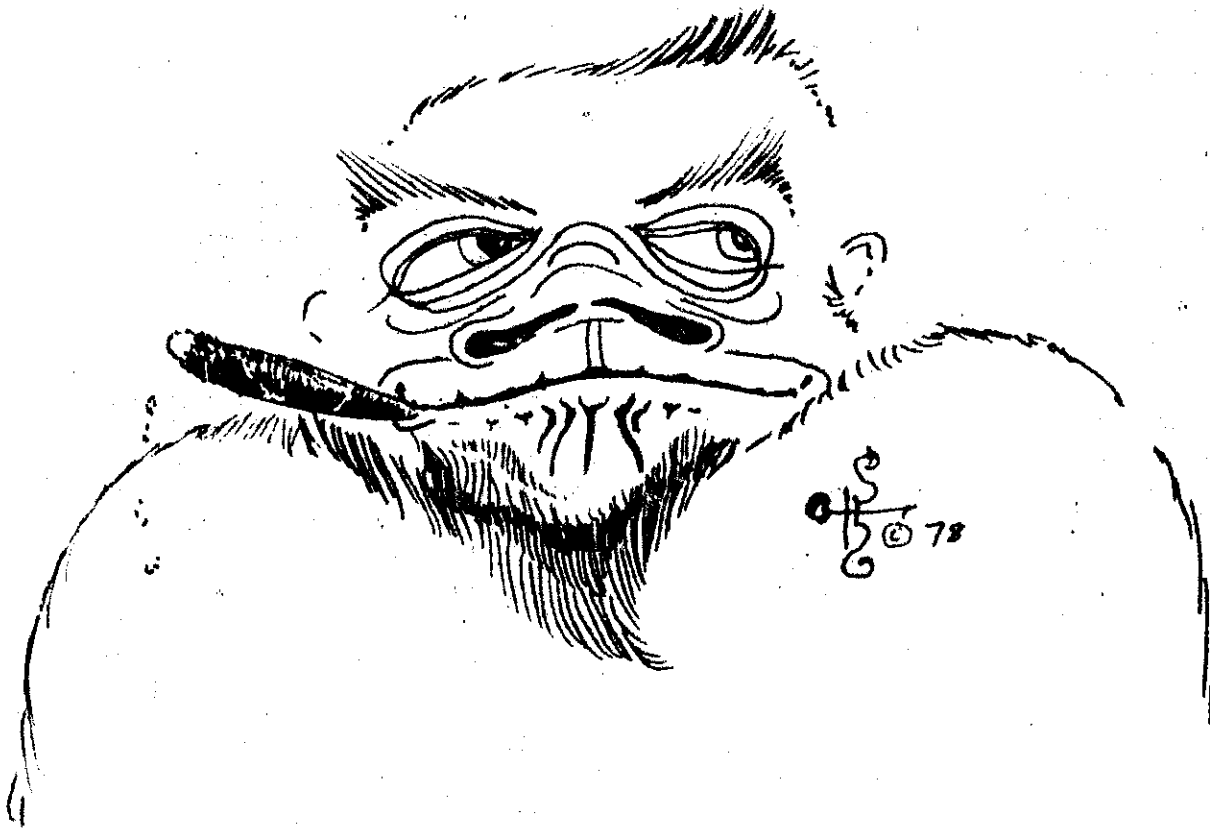


• URF DURFAL 34/35

GRANDSON OF POUCH



Including J.R.R. Trtek's

Lord of the Zines

It's

time

COA

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NOTE: Those people who have addresses c/o a college or c/o General Delivery: please get me more accurate addresses as quickly as possible. Some colleges won't deliver with that little information; in any case, Urf will get to you quicker if I have a box or dorm address.

URF DURFAL: Rising starkly from the wastes of the Gobi, the tall towers of Urf Durfal speak of a bygone era of human greatness; a forgotten city, a forgotten civilization. This is *URF DURFAL, GRANDSON OF POUCH #34*, and this zine is the One True Descendant of the Fallen Pouch. In addition to our offer to run any variant someone else organizes the players for, we've openings in regular Diplomacy, Youngstown, Swiss Variant II, and Machiavelli. Articles are paid for at the rate of 2 issues/printed page, except for E. Danger Ladenheim and Adam Kasanof, who have subscriptions for life. Subs are 7/\$2. Back issues are 5/\$1 or 25¢ each. Most back issues of *URF DURFAL, IMLADRIS, CAIR PARAVEL* and *THE POUCH* are available. The following variants can be had for an SSAE: Excommunication, Diplomafia, Near Utter Chaos, Utter Chaos, Indonesian Diplomacy, Stab-Happy, Dudland, Grand Fenwick's Revenge, Ancient Hebrew Kingdom, World War III, Partition of the Ottoman Empire, 1721, and Swiss Variant II. The following Origins variants are available: Unification of Germany and Origins of World War III. Conference maps for Europe and South America in Colonia II, Urf Durfal house rules, and postal rules for After the Holocaust, World War I, and Frigg It! are also available. The Costikyan Publishing Empire is also offering: the 77 Diplomacy Handbook for \$2, \$1.50 for IDA/NA members; the New York Conspiracy Hymnal for \$1; all five back issues of GIGO for \$2, or 50¢ each; issues 2 and 3 of THE INVERTED GRAPEFRUIT at 75¢ each or \$1.25 for both; and issue one of FIRE THE ARQUEBUSIERS! for 50¢. As well, PHOENIX is available for \$2. Persons with subscriptions to Urf Durfal may cash their subscriptions in for any Costikyan Publishing Empire product at the rate of 25¢/issue.

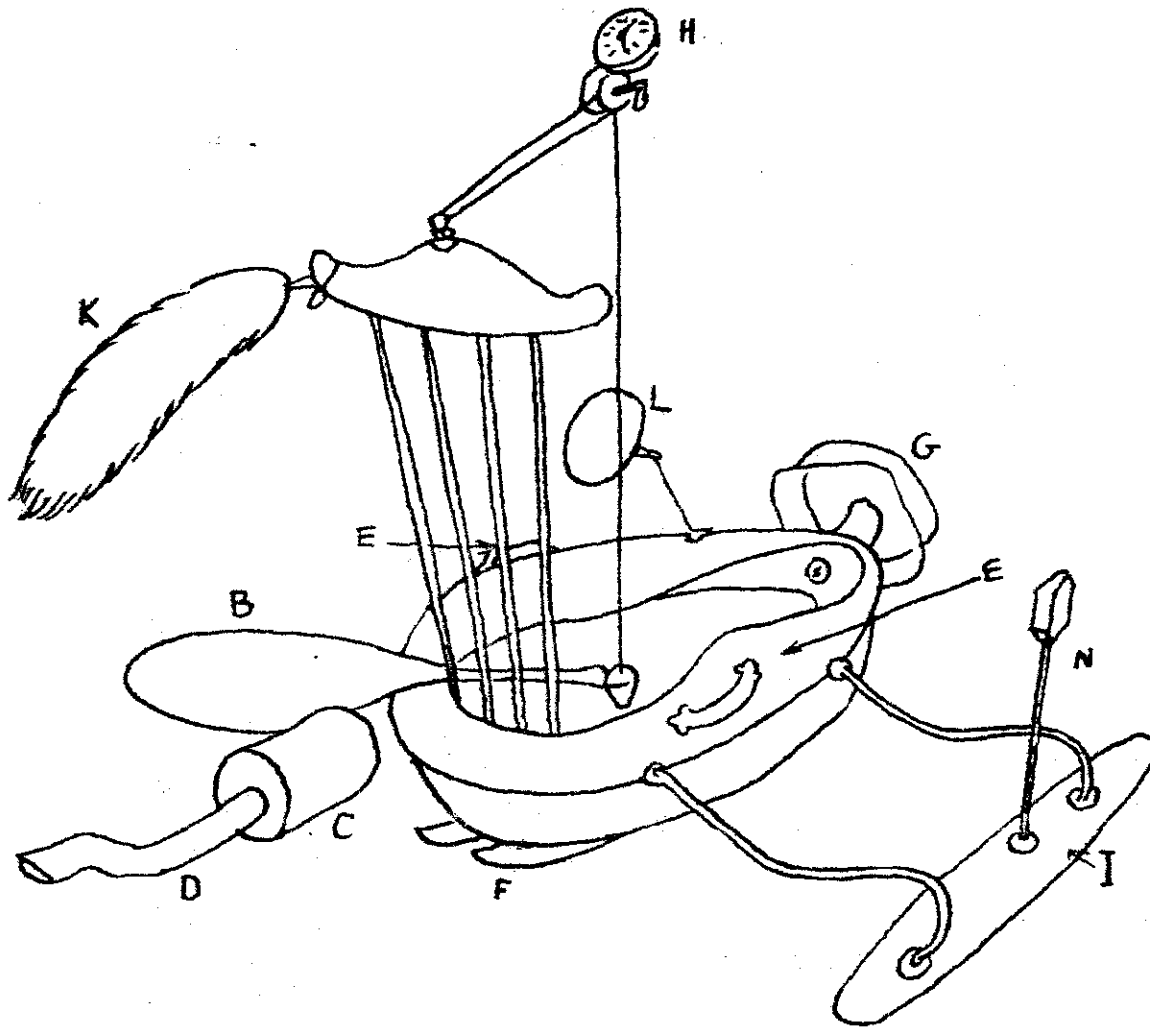
Editor:

