



THE MIXUMAXU GAZETTE

87

17 September 1978

I thought some of you might be wondering what happened to that masthead. I have not abandoned it; it's that I think it doesn't go too well with an illustrated cover. However, whenever I use a typewriter on the front page, Kurt's fine masthead goes up there. At the moment I have a

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couple more of Boardman's collage covers sitting around. After that, we shall see:

Last issue Mark Berch had a letter herein in which he urged me to write some articles about the strange Dippy people I have known. I reply jokingly in the negative.

In any case, of note is that fact that a few weeks ago I saw Rod Walker's style sheet for *Diplomacy World*. Besides the usual stuff about where to put the commas and whether to use the word or the numeral for "nine," he had, as item one (after formatting) the fact that he wanted no articles about personalities. So much for Mark's ideas.

To my way of thinking Rod has made an incredible blunder in this. He does, after all, have the market for sercon discussion of Diplomacy locked up in terms of audience supply and writers. If Rod supplies his audience with 28 out of 32 pages each issue or 56 out of 64, or whatever the page count is, then his audience will be satisfied. Give me and the people who think like me about 12% of the issue and we will be satisfied.

So, why not? Two possible explanations. Personalities tend to lead to feuds and feuds tend to be messy. To avoid messes, one should avoid feuds. And, to avoid feuds, one should stay clear of personalities.

Behind this is probably the second excuse: look, DW is meant to make money. Walt Buchanan has never concealed his intention of turning Diplomacy into a profitable business-hobby, like the WCF is for chess. For this (money) you need lots of people. For lots of people you need to have just what you offer, without the fun of different organizations competing. "Hey, man, I wasn't looking for all this hasale. I just

wanted to play some games." Most people will take this attitude. Only a few have Dave Schwartz' strength of will that makes them say "Nobody attacks me a gets away with it!" and then proceed to beat up on 12-years-olds. So, for peace and quiet and good profits, Walker has taken the right course.

Still, he has also taken the course for people to get taken. Someone gets ripped off and complains. Sorry, no personalities!

Of course, Walker is not taking quite this narrow a course; he did, after all, give notice about the possible Oaklyn-Tretick hoax. Still, Walker has opportunities that others don't. If Walker will not permit it (and, judging from his actions in the past, he will not), Oaklyn-Tretick, whatever, has no decent means of response. If I said something that Sacks didn't like (as I apparently did; he did, after all, bounce it on illegal grounds from one APA-DUD and then replied twice, an amazing cause a rebuttal *sans* argument), well, he has access to my mailing list and to repro facilities and he can reply to the same audience if I refuse to publish his twaddle (which I do, by the way, being convinced he is crazy and thus not having anything to say worth hearing).

But Oaklyn-Tretick (if they are the same person or not) have no such opportunities. I mean: Walker has the mailing list and the others don't. And if you not set up for sending out a thousand pieces of mail, it can get damned expensive.

(This, by the by, is why stations are legally obligated to give opposition people free time to reply to network (or local) editorials. Do you have the cash for five minutes of network time?)

Done properly, this opens up the way for peace and quiet, broken only by just complaints. Done improperly, it lets Rod attack if and when he wants to and then retreat behind the facade of "Sorry, no personalities!"

Knowing Rod, I believe he is likely to tend more to the second course than the first. This is not to assume an air of moral superiority. In his situation I would likely do the same thing. But I am not in Rod's situation. I publish my mailing list fairly often and if someone wants to reply to my audience, he can do it at approximately the same cost as I: about \$20.

Well, nothing to be done until either Rod changes his mind or a few other professional Dipzines come along. Both seem unlikely.

Abyssinia,

Robert Bryan Lipton

TOKA THE TOWN

1: THE MIXUMAXU GAZETTE is a triweekly magazine of postal Diplomacy and whatnot, edited, published and mostly gmed by Robert Bryan Lipton of 611 E. 11th St., NYC, NY 10009 tel(212)982-1874. Subs are 8 issues for \$2. Games are always open for a gamefee of \$3 and a subscription. Art and words are solicited and paid for, when used, at a rate of \$2 of sub credit page page.

