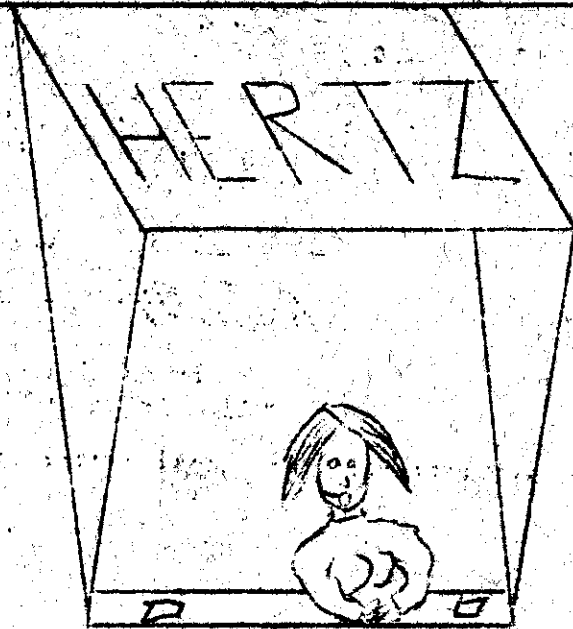


dec. 21, 1974

no. 26



"I don't care if it is Christmas eve. Dancer, Fren-  
cer, Comet, Vixon, Donner, Blitzen and Cupid are  
playing Diplmacy, Rudolph is gamesmatering, and  
If I'm not home by midnight my wife'll kill me!"



the

# MAXIMANU GAZETE

Yes, Mike, I am aware the joke is undoubtedly not original. Nevertheless, I did think it up, all on my own (got to watch those late-night snacks), and thus it is, to some extent original. You make any trouble, and I'll send the last letter on to your parents. What do you think they'll say?

Here it is, the second page already, and I haven't told you the Mixumaxu Gazette, is a triweekly magazine of postal Diplomacy and whatnot. This issue is composed entirely of whatnot, with the emphasis on the what. Subscriptions are 5/\$1; back issues are the same. Back issues available are the same as they were a couple of months ago. Apparently you all have been sufficiently forewarned by reading the issues you get.

The PUBLISHER, the Diplomacy publishing nadir of the season is finally out. Since John Boyer has called me 'a leading critic' (I don't like your haircut, John), let me, in the parlance ephemeral of the juveno-american, say the author is really hep. His amusing digs at the Diplomacy scene are way out. His jokes really zank me out. Working on a theme by Gilbert (THE MIKADO), he has managed to cram mere plagiarised jokes into thirty pages than John Caleman could get in all his issues of DOMINATION. If you don't send the author \$1 for a copy, you're crazy. And if you do, you're going to be after you read it. In case you haven't guessed, the author, c'est moi.

Special note to Mick Bullock, who gets this a couple of months after it comes out, happy Easter!

Abyssinia in apple-blossom time...;

Robert Bryan Lipton  
Servile minion of the New York Conspiracy

.....

I think these linear separators leak, so we'll run a baffle.

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Anyone out there who likes to watch old movies on television as much as I do is ordered to buy 1975 TV Movies (Signet 451-E6150; \$2.50) to give you an idea of what "Secret of Convict Lake", which you're going to stay up until 3:17 A.M. to see, is going to be like. If you're going to watch a movie before 1100 hours at night, you can get an idea of how much the flick has been cut (read:Butchered). It's evaluations are occasionally off (for instance, Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum got only 2½ out of a possible four stars.) But there is a complete listing of all the big-name actors in each flick. (I didn't know Myrna Loy played a chorus girl in The Jazz Singer) and there's a note as to who directed each opus, in case you want to go with the Frank Tashlin piece instead of the Emil Lubitsch. Highly recommended.

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The next number will be the Beachboys, singing "You look so good in the ocean, you're leaving footprints in the sands of my heart".

\*\*\*\*\*

Which reminds me (he said, slyly slipping into his desired topic) of the latest section of our past being subjected to nostalgia, the early and mid sixties. Personally, I'd rather forget this era, being, as it was, a time I spent sneaking home from school in an attempt to avoid the gangs of youths whose after-hours occupation seemed to be trying to bash my head in. (I took judo lessons, the only part of which I now remember is how to yell. Hiiiyah!) Musically, we are being treated to such opii as early Beatles (which made me physically sick at the time, and has since gotten worse), and the classic lyrics of "Come On, Baby, Light My Fire" (which seem to be "Come on, baby, light my fire", repeated three times, followed by "Tryin' t' set thuh world on fi-yuh"). The high point of those years was six weeks in the Bahamas, when chapped lips all summer kept me from swimming, and I met Mike Friedman. That's the high point.

