

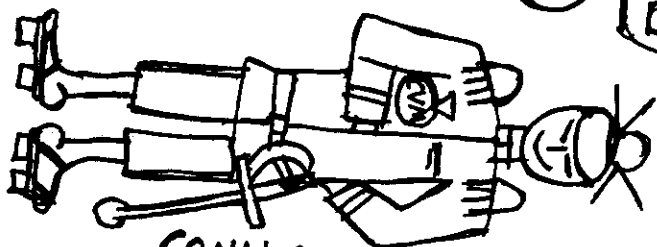
A MIXUMAXU GAZETTE
QUANTITY PUBLICATION
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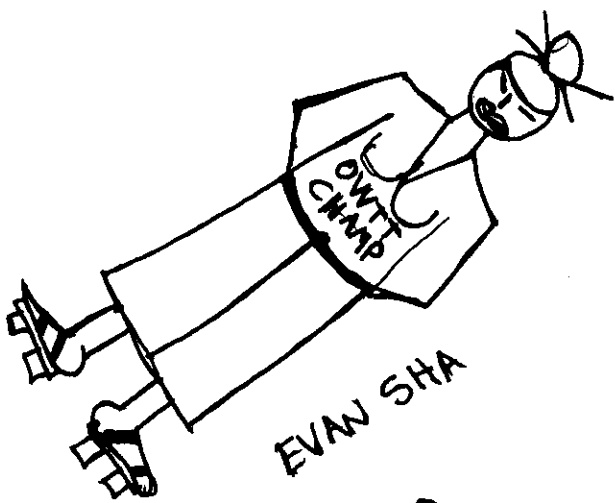
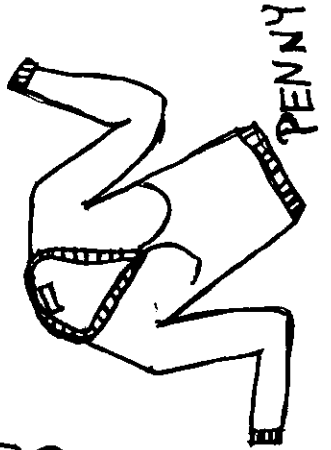
BOARPAH



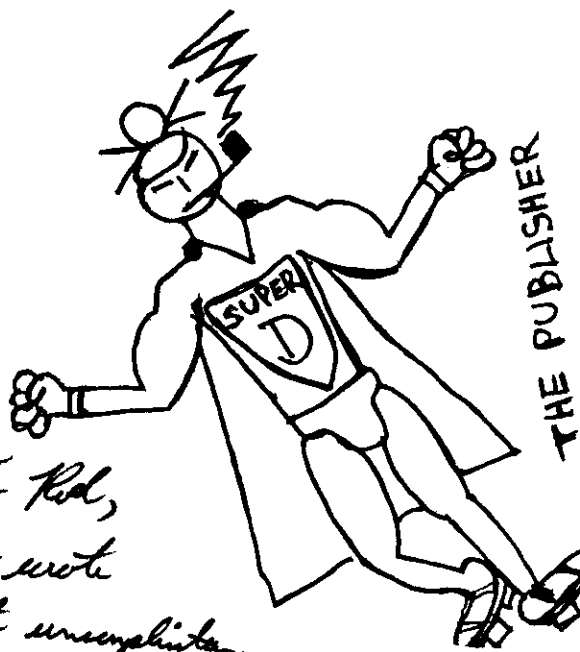
THE PUBLISHER



CONNIE-POO



EVAN SHA



DKS74

* MADE IN JAPAN *who wrote the most uncompromising intellectual I've ever read. Thanks anyway*

Robert Byrta



INTRODUCTION, FOREWORD, PRELUDE, ANALYSIS AND FANFARE FOR COUNTER-
TENOR & 4 TUBAS

by Rod Walker

Diplomacy seems to be one of those hobbies which inspire literary effort. Partly, of course, it's the game. But mostly it's the personalities which bring on these bouts some of us have with this or that muse. So, when Bob Lipton asked me to do some musings on his massive effort, THE PUBLISHER, I was happy to do so. His writings have kept me somewhere between amused and bemused, so how could I refuse?

THE PUBLISHER is not only from a personality, it is about personalities. It is a massive in-joke and a satirical tour de force, something very few people in the hobby would have the guts to try. It has its strengths and weaknesses and I shall try to explore those as we proceed on this different sort of tour.

Something cannot come from nothing and, while I do not wish to detract from the originality of what Bob has done, I want to suggest THE PUBLISHER has its roots sunk very firmly in the hobby. (Just as— since you are reading this— Bob has his hands firmly sunk in your wallet.)

There is a long tradition in this hobby (if one may speak of "long tradition" in a hobby only twelve years old) of literary borrowing. The first person to develop a postal version of the game (Conrad von Metzke), the founder of the postal hobby (John Boardman) and many prominent early players (John Koning, John Smythe, Dan Alderson, Don Miller et c.) were well-read. Very frequently they were also sf fans. The result was probably predictable. There was an early tradition that zines were named after fictitious places (MONGO, COSTAGUANA, GRAUST-ARK, EREHWON, TRANTOR, BROBDINGNAG and, of course, such recent entries as THE MIXUMAXU GAZETTE and POICTESME). Early press releases tended to lean on the actual historical circumstances of the game's period but, as time went on, releases borrowed from a wide variety of sources— Lord of the Rings, Jewel in the Skull, Pellucidar, the Arthurian cycle and so on. A Japanese player in a current Youngstown game is drawing inspiration from The Mikado, by the way.

THE PUBLISHER is more than a mere borrowing, however. It is also a spoof of personalities. This has been going on a long time, and the number of such characters is legion (and a little scurvy too): Madame Edythe, Jesus Bar-Shara, General Rozhdestvensky Walkoff, Conrad the Tall, Peerikles, Sir John Boardom, Peg the Cacophagous One, these are but a few. Getting yourself into the press by proxy, as it were, is one of the prices you pay for becoming prominent in the hobby. Let's see... Bob Lippizan, the world's most egotistic trained horse? Lord Byron Lipton, Chairman of the East India Company? Lypt'n, the inarticulate thing-servant of Glubbdrubb & Feierabend (A Pedekaggian contracting firm)? Liptonite, a substance fatal to Superdiplomat? HMMMMMM...

We've had something like THE PUBLISHER before, if you consider The Mikado a musical (don't scream, Bob...). Larry Peery published at least two, of which "You're a Good Man, Charlie Turner" was typical. It was a reprint of the songs, anyway, if not the book, in which the names of the Peanuts characters were changed to names of people Larry knew in the hobby. No other changes were made, so the effect was minimal. THE PUBLISHER is something else again: a genuine rewriting of the original.

As I said before, THE PUBLISHER is a sort of giant in-joke, a satire of the Diplomacy community by one of its members. This vehicle for humor has a great strength. It also has two drawbacks. On the one hand it can speak very directly. Humor is best if it hits the understanding of its audience; if it is over their heads, they are not going to find it funny. That is why the in-joke is a good bet with the right people: it speaks most directly to them.

On the other hand, there are pitfalls to this sort of thing. If you direct your in-joke to an audience and one part of it is more "in" to the joke than the rest you lose a lot of your effect. Similarly, you may find you will not use your vehicle to the best effect. The result may still be funny, but it will fall a little flat in the final analysis.

The reason I bring this up is I feel THE PUBLISHER has, to some extent, not avoided these pitfalls. When Bob asked me to do an introduction, I was going to say nothing of that. But, having placed the

work in its hobby perspective, I want to do something of a critical review of it.

On the one hand, THE PUBLISHER is, as I said earlier, a tour de force. It is not easy to take a satirical work by a comic genius like Gilbert and mold it to your own purposes and subject without losing a lot of the comic effect. Bob has done a good job of preserving the crisp and whimsical nature of the original while injecting a lot of material relating to Diplomacy. That is no mean feat and, while the dialogue and songs flow easily, it obviously took a lot of work to get them to do it.

But...

The treatment seems to me to be excessively "in". Most of the characters are drawn from New York Diplomacy fandom, the major exception being Conrad von Metzke. The result is other areas of the hobby will have difficulty relating to it. A good deal of the material written by Larry Peery had this same fault. He dealt primarily with close friends and with the San Diego political scene and, while people might have been familiar with the Lafayette Tactics Association in 1967, this was not true in 1969-70, when Larry was still bringing up people like Brian Bailey and Charlie Turner. Fortunately, most of the New York crowd may be pretty familiar to the rest of us, since a number of the good New York zines have reasonably large circulations.

The most important flaw in the piece is it does not measure up to its full comic potential. The basic plot idea, blacklisting by the TDA is the germ of a truly hilarious situation. The potential for anti-11 satire or anti-organization satire is very great. This potential is largely missed because the characters are haphazardly chosen.

The Publisher, the all-powerful ruler of everything else, and the presumed head of the TDA, turns out to be Bob Lipton. Consider the effect if Walt Buchanan had been cast for that role instead. The stage is then set for a far more comic set of circumstances.

John Boardman is unconvincingly cast as Bear-Pah. This aristocratic and office-hungry character would have been better represented by one of the people: John Reshara, running a one-man show in TDA or myself since, in 1971-72 I held down half the offices of the hobby.

Similarly the role of Connie-Poo is given to the wrong person. We should have had a Bobby-Poo, representing the author of the piece. We can then replace Evansha with Feggisha (Margaret Gemignani), Nicky with Kof-Kof (Len Lakofka), and Penny with... well, we can keep Penny. It seems to me the result would be funnier because it is more topical, a quality which greatly contributed to the success of the G & S original.

But why worry about what Bob could have done with The Mikado? As it is, THE PUBLISHER is pretty cute. If you know the tunes, sing the lyrics. Maybe, at DipCon VIII, if we all get sufficiently soured, we can put on a performance....