Doing some of the games is Paul Stevens of 149 Sullivan, NYC, NY 10012.

TMG is a DNYMPA zine. All games herein are protected.

ABCSF

Once upon a time, long, long ago, science fiction magazines came in all types and sizes. There were bedsheets, like Analog; there were digests, like F&SF; and there were pulps like Planet Stories.

Planet Stories specialized in action-adventure sf. Some of the fields better writers appeared there when the John-Campbell formula dominated the field and they refused to conform. The best was Leigh Brackett, who was also busy writing the script for The Big Sleep, the version starring Humphrey Bogart.

However, in the fifties, the market for pulps declined very badly; and someone bought up the American News Company, because its stock was selling for less than its assets were worth, and dismembered it, and that really killed the pulp market (only six sf magazines survived, by going to digest; and three or four mystery magazines. ~~The love story magazines, in the true Confessions mold kept right on going, because they were very profitable; but the more marginal ones went down the tubes.~~

Things, however, are perking up. Davis Publication (which turns out Ellery Queen Mystery Magazine) decided to experiment in the sf field and inveigled Asimov to put his name on the masthead. And Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine took off.

Well, time passed, and Davis decided to try again. This time they picked a more pulpish format for a more action-juvenile-oriented audience. And so the first issue of Asimov's Science Fiction Adventure Magazine came out a few months ago, and is going great. They found they should have printed more.

Now the first issue is not very propitious. They have a Harrison "Stainless Steel Rat" adventure, which is written in a stupid, wide-eyed manner; and an Asimov short story on time travel that is very ordinary. However, the lead novel is a Poul Anderson adventure novelet, and Poul was one of the writers who graced Planet Stories' last five years, and I do mean "graced." Dominic Flandry originated there.

So, rush over to your newstand and buy a copy. If they don't have a copy, berate 'em. Give it to your ten-year-old nephew who is starting to outgrow comics; because this is the sort of thing to wean kids away from comics, over to actual sf.

In the fifties, this purpose was served by what was known as the "juvenile science fiction novel." Most of Heinlein's work from 1946 to 1963 was juvenile sf; and Andre Norton and Alan Nourse have specialized in them. I remember the first sf novel I ever read with Heinlein's Rocket Ship Galileo, his first and poorest juvenile.

I was relatively indifferent to Nourse and I hated Norton's writing (I still don't care for her works, even though I recognize that she is, at the least, a very competent writer); but the other juvenile writer I enjoyed was Lester Del Rey.

Well, as you may have gathered, Del Rey now has his own publishing house, a subsidiary of Ballantine. And he is taking this opportunity to reprint his own works in paperback. The most recent one is Rocket Jockey. This is a fairly simple book, the story of a round-the-world sloop race translated to an interplanetary race. Not a very exciting book, and far below his best, Step to the Stars, but, as usual, competently written. This goes to the bright nephew too.

Fritz Leiber is one of the hobby's best writers and has been for 40 years, since he wrote his first "Fafhrd & the Grey Mouser" novelet. Harlan Ellison, well-known for his high opinion of himself, recently described himself as "not fit to carry Leiber's pencils," an opinion with which I agree, though for other reasons.

Way Back When, Leiber began to plot a "sideways in time novel." He the outline of the planned humongous novel to John Campbell, expecting the sort of aid and advice that made Conjure Wife and Gather, Darkness classics.

At the time there was a little something called World War Two that was keeping a lot of people pretty busy. And many sf fans (and writers, for that matter) were being sent hither and yon by a thing called the Defense Department (I know; my mother was in the Navy and was sent to guard Indianapolis from invasion; presumably, Canada had to be watched). Because of this, they found themselves often unable to get consecutive issues of their magazines, so they told Campbell. And the Word came down from on High: no long serials. So Leiber sat down and cut his outline. And cut the guts out of Destiny Times Three. This novel, about the three connected timelines of earth and the inter-linked personalities on them, along with invasions and God in a machine coming down in the third act shows that it is too short. I don't know why Leiber doesn't sit down and write it as he should have written it; except that Leiber probably has the sense not to tamper with his earlier creations. This is probably wise, and Alfred Bester came close to totally ruining his "The Pi Man" by reworking it.

