

SLAP AND TICKLE 6

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Deadline: Friday 26 April

Price: £1/4 issues

(Contd. from reverse)

Given this aversion to writing chat on demand, it might have been wiser for me to set myself up as a games sub-zine to somebody else's already established zine. Pete Doubleday has suggested a merger with me taking over the games half (or, at present, eighth) of Thing. I find the idea appealing. Pete is not renowned for his reliability but claims that he could keep things on an even keel if accompanied by a co-pilot who got the adjudications done and typed up quickly. Your comments as to the wisdom or otherwise of this suggestion are entreated. The main problem I can envisage, discarding any qualms about Pete's dependability, is the Atlantic or rather the two of us being situated on opposite sides of it. This would entail (to say the least) considerable communication difficulties and require, I suspect, me to take over the administration and production of the zine - perhaps this latter is Pete's idea.

The Editor Mumbles

As you must be aware, this issue is a good five or six weeks late. This is down solely to me and a mis-placed wish to live up to what seem to be current hobby expectations. I had the games ~~xxx~~ adjudicated and typed up within a couple of days of the deadline which makes my tardiness in getting this ~~xxxx~~ out even less defensible. I could just have sent out the game reports then but I felt obliged to append at least a few pages of chat. Bereft of any amazing ideas I spent the next dozen or so days studiously avoiding the typewriter (no mean feat in the cluttered rabbit hole that passes for my room). During this time two sets of late orders arrived and I ummed and ahed about whether or not to re-adjudicate the concerned games and run off a couple of emended stencils. Mistaking my indecision for activity, a few more days passed until I finally resolved (in retrospect, unfairly) against such a move. Production was then further delayed as the elections for the university students' union (a body which is of even less importance in collegiate Oxford than most student unions are ^{of} in their more centralized institutions) approached and I found myself campaigning (or, in Oxford parlance, 'hacking') frantically for a good five or six hours a day. Victory was followed ^{by} heavy sleep and even heavier drinking. Meanwhile, Law (supposedly the ~~reason~~ for my presence at Worcester) had ceased to be even a ~~per~~ peripheral interest but had instead slipped right ~~of~~ out of view. With Mods, the preliminary part of my degree, in less than a fortnight it was about time to centre my sights on it. I was advised that despite having dossed for both terms I would still have a good chance of a Distinction if I worked solidly for the next week and a half. I decided to start the next day and made the same promise to myself each night, breaking it ~~the~~ following morning every time. In the end I did not commence my revision until the day before and clocked up only around ten hours which proved sufficient to enable me to waffle through the ~~three papers and emerge with what would equate to a respectable, though~~ unimpressive, Second. My tutors are apparently not very happy with me. It's quite easy to talk your way through a one-hour tutorial without having ~~the~~ done the week's work; it's much harder to write your way through a three-hour exam without having done the term's work. I'm also handicapped by the fact that my tortoise of a brain, when confronted with a four-essay paper, can only manage three plus an odd side (all scrawled in my own inimitable hand). After celebrating the end of Mods with plenty of alcohol and attending the annual Worcester College Law Society Dinner where I sat next to an attractive academic teaching at Leeds who informed that she wondered whether her male students regarded her as a "glamorous governess" while I desperately struggled to avert my gaze from her exposed cleavage, it was time to return to the Saturnian enclave of Croydon where I was soon seized by that fatal feeling that it's so late another day or two won't make much difference. That was a long sentence.

And that was a long paragraph. As the old hands keep telling us, zines nowadays are much bigger and consequently also much slower than they used to be: it's all bulging brown envelopes and inadequate staples. When I launched S&T I stated that I was primarily interested in running games. I did however include quite a bit of chat in the first few issues and this went down rather well with a few editors who professed a strange liking for it and indeed may have encouraged one or two readers to subscribe thinking they were going to receive a chat zine. I could have sent out the game reports on their own weeks ago but I felt an obligation to add at least some chat. This feeling led to much head scratching, a protracted case of writer's block and this appalling delay - it is now a sentiment on which good games zines are built. In future expect no chat. This is not to say you won't get any - just don't expect to. I will be switching to 3-4 week deadlines and will endeavour to get the zine out in a similar number of days as well as preparing some chat well in advance of these tight deadlines. Under such a regime, S&T will be secure for the foreseeable future.

GAMES

Pzk/S&T Vierzehn 1983BU

Spring 1906

Austria (Andy Gibb) A(Mun) st., A(Tyr) S F(Tri)-Ven, F(Tri)-Ven, F(ADR) st., A(Ser) S A(Bud)-Rum, A(Dud)-Rum, A(Gal)-Ukr, A(Sev)-Mos

England (Stan Wells) F(Lon)-ENC, F(IRI)-MAO, F(Lp1)-NAO, F(NTH) C A(Yor)-Hol, F(Kie) S A(Yor)-Hol, F(BAL)-DEN, A(Yor)-Hol, A(Bel) S A(Yor)-Hol, A(Par)-Bre, A(StP) st., A(Ber) S F(Kie)

Germany (Anarchy) A(Hol) st.*

France (Anarchy) A(Bur), A(Mar), A(Spa) st.

Italy (Tony Mace) F(ION)-ADR, A(Bul)-Gre, F(AEG)-S-A(Bul)-Gre, F(Con)-Bul, AA(Ven)-Pie, F(Pie)-GOL, F(Bre)-MAO, A(Rah)-Mun, F(Rom)-TYR

Turkey (Anarchy) F(Ank), A(Syr) st.

Retreats: German A(Hol) dead

Stambulov: Andy Gibb is now at 22 Marlborough Street, Upper Eastville, Bristol, BS5 6RH. The two game-end proposals were both defeated.

