

MIXUMAXU April 1975
GAZETTE number 30
100 YEARS OF GILBERT & SULLIVAN

Before going into anything else, I am going to make an announcement. Over the past eight months there has been an increasing drain on my time from outside social activities (i.e., I am getting laid more often). Because of this I am closing down the Mixumaxu Gazette.

Not just yet. There will be a few issues to come, but when I come back to college in the fall, this zine is not. I shall continue regular production until August 1975, which will be the last issue. Games will be continued, by carbon copy.

I realized my spare time was growing less this fall, but it was not until two weeks ago that I reevaluated my position. This is a fun hobby, and I intend to continue in it, but not to the extent of spending seven to ten hours each week working at this. I am not reneging on the obligations I've incurred. Subscriptions after the 37th issue will be refunded at the rate of 5 issues/\$1.

In the meantime, I'm going to make a special going-out-of-business offer. Get \$1 to me within three weeks, and you'll get the next seven issues.

Now, the situation of traders is a little complicated. I hope no one will cut me off their list immediately. I hope you'll all keep me on your trade lists for the next 21 weeks. When I'm winding up I shall subscribe to the more interesting-reading zines out there. Obviously, however, the changeover will cause me a bit of financial strain, so please be patient. Anyone enamored enough of my personality to extend a complimentary subscription, please let me know.

The Mixumaxu Gazette was not carefully planned. Like Topsy, it grew, and it grew into something I am proud of. I have put my foot in my mouth on several occasions, but I've enjoyed every minute of it. Those of you who have been along from the beginning (God knows why: I started out horrendously) and those of you who have come in later have, by and large, been a good audience and excellent friends. I'm staying around, don't worry about it.

Now, in addition to that special subscription rate of 7 issues for \$1, I'm putting back issues and copies of THE PUBLISHER on sale. THE PUBLISHER will run you 50¢. Back issues will be 10 for \$1.3-14, 16, 18-29. If you want the issues, move quickly. Five or six issues have only one copy lying about. Single copies are 20¢, and please, if the total is less than \$1, please don't send me a check; send stamps.

That's enough farewells. I hope that we can put sad thoughts out of our minds for the next seven issues.

Now, this issue is dedicated to the 100th anniversary of the first performance of Gilbert & Sullivan's "Trial by Jury" at the Royalty Theatre on 25 March 1875. This was their second collaboration but the first, "Thespis" has managed to have its music disappear, and TBJ was their first work produced by Richard D'Oyly Carte, an arrangement which managed to net the three men more than £20,000 per year for a dozen years... today that would be the equivalent of \$400,000 per year, each. But if TBJ made Gilbert and Carte rich (Sullivan was too fond of gambling), there is no doubt in my mind that they were worth the money. For a musical play to enjoy one hundred years of popular success, not because the civic leaders like it, but because everyone does, is phenomenal. But these men did it three times, with H.M.S. PINAFORE, PIRATES OF PENZANCE and THE MIKADO. Equally amusing and tuneful are TRILL BY JURY, PATIENCE, Iolanthe (my favorite), RUDDIGORE, YEOMAN OF

THE GUARD and THE GONDOLIERS. Of their works, only UTOPIA LIMITED, THE GRAND DUKE, THE SORCEROR and PRINCES' IDE have not weathered well, and all contain many wonderful sections.

Abyssinia,



Robert Bryan Lipton

WHENEVER ISPOKESARCASTICJOKEREPLETEWITHMALIGNANTPITIFULTHISPROPLEMILDPOLITELYSMILEDAND
VOTEDMEDELIGHTFULNOWTHEMAYWIGTSITSUPALINIGHTTILLMAYTUEDJOKESDEWISINLANDALLHISWILES
AREMETWITHSMILESITSHANDTHERESNODISCUISINFOPE*****

POETRY, CORNERED

And so, we shall start off with the following piece, from YECMAN OF THE GUARD.

Oh! A private buffoon is a light-hearted loon,
If you listen to popular rumor;
From the morn to the night he's so joyous and bright,
And he bubbles with wit and good humor!
He's so quaint and so terse, both in prose and in verse,
Yet though people forgive his transgressions,
There are one or two rules that all family fools
Must observe if they love their profession.
 There are one or two rules,
 Half a dozen, maybe,
 That all family fools,
 Of whatever degree,
Must observe if they love their profession.

If you wish to succeed as a jester, you'll need
To consider each person's auricular:
What is all right for B would quite scandalize C
(For C is so very particular);
And D may be dull, and E's very thick skull
Is as empty of brains as a ladle;
While F is F sharp, and will cry with a carp
That he's known your best joke from his cradle!
 When your humor they flout,
 You can't let yourself go;
 And it does put you out
 When a person says, "Oh,
I have known that old joke from my cradle!"

If your master is surly from getting up early
(and tempers are short in the morning),
An inopportune joke is enough to provoke
Him to gize you, at once, a month's warning.

Then if you refrain, he is at you again,
For he likes to get value for money;
He'll ask then and there, with an insolent stare,
"If you know that you're paid to be funny?"

It adds to the tasks
Of a merryman's place,
When your principal asks,
With a scowl on his face,
If you know that you're paid to be funny?

Comes a Bishop, maybe, or a solemn D.D.—
Oh, beware of his anger provoking!
Better not pull his hair— Don't stick pins in his chair;
He don't understand practical joking.
If the jests that you crack have an orthodox smack,
You may get a bland smile from these sages;
But should they, by chance, be imported from France,
Half-a-crown is stopped out of your wages!

It's a general rule,
Though your zeal it may quench,
If the family fool
Tells a joke that's too French,
Half-a-crown is stopped out of his wages!

Though your head it may rack with a billious attack,
And your senses from toothache you're losing,
Don't be mopy and flat — they don't fine you for that,
If you're properly quaint and amusing!
Though your wife ran away with a soldier that day,
And took with her your trifle of money;
Bless your heart, they don't mind— they're exceedingly kind—
They don't blame you— so long as you're funny!

It's a comfort to feel,
If your partner should flit,
Though you suffer a deal,
They don't mind it a bit—
They don't blame you— as long as you're funny!

ISHALLREVEALTOYOURSELFCONSTRUCTEDRIDDLERSMYORIGINALSONGSANDWHATISEVENMORETHEIRSOURCES

While I don't mind fifteen-years-olds producing Diplomacy zines, it makes me feel ready for the junkheap. This is the sort of despair that overcomes me when I get a copy of Peter Berggren's TURNUABOUT. The printing seems to be some sort of high-quality xerox, the format is impeccable and the writing is fine. Peter has openings in regular Diplomacy, Middle Earth V, Colonial variant, Gigaton Bomb variant and Interplanetary Warfare. The gamefee is \$1 for regular and \$1.25 for variant, and a subscription at the rate of 10 issues for \$2 must be maintained. That's Peter Berggren, Davistown Schoolhouse Road, Orford, N.H. 03777.

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ABOUT III

PIERS ANTHONY: Mr. Anthony is a relatively new writer. I think his first published work was SOS THE ROPE, which won a competition in 1967. His works are all at least good. Four of his works I unhesitatingly call brilliant- the aforementioned SOS THE ROPE, which is a story of an Earth with swordsmen and superscientists running around. Totally credible, especially when compared with all those horrid Lin Carter opii. Then there is THE RING, a study of crime-and-punishment in a world where criminals can be fitted with consciences. RINGS OF ICE details the journey of a small group in the future, when the seas are rising hundreds of feet. Finally there is ORN, a novel which raises the question of how we are to deal with dramatically different intelligent beings.

These are not simple stories. Like John Brunner, Anthony throws in a myriad of postulated changes. He is not, however, a kitchen-sink-plotter like Phillip Dick or Charles Harness. Everything that is changed in the world of his books binds together on the central theme.

Yet, though his writings are brilliant, Mr. Anthony is not a brilliant writer. His books are all solidly done, with a craftsmanship that is genius, yet hides itself so well that only those who look for some deeper meaning find it. Like Gordon Dickson, one wakes up one morning to realize this is a writer of talent.

ISAAC ASIMOV: It seems a little ridiculous writing thirty lines on Ike when at least one book has been published on his writings. Let it suffice it to say that if you avoid books like THE EARLY ASIMOV and HAVE YOU SEEN THESE?, you won't find bad writing by him in book form.

