

# MIXUMAXU GAZETTE

4:00 p.m.—(31) Evening at Pops (1 hour).  
William F. Buckley Jr. reads the  
Ogden Nash narration to Saint-Saens'  
"Carnival of the Animals." R

TODAY LET'S ENRICH OUR MINDS WITH A SMALL HISTORY LESSON.

BROOM-HILDA, DURING A WORLD WAR TWO WHO WERE THE BIG THREE?

ROOSEVELT, CHURCHILL, AND STALIN.

EXCELLENT. IRWIN, CAN YOU GIVE ME THEIR FIRST NAMES?

HARPO, CHICO, AND GROUCHO!

THUD

YOU'RE A PHONY HAZEL! SHOW ME YOUR EVIL SPIRITS... AND I'LL EAT ONE!!

ABRA-CADABRA!

POOF

OH, WELL... I'LL DRINK ONE

I SWEARS I'M GONNA PUBLISH A NEWSPAPER WITH NOTHIN' BUT GOOD NEWS...

THEN I'LL HAVE NOTHIN' BUT GOOD NEWS WITH MY MORNIN' COFFEE.

I HATE TO TELL YOU, OWL, BUT...

YOU GONE HAVE A ONE PAGE NEWSPAPER... WITH NOTHIN' BUT COMICAL STRIPS.

FOR CRYING OUT LOUD, MARK! I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHO'S PRESIDENT!

NEITHER DOES ANY-ONE ELSE. YOU'RE IN TUNE WITH THE TIMES.

City Hall Once Madhouse Site;  
Some People Ask: What's New?

Catias bite.

Now, before John Hullami rushes to agree that country living is so much

more natural and John Michalski shoves his copy down the garbage disposal so that his innocent children will not have their minds corrupted, let me assure all concerned that I like cities, but that they tend to reach up, grab you, and take a nip out of you. In Los

A MIXUMAXU GAZETTE  
QUANTITY PUBLICATION  
# 293

Angeles in 1971, for example, I spent an hour on a corner, trying to cross a street to get a package of pipe cleaners only to be baffled by a constant flow of automobiles (David Lagorsen has since insisted that if I had stepped onto the street they would have halted, but I have New York reflexes and never tangle with anything that outweighs me by more than one-quarter tons. This means I do not argue with autes or Elliott Shorter), and so came to the conclusion that LA is a great place to live if you're a car.

In Washington D.C. in 1975, on my way to see my new-born niece, my Holiday Inn room destroyed my return-trip ticket.

And, at PhilCon 1978 (which took place in 1979, naturally), walking with Jim French down an icy-cold street in downtown Philadelphia, all the buttons on my winter coat came off.

As I sit writing this, I have been in Boston four times. One was ten years ago to attend my sister's graduation -- from what I will not mention since her husband reads this --, the second was seven years ago when the stop was only long enough to change planes and head to Maine. The third was a few weeks ago, on my way to the job interview with Motives Labs at which I convinced the head of a market research firm that he needed a publicity department and that I was the one to be it (this is akin to the old bit about selling snowballs to Esquimaux).

The fourth time was spread over two days. Getting Tuesday off, I boarded the 5:15 train to Back Bay in Boston, determined to look the next day for an apartment in the lovely Back Bay section (said that already, didn't I?). Once on board the lovely Metroliner, I got a soda, a roast beef sandwich (which tasted heavily of monosodium glutamate), went back to my seat, discovered I had left my traveling pipe at home, and kicked off my shoes.

The phrase "kicking off my shoes" does not accurately describe the methodology. What I do is put the instep of one foot against the heel of the other and push the second shoe off. This requires that I retie the shoe later, but such are the sacrifices one makes for a casual (read "sloppy") image.

Only this time it did not work properly. When I took my left shoe off in this manner, the heel of the shoe came off.

This was annoying, since it meant I would have to get the shoe reheeled. This, however, was nothing compared to the annoyance I felt after getting off the train. It made a most annoying flap, in the literal sense. Each time I lifted my left foot, the heel would stay on the ground for an instant then come up and connect with the rest of the shoe. Flap-flap, flap-flap, all the way to the hotel, since there are not many downtown cobblers open at 10:30 PM in Boston. I went to my room, finished reading LeCarre's The Spy Who Came in from the Cold, and went to sleep.

Next morning, I left the hotel and started to a shoemaker. The flap-flap which had been bearable when no one else was about to hear it was now very embarrassing. Convinced that everyone was looking at me, I tried to skim my left foot over the ground so the noise would not be made.

