

YAY! Wow! WHOOPEDOO!

IT'S ISSUE 12 of

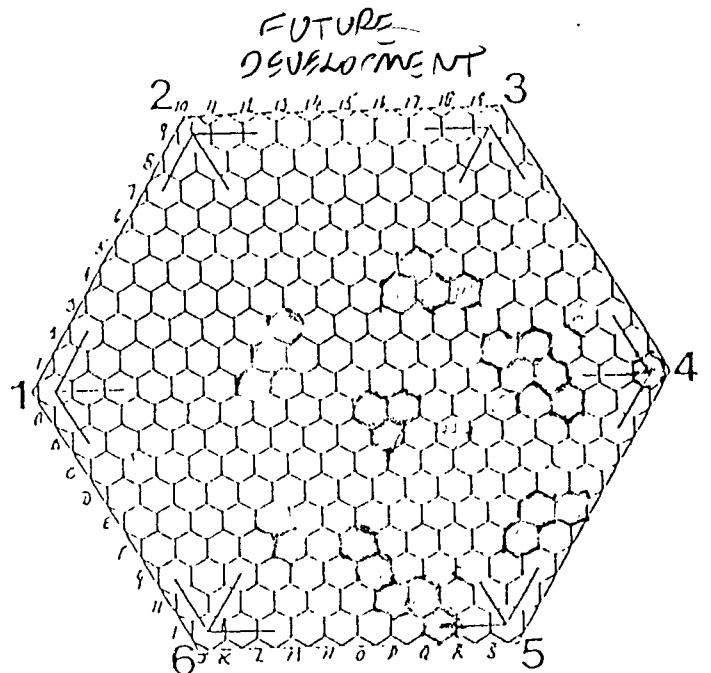
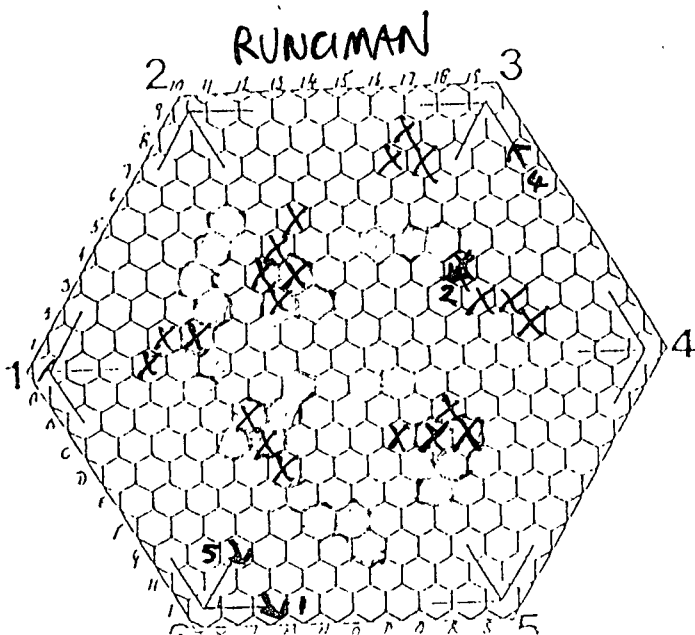
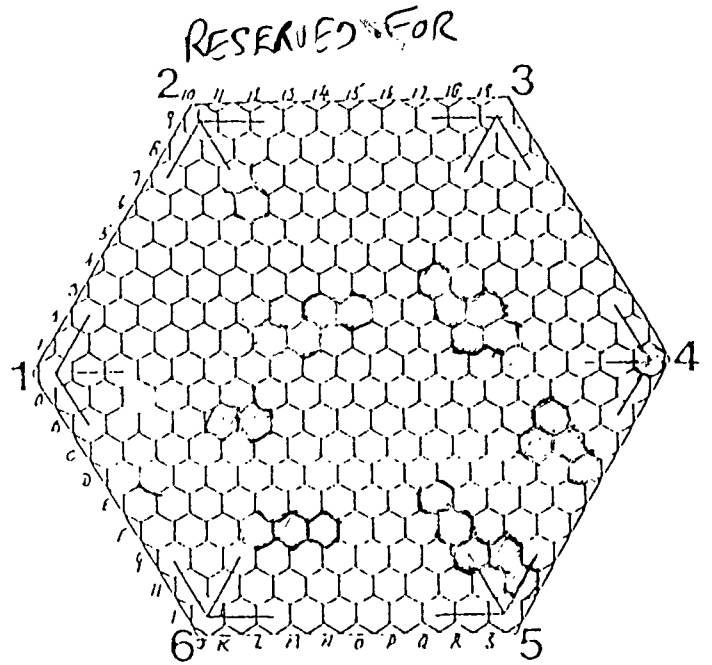