2

## POETRY, CORNERED

My choice in wargames is severely limited. Besides Chess, Diplomacy and Go, there aren't many I like. One I do enjoy is Nuclear War (not to be confused with Nuclear Destruction), the objective of which, despite the rules' babbling about survival, is to land an 100-megaton warhead on a nuclear stockpile, thus destroying the universe.

Since the only person I know who owns a copy is John Boardman, I try to play a game of it whenever I go over. During these sessions, we almost invariably put on a Tom Lehrer record, with the following ditby, as it helps put us in the mood:

When you attend a funeral  
It is sad to think that sooner or later  
After those you love will do the same for you.  
And you may have thought it tragic,  
Not to mention other adjectives--  
Tives to think of all the weeping they will do.  
But don't you worry:  
No more ashes, no more sackcloth  
And an armband made of blackcloth  
Will someday nevermore adorn a sleeve.  
For, if the Bomb that drops on you  
Gets your friends and neighbors too,  
There'll be nobody left behind to grieve.

And  
we  
will  
all go together when we go.  
What a comforting fact that is to know,  
Universal bereavement  
And inspiring achievement:  
Yes, we all will go together when we go.  
We will all go together when we go:  
All suffused with an incandescent glow.  
No one will have the endurance  
To collect on his insurance.  
Lloyd's of London will be loaded when we go.

We will all fry together when we fry:  
We'll be french-fried potatoes by and by,  
There will be no more misery  
When the world is our retinery.  
Yes, we all will fry together when we fry.

Down by the old maelstrom  
There'll be a storm before the calm

We will all bake together when we bake:  
There'll be nobody present at the wake.  
With complete participation  
In that grand incineration  
Nearly three billion hunks of well-done steak.

We will all char together when we char:  
And let there be no moaning of the bar.  
Just sing out a Te Diem  
When you see that ICEM  
And the party will be come-as-you-are.

We will all burn together when we burn  
There'll be no need to stand and wait your turn.  
When it's time for the fallout  
And St. Peter calls us all out  
We'll just drop our agendas and adjourn.

You will all go directly to your respective Valhallas.  
Go directly, do not pass Go, do not collect two hundred dollars.

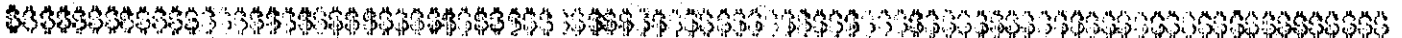
We will all go together when we go:  
Every Hottentot and every Esquimaux.  
When the air becomes uraneous  
We will all go simultaneous.  
Yes, we all will go together when—  
We all go together—  
Yes, we all will go together when we go.



DEAR RB

AL NOFI(( Apt. 6J, 125 Christopher Street, New York, N.Y. 10014; 26/10/74)): When was the yaulke invented? I suspect it may actually be a modification of the skullcap worn by gentlemen under their hats during the Renaissance. In fact the Pope still wears one. The custom was to wear it even when indoors. Now, assuming that, then the probable inventor of the helicopter yamulke was, you guessed it.

((The purpose of the yamulke is to keep one's head covered at all times. The New York Orthodox Jews always wear at least a hat. I can't remember exactly, but I have a feeling the order to keep one's hair covered is from around the line about not rounding the corners of one's beard.))



#### A NEW RACKET

During the last month and a half I have been organizing Duh New York Protective Association. This intelligent-sounding organization is a bunch of Northeastern Gamesmasters who have agreed that, if any of them are forced to drop out, the rest will pick up his games free.

The present membership list is

- John Boardman (GRAUSTARK): 234 E. 19th St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11226
- Gilbert Neiger (POUCH, PLAYTESTOR): 300 W. 108th St., New York, N.Y. 10025
- Douglas Reif (BLACK HOLE): 67 Grosvenor Road, Kenmore, N.Y. 11223
- Scott Rosenberg (POCKET ARMENIAN): 182-31 Radnor Road, Jamaica, N.Y. 11432
- Michael Friedman (GINNUNGAGAP): 76 Halyard Road, North Woodmere, N.Y. 11581
- Raymond E. Heuer (CARN DUM) 102-42 Jamaica Ave., Richmond Hill, N.Y. 11418
- Robert Bryan Lipton (MIXUMAXU GAZETTE): 556 Green Place, Woodmere, N.Y. 11598
- Peter Berggren (TURNABOUT): Davistown Schoolhouse Rd., Orford, N.H. 03777
- David Gladstein (EXponent): 2475 W. 16th St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11214

These are all publishers of, if not proven then probable, reliability. In that case, why an organization like this. Speaking to Boardman over the phone, he stated that reliable publishers placed their games before they folded.