Asimov has the major defect of writing all his characters as if they were one of two types: the Sympathetic Villain and the Befuddled Hero. Usually the Befuddled Hero is some sort of technologist or scientist.

But Asimov has solid story-telling ability and occasionally brilliant ideas. For instance, Theodore Sturgeon had been trying to write a story of a trisexual intelligent race for twenty years, without much success. In 1972 Asimov wrote his first original novel in more than a decade and a half, and beat Sturgeon at his own speciality with THE GODS THEMSELVES, picking up a Nebula award and, I believe, a Hugo.

As to the number of books Asimov has written, it's around 160, I believe, but the way he churns them out it may be as high as 175. Asimov, in case you didn't know, is the most successful popularizer of academic works alive. I have about 47 of his books. Recommended for sf is the above-mentioned novel I, ROBOT, a collection of short stories that broke the Frankenstein-complex of artificial intelligence in literature; EARTH IS ROOM ENOUGH, a grab-bag collection of his works in the mid-fifties is recommended, as is THE END OF ETERNITY, a fine time-travel novel that has managed to escape many of Asimov's flaws while maintaining all the merits. These are not the only works by Asimov you should read; they will merely give you an idea of his work.

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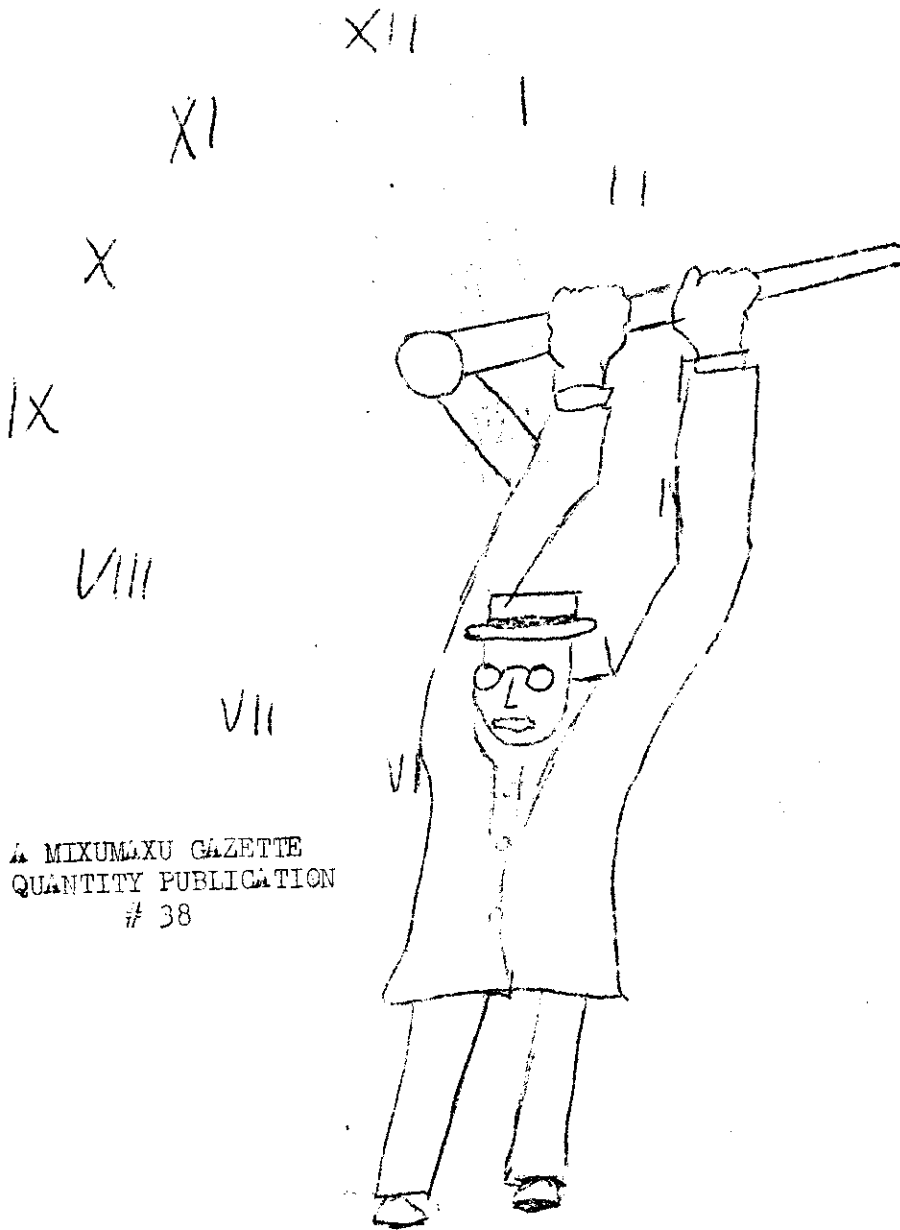
GASTRONOMICAL

by Rod Walker

Lucretia Borgia  
Put nightshade in the wine she porgia.  
She delights in sending her beaux  
To unnatural eternal ropaux.

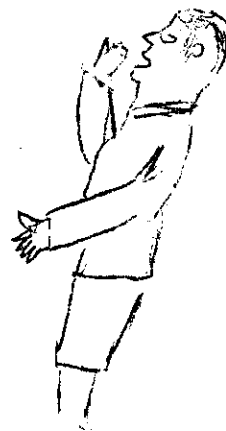


SILENCE, PLEASE!



A MIXUMIXU GAZETTE  
QUANTITY PUBLICATION  
# 38

"I'll get you a ladder if you'll give me Belgium!"



VERSES ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT BRYAN LIPTON- PART III

By reason pure it can be seen  
That I shall someday fold my zine.  
Assume please, for this poem's sake,  
It won't be done until my wake.  
Then I shall see my closest friends  
Try make it fit their private ends  
(Though I can't seem to get it straight  
How my death will yield them rebate).  
But, even now, I hear their talks:  
"At mailing out his zine he balks."  
"Poor RBL, his meals abate;  
You see it when he checks his weight."  
"That hacking cough he got abed  
Will stay with him until he's dead."  
"Besides all that, his humor's gone.  
He treats the best new jokes with scorn,  
But every joke he tells is hoary.  
He always tells his Moyel story  
(the cockeyed one) in each issue."  
"It's sad to see him go. A tissue!"  
"In person he is even worse!  
He's putting Keaton now to verse."  
"He'll tell a chestnut fifty times,  
Then split it up in twenty rhymes.  
How does he think that we can sit  
And read his execrable wit?"  
"But he'll solicit some new trades,  
And use the forum 'til he jades."  
"Yes. He must make his stories shorter,  
Or get new readers once a quarter.  
In half that he'll have talked them out,  
And to find new ones then must scout."

"For poetry he's past his prime.  
He can't construct a decent rhyme.  
His wit is dead, his fire's cold,  
His lightness' sunk, his mind is old."  
"I've asked him twice to cease to write,  
But when he's angered he will bite!"

And then their tenderness appears,  
By adding fifty to my years.  
"Our hobby he has been retarding  
Before the President was Harding."

"He never was a real high-stepper,  
And cannot down one Dr. Pepper."  
"To see him thus! My heart it rends!  
I hope he'll last 'til my game ends."

They hug themselves, and reason thus:  
"It is not yet so bad with us."

((TO BE CONTINUED))

DEAR RB

JOHN GROSS(( 32 Gordon Road, Willowdale, Ontario, CANADA M2P 1E1))((The following missive arrived a few weeks ago along with \$1 for a copy of THE PUBLISHER. The envelope had apparently been opened)):Dear prospective mail thief, the dollar bill you found enclosed is counterfeit. I'm sending it to a friend to see if he thinks it is good enough to start printing up lots of them. Disregard the enclosed letter- it's in code anyway(you can tell that anyway by the fact it makes no sense). Please put the bill back in the envelope, reseal it and send it on its way.

((As I said, the letter had been tampered with. The envelope had been opened and resealed with tape. I'm expecting the FBI to show up one of these days.))