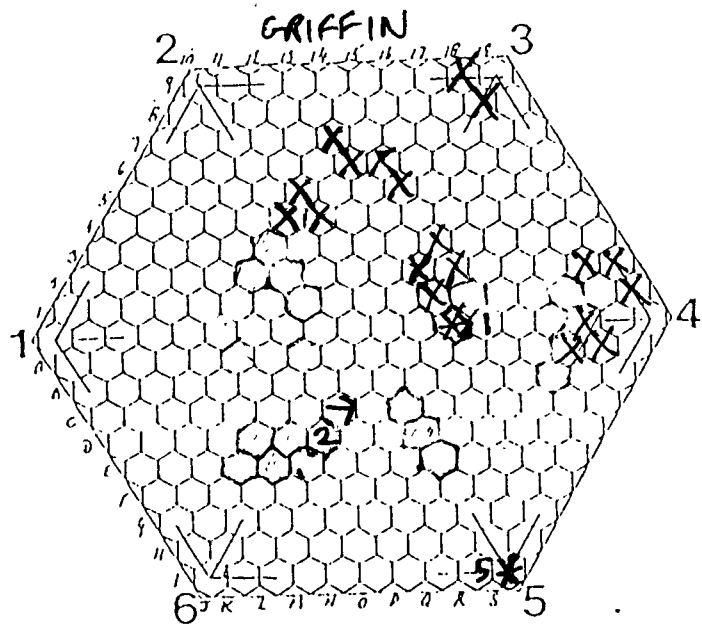
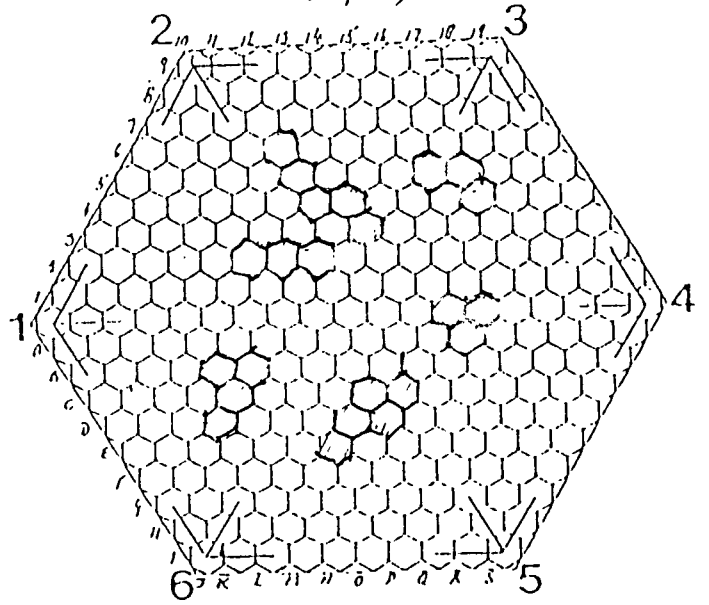
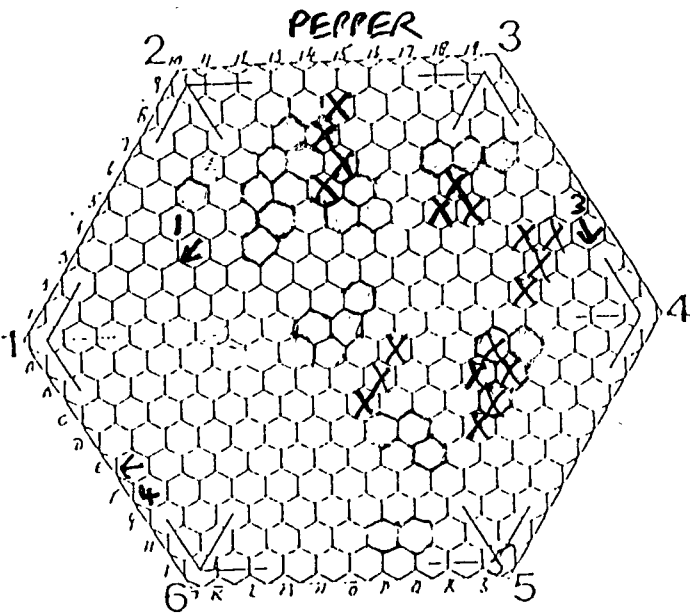


WE'RE WILD! WE'RE ANARCHIC!