I succeeded, but it meant concentrating on it. It is, after all, a very unnatural way of walking, but I succeeded. But it kept me so busy that when

a manelon came up I tripped over it, went down hard and twisted my right ankle.

Almost instantly a gentleman came up and asked if I needed any help. I started to stand up and collapsed again and asked him to please get a taxi.

It was a very odd feeling. The adrenalin was flowing fast, making me feel ready to get up and go eleven rounds with Leon S pinks. On the other hand, the pain made me want to stay on the ground. The net effect was to impell me lay down and beat the asphalt into submission.

The gentleman came back to say that the cabs refused to come down the sidestreet, so I got up and began to hobble the six or seven blocks to the cobbler ( I forgot to thank him for the effort);

Within a half hour the ankle had begun to swell. By the time I started back to New York, I no longer had an ankle, just a slight increase in the swelling at a part of my foot. The pain.

Fortunately, the swelling has begun to disappear and I can again walk after a fashion. There is, however, a royally purple splotch that can be bled for dye one of these days.

Anyway, that's what I meant when I wrote that cities bite.

In defense of Boston, the Back Bay of Boston is a lovely section. It is fairly evenly divided between 19th Century residential buildings, fronted by brick sidewalks and wrought-iron, in a general Greenwich-Village milieu, and skyscrapers devoted to insurance companies. It's much more old-fashioned than New York and slower-moving, but quite livable. In front of Boston's Trinity Church, over which looms the John Hancock Building (in whose glass walls I could see Trinity Church reflected) I heard a band give an open-air summer performance, mostly hits from the early fifties. Nice.

Some of the more observant of you may have noticed a change in the typeface. I am using a twenty-years old Olympia portable originally bought for my sister -- make that 15-years old; as I said, my brother-in-law reads this -- and still in the family. This issue made use of three typewriters; my old Selectric II; the office's self-correcting Selectric II (I want one!) and an Olivetti Lexikon '83 that I bought from Roger Oliver. It uses a mylar ribbon and, after experimenting with an issue of Vaudaville's Magazine, discovered that it does not electrostencil too well, nor xerox, as I discovered in a semi-successful effort to salvage the piece.

The next day I called Olivetti and asked if they had a one-use carbon-film cartridge. "No," I was told, "Our reusable mylar ribbon is every bit as good.

I guess I am wrong, but the results don't look legible. Obviously a mental aberration on my part. So I did what Don Wilman has done. I opened up the ribbon cartridge, took out the mylar and inserted a carbon-film ribbon, a task not notable for either speed or cleanliness, in an effort to make the results of the Lexikon legible to my readers, since the impact is certainly insufficient to cut a stencil.

The result was the last two and a half pages of TMG #67. Sufficient unto the day may be the evil thereto, but once the day has passed, that's it. This may not look as good on white paper as the Lexikon's printing, but it is legible and will be legible once it is e-stencilled. Now, if I can only get Roger to take back his typewriter.

I do hope to put together enough money to buy a new Selectric, but that is not at the top of my list of absolute necessities, especially as my Boston rent is still unsettled. Real Soon Now is the phrase I'm searching for. Perhaps I can talk my father into switching his Coronastic for my Lexikon. Smith-Corona's normal ribbon is not quite as good as they would like, so they do make a carbon-film ribbon.

Abyssinia

  
Robert Bryan Lipson

I haven't been reading as much as I might recently because, despite two five-hour-each-way trips between Boston and New York, I have been rereading some older works and also John LeCarre's novels.

Among the things I have been reading is Arthur C. Clarke's The View from Serendip, a collection of 25 articles and linking material. The articles range from autobiography to what appears to be a 400-word vignette. Interesting, but no more nor less than one expects from a relaxing A.C. Clarke.

The Best of Lester Del Rey is from (surprise, surprise!) Del Rey Books.

It has been my contention that Del Rey is not a great writer. He occasionally writes a very good work (Step to the Stars, Nerves and The 11th Commandment) which are inevitably flawed by wooden characters.

If, however, characterization is Del Rey's problem, then the short story should be his natural form. Unfortunately, this raises a problem: novels pay better and have since the early 1950s. So Del Rey writes novels.

But the pieces in this collection are all shorts or novellettes. They range from the wooden though fondly remembered "Helen O'Loe (about a man who builds a robot and falls in love with it) to "Vengeance is Mine" (one of his stories emphasizing Man's self-sufficiency).

The three best stories are two from Campbell's Unknown: "The Coppersmith" (about a elf who gets a job working at a garage), "Hereafter, Inc." (about a man who dies) and his blackest, angriest piece, "For I am a Jealous People!" about God's war on humanity.

Somewhat recommended. There's a lot of dross to go through for the gold.

