

The Mixumaxu Gazette

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This, in case you didn't realize it, is my fifth anniversary issue. I have just attended my fourth consecutive DipCon, a figure exceeded only by Doug Beyerlein, Walter Buchanan and Bill Buchanan. I have been in the Diplomacy for over seven years now.

A MIXUMAXU GAZETTE
QUANTITY PUBLICATION
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The net result is that I have become something of a greybeard. Talking with David Lagerson (who very kindly chauffeured me about Los Angeles and provided sleep-

ing space) about Terry Knowles, Don and Pat Efron, the National Fantasy Fan Federation Games Bureau Diplomacy Division, John Coleman; taking part in a panel on the future of the Diplomacy hobby and dropping jokes about Gordon Anderson's Lawyer and the "Reverend" Daniel Gorham to blank faces: all these things made me feel old.

There is something strange about this. I was born on July 9, 1954, and some simple arithmetic shows me that, when this comes out, I can claim barely two dozen years.

And yet, and yet... the big names in the field in the days when I entered are either dead (John Koning), greying (Boardman), paunching (Walker), balding (Birsan), disappeared (McCallum) or all of the above. As for me, sitting here and sucking my gums, trying to think about something to write, I don't feel older than ever; its just that children seem to be built smaller these days (better at energy conserving), and I can't seem to walk under tables like I used to.

In any case, these factors and several others made me consider folding this zine as I wandered through DipCon XI. The ideas don't seem to come as often as they used to (although, on the rare occasions when they do come, I seem to be able to handle them better than I used to). I would go and look at Rod Walker (who is paunching, balding and greying) and recite a few lines from "To an Athlete Dying Young," then go notice that even Walt Buchanan's hair seems to have a few silver threads in it. At such times I would half-decide that it's best to get out while I'm still ahead. Then I would take a look at the zines being produced today and half-decide to abandon ideas of dropping out because, if TMG is not what it once was, the rest of the hobby is even less. So I think I'll hang on a bit longer. At worst, we'll grow old gracefully together; at best, we'll do something worth doing for its own sake.

The cover this issue is by Bruce Schlickbernd, a personable bastard, a fine artist and a close friend of mine whom I first met face to face at DipCon this month. And the collage last issue was done by John Boardman; I've started a little blackmail: I'll run off collage covers for him if he'll do them for me. Such is life.

In any case, it's my fifth anniversary. Happy birthday, all.

Abyssinia,



Robert Bryan Lipton

BOB SACKS

As you may or may not know, I have, until recently, been a member of APA-DUD, an apa in which Robert Sacks was the only officer we had. In the course of time, collation #13 rolled about, and an item was submitted for the collation which had to be considered for non-inclusion in sales copies of the apa, because it struck some of us that, if the collation were sold to a minor, his parents might object to it. The item's non-inclusion was defeated, but there was some strange side-discussion which prompted the following article, which was to appear in my The Smoky Dragon #40 in APA-DUD#14. Items in brackets are added for clarification.

ON CENSORSHIP

In the last issue, Dick Eney's *A Comfortable Corner of the Dungeon #3* featured an article on how to handle, ah, how shall I say it, D&D characters gettin' it on. The text of the article was carefully written to avoid any blatant references to SEX. To make sure the illiterates in the audience (among whom, according to Sacks, is myself) knew what the article was about, Dick included two line drawings: the first showing a woman wearing a negligee in bed and a young man (for the prudes in the audience, we'll say he was her husband), arms flung wide.

The second illustration showed the man laying on the bed, his tie loosened (at least!) and the blanket over his naughty bits. The woman, however, is definitely nude; indeed, we can see that she is possessed of breasts. We can even see that she has nipples [on the breasts, that is.]

Now, there had previously been complaints from the management of The Complete Strategist [which offers for sale copies of APA-DUD] that some of the contents of previous APA-DUDs were unsuitable for the younger customers of the establishment. Apparently, the younger generation is much more innocent of language than previous generations and have never heard of such words as FUCK, SCREW (other than, presumably, the small widget supposedly invented by Archimedes) and PISS (which word, I discovered in tracing down the etymology of "pissmire," to have its cognate in the vulgar Latin "pissiare" of the 1st Century C.E.). Never mind that most of the elder people in this group [I mean the group reading the article in its original appearance] have been familiar with these words since, at latest, their eighth years. Today, apparently, people don't learn these words until they reach their majorities, whenupon they are presumably informed by Competent Authorities.

In any case, because of those breasts, I decided to point them out to Bob Sacks. It seemed to me that Mr. Sacks might decide to not put that APA-DUD on sale.

No indeed! Mr. Sacks considered whether to use his magic marker on the offending illustration, an idea I considered amusing; to excise the contribution entirely would have been to remove it from consideration; but to put a black bar across the breasts would have been merely to excite the interest of those who do not know what is really there (was anyone here breast-fed?). By this odd method, however, an "offensive" image would have been excised from view. Thus the parents of any minors (who, we must assume, created those children without removing shirts and blouses) would be propitiated. Among them, presumably, Mr. Sacks' parents.

Under these circumstances it seemed to me that the best thing would have been to remove the entire contribution from the sales copies; presumably, any parent who thought an illustration showing nekkid broads too esoteric for his innocent offspring would also think that any article on how to handle sexual practices too sexy for the same child.

However, after discussing whether the illustration should be included in the sales copies, Mr. Sacks went on to discuss whether any copies should be included in the contributors' copies!

Now, Mr. Sacks was right in this: presumably, as so-called responsible adults, people like Mr. Sacks and I would be legally responsible [for the appearance of improper items in APA-DUD].

Despite this, I believe in two things: first, that my and Dick's rights to print whatever we like is protected by the Bill of Rights; and that Dick and I would not purposefully print anything that would ruin the morals of young people.

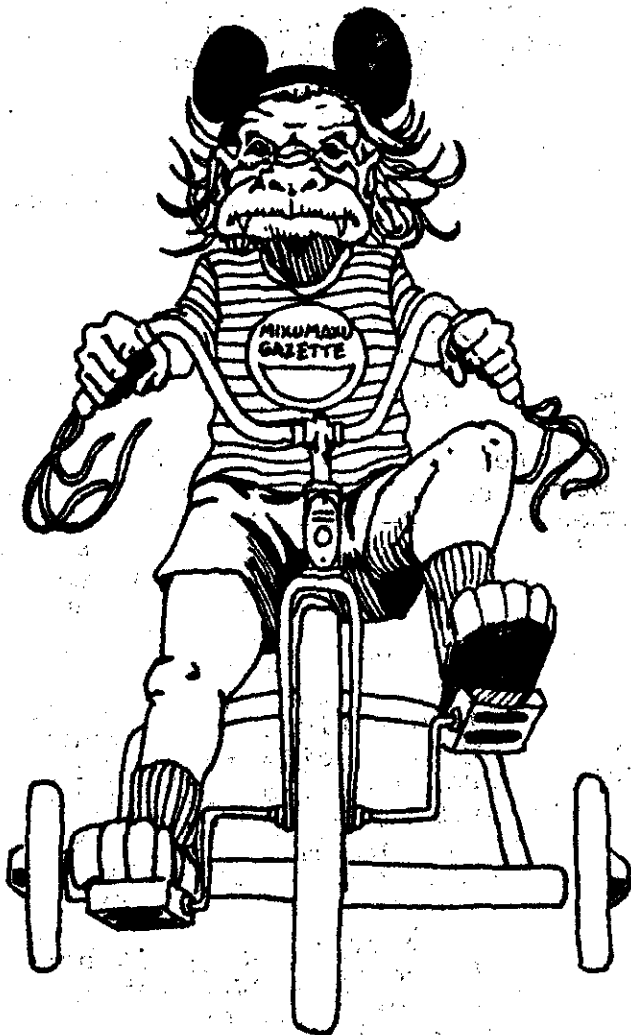
There is something else I believe, but it is much easier to prove: that anyone who has \$2 can go to a newstand and pick up a copy of *Playboy* and go home to jack off (Lee, is female masturbation called "janing off"? [this is a comment to Lee Burwasser]). Under those circumstances,, complaining about a line drawing which depicts secondary erogenous zones seems ridiculous.

If Dick had simply picked up some "dirty pictures" and put them in his zine without any connection to his text, Mr. Sacks would have been quite within his rights to refuse to print the contribution on the grounds of lack of literary content (I have also informed Mr. Sacks that the first time this happens [i.e., a contribution is rejected on any grounds save illegibility] I would pull out of this apa; Apas are, presumably, where neofans learn to write by producing lots and lots of crap, and any attempt to discourage a newcomer is equivalent to murder); however, the illustration had a definite tie-in to the text, and my reaction to it consisted of quiet amusement.

Being a paranoid individual and very tender of my rights, I feel the best way to protect my rights is to insist that others be extended the same. Thus, when the news about the Skokie Nazis came through, I stated, to my family's horror, that they should be permitted to march (my father came around to the same viewpoint, saying that in the event of such an event, the local Jews would bash in the Nazi's heads... I thought of the reverse situation in 1934 Germany and shuddered). To protect my rights to write whatever I like, I insist upon Dick's. If Mr. Sacks is offended by such illustrations, he has the right to ask Dick to not run them. No more.