WE'VE GOT LOTS OF BACK ISSUES OF THE FIVE YEAR PLAN!

(and we're having fun at Manorcon)

THESE DESIRABLE
PHOTS



~~YOU ARE ENTERING THE TWILIGHT ZINE~~

Good day, all. I am Haz Bond, but then again, someone has to be; I'll bet you're glad it's not you. I edit a zine, and this zine I edit is called

UP AROUND THE BEND issue 12
===== =====

Whilst I publish this zine, I live at
13 Merrivale Road, Stafford ST17 9EB (phone 0785 213259)
=====

(Where do I live at the rest of the time? Don't ask awkward questions which point up the editor's lack of grammatical construction knowhow).

I publish it every five to six weeks, aiming at the former but all too often achieving the latter; I do so with prehistoric manual typewriters and stencil duplication, and in doing so get thoroughly browned off with both. But at the end of the day, I still have enough energy to name this a Pretend Family Fanzine and to give it the serial number **COLDCOM PRESS 31**.

At long last, I feel myself able to open a few more WAITING LISTS --

Diplomacy: Gamestart this issue. 7 wanted for the next one.

Soppy Rivals: David Oya, Rob Cullender. If there are no more takers I shall alter this to a bog standard RR list.

Atlantic Airlines: 4 wanted. Dave Rowley to GM, since no gamer with an ounce of sense would trust me near a game of this after the arse I've made of 'Faraday'.

Lift Off: Dave Rowley to GM. 4 needed. See rules within. I am somewhat dischuffed to learn that the Small Funny Creatures Press has got to this one first.

Sopwith: Newly reopened, for one game only. John Miller, Edmund Morgan, and Mike Clark already. 3 wanted, hurry, hurry.

And finally, in a serious lapse from sanity even by my standards,

Chaos II Diplomacy: 34 countem 34 wanted. On a regular Diplomacy board, each player kicks off with 1 centre. Full rules next issue. I want you all to sign up for this one, right? Especially traders who don't yet play in U-Bend.

For lovers of minutiae I should append that this issue is coming out at the tail end of a swelteringly hot June 1992. I shall now get out my stylus and place the deadline just below.

Deadline
Tuesday July 21st)

I'M THE ONE WHO'S ALIVE, YOU ARE ALL DEAD
game end statements, arguments, recriminations...

Mica/STANSTEAD (Atlantic Airlines)

Start: Mica 35 (March 1990) Transfer: U-Bend 4 (August 1991)
End: U-Bend 10 (April 1992) GM: Dave Rowley.

Name	Account/turn											
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
F.A. Thane Duffield, Gander	+94	-65	??	-410	-612	-587	-914	-1047	-1410	-1500	-1776	<u>-1809</u>
DHAL Joy Hibbert, London	-60	-332	??	-732	-548	-800	-1083	-1065	-906	-1070	-1536	<u>-482</u>
BARF Rob Cullender, Paris	-60	-164	??	-299	-377	+7	-543	-12	+522	+526	+740	<u>+1506</u>
PNEUMONIA Haz Bond, Chicago	-17	-318	??	-110	+104	+170	+406	+244	+945	+783	+727	<u>+1866</u>

Rob Cullender (BARF)

Aaargh! What a classic way to snatch defeat from the jaws of victory! Oh well, it will at least teach me to remember to post my orders in future. NMR apart, this was an excellent game to be a part of -- the competition was fierce and my congratulations to Haz for a good win. I think both Joy and Thane got themselves into insurmountable debt very early on and what crippled them all through the rest of the game was that. Perhaps some good lessons have been learnt all round. I shall look forward to my next game!

Haz Bond (PNEUMONIA)

Talk about getting victory handed over on a plate! Rob was overhauling me slowly but surely over the last few turns, and all my planes were in the wrong places to prevent it. Then as I abandoned myself to second place... he NMRed and the game was mine yet! The moral victory was surely Rob's, but as the chess player Tartakower said, 'Moral victories do not count'. I was somewhat relieved to learn that the NMR was his doing -- I'd've hated myself if it were the Post Office's.

Joy bought lots of expensive planes, risking the debt incurred in order to have a good chance of reaping the lucrative loads later on. I believe this tactic has worked for her in other games. In this one, it didn't. As for Thane, he simply failed to buy any big planes at all, and inevitably missed out. His choice of home base was pretty weird too.

Thanks to the players for a good game, to Dave for running it and for keeping his end up after the fold of Mica, and to... er... wossname for giving the game a new home. Where's the bubbly?