ACT ONE

SCENE: A SATURDAY AFTERNOON DIPLOMACY SESSION IN NEW YORK CITY.
THERE ARE TWO GAMES IN PROGRESS, WITH EIGHT PLAYERS STANDING, THE
REST LYING FACE DOWN, WITH KNIVES IN THEIR BACKS

CHORUS OF DIPLOMATS: TO THE TUNE OF "IF YOU WANT TO KNOW"

If you want to know who we are,
We are all Diplomacy fans.
Often afternoons we all mar
With our never so devious plans.
 We haggle and beg and stab,
 And if we are stabbed we crab.
 We all have the gift of gab!

Oh!

If you think we are pleasant folk,
'Cause we smile when we look at you,
You will find that it is no joke
When we take all your centers too!
 Perhaps you believe this throng
 Can't stab themselves all day long.
 If that's your idea, you're wrong!
 Oh!

ENTER CONNIE-POO IN GREAT EXCITEMENT. HE CARRIES A HECTOGRAPH AND
MANY BLUNT KNIVES

RECITATIVE: CONNIE-POO

Gentlefen, I pray you tell me
Where a lady editor dwells,
Penny D., she helps out Nicky.

A PLAYER Why, who are you that asks this question?

CONN. Come, gather 'round me and I'll tell you.

SONG: CONNIE-POO & CHORUS: TO THE TUNE OF " A WAND'RING MINSTREL"

A Dippy editor
Who turns out press releases,
And who both his palms greases
By charging outrageous fees!
My list of zines is long,
Through every fantype ranging,
I'll print one for you ere long.

Are you in hum'rous mood?
I'll laugh with you,
While feigning madness.
For good releases do you brood?
I'll write for you,
While feigning madness.
I'll tell you how a fleet
Is phallically neat,
While feigning madness.

But, if statistics one the game are wanted,
I'll turn out your statistics by the ream,
For, where'er our hobby's mailgames may be planted,
To catalogue their players is my dream!
America is far beyond all others,
If you add in England, France and Belgium too!
And I shouldn't be surprised if your Big Brothers
Told you not to read the works of Connie-Poo!

And if you long for a Canuck zine,
You'll find I print one too.
We're independent as we can be,
We love our Queen, as you can see,
That is, if you get my zine!

CHORUS

Canuck! Canuck!
Hurrah for the Canuck zine!

CONN. To see his name in an offset zine
May tickle a Yankee's taste,
But the happiest hour a Canuck sees
Is when a Newfie is on his knees, ho ho!
Admitting that he's a waste!

CHORUS Then raze the U.S., off we go,
As the Yankee zines go down, with a ha ha ho,
Hurrah for the Canuck zine!

CONN. A Dippy editor, et cetera

ENTER DUN-TUSH

DUN. And what may your business be with Penny D.?

CONN. I'll tell you. Many years ago, while playing postally, I fell in love with Edi Birsan. Imagine my surprise when I came to New York and found out he was no girl! It was while on this trip that I met and fell in love with Penny's work, but she was working on the staff of Nicky, a cheap editor. We loved each other, that's Penny and I, for I was not going to repeat my mistake with Edi, editorially, of course, but, alas, my suit was hopeless, as she was already working on a zine. Overwhelmed with despair, I quitted the town. Imagine my delight when I read that if Nicky did not get eighty nine more readers in two weeks he would stop publishing, and, a month later, I learned he had gotten three! I hastened back at once, hoping to find Penny at liberty.

DUN. It is true that he said he would cease publication, but it was a cheap trick. The Hobby, tired of his assinninnities, blacklisted him. But we stopped this to elect him to his present high position under the following remarkable circumstances:

SONG: DUN-TUSH & CHORUS: TO THE TUNE OF "OUR GREAT MIKADO"

The Publisher, most wondrous man,
When he to print MG began,
Resolved to try
A plan whereby
The Hobby'd be assisted.
So he declared, in words succinct,
That all editors whose zines stinked,
Until they sent him coins that clinked,
Should forthwith be blacklisted!
And I suggest (I am not snide)
That he was right to so decide.
And I am right, and you are right:
Our hobby should this way abide.

CHORUS And we are right, et cetera

DUN. This measure harsh, you well can see,
Caused problems through our wide Hobby,
For E. Birsan
And J. Boardman
Were equally affrighted.
The men who ditto up one page,
Or through sixteen xeroxes rage,
Were stifled by this marv'lous sage.
They asked that this be righted!
And you will see (I do not jest)
That they were right to so request.
And I am right, and you are right:
And enemies, in peace they rest!

CHORUS And we are right, et cetera

DUN. And so we took (none did resist)
This person from the Blacklist list,
Who was not nice,
Whose zine's demise,
Had made him let his phiz down.

Him being 'Lister We'd insist,
For, when he'd add onto the list,
Before another name's cross-crissed,
He must, before, mark his down!

It makes great sense (I think you'll say)
To argue in this kind of way.
And I am right, and you are right:
And all is right. Too looral-ay!

CHORUS And we are right, et cetera

CONN: Nicky, the cheap editor, the official IDA Blacklister! Why,
that's the highest rank a sadist can attain!

BOAR-PAH It is. Our logical Publisher, seeing no difference be-
tween the writer who urges the blacklisting, and the fool who car-
ries it out in its gory details, has rolled the two functions
together, and every Reinsel is his own stooge.

CONN. But how kind of you (for I see you are an editor of the high-
est circulation) to tell all this to me, a mere two-pager.

BOAR. Don't mention it. I am, in point of fact, a particularly
haughty and exclusive editor, of Pre-Buchananite Publication. We
all understand when I say that I can trace my zine, in an unbroken
line, back to a two-page flier in an sf zine. Consequently, my
editorial pride is something immense. But I struggle to overcome
this defect. I mortify my pride continuously. When all the IDA
Council resigned in a body because they were too proud to have a
cheap editor as Blacklister, did I not accept their posts? Did I
not run Diplomacy games, Origins games, Fall of Rome tourneys and
Frigate games, all of which were started at immense fees? Did I
not accept these indignities?

DUN. And the fees attached to them? You did.

BOAR. It is consequently my revolting position to run all of the
IDA, transfer the treasury into the \$17,000 account I built up by
smuggling resisters into Canada, accept the subsidies as Boardman
Number, Miller Number and Origins Numbers Custodians, as Census
Keeper, Orphan Games Director, and so on? And at a salary? I, a
freelance, salaried! It disgusts me. But I do it.

CONN. And it does you credit.

BOAR. Oh, but I don't stop at that! I retail game moves before the
deadline at reasonable rates. I write for cheap editors for small
fees. I accept sample copies from any fan, and I sell Do-Not-
Quoteables at very low prices. For instance, any further news
about Penny would count as a Do-Not-Quoteable. CONNIE-POO HANDS
BOAR-PAH A POSTAGE STAMP. Another insult and, I think, a flighty
one.

SONG: BOAR-PAH WITH CONNIE-POO & DUN-TUSH: TO THE TUNE OF
"YOUNG MAN, GO TO"

I suggest you
Should forget it.
Penny's works you
Will not edit. CONNIE-POO HANDS BOAR-PAH A
No, I've read it. SAMPLE COPY
It's no credit
To you, your writing is slack, Mister.

Today, to this same spot, Penny,
Will come, followed by fans many,
With reams of press,
And dough, no less,
To write for the IDA Blacklister!

And the knives will flash,
And the stabbed ones bray,
And they'll smoke their stash
On their printing day.
She'll write from now on, all insist her
Works should go to the great Blacklister!

BOAR, CONN. And the knives will flash, et cetera
& DUN.

BOAR. You've come too late
For her writing,
So hold in bate
Replies biting.
All her writing
is exciting.
In six years you just might come back, Mister.
They'll print their zine not far from here,
And while they work they'll drink some beer.
They have no fear
Of non-fans jeer.
You came much too late and, you hack, missed her.
And the knives will flash, et cetera

BOAR, DUN. And the knives will flash, et cetera
& CONN,

RECITATIVE: CONNIE-POO

And have I paid out such large sums of money,
To buy a ditto for Penny, who's funny,
To print her words, and find she's gone to Nicky?

BOAR. Being a good player, he's very tricky.
But here he comes, equipped as suits his station.
He'll give you any further information.

EXIT BOAR-PAH & CONNIE-POO

CHORUS: TO THE TUNE OF "BEHOLD THE LORD HIGH EXECUTIONER"

Behold the stupid Dippy Blacklister,
Who thinks he has a noble rank and title.
Undignified, impotent officer:
You just are not particularly vital.
Humor! Humor! The demented Dippy Blacklister!

ENTER NICKY, ATTENDED

SOLO: NICKY: TO THE TUNE OF "TAKEN FROM A COUNTY JAIL"

Taken from the ranks of fans,
Because I'm a stupid moron,
With some yet unrevealed plans,
Plans that Edi still feels sore on.
With the right to create bans,
Which you later will hear more on.
Anyone who my zine pans
Doesn't know what I can pour on.
Though not one of the humans,
Them all I can shut the door on.
None of Dippy's many clans
Has such power. Please, implore on.

CHORUS Humor! Humor! The demented Dippy Blacklister!

NICKY: Gentlefen, I am much impressed by this grovelling recept-
ion which indicates the terror you hold me in. I can only hope by
strict attention to my duties it will be my pleasure to continue
to receive such disgusting deference. It is a pleasure to think
that, should it become necessary to blacklist someone, I will not
have to stray from the City to find someone whose loss to the
Hobby will be a distinct gain to Fandom at large.

SONG: NICKY & CHORUS: TO THE TUNE OF "I'VE GOT A LITTLE LIST"

As someday New York City should be leveled to the ground,
I've got a little list--I've got a little list
Of various mad Diplomats who'd better not be found,
And who never would be missed--Who never would be missed.