Greg Costikyan PO Box 865, Brown University, Providence, RI, 02912 CISHUDSON PROVINCES 77Ags, KAH, 78???	Dave Barlow 6331 Yale Sta., New Haven, CT, 06520 EXURBS 76JJ, 75BHFh tel.# unknown	Tom Gould, 40 W 77th St, New York, NY, 10024 FREE CITY 75HM, 77IU 212-874-3633	Scott Rosenberg c/o Harvard College, Cambridge, MA, 02138 CISHUDSON PROVINCES 78?go tel.# unknown
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Hon Editors: N. Ulanov, D. Smith, G. Neiger, P. Neumann, J. Paulson, S. Rosenberg, A. Kasanof, M. Diller, D. Barlow

NOTES:

1. At some point at IguanaCon (this year's world sf con), someone handed me three illustrations. I was somewhat inebriated at the time, and consequently do not recall the precise circumstances; but the illos will be printed as cover illos for the next three URF DURFAL's. The artist is Gail Barton, 31 Range View Dr, Lakewood, CO, 80215. Everyone should write her and tell her what magnificent illos the illustrations are, and that you'll nominate her for next year's Hugo's, FAAN awards, et cetera, so she'll send me some more.
2. I now have an electrostencil machine (chortle). Y'see, several months ago, THE MORAVIAN DYNASTY had the audacity to declare that URF DURFAL was one of the ugliest zines in the hobby. I was deeply wounded. This was the sole reason I laid out the green for the machine. In any case, the machine means I can now do artwork (such as the front page, the illo from "Official UFO Magazine", and the Deluxe Bedpan illustration, as well as neat things like the electrostencils of the checks I sent Bob Hartwig, and prestype titles for the articles.
3. Somewhere in here is half of an illustration from OFFICIAL UFO MAGAZINE. This is reprinted without permission, of course. It is not a joke; there really was an article such as described in the illo printed in the most recent issue of said magazine.
4. The "complete Bedpan" illustration was done by my grandfather more than a decade ago, and printed in the "Dutch Treat Club Yearbook". The illustration was electrostencilled from the original, which was provided by my mother. If I can find other pen-and-ink drawings by my grandfather, I'll print a couple in upcoming issues. (His name, incidently, was John Holmgren).
5. Dick Trtek hasn't been receiving sufficient recognition; most of the APA-Bipt material printed in previous issues of Urf was written by him. Additionally, THE LORD OF THE ZINES was based on an idea postulated by Dick, although T.R.R. Heuer has expanded upon it. (T.R.R. bears no relation either to Ray Heuer, or the real Ray Heuer).
6. Regular Diplomacy game openings are \$5 plus sub. The \$5 is refunded at the end of the game or when you are eliminated, but is forfeit if you drop out. Additionally, each time you NMR, one dollar is forfeit from the \$5 total.
7. There are openings in YOUNGSTOWN at \$3 plus sub (same rules as for regular Diplomacy); and openings in SWISS VARIANT II and LEST DARKNESS FALL Diplomacy at \$1 plus sub.
8. PHOENIX, the magazine that is the result of the merger between FIRE THE ARQUEBUSIERS! and THE HAVEN HERALD (as well as THE SMOKY DRAGON) is out. The magazine is 72 pages full of professional-quality material dealing with D&D, Traveller, and other FRP games. Send \$2 to Ben Grossman, 29 E 9 #9, New York, NY, FREE CITY OF NEW YORK, 10003.
9. If you are truly interested in the Diplomacy hobby, you should refrain from joining the International Diplomacy Association/North America (or IDA/NA). One joins by sending \$2 to the President, Bob Hartwig, 304 Slater Hall, U of I, Iowa City, IA, 52242. Strangely enough, non-North Americans can join the IDA/NA for \$5. You might also refrain from joining The Diplomacy Association (TDA), which is even worse than the IDA; joining this thing is accomplished by sending a letter to John Beshara 155 W 68th St, New York, NY, 10023 telling Besh you want to join.



THE COMPLEAT BED PAW

- A BUILT IN BACK-REST
- B EMERGENCY PADDLE
- C MUFFLER-RUST PROOF
- D NON-LEAKING EXHAUST PIPE
- E BUILT-IN HAND-GRABS
- F DOUBLE KEEL FOR CORNERING
- G SQUIRT BAFFLE AND RETRIEVER
- H DEPTH INDICATOR
- I OUT-RIGGER FOR HEAVY GOING
- J SAND PAPER COATED NON-SKID KEEL
- K DEPTH-INDICATOR
- L WIND-VELOCITY INDICATOR
- M REAR VIEW MIRROR
- N PARKING METER

AVAILABLE IN QUEEN ANNE
 (FOR SLIDERS)
 HEPPLEWHITE
 COLONIAL
 (ILLUSTRATED)
 FRENCH PROVENCAL
 SHERATON
 AND
 HEINTZ $\frac{3}{4}$ PICKLE BARREL

HOLM/
 GREN



Lord of the Zines

by J.R.B. Trick himself

BOOK ONE: *THE CONSPIRACY OF THE ZINE*

Mimeo zines for the Spilven-kings on the eleventh floor,
Dittos for the Dward-lords hiding underneath the door,
Carbon for Mortal Men who can't afford stamps,
Offset for the Dark Lord who always wants more
In the Land of Ordor where Ennui camps.
Offset Zine to rule them all,
Offset Zine to up them,
Offset Zine to outdo them all
And in the boredom snuff them
In the Land of Ordor where Ennui camps.

PROLOGUE: *Concerning Dippits*

This story is largely concerned with Dippits, and from these pages and those to follow, if the publisher is as stupid as is generally believed, a reader may become thoroughly disgusted with their character and history. Further information for those so masochistically-inclined, may be found in the selection from *The Red Handbook of Dippit Strategy & Tactics*, otherwise known as *The Dippit*, already published. That story was cribbed from earlier chapters of the *Handbook*, written by Biblio himself, the first dippit to receive fan mail in the world at large, and called by him *The Musty Mountains On Five Dollars a Day*.

Dippits are an unctuous and ancient people, not very large in numbers today; for they love press and good telling of jokes; a full board and witty kibitzers comprised their favorite setting. They do not and did not understand strategy more complicated than "18 centers and you win," though they were often adept at forcing stalemates. Even in the old days they were shy of "the Gamers" as they call us, and today only rarely can they be detected, and then only by their groans. They are quick of insulting and sharp-tongued, and though they are inclined to be big-mouthed and constantly interrupting, they are nonetheless nimble and deft in the arts of courtesy. At least, some are. Well, maybe one or two.

In all probability, you are getting sick by now, bored if nothing else, and if this parody were to go on line for line we'd be stuck here all day. So let's skip the rest about these turkeys, and get on to the Finding of the Zine.

As is told in *THE DIPPIT*, there came one day to Biblio's door the great Wizard Bryandalf the Bray, and thirteen dwardes with him: none other, indeed, than Thorin Thathadil, descendant of kings, and second cousin to Shirley MacLaine. With them he set out, to his own lasting astonishment (truth to tell, he was shanghaied) on a quest of great treasure, the vast hoard of unrefunded gamefees in Eberhard in Dole, far off in the West. The quest was successful, more or less, and the Dragon that guarded the fees was run out of fandom forever. There was a lot more, but all of it would have been so much sludge in the pond if it hadn't been for an accident along the way. The party was attacked by Croncs high in the Musty Mountains, and in the excitement Biblio fell for the old trap-door trick and found himself plummeting down a deep hole into the deep roots of the great stone mountains themselves, the rocky peaks which bordered the

wild forest of Merewood. There, in an underground cavern, he groped around for a bit and chanced upon what seemed to be a fanzine of some sort in very fine to mint condition, some foxing along the spine. In the dim light of the cavern (this was during the brownout of that year), Biblio thought it was a copy of *Fantasy Magazine*. Thinking he could fetch a fair price for it once he got outside, he pocketed it quickly.

Trying to find his way out, Biblio fell upon the creature known as Roddum. Roddum was a rather disgusting being who spent his time eating Croncs. That is, not the entire Cronc, just...well, just certain emissions from said goblins. Thus subterranean sodomy did not sit well with Biblio, who, although gay to the hilt, let his own tastes stop with young dippits and an occasional dwark. Now Roddum possessed a secret treasure that had come to him years and years before; an offsent Diplomacy zine that made its holder capable of making others fall asleep when the contents were read aloud. It was the one thing he loved, besides Croncs with buttocks like jello, and he called it his "specious". (Roddum's vocabulary had never been first-rate). As it turned out, it was just this zine which Biblio had found and stuffed in his shorts.

Possibly he would have cornholed Biblio at once, had he known about the dippit's finding his "specious"; but he did not know, and anyway Biblio held in his hand a spilvish switch-blade, which served him as a sword. So to gain time Roddum began discussing the finer points of George Bernard Shaw and Assyrian legal structures. As they talked, Biblio nervously reached inside his shorts to jack off, when he rediscovered the zine he'd picked up. Quietly pulling it out as Roddum spouted on about *Pygmalion*, he began to read it aloud. Promptly Roddum dozed off. Amazed, Biblio then gave the creature a quick whack in the balls and scurried off, eventually finding his way to daylight, where he rejoined Bryandalf and the Dwarkes, and in time recovered the unrefunded gamefees, along with a small horde of science fiction paperbacks and digests.