APA-DUD#14 was collated while I was in California, attending DipCon. When I came back, I discovered that my contribution had been rejected for the collation by a properly ordered panel of three. Mr. Sacks refused to tell me who was on the panel, although I assume he was one and Mark Richards told me he was another. The whole thing smacks of Star Chamber, however, despite Sacks' contention that he thought I would badger the panel's members.

I also discovered that the article had been rejected, and yet franked through; this meant I would not receive any credit towards minimum activity, somewhat equi-



valent to my sending in an article to The Saturday Review of Literature, and their refusing to pay for it on the grounds that it did not meet their standards, but running it anyway.

In any case, this is the last of a number of straws; personal conflict makes it impossible for me to work with Mr. Sacks; when the games he is presently running here enter, he will cease active association with this magazine.

Finally, I have ceased association with APA-DUD. Several of the members, more upset by my rejection than I, have started talking about kicking Sacks out. Mr. Sacks, however, is a skilled parliamentarian and I have no doubt that he will maintain control of the apa, along with an air of great moral superiority.

TOKA THE TOWN

1: DIPCON XI was a lot of fun. The winner of the Diplomacy tournament was David Lagerson. Apparently, Higher Powers are repaying him for his kindnesses to me. As usual, Doug Beyerlein came in with a respectable 3rd place showing, winning one game and drawing two out of three games. Dave won by simply winning two games, declining to play in the third.

Rod Walker and I have continued our bridge game, this time as partners, soundly trouncing all who came against us (none of whom knew how to play well) I was happy to meet Bruce and Laurence Schlickbernd, Dave, Jim Bumpas (whose *Liberterranean* has passed the 100th issue mark. Congratulations!), John Mirassou and Jerry Jones. Cal White was, regrettably, absent.

Where is DipCon XII to be held? That will have to be announced later in this issue. The voting preference was Origins V (if it is held in DipCon's "Eastern" region) or Michicon. Later on I should be able to tell you where Originins is to be held, as I intend to attend Origins/Michicon.

The usual DipCon activities took place, including Walt Buchanan asking me to resume trade with him and my refusing.

2: SHAKESPEARE IN NEW YORK is proceeding along its usual summer course in the Delacorte Theatre in Central Park. The first play was "All's Well that Ends Well," not one of the immortal bard's immortal works, but very amusingly done as a semi-musical. Since the admission is free, if you can get in to see it before the end of the month, I would recommend it.

The play for August, however, is "The Taming of the Shrew," one of Shakespeare's best and best-known plays.

Anyone interested in the line party that usually attends these plays should contact me. The line parties usually starts about 4:30 and lasts until the play starts. This year we read from sections of Kit Marlowe's "The Jew of Malta" (I taking Barabas, Ray Heuer taking the Turk what's-his-name's part), and an incomplete reading of Marlowe's "Faustus." For those of you who are familiar with this work, you will know there is a scene in the Vatican where several priests, thinking the invisible Faustus and Mephistopheles ghosts, attempt to exorcise them. After each line "Salvo in iniquito" or somesuch, We would hit our foreheads with a loud "Whap!" not having boards for the purpose....

THE COCKROACHES IN THE WALLS

BY JOHN BOARDMAN

This story was originally written for Neil Belsky's short-lived Polish Wonder Stories, which was so short-lived that not a single issue ever appeared.

At last the workmen had finished restoring the antique castle on the Vistula mudflats and, for the first time in a century and a half, a Count Coleslawsky would occupy the seat of his ancestors -- well, not precisely, since the chair of state of the Counts was presently being used as a privy by the great-grandson of a Czarist general who had looted it. But at least the long exile was over, Poland was once again a nation and the long Coleslawsky exile in our Carpathian hunting lodge was over. I absently patted the head of my faithful Ukrainian, Igor Bivor, as I thought back on that day when the good news had been brought me.

Igor had been at my side too, fetching drinks as I chatted idly with the daughter of a war-rich sutler who had foolish hopes that her money could buy a Count Coleslawsky. The war was newly over and, at Versailles, the victorious powers were carving up Europe to suit themselves.

"My dear, how many Ukrainians does it take to forge a sword-blade?" I asked her as my left hand reconnoitered the field of battle. Without waiting for her reply -- for, in my experience, she could give no answer more complicated than "yes" -- I told her: "Twenty-two: one to hold the hammer, one to hold the sword and twenty to move the anvil up and down!"

As I allowed a minim of laughter to escape my thin, aristocratic lips, Igor opened the door and announced an old friend: "Sir Stanislaw Kowalsky, Knight of the White Chicken!"

"Stash!" I cried. "Come in, pull up a woman and warm yourself. Igor, go down to the scullery and get a bottle of wine and a peasant wench!"

"No time for that," he said. "The word has just arrived from Paris -- Poland is to be restored. You'll get your family estates back!"

"Splendid!" I said. "Igor, take this upstart wench back to her social climber of a father and tell him that a Count Coleslawsky cannot be bought -- not when he has his estates. How far will our boundaries extend?"

"We will have a corridor to the Baltic Sea. I know what this means to you, so I rushed right over as fast as my peasants could carry me."

"Our hereditary rights will be restored!" I cried. "Our rich estates on the lower Vistula -- and the hereditary office of the Coleslawskis since time out of mind: Janitor of the Polish Corridor!"

"All the ancient glories of Poland will be recovered," Stash said. "It will do my patriotic Polish heart good to see a Count Coleslawsky once more carry out the ancient ceremony -- once a year, on St. Andrew Bobola's Day, you will take in hand the silver broom with the satin bristles and ceremonially sweep three feet of roadway in front of the castle of your ancestors. Poland is reborn!"

"But the interior of the castle," I mused.

"Forget it," Stash said. "Those old stories probably grew in the telling during your family's exile. This is the 20th Century and so civilized has mankind become that there will never be another war. Repossess your lands in peace."

*

A few months later everything was ready. In a way, I was reluctant to leave the Carpathians. In the part of Poland which had fallen to the Austro-Hungarian Empire our position had been fairly good. By a decree of Kaiser Ferdinand the Fourth, First and Fourth, Poles had been given third rank in the Imperial pecking order, right behind Hungarians and ahead of Italians -- with Ukrainians, naturally, below everything except Serbs. But permanent housekeeping in a hunting lodge does present difficulties, with untanned aurochs hides all over the place and I was glad to be able to return at last to the castle of my ancestors.

After appealing to the Committee for the Restoration of the Polish Nobility to Its Rightful Place in the World, I was assigned 5000 Lithuanian prisoners of war taken by Zelikowsky and they were set to work. By a stroke of genius I ensured they would speedily complete their work by hiring only Jewish overseers.

But at last it was finished and Gownogorod once more stood as it had been established in the 10th Century by Coleslaw son of Bloeslaw, founder of our ancient and excruciatingly noble line. Vultures perched on the battlements, waiting, perhaps, for a resumption of the old custom of setting out the heads of uppity peasants. At the foot of the west wall were several rusty suits of armor, left there from the defeat of the Reuton-Teuton Knights in 1411. The backstairs door, for the use of money-lenders and pimps, had been re-opened and carefully oiled. Over the main gateway were our repainted arms: Argent, a kielbasy gules rampant on a field semee of cabbages. So accurate was the restoration that there was even a peasant's bride waiting in the upstairs hall for my ritual attentions.

Accompanied by my faithful Igor, who scuttled about my feet, I entered the main gateway as a small band of kazoos and Ophelcedes nearly played "Hail to the Glorious Coleslawsky." I was met just inside the main hall by a little old man in the tattered Coleslawsky livery.

"Greetings, your lordship," he quavered. "Your humble servant is your houses hereditary retainer, Kodpiesky. Although my heart quakes within me at the thought of entering this accursed hall, yet am I here to welcome Count Coleslawsky as my ancestors have done since they followed yours on the Sixth and a Halfth Crusade!"

"Nonsense, Kodpiesky," I replied. "Forget those old wives' tales about Gownogorod."

"Forget!" Kodpiesky croaked. "During your house's absence, A Prussian general spent the night here once and was never seen again, though a stain shaped like a spiked helmet cannot be eradicated from the ceiling of the room in which he slept. Napoleon once spent the night here, and never afterwards won a battle. The work that Chopin composed after visiting Gownogorod has been excised from the Collected Compositions by the Chopin Society. An odor of stale beer cannot be cleansed from the dining hall, no matter what is tried. And the old peasant women say that the last Counts Coleslawsky lived here --"

His cracked, protesting voice faded behind me as I strode through the halls of my ancestors. Despite my skeptical words, a few doubts did flit through my mind. Some baleful fate was rumored to attend Gownogorod and

the line of Counts Coleslawsky who had ruled it. Rumors were either silent or widely divergent about that fate, but eldritch shivered scurried down the spines of those few who were willing to discuss it.

