir, there's seven more Scarlet Pumpernickels out here. Sir, they say that - that Boardman and Natasha evacuated before they got there, sir."

"They what? But - send them in."

Seven dissheveled Scarlet Pumpernickels stalked into L's office. They stared at the seven already there, but said nothing.

"Sir," said Torquemada, "there's six more. They say they got Naomi, but that Boardman escaped and killed one of them."

"Send them in."

"Sir, one Scarlet Pumpernickel's just come in. He says that Naomi and - Sir, this place is filling up with Scarlet Pumpernickels. What can I do, sir?"

"Sell them tickets to the policemen's ball. Keep them out there and get me the laboratory."

"You wanted to speak to me, L?" asked the lamp on L's desk.

"Yes, Professor Kinney. Has timeline DIP-1971-EC split?"

"One moment while I focus on the coordinates - One moment, it must have drifted - Sir, you're right, it has split. How did you know?"

"I'm psychic! Goodbye."

By this time there were three hundred twenty seven Scarlet Pumpernickels in L's office, chuckling and saying, "They seek us here, they seek us there, but in truth we're everywhere. Chief, I've got it! They seek us here, they seek us there -"

"I heard," said L. "I should have known. That battle with Naomi and Boardman was crucial to that timeline, so it split under the pressure into all the possible futures, where Boardman and Naomi won and lost and tied and - and the survivors are all reporting in."

"Sir," said the picture of Torquemada, "Sir, they're overflowing into the streets. Mathematics says we'll have trillions of Scarlet Pumpernickels coming back, sir. Sir, sir, the police commissioner is here. He says he can let us have a group rate on the tickets to the policemen's ball. Sir, sir -"

L did not answer. He simply leaned back in his chair, said, "I don't need this," and began to giggle hysterically.

JESUS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE (United Rabble Rousing Press): Is he in Hell or is he in Heaven, that damned elusive Oh Oh Seven?

BYZANTIUM: Did anybody notice this tiny little sentence in the middle of all that other crud?

COUNTRY OF THE BULGARS: Even the GM didn't last time!

MOSCOW (Negosudarstvanni Samizdatelstvo, via URRP): This publication is not edited under the supervision of Bangs Leslie Tapscott.

ZOO GARDENS (OOPS): We're going to make this a bit short, so that John can get himself all caught up. You realize that he is getting on in years. (he has a flowing long white beard, with a red stash.) The grind has been too much for his 34 yrs, and thus we find that he is slowing down a bit. 3 Weeks, of course this will mean that Grau. will be 16 pages instead of 12 to make up the difference. Anyway back to the real stories of our times. (there is a rumor that John will soon start to edit all press.)

ISSHEAL-GAKA (BOAST): The season of the year is havrest and Hasha starts to relate a little song to his friend Froto.

It is sung to the 12 days of X-mas.

On the first day of harvest my true love brings to me
one syringe in a plastic bag.

On the second day of Harvest my true gave to me 2 nickel
bags and a syringe in plastic bag.

On the third day of Harvest my true gave to me three water pipes
two nickel bags and a syringe in plastic bag.

On the fourth day of Harvest my true love gave to me four poppies
growing, 3 waterpipes, 2 nickel bags and a syringe in a plastic bag.

On the fifth day of Harvest my true love gave to me Five Golden keys,
four poppies growing, 3 waterpipes, 2 nickel bags and a syringe in
a plastic bag.

Byt this time Hasha was so far on his way he forgot the rest of the song.

COLDWATER (BCAST): The woman was fairly tall. Her legs were long and beautiful,
with the rest of her body fitting in, with long red hair flowing down over her shoulders.
She moves towards a man sitting in a chair by a big screen.

"How much longer" she asks

"Not too much longer, I'm sure we'll be done with in a few more years" He answers.

"More years, oh my God, but I'm tired and I want out."

"You can't have out!" He yells back "Get ready you are due on very soon."

Nomai dresses for her next act, but what is the meaning?