"What about John Koning?" I asked.

"You know as well as I do John was in the hospital for years."

"What makes you immune to disease?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVEN





by Ed Hollshwander

((1972 CV ended in MEXICAN GAZETTE # 24, with a conceded victory to Mr. Hollshwander.))

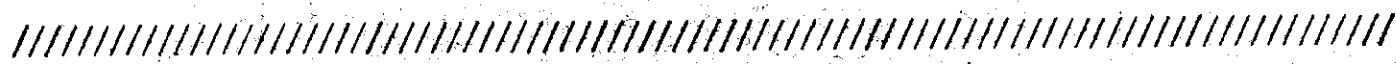
I suppose it's an oddity when someone takes over a position in the middle of a game and ends up winning. And, in my case, 1972 CV being only my second game, it's probably more so. I was put into CV in the winter of '02. Although I entered with one of the better positions— good strength and an alliance with Italy— I feel my success had little to do with this. Nor can I consider my diplomacy as a major factor, because the diplomatic relationships the old Austria had seemed to break down overnight. On entering the game I sent out the usual barrage of letters but got only one reply (from Turkey). Due to inexperience I quickly changed my alliance then changed it again when I finally got in contact with Italy. Relations with Italy died later and I was left without anyone. One thing I've learned is a working alliance with a smaller country is much better than one with an unconcerned, large one. Sorry, John Hendry.

Though I jockeyed back and forth I did increase my size greatly. Still, I did not go out to try to storm across the board, but played a very cautious, conservative game, advancing only when it did not endanger my position. This, I believe, was the key to my victory. Caution due to my inexperience kept me from being out of position when alliances changed. This kept my expansion from stalling in 1905. Also the high volatility of play and/or laxness of some of the players let me advance without such resistance, making whatever strategy I developed unneeded.

I'd like to comment on the Anglo-Franco-Germanic situation. For a while France and England were moving in on Germany then it shifted to France and Germany against England. Finally, France dumped Germany and was later eliminated by England and Germany, each working on his own. Later the action centered around Britain itself, with France strongly attacking the heavily defended island. A classic fight resulted in which England held off the French offensive and countered with an attack on France's northernmost provinces shortly before the game ended. Brian Blume and Gil Neiger are responsible for that scenario, probably the most exciting part of the game. Congratulations, Gil, for the job you did revitalizing England. Everything considered, playing out my first full game of Diplomacy was truly an interesting experience. Only, next time, I hope I'll be able to show off my expertise in tactics and diplomacy.

ALLRIGHTEVERYONEIN1973HX1973ENANDOF COURSE1973QFJUMPONEDRIGHTNOWBEFOREHEOVERWHEMSTYOUTH

After a few months of considering, I've decided my next Diplomacy play will be based on Lerner & Low's My Fair Lady, derived from G.B. Shaw's Pygmalion. The only problem is I need a copy of the book, My Fair Lady, that is. Anyone out there who has a copy and is willing to lend it to me for a month or two is requested to get in touch.



EN PASSANT: Greg Warden, 804 S. 48th Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 19143. Mimeo tri-weekly, no subs, wants to trade. This is the handiworks of the Orphan Games Project Director. When Greg opens games, they don't cost anything to join, merely an agreement to write press occasionally. Regularity perfect, so is printing, and he says he'll be opening games in the near-future. Greg usually lets press fill this up, but when he writes something it is solid, factual, and interesting. Write and ask about game openings.



ELEMENTARY, MY DEAR BREUER!

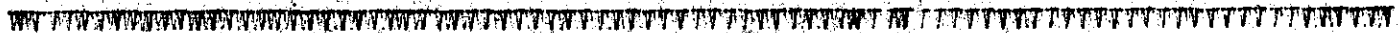
I first read the Sherlock Holmes canon about eight years ago. I was mildly impressed. Four years later, I reread the stories and forgot about them, by and large, although I maintained enough interest to read Robert Fish' Herlock Sholmes parodies and August Derleth's Solar Pons pastiches. I reread them again this fall, and was finally enraptured by them, enough to buy a copy of Nicholas Meyer's The Seven-Per-Cent Solution. People who accept W.S. Baring-Gould's biography will be slightly shocked, but The Seven-Per-Cent Solution is at once a huge joke, a psychological analysis, and a brilliant imitation of the Canon.

