

VP AROVND THE BEND 8

S A L U T E !

Greetings, good citizens! Now get yourselves all settled down comfortably -- that's right -- and pay attention to the play. And don't rustle your sweet papers! Puts me right off, it does. Oh, there's nothing to put me off so much as a rustler. I hate them! I hate rustlers worse than Wyattus Earpus. No, no, worse than he **hates them** -- I don't hate him. Oh, honestly!

I haven't introduced myself yet, have I? Well, once more I say Salute! (That's Latin). (That's Latin for "Good morning". Or "Welcome", or whatever you prefer. I have to explain everything to you lot).

My name is Lurcio, and I am a slave. Oh, you must remember me! I was very big a while back, everyone used to say you didn't get many as big as me. Remember yet? I was in **Up Pompeii**, you know, co-starring with all the girls with the enormous talents. (You thought I was going to say something different there, didn't you? Well, of course their popularity was enormous too. I just thought it went without saying, that's all).

Anyway, after the series went off the air, everything went a bit quiet around here. Well, it suited me, I can tell you! It did grind me down -- all that having to cope with so many extremely unlikely strings of events. But my mistress, Ammonia -- you remember her -- she was always on at me to liven things up a bit. "Lurcio", she'd say, "we must find something to pass away the time. Some harmless little hobby which my husband and I can engage in."

Well, I suggested the obvious, but she said that he wasn't very interested in that any more, and I should know by now. And she was right, you know? Ludicrus never did take much interest in gardening. But then I had a bright idea. There was a new craze in Pompeii -- playing games. Not those nasty gladiatorial sort with blood and guts and lions, ooh no -- a board game, all about strategic and military movements of troops. **Diplomacy**, it was called. So I bought it for them, and didn't they have fun with it! Ammonia particularly, she was a good player. Her skill was that nobody could ever refuse an offer she made -- just like real life, really -- and so she always ended up riding roughshod over the other players. (In some cases, that was like real life, too). She was by far the best in the family, because the master's young lad was too kind-hearted to ever attack anyone -- said he'd rather be writing poetry. (So I told him about this game called **Poesiemeister** running in **Electric Monk**....) And the master, Ludicrus Sextus -- he never did any good, mostly because he was such a patriot he always insisted on playing Italy. Said he'd make the Roman Empire conquer all on the board as in real life. Good job for us he was never in command of a real legion -- he usually ended up with the Gauls in Roma and Venetia, and himself sitting miserably somewhere near Carthage with his shattered legions, like a tragic hero.

So after a while, nobody would come round to play with Ammonia and Ludicrus, especially after Ammonia began to insist that her male opponents play for forfeits -- and I tell you, after they lost, not one would come within four feet of her again! Luckily, I've a pen pal or two in Britannia, and I learnt from one of them that now the Imperial post is so good, it's quite possible to play **Diplomacy** by post. It all started with a publication called **Ranunculus**, but in those days the mail was so bad it couldn't be published more than every other year, so that killed it off. Now, though, the messengers are speeding all over the empire, and they aren't carrying important military despatches, oh no -- well, I suppose in a sense they are -- they're carrying Diplomacy orders! And thus it came to pass that Lurcio the slave came to run a postal Diplomacy zine himself.

There are a few other games I started running too, of course, after Ammonia decided that she'd better branch out a bit, since she could whop

everyone so well at Diplomacy. Now, I don't know if you've heard, but the other thing that's all the rage in Pompeii now is the art of predicting the future -- just like Senna the soothsayer does, but without all the 'Woe! woe!'s. All the publishing houses and writers' shops have been shifting manuscripts of these **scientifictiones**, as they're called, as fast as they can write them -- one a day, I swear it! Never seen the like. And it wasn't long before people were designing games based on them. There's one where monstrous iron demons race along metal rails over great distances, faster than any horse can run; then there's one about men who fly through the air like birds and try to knock one another out of the sky; then... oh, go on! I can tell you don't believe me, and I must admit I don't blame you, it's all so very far fetched....

But I can tell I'm boring all the old hands who know my story, so I'll go straight on to...

THE PROLOGUE!

And it came to pass that L. Ricardus Acer, so called because whenever he played Bridge he held a large number of Aces...

-- Woe! woe! and thrice woe!

Oh, Jupiter. Here she is! This is Senna, the soothsayer. It's no use saying whoa! to her, she just keeps on predicting disaster after disaster. I think she's embittered because of the **scientifictiones** poaching on her territory.

-- I see great destruction! I see folds, messy folds, horribly messy folds....

She's obviously a follower of the Threefold Way. (Yes, I know, I know! It's not that old a joke, and I haven't used it since issue 2.)

-- I must warn the people of the gloom that lies ahead!

Well, there you are. She obviously isn't going to go away until I give her some space, so I might as well surrender my seat in the scriptorium and go for a quick refresher while she harangues you. Here you are, Senna. And don't use the ink to paint your eyebrows! It costs money.

QUID IN ALVEOS ACCIDET

hobby news with Senna

Once more I say woe! woe! and thrice woe! (That's five woes in all). I bear news, news of all that happens in the hobby!

The One True Poll is here! abandon ye all false pretenders. The glorious, the ineffable, the marvellous Imperator, I. Davidus Boveni of Eboracum, has not yet been pleased to release to his subjects the results of their free and democratic choice to declare **Draco Rufus** the best zine in the Hobby. However, by my scrying powers I am able to reveal the following information; that the Imperator has pronounced that the results and winner will be "very good for the hobby"; that the last-placed zine was "richly merited"; and that **Sursum Et Circa Flexum**, the zine of my dear friend (hur hur!) Lurcio, failed to place at either extreme, though more people placed it somewhere on their ballot form than any other zine; indeed, a total of LI citizens voted for it, and I'm sure that Lurcio would wish me to thank you for your thought.

An upstart poll not worth its support is the so-called self-styled Zine of the Year Poll. This tawdry award is made not on a fair and just

basis such as the first poll mentioned, which causes our beloved Emperor (or rather his computer) to sweat deep into the night working out preference matrices, but simply adds all points together and gives the winner the award, thus automatically favouring the zine with the highest circulation. Even Marcus Pustulus, whom some will remember railed against the One True Poll and supported this imposter, has now turned against it and forswears all interest therein.

Not quite so upstartish are the **Citationes Gladysii**, now being run by P. Iohannes Pistor, who founded them before the Revolution. Details and a nomination form are included on the next codex and separately, respectively, and you should do with them as you see fit; as indeed you should with the item on the next codex but one. Finally, N. Terentius Kinzett has made no further pronouncements regarding the **Obices Rubinosi**, but I understand Lurcio has sent special messengers to this Pater Patriae requesting clarification.

Some other zines are not faring so well as this one. G. Tomasius Silhilius informs us in the most recent issue of **Realpolitik** that the zine is to slow to six-weekly deadlines, with various trades cut, waiting lists reduced, and doubtless other swingeing cutbacks (woe! woe!). And G. Donaldasius of Hibernia Borealis too is reducing in size and height of public image **Ac-Mong**, doubtless in order to increase the time available to him to be spent with Livy and Sallust collaborating on their history of the Empire.

Hexametrus, luckily, continues to be with us as it ever shall be; a wag has stated that to discontinue it one would have to amputate, not Iohannes Marsdenius's head, but his typing fingers. Until and unless that cruel deed is carried out, 33 Weston Rd, Strood, Kent ME2 3HA is the villa from which this excellent five-weekly mainly-Diplomacy zine may be procured. **Discordiae Avunculique**, I. Nelsonius's somewhat irregular zine dedicated to variants of Diplomacy, has recently been published again despite its youthful editor's recent accident (defending the Empire in hot blood, he injured his leg in leaping a brook to pursue fleeing barbarians). Nelsonius is tipped to take over the Variant Bank, possibly with aid from S. Diesduplex; my crystal ball remains unclear as to when or whether this will take place, but if you wish up-to-date news, the zine is available from its editor at 112 Huntley Ave, Spondon, Derby DE2 7DU (home) or Room P17, Clifton Hall, Brunel University, Uxbridge, Middx UB8.

Happy news is that our Emperor Boveni is reported to be feeling much better and is thoroughly enjoying working on the current issue of **Draco Rufus**, dispelling any fears of a fold until Manorcon at the very least. S. Quomodo of Australisterminus-super-Mare, editor of **Pedus Ulterior**, is also suffering from the sad ennui and lassitude of life as a zine editor (woe! woe!), though I suspect a fold is unlikely there; he has retreated into a fool's toyland of jokes about "light-bulbs", some device glowing under its own power and lighting whole villas much discussed in **scientifictiones**. Needless to say, none but those initiated into these rituals have the faintest understanding of these jokes, and there is much puzzlement amongst those who are not. I shall merely state that no vision of these "light-bulbs" has ever come to me in dreams, in visions, or through my crystal ball, so I suspect that the man is merely crazed and deranged, though probably harmless.

--Some would say the same of you, Senna.

Lurcio, I am finished!

--Are you? I thought you never drank before lunch.

No, I have drawn to a close! My news is imparted, my messages disclosed. You may have your scriptorial seat back.

The Gladys Awards for 1991

The "Gladyses", or, to give them their full title, the "Mr. Gladys Awards", were first announced in issue 20 of Mr. Gladys (December 1976, or what now seems another lifetime). The first winners included: Greatest Hits (Best Zine, Letter-column and Hobby News), Richard Lushnell and Fall of Eagles (Best GK and Best Zine for Diplomacy), Figuw (Best New Zine), Mr. Gladys (Most Improved Zine), Griffin (Best Zine for Games Playing) and the French zine Vortigern (Best - Looking Zine). "Etah" was voted Best Variant and Bob Brown won the Les Pinley Memorial Award, for his stalwart services to the hobby, i.e. publishing the excellent and reliable zine The Tinamou and organising Polycon, a large weekend con at Preston Polytechnic (as it then was). The 31 voters included such famous names as Frank Bashroca, John Marsden, Mike Allaway, Keith Loveys, James O'Fee, Martin Feather, Tom Tweedy, Ken Main, Keith Black and Rob Chapman. Ah, those were the days....

In subsequent years the Awards passed through several pairs of hands: those of Nick Shears, Mike Allaway, Steve Worledge, Geoff Challenger and the proprietors of N&R!, and now they are returning to me (John Miller), their onlie begetter. Many of the hobby's great zines reached their apotheosis with the award of one or more Gladyses: the roll of honour includes such noble names as Chimaera, The Tinamou, Ode, Megalomania, Putty Kiffo, Griffin, Ripping Yarns, Dib Dib Dib, Home of the Brave, The Acolyte, Hopscotch, Vienna, Mad Policy, Zine To Be Believed, Small Furry Creatures Press and Arfle Barfle Gloop. Others were nominated several times without ever carrying off the ultimate prize. N&R! itself saw ten nominations come and go before a lachrymose Creese and a bashful Bain at long last ascended the rostrum to the tumultuous applause of the hobby's finest.