Charter Communications, also known as Ace Books is trying its hand at quality paperbacks, but they're going in for heavily illustrated pieces. One of their first is Gordon Dickson's Home from the Shore, with extensive illos by James Ogbert. It is the story about a world being split in two, between the people who have remained on land and those who have gone into the sea and under to live; how their attempted reunification in the Space Forces.

Despite an afterword by Sandra Miesel which attempts to make of this a great novel, it is not. (Ms. Miesel had an interview with Dickson in a recent Algol which consisted of Miesel telling Dickson how brilliant he is and Dickson saying "Oh, thanks."). This, unfortunately, is only a long novella; it is pumped into novel size by the illustrations (which do not seem to add anything to the passage of the story) and very loose typography. At \$4.95, of interest mainly to Dickson fanatics... among whom I number myself.

It is a foregone conclusion what will win the Best Dramatic Presentation award for next summer's Hugos: after all, Bakshi's animated version of LOTR will be out sometime this fall. However, useless though it is, I would suggest that the voters consider Warren Beatty's Heaven Can Wait. Not because Beatty will notice it -- he probably won't -- but because it is a great fantasy movie.

It is based on Here Comes Mr. Jordan of a third of a century ago, about a boxer who gets sent up to Heaven before he dies and has to be sent back -- only he can't get back, his body has been cremated.

Robert Montgomery (I think) played the boxer in the original version. The character is changed to a football quarterback in this version, and Warren Beatty has the part as he tries desperately to get into a body that will make it to the Superbowl.

There's a lot of hidden talent. Beatty is in as star and co-writer, producer and director, but the other writer is Elaine May and the other director is Buck Henry. Besides Beatty's, fine performances come from Julie Christie, Charles Grodin (beautifully unlikable) and Dyan Cannon,

We are all doomed.

At one time, science-fiction magazines would carry authors' names on their covers. Such names indicated that there were Good Stories inside. "Doc Smith" on the cover meant "Here's a new piece by the guy who wrote The Skylark of Space, and you know what a great yarn he spins." (E.E. Smith never wrote a story; he spun yarns. I'll take a 90,000 word cardigan, please)

Science fiction has been an anomaly in this respect. Appreciation is predicated not on the basis of talent, but of I\*M\*A\*C\*E! (As an illustration, in the latest APA-Q (#102), Shelby Bush reports attending a con party at which someone wrecked his video-tape machine and was told "He can pay for it, he's the lead in Meatloaf (or Bread or the Mauve Bathtub or something). Whoever-it-was began to perform for the people about, and Shelby saw immediately that the guy was a fake, trading on fan's gullibility.

(Only it turned out it was whoever it was supposed to have been. Shelby's appreciation of the performance was predicated on its being the artist because it was not the artist, the performance was inferior; only, as I said, it turned out to be the artist, and the appreciation of the performance was due to I\*M\*A\*C\*E!)

And so we can discuss the latest sf magazine to hit the stands, the first since John Campbell experimented with a slick Analog in the early 1960s to be a properly-financed sf slick, to really hit the big time. I am speaking about Omni, Bob Guccione's new magazine.

The overall impression the first issue gave me was that this magazine is to Analog what Psychology Today is to The American Journal of Psychology. Pop Culture. I\*M\*A\*C\*E! Form without real substance.

First off, let's examine the issue. It is not a pure sf magazine, but a combination of science and sf. Nothing odd about that. Analog is also a combined magazine and F&SF and Galaxy both have science columns. The fiction section is supposed to be edited by Ben Bova. This sounds great, since Ben Bova took Analog after Campbell's death, supposedly to satisfy obligations and close it out, and improved its health. And the names on the cover look hopeful: Asimov, Coulart and Sturgeon.

I don't think Bova chose the stories. Coulart is one of the successful writers whom I think poor. The Asimov story is not a very good story either. As for the Sturgeon piece, Ted Sturgeon is the field's master stylist. He stinks here.

Now, remember what I said above. If the stories are here without any redeeming reason, then the reason for their being here must be their authors' names. Asimov. Sturgeon. Coulart. Thousands of Asimov groupies buying this thing and heavin sighs at the very name of the Good Doctor.

Well, it's an initial issue, and such issues often trade on Big Names. The first issue of Galaxy contained a story by Asimov that he feels was bought only because of his name. And, about twenty-five years ago, an sf magazine called Cosmos (yes, there was another) had a lead novelet by B. Traven.

So, let's take a look at other things. There is an interview with Freeman Dyson, and here we see the same phenomenon. The interviewer keeps asking questions about Dyson, his life, his attitudes on sex, and so on. Dyson ignores such questions and talks about his ideas.