There's the idiot with frizzled hair and badly mismatched socks,
The one who's fat and looks as if he's got the chicken pox,
And the wire-haired midget who is an expert on all fish,
The mailman who to get his moves in late at night does wish,
The loud-mouthed genius who on Italian factors does insist:
They'd none of 'em be missed—They'd none of them be missed!

CHORUS: He's got 'em on the list—He's got 'em on the list,
And they'd none of 'em be missed—They'd none of 'em
be missed!

NIC. There's the self-proclaimed leader and the others of his
type:

The Associationist. I've got 'em on my list.
And the publisher who at other wargames loves to snipe:
The stalwart Leninist. They'd none of 'em be missed.
The moron who denounces with a quickly changing tone
No century save this and no country but his own.
And the gentleman from Texas who's aware that three is Y
And who doesn't know what X is but thinks that it might be Pi,
And that singular example of antiscatologist.
I don't think she'd be missed. I'm sure she'd not be missed.

CHORUS He's got 'em on the list, et c.

NIC. There's the sic transit type moron who writes of the Drekkish
life,

And the sf columnist. I've got him on the list.
All wargame testers, poets bad, and clowns of Chinese life,
They'd none of 'em be missed—They'd none of 'em be missed.
And the folks who fill up their zines with press of a rotten
kind.
Such as What d'ye call him, Thing-em-Bob and likewise never mind
And 'St-'St-'St and What's his name, and also You Know Who...
The job of filling up the blanks I'd rather leave to you,
For it really doesn't matter whom you put upon the list:
For they'd none of 'em be missed—They'd none of 'em be missed!

CHORUS: You may put 'em on the list, et cetera

EXIT CHORUS

NIC. Boar-Pah, it seems that the festivities accompanying the official announcement that Penny will be my co-editor must last a week. I should like to do it handsomely, and I want to consult you as to the amount I ought to spend upon them.

BOAR. Certainly. In which of my capacities? As President of the IDA Council, Executive President, Recording Secretary, Nonrecording Secretary, Treasurer, or some other office?

NIC. Let us say as Nonrecording Secretary.

BOAR. Speaking as Nonrecording Secretary, I should say that as the IDA will have to pay for it don't stint yourself. Do it well.

NIC. Exactly. As the IDA will have to pay for it. That's your advice.

BOAR. As Nonrecording Secretary. Of course, you understand that as Treasurer I have to see that due economy is maintained.

NIC. Oh. But you just said not to stint myself, to do it well.

BOAR. As Nonrecording Secretary.

NIC. And now you say due economy will have to be maintained.

BOAR. As Treasurer.

NIC. I see. Come over here where the Treasurer can't hear us.
THEY CROSS THE STAGE. Now, as Counsel to the Council how do you advise me to deal with this problem?

BOAR. As Counsel, I have no hesitation in saying "Chance it."

NIC. Thank you. I shall.

BOAR. Except, as Intra-Association Arbiter, I am bound to see the bylaws are not violated.

NIC. I see. Come over here where the Arbiter can't hear us. THEY

CROSS THE STAGE. Now then, as Executive Treasurer?

BOAR. Of course! As Executive Treasurer I could propose a special vote to cover all expenses but as Eastern Regional Secretary I'd be obligated to fight it tooth and nail. Or, as Assistant Treasurer I could so cook the books that as Auditor I should never discover the fraud. But then as Association Chaplain it would be my duty to denounce my dishonesty and give myself into my own custody as Sergeant-at-arms.

NIC. That's extremely awkward.

BOAR. I don't say that all these distinguished persons couldn't be squared; but it is only right to tell you that they would not be sufficiently degraded in their own eyes unless they were insulted with a very considerable bribe.

NIC. It shall have my careful consideration. But my co-editor and some miscellaneous people approach, and a little compliment on your part, such as the sort of grovel Ray Heuer would give John Beshara, Dick Miller, Edi Birsan, Robert Lipton and Gene Prosnitz when it appears that his only possible ally is Evan Jones would be appreciated.

BOAR. No money, no grovel!

EXIT BOAR-PAH & NICKY. ENTER PROCESSION OF PENNY'S SCHOOLFELLOWS,
HEADED BY PENNY, GIL-PEEP & STEPHEN-SING

CHORUS: TO THE TUNE OF "COMES A TRAIN OF LITTLE LADIES"

Comes a bunch of some playtesters,
From SPI's clutches free,
Each, convinced that she the best is,
Wonders who the others be.

All our games are games of troubles,
Madness set to hex.
We've burst all our inbred bubbles
And look for some sex.

Is it better than Waterloo?
Better left unsaid.
Would you say what gender are you?
We want to get laid.

Wargamers, pubescent, nearly,
From SPI's clutches freed,
And we all wonder merely
Where we'll satisfy our need.

TRIO: PENNY, GIL-PEEP & STEPHEN-SING: TO THE TUNE OF "THREE LITTLE
MAIDS"

Three little Diplomats are we,
Smart as three Diplomats can be,
Armed to the teeth, as you can see:
Three little Diplomats!

PEN. Stabbing friends is a source of fun! CHUCKLES

GIL. Nobody's safe, for each is a Hun! CHUCKLES

STEPH. Tortures a joke that's just begun

THE THREE Three little Diplomats!

ALL, DANCING Three little Diplomats who, dreaming,
Come here for their victories dreaming,
Hiding behind a guise of seeming—
Three little Diplomats!

PEN. One Diplomat, me, and I edit,

GIL. Two Diplomats, knowing her, dread it,

STEPH. Three Diplomats demand some credit!

THE THREE Three little Diplomats!

PEN. From Three Diplomats, take one away—

GIL. Two Diplomats remain, and they—

STEPH. Can't be stopped from starting zines some day!

THE THREE. Three little Diplomats!

ALL, DANCING. Three little Diplomats, who, scheming, et cetera

ENTER NICKY & BOAR-PAH

NIC. At last, my co-editor that is to be! ABOUT TO EMBRACE HER

PEN. You're not going to kiss me in front of all these people?
TO GIL-PEEP I didn't know this was part of being an editor.

GIL. He's always been strange that way.

PEN. Well, of course I know nothing of these things. But I've no objections if it's usual.

NIC. Oh, it's quite usual. APPEALING TO BOAR-PAH Eh, Hobby Morals Arbiter?

BOAR. I have known it done. NICKY EMBRACES PENNY.

PEN. Thank goodness that's over! SEEING CONNIE-POO, SHE RUSHES TO HIM. Why, that's you!

THE THREE DIPLOMATS ALL RUSH TO CONNIE-POO. THE THREE FOLLOWING SPEECHES ARE SPOKEN SIMULTANEOUSLY.

PEN. Oh, I'm so glad to see you! I've not seen you for ever so long and I've won thirty-eight games and I've got my own zine and I'm going to be the best writer in the Hobby!

GIL. And have you got a zine? Penny's got one, but she doesn't like her co-editor and she much rather it were you! I've lost thirty-eight games and I'm not going to play any more.

STEPH. Now, tell us about everything, but not about Indiana, because we've been busy playing and I've lost thirty eight games and I'm not going to play any more.

NIC. I beg your pardon. Will you present me?

PEN. Oh, this is the loser who—

GIL. Oh, this is the gentleman who—

STEPH. Oh, it's only Connie-Poo who—

NIC. One at a time, if you please!

PEN. Oh, it's the idiot who thought Edi was a girl!

CON. Sir, I think your co-editor is the best writer in the field and want her as my writer... Oh, I know I deserve your anger!

NIC. Anger? Not a bit! I think she's the best too. Charming style, hasn't she? Pretty eyes, nice hair. Very glad to hear my opinion backed by a competent authority. Thank you very much. TO DUN-TUSH Remove him. DUN-TUSH DOES SO.

GIL, WHO HAS BEEN EXAMINING BOAR-PAH What's this? Player looking for a game?

NIC. That is a tremendous fan.

GIL. Oh! It's alive! STARTS BACK IN HORROR

BOAR. Go away, you little son-of-a-bitch. I can't talk to you.

NIC. Allow me to present you, Boar-Pah. These are my gamesmasters. The one in the middle is to be my co-editor.

BOAR. What do you want me to do with them? Mind, I shall not pay a gamefee.

NIC. No, no, you don't have to do that. A little bow, a mere nothing, you don't have to mean it, you know.

BOAR. It goes against the grain. These aren't Diplomats, they're people.

NIC. Come, make the effort.

BOAR TO NICKY Oh, very well. But I shan't mean it. ALOUD How de do young Diplomats, how de do? ASIDE Oh, my one-page protozine!

NIC. How about a game?

THEY SET UP A BOARD. BOAR-PAH IS ENGLAND, AND IS WIPED OUT BY THE END OF 1901 BY A COALITION OF PENNY, GIL-PEEP & STEPHEN-SING

QUARTET: PENNY, GIL-PEEP, STEPHEN-SING, BOAR-PAH & CHORUS : TO THE
TUNE OF "SO PLEASE YOU, SIR"

PEN, GIL& So, please you, sir, don't be a loon
STEPH. Because we've wiped you out so soon.
 You, editing a big name zine—
 We'll never act again so mean.

PEN. But we, of course, must have our fling,
 So pardon us, so pardon us,

GIL. And don't in 1902's spring
 Be hard on us, be hard on us,
 And react to our backstabbing.
 Tra la la la la THE THREE DIPLOMATS DANCE

CHORUS But we, of course, et cetera

BOAR. I think you ought to recollect
 You cannot show too much respect
 Towards the Hobby's eldest few,
 But nobody does, so why should you?
 That you at me should have your fling
 Is hard on me, is hard on me,
 To my prerogative I cling,
 So pardon me, so pardon me,
 If I react to backstabbing. OVERTURNS BOARD
 Tra la la la la HE DANCES

CHORUS But we, of course, et cetera

EXIT ALL BUT PENNY. ENTER CONNIE-POO

CON. Penny! At last we're alone! I've been traveling here for three
weeks, believing Nicky to be blacklisted, and I find you're to be
made his co-editor today.