JOHN HULLAND ((R.R.#4, Guelph, Ontario, CANADA N1H 6J1; 2/5/75)): I'm sorry to see that you refuse to continue JONATHAN B in Mixumaxu Gazette. Although I never got into THE PUBLISHER, I really enjoyed the first episode of JONATHAN B. Did all those people really think you were satirizing them?((I've received eleven apologies. Five of them were from the people who had demanded retractions. The other six have been accepted.))

Do you realize that in that paragraph one page one((of issue # 28)) you were self-contradictory? You said you wanted no part of critics, yet you're being very critical yourself. ((Not exactly. I don't mind criticism. What I dislike are those people who are hypersensitive enough to assume all jokes are upon them, and who will not permit themselves to be the butts of these self-proclaimed attacks.))

NICHOLAS ULANOV((334 Foulke Hall, Princeton University, Princeton, N.J. 08540; 2/26/75)): The problem of zines proliferating among the people that make up the group we draw on for articles and other works is one that warrants a discussion. I think it's safe to say we ((Nick is speaking of the bunch from Metropolitan New York who write for the area's zines)) are all producing at near or above our peak levels and that it is therefore impossible for everyone to keep up his contributions to extant zines and still get active with new zines. What, if there is one, is the solution? ((I'm not sure there is a satisfactory solution. I agree the people in the group are producing at their peak level, and that is the problem: after the peak comes the decline. Already Gil Neiger's POUCH is decreasing its regularity. Twice this year Gil has put off production three weeks, and the other issues don't come out for from three to seven days after the deadlines.

((The problem is that the size of the writing group is not increasing- indeed, it may be decreasing. The telephone-Diplomacy group that started THE POUCH is breaking up, and many of those left are starting zines. Duncan Smith writes he will shortly be starting BUNNY RABBIT, and Gilinsky and Costikyan have filled up their game and are ready to begin production of LILLIPUT. A fresh influx of new talent, like the Dewey High School group producing EXPONENT may provide new writers, but eventually the more fecund writers in that group will start their own zines. In general, we must all be prepared to fill our zines with our own writing, with an occasional article from somewhere else.

((And, no, Nick, I won't be producing another article for your zine soon. Sorry. But you may have noticed I've my own zine to write...))

SCOTT ROSENBERG((182-31 Radnor Road, Jamaica, N.Y. 11432; 2/28/75): All right. I can tell I'm being completely misread about this entire thing that stemmed from my letter in reaction to your "honest review". First, the letter was a personal one. I believe I put 'DNQ' at the top. ((Nope)) Anyway, it should never have seen the light of print.



Second, everyone seems to think I have something personal against Ray Heuer; I don't. The statement that I made at that time ((in his letter published in TMG # 27)) was true-- as far as I could remember, not one person I had spoken to said that CARN DUM was better than POCKET ARMENIAN. Does this mean that I think CARN DUM bad, or that those people do? ((Then why did you mention the whole thing?))

Third, Ray seemed to make a point about my gleefully pointing out the difference between my circulation and his. Frankly, I don't give a damn-- and I assumed that when Ray and I joked with each other, he wouldn't think every word I said serious. I've been known to call MIXUMXU GAZETTE "The Marxu-Barxu Garbalette". Does that mean I think it deserving of the trash can? ((How should I know?)) Of course not. Most zinc editors tend to be extremely self-deprecating to the point of absurdity: they call their publications "rags" and tell people what better things they could have spent their money on. I wouldn't hesitate to say, though, that most of these think rather highly of their zines, and rightly so.

In closing, I fervently desire these pointless arguments over trivialities be ceased. I have been told by Gil Neiger, but cannot verify whether it is true, that my esteemed (hmmph!) co-editors of POCKET ARMENIAN have written to you disclaiming anything I say as some sort of "official opinion" of the editors. What do they think this is, a corporation? As far as I am concerned, the amount of say in editorial policy should be directly proportional to the amount of work being done; that ought to give me about 85% of the control of editorial policy. ((You shouldn't write on these days of the month, Scott. Since you seem to anxious to avoid these petty arguments why did you start this one? I wrote a review of TPA and to prove the superiority of your publication you denigrated other fine zines. That is ill-tempered and childish. While I'm often guilty of the same faults, I usually have the sense to keep them out of public domain.

((The poor taste of your letter was demonstrated by the fact that Matt Diller wrote me a letter for publication, apologizing for your attack, and apologizing to Ray. I would have printed it, but I dislike being hailed as "Grungy" (and variant spellings) every fourth word.

((But that's enough of this. The topic is closed in these pages.))

JCEL KLEIN ((62-60 99th Street, Apt. 122G, Rego Park, N.Y. 11374; 3/3/75)): Re my letter ((published last issue)): saying that New York publishers were opening many new games was irrelevant, I admit (I read straight off Barents' piece in BOAST). The substitution of "running" for "opening", I think, makes the other stuff valid. ((Which brings the argument back to what I said in issue # 28: it can't be said if any given person is running too many games until he drops them. Under the present situation, the only overextended New York publisher I can think of is Gil Neiger. And please notice that the number of games he is running has not affected his performance. He is simply tiring of publishing.))

THE RELIVED KINGS OIVE BEEN TOLD IN THE WONDER WORKING DAYS OF OLD WHEN HEARTS WERE TWICE AS GOOD AS GOI

For the past few weeks I've been trying to read Gordon Eklund and Poul Anderson's INHERITORS OF EARTH, which seems to be an expansion by Eklund of a story Anderson wrote in the late forties, which was sold to Columbia Magazines. These were edited by Robert Lowmes, who I believe to be one of the best editors in the field. However, he was never given much money, so the Anderson piece was probably not too impressive. The book itself is boring, and I suggest you stay away from it, unless you're a completist.

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## FOOD, GLORIOUS FOOD!

My little piece last issue has raised a storm of sympathy from people who feel fast-food places serve terrible food. John Hurland wrote to say that rather than eat at MacDonald's or Burgerking, he'd rather eat at home. So would I, John, it was just a cap, my line about burgerking.

The reason why fastfood flourish is simple: it's easy. I am of the opinion that 30% of the adult population of the U.S. does not know how to boil water. Happily, everyone in my family knows how to do some cooking. My mother is an excellent preparer of matzoh balls (my grandfather makes the kreplach) and gefilte fish, to the finest duck a l'orange you've ever tasted. From bagel, cheese and oregano, my father can bake a wonderful breakfast. My sister, before she married, indulged in gourmet cooking, usually leaving the mess in the kitchen. Recently she has learned to make a delicious curry. My brother can accomplish the impossible: make health-food preparations that taste good. My specialty is eating what they prepare, but I can also spice and prepare meats for dinner well.

The thing that has always surprised me about most people's inability to cook is that, unless you go in for fancy foods, cooking is easy. For a hamburger you simply have to stick it in the oven, turn it to broil, wait until the top turns a likely-looking color, turn it over and then take it out after a few more minutes. Not only will it be cheaper than MacDonald's, the quality will be better. As long as they call their product a "beef patty" or "Big Mac" or whatever, it does not have to be beef.

That's the fast-food chains, of course. Regular restaurant will be higher-priced, but there you're paying for facilities you can't afford, plus atmosphere.

TV dinners are more of the same. Of course, some frozen-prepared foods are honest. You can't get better eggplant parmesiana than from Gelantano.

Most fastfood outlets' products have low nutritional values. The federal government permits up to 25% by weight of MacDonald's burgers to be fat. The amount of sugar in the buns can rise to a similar figure. If I want fat I'll eat suet, and if I want sugar, I'll eat candy.

One more thing: Scott Rosenberg mentioned the low quality of the food at his High School. I went to a private school for six years, and the food was abominable. I went to a summer course at Michigan State University and the food was inedible. (another course in Quebec was a gastronomical treat. When I tired of the institutional food I could go to the patisserie and the other food stores, buy a bottle of a modest wine, and have a wonderful meal). Then I came to Lafayette, and meals are a choice between burnt starch and fried lard. Not only that: it is incredibly bland. As few spices as possible are used. Attempts for two years to have, say, a shaker of garlic-powder put out on a center table failed, until this year I finally got smart, and am now cooking my own meals. And my food bills are lower now.