The faithful Kodpiesky had engaged a staff of servants under the direction of a grimly competent housekeeper who had once been a forewoman in a packing plant in Hamtramck. For the first time since Count Boguslaw Coleslawsky had left on his fatal trip to St. Petersburg in 1771, a Count Coleslawsky ate at his ancestors' dining table. (My poor ancestor had gone to plead vainly against the partition of Poland but alas! he died of nervous prostration during a private audience with Catherine the Great.) My loyal Igor brought in the dishes as they were prepared: cabbage soup, roast goat stuffed with kielbasy, goat cheese with Ritz crackers, twinkies flambee and plentiful flagons of Schneidwitz beer.

It was towards the close of this meal that my skepticism about the ancestral legends first began to shake. Naturally I threw the bones to the floor for the faithful Igor. But, before he could grab them, there came a scuttling sound and a strange sight met my eyes. A great brown insect appeared from the soup tureen, leaped down from the table, snatched up three ribs and carried them off behind a tattered tapestry which depicted the invention of slivovitz by the alchemist Methanolosky.

I rang the bell. After a delay of no more than fifteen minutes, in came a scullery lad, a local peasant afflicted with running sores common in the castle's miasmatic climate, and called "Vistula fistula."

"What is the meaning of this?" I said in a hauteur appropriate to my station in life. "I ordered Gormogorod cleaned and fitted for my habitation and now a large brown insect has stolen the food from my faithful Ukrainian Igor."

The lad's dirty face blanched under its covering of good Lower Vistula Valley topsoil. "Lawsy-mercy!" he cried in the almost unintelligible peasant patois of the district. "De curse ob de castle am back! We's all gwine get et alive in our beds!"

Well, I had been eaten alive in my beds many times, but before I could respond to that marvelous straight line he scampered out of the hall. In the silence of his absence I could hear a faint scuttling behind the ancient limestone walls, and Igor whimpered with fear. To my bemused fancy it sounded like millions or even thousands of giant cockroaches, scrabbling and slithering down towards some unimaginable pit in the mudflats upon which Gownogorod was erected.

I seized the German silver candlabrum from the center of the massive poplar-wood table, taking also with me a bottle of slivovitz as emergency fuel. With Igor trotting at my heels, I strode into the butler's pantry and found Kodpiesky secreting silver spoons in his pantaloons.

"Kodpiesky," I said in a commanding tone, "Where is the entrance to the dungeon?"

"Your lordship does not intend--" he gasped, nearly swallowing the stub of one of my best cigars.

"Ah, quickly, peasant!" I said with all the confidence of a Count Coleslawsky in the halls of his ancestors.

"Yes, my lord." The abject indicated a brass-bound pine door to which was attached a rusty 17th-century lock. I took down from the wall a halberd that had once belonged to the Varangian chieftan Askold the Breekless and shivered the lock to shards. The door fell open on one creaking hinge and a dank, foetid odor wafted out of the disused cellars. I began my descent into the depths and Igor followed, shivering with fear -- or perhaps with the superior spiritual perceptions which legend attribute to lackwits, inferior races, dogs and women.

Down the steep steps I stooped, carrying the candlabrum, the halberd,

the bottle, Igor's leash and a paperback copy of the dread book of incantations, *Clamor Cthulhi*, by that sinister medieval nigromancer Amorastitus (granted, this sounds like a lot to carry with only two hands, but other subterranean adventurers seem to manage). The flames flickered, and the scuttling in the walls continued, but onward I went, determined to ferret out the horrid secret of my ancestral line.

The passageway led ever downward, through a strange detritus on its dank floors -- old beer bottles, pig and goat bones, potato peels (which suddenly stopped when I entered passageways dating from before 1492), dirty clothing, old shoes, cabbage stalks and once a suit of armor painted with arcane obscenities in bad medieval Latin.

Abruptly the passageway ended in a large door, whose wood was black with the smoke and dirt of ages. I set my ear against it and heard a murmur of voices beyond it, in this secret and subterranean place where no voices could be. At once I fainted, thus showing my superior sensibilities and the high-strung nervous system that one might expect in a man of my noble birth.

I came to, how much later I do not know, to find the loyal Igor huddled over me, the slivovitz bottle in one of his devoted hands and the halberd in the other. I patted his head to show my appreciation of his faithfulness and the loyal fellow let a tear fall from his nose. The door still guarded its secret before me and the sussurating scurrying in the walls was louder than ever. I rose to my feet, observing that the candlabrum was guttering almost to extinction.

"How shall we open this door, Igor?" I asked. I tried three incantations from the book, a couple of blows from the halberd and half a dozen keys but to no avail. Temporarily baffled, I leaned against the door. It opened, precipitating me into a scene which I thought impossible of existence at this depth.

Beneath glittering electric candabra, an assemblage of well-dressed ladies and gentlemen was gathered. I overheard sparkling, witty conversation, chamber music from a small orchestra and the fizzing of champagne bottles.

The man nearest the door noticed me. He was an aristocratic Prussian in full evening dress with close-cropped blond hair and a monocle. He had been conversing with a prosperous-looking Jewish merchant in a fur-lined kaftan.

"Count Coleslawsky, I presume," the Prussian said. "Permit us to welcome you to the ancestral Coleslawsky curse."

"What... what do you mean?" I asked.

"This was a little celebration to commemorate your return," the Jew explained. "Now that Poland is a nation again we have a new opportunity to continue its operation."

I looked baffled as more and more elegantly dressed people came towards me.

"Permit me to explain," said an elegantly attired Cossack officer. "It began when your ancestors defeated the Prussians at Tannenberg in 1410. My people got into it during the war for control of the Ukraine, and the others had their own reasons."

"Precisely," said the Prussian. "It was our intent to humiliate the Poles for all time. We are Germans, Russians, Lithuanians, Jews, Gypsies, Swedes, even Tartars. Whatever our differences among ourselves, we all have scores to settle with you."

"Some of us because you oppressed us," the Jew said wryly, "And some because you did not allow them to oppress you."

"The middle catches it from all sides," said an officer in Czarist

uniform.

"This castle is the center of our operations," said the Prussian. "As long as Poland was partitioned and occupied it could appeal to the sympathies of the world. But now that Poland is once more a nation, the world will gain an opportunity to respond to our propaganda."

"Pollack jokes," said the Jew.

"Traditional enmities on *all* your frontiers," said the Russian.

"Vodka from the east, beer from the west, slivovitz from the south -- a nation of drunkards," said the Prussian.

"A form of government that is unable to accomplish anything," said an Italian priest. "That took some doing, but we managed it."

"Emigration quotas," said said an American.

"And, above all, the Pollack jokes," said a Lithuanian.

I was staggered by the enormity of this conspiracy. "The... the cockroaches?" I gasped.

"Especially bred by our secret laboratories," the Prussian replied.

"I shall put an end to this when I return to the surface!" I snapped. "Come, Igor, we're leaving!"

"What do you mean *we* -- Pollack!"

"Oh, yes," said the Cossack, "Igor is one of our more trusted agents."

"Absolutely," said Igor, straightening up and discarding his snivel. "It is a great relief to abandon this disguise and to speak once more like a civilized man. Now, if you ladies and

gentlemen will indulge me, I will leave Count Coleslawsky's service as I have long longed to do."

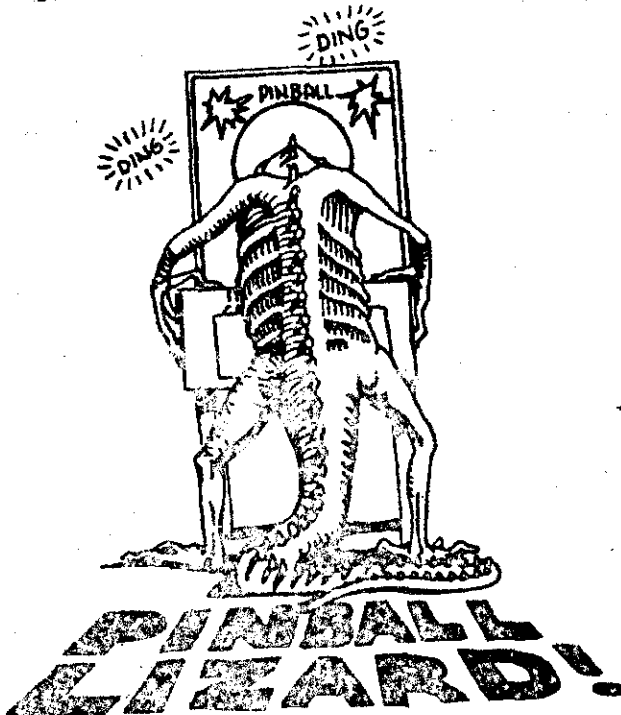
Igor pulled the Cossack's dress sabre and hit me on the head with the flat of the blade. To illustrate my good breeding and lineage, I fell unconscious.

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I slowly recovered my senses in all too familiar surroundings. Somehow, that malevolent conspiracy had returned me to my Carpathian hunting lodge. But things had been done to it in my absence. Strangers were walking about: some in overalls, and some in the uniforms of the new Czechoslovak Republic.

"What are you doing in my hunting lodge?" I asked with aristocratic hauteur.

"This *used* to be the estate of some broken-down nobleman," said a guard. "Now the Czechoslovak Republic has seized it to public use as an insane asylum. You are our first customer. They tell me you think you are a count."



FILKSONG CONTEST

Before going on to the contest, let us try to define a filksong. The most commonly given definition is that filksongs are what filk sing.