PEN. Alas, yes.

CON. But you don't like him?

PEN. Alas, no!

CON. A draw! But why don't you refuse the position? Start your own
zine!

PEN. You forget that girls do not have their own zines.

CON. True. They are considered too sensible.

PEN. Besides, a wandering two-pager is hardly a fit co-editor for
a staff member of the IDA Blacklister.

CON. But—ASIDE Shall I tell her? Yes, she won't stab me. ALOUD
And what if it should prove I am no simple gamesmaster?

PEN. There! I knew it as soon as I saw your adjudications!

CON. What if it should prove I am no other than the Editor of the
Publisher?

PEN. The Editor of the Publisher? But why is your Excellency dis-
guised? And what has your Excellency done? And will your Excellency
promise to never do it again?

CON. Some time ago I had the occasion to print some press by a
player, an untalented person. He misconstrued my customary encour-
agements into expressions of admiration, and claimed the right to
become my house hack. The Publisher, the greatest adjudicator in
the field, ordered me to make him my house hack within the month
or perish. That night I fled from his mimeo and, assuming the dis-
guise of pica type, set up in San Diego, on a trip from which I
found you! HE APPROACHES PENNY.

PEN. If you please, I don't think you should ask too much. The by-
laws against staff-stealing are severe. RETREATING.

CON. Reinsel praise the bylaws!

PEN. I wish he would, but they are widely observed.

CON. If it were not for the bylaws, you might be sitting here be-
fore your typewriter, working away, with me leaning over your
shoulder, watching the words flow onto the paper. HE LEANS OVER
HER SHOULDER.

PEN. Instead of your having to be at least 23.5 meters away. SHE MOVES AWAY. Like this.

CON. You should look up at me and ask what I thought of your writing. HE MOVES TO HER AND TILTS HER HEAD UP. Like this.

PEN. Smiling at your approval. SHE SMILES. Like this.

CON. And I should hug you for your brilliance, like—HE HUGS HER.

PEN., FREEING HERSELF Yes, if it weren't for the bylaws.

CON. If it weren't for the bylaws.

PEN. As it is, we couldn't do anything of the sort. SHE PLACES HIS ARMS ABOUT HER WAIST.

CON. Not for anything!

PEN. Going to write for Nicky, you know.

CON. Going to write for Nicky.

SONG: PENNY & CONNIE-POO: TO THE TUNE OF "I SHOULD KISS YOU FONDLY"

CON. Were you not for Nicky to write,
I should tell you, more or less,
"Penny, let us make my zine bright,
Let's edit each other's press!"
I would give you equal billing.
Egoboo is naught twixt us,
And to show my feelings thrilling,
I would kiss you fondly, thus. HE KISSES HER

BOTH He would kiss me fondly, thus. THEY KISS.
I would kiss you

PEN. But as I'm to work with Nicky,
Such a process would be sticky,
For, with his staff he's quite picky.
Altogether, he's a sicky.

BOTH Sick, sick, sick, sick.

CON. So, in spite of all temptation,
Bylines I will not discuss,
And on no consideration,
Will I kiss you fondly, thus. HE KISSES HER.
Let me make it clear to you:
This is what I'll never do:
This, oh, this, oh this— KISSING HER

BOTH This, oh this, oh this KISSING EACH OTHER
Is what we'll never, ever do.

THEY EXIT IN OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS. ENTER NICKY.

NIC. There she goes. To think how entirely my egoboo is wrapped up in that little package! Oh, fanatic,— ENTER BOAR-PAH & DUN-TUSH. Now, what is it? Can't you see I'm soliliquizing? You interrupted an apostrophe!

DUN. I am the bearer of a letter from His Excellency, the Publisher

NIC., TAKING THE LETTER WITH GREAT REVERENCE A letter from the Publisher? What can he want with me? HE READS THE LETTER. Ah, here it is! I've been expecting this! The Publisher is struck by the fact that no one has been blacklisted for more than a year, and decrees that, unless someone is blacklisted within a month, the post of Blacklister will be abolished and the City reduced to the rank of HE CHOKES IN HORROR Zealand!

DUN. But that will involve us in irretrievable ruin!

NIC. Yes, there is no help for it. I shall have to blacklist someone at once. The question is who shall it be?

BOAR. Well, since you've incurred the sentence for your last zine, you seem the natural choice.

NIC. What are you talking about? I can't blacklist myself!

BOAR. Why not?

NIC. Because if I blacklist myself, how will I send out notices of the blacklisting?

BOAR. That is true, no doubt.

NIC. Besides, I don't see how a man could bring himself to knock out his own teeth. My gums are very strong.

BOAR. You might try.

DUN. Even if you only cracked a few incisors it would be something.

NIC. No, pardon me. I am adamant. As IDA Blacklister, my reputation is at stake, and I cannot consent to embark on an Associational Function until I can be sure of the results.

DUN. I'm afraid that unless you can find a substitute—

NIC. A substitute? Nothing easier! TO BOAR-PAH How would you like to be Council Executive—Executee Substitute?

BOAR. I should be delighted. I could then return all my gamefees and—but no. At any expense I must set bounds to my insatiable ambition!

TRIO: NICKY, BOAR-PAH & DUN-TUSH: TO THE TUNE OF "CHIPPY-CHOPPER"

NICKY	BOAR-PAH	DUN-TUSH
My mind, it teems With endless schemes Wise and witty For the City. But if I flit The benefit That I'd diffuse The town would lose. Now every man To be a fan Must plot and plan As best he can. And so Although I'm ready to go, Yet, recollect 'Twere disrespect Did I neglect To thus effect This aim direct So I object.	I am so proud, If I allowed My well-earned pride To be my guide, I'd answer tame "I'll leave the game Instead of you," In a minute or two. But all my rpipe Must be denied And set aside And mortified. And so, Although I wish to go, And greatly pine To brightly shine And take the line Of a hero fine, With grief condign I must decline.	I heard one day A tactician say Of players that Units go 'splat!' "They have no brain And feel no pain, And so are killed Before they build." If this is true It's jolly for you. Your courage screw To bid us Adieu. And go And show Both friend and foe How much you dare. I'm quite aware It's your affair Yet I declare I'd take a share But I do much care.

ALL To sit in sudden silence in a darkened den,
Justifying the jeers of all forgotten fen,
While waiting for the crudely crashing, cracking crunch
Of a bored-looking Blacklister who's just left his lunch.

EXIT BOAR-PAH & DUN-TUSH

NIC. This is simply appalling! I, who have allowed myself to be respited at the last minute that I might benefit my City, am now required to depart the scene within a month. And that by a man whose zine I have plugged! Is this—ENTER CONNIE-POO Am I never to be permitted to soliliquize? Go away, sir!

CON. Oh, don't mind me. HE THROW A ROPE OVER A LAMP POST AND TIES A DITTO TO THE ROPE'S END.

NIC. What are you going to do with that set-up?

CON. I am about to terminate an unendurable existence.

NIC. Terminate your existence? Why not wait until dark and go to Central Park? Why are you terminating your existence?

CON. Because you are co-opting the editor whose works I adore.

NIC. Nonsense, sir, I am a humane man and if you attempt anything of the sort I shall have you thrown out of the hobby.

CON. That's absurd. If you attempt anything of the sort I perform the happy dispatch with this dagger.

NIC. This is horrible. SUDDENLY Why, you cold-hearted scoundrel, do you realize that by committing suicide in this fashion you will irretrievably damage your ditto machine, any attempt to do so being punishable under the IDA bylaws with—Oh! Substitute!

CON. What's the matter?

NIC. Are you absolutely determined to leave the hobby and, incidentally, the world?

CON. Completely. I'm losing all my games.

NIC. Then, if you're determined to drop out, why not do it in style? Why not be officially Blacklisted?

CON. I don't see how that would benefit me.

NIC. You'll have a month in which you'll live like John Beshara, winning all of your games. When the day comes, we'll hold a mini-con for it. There will be a march, all the girls distracted, Penny in tears, and then, afterwards, a game. You won't be there to play, but we'll hold it all the same.

CON. Do you really think Penny would be upset by my Blacklisting?

NIC. Certainly. She's absurdly soft-hearted.

CON. I should not like to cause her distress. Perhaps, if I retired to Youngstown for a few years, I might forget her.

NIC. I don't think you could forget her exquisite writing style.

CON. True.

NIC. A zine without Penny— Why, it's absurd!

CON. And yet there are many editors who do without her.

NIC. Poor devils, yes. You are right not to be one of them.

CON. I shan't be one of them!

NIC. Noble fellow!

CON. This is how we'll do it: Let me edit a 78 page one-shot with her, and in a month you may blacklist me.

NIC. No. I draw the line at Penny.

CON. Very well. If you can draw the line, so can I. HE PREPARES THE ROPE.

NIC. Stop! Let's negotiate. How is Penny going to be your co-editor if she's going to be mine?

CON. My good ally, the operation will be defunct in a month, and then she can be your co-editor.

NIC. Dear me. I fear that my position during the month will be very uncomfortable.

CON. Not as uncomfortable as mine at the end of it.

NIC. I agree. But you won't prejudice her against me, will you? I've told her that I am the best writer and player in the Hobby, and I shouldn't like to see her views on the subject disturbed.

CON. Fear not. She shall never learn the truth from me.

FINALE

ENTER CHORUS, BOAR-PAH & DUN-TUSH

CHORUS: TO THE TUNE OF "WITH ASPECT STERN AND GLOOMY STRIDE"

With aspect stern
and gloomy stride,
We come to learn
How you decide.
Don't hesitate
Your choice to name.
We beg to state
We'll hear it all the same.

