

# The Mixumaxu Gazette

# 41

1 November 1975

I'm sorry, but I'm not going to put anything on this page. I know that leaves it blank, but I want to get this out in time. I've got a paper to write this weekend and a math test to take on Monday and those must be on higher priority than this zine, so this page will be blank.

Well, two-thirds blank anyway.

Actually, it isn't entirely my fault. When I discovered this issue would be published the day after Halloween I got in contact with Stu Shiffman who did the cover for issue #38 and asked him if he'd do a cover and could he get it to me in time. He told me he could, so I held the front page. I usually fill it first, of course.

It would have been a picture of me at my mimeograph, cranking away, while various beasties tried to get in through the window, and a ghost formed out of my pipe's smoke.

It's not that I smoke anything but tobacco, mind you. It's just all the malign spirits can't be kept out you see.

Anyway, this page will be two-thirds blank.

Actually, only one-third.

Not that I blame Stu, mind you. He's busy and I've no doubt the illustration will turn up any day now. Of course, it's useless now, but it will be nice.

The description I gave above isn't that funny but it's a matter of execution. I mean how a joke goes over depends on its execution and Stu is a fine artist, one of the few who can work really well on stencil. But it didn't get here in time, so this page is one-third blank.

Well, one-quarter, anyway.

It's just I don't have to fill this up. I've got that paper to turn in, and I've got to turn out the first issue of the revived SLOBINPOLIT ZHURNAL next weekend and I've got too much to do. I haven't read a book in over a week. I haven't even finished Tucker's ICE AND IRON which I started two weeks ago. And that's why this issue will have it's first page one quarter blank. I'm sure you'll forgive me because this issue is longer than usual, but I can't waste anymore time so I'll have to leave the rest of this page blank. I'm very sorry, but that's how it is. I've got other things to do with my life than sit around for fifteen hours each day typing stencils and running them off five of the remaining hours of each day. So I'll say goodbye now and... hey, I filled the page.

A MIXUMAXU GAZETTE  
QUANTITY PUBLICATION  
# 71

It was Halloween night. Although he was not actually in Box 360, Lafayette College, Easton, Pa, 18042, that was Robert Bryan Lipton's mailing address. He could be written to there. He could also be called at tel. #

(215) 252-9170, but he didn't want to be called, for he was printing up THE MIXUMAXU GAZETTE, a triweekly publication of postal Diplomacy and whatnot, available for 10¢/issue plus postage on his dependable Gestetner 120 which, fortuitously for this introduction, was making a sound amazingly like "Ta-pocketta-pocketta-pocketta..." as it clearly printed up the latest issue.

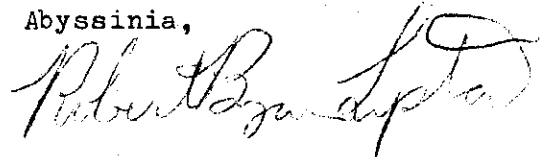
It was Halloween evening, a night when ghosts and other unhappy fantastic being lurked about. Fortunately they couldn't get in here while the mimeo was going ta-pocketta-pocketta-pocketta...

"Ta-pocketta-pocketta" bubbled the cauldron as the great Jewish magician Reuben benDuwid slowly added the powdered phoenix' feathers. He was, he knew, safe from the malign influence exerted by Him-who-is-not-to-be-Named while his concentration remained settled on his brew. HWINTBN (as his mother called him) was desperate for revenge on BenDuwid for having thwarted his attempt to wake the Dreamer, and for forty-eight hours he had intermittently sent his legions of possessed creatures to seize BenDuwid that nameless tortures might be executed on him. BenDuwid steadily stirred the bubbling broth. At the back of his mind came the thought that he would soon be safe. Hammedath and Var, one a mighty mage and the other a fierce swordsman from the northern wilderness were even now approaching He-Who-is-not-to-be-Named. He thrust the thought away and concentrated on the slow ta-pocketta-pocketta of the brew. He was so very tired, and only the knowledge of the agonies He-who-is-not-to-be-Named would put him through- reading every issue of Diplomacy World would be among the mildest of them- gave him the will to focus his attention. He carefully added a cockatrice egg to the brew. Just a few more hours. Ta-pocketta pocketta-pocketta...

KA-CHUNK! As the horde of grotesques flew past his disrupted barriers Robert Bryan Lipton snapped back to the world with which he was familiar, the world he called real. While he had daydreamed he had run off 637 copies of the first page, and only the automatic paper feed had stopped the flow. He cursed voluminously and originally. In response to his anguish he heard a dog howl at the jaundiced moon. Or was it a dog. It sounded like a... a wolf? He shrugged. What would a wolf be doing in a town in Pennsylvania. Then he remembered what night it was and shivered.

"Enough," he said, speaking aloud to end the reverie. "It's time to end this." He made slow passes over the mimeograph and spoke the words of power:

Abyssinia,



Robert Bryan Lipton

WOCC

Now that my typewriter has returned, I'll do a back-issue count:

THE MIXUMAXU GAZETTE: ## 3-7, 9-12, 14, 18-20, 22-26, 28-35, 37-40; 25¢@ or 5/\$1

VAUDEVILLE LINES:##1-10; 20¢@ or 10/\$1.

IRVING:##2-5; 20¢@.

DAS EDELWEISS SUN-JOURNAL-PRESS:##1,2; 20¢@

NOVARIA:#1. 20¢

THE PUBLISHER: 75¢.

A copy of every item is available for \$5. Please make all checks to Robert Lipton.

## THERE NOW— WAS THAT SO BAD?

by John A. Boardman

We have probably all had the experience of dreading in anticipation some new food, drink or medicine which circumstances put before us. When we finally steel ourselves and try it— well, it turns out to be palatable and maybe actually enjoyable.

