

The Mixumaxu Gazette

72

4 September 1977

The Mixumaxu Gazette is a triweekly publication of postal Diplomacy and whatnot. There are always games open. No gamefees, just a subscription at 9 issues for \$2, 7 for \$3.50 overseas air-mail. Please make all checks payable to the editor and publisher, Robert Bryan Lipton of 556 Green Place, Woodmere, N.Y. 11598 USA, tel. [516] 374-4723. Gamesmastering and politicking is Robert Sacks of 4861 Broadway, Apt. 5-V, NYC, NY 10034, tel. [212] 942-3572. Contributions are solicited at the rate of \$1.50 per page for articles, \$2 per page for illustrations. Member DNYMPA.

A MIXUMAXU GAZETTE
QUANTITY PUBLICATION
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IN A RECENT ISSUE of his *Urf Durfal*, Greg Costikyan turned out a fairly long list of what is wrong with the hobby. I took a look at it and said to myself "Greg (even though my name isn't Greg), you're wrong. You don't judge the shape of a hobby by what's wrong with it, but by what's right and wrong with it. As far as I can judge, the Diplomacy hobby is healthy right now, and growing.

And then I thought a bit and realized that, though the Hobby is healthy and growing, and likely to continue to grow, it is in bad shape. Because the shift away from literacy that was evident when I first came into the Hobby, that continued at a slow rate for three years, then accelerated when D&D grabbed many of the creative people, that shift continues. It may not be evident to New Yorkers, but, as Asimov noted "Circulation ceases first at the edges." Attempts by Mark Berch to set up an archives (why does he pay for the zines in his archives, Walt?) and to cull the best old pieces and put them in his *Diplomacy Digest* are a stopgap measure, so long as the hobby's largest magazine, *Diplomacy World*, continues to publish articles which seek to prove that the more centers a country has, the greater are its chances of winning. That, people, is the sort of thing that goes into the hobby's largest magazine, while *The Slobinopolit Zhurnal* has a circulation of 25.

I suppose at this time I should quote something from the last act of *King Lear*, but I can't find it in my heart to do so. I shall, however, remind (and warn) the readers:

If you find nothing at all of interest in the Diplomacy Hobby, if you find the games boring, the articles uninteresting, the people dullards and decide to leave the Hobby for greener fields, it is *your* fault. Because you had these "higher sensibilities" and had not the desire to make your surroundings more comfortable.

And, no, Edi, I am not depressed.

Abyssinia,


Robert Bryan Lipton

DEAR RB

LAWRENCE SAVINO [102 Babylon Street, Islip Terrace, NY 11752]: I am sitting down to mistype this piece because of a letter I read in issue #69. The missive was by one Bert van den Boogaard and in one of your editorial comments you mentioned the letter-ripping capabilities of the newer generation of Post Awful machines.

I'm sending you this letter to set matters straight, since it grieves me to come across anyone who does not give proper credit where it is due. The machines in question are the ones used in parcel post and other 3rd and 4th class handling.

These machines, contrary to popular beliefs, are not letter shredders. Nay, they would not stoop so low as to give a letter even a second glance. The mishandling of letters is left to low-type machines, such as human beings: those of poor eyesight, nervous conditions, general rejects from better institutions. No, these machines we're discussing are quite choosy as to what they will eat. As a matter of fact, they are what you might call the connoisseurs of the Postal Disservice. Their diet, in order of preference, consists of magazines, newspapers and books, anything with bound or stapled pages that can be mangled, mutilated or otherwise destroyed. Such items as books or other pieces that are covered with a hard substance will not be touched (the cardboard or other materials get in their teeth (gears) and are very annoying). Loosely-packed boxes come next. These are great for mashing and creating artistic shapes and designs, to say nothing of producing jigsaw puzzles that would tax the imagination of a topologist. Last comes suitcases, especially attache cases if they have been cooked by the friction of the machines, since some of these items are still made of leather and so taste better. The beauty of this kind of case is that if and when the mechanical monster becomes full and sated it will proceed to scratch and imprint its own design on the outside, thus leaving personalized records for posterity.

Now, on to the letter-sorting machines, which you have so unjustly confused with the 3rd and 4th class machines. The primary purpose of these is to handle letters (that is, nothing bigger than a legal envelope). Whenever something larger comes into its maw it will proceed to strip, shred and generally mutilate it (touchy devil, isn't it?). Once in a while it will take a nip out of a normal encloser, just to see what it tastes like.

As for the other means that this Disorganization has for fouling up deliveries, those are best saved for another time. There are just too many subhuman types that are employed for this purpose.

In closing, let me repeat to words of Cyrano de Bergerac: if you are going to put someone down, do it with imagination and verve. It is not enough to make comments on what something does without going into details on how it does things. Let us give credit where credit is due. These are multimillion dollar machines. They are not made just to destroy, they are made to destroy with finesse and style (they are also bought so that someone's brother, mother, father, cousin or aunt can make a living).

[Larry works for the USPS.]

PHILIP M. COHEN [726 Golf Course Road, Aliquippa, Pa. 15001]: Do your cover artists shrink from prostrating your face out of ignorance, fear, distaste, doubt of their capabilities or what? ABCSF: by defining fantasy as a part of sf you avoid some problems of subdifferentiation but I also think you produce a definition that few would accept. Your "best" list: a definition of what you mean by best would have been interesting too. Clearly not, as would have been appropriate to the initiating impulse, "best to introduce newcomers with," or you would have included *Lord of the Rings* (a proven

draw) or 1984 (fine sf and respectable as well) among others. And it could not be "yielding something new on rereading" or anything like that. *Wolf-ling* might make it in that case, but never *Slaves of Sleep*.

I like seeing Anderson as the dominant writer. There are authors whose work excites me more when I see a new one (Lafferty, Vance!) but Anderson continues to produce solid work that I enjoy, despite being disturbed at times by his politics. Question: In what sense is a posthumous collection like *Moon of Skulls* a 'work'? Question: If you were to produce a 100-best list about a year from now, without referring to the old one, how much overlap do you think there would be? Question: how can you tell, on page 9, that it's the Tsar's first game? Good pic, though. NYU: Enjoyable. Old story, but Cornell was never that bad, Ghatt sei dank. Blackman: the more I read, the more I thought 'boy, is this guy asking for it!' I agree with John Brennick's letter in #69, except the 'if only because of its size.'

Hey, d'you know what bothers me about TMG? I can't throw my back issues away because there's good stuff in them and I can't save just the good stuff because disassembling the zines is Wicked Disrespect for their integrity. And I'm chronically short of room for any stuff. If I had any interest in Postal Diplomacy it might be different.

And what *was* the APA-Q '69' cover (I can guess the general idea...). Or, if that's too hot a subject, what *did* happen to Moshe Feder?

Gotta break off now. Little room left on the page and I have to give #68 to my sister so she can take it to the hospital.

[I don't know why my cover artists don't portray my face. Maybe they can't draw good portraiture. My aunt Marilyn, who is a professional artist, tried for two days to draw my picture, and I came out looking like Charles Bronson.