IGORIA (1912, DAGON): The Demi-Associational Gatherers of Ostintasioous News has
discover'd the location of the Mad Sultan Wilnear, who reigned in Consantinopal from
Spring 1900-Winter 1901, an then disappeared mysteriously from sight. He was found in
an obscure Pleasure Domé on the Xanadus River, bomed out of his skull on opium. In be-
tween this incoherent babbling about Kubla Khan, C'thulhu and other such unlikely sub-
jects, he seemed to hint at a planned return to Politics if (quote) "Yogge Setthotch is
willing." No more is forthcoming.

WOODMERE, L. I. (From the offices of Kinney, Lipschwitz & Boringman, Synthesists):
Concerning this timeline, we have some good news for you, and some bad news. First the
good news. Phumpha does not exist on this timeline. Now for the bad news. Our press
releases do.

WOGASTISEBURGER-NEUSTADT, WOGASTISEBURG-SCHLAMPENBUETTEL (Inner District Underground
News Nurturing Offices): We regret to announce that it took so long to print this lead-
in that we ran out of space for the press release.

POLOPOLIS, LITTLE ITALY, PHUMPHA (IDUNNO): From My Fair Europe; copyright 1909,
Teacher & Highe:

There will be peace within just two years
Ding! Dong! the bells are gonna chime
Blow up a Wop now; please do not stop now
But get me to Versailles on time.

If I am flying, don't shoot me down,
If I am strafing, girl, get out of town.

For there will be peace within just two years
After Italy has gone boom!
Help out a Hun now; let's have some fun now
Just get me to Versailles on time.

If I'm grenading, lie on the floor,
If serenading, meet me at the door.

For there will be peace within just two years
Boom! Boom! the cannons they will stop
Kill more civilians; don't appear villains
And get me to Versailles, get me to Versailles,
Lord Harry, get me to Versailles on time.

by Robert Bryan Lipton

The life of a reviewer is not as carefree as one might think. One can see him as a lazy individual who is paid to do nothing but that which any of us would be willing to do for nothing (to answer your question, no, I don't get paid for these reviews). But he is still faced with horrendous choices to make. Should he or should he not review bad books?

Some people say no. A reviewer should just let us know which books are worth buying. The others will eventually fade away into that limbo where copies of Palmer's Amazing discuss politics with Beacon's Galaxy Novels. Let them disappear in peace. You never can tell how a blurb-writer will mangle your criticism.

Some people say yes. Negative reviews are more helpful than positive ones for testing the reviewer's tastes and deciding if they match the reader's. Furthermore, you can make more witty comments about a book that stinks than one that is fragrant as a rose.

In the previous reviews of the Wheel of If theme, I have confined myself to the better works. They were not flawless; they were good. However, as Ted Sturgeon has pointed out repeatedly, 90% of everything is crud.

I do not intend to spend much time on the crud. I am going to go over two books, very rapidly.

*

First is Keith Laumer's Worlds of the Imperium. Laumer is a very strange writer. He alternates between being overly cautious and wildly foolhardy. He will spend quite a long time in elaborating one aspect of his story, then skip over others.

First of all, let me point out that there is one point upon which Laumer stands and grabs our attention; his plots are very exciting and complex. But the backgrounds are the sort that bring you up short wondering why the author didn't think of that.

As the major example, let us take the explanation of the alternate universes in the story. The hero, Brion Bayard, is knocked out and kidnapped. When he wakes up he is in a moving vehicle. He is traveling in a ship that moves to alternate universes. It seems that of the various time lines that followed our history after 1600, only three escaped destruction.

This is nonsense, of course. There should be an infinity. The explanation given is that there is, but that our consciousness keeps sliding back and forth along the lines. This explains why our memories aren't perfect.

Now, I don't mind a little gobbledygook, but this is laying it on very thickly.

Anyway, Brion Bayard is wanted because one of the surviving lines has developed its own "intertime" machine and is raiding the other. They discover that Brion is the analogue of the leader of the raiders' world and send him to kill the leader and take his place.

Are you following this?

While Brion is thinking about taking the job, some raiders come and try to kill him. A bullet grazes the back of his neck and he takes a gun away from a crazed killer.

He is sent to the raiders' world, and discovers that his analogue is missing a leg. He is nearly killed a few times, but in the end, he perseveres. Isn't that dandy?