We can see, therefore, that Omni is interested not in science or science-fiction, but in scientists and sf writers. Images of Asimov selling tires float through my mind.

What else is there? A portfolio of microphotographs, which are labeled as 'Photomicrographs,' which would seem to mean very tiny photographs rather than photographs of very tiny things. A science news column, which reads as if it were lifted in toto from the latest issue of Science News, except for a listing of Phone-Answering Machine messages throughout history. Socrates, Sir Isaac Newton, and so on. A long section on UFOs. A listing

of science on the Big and Little screens. Eight or nine different pictures of soap bubbles.

Well, let's be kind and assume that this is a matter of fumbling. The market is the thing.

This thought also fails. The most accurate figurers of markets are the advertisers. They have to be. Anyone who advertises baby-bottles in Playboy doesn't know his market, his campaign will fail and he will be out of a job.

So who advertises in Omni? Back in the 1960s, when Analog went slick for a couple of years, the big advertisers were the industrial-technology companies, since scientists have long been important sf readers (during the Second World War, Street & Smith could not figure out why one of their key sales areas was the tiny area known as Oak Ridge, Tennessee).

Well, Rockwell has an advertising piece, a beautiful iron-on for a t-shirt, proclaiming "A Spaceship has already landed on the Earth. It was built by Rockwell." SPI also has an advertisement.

There is nothing from the SF Book Club.

Continue on. There is a Jovan Musk Oil advertisement. Liquor. Hifi equipment.

Continue through. The people whom one would expect to see do show up, here and there, but the advertisers, by a three-to-one margin, are exactly the sort of advertisers one would expect to see in Omni's elder sister, Penthouse. This is not that surprising, as Guccione has connections with these advertisers, but...

If Omni is a success (and Guccione has the money to make the effort), this is it. Science Fiction will become Big Time. Not the science fiction that the field has developed over the years with its own stylistic marvels and messages that can be stated in no other genre, but a sort of hyped-up Famous Monsters of Filmland sf. It means money and big industry and, frankly, money has never been too kind to communications. The money has always found that the safest investment is in items that do not say anything.

For many years, since the end of the 1950s, the lowest common denominator of science fiction has been a fairly literate one. Apparent anomalies like E.E. Smith flourished, but these anomalies are surface only because, despite the crudeness of Smith, he is an excellent story-teller. But the standards had risen so high that the Laser Series brought out by Harlequin Books was a very readable set-up with excellent art coordination by Kelly Freas.

Omni is nothing but cannibalization. "You say Sturgeon is a great writer? Well, I read his piece in Omni and it stinks." Meanwhile, the fan with a lesser technical knowledge will be unable to explain the flaws in Omni.

As I said earlier, we are all doomed. Unless we get lucky, and the newest sf magazine flops and leaves the field to smaller, less Big-Businessy magazines and books.

James Gunn is often unjustly underrated by the fans, but he has turned out a stinkeroo in The Magicians, which I picked up at Classic Book Store in the remaindered pile. It is an expansion of a novella written for H.L. Gold when he was trying to do things with Beyond. The novel, an Unknown-type there-are-witches-among-us fails through the characterization. Bleh.

Response to the filksong contest has been mixed. Few people submitted anything, as was to be expected. One person, however, submitted four songs. Since he did not win, however, his name shall not be mentioned.

The only filksong to a tune I recognized was to the tune of "Funiculi, funicula" (which is probably misspelled). Others had to be checked with Raymond Saskatoon Hauer, who, until recently, seemed to know every tune that has hit the top fifty in the past 45 years (I did seem to have him stumped with "If I had a Noseful of Nickels", but he came in a week later and sang the first verse with the suitable megaphone-voice intonation; however, he has yet to be able to sing "Mariouch, She Love-a da Pooch").

Several songs were disqualified because their lyrics seemed to be addressed to me; and, while I approve of filksongs about personalities, I really feel that when a person appears in a filksong, he should be relevant to it.

In any case, the winner of the contest is Marck A. Morrisson, who will receive the 20-issue sub extension (unless he wants part put into a gamefee or back issues or something), as soon as I can dig my subscriber file out of the cardboard box it is in. Here is his winner. Other songs will appear gradually and I hope people will send in other filksongs as they appear. Appear in their minds, that is. While it isn't Cole Porterian, I find it amusing.

#### STABBIN' TIME

by Marck A. Morrisson

(Tune: "Summertime")

Stabbin' time,  
And the knife goes in easy.  
You took Ankara,  
Now the Turk's high and dry.  
Your ally is grinnin',  
And your enemy's cryin',  
So hush, little player, now don't you lie.