[I don't define fantasy as a subset of sf, rather the reverse. I defined "best" as meaning simply the best reading, whether for the first time or later. Very subjective, but I still maintain *Slaves of Sleep* belongs on the list.

[Anderson is a solid writer. That's why only Pohl matches him on appearances (and six of the Pohl appearances are as anthologist). *Moon of Skulls* is a work because it appears as a single book. How many of the books would be there in a year? Probably about 80%.

[A rundown of the APA-Q 69 cover controversy appears in *Vaudeville Lines* #45. As to what happened to Moshe Feder, it depends on whose version you listen to. If you listen to Moshe, Anna Vargo attacked him to get and destroy the cover, her portrayal on which she objected to. If you listen to Anna, she simply asked Moshe for copies for the people she was agenting in APA-Q for. The truth is probably somewhere in between the two.]

MARK BERCH [492 Naylor Place, Alexandria, Va. 22304: 5 Aug. 1977]: Some comments on Origins '77.

1: The main problem was that the Tournament was the *only* hobby-linking activity. Origins II had the IDA Meeting and the seminars.

2: The first round of the tournament was poorly set up. Players were taken as they appeared in line, with you trying to break up obvious clusters of friends. That was not entirely successful, as I heard a number of people complain of this exact point.

3: For me, it was a good convention, using my own subjective criterion: *I had a good time*. I got a chance to meet a lot of people who were just names on envelopes, played a lot of Diplomacy (the pickup game turned out to be more fun, including one in which I took Warsaw in 1902 as France! and forced my magazine on dozens of total strangers.

[I hate to tell you people, but Origins '77 did not include DipCon X. That is being held at Lake Geneva's GenCon X later this month, if you'll

check the flyer included with this issue.

[I was not even supposed to help run the Tournament. The hour was badly chosen; it was held in the dining room as people were eating lunch. The effort to separate friends had to fail, because as it was seen that I was separating them, some would cleverly stand slightly away from each other. There should have been complete registration first, so that Greg Costikyan and Ben Grossman, who were supposed to be running the thing, could do the job. SPI fouled up on this. The only way to communicate to all the players was to have me stand on the table and shout, since I have a penetrating voice (It comes from trying to hold a dinner conversation in a Jewish family).

You had a good time. No disputing that. But the people would have been there, regardless of whether the Convention was well run or not. It was not well run. Your complaints about the tournament are one of the more minor complaints. See my editorial this issue.]

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TOKA THE TOWN

1: **ARNOLD PROUJANSKY** died approximately one month before the printing of this issue. This news comes from Evan Jones who tried to call Arnold and discovered the news.

Information on Arnold is vague, as is information about most of the New York Conspiracy. At the time of his death Arnold was about 55; although a born American he had spent a good deal of his life in Belgium and other European countries. He was, by profession, a jeweler, but due to ill health (a club foot, various arthritic and neuralgic attacks and inflammations) had been retired for some years.

In gaming he had retired from all but a few variant games by mail and D&D; he played D&D extensively and was a demon player, excellent and endlessly demanding of skill on the parts of both players and dungeonmasters.

Unhappily, it is now too late to express sympathy to Arnold's family, as Arnold was Jewish and thus the period for mourning is long past. I regret I did not know of his death earlier. He could be a bastard at times, but he had the strength of knowing his own weaknesses and being able to laugh at them. I shall miss him.

2: **BACK ISSUES** of this magazine are available at 25¢ each or for 5 for \$1. Available issues are #3-7, 9, 11, 12, 14, 18-20, 22-24, 26, 28, 29, 31-35, 38, 40-42, 44-46, 48, 49, 51-64, 66, 68-70.

I've also got a bunch of other stuff. Check back issues for what's available.

3: **PAROXYSM**, one of the two leading Canadian zines (the other being John Leeder's *Runestone*) has just folded after two and a fraction years in a highly admirable fashion: with warning and notice. The last issue, #57, contains "K-Tel Presents 'Paroxysm's Greatest Hits'" a synopsis of the sillier things in the zines history (remember the the fund to buy John Leeder a red ditto master so he could continue the red *Runestone* masthead?) and a mixed review of *Origins '77*, which agrees with my feelings. Anyway, it's over, so don't believe Harry Drews when he demands money. Harry, Doug Ronson and Bob Correll have done a fine job. Salud!

4: **HAPPY BIRTHDAY**, Richard Wright.

DIPCON X

A COMEDY IN FOUR PARTS

"Civilization Ends at Pittsburgh!"

"AN ACTION," writes Bolivar Rago, "consists of four parts: to conceive of the action; to plan the action; to execute the action; and finally, to regret the action."

My trip to DipCon X, known to the more boorish wargamers as GenCon X, was composed of an endless-seeming cycle of Rago's four parts of action.

Primus, the conception: I had decided to go to DipCon X as early as June, driven on by my desire to make three DipCons in a row. If any idea was crucial in my decision, it was the Costikyan-Grossman challenge to Lenard Lakofka for a duel, be it pie or water chosen for the operative element.

Secundus, to plan the action. My friends will tell you that I am a personage of stubborn impulses. That's how I began to print this thing four years ago. I was in no particular hurry to figure out how I was to get to DipCon X, which was to be held in the major metropolis of Lake Geneva Wisconsin, less than 60 miles from Kenosha. So, it was something of a pleasure to discover about a month before that various New Yorkers (Mike Rocamora, Scott Rosenberg, Ben Grossman, Greg Costikyan and a few others) would drive from New York to Lake Geneva. Any space, I asked?

Well, maybe. Stephen Tinor was in Europe, but he was scheduled to be back a week before. He might change his mind and not go. And Eric Goldberg also had a seat, but it could not be said whether or not he would go.

Those three asterisks, in the old style, represent the passage of time. It is now Sunday, 14 August 1977. TMG #70 has just been put to be. The DipCon caravan situation is as follows: Departure Time: 7:00 AM, Wednesday, 17 August. The planned entourage was set, except that Eric Goldberg was still not sure whether he was going to go. If he did not, I got into the station wagon.

On Monday evening Eric still didn't know if he was going. The planning of the action continued, and I decided that evening to call up bus and train facilities and check prices. I called up Amtrak information and was told that the situation was complicated. I tried Port Authority Bus Terminal and was told to wait while a check was made. While the check was made, the phone was hung up. When I tried to call back there was no answer, so I called Amtrak again and got full information. I should have to leave Penn Station at 2:30 PM on Wednesday to get to Chicago by noon on Thursday. I was given the price. I then called the bus people back and got a slightly lower price with the proviso I left on Tuesday. Sighing, I decided to do things the easy way: I called the 800 number for Playboy information. They were closed for the evening.

I tried again the next morning, discovered that the Playboy Hotel was full for the weekend, and then called up Amtrak and reserved a seat on Wednesday.