BOAR. To ask you what you mean to do we punctually appear.

NIC. Congratulate me, gentlemen, I've found a volunteer!

ALL The New Yorker's equivalent of Hurrah! THEY BRONX
CHEER

NIC. PRESENTING CONNIE-POO 'Tis Connie-Poo!

ALL Hail Connie-Poo!

NIC. I think he'll do?

ALL Yes, yes, he'll do!

NIC. He yields himself if I Penny surrender.
Now I adore her work with passion tender,
And could not yield her with a ready will,
Or her allot
If I did not
Adore myself with passion tenderer still!

ALL Ah, yes, he loves himself with passion tenderer still!

ENTER PENNY, GIL-PEEP & STEPHEN-SING

NIC. Take her, she's yours. HE HANDS PENNY TO CONNIE-POO AND LEAVES.

CON. That moron's zine has passed away

PEN. And soon will come our printing day.

CON. What though the end will come too soon,

PEN. We'll have a month for our lampoon!

CONNIE-POO, BOAR-PAH, PENNY, STEPHEN-SING & GIL-PEEP

Then let the throng
Our zine advance
With patter song
And merry dance.

CHORUS With joyous shout and ringing cheer,
Inaugurate your brief career!

STEPH. A day, a week, a month, a year,

PEN. Both far and near, both far and near.

BOAR. You'll find your issue soon is done.

GIL. At least you'll have a lot of fun!

ALL Then let the throng, et cetera

CHORUS With joyous shout, et cetera

BOAR. As in a month your zine will die
If Nicky tells us true,
'Twere empty compliment to cry:
"Good luck to Connie-Poo!"
But as one month you have to live
As fellow Dippy fen,
This toast full seven times we'll give:
"Good luck to you—'til then!"

ALL DANCE

ENTER EVANSHA, DRAMATICALLY

EVA. Your revels cease! Assist me, all of you!

CHORUS: Why, who is this whose screaming voice
Halts our festivities?

EVA. I claim my lost editor, Connie-Poo.
Oh, fool, to shun releases that I write!

CHORUS Go, leave thy inane work unwrit.

EVA. My work has a satirist's bite!

CHORUS Away, away, you're full of shit.

CON. ASIDE, TO PENNY Ah,
Tis Evansha!
The nut whose works will bore you!

EVA. DETAINING HIM No!
You shall not go,
I've got releases for you!

Oh, fool, that leaves
The worst of fen:
Up in my sleeves
I've works of pen!
Oh, quick,
Who can see from one release,
I'm sick,
And grudge my littlest pleas:
Thy taste unbind,
Oh, fool, oh, blind.
Give me my place,
Oh, rash, oh base!

CHORUS If true his tale, give him his place,
Oh, fool, oh, blind, oh, rash, oh base.

EVA/ASHA, Oh, skill, that rulest
ADDRESSING Where hackwork serves,
PENNY Talent that foolest
Kitsch-burdened nerves!
Quick tongue, that scornest
Rejected years!
Wise voice, that warnest
Who rightly hears!
Thy end is nigh,
Talent, great luck!
Now, say goodbye.
But first, let's fuck.

CHORUS If true his tale, you're out of luck,
Oh, talent, skill, but first, let's fuck.

STEPHEN-SING: Away, nor prosecute your quest—
From our intentions, well expressed,
You cannot turn us!
The state of your auctorial views
Towards the fan whom you accuse,
Does not concern us,

For, he's going to work with our friend!

ALL Our friend!

STEPHEN-SING Your anger, pray, bury
So all may be merry.
It will be that way in the end!

ALL The end!

STEPHEN-SING So join our expressions of glee!
If you're nice they'll you an issue send.

ALL Will send!

STEPHEN Your thoughts are all hazy,
Your syntax is crazy,
That shouldn't send you round the bend.

ALL The bend!

STEPHEN-SING Print your own zine, and let it be free!

EVA. The hour of gladness The press I've turned out:
Is dead and gone. All worthless junk!
In silent sadness My skill is burned out.
I write alone. It always stunk.

Oh, faithless one, this insult you shall rue!
In vain for mercy, on your knees you'll sue!
I'll tear the mask from your disguising!

CON. ((Aside)) Now comes the blow!

EVA. Prepare yourself for news surprising!

CON. ((aside)) How foil my foe?

EVA. This hall's not good as Avery Fisher.

PEN. ((aside)) Ha ha! I know!

EVA. He is the editor of—

ALL Zultz voxen vee uh tzibbullah mitten kup in drerd!

EVA. This attempt at stoppage is just a pisher!

He is the editor of—

ALL Zultz voxen vee uh tzibbullah mitten kup in drerd!

EVA. You put between my—

ALL Zultz voxen vee uh tzibbullah mitten kup in drerd!

EVA. Words a fissure!

He's the editor—

ALL Zultz voxen vee uh tzibbullah mitten kup in drerd!

EVA. Of the—

ALL Zultz voxen vee uh tzibbullah mitten kup in drerd!

EVA. Editor of the—

ALL Zultz voxen vee uh tzibbullah mitten kup in drerd!

Oy vey! Oy vey!

ENSEMBLE

EVANSHA

Ye torrents roar!
Ye tempests howl!
Your scorn outpour
With angry growl!
Do ye worst, my vengeance call
Shall rise triumphant over all!
Prepare for woe,
Ye stupid bawds!
At once I go
Publisher-wards!
My wrongs with vengeance shall
be crowned!

OTHERS

Now, go away,
You're really foul!
We've joy today
Despite your scowl!
The echoes of our festival
Shall rise triumphant over all
Away you go!
Collect your hordes!
Proclaim your woe
In dismal chords!
We do not hear your dismal
sound,
For joy reigns everywhere
around!

EVANSHA RUSHES FURIOUSLY UPSTAGE, CLEARING THE CROWD RIGHT AND LEFT, FINISHING ON STEPS AT THE BACK OF THE STAGE

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

PENNY IS DISCOVERED SEATED BEFORE A MIMEOGRAPH, SURROUNDED BY CHORUS, WHO ARE INKING THE MACHINE, BRINGING IN PAPER, ET CETERA

SONG: STEPHEN-SING & CHORUS: TO THE TUNE OF "BRAID THE RAVEN HAIR"

CHORUS Neatly type this page,
 Don't make it a mess—
 Constant war we wage
 With our sloppiness.
 Do not overink.
 Turn the handle slow.
 'Twill be neat, we think,
 As these dipzines go!
 Ink and paper: In between
 Them you print a perfect zine!

STEPHEN-SING Sit with downcast eye,
 Look at the machine.
 Try, if you can, cry
 When copy's not clean.
 When a stencil's brought,
 Filled with writing fine,
 Become overwrought,
 Seeing a bad line.
 Carefulness at printing-time
 Makes a dippyzine sublime!

CHORUS Neatly type this page, et cetera
 EXEUNT STEPHEN-SING, GIL-PEEP & CHORUS

PENNY. Yes, I am indeed a wonderful editor. Sometimes I sit and wonder, while contemplating the best manner in which to stab an ally, why it is that I am so much more talented than anyone else in the Hobby. Can this be vanity? No! Diplomacy is a wonderful game, and it rejoices in the perfection of its best editor. I am a fan of Diplomacy, and take after my hobby.

SONG: PENNY: TO THE TUNE OF "THE SUN, WHOSE RAYS"

The game, whose fans,
Have many plans
To further it in glory,
Can do no wrong
In word or song
Or in Diplomat's story!
It doesn't shrink
Because I think
Playing it is resplendent,
But, it is found,
The whole world 'round,
Fandom's in the ascendant!

I mean to run this zine
As it the world!
We never become mean,
Nor our brows furled!

Observe his fame
Who, of the game,
Is the inventor-founder:
He knows his worth,
Causing the birth
Of the game, and won't flounder.
He made it start
That, in its heart,
The Hobby'd all acclaim him
And, truth to tell,
He shows up well
When G & P would name him.

I pray, do us no wrong:
We are not shy.
Our names will endure long,
Alan and I.

ENTER GIL-PEEP & STEPHEN-SING

PEN. Yes, everything seems to smile on me today. I am to turn out the first issue of my magazine with the man I adore, and I believe I am the happiest girl in the Hobby.

GIL. Considering how many there are, that seems likely, especially as you have almost attained the pinnacle of happiness for anyone in Diplomacy.

PEN. 'Almost'?

GIL. Well, as your co-editor is to be Blacklisted after the first issue, it does make the whole thing fall through in the end.

STEPH. I don't know. It all depends.

GIL. In any case, he'll find it a drawback.

STEPH. I don't know, it all depends.

PEN., IN TEARS I think it very indelicate of you to bring this up. If my editorial happiness is to be... to be...

GIL. Blackened?

PEN. Well, blackened, in a month, can't you let me forget it?

ENTER CONNIE-POO & DUN-TUSH

CON. Penny in tears, and just as I've brought the first stencils! Why are you crying? If you're not careful, your tears will rust the mimeograph's cannister.

PEN., SOBBING They've just been reminded me that in a month you're to be Blacklisted. SHE CRIES

STEPH. Yes, we've just been reminding her that you're to be Blacklisted. HE CRIES.

GIL. Yes, we've been reminding her that you're to be Blacklisted. Have you got anyone to take over when you go? HE CRIES.

CON. Now, some people would be upset by this. A month? What's a month? And a hundred page zine? Purely arbitrary distinctions. Who says twenty four hours make a day?

GIL. There's a popular impression to that effect.

CON. Then let's efface it. Let's call each second a day, each week a decade, and every line of copy an issue. That gives us forty years to print six thousand issues.

GIL. At this rate, this conversation has made us miss eight deadlines!

EXIT GIL-PEEP & STEPHEN-SING

PEN., STILL CRYING Yes, how time flies when you're having fun!

