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*U.S. Gov't. regulations prohibit the printing of obscene words.



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GOING APE

Queens: With the opening of the new World Trade Center, our dreams will be shattered. How can we ever picture Faye Way being dangled from King Kong's fingers atop those twin towers? R.D.

Goodnite by the watershed

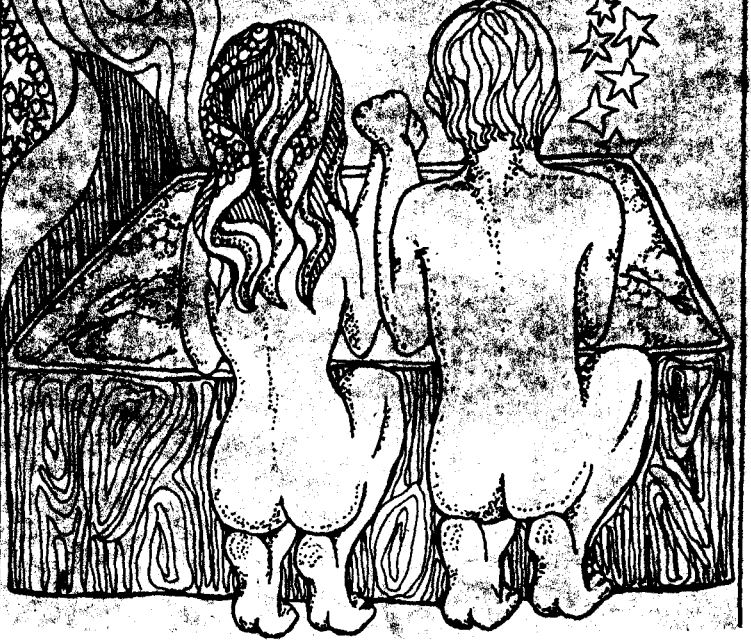


GRAUSTARK

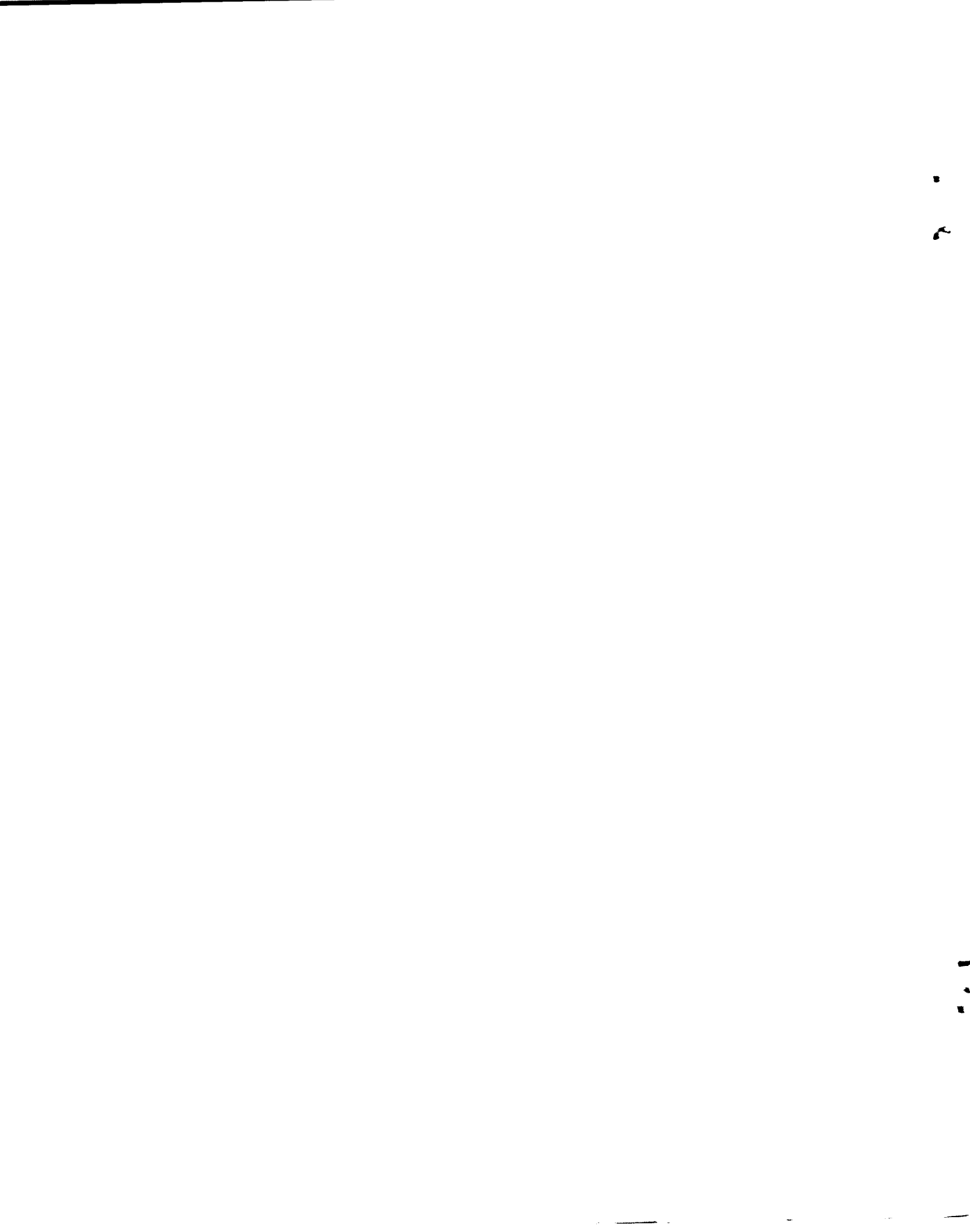
#206 OCTOBER 1973
Book and movie reviews
(See the last page for table of contents.)

Five months ago, Senator John Stennis voted against banning cheap "Saturday night special" hand guns, and now he gets shot by one. It just shows, you can't ever do anything nice in this world.

now I lay me down to sleep
my waterbed won't spring a leak
my safety valve is screwed on tight
so I'll sleep safely thru the nite
I'll pleasure all my weary bones
and ripple all my muscle tones
and being winter makes it sweeter
by turning on my electric heater
and if by chance he comes a creeping
late at nite while I am sleeping
he'll hop in bed we'll be together
with waterbed he loves me better
I'm thankful for my waterbed
I got it at the WaterShed
where midtown hassles disappear
the WaterShed is found right here . . . 311 E. 53rd St.
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Amen



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BOOK REVIEW SECTION

This issue of GRAUSTARK contains a number of book and game reviews that have been piling up for some months. Most of these books come under the headings of science-fiction, fantasy, history including "alternate histories" or "pseudo-history", and simulation gaming. All reviews are by the editor unless otherwise indicated. This publication is not edited under the supervision of Bangs Leslie Tapscott.

"WATER, WATER EVERYWHERE, AND NOT ASWAN TO DRINK!"

For such a well-known substance, water has a number of peculiar chemical and physical properties. It is one of the few substances that expands rather than contracts when it freezes. The bonds within and between water molecules are neither ionic (electrical) nor covalent, but have both properties, giving water corrosive qualities that make it the nearest thing to a 'universal solvent'. Its freezing and boiling points are a good deal higher than they have any right to be, as Linus Pauling points out in The Nature of the Chemical Bond. It is commonly known in the liquid, solid, and gaseous states, as no other substance is. And its evaporation from oceans and lakes is a major factor in our weather.

Several science-fiction stories have explored the possible causes and consequences of world-wide drought or flooding. Rarer are the stories that presume a disastrous change in the physical properties of water. To the best of my knowledge the first was John Scott Campbell's short story "Film of Death", which appeared in the now-defunct Astounding Science-Fiction in March 1948. Campbell, presumably a clansman of the magazine's editor John W. Campbell, presumed that a chemist invents a substance that spreads out as a monomolecular film over water and prevents evaporation. This "zetylsulfonic acid" gets loose when a tanker full of it sinks, releasing enough "Z-acid" to cover the oceans. The resulting world-wide drought provokes a common international effort which not only solves the crisis but ends the threat of atomic war.

(That same issue of Astounding contained a much more famous chemical: "resublimated thiotimoline", whose peculiar solubility properties were explained by a Columbia University graduate student named Isaac Asimov.)

Kurt Vonnegut, like Aldous Huxley in his day, has turned his back on his family's scientific tradition to write what can only be called "anti-science-fiction". He explored a change in water's physical properties in his 1963 novel Cat's Cradle (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). His point of departure was the fact that several solid substances are capable of crystallizing in more than one form. (The best known example is carbon; depending on the temperature and pressure at the time it was solidified, carbon can appear as soot, graphite, or diamond.) Several other crystalline forms of ice are in fact known. The familiar sort is called "ice-one"; the others have numbers in the order that they were discovered. (Most of them were found by P. W. Bridgman; for details at a layman's level see Asimov's Guide to Science, p. 269.) Some of them have properties quite different from those of "ice-one". "Ice-seven", for example, is solid at temperatures over 100°C. This can only happen, however, at very high pressures.

Vonnegut "willingly suspends disbelief" by inventing an "ice-nine" which is solid at normal atmospheric pressure and at temperatures well above freezing. Furthermore, ordinary water can be frozen into "ice-nine" just by dropping a piece of the substance into it. By hoking up some jargon borrowed from the crystallization of super-saturated solutions, Vonnegut asks us to believe that nothing but this act is required to solidify water into this new form of ice, stable against everything but boil-

ing.

Given this hypothesis, Vonnegut goes on to hang from it a whole series of notions about mad scientists, human society, and the strange interconnections between apparently unrelated events that dominate most of his books. After a book suffused with sterile cynicism, Vonnegut saves himself the trouble of further plotting by dropping a piece of "ice-nine" into the Caribbean Sea, where it instantly freezes all the oceans and rivers of earth.

A German political journalist named Michael Heim took the next step in the science-fiction of water. His 1971 novel Assuan Wenn der Damm bricht (Verlag Kurt Desch GmbH.) has been translated into English by J. Maxwell Brownjohn and issued in 1972 as Aswan! (Knopf).

Aswan! is a Siamese twin of a book. Heim was apparently uncertain as to whether the dangers in the Aswan Dam lie in too little water, or too much, and compromised by supposing both! He begins by bringing out, in the narrative, the ecological arguments against the dam - its interruption of the ancient rhythm of the Nile floods, the salinization of the Delta as a result, and the effects on the biological balance of Mediterranean fauna. These last two, I feel, may be exaggerated. The Mediterranean has always been a "sink" of water, with a higher salinity than the open oceans. Few rivers flow directly into it, and none comparable with the Nile - though in listing them Heim manages to leave out the Rhone! But the great rivers of European Russia empty into the Black Sea, which in turn feeds the Mediterranean with much more water than it gets from the Nile.

The first third of the book is subtitled "Too Little". In it Heim supposes that fresh water drains away from Lake Nasser through the porous subsoil, emerging either to flood out desert oases or to form springs under the Red Sea like Sicily's famous Arethusa. This menace is met with the help of the Israelis, who explode nuclear bombs to block the seepage after the major atomic powers refuse to help. (Israel has had atomic weapons for some 6 or 8 years now. This is not an invention of Heim, but a plain fact of science and geopolitics.)

While all this is going on, an Italian chemist named Angelo has invented zetylsulfonic acid, only Heim calls it "perymethylene ether". He is after something that will retard evaporation of moisture from vegetables, thus acting as a food preservative. I would have thought that chemical spoilage, rather than evaporation, was the main problem here, but Heim has his own purposes to fulfill.

The Israelis manage to stop the outflow from Lake Nasser, much to the discomfort of the Russians - the book was written before President Sadat unaccountably ordered them all out of Egypt. A program of Israeli technical aid to Egypt is undertaken, until the Egyptian government finds that the frenzy of hatred it has whipped up for decades against Israelis cannot so easily be turned off. Many Israeli technicians are lynched, and the others are withdrawn. Relations between the countries deteriorate even below their previous levels.

Meanwhile, Dr. Angelo's report is laughed off the rostrum at an international conference in Khartoum. In the subsequent brouhaha, two large flasks of perymethylene ether are dumped down the drain and eventually into the Nile.

Heim does not explore the consequences of his chemical as far as Campbell did. Neither went into the biological effects of drinking water thus treated - and indeed, it is difficult to see how this could be done. Heim limits the effect of non-evaporation to the water in Lake Nasser - but that's enough as far as the Egyptians are concerned. Without the considerable amount of water removed by evaporation in that desert region, the water level in the lake behind the dam rises - and rises - and rises.

Aswan! is written in a very choppy style, with several actions going

on at once. On pp. 246-7 we jump from a news conference at the State Department in Washington, to an Italian research ship in the Red Sea, to the World Bank, to a plan to prevent the Mediterranean from being contaminated by the bodies of dead Egyptians when the dam breaks, to an official denial of this plan, to Cairo's resentment of it. To add verisimilitude, actual political leaders are the characters in the novel: Fadat, Me'ir, Sabri, Dayan, and of course Nixon.

Heim actually works too hard in bringing about the destruction of the Aswan Dam. No such chemical as "perymethylene ether" need be invented to destroy the dam. If faulty construction cannot be made to account for its collapse, there is always B. Amidrov's article in the Israeli newspaper ha-Arezt of 2 February 1971:

"A serious damage to the Dam, and uncontrolled and sudden emptying of the lake, means a flood which shall cover Egypt up to the sea. If we shall remember that the populated land of Egypt is situated wholly in the Nile Valley, where the flood shall pass, we can imagine its consequences... Egypt shall not continue to exist if by one or another way the Nile shall be made unusable... In the near future making the dam to cease acting, shall cause either destruction or paralysis of Egypt, depending on the cause which shall operate."

"THAT GREAT CITY"

"And lo a hundred generations yet
Men sift our ashes, sneezing in dispute
Where stood the sullen walls of silly Troy."

- Christopher Morley, The Trojan Horse

"Civilized" and "citized" mean exactly the same thing when the words are chased back to their roots. And there is more than philology in the connection between these two words. Before modern transportation and communication, the rural areas of a country were ideologically homogeneous and isolated. The least deviation from the locally acceptable religion, diet, sexual mores, language, or social customs was a heinous offense, and progress was regarded as the work of the devil.

Whatever this stubborn species of ours has accomplished in the way of tolerance, skepticism, and progress in ideas or in material well-being has originated in the cities. There, people of many different professions, faiths, nations, and backgrounds are thrown together, and there they must perforce learn to live with one another. Even in this century, the citizens of New York, Moscow, and Cairo have more in common with each other than any of them have with a Mississippi sharecropper, a Crimean kolkhoznik, or a fellah.

An appreciation of the city as a social institution is usually left to sociologists and historians. But general readers are now getting a look at this aspect of urban life in a series of three books by I. Sprague de Camp. The first one, Ancient Ruins and Archaeology (Doubleday, 1964, written in collaboration with Mrs. de Camp) deals with cities and other structures so ancient as to be myth-ridden ruins in our day. The second, Great Cities of the Ancient World (Doubleday, 1972) brings us "up" to the classical ages of the Mediterranean basin, the Middle East, and India. A third book on the great medieval cities is half-promised in the introduction.