What happens in those alternate universes where Brion is killed? Does he sweet consciousness (of which he does not seem to possess much) skip lightly over those lines like an unpleasant memory?

Never mind. Let's try to forget about this book. Just remember that it is very easy to ruin a novel.

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Next, let's try Jack Williamson's Legion of Time. Williamson has been writing science-fiction for as long as any other active writer today. He was one of the first writers to give his creations three dimensional characters.

Unfortunately, Legion of Time is very badly dated. It was originally published in 1938, then revised and put between boards in 1952.

Those of you who have read Damon Knight's In Search of Wonder know how he charac-

terizes Mr. Williamson's writing. For those of you who don't: he puts his hero in a body cast, breaks all his limbs, and puts him in a tree, menaced by a sabre-tooth tiger. This continues through to the end of the story, suspense being added and interest maintained by occasionally adding another claw or tooth to the tiger. At the end of the story, the hero falls out of the tree, landing on the tiger. The tiger's back is broken, and the hero walks off with the girl.

This is, of course, unfair. Williamson was confined in a tree by editorial request when he wrote these stories. His newer tales are excellent. As it was, Williamson managed to do a little left-handed psychological study in the story.

Dennis Lanning is approached by two beautiful women who try to convince him to help them. They are from two possible futures of the world, and Dennis will have to make the choice to determine the future.

One is the stereotyped Corn Maiden; the other, the equally stereotyped Bitch Goddess. Denny fights and is attracted, and in general runs around ineffectively until the last minute when he saves the day.

The novel is plagued with the pulp conventions of the day. The language is archaic - yes, even for thirty years, since the written word has undergone a tremendous shift especially in the pulp literature - and the love interest is Victorian.

Yet, despite all these faults, the story moves quickly, the ideas are interesting (even if they are flawed), and I found myself getting excited.

The problem is that the field has evolved tremendously since this story was written. This is one of the earliest Wheel of If stories. I'd say that it's invaluable if you're searching for a collection illustrating the history of science-fiction, and mildly interesting if you're just looking to waste an afternoon. I believe that it can be bought in the first edition hardcover from F & SF Books on Staten Island, for \$2. You might check up on it.

THE PUPPY ON THE RUG

These days the war-lovers are finding themselves in a hell of a plight. The President that they elected (for default of an opponent) has wound down their beloved war. Thieu's seat is as rickety as ever, and about 150,000 pro-Hanoi troops are still looking for him in southern Vietnam. And, worst of all, they are getting roundly condemned by the overwhelming majority of their fellow Americans.

In their own complaints is a tone that would be almost pitiful, if we had any pity left after looking at their war. They find themselves cut out by former friends, and in some cases their livelihoods are suffering. (For instance, some 60 or 70 science-fiction writers who put a pro-war advertisement into two science-fiction magazines 5 years ago are finding that their foreign reprint sales are suffering. And Dow Chemicals, the manufacturers of napalm, have been hurt by the boycott of other Dow products. Pro-war scientists find that people won't send them reprints of research reports.)

"What did I do?" we sometimes hear them wail. "Why won't anyone talk to me? Won't you even consider the war debatable?"

I've seen a comparable bewilderment in the eyes of a puppy who just shit on the rug. He utterly fails to understand why people are making such a fuss. It's nothing he hasn't done before, and yet people are yelling at him, or hitting him, or running around with evil-smelling disinfectants. Max Ascoli can't understand why his liberal magazine The Reporter failed after he endorsed the war and all the Doves cancelled their subscriptions. Eric Hoffer can't understand why a war doesn't produce the usual tendency to regard as infallible the President who proclaimed it. The New York Daily News can't understand why dozens of its own employees put an anti-war advertisement in the rival Times.

Similar wails go up from Diplomacy fandom's puppies: James Massar, David Staples, Charles Reinsel, John Smythe, Rod Walker, etc. They have shit on the rug, and now they wonder what all the fuss is about.

The puppy may be innocent. These war-lovers may be innocent; at least they will never be punished for what they have done. Let them go. Let them take their opinions where they want.