CON. That's the way to look at it. Cheer up.

PEN. Certainly, let's be perfectly happy. SHE IS ALMOST SOBBING.

CON. It's absurd to cry.

PEN. Quite ridiculous! SHE TRIES TO LAUGH, FAILS, AND COLLAPSES INTO CONNIE-POO'S ARMS.

ENTER NICKY

NIC. Go on, don't mind me.

CON. I'm afraid we're distressing you.

NIC. Never mind, I must get used to it. Only do it by degrees! First, hand her a stencil. Let me get used to that.

PEN. Wouldn't you prefer to leave? It must pain you to see this.

NIC. No. Oblige me. Now, help her put it on the machine straight. Thank you. It's simple agony.

PEN. Come, it's only for a month.

NIC. No, it's no use deluding myself.

PEN. What do you mean?

CON.

NIC. My poor girl! ASIDE How shall I break it to her? ALOUD My co-editor that was to have been!

PEN. Was to have been?

NIC. Yes. You never can be mine.

CON. What?

PEN. I'm so glad!

NIC. Yes, I've just determined that when an editor is Blacklisted, every member of his staff has all his fingers broken and is not permitted to do anything in the Hobby again.

CON. Who told you that?

NIC. Boar-Pah. He's my liason to the Council.

PEN. He must be mistaken.

NIC. I thought so too, so I consulted the Counsel to the Council, the Bylaw Editor, the Intra-Association Arbiter, the Bylaw Adjudicator and the President. Never saw such a unanimity of opinion in my life.

CON. But stop. This bylaw has never been put into effect.

NIC. Not yet. You see, the only crime punishable with Blacklisting is running a bad zine, and everyone knows that zines with staffs are never bad.

CON. I had forgotten that. Well, it seems that my dreams of the ultimate zine are at an end.

PEN. I don't want to appear selfish, but when I agreed to be your co-editor, I had no idea that I should have my fingers broken.

CON. Nor I. This is the first I've heard of it.

PEN. It does make a difference. You see... breaking my fingers... I just had my nails done.

CON. It's not the handiest way of ending a career.

PEN. You see my difficulties, don't you?

CON. Yes. If I hold you to your bargain, you'll suffer insufferable agony. If I release you, you start to work with Nicky immediately!

TRIO: PENNY, CONNIE-POO & NICKY: TO THE TUNE OF "HERE'S A HOW-DE-DC

PENNY
Here's a how-de-do!
If I work with you,
When the time comes you're Blacklisted,
Then the girl who you assisted
Will be 'listed too!
Here's a how-de-do!

CONNIE-POO
Here's a pretty mess!
In a month or less
I must die without a printing
If I understand your hinting.
Witness my distress.
Here's a pretty mess!

NICKY
Here's a state of things!
To her hands she clings!
Editorial devotion
Doesn't seem to suit her notion,
Agony it brings.
Here's a state of things!

CONNIE-POO & PENNY	ENSEMBLE	NICKY
With a passion that's intense Your writing I adore, But the laws of common sense We oughtn't to ignore. If what he says is true, 'Tis dumb to work with you! Here's a pretty state of things! Here's a pretty how-de-do!		With a passion that's intense Your writings you adore, But the laws of common sense You oughtn't to ignore. If what I say is true, 'Tis dumb to work with you! Here's a pretty state of things Here's a pretty how-de-do!

EXIT PENNY

NIC. My poor boy, I'm very sorry for you.

CON. Thanks. I'm sure you are.

NIC. You can see that I'm quite helpless.

CON. I can quite see that.

NIC. I can't conceive of anything more distressing than having your zine fold before its first issue. But you will not be disappointed of a zine. You shall have a copy of mine!

CON. It's awfully kind of you, but quite impossible.

NIC. What do you mean?

CON. Today I commit suicide.

NIC. What!

CON. I can't live without Penny. This afternoon I perform the happy dispatch.

NIC. No. I cannot permit that.

CON. Why not?

NIC. Because, hang it all, you're scheduled to have your teeth knocked out and all that by me, in a month, and I certainly can't do it when you're in the morgue, and if you can't be Blacklisted, what's to become of me? I shall have to have my teeth knocked out in your place.

CON. It would certainly seem so.

ENTER BOAR-PAH

NIC. Now then, Variant Bank Custodian, what is it?

BOAR. The Publisher and his suite are on the next block, and should be here within the hour!

NIC. The Publisher! He must be coming to see if his orders have been carried out. TO CONNIE POO See here, you've never won a game, so so you must be a man of honor. A bargain's a bargain, and you must not prevent your Blacklisting by committing suicide. You are bound to have your mimeo destroyed, your teeth knocked out and all copies of your zine destroyed by the IDA Blacklister.

CON. Very well then. Knock them out.

NIC. What, now?

BOAR. Break them up, Nicky, break them up.

NIC. My dear sir, I don't go about prepared to break a person's teeth at a moment's notice. I've never hurt anyone. I was going to take lessons, starting by punching a chipmunk in the nose and working by degrees to a Diplomat's teeth, perhaps continuing on to humans. As a humane man, you don't think I would have accepted my position as IDA Blacklister if I hadn't thought the duties were purely nominal? I can't hurt you—I can't hurt anyone! I can't hurt anything! HE WEEPS

CON. Come, my poor fellow, we all have bad positions to play out. If I don't mind losing my teeth, why should you? Remember, sooner or later it must be done.

NIC., SPRINGING UP SUDDENLY Must it? I'm not sure about that!

CON. What do you mean?

NIC. Why should I knock out your teeth and destroy a valuable machine when making an affidavit that you've been Blacklisted will do just as well. Here are plenty of witnesses—The Chief Arbiter, the European Regional Secretary, the Assistant Executive Treasurer, the entire Adjudications Committee and the janitorial staff.

CON. Where are they?

NIC. There they are! HE POINTS AT BOAR-PAH

BOAR. Am I to understand that all of us high IDA officials are to perjure ourselves to ensure your safety?

NIC. Why not? You'll be grossly insulted, as usual.

BOAR., ASIDE Well, it will be a useful discipline. ALOUD Oh, very well, choose your fiction, and we'll endorse it. ASIDE How do you like that, Editorial Pride, my buck?

CON. But I tell you that life without Penny—

NIC. Oh, Penny, Penny! Bother Penny! Here, IDA President, go fetch Penny. EXIT BOAR-PAH Take Penny and have Penny as your co-editor, only go away and use a pseudonym. ENTER BOAR-PAH & PENNY. Here she is. Penny, are you particularly busy?

PEN. No, I'm only writing a letter to an idiot in Pennsylvania about press releases.

NIC. You've five minutes to spare?

PEN. Yes.

NIC. Then go with the Editorial Registrar. He will make you a co-editor of Connie-Poo.

PEN. But if my fingers are to be broken?

NIC. Don't ask questions. Do as I say, and Connie-Poo will explain.

CON. But one moment—

NIC. Not for first place on the Beyerlein Payer Poll! Here comes the Publisher, no doubt to ascertain whether I've obeyed his orders and if he finds you smiling, he'll find it difficult to believe I've destroyed your mouth. EXIT CONNIE-POO, PENNY & BOAR-PAH. Close thing, that, for here he comes!

EXIT NICKY

MARCH: ENTER PROCESSION HERALDING THE PUBLISHER

ENTRANCE OF THE PUBLISHER & EVANSHA: TO THE TUNE OF "MIYA SAMA"

CHORUS Mixumax, Mixumaxu,
 Toka Hoka Naomi!
 Phumpha, Phumpha and Umberto,
 M P A.
 Press releases, releases, hey!

DUET: THE PUBLISHER & EVANSHA: TO THE TUNE OF "FROM EVERY KIND"

PUB. From all who are on the scene
 Obedience I expect.
 I publish a Diplomacy zine—

EVA. And I'm his Editor's hack-elect!
 He'll print all the words
 (They are only worth turds)
 By his Editor's hack-elect!

PUB. My sanity has been declared
 Particularly suspect—

EVA. But he's sensible when compared
 With his favorite Editor's hack-elect!
 Bow, bow, to his Editor's hack-elect!

CHORUS Bow, bow, to his Editor's hack-Elect!

PUB. In a very well thought out way
 The best to print I select.
 All listen to what I say--

EVA. Except for his Editor's hack-elect!
 He probably knows
 That my writing blows!
 I'm his Editor's hack-elect!

PUB. My nature is love and light.
 My freedom from all defect—

EVA. Is very significant, quite,
 Compared with his Editor's hack-elect!
 Bow, bow, to his Editor's hack-elect

CHORUS Bow, bow, to his editor's hack-elect!

SONG: PUBLISHER & CHORUS: TO THE TUNE OF "MY OBJECTS ALL SUBLIME"

PUBLISHER

A more insane Publsiher never
Did in this land exist.
To nobody second
I'm certainly reckoned
A crazy humorist.
It is my ridiculous endeavor
to make to some extent
Each humorless man
A part of my plan
Of assinnine merriment!

My objects all insane
I someday shall attain:
To cause all serious men great pain—
All serious men great pain,
And wring from faces smiles
By various sneaky guiles,
And bring great joy to the ranks and files—
Great joy to the ranks and files.

All writers who've perfected their typing,
And turn out works that bore,
Until each one repents,
My good friend, Herb Barents,
Types pages one through four!
The bad release writers, whose crumby space-wasters
Gives each reader a pang,
As soon as they write 'em,
They're told:
"Send each item
To Don Horton's Claw & Fang!"

The person who claims great skill in the game,
The best, and no one bar,
Who is very surly
And gets moves in early
Is listed as "NMR":
The editor who will not trade his zine
And will accept no gamefees
Receives consternations
From around the nation
When folks say he smells like cheese.