The twelve chapters of Ancient Ruins and Archaeology deal with structures that are more than half-myth - some, indeed, like Atlantis which are totally myth. They belong to the Neolithic or Bronze Ages, though they are not all "ancient" in time as the term is generally used. Of these twelve, Tintagel Castle postdates the fall of Rome, Angkor in Cambodia is contemporary with the early Crusades, and Zimbabwe seems to

have been in its most flourishing state at about the same time. The ruins of Nan Motol on Ponape Island in the Carolines, once a favorite for occultist theories, may be even later. We must recall that large parts of humanity were in the Bronze or even Neolithic Age until the last century.

Where facts are scanty, men make do with myths. As if the real histories of these structures were not fascinating enough, occultists have built elaborate tales about the Great Pyramid, Stonehenge, Angkor, Nan Motol, and the enormous carved heads of Easter Island. Much of the first book in this series is devoted to analyzing and demolishing these myths, and telling the stories of their fabricators including the preposterous frauds Ignatius Donnelly, Emmanuel Velikovsky, and Yelena Petrovna Blavatskaya. The fragments of history that lie under the myths are tantalizing; we could wish to know more about the megalithic graves of western Europe, the benign dictatorship of the Incas, or the Roman cavalry commander who held back the Saxon thrust into a decaying Britannia and was later immortalized as "King Arthur".

In the second book we are on rather more solid ground. In fact, some of these ancient cities are still flourishing metropolises: Jerusalem, Syracuse, Alexandria, Rome, Pataliputra, and Constantinople. Others have fallen to sack or abandonment, but have been "revived" as another nearby place succeeds to their economic role, as Baghdad succeeded to Babylon, Cairo to Memphis, and Tunis to Carthage.

De Camp does far beyond a mere physical description of the city. Many of these cities have had a greater importance as states of mind than they have as architectural or economic entities. To say "Jerusalem", "Athens", or "Rome" is to evoke images that far transcend the cities themselves. He discusses their cultural histories, and their subsequent influence on the human mind. This even includes historical fiction, with long quotes from historical novels including his own. For example, no archaeologist has produced a Carthage quite as real as Gustave Flaubert's in Salambo. (He might also have mentioned the Alexandria of Pierre Louys' Aphrodite, which is just as evocative and probably no more inaccurate.)

There are the usual sardonic comments on human nature, which have already appeared as a collection of aphorisms in the author's Scribblings (NESFA Press, 1972). There are observations on human folly, and particularly that of religious persecution. Most of these are in the key set by de Camp in his historical novel An Elephant for Aristotle. In it, a Babylonian priest of the time of Alexander is explaining the Judaean religion to a group of Greek and Persian officers:

"Hard to deal with are their priesthood. I fear their intolerant doctrines are subversive of good order and morality. For, while we may argue points of doctrine among ourselves in an intellectual way, the sinful mass of men need impressive religions, with many gods, exciting myths, and beautiful images and ceremonies, to make them act virtuously. But the priesthoods must respect one another and not strive to undermine one another's creeds or divert one another's revenues. This insolent Judaean claim to a monopoly of all religions has in it the seeds of bloody upheavals and persecutions."

Yet religious persecution is by no means limited to Judaism and its offspring Christianity and Islam. As de Camp himself states in the chapter on Pataliputra, Hindus and Buddhists have persecuted each other as bitterly in India. And much bloody history has been written in China by Confucists, Taoists, and Buddhists trying to get their own faiths made official and the others banned.

The author points out that there is an economic basis for the exist-

tence of most cities. They command good harbors (Tyre, Syracuse, Constantinople) or are at the lowest point on a river where it can be bridged (Rome, London) or are easily defensible points where markets can be held in relative security (Tyre, again, or Paris). Yet for Jerusalem he makes an exception which seems unwarranted. "A city may become great, not because of the material advantages of its site, but because of the ideas associated with it." No one denies this for Jerusalem - but it is also an easily fortified eminence where the trade route from Galilee to the once-fertile Negev crosses the route from Transjordan, across the mouth of the Jordan, to the ancient port of Yafu. Jerusalem was an important commercial center long before the Jews ever heard of it.

And, with all his description of the physical structure of Jerusalem, some space could have been given to the so-called "Wailing Wall" or "Western Wall". Few persons not blinded by religious orthodoxy now believe that it is the remnant of Solomon's temple. But what is it? Do Camp's visit to the old city of Jerusalem took place a few months before it was restored to Jewish rule, but certainly the subsequent excavations have thrown some light on the question?

Granted that a city is not merely the sum of its architecture, some of the author's digressions still seem irrelevant. Granted that few westerners know about Pataliputra on the Ganges, the city called Patna today. An account of the various empires that have ruled the Ganges Valley from Alexander's time to today is not out of order. The origins and functioning of the caste system may be useful in understanding the social setting of the city. But why go on for pages about the Kama Sutra?

De Camp frequently draws parallels with modern urban life. The variety and wealth that flourish in cities make them centers of crime, and always have. Rioting is also an ailment to which crowded populations are susceptible; he draws telling parallels between the Nike Riots of 6th century Constantinople and the contemporary urban situation in America. But most of these comparisons are to the advantage of our own times. The urban crime rate about which we wax so eloquent would have seemed negligible to a resident of any ancient city, which had no street lighting or public police force.

With its faults, Great Cities of the Ancient World makes us look forward to Great Cities of the Medieval World. These, we are informed, might include Baghdad, Cuzco, Damascus, Delhi, Hangchow, Kyoto, Polonnaruwa, and Tenochtitlan (now Mexico City). But some of the cities in the second book could also appear in the third. Medieval Rome was no mean city, and its dictator Rienzi is fully as colorful as Dionysius and Agathocles who get so much space in the chapter on Syracuse. Nor should Khanbaliq (Cambaluc) and Novgorod escape attention.

DUX SOUP

"Turning from an ancient historian to a medieval chronicler is like turning from a man with some stake in the world and some pride in his heritage (even if the stake is selfish and the pride narrow) to a child who knows nothing except what pleases him, what hurts him, what frightens him, and what his elders tell him." - Archibald Robertson, How to Read History

For several months, Bob Lipton has been reviewing in this publication a number of science-fiction books of the "alternate-history" theme. I'm not sure whether or not I'm infringing on his franchise by reviewing Avram Davidson's Peregrine Primus (Walker, 1971) and the forthcoming sequel Peregrine Secundus.

Most science-fiction deals with alternate futures. Lipton's series "...And 'Round And 'Round It Goes" deals with alternate presents - his-

stories that diverged from ours when the Battle of Tours, or the Armada, or Gettysburg had a different outcome. But these Davidson novels - well, I guess you could call them "alternate past".

First and foremost, they are funny. Any veteran fantasy reader can tell you that Davidson simply cannot plot. Aside from three or four leading characters, the characterizations are cardboard. But the general tone of the Peregrine books is something like that of a Marx Brothers film, of which the same criticisms could be made. There are great crashing anachronisms and irrelevancies, involuted erudite humor, and lovely hyperboles where Davidson wraps himself up in the sound of his own words and dares us to keep straight faces.

Let's try to begin at the beginning, though it makes little more sense than the governmental crisis that begins Duck Soup, or the academic crisis in Horsefeathers. Peregrine Primus (and where did he get that dorky title?) begins in "the year in which Captain Dragonet, a bluff and good-hearted sea-rover with a harmless (one would think) fancy for young ladies with round bosoms, was murdered by a mercenary named George something-or-other, hired by the Municipality of Joppa (a bargain, if that is what it was, which the Municipality would soon regret and rue)." (By the way, if you don't get the reference hidden in that phrase, then the rest of the book will go completely over your head.) Peregrine son of Paladrine is the youngest bastard son of the King of Sapodilla, last pagan kingdom in Lower Europe. Peregrine is being permanently exiled as a measure for keeping the peace. His entourage consists of a scullery maid's apparently idiot son named Claud, and a rather seedy wizard named Apple-dore. (Yes, I know, at this point it sounds like a parody of Bored of the Rings.)

But just when is all this taking place? The Roman Empire (Western, Eastern, and Central) is carved up among a number of evanescent Caesars, who get proclaimed and deposed with great speed and regularity. It is a Christian Empire, with heresy-hunting the number two national sport. (Fornication, of course, has the primacy.)

If you're really tired of sanity, you can try to date Peregrine Primus by internal evidence. At one point, a retired Vestal Virgin with a shanty-Irish accent ("May Our Howly Mither Vesta peep down upon yezz favorably from Hivven!") tells how she smuggled out the Sibylline books when the Christian general Stilicho would have burned them. Okay, that took place in 405. But a few chapters later, a large lady of generous hospitality named Eudoxia tells of her childhood friend in Byzantium ("we used to feed the bears together") that she has married a Caesar's nephew. This Caesar's nephew was of course Justinianus I, and he was a Caesar's nephew rather than a plain Caesar only from 518 to 527. This agrees tolerably well with the only other datable event - namely, Peregrine's friend and ally Attila IV, Grand Hetman of the Hun Hordes, Scourge of God, King of Hun Horde Number Seventeen, who is a great-grandson of the original Attila. Since that Attila died in 453 of an overdose of honeymoon, the early 6th century date makes about as much sense as anything does in this book.

Attila IV, incidentally, is one of the more engaging characters in the book. Readers of The Phoenix and the Mirror will recall that Davidson does Huns well. He is a rapacious, slovenly rogue who speaks in a pidgin English that even Charlie Chan would be ashamed of, and his horde "numbered a grand total of eleven men...plus three moldy-looking yourts now lumbering into view drawn by a scrawny ox a-piece."

The plot consist of Peregrine's wanderings from Sapodilla (bounded by "Pannonia on one side and Nararre on the other, being bordered on the north by Lake Illyria and on the south by the Marches of Golconda") across several competing Roman Empires to the shores of the Euxine. His motivation in so doing is unclear. First it seems that he is just being exiled

on general principles. Then he raids a dragon-horde, which consists of a "bracelet of base metal inscribed Calus loves Mariamne and... three oboli and one drachma (all stamped Sennacherib XXXII, Great King, King of Kings, King of Lower Upper Southeast Central Assyria - and all of a very devalued currency)" and a curious serpent-decorated crown. He doesn't know what to make of the crown, but about the time he meets up with the Vestal Virgins, he somehow knows it's the crown of the King of the Ephts. Then, by chance, he hears news of his older half-brother Austin who traveled the same road a few years earlier. By the end of Peregrinus Primus his journey has suddenly become a quest, assigned by his father, to find Austin. There is an incomprehensible bit of business with the Wild Hunt, three men and a woman who may or may not be the Four Horsemen, and a sect of Ram-worshippers or something. At the end of the first book he has left Claud and Appledore, and picked up a fresh set of companions. He is then saved from a bloody death by being turned into a peregrine falcon. We next see him in the opening chapter of Peregrinus Secundus in the August 1973 issue of Fantasy & Science-Fiction, being turned back by an accidental incantation at the court of a cockney-speaking petty king in East Brythonia ("the largest island in the Black Sea"). Now, it seems, Appledore was responsible for the incantation, although in the previous book we had left him far behind in the Central Roman Empire town of Chiringirium as Augur to the Emperor P. Cato Decimus Brutus Darlangius ah-the-hell-with-it.

Okay, so the plot doesn't make any sense. But there are still all those sideshows - the wayfarer with an oar over his shoulder who tells the most amazing story about his wife - Ulrich, the used-sword dealer, awaiting all the northerners who haunt his place hoping to get the fragments of broken swords ("Dwarfs I don't supply.") - the time Appledore was proclaimed Emperor as Julius II and then resigned in favor of a Varangian who reigned briefly as Isidore III and was canonized as St. Isidore the Insane - or the Lord High Steward of the cockney King of Alfland, "aged eight (who, having ignominiously failed his apprenticeship as kitchenboy...had been demoted)".

FLASH HARRY RIDES AGAIN

Since the Flashman series was last reviewed in GRAUSTARK #246, two more novels have been published from his memoirs. The complete series is now:

Flashman, Signet, 1970, 95¢

Royal Flash, Signet, 1971, \$1.25

Flash for Freedom, Signet, 1973, \$1.25

Flashman at the Charge, serialized in an abridged form in Playboy, April, May and June 1973

(The first three novels had previously appeared in hard-cover editions in England, published by Barrie & Jenkins, in 1969, 1970, and 1971 respectively. Various American publishers appeared later with hard-cover editions. Presumably Flashman at the Charge will have the same publishing history.)

George MacDonald Fraser, the author of these books, has struck a gold mine. Starting with Flashman the school bully of Tom Brown's Schooldays, he is chronicling a career that lasts into the beginning of the present century. Eventually Brigadier Sir Harry Paget Flashman, VC, KCB, KCIE (plus a pack of foreign decorations including the Congressional Medal of Honor) is going to become a rival of Lanny Budd and James Bond.

Flashman has no illusions about himself or anything else. He cheerfully admits to being an opportunist, coward, liar, thief, lecher, and self-seeker. ("Anyone who is ass enough to sacrifice himself for Flashy deserves all he gets." - Royal Flash. "I doubt if there's a man living who can move faster with his pants round his ankles than I can." - Flash

for Freedom.) But, being honest with himself, he is shrewdly perceptive of the real characters and motives of others. When he comes across the rare man who is both honest and intelligent, he recognizes his quality.

Flashman has much opportunity for character analysis. With amazing frequency his path crosses the paths of the great and the future great - as well as those past greats who manage to live just long enough to give Flashy a look at them. When he gets thrown out of Rugby and his father buys him a commission, it happens to be in Lord Cardigan's regiment. The boorish young German nobleman whom he goads into boxing an ex-champion turns out to be Otto von Bismarck. At a dull weekend in the country he meets a "cocky little sheeny...with his lovelock and fancy vest, like a Punjabi whoremaster" - this, of course, is Disraeli, then being groomed for the Tory leadership. During a visit to the United States, he just happens to run into a tall, lean, quick-witted Congressman from out west, name of Lincoln. As a prisoner in the home of a Russian nobleman, he sneaks down to overhear a conversation in the parlor - and finds it to be a council of war to plan a Russian invasion of India, presided over by none less than Tsar Nikolai I, who had then less than a month to live. What do you bet that, towards the end of his career, he comments on a wise-ass brat he met in Linz, or predicts a brilliant future for a shirt-tail cousin of the American President then a schoolboy at Groton?

Flashman's cowardice and lechery get him out of quite as many plights as they get him into. Flash for Freedom begins as he is suddenly precipitated out of a political career into the job of supercargo on a slaver. The whole question of slavery and race comes up, with Flashman looking sardonically at both the slave traders and the idealistic abolitionists. (One suspects that Lincoln speaks the author's own views. Certainly during his one term in Congress Lincoln showed no special concern about the slavery question. Even in 1861 he repudiated General Fremont's attempt to emancipate the slaves of Missouri, and it was not until the following year that he realized that abolition was the key to the whole crisis.)

In a review of the earlier books in this series I suspected that Flashman might have hung back from the famous charge of the Light Brigade. Nope; quite against his own will he was a part of the charge and got carried clear through the Russian lines. He was next heard from several months later, applying for admission at a British border post in northern India.