And that, of course, was only the start.

CHAPTER 1: A MUCH-DISDAINED PARTY

When Mr. Biblio Liptons of Lip End announced that he would shortly be celebrating his one-hundredth Diplomacy win with a party of great scale, the general reaction in Dippiton was "Oh, Christ, here we go again."

Biblio was rich, loaded with science-fiction books, and pretty queer, and he had been the source of much gossip in the Borough for many years, ever since his amazing disappearance and disappointing return. The riches he had supposedly brought back had become legend, and it was generally believed, whatever the old farts might say, that the Hill at Lip End was chock full of signed firsts by Doc Smith and many complete runs of *Startling Stories*. And if that was not enough to bore everyone else, there was also his continued ability to win at Diplomacy. Time wore on, but Mr. Liptons did not lack for results. Not long, it seemed, after he had won his fiftieth game, he collected his sixtieth victory. By the time he had reached seventy-five, they began to call him good; but remarkable would have been nearer to the mark. There were many who shook their heads and thought it was all too much that anyone should be so skilled, or so lucky not to get caught cheating.

"It'll be settled sometime or other," they declared. "It isn't fair and a load of shit is going to hit somebody's fan."

But so far the blades were clean; and as Mr. Liptons was generous with his money and reading-copy paperbacks, most people were willing to put up with his pomposity and gall. He remained on speaking terms with all his relatives (except, of course, the Suckville-Liptonses), and he had many devoted groupies among the young dippits of poor families,

whom he paid generously to satisfy his unnatural carnal desires.

Among his cousins, he lusted most after young Bobo Liptons. When Biblio had won his ninetieth Diplomacy game, he adopted the orphaned Bobo as his heir and brought him to live at Lip End, in hopes of seducing him.

Many years passed. Each year Biblio won game after game, but failed to achieve the desired end of young Bobo, who mistakenly assumed the advances to be mere cousinly affection. Yet now, as Biblio's one-hundredth win approached, it was clear that he was planning something special indeed. Few dippits had ever lived to win so many games (the Old Turk himself had collected 107); and Bobo himself appeared on the verge of winning his very first one, if he could manage to avoid a stalemate.

Tongues began to wag in Dippiton and Bathwater; and rumor of the coming bash travelled all over the Borough, causing great distress. The history and vice record of Mr. Biblio Liptons became once more the chief topic of talk, along with his propensity for dull and uninteresting parties; and the old farts suddenly found their boring recollections again in demand.

No one had a larger audience than old Hams Gangreen, commonly known as the Gasser. He held forth at the Pubic Bush, a small tavern and gaming palace on the Bathwater Expressway; and he spoke with authority, because he knew all the dirt at Lip End, both literally and metaphorically. For all that time he had tended the ginseng for Mr. Liptons, as well as the, ah, pipeweed. Now that he was himself senile, the job had fallen on his half-senile son, Sackwise Gangreen. Both father and son were very friendly with Biblio and Bob, though they never had participated in the older dippit's wild orgies with the village youth, even when offered money.

"A nice gentledippit is Mr. Biblio," the Gasser declared amid a surfeit of flatulence. "Yes indeed, even if he does have a weakness for young male flesh."

There followed many jokes at Biblio's expense, when the question of his relationship with his cousin came up.

"They're both queer, if you ask me," put in Daddy Bigfoot. "After all, Bobo is more than half a Heuerbuck, they say, and that family's one big fruitcake."

There followed many jokes at the expense of Bobo's ancestry, before the subject of Biblio's collection was grought up.

"There's a lot of stuff tucked away there," said a stranger, passing through town selling metal Social Security cards. "And tunnels packed with mint Ace doubles, five and six copies each!"


"Then you've heard more than I can speak to," said the Gasser. "I don't know anything about *dubbels*. No, I saw Mr. Biblio years ago, when he was a young snot, coming back from that fling in the East. Oh, there were a few *Galaxy* novels, and maybe some digest *Astoundings*, but nothing like of what you speak. But my son Sacks would know better. Crazy -- "

"I'll say," put in Clubfoot.

"Crazy about Mr. Biblio," went on the Gasser, "--platonically, of course---and his stories, he is. And those stories! Spilves and Dragons! Dungeons and Dragons! I tells him, 'Hemp and poppies are better for me and you. Don't get mixed up in the business of the petit bourgeoisie, or you'll wind up in a class war.' And I'll say it to you all..."

But the Gasser was convincing no one as he passed out LaRouche for President pamphlets, and when he unleashed an overwhelming stench the gaming tables cleared out in less than thirty seconds. Even outside he convinced no one, for Biblio's fine collection was firm in all their minds.

That September was a dreary one, as all Septembers in the Borough were. The garbage strike didn't help matters. Neither did the invitations to the party that went out when Biblio got his one-hundredth win; as said before, his parties were always crushing bores. Sacks, however, said it might be worth it this time, for there was to be a laser light show. And not just any laser lightshow, but a most magnificent one. And soon there were strange doings.

One day there rolled down the Bathwater Expressway a painted van. It was driven by strange people, who left an assorted pile of packages and some of their number at Lip End. These outlandish folk were Dwarkes, with long hair and polyester leisure suits. Then into town came an Edsel, driven down the road in broad daylight by an old man alone; apparently he didn't believe in carpooling. He wore a tall pointed blue hat, a long grey cloak, a silver scarf, and trendy Birkenstocks. He had a long white beard that looked suspiciously fake and bushy eyebrows that one would swear were only glued on. The license plates were custom ones, each labelled with a large red B and the spilve-rune .

That was Bryandalf's mark, of course, and the old codger was Bryandalf himself, whose fame in the Borough was due mainly to his blowing his own horn constantly throughout Middle Earth. Of course, as you may have guessed, he did a lot more than just put on lightshows, but more of that later. Let's skip a lot of the other stuff, too, and go right on to the party.

Or perhaps we could skip that as well. Remember, they were crashing bores.

Except this time, towards the end. For after the bobbing for vinegar balloons, the interminable singing of songs (all written by Biblio) and home movies of the last five WorldCons, Biblio stood at the head of the table, smiled, uttered a few disparaging remarks about Theodore Sturgeon, and then promptly disappeared.

That is, he was standing there one minute, then reached inside his shirt, and as he opened his mouth the next thing everyone knew he was gone. All the assorted dippit guests rubbed their eyes in astonishment (and also with a slight feeling of drowsiness) and then collectively breathed a sigh of relief as they crossed their fingers, hoping this time the old boy was gone for good. And then the Turks, Henerbucks, Suckville-Liptonses, Bigfoots, Clubfoots, and the whole gang immediately began having a great time, and the gathering went down as one of the best the Borough had ever seen.

(To be continued).

To fill the space at the bottom of this year page, I'm printing the French Revolutionary dating system; you may find it useful for something or other (godknowswhat).

The Year I is 1792-93; this makes this year (78-79) year 186 (or CLXXXVI, if you prefer). The new year begins on September 22; thus, today (Sept. 24) is 3 Vendémiaire, CLXXXVI.

The months are Vendémiaire, Brumaire, Frimaire, Nivôse, Pluviôse, Ventôse, Germinal, Floreal, Prairial, Messidor, Thermidor, and Fructidor (meaning, respectively, the months of vintage, fog, frost, snow, rain, wind, buds, flowers, meadows, reaping, heat, and fruit). The last five days of the year are feast days, collectively known as the Sans-Cullotides; they days are, respectively, the Festivals of Virtue, Genius, Labor, Opinion, and Rewards. Leap years occur one year before the Gregorian Leap Year (thus this year is a Leap Year), and the leap day is a sixth Festival, of Revolution.

Fragments

((I have a bunch of fragments of various things from various people lying around. These are a few of them, printed here mostly to fill space.))

JERRY AND THE FEN

((This is a filk-song that was begun by Dave Carey at MidAmeriCon, the 76 World Science Fiction convention. The topic is obscure; it deals with a proposal made by Jerry Pournelle that a permanent committee of SFWA be established to run the World Con. This would end the fannish tradition of disorganization; cons would no longer be run by fan groups.))

Tune: Benny and the Jets

Hey, fen, you better get together,
Jerry's got a plan that'll screw us all forever,
We'll dunk*that pompous pro tonight, so stick around!

He'll rage about the Russian Menace,

And how he'll shoot them down

Only Willis and Sciethers have seen it yet,

Oooh, it's got them down.

J-J-J-Jerry and the fen

Oh, but his ideas are war-mong'ring,

Machine guns his fav'rite sound.

He's got an ARM,

A laser pen,

Y'know, I read it in a fanzine----

Yeah, yeah Jerry and the fen.

2nd verse:

Hey fen here in Kansas City

Jerry started something that got
thrown into committee----

((Here the song ends.))

*in the swimming pool

DEATH OF RAY HEUER #4½

((This was written by Adam Kananof, and originally intended to be the fifth in the "Death of Ray Heuer" series; only a fragment remains.))