But they're not welcome in, or to, GRAUSTARK. And not on my rug.

HINDERLANDS (BOAST): As the Blimp carrying the three biggies flies high in the skies, the poor wretches that have been trugging the land for the last forty years are taking there middle of the midmorning break.

"You know what Hash?"

"No what?"

"You ain't such a bad guy after all. Like this thing wasn't even fun until now."

"Thanks Frodo. You are a swell guy your self."

"I've got to hand it to you Has, you really had me believing that you were on my side."

"What you y mean, ahh..."

"It was that blimp that gave you away."

"What are you talking about?"

"You know, first off Nomai, second the time line conversion, fourthly Alamode, fifthly Phumpia and sixthly Robert lipten, and seventhly the CK, eightly John, and all the other stuff. Hasha you are all these people. If fact there are none of these people, except of course in your head."

"I don't follow you."

"Oh yes you do, right to jail."

They both get up and Hasha follows Frodo to jail, do not pass go, do not collect 200.

PHILLY (BOAST): "Deep in the heart of Texas," was playing on the record as the goon squad awakes. Nomai had just given them the slip.

"Where is she?"

"I don't know, but she hasn't got her slip, we do!"

"I know, I have it she is in Texas, and left the record on to tell us."

"No you are wrong, She wants us to think that, she is in Alaska. Since Alaska is the oppsite of Texas."

"No No No!!!" interrupts the third goon "She isn't in either place. She is in Rhode Island."

After hours of this small talk they decided that they will all go after their own ideas.

Nomai standing in the closet laughs. She will not be able to knock them off one by one first to Rhode Island. She jumps into her fighting suit, the black and white cloak and sheads the rest.

INNERSPACE (BOAST): High in the Blimp we find Leroy the Boy with his redhot lover, making it as Alamode comes to the rescue.

MASONOPOLIS, PHUMPHA (IDUNNO): The Goonal Council, in session today, following reception of the news of the destruction of Austria, declared war on Great Britain and Germany.

"Eleven years of bloody war have passed while Phumpha waited, deciding where and when our strength will be needed to maintain the balance of power in Europe. Now that we have declared war upon these two evil nations, all of Europe quivers in fear of our mighty Phumphar Phoreign Phorces."

LONDON, GREAT BRITAIN (IDUNNO): That's not fear, that's laughter.

PLYMOUTH, GREAT BRITAIN (IDUNNO): Upon reception of the news that the last hostile fleet in Europe has been destroyed, War Minister Churchill led the Sixth Army Corps in singing "Rule Britannia".

Following the songfest, Churchill made the following statement:

"Pollutidar has rejected our note concerning the disappearance of Mr. Chamberlain. In retaliation, we are seeing their rejection by rejecting their rejection, and raising them two by rejecting their notes concerning importation of Canadian bacon and Indian curry. This thereby puts us in a state of emergency with Pollutidar. While his Majesty's government wishes to reaffirm that we have the greatest respect for the inhabitants of Pollutidar, we cannot say as much for its leaders.

KOARSAS, POLLUTIDAR (URRP): The Emperor today rejected the British rejection of his rejection of the latest British diplomatic protest, and announced the construction of a tunnel from Suvi to Plymouth "for the importation of Toasted English".

THE NEW GAME ROSTERS

Much to my pleased surprise, new entries for the games announced on 10 March came in so fast that I decided to open not three, but four new games. Two were filled four weeks ago, and "Spring 1901" moves appear on p. 9. The other two were filled a week ago, and players were informed at that time. Their "Spring 1901" moves will be printed in GRAUSTARK #289. The first two new games have already had numbers assigned; the designations of the other two will be printed in #289. Until then they should be termed "G-III" and "G-IV". Players should not neglect identifying their submitted moves by game designation, season, country, and their own signatures.

Players who wish their phone numbers published should send them to the Game-master. Summer changes of address should also be sent in well in advance.