Destiny Times Three is published by Dell. And Jim Frenkel, who is the editor for sf at Dell has decided to revive the old Ace Double Novels, a worthy ambition. Hooked in with the Leiber story in "Binary Star No. 1" is Norman Spinrad's Riding the Torch.

This fairly interesting novella takes place in a future in which the Earth has been loused up, and most of mankind lives plugged in to artificial sensory environments. The hero of the piece, Jofe D'mahl, is a director of these artificial realities, and good at his business.

In the meantime, ships have been out through the nearer sections of the Galaxy, looking for planets that can be colonized to replace ruined earth. They have found not a one; and the universe appears to be dead except for what remains of humanity.

The people who do the exploring want D'Mahl to do a story about this reality, so that people will accept their fate.

The major part of the story is the story-within-a-story. Damned interesting.

Of greatest interest is that Frenkel has had Leiber write an afterword to the Spinrad piece and vice versa. Both wind up talking about their novels and saying that the other is a fantastic writer. Nice try, but, Jim, these guys aren't willing to be honest. They are saying things that could be said in public "Hey, Fritz, did you like my novel?" "Yeah, Norman, really, uh, great, I could really see it as a movie." That sort of thing.

Then we get to the experimental novel. Richard Lupoff's Space War Blues was actually written for people who have been taught to read phonetically. If you cannot read that way, avoid it.

If you can, however, you will find the book very good, if a little heavy-handed. This was originally intended to be Lupoff's second novel. At first everyone hated it: Terry Carr, his agent, everyone except Harlan Ellison who snapped it up for Again Dangerous Visions. Ellison contributes an interesting introduction.

AND THEN THE TROUBLES BEGAN. Boom! Lupoff sold it to Dell and, after four or five editors it has been published.

The premise is a fairly common one. The Earth goes into a break-up phase until an Arabic-Jewish Empire conquers the world. In the meantime, the other states have been colonizing other solar systems, taking with them their peculiar national and subnational cultures.

The book covers three cultures: the Australian aborigine culture, which because of a peculiar melanin condition, is able to go into outer space with no more than an air generator, and so becomes a real space-faring race;

N'Alabama, which had been settled from Alabama and has the Alabama culture carried to the Nth degree; and N'Haiti, which is between the two.

A few other cultures are the: N'Louisiana, which has an actual balanced racial situation, and so on.

N'Alabama comes off pretty badly, and this, although the most interestingly written (large sections are written phonetically in a shit-kicking Surn accent); under the facade of Old Southern Gentility is shown a really crummy sex-hung-up attitude. N'Haiti comes off second: to defeat their enemies they raise up an army of technologically-produced zombies, even if, once the war is over, they bury them again.

The Australians come off best, I think, because they have not carried their environment with them. They live in the universe of reality, of deep space; whereas the other worlds live in artificially conveyed universes that do not match reality. This message comes down a bit heavy-handed, but it should be remembered that this novel was written in 1967-70, a period when this was all the rage.

And, one of the old reliables of the field is back with another novel. Clifford Simak has been writing and getting published in the sf field since the early 1930s. And he has made all his own a world where the ordinary man is better able to deal with crises of science than the hard-nosed science; where the old Maine storekeeper can set up communications with aliens better than Sagan.

Mastodonia which, at the moment, is available only in hardcover from Del Rey, is not one of Simak's top novels but, as always, worth reading. Asa Steele, an archeologist, is looking in his backyard for what he believes to be the remains of an alien spaceship. An old flame, Rila Elliot shows up the evening his dog comes limping home with a folsom point in his leg.

Now, along comes Hiram, the village idiot who seems to be able to talk to anything that breathes. He and Bowser ascertain that the alien spaceship did crashland and there was one survivor, who is still hanging around, waiting. It seems that on the ship (which was a survey ship), he was the time engineer. His job was to send the other members of the investigation party back in time to check out other eras. He has been lonely all of this time, and is naturally as pleased as can be to send back people, as long as someone has thought to ask him.