But, however much they complain, most students eat the bad food served. Most people have no patience for doing their own work when it comes to eating. Where do you think the name "fast food" came from? It may take as long to drive to the nearest MacDonald's as to cook your own hamburger, and it may be more expensive, but at least the eater doesn't have to go through the pains of cleaning up after himself. I find the idea mildly disgusting. Although they are not of the greatest elegance, there are such things as paper plates, and there is aluminum foil to place whatever you're roasting.

If you'll excuse me, I'm going to go out to get some veal to cook for dinner.



### THREE NOVELS IN AMBER

If you had asked me in 1969 who I thought the three most important sf writers to begin their careers in the 1960's were, I would have found it a difficult question, because there were four: Samuel Delaney, Ursula LeGuin, Larry Niven and Roger Zelazny. This was at Zelazny's peak. He had just published LORD OF LIGHT and, although it would be two years before I would finish it and reread it eight times, there were such novels as ...AND CALL ME CONRAD and DREAM MASTER, and such shorts as "A Rose for Ecclesiastes."

But in the three years after that Zelazny's career faltered. I began to think of him as another Jack Vance, starting out with incredible skill and getting caught in his love for word-play and bad plots. Indeed, like Vance, Zelazny's field was science-fantasy. Armed with an image I pursued Zelazny's corpus for some years in conversation and writing. The quality of his works supported my contention. CREATURES OF LIGHT AND DARKNESS did to Egyptian mythology what LORD OF LIGHT, but the characters lacked the humanity of LOL. JACK OF SHADOWS, while it had its good points fell apart after ninety pages. TODAY WE CHOOSE FACES was horrendous. After finishing it I had not the slightest idea of what had happened, and less desire to find out by rereading it.

But, still pursuing lost glory (his earlier works are so good, it hurt me to read the junk Zelazny turned out in 1970-72), I continued to buy and read his books. Soon after finishing TODAY WE CHOOSE FACES I picked up a number called NINE PRINCES IN AMBER. I put it away for a few months then read it. It struck me as a competent story, but nothing terribly exciting. Three months later I was ordering books from a firm on Staten Island that gives a 20% discount on orders over \$25. I knew I would buy it sooner or later and I needed to buy a hardcover to fill out the order, so I bought a copy of Zelazny's THE GUNS OF AVALON. That did it. Zelazny has bounced back; the talent he exhibited in the sixties is not gone. With the appearance of the third story in the series, THE SIGN OF THE UNICORN a month ago, I'm almost too pleased for words.

All three books are about Corwin of Amber. Amber is the only real world. All others, including our Earth, are shadows of it, distorted shadows. For three books now, Corwin and his siblings have been traipsing about in a cosmos of Celtic-type mythology. It's sword-and-sorcery, but with class. R.E. Howard's Conan goes into a wizard's chamber, sees him torturing a beautiful, naked girl, says "Duh!", thinks for a few minutes to figure out what's going on, then clonks the evil wizard on the skull: he doesn't mean to kill him, only put him out of action for an hour or so, but the boob doesn't know his own strength. As a matter of fact, he doesn't know much of anything. That's what most sword-and-sorcery heroes are like. (I'll expect you and Elliot to beat me up, Al).

But the AMBER series are intelligent, and so are the characters. There's intrigues! There's sibling rivalry! There's assassinations! The books are great.

THEY ARE NOT OUR BENTON THE WHOLE WE ARE NOT INTELLIGENT IN ON ON NOT INTELLIGENT BUT WITH DOUGHTY THE

Burt Labelle is the latest to join "The New Yorkers are going to take over the hobby" club. Did you figure it out yourself, Burt, or did the Deros tell you? Burt, however, has not reacted with panis by accusing his opponents in IDA elections of belonging to this evil group. No, Burt's reaction is to get New Englanders to join together to take over. Maybe we should get together and see about splitting up the world...



THE DIPLOMACY ASSOCIATION presents

A RATING SURVEY 4

| <u>AVERAGED SCORE</u> | <u>THE TOP TWENTY</u> | <u>GAMES WON</u> | <u>POINTS</u> | <u>GAMES RATED</u> |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|------------------|---------------|--------------------|
| 813                   | Mike Recamora         | 6                | 6.500         | 8                  |
| 683                   | John Beshara          | 8                | 8.200         | 12                 |
| 628                   | Tom Eller             | 7                | 7.533         | 12                 |
| 556                   | Monte Zelazny         | 5                | 5.300         | 9                  |
| 544                   | Ron Kelly             | 3                | 4.900         | 9                  |
| 544                   | Andrew Phillips       | 10               | 12.517        | 23                 |
| 542                   | Randy Bytwerk         | 6                | 6.500         | 12                 |
| 541                   | Doug Beyerlein        | 10               | 11.900        | 22                 |
| 494                   | Lewis Pulsipher       | 6                | 7.900         | 16                 |
| 488                   | Peter Rosamilia       | 3                | 3.900         | 8                  |
| 473                   | Tim Tilson            | 3                | 3.783         | 8                  |
| 353                   | Jeff Power            | 4                | 4.583         | 13                 |
| 321                   | John Smythe           | 8                | 8.333         | 26                 |
| 320                   | Jeff Key              | 3                | 3.200         | 10                 |
| 306                   | Lenard Lakofka        | 5                | 6.117         | 20                 |
| 293                   | Eugene Prosnitz       | 6                | 6.450         | 22                 |
| 279                   | Don Berman            | 1                | 2.233         | 8                  |
| 278                   | Mike Goldstein        | 4                | 4.167         | 15                 |
| 265                   | Eric Verheiden        | 1                | 2.650         | 10                 |
| 263                   | Hal Naus              | 5                | 8.167         | 31                 |

"A Rating Survey" was initiated in 1974 at the behest of John Beshara, Chairman of the Board of TDA. It is based upon an idea first put forth by Richard Miller in his article "Fallacies of Ratings and Polls," published in Wazir No. 4. Richard Miller's idea was later modified by Brenton Ver Ploeg for his Averaged Calhamer Point Count Rating.

The number listed under "Points" is the Calhamer point count where only wins and draws are tabulated: Winners receive 1 point; in a draw the point is divided among the surviving players. The "Averaged Score" is computed by dividing the number of "Points" by the number of "Games Rated", multiplying by 1000, omitting decimals. Winning 1 of 7 games is average with an "Averaged Score" of 143. To insure a meaningful statistical sample, a minimum of seven "Games Rated" is required.

The Survey was originally calculated from indirect sources. Recently, an entirely new data base was compiled where each Boardman Number assigned is listed sequentially. If the game is rated, the names of all players to be included in "Games Rated" is listed, with an asterisk placed next to the name of a player earning "Points." For unrated games, a notation indicates the reason, for ex-

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ample, abandoned, 5-man game, etc. From this master list, an index card is prepared for each player with a minimum of one "Point." The individual cards list the Boardman Number of the players' rated games, the countries played and the final finish (won, lost, 2 to 6-way draw).

THE DIPLOMACY ASSOCIATION'S basic policy is to rate all games except in extreme cases. These latter include all games with less than seven players, games with inter-face play, team games and those with gross rule irregularities. Final decisions on the admissibility of games are made by the International Ratings Commission of TDA, whose members are Eric Verheiden (Commission Chairman and TDA Director), Richard Miller (TDA Director) and Robert Lipton (publisher of THE MIXUMAXU GAZETTE). As a result of TDA's liberal policy towards rating games, many players may find their Survey score higher than on other rating lists with arbitrary and often subjective criteria for derating games.

Questions on individual games should be referred to a member of the International Rating Commission. Questions on a player's Survey score should be referred to John Beshara -- kindly include a list of games completed and final results, as inevitably errors may be present in the compiled data.

~~THENSUCHAFFAIRSASSORTIESANDSURPRISESIMMOREWARYA DANDWHENIKNOWPRECISELYWHATISMENA TBYCOED~~

EVERYTHING YOU WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT DIPLOMACY BUT HAD BETTER SENSE THAN TO ASK is not a linear separator, but the title of the magazine put out by the Boardman Numbers Custodian. There are no games run, nor much chat. What this is is a magazine listing the various Boardman Numbers assigned, along with supply center charts for completed games. If you are interested in a work of this sort of statistical material, the price is \$4 for 10 issues. Make checks out to Chintimini Enterprises and mail it to Chintimini Enterprises, 2115 N.E. Elder Street, Corvallis Ore. 97730 U.S.A.

