

A somewhat controversial and  
always contentious personalzine  
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Cover your eyes, Bruce Pelz and  
others of like mind when you  
tread on this column. Several  
of us in SFALB have been  
infected by Dungeons and Dragons.  
The Thornton, Neil Schulman and  
I had been in a Diplomacy game  
back in NYUSFS so it is not  
surprising that we have been  
drawn in by the siren song  
(if only we had made that  
saving throw for sirens!)  
Steve and Sandy McIntosh brought  
their rules to the SFALB meet  
Friday, and after we had duly  
finished the meeting, we went  
through a long rap hyping the  
game to the other members. I  
read liberally from Hilda  
Hamfifen's D&D propoganda sheet  
in the last APA-L, and enthusiasm  
was duly whipped up. However,  
I was extremely reluctant to  
set up the game, considering  
the time and effort I had gone through  
as Gamesmaster in Diplomacy.  
Fortunately, Steve volunteered,  
and threw together a hasty  
three-level Dungeon for the next  
day. For a first effort, it  
was magnificent. Octagonal rooms  
I think are an innovation.

JUST PLAIN FIJK

Eve of Convention  
(To the tune of Barry Maguire's  
"Eve of Destruction")

The Fannish World, it is exploding  
Stencils typing, dupers loading  
You're in enough to loc, but not for  
pubbin'  
You don't read New Wave trash?  
Then what's that zine you're subbing?  
And you tell me, over and over again,  
my friend,  
You don't believe we're on the Eve of  
Convention

So we began the game at 5 PM  
on Saturday, taking out time  
to give a few new players  
characters and go out for food.  
Then we played straight through  
until 4 AM. Several players  
dropped out from our party  
along the way, with our two  
female clerics running off with  
a dwarf and a hobbit respectively.  
I made it from veteran to warrior  
and Neil from medium to seer,  
mainly because of my single-  
handedly whomping a werewolf  
(needed a 13 saving throw, got  
a fourteen) and Neil's trying  
out some poisoned water in which  
jewels were sitting, surviving  
(same odds as above) and finding  
the poison purifier later. We  
took on crocs, trolls, gnomes,  
an invisible female vampire, and  
a wandering giant scorpion!

My ink's so hot, feels like coagulating,  
I'm sitting here, just gafiating.  
I can't fit the layout,  
it needs more regulation.  
A handful of fillers make no cover  
illustration.  
And APA's alone for fan publication  
Win no Hugo respect for your dedication  
And you tell me, over and over again,  
My friend, You don't believe  
We're on the Eve of Convention.

Think of all the sheer there is in  
Wisconsin,  
Then take a look around to a Worldcon  
biddin'  
They can leave here for eight days in  
space,  
But the astronaut here's just another  
face,  
Even the pros can't find parking place  
And Trekkies and Comcs the hucksters  
to abase,  
And you tell me, over and over and over  
again, my friend, nah you don't believe  
We're on the Eve of Convention,  
No, no, you don't believe  
We're on the Eve of Convention.

The rest of the party at least survived, most coming close to second level, including Kurt Black, elf-medium Sandy McIntosh, elf-veteran, and The Thornton as man-veteran.

My character scored 16 in strength and wisdom each, and 13 in intelligence, but with a five in charisma I naturally chose the name of Rickles the Barbarian.

We are all hot to go again, with Steve, Sandy, Neil and The Thornton working on Dungeons. I am considering on a Wilderness and Sea set-up for variety. Should be able to buy my own rules this weekend.

Anybody out there interested in Long Beach D&D? We intend to split off to play on separate nights to avoid scaring off non-players from regular SFALB meetings.

EN GARDE AT THE RIPOSTE OFFICE

Fred Fatten of ToC: Yes, I am interested in organizing a joint LASFS-SFALB picnic. Where and when?

Dan Deckert: Well, I know it is true for  $n=1$ . And I shall now have to see whether if it's true for  $n$ , then it's true for  $n+1$ .//You seem scientifically literate. Chemist?//Hell, feel free to disagree with me. As a libertarian, I cannot initiate violence against you, no matter what you say. On the other hand, I feel no restraints on eviscerating knaves and fools in print to my heart's content as duty beckons.

Lee Gold: Something bothers me about your travelogue (besides the fact that I never do all that local color touring when in foreign cities as you seem to do) and I just figured out what. What is going on in Hapanese fandom? Have you joined APA-T or whatever? Whaddya mean, that's nbt the first thing you think of?//Did anybody else in any other zine mention that Hirohito and spouse are here in U.S.? If not, here's a free news note. Come to think of it, if you can read Japanese, you already know it!

Allan Rothstein: ((No comment. Have O-Ded on Higgledy-Piggledy. Cry from the grave: "Where's mine?"))

Hilda Hannifen: You're mentioned in my D&D column; serves you right if you skipped it.

Fred Patten: Does your title really mean "radio-active radishes?" I'm just a poor dumb Canadian and they don't teach us no Spanish up there. What was "Coventry a decade ago?"

Fuzzy Pink: Your taste in hotels sounds good. Let me know what you choose for Vancouver. I have friends in the old country if you need a directory.

June Hoffatt: Your definition and explanation certainly diddled my pleasure centers. For 64,000 ooks, now tell me where Mr. Buchman came up with the term. APA-L?//Thanks for printing "Restaurant Roulette." Nice to know your taste is not alone.

Marty Cntor: Glad you pointed out that fact about the Bicentennial first, giving me an entrée. As a libertarian, I would be happy to celebrate the dissolution of the State ruling over middle North America but I cannot for the life of me see why the Imperialist Central Government founded--as you point out--12 years later, ending the wonderful holiday of near-anarchy, why the Potomac Monster celebrates that glorious libertarian revolution.

Bill Warren: Cigarettes will not ignite in gasoline--no O<sub>2</sub>. But a burning cigarette held just above the surface where the octane and oxygen can mix...BOOM!

Dan Alderson and Charles Jackson: More, more, more!

Tepper: Neil has chapter 5 in thish, Mike Glycer has ch 6 next, then you. N OK?