=====

Mica/GLOSTER (Sopwith T163MA)

Start: Mica 32 (?? 89?) Transfer: U-Bend 4 (August 91)
End: U-Bend 11 (June 92). GM: Dave Rowley (to turn 8) Haz Bond (thereafter)

A: Orville Wrong (Steve Lander)	s.d.F turn 10 move 3. Points -2
B: Kyza Bill (Kevin McGowan)	Crash turn 7 move 2. Points 02
C: Baron von Luftkrieg (Paul Slade)	s.d.D turn 10 move 3. Points 14 (1k)
D: Mr Spock (Rob Cullender)*	WON turn 16 move 1. Points 35 (2k)
E: Major Kong (Harry Bond)	s.d.C turn 8 move 1. Points 07
F: 'Ginger' Rogers (John Miller)*	s.d.D turn 16 move 1. Points 25 (1k)

*Rob played as an Ace. John replaced Nick Drage pre-turn 1, hence is (or should be) player of record.

FINAL PRESS: Mr Spock - Ginger Rogers: Oh well, nice try! Till the next time!
Ginger: Banzai! Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori. Thanks to Dave, Haz, Rob and others for a really good game!

STETHOMYTHIA

Oh dear, I've really done it this time

((This is U-Bend's letter column, and it is chock full this time of people being sorely pissed off at me. Now, if I were Steve Howe I would stun my querulous subbers with wit and charm; if I were Iain Bowen I would simply cut them to bits with rapier words; if I were Andy Bate I should doubtless just ignore them. But I am me (well spotted, that man) so I merely droop at them and fall bewteen any two stools I am shown.)

All this in the Manorcon issue too! I do not foresee many new subbers as a result. Looks like I shall just have to make do with the old ones.))

Disgusted, Salzgitter-Bad (aka John Webley) No, the German post is not unreliable, you will have the Bundespost up in arms. The first NMR was my problem. It was a combination of a difficult time, my totally pissed off feeling about the Atlantic Airlines game ((Faraday)); as you so rightly said, it isn't a game for six players and being put sixth purely because I had failed to submit, not anything necessary like start airfield or plane, but a silly name, coupled with the sort of alphabetism I would expect from someone whose name begins with B (I have had the same problem with Birks) is a really good way to put me off a game, and finally my general disinclination to bother pursuing the juvenile wittering which has been a principle feature of the last few U-Bends ...I cannot explain the second NMR. Are you sure you didn't get a letter from me with some orders? I was particularly disappointed to be ejected from the Sopwith game, and would ask that you accept the orders that I assure you I did send last time, whereby Janno Vorg turned left towards his own airfield and attempted to land ready for the final battle. Reviving this game would hardly hurt anybody, it is not as if the other players were battling it out last turn, or even moving at all.

((Imprimus: if reports in the most recent Electric Monk suggest that the post in Germany is far from reliable and indeed has been on strike (which is why, I assume, there are no orders from you this time). However, given that the case in point was your 2nd NMR on the spot, and that you accept the first one, you can hardly blame me for thinking it likely that you had lost interest -- with a UK player I would have most likely stopped sending the zine. The errant orders have never shown up, by the way. Very well, then: if the other surviving player, Dave Lomas, is willing, I am prepared to re-tart 'Anderson' from the position after your first NMR.

Secundus: I concur wholeheartedly that Atlantic Airlines is not a game for six. However, David Watts' rules say it is, and how was I to know better? Since I had eight applicants, I thought it best to run it for the maximum number recommended. Future games will feature only four players.

Tertius: don't you call me an -ist, sunshine. This is the sort of paranoia I would expect from someone whose name begins with W (I haven't had the same problem with Wilman, Walkerdine...))

Disgusted, Sunderland (aka Toby Harris) There is no need to explain that you find Mark Nelson's zine one of your most favourite reads in the hobby; this is fairly obvious by your continued deliberate mis-spellings of my name,

Whilst I accept that zines which promote feuds and the like have plenty of spice in them, they are not generally regarded very highly.

As an editor, the hobby folk whom you slag off in U-Bend will be at a severe disadvantage. After all, would a zine's subbers be more likely to take the side of another subber over the editor, when there is a dispute? On top of which, the editor has the power to edit any letters he sees fit. For example, I didn't claim Dunx Proffitt had fled to Eastern Europe. What I did, in fact, say was that I had heard he may have gone there. I also recall asking you not to print what I wrote on the subject as I was uncertain of the facts. As to Dunx's whereabouts, there is still no knowledge.