---his luscious redheaded friend Clarissa, whose job as pit boss at a sleazy gambling club above a massage parlor left her few spare hours in the evenings, when Ray was most often free, as he worked in the warantee department of a large digital watch concern. His duties were forthright: customers would send letters to the company, along with defective watches, and Raymond would be responsible for composing replies in which he stated the company's regret that the article submitted was not under warantee because it had been damaged by customer abuse. If, a- was usually the case, no customer abuse was present, Ray was also charged with providing it. A typical inquiry might be processed thus:

A watch showing faulty workmanship would be returned for free service under the ten year warantee. Ray would examine it for signs of mistreatment, and, if none were visible, might take a hammer and smash the timepiece with it. He would then write a letter saying that the watch company was sorry, but the watch could not be repaired or replaced free because it had been damaged through abuse, and seemed to have been struck several times with a hammer. Ray would package the watch in a box along with the letter and send the package, C.O.D., to the watch's owner, who would pay the charges, believing the parcel to contain a repaired watch. Ray's job didn't thrill him, but it was preferable to starving, and he did get a certain feeling of pride in knowing that no one had ever written more eloquent letters in the warantee department than he. But Ray had managed to get on the night shift this week (the night shift was the time when the watch factory's crates of spare parts would be opened, the Swiss automatic rifles removed from them, and then loaded into panel trucks for distribution in New Jersey through a chain of mob-owned liquor stores.) While the other gloved, ski-masked employees crow-barred the lids from the great, coffin-sized packing cases, Ray wrote letters and hammered watches.

Occasionally, he would slip one into the hinge of a door and then slam it shut, or take the back of one and drop the instrument into a glass of water for several minutes. Into some he would place corroded, corrosive, acid-leaking batteries, and some watches he would hold in a lighter's flame.

He was off-duty this morning, and headed for Clarissa's fashionable Park Avenue penthouse. He didn't really envy her the money she made, as envy was not a major part of his character. He'd bought her a large heart-shaped box of candy (which he'd searched the whole city to find) and a bottle of Chivas Regal. He'd put on his fireproof suit and bullet-proof vest, and ventured onto the street with trepidation, praying that he would not encounter any of the local gangs. He loathed violence, and hated having to kill as many of the gang-members as he did. "But someone ought to exterminate these scum", as the Daily News had said in an editorial, and Heuer didn't fancy dying at the hands of any leather-coated, chain-whirling punk. He'd taken Pentjak-Silat lessons from the Indonesian grocer in the area, and had bought a large assortment of illegal guns, three or four of which he was never without at any time.

AS THE N-BOMBS GO BLASTING ALONG

((This, also by Adam Kassanof, is sung to the tune of "As the Caissons Go Rolling Along").

Over hill, over dale, Honest Johns never fail,
As the N-bombs go blasting along.
Choppers whir, armor clanks,
Let's go melt some Russian tanks,
As the N-bombs go blasting along.
For it's hi hi hee in the Nuke artillery!
Count off those Roentgens loud and strong! One, Two!
For where 'ere they glow, you will always know,
That the N-bombs were blasting along!

PARADICE IGNORED

((This is reprinted from the now-defunct DER FLEIGENDE HOLLANDER. I don't recall which issue. There is no particular tune (or even meter) to the poem)).

It was a night of champing cold, with rain did blast the storm
A group repaired to Grossman's house, to keep both dry and warm.
Of varying degrees they were, they ranked from best to worst,
Comprising Grossman Vanible, Matt Diller, Patty Hearst,
Gil Neiger, Scott Rosenberg, Ray Heuer and some more
Had, self-invited, sprawled themselves across chairs and couch and floor.

They called for Coke, they called for wine, they called as well for brew.
They yelled for ice, potato chips, hashish and pretzels too.
Grossman brought them their repasts, his anger it did fire;
He saw the guests would soon consume his larderfull entire.

Quoth he: "I beg to tell you all, the food is running low.
You'll either have to fast a bit, or else you'll have to go."

"What can we do?" Matt Diller asked, "If we do not munch?
I myself am starvelling, for I have had no lunch."
"I tell you all," said Grossman stern, "That as I breathe and live,
"Though you may wish to stuff yourselves, to find some alternative."

"Diplomacy," cried Neiger, but all the rest called "Boo."
"Why don't we play D&D?", but they decried this too.

"What game can we play without munchies?", Heuer began to say,
"If we can't chew as we play them, games are no fun to play."

"I have a suggestion," said Patty, "to all of you physical wrecks,
Since it does comprise good excersize."

"Third Reich?" Neiger asked. "No, no, SEX!"

Patty's proposal, as may be surmised, met with much assent.
Persons present grooved their minds to orgiastic bent.
A roar of acclamation quickly shook the guest-filled house,
As Patty Hearst undid the upper button on her blouse.

The others shouted accolade, their screams began to flow
The second one undone she said, "Two down and three to go."
Oh, will this poem now become, as Donald Wileman said,
High quality erotica, or tasteless smut instead?

There's more to this, oh reader mine, as well you might infer.
To see it all you'll have to read DER FLEIGENDE HOLLANDER.

NEWS FROM LIPTON FANDOM

compiled by Parker McCleod

1. MALAY FIRED AS SF COLUMNIST: "John Malay", whose writing had improved the ABCSF column in The Mixumaxu Gazette to an adequate level at last has been removed from that post by the zine's owners, Woodmere House Publishers, following some derogatory statement about the late Bernard Shaw. "Malay" himself had no comment on the matter, and Woodmere House refused any interviews. "Malay", of course, is actually the pseudonym long used by David Elving Schwartz, famous in his own right. The break between DES and Woodmere House represents perhaps the last attempt by Schwartz to remain in Diplomacy fandom in some capacity. Friends suggest he is now ready to cash in his units for good.
2. FIRST ANNUAL LIPTON REVIEW PLANNED: Dick Trtek is soliciting material for a proposed 1978 Review of Lipton Fandom, to be issued in November, first anniversary of the Master's death. Dick is requesting artwork, poetry, informational or biographical or bibliographic material, or Liptonesque fiction. Slanderous articles will also be considered, and Dick is very eager to print any previously unpublished bit of Lipton press or fiction. Write him at 2728 S.E. Main, Apt. 1, Portland, OR, 97214.
3. VAN DE KAMP VOWS TO PUBLISH BIOGRAPHY: L. Sprunge Van de Kamp has announced that he will publish his *Lipton: A Biography* by himself if need be. It has been rumored that elements of the fanatical Lipton Cult have blacklisted the work as too objective.
4. WOODMERE HOUSE REVIVES POLARIZATION TACTICS: In a harsh editorial in TMG 85, Woodmere House Publishers have attempted to tear the Diplomacy community and Lipton fandom apart. Within the rambling essay, the editors charged BNC Cal White with check forgery, labelled Walt Buchanan a drunkard, and had the audacity to characterize John Boardman as a gentleman, before ending with a general call for a renewal of the Age of Feud. There appears to be no reason for such irrational behavior. Meanwhile, in an attempt to shore up sagging circulation, the publishers printed a picture cover for TMG 85, showing cartoons and "amusing" headlines cut out from newspaper and published in violation of copyright laws. This is usually the first sing of a zine about to go under. Whither TMG?

DISCO

Occasionally, I am told that my hatred for disco is irrational---that I am simply rejecting a new form of music as so many people have rejected new forms of music before me. I maintain that this is not the case. Yes, my musical tastes were more or less established during the 60's (despite the fact that I am currently in college), and thus I don't particularly like soft rock, country, et cetera, and can't really listen to punk: but still, I all of these are forms of music; disco is not.

Disco is a decadent music for a decadent society. It is produced electronically; musical expertise is not necessary. Lyrics become unimportant; in point of fact, they must be repetitive, to emphasize the all-important beat. No subtle tones, riffs, or nuances are permissible, as they will interfere with the musical experience; disco is not meant to be listened to, but rather experienced. Disco is supposed to reverberate through one's body, causing one to jerk with the beat in the manner of a medieval flagellant.

Disco, I am told, is good for dancing. While I do not dance, I take exception to this claim: it is my contention that disco is lethal to dance. In order to dance to ballroom music, one must attain a certain proficiency in a skill. Modern and experimental dance require continuous and strenuous training in a skill that has become an artform. Square-dancing is at least a social activity. Even the "spontaneous" dancing of the sixties, ideally requires the dancer to experience and shape the music into a visual form: good "spontaneous" dancing requires talent.

Disco dancing, however, comes in two forms. Firstly, there is dancing for those who do not know how to dance: essentially, this involves a number of people waving their arms about and jumping up and down in response to the omnipresent beat. Some vague attachment to a partner, in terms of positioning and body attitude, is usually required. Secondly, there are so-called disco dances, such as the hustle. Unlike the traditional ballroom dances, these dances are designed to be as straightforward and mindless as possible, so that the canaille can learn them with ease.