Now, there is one thing I wish to take exception to. Doug Beyerlein (who is the BNC) says on page eight of issue # 20, that he recommends against playing in games in magazines which do not send him trade copies for his files. Among these people are, admittedly, such turkeys as Charles Reinsel and Larry Peery, but also included are such as John Coleman and Stan Wrobel, whose only crime seems to consist of the fact that they don't think it that important to have Boardman Numbers. John Coleman himself predicted this possibility last year, when he said that the Boardman Numbers Custodian would develop a swelled sense of importance.

Well, if the Boardman Number Custodian can do it, I can too. I could, therefore recommend against playing in any British zine except RETLIF and 1901 AND ALL THAT.. and of course such works as DIPLOMACY WORLD or GRAUSTARK. It becomes a little ridiculous, doesn't it.

I'm half-tempted to cut off trade with Beyerlein and see what happens. Does my rigid adherence to one issue every three weeks become as naught? If, in the sight of this sandstone idol, I do not appear, does that make me non-existent? When the readers' senses tell them that they are reading the issues, with regular (as far as the postal service will permit) and well-gamesmastered (as far as I will permit) games, will their senses lie? It seems as if Doug has been unable to carry "Cogito, ergo sum" any farther, and has retreated to solipsism. I suppose under this new regime Douglas Beyerlein is the Official Arbiter of All That is Good and Right about Postal Diplomacy.

Come off it, Doug.

12

## SLEEP IN. HALL:

I've just gotten a letter from Ray Heuer asking if I am going to attend this year's Lunacon, and what would I be doing about sleeping accommodations. That made me remember last year's. A few reflections:

Nick Ulanov asked me to help him choose some sf at the hucksters' table, since his ignorance of sf is equalled only by his ignorance on other subjects. I helped him very carefully, and he paid about \$7 for twenty paperbacks, including two Cordwainer Smith books and similar good works. The last I heard Duncan Smith had managed to obtain permanent possession of them. I think it was part of the settlement. Gil Neiger got the POUCH, Duncan got the books and Nick got the money. A strange menage a trois.

John Boardman was about. He wore one of two buttons. One proclaimed "Nixon's the One." "I don't think that's what the Republican Party had in mind," I said. "Why assume they have a mind between them?" was his reply. His other button read "Use sexual designation numbers!" "What if they go into three digits?" His answer to that one can't be repeated.

John was treasurer. Gil Neiger<sup>and I</sup> stopped and asked if John Carroll had gotten in. On receiving an affirmative reply, we asked for a description. "He paid with a five dollar bill." After a minute of interrogation, we managed to get a description: average height, light hair, no beard or mustache, slim, no beard or mustache. So it took us twenty minutes to find John, because he is tall, dark, a little heavy and had a mustache. I don't remember glasses.

Then there was the matter of lodgings. Ray Heuer and I agreed to share a room. What we got was something in a corner on the eleventh floor, about 5'x7'. I will swear that was a remodeled closet. What was worse was going down to the double. Gil, Nick, Duncan and three others were sharing. It was 12'x 25'. Both rooms cost \$28 each. That night Mike Friedman shared the room with us, sleeping on the floor. At 7 AM the next morning there was a phone call. I picked it up. It was a woman who asked "Is Mike there?" Since at that time of day it sounded like Friedman's mother, I kicked him in the ribs a couple of times: (space consideration forced him to sleep on his side). I handed the phone to <sup>him</sup>. Five minutes later it turned out it was Michael Hansen's mother.

That day Ray managed to get our room switched for a twin of Nick et Co.'s. It was a Siamese twin, since the two were linked by doors. We borrowed two cots that were laying about the hall. Nine o'clock that evening, Stephen Tihor said he was interested in renting a cot. I said \$5. He offered \$2, and I was prepared for some haggling. Nick walked in and proclaimed "We have decided that you are going to charge \$2." Ray and I told him that we had decided that he wanted to walk out rather than be thrown out a window. It didn't do much good. Fifteen minutes later, in a foul mood, I said to Hell with it and told Stephen to forget about money. Michael Hansen heard this and asked why he had to pay \$3 for floor space when Stephen was getting a cot for nothing. Ray and I returned his money. Then Mike Friedman asked why he had had to pay \$5 for floorspace the previous night. I explained that it was a different room.

About 11 P.M. the late Gary Tesser finally got to the Con (he's not dead; he's just late). He lay down on Stephen's cot. I asked him if he wanted to crash. He mumbled "Nonono" and fell asleep. After a few minutes we noticed this. I woke him up. "Gary," I said, "Are you sure you don't want to sleep? It won't cost you anything." "Nonono, I've got to get home," we heard, and then he began to snore. Ray and I and a few others went down to the movies and left immediately. I had already seen METROPOLIS five times. We went back to the room and read, luxuriating in a room where one could not touch all four walls at the same time. About 1 A.M. Mike Hansen came

in, lay down on the cot we had finally agreed to let him have. An hour later Stephen Tihor came in and announced he was going to sleep. I congratulated him. Gary Tesser was still snoring on his cot. I went over and shook him. He awoke and looked fuzzily about him. Stephen said "I'm going to sleep and that's my bed." "I have to go anyway," Gary said, and fell asleep again. Stephen shrugged, lay down on the floor, and fell asleep.

I woke at eight the next morning and called Nick's room, announced in a feminine voice that I was Penelope Dickens, I was pregnant, and what was he going to do about it? "I'm going to kill Bob Lipton if he doesn't let me sleep." Fifteen minutes later an interroom pillow fight was taking place. Ben Miller came in and glared at me for 1: stabbing him in a Diplomacy game the previous evening and 2: overbidding him on some Edgar Rice Burroughs books at the auction.

I left about 4, took the bus back to college (the Lunacon is in New York), and turned out the issue of The Mixumaxu Gazette that was due out that weekend.

A letter from Ray has just come in, announcing he will be sharing a room with Gil, Matt Diller, and Scott Rosenberg, but would prefer to room with me, as it would be quieter. Don't worry, Ray. Nick and I will come to you and announce "We have decided that you are going to charge us..."

WHEN YOU'RE LYING AWAKE WITH THIS ISMIAL HEADACHE AND REPOSE IS TA BOOED FROM ANXIETY I CONCEIVE YOU MAY US

When I formed Duh New York Mafia Protective Association last fall, I intended to get it started, then to hand it over to someone else. Several details made me decide to remain in charge a little longer, but I've finally transferred the job to Scott Rosenberg, 192-31 Radnor Road, Jamaica, N.Y. 11432. Any business with DNYMPA should be sent to Scott.

Duh New York Mafia Protective Association is a group of Northeastern U.S. gamesmasters and publishers who have agreed to guarantee each other's games. If you are a gamesmaster or publisher and live in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, New York, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Vermont, New Hampshire or Maine and are interested in membership, please contact Mr. Rosenberg.

I KNOW THE KINGS OF ENGLAND AND I QUOTE THE FIGHTS HISTORICAL FROM MARATHON TO WATERLOO IN ORDER CATEGORY

1973 EN

AUSTRIANS ON THE MOVE AGAIN

FALL 1909

OBERS TURMFURSTER: Glotzbarnachdemhauser, in the Hoffrauhaus at the corner of Heinkelstrasse and Funkundioagnallsstrasse:

"Pardon me, boy, is that the liverwurst and beer plate?"

"Ja, ja, one mark, 29. Can I give you a stein?"

DIACRITICS: No? Yes?

WOODMERE (IDUNNO): No.

BATUM (CRABS): Hello again, everyone. This is Howard Coselou, speaking of Diplomacy. The 1973 EN sweepstakes are nearing, indeed, may have already neared and left behind a crisis point. Plucky little Austria, the people's choice, has survived, not only survived but endured, to borrow a phrase from the ever-popular William Faulkner whom I might get around to reading one of these days, and also prevailed over the slings and arrows of outraged, or even I might say, outrageous misfortune.

That is to say, they are still here after taking as heavy a pounding as the Slobbovian Robotnik. I talked with Honest John the Thaumaturge, coach of the 101st Dalmatian Dragoons and he told me "Winning isn't the only thing. It's next to impossible."