First of all, Moriarity was not a criminal mastermind. Holme's in the depths of cocaine addiction settled on the inoffensive man in a delirium-induced attempt to discover the worthy criminal which he continually complained to Watson was lacking in the world. Watson, with the aid of Mycroft, lures Holmes to Vienna, where the one man who might be able to cure Holmes of the addiction which is slowly killing him lives. That man is a brilliant young Jewish ex-neurologist, with a penchant for good cigars. His name is Dr. Sigmund Freud.

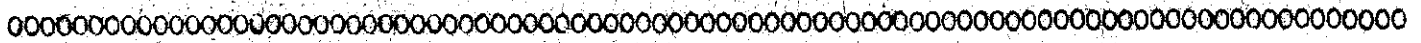
Meyer has done a brilliant job of research. He is evidently familiar with a great deal of the writings on the Canon by interested parties.

Some may object to the treatment of Holmes in the book. He is knocked off his usual pedestal of infallibility. The good Doctor, however, shows himself not to be the most treasured property of a Turle however. I have always been annoyed at the apparent stupidity of the man in the Canon. Surely, I have said to myself, a man as stupid as the Doctor portrays himself could never pass the rigorous tests one must go through to become a doctor.

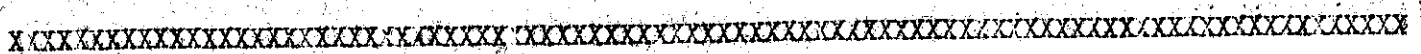
In any case, the whole cast turns out: Holmes, Mycroft, Watson, Mary Morstan Watson, Mrs. Hudson, even Toby. It is a joyous reunion for all interested parties. Buy the book: The Seven-Per-Cent Solution, by John Hamish Watson, M.D. as edited by Nicholas Meyer. Published by Dutton for \$6.95. And if you wait for the paperback, you're a fool.



If anyone has any humorous articles or reviews of books or recordings, or poems they would like to see published here, by all means, send them to me. The worst that could happen would be that I would come to your house, kill you, desecrate your corpse, and sell your piece to a paying market.



POICTESME: Bruce Schlickbernd, 6194 E. 6th St., Long Beach, Ca. 90803. Triweekly, ditto. 6/\$1, surface and 5/\$1 airmail. The only complaint I can find about this zine is that saying the title and the editor's name three time fast is impossible. This is the best new zine to come out this year. High production values, perfect regularity, excellent, funny, thought-provoking reading. Bruce is one of the people who is going to bring North American zine standards up to the British ones. There are three games being run, with an average of a page-and-a-half of press for each. I think the title is pronounced Pwa tem



This space-filler intended to go here will not be put here. Instead, we shall have the opening bars of Rakhmaninoff's 4th.





I have decided not to do My Fair Lady, but to continue plagiarizing from Gilbert & Sullivan. And don't say you didn't get your wish, Rod.

JONATHAN B.

or, The Player and the Queery

ACT ONE

SCENE: An Indiana landscape (if that term can be used). A river runs along the back of the stage. A rustic bridge crosses the river.

ENTER FAIRIES, LED BY LENNY, LARRY & JERRY. THEY TRIP AROUND STAGE, SINGING AS THEY DANCE

CHORUS

Tripping hither,  
Tripping thither,  
Nobody knows why nor whither;  
We must play and we must sing  
Round about our fairy ring!

LARRY

We are each a full-fledged fairy,  
Ever singing, ever dancing;  
We are also very hairy  
But we find it so entrancing.  
If you find a certain disgust  
In our homophile perversion,  
We reply at once that you must  
Of the story hear our version.

CHORUS

Yes, you have to hear our version.  
Tripping hither, et c.

LENNY

If you ask us how we live,  
Lovers all essentials give—  
We can ride in lover's car,  
Drink whiskey in lover's bar,  
Warm ourselves in lover's bed,  
Feed ourselves on lover's head,  
Clothe ourselves in lover's clothes,  
Keep our feet in lover's hose.  
When you know us, you'll discover  
Each us of does live with lover!

CHORUS

Tripping hither, et c.

AT END OF CHORUS ALL SIGH WEARILY

JEN : Ah, it's all very well, but since our Queen banished Jonathan B., fairy orgies have not been what they used to

LARRY Jonathan B. was the life and soul of Fairyland! Why, he wrote all our songs and arranged all our dances! We sing his songs and we trip his measures, but we don't enjoy ourselves!