Tertius, to execute the action: I awoke at 8:30 on Wednesday and took the 9:30 train into the city, then picked up my ticket and killed four hours, getting caught in a 10 minute half-inch rainstorm from which I did not dry out for 27 hours. I met Ray Heuer at Penn Station at 1:45, taking

from him a carton of games which he had tried to auction off at Origins, and wanted me to lose at GenCon. How I got appointed I am not sure.

The train I took was the famous Broadway Limited, which as early as the 1920s made the trip from Manhattan to Chicago in a dozen hours. Nowadays, thanks to modern technology and railroad cars that can do 150 mph (240 kph), the trip is scheduled for 18 hours and takes 21.

There are good and bad points to travelling by railroad. If you are in a hurry you should take a plane. If you are trying to save every penny, you should take the bus. If you want a little space and medium prices and have time to spare, the railroad is the best. You get interesting seatmates on railroads, whereas on buses they seem to be crazy ladies and on planes they are drunk. My seatmate was an Algerian who was going to university in England and who was on a two-week railroad tour of the U.S. He had been in New York for three days. On the first evening he had gone to a discotech and had been told that there was a 75% chance of his being mugged and killed, whereupon he had returned to his hotel for the next day and a half. He was on his way out to California. I gave him some shopping guides to New York and he told me about Europe and Algeria.

Later in the evening I went into the lounge car and got into a conversation with four navy recruits on their way out to the Midwest. I did not understand this, as the only navy we could fight on the Great Lakes is Canada's, and we beat them in 1812 ("Not One Inch Ceded Or Lost"), but I remembered that when my mother was a sailor in the 2nd World War, she had been set in the great Port of Indianapolis.

Unable to get to sleep at 1:30 I went into a sitting section in a forward car and sat playing Canfield solitaire and held a conversation with a female Oberlin student who was on her way to Denver to see her True Love (honest to God, she talked that way). Smirking inwardly I played head games with her for an hour until, leaving Pittsburgh about 10 minutes behind schedule, I went back to my seat to sleep.

I woke at 6:30. We were in Ohio, three hours late.

We finally pulled into Chicago at 11:00, two and a half hours late. I asked for commuter trains and was directed to a terminal two blocks away. I went over and discovered that the line to Lake Geneva was no longer in operation. I took a cab over to the bus terminal and was told I would have to take a bus to Milwaukee and connect to Lake Geneva, arrival time 6:45. I took it and arrived in Milwaukee just in time to connect with an earlier bus and arrive, exhausted, at 3:30.

Quartus, to regret the action. I was exhausted and there was not a hotel bed to be had in Lake Geneva. There were three conventions in town besides the usual trade. I toyed with the idea of going to O'Hare Airport and heading back home. However the last limosine to O'Hare had left for the day. I could leave no earlier than 8:30 the next morning.

I then met Rod Walker (who looks like a cross between Edi Birsan (except he has more hair) and John Beshara (except he has less yiddish) and Walt Buchanan. Walt told me he had been in contact with the Conspiracy's car convoy. The car had broken down near Johnstown, Pa. I had my revenge! After laughing for laugh a minute I went over to the convention center, my head cleared.

"Let's Play Bunnies & Burrows"

SO, HERE I WAS at the Playboy Hotel in Lake Geneva. Now, when I had previously thought of Playboy Hotels, I thought of a sybaritic lecher's paradise. Hookers and willing half-dressed women, mirrors on all walls and ceilings. Well, you know. What I had before me was a family resort. Bunnies, yes; but so far has woman's liberation progressed that niggling at my enjoyment of the natural wonders about was the feeling that the Bunnies were degrading themselves. I was expecting leering sophistication

and was getting a cafe staffed by Bunnies and men dressed in leather aprons. Fine, there was leering, but the sophistication consisted of such fare as "The Duke of Edinburger." Ot only that, but they used sweetened whipped cream in their Irish Coffee; sheer apostasy.

A rather dull day altogether. The rooming situation was temporarily solved at 2:00 AM when Bob Seargent and the others in his room let me camp there.

Mike Rocamora had shown up at around midnight. He and the others had taken a second car to Youngstown Ohio, where they had rented a third car to Chicago. Mike wanted help to get to John Smythe's room. I led him a merry chase for fifteen minutes before I got him where he was supposed to be.

The next day saw a lecture by Gary Gygax, whereupon I went to the convention center and saw the New York Conspiracy sitting around dudding out the rest of the convention. He grabbed Walt Buchanan, Rod Walker, Conrad von Metzke and Walt's bus and went into town to get some lunch. I had already tasted the reputed frankfurters and found them not half as good as Sabrett's unhappily declining best.

Shootout In Illinois "D"

RIDING INTO TOWN, squatting in a moving car is not the position I would ordinarily choose for discussing important matters, yet it was necessarily the case. Rod Walker was inveigled into declaring Tom Gould a part of a Sinister Monolithic Conspiracy to Overthrow the Hobby for its Eviol Purposes. He even signed a statement to that effect, which I was forced to tear up; it was proof there was a Conspiracy, a fact which must be kept secret from all non-conspiratori and most members. Of more import, however, was the news that Lakofka had refused to go through with the duel. Someone pointed out that having refused an honorable duel, Lakofka had proven himself no gentleman, and thus could be attacked by anyone. So, after lunch (mine consisting of fried mushrooms and beer, a very Wisconsinish meal) we hunted out and bought water pistols. Alas, mine didn't work, but I packed it anyway. Returning, we found Cal White, who was also packing a water pistol. Incensed at Lakofka's lack of honor, he was ready to help us. We found Lakofka running a D&D expedition. A little casing yielded the key point that Lakofka had a water pistol concealed under the table. Greg revealed that he had a lemon merignue pie in reserve, which we would use at the general meeting on Saturday eve. In the meantime, it was decided to make Lakofka nervous. Therefore we all six of us walked around the D&D expedition, letting our water pistols be seen occasionally. Lakofka was going crazy trying to watch us all, uncertain of where the initial attack would come from. We went outside and considered our next step. The scam was this: we would not attack Lakofka, for then some sympathy might arise for his side. The method we would use would be to have him fire the first shot. Therefore we again took our positions. Stephen Tihor moved to Lakofka's side to a position from which he could grab Lakofka's pistol. At a chosen moment, Costikyan and Grossman fired upon each other. The plan worked to perfection. Lakofka grabbed his water pistol and attacked us. Firing back, we retreated, our honor and position as non-agressors defended.

That done, Cal White and I went to his room, where Bob Hartwig and John Baker resided. A plan was made to confuse Lakofka. At the end of the general meeting Von Metzke and I would snap off the light switches; either Greg or Ben would hit Lakofka with the pie then return to his place. The Council would then applaud. This plan, alas, fell through when Costikyan ate the pie.