I am happy to announce that the awards for achievement in 1991 will return to their original format. There will first be a round in which hobby members are invited to send in their nominations, a maximum of THREE per category please. A nomination form is enclosed (editors, please feel free to copy and distribute with your zine) and the deadline for this stage will be Friday, 21st February 1992. I shall then announce the lucky nominees and we can look forward to the awards ceremony itself, always an evening of elegance, glamour and high drama!

The Categories are:

- | | |
|--|-------------------------------|
| 1. Best Zine | 7. Best-Looking Zine |
| 2. Best Zine For Diplomacy (& Variants) | 8. Most Improved Zine |
| 3. Best Zine for Games other than Diplomacy. | 9. Most Regretted Fold |
| 4. Best Zine for Hobby News | 10. Best Postal Games GK. |
| 5. Best Lettercolumn | 11. Most Feared Opponent |
| 6. Best New Zine to appear in 1991 | 12. Letter Writer of the Year |

The Gladrago Awards for 1991

These newly created awards, quite unrelated by inspiration or parody to any other awards or citations in the hobby, are intended to give the poster a much more satisfying way of registering dissatisfaction -- revenging stabs in games or slights in letter columns, or generally being bitchy than writing outraged letters to Steve Howe or casting grudge votes in the Zine Poll.

The period covered by this poll is nominally January to December 1991, although events causing dissatisfaction and thus inspiring votes will doubtless fall outside these dates (I can't stop you, after all -- not that I would want to. It is the god-given right of every individual, etc etc etc).

There is *naooooo...* preliminary nomination round, voting qualifications, or any such twaddle and taradiddle. Simply cast votes in the following categories, as many as you please for each. Methodology will be worked out by the administrator (me) as he (I) sees (see) fit, and he (I) reserves (reserve) the right not to tell you what it is, so there.

THE CATEGORIES:

- 1: Worst Zine
- 2: Worst Zine for Diplomacy (& variants)
- 3: Worst Zine for games other than Diplomacy
- 4: Worst Zine for Hobby News
- 5: Worst Lettercolumn
- 6: Worst New Zine to appear in 1991
- 7: Worst-Looking Zine
- 8: Least Improved (or Most Worsened) Zine
- 9: Least Regretted Fold [hope this doesn't impinge on the Rusty Bolts' territory;....]
- 10: Worst Postal Games GM
- 11: Least Feared Opponent
- 12: Worst Letter Writer of the Year.

For all categories you should feel free to decide whether a zine which doesn't cater at all for any particular category (e.g. a Dippy-only zine for number 3) is worthy of a vote.

Zines now defunct may be nominated on the weakness of their record in 1991 up to their fold (and taking into account the messiness of it!)

The voting deadline is the game deadline for *Lp Around The Bend* issue 9, and is on the back page. Results will be announced in the aforementioned issue 9, and may God have mercy on my soul.

Given under my hand this 16th day of January,
Haz Bond, administrator

EPISTULA QUAE AD LURCIO VENIUNT

Lurcio's letter column

Salute, once more! Now, as my regulars will know, it's an old Pompeian slave zine-editor's custom to print the more amusing and interesting parts of his mail in his zine, in order to amuse and divert his listeners. When he has time, that is. When his mistress isn't yelling for him to do the washing up, or clean the vomitorium, or send out for a brace of ostrich's eggs because R. Appius Cynanius is coming to dinner and he's such a gourmet that you just can't feed him on anything not in Apicius... all right, all right, I'm getting on with it.

Pamela Boal I've been out of touch with serious gaming for so long that
Wantage to be honest, much of your zine is incomprehensible to me. We
did used to play Diplomacy regularly with a group of men
living in Oxford. We found in the group that the Dean of Oxford's two sons
(who also played postal games) were the most devious, and would not accept
that it was possible to cheat in Diplomacy. Each member of the group took
it in turns to host the session. On one occasion, when it was our turn to
play host, I happened to be very unwell, though that was of no matter as
for once every member was able to make the game and we had a spare body: I
stayed downstairs to greet the gang, intending to go to bed once the game
got under way. I didn't dare go! Our games had always (so I thought) been
hard fought, no quarter given, but it seems I was mistaken. Whilst I (the
only female in the room) was playing, some restraint had been exercised.
The fact that I stayed in the room was (I'm certain) the only reason two at
least of the players didn't come to blows; not the younger hot-heads of the
group but John the retired professor who was (alas, he died a couple of
years back) almost certainly the most courteous and gentle man I have ever
met, and Geoff, the managing director of a very large and prestigious
company, who was normally almost stuffy in his propriety and
self-controlled behaviour. Members of the group moved away from the area
and we couldn't find suitable replacements, maybe just as well, for I'm not
at all sure I have the energy today for such an intense game.

[[No real way to follow that, is there? Except to say that I bet
those men wouldn't have been able to vanquish Ammonia if she'd been
there. She is just so good at Diplomacy! You might say Ammonia
finds it a gas... please yourselves...]]

[[Now, forgive me if Haz steps out from behing Lurcio's mask for a
page or two, because we have some more serious matters on the
agenda to be discussed, for which a comic slave is hardly the best
mouthpiece. As Aristophanes used to say, this is the author
speaking.]]

Joy Hibbert As the initial grief over Freddie Mercury's death fades, I
Stafford am left with anger at people who think it's ok to play with
suigenocide. As an amazingly popular, fairly sensible,
bisexual man, Mercury's death could have been turned to good account to
remind people to play safe; unfortunately a lot of idiots have wrecked this
by preferring to play stereotypes. Most of these are tabloid journalists
and other fools; unfortunately, a few of them are resident in the hobby.
Richard Walkerdine, take a bow. His Elegy implied that AIDS only affects
people in certain lifestyles. Well, I suppose it does. People who are so
irresponsible as to have had unprotected sex (of any kind) at any time
since 1970; blood transfusions between 1970 and 1985 (in Europe) or any
time after 1970 (elsewhere); used unclean needles (medical or recreational)
since 1970; had dental care; or been the offspring of any of the above;
have only themselves to blame: if they're not infected, that's sheer good
luck, nothing else. Unfortunately, that list covers nearly everyone. The
lucky ones will only stay lucky if they start playing safe, and the tabloid
journalists and Walkerdines of this world seem to want them all to die.

Personally, the increasing chance that I will be the last human being alive^o terrifies me - pity they don't feel the same way.

[[Well, yes. I hate tabloid newspapers, especially the Star, with a deep and heartfelt loathing equalled only by my disgust for paedophiles, Nazis and broad beans. But I do think to equate Walkerdine with their idiocies is rather excessive. His elegy to Mercury in **Electric Monk** commits two sins; bad poetry, about which we can do nothing, and the statement that Mercury was a 'silly boy' -- given that a majority of those now dying from AIDS were infected before there was any scare or widespread knowledge of precautions, safe sex etc., it's unreasonable to assume that even a sexually active gay/bi man in Mercury's situation brought it on himself. However, since the media has almost universally ignored this, you can't expect people not to have swallowed false and incomplete information. Say what you will, RJW isn't suicidal -- if the human race were wiped out, he wouldn't have a hobby to dominate any more.

Then again, I may be thinking Walkerdine harmless and well-meaning because you also get letters like this:]]

Dave Tant Re that bugger Mercury (and I use the phrase advisedly) I
Bexleyheath won't say what I feel about his intended canonisation as I'm
 in a good mood at the moment. However, I should hold back
on the praise for "admitting the cause of his illness before his death". I
have it on good authority that his body was in a mortuary for several days
before his admission and death were announced!

I would advise you not to print this, the libel laws being what
they are, but it will come out one day, I'm sure.

[[Where do I start on this one? Okay, to kick off, what's an intended canonisation when it's at home? Are you trying to suggest that Mercury's sole motivation was to make his memory even stronger than his living reputation? Not a lot of point, I'd've thought, even granting that such a thing were possible -- any dead rock star gets instantly sanctified (Lennon, Presley, Brian Jones, Ian Curtis etc etc etc). and to even consider that any sane human being would deliberately contract AIDS rather than preferring any quicker, easier and less painful mode of suicide is ludicrous.

I've printed your letter precisely because the libel laws are what they are -- unless I've got it totally cockeyed, you can't libel the dead, and since you name nobody else in your alleged coverup, there's no grounds for libel there. So assuming that these rumours are correct, what does that imply? That not only Mercury but an unspecified number of his friends, relatives or whatever, also thought it best that his admission should come before his death. Because, Dave, it's a fact -- not a rumour, however well-founded -- that many closeted gay people who enjoyed a modicum of fame beyond what they deserved contracted AIDS, died of it, and never said a dicky-bird, the cause of their death becoming apparent only when the doctor completed their death certificate (Liberace being a prime example). And how many people slipped a few hundred quids/dollars to the doctor so that even their memory would be unsullied by that nasty little set of initials? In comparison to these, Mercury shines. As Joy says, this occasion would have been a fine opportunity for people, especially young people -- who would admire and look up to Freddie -- to be told in no uncertain terms that AIDS does kill you, that it is all too easy to put yourself at risk of catching it, and that being famous is no vaccine. What happens instead? The media tell us that Freddie brought it on himself, that normal people like you and you have no need to worry as he obviously caught it off a man and homosexuals all deserve to be dead anyway, and that you can all go back to sleep and dream again. Faugh. Do these people want the entire human race to die? Or

do we just have to wait for the first tabloid journalist to become HIV+ before we see sense being talked to the people who most need correct information?

Think upon this, Dave. You may not indulge in risky activity yourself. But if today's young people continue to be fed conflicting information by the media, and as a result a large percentage of us die off, who will run the service industries, NHS and so forth when you're old and require them?

You may call this scaremongering, but so help me, it looks like scaremongering is the only way to get people to use their brains. After all, isn't AIDS something to be scared about?

A welcome change of subject... well, sort of:]]

John Miller I note the use of the word 'raped' in Sam Wagar's poem and Stoke on Trent would point out that this ignores Mary's (reported) agreement to the conception of Jesus, "Behold the hand-maiden of the Lord: be it done unto me according to thy word." I suppose it's debatable what would have happened had she said instead "Get lost, Gabriel" -- indeed, **could** she? And so into the realms of foreknowledge vs. predestination....