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Nevertheless, after taking a severe beating in the first quarter, the Austrians held their own in the second. Not only did they hold their own, they pulled themselves together, grabbed a hold of themselves, and so on.

What does the future hold for them? Are they on the comeback? What will they do when they have ten units?

BACK in 60 seconds.

AUSTRIA(Carroll):A Tri-Vie

ENGLAND(R. Smith): F Nrg H; F Nth H; F Swe-Nwy; A Mos-Ukr; A St.P-Mos; A Pru-War; A Liv S A Pru-War; A Den-Fru; F Bal C A Den-Pru

FRANCE(Reif):F Lyo-Tyr; A Mun H; F Adr-Tri; A Alb-Ser; A Arm-Ank; F Eas-Ion (retreats to Syr, annihilated); F Ion-Gre; F Tun S F Eas-Ion; A Ven-Tri; A Tyr & A Boh S AUSTRIAN A Tri-Vie; A Sil-Gal; F Mid H

RUSSIA(Hollshwamndner):A Mos retreated to Sev; A Vie-Foh (annihilated); A Gal S A Vie-Bch; A Bud S TURKISH A Ser-Tri; A Sev-Rum

TURKEY(Diller):F Gre S F Smy-Eas; F Aeg S F Smy-Eas; F Smy-Eas; A Bul S A Ser; A Ser S A Bul; A Rum S RUSSIAN A Sev

| COUNTRY | GAINS   | LOSES       | SUPPLY CENTERS                                 |      |
|---------|---------|-------------|------------------------------------------------|------|
|         |         |             | RETAINS                                        | OWNS |
| AUSTRIA | Vie     |             | Tri                                            | 2    |
| ENGLAND | Mos,War |             | Den,Edi,Hol,Kie,Liv,Lon,Nwy<br>St.P, Swe       | 11   |
| FRANCE  | Ank     | Sev         | Bel,Bro,Mar,Mun,Nap,Par,Por<br>Rom,Spa,Tun,Ven | 13   |
| RUSSIA  | Sev     | Mos,Vie,War | Bud                                            | 2    |
| TURKEY  | Ank     |             | Bul,Con,Gre,Rum,Smy,Ser                        | 6    |

BUILDS/  
REMOVES

I'd appreciate receiving Spring 1910 moves along with Winter 1909 adjustments, both sets being due 4 April 1975. Please note my temporary COA on the address block, last page. I'll be there until the 6th or 7th.

I WASN'T TALKING ABOUT YOUR RELATIVES, RAY YOU'RE REALLY SOMETHING OF AN IDIOT ALTHOUGH MY PARTICIPLES

1974 GD TIME SLOWS DOWN WINTER 1904

AUSTRIA(Thomas): Has A Gre, F Ion, A Tyr, A Mun, A Bul, A Tri, F Adr, A Rum

ENGLAND(Doyle): Builds A Edi. Has A Edi, F Den, F Kie, F Nrg; F Eng, F Nth, A Hol, A Nwy

FRANCE(D. Smith): Builds F Mar. Has F Mar, A Ruh, A Bur, A Spa, F Wes, A Bel

ITALY(D. Klein): A Pie, A Rom, F Nap, F Tyr are his units.

RUSSIA(Boymel): Has F Con, A Ank, A Sev, A Mos, A War, F Eas, A Sil, A Ber

Spring 1905 was delayed by player request. Spring 1905 moves are due by noon, Friday, 4 April 1975. Those on file here may be changed until then. Duncan Smith is now at Box 601, Bennington College, Bennington, Vt. 05201. See the address block for my temporary COA. I will be there until about April 6.

DANGLE I BELIEVE I EXPRESS MYSELF CLEARLY AND YOUR ATTEMPTED OBfuscATION IS NOT ON A VAIL

A correspondent who may wish to remain anonymous has informed me that Gordon Anderson has issued a newsletter on his being defeated in the IDA elections for Editor. If anyone would lend me a copy to peruse I should be delighted. Also, if anyone has Mr. Anderson's present address, I'd appreciate being informed of it. Mail to the old offices come back marked that the resident has moved, no forwarding address.

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AUSTRIA: Has A Boh, A Tyr, A Vie

FRANCE: Builds A Par, A Mar. Also has A Ven, A Edi, F Nrg, F Bar, F Adr, F Alb, F Rom, F Ion, F Wes, A Lon, F Eng

GERMANY: Builds A Kie. Also has F Nth, A Mun, A Sil, A War, F Bal, A Pru, A Tri, F St.P(sc); F Nwy

RUSSIA: Annihilates A St.P; Removes F Liv, A Mos. Has A Ukr

TURKEY: Builds A Constantinople. Also has A Sev, A Rum, F Bla, F Eas, F Aeg, F Gre

Spring 1908 moves are due by noon, Friday, 4 April 1975. Please note my temporary COA on the address block on the last page. It is effective until April 6.

PRESS:

CONSTANTINOPLE to BERLIN: OK, you had your chance. Stay out of Moscow if you don't want any trouble.

CONSTANTINOPLE to VIENNA: Look, if you're not going to write anything, you deserve what you get. Don't look to me for help.

CONSTANTINOPLE to PARIS: First, you might as well give up on the idea of moving into the eastern Mediterranean. I have the sea lanes blocked, and will soon do the same on the land. I'm going to be here for quite a while, fellas. Hey! Once we get rid of Austria and Russia, why don't we call it a threeway draw? Which reminds me: I want Serbia.

PARIS to BUDAPEST & MOSCOW: How do the Kaiser's shorts taste?

PARIS to BERLIN: Build armies, as I don't think I need any more fleets and can help in the center if needed. Marseilles will go to Piedmont, and Paris to Burgundy. Have no fears. For the spring, I will support A Mun-Tyr and that should get you to Budapest and Serbia soon. The big question: how does Turkey plan to take Moscow if you don't want him to? There isn't much to say except the alliance is doing well. Any problems, just let me know. Also, don't worry about St.P. I would have left Venice alone but I was worrying about Austrians moving in and thought it would be a standoff. Sorry I was wrong.

BERLIN to PARIS: It looks like everything is going well. I'll start the offensive on Austria in the spring. I'd appreciate a cutting of Tyrolian support in the Spring (i.e., A Ven-Tyr) Since I've got an army near the Balkans, maybe I should move south and help you penetrate the Turkish defenses. Let me know-- the unit in Trieste can be very valuable so we might as well use it. You can convoy an army to St.P in the spring, now that we've gotten Russia down to nothing. From there I'll support the army into Moscow, or that army will support me into Moscow. But we'll settle that later. Keep up the good work.

IT DOESN'T LOOK THAT HEALTHY FOR TURKEY IN THIS GAME IN THE LONG RUN IF FRANCE AND GERMANY DO A TACKLE BUT

1974 IJ

THE TSAR IS AFRAID OF WATER

WINTER 1901

AUSTRIA (Topper): Build A Tri. Has A Tri, A Vie, A Ser, F Gre

ENGLAND (Thomas): Build F Edi. Has F Edi, F Nwy, A Yor, F Nth

FRANCE (Doyle): Build A Par, F Mar. Has A Par, F Mar, F Por, A Bel, A Pie

GERMANY (D. Klein): Build F Ber. Has F Ber, A Ruh, A Kie, F Den

ITALY (Hendry): Build F Nap. Has F Nap, A Ven, A Tun, F Ion

RUSSIA (Dalller): Build A St.P, A War, A Mos. Has A St.P, A War, A Mos,

TURKEY (Friedman): Build F Smy. Has F Smy, A Ank, F Con, A Bul

IG



Spring 1902 moves are due by noon, Friday, 4 April 1975. Please note my address on the address block. I shall be there until April 6.

YOUWOULDNTHAVEALORDHIGHCHANCELORPLAYLEAFROGWITHHISOWNCOCKWHYNOTBECAUSEALORDHIGHCHANC

1975 J

CANADIAN POSTS BEAT AMERICAN FOR SLOWNESS LIMBO

It seems that Canada is suffering through some sort of postal slowdown, meaning that mail to Charles Schandl is not moving properly. A call last evening had the result of my finding out he hasn't yet received IMG #29. Therefore this game's start is being delayed until things return to normalcy up north-if anything about Canada can be called "normal". Deadlines will set for the first issue after the slowdown ends, as I've moves for every player. In the meantime, moves may be changed until this game gets rolling. And, in the meantime, I've some press on hand from Charles Sharp we can all suffer through...