Unfortunately, this book fails in several points. A number of the subsidiary but important characters seem incompletely realized; there is a section in which Simak attempts to write his own version of "A Gun for Dinosaur," and does pretty poorly.

Even the main characters: Asa, Rila, Hiram and the alien all seem to be simply new versions of Simak's old standbys: just slap a coat of paint on and let it dry, folks. Definitely not Simak's best, although his worst is fine indeed.

Some series keep on rolling long, long, long after they should have been retired. I must admit that I am growing tired of A. Bertram Chandler's Commander John Grimes. This series, which began a third of a century ago in competition to Malcolm Jameson's Commander Bullard, has grown pretty thin.

The book, this time, is To Keep the Ship. Grimes is without a ship, in his poor period, and takes a job as a sitter on an in-orbit ship. The ship is promptly kidnapped by the equivalents of White Russians, who return to their world and take it over. Grimes and some of the more reasonable people flee in his ship to a planet where one of Grime's many strange friends performs a pretty thorough job of plastic surgery, whereupon Grimes heads back with his ship to return it to the authorities, hoping to get salvage rights, taking with him only a simulacrum of the girl who was his lover.

This gets loose, breeds, and runs wild through the ship, attempting to

devour Grimes alive.

Sounds complicated? Well, Chandler is not the writer to write this story, at least not in 175 pages. Yech.

Two books by Frederick Pohl. The eldest is Man Plus, which came out in 1976. This is a great book. It concerns a world in which international tensions are about to boil over and America, in what may be its last major effort, is attempting to put a colony on Mars.

To do this, however, a man is needed who can live on Mars. Since it would probably take too long to breed one, one is created, a cyborg.

And, man, is this one hell of a book. If sf is, partially, about man's reaction to technological impact, this is the book. This is THE book. Future Shock, bah! Since I cannot say enough good things about this book I shall not try. But you better read this. Because this is going to be a classic. My year has been justified.

Frederick Pohl is really a great man. Not just because he wrote Man Plus, but because he tells the reader so in his memoirs, The Way the Future Was. Pohl is witty, bright, intelligent, and a hell of a great writer.

The book I thought of when reading this was Damon Knight's The Futurians. The books only cross slightly in the thirties and early forties, but the thought is there.

The highlights of the book: the world's worst musical, a science fiction musical with the plot of Pat Frank's Mr. Adam. Pohl's experience with the Communist Party in the late thirties. The amazing Horace Gold; and, of course, the late, great Cyril M. Kornbluth, whose tragic death in the midfifties deprive the field of one of its brightest, wittiest, most skilled practitioners.

Roots. Ah, yes, we all come from someplace, and Fred Pohl tells where he comes from, with sardonic wit. It available only in hardcover at the moment at \$8.95, and it is unlikely that it will get into paperback soon; its appeal is too limited. But if you're interested enough in the personalities of sf, get this one.

Remember the bright ten-year-old I was talking about earlier? If you know a bright one who likes to pull the wings off flies and perform practical jokes, then he would probably like Keith Laumer's Retief, the Galactic Diplomat, who runs around in a universe of fatheaded senior career diplomats who love to waste money and evil aliens who are always frustrated in their attempts to take over planets by Retief's tremendous skill at everything.

Three Retief paperbacks have come out in the past few months, so I suppose we are in a Laumer renaissance, if that's the word I want (which I don't). There are two short story collections: Retief at Large and Retief of the CDT, and one novel, Retief and the Warlords.

Retief of the CDT is from Pocket books. It is 191 pages, \$1.75 and contains one (count it, one) story that does not appear in Retief at Large, which is 440 pages, \$1.95 and from Ace. If you like Retief at all, buy the Ace book; if you are brain-damaged, buy the Pocket Book.

Retief plot: start with a punning title. Set up on an alien world where the autochthones speak a very funny English (sometimes reversing word order, sometimes speaking only in the infinitive, one who mixes up the singular and plural cases, er, case, I suppose); add an attempt by the Corps Diplomatique Terrestrienne to give away some boondoggle, and throw in the evil, five-eyed Groaci to intelligently aggrandize their territory. In comes Retief who stolidly and honestly bests the baddies. Man, those aliens don't stand a chance when Retief is around. He can do anything.