For sf fandom and the related field of comic-art fandom, the works of Dr. Frederick Wertham have this reputation. Dr. Wertham first burst upon the national consciousness in the early 1950s, when in a series of magazine articles he claimed comics had a deleterious effect upon children, lowering their reading levels and producing in them fantasies of violence, crime and sadism which they frequently carried into practice.

Dr. Wertham, a leading authority on the causes of violence, was led to this conclusion by his work with juvenile delinquents. In order to find the motivating causes of their behavior, he took the radical step of asking not policeman, social workers, criminologists or parents, but the youngsters themselves. When asked, they readily admitted getting many of their attitudes and ideas from comic books. Sometimes this included exact directions for the commission of a crime, which the youths then went out and executed!

These findings aroused a terrific controversy, in which Dr. Wertham's name speedily became "Mudd" to comic-book publishers, editors, artists, writers and readers. What they attacked was not Wertham's findings, but those of an imaginary Wertham of their own creation. This imaginary Wertham was on record as saying the regular reading of comic books would be followed speedily, inevitably and universally by the conversion of the reader into a juvenile delinquent. Since this was manifestly not so, Wertham was a quack, Q. E. D.

In vain did Wertham protest the delinquents themselves had fingered comic books as a—not "the"— cause of delinquency. In vain did his defenders point out that not everyone who drinks tainted water gets dysentery, but that dysentery can still be traced to this source. A "Comics Code Authority" was set up to guard against bad influences, but instead of going after violence it concentrated on sex— a thing peripheral to Wertham's criticisms except where it involved rape or sadism. Wertham himself repudiated the Comics Code Authority. Sex vanished from comics, to return only years later in the "underground comics", but violence still flourished.

Wertham's conclusions were summarized in his book SEDUCTION OF THE INNOCENT, published in 1954. The few Wertham critics who bothered to read the book attempted to repudiate its claim comic books could cause violence. (An example of their sort of argument was: "All juvenile delinquents at some point drank milk; therefore...") To their own satisfaction, they positively demonstrated a generation of youngsters exposed to comic books could not possibly grow into violence-prone adults.

In 1954, Charles Starkweather was 15. Carol Ann Fugate was 10. Lee Harvey Oswald was 15. Richard Speck was 13. Charles Whitman was 13. William L. Calley was 10. Charles Manson was 20. Tex Watson was 9. Patricia Krenwinkel was 7. Susan Atkins was 6. Linda Kasabian was 5. Leslie Van Houten was 4. Donald De Freeze was 10. Camilia Hall was 9. Nancy Ling Perry was 6. Angela Atwood was 5.

After the critics had proven comic books could not possibly produce a generation of violent children. Dr. Wertham rather faded back into professional circles of psychology. His name remained, for the next ten years, to be invoked whenever anyone asked "Why are comics so awful?" When, in the late 1960s, comics nostalgia began to grow, a new generation of comics fans began to repeat the ritual objurgations of Dr. Wertham. In one instance, the EAST VILLAGE OTHER refused Gershon Legman's check for a sub-

scription because, in DVO's view, Legman had somehow been responsible for Dr. Wertham's indictment of comic books fifteen years earlier. And almost every introduction to a collection of "Golden Age" comic strips contains scathing attacks on him, making him alone responsible for the decline of this "Golden Age".

With this background, and with the considerable overlap between comic-art and sf fandoms, sf fans got considerably upset a few years ago when it was announced Dr. Wertham was doing a study of fanzines. There were grim forebodings that fanzines would be fingered as corrupters of youth. Gershon Legman's totally erroneous belief the "underground comics" were an outgrowth of fanzines was trotted out and placed in a fannish chamber of horrors. There was even an attempt to organize a fannish boycott of Wertham's study.

Well, the study is out now. It's THE WORLD OF FANZINES; A SPECIAL FORM OF COMMUNICATIONS (\$10, Southern Illinois University Press, 1973). And, it develops, there was no cause for alarm whatsoever among sf fans. Dr. Wertham's book is a sketchy but sympathetic and approving study of our hobby. In it, he praises fanzines as a spontaneous, genuine form of communications, by contrast with the constraints and artificialities imposed on professional periodicals and their writers by publishers' concepts of the market.

The book is a slender 133 pages, including a 32-page section of fannish art which gives a good coverage to the various styles. It is overpriced and under-researched, but the state of the book trade makes the former inevitable, and the state of fandom explains the second. There is, as Dr. Wertham observes, no centralization whatever in fandom, and his listing of zines used in the study, while occupying five pages, omits several influential titles. (NO, BETE NOIR, ZEEN, I PALANTIR, DEGLER!, DYNATRON, ORB, NEW FRONTIERS, any of the productions of the Cult, TAPS, APA-F, APA-L, TAPS or MinneAPA, and the ever-memorable ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR.) But this is a little hard to avoid if you come into a study of fandom from the outside.

Naturally, to a veteran fan, Dr. Wertham's book will be a belaboring of the obvious. But to someone unfamiliar with the microcosm of science fiction and fantasy fandom, it will be very interesting to learn there is a whole world of publishing and editing done as a labor of love, whose writers and publishers care not a whit for the literary market, financial success or even the opinion of other fans. The contrasts with the world of professional literature are emphasized, to the general detriment of the latter. It is, after all, the market-conscious professional publisher who produced the comic books about which Dr. Wertham is so angry.