1973BB

ENGLAND: Robert L. Eisen, 83-35 116th St., Kew Gardens, N. Y. 11415
 FRANCE: Kenneth Strauss, 717 E. 43rd St., Brooklyn, N. Y. 11203
 GERMANY: Peter Patella, 160 E. 89th St., New York, N. Y. 10028
 ITALY: Raymond E. Heuer, 102-42 Jamaica Ave., Richmond Hill, N. Y. 11418
 AUSTRIA-HUNGARY: Gilbert Neiger, 300 W. 108th St., New York, N. Y. 10025
 RUSSIA: Michael Honig, 101-11 Avenue M, Brooklyn, N. Y. 11236
 TURKEY: Jerry Paulson, 63-60 98th St., Rego Park, N. Y. 11374

1973BC

ENGLAND: Donald E. Stehle, Basement Apt., 99 School St., Bergenfield, N. J. 07621
 FRANCE: Jeremiah B. Model, 3434 20th Ave. South, Minneapolis, Minn. 55407
 GERMANY: Rick Stuart, 1292 Heitman Lane, Batavia, Ohio 45103
 ITALY: Terry Paul, Box 501, Dr. Martin Luther College, New Ulm, Minn. 56073
 AUSTRIA-HUNGARY: Bob Lipton, McKean Hall, P. O. Box 360, Lafayette College, Easton, Penn. 18042
 RUSSIA: William Drakert, 159 Chelsea Road, White Plains, N. Y. 10603
 TURKEY: John Carroll, 133 Atherton Hall, Pennsylvania State University, University Park, Penn. 16802
 1st STAND-BY: Robert Spencer, P. O. Box 867, Shelton, Wash. 98584

G-III

ENGLAND: John Aronsmaier, Dickinson House, Lawrenceville School, Lawrenceville, N. J. 08648
 FRANCE: Rick Stuart, 1292 Heitman Lane, Batavia, Ohio 45103
 GERMANY: Gary L. Burce, 118-12 Marshall Dr., West Lafayette, Indiana 47906
 ITALY: Howard Sider, 47-15 211th St., Bayside, N. Y. 11361
 AUSTRIA-HUNGARY: Clayton McCuiston, 5464 30th Place Northwest, Washington, D. C. 20015; 202-363-1293
 RUSSIA: Herbert Greenlee, 807 Keystone, River Forest, Ill. 60305
 TURKEY: John De Prisco, Box 502, Manor Branch, New Castle, Del. 19720

G-IV

ENGLAND: Robert Spencer, P. O. Box 867, Shelton, Wash. 98584
 FRANCE: Wayne J. Lanham Jr., Apt. 127, 900 W. Spring Valley, Richardson, Texas 75080; 214-238-0117
 GERMANY: Gary Tesser, 2455 Haring St., Brooklyn, N. Y. 11235; 212-NI 6-4445
 ITALY: Mark Murray, Box 1706, Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass. 01610; 617-793-1461
 AUSTRIA-HUNGARY: Michael Lariton, 10 Mandy Lane, Rochester, N. Y. 14625
 RUSSIA: Dick Trtek, Room 212, Boucher Hall, 915 E. 53rd St., Chicago, Ill. 60637
 TURKEY: Gerald A. McGowin, 171 Forest Lane, Atherton, Calif. 94025; 415-323-4423

1973BB

"Spring 1901"

ITALIAN TROOPS CROSS AUSTRIAN BORDER

ENGLAND: F Edi-Nrg; F Lon-Nth; A Liv-Edi.
 FRANCE: A Mar-Spa; A Par-Gas; F Bre-Eng.
 GERMANY: F Kie-Hol; A Mun-Ruh; A Ber-Kie.
 ITALY: A Ven-Tyr; A Rom-Apu; F Nap-Ion.
 AUSTRIA-HUNGARY: A Bud-Ser; F Tri-Alb; A Vie-Bud.
 RUSSIA: F St.P(s.c.)-Bot; F Sev-Bla; A War-Gal; A Mos-Ukr.
 TURKEY: A Con-Bul; F Ank-Con; A Smy holds.

Players' names appear on p. 8. The deadline for "Fall 1901" moves is NOON, SATURDAY 12 MAY 1973. The telephone numbers that I have received so far are: Parcella, 722-9265; Heuer, 441-4360; Feiger, MO 2-2036; Honig, 241-3926; Paulson, 459-4585.