[[Okay, she agreed (or so we're told), but ask yourself what she'd have said had Gabriel informed her just what bringing into the world the son of God would involve, up to and including seeing the poor sod crucified. Mary didn't have one of those escape clauses as we do today when you decide that villa in Spain a high-pressure salesman's just talked you into buying isn't such a good idea after all. It's extremely arguable that Mary was the dupe of God, and this being so... well, I suppose it's no worse than many of the other nasty things the Bible tells us about the man, sorry, the deity. Put simply, I don't care to have much to do with someone who'd do some of the things God did, even assuming he exists (and at the moment I suppose I do, given that I'm capitalizing Him.]]

More news on a gloomy note; it's my sad duty to report that Anne Nock, editor of the zine **Rianna Games Review**, died in France on December 23rd following a car accident. In common, it seems, with many other editors I never met Anne or had much interaction with her, but she ran a zine which carried enormous amounts of Railway Rivals games to the satisfaction of a decent number of people, and she will doubtless be remembered for that.

Time to lighten up. You all know that form of verse called the Clerihew? ('Sir Humphrey Davy/Abominated gravy/He lived in the odium/Of having discovered sodium)? Well, it struck me that the hobby would make an excellent source for the composition of such verses; here are a few to begin; do feel free to compose your own and send 'em in for publication;

Steve Howe
Should stand up and take a bow.
His lack of typing clarity
Makes us fall about in hilarity.

Andy Key*
Is a better editor than me.
Such is the opinion, on the whole,
Of the voters in the Zine Poll.
* And Madi, of course, who won't scan.

Dave Rowley
Lives a lifestyle far from holy.
His chances of becoming a priest
I would not rate in the least.

Robin ap Cynan
Always sleeps on clean linen.
The sight of a dirty sheet
Makes him come over all effete.

Iain Bowen
Runs a zine, but it's a slow 'un.
However, this zine, **Y Ddraig Goch**,
Is one of which you would be ill-advised to make mock.

oimoi, peplegmai (the games section)

FIRST, A GENERAL NOTE: Scarcely a game didn't have a set or two of late orders this time. Well, you know the risk you run, and if next time, or any time, I have to do a quick turnaround.... well, vae tardis, as they say in Pompeii. My apologies to the reliable players whose enjoyment may be diminished; no apologies to the old unfaithful and habitual latecomers.

SILVER (Really Lazy Bastard Dip)

Zzzzzz

The list for this is full, but I can't be bothered to draw the countries. Maybe next time. And maybe not.

QUINCY (Time Lords Diplomacy II)

Hang on a mo

A double deadline has been requested, which I grant with some reluctance since I can't stand the things personally and discourage them. All players have orders on file, which may be changed up to the next d/l.

STEVE DOUBLEDAY is temporarily to be contacted at: c/o Mr P Hunter, Training Dept, Head Office, Bradford & Bingley B.Soc., Main St, Bingley, W Yorkshire BD16 2LW (an address to rival Ed Morgan's in length).

LARTER (Asteroid Dogfight)

Not yet Turn 5

A holdover seems necessary for a number of reasons. Prize bloomer, number umpteen (I informed the players of this one); I sent the asteroids the wrong way at the end of last turn, which made my sneers at Major Smith's sense of direction most inopportune. They really did go NW, not NE. Prize bloomer number umpteen plus one, which I've only just spotted: Marc ends at K5-J4, and as his orders as sent make him crash into several asteroids, I assume he would like to have chance to change them. This also gives Simon Cutforth the chance to send some in -- why does this fascinating game keep slipping your mind, Simon? Nicholas, you were shot at 2 hexes range, hence 7 points of damage. You aren't firing bloody Bren guns now, you know. Not an error, for a change.

ANDERSON (Sopwith T172UB)

Turn 6

Pilot	Starts	Moves	Ends	A :D :P
Major Mirkin {James Thorp} (NMR!)	P19-E	A, crash bang wallop	off board	-05
Lt. Janno Vorg John Webley	N17-018	LT,LT f-A&L,RS f-L	M19-L19	04:12:11
Daffy Dodo David Oya	L16-K16	RT,RT,RT f-R	N18-018	11:08:04
The Major ACE! Dave Lomas	L7-L8	LT,A,LT	I6-H5	05:07:23

Clouds go SE yet again! (G3,G4,H3,H4,I3): (J10,J11,J12): (K5,K6,L4,L5): (L9,M8,M9): (O6,P7): (S10).

Note that Dave L has been declared an Ace, and from next turn will be even more dangerous to be around than has been the case hitherto. Though James T flies off the board, his one remaining d.p. divided between three comes to, er well, not a lot....

Press:

The Major: I got 'em Fawltly! I got 'em!

HERSHEY (Diplomacy 91DG)

Autumn 1902

AUSTRIA: Edmund Morgan, Pavillon C Ch.412, Residence Universitaire Galois, Cite Scientifique, 59650 Villeneuve d'Ascq, FRANCE
A(Ukr)-War, A(Bud) S A(Vie), A(Vie) H, F(Ven)* H.

ENGLAND: Dave Newnham, 80 Prince Edward's Road, Lewes, E Sussex BN7 1BH
 A(Wal)-Lpl, F(ENG) H, F(NTH) S F(ENG), F(Nwy) S German F(BAL)-Swe.

FRANCE: Mark Stretch, 2 Over Mill Drive, Selly Park, Birmingham B29 7JL
 F(MAO)-NAO, A(Pic)-Bel, A(Gas)-Bre, F(Bre)-MAO, A(Par)-Bre.

GERMANY: Simon Cutforth, 28 Weavers Croft, Pudsey, Leeds, W Yorks LS28 9LF
A(Hol)-Bel, F(Den) S F(BAL)-Swe, F(BAL)-Swe, A(Sil) S A(Mun),
 A(Mun) S A(Sil).

ITALY: Dave Hicks, Top Flat, 8 Dyfrig St, Pontcanna, Cardiff CF1 9LR
 F(ION)-Alb, A(Rom)-Ven, A(Tyr) S A(Rom)-Ven, A(Boh) S A(Tyr).

RUSSIA: Paul Bennett, 103 Deleval Close, Newton Aycliffe, Co Durham DL5 4QP
 F(GOB) S A(Fin)-Swe, A(Fin)-Swe, A(War)-Mos, F(Sev)* H.

TURKEY: Chris Sutton, 62 Ashbrook Road, Stirchley, Birmingham B30 2XB
 A(Gre)-Ser, F(AEG)-Gre, F(BLA) S A(Arm)-Sev, A(Rum) S A(Arm)-Sev,
 A(Arm)-Sev.

Nasties Austrian F(Ven) and Russian F(Sev) die nro!

Builds and anti-builds:

AUSTRIA: Bud Vie Tri	-Rum	= 3	n/c
ENGLAND: Lon Lpl Edi Nwy		= 4	n/c
FRANCE: Par Mar Bre Spa Por		= 5	n/c
GERMANY: Ber Mun Kie Den Hol		= 5	n/c
ITALY: Rom Nap Ven Tun		= 4	n/c
RUSSIA: Mos War StP	-Sev	= 3	n/c
TURKEY: Ank Con Smy Bul Gre	+Ser +Rum +Sev	= 8	Builds F(Smy), A(Con)
Neutral: Bel Swe		= <u>2</u>	-- 1 sht, nfbo!
		34	

Press:-

London (govt) - Those Concerned: If I write to you suggesting joint action and discussing my proposed moves, and you don't reply, then I assume that you disagree and will try to use my suggestions against me! So don't expect me to stick by the moves I have suggested.

Anon - All: Oh, I get it! You're supposed to write to the other players!

Turkey - Austria: "Cooking" with the Germans. What do you mean by that exactly?

Turkey - Italy: Vienna and Trieste are yours. Will actively help you get them in 1903. Forget your lame duck ally....

KELSO (Intimate 1a Dip)

Winter 1901

Still no takers for Gaul! (No wonder, say I. Bloody uncivilised place...)

	B I D S (ECU)					
	Eng	Fra	Ger	Ita	Tur	Balance
Austria (Mark Stretch):	0	0	8	1	8	1
Russia (Eddy Richards):	1	0	1	6	7	0

So both players mortgage themselves to the hilt (and in Eddy's case, almost beyond); when the dust clears, Mark controls Germany and Turkey for 1902, Eddy England and Italy.

OMAR (Intimate 1a Dip)

Autumn 1901

AUSTRIA (Tom Tweedy): A(Tyr)*-Mun, F(Alb)-Gre, A(Rum)-Con.
 ENGLAND (Austrian): F(NTH) C A(Yor)-Den, A(Yor)-Den, F(NWG)-Nwy.
 FRANCE (German): F(ENG)-Bel, A(Gas)-Bre, A(Pie) S German A(Mun)-Tyr
 GERMANY (Peter Dunnett): F(Hol)-Bel, A(Bur)-Mar, A(Mun)-Tyr.
 ITALY (Neutral): A(Ven), A(Rom), F(Nap) all H u/o.
 RUSSIA (Neutral): A(War), A(Mos), F(Sev), F(StP/sc) all H u/o.
 TURKEY (Austrian): F(BLA) C Austrian A(Rum)-Con, A(Smy) H, A(Syr) H.

Retreats Austrian A(Tyr)-Boh
State Of Play

AUSTRIA:	Vie Tri Bud	+Con +Gre = 5	Builds A(Tri), A(Vie)
ENGLAND:	Lon Lpl Edi	+Den +Nwy = 5	Builds F(Lon), F(Edi)
FRANCE:	Par Bre	-Mar = 2	Disbands A(Bre)
GERMANY:	Mun Ber Kie	+Mar +Hol = 5	Builds A(Mun), A(Kie)
ITALY:	Rom Nap Ven	= 3	n/c
RUSSIA:	Mos StP Sev War	= 4	n/c
TURKEY:	Ank Smy	-Con = 2	Disbands F(BLA)

Others still neutral.

Winter 1901

	B I D S (ECU)					Balance
	Eng	Fra	Ita	Rus	Tur	
Austria (Tom Tweedy):	1	2	6	7	2	9
Germany (Peter Dunnett):	6	3	8	1	1	2

And with Austria's puppeteering hand running Russia and Turkey, and Germany as the power behind the thrones of all western Europe, the battle hots up!

Press:

Tom - Peter: It's these bids that'll be the telling point and will separate the men from the boys. (Now where did I put my short pants?)