Boring.

The novel, Retief and the Warlords, is the same thing, except the Groaci don't show up. Boring.

ANKARA: The large panel truck emblazoned "Pink Floyd Cockroach Control Service" pulled up in front of the Gownogorod Castle. Pink and Floyd tumbled out of the truck, gathered their equipment, bounded over the moat and rapped on the castle door.

"Are you sure this place has a moat, Pink? I don't recall seeing one." He was worriedly flipping through the blue pages when the door creaked open and the thin, belipped Count Coleslawsky greeted them relievedly.

"Come quickly into the Great Hall. This place is utterly overrun with cockroaches. Do you think you could handle it?"

Having been reassured, the Count scampered off, leaving Pink and Floyd alone in the Hall.

"But first," smiled Pink, "A little preparation is in order. I've some choice stuff -- Braitslava-Brown. Very mellow." He began to roll a joint, then asked Floyd "A question: why does it take 20 Poles to roll a joint?"

"I give up."

"Well, it takes one to--"

At this point Tadek Jarski burst into the room and glared at them. "I don't think I'm going to want to hear this, am I?"

"Ah, one to prepare the land, one to sow the seed, one to fertilize the plant, one..."

"That's better," said Jarski, and left.

It wasn't long before the two of them had finished their preparations and the job itself. Pink scampered out to find the nervous Count.

"I'm sure you'll be quite satisfied," said Pink as the doors were opened

"Whaaaaat!" blurted the Count. The scene was bizarre. Hundreds of thousands of cockroaches were marching in flawless ranks and columns while Floyd hup-two-three-foured the insects in complex maneuvers with a pleased grin on his face.

"You two, you're in league with my enemies! You were supposed to kill them and you've..."

"Kill?" said Pink. "Who said anything about killing them? We only control them."

"A madhouse! This is a madhouse!" exclaimed the Count.

"You're quite correct," said the man in the uniform, "Only we like to use the more modern term 'looney-bin.'"

"Say," whispered Pink, "Wasn't he supposed to burst into the room or something? There are supposed to be only the three of us here, plus the hundreds of thousands of cockroaches."

"Actually the man is correct," said Floyd. "On another level, this really is a booby hatch."

"Another level?" Pink whispered again. "Floyd, I don't think we took that kind of drug this time, did we?"

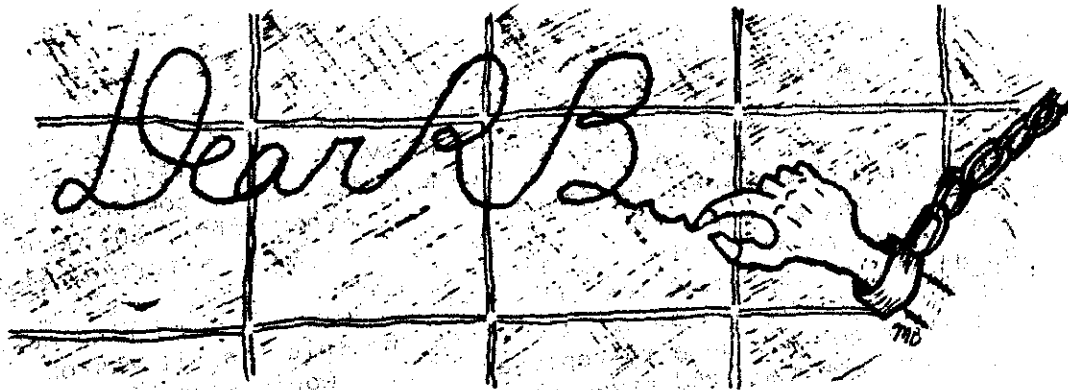
"Not at all. The second level was just John Boardman's surprise ending. Actual I like the Polish castle better. But what can we do?"

"I've got a suggestion," interjected Philip Cohen. "We could declare it 'uncanonical.'"