Sorry, it doesn't work. Let us try historical definitions. Typically, filksongs have been written by fans about fannish subjects to well-known tunes. This is not invariable, of course. I believe it was Joe Ross who wrote the words and the music to "The Ballad of John Campbell," thus violating the third condition. Lew Olkoff had a fine filksong, "Baeder-Meinhof Goes Rioting On" in TMG# 81, having nothing to do with anything conceivably fannish, violating the second condition. And, whoever took the tune of "Men of Harlech" and wrote "Woad" (one of my favorite filksongs, especially as it is one of the few whose tune I can remember) was not a fan but a Oxford or Cambridge student. And, of course, the fact that the New York CONspiracy loves to sing Tom Lehrer's songs....

Let us simply define filksongs as songs written by people like you and me (while noting that Ray Heuer will contend that the group contains no people) to well-known tunes and not about subjects usually covered by modern ballads, i.e., everyday relations among human individuals (I know that this may cause some people to claim that "Ode to Billy Jo" might qualify, but I'm convinced she tossed some memento of her ex-lover off the Tallahassee Bridge... perhaps her ex-lover).

Now, to the competition. You have twelve weeks, until TMG #88 is published to submit real, new filksongs to me. Whoever I think has produced the best one will get \$5 of sub credit; lesser placers will get lesser prizes; as I intend to publish the decent ones, it should keep going for a bit.

Why this? Well, I enjoy filksings, having written a few myself (mostly for Slobbovia) and want to encourage them. Very few filksongs have come out of Diplomacy, and only one good one. I refer to Dick Trtek's "If I only had a zine" from Greg Costikyan's *Urf Durfal, Grandson of Pouch # 31/32* (one of the few lively Diplomacy zines around these days), reprinted below as an example. You have been credited, Dick.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1) As the hobby keeps a-growin',
There's just no way of knowin'
Ev'ry cronk who plays by mail...
By a simple computation
I'd improve my reputation
If I only had a zine. | 3) From my iv'ry tower
I'd exert tremendous power,
An important force indeed...
I'd give my foes no quarter,
I'd head up the pecking order
If I only had a zine. |
| 2) I'd have a lot of features
To appeal to ev'ry creature
Who made the game his home...
There'd be articles on theory
Penned by no one less than Peery
If I only had a zine. | 4) Within these hallowed pages
I'd be immortalized for ages:
A legend in my time...
I'd make the honor roll
On each and ev'ry Poll
If I only had a zine. |

That gives you a rough idea of what I want. I'll see you again in about three months with the results.

NOT SF

Very strange. When Richard Sharp in England publishes a book on Diplomacy, he has to pay Avalon-Hill royalties. So, Avalon-Hill turns around and passes the money on to Rod Walker to write a book on the game. I wish I knew how Rod did it.

The Gamer's Guide to Diplomacy is a rather disappointing thing; better than Peery's lousy *Strategy & Tactics of Postal Diplomacy*.

Physically, the book is a center-stapled thing, about the size of S&T, although the paper is semi-slick.

Bruce Milligan is credited with the editing, and many of the book's problems can be blamed on his failures. The section on tactics is written in a lugubrious imitation of a Chinese fortune; Mr. Milligan's comments are added in italics. However, the discussion of Austrian mid- and end-games are left out and the middle sections of English strategy appear twice, a typesetting error even I never made in my three-day career. Considerations of a Russian-Italian alliance are not mentioned; while, on small conference maps each country is shown in black with ragged lines of attacks emanating out (incorrectly mostly) (as a side note, the map showing Russian "movement" does not have Finland blacked out; does Milligan know something I don't?).

The book itself is a fairly good introduction to Diplomacy and much more balanced than one would expect from Mr. Walker; there is only one gratuitous sideswipe at John Beshara. Although his preference for Balance-of-Power play is obvious, Rod does give a good mention to the "Strong Second" school of play.

For a sample game, Rod chose 1966 AA. This is probably the best regular press game that ever appeared, but the play was somewhat less than brilliant; still, Rod's taking part in the game and concluding it in a two-way draw make it more useful for analysis than another.

For interest to the mainstream of the hobby, the rules and map of the original (1958) published version are included. By present thought, the game has been immeasurably improved. Anyway, for someone interested in the game's evolution, it is interesting.

There are other errors. John McCallum is credited with inventing the ODD-MOD rating system; in actuality, McCallum invented the ODD system (as well as several others) and John Leeder adapted the system into ODD-MOD. For my taste the section on stalemates is undercredited. (I am not mentioned, nor is Verheiden, Vagts or Beshara, aside from the above-mentioned dig, which is a statement by Beshara in 1971 that a southern stalemate without Italy is impossible. The cover by Hugh Brodin is based on the cover illustration from the game in what I consider to be a rather ugly style.

On the plus side, the book is well-illustrated with cartoons, mostly drawn from John Konig's late great *stab*. There is little personality shown, which prevents recriminations; and the whole thing looks professional; and at \$3.50, it is reasonably priced (at least I think it was \$3.50; I don't quite remember).

There is the threat that this book, becoming standard, will force the actual play of the game into a mold. I could wish for a livelier book; chess' major opening work, Ruy Lopez' famous essay, is hilarious as well as well as informative. However, this is a fairly good opening work; Avalon-Hill and Rod Walker should make some nice change out of this work.

I only hope that Avalon-Hill gets to work and corrects the errors in this edition.

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

BEING A COMPENDIUM OF SOME THOUGHTS ENGENDERED THROUGH
HAVING TAKEN PART ON A PART ON THE FUTURE OF DIPLOMACY
AT DIPCON XI

Concepts of excellence are, of necessity, subjectively based. We could, for example, establish standards of excellence for farting, awarding credits for how long each fart takes, how loud it is and the exact scent.

In the same way, any standard of excellence for a Diplomacy zine is subjective. I was shocked recently to read a letter in John Leeder's *Runestone* from Robert Paquin; M. Paquin had sent me a letter asking for a sample copy some months ago and I had sent one off. He complained that I "wasted" most of the space each issue in discussing things that have nothing to do with Diplomacy and that I did not publish waiting lists for my games.

Obviously, M. Paquin's standards of excellence are not mine. I come from John Boardman's side of the hobby. The game, while interesting, cannot sustain interest by itself. M. Paquin believes that the only thing a good Diplomacy zine should concern itself with is Diplomacy.

Ten years ago, my attitude reigned and M. Paquin would not have dared to voice his opinion out loud. Why did this happen?

As I said, I came in through sf fandom. Since the hobby was established by Dr. Boardman and initially recruited through that avenue, his standards of excellence were paramount: a reliance on personality, writing quality and fiction.

However, as things change slowly, this could not stand by itself. About 1965, Edi Birsan put an advertisement through *The General's* "Enemies Wanted" column. People interested primarily in playing games started to enter the hobby in large numbers. By 1969 the hobby numbered several hundred people, and it had become impossible to know everyone directly. By this time, "warehouse zines" which ran little more than games began to appear. Habits of trading with every other Diplomacy publisher began to disappear. By 1974, even Boardman had abandoned this now quaint-seeming notion.

However, the hobby was still one of personality. Boardman, Walker, Beshara, Birsan, Buchanan and three or four others dominated the field. New publishers had standards of excellence established.

By 1975, however, a great change took place: the flier in each game set was about to be replaced with a flyer for *Diplomacy World*.

Previously, about 60% of the hobby filtered in through the flyer (the rest coming in through contact with people already in the hobby). Let us suppose we have two different people. One says "I want to play this game and it looks like the best place to play it is in a magazine;" the other says "I'd like to play this game and the people who play it must be crazy." Under the flyer system, both would write in and be placed in the hobby.

Nowadays, the flyer is gone, replaced by DW. The first sort, who wants to simply play will be enchanted by DW, since it supposedly shows him how to do it. The second person, who has different standards, however, which are, largely mine, will take a look at DW, be bored out of his gourd, and not go any further.

In this way, the present system has added to it a filter which excludes the sort of person who produces the sort of magazine I like. Some drift in, of course, through friends. But, once they are in, there is not much room for them to grow in; the Crazies have never been very large in number.

What does this mean? It means a gradual decline of quality -- from my point of view. It means that, ultimately, the Diplomacy Hobby will be merged into the mainstream of wargaming. Those who do not like it will print very strange zines, like those of the New York Conspiracy or retreat to sf fandom.

The change will not be one-sided. If Diplomacy becomes part of wargaming, then wargaming will take on certain aspects of Diplomacy.

1: Very long-range pbm games: Jim Bumpas runs several wargames in *Liberterrean*. John Boardman devotes an entire magazine, *Empire* to the postal play of non-Diplomacy wargames.

2: Diplomacy Variants have apparently been very weak lately, but an examination will show that it is simply that variants are no longer amateur products. Lew Pulsipher has just had published by Avalon-Hill a pamphlet of variants; SPI's *A Mighty Fortress* is basically a Diplomacy variant, and a new game called *Machievelli* is nothing but, even to use of area movement rather than hexes.