NOXIN (Intimate 1a Dip)

Winter 1901

	B I D S (ECU)					Balance
	Aus	Fra	Ger	Rus	Tur	
ENGLAND (Mick Haytack):	3	2	5	5	3	5
ITALY (Nicholas Parish):	1	1	1	5	0	6

Well, what can I say... England runs Austria, France, Germany and Turkey in 1902, whilst Italy runs Italy. Well, it makes writing your orders easier, Nicholas.

INTIMATE GAMES: These are now running semi-externally, i.e. I adjudicate once I have both sets of orders, print a player-only report, and reprint in **U-Bend** as many turns as have passed since last issue. So try and get your orders in fast!

Mica/GLOSTER (Sopwith T163MA)

Turn 12

First in last time's long string of errors: Mr Spock ended at K8 facing L9.

Pilot	Starts	Moves	Ends	A :D :P
Mr Spock ACE! Rob Cullender	K8-L9	A,LT,A f-A&L	L11-L12	03:05:21
'Ginger' Rogers John Miller	J13-I12	A,A,LT	H10-H9	06:04:26

Clouds go E to (D6,E7,F7):(D13,E13,F14,G14):(I15,I16,J16,K16):(J7,K7,K8):
 (N9,O9):(N16,O15,O16,P15,P16).

SWITZERLAND? SARDINIAS? SICILIES? WHO THEY?

FINAL PRONOUNCEMENT: Adriatic Seas are identified as per the Ven/Apu to their left, in accordance with the new improved maps. Speaking of which, I drew Toby's army in Apu B last time, instead of Apu A, on at least one map (Toby's), and David's F(ADR C) in TYS C on at least one map (David's). This is why I'm stopping printing maps in the zine -- it's less embarrassing when the inevitable mistakes occur.

ITALY A: James Nelson, 112 Huntley Avenue, Spondon, Derby DE2 7DU [home]
 A(Rom A)-Ven A, F(Tun A)-TYS A, F(TYS A)-Nap A.

ITALY B: Toby Harris, 6 Durham Tce, Silksworth, Sunderland SR3 1BW
A(Pie A)-Ven A, A(Apu A)-Nap A, F(ION B)-ADR B, F(Nap B)-ION C,
 F(Tun B) S F(Nap B)-ION B.

ITALY C: David Tittle, 5 Penrhyn Cres, Runcorn, Cheshire WA7 4XJ
 F(Tun C) S F(Tus C)-TYS C, F(ADR C)-Ven D, A(Pie C) S F(ADR C)-Ven
 ...D, F(Tus C)-TYS C.

ITALY D: Paul Bennett, 103 Deleval Cl, Newton Aycliffe, Co Durham DL5 4QP
 A(Ven D)* S A(Swi), F(ION D)-Tun D, F(TYS D) S F(ION D)-Tun D
 {nsu}, F(Tun D) H u/o.

ITALY E: Simon Cutforth, 19 Weavers Croft, Pudsey, Leeds, W Yorks LS28 9LF
 A(Pie E) S Italian-A A(Rom A)-Ven A, F(ION E) S F(ADR E)-TYS D,
 F(ADR E)-TYS D, F(Tun E)-TYS E.

Aargh...gurgle: Italian-D A(Ven D) dies nro.

Italy A:	Rom A	Nap A	Tun A		+Ven A = 4	Builds A(Rom A)
Italy B:	Rom B	Nap B	Ven B	Tun B	-Ven A = 4	Disbands F(Tun B)
Italy C:	Rom C	Nap C	Ven C	Tun C	+Ven D = 5	Builds F(Rom C)
Italy D:	Rom D	Nap D		+Tun D	-Ven D = 3	Builds F(Rom D)
Italy E:	Rom E	Nap E	Ven E	Tun E	= 4	n/c
Neutral:	Swi				= <u>1</u>	
					21	

BARRETT (RR YO)

Round 4.5

I accidentally omitted IYI's 4c build, (H20)-G21. Ignoscete me. (Guess what that's Latin for).

James Thorp has written to resign from his **U-Bend** games, pleading overwork at Poly. I very much fear that that means it's auction time. For next issue, can I have your bids on the following chunks of track:

LOT 1: Castleford-F12.

LOT 2: Castleford-Selby-Market Weighton & N32.

LOT 3: Castleford-Wakefield, Leeds and points north thereof.

You may bid as you please, but if you go into debt the interest charges are a swingeing 10% per round. Orders for round 5 proper are on file from all active players, but will quite likely need to be changed after the bidding.

SNAPPY REJOINDER SPOT

we annoy the editors other spacefillers don't reach

Winter sports? I'd rather be shagged by Freddie Mercury. --Kevin Warne
(Take That You Fiend)

Me too, if he was alive and if there was a condom handy. --Haz

DREDD (Diplomacy 91DC)

Autumn 1903

I don't believe it. Nobody complained of any errors last time. Must be a trap. (Vick, F(Con) didn't have any retreat orders, honest...)

AUSTRIA: Allan Gordon, 3 Forest Avenue, Chingford E4 6AR
F(Alb)-Gre, A(Ser) S A(Gre)-Bul, A(Bud) S A(Tri), A(Gre)-Bul,
A(Tri)_S_Italian_F(ADR)-Ven {nso}, A(Vie) S A(Tri).

ENGLAND: Adam Sharr, 54 Kingsdown Road, Cheam, Surrey SM3 8NY
F(GOB) S A(Swe), A(Swe) S F(NTH)-Nwy, F(NTH)-Nwy, A(Lpl) spits at
the invading French scum.

FRANCE: Peter Dunnett, 328 Old Road, Clacton on Sea, Essex CO15 3NU
A(Spa) H, A(Bur)-Mun, A(Mun)-Ber, A(Ruh)-Hol, F(Bel) S A(Ruh)-Hol,
F(ENG) S F(Wal)-Lon, F(Wal)-Lon.

GERMANY: Peter Ritchie, 241 Days Lane, Sidcup, Kent DA15 8JX
A(Den)-Kie, F(Hol)-Ruh* {not maritime}.

ITALY: Toby Harris, 6 Durham Tce, Silksworth, Sunderland SR3 1BW
A(Ven) H, F(ADR)-ION, F(ION)-AEG.

RUSSIA: Vick Hall, 49 Vartry Road, Stamford Hill, London N15
F(SKA)-Swe, A(Fin)-Nwy, F(StP/nc) S A(Fin)-Nwy, A(Ukr) S A(Rum),
A(Rum) S Austrian A(Gre)-Bul, A(Syr)-Smy, A(Ank)_S_A(Syr)-Smy
{nsu}, A(Arm) H u/o.

TURKEY: Peter Charles, 16 Bosbury Road, Catford, London SE6 2SJ
A(Con) S F(Smy), F(Smy) S A(Con).

Retreats: German F(Hol)-HEL

Adjustments:-

AUSTRIA:	Vie Tri Bud Ser Gre Bul	= 6	n/c
ENGLAND:	Lpl Edi Den	-Lon +Swe = 4	n/c
FRANCE:	Par Mar Bre Spa Bel Por Mun	+Ber +Hol = 9	Builds F(Mar), F(Bre)
GERMANY:	Kie	-Ber -Hol = 1	GM disbands F(HEL)
ITALY:	Rom Nap Ven Tun	= 4	Builds A(Nap)
RUSSIA:	StP Mos Sev War Rum Nwy	-Con -Swe = 7	Disbands A(Ukr), A(Syr)
TURKEY:	Ank Smy	+Con = 3	1 short, nbo!

We have a **GAME END PROPOSAL:** a 4-way draw, F/A/R/I. Votes with your next orders please. Abstentions count against to begin with.

Lurcio: What a comedy of errors! Germany halves his holding by voluntarily vacating a supply centre captured in Spring; Russia misorders and fails to splatter Turkey, and Turkey returns the favour by being so surprised at making a gain that he forgot to order a build. And now, of course, it's the

Press:-

France - England: Not a postman but we do run a sub post office. Still, not all my letters get through do they. Sorry Toby.

The English Foreign Secretary: It was the most difficult Parliamentary speech he'd had to write. As the French forces amassed on the opposite side of the Channel, it was time to evacuate London. Government had already begun to move to Edinburgh, which was especially difficult for the secretary of state for Scotland, since he'd never been there before. He did not, however, believe that the French would stay long -- after all, they'd never ACTUALLY had to live in London before.

England - Italy: Can I take that supply centre in part exchange for, perhaps, Marseilles?

France - Germany: Sorry, Peter, but it's too good a chance to miss.

Turkey - World: Why, whenever I play Turkey, do things always go wrong

around Christmas? Is there something about Turkeys and Christmas I should be told?

England - All: I confess, it was I who tried to kill off the Gingerbread Man, ha, ha, ha (evil grin)....

The Gingerbread Man: He skipped merrily on down the lane until he came upon a sad old bear, snuffling by the wayside. "Hello, Sad Old Bear," said the kindly Ginge. "What's up?" The bear groaned. "I'm a ruined bruin," he sobbed, "'cos I can't remember where I put things... or don't, if you see what I mean." "Never mind," said Ginge, "I'll help you look. I say, Sad Old Bear -- would you like to be my friend?" "Oo, yes please!" cried the bear... trying desperately to conceal the rumblings of his empty stomach.

FARADAY (Atlantic Airlines)

Turn 3

James Thorp has resigned. Thus HIGH's 747 in Chicago is now up for auction. With your next orders send bids for it and conditional orders for what to do with it if you get it -- this should avoid a holdover. I think six players is a bit crowded for this game, anyway, now I've tried it.