During Flashman's pilgrimage from his Russian captivity to Peshawar, he sees one of the little-known episodes of 19th-century history: the Russian conquest of the central Asian region. The Tadzhiks, Kirghizos, and other Turkic or Iranian peoples of central Asia fell to the Russians at about the same time and under much the same circumstances that the plains and mountain Indian tribes came under American rule. In a footnote, Fraser remarks: "It is customary for Russians to refer to this expansion as 'tsarist imperialism'; however, it will be noted that while the much-abused Western colonial powers have now largely divested themselves of their empires, the modern Russian Communist state retains an iron grip on the extensive colonies in Central Asia which the old Russian empire acquired." However, Fraser does not seem to feel it necessary to return Arizona to the Apaches, so they can oppress the Navahos and Hopis as they did in days gone by.

"...SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS ARE MADE ON"

"He dumped the whole of humanity at our feet and said, 'There, my friends! Look at it. I know it is a pretty terrible mess, but don't get angry or annoyed at me because you don't like it. Mankind was not created according to my specifications. All I can do is to show you what it really looks

like. Beyond that, my responsibility comes to an end!"

- Hendrik Willem van Loon, Van Loon's Lives

By the general consensus of literate humanity, the greatest genius the English-speaking peoples have ever produced was William Shakespeare. Is William Shakespeare, I should say, since his plays are as alive today as they were to the subjects of Elizabeth I and James I. What is the most current and timely theme you can think of? Women's Liberation? Go see The Taming of the Shrew or Much Ado About Nothing. Revolution? Richard II. War and peace? Henry V. Civil strife? Henry VI. The generation gap? King Lear. Justice vs. mercy? Measure for Measure. Does governmental tyranny produce private lawlessness? Henry IV.

Yet it cannot be denied that Shakespeare was emphatically a man of his time, and that modern audiences do not understand many references in his plays as he intended them to be understood. References to "Bear Sacker" in The Merry Wives of Windsor or to "Yaughan's" in Hamlet may escape 20th-century readers. And some of the plays deal with disputed successions to crowns. This is a situation unfamiliar to us, but very familiar to the Englishmen of the time of Elizabeth I, who was advanced in years and had no living legitimate relatives of closer than the fifth degree of kinship.

To explain this matter, we have that free-wheeling universal genius, Isaac Asimov. Asimov's Guide to Shakespeare (2 vols., Doubleday, 1970, \$25.00) is only incidentally a literary criticism. But it does put into context Shakespeare's plays and his two long poems Venus and Adonis and the Rape of Lucrece. Asimov discusses the sources of these plays, how they fit into Shakespeare's own career and literary development, and how he made them timely to his contemporaries.

For Shakespeare had a sharp eye for the box-office. Did a Scottish king with a fixation on witchcraft succeed to the English throne? Then Shakespeare wrote a play about a Scottish king who had witch trouble. Did that Scottish king have a Danish queen? Then a play set in Denmark would draw well. Had Englishmen just come back after being shipwrecked on an undiscovered island in the Atlantic? Then we sharpen a new quill and put together a play about a shipwreck on an undiscovered island.

Placing all these things in context, Asimov necessarily puts Shakespeare in context as well. He was not a machine turning out great plays. He was a human being of the late 16th and early 17th centuries, a member of the Essex political faction, a patriotic Englishman, a Protestant, and a man with a sharp eye for a shilling and for a change in the wind.

And so we have the naive patriotic speeches in such plays as King John, Henry V, and the other historical plays, the not altogether favorable references to the queen who executed his beloved patron, the merciless satires on the anti-theatrical Puritans, the adulation of the utterly worthless King James I, and the comments on the contemporary theatrical world. Whenever one of these topics is germane to the interpretation of a Shakespearean speech, Asimov lets us in on its background.

I have a couple of cavils with his interpretations, much as I would like to agree with them. As a Jew, Asimov has a problem with The Merchant of Venice. He would like to make Shakespeare a spokesman for inter-ethnic understanding, as some modern interpretations do. But it cannot be denied that, until a century ago, Shylock was played as a comic villain, much like Boris Badenov.* The virtuous Antonio and the barbarous, bloodthirsty Shylock are a study in antithetical contrast in The Merchant of Venice, and no 20th-century wishful thinking can obscure this fact.

* - Elsewhere I have maintained that the "Rocky and Bullwinkle" cartoons, with villains named Boris and Natasha, have been a minor influence in drumming up enthusiasm for the "Cold War". - JB

Here, again, it is not necessary to make a raving anti-Semite out of Shakespeare. In 1594 a Jewish physician named Rodrigo Lopez was barbarously executed on suspicion of plotting to poison Queen Elizabeth I. Clearly a play about a villanous Jew would be good box office. Marlowe's The Jew of Malta was revived, and Shakespeare decided to go his late predecessor one better.

(Personally, I like Marlowe's treatment of the theme better. Shakespeare gives Shylock a very tenuous motivation. Marlowe's Barabbas has a real grievance: the Maltese government has just expropriated his entire fortune on a transparent excuse. As the barbarity of Marlowe's play proceeds, we can only rejoice that Barabbas gets some revenge on his tormentors before his own death. But then, just as Shakespeare wrote to please the "Establishment", Marlowe's sympathies were with the outsiders: the pagan Tamburlano, the magician Faustus, the Jew Barabbas, and the homosexual Edward II.)

Then there is Shakespeare's attitude towards war. Robert Graves, with good cause, speaks of Shakespeare's "favourite knight-errant - a renowned leader and swordsman who loved feasting, drinking, adultery and the panoply of war". (The Crowning Privilege, Penguin Books, 1955, p. 241.) Furthermore, many celebrated Shakespearean speeches appeal to a very narrow patriotism, such as is the cause for numerous wars. Asimov speaks persuasively for regarding the message of Henry V as anti-war - and yet Henry V, the very paragon of king-ship, threatens the French with the responsibility for their disaster if they should be "guilty of defence" - that is, if they should dare to resist his attempted conquest of their country. In Henry VI, Part I Asimov observes that Talbot is like John Wayne in The Green Berets. And, if it be objected that this play is not all Shakespeare's work, consider Henry VI, Part II. In that play there is a struggle for power between English factions headed by the Duke of Gloucester and Cardinal Beaufort. Gloucester is hot for the re-conquest of France, while Beaufort is a "Dove" by today's terms - and Shakespeare makes Gloucester the hero and Beaufort a conniving villain.

True, there is material for satire in the Falstaff scenes. Henry IV stole England and Henry V stole France - and they are regarded as Heroes, while poor old Falstaff gets in trouble for merely holding up a stage-coach. But it is not possible to say that Shakespeare intended this contrast as satire. His version of Prince Hal is not a hot-blooded youth roistering with disreputable pals, but of a shrewd calculating man, out "to play the fool...out of deep political calculation". Considering how kings and princes generally come by the title "great", there is irony unintended by Shakespeare in Falstaff's line pleading with Hal to join the robbery plot: "There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou comest not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings."

Asimov's interpretation of Hamlet may also raise a few eyebrows. He sees the Prince of Denmark not as a weak, vacillating man operating out of Oedipal motives, but an "impulsive, over-eager" man whose chief goal is not revenge but the crown.

Asimov takes a middle road with respect to the alleged guilt of Richard III. Though he shows that the man was not the universal villain depicted in Lancastrian and Tudor propaganda, he seems to believe him guilty of the deaths of his nephews. Macbeth gets similar treatment, with the biases of Tudor historians fully discounted.

Asimov follows modern Shakespeare scholarship in regarding the play Two Noble Kinsmen as partly of Shakespeare's authorship. Like Henry VIII, it is a collaboration between him and John Fletcher. The tangled genealogical relationships among the nobles of the 15th century, which would be well-known to Shakespeare's audiences, are elucidated in charts for our less well-informed era.

"BECAUSE IT'S THERE!"

The Age of Exploration is taught in a very limited fashion in American public schools. It began with Marco Polo and Columbus, and was conducted strictly under Spanish auspices until Drake rounded the Horn. From then on, with the exception of a few Frenchman in the Mississippi Valley, exploration became an English monopoly. In the 20th century Americans took over.

The Concise Encyclopedia of Explorations gives a rather broader view. It was originally written in French by Jean Riverain for a Larousse series of "concise encyclopedias". Translated by Thérèse Surridge, it now appears from Follett (Chicago, 1969, \$3.95) with an introduction by Sir Vivian Fuchs, himself the beneficiary of a 3½ page entry for his 1957-58 trek across the Antarctic continent.

Both ancient and non-European explorers get fair handling in this useful little reference. We hear of all the best-known European and American explorers, and also of Hanno's exploration of western Africa, of the Egyptian expedition which circumnavigated Africa in the 7th century BCE, of the great Chinese explorer Fa Hsien, and of numerous Arabic explorers - chief among them Ibn Batuta, who traveled even more widely than his older contemporary Marco Polo. There is also a Russian tradition of exploration, not only in Siberia but also in the Arctic and Pacific Oceans - Bellingshausen, Lütke, Papanin. And there is a brief passage about Matteo Ricci, who far more than Marco Polo helped interpret Europe and China to each other.

But for the English-speaking reader the chief interest in the detail naturally given to French explorers. If the Anglo-American naval tradition has dominated the seas for three centuries, the French are most decidedly a strong second. French explorers of whom most Americans have never heard have opened up considerable regions of Africa, the Arctic, and the Antarctic. Bougainville and La Pérouse can stand beside James Cook.

Regrettably, Riverain shows a bit more credulity than he ought in the compilation of this book. Such frauds as Antonio Zeno, Sebastian Cabot, and Frederick Cook have their claims treated as genuine. The authenticity of the Kensington Stone is also accepted in defiance of the general judgment of archaeologists. And Thor Heyerdahl is treated rather more respectfully than he deserves.

NO COUNTRY FOR OLD MEN

The hero of Robert Silverburg's science-fiction novel Up the Line (Ballantine, 1969, 75¢) is not a callow, horny, and slightly dense young Time Courier named Judson Daniel Elliott III. It is the city of Constantinople, when it was capital of the Roman Empire from 330 to 1453. The author has obviously fallen in love with the city my ancestors called Mikelgard, "the Great City", center of civilized Christendom for a greater length of time than Rome ruled its empire, center too of the most intricate national, religious, dynastic, and even athletic intrigues that ever fed scandal. It is the city where Greek fought Syrian and Catholic fought heretic under cover of an athletic rivalry until a retired whore on the imperial throne talked her husband into suppressing them with a massacre of 30,000 people in the Hippodrome. It is the city where western law was codified, where barbarian envoys wondered whether they were on earth or in heaven, where the proud Crusaders were humbled by the wily Alexios I, where in the 12th century Andronikos I led what can only be called a proletarian revolution, where a blind Venetian doge plundered or burned the treasures of the ancient world, and where, in the end, the empire fell but was not dishonored.

Jud Elliott, a half-Greek with a consuming interest in "Byzantine"

I believe I will not be returning to the world where in the 13th century Andronikos I led what can only be called a pro-teleological revolution where a blind fanatic doge plundered or burned the left and right ends of the world and where his followers set to work to treasure the ancient world and where his followers set to work to treasure the ancient world. Jud joined the Time Couriers in 2059 because he didn't know what else to do with his life. This is understandable. The attitude of the mid-21st century is a permissive, relaxed era where no one starved, or had to knock himself out doing much of anything. Genetic engineering in "Helix Parlors" even made it possible for you to change the genetic character of your offspring, should you decide to go off your pill (varieties available for both sexes) and beget them.

The Time Couriers run tours to past eras, using the income to finance serious historical research via time travel. A Time Patrol does its thick-headed best to keep travelers from changing history - including placing an agent at the Library of Alexandria to make sure that lost manuscripts stay lost. Jud signs on to the Byzantine run, recounting his training and his first trips under the direction of senior guides. The characterizations are great - right down to the minor characters: the endearing black hedonist Sam the Guru, the weepy, suicidal Capistrano, the crafty old rogue Thomistoklis Metaxas, whose home address is a villa just outside the Constantinople of 1105, and various patrolmen, couriers, tourists, aristocrats, and whores from some 15 centuries of history.

Silverberg explains some of the paradoxical situations that would result from time travel, but passes by the other, unanswerable ones. If you do something to wipe out your own existence (Capistrano strangled his own great-grandmother) you don't vanish unless you try to return to your own time. If you leave 2059 and spend 3 months in the past, you return no later than 3 months after your departure date. Going into the past is called "going up the line". This is rather confusing if you've already read Poul Anderson's Time Patrol stories, see Bob Lipton's review of them in GRAUSTARK #289. Anderson's agents call the future "upstairs" and the past "downstairs". Moreover, Silverberg's Time Patrol sounds like a malicious parody of Anderson's. But Silverberg never bothers to explain why all those parties that run back to see, say, the Crucifixion, don't produce vastly greater crowds than were actually on the scene. Is it that time traveler's can't see people who departed from later dates than they themselves did? But this happens frequently to Jud, often with embarrassment resulting. (Once he cheerfully greets his good friend Sam the Guru in the Istanbul of 1559, only to find out later that this Sam won't meet him in now-time for another couple of years.)

Some readers might object to the cold, impersonal attitude towards women displayed in this book. ("She's my great-great-multi-great-grandmother," Metaxas introduces a Byzantine beauty to Jud. "Try her in your bed tonight. The hip action is incredible!") But Jud is telling this in the first person, and it's his attitude. And does he ever get it in the neck when he falls like a ton of bricks for one Pulcheria Botaniates Ducas in 1105? To work off his frustration, he runs back to the 6th century and gets hired on by the notorious Empress Theodora. For the purposes of his novel, Silverberg makes her as insatiable a whore in the imperial purple as ever she was when a bear-keeper's daughter. This is probably not so, since she was already retired from the public bed when the future Justinianus I married her.

As you might expect at this point, Jud fucks up everything, both literally and metaphorically. (So did the cover artist, who apparently has the impression that Byzantium is somewhere in India.) Despite the way the effects of hordes of time tourists is sidrred over, the paradoxes are far better handled here than they are in most time travel novels. And Silverberg's excellent popularizations of archaeology have clearly contributed to this book. It's not merely an enjoyable novel in a ribald key, but also a brief introduction to the history of an imperial city that has always received a raw deal from western historians.

"CONJURO TE..."

Stories about summoning demons go back to antiquity. According to the way they usually run, a magician goes through certain rituals, drawing symbols on the ground, chanting incantations in dead languages, waving a wand or sword, burning certain incenses, and commanding the demon by various powerful names to obey his will. If this is done correctly, there shortly appears a Being of great powers but odd vulnerabilities, who is bound to do the magician's will for a certain period of time, or under certain limitations, under conditions which put the magician in danger of a number of highly unpleasant consequences.

Of old, these stories were told in the third person, pointing up a moral in the horrid fate of the magician. Later writers, in our own century, turned the demons into strange but natural beings who lived in some other "dimension" or planet, and thus made the conjuration into a sort of scientific experiment. This, curiously enough, agrees with the ancient concept of demons. Classical Christian and Moslem theology regards angels as sentient, responsible beings (created from fire rather than from earth) who by their own deeds may, like human beings, merit salvation or damnation.