Dr. Wertham also finds a more gentle, good-natured style of writing and criticism in fanzines than he does in the professional press. This is going to come as a surprise to anyone who knows the fanzine writings of such splenetic people as Buck Coulson, Dian Crayne, Dick Eney, Wally Conger and myself. He also shows a lack of perspective in several situations. He calls Charlie Brown a "discerning a fair critic". He cites a Utah fanzine I never heard of, VAROLIKA, as typical of a general fannish opposition to the "new sex movies". (I can name you half a dozen sf authors or fans who have written porn novels or film scripts, and two who have served behind the cameras, in producing porn movies.) He emphasizes the youth of fanzine publishers, although by selecting such names as Harry Warner, Dick Geis, Redd Boggs, Alva Rogers, Sam Russell, Buck Coulson, George Scithers, Dick Eney and Walter Breen it would be possible to give the impression fandom is a plaything of the over-forty generation. A condemnation of marijuana in Wally Conger's frenetically right-wing NAPALM is made by Dr. Wertham into a general fannish condemnation of the drug culture. (Time out for the uproarious laughter of the great number of fans who know better.) And he speaks of "the virtual absence of pornography in fanzines"—

did he think anyone was going to send him a copy of the anonymous Pornographic Amateur Press Association mailing of the early '50s, or Asenath Hammond's APA-69 one-shot of 1972?

Still, his conclusions are generally fair and friendly. He ends the book: "The creative imagination of fanzine writers and artists, especially of the younger ones, bends in the direction of heroes. Maybe in there lies a message for our unhappy society.

"Modern society demands organization. None of the important problems can be really solved locally or regionally without it... That does not mean that we should should not recognize and acknowledge quantitatively limited aspirations and achievements such as fanzines that are worthwhile and constructive. Communication is the opposite of violence. And every facet of communication has a legitimate place.

HMMITLOOKSVERYMUCHASIFTHISISSUEWILLBEOVERTWELVEPAGESWELLWITHMYNEWSUBSRATES

Apparently the Board of Lafayette College was asleep sometime this summer because a sensible idea was put into effect. As all college students know, the worst part of the college year is from early Septemeber until Thanksgiving, because it is one long train of work without a single break. However, we were given Thursday and Friday off on the 16th and 17th of October. I naturally went home.

Thursday I spent being lazy at home, mailing out my Slobbovia letter (more on that later, probably) and sleeping. That was a pleasant change.

Friday afternoon and evening I tried my hand at running my dungeon on Ben Grossman, Ray Heuer and Matt Diller. Rolling on my special abilities table, Matt turned out to have a cronk in his ancestry (-1 intelligence, +1 Strength, +1 saving throw vs. poison) and to be a Son of the Star. This entitled him, when he decided to declare it, to an extra die on his S,I,W,D,Co,Ch and Luck scores. At first he wasn't going to take it, since, although it enables him to use any artifact, and anyone who attacks him under any circumstances loses 50 alignment points (killing him drops the killer(s) 250 on a scale 200 points wide!), it also means he can't be resurrected. A problem came up when he noticed his dexterity score was h.s highest and since 1: All thieves save Rabbitanians are non-lawful and 2: if one is not always lawful one cannot become a Son of the Star, he decided to take his rolls immediately. Matt found, however, that he enjoyed it, despite the fact that whenever he did anything that might conceivably hurt a non-chaotic character, God (me) told him "No you didn't. Try again." This included aytacking people in leather armor, who might conceivably be lawful magic-users. Ray got pissed off, since this made it impossible to surprise anyone. However, he had attacked some Fallovian fighters when I stopped him the last time, so we set things up so everyone could see Matt was a Son of the Star and went ahead.

Later, Ray and I went to see LOVE AND DEATH. Excellent.

Saturday, I visited with with my brother, his wife, and their child. He or she should make his/her appeance in early December.

Then on to Boardman's for a collation session. Greg Costikyan and Bob Sacks were already there, and Ray Heuer showed up later. We held an enjoyable bull session. I cleared out about 11:15 with ten reams of paper and six tubes of ink from the N.Y. Mimeo Co-Op, and straggled home around 1 A.M. Sunday I took it easy. Monday morning my father drove me back, and I was able to bring back my stereo equipment.

Saturday had been my first face-to-face meeting with Bob Sacks. He strikes me, in person, as a cube; a square with some diemnsion.

Greg has the first issue of his new D&D zine, FIRE THE ARQUEBUSSIERS! on stencil. It should be published soon. I saw two latest copies of PHOENIX: one, the orphan-variant zine, and the other a college paper.

An enjoyable weekend. See you all again Thanksgiving.

If any of my readers are interested in playing some of the more conventional, hex-type wargames, then the best bet for you is EMPIRE, put out by the same John Boardman who has been running postal Diplomacy with complete trustworthiness for thirteen years. If you enter now, you can play in the 'Rome' scenario from SPI's CHARIOT and several FRIGATE scenarios, merely for the cost of a maintenance of subscription for the duration. There are also game reviews, thoughts on current and past events, and millions of opinions. Lots of fun. Subs are 10/\$2.

ASHORTLINEARSEPARATOR(ONELINETHAT)ANDTHENONTOTHETHENEXTITEMOFNOINTERESTHOW

Since my price rise last issue (actually it's merely postage increase) a number of people... well, a couple. A few. I decided to do this anyway have asked what my cost breakdown is. Usually I break down immediately after having mailed out an issue; that's the cost.

Aside from capital investments, such as repairing this typewriter and buying mimeos (Scott Rosenberg has just joined the Gestetner club. He's ggetting a 320. This will enable him to loll on cushions and eat drugged custard, ocassionally instructing Matt Diller to push a button), there are three major investments: paper, ink and stamps. Let us estimate an average issue at twelve pages. Paper costs me \$2/ream, ink \$2.35/ tube and stamps are not figured in. Also there are very slight additions for staples and pens for mailing. Also stencils.