Disco, in essence, is like television: it panders to the lowest common denominator. Disco music is purposefully vapid, non-innovative, and repetitive: it is designed for bad dancing, not for listening. More, it is designed to be danced to by ANYBODY, no matter how uncoordinated or talentless. Sufferers of muscular dystrophy must be ecstatic over the cultural acceptance of disco, as it enables them to take part in a social activity on the same level as other human beings. Ultimately, disco will be destructive of serious music in America, as it will discourage musicians from acquiring any real expertise with their music, lyricists and writers from producing innovative work as disco is a tight and exclusive genre, and industry producers from production of material with some artistic merit.

From a personal point of view, disco is destructive of the social environment in which I live. My idea of an enjoyable party is between ten and ten thousand people, a sufficient quantity of alcoholic potables, and witty conversation. My peers seem to believe that an enjoyable party consists of disco music played at as great a volume as possible, pseudo-erotic gyrations (euphemistically called "dancing"), and alcohol. One can only presume that the fact that American children are not taught to speak properly, nor to engage in conversation with any wit to speak of, leads them to enjoy activity where they are not forced to reveal the mundanity of their conversation; where the sole interpersonal interaction depends on body movement.

"alcala"
1273 crest dr.
encinitas ca 92024
16 september 1978

Greg Costikyan
P.O. Box 865
Brown University
Providence RI 02912

Dear Greg:

It appears that what we all feared at DipCon X is starting to come to pass: a hobby feud over DipCon site selection. It is my hope that everyone will calm down and wait until DipCon XII so that we can resolve whatever problems exist.

You will recall at DipCon X we adopted a DipCon Society Charter to set up firm procedures for site selection. The reason this was done was that there was no established (except by tradition) procedure and we all feared that sooner or later there would be a fight over it and the universal neutral ground of "DipCon" would be lost.

Now there's a fight over the Charter which was supposed to end fights. Please, for the good of the hobby, let the thing go for now and let's hash it out at DipCon XII. I've already written to Bob Hartwig and Jerry Jones to remind them that the IDA does not control DipCon and that their (IDA's) resolutions, if passed, can be viewed as recommendations only. I'm sure they understand that.

There seems to be some misunderstanding as to what happened at DipCon XI. The DipCon Society did not meet. On my motion, the IDA General Meeting was dissolved into a DipCon Site Selection Committee (at which all attendees, IDA members or not) were voting members. Also on my motion, Bob Hartwig was asked to chair the meeting (he had done an excellent job chairing the IDA meeting). This Committee, which was ~~not~~ neither IDA nor DipCon Society, selected the site of DipCon XII.

This was necessary for one of the following reasons:

(a) If the Charter were legally adopted, it had not been followed up to that point. The Society was therefore not functioning.

(b) If the Charter were not legally adopted, the Con attendees would have to select the new site in accordance with precedent and tradition.

Between my floor motions, and Bob Hartwig's parliamentary guidance, the Committee adhered as closely to the Charter as could be done under the circumstances. The choice made was a good one. We should now wait until DipCon XII to resolve any difficulties which might have arisen.

The DipCon attendees elected Walt Buchanan to act as a "Committee of One" to coordinate between Diplomacy Fandom and the host Con. We should have done that last year: it is that person who could have seen to making things run smoothly. The Charter (adopted or not) makes no such provision and it should. It's working really well and I have excellent rapport with the Con management. Walt, as I'm sure you know, had to resign and asked me to act in his stead.

There will be a designated place and time at DipCon XII for a meeting to select the site for DipCon XIII. I will follow a middle ground on this: that is, I will try to follow the spirit of the Charter without getting into whether the DipCon Society exists or not. Some of the provisions of the Charter are unworkable unless the host Con agrees to them in advance. Since PennCon did not submit a formal

(16 september 1978)

bid, I can't ask them to do all that now. (There were no formal bids at DipCon XI) I will, however, solicit bids well in advance of DipCon XII, and I will see that the information reaches people as soon as possible. I hope to observe all provisions of the Charter as closely as possible, except for the \$3 voting fee, which would place an administrative burden on the host Con which they have not agreed to accept.

The site selection meeting will then be an open meeting at which bids will be presented. There will be ample advance publicity. I have tentatively scheduled this before the IDA General Meeting, so that non-IDA members will be able to leave afterward. I will leave open the question as to whether this is a meeting of the "DipCon Society" or not so that we will not arouse any further disputes. At that same meeting we can hopefully resolve the matter of the Charter, either determining that it is legally operative (in which case, it needs amending), or adopting it or some other proposed charter if the original isn't legally operative.

I hope everyone will not lose sight of the important issue. We need a definite method of DipCon site selection, one that will work and be universally recognized. I don't think it's important that this or that method has to be used. In case of confusion, it seems logical to admit the confusion and try to make it better. We have confusion in this case, and making accusations and legalistic pettifogging won't make it better. Let's just all put our ~~heads~~ heads together next July and come up with a solution. This is such an important question that it needs a concerted effort of good will, not anger.

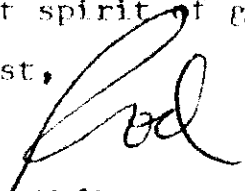
Remember, Greg, that I voted for the Charter and was one of its most vocal supporters. I want it, or something like it, to be adopted and work. We should not have had that provision about needing the approval of the IDA Council. Once the members of DipCon X adopted the Charter, that should have been that. So the other provision was a mistake. It was a mistake compounded by later events. Well, we all learn from our mistakes; at least, I hope we do. We should learn from this one and try to do better next time, at DipCon XII. I know you still want a charter for an independent DipCon site selection process. So do I. Let's work together ... all of us who are concerned ... and you'll see good results.

I'm looking forward to seeing you at DipCon XII. Please feel free to write. We are getting good responses from the Con management. I believe that John Boyer will direct the Diplomacy tournament there, and it should be the best in years.

Meanwhile, I hope that you, and Bob, and others involved in this growing fracas can hold off. I know there are difficulties and problems. I'm sure we can deal with all of them effectively. I hope you'll all work toward establishing an atmosphere of friendly determination to do well and then, acting together in that spirit of good will, we shall.

cc: Bob Hartwig

Best,



Rod Walker

P.S.: I hope you'll publish this; if you do, would you send me a copy? Thanks.

Ex: Greg Costikyan
Ad: Bob Hartwig
Tempore: September 17, 33 Atomic Era

Kind Sir:

I deny any allegations that I have ever profited at the expense of the IDA, or of the IDA/NA. Despite my contempt for the parody of an organization the so-called "International Diplomacy Association/North America" has become, I have never translated this contempt into an attempt to make personal gain at that organization's expense.

Toward the end of last year's Council, Ben Grossman placed a motion before the Council to have the IDA/NA pay him and me \$20 (to be divided between us) for depreciation on the mimeograph machine, jointly owned by Mr. Grossman and myself, that was used in the production of 8 issues of DIPLOMACY REVIEW, and the 1977 IDA/NA Diplomacy Handbook.

Since Mr. Grossman and I acquired the machine, 22 months ago, we have spent approximately \$40 on repairs. (I now own the machine exclusively, having bought Ben out last September). This is approximately \$20 per annum. Additionally, in 1975 the IDA Council paid Scott Rosenberg, then Editor of the IDA, \$20 depreciation on his machine.

I did not propose the motion, and was, in fact, somewhat surprised that Ben had done so. However, I abstained on the motion, as did Ben: our interests were involved, and thus we did not feel that we could, in good faith, vote on the motion.

Aside from abstentions, the motion passed unanimously. There was no negative vote.


I received \$10 of the \$20.

Sir, I have no desire to profit or to appear to profit at the expense of the IDA/NA. I wish to sever any and all connexions to that illegitimate organization which, God help me, I was instrumental in establishing. To this end, I enclose a check for \$10; I am reimbursing the organization for the \$10 it gave me. The check is, of course, made out to the IDA/NA.

Sincerely,

Greg Costikyan
Greg Costikyan

xcpy for my files
electrostencilled for inclusion in URF DURFAL #34.

GREG COSTIKYAN Box 865, Brown University Providence, RI 02912		170
Sept. 17 19 78		57-33 115
Pay to the order of	International Diplomacy Ass'n/North America	\$ 10.00
Ten and 0/100ths-----		Dollars
Rhode Island Hospital Trust  National Bank PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND		
Memo return of depreciation		<i>Greg Costikyan</i>
⑆0115⑆0033⑆ 000 656645⑆ 0170		

Greg Costikyan
 Ad: Bob Hartwig
 Tempore: September 17, 33 Atomic Era

Kind Sir;

In pursuance to your remarks in the latest issue of "PODUNK NEWS", here is an accounting of the finances as regards the "77 IDA/NA Diplomacy Handbook".

Cost:

5 reams white paper @\$2.50 per	\$12.50
5 reams blue paper @\$3 per	\$15.00
2 1/2 tubes of ink @\$3.50 per	\$ 8.75
cover printing	\$ 7.00
stencils, circa 48 @\$5.00/quire	\$10.00
total cost:	<u>\$53.25</u>

Sales:

category & explanation	# of copies	net profit
------------------------	-------------	------------

Non-postal: (handed to purchasers, thus saving cost of postage):		
to members (copies sold @\$2)	5	\$10.00
to non-members (@\$1.50)	4	\$ 6.00

Postal (postage for 5 ounces third class was (until the rate rise) 33¢; a manila envelope at 5¢ (note that I am <u>underestimating</u> all costs to avoid accusations of profiteering at the IDA/NA's expense) raises total mailing costs to 38¢/copy).		
to members (@\$1.50, net \$1.12)	10	\$11.20
to non-members (@\$2, net \$1.62)	20	\$32.40

Total Sales: \$59.60

Summation:

To date, therefore, the IDA/NA Handbook has produced a net profit of \$6.35. Enclosed please find a check made out to the IDA/NA for this sum.