What you print in U-Bend is up to you ((That's good of you, Toby)), but it would be appreciated if you could respect my wish not to copy Mark Nelson's idea of a joke by spelling my name wrong. Besides, what you may not be aware of, he only said all those nasty things about me because I asked him for a cease trade -- hardly the sort of ground's respectable editors use to attempt to start a feud.

((Starting with pure errors of fact, Toby; you did not tell me not to print your remarks on Dunky Proffitt. This is not surprising, since you never made any to me. You wrote a letter to Joy Hibbert, whom careful scrutiny will reveal to be a separate entity from me, in which you made the remark concerning Eastern European allegations; Joy reported it to me, and as it was hobby news of the hot variety, I printed it. I do not break DNQs/DNPs. If Joy has, I suggest you take it up with her.

It would be hypocritical indeed of me not to respect your nomenclatural wish when I get titted off with people who insist on using my given name at me, so I shall, but I might give you the tip that the best way to get people to stop using an unwanted soubriquet is not to keep moaning about it; qui s'excuse s'accuse.

Crazy Markie's zine went down well with me because it was almost entirely dedicated to me, which I think is reasonable (the enjoyment, not the dedication, I hasten to explain). If someone did a sixteen page zine on Toby Harris, wouldn't you be rather chuffed?

As for these alleged attacks. I never deny anyone right of reply, as this current lettercol shows all too bloody clearly. Your third paragraph is a right load of tosh. By your argument, no editor should ever be allowed to say a harsh word about anyone in the hobby. I can recall harsh words in U-Bend only about Dunky and Andrew (Age of Reason) Moss, neither of whom exercised their right of reply; and the only personal attack or criticism, as opposed to criticism of their zines, was when Duncan began the "discussion" on a subject that is closed in U-Bend and which I'm damned if I'll re-open. My criticisms are largely confined to other editors, a) because they can always print their point of view, unfettered by my censorial hand, in their own zines, and b) because they are de facto more likely to do or say the sort of thing which initiates hot discussion than a common or garden subber. For my part, I reckon Smodnoc is a decent zine which scores highly on turnaround time and number of games run. I also reckon it is highly amusing to see you get all hot and bothered and shoot yourself in the foot in response to Markie's recent remarks in Ac-Mong and elsewhere. These two do not seem to me to be irreconcilable.))

Disgruntled of Adderley Green ((Again on bloody 'Faraday':)) No choice, sorry (aka Dave Lomas) Harry. I think this is the very first postal game that I have ever resigned from!!

This is the second time my planned 'First Move' has been pushed forward a turn early and so the careful planning for the most-important first move has gone awry. This turn is much more serious with loads being part-moved ready for certain pick-up due to first move status.

The drop out/s have caused a problem in this game but after a COUPLE OF HOURS planning has been wasted I am a trifle miffed.

((Oh boy. See Webley's letter above for more on this ill-fated game. The first problem was caused when I forgot to alter the player order and nobody, myself included, spotted it till after it was too late to fix the error. This is, I grant you, my fault, but all the U-Bend house rules say that in such cases the error must stand. The second occasion was caused by Webley's resignation and I think it pretty unavoidable. RIGHT, let's think about options:

a) We scrap the game and get Dave/Rowley to run the next one, 'cos he's better than me.

b) I look for a standby to take over HYMEN in Dave L's stead.

c) We turn back the clock so that HYMEN was deemed to go second behind a 'legal fiction' of a first move for GWA.

All players must agree for C to be adopted, otherwise majority vote gets it. The game is held over this issue whilst we chew it over.))

Disgruntled of Runcorn (aka David Tittle) This is the poorest GMing I have seen in any game in which I have had the misfortune to be involved. From having one build which can't hurt me, you change Toby to having two very aggressive units. I don't dispute your right to correct your mistakes, but not telling the other players is unforgiveable. Were it not for the other players' sakes, I would have no hesitation in withdrawing from 'Jack' and if necessary from U-Bend. In the interests of providing them with a game, and under protest, I submit the following orders...

((To you, if to nobody else, I do owe a large apology for messing you about so chronically. (Chronically?) A drink or two are yours at Manorcon if you want to come and claim them. I can offer explanations but not excuses; I was already holding over numerous games, and when Toby informed me of yet another error in a game which I thought the players weren't enjoying too much, I said sod it and went ahead. I was wrong to do so, mea maxima culpa, pass the sackcloth, burn dem ashes, chop off my head and serve it on a platter. My thanks to you for sticking with it, David.))