3: Dungeons & Dragons. The crazies are moving into D&D. Lee Gold, who runs the D&D apa *Alarums & Excursions* is a long-time sf fan. Other notable names in D&D from sf fandom include Dick Eney, Lee Burwasser and Lew Wolkoff. I have not gone to an sf con for several years where I could not, if I wanted, spend all my time playing D&D or some other role-playing game. Such games open the possibility of expression, of self not apparent in, say *Blitzkrieg*.

In conclusion, the situation for the future is not too bright for things as they are. But things always change, and the future, if not what the past was, should be enjoyable.

If we can only last....

.....

TOKA THE TOWN

1: THE MIXUMAXU GAZETTE is a quadriweekly magazine of postal Diplomacy and whatnot, edited, published and partially gamesmastered by Rober Bryan Lipton of 611 E. 11th St., 1A, NYC, NY 10009. Subscriptions are 8 issues for \$2 and games are always open for a \$3 gamefee and a game-length subscription. Contributions of articles, stories and artwork are always welcome and, if used, earn their creators \$2 of subscription credit per printed page.

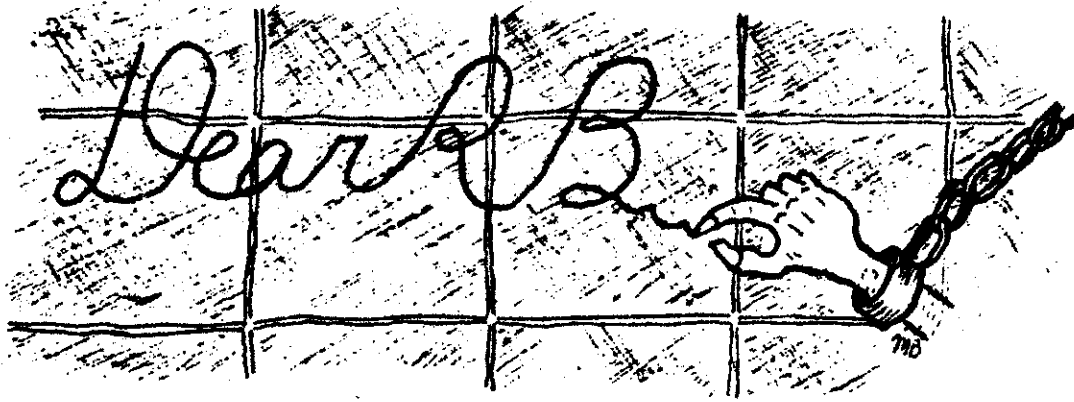
Also gamesmastering is Robert Sacks of 4861 Broadway Apt.5-V, NYC, NY 10034 telephone (212)942-3572 and Paul Stevens, 149 Sllivan, NYC, NY 10012.

This is a DNYMPA zine. All games in here are protected by Duh New York Mafia Protective Association. If you have any complaints about the promptness of this or any other DNYMPA zine, report them to Brad Hessel, 232 W.24th ST #5R, NYC, NY 10011.

Ah, yes. Mr. Lipton's phone number is (212)982-1974.

2: DIPCON XII is now scheduled to take place simultaneously with PennCon next year. Someone should, I suppose, inform Lee Kendter of that fact

3: ORIGINS 1978 took place with MichCon last week. I attended and was surprised at the poor organization of the con; I was even more surprised to discover that wargaming conventions lose money. Since Origins had about 2500 people attending, it becomes ridiculous in view of the fact that the annual LunaCon, with an attendance of about 1000 shows a profit. Someone should look into the matter.



PHILIP M. COHEN (23 Feb. 1978)... I don't see how your addition to Mark Berch's "Report to the IDA-NA: The Sodality" [in TMG #74] kills his plans for a series -- merely rule all matters in brackets uncanonical. Blackman's "Christmas Journal" was very good. I hope no one thinks I think Mack Reynolds is a *great* author. Enjoyed your take of the Great Snow. Happy Easter. #80 stank. Otto Binder is a *great* author. Printing the last two sentences will not dissuade me from continuing the practice.

[I'm glad to see that you are able to organize your thoughts more coherently these days. And one can always hope.]

JOHN MICHALSKI (10 April 1978) I was sorry to hear of your forced drop to a four-week schedule, but I can see why. I do think I should comment on your observation concerning extended deadlines. My *Brutus Bulletin* is currently running three games on a 14-day deadline and the pattern you note holds true there as well. A couple of players consistently vie for the fastest response received, while another group consistently holds out for the last-day receipt. None have missed it yet in that latter group, but one of these days.... I think the fast turnaround keeps them on their toes, as the pace doesn't allow the "leave it on the dresser and get around to it next week" attitude. "Next week" they receive the issue.

...If I sounded incoherent on the phone it was due to a) one grade-school and one pre-school distraction and b) trying to think what it was I'd meant to say besides orders, but couldn't think of.

Got to go. I'm trying to read *Splinter of the Mind's Eye* and publish a Dipzine, all on a lunch hour.

MARK BERCH (undated) Just got TMG#82 today. I found Burwasser's article quite interesting though it took several readings for me to absorb it all, but that's ok. Occasional bits were a little obscure for those of us who are not *Star Wars* scholars. For example, who are "Prowse and Jones?" [They are David Prowse and Quincy Jones, who provided the body and voice of Darth Vader. You may remember the latter from the 7-Up "UnCola Nut" commercials.]

(5 April 1978) What about that article I sent you? I have received no response as to whether you want to use it or not, which is unlike you, as in the past I've gotten a quick response. I noticed that Leeder's letter covered some of the same points, so I suspect that you don't want it. However, before I offer it elsewhere, I want to be sure you're not going to use it, so please let me know one way or another. OK? [I thought I had written you a note explaining that, because Leeder had already made the point, I would not be using your article; however, judging from your recent disgruntlement, either I forgot to send it or the PO forgot to deliver it.]

....Lessee.... I'm looking at TMG#80. The cover indicates that Mark doesn't know how to play Monopoly either, because you can't put both houses and hotels on the same property. I like the letter column logo, but I think the point-of-view is off. The viewer appears to be in the cell, as the arm appears to be between the viewer and wall.

...As for Michalski, I have written him about reprinting stuff, I don't think he'll run into trouble with the political stuff, but the syndicated art is another matter. He said he'd check into it. Also, he claims his boss knows about his xeroxing.

As to my press, I think to avoid future conflict and bad feeling I'm just not going to submit any more. I don't know if the change of press in #80 was accidental or deliberate (I'm quite curious on this point) but you completely changed the meaning and tone of it by rearranging what I wrote and, alas, England did take some offense. And then you did it again in #81. I didn't mean to insult, I meant to do a "slight dig" so I said "slight dig" and not "insult." And another thing. You stated "We meant". I don't like the use of the plural one bit. The royal we. I realize that lots of editors and people affecting a certain style use it but I don't because I've never liked the sound of it coming from my own pen. If you want to trim the press or not use it, that's one thing. But you've altered the meaning, style and tone of my press in ##80 and 81 and I don't like it one bit.

I assume that Paul [Stevens] has complete control over 1977 KJ, so I'll write to him about errors (there were at least three). I found Paul Novak's letter interesting as I have just heard from a novice, grouching that he didn't have a voice in the selection of a new gm (the game was orphaned). I had to explain that, traditionally, the players have little say in the selection of a new gm. Switching from pubber to gm is another matter, I suspect that if you trust a pubber enough to play in his game, you have to trust his judgement in selecting a guest GM... I would have preferred to stay with you in this game, but your motives for switching it were exepm-plary.

[Sorry for changing your press; it's just that some people's press needs extensive editing to make it readable, and I don't know when to stop. If you submit more, it won't happen again. At least, not to such an extent.

[At any rate, I hope that you



are getting used to Paul.]

HOUSE RULES

- 1: To enter a game of Diplomacy in this zine you must notify the editor of the fact, pay a \$3 gamefee and agree to pay a subscription for as long as the game lasts. You must submit your name, address and full telephone number. A preference list is optional. Only one player will be permitted from any telephone area in any one game at any point.
- 2: Play will be conducted in accordance with the latest set of rules of Diplomacy with the following additions and exceptions:
- 3: Each gameyear will be divided into three parts: Spring moves; Summer retreats and Fall moves; Autumn retreats and Winter adjustments. The gamesmaster may combine the last two seasons; a player, however, can always request that they be re-separated.
- 4: If a country is unordered during a season, any of its units dislodged that season may retreat the next (does not apply to games orphaned from *Pellucidar*)
- 5: Deadlines for each set of moves will be published with the previous season's adjudication; the gamesmaster may extend the deadline.
- 6: If a player's moves have not been received by the evening of deadline the gm may, at his discretion, place a collect phone call to the player providing such calls have not been specifically forbidden.
- 7: If the gamesmaster has not received a player's moves by the deadline, he may appoint a standby. If the player misses the next set of moves, the standby becomes the player of the country.
- 8: If the gamesmaster cannot adjudicate a situation, all involved movements fail. Sacks uses Verheiden's Rule, normal and extended. Lipton uses a Ouija Board and Stevens probably doesn't know what either is.
- 9: A concession to a single player in a game will occur if all surviving players agree. A draw among all surviving powers will occur under the following circumstances: if three game years pass during which each country's number of supply centers remains constant; if all surviving powers agree; and, in Sacks' game, if all but one player agrees to a draw and if all but the dissenting player can demonstrate to the gm and publisher that a stalemated position exists and will be maintained.
A conceded draw will not be permitted.
- 10: Any attempt to bamboozle or influence the gamesmaster will be grounds for expulsion from all games and seizure of all subscription moneys. You may shoot the other players if you wish....
- 11: Notiations for spaces are unambiguous. However, it should be noted that Lipton and Stevens underline all of a failed moves and Sacks underlines only that part which fails.
- 12: The gamesmasters accept no responsibility for the efficiency or effectiveness of intervening communications media. This includes telephones, telegrams, parents, the U.S., Canadian or Central African Imperial mails, smoke signals or their own handwritings.
- 13: Temporary substitutes may be appointed if a player cannot play for a short period of time. Arrange it with the gm in advance.
- 14: Codewords are forbidden. Sacks uses General Orders but considers each use to be a missed move. Lipton and Stevens do not use them. Anything else is up to the decision of the gm, who may be quite arbitrary.
- 15: Changes in these houserules for games in progress may be changed only by unanimous consent of players, gm and publisher.