The first meeting of the DipCon that evening was in "Illinois D," a general-purpose room. About thirty people showed up and, after collating

the 1977 Diplomacy Handbook (which Costikyan had edited and which Lakofka hesitantly described as "unique") we held a meeting which consisted of Buchanan saying "Perhaps Doug Beyerlein would like to give a lecture on the history of the Boardman Numbers," whereupon Doug would say "No." Then Walt would say "Perhaps Rod Walker would like to give a lecture on the early history of the Hobby?" Whereupon Walker said "No." I was tempted to ask if Walt would give a lecture on his history of mania for having people give lectures, but controlled the impulse, much to my regret. Eventually, we left. After futzing around for a few hours I discovered I had not lined up a room for the evening and slept the night on the floor of the convention center.

The next day I was up in time to join the first round of the Diplomacy and be wiped out in four years as Germany, my most satisfactory handling of that country to date. I went and tried the bratwurst that were supposed to be the equal of the frankfurters and decided that I had had better in Pennsylvania. Following that I went to the Conspiracy's room, helped Greg fill a bathtub with ice, coke (beautifully graceful 16 oz. bottles) and Old Milwaukee Beer, which beer cost 20¢ a six pack more in Wisconsin than in New York. No Blatz, alas, a beer whose name insisted it be tasted. I dozed, talked, and had someone purchase a copy of Fantasy Games Unlimited's *Chivalry & Sorcery* for me (we bought five at a crack and got a 20% discount).

The General Meeting on Saturday evening was full of tension. Everyone was packing a water pistol; even I had my nonfunctional one. The first topic was choosing the site of the next DipCon. Paul Wood was there to ask it be held at Michicon, which was also to be Origins IV; von Metzke and Beyerlein were there to ask it be held at GLASCon in Los Angeles. Wood had all his facts straight, but spoke in a quiet, exhausted monotone with no expression. Von Metzke and Walker had less facts; however, since there was more support for Diplomacy at GLASCon than at Michicon; since there was a fear that if DipCon linked up with Origins it would become little more than the Diplomacy tourney at Origins; and because no DipCon had been held on the west coast since 1971 or 1972 (I can't remember which), LA got the nod. Paul Wood was asked if a representative could be sent to make the bid for 1979.

Then came the important point: a constitution was approved for DipCon to choose its site, based on SF's WorldCon. After much haggling and little change it was approved. The fools decided to trust Costikyan to write the final version.

The moment had come. The water pistols had been out all evening. Lakofka said "Meeting adjourned!" Stephen Tihor and I dived under tables for cover, while five or six people harried Lakofka down the hall. Stephen and I held a conversation ("Stephen! How have you been?" "Fine. Isn't there a fine view here?") until Walt Buchanan, seeing undefended men, began to squirt us. I quickly brought my pistol around. Walt said "Oh. I thought you were safe targets." Stephen and I emerged from the tables, I keeping my empty gun on Walt. "Back out, Stephen," I said. "I'll cover this hombre." I backed slowly out, then ran.

I met Len Lakofka in the hall. He invited von Metzke and myself to a D&D session. I changed clothes and went over to Lakofka's suite (gad, a huge room). While others made trouble, Len ran an expedition which resulted in my character's being turned into stone.

Eventually I returned to the Conspiracy's room where Tom Gould, high on eight bottles of Coca-Cola, had broken all the Conspiracy's water pistols. We sang folksongs until about 4:30, whereupon we slept.

Rod Walker Goes Down Five Times

I AWOKE AT 9:00 and went to the buffet breakfast. Here was proof that

civilization had not come to Wisconsin. The bagels were doughy, the whitefish tasted like overgrown sprats, and the salmon, while looking like either lox or Nova Scotia, had an overwhelming smoked flavor. Nor had the corned beef hash been cooked to a crispness. It was all so bad I did not go back for thirds.

I declined to play in the second half of the Diplomacy tournament. Walker had been nudging me to play bridge. So I went with Rod into the next room to get the Tourney trophies where we discovered that someone had stolen two. Perfidious! Both "Best Gemrnay" and "Best Russia" were missing. We took the remaining trophies into the tourney room, where we asked why someone would take these and leave the magnificently silly "Best Turkey, DipCon X" award.

We sat down and watched the play. Von Metzke had taken Best England the previous day with 17 centers and Mike Rocamora had taken "Best Austria" with 16. I leered at Mike. "Aren't you tired of all those 2nd placers, Rock? Aren't you embarrassed when people ask you who came in first?" "You bet," said Mike. While Lakofka, Walker, myself and varying fourths played bridge, Mike was slowly ground to bits as Germany.

If I was to make the 7:30 train from Chicago to New York, I would have to take the 3:20 limosine to O'Hare. Knowing this, Walker decided to bug me by taking the bids when we were vulnerable. Finally the deadly point came. All sides vulnerable, he stole the bid with 4 Hearts. I doubled and we set him five tricks.

But time was running out. I excused myself. Rod said "What about the game?" I replied "We'll finish it in Los Angeles" and went downstairs to catch the limo.

And waited forty minutes with some wargamers from Calgary, whom I asked to mention me to John Leeder. The limosine turned out to be a bus. I made it to Union Station by 6:30, ate dinner, played pinball and got onto the train. During the 21 hour trip to New York I slept fifteen hours; I made an immediate connection with the Long Island Rail Road and went home. There I got my first shower in 6 days and went to sleep.

I had been offered a ride down to Gradyville Kentucky by John Baker, but had to refuse, as my father's 60th birthday was on Tuesday and I wanted to be there. Alas, poor John! He had to make the trip back home as alone as I did.

However, my revenge upon the people in New York who had left me to wend my sole way to and from Lake Geneva was complete. I called Mike on Tuesday and discovered that they had arrived 12 hours after I had left and, due to repairs on Ben Grossman's station wagon and two rented cars, had each paid about one and a half times as much as I. "Revenge is Mine," Says the Lord; to which I add "Yes, but I get to chuckle at it too."

Epilogue

"AND FINALLY," writes Bolivar Rago, "To regret the action." My only regret is the money, and the enjoyment was more than sufficient to repay the money.

It is hard to realize there are people out there who play Diplomacy. It would be very easy to retreat to the paranoiac's illusion that all the players are five or six Eric Blakes, pretending to be each other. DipCon dewtroys that illusion, and levels down the hate. Every year I go out with the determination to dance a cachucha on Walt Buchanan's bones. But how can you do that to a real person with a Midwestern twang and a penchant for mixing vodka and seven-up? Anyone who would do that has enough problems already.

Gad, I must be getting old.

CHARTER OF THE DIPCON SOCIETY

1. Membership and Purposes

The DipCon Society has as its sole purpose the selection of the site for the annual DipCon. It is established by the International Diplomacy Association/North America, but is independent of that body.

Each member of the current year's DipCon is considered a member of the DipCon Society until the end of that DipCon.

2. Selection

2.1 At each DipCon, balloting for the selection of the site of the following year's DipCon shall take place. Each member of the DipCon Society is entitled to cast a ballot, and each member has one vote.

2.2 Any individual or group wishing to administer the next year's DipCon (hereafter referred to as "bidding parties") must make its intentions known to the individual or group administering the current year's DipCon (hereafter referred to as the "convention committee") at least six weeks before the current year's Convention is held. Each bidding party must also inform the convention committee of the entrance fee it plans to charge by mail and at the door should its bid be successful.