1973BC

"Spring 1901"

"THE LORD ALPS THOSE WHO ALP THEMSELVES" - GERMANY

ENGLAND: A Liv-Edi; F Edi-Nrg; F Lon-Nth.
 FRANCE: F Bre-Mid; A Par-Bur; A Mar-Bur.
 GERMANY: F Kie-Hol; A Ber-Kie; A Mun-Tyr.
 ITALY: A Rom-Apu; A Ven holds; F Nap-Ion.
 AUSTRIA-HUNGARY: A Bud-Ser; A Vie-Bud; F Tri holds.
 RUSSIA: F St.P(s.c.)-Bot; A War-Ukr; A Mos-Sev; F Sev-Run.
 TURKEY: A Con-Bul; F Ank-Bla; A Smy-Arm.

Underlined moves are not possible. Players' names appear on p. 8. The deadline for "Fall 1901" moves is NOON, SATURDAY 12 MAY 1973. The telephone numbers that I have received so far are: Drakert, 914-592-5009; Carroll, 814-865-4265. John Carroll asks that no collect calls be made to him. Jerry Model writes that until 3 May he will be at 7 Dexter Road, Newtonville, Mass. 02160.

1972A

"Winter 1910"

THE BULLDOG BREED FIGHTS ON

ENGLAND (Lipson): Builds F Lon. TURKEY (Murray): Builds A Ank, F Smy.
 GERMANY (Huddleston): Builds A Ber.

The deadline for "Spring 1911" moves is NOON, SATURDAY 12 MAY 1973. One player has proposed a draw. If this is agreeable to you, please send in your acceptance - along with your "Spring 1911" moves, just in case. Only if a written and signed acceptance of the draw is received from all players by the deadline date will it be declared.

Mark Murray writes that, after 20 May, his address will be 44 General Hawkins Dr., Warwick, R. I. 02888; telephone 401-785-9536. "That's quite an impressive name for this game."

In the published adjudications in GRAUSTARK #287, the Austro-Hungarian move "A Pie-Mar" should have been underlined.

BERLIN: After a good beer and a strong belch, Kaiser Gutgulf declared, "Nun, lessen wir einen Turkey mit russian Dressing für Dinner ge-haben."

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A Directory of all GRAUSTARK readers will be published in the next issue. Please let me know your phone numbers, and any recent or forthcoming changes of address, by Saturday 5 May 1973.

THE DIPLOMATIC POUCH

BOB LIPTON: For the past year I have read the quarreling between TDA and IDA. Although these exchanges provide egoboo for the leaders; and the desired feeling of helplessness for the masochistic members of these organizations, I do not feel that these groups have gone as far as they might.

So, to correct this situation, I am forming a new group: the Non-Organization (or on formal occasions, the euphonious name, Norg).

There will, of course, be dues; such an organization costs money to run. However, I do not believe that expenses will exceed \$364,231.71 the first year. This sum can be easily raised among the members of Dippy fandom. If some are inclined to be backwards, let me inform them that I have photos of several players with a jackass. They know who they are.

Naturally, I will need help in running Norg. Members will be required, at dawn, noon and dusk, to sit on a straw mat, facing the direction of my toilet, and to say three times, "There is no dippy organization but Norg, and Lipton is our leader." Members will also be required to execute a sentence of death upon those who refuse to join Norg.

In return for these duties, members will receive the following: an 8x10 glossy of myself playing strip poker with the cast of Hair, a 'Bob's No Slob' button, a kazoo, and the right to kiss my right pinky toe at Lunacons.

Soon, only the leaders of TDA and IDA will be non-members of Non-Organization; these will be quickly eliminated by my partisans. Norg members, their masochistic desires sated, will drop out of Diplomacy games. This will eliminate the present glut of players; after all, what choice is there between being stabbed and kissing my right pinky toe? Norg members will be happy, I will be rich, and this constant bickering will be gone.

Please make all checks payable to: Zurich First National Bank Account # 23791.