ROLL CALL

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NEW GAME

We have just filled our latest game. Until the Boardman Numbers Custodian issues a Number, it will be referred to as TMG XX. The addresses are in *Roll Call*.

GAMESMASTER: Robert Bryan Lipton
 AUSTRIA: Joshua Scheier
 ENGLAND: David Marshall II
 FRANCE: Michael Foster
 GERMANY: Ronald Foster
 ITALY: Donny Matous
 RUSSIA: Jerry Muto
 TURKEY: Gary Knight

SPRING 1901 moves are due by Thursday, 14 September 1978. Good luck to everyone. To quiet any fears, I asked, and the two Messrs. Fosters are not related.

PELICIDAR #18 - 1975Dbu

GM: Robert Sacks

Fall 1912

Draw defeated, 2 - 1. Greg omitted: RUS F NPa-NPaCBB, A Raj-Del.

AUSTRIA (Red Beam) A Del R-Kas. F Adr-Ion, F Ank-Bla, A Ber h, A Boh-Mun, A Bur-Par, A Clu-Ser, A Con h, F EMed-Egy, A Fin-StP, A Ira-Afg, A Kas S Raj-Del, A Mar h, A Oms S Tur, A Raj-Del, A Rom-Nap, A Ruh h, A Rum-Sev, A Sax h, A Ser-Gre, A Sev-Ira, A Sind S Ira-Afg, A Smy-Ara, A Swe h, A Tur h, A Tyr-Ven.

GERMANY (Gary Peterson) A Cly h, F EC C Wal-Bre, F Hol-Bel, F Lvp-NAO, F Nth-Nwg, F Ska-Nwy, A Spa h, A Wal-Bre, A Yor-Wal.

ITALY (CD) F AraS u/o, F BoBen u/o, F EIn u/o/Annh/, F GoAde u/o, F MAOBB u/o, F Mog u/o, F SAO u/o, F SAOBB u/o, F SomS u/o, A Yem u/o, F WMed u/o/Annh/.

RUSSIA (David Scott) F AndS-EIn, F Bla h, A Bna-Cal, A Cal-Mad, A Del h, A Ire u/o, F Jav-Tim, F Joh-AndS, "A Liv h"/nsu/, F Mai S AndS-EIn, F MAO-WMed, F Mor S MAO-WMed, F NAO S SPaOBB-MAO, A Nep S Del, F NPaOBB S SPaOBB-MAO, A Sib h, A Sik-Tib, A Sink S Sib, F SoJ-NPa, F SPa-SPaOBB, F SPaOBB-MAO, A Tha-Nna, F Tim-TimOBB.

1912 SUPPLY CENTER CHART

WINTER 1912 MOVES DUE: 8 PM, 15 AUGUST 1978

A:26/26*. H, Rum, Ser, Bul, Gre, War, Ank, Mos, Mun, Sev, Ber, Con, ~~Bel~~, Oms, Swe, Ira, ~~Del~~, StP, Bag, Mar, ~~Nwy~~, Smy, Ven, Egy, Nap, Par. Build 1.

F:1*/1*. For. (Still Out)

G:11/9. Kie, Pos, Den, Hol, ~~Par~~, Bre, Lon, Edi, Lvp, Bel, Nwy, Spa. Build 2.
I: 7/12. Mog, ~~Nap~~, Rom, Pen, Yem, ~~Del~~, Eth, Tun, ~~Mad~~, ~~Vor~~, Cey, ~~Spa~~.

Remove 2.

R:27*/24*. Vla, Kor, Sin, Man, OMon, Pek, Han, Fma, Kyo, Osa, For, Kar, Vtn, Cam, Can, Tok, Phi, Sai, Tha, Cal, Bor, Ire, Jav, Joh, Del, Mad, Mor. Build 1.

LD - 1977P GM: Robert Sacks Fall 1905

AUSTRIA (Ron Kelly) F Adr-Tri, A Boh-Mun, F Bulsc-Aeg, A Gal-War, A Gre h, A Mos S ENG Nwy-StP, A Tri-Ser, A Tyr-Tri.

ENGLAND (Eric Verheiden) A Bel S GER Mun-Bur/nsc//disl/, A Cly-Edi, A Den h, F Hol-Nth, A Nwy-StP, F Swe S Den, F Wal-Lon.

FRANCE (William Newell Jr) NMR. F NAO u/o. FFL Ira u/o.

GERMANY (~~Wap/Valkov~~ Dan Gelber) NMR. F Bel u/o, A Kie u/o, A Mun u/o, A Ruh u/o, A StP u/o/Annh/.

ITALY (Gary Knight) F Apu S Ven, A Bre h, A Bur S Pic-Bel, F EC S Pic-Bel, F Ion S Smy-Aeg, F MAO h, A Pic-Bel, A Pie S Ven, F Smy-Aeg, A Ven h.

TURKEY (Bill Frank) A Ank-Smy, A Con-Bul.

1905 SUPPLY CENTER CHART

WINTER 1905 MOVES DUE: 8 PM, 15 AUGUST 1978

A: 9/8. H, Ser, Gre, Bul, Rum, Mos, War. Build 1.
E: 7/7. Edi, Lon, ~~Bel~~, Nwy, Hol, Swe, Den, StP. No Change.
F: 1/1. Lvp. No Change.
G: 3/5. H, ~~War~~, ~~StP~~. Remove 1.
I:10/10. H, Tun, Mar, ~~Spa~~, Por, Spa, Bre, Par, Bel. No Change.
T:4*/3*. Ank, Con, Smy, Sev. Build 1.

Call for a 3-way draw vote.

- * AUSTRIA (William Newell Jr) F Adr u/o.
- ENGLAND (Douglas Hollingsworth) A Edi h, F Lon-Nth, F MAO S Spasc, F NAO h, A Nwy S StP, A Pic-Par, F Por S Spasc, F Spasc S MAO, A StP S Nwy.
- GERMANY (David Hansen) F GoL S Tus, A Lvn S Mos, A Mar h, A Mos u/o, A Mun-Boh, F Nth h, A Sil S War, A Tri u/o, A Tus u/o, A Tyr S Vie, A Ven S Tri, A Vie S Tri, A War u/o.
- TURKEY (Dennis Klein) A Bud S Ser, A Gal S Bud, F Ion S Tyr, F Nwg h, A Rom h, A Rum S Bud, A Ser S Bud, A Sev S Ukr, F Tun S Ion, F Tyr S Rom, A Ukr S Gal.

1909 SUPPLY CENTER CHART VOTES & WINTER 1909 MOVES DUE 8 PM, 15 AUGUST 1978

A: 0/1. ~~Set~~. OUT.

E:10/9. H, Nwy, Bel, StP, Bre, Spa, Por, Par. Build 1.

G:12/13. H, Den, Hol, Swe, ~~Par~~, Mar, Mos, War, Ven, Tri, Vie. Remove 1.

T:12/11. H, Bul, Gre, Rom, Rum, Nap, Sev, Bud, Tun, Ser. Build 1.

The Spendthrift-I am sorry that I took Paris from you but you should not have edged into Livonia. I still want a 3-way draw.

.....
VALINOR - 1976T GM: Robert Sacks Winter 1910

- AUSTRIA (CD) Has A Bud.
- ENGLAND (Ron Kelly) B A Lon. Also has F Bal, F Bar, A Fin, F GoB, A Kie, F Nth, A StP, F Swe.
- FRANCE (Steve McLendon) B F Bre, A Mar. Also has F Adr, A Apu, A Bur, F EM, F Ion, A Mun, F Nap, A Ruh, A Ven, A Vie.
- GERMANY (Margaret Gemignani) Has A Ber.
- RUSSIA (Vane Smith) NRR. F GoB Annh. Has F Aeg, A Boh, A Con, F Gre, A Mos, A Rum, A Smy, A Tri, A Tyr, A Ukr, A War.