Cause one of these game years  
You're gonna rise by stabbin'.  
You're gonna spread your blocks  
All over the board.  
But, until that gameyear,  
There ain't no one can charm you,  
'Cause you're ruthless and you're ready  
For what you want to do.

Next issue we start with some of the placing entries. And, if you have a filksong, you can always send it in to here.

.....

Next issue has letters from Waizer, Michalski, Trtek and others lined up presently. Plus the usual bad-tempered ravings. Neursh schivosk.

1978 AI SEASONS SEPARATED BY PLAYER REQUEST Winter 1903

AUSTRIA (Ronald M. Kelly) B A Tri. Owns A Tri, F Ven, A Gal, A Ser, F Gre, A Bud & A Rum

ENGLAND (Brian C. Gister) B F Edi, A Lvp. Owns F Edi, A Lvp, A Nwy, F Nth, A StP, A Kie & F Den.

FRANCE (Bill Bowers) B F Bre, A Par & A Mar. Has F Bre, A Par, A Mar, F Hol, A Ruh, A Mun, F Lyo, A Rom, F Mid & F Nap.

GERMANY (William C. Newell Jr.) Has F Swe.

ITALY (Civil Disorder) GM removes A Pie, F Ion & F Aeg. Has A Tun.

RUSSIA (Ronald de Braccoor) F Nwy ann; A Ber is removed. Has A Sev, A Ukr, & A War.

TURKEY (Dennis Klein) B F Smy. Owns F Smy, A Arm, A Con, F Sev, A Bul.

Spring 1904 moves are due by Thursday, 9 November 1978.

1977 KJ DRAW VOTE DEFEATED Fall 1907

AUSTRIA (Tom Kissner) F Lyo S TURKISH F Wes-Spa(sc); A Mar-Gas; A Pie-Mar; F Tun S S TURKISH F Ion-Tyr; F Ahr-Ion; A Rom-Ven; A Nap H; A Gal H; A Vie S A Gal; A Tyr H; Owns Vie, Bud, Tri, Ven, Nap, Rom, Mar, Ser, Ahr, Tun (9). Must remove one.

ENGLAND (Bert van den Boogaard) F Mid retreats-Nat. A Bet-Hol; A Nwy S GERMAN A StP; F Swe-Den; F Bre S F Gas-Mid; F NAT-Iri; F Gas-Mid. Owns Bel, Den, Swe, Nwy, Bre, Lon, Edi, Lvp (8). May build one unit. F Eng-Iri

FRANCE (Eric Verheiden) A Por S TURKISH F Wes-Spa(sc). Owns Por(1). Even.

GERMANY (Dennis Klein) A StP S ENGLISH A Nwy; F Nth-Hol; A Kie S A Mun; A Mun, A Sil, A Bar all H. Owns Kis, Bar, Mun, Hol, Ahr, StP, Par (6). Even.

TURKEY (Mark Berch) F Wes-Spa(sc) 1 F Mid S F Wes-Spa(sc) (dislodged; retreats- Naf, ann); F Naf-Tun; A Sev-Ukr; F Bla-Rum; F Ion S F Naf-Tun; A War S A Lvn; A Lvn S A War; A Mos S A War. Owns Spa, Gre, Bul, Sev, War, Mos, Ank, Con, Smy, Rum (10). May build one unit.

ANKARA: "Drat, I've dropped the toothpaste!" said Tom, crestfallen.

COA: Bert van den Boogaard is now at 616 Hendry, Lister Hall Complex, 116st 87th Ave., Edmonton, Alta., CANADA T6G 1W1. If no one objects, Winter 1907 and Spring 1908 moves will be due by Thursday, 9 November 1978.

1977 KK SPRING SEPARATED BY PLAYER REQUEST Winter

AUSTRIA (Dennis Klein) B A Tri. Has A Tri, A Bud, A Boh, A Vie, A Rum, A Bul

ENGLAND (David Lagerson) Has F Naf, F Iri, F Mid, F Bre, F Nwy, F StP(nc) & F Por

FRANCE (Vane G. Smith) Has A Mar.

GERMANY (Zane Parks) NMR! Has A Mun, A Sil, A Sev, A Gal, A Ukr, A Gas, A Ber, A War & A Bur.

ITALY (William C. Newell Jr.) Has A Gre, A Tyr, A Pie, F Spa(sc), F Lyo.

TURKEY (Thomas G. Bannan) Has F Ion, A Con, F Aeg, F Tus & F Tyr.