2.3 The convention committee must print a ballot listing all bidding parties. One copy of this ballot must be mailed to all pre-registered members of the current year's DipCon at least four weeks before the DipCon is held; and one copy be available to all persons joining at-the-door. Included with this ballot must be a pamphlet describing the location each bidding party plans to hold the convention at, as well as the rates each bidding party plans to charge, as well as any other additional information the convention committee deems necessary or useful.

2.4 These ballots may either be returned by mail (in which case they must be received by the convention committee before the current year's DipCon begins) or they may be returned at the convention.

2.5 Balloting shall be by "Australian Ballot."

2.6 The DipCon shall be held in rotation in each of three different regions, which regions are defined below. In the first year in which the DipCon site is selected in accordance with this procedure, the site may be selected in any region; using this site as a starting point, the site shall then rotate in the order Eastern Region, Central Region and Western Region. If a DipCon is held one one region one year, it must be held in the next region in rotational order in the next, unless rotation is put aside according to the procedure outlined below.

Eastern Region: all areas of North America and the Caribbean to the east of the boundary between the Eastern and Central Time Zones.

Central Region: All areas of North America and the Caribbean in the Central Time Zone.

Western Region: All areas of North America to the west of the boundary between the Central and Mountain Time Zones.

2.7 Parties may bid for the DipCon even if their bid would necessitate holding the convention outside the correct region; however, vote totals for such bids are halved when it is determined which party is to become the convention committee for the following year.

2.8 By the end of the DipCon, the convention committee must determine which bidding party is to become the new convention committee; the bidding party receiving a majority of the votes according to the Australian ballot system becomes the new convention committee. The old convention committee must announce to the bidding parties and to the members of the DipCon Society which bidding party is the new convention committee.

3. Responsibilities

3.1 The current convention committee is responsible for holding a Dip-

Con which must include as one of its events a Diplomacy tournament. In addition, the convention committee is responsible for the administration of balloting for the selection of the following year's convention site.

3.2 The current convention committee is responsible for the publication of two documents; one informing the members of the previous year's DipCon that the committee has been successful in its bid (which document must be published within six months of the end of the previous convention); and one including general information on rates, accommodations and so forth to be sent to all pre-registered members.

3.3 The convention committee is also responsible for providing facilities for a meeting of the International Diplomacy Association/North America to be held at the DipCon.

3.4 The convention committee must allow persons to become "non-attending members" of the DipCon by payment of a fee not to exceed \$3; such members are entitled to vote for the site of the following year's DipCon, but are not entitled to attend the convention.

4. Amendments and Business Meetings

4.1 At each DipCon a business meeting of the DipCon Society shall be held, to be chaired by a member of the current DipCon chosen by the convention committee.

4.2 The time and location for this meeting must be clearly posted by the convention committee at least 48 hours before the meeting begins. Any member of the convention may attend this meeting.

4.3 The only business that the meeting may consider are amendments to this constitution and other incidental business as may be necessary.

4.4 This Charter may be amended by two-thirds vote of those members of the DipCon Society present at the business meeting.

4.5 Amendments shall go into effect at the close of the convention in which they are approved.

5. Enactment Clause

This Charter shall go into effect at the close of the convention in which it is ratified by the membership of that convention, subsequent to later ratification by the Council of the International Diplomacy Association/ North America.

[Hey, Greg! You got this constitution written so that votes for out-of-sequence locations for DipCon are halved either simultaneously with or after the tallies are made. Why not change the wording to (2.7)"... vote totals for such bids are halved for the purpose of determining which bidding party is to become the convention committee for the following year." I said that they shouldn't trust you with rewriting this thing.]

TOKA THE TOWN

5: THE SLOBINPOLIT ZHURNAL #62. Um, oh yes. I'm turning out this issue and it looks to preak 100 pages. If you want to see a copy send me 70¢ in stamps to cover postage and I'll send you a copy by 3rd class mail.

6: APA-DUD just had its fourth issue and something is going wrong. It's starting to produce constructive. In #4 Scott Rosenberg turns in a good filksong; Eric Goldberg prints up fine demon rules and silly commnets. Lee Burwasser discusses selling spells; Greg Costikyan goes into TSR's cost economics. I finish the bowmen rules and Grossman and Gister turn in the Necromancer Class. Well, at least the collating louses things up. Front and back cover by Dick Reiss. It's available only to contributors. Write Bob Sacks and find out the details.

WRAPUP 1975 J

COUNTRY	01	02	03	04	05	06	07	08	09	10	11	12
Austria	5	5	5	7	7	8	7	8	8	7	7	9
England	4	3	2	-								
France	5	6	7	9*10*	9*10	10	12	14	16	18		
Germany	5	5	5	4	2	1	-					
Italy	4	4	4	4	4	5	5	4	4	4	4*2	
Russia	6	7	8	8	9	8	9	8	6	4	1	-
Turkey	4	4	3	2	2	3	3	4	4	5	6	5

ZINE: TMG ##31-70
GM: Lipton

AUSTRIA: Charles Schandl (rem S04)
John Hulland

ENGLAND: Douglas Reif(out F04)

FRANCE: Paul Thomas (res W06)
Zane Parks WIN FALL 1912

GERMANY: Joel Klein (out F07)

ITALY: Duncan Smith (rem F03)
Richard Kovalcik, Jr.

RUSSIA: Charles Sharp (rem F01)
John Gross (res S11
H.Drews, vice F02-S03
Cal White, vice W06-F07
Dennis Klein (out F 12)

COMMENTS

Zane Parks: I entered this game in winter 1906 as a standby for France. France led the field with nine centers.

Russia and Austria had eight each. England was out and Germany was down to one unit. I inherited a strong position. On the negative side, Russia had three fleets in the north and Italy held Marseilles. I made retaking Marseilles my number one priority. Letters were written to Russia to keep the peace and to Italy and Austria to try to generate an anti-Turkish alliance between them (Austria was single-handedly fighting Russia and weak Turkey). I never received any response. My letters to Russia may have had some effect. In any case, he was too busy with Austria to take an interest in me. Marseilles was retaken and I shifted my attention to the north. Russia was losing the fight with Austria. I was able to build and consolidate a position in Germany and in Scandinavia. Russia and Austria were too involved with each other to do much about that. Seeing 17 centers in reach, I returned my attention to Italy. He had a strong Mediterranean defense. Indeed, I had my hands full trying to maintain a defensive position of my own. But Italy never varied his orders and that gave me the leverage needed to crack his defense. Devising that scheme gave me some pleasure. Putting an Italian center within reach meant putting a lock on 18 centers and a win. Although I haven't said much about it, I view Turkey's continuing existence as an important factor contributing to my win. This is (alas) my first win. I got a great deal of pleasure from the game despite the lack of Diplomacy. Thanks to Lipton for putting me into the game.