MOSCOW: The vast cavern was web-thick with cobby reminders of the Black Widow and her relatives and dead husbands. Endless it seemed to stretch, ends lost in dim grey reaches, only the faintest of illumination whispering light to the bare floor, and none to the dark nooks and crannies of the dingy hall.

The only relief to the great grey vastness was a single series of doors, all brightly lit beyond, that stretched seemingly endlessly, down one wall into dim grey infinity. Near them, in a tiny clot, were a miserable handful of little grey men. Before them, posturing comically, capering about, wrapped in a long pink blanket, wearing a tall pointed cap labelled "Thinker", was another man, only faintly grey about the gills.

A tiny creature, half bat and half turnip, emerged from one of the doors, one marked "INCOMINGMAILFROMLIPTONARANDONHOPEALLIYEWHOENTERHERE" and deposited a message in the hands of the blanketed leader, and a turd on his cap before departing.

"Great Zot!" Thinker exclaimed. Great Zot was not, in fact, very great, being plagiarized, but Thinker was not that original in the first place. "We've been accepted into another Diplomacy game! Quick, everyone, awake! Alarms, excursions, to work, everyone! We must get busy and think up some PR\*SS!!" With much scurrying and yawning the other grey men came awake, wandered about scratching and comparing aches and rheumatizes, and then settled before the blanketed Thinker again.

"What's the country," one grey man asked finally.

"What? Why- uh- here it is- RUSSIA!"

"Oh, hot damn! Were there any Tsar Charleses in Russia?"

"NONONONONONC!!!" screamed Thinker. "This chump has played as Emperor Charles or King Charles so many times it makes me sick, and him too. This time we have to come up with something really original!"

"Cheese, boss, that won't be easy. This klutz is not the most original in the world, and most of what originality he does have he uses up in Slobbovia. Can't we get more help in here?" The grey speaker gestured around the vast, gaping caverns. "We aren't exactly overwhelmed by the size of this brain trust, y'know."

"Hell, this is only Sharp's brain we have to work with." Thinker waved at the great empty cavern. "This is all we'll ever have to work with. You should know that."

"Couldn't we borrow a cell or two from somebody? Bob Lipton or John Carroll, for instance?"

"Are you kidding?! Carroll has to borrow himself. And the cell bank charges him a whopping 75% per month compounded interest because of the way he returns his borrowed cells- all twisted and covered with muck." 17

"What about borrowing from Lipton?"

"His cells start out bent and twisted and covered with muck."

"Maybe we could just skip the press for this game?"

"Don't be ridiculous. Lipton and Carroll have both submerged us in SLOBINPOLIT ZHURNAL with their disordered meanderings. There's no way we can get back at Carroll because he doesn't publish anything, not wanting people to find out what his original drafts look like (talk about muck!). But Lipton publishes this rag, and we're going to unload on that turkey while we've got the chance!"

"Now, let's start interviewing some press character candidates."

"Bring in the first recruit!"

In stepped a dashing figure in swirling black cape, black boots, and white lace collar and cuffs, flopping wide-brimmed hat with a great white plume, which was shedding all over the floor and the recruit's mustache.

"Cyrano de Bergerking," announced the newcomer with a low bow and a flourish, "at your service! Tell me, messires, does France thees time ze variance play, or again into ze regoolar Diplomacy play? It is to mind novair, for I am at each adept and treemendoze! L'Etat, c'est moi!"

"But... we're not even playing France this time. We need something for Austria!"

"Hey, that's not right either! You're getting this one mized up with the RUNE-  
STONE game we're just starting too. Russia is what we need a personage for, Russia!"

"Ze Rooshianky? C'est la guerre, I shall ze Rooshan play with my famous foreign accente."

"No, absolutely not! We need a native Austrian type. Besides (damnit, Russian not Austrian, you dolt!) - ah, Russian type, that's right. Besides, aren't you already in a game somewheres?"

"But eet ees only zee K-35 game, and zat ees so slow I am with time on my hands already. Messires, I am in need of another project to keep busy."

"Well, this isn't it. Why not try Slobbovia? Anyone can keep busy there."

"Slobbuvicee? Gentlehommes, I thank you!" He bowed again, sticking his scabbard into the groin of Thinker, standing behind him. With another flourish he was gone, while Thinker rolled on the floor making little fishy gulps for air. The door he left by was marked:

SLOBBOVIA OH JESUS IVE GOT ANOTHER TEN PAGES OF PRESS FROM CARROLL TO RE TYPE SHIT

As he left another recruit strode in through that same door. He was an immense, squat creature, immersed in grime from head to toe. From yards away the reek reached the cells and they began to cough and retch.

"Greetinks," growled the newcomer. "I Boris Sharposhnikov be, Klincenhore and slavieich also for Russia to play in Diplomacy regular to perfection."

"Wait a minute, wait a minute! Didn't you just come in from Slobbovia?"

"So?"

"No more second-hand characters, dammit!! Besides, Boris Sharposhnikov, sounds vaguely familiar--"

At that another figure appeared in the distance, surrounded by a great mob of brown-clad troops with uniforms, machine-guns, stubby planes and flimsy-looking tanks. "Hey!" he bawled. "Is that any relation to Boris Shaposhnikov, Chief of the Soviet General Staff until 1943, who presided over the terrible first six months of the Soviet-German War in which the Soviets mobilized 73 I ban divisions, 222 II ban rifle divisions, 83 cavalry divisions, in the first six months including 1,314,766 men from the oblasts of the Ukraine into the militia and--"

"No, no, he's no relation!!! Get those guys out of here, for gawd's sake!! And the brown-clad swarm disappeared through another door, marked MASS OF PETTY AND RIDICULOUS INFORMATION ABOUT THE SOVIET ARMY THAT NO ONE WOULD RELIABLY CARE ABOUT ANYWAY EXCEPT SHARP



"Keerist, what next?"

"What kind of character can play Russia anyway? Are we going to be stuck with strictly Slavic types?"

"Well, just about. Of course there are also the Mongols who conquered the country back in the thirteenth century or the Vikings in the tenth and eleventh."

"That's reaching back a little too far, don't you think?"

"HEEEY/AAA OOOUGHKKKK"

"Whaddahellwazzat?!"

An elephant lumbered into view, followed by several thousand men in bronze and steel armor, shields, greaves helmets and breastplates and long spears. Atop the elephant was a lean character in plumed helmet and shining armor.

"Who is this dud with the elephant anyway? Handlebar Barca or Alexander the Greep?"

"Omigawd," groaned Thinker. "Is this from his ancients miniatures, or straight out of his miserable degree in ancient history?"

"I hight Pyrrhoeus, King of Epicurious, at your cervix," intoned the elephant-or. "Army and military genius for hire: rates by the day or by the week. Kingdoms run misrun, re-run and overrun, elephants tamed, revolutions started, virgins converted and greeps crottled."

"Sounds outlandish enough. How'd you like a job running Russia?"

"What is a Russia?"

"You're hired!"

IVE12PAGESFORSZ#12WRITTENUPNOWCHARLESANDONCEIGET#1LISHOULDBEABLETOTURNOUTABOUTEIGHTOR

1974 GE

IT'S GOING TO BE A LONG, COLD WINTER

LIMBO

The Canadian postal service is offering a postal slowdown, and this shows the inefficiency of them. If the USPS ever pulled a slowdown you'd never notice it, but up there...

This game is therefore postponed. Deadline for Spring 1904 moves will be reset the first issue after the slowdown ends. Positions are:

AUSTRIA(Schandl): Armies Vie, Tri, Bud & Ser

ENGLAND(Friedman): Fleet Clyde, Army Yorkshire

GERMANY(Whitaker): Armies Demark, Prussia, Silesia& Tyrolia. Fleets Baltic & North Sea.

ITALY(Heuer): Armies Albania & Venice. Fleets Eastern Mediterranean & Ionian Sea.