"ONE OF THESE DAYS I'M GOING TO TEAR YOU INTO LITTLE PIECES" (--Pink Floyd)

EIGHT MILES HIGH AND FALLING FAST (the rest of the letters)

Jeff Cattle Kerry Hugh
Wakefield Without a clue
Wrote clerihews without scansion.
Armadillo, bust stop, leg-pit, mansion,
Something, something, something, stanchion!

I must point out that I know no-one of this name, although I knew a girl named Kerry and a vloke called Hugh. However, the thought of a sixteen stone Welshman in dress provided no inspiration. ((I didn't know you knew Iain Bowen.))

Andy Bell Are you interested in some (used) A5 size envelopes? Whenever I Middlesbrough receive a zine, I tend to hang onto the envelope if I can open it without tearing it. As a result, I have a number of envelopes lying about, which I'll probably never use, and could use a good home. Would you like them?

((Sure, send them along. I have recently had bestowed on me what seems like every envelope received by Stafford College Library since 1983 and have used these for the last couple of issues (the source of last issue's cover also), but they won't last forever. Alternatively, Andy, you could always start your own zine to use them up... Recycling labels may be procured for £2 or so per bundle from Greenpeace UK, Canonbury Villas, London N1 2PN, and you all ought to be out recycling envelopes and saving the planet (not necessarily in that order). Envelopes can take it -- one's been cycling between Madi & Andy Key and myself for six issues or so of U-Bend/Electric Monk. Congratulations by the way, to this last couple on becoming formally entwined.))

((Oh, look who's here. I must point out, Key, that answering an AEB paper on Bristol Polytechnic answer paper is a good way to get your answers thrown straight into File 13 (or worse yet, into the U-Bend lettercolumn.))

- Andy Key 1) a) £284.56
Lechlade b) Say a tenner and we'll call it quits.
- 2) a) Errors best resolved by blaming the previous year's treasurer.
b) Cocaine expenditure should be a revenue, not capital, cost.
- 3) No-one with a name like Norman Soul should be allowed to run a business.
- 4) When I first saw the Stranglers live on stage, they had a support act -- a guy dressed as a roadie, who came on stage and gobbed at the audience. The Stranglers then expressed extreme surprise when the audience responded in like manner. Ah, golden days... well, more yellowy-green, actually).

Ian Harris That sounds like a nasty accident you very nearly had there.
Chester-le-Street Doubtless some unkind person will snatch the opportunity to
 point out that having a shelf on your back makes a change
from being back on the shelf; but not me.

John Wilman You may not be aware that the eccentric (and brilliant) composer
Perthshire Alkan, a recluse, was crushed to death under a falling bookcase --
 a bizarre end to an extraordinary life. Which were the guilty and
murderous zines, I wonder -- Greatest Hits was always on the chunky side. For
further reading on related subjects I recommend Auto da Fe by Elias Canetti.

As I stopped publishing long before I left the force, you were quite right
to describe me as a zine-publishing policeman. As well as Clive Booth, who was
a pillar of reliability, there was also a chap called Mark Stragward who folded
after six issues. Diplomacy is apparently very popular at the Police College for
high-flyers, as it mirrors exactly the jockeying for power and the backstabbing
between rivals for promotion.

((The zines were my entire collection of SF, games, and other zines amateur
and pro -- a veritable mass of paper. As for your second paragraph --- how
long before we see a game of Diplomacy being played on The Bill, and who
will win? (Evens Frank Burnside, 1000-1 Reg Hollis...)))

John Wilman The cucumber page was excellent -- approved by spouse and female
 colleagues. OK then, wise guy -- what does rhyme with Hibbert,
apart from Gibbet, and anyway the stress is in the wrong place to generate the
first line of a Clerihew. Some people just have unfortunate names -- try making
an anagram out of mine!

((Sorry, I can't. I know Mad Policy was an anagram (of 'Myopic Lad', which
describes Walkerdine in his callow days before retinal surgery) but you
have me stumped. I can manage a clerihew, though...))

John Wilman

Is a well, not an ill, man.

Having left the Force because it was too strict,

He can no longer go up to you and say 'You're nicked'.))

Wallace Nicoll Doug ((Rowling, co-ed with Wol of the folded POW)) was/is a
Edinburgh Naval Architect, though I'm not sure if he was the only one in
 the hobby. Haven't heard from him in Australia, but he did
take one of the bikes with him.