MG XX

REPLAY OF LAST SEASON

SPRING 1901

One of the players has stated that he did not receive the flyer which was supposed to have contained the moves for this game. Therefore, for your edification & delight:

- AUSTRIA (Joshua Scheier) NMR: Neutral moves: A Vie-Tri; A Bud-Ser; F Tri-Alb
- ENGLAND (David Marshall II) F Edi-Nrg; F Lon-Wth; A Lvp-Yor
- FRANCE (Michael Foster) A Par-Bar; A Mar-Spa; F Bre-Mid
- GERMANY (Ronald Foster) F Kie-Hol; A Mun-Ruh; A Ber-Kie
- ITALY (Donald Matous) A Ven-Tyr; A Rom-Ven; F Nap-Ion
- RUSSIA (Jerry Muto) NMR: Neutral moves: F StP(sc)-Bot; A Mos-Ukr; A War-Lvn; F Sev-Rum
- TURKEY (H. Gary Knight) A Con-Bal; A Ank-Ela; A Smy-arm

Fall 1901 moves are due by Thursday, 9 November 1978. My deep apologies for a delay in the game in 1901.

1977 KL SPRING SEPARATED BY REQUEST Winter 1905

- AUSTRIA (Zane Parks) Has A Ser, A Bud, A Alb.
- ENGLAND (Thomas Slaughter Jr.) NMR. Has A StP, F Nwy, F Edi, F Den, A Lon, F Swe,
- FRANCE (Paul Stevens) B F Bre, F Mar. Has F Bre, F Mar, A Bel, A Bar, A Rom, F Iri, F Tyr & F Tun.
- GERMANY (Dennis Klein) Has A Kie, F Hol, A Ruh, & A Ber.
- ITALY (Thomas G. Bamon) RA Vie. Has A Ven, F Tus, F Gre, F Ion, A Tri,
- RUSSIA (Paul G. Rautersberg) F Swe ann. B A Mos. Has A Mos, A Smy, F Rum, A Gal, A Ukr, F Sev, A Tyr.

Will Ronald Kelly, 6038 Richmond H'way #314, Alexandria, Va. 22303 sb for England? Spring 1906 moves are due by Thursday, 9 Nov. 1978.

1977 HR SCRAMBLED YEGGS Spring 1905

- AUSTRIA (Donald Matous) A Rom-Nap; A Ven H; A Tri-Bud; A Vie S A Tri-Bud; A War-Gal; A Ser-Rum; A Gre-Bul (retreats-Alb, ann); (A Ser dislodged, retreats-Alb, ann)
- ENGLAND (David Pierce) A Mun-Bar; F Hol-Bel; F Kie-Hel; F Mid-Eng; F Iri & F Nth S F Mid-Eng
- FRANCE (Ronald M. Kelly) F Spa(sc)-Mid; F Bre S F Eng; F Eng C A Bel-Wal (dislodged; retreats-Wal, Pic, ann); A Bur-Mun; A Wal-Yor; F Lon S F Eng; A Bel-Wal;
- ITALY (Thomas Slaughter Jr.) A Tus-Rom; F Ion-Nap
- RUSSIA (Mark A. Traylor) F Nwy-Nrg; F Swe-Bal; F Bal-Ber; A StP-Lvn; A Mos-War; A Sev-Ukr; A Ber-Sil; A Rum S A Bud-Ser; A Bud-Ser; A Smy-Gre; F Aeg C A Smy-Gre; F Bul(sc) S A Smy-Gre

Fall 1905 moves are due by Thursday, 9 November 1978.

1978 AA

Winter 1903

AUSTRIA (Ronald M. Kelly) Has A Bud, A Tri.

ENGLAND (Eric P. Verheiden) B F Lon. Has F Lon, F Nth, F Ska, F Nth, F Nwy, A StP.

FRANCE (August Luckow)NMR! Has F Bel, A Mar, A Tus, F Tyr, F Tun.

GERMANY (Paul G. Rauterberg) B A Ber. Has A Ber, F Hol, F Den, F Swe, A Vie, A Boh, A Sil.

ITALY (John Hulland) Has A Rom, A Ven, F Wes, F Por,

RUSSIA (Thomas Slaughter Jr.) Has A Mos, A Lvn, A Gal & F Bul(ec).

TURKEY (John Christopher) Has A Bul, F Aeg, A Alb, A Ser, F Adr & F Ion

Thanks to Paul Rauterberg for standing by last issue and will he do so again, this time for France? Spring 1904 moves are due by Thursday, 9 November 1978.

MG XIX

THE DUAL MONARCHY: ITALY & TURKEY

FALL 1902

AUSTRIA (Dick Trtek) F Alb-Adr; A Ser-Tri(ann) A Bud & A Vie S A Ser-Tri. Owns Bud, ~~Adr~~, Vie (2). Must remove one unit.