John Hulland: I took over the Austrian position in about the same condition it is now. I was in a squeeze position, and after some negotiating with Russia I tried eliminating Turkey. I might have hit Italy at that point, but I needed him as a buffer and anyhow, I had stabbed Richard in so many other games at about the same time that I decided to let him be.

My biggest error was in not finishing Turkey off before hitting Russia, for Ed was a never-ending thorn in my side after I pulled back. If I could do it again I would rectify this, since the stalemate might have been attainable with fewer members involved.

It still was an interesting venture and it let me get TMG for nothing for a while. Thanks to all, especially Bob, and congratulations, Zane.

Lipton: For a while it seemed that Russia would sweep, but Paul Thomas, playing France, grew too quickly; then mail disorders between the US and

Jamaica forced his resignation. Zane Parks took over and swept quickly to a dominant position; however, as late as the winter of 1911 a stalemate could have been set up; unfortunately the Italian miss of retreat that season allowed Zane to grab off Naples in fall 1912 and end the game.

Applause are due Ed Hollshwandner, who managed to take a Turkey with enemy units in his home centers and guide it back up to half a dozen centers.

1974 CX

GM: Gary Blemings (to W01); Robert Sacks

ZINES: THE FIGHTER'S HOME (to Spring 1902 [carbon copy Blemings S01-W01]); THE FLYING ORPHAN (W01 on) FALLOVIA (to Fall 1907) THE MIXUMAXU GAZETTE #64-70

	01	02	03	04	05	06	07	08	09	
Austria	4	5	6	5	5	5	4	4	5	AUSTRIA: Blair Cusack DRAW
England	4	6	8	9	10	10	10	12	11	ENGLAND: Steve McLendon DRAW
France	5	6	8	8	8	9	7	7	7	FRANCE: Peter Berggren (rem W06) Ron Kelly DRAW
Germany	4	3	-							GERMANY: John Newton (out F03)
Italy	3	3	4	3	2	1	-			ITALY: David Grabar (Out F07)
Russia	5	4	3	1	-					RUSSIA: Rudolph Tatay (res W01) Brian Krause (Out F05)
Turkey	4	5	5	8	9*	9	11	11	11	TURKEY: Paul Rauterburg

LIPTON: No one sent in comments which leads me to speculate that this game ended of exhaustion -- not surprising, considering the players got caught in the possibly felonious clutches of "Reverend" Dan Gorham. Of interest only to statistician is that this game is the first time that any game in this magazine has ended in even a fraction of a win for Turkey. Out of thirteen, taking one quarter of a game is decidedly below average.

In any case, the lesson to be learned from this game is that if Gorha, tries to sell you anything, get out your shotgun.

.....

TOKA THE TOWN

7: JOHN BRENNICK is starting a postal campaign of *Star Empires*. Remember his postal D&D. Anyway, he plans a campaign in which no player knows who else is playing. John plans to run "a professional campaign... whatever that means."

Anyhow (I've been making too many typos thish to attempt "anyhoo"), if you're interested, write to John at 192 Curtis Avenue, Stoughton, Mass. 02072

8: A NEW ZINE from New York is Tom Gould's *Lilaf*, based stylistically on Ben Grossman's *Zirkast, the PreDawn Leftist*, if you can imagine that. If you're interested enough to want a sample copy, send Tom postage and your address and address it to Tom at 40 W. 77th Street, New York, NY 10024.

9: ETHIL THE FROG. Whether it's in its fiftieth issue or its fifth (and for an explanation of that you'll have to get a subscription), this is one of the top zines anywhere. Send a couple of bucks by means of the ISE to John Piggott, 15 Freeland Road, Ealing Common, London W5 3HR, United Kingdom.

LEE BURWASSER writes from Virginia, on the space-age mainstream dialogue she and I have been holding: "No argument on space-age mainstream serving as a kind of halfway house. It does. Good for it; this is a valuable service. My point was that it should not be assigned this secondary status in perpetuity. We should be on the lookout for things like Clarke's *Islands in the Sky* and Heinlein's *Have Spacesuit, Will Travel*, good in their own right, which are neither SF nor mainstream, but spaceage mainstream. Maybe we should classify Clarke's and Heinlein's books? Dunno; think about it, something new in classification."

Well, Lee, I'm not sure a new classification is needed. There are too damned many as it is. Why don't we simply called these "juvenile sf" since, despite the lack of young protagonists, these books serve the same purpose as what Alan Nourse et al. have been writing.

Before going into this issue's selection of what should and shouldn't be read, let me warn you about what you should and shouldn't buy: and that is anything by Robert E. Howard.

~~This is not to imply that Howard did not write anything worth reading.~~ To the contrary, I enjoy many of his works and some people think Conan is the best thing to come round the bend since the still. But there are things involved...

As you people may know, the standard Conan is finished by Decamp and Carter and edited by Decamp. Since Glen Lord holds the rights to Conan as much as anyone else, these three split the profits. Or, at least they did when Lancer published the Conan books. But Lancer foundered several years ago and Conan disappeared, unless you could find a store that sold the British editions... which, in late 1976, became fairly easy. Then, a few months ago, Ace reprinted the Conan books with the Frazetta covers. Wunderbar. Until a couple of weeks back when I saw a book entitled *Conan: the Hour of the Dragon*, edited by Karl Edward Wagner. I recalled that Wagner was an S&S hack and decided that he had written a Conan novel. Until I remembered that *Hour of the Dragon* is the title of what is usually called *Conan the Adventurer*. And the whole thing was authorized by Glen Lord.

Browsing in the SF Shop I saw a copy of *King Kull*, edited by Glen Lord. The standard edition was edited by Carter.

Then there's Zebra Book's Howard-stuff, which turns out half the time to be sequels written by Andy Offutt. Or else you get very small type saying "in the tradition of" then in large letters ROBERT E. HOWARD and then in medium letters "Talbot Mundy's *Troes of Samothrace*, which is something like labelling a book by Lovecraft as "IN THE TRADITION OF AUGUST DERLETH."

Well, Howard's works are becoming more popular... and they were popular enough when Lancer was printing them to sell over a million copies... and the people who hold the rights are arguing. As a result the reader is going to suffer through multiple editions of the same books, hackwork imitations like Derleth's "collaborations" with Lovecraft (500 words of Lovecraft, 50,000 words of Derleth) and general ripoff techniques.

so

If you have plenty of money to waste, or you want everything having anything to do with Howard, fine, buy everything. If not, be very, very careful. There are enough ways to have your money stolen without being able to blame the loss upon a favorite author.

Ignoring the fact that I have just read *Bored of the Rings* and would recommend it except you've probably already read it (the satire is accurate only in the use of *deus ex machina*, but it is tremendously funny), let's get on to the first item which is fantasy only because this is my zine.

The book is William Denbow's *Chandler*. It is not a biography of Raymond Chandler, but a short, quickly-read novel about what happens when Dashiell Hammett visits New York and runs into Raymond Chandler. It is an engaging piece of fluff and won't interrupt your perusal of weightier things like reruns of *The Honeymooners* for long.