"On what grounds?"

"On the grounds that an error was made," replied Mark Berch.

"What's he doing here?" asked Pink in a nervous whisper. "Isn't that supposed to be one of our lines? After all, he's got a roomful of characters



MARK BERCH (492 Naylor Place, Alexandria, Va., undated) I have finished plowing through your five paragraphs in which you ruminate on whether you should write for DW ((see last issue)). You fret about what people will think and whether it would be wanted and all that. Why on earth do you make things so complicated? Is it because you live in such a complicated city? Let me suggest the Berch E-Z Three Step Method (Pat. Pend.)

- 1: Write the article
- 2: Mail it to the editor.
- 3: Wait for a response.

Why clutter things up with so many what-ifs? Some of your assumptions are dubious. For example "However, the main point is that you have assumed that Conrad is not capable of writing this sort of article if he perceives the need." Wrong. I make no such assumption. I suggested to you (and to CvM) that you write it because you are eminently qualified, not that you're the only qualified person. DW has a real need for a wider range of writers. This need is not addressed by Conrad doing even more writing, because this leaves good writer Lipton out.

Why is Rod Walker's The Wargamer's Guide to Diplomacy not available postally?

With regard to the "insurrection" matter:

1: Your article omitted any mention of why Sacks pulled the games out of TMG. I cannot conceive of your failing to ask him why.

2: Why weren't the players offered a chance to vote on what would happen to the games? This seems to follow the old tradition that when a game is transferred after a fold, the players get no say.

3: I realize that TMG is your zine and what goes into it must be your decision, but you should be reminded that your readers are getting only your side of the matter. Especially the removal-of-the-games matter. Even if you are totally correct, it is impossible for us to be sure (or me, anyhow) until we get to hear the other side. But then, what difference does it make what I think? I do hope that you and Stevens are getting along these days.

With regard to your letter, I don't think we're too far apart. We both want to encourage good writing. However, we differ with respect to serious play-of-the-game articles with you apparently biased against them and me placing them on a par with other kinds of dippy writing.

I give up. What does a "portmanteau issue" mean? In regards to my "intolerant" crack in Diplomacy Digest #13, I'm afraid I garbled the sentence a bit. What I meant to call intolerant was your attitude that a "person" (whether real or fictional) can possess enough nuttiness that one should not sit down at a table with him. (that should be right-wing-nuttiness) Why Cal White and Jerry Jones expected to hate you is a total mystery to me. I also cannot imagine anyone assuming that what they see in a zine is "the totality" of the person's "personality." But then, I'm new at all this.

As for my age, I'm 33, as you well know.

((You may or may not have seen the Writer's Guide that Rod mailed out. In it, he specifically forbade articles dealing with personalities. However, in a letter to me, he said that I was such a brilliant writer that DW needed me badly, and I couldn't disagree with such an obviously true statement. Therefore, I let him have about 600 words on Slobbovia, and we are discussing a rewrite of my article on the hobby's future. Since I hate to do rewrites, this will probably take some time.

((Rod's Wargamer's Guide may be available postally. Write Avalon-Hill and find out.

((I did eventually ask Sacks why he had pulled the games. He said that it was obvious to him that he would never get a chance to reply and that I would soon kick him and the games out, so he simply took them and saved the trouble. Amazing, his knowledge of my future actions. The players weren't offered a chance to vote on the matter of the games' transfer because Sacks simply took them out without consulting me. Not that I would have allowed the transfer if he had suggested it. I was (and still am) responsible for those games, and so I have to keep them under a watchful eye (difficult, since Sacks refuses to give me copies of the games). Such an action is now impossible. For me, at any rate. And, supposing Sacks took a poll of the players, I doubt whether any total vote against the transfer would be recorded.

((As for publishing Sacks' reply: well, as I pointed out, there is at least one instance in which his accusations are too vague to offer any answer. You know I edit this zine, Mark. Sacks refuses to believe any such editing on my part would be impartial (which makes sense, I must admit), and so pulled the games out.))