But in recent years two new departures have been made in this type of story. They are calling-up-of-a-demon stories, told from the demon's viewpoint. These two novels are David Mason's Devil's Food (Ophelia Press, 1969, \$1.95) and L. Sprague de Camp's The Fallible Fiend (SIGNET, 1973, 95¢). Both books are satirical in character; as befits the difference between Kelt and Saxon, Mason's is gaudy, bawdy, and grossly exaggerated, while de Camp's is cool, detached, and sardonic.

David Mason is probably the most underrated fantasy author of his generation. His short story "Road Stop" is the most evocative tale of sheer horror that has been written since the death of H. P. Lovecraft, and a better "machine-age ghost story" than Fritz Leiber's better known "Smoke Ghost". In the "sword-and-sorcery" field his Kavin is superior to Lin Carter's Thongor or "Jerry Jacks's" Brak.

Devil's Food is told by Azaf, a sex demon whom a conjuration yanks out of the embraces of a Babylonian succuba. It was his first call since 1788 - ah, fatal date, before the Middle Ages came crumbling down all over Europe. "But the rules are the rules; any demon on the active list has to be ready for business at all times."

It turns out that he was summoned by two very plain teen-age girls, afflicted with zits and a strict boarding-school. The pact is made with one of them, Jane. He serves her for the rest of her life, but gets to eat her if she tries to slip out of the contract, or at the expiration of the aforesaid life. Azaf promptly magicks the girls into a pair of beauties, teleports them a sports car from the west coast and a bundle of cash from the vaults of a nearby bank, and takes them to New York where they plan to become super-groupies.

While the girls are enjoying themselves and various rock stars and hip poets, Azaf runs off to San Francisco and invites up an old pal, a Carthaginian sex goddess named Tanit. Tanit promptly takes over the town, making its new form of government a non-stop orgy under her benevolent dictatorship. Azaf arranges that Jane sees this on Channel 69 (beamed up from his home town), and she is inspired to become Queen of New York. This development gets to be a little out of Azaf's league, so he asks for instructions when the Boss phones him. ("'But'Pride's not my field,' I protested. 'I'm lust, remember?'" - like a union plumber who's been asked to change a light bulb.)

During the story, Mason finds time to poke fun at the major idiocies of our culture - war, ethnic prejudices, thinly disguised versions of

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GAME REVIEWS

4000 A. D.

(reviewed by John Mullan)

I. The Game

4000 A. D. is the trademark for House of Waddington's futuristic space war game. It's manufactured in England, and distributed in North America by their Canadian outlet.

Most of you are already wondering why some nut like me is writing this long awaited article! Well, because I live near the outlet for Waddington games, I had a six month advantage over the rest of you. Enough excuses!

For those of you who have not seen 4000 A. D., I will proceed to enlighten you. The game is played best with four people, but as few as two people can play a fairly interesting game. Each player begins with one home star; on each are fifteen starships. If the two-player version is used, the set-up is slightly different.

The entire board is divided into sectors, and to travel through space, a time warp must be used. All units (hereafter "ships") create their own force-field - the larger the force, the greater the field generated. Ships are moved through hyperspace one space per turn and if anyone stays in hyperspace for more than seven turns, those ships are annihilated. The main idea of the game is to destroy all the other players' home-stars.

Pros - 4000 A. D. is a fast-moving game.

It allows for many variants to be made around the game. (In fact, I'm attempting a couple already.)

It is very playable postally. (More on this later.)

Nothing is left to chance; thus, it is fantastic for developing strategy.

The gameboard is pleasing to the eye.

Cons - The individual ships are undersized, making movement difficult, and antagonizing.

Some planets are useless and are therefore an added problem. These planets should either be made important or impassable. I prefer the latter.

In a three player game, a two-player alliance throws the game. In this respect, like all multi-player 'games', the larger number of players available the better the game. (i. e., Diplomacy played with two people, in the method suggested in the updated rulebook, stinks!)

II. Alliances

As I have already observed, alliances can make or break a game, particularly if you are playing the three-man version.

When four people are playing, alliances are always changing, but they are also equally powerful in distribution. However, a three-player game is always one-sided, with two players ganging up on one.

I'm not saying the above is bad; in fact, the above is very realistic in actual fact and life, but it does tend to make one resent the game more!)

Anyway here are two variant alliance rules you may or may not want to enjoy.

1. Each home star may increase her productivity, if and only if there is a double alliance against her. That is, she may build twice the amount of ships she would normally receive, for three consecutive turns, thereafter giving up the chance to do so ever again.

2. Two allies may trade stars, without moving fleets! That is, the

Pavo player may trade Hamel for Vega with the Antarian player if both agree. This is to show trade between friends!

III. Postal Play

Postal 4000 A. D. is a recent development, first published in Blood & Iron #16 (I think), and since then, Lewis Pulsipher has started a game of it.

The abbreviations used are the first three letters of the star's name, with the following exceptions:

Algenib: "Alge"

Alpha Centauri: "ALC"

Alpheratz: "Alpz"

Denebola: "Dnl"

Mirfak: "Mif"

Units (ships) in warp are listed with the number of ships, followed by origin sector, followed by turn number of the warp track: e. g., 3(BR-5), three ships coming from sector B-Rod are in hyperspace space number 5. Ships at a system are listed by system and number, e. g., Ald-4, four ships are circling Aldebaran. "&" indicates ships that land and take off again, e. g., 3(BR-2) & Bet 5(BY-1), two ships were added at Bet; "L" indicates a simple landing, e. g., 3(BR-2)-Bet. Annihilated forces will be underlined, e. g., Bet-2.

Alliances are to be declared each turn. When two forces are ordered to the same system, the smaller bounces and remains in hyperspace. A fleet which lands and repels an attack may then take off again. This is allowed because simultaneous movement is used.

A game year is only two seasons long, Spring and Fall, with Winter builds included in Fall moves. This is due to the simplicity of builds. The game begins with Spring 4001.

If anyone is interested in playing a postal game of 4000 AD, contact John Mullan, R. R. #4, Guelph, Ontario, Canada N1H 6J1. I'll also send any extra information if it is asked for.

IMAGE

The "intellectual" version of Twenty Questions is a game variously called Botticelli or Guggenheim. I learned it in 1949 as an undergraduate at the University of Chicago, and have enjoyed it ever since. During the 1950's it had a vogue because it was mentioned in Julian Halevy's 1955 novel The Young Lovers, which was the Love Story of its generation.

Now it has come back as a board game, Image, which is \$10 from 3M. (The Scotch tape people, you know.) A number of cards which describe the era, nationality, status, and activity of a person are played to form an image. The more cards in the image, the more points are scored by the player who completes it with a letter card giving the image's initial.

The game may be played by from 2 to 6 players. With a large number of players, play is somewhat inhibited. If only 2 or 3 are playing, a player can safely leave an image uncompleted, hoping to finish it on his next turn for a large score. For a full board, it is inconceivable that his image will be left uncompleted in one round of play.

A player may combine cards in his hand and cards from a common "pot" in the center to make an image. Particularly to be prized are those persons who made reputations in several countries or fields of activity, so that large numbers of cards can be played for them: Leonardo da Vinci, Joseph Needham, Isaac Asimov, Jim Thorpe. And the game is fertile of argument. Can you play the "Asia" card for Eisenhower on the strength of a state visit to India? Do hobbies like Einstein's violin or Poe's chess justify listing them under "Music" and "Sports" respectively? Which initial card is played for Babe Didrickson Zaharias - "D" or "Z"? Since

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REVIEW OF POSTAL ORIGINS GAME 72.28b

by Herb Barents

[One of the many pleasures of the gaming session held here on 8 July was the introduction to eastern war-gaming fandom of the fabulous Herb Barents and his charming wife, Connie. Herb has just wrapped up a win as Great Britain in the 7th FREEDONIA/GRAUSTARK game of Origins of World War II, this one of the Aggressive British-US Version. Britain has won 5 of these games, and Russia the other 2. Here the winner tells how he did it. For the final moves, and a PF chart, see GRAUSTARK #292, p. 2.]

In this game I as Britain felt very happy after the victory was in. On my part there was very little contact with other players after the second game year. But after the second year there was little need as my controls were in firmly and I had only to hold on.

The game started very nicely. Germany offered to share control of the Rhineland with me, after he had missed his moves, and Russia offered the same in the Baltic States. Thus by 1936 I had C's in both the Baltic States and the Rhineland, and only one left to place.

In the Fall of 1936 I tried unsuccessfully to place the C in Germany as my 1:1 attack failed. The next fall the last attack I would make succeeded in getting my Control into Germany. Thus ended Phase One.

This is	
O At	With all the Controls in, there was nothing that
P Great	could stop me from placing the U's that I needed. I was
E Intervals	very lucky that Germany had not been able to take almost
R This	all the places where I needed U's. In fact the only points
A Appears	I didn't get were for Austria. Thus in 1937 and 1938 all I
T To	did was place PFs for U's and tried to hold them. I was
I Inflamm	very surprised that I was not attacked more often as it
O Optic	should have been plain who was going to win. After 1937
N Nerves	I had no doubts that I had the best chance to win and I
# 562	was going to do all I could to win.

This was my second straight win in GRAUSTARK, as Britain. As I've said before, if Britain can keep a low profile and slowly take all she needs she should win. She needs mainly U's and she has the power to protect her U's unlike France or the US. Russia needs too many C's, and has not the power to really win many games. Britain will therefore become, in my opinion, the winningest power in Origins - even with a bad player, as was shown in this game by me.

REVIEW OF POSTAL DIPLOMACY GAME 1972E

Of the six postal Diplomacy games begun in late 1971 and early 1972, this is the fifth to be completed. (Two were won by Russia and two by England, while one was an Anglo-German draw.) As might be expected, the winner was one of the two players to go clear through the game without being replaced. In the chart to the right, "res" and "dro" refer respectively to a player who resigned, and to one who was dropped for failing to submit moves. "Out" means a player who was eliminated by losing all his supply centers. In the supply center chart on the next page, an asterisk refers to a supply center which for some reason was not represented.

1972E - John Boardman
E - Bill Abbott (won F13)
F - Don McCormick (dro S02)
Elliot Lipson
G - Larry Fong (res S07)
David Ayres (out F07)
I - Robert L. Strayer
(dro F03)
- Victor Ricci (out S09)
A - Eugene Prosnitz
R - Stephen Malone (dro F03)
Chris Pearson (out F06)
T - Bill Osmanson (res S09)
John Hondry

	00	01	02	03	04	05	06	07	08	09	10	11	12	13	by a unit on the board.
E	3	5	5	6	8	10	11	12	12	13	14	16	16	20	This game was, from the Gamesmaster's point of view, rather uninteresting. The steady march of
F	3	4	3	4	4	5*	4	5	5	5	5	7**	8	7	England towards victory was impeded only by the Austro-Turkish alliance which by 1906 was dominating eastern Europe. And this alliance ended in 1909, when Bill Gmanson resigned as Turkey and was replaced by a stand-by who promptly joined the English. Abbott's play was competent, but leaves unanswered the question of how he might do against more coherent and steady opposition.
G	3	4	6	6	6*	4	3								An account of this game by the winner will soon be published in GRAUSTARK. Other players are also invited to send in their comments in 1972E.
I	3	4*	6*	4**	3	2	2	2	1						REVIEW OF POSTAL ORIGINS GAME 73.2b
A	3	4	5	5	6	6	7	8	9	7	6	4	4	4	by Alex Katzoff
R	4	5	3	3	1	1									[This game was chiefly marked by a rivalry between Katzoff, playing Germany, and Neiger, playing Britain. Despite a British control in Germany on the first move, and the loss of 21 PFs through incorrect placements, Germany seized an early lead and held it to the end of the game.
T	3	5	6*	6	6	6	7	7	7	9	9	7	6	3	[The title "Und Ihr Habt Doch Gesiegt" with which Germany's victory was reported in GRAUSTARK #295 comes from a memorial which the Nazi government erected to the planners of the abortive 1923 attempt to seize power in Munich. It means "And you still won".

REVIEW OF POSTAL ORIGINS GAME 73.2b

by Alex Katzoff

[This game was chiefly marked by a rivalry between Katzoff, playing Germany, and Neiger, playing Britain. Despite a British control in Germany on the first move, and the loss of 21 PFs through incorrect placements, Germany seized an early lead and held it to the end of the game.

[The title "Und Ihr Habt Doch Gesiegt" with which Germany's victory was reported in GRAUSTARK #295 comes from a memorial which the Nazi government erected to the planners of the abortive 1923 attempt to seize power in Munich. It means "And you still won".

[A roster and PF chart appear in the course of this article.]

Of course, being Germany always helps towards winning a game of Origins. And having allies like Bob Spencer does a lot, also. Therefore, I would like to thank Bob for his last-move attack on Gil Neiger (an attack which he had been planning since approximately Spring 1936) which caught Gil by surprise. That pays him back for his 1935 act of taking Control of Germany. After looking through my old FREEDONIAs, I saw that no one had ever entered Czechoslovakia in 1935. I informed Bob that I would take it, and he promised to stay out. I settled on Czechoslovakia instead of Austria because more people lost points there. (It seems that about this time our honored Mr. Carroll received a letter alleged to be from Gil Neiger, but from its threatening (?) sound he assumed it to be a forgery from me, considering it wasn't signed. However, it really was from Gil. Imagine that! After that incident I took out all my aggressions on Mr. Carroll.)

In 1936, I tried for Austria, and Gil tried to stop me by putting in very few units. I had expected this, and Russia had previously agreed to put a few in to knock out Gil. But with France getting in the act, and a mixup in attack results, I thought I had control in Austria. Easy come, easy go. Gil Neiger made his major tactical error of the game in not putting anything in

	1935	1936	1937	1938	1939	1940	Austria in Spring 1937. After this, Spencer and Weill just built up PFs in their respective countries, but
USA (Andrew Weill)	0	2	2	2	2	14	
FRANCE (John Carroll)	0	6	10	8	8	8	
BRITAIN (Gilbert Neiger)	5	8	8	12	12	15	
RUSSIA (Robert Spencer)	5	5	5	5	5	5	
GERMANY (Alexis Katzoff)	8	8	13	15	15	17	

for different reasons. At this point, the game started to get slightly boring, with Britain, France, and I getting our Understandings.

It was not until Fall 1940 had come that there was any earth-shaking news. I had by this time relegated myself to second place, realizing there was only a slim chance of winning. Thanks, again, Bob! It may interest you readers to know that this is the first Origins game I've ever won. It is also the first postal game I've ever played. This game is historic in the sense that to my knowledge no British player has ever lost after getting a Control in Germany. According to the "theory" of Origins, World War II would have started because Germany won with more than 15 points. I must say, though, in some ways this is an empty victory, since I never would have won without Bob Spencer.

THE MINISTRY OF MISCELLANY

In a way, Canada was a good place for holding a science-fiction convention. (See p. 40.) Traveling to Canada is like traveling backwards in time. Food is cheaper, prices are lower generally, the subway is only 30¢, there is more beef, there is no war and no draft, unions are not merely rubber stamps for government policy, and when voters go to the polls they find real choices among significantly different parties and policies.