My objects all insane, et cetera

CHORUS

His objects all insane, et cetera

PUBLISHER

Each person who asks for a subsidy
To help his private schemes
Gets it on condition
That he goes out fishin'
In the Lena River's streams.
The musician who adulates Haydn
Is punished this way: he
Must pay lots of money
And, dressed as a bunny,
Will listen to John Fahey!

The Diplomat who his gamesmasters bribes,
Nobody him reproves.
When people inform us,
The fine is enormous,
We underline all his moves!
And when he's knocked down to just one center,
Six units him enfolding,
When they're all about him,
When he's sure they'll rout him,
They all support his holding!

My objects all insane, et cetera

CHORUS

His objects all insane, et cetera

ENTER BOAR-PAH, NICKY & STEPHEN-SING

BOAR-PAH HANDS NICKY A SHEET OF PAPER.

NIC. I am honored to be permitted to welcome Your Publishership. I guess at the object of Your Publishership's visit— your wishes have been carried out. The Blacklisting has taken place.

PUB. Oh, so you've had a Blacklisting?

NIC. Yes. The Hobby Archivist has just handed me the notification.

BOAR. I am the Hobby Archivist. HE HANDS THE PAPER TO THE PUBLISHER

PUB., READING. In New York, in the presence of the IDA President, IDA Council Chairman, IDA Appointments Committee, Boardman Numbers Custodian, Calhamer Awards Committee Chairman and Subsidized Doodler—

BOAR. They were all there, Your Publishership. I counted them myself.

PUB. A very good turnout. I wish I had been there to see it.

NIC. A tough fellow he was, Your Publishership; His teeth were very firmly rooted, and his hectograph had to be handled with a sledgehammer. His struggles were terrific. I think it was a moving scene.

PUB. Describe it.

NIC. Describe it?

PUB. Describe it.

TRIO & CHORUS: NICKY, BOAR-PAH & STEPHEN-SING: TO THE TUNE OF
"THE CRIMINAL CRIED"

NICKY: The Blacklistee cried as he felt my fist,
In a state of wild alarm.
With a fearsome, frightful, frantic twist,
I broke his big right arm.
I knocked him on his hippy-length hair
And heard a nasty 'crack'!
As he squirmed and struggled
And gurgled and guggled,
I drew forth my blackjack.
Oh, never shall I
Forget the cry
Of the fire from his stack
Of paper, and cries
Of mortalities
When I drew forth my blackjack!

CHORUS: We know him well:
He never tells
Lies or procrastinates.
He cannot be
Better than we
When he negotiates.

STEPHEN-SING: He shivered and shook, for he knew his plight:
His career had run its course.
When, suddenly, I saw I had his sight,
And he asked me to run a bourse!
For he turned his mind from his disaster,
And gave an hysterical laugh,
As Nicky did take
In his hands and break
His brand-new hectograph.
When one's life's clean,
A ditto machine,
To the hub of your zine's a spoke,
And, oh, I'm glad
That Blacklisted lad
Was unconscious when it broke.

CHORUS Her terrible tale
You can't assail:
With truth it quite agrees.
Her taste exact
For faultless fact
Shows she's some dread disease.

BOAR-PAH

Now, though that machine just could not work,
And as from the flames I'd flee,
I saw the core roll with a sudden jerk
And print a plug for me!
It was none of your frequency-and-price plugs,
But worshipful as could be,
For it clearly knew
The plug that was due
To such a great man as me!
And I have to note
That the last he wrote
Was a wondrous sight to see;
Though it was a mess,
It could not print less
Than the plug that was due to me!

CHORUS

This aged man
Is his best fan,
As he will tell you, sure.
His great self-love
Is far above
Any similar bore!

EXIT CHORUS

PUB. All this is very interesting and I should have liked to have seen it, but we are here about a totally different matter. A while ago, my Editor, the second-best humorist in North America, bolted from my writing staff.

NIC. Indeed? Had he any reason to be discontented with his position

EVA. None at all. He was going to edit my works.

BOAR. I am surprised that he disassociated himself from one so talented.

EVA. That's not true.

BOAR. No!

EVA. You hold my work to be bad because it lacks any merit whatsoever. But learn that it is not in talent that press is to be written. My releases are boring.

BOAR. They are.

EVA. But if no one else enters, I can win poetry competitions. I have a release eighty-three pages long. People come to admire it, faded red ink on pink paper. I have a series of one-liners that none can equal.

BOAR. May I see them?

EVA. They are being shipped in by REA, and the boxcar should be in any day now. As for my collection of rejection slips, it is the largest in the world.

NIC. And yet he fled!

PUB. And is now masquerading in this town as a dittoed one-pager.

NIC., BOAR. & STEPH. A dittoed one-pager!

PUB. Yes, would it be too much trouble if I asked you to produce him? He goes under the name of—

EVA. Connie-Poo.

PUB. Connie-Poo.

NIC. It's easy enough. That is, it's impossible. He has left the City.

PUB. Left the City? His forwarding address?

NIC. Care of Gary Jones.

EVA., WHO IS READING THE CERTIFICATE OF BLACKLISTING Hah!

PUB. What's the matter?

EVA. See, see, here, his name, Connie-Poo, Blacklisted this morning! Oh, where shall I find another, where shall I find another?

NICKY, BOAR-PAH & STEPHEN-SING FALL TO THEIR KNEES

PUB., LOOKING AT PAPER Dear, dear, this is very tiresome. TO NICKY My poor fellow, in your anxiety to carry out my wishes, you have permanently disfigured the heir to my publishing empire!

NIC. I wish to offer an unqualified apology.

BOAR. I wish to associate myself with that expression of regret.

STEPH. We really didn't have the least idea—

PUB. Of course you didn't. How could you? Come, come, don't distress yourselves. It was no fault of yours. If a man of exalted talents chooses to disguise himself as a one-pager's editor, he must take the consequences. It distresses me to see you so upset. I don't doubt he deserved his fate.

NICKY, BOAR-PAH & STEPHEN-SING RISE

NIC. We are infinitely obliged to Your Publishership. You aren't opening any games, are you?

STEPH. Very much obliged.

BOAR. Most kind of you.

PUB. Not a bit! Don't mention it. How could you tell?

BOAR. No, of course, we couldn't tell who he was.

STEPH. There was nothing about him to make him stand out.

PUB. Nothing at all. TO EVANSHA I forget the punishment for encompassing the Blacklising of the Publisher's Editor.

NIC., BOAR. & STEPH. Punishment! THEY DROP TO THEIR KNEES

PUB. Yes, something ridiculous about it, like having one's works rejected by Barents, or being tossed out of one of Reinsel's games when you're about to take your 18th center. I'm not sure. I know it's something excruciatingly embarrassing, with either Herb Barents or Charles Reinsel in it. Come, I'm not angry.

NIC. If Your Publishership will believe we had no idea—

PUB. Of course.

STEPH. I didn't know anything about it.

BOAR. I wasn't even there.

PUB. That's the pathetic part of it. There's not a word in the by-laws about it being a mistake.

NIC., BOAR. & STEPH. No!

PUB. Or not knowing—

NIC. No!

PUB. Anything about it—

STEPH. No!

PUB. Or not being there—

BOAR. No!

PUB. There should be, of course—

NIC., BOAR. & STEPH. Yes!

PUB. But there isn't.

NIC., BOAR. & STEPH. Oh!

PUB. That's the sloppy way these bylaws are written. Cheer up, I'll have it altered next session. Will after lunch be soon enough for your punishment? Can you wait until then?

NIC., BOAR. & STEPH. Yes, we can wait until then.

PUB. Good. I'm told there's a good greepery around here. After lunch!

BOAR. I'm on a diet.

PUB. I'm really very sorry for you, but virtue is triumphant only in badly written press releases.

EXIT PUBLISHER & EVANSHA

NIC. Well, a fine mess you've gotten us into, with your plug due to you!

BOAR. Merely corroborative detail, intended to lend verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative.

STEPH. Cobbob... Corrol... Fiddlesticks!

NIC. And you're just as bad as he is, with your cock-and-bull stories about him asking you to run a bourse. But that's so like you! You must add your little details to a delicate piece of negotiation.

BOAR. But what about his broken arm?

STEPH. Yes, and your blackjack?

NIC. Well, never mind that now. Connie-Poo and Penny were going to take the Amtrak 10:53 out, and it's 12:30, so they'll still be in Penn Station. ENTER CONNIE-POO & PENNY. Ah, they must have tried to get a cab. Connie-Poo, I've good news for you. You're reprieved.

CON. It's too late for that. I've had my limbs and teeth smashed, and we're leaving for Youngstown.

NIC. Nonsense! A terrible mistake has been made. It seems that you're the Publisher's Editor.

CON. It didn't seem a mistake at the time.

NIC. But the Publisher is here with Evansha.

CON. The Publisher? With Evansha? My, my!!

NIC. And he wants you.

BOAR. So does it.

PEN. Oh, but he has a staff now.

NIC. Bless my heart, what has that to do with it?

CON. Evansha has a two-member-staff license, and I can't take him on because my staff already has two members. Consequently, Evansha will insist on my Blacklisting and my co-editor will have her fingers broken.

PEN. You see our difficulties.

NIC. I don't know what's to be done.

CON. There is one chance. If Nicky can convince Evansha to become his co-editor he would have no further claim on me.

NIC. I work with Evansha?

PEN. It would seem the only way.

NIC. But have you seen his works? They're horrid!

STEPH. But that's his quality. His volume is enormous.

BOAR. I am told his shaggy dog stories last for hours.

NIC. I decline to place my hopes on shaggy dog stories.

CON. It comes to this: while Evansha has no zine, I prefer to be Blacklisted. When Evansha is working, publication will be as welcome as the GRAUSTARKS they print in the Spring.