RUSSIA(Hertz): Armies Ukraina, Moscow, Rumania, Bohemia & Norway; Fleets St.Petersberg (north coast), Gulf of Bothnia, Constantinople & Black Sea

TURKEY(R. Smith): Has Armies Greece and Bulgaria, Fleet Smyrna

ANDARETHEREANYGAMESAROUNDHERETHATAREPROCEEDINGIWASGOINGTOSAYPROCEEDINGNORMALLYBUTHTATAS

1973 ER

KAISER OPTS OUT

FALL 1909

AUSTRIA(Walker): F Ion-Gre

ENGLAND(Coy):F Spa(sc) retreated to Por. F Por-Spa(sc); F Wes-Lyo; F Tyr S F Tun-Ion; A Pru S A War; F Mid S F Por-Spa(sc); F Tun-Ion; Armies Mos, Ukr, War, Den, Fleets Nth, Bal, Eng, all Hold.

GERMANY(Ritter): NMR. A Bur, A Gal, A Ser, A Boh, A Ber, A Tri, A Ruh, A Tus, A Tyr all H; A Mar H(retreats- Gas, annihilated)

ITALY(Lagerson): A Ven moves valiantly to take up position in Rom; A Pie S F Lyo-Mar; F Rom to sell pasta in Nap; F Lyo-Mar with pride and honor; F Spa(sc) valiantly and hopefully S F Lyo-Mar as it munches taces. (retreats- Wes, annihilated)

19

TURKEY(Keller): A Ank-arm; F Sev H; F Rum H; F Con-Bul(sc); F Smy-leg

| COUNTRY | GAINS | LOSES   | SUPPLY CENTERS                                           |      | BUILDS/<br>REMOVES |
|---------|-------|---------|----------------------------------------------------------|------|--------------------|
|         |       |         | RETAINS                                                  | OWNS |                    |
| AUSTRIA | Gre   | Tri     |                                                          | 1    | 0                  |
| ENGLAND |       |         | Bre,Den,Edi,Liv,Lon,Mos,<br>Nwy,St.P,Spa,Swe,Tun,War,Por | 13   | 0                  |
| GERMANY | Tri   | Mar     | Bel,Ber,Bud,Hol,Kie,Mun,<br>Par,Ser,Vie                  | 10   | 0                  |
| ITALY   | Mar   | Bul,Gre | Nap,Rom,Ven                                              | 4    | -1                 |
| TURKEY  | Bul   |         | Ank,Con,Rum,Sev,Smy                                      | 6    | 1                  |

Martin Ritter has resigned. Will Brian Blume, 538 Lakeland Drive, Wauconda, Ill. 60084 please take over the position immediately? Winter 1909 retreats and adjustments and Spring 1910 moves are due by noon, Friday, 4 April 1975. Please see the address block for my temporary CO4. I shall be there until April 6.

ROME: A secret taped-recorded portion of the top strategy meeting between the Pope and his advisors divulged only this miserable quote by the Pope: "Whatta the Hella the Latin for surrender?"

Meanwhile, somewhere in Italy, poor Italian ~~virgins~~ er ~~whippers~~ er girls plead for their honor as fiendish and evil-smelling German and English sailors and soldiers, recently returned from missions of ravishing all the farm animals in Piedmont, Tuscany and various other places. ((he left out the rest of the sentence, folks. Most sentences contain a predicate, Dave.)) "Please spare me!", "Please spare us!", "Please don't hurt us!" are the dries of the young girl as the fiends carry them off. Will they be spared the ultimate transgression and debauchery? (other than receiving TMG, I mean) Tune in next issue when we will hear our heroine say "Listen, if that's what you guys want, I know this girl who has a group plan...."

CRETE(12 October 1909): Princess Lucretia looked out from the helm of Her flagship, the Austrian State Ship Hole, upon the mighty armada She had collected for the conquest of... well, of anything handy, don'tcha know? "Not bad," She mused, half aloud. "We have the R.S.S. Hole, with four guns, a torpedo launcher, and a left-over Lawrence Welk bubble machine for camouflage. We have sixteen garbage scows, loaded to the tits with offal for throwing at whatever enemy comes in sight. We have a dinghy for a quick getaway if this thing fails, equipped with eight Olympic rowing champions and two smudge pots for more camouflage. We have four sloops a-sailing, three dhows downwind, two triremes a-tacking and an aircraft carrier in the right wing. Oh, a magnificent fleet!"

Checking Her map carefully and estimating Her chances at such arcane places as Tunis, Naples and Serbia as being pretty much zilch, Her Holiness ordered an attack on the only place that looked even half-helpless: Athens. "One more year, baby," shrieked Pope Joan into the rising wind, "One more year!"

From the aircraft carrier Lucretia ordered the launching of Her most dreaded secret weapon: Witch-Generalissimo Baba Yaga's air corps. Thousands of screaming hags, each astride her sturdy broom, rose into the darkling air, screeching curses and imprecations against the Germans, Turks and other vermin. Leading the pack was the Witch-Generalissimo herself, pestling her magic mortar in a positively orgiastic manner.

Below the battle-crazed, pop-eyed, slavering, pot-bellied, sin-ugly, pot-polluted, hysterical, bloodthirsty, claw-fingered orones, Athens bristled with the pointy hats of Germans... or maybe they are pointy heads. In a vast, pungent cloud, acridly reeking of indelicate and indescribable odors, the Wizened Horde swooped down. Desperate

battle was joined almost immediately as Pope Joan's magnificent fleet swirled into the harbor of Piraeos.

Tune in next issue for the further stomach-wrenching results of Pope Joan's attempt to reconquer the world.

I GIVE UP I CAN'T THINK OF ANY MORE GILBERT & SULLIVAN LINEAR SEPARATORS SO THIS PAGE WILL HAVE TO DO WITH

The last game of postal Diplomacy to open for a while here has been filled. Unfortunately, one of the players is Canadian and... yes, the Canadian postal slow-down. Sigh. Have patience, children

AND NOW A SHORT WORD FROM RAY HEUER WHO IS AN IDENTICAL TWIN IN FACT KNOWN TO FEW IN FACT THEY DON'T KNOW I TELL

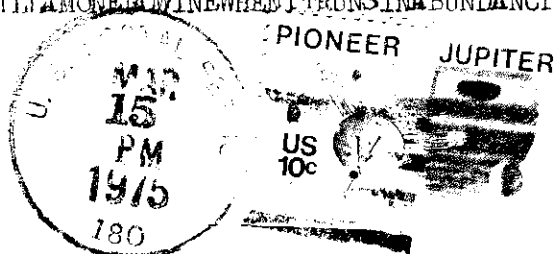
This coming weekend, said Ray Heuer when he phoned me on the 14th, a New York radio station, to celebrate the 100th anniversary of TRIAL BY JURY (you do remember it? It was mentioned in the beginning of this monster) is playing all of the G&S repertoire. If anyone out there happened to listen, and happened to have the foresight to record them, if he would be kind enough to lend me the recordings of UTOPIA, LIMITED and the GRAND DUKE, I'd appreciate it. Sorry I couldn't get back to New York so I could do the recording myself, Ray. That way I wouldn't have produced this.

WHEN I WUZ A LAD I SOIVED A TOMASAWF ICEBOY TO ANA T TO INEYS FOI MI CLEANED THE WINDO KANDIS WEP THE FLC

I'd like to thank all the people who gave me articles for this issue. Thank you, John. Thank you, Bob. Don't mention it. It's times like these when you realize who your friends are: no one.

DANCE THE CACHUCHA FANDANGO BOILER EXERES WITH DRINK MANZ TITILAMONEROVINEWHENT TRUNS IN A BUNDANCE

ROBERT BRYAN LIPTON  
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TRY AND FIT INTO THE BOX OF

\_\_\_ Are you going to leave us with feelings of pleasure or stay on and suffer? If the latter you'd better send in money because this is the last issue of your sub.

\_\_\_ You're needed to replace the booby playing \_\_\_\_\_ in \_\_\_\_\_. See page \_\_\_\_, booby.

\_\_\_ I should be down on the 25th, if I remember correctly, Paul. Which I probably don't.

\_\_\_ Your copy looked so empty without a checked-off slot I made this to check off on your copy.