Company/Base	Aircraft/	Start	/	Via	/	End
CLAY P/London	747 /	C43	/	Havana, Montreal	/	J49
	DC10 /	H48	/	New Yk, Pittsb'g	/	G58
	TriStar/	London	/	Frankfurt	/	L57
Steve Guest		-324-50-44	-40-20-200+62+168-98	[interest]	=	-538
AIR CRASH/Paris	DC10 /	L14	/	Montreal, New York	/	H50
	747 /	B56	/	Havana	/	H4
	TriStar/	Paris	/	Algiers	/	D60
David Oya		-454-44-50	-40-20-200+175+234-80	[interest]	=	-479
JWA/Pittsburgh	767 /	E34	/		/	Kano
	707 /	Pittsburgh	/		/	Bogota
John Webley			8-36-24-20-140-43	[interest]	=	-255
HYMEN/Atlanta	TriStar /	Kano	/	Algiers	/	K73
	DC10 /	C66	/	Algiers	/	Berlin
	767 /	Atlanta	/	Bogota	/	G4
Dave Lomas			-60-40-44-36-20-180-56	[interest]	=	-456
LAKER/New York	DC8 /	Atlanta	/		/	D66
	747 /	D59	/	Algiers, Rome	/	H74
	707 /	New York	/	Port o'Spain	/	K8
David Tittle			-102-28-50-24-20-140+270+58-8	[interest]	=	-44

Planes on order and paid for next turn: 707 for CLAY PIGEON
 Airbus A300 for AIR CRASH
 Airbus A300 for LAKER

Passenger loads landed this turn:

Madrid	Havana	CLAY PIGEON/747	2	/	31	/	62
London	New York	CLAY PIGEON/DC10	7	/	24	/	168
Accra	Montreal	AIR CRASH/DC10	5	/	35	/	175
Las Palmas	Havana	AIR CRASH/747	9	/	26	/	234
Algiers	Berlin	HYMEN/DC10	10	/	9	/	99} p/l
New York	Algiers	LAKER/747	10	/	27	/	270
Pittsburgh	Algiers	LAKER/747	2	/	29	/	58

Passenger loads currently in flight:

Atlanta	Paris	LAKER/DC8	5	/	30	/	150
Paris	Belem	AIR CRASH/747	2	/	29	/	58
Kano	London	HYMEN/TriStar	8	/	21	/	168
Montreal	Madrid	CLAY PIGEON/747	12	/	22	/	264
Pittsburgh	Paris	CLAY PIGEON/DC10	10	/	27	/	270
Frankfurt	Pittsburgh	CLAY PIG/TriStar	6	/	30	/	180

More passenger loads currently in flight:

New York	Accra	AIR CRASH/DC10	4	/	35	/	140
Algiers	Atlanta	AIR CRASH/TriStar	8	/	29	/	232
Bogota	Paris	JWA/707	3	/	37	/	111
Algiers	Berlin	HYMEN/TriStar	1	/	9	/	99} p/l
Bogota	Pittsburgh	HYMEN/767	3	/	18	/	54
Rome	Berlin	LAKER/747	12	/	5	/	60
Port O'Spain	Washington	LAKER/707	2	/	13	/	26

Passenger loads currently available:

OLD:

From	To	Load	Size	Distance	Value
Berlin	Amsterdam	11	/	3	/ 33

NEW:

Frankfurt	Atlanta	2	/	33	/ 66
Toronto	Milan	4	/	27	/ 108
Washington	London	6	/	26	/ 156
Dakar	Miami	8	/	27	/ 216
Rome	Dakar	10	/	14	/ 140
Caracas	Chicago	12	/	17	/ 204

Press:

- Lurcio - Clay Pigeon:** In the 2nd edition rules you can only have one plane of each type, barring those acquired at auction.
- Lurcio - JWA:** You can't split a load unless you start all of it moving in the same turn, so you can't put half the Rome-Berlin run on the 767.
- Lurcio - HYMEN:** By the same token, you can't have only half of Berlin - Amsterdam.
- Lurcio - LAKER:** Your 766 can only get as far as H74.
- Lurcio - AIR CRASH:** Er, no points of order? Fine, fine. Now, for he who asked, a reminder of...

ATLANTIC AIRLINES: CONCORDE RULES

Please note that Concorde is now available. As per other aircraft, only 3 are available. It costs 300, carries a load of 3, run costs are 50 per round, and has a range of 26. Moving supersonically is at 1 movement cost per 3(or part of) hexes moved. Movement is still restricted to 25, but supersonic flight can, in practical terms, extend this. Supersonic flight is permitted from a land hex to a sea hex, or from sea hex to sea hex, only. Sea to land and land to land movement is at normal movement cost. Range is actual hexes moved, NOT reduced by the 1/3 movement cost. E.g. Accra to Tunis direct takes 2+14+2=18; supersonically round African coast is 2+(26/3)+1+2=14.

Land areas are as per Atlantic Shipper: A1-A15, B1-B12, C2-C12, D2-D10, E2-E9, F1, F3-F8, K6, L3, L4, M2, M3, A43, B43, C41-C43, D41-D44, E41-E46, F41-F46, G41-G46, H41-H48, I41-I49, I51, J41-J51, K41-K48, K50, L41-L48, M41-M53, N68, N72-end, M68, M69, M71-end, L70-end, K69-end, J69-end, I70, I71, I74, I75, H68-H70, H74, G68-G70, G75, F68, F69, D69-end, C69-end, B68-end, A68-end, N27-end, M27-end, L26-end, K27-end, J27-end, I27-end, H27-end, G28-end, F28-end, E29-end, and D29-end.

ENGLISH (RR Ohio)

Round 2 at last!

- CCI (Dave Lomas, purple): 2a) (Chillicothe)-K9: 2b) (K9)-Hamilton: 2c) (F15)-Portsmouth-E16. 26+6+6+1F=39
- FRIENDLY FASCISM (Denis Jones, black): 2a) (S14)-S10-Springfield: 2b) (Springfield)-P8-P6-Dayton-M5: 2c) (M5)-K4. 32+6+6-1C=37
- OSCAR (Iain Bowen, pink): 2a) (Cleveland)-C61: 2b) (D68)-Alliance; (D68)-D70-East Liverpool: 2c) (E69)-Warren. 29+6+2A=37

U-Bend VIII...Codex XVII

ORNATE (Peter Charles, blue): 2a) (S26)-R26-R27-S28-S30-Martins Ferry: 2b)
 (R26)-P25-O26-N25-Marietta; (S22)-Zanesville: 2c) (Columbus)-
 R11. 26+6+6=38

IDLE (Peter Ritchie, red): 2a) (D55)-Findlay; (D51)-C51: 2b)
 (C51)-A50-Lima; (A50)-Z9: 2c) (Z9)-X8. 32+6+6=44

ANNE'S CLIQUE (Nicholas Parish, green): 2a) (Y31)-X31-Steubenville-V31-
 Martins Ferry; (C67)-Canton; 2b) (Y31)-East Liverpool; (Cleveland)-
 H63-H61-G61: 2c) (G61)-E60. 29+6+6+6+6-20s=51

Nicholas's score includes a 5 point refund docked before the takeover. The former A4 Transports is now called Amazingly Nastily Noxious Engines, Steaming, Chugging Lazily, Imitting Queasily Unlovely Emissions. Well, as a well-educated Roman, I consider that a case of hedging your bets -- spelling the same derivation (**e-mittere**, to send out) two different ways within four words....

Peter C's 2c) orders aren't as written; it isn't too clearly worded, but to cross the Ohio costs 3 points as with any other river -- the bridges aren't ready-built for you, y'know! Dave didn't resubmit orders, but I'm damned if I'm either going to fine him or hold this game up any more, so I got some neutrally written.. Hopefully it'll run smoothly now, with none of the wrong kind of snow or anything.

One aid to smooth running is my remembering the rolls: **6-3-6**.

GRIFFIN (Sopwith T174UB)

Turn 5

Pilot	Starts	Moves	Ends	A :D :P
Baron von Boggles Mark Giles (NMR!)	A5-A4	A, A, A	A2-A1	16:06:02
'Blue with White Stripes' Baron Peter Ritchie	Q16-Q15	RS, A, RS f-A	O13-O12	15:10:02
Roger Ramjet John Todd	G10-F9	A f-A, LS f-A, LT	E7-D6	13:09:02
Captain Condor ACE! Dave Rowley	M8-O9	RT f-R, RS, A	O7-P7	08:05:24
Machine Gun Joe ACE! Stuart Tweedy (NMR!)	O8-N7	A, ceases to be, is an ex-ace	-01	

Clouds go E to: (G8,G9,H9):(G11,H11,I12,J12):(I16,J16,K16):(L11,L12,M11,
 M12,N11):(Q16,R17,S17):(R14,R15,S15).

Lurcio: So John Todd comes back to us from the grave, but in return we lose Mark Giles and Stuart Tweedy, permanently in the latter case. Do let's try for a full set next time... and stay out of those clouds!

Press:

Roger Ramjet - Lurcio: Sorry, I thought we were playing Really Lazy Bastard Sopwith.

McGRUDER (Deluge Dip)

Spring 1902

AUSTRIA: Paul Norris, Top Flat, 53 Ashley Hill, Montpelier, Bristol BS7 9BE
 A(Ser) S F(Gre), F(Tri)-Tyr, A(Bud)-Vie, F(Gre) H.

ENGLAND: Tony Sait, 15 Alphington Green, Frimley, Surrey GU16 5LQ
 F(ENG)-MAO, F(LON)-ENG, F(Edi)-NTH, F(Nwy) S F(Edi)-NTH, A(Bre) H.

FRANCE: David Tittle, 5 Penrhyn Crescent, Runcorn, Cheshire WA7 4XJ
 A(Por)=F(Por), A(Spa)=F(Spa/nc), F(BEL)-Pic, A(Par)-Bre, F(Mar/sc) H.

U-Bend VIII...Codex XVIII

GERMANY: Nicholas Parish, Monkmoor, 10 Beechwood Ave, Weybridge KT13 9TE
 F(BAL) S F(Den)-Swe, F(Den)-Swe, A(Mun) S A(Ber)-Sil, A(Ber)-Sil.

ITALY: Allan Gordon, 3 Forest Avenue, Chingford E4 6AR
 F(VEN)-Tri, F(AEG) S F(Nap)-ION, F(Nap)-ION, A(Smy) H.

RUSSIA: Dave Hicks, Top Flat, 8 Dyfrig Street, Pontcanna, Cardiff CF1 9LR
F(Rum)-Sev, F(GOB)-Swe, F(StP/sc)-LVN, A(Sil)-War, A(Fin) S
 F(GOB)-Swe.

TURKEY: Peter Ritchie, 241 Days Lane, Sidcup, Kent DA15 8JX
 A(Bul) H, F(BLA) S A(Arm)-Sev, A(Arm)-Sev.

Press:

Brown B'stard - Green Slime: I can mess up my builds without any help, ta very much.

Green Slime: He slurped nearer to the Dubrovnik shore-line for a recce. There, in a dry dock, little brown men in lederhosen were frantically equipping what looked suspiciously like a slime-sweeper. "Can't have that!" he chuckled, and prepared to ooze a few thousand tons more of his filth towards the Adriatic coast.

England - Germany: Thanks for the letter. Rest assured, I have no designs against you -- just other plans at present prevent me assisting this season. Next -- well there's a thought....

All - Adam Sharr: Don't be so silly, Adam. You are far too communicative to be standby for a game like this. Why, this is Gunboat Deluge!