I mentioned these things to one fellow from Winnipeg, who objected to my praise of Canada's politicians. He said that they were lazy, neglectful, and inefficient. I told him that I wished ours were.

The Shamray, Zehnder, Rubinow, and Bailey Publishing Company, P. O. Box 24872, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024 announces the foundation of a mail order service for "stratagy games" [sic]. They are publishing a gamezine called Obsession, whose first issue will be published in November. The rates are \$1.50 for 12 monthly issues. Game entry fees will be only 50¢ per game in addition to a subscription.

"Now every committed Marxist in this world has been served notice that Papa Karl was right in his direst dictum: i. e., that you can't expect to do it by due process.

"So the syllogism becomes, for the Marxist mind: 'A. Socialism must logically replace Western capitalism and remnant feudalism. B. Chile proves that it cannot be done with the structures of government which have been evolved by capitalism and feudalism. C. Russia, China, Cuba, et al., prove that it can be done by fiat, if unfortunately at the expense of political democracy and civil liberty. D. Therefore.....'

It doesn't take Socratic powers to complete the syllogism. Confronted by the looming - and gaining - world power of the various Marxist philosophies there may come a day within the lifetime of most of us when we may fervently wish that we had a comfortably operating, democratic Marxist Chile to point to as an alternative." - Frank Moffett Mosier, letter, New York Times, 17 September 1973

If you like to write realistic press releases in your Diplomacy and Origins games, you may be interested in Bidwell's Guide to Government Ministers. According to an ad in the Spectator of 24 March 1973, "the first volume of this reference work 'names...all the holders of principal ministerial posts in the governments of the Major Powers and Western Europe since 1900.' Subsequent volumes will take up 'The Arab World', 'The British Empire and Successor States', and 'Africa, Asia, and the Far East and Latin America'. The first volume is \$9.00, or about \$22.50, from Frank Cass & Co. Ltd., 67 Great Russell St., London WC1, England.

GAME REVIEWS (continued from p. 17)

Abraham Lincoln held some patents, can "Inventor" legitimately be added to his other image cards? Wanda Landowska is a professional musician, so can the "Business" card be played for her? Does the counterfeiter Emmanuel Nininger qualify for "Art" or "Finance" as well as "Outlaw/Criminal"? An example with the game makes "H" rather than "T" the appropriate letter for Henry VIII, but how far down does this go? Is Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford a "T" or a "R"? Any country with which the subject can be identified can be played for him, i. e., in an example Albert Schweitzer can have Europe, France, and/or Africa, and in a game Al Nofi scored heavily with "Pre-17th Century", "Italy", "Far East", "Explorer", "Writer", and of course "P". But can Gibbon have "Italy" played to his image on account of his work on the Roman Empire? Can Xerxes be identified with "Europe" because he ruled a small part of it, and invaded another small part? And the lid really comes off with fictional characters! Can you play both "Living" and "Dead" cards for Jesus and Lazarus? Can Pantagruel be called "French" when Rabelais locates his homeland somewhere indefinitely in Africa? Is it appropriate at all to play "Living" and "Dead" cards for fictional characters? If "Willie" and "Joe" are nowhere given last names by Bill Mauldin, can you get by with the initials of their first names?

The game is playable and enjoyable, but some clarifications of the above questions would be useful if the rules are ever revised. Also, the "Activity" cards are heavily weighed towards middle-American culture heroes. Of the 40 "Activity" cards, about a third deal with such pop culture activities as "TV", "Boxing", "Racing", etc., while there are no categories for technology except two or three with such general terms as "Modern Science" (when does "modernity" begin?), "Inventor", etc.

BILLIONAIRE

Parker Brothers did this. It is simply terrible.

1812

The Vancouver firm Gamma Two is one of the brightest new lights in the war-gaming field. Their first game, Quebec 1759 (reviewed in *FREE-DONIA* #55) was an enjoyable and easily playable recreation of the battle that settled the history of North America. Two things chiefly characterize Gamma Two games: the "area" layout of the board, with the roads indicated by which units may move from one position to another, and the attrition built into the regiments. Each regiment begins with a certain combat value (CV): 4 for heavy infantry, 3 for light infantry, and 2 for militia. Two opposed armies will face each other, and the players in turn roll as many dice as they have CVs. For each 6 rolled, the enemy loses one CV.

This game, 1812, deals with the fighting along the US-Canada frontier from 1812 to 1814. (This was the major theater of operations of the war. It was not until August 1814 that the British made their attack on Washington and Baltimore, and it was January 1815 when General Pakenham, a kinsman of the Lord Longford who nowadays is demanding censorship in Great Britain, led his fatal attack on New Orleans.) The front extends from Montréal and Lake Champlain in the east to Detroit in the west.

In their historical notes the designers demolish a lot of fictions about the war that are taught in public schools on both sides of the border. The War of 1812 was not an American attempt to prevent a British reconquest, but an aggressive assault on Canada - as proved by the fact that the Americans burned Toronto (then called York) twice before the British retaliated against Washington. Nor was the war a brave defense of their homeland by Canadians resisting American aggression; most of

the King's fighting was done by British troops, and the Canadian militia was notable for slackness and desertion. Americans do not care to recall their humiliating defeat at Lunday's Lane, or the even more humiliating fact that much of Maine was under foreign military occupation, and Canadians can take little pride in the fact that inferior American naval forces seized control of the lakes.

The various towns along the frontier have point values, and one object of the game is to take as many points' worth of enemy towns as possible. There can also be naval battles for control of the lakes, and convoys of troops across lakes. Each player has 10 turns for each of the 3 game years; as in Quebec 1759, one turn consists of taking a number of armies or fleets and moving them to an adjacent position. Players may play either simultaneously, or alternately with the Americans first. After 10 moves by each side players go into winter quarters. The first player who ends a game year more than 10 points ahead of his opponent wins; if no one does this by the end of 1814 the game is a draw.

There are a few defects in the design of the game. The graphics are markedly inferior to those of Quebec 1759. The lake ports where ship construction is possible could have been marked out, saving the trouble of continual reference to the rules. There is only one color of ship marker, so that players must keep ships oriented to determine their ownership. The ship markers are insufficient in number, as a few trial games has determined.

Still, 1812 is a good fast game, with unambiguous rules and a board that doesn't leave you blinded by minuscule hexagons. An American distributorship and price have not yet been arranged, but Quebec 1759 is \$10 from Simulations Publications Inc., 44 East 23rd St., New York, NY 10010, and 1812 may well be sold under the same arrangement.

HYPERSPACE CHESS

(reviewed by John Hulland)

This article is written to give readers a simple method for three dimensional chess. At a later date I will write a more complicated and detailed system to add time to the present two and three dimensional boards. This idea owes its origin to the Diplomacy variant Hyperspace Diplomacy.

Any two squares of the same color may be linked through hyperspace if so ordered. At the end of every turn, each player can make one linkage or one separation. Even if two spaces are normally adjacent, a linkage may be formed through hyperspace. In order to make the space accessible to units coming from square A to square B, the opposing player would have to order two separation orders, done after two of his turns.

When traveling through hyperspace a piece's movement capabilities are ignored. The space that the unit is traveling to must be open, or the attempt does not succeed.

Any questions may be addressed to John Hulland, R. R. #4, Guelph, Ontario, Canada, M1H 6J1.

*

"Pedro II. [of Aragon] has been described as 'a marked and curious character.' He was all of that... He also had notable accomplishments as a lecher; it is related of him that he once spent the night before a battle in such a manner that he could not stand at Mass and had to be hoisted onto his horse by a squire." - Fletcher Pratt, The Battles that Changed History

(continued on p. 28)

BOOK REVIEWS (continued from p. 15)

the Beatles, Cynthia Plastercaster, Andy Warhol, the Mafia, and latterday survivals of the ancient witch-cult. And, of course, someone tries to overthrow Tanit's rule in the city she has renamed "New Carthage". Those idiots in orange robes, whom you've undoubtedly seen dancing and panhandling in all major cities, decide to march on her headquarters in the name of vegetarianism, chastity, teetotalism, and other revolting manifestations of religiosity. Tanit is shocked to hear that devotees of the god Krishna are committed to these causes, but she gets on the phone to her old school friend Parvati and asks her to send her son around to shake some sense into them.

This she does, and Shri Krishna arrives on a cloud, complete with dancing girls, dairymaids, sitar-playing musicians, and some superb Kashmiri hashish. ("Most unattractive worshippers I've ever had," he said to Tanit... "For two rupees I'd zap the lot of them!") He picks out a young couple from the Hare Krishna crowd and orders them to perform "one small devotion" to him. A couple of zaps removes their clothes, and another puts the young man in an appropriate condition for "devotion". But when the girl claims she's a virgin, Krishna really goes into conniptions. ("What's been going on on this planet?... Why, the girl must be seventeen if she's a day!")

With the conversion of the Hare Krishnas, and the development of the E-Bomb (for Ecstasy), Jane does indeed become Queen of New York. Her example is followed all over the world, as nations break up into matriarchal mini-states, Christine Keeler becomes Princess of Wales, and the Red Guards are replaced by an Empress. Azaf can return to the embraces of his Babylonian demoness with the consciousness of a job well done.

Zdim of the Twelfth Plane is quite a different sort of demon from Azaf. Far from being super-human, he is un-human - a reptilian being whose emotions are cooler and thought process more logical than those of the human race into which he is precipitated. Zdim is invoked by a wizard of Novaria, the land which has already appeared as a background for Jordan's adventures in The Goblin Tower and The Clocks of Iraz (reviewed in GRAUSTARK #254). However, the characters are all different, and the presumption is that The Pallible Fiend is from a different period in Novaria's complex and wildly active history.

De Camp indicates that Novaria, the Twelfth Plane, and our own world are different "planes", between which one can travel by suitable incantations. Zdim's people need cold iron, and Novarian sorcerers need demonic servitors, so a trade arrangement has been set up. When Zdim's number comes up in the draft, off he goes, despite pleas of exemption or deferment.

Human beings puzzle Zdim, whose character seems blended from those of Mr. Spock of the Enterprise and de Camp himself. When in doubt, Zdim follows his instructions to the letter - even if they were intended figuratively. The resulting troubles get his contract transferred from owner to owner. Of an attempt made by a human nymphomaniac to seduce him, the less said the better.

On top of Zdim's personal troubles, Novaria is invaded by Paaluans from across the western ocean. These are, basically, aboriginal Australians in appearance and in many of their customs including cannibalism, but they have ocean-going ships and ride on giant kangaroos. Every so often they send out foraging expeditions for human flesh, and one has just landed in Novaria and is killing and salting down everybody in sight. Of course, de Camp makes the usual comparisons between this custom and the more "wasteful" wars of advanced civilizations.

The rulers of a Novarian state send Zdim north to hire mammoth-riding Nordic nomads, the Shven, to fight off the Paaluans. They do so, and then

in an act of incredible folly the Novarians try to weasel out of their deal with the nomads. This leads to another crisis, but Zdim helps get it settled to the general satisfaction of the Novarians, and returns home just in time to find that his wife's clutch of eggs has hatched.

Zdim's many pungent observations about human irrationality agree with those of de Camp, as I have observed in the review of his latest non-fiction book on p. 5. (In fact, Zdim as depicted on the cover of the February 1973 Fantastic Adventures looks like a reptilian parody of de Camp himself.) But, in the end, he seeks reassignment to the fascinating if illogical world of Novaria.

...AND 'ROUND AND 'ROUND IT GOES - XIII

(review by Robert Bryan Lipton)

Science-fiction, as all aficionados know, was originally a pulp literature. To a great extent it still is. Before 1946, hardcover s-f, in general, did not exist. Oh, certainly, Wells and Verne were available in the larger libraries; E. R. Burroughs sold millions of copies of his Mars books; Lost Darkness Fall had appeared from Holt in the early forties. But, by and large, s-f appeared in and only in the pulps until the end of the forties.

A perfect example is Frederic Brown's What Mad Universe (published by Putnam in hardcover and Bantam in paperback in the early fifties). As a short novel, it appeared in Startling Stories in 1948.

Brown is known for his detective novels, and his short-shorts. He was, until his death last year, the most accomplished author of stories of less than 1000 words. But he had another forte: the humorous s-f story. What Mad Universe is a novel in this vein.

Keith Winton, a s-f editor of the year 1955, is at the upstate New York estate of his publisher. The first rocket to land on the Moon will land this evening, and will, upon touching the Moon, use a potentiometer ((sip - JB)) to touch off an explosion so that scientists on Earth can analyze the composition of the Moon's crust.

Unknown to anyone, however, a malfunction has occurred, and the rocket drops to the Earth's surface on Winton's publisher's estate. Winton is caught in the blast and, instead of being blown to intsy-bitsy bits, finds himself (how on Earth did you clever readers ever guess?) on another Earth.

The new world is the result of a discovery that occurred in 1903. A Harvard professor, trying to rig an electric generator out of his wife's sewing machine, finds that the damned thing disappears. On investigation, it is found that this is a means of instantaneous travel, for distances as far as desired.

Within thirty years, mankind is at other stars, and discovers some typical Bug-eyed Monsters. They, being of the vicious type, try to take over the universe and wipe out mankind (please see my review of P. J. Farmer's Gates of Time in GRAUSTARK #293 for a description of this type of plot). Fortunately, an Earthman named Dopelle manages to stop them in their tracks.

It sounds like a pretty awful novel, doesn't it? Well, it is and it isn't. Brown has written a very funny satire on the lone-Earthman-saves-all-of-Earth-from-the-horrid-monsters type of story. There is one problem, and that is that it is written in a pulpish style. However, there are tricks and traps and a snapper at the end of the story that is superb.

The book is worth an evening of your time if you can find it. Then give it to a bright twelve-year-old. He'll have a lot of fun with it.

"IROQUOISATION OF THE CONFLICT"

There is a general ignorance in this country of the history of our nearest neighbor, Canada. In particular, the situation of Quebec is but little understood here, and not much better understood in English-speaking Canada.

In some respects the Quebecois combines the situation of the Southern white and the Southern black. Like the Southern white, he holds a historic resentment against the people who defeated and conquered him on his homeland. And like the black, he finds his language and culture regarded as marks of inferior status to this day. It is not without reason that a book by a recent Quebec nationalist speaks of "the white niggers of America".

Until now, much Quebec nationalism has been cast in the same bitter, uncompromising, humorless tone that characterizes black nationalism in the USA. But now, Leandre Bergeron and Robert Iavall have assembled a history of Quebec in comic book form. ("It is historical, comical, or dramatical. (Your choice).") This book, translated into English by Phillip London, is \$1.00 from New Canada Press Ltd., Box 6106, Terminal A, Toronto 1, Ontario. The original French edition is \$1.50 from the same source.