Five of the sheets will be from the \$2/ream bunch. The other will be one of the sheets I had offsetted with the THE MIXUMAXU GAZETTE Lujo, which cost me \$25.00 for 2000 sheets. I use about 1/3 of a tube of ink per issue. Stencils vary from \$2.45 to \$7 per quire. Let's estimate the average at 4.25. Circulation is about 85. So, for the individual copy, my costs run:

Front sheet	1.25 cents
Other sheets	2.00 cents
Ink	0.91 cents
Stencils	2.50 cents
<u>Miscellaneous</u>	<u>0.50 cents</u>
Total	7.16 cents

Horrors! I'm making almost three cents on each copy sent out for subscription! Of course, you knew it all the time. From my thirty subscribers I'm making 90¢ each issue. In a dozen years I'll have the price of a ticket to Mexico (one way). Another three

hundred or so decades and I'll have enough to live out the remainder of my life in luxury.

Actually, I'm saving up to buy my soul back from John Beshara, Scott.

It doesn't quite work out that nicely, of course. There are about thirty-five or forty trades. This machine cost me 50 dollars plus tax to repair and to have the impact set higher. Things like lettering plates and styli and two breakdowns when I got my Gestetner (you didn't hear about the second because it was repaired in two days) all add slightly to costs. What with depreciation, breakdowns, new ribbon cartridges and some more crazy pipes to smoke (I'm smoking my calabash now, Stu) I estimate I'm losing \$3.50-\$5 per issue.

ACTUALLYIMMAKING800DOLLARSEACHYEARFROMTHISACCORDINGTORODWALKERSINCEHETHINKS

I'll give a preliminary report on my attempt to revive the SLOBINPOLIT journal as an apa. So far I've a total of six publishers will to help publish (Five New Yorkers and Bruce Schlickbernd). If we can get two more, we're off. Please note we are not (at this point) responsible for subscriptions to the ZHURNAL paid to either John Carroll or Charles Sharp, since we don't got none of that. Anyone interested in helping or playing is asked to contact me for information. Please send no momey now, as plans are not yet definite.

THE CONSPIRATORS- PART II

Before anything else, I should note the music is from Gilbert & Sullivan's THE GONDOLIERS.

DURING THE SONG SCOTT, JOHN, GREG AND OTHER CONSPIRATORS HAVE ENTERED UN-OBSERVED

JOHN            Good morning, girls. I'd like to know whom for ye  
                 Prepare these blade in such a manner gory.

PERDITA:        For Raymond and for Robert Cacciatori,  
                 The greatest blades of all the Conspiratori.

CAROL:          They're coming here, as we have learned but lately,  
                 To choose two girls from us who sit sedately.

SCOTT:          Do all of you girls love them?

ALL:            Passionately!

SCOTT:          These two shleps, they are to be envied greatly.

GREG:           But, what of us, who one and all long for you?  
                 Have pity on our passion, we implore you!

PERDITA:        Ray and Bob, they must make their choice before you.

PENELOPE:      In the meantime, we'll tacitly ignore you.

CAROL:          When they have chosen two, that leaves you plenty.  
                 Three full boards ye, and we are one-and-twenty!

JOHN:           With pleasure! We thank the kind fates that sent ye!

SONG: JOHN& CHORUS: TO THE TUNE OF "THE MERRIEST FELLOWS ARE WE"

For other people may turn out crud, dud, dud  
To send to players and new blood, dud, dud  
With feuding and writing,  
And printing and fighting,  
None of us can be called a dud, dud, dud.  
None of us can be called a dud!

Badly-run zines we do not note, dud, dud.  
Those shlammlers do things just by rote, dud, dud.  
And non-New-York fandom  
Is scornful at random,  
Those duds, they have all missed the boat, dud, dud!

CAROL ((100- See, see, at last they come to make their choice.  
king offstage))Let us acclaim them with united voice.

RAY & BOB STEP OFF A BUS

DUET: BOB AND RAY: TO THE TUNE OF "WE'RE CALLED GONDOLIERI"

We're called Conspiratori,  
But that's a mere story.  
Our hands are ungory,  
Our consciences free.  
For humorous writing,  
Satirical, biting,  
The hobby is citing  
Both Raymond } and me.  
Both Robert }

When nighttime is falling,  
With speed that's appalling,  
Our muses both calling,  
At typers we sit.

When busy collating,  
And our fanac sating,  
To our readers waiting,  
We mail out our wit.

When wargames we're playing,  
Results are dismaying.  
Please note what we're saying:  
We generally lose.

When we're writing letters,  
We know of no betters.  
Our minds this unfetters,  
This knowledge, and booze.

We're called conspiratori, et c.

RAY: And now to choose our girls.

BOB As all are young and fair,  
And we're not complete churls,

BOTH We really do not care  
A preference to declare.

RAY To show we're not impartial'd  
Be indelicate,

BOB Far worse to be court-martialed,  
So we shall let fate  
Select for us a mate!

ALL Undud!

GIRLS To show they're not impartial'd  
Be indelicate,

MEN But rather than be court-martialed  
How will you let fate  
Select for you a mate?

RAY These units in this bag be good enough to place,

BOB And make quite sure that of them you cannot see a trace,

BOTH Then pick them out and we will swear, without visible colour,  
To go with those who pick the units of the reddest color.

ALL Undud! They'll go with those who pick the units of the reddest  
color!

THE UNITS ARE PLACED IN A PAPER BAG

GIRLS My players like three positions:  
Yellow, white and lighter blue, sir,  
This is simply superstition;  
swear that you will both be true, sir

PLAYERS My gms like three positions, et c.