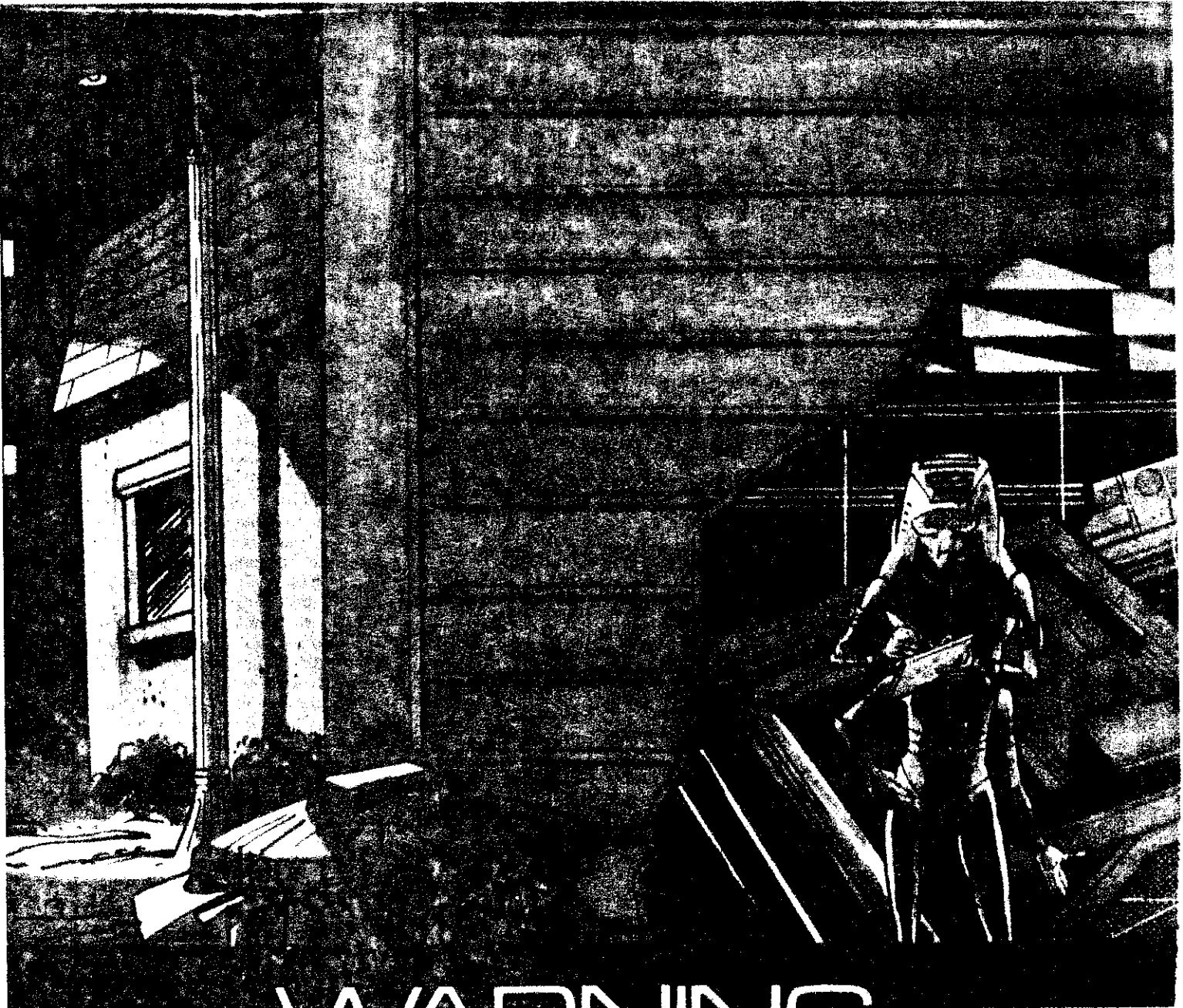
I currently have on hand large numbers of copies of the handbook. These copies are at home (in New York), and therefore not currently accessible, so I cannot provide an exact count. Should you desire, I shall mail these (thus increasing costs) to whomever you designate. Otherwise, I shall continue selling them myself. I doubt many further copies will be sold at this late date.

Sincerely,

Greg Costikyan
 Greg Costikyan

x-cpy retained for my files
 electrostencilled for inclusion in URF DURFAL #34

GREG COSTIKYAN Box 865, Brown University Providence, RI 02912		169
		SEPT 17 1978 27-33 TIS
Pay to the order of	INTERNATIONAL DIPLOMACY AMERICA	\$ 6.35
SIX AND 35/100th		Dollars
Rhode Island Hospital Trust National Bank PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND		
Memo	77 HANDBOOK	
⑆0115⑆0033⑆000 656645⑆0169		



— WARNING —

Space Aliens
May Be Storing
Anti-Matter
Bombs
In Your Basement

By Frank Bonderman

Mimeo Mythos

The Mimeo Mythōs is a cycle of stories based primarily upon the Great God Gestetner. The cycle originated as a satire of the Cthulhu Mythos, the work of H.P. Lovecraft and others, but has grown to have a history and background of its own.

The stories and fragments of the mythos are primarily written by E. Danger Ladenheim, Greg Costikyan, Brian Gister, Ben Grossman, and Tom Gould. The fragment on the following page is an example of one piece in the cycle, written by Brian Gister.

Costikyan Publishing Empire is currently in the process of compiling all the material dealing with or related to the Mimeo Mythos. This material, with some new material, will be printed in a volume to be entitled "The Mimeo Mythos", sometime during this year. Stories and material by anyone who wishes to submit such material are encouraged; if you write anything, please send it to me, Greg Costikyan, at PO Box 865, Brown U., Providence, RI, 02912. If you wish your manuscript returned, please state thusly in your cover letter. I retain the right to reject any material deemed insufficiently good ~~xxxxx~~ Authors will receive a free copy of the volume when it is published; copyright will be retained by Costikyan Publishing Empire. (If, however, the volume is ever printed co-commercially, authors will receive payment in proportion to the amount of their work printed in the book).

This and the pages that follow are THE MIMEO MYTHOS WRITER'S GUIDE; this material will deal with the traditions and background of the mythos.

The Mimeo Mythos contains stories written both in a serious vein and a humorous vein; all, however, share the same atmosphere of brooding horror. Most are written in the sort of purple prose that occurs in the fragment on the following page; this is, after all, how Lovecraft wrote (more or less). More sophisticated styles are permissible, of course; but the horror should be maintained.

The chief god in the Mythos pantheon is Gestetner; minor deities include Rex Rotary, A.B. Dick, and so forth. Gestetner is usually referred to as the "Great God Gestetner", as he is the chief deity. The ancient seer and First Prophet of the Gestetnerities was the mad Armenian, Unamit Ahazredit. Unamit is also the author of the holiest (or unholy, if you prefer) of the books of the Gestetnerites, the dreaded *Neopublicon*. Fragments of the *Neopublicon* have been published from time to time; writers are invited to invent others. Other holy books are conceivable; the only other one I know of is the *Psychotic Manuscripts*. The *Psychotic Manuscripts* is a collection of gibberish collected by J. Milton Garden, former Head of the Psychiatric Ward at Bellvue; the *Manuscripts* are the insane writings of a number of inmates who demanded writing implements (crayons), and proceeded to write furiously. Garden found, to his surprise, that their writings had an underlying consistency---they dealt with an arcane evil known as Gestetnerism. Alas, Garden found the scribblings too much for his precarious sanity, and is now an inmate of the institution himself.

Gestetnerism is a belief of great antiquity; in Babylonian days, the documents of the government were reproduced by the Gestetnerite Cult, and the cult's heinous evil allowed to flourish. It is rumored that the horrible results of this religious freedom were one of the prime causes of Babylon's fall. Gestetnerism has survived into the current era; Gestetnerites do not believe in prosylitization, however, and thus the cult has never grown to any size. Wherever it appeared during the Roman and Christian eras, it was ruthlessly suppressed, and for very good reasons.

There are two great centers of Gestetnerite learning in America today; one is at the Hoboken Community College, which has one of the finest libraries of arcana in America; the other is Oral Roberts University, in Tulsa, Oklahoma. At ORU, Gestetnerism is taught in a course known as "Evil 101", along with Satanism, Cthulhanism, the worship of Beal, and Judaism.

Deep in the Gobi desert lies the city of Urf Durfal. Its origins, the civilization that built it, are forgotten. At times, it glows with an eerie light; the local nomads avoid it, giving it a berth of ten miles. If one were to visit the city, one would find towers built of what appears to be titanium steel, warped and mangled into forms no human mind could create or conceive of. The colossal towers create huge winds at the surface of the city, which move immense and mishappen windmills. There are no streets, but each building is surrounded by a plaza of gems, metal, and concrete. No life is present---no rats, no insects---but occasional moving mechanisms or devices are occasionally encountered.