England-Italy: Looks like it's time for the Mayor of Rome to lay down his Mace.

Pzk/S&T Funfzehn (1983ES)

Autumn 1904

Austria (Mark Smith) A(Rum)-Bul, A(Bud)-Rum, F(ION)-Nap, F(Tri)-ADR, A(Tyr)-Tri, A(Boh) S German A(Mun)

England (Anarchy) F(Nor), F(NTH), F(SKA) st.

France (Thane Duffield) A(Pie) S Italian A(Ven), F(MAO)-ENG, F(Spasc)-MAO, A(Ruh) S A(Pic)-Bel, A(Bur) S A(Pic)-Bel, A(Pic)-Bel

Germany (Tony Mace) A(Swe)-Fin, F(BAL)-Den, F(HEL)-Hol, A(Hol)-Bel, A(Mun) S Austrian A(Boh)-Sil

Italy (Marcel Greuter) F(WMS)-TYR, F(AEG)-Gre, A(Ven) S French A(Pie)-Tyr, A(Rom) S A(Ven)

Russia (Grahame MacLennan) A(Smy) S F(Ank)-Con, F(Ank)-Con, A(Gal)-Sil, A(Liv)-Pru, A(Mos)-Sev, A(StP)-Fin

Turkey (Anarchy) F(BLA), A(Con)* st.

Retreats: Turkish A(Con) dead

Winter 1904:

Austria	Vie	Bud	Tri	Ser	Bul	Gre	<u>Rum</u>	<u>Nap</u>	7	Builds A(Vie)
England	Lon	Lpl	Edi	Nor	Swe				4	One short
France	Par	Mar	Bre	Bel	Por	Spa			6	No change
Germany	Ber	Kie	Mun	Hol	Den	<u>Swe</u>			6	Builds F(Kie)
Italy	Rom	Ven	Tun	Nap	<u>Gre</u>				4	No change
Russia	StP	Mos	War	Sev	Ank	Rum	<u>Con</u>	<u>Smy</u>	7	Builds F(StPnc)
Turkey	Con	Smy							0	Loses F(BLA)

Stambulov: Marcel Greuter to A. Simmelinlestraat 27, 9351 AI Tolbest, Holland.

Archduke-Italy: Kindly remove that 'thing' (ludicrously called an army) from the piece of the Austrian Empire commonly known as Venice. Failure to comply with this peaceful request will leave us no option but to forcibly remove you.

Archduke-Italy (again): I believe that it's called 'gunboat diplomacy'.

Archduke-Froggy: Nuff said, eh?

Archduke-Germany: Bet you weren't expecting that, were you?

Italy-France: Sorry I did not get in touch with you but you will receive a letter as soon as possible.

Italy-Austria: Away, out!

Sechzehn (Fleet Rome Diplomacy) Spring 1904

Austria (Paul Schofield) F(ION), F(ADR), A(Tri), A(Vie), A(Rum), A(Bud) st. u/o

England (Pete Bates) NMR! F(IRI), A(Lon) st. u/o

France (Wai Liu) NMR! F(ENG), A(Wal), A(Pic), A(Pie), A(Spa) st. u/o

Germany (Grahame MacLennan) A(Bel)-Yor, F(NTH) C A(Bel)-Yor, F(Edi) S
A(Bel)-Yor, A(Den)-Swe, F(BAL) S A(Den)-Swe,
A(Kie)-Ruh, A(Mun)-Tyr

Italy (Rowland Goodman) F(MAO)-Bre, A(Rom)-Tus, A(Ven) S A(Rom)-Tus,
A(Tyr) S A(Ven)

Russia (Anarchy) F(Swe)*, A(Nor), F(BLA), F(Sev), A(Gal) st.

Turkey (Anarchy) F(AEG), F(Ank), A(Bul), A(Con) st.

Retreats: Russian F(Swe) dead

S&T Anomia, (1984??) Spring 1902

Austria (Pete Doubleday) A(Vie)-Gal, A(Bud) S A(Vie)-Gal, F(Gre) S
Italian A(Ser)-Bul, A(Tri)-Vie

England (Pete Bates) NMR! A(Nor), F(NTH), F(Lpl), F(ENG) st. u/o

France (Robin ap-Cynan) F(Spenc)-MAO, F(Bre) S F(Spenc)-MAO, A(Por)-Spa,
A(Par)-Pic, A(Pic)-Bel

Germany (Stan Wells) F(Den)-Swe, F(Kie)-BAL, A(Ruh) S A(Hol)-Bel, A(Hol)-
Bel, A(Mun)-Sil

Italy (Brian Creese) F(Nap)-TYR, F(ION)-EMS, A(Ser)-BUL, A(Apu)-Nap

Russia (Pete Birks) NMR! A(Gal)*, A(Mos), F(Sev), F(GOB) st. u/o

Turkey (Norman Dyson) F(Con) S A(Bul), F(Smy)-AEG, A(Bul) st., A(Ank)-Smy

Retreats: Russian A(Gal) dead

To England: Who invited you to the Scandinavian Ball?

To France: Do keep in touch, it might be important.

To Russia: Sink or swim is often said, if you can't swim, you must bbe dead.

To Italy: Let the worm off the hook, didn't you?

France-England: That wasn't funny.

France-Germany: Let's not fool about and go instead for the jugular...

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Waiting lists: Diplomacy (Rowland Goodman, Jim Sadler), Machiavelli (Mark Smith, Rowland Goodman, Nick Kinzett), Stab Happy Diplomacy (Robin ap-Cynan, John Webley) and Railway Rivals (B or M - John Webley, Thane Duffield, Pete Doubleday). Any more takers?