Jim Ladd: "Here, boy! have a sip of this, er, blackcurrant juice, it'll help take the cold breeze from you." "Thank you, Mr Pasha," replied a wide-eyed innocent Jim. "It is a bit parky for this time of year." He promptly swallowed the drink, looked Hicks-pasha straight in the chin, and fell flat on his face. Well, if he had not had a nose, it would have been flat, but with his redoubtable schnoz, it was a few degrees off straight. More ...fell 17.5 degrees on his face. But that doesn't scan so well. Mind you, as the deck wasn't flat either, it could have been anything from 11 to 23 degrees. Allowing for the breeze getting up, and the tide turning, it could have been any number of degrees, but as Jim was semi-conscious he didn't give a monkey's anyway.

Hours later, Jim struggled to a sitting position. "What was in that drink? And why is the... SHIP... swaying? Why am I on a ship? What are the answers to the **Dolchstoss** Christmas quiz?"

IZZARD (RR PN Dynamite)

Round 4

H.A.N.D's track was actually dynamited at D77-D76, not D47-D46. It is a truth not yet universally acknowledged that running RR makes you go blind.

TBNS (John Colledge, blue): 4a) (T16)-T13: 4b) (T13)-T11: 4c) (T11)-The Dalles-T8-U8. 37+6+1W+1H-4=41

MICA (Joy Hibbert, purple): 4a) (Z30)-Great Falls-C81: 4b) (C81)-D80-D79: 4c) (D79)-Shelby-F79-H78; (Billings)-T35. 19-4=15

WARPATH (David Tittle, black): 4a) (L21)-M21-Boise-M19: 4b) (M19)-O18: 4c) (O18)-U15. 50+6-1T-4=51

HAVE A NICE DAY (Steve Guest, orange): 4a) (X38)-V39; (A63)-Z12: 4b) (Z12)-Z11-Yakima; 4c) (C61)-C59. 47+6-1T-4=48

GIT (Tony Sait, green): 4a) (D78)-Shelby; (A67)-Y16: 4b) (Y16)-W15: 4c) (W15)-W14-U13-U10. 30+6-4-4=28

GIT's track D77-D76 is now fixed. H.A.N.D. mends Y25-Y26, but seems to be fighting a losing battle as W31-W32 and Z24-Y25 both go up in smoke. Rolls for round 5 are **2-6-5**

Arcturus	I/yellow	58a/4	* Homam	
Andy Bell	O/yellow	57a/1	* Matar	from Homam
	O/yellow	1a/1		from Matar
	I/yellow	11a/2	* Gemma	
	H/yellow	10a/1	* Altair	from Gemma
	H/yellow	9a/1		from Altair
Segin	G/red	11a/4	* <u>Merak</u>	{it's 5 from G/red, Rob!)
Rob Cullender	<u>F/yellow</u>	<u>5a/1</u>	* <u>Pollux</u>	<u>from Merak</u>
	A/yellow	13/2		
	<u>N/yellow</u>	<u>1/1</u>		

Battle Report:-

The siege of Gemma is finally at an end! Eleven Arcturan ships of the line warp in and break the deadlock, destroying the valiant Seginian defenders with no further Arcturan losses. Heartened by this, ten of them take off again and casually blot out the sole Seginian defender at Altair.

The enormous Arcturan task force makes short work of Segin's lone ships at Homam and Matar; the Arcturan flag flies over sector O/yellow now.

Still sitting at Rigel are 8 advanced Arcturan ships and 8 advanced ex-Rigellian ships.

C Regulus)1R o+ Alhena	B Betelgeuse)1S o Bellatrix)1S +	A Mirfak Algol)1S o+	M Menkhib)1S o Miram)1S +
Avoir)1R + Adhara)1R o	Canopus Rigel)* o+	Aldebaran + Menkar o	Theemin Zaurak)1aR o+
F Merak)2aA + Pollux)2aA o	E Castor)3S o+ Capella	D Polaris)1S + Hamal)1S o	N Segin)72S o+ Schedir
Alphard Denebola)2aA o+	Procyon)2aA o Sirius)2aA +	Mira)1aR o+ Archernar	Alrisha)1S + Mesarthim)1S o
I Alkaid Arcturus)34aA o+	H Gemma) 2aA + Altair)1aA o	G Alpharatz Markab)1S o+	O Homam)1aA o Matar)56aA +
Acrux)1A + Spica)1A o	Alpha Centauri Sol)5A o+	Fomalhaut)1S + Algenib)2S o	Sandalmelek Sandalsud)1aR o+
L Thuban)1A + Rutilicus)1A o	K Albireo Vega)2A o+	J Deneb)2A + Alderamin)2A o	P Sham Tarazed)1S o+
Antares)1A o+ Atria	Sargas)2A + Sabik)1A o	Enif Pavo)2S o+	Rukbat)1S + Dabih)1S o

Builds: 14 advanced for Arcturus, 12 for Segin.

Lurcio: Rob, remember that distances measure both starting and finishing sectors inclusively. Thus G/red to F/yellow is 5. Your fleet is still in warp and will be in range of Merak/Pollux next turn (it may or may not land as you wish). This also means that your final departure order fails, as you can't have three warps in use at one go. Sorry and all that.

PEPPER (Sopwith T178UB)

Turn 3.

Pilot	Starts	Moves	Ends	A :D :P
Retaliator	A4-A5	RS, A, RS	C8-C9	16:12:00
ACE! Mark Wightman				
Cam E. Khazi	E14-F15	RT f-R, RT f-R, <u>RT</u> f-R	E12-D11	09:05:09
Adam Sharr				
Erik the Half-a-bee	G13-F12	<u>LT</u> , LT, LT f-L	G15-H16	11:03:05
Erik Eriksson				
Baron von Lettuceleaf	P13-P12	A f-L&R, RT, <u>RT</u>	N10-M9	11:08:03
Marc Cole				
Atsuko	P11-P12	A f-L&R, LS, RT f-R	P13-Q14	10:09:03
ACE! Dave Lomas				
Father Avion	J4-K5	LT, A, LS	I6-I7	15:12:00
Jeff Cattle				

Clouds are off NE again, to: (E12, E13, F11, F12): (I14, I15, J15): (K8, K9, K10): (L16, M15, M16, M17): (M12, M13, N11, N12, N13), with the last one right off the board already! This movement knocks a further point off the heroic Cam.

Note that Dave Lomas and Mark Wightman have been declared Aces by our Sopwith Statistician, Dave Tant, so from next go they will be able to perform the Immelmann Turn and score an extra point damage. Be warned.

Press:

And lo, Father Avion did descend very rapidly upon his enemies.

Lettuceleaf - Atsuko: What kind of a name is Atsuko? Sounds like a Japanese Person sneezing.

Khazi - Retaliator: Of course you can join the party, just bring a bottle (aviation fuel, what else?)

Retaliator - Khazi & Erik: Wait for me (these bloody things don't half move slow!)

Lurcio - Retaliator: Slow-LY. Don't they teach you adverbs at Oxford any more? (Note that in term times, Mark's address is simply Keble College, Oxford).

RUNCIMAN (Sopwith T189UB)

Turn 1

Pilot	Starts	Moves	Ends	A :D :P
Cam E. Khazi	A1	T/o Beta, A, A, O	C3-D4	16:12:00
Adam Sharr				
Magneto	A10	T/o Beta, A, A, A	D10-E10	16:12:00
Tim Lomas				
Dok Semiliterate	J19	T/o Beta, A, A, LS	K17-K16	16:12:00
Jeff Cattle				
Retaliator	S19	T/o Gamma, A, A, A f-A	P19-O19	15:12:00
ACE! Mark Wightman				
Zebedee*	S10	T/o Beta, A, A, A	P10-O10	16:12:00
ACE! Rob Cullender				
Baron von Lettuce- leaf	J1	T/o Alpha, A, A, A f-A	G1-F1	15:12:00
Marc Cole				

* flying the Magic Roundabout

Clouds ease into gear and go NW to: (C4, C5, D6): (E9, E10, E11, F9, F10): (G6, H6, I6): (G15, G16, H16): (K15, L15, M16, N16): (L10, M11, M12, N12). No damage as yet. Note that Mark Wightman is indeed an Ace.

Press:

Thunderbirds are go!

Boing! ((Ah, the heights of originality reached here....))

Khazi - Wightman, Cattle & Cole: Ah, I see it's the 'Pepper' reunion!

Khazi - Cullender & Lomas the other: What are you doing here, unless of course those are pseudonyms for Eriksson and Lomas (D).

U-Bend VIII...Codex XXI

COREY (Asteroid Dogfight)

Turn 6

Name	Start	Speed	Shd	Moves	Fires	Ends	Cap	Dge
Tiny Clanger Dave Lomas	B2-B3	2 - 4	0	A,RS,RS,L	R1,L5	D4-C5	2	2
Baron 'Flash' von Boggles	G13-G12	2 - 2	0	A,A_	0	G11-G10	5	10
	Mark Giles (NMR!)							
Kaptain Krum Kris Morris (NMR!)	N12-N11	3 - 3	0	A,A,A	0	N9-N8	5	16
Last American Pitbull	R9-S10	4 - 4	0	LT,LT,LT,LT	L2,L4,L5	P8-P7	3	16
	Marc Cole							
Daffy Dodo David Oya	D5-D4	4 - 4	0	RT,LT,LT,LT	A1,L1	E4-F5	5	1

Asteroids go E and are at: (J9,K9,K10)[4]: G11[0]: I13[2]: N16[2]: N13[2]: B4[2]: (S18,S19,B1)[1]: G2[2]: (B8,C8,C9)[4].
New asteroid at (F1,G1,G2)[4].

Mark Giles' snooze puts him slap bang in front of a boulder; let that be a lesson to you, Mark. Several small asteroids conveniently bump into each other and are reduced to cosmic dust. Daffy and Tiny continue to pound away with their lasers; which will cry pax first?