SPRING 1911 MOVES DUE: 8 PM, TUESDAY, 15 AUGUST 1978

.....
MG XIII - 1977L GM: Robert Sacks Winter 1907

- ENGLAND (Jeff Power) Has F Bal, F EC, A Fin, A Gas, A Nar, F Nth, A Nwy, A Ruh, F Spasc, F Swe, A Wal.
- FRANCE (Ron Kelly) Has A Mun.
- GERMANY (David Schwartz) NRR. GM R A Bur. Has A Ber, A Den, A Kie.
- ITALY (Paul Thomas) B F Rom. Also has A Boh, F Con, F GoL, A Pie, A Rum, A Ser, F Tun, A Tyr, F Tyr, A Ven.
- RUSSIA (Dick Trtek) Has A Gal, A Mos, A Pru, A Sil, F StPsc, A Vie, A Ven.

SPRING 1908 MOVES DUE: 8 PM, TUESDAY, 15 AUGUST 1978

SPECIAL NOTICE TO DAVID SCHWARTZ: If you miss any season this year, or any two out of any three, you will be dropped.

.....
LD - 1977T GM: Robert Sacks Fall 1905

Call for 2-way E-T draw vetoed by Publisher's Houserules.

COA-Dave Ditter, 563 Maple Ave, Fontana Ca 92335.

- ENGLAND (David Ditter) F EC S Gas-MAO, F Fin-StPsc, F Gas-MAO, F MAO-Spasc, F Nth C Nwy-Bel, A Nwy-Bel, F Por S MAO-Spasc, F Spasc-Mar.
- FRANCE (Kenneth Peterson) A Mar u/o, F WM u/o.
- GERMANY (Roland Wong) F Bal-Pru, A Bur-Par, F GoB S ENG Fin-StPsc, A Kie S Mun-Ber, A Mun-Ber.
- RUSSIA (~~James Watt~~ Ron Kelly) A Ber S Sil-Mun/disl/, A Boh S Sil-Mun, A Lvn-StP, A Pru S Ber, A Sil-Mun.
- TURKEY (Steven Graves) A Afrm u/o, F Bla u/o, F Con u/o, A Gal u/o, F GoL u/o, F Gre u/o, F HAF u/o, A Tri u/o, A Tyr u/o, F Tyr u/o, A Ven u/o.

LD - 1977T continued

1905 SUPPLY CENTER CHART WINTER 1905 MOVES DUE: 8 PM, 15 AUGUST 1978

E:10/8. H, Bre, Nwy, Swe, Por, Spa, Bel, StP. Build 2.

F: 1/2. Mar, ~~Par~~. Remove 1.

G: 5/5. Ber, Kie, ~~Bel~~, Den, Hol, ~~StP~~, Par. No Change.

R: 6/7. Mos, Sev, War, Vie, Rum, Mun, Ber. Build 1 (2 if A Ber Annh).

T:12/12*. H, Bul, Gre, Ser, Tri, Nap, Tun, Bud, Rom, Ven. No Change.

.....

TURNABOUT #8 - 1976BL

GM: Robert Sacks

Spring 1908

Call for concession to Austria.

AUSTRIA (Benjamin Laves) F Adr-Ion, A Boh-Mun, A Bul-Rum, F Ion-Nap, A Mos-StP, A Mun-Kie/disl/, A Pru S Sil-Ber, F Rom S Ion-Nap, A Sev-Ukr, A Sil-Ber, F Tri-Adr, F Tyr-WM, A Tyr S Ven-Pie, A Ven-Pie, A Vie-Tri.

ENGLAND (CD) F Lvp u/o.

GERMANY (~~Paul Byrns~~, Dennis Klein) A Ber S Bur-Mun/Annh/, A Bur-Mun, A Kie S Ber, F Lon-Nth, A Mar-Pie, A Pic-Bur, F Por-MAO, A Ruh S Bur-Mun, A Spa-War, F Swe-Bel.

ITALY (Zane Parks) F Nap u/o/Annh/, A StP u/o.

RUSSIA (Jim Diehl, resigns) A Pin S StP, A StP u/o.

VOTES & FALL 1908 MOVES DUE: 8 PM, TUESDAY, 15 AUGUST 1978

StPetersburg-Sorry, Vienna, but your tedious play bores me to resign. That's one way to win but quite a witless one!

.....

MG XIX

GM: STEVENS

FALL 1901

AUSTRIA (Daniel Seth Gelber) NMR! NEUTRAL MOVES: A Ser-Gre; A Bud & F Tri H. Owns Vie, Bud, Tri, Ser(4). May build one unit.

ENGLAND (Ronald de Bracmoor) F Nth-Bel; A Edi-Nwy; F Nrg C A Edi-Nwy. Owns Edi, Lvp, Lon, Nwy(4). May build one unit.

FRANCE (Laurence Lurio) F Mid-Spa(sc); A Mar H; A Bur-Bel. Owns Bre, Mar, Par, Spa(4). May build one unit.

GERMANY (Paul Rauterberg) F Hol S ENGLISH A Edi-Bel(nso); A Kie-Den; A Mun-Bur. Owns Ber, Kie, Mun, Hol, Den(5). May build two units.

ITALY (Marck A. Morrisson) A Pie-Tyr; F Ion-Tun; A Ven-Tri. Owns Nap, Rom, Tun Ven (4). May build one unit.

RUSSIA (Kevin Knight) NMR! NEUTRAL MOVES F Bot-Swe; F Rum, A Gal, A Ukr all H. Owns Mos, St.P, Sev, War, Rum, Swe(6). May build two units.

TURKEY (Harold Groot) A Bul-Gre; A Ank H; F Con-Bul(sc); Owns Ank, Bul, Con, Smy(4). May build one unit.

Winter 1901 moves are due to Robert Lipton by Thursday, 17 August 1978. Will Dick Trtek please stand by for Austria and will John Michalski please standby for Russia?

.....

1977 KJ

GM: STEVENS

WINTER 1906

AUSTRIA (Tom Kissner) B F Tri. Has F Tri, F Lyo, F Tun, A Boh, A Gal, A Tyr, A Nap, A Ven, A Mar, A Pie.

ENGLAND (Bert van den Boogaard) Ret A StP-Nwy. Has A Nwy, A Bel, F Swe, F Iri, F Eng, F Mid, F Gas.

FRANCE (Eric P. Verheiden) Has A Por.

GERMANY (Dennis Klein) Has A Par, A StP, A Bur, A Kie, F Nth, A Mun,

TURKEY (Mark L. Berch) B F Smy. Has F Smy, F NAF, F Ion, F Wes, F Spa(sc), F Bla, A Lvn, A Mos, A Ukr.

Thanks to Bert van den Boogaard for the postcard. Moves separated by player request. Spring 1907 moves are due ROBERT LIPTON by 17 August 1978.

1977 U

GM: LIPTON

SPRING 1905

AUSTRIA (John McElvaney) F Gre-Aeg; F Ion S F Gre-Aeg; A Bul-Rum; A Ser S A Bul-Rum; A Bud S A Bul-Rum; A Vie S A Bud; A Ven-Apu

ENGLAND (Bill Bowers) F Wal-Lon; A Edi-Lvp

FRANCE (Allen Beals) A Bre-Pic; A Par-Bur; A Mun S A Par-Bur; F Mid-Nat; F Tyr-Wes; A Rom S AUSTRIAN A Ven-Apu; F Eng S A Bre-Pic; F Iri-Lvp

GERMANY (W. Christian Youngquist) A Ber-Mun; A Kie-Den; F Nth-Eng; F Hol-Nth; A Bel-S

ITALY (Ronald Truckman) A Nap H; F Tun-Tyr

RUSSIA (David Wan) A Sev S A Rum; A Rum S A Gal-Bud; A Gal-Bud; F Con-Aeg; F Smy S F Con-Aeg; A Ank-Con; F Swe-Ska; A Fin-Swe; F Bal & A Nwy S A Fin-Swe

Fall 1905 moves are due by Thursday, 20 August 1978

1977 HR

GM: LIPTON

SPRING 1904

AUSTRIA (Donny Matous) A Tri-Alb; A Ser S A Tri-Alb; A Ven-Rom; A Tyr-Ven; A Bud-Gal

ENGLAND (David L. Pierce) F Den-Nth; F Lvp-Nat; F Iri S F Lvp-Nat; F Kie-Hol; F Hel S F Kie-Hol; A Hol-Ruh

FRANCE (Ronald M. Kelly) F Bre-Mid; A Mar-Bur; F Mid-Nat; F Eng C A Pic-Wal; A Pic-Wal; A Bel-Hol

GERMANY (Dennis Klein) A Ber S A Ruh-Mun; A Ruh-Mun

ITALY (Thomas Slaughter) A Pie-Tus; A Alb H (annihilated); F Tun-Ion

RUSSIA (Mark Traylor) A Nwy S F Swe; F Swe S F Bot-Bal; F StP(sc)-Bot; A War-Sil; A Rum S A Bul; A Bul S A Rum; A Ank S F Con-Smy; F Bla-Con; F Con-Smy

TURKEY (Civil Disorder) A Gre; F Smy (annihilated)

Fall 1905 moves are due by Thursday, 17 August 1978

1977 KK

GM: LIPTON

FALL 1904

AUSTRIA (Dennis Klein) A Ser-Bud; A Bud-Vie; A Vie-Boh; A Gal S A Vie-Boh (annihilated); A Bul H; A Rum S A Bul. Owns Bud, Bul, Rum, Ser, Tri, Vie (6). May build one unit.