((Which of the Diplomacy groupies will get Ray and Bob (we don't like Piels  
beer that much)? To find out, come back next time for the next install-  
ment.))



## THE SON OF THE STAR IN D & D

My dungeon, as I have noted in print someplace or other, is Slobbovian. Actually, that's not accurate. It's actually Phumphan, a nationality which owes its existence to the now-defunct Woodmere Academy Royal, Phumphan, Punning & Playing Superghost Society. Its first appearance in print was in 1971 EC in GRAUSTARK and sometimes ran three or four pages an issue. It has since expanded to Slobbovia.

Those who followed the last few issues Charlie Sharp published are familiar with Gregor Hermann Werchtschnitzelbaum, Graf von und zu Shtumpen-Shtumpen, who turned out to be a Son of Star, a quasi-religious saint. I have since begun to use the character of the Son of the Star in my Special Ability tables (along with "Slobbovian Nobility. -2 Intelligence, +3 charisma with other nobility).

When a character rolls up as a Son of the Star, he can choose to reveal it immediately or hold the knowledge secret. Upon the revelation he becomes an actual Son of the Star. If he chooses to not reveal the fact, I begin checking to see if someone else finds out accidentally. When I make the daily roll for the smoky dragons, I also check for being a Son of the Star. (hereinafter, SS).

When one is revealed as an SS, one immediately gets an extra six-sided die in his Strength, Wisdom, Intelligence, Dexterity, Constitution, Charisma and Luck columns. (All of this assumes he has always been Lawful. If he hasn't, he can't be a Son of the Star). He is marked by a pattern of fifty pinpoints on his right arm (he will be left-handed). His alignment rises to the highest possible rating (in my system, 100.) He may use any item, regardless of normal class limitations. Besides his regular class, he may act as a member of any class in which his score exceeds fifteen. For example, Matt Diller is an SS Fighter with a dexterity of 18, so he can and does act as a thief when he wishes to. An SS may control any Lawful or neutral sword, regardless of anything else. Although he may have the ratings of a Ranger or Paladin or both, he is not limited at all in his actions, provided they are lawful. He may marry, amass fortunes, have a pile of magic items, et c. Anyone who attacks him under any circumstances, even if he is controlled by a chaotic being and killing lawful creatures, loses fifty alignment points. Anyone who kills or aids in the killing of an SS loses 250 alignment points. (And my system only runs from -100 to +100!)

Pretty good so far? There are a few catches. First of all, once declared, an SS is apparent to everyone. Chaotic creatures will make it their first order of business to kill him. An SS may not be resurrected, he may not take any actions which might harm a non-chaotic creature, and thus will only rarely surprise, as you can never be 100% sure about a creature's alignment. If he tries to do anything which would cause him to lose alignment points, God tells him he should try again, moves time back and inflicts 1 damage point/level. (i.e. a fifth-level SS will take five. If something traumatic happens to an SS he may go hallooing off on a private crusade from which he will not return. During this crusade his ratings all rise to 19. I say "rise" because he may never exceed 18 in anything. By the way, anyone whom he asks to come on the crusade and is told "no" is cursed. While on the Crusade the SS gains enough foresight to know who will return alive from the crusade.

I play an SS must always be Phumphan (lawful Human in other dungeons). This means if someone has the requisites to be a thief and an SS must declare immediately. This happened to Matt Diller.

STILLMATTSAISHEDLIKETO GOONTHEPERSONALCRUSADEEVEN THOUGHHEWONT COMEBACKALIVE

Since I've typed up seven and a half stencils today and it's still a weekend and a half until the next issue, I'll stop for today.

DEAR RB

WILLIAM BUCHANAN((R.R.#3, Lebanon, Ind. 46052; 10/11/75)): How dare you think that Mommy "done it". I happen to be a very smart toddler! And calling me a Buckpuppet indeed. I'll have to burn down Daddy's archives. That will show you. ((I'm sorry. It's just that I didn't learn to type until I was four. And if you burn down the Archives I will retract my statement.))

JOHN A. BRENNICK((192 Curtis Avenue, Stoughton, Mass. 02072; 10/17/75)): That wasn't too great— I'm going to run off some zines now, am I? I don't charge any fees, huh? Oh boy, at least it might attract me some players. (I already have eight). ((Hmm. John is running postal D&D. The information I printed in the last issue is now out of date. John does charge a fee—I remember it as 10¢/turn, but send him a lump sum— he said he might eventually get around to publishing a zine. Better, John?))

... There seems to be a lot of confusion concerning spells and levels in D&D. Although the rules don't make it too clear, what I think they mean is that a Conjurer, for example, gets 3 first-level spells (any three he wants) and 1 second-level spell (any one he wants), per adventure. This way it makes it a lot clearer and gives the magic-user or cleric a better choice, which makes up for his limitations in how many times he can cast a spell. After all, one sleep spell can sleep from two to sixteen first-level types, with no saving throw for the victim.

((According to vol. 1, you are correct. One can choose his spells and use them an unlimited number of times each expedition. Under the GREYHAWK rules, each spell may be used only once, although one may choose to take three sleep spells. The problem is playability. As I noted in issue #39, this gives low-level magic-users little to do a decent Hobbit thief could not do better.

((John ends his letter by apologizing for the chaotic letter style. A chaotic D&D gm?))

DOUG REIF((67 Grosvenor Road, Kenmore, N.Y. 14223)): I liked your article "The Tunisian Opening", although perhaps it was a bit overdone. ((Chacun a son gout, m'lad. I liked it (which is the most important thing), and those who are not lucky enough to have a New Yorker's fine sense of humor (e.g., Len Lakofka) enjoyed it.))