In the Golden Age of Science Fiction (and, despite Asimov's dictum that the Golden Age extends from 12 to 14, I mean the late 1930s and 1940s) there were three fantasy illustrators. The rest, in comparison were over-the-hill hacks and up-and-coming hacks. Two of them are Virgil Finlay and Hannes Bok. The third was Ed D. Cartier. Bok and Finlay made their reputations in *Weird Tales* and, through their loyalty to the field, died poor. Cartier worked for Campbell and did such excellent pieces as the hoka illustrations for *Earthman's Burden*. His loyalty lay with his wife and children so, in 1953 he quit magazine illustrating and got a decent job. He lives well which, as John Carroll remarks, is the best revenge.

Be that as it may, martyrs attract more followers than men intelligent enough to let the lions munch on someone else. Finlay's work has long been well-appreciated and the recent Ballantine Book portfolio proves that fans got taste. Hannes Bok has the loyal homage of Emil Petaja and enough other people so that a portfolio or sketchbook comes out every eighteen months or so. But Cartier? Aside from the fact that his illustrations are retained when *Lost Darkness Fall* or *Earthman's Burden* is reprinted, few know of him save the ever-dwindling circle of people lucky enough to have those wonderful issues of *Unknown* and *Astounding* he appeared in.

Whereas Finlay perfected the realism of crosshatch and stipple for fantasy illustration and Bok a realistic pointilist method, Cartier used shading and black lines to produce humor in art. You have never seen demons, gnomes or BEMs as funny-looking as Cartier's. Nor as realistic.

Fortunately, Gerry De La Ree is interested in what is good, not what is cultish, and he has issued in hardcover *Edd Cartier: The Known and the Unknown*. 128 pages, hardbound and \$15., and worth it. This may never see the quality paperback printings of the Finlay and Frazetta portfolios. If so, and you don't get a copy of this, you'll never know the feeling that caused Elliot Shorter to delay leaving for SunCon for half an hour so he could look through the portfolio. Too bad.

No lawyer could make a charge of genius stick against Keith Laumer. Although some of his work is very good, mostly he is an engaging hack, three cuts above Lin Carter with a tendency to write "humorous" stories of the practical-joke variety.

However, the stories that make up the collection *Bolo* vary from adequate ("Courier" another of his everlasting series about Retief, an ambassador who think with his fists) to very superior, say an A- or 9 on a scale of 10 (I have a weakness for "snapper-ending" stories and "Field Test" is a facile example). A Bolo, by the way, is a tank. Change in terminology, you see. This one is only \$1.50 from Berkley, whose longterm support of new sf authors deserves your support, even if you don't like the new authors.

Last minute squibs: if you can find a copy, try James Gunn's *This Fortress World*, which despite its slight use of legislated endings (the "You are the only true heir to the throne of Coronia, so there is a happy ending" method) is a fine on-the-run story. And if you run into any members of that new Mack Reynolds fan club, shot them and put them out of their misery. He's getting worse. Lin Carter, look out!

THE FLYING ORPHAN #1.22 and really the last
TFH #2174 - 1974CX

Zine: THE FIGHTER'S HOME (Gorham) - W'00 & S'02, carbon copy (Blemings) -
S'01 to W'01, THE FLYING ORPHAN (Sacks) - S'02 on, subzine of FALLOVIA
(Heuer) - W'03 to S'07, subzine of THE MIXUMAXU GAZETTE (Lipton) F'07 on

GM: Gary Blemings (through W'01), Robert Sacks

Game conducted from S'02 on under guarantee from TDA

		score	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
AUSTRIA	Blair Cusack (draw W'09)	7.389	4	5	6	5	5	5	4	4	5
ENGLAND	Steve McLendon (draw W'09)	12.556	4	6	8	9	10	10	12	12	11
FRANCE	Peter Berggren (dro W'06), Ron Kelly (draw W'09)	2.444 7.167	5	6	8	8	8	9		7	7
GERMANY	John Newton (out F'03)	.389	4	3	-						
ITALY	David Grabar (out F'07)	.889	3	3	4	3	2	1	-		
RUSSIA	Rudolph Tatay (res after W'01), Brian Krause	.278 .444	5		4	3	1	-			
TURKEY	Paul Rauterburg (draw W'09)	12.056	4	5	5	8*	9	9	11	11	11*

PELLUCIDAR #18 - 1975Dbu GM: Robert Sacks Limbo

Last turn ENG A Cam-Tha, RUS A Tha-Cam. Blaim me. (Well, a late order change.)
FALL 1908 MOVES DUE: 8 PM, 21 SEPTEMBER 1977

TURNABOUT #8 - 1976BL GM: Robert Sacks Fall 1904

COA-Paul Evans (13 Sept 77) PO Box E-616, Earlham College, Richmond In 47374
AUSTRIA (Benjamin Laves) F Adr C Tri-Apu, A Bud-Rum, A Bul S Con, F Con h,
A Gre h, A Mos S Sev, A Sev S Mos, A Tri-Apu.
ENGLAND (David Hertz) F Nth-Edi, A Nwy h.
FRANCE (Ron Kelly) F Nrg S ENG Nwy.
GERMANY (Paul Evans) A Bel-Hol, A Ber-Mun, A Bre S Gas, A Bur-Mar, F Cly-Lvp,
F Den-Nth, A Gas S Bur-Mar, A Mun-Tyr.
ITALY (Greg Vansteel) F Ion-Adr, F MAO-Por, A Mar h, A Pie-Tyr, F Spasc S Mar,
A Ven S Pie-Tyr.
RUSSIA (Jim Diehl) A Fin-Swe, F Ska S StP-Nwy, A StP-Nwy.
TURKEY (Zane Parks) A Arm S Bla-Sev, F Bla-Sev, F Smy-Con.

1904 SUPPLY CENTER CHART --WINTER 1904 MOVES DUE: 8 PM, 21 SEPTEMBER 1977

- A: 11/8. H, Gre, Ser, Rum, Sev, War, Bul, Con, Mos. Build 3.
- E: 3/3. Edi, Lon, ~~Lvp~~, Nwy. Build 1.
- F: 0/2. ~~Bre~~, ~~Por~~. Remove 1 - OUT.
- G: 9/8. H, Den, Hol, Bel, ~~Edi~~, Par, Bre, Lvp.
- I: 7/6. H, Tun, Mar, Spa, Por. Build 1.
- R: 2/3. ~~Mos~~, StP, Swe. Remove 1.
- T: 2/4. Ank, ~~Con~~, Smy, ~~Bul~~. Remove 1.

How to Annoy your GM:

- 1-Call him up instead of writing. This works especially well when you don't have any moves due that turn.
- 2-Change your orders two or three times. (This almost guarantees an error in adjudication.) This works especially well if your final orders arrive after the deadline (or even publication!) and you then ignore the placement of units as adjudicated.
- 3-When an error seems to occur, don't tell the GM. Send in orders based on either the correct(?) or adjudicated results, but not both, or don't send in any orders at all!