ENGLAND (Ronald de Bracmoor) F Nth S GERMAN F Bel; F Bar-Ste; A Nwy-Swe; A Edi H. Owns Edi, Lvp, Lon, Nwy, Swe (5) May build one unit.

FRANCE (Laurence Lurio) F Por H; A Pic S A Bur-Bel; A Bar-Bel; A Mar-Bar; Owns Bre, Mar, Par, Por, Spa (5). May build one unit.

GERMANY (Paul Rauterberg) A Den S ENGLISH A Nwy-Swe; A Mun-Bah; A Sil-Boh; A Kae-Ruh; F Bel whistles in the dark. Owns Bel, Ber, Den, Hol, Kae, Mun (6). May build one.

ITALY (Marck A. Morrisson) F Ion-Alb; A Tri S TURKISH A Bul-Ser; A Vee & A Tyr S A Tri. Owns Nap, Rom, Tri, Tan, Ven (5). May build one unit.

RUSSIA (Kevin Knight)NMR: A Gal, A Ura, A StP, A Mos & F Rum H; F Swe (.etreats-Ska, Bal, Bot, Fin, ann). Owns Mos, StP, Sev, War, Rum, Swe (5). Must remove one.

TURKEY (Harold Groot) A Bul-Ser; F Con-Bul(ec); F Aeg C A Smy-Gre; A Smy-Gre. Owns Ank, Bul, Cob, Gre, Ser, Smy (6). May build two units.

Sergeant Schultz' Lonely Hearts Club Band: Oh, I get by with a little help from my friends....

ITALY: The Prime Fanatic would like to welcome the GM to Massachusetts, but unfortunately, he moved to Boston.

Will Brian C. Gister, 2600 Netherland Ave., Bronx, NY 10463 please submit standby moves for Russia.? If no one objects, Winter 1902 and Spring 1903 moves are due by Thursday, 9 November 1978.

1977 U

SEASONS SEPARATED

Winter 1905

AUSTRIA (John McElvaney) Has A Apu, F Ion, F Aeg, A Bul, A Ser, A Gal, A Bud.

ENGLAND (Bill Bowers) Has F Lon, A Edi,

FRANCE (Allen Beals) B A Par. Has A Par, A Lvp, F Eng, F Iri, F Nat, A Bur, A Mun, F Tun, A Rom.

GERMANY (W. Christian Youngquist) Has A Ber, A Den, F Nth, F Hol & A Bel

ITALY (Ronald Truckman) Remove F Tyr. Has A Nap.

RUSSIA (David Wan) A Sev, A Rum, F Con, F Smy, A Ank, F Ska, A Swe, F Bul, A Nwy.

## ON NEUTRAL MOVES AND PLAYERS WHO MISS

Some of you may have noticed that, when a player misses a set of moves in one of the three seasons of 1901, I arrange for a set of moves to be made. If the miss is in Spring 1901, I use a set of moves I have, usually with three or four choices, for which I roll randomly. If the missed moves are Fall or Winter, I either make what I consider to be cautious moves based on the earlier ones (although if Italy moved into Trieste in Spring 1901, I would probably continue an attack on Austria) or ask someone whom I think to be a competent player to make the moves (such people have included Raymond E. Heuer and Michael Rocamora).

Interestingly, I have never considered such neutral moves as favors to the players who miss their moves, but as favors to those who do not. I assume that, when someone signs up for a game he wants to play it; and a missed Spring 1901 move means that every country except France can be denied a build; while a missed Fall 1901 move also denies every country save France, and, of course, Germany of a build.

And is there anyone out there who wants to try to defend a six-center Germany with three units.

Such actions tend to unbalance the game. If Austria blows 1901, then Turkey almost certainly zooms, which tends to cut down on the western countries' chances of winning.

However, some interesting things have happened. One player, after missing fall 1901, had neutral moves sent in for him; he objected to them and sent me a five-page analysis of the sort which I have not seen seen college courses in Logic. His arguments came to naught, however, for the simple reason that the person who supplied the neutral moves was Mike Rocamora. Since, furthermore, I agreed with Mike's moves (the moves he supplied would, under most circumstances, have done as much or more damage than the player's proposed moves), and since it struck me the player might be biased, I had the neutral orders stand.

More recently, another player missed 1901 moves. The reason: he was going to call them in. This made sense, since it gave him a couple more days and, being in New York, the cost would be minimal.

Unfortunately for him, my phone was disconnected and he could not phone in the orders.