Mica/STANSTEAD (Atlantic Airlines [GM Dave Rowley])

Turn 9

Company/Base	Aircraft/	Start	/	Via	/	End
Fawltly Airlines	A300 /	Atlanta	/	Belem	/	B13
Gander	727 /	Paris	/	London	/	L53
Thane Duffield	DC-10 /	M14	/	Atlanta	/	H49
	BAC 111 /	N5	/	Caracas	/	E47 *
Account=		-1047 -32 -20 -44 -12 -20	=	-1175, -20%	=	-1410
BARF/Paris	747 /	J70	/	Paris, Amsterdam	/	B62 *
Rob Cullender	DC-10 /	H45	/		/	Washington
	TriStar /	H50	/		/	Casablanca
	DC-8 /	Madrid	/	Paris	/	H56
Account=		-12 +232 +192 +60 +232	-50 -44 -40 -28 -20	=		+522
DHAL/London	747 /	E50	/		/	Pittsburgh
Joy Hibbert	Concorde /	G16	/	Las Palmas, Algiers	/	Madrid
	DC-10 /	Berlin	/	Madrid	/	J32
	TriStar /	Belem	/	sits on the ground		
Account=		-1065 +444 +56 -50 -56 -44 -20	-20	=	-755, -20%	= -906
PNEUMONIA/Chicago	747 /	K48	/		/	Paris
Harry Bond	DC-8 /	N22	/	Port O'Spain	/	Caracas *
	TriStar /	D50	/	Madrid	/	H69
	707 /	D56	/	Las Palmas	/	Madrid
Account=		+244 +352 +160 +279 +72	-50 -28 -40 -24 -20	=		+945

Planes on order for use & payment next turn:- None

Landed:-

From	To	Carrier	Load/Distance/Value
Miami	Paris	PNEUMONIA/747	11 / 32 / 352
London	Caracas	PNEUMONIA/DC8	5 / 32 / 160
Havana	Madrid	PNEUMONIA/TriStar	9 / 31 / 279

Airport Information, Airport Information...The following planes have also Landed:-

Atlanta	Las Palmas	PNEUMONIA/707	3	/	24	/	72
Belem	Paris	BARF/747	1	/	29	/	232
Port O'Spain	Paris	BARF/747	2	/	29	/}	
New York	Casablanca	BARF/TriStar	8	/	24	/	192
New York	Chicago	BARF/DC-10	10	/	6	/	60
Port O'Spain	Paris	BARF/DC-8	6	/	29	/	232
Accra	Pittsburgh	DHAL/747	12	/	37	/	444
Port O'Spain	Algiers	DHAL/Concorde	2	/	28	/	56

In Flight:-

New York	Tunis	PNEUMONIA/DC-8	2	/	29	/	58 *
London	New York	F.Air/727	2	/	24	/	48
Belem	* Frankfurt	F.Air/A300	4	/	37	/	148
Atlanta	London	F.Air/DC-10	8	/	30	/	240
Amsterdam	Havana	BARF/747	10	/	36	/	360
Paris	New York	BARF/DC-8	6	/	24	/	144
Madrid	Kano	DHAL/DC-10	10	/	15	/}	
Madrid	Kano	DHAL/Concorde	2	/	15	/}	180

Loads Available:-

OLD							
Accra	New York		7	/	35	/	245
NEW							
Havana	Madrid		2	/	31	/	62
Rome	Kano		3	/	16	/	48
Washington	Montreal		5	/	4	/	20
Dakar	Amsterdam		7	/	18	/	126
Dakar	New York		9	/	26	/	234
Algiers	Montreal		11	/	27	/	297

Press:

Air Traffic Control to Fawltly Airlines "Hard luck, PNEUMONIA beat you to the load in Caracas. As you ommited conditional orders, your BAC-111 flies empty!"

ATC to BARF "Your 747 could have flown 1 hex further. Count more carefully next time. No fine, it's your loss."

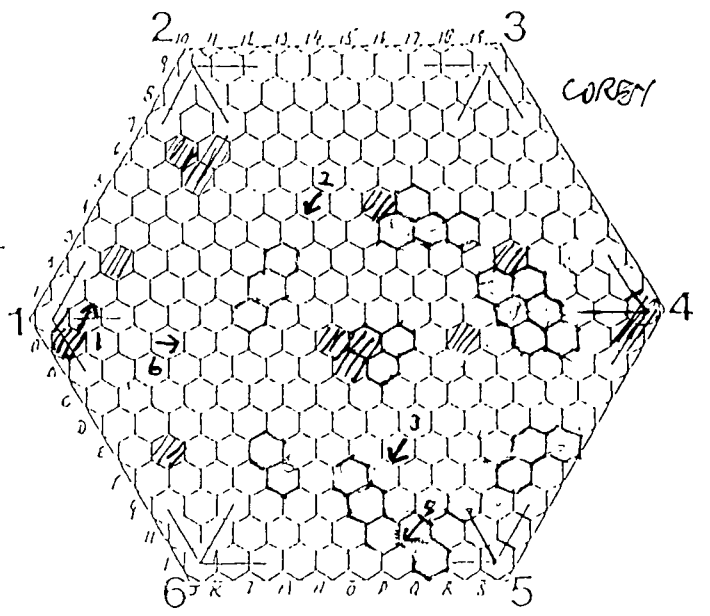
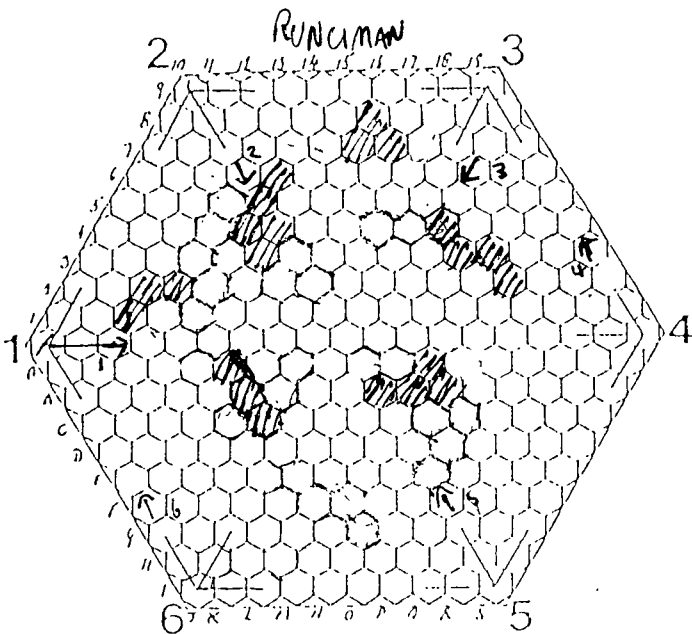
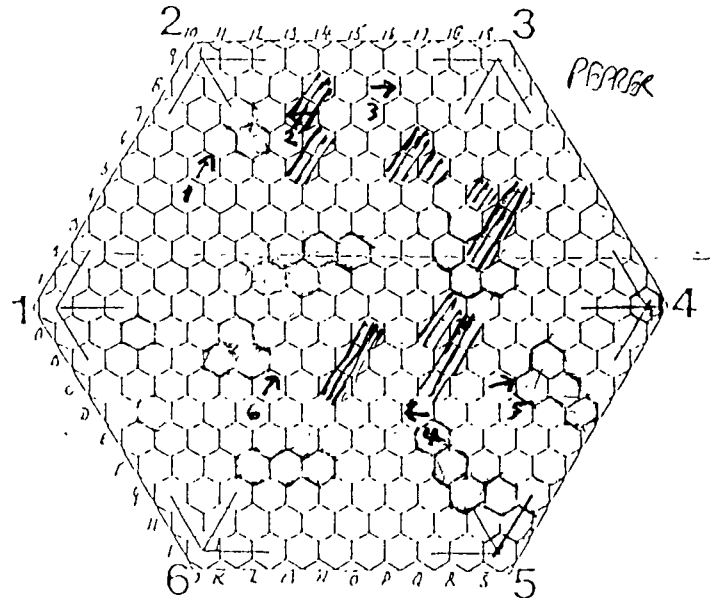
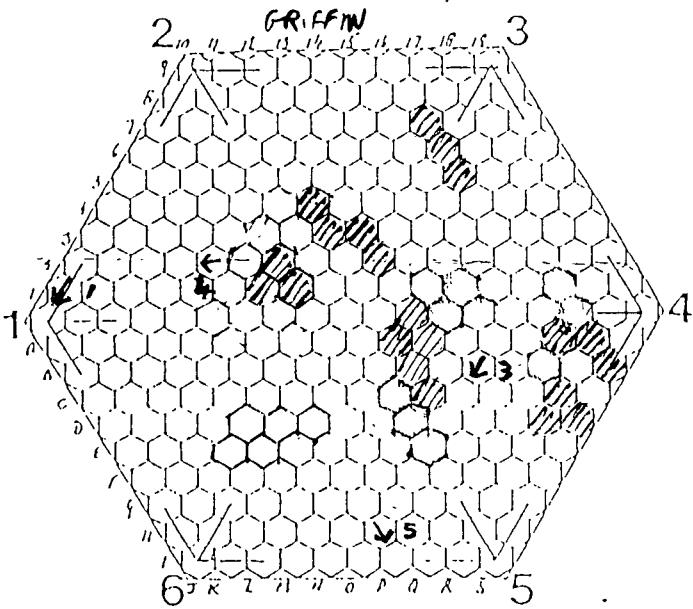
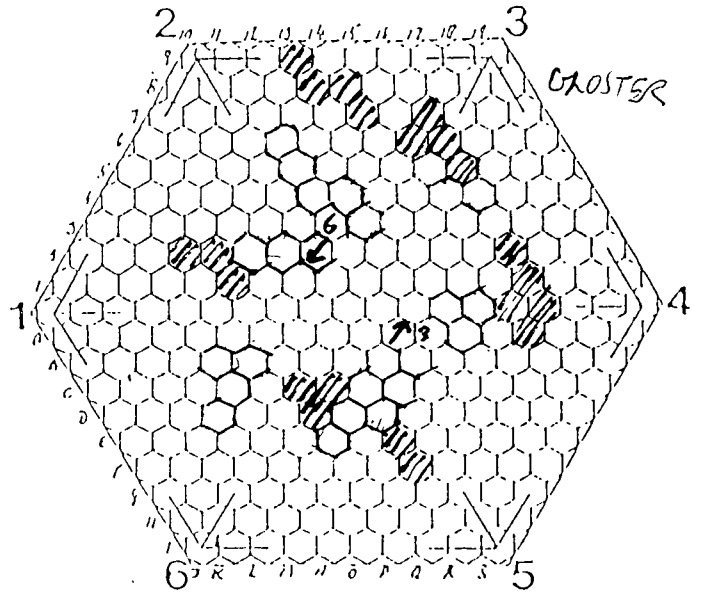
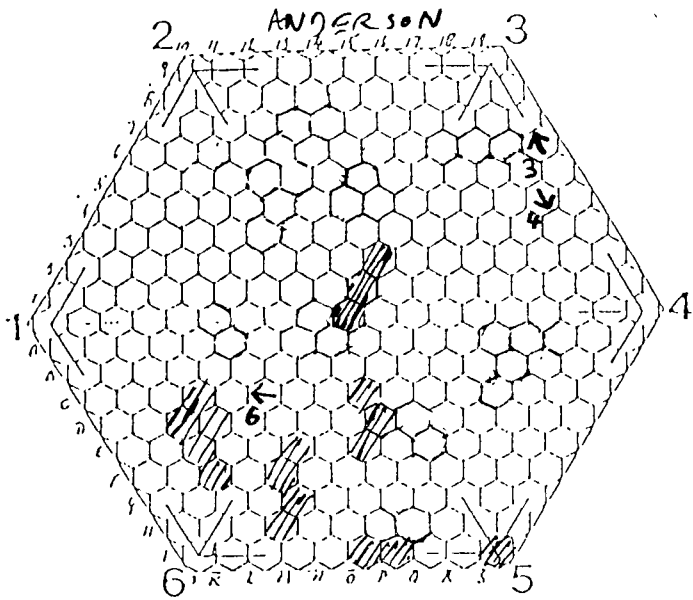
HALWILL JUNCTION

who's it to be?