The History of Quebec describes exactly how one goes about setting up a system of colonial exploitation, with the roles of the king, the nobility, the church, the bourgeoisie, the peasants, and the Indians all detailed. (KING: "Hmm... Wars to fight... Colonies to conquer... I need cash." MERCHANT: "What's his credit rating?... Ah, Francis I, born 1494 in Cognac, died 1547 of syphilis... Boozer and lecher... I've seen better references!... On the other hand, he's got a pretty good co-signer... a whole people.") The book is harsh on the most honored names of French-Canadian history: Cartier, Champlain, Maisonneuve, Talon, Frontenac, de Laval, le Moynes, and of course Le Roi Soleil. "Saint" Isaac Jogues, whose treatment by the Iroquois has given nightmares to many generations of Catholic schoolchildren, appears in the same light as does a German soldier who fell alive into the hands of the Maquis.

The History of Quebec carries its irreverent look at history up to 1715, presumably leaving later events to a sequel.

FOR WANT OF A NAIL...

(review by Albert A. Nofi, Royal Historian of Skandalutz, University of Anakhit)

Robert Sobel, For Want of a Nail..., Macmillan: 1973, \$12.95

Perhaps the world is not yet ready for another history of the cousin nations of the Confederation of North America and the United States of Mexico. Nevertheless, this is precisely what Prof. Sobel has attempted in this moderately biased, largish, poorly illustrated but profusely documented work.

Conventionally, Sobel begins with the origins of the abortive Great Rebellion of 1775-1776. He displays an obvious sympathy for the Crown, a situation which will not make this work popular in the USM. His discussion of the causes of the failure of the Rebellion also is rather strongly biased towards George III and Lord North. Indeed, one gets the distinct impression that Sobel believes the Rebellion never had a reasonable chance of success. This is hardly a legitimate assumption in view of the considerable degree of success which the Rebels did have for the first two years of war.

Prof. Sobel reserves considerable praise for the Duke of Albany, Burgoyne, the victor of Saratoga and Albany and founder of the CNA. Indeed, his position is tantamount to hero-worship and at times reaches the ab-

surd. Quite probably the popularity of the restored Royal authority may be more clearly gauged by the fact that thousands of former rebels braved seas and wilderness to trek to Mexico on the great 'Wilderness Walk'. Even Prof. Sobel, with his obvious Royalist sympathies, finds this episode an heroic one. Yet he seriously misunderstands the importance of the event. Although only a relative handful of the formerly rebellious population actually set out for Mexico, the evidence indicates that many thousands more were unable, or afraid, to make the torturous journey.

The internal development of both the CNA and the USM is examined at some length, with a particular eye towards economic development. It is precisely in the portions of the work in which Prof. Sobel deals with economic development that he is at his most objective, for he rarely displays any pro-USM sympathies at any other time.

While this reviewer is primarily interested in military affairs, he found the general description of the internal political machinations of both the CNA and USM rather intriguing. It may be that Sobel's greatest contribution will be his accounts of the political infighting of both states. Certainly the portions covering such sports are clear, concise, and understandable for the layman. On the other hand this review was rather disappointed with the rather short shrift given military matters. Although the military events of the Great Rebellion are examined at some length, most other conflicts are given something less than a bare bones account. Thus, the military operations of the Habsburg War of the 1790s are ignored totally, while the events of the Mexican-American Rocky Mountain War of the 1850s are given but passing consideration. The Mexican-Russian Great Northern War, which was to cost Nicholas II his throne and his life, in 1898, are similarly glossed over. The author even has rather poor coverage of the Global War (1938-1948), that most horrendous of conflicts, in which perhaps 140,000,000 people perished. As a military historian this reviewer may perhaps be excused for believing that his field has been slighted but it should be pointed out that other fields have been ignored as well. In addition to being rather superficial in military affairs the work also ignores the diplomatic history of the twin nations. The history of Europe, Africa, Asia, and South America is almost completely ignored except where it impinges on the history of the USM or CNA. This in itself is a serious omission.

Nor is the work without factual error. Maddeningly minor as these points may seem they will annoy the more knowledgeable readers for there are innumerable petty errors. Thus, Prof. Sobel calls the head of the late Ottoman Empire the 'Shah', a term usually associated with the rulers of Persia. In his account of the dispersal of the Paris mob which brought the Disorders of 1789-1792 to a close he mentions an officer named 'Noy', yet a careful examination of the records of the French War Ministry reveal no such officer. Most seriously, Prof. Sobel refers to the ruler of Brazil as 'Dom Pedro V', when speaking of the 1890s. Let us hope that this was a mere misprint which resulted from the fact that the present Emperor of Brazil is Pedro V. This sort of minor error is precisely the sort of thing which casts doubt on an historian's accuracy. It is to be regretted that Prof. Sobel was not more careful.

In sum, this reviewer would like to point out that the work is strongly pro-CNA. And the result is, that although it has some merit, particularly in the fields of domestic politics, it is sometimes tendentious. It is recommended for larger public libraries, college and university collections, and collections specializing in the history of the CNA or USM.

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The ultimate in smugness is a man who owns a German car that he bought just before devaluation, with Massachusetts license plates and a McGovern sticker.

*

Did you know that President Sadat was recently seen in an Army-Navy store? He ordered one of each.

THE PAINTER'S WIFE'S ISLAND

Many a traveler has come to grief even as he insists: "But it has to be here! The map says so!" In earlier ages, when the science of cartography was less exact, the oceans were dotted with supposititious islands whose origin was in a low cloud-bank seen at twilight, a mistaken reckoning of longitude, wishful thinking by a sea-sick lookout, plain lies told by an explorer looking for royal patronage or, according to an anecdote in this book, a hint by the map-painter's wife, who "desired him to put in one Countrey for her, that she in her imagination might have an island of her own".

Many curious and amusing tales of places that are No Longer on the Map (Ballantine, 1972, \$1.65) are told by Raymond H. Ramsay. They include St. Brendan's Island, El Dorado, the Seven Cities of Cibola, the Northwest Passage, and alleged continents around the North Pole or in the South Seas.

Ramsay's attitude stands midway between the utter credulity of Pohl or Boland, and the hard skepticism of Morison. (See the review of the latter's The European Discovery of America: The Northern Voyages in GRAUSTARK #289.) He accepts the Zeno Narrative as partially factual, despite its many patently fraudulent elements and its totally unreliable pedigree. However, he is not willing to go the full length and believe that in 1395 there was a European kingdom in Newfoundland. He puts somewhat more credence in "Pining and Potherst" than does Morison, but is not overly tolerant of tales of pre-Columbian voyages to the Americas.

Ramsay is largely concerned with the technical details of map-making, and with why these islands got there in the first place. Nor does he limit himself to the North Atlantic; the mythical Antarctic islands of Aurora or the mysterious Wak-Wak, which could be anything from Mozambique to Japan, also come under his scrutiny.

There is much intriguing factual information among the myths. It seems that in the course of the centuries the archipelagoes of Greenland and Svalbard have exchanged names. "Greenland" as a name was attached by whalers to Svalbard, probably on erroneous memories of the ancient discoveries of Eirik the Red. Yet the name "Svalbard" was apparently first given by Norwegians to a part of Greenland. This claim was the basis for the present Norwegian ownership of Svalbard, despite the fact that Russian fishermen were visiting those islands as far back as 1435.

The author's lively style does much to make his narrative not only clear but also entertaining. He suspends judgment on Hapgood's Maps of the Ancient Sea Kings, which appeared while this book was being written and which claims that ten thousand years ago an advanced technological civilization mapped parts of Antarctica now hidden under the ice-cap. But a man of Ramsay's knowledge should have no hesitation in condemning Hapgood's book as the most utter bullshit that has appeared in this field since Blavatskaya.

In the paperback edition, Ramsay's maps are poorly reproduced, and it is often impossible to support his assertions by looking at them.

RONALD RABBIT IS A DIRTY OLD MAN

This book was written by Lawrence Sanders, also author of the "Evan Tanner" series of James Bond pastiches. Under no circumstances can it be considered as falling under the purview of GRAUSTARK (see p. 31). Also, it is largely the author working out his own problems in the guise of fiction, and it's written as a series of letters. However, it is one of the most hilariously funny and wildly raunchy books I've read in years. Get it. (Bernard Geis Associates, 1971, \$5.95 but remaindered at \$1.)

(continued on p. 32)

GAME REVIEWS (continued from p. 22)

OF SIMULATION AND PUBLICATION

About the middle of August I paid an extraordinary mid-week visit to the offices of Simulations Publications Inc., publishers of the war-gaming bi-monthlies Strategy & Tactics and Moves and of many popular war games. This was for the purpose of finding out why I had been sundered from the mailing list. It turned out that a cantankerous computer was responsible, and I came home with about a dozen issues of these publications, trades for GRAUSTARK and FREEDONIA.

Regular readers of GRAUSTARK know about the play-testing sessions which take place every Friday night at SPI's offices on the 9th floor of 44 E. 23rd St., New York, N. Y. 10010. (It's just east of Madison Square and the phone number is 212-673-4103.) If the games under development already have sufficient players, I get up a game of something else with other surplus play-testers or converse on various historical, military, political, or miscellaneous topics with editor/publisher Jim Dunnigan, or editors Al Nofi, David Isby, Hank Zucker, and others.

The 39th issue of S&T (July/August 1973) is the most recent as I write. Like all issues, it is 48 pages long and includes a game. Since the subscription rate is \$12 per year, you get six two-dollar games per year even outside the worth of the magazine itself. Most of these are good, playable games, so S&T is clearly the best bargain going in the war-gaming field.

This latest issue has a fairly typical format. The lead article is about the current issue's game: in this case The Fall of Rome. There is another article, by Stephen B. Patrick, about the struggle for Guadalcanal in World War II. A regular feature, "Outgoing Mail", is a chatty column addressed to the readers, describing the successes and failures of the SPI operation and a report of the readers' evaluation of games and of past issues.

The article on The Fall of Rome game is by Albert A. Nofi, a man who may fairly be said to have inherited the mantle of the late Fletcher Pratt. Like Pratt, he does good detail work in describing the tactics of a military operation. But also like Pratt, he believes that "the art of military art...includes everything back to the recruiting stations and powder mills" (The Battles that Changed History), and he describes this for his readers. Nofi has Pratt's easy, informative style of narrative, and his ability to get across a point by using startling colloquialisms.

Nofi's article does not describe possible tactics for the game. But it does fill the reader in on the milieu, from the accession of Augustus to the Arab outbreak of 632. On the military side, he explains the transformation of the legions from imperial armies to provincial militia, and the discipline problems that developed when every soldier fancied himself as a commander, and every commander aspired to the purple. But this is seen against the economic background of an empire whose pool of educated people became insufficient to keep an administration going, and the political situation that developed with the lack of a workable constitution. While pointing out that "Rome fell longer than most states have existed", Nofi tends on the question of "Why Rome fell" to agree with Archibald Robertson's How to Read History (reviewed in GRAUSTARK #231).

It seems possible that Nofi's S&T articles may, with some others, be collected in book form. Be sure to get it when it comes out.

The Fall of Rome game was designed by John Michael Young and Redmond A. Simonsen and was, like all SPI games, play-tested at the Friday night sessions before being put on the market. Most of the games that come out with S&T are two-player tactical games played on hexagonal grids

representing the terrain (or ocean, or even air) in which the historical battle was fought. Some are area games, like Diplomacy, Origins, or Quebec 1759, in which the basic spaces are geographical areas of some extent. The Fall of Rome is an area game, but it is a solitaire - SPI's first. The player manages the Roman forces, while Persian and Barbarian units operate under movement priorities dictated by the rules. This change came about during development of the game, when SPI's designers realized that the non-Roman forces were working against one another as much as they were working against the Roman Empire.

Some features are common to almost all SPI games; in fact, for beginners SPI sells Napoleon at Waterloo, a good elementary introduction to their type of war game. (The price has been \$1, but this may have been increased by the time you read this. Write for SPI's fall catalog to be sure.) Each unit is rated according to its type (French cavalry, Roman legion, Nordic axmen, or whatever), its mobility, its combat strength (which may be decreased if it's attacked from the rear), and the range of its missiles if any. There is a combat table, for which the odds and a roll of a die determine the outcome. There may also be factors involving retreats, morale, or mutiny. (Nofi is currently working out a "rape rule" involving lack of mobility for a unit that has just taken a town.)

The Fall of Rome is made to order for the isolated war-gamer who finds he has no one with whom to play a game. He can set up one of six scenarios, ranging from the mutinies that closed the reign of Nero, through the height of the barbarian invasions, to the campaigns of Belisarius. (See the review of Davidson's Peregrine Primus on p. 7 for a whimsical look at the possible situations.)

Unfortunately, the rules of The Fall of Rome contain some ambiguity. This is by no means a new complaint in letters to SPI, and ranks just behind criticism of their shipping system. Most letters of inquiry about the rules of SPI games resemble those about Diplomacy or Origins; the difficulty is not ambiguity in the rules but illiteracy in the players. However, beneath this froth is a residuum of genuine confusion. For example, in one place the rules of The Fall of Rome state "To replace a unit the Persian Player must pay five Tax Credits per Strength Point on the Game-Turn to replace it." This cumbersome usage, apparently left over from the time when this was a two-player game, is not clarified by a later statement that "To replace a unit, the Persian must pay two Tax Credits per Strength Point on the Game-Turn that it is replaced."

These problems probably arise from the fact that a game becomes overly familiar to its developers. They change and re-change rules, and are so familiar with the game that they possess a tacit understanding of situations that must be made implicit to new players. It might be useful to turn a newly developed game over to two people who have never seen it before, and let them try to play it. The questions which they raise about the rules might point out where the existing draft is unclear due to these causes.

I have seldom seen a commercial operation that went in for as much self-analysis as does SPI. On every office wall are charts showing present and projected games, "Time and Motion studies", and other data. Each issue comes with a "feedback response card" which asks readers about recent games, and what games and articles they would like to see in the future. S&T #39 compiles readers' judgments about a number of board games from SPI and other firms: acceptance rating, complexity rating, average time required, and other indices of the game. Of 59 games rated, Avalon-Hill's PanzerBlitz led in acceptability; Diplomacy was 13th and Origins 50th. Complexity ratings went from 1.62 for Napoleon at Waterloo all the way up to 8.11 for SPI's USN, which came out with S&T #29. (Diplomacy had acceptability 6.63 and complexity 4.34; Origins was acceptability 5.57 and complexity 3.74.) The complexity rating record may

will be broken by a game now under development at SPI, called War in the East. It simulates the last German invasion of Russia. The game board extends from the Arctic to the Danube and from the Odra to the Urals, and measures about six feet each way.

In addition to the games that come out with S&T, SPI publishes others that are sold individually. Of these, the aerial combat game Foxbat and Phantom is currently attracting a lot of attention. Also popular are American Revolution (about which Nofi has an excellent article in S&T #34) and Barbarossa, named after the German campaigning plan for the 1941 invasion of the Soviet Union.

As these games are played, errata and articles on strategy, tactics, and modifications are printed in SPI's other magazine, Moves. This 32-page magazine appears in the months that S&T doesn't, and is \$7 a year. It is more informal than S&T, and contains readers' comments on SPI and other games.

Also available from SPI are handy game boxes for storing the games that come with S&T, so they don't have to be kept in the magazines or in the mailing envelope. These boxes are \$7.50 for a half-dozen.