...In Liesnard's letter ((in GRAUSTARK #283)) you have to realize that neither the Belgians nor Russians nor Chinese are typical of American voters. The Belgians seem to believe that if two candidates come from different parties, they must have different viewpoints. I have little idea of what the others thought, unless there were a few Poles in the 'voters'.

You are, of course, right about my trying to get the cross-fertilized (i. e., other than bull-shit) press releases of 1966AA. The various characters and inventions of that particular time-line are wild, and might even approach standards of publishing professionally (no offense is intended to anyone; but we know that humor in press releases is too strong to be effective to a mass media.) I felt tgar tge Phumphan-Pol-lutidarean War was working out well, but I couldn't stand the strain of keeping it up too long. However, there's always Hydunderabad...

...I understand that recently, you were on radio as an 'eminent historian', talking about the Balkan Massif for an hour, and then for another hour about war games.

((That's quite right. About two months ago, I roused myself at an ungodly hour for Margot Adler's two-hour talk show, "Hour of the Wolf". This show appears 5 times a week on WBAI, the local Pacifica station, from 5 to 7 AM. The first hour was devoted to a mock-serious account of the history, geography, and politics of the Four And A Half Kingdoms - entities which have recently received much publicity in FREEDONIA, my 'zine for the postal play of Origins of World War II.))

...In GRAUSTARK #281, you adjudicated the following problem in the manner shown:

FRANCE: A Ruh-Mun; A Dur & A Kie S A Ruh-Mun.

GERMANY: A Mun-Ruh; A Ber S ITALIAN A Boh-Mun.

ITALY: A Boh-Mun; A Tyr S A Boh-Mun.

Now, I came upon this situation inadvertently, and I was puzzled. If Germany's support succeeded, then he would be aiding in his own dislodgment, which is prohibited by the rules. However, by having the support fail, the German A Mun will be dislodged.

But if there was a German army in Silesia, also supporting the Italian advance - the whole situation is very confusing.

You have apparently adjudicated the support as valid except for purposes of dislodgement, analogous to the situation in which a country supports one of its own units

...to a province which another of its units is holding.

However, in thinking it over, I feel that the cases are not analogous. The support is not given to a German unit, but to an Italian unit. Since there is no special notice of this situation in the rulebook, then the only section that should apply is the rule against self-dislodgement.

((Have any other readers comments on this matter?))

...If you think your broadcast's humor was pedantic, try this: Last year Kevin Kenny invented 'mathematical puns'. For instance, (deux)² is a French radical and $\frac{1}{2}(e^x + e^{-x})$ is what they stamp on Hebrew National Salamis...

((This is nothing new. When the eminent biophysicist Robert Sinsheimer was a new faculty member at Iowa State College some 20 years ago, we graduate students abbreviated his name as $\frac{1}{2}(e^{eimer} - e^{-eimer})$. The pun could be made pictorial and bilingual as well, since Eimer is German for "bucket".))

MICHAEL WILLNER: As you have probably read on the envelope, the name is Mike Willner. If you don't hear a bell ringing by now, allow me to remind you. I'm the subscriber you labeled in one of your articals as 'Deadbeat', due to the fact that not only did I abandon my role as Turkey in 197LEC, but after prompting you to found a postal Origins of World War II game, haveing you re-publish FREE-DONIA, I dropped out of sight without a word, or even paying the game fee. Remember now?

Well, John, as you might have guessed, this letter is one of most humble apology. Only now do I realize how much like a mischevious child I shunted aside my responsibility to you, myself, and my fellow Dipfans, and am heartily sorry.

This is
O At
P Great
E Intervals
R This
A Appears
T To
I Inflame
O Optic
N Nerves

Although I have been cast forth from the world of Diplomacy (by my own hands though) I feel I owe you, and all the players in EC, Herb Barents espaisialy, and Diplomicy People in general a personal apology. I have disgraced the honor of a most noble game with moronic acts of gross irresposability. Now I will as that which I have no right to: re-acceptance into the world of Diplomacy.

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I feel now I am ready to take on the responsibility of postal play, but realize that you have every right to refuse me that privilege. But I ask anyway. Thank you for this indulgment of your time and energy, and once again, I'm sorry.