DUET: CONNIE-POO & NICKY WITH PENNY, STEPHEN-SING & BOAR-PAH: TO THE TUNE OF "THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING"

CONNIE-POO The Graustarks they print in the Spring, tra la,
 Tell us Dipdom's lived one more year.
 As we sit there busy collating, Tra la,
 We welcome the hope that they bring, tra la,
 Of some more time of madness and beer.
 And that's what we mean when we say that a thing
 Is welcome as Graustarks they print in the Spring,
 tra la la la la, et ceter

ALL Tra la la la la, et cetera

EVA. Go to! Who knows as well as I that none have ever died from rejection?

NIC. You don't know what you say. Listen!

SONG: NICKY: TO THE TUNE OF "TIT-WILLOW"

NICKY Next to the Hudson River, a crazy halfwit
Sang "Rejected, rejected, rejected!
And I said to him 'You moron, why do you sit,
Singing "'Jected, rejected, rejected"?"
Have you lost your soft job from John Lindsay's regime?
Has some consumer spoiled an money-making scheme?"
With a shake of his welt-covered head he did scream:
"Rejected, rejected, rejected."

He scratched at his fleas as he sat on that pier,
Singing "'Jected, rejected, rejected."
And across his face there flashed a cold look of fear.
Rejected, rejected, rejected!
Then he carefully climbed down to the river's bank,
And of the filthy waters he then deeply drank,
Full of garbage and phosphates and dead fish that stank,
Dying 'Jected, rejected, rejected.

Now I'm sure just as sure as I'm sure that my name
Isn't "'Jected, rejected rejected",
It was some callous writer that made him exclaim:
"Rejected, rejected, rejected!"
And if you will not write for me, then will I
Go perish as he did, and you will know why.
'Though I probably shall not exclaim as I die:
"Rejected, rejected, rejected."

EVA., WHIMPERING Did he really die of rejection?

NIC. He really did.

EVA. All on account of a cruel writer?

NIC. Yes.

EVA. Poor little chap!

NIC. It's an affecting tale, and quite true. I knew him from hustling votes down on the Bowery.

EVA. Did you? He must have enjoyed editing.

NIC. His devotion was something extraordinary.

EVA., STILL WHIMPERING. And if I refuse to write for you, will you go and kill yourself?

NIC. Well, right after lunch.

EVA. No, no, you mustn't do that! Oh, you must think I'm being stupid.

NIC. I do.

EVA. And you won't hate me because I like to turn out reams of press releases?

NIC. Hate you? Evansha, is there not great beauty in press releases?

EVA. My thought exactly!

DUET: NICKY & EVANSHA: TO THE TUNE OF "DERRY-DOWN-DERRY"

EVANSHA There is beauty in three-hundred-years- old puns,
Or in a release bundled in a bale.
I've an elegant outpouring
Of a saber-tooth, aroaring.
(That's a neiger all-alashing of its tail.)

NICKY Me, I like to see a neigress,
From the Ebro to the Tigris,
And especially when alashing of its tail!

EVANSHA Releases ciphered have a power that attracts,
 And so do hierarchical schisms,
 But, to him that's literary,
 There is nothing that is scary
 In a release that's full of anachronisms!

NICKY Yes, in spite of all my badness,
 I feel a quick jag of gladness,
 When a release is filled with anachronisms!

BOTH If that is so,
 Sing Dippy-Down-Dippy,
 East of Mississippi,
 Our tastes agree,
 We'll go and steal
 A joke (you've not read it?)
 And will give no credit
 Or author's fee!

NICKY There is beauty in extremely ancient press,
 Do you think your writing's moldered long enough?
 Interest, you see, is increased
 When a writer becomes deceased—
 Will you just stand there and take this rotten guff?

EVANSHA Throughout all New York City
 It is known I am not witty
 And will stand and take 'most any rotten guff.

NICKY Are you old enough to print now, do you think?
 P'raps we'll wait until you're eighty in the shade.
 Interest, you see, is increased
 When a writer becomes deceased,
 Let's just wait until your brain's become decayed.

EVANSHA The grey matter that you mention
 From doctors has got attention,
 And they think it is sufficiently decayed!

BOTH If that is so, et cetera

EXIT NICKY & EVANSHA

FLOURISH. ENTER PUBLISHER, ATTENDED BY COURT & DUN-TUSH

PUB. Well, the greeps were undercrottled, but we're quite ready.
 Have all the humiliating preparations been made?

DUN. Yes, Your Publishership, all is prepared.

PUB. Then produce the unfortunate gentleman... produce Nicky and
 his two unfortunate accomplices.

ENTER NICKY, BOAR-PAH, STEPHEN-SING & EVANSHA. THEY THROW THEM-
 SELVES AT PUBLISHER'S FEET

EVA. Mercy! Mercy for Nicky! Mercy for Stephen-Sing! Mercy even
 for Boar-Pah!

PUB. I beg your pardon. I don't believe I caught that remark.

BOAR. Mercy even for Boar-Pah.

EVA. Mercy! My editor who was to have been is Blacklisted, and I
 have just become co-editor to this miserable thing.

PUB. That must have been one of the fastest negotiations on
 record.

NIC. We've filed notice with the editorial Registrar.

BOAR. I am the Editorial Registrar.

PUB. I see. But there is some difficulty, in that you have in-
 jured my Editor—

ENTER CONNIE-POO & PENNY. TEHY KNEEL

CON. Your Editor is not Blacklisted.

PUB. Bless my heart! My Editor!

PEN. And his co-editor elected!

EVA., SIEZING NICKY, Traitor, you have stabbed me!

PUB. Yes, you are entitled to an explanation, but I think he will give it better whole than in pieces.

NIC. Your Publishership, it's like this: it's true that I stated that Connie-Poo had been Blacklisted—

PUB. Yes, with most affecting particulars.

BOAR. Merely corroborative detail intended to lend—

NIC. Will you shut up during negotiations? TO PUBLISHER It's like this: When Your Publishership says "Let a thing be done", it's as good as done—practically, it is done— because Your Publisher-ship's word is bylaw. Your Publishership says "Blacklist someone", and someone is told off to be Blacklisted. Consequently, that someone is as good as Blacklisted—practically he is Blacklisted—and if he is Blacklisted, why not say so?

PUB. I see. Nothing could possibly be more satisfactory.

FINALE

STEPHEN-SING For he's going to work with our friend!

ALL Our friend!

STEPHEN-SING Your anger, pray, bury
So all may be merry.
It will be that way in the end!

ALL The end!

STEPHEN-SING So join our expressions of glee!
If you're nice they'll you an issue send!

ALL Will send!

STEPHEN-SING Your thoughts are all hazy,
Your syntax is crazy,
That shouldn't send you 'round the bend!

ALL The bend!

STEPHEN-SING Print your own zine and let it be free!

PENNY &
CONNIE-POO That moron's zine has passed away
And soon will come our printing day.
What though the end will come too soon,
We've years and years for our lampoon!

ALL Then let the throng
Our zine advance
With patter song
And merry dance,
With joyous shout and ringing cheer,
Inaugurate our new career!
Then let the throng, et cetera

CURTAIN

AFTERWORD

by the Playwright

Writing this little opus has been an enjoyable exercise. The original inspiration is buried somewhere in the haze of a year ago, but it first surfaced in a poem in John Boardman's GRAUSTARK that was later incorporated into the play. ("I've Got a Little List", if you must know.) After conceiving the play itself, writing varied. At first I wrote each part as the deadline to MIXUMAXU GAZETTE approached, with only moderate success. Then, in April, I wrote the entire thing and edited each section as I published it, with great improvement. (If that's the word I want.) But the poor quality of the earlier sections disturbed me, and thus this publication came into existence.

Erroneous beliefs, approaching a mythology sprang up as the play continued. Most remarkable of these is the idea that the major characters may be associated with members of the Diplomacy hobby, principally with members of the New York fandom. The last I heard, the latest set of identifications were:

Connie-Poo.....	Conrad von Metzke
Dun-Tush.....	Duncan Smith
Foar-Pah.....	John Boardman
Nicky.....	Nicholas A. Ulanov
Penny.....	Penelope Dickens
Gil-Teep.....	Gilbert Neiger
Stephen-Sing.....	Stephen Tihor
Evansha.....	Evan Jones

The most remarkable association was that of myself with the Publisher. These exercises, while no doubt amusing, are patently ridiculous. If I was seeking to indentify (and perhaps satirize) certain members of the hobby, why should I choose this group? Such identifications are equated, in my mind, with those "proofs" that the works of Shakespeare were actually written by Kit Marlowe, or the story of the professor who spent fourty years proving that the Oddyssey and the Iliad were not written by the Homer whose name one sees on every copy, but by two distinct men with the same name. These subjects are interesting, but not important, and I ask the reader to decide whether I should remember, after a year, the doubtless insignificant reasons I based the choice of the characters' name on. Still, I hesitate to make a flat denial of the above associations. Like the denials of presidential candidates, it may be taken to be of the "He doth protest too much" variety. I therefore appeal to the intelligent reader to make the correct interpretations.

And now that this play has been published, what will become of it? I fear its life will be ephemeral. The average hobbyist lasts two years before tiring of postal Diplomacy. In five years, this play will be relegated to the memory of myself and the files of of few dedicated archivists.

This has not, obviously, stopped me from writing the play. Diplomacy may encourage a carpe diem philosophy. If so, such a set of beliefs does not upset me. This was written to amuse the present members of the hobby. Enjoy this, and don't worry about the next.

CORRECTIONS

(NOBODY'S PERFECT)

Page 1, in the song "A Dippy Editor", between the sixth and seventh lines of the first verse, insert the line "And for your humors changing".

In the song "Dippy-Down-Dippy" on page 27, in the first verse after the refrain, substitute for the lines "Interest, you see, is increased/ When a writer becomes deceased" the lines "Information I'm requesting/ On subjects uninteresting".