HOWSAYYOUAIDENWTLIYOIWEEDAMANAROUTTOLOSEHTSHEADFORHALFANHOURYOU'LLBEAWIFEAND

A rumor going around New York when I was home is that Scott Rosenberg is going bananas. Reasons for this nuttiness seem to center on the fact he is now the Conspiracy's largest publisher, with the exception of John Boardman. This has reputedly instilled in him a megalomania to an extent he considers everyone inferior. Thus he feuded with Richard Kovalcik (who is certainly not the wittiest man alive, but rather harmless), and as soon as he received a nasty letter from John Beshara he began to publicly attack him. Now he seems to be going after Greg Costikyan for some reason I couldn't make out. It's really too bad, for Scott is a man of talent and dedication. It's a pity that he takes his being one of the largest frogs in a small pond as a symbol of godhead.

ANDWELCOMEHISARRIVALHEREWITHSHOUTONSHOUTANDCHEERONSHEERHURRAHHURRAHHURAHYE

Surely the record for Zine Most Improved in One Issue should be held by Robert Goldman's THE MORAVIAN GAZETTE. The third issue, the first I received, was badly printed and possessed incredibly bad use of the language. I wrote him a letter telling him what I thought, and the fourth issue came, neatly printed with decent useage. Subs are 10/\$2, with openings in Diplomacy, Origins, Dudder Chaos and a Tank variant.

he designed. It's available from TSR for \$25 (you can get a \$5 discount if you get Strategic Review). It's high-priced, but it's a beautifully put-together game. Subs to the Strategic Review (which is about to shift from a quarterly to a bimonthly schedule) is \$3/ 6 issues, from POB 756, Lake Geneva, Wis. 53147.

WHAT ELSE IS THERE FOR ME TO COMPLAIN ABOUT TODAY AHA I THINK I HAVE IT ILL NOODGE I DAON

I received a few days ago a xeroxed letter from Ron Kelly announcing IDA is setting up a commission or a committee or something to evaluate zines. The basic criteria are 1: maximum of 1 error per game per game year (TMG would fail here, as well as most zines, including a few in GRAUSTARK); Reproduction must be legible (until recently that was a problem here; Herb Barents certainly could not meet this criterion); it is suggested games be insured (with the troubles DNYMPA is having, I'm not sure if this is insured. In any case, this lets out Hal Naus, John Boyer and a few other regulars).

Another thing that disturbs me about this list is that they keep putting quotation marks around 'acceptable'. (I won't do it again) Usually constant quotation marks around a word or phrase indicate it's not really that word, but someone is using it, so we'll use it, noting the word is not appropriate.

Another thing to be noted are regularity of publication (more than an average of 5 days delay per issue over a three month period is not "acceptable" (Kelly's quotes)). Also to be noted are length of issues, non-game material, et c.

I do not know of a single zine which can consistently meet all of these standards. John Boardman and Mick Bullock and perhaps John Boyer come closest, but Boardman makes occasional whoppers and some pages of GRAUSTARK are badly printed; Mick Bullock is officially on a three-week schedule, and he keeps on it by adding a few days until the next deadline when an issue is late. John Boyer's publication is often a matter of one or two weeks late (since he's reduced his publications and reduced his IDA work he's improved, but he's not perfect yet).

To top it all off, originally there was to be a maximum number of gamezines published by someone to be acceptable: one. This would have reduced the list of acceptable people to perhaps Mick Bullock.

In addition, this penalizes new zines, since no statistics on them are available.

The whole set-up is cockeyed. Hal Naus, publishing with utter reliability since 1966 is rarely on time with his issues and printing is often bad, in addition he publishes at least two zines, and is running probably at least a dozen games.

These standards are standards for professional zines, with budgets of several thousand dollars for each issue and staffs with eight or ten people. It is also noteworthy the criteria have been reduced to terms of playing in a game in a zine. This is part of the idiocy of the hobby I have been opposing for over a year. If this hobby is no more than playing a rather simple (tactically) game, then I want nothing to do with it. Nor, I am sure, would John Boardman, Rod Walker, Mick Bullock... well, say three-quarters of the hobby's publishers.

Let's have some more sensible standards, shall we?

WHY DO PEOPLE THINK YOU INVENTED THE LINEAR SEPARATOR WITH A MESSAGE RAY I KNOW THERE

Sex

THAT NOT MUCH OF A SPACE FILLER WAS IT STILL IT WASNT BAD FOR A FIRST TRY AS WILL BE EXP!

The above linear separator is by David Hertz.

I've made some investments recently. The major one was \$52.20 for ten quires (240) stencils. These are from Speed-O-Print Company, made for Gestetner machines. They're much easier to cut, and the center of Os and Qs and such don't pop out as they do with Gestetner stencils.

Minor investments include new lettering plates, new styli, and a hookah.

The last may not seem to have much to do with turning out a zine, but a regular pipe, bobbing up and down in front of your face distracts you. I can sit my hookah over to the side, light it, and puff away happily, in a better mood. No, I smoke tobacco in it.

Now on to the games.

AQUICKLINEFARSEPARATORTOPREPREAREYOUREYESFORASIGHTOFFELEGANCEWHICHWILLAPPEA

# THE GAMES

Let's try having you be straight man for a change. I have some good news and some bad news. (Now you ask "What's the good news?")

Well, I've finally filled up one of the new games. (Now you say "That's great! What's the bad news?")

The bad news is that the Canadian Postal workers have struck. Two of the games in progress will have to wait until the strike clears up and there's a Canadian in the new game. I can't transfer him to the second game because there's someone from his town in that game already/

For the rest of us, THE DEADLINE FOR THE NEXT SET OF MOVES IS NOON, FRIDAY 21 November 1975.