At the center of Urf Durfal is a huge, jet-black monolithic building, shaped in the form of a Gestetner mimeograph (model 310). For the last six-hundred thousand years, the building has stood immobile; but the shape is the shape of an unopened machine, the feed mechanism and receiving bin folded up. What would occur were the building to be opened up---as apparently it can be---is unknown.

If these ideas intrigue you, write something. All of the writers in the Mythos are extremely amateur; it would be difficult to write any worse, and thus your writing will seem at least average by comparison. Most of the ideas in this Writer's Guide have not been used (Urf Durfal has been mentioned only in passing, Hoboken Community College and ORU have never appeared, all Mythos stories have been set either in the current day or some disastrous future, the *Psychotic Manuscripts* have only been implied). The Mythos is a cooperative venture; each writer contributes a new bit of information about the cult, and the background continues to grow. Ideally, THE MIMEO MYTHOS will be, in miniature, what every issue of SLOBINPOLIT ZHURNAL is; a cooperative and inter-acting, but essentially unified, set of stories. Anyone who is interested in writing should contact me.

"I hesitantly opened the *Neopublicon* to page 69. There, sandwiched in between an account of how Ahazredit cured syphilis with an injection of mimeo ink and an account of how to clear a paper jam was:

"In elder days, no rags were offset,
"and Lord Mimeo reigned supreme.
"Prozine was then a dirty word;
"Urf Durfal...still a pleasant dream.

"Yet abysmal worlds spawned forth a horror:
"OFFSET, challenging mimeo's rule.
"Clear printing yes, but what price glory?
"Dare we abandon out god-sent tool?

"Arise ye men of mildewed mindes!
"Destroy yon evil process Offset.
"There is no god but GREAT GESTETNER,
"and Costikyan is his only prophet."

"As the sun sets, the visage of Queens as seen from the towers of the Costikyan Publishing Empire is scarred with blood; the larger-than-life sun sinks slowly and violently beneath the ragged clouds along the horizon. The windows of the Costikyan Publishing Empire Tower reflect the sun's light redly, set in the black monolith of the building, rising abruptly and s-eerly from the scarred and hulk-strewn ground of the blocks around it. The tower, never seeming to deviate from the vertical, joins in a point far above the desolate ground."

"High above the plain, on a craggy mountain, stood the fortress of the black priest. Castle Mimeo! Home of Lord Inker himself. There, amid demons of horrible countenance, the vile lord did his vile work."

Greg:

He came to me. Gestetner, that is. In a dream. He wishes me to be his high priest. You failed in your effort to kill him. Sweat, you blasphemous swine. You use the spirit process for your magazine, don't you, Greg. We know. There is no way to escape his wrath. He shall one day catch you and tear you limb from limb. And don't say you don't deserve it. We, the great god's followers, know all about you and your type. Don't think you are safe from his revenge. Remember the words of the mad Armenian in the Neopublicon, those of Unamit Ahazredit. You have read that masterpiece, while you were a contender for the post I now hold. So you spit on my words. You disbelieve them, do you? Well, munch on this dream and tell me it is not his sending.

I went to sleep early the night after reading Rosenberg's Neopublicon. For some reason I had been struck by an unnatural spell of exhaustion. I slept heavily with little dream until a great pigeon came to me. I was standing alone on a dusty street, newspapers blew behind my back. I think it was in Rockefeller Center, for I could see the decrepit remains of Radio City hall from the corner of my eye. Great green streaks of algae ran down the art Deco facade and huge leprous growths of blue-grey fungus were strewn randomly about the windows where rats could occasionally be seen, scrambling with unknown substances in their teeth. The pigeon glided down and seized me in its talons. It flew off in the direction of Jersey. I screamed as the realization of our destination came upon me. I begged the huge bird to set me down before we entered that land of deathly repute. The bird listened not, and flew onward towards god only knew what. Then it was in sight.

Out before me, the bent shape of the temple of Gestetner stood, stark against the shifting purple sky. The terrain before the edifice was of cracked red sandstone, split into great plateaus and valleys by the erosion of prehistoric rivers and streams that had shrivelled up and disappeared long aeons before. In the constant gloom of those cracks lived the crawling, oozing creatures of slime that abased themselves before the foul god and directed the souls of the lost onto the long, harsh path to his gates. These great bronze gates of evil reflected an image of the sickly yellow dust that rose from the plains, and the coarse, dark vegetation that grew there. This took the form of a sort of vine that grew huge thorns to ward off the ever-hungry minions of the dark deity, as they searched the rust dust of the sundown for some sort of food.

I was placed upon one of those claw-like plateaus to await the coming of...what? There I stood alone, watching the flickering magenta ball of the sun as it sank below the horizon, bringong on the twilight of the earth's fall. As I stood there, staring at this, a loud sucking noise brought my attention onto the lip of the mesa, not ten feet in front of me. As I watched, a great black pseudopod oozed up onto the flat land on which I stood. Some ancient sense inside me told of the horror that would soon follow this appendage and engulf the small area on which I dwelt. I knew that the only thing that would save me from becoming an evening meal of that creature of the abyss was quick movement on my part. My departure was hardly slowed by what I saw flow over the lip, or the realisation that if I were to continue to stand where I was, my body would be engulfed and digested.

I turned a fled. I went over the lip. I stumbledthrough the plasmatic mud that made up the side of the plateau. I slipped and fell, tumbling into a pool of slime and algae. I stumbled to my feet. It was following. I screamed and threw myself forward. I ran up the shadow-filled valley, stopping only to glance over my shoulder or remove my foot from one of the spiked loops of the vine that covered the bottom of the depression, like so many traps. Somehow, ragged and cut, I arrived on the steps of that dark edifice. Before me were the lightly-glowing doors, radiating a feeling of nameless dread...

(to be continued...maybe)

THE FLASHING POLICEMAN
by Scott Rosenberg

(reprinted from Urf Durfal #7)

I really don't know precisely where to start; I guess I'll just outline the events of a certain Friday night, and see how it goes.

Anyway, I was at home, attempting to relax (no mean feat with Dil calling me up every ten minutes to ask some dud question about Teeb's dungeon) and I was in the house, which gave me an opportunity to unwind in style. First, I put Van (The Hustle) McCoy's new album "The Disco Kid", which I'd won from a WABC contest, on my stereo, and turned the volume up as high as it would go without distorting the music until it sounded like Mating Songs of North American Toads recorded at 78 and played at 16. I then took three joints out of my secret stash (located in my Diplomacy set, if you really care to know) and placed one in my mouth and one in each nostril ("Grossman Style"), and lit them all. I then took a long toke on the joints and settled back to listen to the music.

Then the doorbell rang. Cursing as I went, I ran downstairs to see who it was. A god-damned cop. of course! I yanked the joint out of my mouth and threw it into a large ornate vase nearby, then hurriedly opened the door without realizing that I still had two joints stuck in my nose. The cop stared at me for a second, then opened his huge overcoat to reveal the fact that he was stark naked underneath.

What a dud! I slammed the door as fast as I could, and locked it. I took a quick look through the peephole in the door. The "cop" had vanished. Well, this was surely turning out to be an unusual evening. I went over to the huge vase and tried to get the still-smouldering joint out of it again, but it was too far down to reach and the vase was too heavy for me to flip over, so I pressed my mouth against the opening in the top of the vase and began to hyperventilate, but it didn't work too well.

So I decided to try a favorite steady of mine, almost as good as dope: ditto fluid strained through a bath towel, mixed with ginger ale and poured over ice with a twist of lemon. I went to the refrigerator, but I was out of pre-strained ditto fluid, so I had to make some more. After I had strained the new batch of fluid, I discovered that there were no lemons, so I had to have it with a slice of lemon instead ("Jamaica Style*"). Suddenly, I heard a sound like a string of firecrackers going off outside.

I went to the door and opened it and looked out, and there on the steps was a bloody corpse. I figured then it was time to go to Greg's D&D game (I arrived at this decision primarily because I was not altogether straight) and I started to wander towards the subway. Little did I know then that this was going to turn into the most celebrated case in my entire career.

This is an example of late-early Kasonoviana, printed in late 1975. As you can see, the style is still somewhat awkward; word-repetitions, grammatical errors, and run-on sentences are still quite common. The theme is a common one in Kasanof's work; altered states of awareness. Although Kasanof himself seems to have abstained rigorously from all consciousness-altering substances, his passion for the good things in life--- "drugs, sex, and violence", to quote him---led him to study drugs in some detail.

For a more advanced Kasanof dope story, see "LIPTON ON MARS", published in issue 30 of Zirkast/The Predawn Leftist. At some time in the future, perhaps, I will publish it, as it is one of Kasanof's most amusing stories.

*"Take de E train to de en ob de line, en you'll be in----Jamaica!"

from Lipton fandom----

LARRY HEALY'S BOOK WEEK

Grauber, *DIE LIPTONISCHE AUF DER CRONKSCHAFT*, Springer-Spanielle, 1978. 189 pp + xix. At last Liptoniana goes international. I don't read German, so I don't know what the hell's going on in this book, but it was the same with RBL, anyhow, so buy this one. It may make you wish you'd never taken German in high school, and at \$49.95 it's one expensive doorstop.