((By "portmanteau issue" I mean an issue with articles on many different subjects. It is an expansion of "portmanteau word" of C.L. Dodgson in which two words are squeezed into one.

((As for sitting down with people (to eat), this is something done only with people you like. Primitive people hold that sharing food (bread and salt) is a sign of friendship. I must admit I wouldn't sit down with the person who is portrayed in this zine. I recognize that the personality displayed in writing is often no more than a persona, but White and Jones apparently didn't. Fortunately, you met me before my "personality" became fully evident to you.))

AUGUST LUCKOW (7 August 1978) Enjoyed TMG#85! Your "Shape of things to Come" article rang true/ I guess I would have qualified under the "games only" label when I first entered the hobby but I have grown to enjoy magazines with more press & prose as I continue to play. Magazines such as The Brutus Bulletin seem much more appealing than warehouse zines.

ATTENTION PLAYERS & OTHERS

As you may or may not remember, last issue our hero was awaiting word on the getting of a job in Boston, Mass. Well, the job has come through. Thanks to the excellent timing, it came through at the exact moment when it had become almost impossible to make arrangements for mailing next issue (15 Sept.).

I have spoken with Paul Stevens, and his games are turned back over to me. Thanks to Paul for his work going games here. Send moves to me fr next seasons.

Where should you send those moves? I haven't a mailing address yet, so the place to send me mail, as it says on the return address, is General Delivery, Boston, Mass., USA.

As a final note, because of the running around from Boston to New York that I shall have to do, I may not have a chance to do any significant work on TMG #86 in time for nextish. In that case, the issue itself will be delayed three weeks. The games will go out on time, never fear, but the issue itself will be delayed. If you don't see anything, worry not. Okay?

MG XIX

GM:STEVENS

Spring 1902

Over 1/2 of the units fail.

AUSTRIA (Dick Trtek) A Ser-Bul, A Bud-Rum, A Vie-Gal, F Tri-Alb.
 ENGLAND (Ron de Bracmeor) A Nwy-Fin, A Edi-Nwy, F Nth C A Edi-Nwy,
F Nrg-Bar.
 FRANCE (Laurence Lurie) A Bur-Rhr, A Mar-Bur, A Par-Pic, F Sp(sc)-Per
 GERMANY (Paul Rauterberg) A Kie-Rhr, A Mun-Boh, A Den-Swe, F Hol-Bel,
A Ber-Sil.
 ITALY (Marck Merrissen) F Tun-Ien, A Ven-Tri, A Tyr s A Ven-Tri,
A Rom-Ven.
 RUSSIA (Kevin Knight) A Gal-Boh, A Ukr-Gal, A StP-Fin, A Mes-StP,
F Rum & F Swe Held.
 TURKEY (Harold Groot) A Bul-Ser, F Cen-Bul(sc), F Smy-Aeg, A Ank-Smy.

Moves are due to Robert Lipton by 12 October 1978

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1977 KJ

GM: STEVENS

Spring 1907

50% of the World Moves.

ENGLAND (Bert Boeguard) A Bel ho, A Nry S Ger A StP, F Swe S A Nry,
F Bre S F MidAl, F Eng-Ner, F Gas-Sp(nc), F MidAl he (disledged,
ann,Iri,NorAl)
 FRANCE (Eric Verhieden) A Por S Tur F Sp(sc)
 GERMANY (Dennis Klein) A Bur, A Sil, A Kie all S A Mun, A Mun S A Sil,
A Par, A Stp, F Ner all held.
 AUSTRIA (Tom Kissner) Serry about you being in third place. A Boh-Vie,
F Tri-Adr, A Gal-Boh, A Try-Boh, A Mars-Gas, A Pic-Mars, F Lye-Sp(sc),
F Tun, A Nap, A Rom, all held.
 TURKEY (Mark Berch) F Sp(sc)-MidA, F Naf, F Wes S F Sp(sc)-MidA,
F Ion-Tun, A Ank-Sev, F Bla C A Ank-Sev, A Ukr-War, A Liv, A Mes S
A Ukr-War.

Germany; I do not care who takes Per, please someone take Per and get this over with.