((I have already assured Mr. Willner that I'll be glad to have him back on the subscription list, and that he is welcome to enter one of the new games.))

THE MINISTRY OF MISCELLANY

The return of the Prisoners of War has put an end to one of the sweetest little rackets in existence - one which proves that patriotism is not the last refuge of scoundrels as Samuel Johnson said, nor the first refuge as Ambrose Bierce insisted, but virtually their only refuge. A conservative group called VIVA ("Voices In Vital America", how cute!) has for about a year been raising money by selling identification bracelets bearing the names of Americans held prisoner by the Vietnamese government for various acts of violence against Vietnamese citizens. Usually the bracelets are stainless steel, but for an extra cost you can get one of copper - which is said in addition to be good for curing arthritis! (This copper bracelet grift has been around for at least 200 years. It is medically valueless.) Last year VIVA grossed \$3,693,661, mostly from bracelet sales. (New York Times, 26 February 1973)

However, the chief purpose of wars is making money. This aspect has been taken up by a Rhode Island manufacturer who has been selling POW bracelets with the names "John Doe" or "Lieut. Mike Roberts". No such POWs exist, but this isn't stopping the profiteers for a minute. (New York Daily News, 7 January 1973) In fact, this may produce mischief far beyond the VIVA agitation for a continuation of the war. VIVA and other war-lovers are now protesting that the Vietnamese have not given us the names of all their prisoners, and that many men will be left behind in Vietnam when the present exchange is completed. (This will clearly serve as a "reason" for resuming the bombing.) The unnamed Rhode Island entrepreneur, presently attacked by VIVA, may be their best ally in the long run. Just imagine what some bracelet owner will say when he reads over

the list of released POWs. "I have a bracelet for Captain Roger Fafufnick, and I don't see his name anywhere! The Vietnamese are holding out on us! War! War! Bomb Hanoi!"

Meanwhile, a TV news producer in Detroit, Richard R. Minton, has offered to sell videotaped news broadcasts for \$75 each to the families of the POWs. These videotapes showed the men being released from captivity. (New York Times, 24 February 1973)

Of course, the spasm of interest now being shown in these bombers of hospitals will not last long. It should end either when these men start showing up on relief rolls and addict maintenance programs, or when one of them goes on a "Search and Destroy Mission" on Mott Street or Grant Avenue.

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"It is always impressive in a way to visit a military base. Things are clean, painted, well-cared for, well-equipped. Trash is not blowing down the streets, hospitals seem adequate for typical needs, and the military classrooms are not overcrowded.

"Why? The answer has nothing to do with such sentimental concepts as civic pride. The answer is money. The money is available to pick up the garbage at Fort Dix, but not in Newark. The money is made available for planes but not subway cars, to school men in the arts of war, but not to school children in survival-through-reading." - Francis J. Roberts, letter, New York Times, 4 March 1973

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The British papers which Ethel Lindsay sends me are full of comments about Great Britain's recent membership in the European Economic Community, or "Common Market". An interesting comparison appeared in the New York Times on 31 December 1972, the day before the membership of Great Britain, Ireland, and Denmark raised EEC membership to nine nations.

The EEC has a population of 253 million, compared to 205 million in the USA. The EEC produces 9.67 million autos a year, compared to 6.55 million for the USA. Its gross national product is valued at \$626 billion, compared to \$991 billion for ours, but theirs is rising faster. Their exports at \$112.2 billion, are more than 2½ times those of the USA - and it is exports that keep up the value of a country's currency. Their total balance of payments last year was up \$6.15 billion; ours was down \$8.4 billion. Six of the nine have annual growth rates exceeding ours.

If the EEC ever federates politically, its economic strength will enable it to seize from the USA the first voice in western policy-making. This, I feel, will be a good thing, since the EEC members have generally acted with far more moderation than the USA. Heath, Pompidou, Brandt, and the rotating premiers of Italy are no angels, but they have shown far more wisdom and restraint in international affairs than have Johnson or Nixon.

GRAUSTARK #288

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U. S. A.

F I R S T C L A S S M A I L

"Tactical atomic explosives are now conventional and will be used against the military targets of any aggressive force."

- Richard M. Nixon