POW! actually hit 51 issues, the last one being without Doug, the games
transferred to me. From then, the En Garde transferred to ArgleBargle, and
my own stuff comes out in a small (limited-ish to players, no trades), three
column, A4-cornerstapled, reduced text thing called Under the Wire. It's to
be used to run the games down -- about 12 issues I guess. Is it a real zine?
It is originated on the Mac, and copies printed on the laser -- all 50 odd.
Thus I have complete control of all stages as if it were mimeo. I'll send a copy
of the next issue if you're interested.

((Yeah, go on. Sounds Quasi-Real to me, which incorporates the best of both
worlds, or the worst, if you prefer.))

Rob Moore Yes well. The colour coding of issue 10 was a bit of a shock,
Cumbria first thing in the morning as it was. You're in the Natural Law
 Party, ain't you? ((Nope, I reckon the Maharishi was doing a lot
better when he kept out of politics.) And the paper was old stock. Hope you
like this time's pastels.)) Ohh, and all those swear words in the cucumber page.
Danny Collman would hate you for it. ((He's got many better reasons.)) I hope
you're gonna print the Beer vs Woman one to even the balance. ((Never saw it --
send us a copy.)) It was a bit of a bumper issue, wasn't it? OK, so Quincy's
press bulked it out a little, but still it's nice to see. I see you mention
a FRP zine in your listings: bloody hell, that brings back memories! Back when
I was a sad, spotty teenager wielding swords with the best of them Zines like
Demon's Drawl, Telegraph Road, Imazine, Utter Drivel, eeehh, those were the
days!

((You're a bit of a dark horse, Moore. What right has someone to remember
zines that old when they've only just finished at College? Were you chucking
d10s in nappies, or what?))

GAME REVIEW

~~LIFT OFF (Task Force Games, £14.95)~~. Reviewed by Dave Rowley.

This is a game which at first looks quite complicated, but is actually fairly easy to pick up.

Object: Develop a space program so that your "nation" lands a "man" on the moon, and return them safely to Earth.

Outline:

All players start with a budget of 60 MegaBucks (MB). They then draw an event card which can alter cash in hand, supply levels, etc.

Purchase of hardware is next. The initial startup costs of a program are expensive. One prototype is issued. Further units of the program are bought at a lower price. Development costs buy d6's (up to 8 per hardware per turn) which raise the hardware's safety levels. This is the number required to be rolled beneath on %dice for safe operation of the equipment. Failure of the %roll is usually bad news, to say the least. The advance planning of next turn's launches is then performed; equipment and crew are specified.

If you think someone else is in a good position to be the first to launch a particular type of mission (which carries bonuses), you can rush your launch by up to 11 months in an attempt to beat them to the punch. The drawback is a reduction in the safety levels of equipment by 1% per month rushed.

Monetary bonuses for 'placings' and subsequent missions add to your budget. But beware of failure; it can slash your incoming funds and reduce safety levels. As easy to moderate game to play, from the makers of Star Fleet Battles.

Thanks, Dave: have this issue free.... ahem, koff. Dave has sorted out a postal adaptation of this (extremely easy, due to simultaneous movement) and is prepared to run it through U-Bend; so four people are now required to try them out. Let us know if you don't possess the game and appropriate measures will be taken. Last one to Mare Tranquilitas's a sissy...

MISSED HITS: some zines that never quite made it into the Zine Poll results...

- STEAM MONK
- BELA LUGOSI'S POORLY
- FAKEPOLITIK
- SCITCALYHPORP
- LIMERICK
- FIXED TITLE
- SMALLEST MISSES
- BUDAPEST
- HOVEL OF THE COWARDLY
- MULTICOLOUR
- A TIPTOE BACK INSIDE
- BELLYFLOP
- BLUE ORC
- A LOT OF HACKNEYED DO-GOODING
- C'EST PATHETIQUE
- THE EARHOLE OF SAURON
- SLAVES OF THE SECONDARY
- AUSTRALIS
- CARRIAGEWAY
- ZINE TO BE DISMISSED OUT OF HAND
- WAR AND MORE WAR
- THE ROAD PETERS OUT
- BLUNT PRACTICE
- SANE POLICY
- DOWN ALONG THE STRAIGHT....

In each case these zines' editors learned from their mistake, and went on to greater fame by doing the opposite of their original plan. Can anyone identify all of them?!

SKYWRITING BY WORD OF MOUTH
the games section

TEX (Diplomacy 92??)

Gamestart

Squaring up for this tussle are:

AUSTRIA: Peter Dunnett, 328 Old Road, Clacton on Sea, Essex CO15 3NU
((One of those nutcases who seems to enjoy playing Diplomacy in U-Bend, for he's come back for a second game. A shopkeeper and football referee who spots my GMing errors with annoying regularity.))