Address changes	Tom Kissner	Bert Boeguard
	1305 Maitland Ave	8833-161 st
	Ottawa, Ontario	Edmonton, alta
	K2C 2C4	Canada
		T5R 2L1

I would like a draw vote, send in your vote with your Fall 1907 orders.
 Your orders are due on October 11, 1978.
 Thanks for the Post card Tom. A Belated thanks.

Moves go to Robert Lipton by 12 Oct. 1978

1978 AD

FALL 1908

AUSTRIA (Donald M. Nelly) F Ven F; A Vie-Gal; A Ser CA Gal-Rum;
F Gre-Ron; A Bud S A Gal-Rum; A Gal-Rum. Owns Bud, Gre, Rum, Ser, Tri,
Vie, Ven(7). May build one unit.
 ENGLAND (Brian G. Glaser) A Ron-Nwy; F Nth CA Lon-Nwy; A Stp S A Lon-
Nwy; A Vie S FRANCE A Mun-Per; F Den S German F Bot-Swe. was Den, Edi

Yol, Kie, Lvp, Lon, Nwy, StP(7). May build two units.

FRANCE(Bill Bowers) F Hol, A Puh & A Mun S RUSSIAN A Ber-Kie; F War-Lyo
A Rom S F Tyr-Map; F Wes-Mid; F Tyr-Map. Owns Bel, Bre, Hol, Mun, Map
Par, Por, Rom, Spa (9). May build three units.

GERMANY(William C. Newell Jr.) F Bot-Swe. Owns Yol, Swe(1). Even.

ITALY(Civil Disorder) A Pie, A Tun, F Ion & F Aeg all Hold. Owns Yol, Zol,
Tun, Yol(1). Must remove three.

RUSSIA(E. Gary Knight) IRI F Rum(ann), A Sev, A Ukr, A War, F Nwy(retreats-
Ear, Erg, Ska, ann) & A Ber all B. Owns Ber, Mos, StP, StP, StP, War(3).
Must remove two units.

TURKEY(Dennis Klein) A Arm S F Bla-Sev; A Smy-Con; F Bla-Sev; A Bul S
AUSTRIAN A Bud-Rum. Owns Ank, Bul, Con, Sev, Smy(5). May build one unit.

Will Ronald de Bracmoor, 5219A Murdoch, St. Louis, Mo. 63109 please
submit standby orders for Russia? Winter 1903 builds are due by Thursdg,
12 October 1978.

1976 EU

THE END

The votes on the concession to Turkey have come in, and the
game ends in a conceded victory to Daniel Palter, playing Turkey.
If the players would care to send in comments on the game, they
will be printed in the next issue, along with the supply center chart
for the entire game. Please get your comments in by 12 October 1978,
by which time I may have learned how to use this typewriter properly.
Congratulations, Dan.

1977 HE

WINTER 1904

AUSTRIA(Donald Matous) B A Tri, A Vie. Has A Tri, A Vie, A Gre, A Ser,
A War, A Rom & A Ven.

ENGLAND (David L. Pierce) Has F Nth, F Mid, F Iri, F Hol, F Kie & A Mun.

FRANCE(Ronald M. Kelly) F Mid retreats-Spa(sc). B F Bre. Has F Bre,
F Spa(sc), F Eng, A Bur, A Wal, F Lon & A Bel.

ITALY(Thomas Slaughter Jr.) Has A Tus, F Ion.

RUSSIA(Mark A. Traylor) B A Sev, A Mos. Has A Sev, A Mos, A StP, F Nwy,
F Bal, F Swe, A Ber, A Bud, A Rum, F Bul(sc), F Aeg & A Smy.

Spring 1905 moves (separated by 12 October 1978).

The other games will be mailed out to

SAC MAXIMILIAN GAZDICE #87
c/o Robert Bryan Lipton
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Boston, Mass.
United States of America

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MAIL

SEND TO:

Douglas Beyerlein #92
640 College
Menlo Park, Ca. 94025

X Yi're nidded as un standby in ~~1978~~. Please See page ~~DESTA~~
This is your last issue unless you send more money.