Recently SPI has added a new feature - the Orgy. (No, it's not what you think, despite the presence of a number of lively and attractive young women around the SPI offices.) The first two were on the weekends of 14 July and 18 August, and took up four 7-hour sessions continuously from 3 Saturday afternoon to 7 Sunday evening. Admission to each session is the purchase of \$6 worth of SPI products payable in advance. (There is an additional charge of \$3, not redeemable in products, if you show up without reserving a place.) Some 15 orgy scenarios are available, ranging from ancient times (Centurion, The Fall of Rome, Dark Ages) through to the modern period (Sinal, and some Vietnam simulations). There is also an orgy involving Diplomacy and/or Origins. Keep posted by SPI magazines for announcements of future orgies.

Neophyte wargamers are surprised to find that the staff of a wargaming publication is generally anti-war. To judge from their personal opinions, and the posters on their office walls, the views of SPI's editors range from Pacifism to frank, flat support for the Vietnamese National Liberation Front. This attitude often expresses itself in SPI magazines, much to the distaste (as expressed in letters to the editor) of Jerry Pournelle, Rod Walker, Brian Libby, and such fanatics. Equally absurd are the occasional letters indignantly attacking SPI for making profit off war, or using such language as "goddamned" in the pages of S&T. These and similar letters are posted on a special bulletin board, where they are the source of much amusement to the staff and visitors.

This entire madhouse operates under the benign but strict dictatorship of Jim Dunnigan, ably assisted by Beth Clifford and a few mice. Dunnigan was a history student at Columbia during the anti-war riots 5½ years ago, and from this experience produced a campus riot simulation game with the appropriate name Up Against the Wall Motherfucker. (This name, which is also the cry with which one of the game's moves is introduced, caused no end of conniptions among the more conservative readership.) He designed Origins of World War II and its World War I predecessor (see GRAUSTARK #294), as well as several other games now marketed by SPI or Avalon-Hill.

Since the review of Image on p. 17 was printed, it has been revealed that its publisher, 3M, gave \$30,000 to the Committee to Re-Elect the President, which helped finance the Watergate burglary and other activities of the "Plumbers". Needless to say, I do not plan to buy any more 3M games, or to review them in GRAUSTARK.

FUN AND GAMES

All of us know war-gaming as an amusing hobby. Unfortunately, there are people high in government who are using its techniques to approach the very serious issues of international politics. In GRAUSTARK #199 I wrote a long article about these efforts, as practiced by people high in the United States government. This situation would be amusing if such great interests did not ride on their maudering.

Milos Copeland has been one of the chief advocates of this view of the world. His book The Game of Nations shows on the jacket a confrontation between two chessmen - a red-white-and-blue Uncle Sam, and a red-white-black-and-green Arab. The book describes the application of war-gaming techniques to American relations with Egypt in particular and with the Arab world in general - techniques whose outcome may be seen in any daily newspaper.

Copeland's CIA plots have at last returned to where they belong - the world of non-serious war-gaming, where a game is something for whiling away a few pleasant hours, rather than a basis for determining the world's future. Game of Nations has just been published, as a game, by Waddingtons, the leading British games publisher. (Toys, May 1973). It does not yet seem to be on the US market.

The game, designed by Michael Hicks-Beach, shows a board with countries named Kurut, Rabala, Bodafa, Abu Akar, etc. The Middle Eastern flavor is also kept with such factors in the game as oil fields, tankers, kings, and guerillas. It is for from 2 to 4 players.

Games can serve another purpose for high national policy. They can be circulated among the populace to stir up support for some point of view. In 1964 a game called Victory Over Communism was published by "Constructive Action Inc." of Whittier, Calif., and was advertised through fliers in Republican campaign headquarters. (See GRAUSTARKS # 39, 44, & 45, as if you could find them.) "America's First Anti-Communist, Educational, All-American Game", as the flier called it, has as its goal the liberation of all the "captive nations" before 1973 - a date then widely advertised in conservative publications as the target date for an alleged Communist plot to take over the world.

The Chinese government is now trying a similar sort of thing, marketing a game called Anti-Imperialist Chess. (New York Times, 30 July 1973) From the description this game, which doesn't resemble chess, is a "chutes-and-ladders" type. It is difficult to see how this game ties in with China's new America policy, which for all practical purposes has made the Chinese People's Republic a member of SEATO. But presumably President Nixon, whose China policy relies heavily on playing games, can straighten this all out for us.

The best broad-spectrum amateur war-gaming 'zine is John Mansfield's Signal (20 issues for \$2, 10 for £1 or 5 DM from P. O. Box 830, CPPO 5056, Ontario, Canada or P. O. Box 830, CPPO 5056, 757 Baden Baden 1, GFR; no checks). He has short, concise reports on new games, gaming clubs, conventions, and other items of interest to war-gamers. With the 39th issue he sent a flier on German simulation games manufactured by Heyne Taschen-Spiele and available from Buchhandlung im Hauptbahnhof 1671, 75 Karlsruhe, GFR. Titles include Blockade, Phalanx, Attacke, and Canyon. In another issue he announces a German edition of Origins of World War II - a fact which must stir curious reflections among war-gamers of other countries.

GRAUSTARK, the oldest bulletin of postal Diplomacy, is published every third Saturday by John Boardman, 234 East 19th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. 11226. Diplomacy was invented by Allan B. Calhauer and is published by Games Research Inc., 500 Harrison Ave., Boston, Mass. 02118.

BOOK REVIEWS (continued from p. 27)

THE PLOT TO SEIZE THE WHITE HOUSE

(review by Albert A. Nofi)

Jules Archer, The Plot to Seize the White House, Hawthorn:
1973. \$7.95. xiii, 256pp. Illos, index.

This short well-written work recounts the events and circumstances of one of the most remarkable incidents in American history, a conspiracy among the American Legion, J. P. Morgan, the DuPonts, and others to overthrow the government of the United States of America by coup d'etat. At the same time it is a brief biography of one of the most remarkable and talented military men this country has ever produced, Smedley D. Butler.

On 1 July 1933 Butler, a retired Marine Major-General with 33 years and a dozen 'banana wars' behind him, was approached by Gerald C. MacGuire, a bond salesman. Butler, MacGuire suggested, ought to place himself at the head of a movement to overthrow the "Royal Family" which had dominated the American Legion since its inception. Some patriotic veterans were willing to help finance the campaign. At least that was the beginning. Over the next few months Butler learned more about the details and a move against the oligarchical leadership of the Legion was precisely what was not planned. MacGuire, acting as front man for a group which included Legion officials, J. P. Morgan, the DuPonts, the Rockefellers, the Mellons, and others, was aiming at nothing less than a coup d'etat designed to unseat President Roosevelt.

The basic idea was for the billionaires' cartel to foot the bill, while Butler organized an army of 500,000 World War I veterans into something vaguely like the proto-Fascist Croix de Feu in France. The whole would be fronted for by the American Liberty League, which contained notable right-wing politicians, plus a sprinkling of anti-Roosevelt ex-liberal Democrats such as Al Smith. On signal the 500,000-man army was to march on the White House, force the resignation of the President and Vice-President, and promote reorganization of the Government, with a 'Secretary of General Affairs' to assist the President in the execution of his duties. With this done, a whole series of 'progressive', 'anti-Communist' measures would be adopted, such as a return to the gold standard and the immediate repeal of the New Deal. Butler was selected to head the movement because he was known to have great sympathy for and popularity among the millions of unemployed veterans. (The second choice, then Army Chief of Staff General Douglas MacArthur, was not considered so popular with the vets. He had patriotically turned armed troops and tanks loose on them during the 'Bonus March'.)

The plotters made one miscalculation. Butler may have been a veteran Marine, known for his courage (two Medals of Honor) and patriotism. But he was also an increasingly socially conscious man. He had served on too many expeditions into revolutionary lands, to rig elections and make the world safe for Standard Oil, not to become either a crypto-Fascist or a revolutionary. He tended towards the latter. So in 1934 he blew the whistle.

In brief, that is the subject of the book, which combines an account of the conspiracy with a biography of Butler and a discussion of the investigation which resulted from Butler's revelations.

The book suffers from a number of important flaws. The most notable of these is a lack of documentation. Although there are a few references, the book lacks extensive footnoting, particularly on the portions concerned with the actual plot. This reduces Archer's credibility a bit and will open him up to attack. It also lacks a bibliography. This is partially because there have been only a few guarded mentions of this shameless incident in a handful of books and articles. Mention of this

handful would have helped. But all in all, the work is to be welcomed, for it fills an important gap in American history. In view of Watergate, it is also quite timely.

Incidentally, none of the principals involved in the conspiracy were ever brought to trial, and only a handful were ever asked to testify before the Congressional investigating committee assigned to the task. The matter was allowed to drop. The Morgans, Mellons, Rockefellers, and Duponts were just too powerful. As they still are.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN; LONG LIVE THE SOCIALIST WORKERS' PARLIAMENT

(review by Laurence A. Moran)

Dear John:

For some time now copies of your magazine GRAUSTARK have been appearing at my front entrance. I have been unable to contact you on the Viewer since apparently you do not have an origin number, or at least it is not listed in my International Directory. It is all very well to write satire and humour but you might occasionally put some real addresses in your newsletter so that your readers can get in touch with one another. Even your subscription lists seem to be fictitious since I have tried calling many of those people on the Viewer but with no success. In fact the only real people that I have been able to get in touch with are Bangs Leslie Tapscott and of course Herb Barents.

I have enjoyed the writings of Robert Bryan Lipton (is this a pseudonym of Barents?) on Phumpha and his satirical review of "novels" involving alternate time-lines but I feel that his references to Umberto the last are in poor taste especially since his tragic death only a few short months ago. I am enclosing a review of The Diplomat by Joel Jester for the benefit of your readers. You are obviously very familiar with this work since you have made many references to it in your magazine.

There appears to be no direct way to telecode this message to you so I am auto-printing it and will leave it in exactly the same place that I normally find my GRAUSTARK every third week. Hopefully my secret messenger will deliver it to you in person.

The Diplomat by Joel Jester (King George Publishing House, New York, CNY) is, in my opinion, one of the best fictional accounts available on the subject of 'what if...' history. Like other books of this sort Jester develops a story in which the characters exist in a world parallel to our own but in which one significant historical event has been altered. In The Diplomat we are to believe that George Washington managed to escape the Howe brothers at the battles of Harlem Heights and White Plains and that as a result the Colonialists won the War of the American Secession.

The main character is a college professor, Dr. Henry Kissinger, who controls the foreign policy of "The United States of America". This country includes not only the original thirteen colonies but also half of North America including the present Spanish-speaking Republic of California, the northern provinces of Mexico, and much of southern Canada. Dr. Kissinger flits about in super-sonic flying machines bringing peace to the world by concluding treaties with "U. S. A.'s" major rivals: "U. S. S. R." (present-day Russian Empire) and "People's Republic of China" (a united China). His crowning glory, and the climax of the book, is to end a disastrous war in which Yankee troops are fighting Vietnamese in Japan's Indochina Province.

Jester's book makes very interesting reading and his speculation seems, on the surface, to be plausible. One can accept the in spite of the odds, it was possible for the Colonies to achieve independence in

1776 and that a united nation could have grown out of the hodge-podge of early settlers. In fact the powerful position of Canada and Mexico today illustrates this possibility. What is less credible is that Russia and the fragmented states of China could have been so affected by this turn of events that they would rise to be world powers in less than 200 years. In The Diplomat these latter two countries are the only major nations with socialist economies while all of the others (even Great Britain!) are still industrial oligarchies. This is the exact opposite of the real situation and this strains the imagination somewhat. I feel that Jester could have made his novel much more enjoyable if he had not altered this obvious fact.

My other main objections involve the substance of the plot. The hero, Dr. Kissinger, holds an appointive office and is not responsible to the "U. S. A." parliament. In a country that is supposed to be a democracy it doesn't seem likely that a man could be as powerful as that and not be held to account by the people. Incidentally Kissinger resides in a city appropriately named "Washington" which is near the present-day town of Watonga in the Confederacy of Virginia. A mere noticeable flaw in the book is that a supertechnological country which even possesses atomic weapons, is unable to defeat a small oriental nation. (In Jester's world Indochina is not part of the Japanese Empire.) This is absurd. In fact the purpose of the war and its causes are never explained to us and yet this is crucial to the exciting climax where Kissinger concludes "peace with honour".

In summary: if one enjoys this book as the fiction that it is, it becomes a pleasant evening's relaxation. If you are of a mind to analyze the details too closely, however, the book becomes a work of humour.

THE GIANT ALBION

"Concerning all the other provinces of the Western Empire we have continuous information. It is only in Britain that an age of fable completely separates two ages of truth." - Thomas Babington Macaulay, The History of England, Vol. I

"The stories of Arthur are the acts of the Giant Albion."
- William Blake

In the Dark Ages, King Arthur was the subject of the national epic of Britain. His age was looked back upon as a golden era by the Kelts, but his deeds were called into precedent by the Saxons who conquered them, and by the Normans who conquered the Saxons. Then, with the rise of rationalism, he was either dismissed as a myth by historians, or claimed as a last hold-out against a scientific and anti-monarchical tendency by writers such as Tennyson and T. H. White.

But, behind these mythological accretions, was there a King Arthur? Yes, Geoffrey Ashe answers in The Quest for Arthur's Britain (Paladin, 1968, \$2.95). That is to say, a great mass of archaeological evidence indicates that a British chief fortified several places in southern and western England in the early 6th century, beat back the Saxon invaders, and turned the Saxon conquest from a mad rush totally eliminating Roman and Christian civilization into a slow piecemeal process which allowed the invaders to assimilate much of it.

There is no reason why this chief cannot be called "Arthur", and his murderer "Modraut" or "Mordred". This is not to say that knights in full plate armor went riding about a united and generally peaceful Britain, observing a 13th-century Provençal code of chivalry and living in castles like the one in the film Camelot. (A picture of this castle is included along with several interesting photographs and maps of actual Arthurian relics.) In fact, the stuff out of which the Arthurian legend arose may be seen in a Welsh triad dating back to the Arthurian period: Three Power-

ful Swineherds. The triad concludes:

"The third was Tristram son of Tallwch, who guarded the swine of Mark son of Meirchion while the swineherd had gone on a message to Iseult to bid her appoint a meeting with Tristram. Now Arthur and Marchell and Kay and Bedevere undertook to go and make an attempt on him, but they proved unable to get possession of as much as one porker either as a gift or as a purchase, whether by fraud, by force, or by theft."

This may be the seed out of which the entire Arthur and Tristram legends grew - a British equivalent of Ireland's famous Cattle Raid of Cooley.

Ashe and his collaborators C. A. Raleigh Radford, Leslie Alcock, Philip Rahtz and Jill Racy study the mythological and archaeological evidence for the existence of a real Arthur. The Welsh may claim him as a hero, but the track is strongest in Somersetshire. There are located Cadbury (which may be the historical Camelot), and the ancient monastic foundation of Glastonbury, where somebody made a 6th-century fortification and was later buried in the abbey.