921

AUSTRIA (John Weswig) A Bud S TUR Rum-Gal, A Tri S Bud, F Ven S Tri.
 ENGLAND (Douglas Hollingsworth) A Bel S Pic-Bur, F Bre S GER Par-Gas,
 F EC S MAO-MAO, F Lon-Yor, F NAO-MAO, A Pic-Bur, A Pru-Sil.
 FRANCE (Ron Kelly) A Gas-Bur/Annh/, F GoL-WM, F Mar-Spac, A Pie-Mar.
 GERMANY (David Hansen) A Ber-Sil, A Boh-Vie, F Den-Kie, A Mun-Boh, F Nth h,
 A Par-Gas, A Tyr-Tri, A War-Ukr.
 ITALY (CD) F Nap u/o.
 RUSSIA (Eric Verheiden) A Gal-Vie/disl/, A Sev-Rum, A Vie-Tri.
 TURKEY (Dennis Klein) F Bla C Con-Arm, A Bul-Rum, A Con-Arm, F Gre-Ion,
 F Ion-Tun, A Rom h, A Rum-Gal.

FALL 1905 MOVES DUE: 8 PM, WEDNESDAY, 21 SEPTEMBER 1977

ENGLAND (Paul Novak) B A Lvp. Also has A Bre, F Iri, F MAO, F Nth, F Nwy.
 FRANCE (Ron Kelly) Has A Gas, A Mar, A Par, F Por.
 GERMANY (David Schwartz) Has A Bur, A Den, F EC, A Mun, A Ruh.
 ITALY (Paul Thomas) B A Ven. Also has F Adr, A Alb, F Gre, F Ion, & Ser,
 A Tri.
 RUSSIA (Dick Trtek) B A Sev, declined 1 build. Also has A Ank, F Bla, A Bud,
 A Gal, A Rum, F Swe, A Vie.
 TURKEY (Richard Kovalcik Jr) Has F Aeg, A Bul, F Con.

SPRING 1904 MOVES DUE: 8 PM, WEDNESDAY, 21 SEPTEMBER 1977

Anyone know of a good job for a programmer, NYC? Experience includes RSX-11 FORTRAN IV PLUS and MACRO on DEC PDP 11s; FORTRAN IV & V and ICES CDL on the UNIVAC 1108; FORTRAN and machine & assembly languages on IBM and CDC machines in school; COBOL specifications; SNOBOL, APL, LISP, and LISP-based languages in school.

For a period of about 2 years now I have been trying to find a way out of being MNC without sacrificing the position or the projects associated with it to individuals and groups I felt unsuitable. Instead I have accumulated more and more duties, responsibilities and projects - enough to keep 4 hobby officers occupied full time - with the result that none of the projects is being done particularly well and I have not been able to publish Lord of Hosts since February. I have therefore decided that something has to go, so that effective 1 January 1978, Michael Smolin is Acting Miller Number Custodian. Prior to then I plan to complete and publish Lord of Hosts #13 (fitting) - all trades and subscriptions will be transferred, and I will be subscribing to selected zines, although complimentary copies will always be accepted. I will remain Associate MNC (Registrar of Projects) and MNC on leave of absence. After the projects and other situation aspects stabilize I will be reconsidering this arrangement, but obviously the better the job that Mike does in assigning Miller Numbers and publishing Lord of Hosts the more likely I am going to let him have it even if I feel energetic enough to resume the job.

This decision was my own, though I talked it over with Greg Costikyan before sending around an announcement to the principals involved. The only outside influence was the occasional inquiries from traders and subscribers on the status of Lord of Hosts.

I should let Mike introduce himself, but I have a few more lines to fill up. I met him through MIT-SGS and Chinese food, and he still works and teaches in the greater MIT area in (I think) electronics. He likes his variants like YV and not like Downfall II, which makes sense of a sort, but he does have a sense of humor.

FRANCE [Tom Kissner] A Bur-Ruh; A Par-Gas; F Bal-Den; F Kie S F Bal-Den

ITALY [John Brennick] F Ska-Nwy; F Nth & A Swe S F Ska-Nwy; F Nrg-Bar; A Mun-Kie (annihilated); A Ruh S A Mun-Kie; A Ven H; A Rom, A Tus & A Pie S A Ven; F Ion H; F Nap & F Tyr S F Ion

TURKEY [David Hertz] A Sev-Mos; A Con H; F Aeg S F Gre-Ion; A Tyr-Ven; F Adr, A Tri & F Apu S A Tyr-Ven; A War-Lvn; A Fin S A Nwy; A Pru-Ber; A Ber-Mun; A Sil & A Boh S A Ber-Mun; F Gre-Ion; A Vie-Tyr

The draw vote fails. Fall 1915 moves are due by noon, Friday, 23 September 1977. No address changes. And now, some press.

ROME TO CONSTANTINOPLE: Ha!

PARIS: Sorry, John, but I play a lot like you do. So long as you won't allow a three-way draw it doesn't make any difference to me who wins -- I still come in third.

WOODMERE: Don't you people write letters to each other any more?

:1975 IN :::::::::::::::::::: IN FOR THE KILL :::::::::::::::::::: WINTER 1909-
SPRING 1910

ENGLAND [Richard Kovalcik, Jr.] NMR! No build received.

ITALY [Zane Parks] F Por H

RUSSIA [Dennis Klein] Refuses all builds. A Yor-Lon; F Eng S A Yor-Lon; F Iri-Wal; A Hol-StP; F Nth, F Nrg, F Bar all C A Hol-StP; F Sev-Bla; A Bel, A Mun & F NAT all H

TURKEY [Paul Novak] Builds A Con, F Smy; GMG failed to note F Ion-Adr last-
ish. A Pic S A Bur; A Bre & A Bur S A Pic; A Spa-Por; F Mid S A Spa-Por;
F Wes S F Mid; F Tyr, F Ion, F Aeg & F Adr all H; F Smy-Eas; A Con-Smy;
F Ank-Bla

.....
TOKA THE TOWN

10: THIS ISSUE is being left at an odd number of pages for a very good reason: money. Not that I don't have the money; but I have received a writing assignment with a very short deadline, and if I take the time to write another five hundred words, I shall probably find myself unable to either get this out by SUNDAY or unable to fulfill the writing assignment. And that would mean money. Therefore, 19 pages.

11: GAME OPENINGS are available. At the moment, I have five people signed up for the next game I fill (MG XV) and one each for the next two (both are from New York and thus cannot play in the same game). Since the cost of a game is only the subscription why not drop me a line and let me know which country you prefer to play? Traders, mentions of my openings would be appreciated.

NOV 14 1976

TO: Ron Kelly AY+20
Room 120
225 Virginia Ave. SE
Washington, DC 20061

FROM: [Faint text]

AWD

COPIES

FIRST CLASS MAIL

Ron Kelly AY+20
Room 120
225 Virginia Ave. SE
Washington, DC 20061



Lafayette



US Bicentennial 13c

NOV 14 1976

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[Faint, mostly illegible text throughout the lower half of the page, possibly bleed-through or very light printing.]