COAs: (in no order at all)

Ronald Kelly: Room # 120, 225 Virginia Avenue SE, Washington DC 2061

Michael Friedman: 105 Dryden Road, Ithaca, N.Y. 14850

Dennis Klein: Box 912, Knox College, Galesburg, Ill. 61401.

And while I'm at it, Matt Diller wishes it to be pointed out that Jeremy Paulson has never played a postal game of Diplomacy.

WHENHILLARIONSBRIDEHASATTENGTICOMPLIATEDWITHTHEBESTCONDITIONOFFOURREQUISIT  
1975 AY CORRECTION

The gamesmaster (Ed Hollshwandner, Box 1901, Lafayette College, Easton, Pa. 18042) notes he said last issue the dislodged French F Wal could retreat to Yorkshire. Obviously it can't (one gamesmastering error per gameyear, Ron?), so it is annihilated and France gets a build. France is a Canadian, so, as noted above, this game is delayed.

ITHINKSOMETHINGSWRONGWITHMYTURNTABLETHECHORUSOFFRINCESSIDASOUNDSFLATAND

1974 DE FRENCH BLUNDER ALLOWS RUSSIA TO WIN THE GAME FALL 1907

AUSTRIA(Hollshwandner vice Schandl) FRANCE (Peter A. Berggren)

A Alb-Ser

A Tri S A Alb-Ser

A Bud S A Alb-Ser (annihilated)

A Vie H

F Ion-Gre

F Tun-Tyr

A Tyr-Boh

A Pie-Tyr

A Ruh S GERMAN A Bur-Mun

A Bel H

F Eng-Nth

F Nat-Nrg

F Yor-Edi

A Edi-Liv

GERMANY(Ronald M. Kelly)

A Bur-Mun

A Hol-Kie

ITALY(Raymond E. Heuer)

F Rom moves cautiously to Nap

RUSSIA(David Hertz)

A War-Gal  
 A Rum S A Ser-Bud  
 A Ukr S A War-Gal  
A Boh-Vie  
A Ser-Bud  
A Gre-Ser  
F Aeq-Gre  
F Eas-Ion

MORE RUSSIA

A Mun S A Den-Kie  
 A Ber & A Sil S A Mun  
 F Bal S A Den-Kie  
 A Den-Kie  
 F Nth-Lon  
 F Nrg-Cly  
F Nwy-Nrg

SUPPLY CENTERS

COUNTRY	GAINS	LOSES	RETAINS	OWNS
Austria	Ser	Bud	Rom, Tri, Vie	4
France	Bel	Lon	Liv, Bre, Mar, Par, Por, Spa, Edi Edi, Tun, Ven	10
Germany		Mun	Hol	1
Italy			Nap	1
Russia	Bud, Lon, Mun	Bel, Ser	Den, Bul, Ank, Con, Mos, Nwy, St.P, Swe, Rum, Sev, War, Ber, Kie, Smy, Gre	18

Now, for the complete supply center chart:

		01	02	03	04	05	06	07
AUSTRIA:	Charles Schandl (Ed Hollishwandner temporary sub Fall 1907)	A 4	3	4	5	5	4	4
ENGLAND:	Wayne Lanham (res. F'02) Mike Friedman(out F'05)	F 5	5	6	7	9	10	10
FRANCE:	Peter A. Berggren	G 5	6	6	4	2	2	1
GERMANY:	Darrah Whitaker (removed Winter 1904) Gil Queen (rem. F'05) Ron Kelly	I 4	5	4	5	4	1	1
ITALY:	John Mirasou (rem.S'03) Raymond E. Heuer	R 6	8	9	12	14	17	18
RUSSIA:	David Hertz (WIN F'07)	T 4	4	3	-			
TURKEY:	Robin Smith (out F'04)							

I hope David Hertz will give us an analysis nextish (get it in quickly, please). Issue # 42 will be the last issue for subs from this game.

AND ANOTHER GAME BEST THE DUST WIV AREN'T ANY OF YOU GETTING IN THE NEW ONES I ASK YOU

1974 IJ CENTRAL EUROPE SCOURGED OF RUSSIAN FOES FALL 1905

AUSTRIA(Jeffrey Topper)  
 A Pie-Mar

ENGLAND(Paul Thomas)  
F Hol-Bel(retreats-Hel,ann.)  
 Lon H

FRANCE(Ferkin Foyle)  
 F M Nat  
 F Nat-Cly  
 F Wal S F Eng-Lon  
F Eng-Lon  
 A Bel S A Ruh-Hol  
 A Mun-Kie (retreats-Boh, Bur,  
 ann)

GERMANY(Dennis Klein)  
 SPRING RETREAT: F Nth-Yor  
 FALL  
 F Yor S ENGLISH F Lon  
A Kie S ENGLISH F Hol

ITALY(John Hendry)  
A Alb-Ser(annihilated)  
 A Tri S A Alb-Ser(retreats-Ven,  
 F Ion H ann.)  
 F Nap S F Ion

RUSSIA(Matthew Diller)  
 A Gal-Vie  
 F Rum-Bla  
 A Tyr S A Bud-Tri  
 A Ber S A Sil-Mun  
 A Den S GERMAN A Kie  
 F Nwy S F Bar-Nrg  
 F Nth S ENGLISH F Lon  
 F Bar-Nrg  
 A Sil-Mun  
 A Bud-Tri

TURKEY(Michael Friedman)  
 A Con H  
 A Ser S F Gre-Alb

TURKEY, CONTINUED 1974 IJ

A Bul-Gre

F Gre-Alb

F Aeg S A Bul-Gre

COUNTRY	GAINS	LOSES	RETAINS	SUPPLY CENTERS	
				OWNS	BUILDS/ REMOVES
AUSTRIA	Mar	Tri		1	0
ENGLAND		Hol	Lon, Edi	2	0
FRANCE	Hol	Mun, Mar	Spa, Bel, Bre, Par, Por, Liv	7	0
GERMANY		Ber	Kie	1	-1
ITALY			Nap, Rom, Tun, Ven	4	+1
RUSSIA	Ber, Mun		Vie, Nwy, Mos, Rum, St.P	12	+2
			Sev, Swe, War, Bud, Deh,		
TURKEY			Gre, Ank, Bul, Con, Smy, Ser	6	0

PRESS RELEASES

85-07 AVON: Jeremy Paulson has never played a game of postal Diplomacy.