(Lancelot and Galahad, incidentally, are later accretions to the legend. They seem to have been inserted in the early Middle Ages by French poets who wanted to put knights of their own nation into the epic.) Kay and Gawain, who were Arthur's most trusted knights and kinsmen in the earlier forms of the legend, were downgraded by them into boors or buffoons. And poor Sir Bedevere, once Arthur's most trusted knight, became by Malory's time just the guy who couldn't bear to throw away Excalibur.)

Ashe makes Arthur's career of seminal importance in the later history of Britain. It assured that classical civilization was not swept away in one mad rush by the pagan invaders from Germany, but rather that the later, slow conquest by the Saxons would assimilate much Roman and Keltic culture. There was a strong Keltic element in the Kingdom of Wessex, which later became the Kingdom of England - even its founder Cerdic bore a Keltic name!

This work of reconciliation between hostile cultures is still going on at Arthur's Glastonbury. In 1961, with the full permission and approval of the local Anglican bishop, a Roman mass was celebrated at the abbey for the first time since the Reformation.

The Quest for Arthur's Britain is a useful bibliography for the student interested in further data about the Arthurian legend. One chapter lists the post-Tennysonian works inspired by the Arthur saga - the novels of T. H. White, Charles Williams, Rosemary Sutcliffe, Alfred Duggan (whom I find highly enjoyable and informative), Henry Treece (whom I find bitter, cynical, and unreadable), and others.

THE APIRU

(review by Robert Bryan Lipton)

W. F. Albright, The Biblical Period from Abraham to Ezra, Harper TB 102, \$1.60

Many people were surprised when Schliemann uncovered some ruins in Turkey that turned out to be Troy. More people were surprised when Excavations in Israel showed the Bible to be more accurate than thought.

Albright has a nice little book here that poses some interesting comments on biblical history. What was the original meaning of the word that is today transliterated "Hebrew"? "Apiru" seems originally to have meant "dusty" and referred to the fact that the northwest Semites originally made their livings as caravaners on the donkey caravans between Egypt and Babylon.

Albright suggests that some of the Hebrews, who later conquered Palestine, were already there when Moses set up at Kadesh-Barnea. This is an interesting idea and makes sense.

Albright seems to err, when he does so, on the side of believing the Bible to be more accurate than it is. He ignores, for example, the Babylonian influence on the Bible, and does not consider the editing done to make the Bible fit the Yahvist faction. He views the Hebrew religion as having been monotheist since Moses, with backsliding for long periods of times. Yet the facts he cites leads one to the conclusion that the leading god simply pushed out all the others.

There are various ideas that are definitely wrong. Albright views Samuel as having controlled almost all of Israel and Judah, when actually he was only safe in about forty square miles of mountainous, inaccessible territory.

He does, however, manage to show us how Judaea-Israel made the transition from rule by charismatic leadership (the Judges) to rule by king (the Davidic dynasty). In fact Israel, always pictured as the more sophisticated of the two kingdoms, comes forth in this book as the slightly backwards one. Israel never completely adopted the idea of lawful succession, as witness the constant killing of kings. Judaea, under the influential glow of David and Solomon, always had a member of their family in charge.* It was Judaea that developed the more sophisticated idea of a formless god and held to it. In Israel there was always a tendency to picture Yahveh as a man astride a winged bull.

On the whole, this is a carefully researched, well-written book. Perhaps the author will eventually write one about Judaea from after Ezra to the end of the Hashmonaic kingdom, though, if he includes the Apocrypha, I don't know what he'll make of II Maccabees.

* - In his Land of Canaan, Asimov argues persuasively that the Davidic dynasty was wiped out in Athaliah's purges; see 2 Kings 11:1. - JB

GOD, OR SOMEBODY, SAVE THE QUEEN

Our era seems to be one of desperate, self-defeating acts of violence. Men and women exacerated by oppression strike out in directions that seem to have little relationship to their actual grievances. It is hard to see how the cause of feminism was advanced when Valerie Solanis shot Andy Warhol, or how the security of Israel is weakened by the bombing of a school bus in Galilee.

The Anglo-American author H. K. Fleming, sometime managing editor of the Baltimore Sun in Mencken's day, has speculated on how those tactics might have been applied a century ago. In his The Day They Kidnapped Queen Victoria (Penguin, \$1.25) he assumes that Irish revolutionaries hijack the royal train in Scotland and attempt to take her to Ireland. Certainly it is not inappropriate to cast the attitudes of today's revolutionaries into the 19th century, for the reign of Queen Victoria was filled with seething unrest against the Establishment. She was the last British monarch against whose life there were serious plots - not once, but repeatedly. And the "Fenians" were then so ambitious that they could seriously contemplate organizing an army of Irish-American veterans of the War for the Union, conquering Canada with it, and exchanging Canada back to Britain for Ireland's independence.

Fleming brings into the situation several of the more colorful characters of the Britain of 1867 - the charming, lecherous Prince of Wales; the 7th Duke of Marlborough (Sir Winston Churchill's grandfather); the Marquess of Hartington, one of his cronies (his granddaughter married Harold Macmillan, a great-grandson married President Kennedy's sister, and another great-grandson married Jessie Mitford's sister); the Scots ghillie John Brown (recognized, though not by Fleming, as Queen Victoria's lover); Poet Laureate Alfred, Lord Tennyson; the Queen's stuffy cousin Field Marshal the Duke of Cambridge; the painter Edwin Landseer; the stalwart slum preacher Charles Anderson; and the famous

'Skittles' Walters, a tough, resourceful girl from the Liverpool slums who screwed her way into the rotten-rich high life of Victorian London. The real hero of the adventure is Col. Henry Pensonby, then Esquerry (a sort of high-level personal servant to royalty) and later Private Secretary to Her Majesty. He takes charge of matters, and with the timely aid of Skittles prevents the Foniens from loading the Queen's entire private car onto a ship at Liverpool.

The story reads well as adventure/crime fiction, and as far as this reviewer is aware the characters react as they would have in real life to such a situation. With all the real eccentrics in the British nobility Fleming had no need to invent the Earl of Kendal, a peer who drove his own locomotive.

THE WAR HORNBLOWER DIDN'T FIGHT

Most people who have got this far into GRAUSTARK are quite familiar with the late C. S. Forester's Hornblower stories about the Napoleonic Wars. They begin when Horatio Hornblower (born 4 July 1776!) comes aboard HMS Justinian as a seasick midshipman in 1793, and end with him a baron and a retired admiral in the turbulent year of 1848. Yet all his fighting for the King is done against Napoleon, and he is very obviously elsewhere during the 2½ years that Great Britain and the United States were at war.

Forester didn't overlook that spin-off from the Napoleonic Wars; in fact, his The Captain from Connecticut is a good novel of a Hornblower-like US frigate captain in that war. However, much of his Hornblower income was coming from serialization in the Saturday Evening Post, and it would not do to have Hornblower pouring broadsides through the 'tween-decks of Yankee privateers.

It was not until 1960 that his The Age of Fighting Sail appeared, a brief and lively history of the naval side of that war. (Signed, recently republished at \$1.25) The War of 1812 poses certain problems for the British historian. When it began, Great Britain dominated the seas as no nation has before or since. The commerce of France and her allies had been driven from the oceans, and the British were now in the process of squeezing out the neutrals as well, using the wartime emergency as an excuse to force out neutral merchant ships and seize their seamen.

These practices, sufficient to cow such minor neutrals as the Hansa cities, goaded the United States into war. And suddenly the British government and public were shocked to learn that in five successive single-ship actions between approximately equal warships, the Americans had been uniformly victorious: Constitution vs. Guerriere, Wasp vs. Frolic, United States vs. Macedonian, Constitution vs. Java, and Hornet vs. Peacock. (It did not detract from the sloop Wasp's triumph over the gun-brig Frolic that, just as she was completing the capture, a British 74 came up and took the diminutive American into custody.)

There were extenuating circumstances, of which Forester makes the most. Forbidden by Congress to build ships of the line, the US Navy had constructed tough heavy frigates. The British, by their very success at sea, had been frozen into a rigid tactical mode, and very often in warfare the inferior force has a strong incentive to innovate which often proves decisive. (Forester cites the German experience of a century later, which despite the best efforts of British historians made the Battle of Jutland a German victory.) American volunteers had stronger incentives than the scrapings of the British press-gangs. Finally, there is the one feature that has distinguished American warfare from its earliest days to the present - superior marksmanship, with everything from rifles to artillery.

(This marksmanship is considered so necessary to American arms that its maintenance is made a reason for unrestricted and unregistered

ownership of guns - even of pistols, which cannot be regarded as weapons of war. A steady loss of victims, even presidents, to these guns is considered a small price to pay for keeping up the standards of American marksmanship.)

Unfortunately, Forester's view of the Napoleonic Wars, both in this book and in his novels, was conditioned by the fact that in his lifetime it was Hitler's Germany that threatened Great Britain. He sees Napoleon I as an earlier Hitler, and those wars also a climactic struggle between the principles of Liberty and Tyranny!

This belief, and Forester's consequent scolding of Madison as Napoleon's unwitting ally, will not stand examination. If France had military conscription, Britain had the press gangs - and still can have them, since the requisite law is still on the books. Forester himself testifies to the bostial discipline on British ships. At that time French Protestants and Jews had full civil rights, while British Catholics and Jews did not. The right to vote was possessed by only about one Englishman in fifty. Hundreds of crimes were punishable by death. That era saw cruelly suppressed mutinies in the British fleet, full-scale rebellion in Ireland, and prosecutions of alleged subversives on flimsy grounds by the alleged liberal, Pitt. Napoleon's "Empire" was a crowned republic, whose imperial trappings were merely to prevent its collapse should one of the many British assassination plots against its ruler succeed. (See Fletcher Pratt's The Empire and the Glory for details concerning them.)

Forester blames the British Admiralty for not reacting sufficiently quickly to the American threat. A tight blockade in 1812 could have kept the Americans bottled up; such a blockade, in effect the following year, was very effective. The tide of American successes was reversed by Shannon's decisive defeat of Chesapeake and Pelican's capture of the raider Argus. However, the British had to take care not to be too victorious, since American merchants were at that time filling the stomachs upon which Wellington's army was marching through Spain. Later, with France defeated, Britain had to worry about the coalition of continental allies that later developed into the Holy Alliance.

The author places rather too much emphasis upon individuals, and frequently attributes American success to the survival, or British failure to the loss, of a crucial commander. This is particularly true of the fighting on the lakes on the Canadian border, a campaign in which inferior American forces won decisive victories!

The war finally ended because, with the French war over, the British did not need to impress further American seamen. Furthermore, as they had discovered in the last war, a country as sparsely settled as America could not be conquered simply by occupying its major cities. After cleaning up on the militia at Bladensburg, Cochrane came to grief in 1814 at Baltimore. (For Bladensburg, an augmentation of an American flag with a broken staff was added to his arms, and his descendants bear it to this day.) Pakenham did the same at New Orleans, and peace was negotiated.

Forester's story-telling abilities have much factual material on which to work. The desperate chase in which the Constitution evaded a British fleet of 5 ships is quite as thrilling as anything in the Hornblower novels. The problems posed by civilian resistance to the British invasions around Chesapeake Bay are problems that have arisen in later and larger wars - snipers of dubious military status, retaliations against the civilian population, etc.

The following back issues of GRAUSTARK are available at 15¢ each or 10 for \$1.31, 137, 139, 167, 171, 199, 200, 206, 239, 248-250, 252, 253, 257-259, 271, 273-283, 285-287, 291-295. The 10th Anniversary Issue, 289, is 50¢. All 29 issues of FREEDOMIA, Vol. II, a bulletin of the post-war play of Origins of World War II, are \$1.50.

GAME REVIEW
BLACKS AND WHITES

by Fausto Calabria

(This review is reprinted with editor Don Miller's permission from The Gamesletter #61.)

Take Monopoly, add racial overtones, and you have Blacks and Whites, Technology Today game selling for about \$8. The players start their struggle for the control of the board, divided into blacks and whites. The blacks are really discriminated against by the rules; they start with much less money, get less money when they pass Go, have segregated opportunity card piles and are strongly restricted on where they can buy property (the ghetto is okay, but suburbia is a no-no). Usually, the only way of getting property there for a black is to buy it from a white, especially at outrageous prices.

When a player lands on People's Park, he can propose a change in the rules (to make them more equitable for the blacks, for instance). The change is democratically voted on; but the blacks cannot, by the rules, ever be a majority. So, unless there is at least a liberal white, chances for more justice are nil.

As a white, you will be surprised at how chauvinistic you can get. Remember, it is only a game... isn't it?

So, why wants to play a black? Well, there are certain advantages. Blacks cannot go bankrupt - they go on welfare instead. They don't pay rent in segregated neighborhoods. They can do block-busting. And finally, that disadvantaged status is conducive to cooperation with their fellow blacks. There is no rule against whites cooperating with each other, but generally that just does not happen. It is practically impossible, even for a well-organized black community, to win in the basic 45-minute limit. However, if fighting to the bitter end is allowed, the blacks at least have a chance.

Warning: some people do not enjoy playing - they find it boring or too heavy on their subconscious feelings. Typical player syndromes include: "the frustrated black" (he did not get any lucky breaks and is therefore, bereft to tears); "the white racist pig" (he wants to win, therefore he opposes change in the rules and hates himself for doing so); "the liberal-in-spite-of-himself" (he does not have the guts to be a racist pig); "the black loan-shark man" (he got his chance and preys upon his fellow blacks.)

Typical comment heard during the game: "These blacks are getting everything."

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"Worldcon". On the second day of the convention the 3000 attendees were saddened to hear of the death of J. R. R. Tolkien, author of Lord of the Rings. His long-awaited "prequel" to this epic, The Silmarillion, is now for the press, and will be published around the end of the year.

GRAUSTARK, for those who came in late, is the oldest bulletin for the play of the board game Diplomacy, and also carries postal games of n-Hill's Origins of World War II. Subscriptions are 8 issues for \$1; \$1 for the address, and p. 38 for information on back issues. special issue is 50¢. Regular issues currently carry 6 games of diplomacy, and 4 of postal Origins. They also contain articles on strategy, book reviews, and miscellany by the editor and others, letters from readers. GRAUSTARK #297 will be another special issue, at a regular price, consisting solely of press releases in the various war programs.

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The book and game reviews are by the editor and publisher, John Boardman, unless otherwise indicated.

Since some of these reviews were printed, new information has turned up on a few of these books. Bob Silverberg informs me that Up the Line is about to be re-issued, with a different cover picture. The do Camps Ancient Ruins and Archaeology is now out in paperback with a different title, and the fourth book in the Novarian series will soon be published describing Jorian's adventures after he escapes from a Pombie and in the late king's flying bathtub.

There is a strong Canadian flavor to this issue, which is protied in at some obscure level with the fact that this year's World Science Fiction Convention was held over Labor Day weekend in Toron. Two of the reviewers, Hulland, and Moran, are Canadians. The books reviewed include a cartoon version of the history of Quebec, a history of the War of 1812, two speculations on what would have happened had the War of Independence failed, and an account of explorations including those which opened up Canada. One of the reviewed war games deals with the last time the US-Canada border was the scene of war.

We attended the convention, and had a fine time there; by general consensus the Royal York Hotel was the best that had ever hosted

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