JERRY: To think that five and twenty years have elapsed since he was banished! What could he have done to deserve so terrible a punishment?

LENNY: Something awful! He married a woman.

JERRY: Oh! (PAUSE) Is it injudicious to marry a woman?



LENNY: Watch your ass, kid. If our Queen hears you saying that, you'll go too.

JERRY: I'd rather watch your ass.

LENNY: Later. Anyway, it's not only injudicious, it strikes at the roots of the whole fairy system. By our laws, the fairy who marries a woman dies!

LARRY: But Jonathan B. didn't die.

ENTER RODERICK, THE FAIRY QUEEN

RODERICK: No, because your queen, who loved him with a surpassing love, committed his sentence to penal... or, prison servitude for life, on condition that he left his wife and never communicated with her again.

LENNY: That sentence he is now working out on his head at the bottom of that river.

RODERICK: Yes, but when I banished him, I gave him all the pleasant places of the world to live in. Fire Island, Turkey... I'm sure I never intended he should go live at the bottom of a river! It makes me perfectly miserable to think of all the discomfort he must have undergone.

LENNY: Think of the damp! And his chest always was delicate.

RODERICK: And the frogs! Ugh! I shall never have any peace of mind until I know why Jonathan B. went to live among the frogs.

JERRY: Then why not summon him, and ask him?

RODERICK: Why? Because if I should set eyes on him I should instantly forgive him.

LARRY: Then why not forgive him? Twenty-five years, it's a long time.

LENNY: Think how we loved him!

RODERICK: Loved him? What was your love compared to mine? Who taught me to... well, I don't think it would be right to describe it in a family magazine.

LENNY: He certainly did remarkable things!

JERRY: Oh, give him back to us, great Queen, for your sake, if not for ours. ALL  
KNEEL IN SUPPLICATION.

RODERICK, IRRESOLUTE: Oh, I should be strong, but I am weak. I should be marble, but I am clay. His punishment has been heavier than I expected. I did not mean that he should live among the frogs... and... well, it shall be as you wish!

INVOCATION-- RODERICK

Jonathan B!  
From thy dark exile thou art summoned!  
Come to our call--  
Come, Jonathan B!

LARRY Jonathan B!

LENNY Jonathan B!

ALL Come to our call,  
Come, Jonathan B!

JONATHAN B. ARISES FROM WATER. HE IS DRESSED IN A MILDEWED GREY FLANNEL SUIT  
AFTER A MOMENT OF SURPRISE HE APPROACHES RODERICK

117  
E

RODERICK

For a dark sin against our fairy laws  
We sent thee into lifelong banishment;  
But mercy holds a sway within our hearts—  
Rise—~~6~~ Thou art pardoned!

JONATHAN B

Pardoned?

ALL

Pardoned!

THE GREY FLANNEL SUIT FALLS AND REVEALS CLOTHES LIKE THE FAIRIES'. JONATHAN B LOOKS  
AT THEM WITH MILD DISGUST

CHORUS

Welcome to our hearts again,  
Jonathan B! Jonathan B!  
We have shared thy bitter pain,  
Jonathan B! Jonathan B!

Every heart and every hand  
In this loving little band  
Welcomes thee to Fairyland,  
Jonathan B!

RODERICK: And now, tell me, with all the world to choose from, why on earth did you  
choose to live in a river? And in Indiana?

JONATHAN B: To be near my son, Richard.

RODERICK: Pater Noster, I didn't know you had a son.

JONATHAN B: He was born soon after I left my wife by your royal command. When she  
died I took him in charge.

JERRY: How old is he?

JONATHAN B: Twenty-four.

LENNY: Twenty-four? No one to look at you would think you had a son of twenty-four.  
But that's one of the advantages of being our type of fairy, magical, that is. One  
never grows old. Is he pretty?

JONATHAN B: He's very pretty... But he's inclined to be stout!

ALL(DISAPPOINTED): Oh!

LARRY: And what is he?

JONATHAN B: He's a stockbroker. And he loves Anne, a ward of the Diplomat commu-  
nity.

LARRY: A girl? And he a fairy!

JONATHAN B: He's a fairy down to the belt. Below that he's straight.

ALL: Dear me!

RODERICK: I have no reason to suppose I am more curious than other people, but I c  
fess I should like to see a person who is a fairy down to the belt, but whose legs  
are straight.

JONATHAN B: And another appendage. But nothing easier, for here he comes!

RODERICK: Never mind him. Let's you and I—"

JONATHAN B: Sorry, I prefer women now.

ALL: Oh!