Wells-Lerner, *1878 RBL CALENDAR*. Liddle Press, 1978
This second Lipton calendar is a vast improvement over the 1978 edition. For one thing, it uses the Gregorian scheme instead of the Julian, and the Famous Dates sections are easier to read. The centerfold is of the now-condemned ancestral home, with a special inset of the gabled toilet. With a Lipton calendar, each minute seems like an hour. Sight. It's almost as if the Master himself were with you instead.

THE FANTASTIC DEATH XEROXES OF ROBERT LIPTON, Del-Ray, 1978. 48 pp + ii.
This third bit of Liptoniana from a mass publisher is a god-send. As is well known, only five Death Xeroxes of the Master were taken shortly after his demise, and they and their Xeroxes have commanded astronomical prices in the Liptoniana marketplace. Now Del-Ray has made available for \$4.95 the complete set. The reproduction is remarkably clear, and the delicate shadings rendered impeccably. (I once owned one of those originals, so believe me, I know!) It's a shame this is appearing only in paperback and that no cloth edition is being made available, but who am I to complain?

Lipton-Wollheim, *MIKE MARS BEATS HIS WIFE*, Troll Press, 1978. 110 pp + iv.
Bill Nettles' Troll Press has done a great service of its own by reissuing, for the first time in cloth, the first of the not-so-famous collaborations between RBL and Donald Wollheim. Their obscurity rests principally on the fact that Wollheim never knew about them. Not satisfied with the few "Mike Mars" books he could find, RBL went on to write several of his own, sometimes starting from the originals. (Lipton fans will no doubt recall also his many Professor Jameson pastiches as well. Say, Bill, why not an omnibus edition of those?) This first in the series is perhaps the best of the bunch, as I remember them. The illustrations by S. Schiffman may be too graphic for some, but this artist's technique continues to amaze me. How he can airbrush a stencil is completely beyond me, and the book is almost worth its \$12.95 for the illos themselves. This is the first of five in the Lipton-Wollheim Mike Mars series, though, so hang onto your shorts.

Q. What's the difference between a duck? A. A kumquat, syphilis, and the Malabar coast. Death to the oppressor. *Aujourd'hui, maman est morte. Ou peut-etre hier, je ne sais pas.* Have you experienced the whisperings of self? Does a mysterious intelligence seem to well up within you at times--ideas that strangely seem to ebb and flow? "Diplomacy" is a game of cunning skill and negotiations. Chance plays no part. In the morning Remi and Lee Ann were asleep as I quietly packed and slipped out the window the same way I'd come in, and left Mill City with my canvas bag. And I never spent that night on the old ghost ship--the Admiral Freebee it was called--and Remi and I were lost to each other. *When I hold you in my arms/And I feel my finger on your trigger/And I know no one can do me harm/because happiness is a warm gun/Yes it is.* Dhritarashtra said: On the holy plain, on the field of Kuru, gathered together, eager for battle, what did they, O Sanjaya, my people and the Pandavas? No cruvvelin black animan nigra goin lay one filthy paw on some golden curly-headed surn baby while Pissfire Pallbox draws breath! Are you with me? ONCE UPON A TIME, long, long ago there was a little group known as the Castle and Crusade Society.

DEM GAMES, DEM GAMES, DEM DRY GAMES

To Former PDL Subscribers: With the folding of ZIRKAST/THE PREDAWN LEFTIST, Urf Durfal is picking up two of the PDL games---76JJ and 75BHfh. Both of these games will be adjudicated by DAVE BARLOW, address and phone number on the front of the zine. Dave is quite reliable; he has never previously adjudicated a COLONIA game, so if the work proves too much for him, I'll have to take over.

TO 76JJ PLAYERS: Since the last adjudications were printed in December of 1977, there may be some of you who have lost interest in the game and wish to drop out. If so, please contact me (Greg Costikyan, not David Barlow) as quickly as possible, so I can find replacements. I know it'll cost you 15¢, but I prefer not to have to wait two NMR's to replace someone who wants to drop out. Those of you who really want to be nice and want to drop out might also submit WO3 moves (if necessary), so the guy who takes over doesn't get screwed.

I guess this goes for 75BHfh Players, although since the last season's moves were printed more recently one hopes there'll be fewer of you who have lost interest.

76JJ (PDL-6) GM: Dave Barlow FO3

Winter builds only due next issue.

Austria (Ron Kelly) a BUD # rus a gal-rum (NSO), a VIE-tyo, a tri # f adr-ven (NSU), (r-OTB), f alb /h/ (r-OTB).
 England (Robert Stimmel) f nrg-NAT, f IRI & f NTH s f lon-ENG, a BEL s ger a bur.
 France (John Strain) a pic-PAR, a par-GAS, f mid-WES, f bre-MID, f mar-LYO.
 Germany (W. Elmer Hinton) a PRU s a sil-WAR, a ruh-MUN, a BUR h, f FIN h, f STP h.
 Italy (Tom Gould) a VEN s a tyo-TRI, f ADR s f lon-ALB.
 Russia (Karl Schuetz) a GAL & a UKR s a SEV-rum.
 Turkey (Eric Goldberg) Ret f sev-ARM. f ARM & f BLA s a RUM-sev, a SER s a BUL-rum, f AEG-gre, a GRE-alb.

Austria: vie, bud, xxx , xxx	2	even
England: lon, edi, lvp, nwy, bel	5	even
France: par, bre, mar, por, spa	5	even
Germany: ber, mun, kie, hol, den, swe, WAR, STP	8	B2
Italy: ven, rom, nap, tun, TRI	5	B1
Russia: mos, xxx , xxx , SEV	2	R1
Turkey: ank, con, smy, xxx , bul, gre, rum, SER	7	even

75HM (Moravian Dynasty Game) GM: Tom Gould WO8

ST. PETERSBURG TO SYRIA CONVOY

England (Morton) B F Lon.
 Russia (Davies) B A Mos, A War, A Sev.
 Turkey (Cook) NRR! GM R F Alb.

S09

England (Morton) f BAR & f NWG & f NAT & f MID & f WES & f TYN & f ION & f EAS
 C rus a stp-syr, f LYO h, f AEG-gre, a ruh-KIE, a ven-TYO, a tus-PIE, a rom-TUS,
 f nap-APU, a apu-VEN, f lon-NTH.
 Russia (Davies) a stp-SYR, a TRI s a bud-SER, a ARM & f BLA s a smy-ANK, a rum-BUL,
 a sev-RUM, a war-GAL, f DEN h, a MOS h.
 Turkey (Cook) NMR! a ser (r-OTB, ALB), a GRE, a CON, a ank (r-otb) /h/.

A TWO-WAY DRAW BETWEEN ENGLAND AND RUSSIA HAS BEEN PROPOSED. Vote on it with your next moves. NMR's count as abstentions; failure to vote with submitted moves count as negative votes.

77IU (Urf Durfal game)

GM: Tom Gould

Sum & FO3

Summer 03

Austria (Penn) R F Gre-ION, R A Rum-Ukr

Russia (Kelly) R A Smy-Ank

FO3

Austria (Penn) a UKR s ger a sil-war, a vie-BUD, a tri-ALB, a SER-bul, f ion-GRE

England (Vesneske) f nth-HOL, a DEN f ska-SWE, f eng-NTH.

France (Gister) a BEL s eng f nth-hol, a RUH s a bur-MUN, f wes-TYN, a MAR-pie, a naf-TUN.

Germany (Forrest) a tyo-VIE, a sil-WAR, f KIE-den.

Italy (Barlow) f AEG s aus f ion-gre, a smy-ARM, f EAS-smy, a VEN-pie.

Russia (Kelly) a GAL-war, a war-MOS, a BOH-gal, f swe-NWY.

Turkey (Tutacko) a BUL s a rum-SER, f gre-ion (R-otb), f bla-CON, a ANK-smy

Supply Centers:

A: tri, bud, vie , gre, rum, ukr	4	even
E: lon, lvp, edi, den , den, HOL, SWE	6	B1
F: par, bre, mar, por, spa, bel, MUN, TUN	8	B2
G: ber, kie, kie , kie , VIE, WAR	4	B1
I: rom, ven, nap	3	R1
R: stp, mos, stp , stp , NWY	3	R1
T: con, ank, smy, bul, sev, SER	6	B1

78?go (Near Utter Chaos)

GM: Scott Rosenberg

Limbo

I don't have Scott's telephone number, and can't call him for the results. He hasn't called or written. SCOTT, DO SOMETHING.

78??? (Partition)

GM: Greg Costikyan

Limbo

I only have two people's moves---make that three. That ain't enough. GETCHER MOVES IN! Next issue, I'm adjudicating even if'n ah only got one set of moves.

77Ags (Excommunication!)

GM: Greg Costikyan

Limbo

For reasons I won't go into here (except to stat that it's my fault, and I'm sorry), I have to talk to Dave Barlow before I adjudicate the game. Dave's at Yale, and has cleverly managed to avoid letting information know what his telephone number is. I'll try to get the adjudications out within the week.

NEW MYSTERY IN BROOKLYN: ARE THE STRANGE RABBIS REALLY EXTRATERRESTRIAL BEINGS? (no.)

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