A scream of rage went up. This, obviously, wasn't fair, since I was supposed to have a phone. A dubious point in any case. Meanwhile off in Israel, Michael Foster managed to get his Spring 1901 moves in with plenty of time to spare. But then, he wasn't going to phone me.

So, I will keep on using the neutral 1901 orders, but the players who miss their moves will simply have to grit their teeth and bear it.

The problem here is of equal access. A player in Massachusetts will find it easier to call me than one in Calgary. There is, unhappily, nothing I can do about this, short of either refusing to accept phone moves (which I want to keep for emergencies), or limiting local people to a shorter phone deadline (again, what about emergencies?).

I have tried to do something about one problem of access: I have informed one acquaintance who has expressed interest in playing that I will no longer accept orders in person. Not only is this unfair to the people who don't see me regularly, but such orders tend to lay in my wallet until they either disintegrate or I clean the waste paper out. And, since I still have directions for getting to a Lafayette frat house, I don't clean it out too often. So, when the moves fail to appear, screams of rage go up "But I gave you the moves!" Never again.

All this is a complicated subject, and cannot be solved until we get players and gas who have a sense of responsibility. Which will take a couple of years, at least.

In the meantime, don't count on phone calls for getting orders to me. They may work, but they might not.

1976 EU-- WRAP-UP

	01	02	03	04	05	06	07
AUSTRIA	4	5	3	1	-		
ENGLAND	4	4	3	4	4	4	2
FRANCE	5	6	7	7	9	11	10
GERMANY	5	4	4	4	4	3	2
ITALY	4	3	3	5	3	2	2
RUSSIA	6	7	6	5	4	3	3
TURKEY	5	5	8	8	10	12	15 CONCEDED

ZINES: Valinor (through W03) TMG ##76-87  
 GMS: Muchnik (through W03) Lipton  
 A: Owen Davies (rem S03), John Kupper, (res S04), C.F. Hansen (out F05)  
 E: David Head (rem F04) Dennis Klein  
 F: Michael Himmon (res S04) John Michalski  
 G: John Harper (rem S02) Ron Kelly  
 I: Thomas Mitchell (res S03) Alan Rowland  
 (res F03) Jerry Rogowski  
 R: Andy Castin (Rem W03) Dan Gelber  
 T: Daniel Palter: Conceded Win W07

Discussion: There were no player comments on the game, which indicates precisely what was going on: this was a game of exhaustion. Daniel Palter's playing was highly competent, but his victory came, largely, through the disappearances of his opponents. A very common fault of orphaned games.

I have been keeping track of the games that have been played in this game, and it should be noted that, until this game, Turkey had the worst stats of the entire board, both with raw wins (figuring a draw among N players as 1/N wins for each) using the Calhauer Point Count, and in placing, using the B. obdingnag system. The players have evidently been aware of the threat of the Wicked Witch of the South. Contrariwise, in these pages, Austria has the best record, with over a quarter of the wins around. Since this is so contrary to the hobby's history, one can only speculate that Conrad von Metzke's mania for ruining Austria in over 50 games has warped the statistics. On the other hand, reports from England indicate that the top country in that land is Italy; and, indeed, in one or two American magazines (particularly Graustark), Italy is starting to win very heavily. All of which indicates that it is a matter of playing attitude and Calhauer designed a more balanced game than one would think.

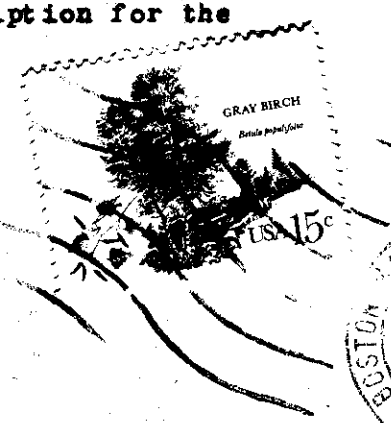
All of which says little about this game but, alas, there is not much to say. John Michalski made a valiant try at winning with a standby France, but failed; Jerry Rogowski is most worthy of applaud, as he played an obviously hopeless position to the end.

A number of subscriptions will expire with this game. Please check your sub label and the appropriate place in the heading.

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 c/o Robert Bryan Lipton  
 The Elliot, Room 312  
 370 Commonwealth Ave.  
 Boston, Mass. 02215  
 U.S.A.

Ed Walker #92  
 Alcalá, 1273 Crest Drive  
 Encinitas, Ca. 92024



FIRST CLASS MAIL

INFLICT UPON:

\_\_\_ Your last issue, Turkey.

\_\_\_ You are needed as a standby in game \_\_\_\_\_. Please see page\*\*\*\*.