- 1: David Tittle, Alan Parr
- 2: Edmund Morgan, Marc Cole
- 3: Dave Rowley, David Oya, Steve Guest, Dave Hicks, Mick Haytack, Erik Eriksson
- 4: Peter Dunnett, Paul Bennett, John Wilman, Jeff Cattle, Andy Bell
- 5: **PETER RITCHIE**
- 6: John Webley
- 7: Eddy Richards, John Miller

Another disappointing entry. If this goes on I shall scrap the game and start up another anyone-can-play king of thang, you hear? Congrats to young Ritchie, anyway.

And Finally... Make sure you all come to the newly inaugurated STAFFORD HOBBYMEET, to be held in the Bird in Hand, Mill St (a mere five minutes from the station). There will also be a games housecon thingummybob held in conjunction therewith at 13 Merrivale Rd from Friday evening to Sunday, so accommodation is readily available. We aren't scheduling the things regularly till we see how many of you yobs turn up, but if numbers warrant they will indeed happen frequently. Editors please publicise.



FLASH! FLASH, I LOVE YOU! BUT WE HAVE NO CHANCE AT ALL OF SAVING...

A S T E R O I D D O G F I G H T

the rules forum at long last

I remember reading in an old zine somewhere that the first time **NMR!** ever turned down a trade (yes, Virginia, this was a long time ago) was because Ken and Brian didn't fancy the idea of 'a fairy zine with one game of Silly Sopwith tacked on the end'. The zine thus scorned was Neil Hopkins's **Ground Zero**; the game of Silly Sopwith, needless to say, was Asteroid Dogfight.

I freely admit that this game is a turkey. If any of you lot are enjoying it, you ain't telling me. I suspect David Tittle speaks for many of you when a note on his orders states: "Frankly I couldn't be bothered to draw the map. The critics were right on this one". Moreover Simon Cutforth, a very reliable player, has unaccountably forgotten to include orders for 'Larter' in his envelope both this issue and last.... And many another remark of 'I still don't know what I'm doing, does anybody?' has reached my ears.

Well. Shall we run through a few of this game's design faults with uncle Lurcio?

1: It is based on fancies and ideas found in the very furthest-fetched **scientifictiones**. I know this doesn't stop most of my other games, but it hardly helps, does it?

2: Unlike **Sopwith**, there is no incentive to shoot either other players or asteroids. Players can thus hardly be blamed for skulking round the edge. (Maybe we should allow players and shots to wrap around like asteroids, as in the old video game? But then, where would the start positions be?) Someone (Eddy Richards, I think) suggests that a player should regain a point of damage for every hit scored on another. Now I'm all in favour of playability over realism, but this is a bit much -- and besides, what happens with zero sum mutual attacks?

3: There are too many fiddly bits for both players and GMs to take care of. The umpteen different gauges and controls can just about be squeezed onto one line in a game report, but the situation regarding right and left turns/slips is foul. You can turn on the spot (the rules say so). You thus need a notation to differentiate this from your standard RT as in Sopwith. I used R/L. Well then, what happens when a player orders a slip? RS is a simpler notation than R, A, L, but it isn't covered in the rules, which I find nothing short of infuriating (and I ain't even playing!)

4: Oh, come on, isn't that enough? But for the record, the NMR rule is also highly unsatisfactory.

I won't go so far as to junk 'Corey' and 'Larter' outright, unless a great majority of the players in either or both games votes for this course of action. But I shall under no circumstances open another waiting list, and anyone wishing to resign from an AD game but to continue their other **U-Bend** commitments -- a practice upon which I would normally look askance -- is far more likely to receive my blessing than would otherwise be the case.

It's a good job I don't believe in game fees, 'cos if I did, I should have had to refund them all....

A QUICK JOKE

Q. Why do tampons have strings?

A. So crabs can go bungee jumping.

(--Marc Cole)

Q U I S Q U I L I A E

Which is the nearest I can find in my Latin dick for 'Sweepies'.

Good Books for y'all to rush out and buy (well, to borrow from your library): **Something Leather** by Alasdair Gray is very much in his usual vein. It's set in Scotland, is decidedly non-linear (hi, William!), and will drive your brain loopy trying to follow its convolutions. You'll love it, unless you hate it, of course, or dislike it mildly, or are indifferent to it, or.... I do approve of books whose last chapter is printed on the back flap of the dustcover. Broadens the horizons of literature, asyermightsay.

A Better Mantrap by Bob Shaw, some short science fiction stories. I always prefer Shaw in a humorous vein, which he does exceeding well, but every tale in this volume is excellent, serious or light.

Springboard has gone fannish! Such at least is the claim of Danny Collman, "the wickedest man in the hobby" as someone once said. (In fact, it was me, in the line above). Snippets on the state of Europe and articles on locust-breeding may be eclectic, but they do at least show that the Nanny has some interests outside teaching schoolkids to add two and two and not to use 'Nor' in their Diplomacy orders, which some of us were beginning to wonder about. He also prints a review of **U-Bend** which is far better than I deserve, and a letter I wrote him where I patronise the poor chap more than he ever patronised the humblest and meekest novice. God bless him, he does a great job, etc etc etc.

A question Iain Bowen asked me which I'm quite at a loss to answer; how does Genesis P. Orridge, the pop star (or if you're Dave Tant, modern musician) who is (in)famous for his vast number of body piercings, manage when he goes through the metal detector at airports? Inquiring minds want to know. Calling Denis Jones....

Dunky Proffitt's latest wild notion is to write a book on Diplomacy, you know, just like Richard Sharp's. Hmmmm. Write it he may, but I fear that its chances of ever finding a publisher are slim. Indeed, Sharp's **The Game of Diplomacy** would have had a tough time of it, I suspect, if Richard hadn't had strong professional publishing connections. Diplomacy just isn't a popular enough subject for a book to be viable; Sharp's ended up remaindered on Waterloo station, if hobby myths speak true. Well, if you think it's worth your while, you could write to Duncan at 20 Sadler's Court, Winnersh, Berkshire RG11 5AF, and maybe even ask for a copy of **Garbage In, Garbage Out** at 75p a shot. Stung by accusations that he uses pretty fonts to cover up a lack of actual contents, Dunky threatens to use every one he has available next issue. Er, I don't think that was the effect his critics were after.

We shall see whether or not those critics are in a majority when the Zine Poll results come out at the North Yorks Hobbymeet, Sunday 9th February. Iain Bowen has details -- 5 Wigginton Terrace, York YO3 7JD (0904 640095). The pretend family have every intention of being there and cheering loudly when **Quartz** comes bottom again. Iain won't be publishing a full preference matrix this time (or doing 1990's, for that matter) as it seems the only people interested in long, boring lists of figures are him, me and Vick Hall. So be it. Sigh.

The Sopwith maps make a welcome return this issue, but, ever experimental as I am with layout, I've put them all on one page (saves time, too). If this issue weren't so bloody big I might have included Dip variant maps too. Maybe next time...

Kevin Warne
May wish he had never been born
After he has seen
The bottom of page thirteen.

Duncan Proffitt?
Oh, come off it!
The title of his zine
Is the most appropriate ever seen.

U-Bend VIII...Codex ultimus

This has been **Up Around The Bend** issue 8, the postal games magazine which just loves to air its dirty washing in public. (Maybe I ought to change the title to **Up Around The Bendix**). It is, I tell you once more, a pretend family fanzine; it claims to appear every five weeks, and at the moment it appears to be managing it.

Its editor is Lurcio the slave, more commonly known as

HAZ BOND, 13 MERRIVALE ROAD, STAFFORD ST17 9EB
=====

whose phone is (0785) 213259, which just happen to be the odds against any of its readers remembering old jokes from **The Hitch-Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy**.

DEADLINE for issue 9, which will (I promise) contain no Latin jokes, is

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 25th, 1992
=====

Our waiting lists number but one:

Diplomacy: Chris Sutton*, Keir Hodgson*, Edward Ainsworth, Ian Harris, Dave Palmer. Two required. Where are you all?

I have made the eminently sensible decision that this zine contains too many games, so I shan't open any other lists until some finish. As this could take a while, I can't claim to be actively searching out new subbers.

Well, I'm rather pleased with this issue, which makes a nice change. Note that the deadline has been moved to TUESDAY to coincide with my day off work (Wednesday) -- this will enable me to get to grips with things right away, IF you lot get your orders in on time. Unfortunately, you aren't very good at this, some of you.

Some (well, one) subber has moaned about my using recycled envelopes whenever I can, claiming it makes me look like a cheapskate. **Electric Monk** seems to get away with it without criticism, so I'm uncertain why this opprobrium attaches itself to me. Surely everyone knows by now that not recycling things leads to holes in the ozone layer, through which UFOs can fly and zap you with vorg rays which make your head explode and force you to vote Conservative? So you see it makes sense.

=====
= *12 Freebies* =....credit box (T = trade, red figure = cough up, stingy)
=====.....I've got ninety thousand pounds in my pajamas,
I've got forty thousand French francs in my fridge

U-Bend costs 30p plus postage per issue. First class postage is used for players, second class for the common rabble. People who live near enough, like John Miller and Dave Lomas, can get it shoved through their letterbox and pay the flat 30p whenever I'm in Stoke just after publication date, which is quite frequently.

The font on the front cover's title is **Capitalis quadrata**, and you'll look for it in vain in your Eddings catalogue. More Roman letterings will grace the front covers of issues to come.

I also hope that further artwork by that excellent chappie Dave Hicks will grace such covers.

The final keystroke on this issue is made at 2:33pm, 26-1-1992.