ENGLAND (David Lagerson) F Mid-Por; F Iri-Mid; F Eng S F Iri-Mid; F Bre S F Iri-Mid; F StP(nc) S F Nwy; F Nwy S F StP(nc). Owns Bre, Edi, Lvp, Lon, Nwy, Por, StP (7). May build one unit.

GERMANY (Zane Parks) A Mun-Tyr; A Sil S A Boh-Gal; A War-Ukr; A Pru-War; A Mos S A War-Ukr; A Par-Gas; A Swe-Lvn; A Boh-Gal; A Bur S A Par-Gas; F Bal C A Swe-Lvn. Owns Bel, Ber, Den, Hol, Kie, Mos, Mun, Par, Swe, War (10). Even.

ITALY (William C. Newell Jr.) A Tyr S AUSTRIAN A Vie-Boh; A Gre S AUSTRIAN A Bul; F Wes-Spa(sc); F Lyo S F Wes-Spa(sc); A Pie-Mar. Owns Gre, Nap, Roh, Spa, Tun, Ven (5). Even.

RUSSIA (Paul Stevens) F Sev H. Owns Sev(1). Even.

TURKEY (Thomas G. Bannon) F Aeg-Ion; F Nap-Rom; A Con-Bul. Owns Ank, Con, Rom, Smy (4). May build one unit.

If no one objects, Winter 1904 and Spring 1905 moves are due by Thursday, 17 August 1978.

BURBANK (HICCUPS) Robert Bryan Lipton, the legendary gamesmaster usually OK, strolled around the display room, finally stopping at the HA booth. He gingerly examined the mint-condition copy of *Liberterrean* #100, 'the only dipzine with a complete board wargame in it.' The valuable issue was enclosed in a plastic bag to avoid fingerprints and goo marks. Also on exhibit were copies

of *Diplomacy World* #1 and *EREHWON* #99as well as the ditto masters for the fake *Runestone* #166 (How did Walt get his hands on those?). A truly priceless collection had been assembled, to be sure. There was just one thing missing.

"Can't wait, can't wait, ooh, I can't wait," muttered Bob as he resumed his meanderings. "TMG, TMG, the one-hundredth issue of TMG: Gonna be the greatest, gonna be the greatest, gonna be the greatest this hobby's ever seen. Can't wait, can't wait, oh, no, I can't wait."

The chant was hypnotizing and soon a line of Mixumaxufen was snaking its way through the exit in search of duds, armed with water pistols....

1977 KL

GM: LIPTON

SPRING 1904

AUSTRIA(Zane Parks) A Ukr-Rum; A Bud-Ser; F Bul(sc) S A Ser-Gre(ann);
A Ser-Gre
ENGLAND (Paul E. Boymel) RESIGNS! A StP S F Nth-Nwy; F Nth-Nwy; F Edi-Nth;
A Lon-Wal; F Den S F Edi-Nth; F Bal S F Den
FRANCE (Paul Stevens) F Eng S GERMAN F Hol-Nth; A Bel S A Mar-Bur.
; A Pie-Ven; F Tyr H; F Wes-Tun; A Mar - BUR
GERMANY (Dennis Klein) A Mun-Ber; A Ruh S A Kie; A Kie S A Mun; F Hol-Nth
ITALY (Thomas G. Bannon) A Ven-Tyr; A Vie S A Ven-Tyr; A Tri-Ser; F Ion-Gre;
F Eas-Ion; F Rom-Tus
RUSSIA (Paul G. Rauterberg) A Boh-Vie; A Gal-Bud; A Sev-Ukr; F Ank-Bla;
F Rum-Bul(ec); A Con S F Rum-Bul(ec); F Swe-Nwy
TURKEY (Civil Disorder) F Aeg H

Will Thomas Slaughter Jr. please take over England? Fall 1904 moves are due by Thursday, 17 August 1978.

1976 EU

GM LIPTON

SPRING 1907

ENGLAND (Dennis Klein) A Swe-Den; A Den-Edi; F Nth C.A Den-Edi; F Nrg S A
Den-Edi
FRANCE (John Michalski) A Lvp S F NAT-Cly; F NAT-Cly; F Eng-Wal; F Bre-Eng;
A Mun S A Hol-Kie(retreats-Bur, Tyr, annihilated); A Ruh S A Hol-Kie;
A Hol-Kie; F Nap S F Wes-Tyr; F Wes-Tyr; F Mar-Lyo; A Bel-Hol
GERMANY (Ronald M. Kelly) A Sil-Mun; A Ber S A Sil-Mun; F Kie H (retreats-
Hel, Bal, ann)
ITALY (Jerry Rogowski) A Rom-Nap; F Tun H
RUSSIA (Ronald De Bracmoor) A Fin H; A Mos-StP; A Boh S GERMAN A Sil-Mun
TURKEY (Daniel Palter) F Con-Aeg; A Ank-Sev; A Sev-Ukr; A Vie S RUSSIAN A
Boh; F Aeg-Gre; F Eas-Ion; A Tri-Ven; F Ven-Apu; F Ion-Tyr; F Bla C A Ank-
Sev; A Ukr-War; A Gal S A Ukr-War

Fall 1907 moves are due by Thursday, 17 August 1978.

INSTANBUL: What a strange trip it's been.

1978 AA

GM: LIPTON

SPRING 1903

AUSTRIA(Karl Skutsch) RESIGNS: A Bud S A Tri; A Tri S A Bud
ENGLAND(Eric P. Verheiden) F Edi-Nrg; F Nth S F Bar-Nwy; F Bar-Nwy; A StP
S F Bar-Nwy

FRANCE (August Luckow) F Eng-Bel; F Lyo-Tyr; F Wes S F Lyo-Tyr(retreats-Spa, Naf, Tun, ann); A Pie-Tus; A Spa-Mar
 GERMANY (Paul Rauterberg) F Kie-Hol; F Swe-Nwy; F Den-Nth; A Mun H; A Boh S A Tyr-Vie; A Tyr-Vie
 ITALY (Paul E. Boymel) RESIGNS: A Vie-Tri (resigns); A Tyr S A Vie-Tri; A Rom H; A Ven S A Rom; F Tyr-Wes; F Mid S F Tyr-Mid
 RUSSIA(Randy T. Christopher) A Mos S A War-Lvn; A War-Lvn; A Ukr-Gal; F Rum-Bul(ec); F Nwy-Eng(imp.)
 TURKEY(John Christopher) A Gre-Alb; A Ser S A Gre-Alb; A Ank-Con; F Eas-Ion; F Smy-Eas.

Fall 1903 moves are due by Thursday, 17 August 1978

THE SULTAN SPEAKS: I must remind the Kaiser and all Germans that their fight is useless. Germany is no longer the most powerful force in Europe and, in fact, was never the power it thought it was. We of Turkey do not understand why the German people think they can destroy both the Turkish and Russian Empires when it has already taken them two years and they still haven't entered ting [sic] Italy, and they had the assistance of both the French and Austrians and were using their entire army. Unfortunately, the lesson we had to teach Austria was not enough to keep the Germans off our tails, so what I now must do is apparent. The Turkish Empire is now at war with the entity known as Germany. We call our allies Russia and Italy to assist us in our struggle for freedom and to teach German "The Austrian Lesson."

Will Ronald M. Kelly please take over Austria and will John Hulland please take over Italy?

1978 AI

GM: LIPTON

WINTER 1902

AUSTRIA (Paul E. Boymel) B A Tri. Has A Tri, A Ukr, A Rum, A Bud, A Ser, F Gre. RESIGNS.
 ENGLAND (Brian C. Gister) NMR! Has A Lon, A Nwy, F Den, F Nth, F Hol.
 FRANCE(Bill Bowers) Builds F Mar. Has F Bel, A Bur, A Mun, F Lyo, A Tus, F Wes & F Mar
 GERMANY(William C. Newell Jr.)Ret.F Den-Bal; Rem A Sil, A Kie, A Ruh. Has F Bal
 ITALY (Randy T. Christopher)A Pie, A Tun, F Ion, F Aeg.
 RUSSIA(H.G. Knight)B A Mos. Has A Mos, F Swe, A Ber, A War, A Sev, F Bla
 TURKEY(Dennis Klein)B F Ank. Has F Ank, A Bul, A Con, A My.

Will Ronald Kelly take over as Austria and will Eric Verheiden standby as England? Spring 1903 moves are due by Thursday, 17 August 1978. A release is delayed.

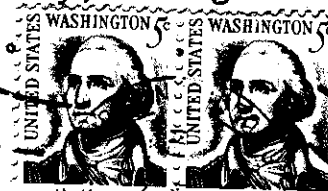
The Mixumaru Gazette #85
 c/o Robert Bryan Lipton
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NEW GAME SARTS!
 See page 20

PRINTED MATTER

SEND TO

Doug Beyerlein #92
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 Menlo Park, Ca 94025



This is your last issue; Mr. Bannon, 18

You are needed as a standby in game . Please s;

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AIR MAIL