ZURICH: Let's see now... so far I've stood by for Russia, France and now Turkey. How long before I can call the game a four-way draw between myself Bob?

WOODMERE (IDUNNO): Maybe nextish.

ONCE A YOUNG VALGORIAN RAN AWAY FROM GERALD DINE WHO 'DKILLED HIS COMPATRIOTS BY THE

1973 CQF FRANCE LAUNCHES PREVENTATIVE PRE-EMPTIVE STRIKE AGAINST GERMANY SPRING 1911 (Anonymity)

FRANCE:

A Bre-Pic

F Cly-Edi

F Nat-Nrg

A Pic-Bel

A Mar-Bur

A Pie-Tyr

A Tri S A Pie-Tyr

F Alb S F Ion-Gre

F Ion-Gre

F Tun S F Tyr-Ion

F Tyr-Ion

F Lyo-Wes

A Ser S F Ion-Gre

A Yor H

F Eng-Nth

GERMANY:

A Rum S A Mos-Sev

A Bud S A Rum

A Mos-Sev

A Gal-Ukr

A Sil-Gal

F Kie, A Ber, A Mun, A Vie, F St.P(sc)

F Nwy, F Ska, F Hel all Hold

TURKEY: NMR

F Aeg, F Eas, F Bla, A Bul all H

F Gre is annihilated.

A Sev retreats-Arm, annihilated

The Turkish player missed. I'll call for a standby.

PARIS-BERLIN: If you have not drawn and quartered our ambassador, please listen. I am willing to pull back but when you built fleet Kiel! It was too much. What the Hell is that going to be used for besides taking England? I hope I am wrong and I am going to apologize in advance and return all the territory I took (if I did) but it did look a bit suspicious. If you went along with me and I over-reacted, then I will get you into Belgium this fall and I am sorry. I wanted this to end in a 1-1 tie and still do. If you feel the you you won't have moved into Ruhur, Holland nor the North Sea and I will move out in the Fall. Once again, I hope I am wrong but I couldn't take the chance. Wouldn't it be nice to end this game as allies, or at least with the Turks totally dead? I really don't want war with you.

SEA AND HE SCREAMED WHEN HE SAW WHAT ATE HIS LEGS IN THE WALL YOU LI. COME A BELCHING

Just room for a spacefiller.



AUSTRIA(Paul Thomas)

- A Sev S RUSSIAN A Mos
- A Sil-Pru
- A Boh-Sil
- A Mun-Ber
- A Tyr S A Mun
- A Ple-Mar
- F Nap-Tyr
- F Rom S F Nap-Tyr
- A Bud-Gal
- A Ser-Bud
- A Rum-Ukr
- A Con-Bul
- A Ven-Tus
- F Ion S F Nap-Tyr

ITALY(Dennis Klein)

- F Adr-Tri

RUSSIA(Alan Carlson)

- A Mos-Liv
- A War-Liv

ENGLAND(Ferkin Doyle)

- F Spa(sc)-Por
- F Mid-Bre
- F Eng S A Pic-Bel
- F Kie-Hol
- F Bal-Kie
- A St.P-Mos
- A Liv S A Pru-War
- A Pru-War
- A Ber-Sil
- A Pic-Bel

FRANCE ( Ed Hollshwandner)

- F Tun H
- F Tyr-Lyo
- A Bel-Hol;
- A Ruh S A Bel-Hol
- A Bur-Bel

SUPPLY CENTERS

COUNTRY	GAINS	LOSES	RETAINS	OWNS	BUILDS/ REMOVES
AUSTRIA	Mar,Rom	Tri	Ank,Con,Nap,Bud,Bul,Gre Mun,Rum,Ser,Ven,Vie,Sev,Smy	15	+1
ENGLAND	Por,Bel, Bre	Hol	Ber,St.P,Den,Edi,Kie Liv,Lon,Nwy,Swe,Spa	13	+2
FRANCE	Hol	Bel,Bre Mar	Par,Tun	3	-2
ITALY	Tri	Rom		1	0
RUSSIA			Mos,War	2	0

We'll have Winter builds and removals and Spring moves next issue, please  
 BEHEMOTHWITHMEBELCHINGBEHEMOTHBELCHINGBEHEMOTHYOUULLFROMTHEGERALDINES

Obviously there can be no smoky dragons on the preceding pages. For seventeen and eighteen the numbers are: 42/90 and 56/01. Check your number below. There is no page 17.

THE MIXUMAXU GAZETTE  
 Box 1962, Lafayette College  
 Easton, Pa. 18042

SEND TO:

*Doug Bryan, Inc*  
 240 Hawthorne, Apt. F  
 Palo Alto, Ca. 94301



\_\_ If there is a number in the following space equal to 0, your sub runs out this issue. If it's just E, next week you are needed as a standby in game \_\_\_\_\_. Please send your smoky dragon number is 16/08. If it is 100/100 a smoky dragon appears.

*3rd CLASS  
 MAIL*