ENGLAND: Edward Ainsworth, 4 Park Avenue, Bedford MK40 2JY
((First U-Bend game for veteran Edward, originally from the Watford school associated with the first incarnation of CMag.))

FRANCE: Ian Harris, 3 Abbotside Close, Urpeth Grange, Chester-le-Street, County Durham DH2 1TQ
((Editor of a fine little zine, yeclapt Borealis, Ian has already made a name for himself as a purveyor of Dippy variants and fiendish logic puzzles to the gentry. Has played for some while, so I believe.))

GERMANY: Mark Stretch, 2 Over Mill Drive, Selly Park, Birmingham B29 7JL
((The kind of player every editor yearns for, Mark's orders are regular enough in their arrival to set your watch by. A Springboard protege, Mark is off to Oxford to study Maths this autumn. Second game in U-Bend.))

ITALY: Keir Hodgson, 37 Shanklin Drive, Leicester LE2 3RH
((I know very little of Keir, surprising given that he's now U-Bend's senior surviving subber (as opposed to trader); he moves around a lot, and used to play in Alex Zbyszlaw's Faster than Light, which predates me, I can tell you. The above address is liable to change soon, surprise surprise.))

RUSSIA: Chris Sutton, 62 Ashbrook Road, Starchley, Birmingham B30 2XB
((Is a better Diplomacy player than I, but then again, most of you lot doubtless are, so that ain't saying much. Is currently co-ordinating a music poll in Arfle Barfle Gloop, and I'm pleased to say that his taste seems to pretty much match mine.))

TURKEY: Mark Underhay, 65 The Chase, Holland-on-sea, Essex CO15 5PZ
((Recent addition to the U-Bend filing cards, Mark is a Springboarder just branching out into the wild world of this jolly little hobby. Have a good time, Mark. He says U-Bend always gets good reviews, hence his choice; I could show you some reviews, Mark, that'd... 'Scuse me.))

I think you all have house-rules and bumf; yell if not (or better still send a letter). Try to avoid double deadlines. The countries made five first choices and two second, which is pretty damn good; let nobody say U-Bend isn't user-friendly! Best of luck all round.

//////////////////////////////////////SUBLIMINAL MESSAGES IN INTERLINEATIONS//////////////////////////////////////

LARTER (Asteroid Dogfight) Turn: who cares
Eddy Richards

A second NMR from Eddy Richards sees his power plant overload, kablohey, and KISMETT (Nicholas Parish) is declared the winner (or maybe least-like-loser would be more appropriate). I regard the departure of Asteroid Dogfight from these pages with joy akin to Nick Kinzett getting rid of dice-moderated games from Zeeby, or to Denis Jones having his first pint after being marooned in a desert. And you can shut up, Breakwell.

//////////////////////////////////////PROTOCOLS OF THE ELDERS OF ZION NUMBER 1: FEAR AND CONFUSION//////////////////////////////////////

Mica/GLOSTER (Sopwith T163MA) Turn 16 and last (sob)

Pilot	Starts	Moves	Ends	A :D :P
Mr Spock	S16-R15	A f-A&R, I, O and wipes brow	00:01:35	
ACE! Rob Cullender		RT f-L and dies gloriously		25
'Ginger' Rogers	P14-Q15			

((End table and last Press elsewhere, £1.50 deposit each refunded to sub))

Jim Ladd, A cautionary tale: "I hear whispering in the galleys. Aarrh. And in the fo'c'sle. And these here whisperings be about Mutiny." Cap'n Gordon was obviously NOT happy. He'd been very dejected, or appeared so, since the untimely demise of AB Poor. Without the Bosun to back him up -- and who knew what happened to Hicks-pasha? -- he was becoming more and more concerned about the state of the crew. Jim looked askance at the remaining crew lined up in front of the Cap'n. And come to think of it, Parson Nicholas, who had kept a very low profile for the past few months at sea, was not looking at all worried by the Cap'n's ravings. Jim spoke up: "Excuse me, Mr Gordon, there can't be any mumblings about mutiny cos I'm too new at this game and Titchy Davy couldn't hurt a fly and Big Oz is too gentle and the Parson said just the other day that poor Mr Poor had been looking as sick as the Bosun's parrot just before it fell terminally ill, and...." He gradually tailed off as he felt eyes burning into him -- Parson Nick was looking distinctly unamused.

=====

SILVER (Really Lazy Bastard Diplomacy)

Spring 1902

Sorry, but I was too lazy a bastard to type up Autumn 01 last issue. In fact I would probably do so again, were it not to warn you that the rumours I hear that one of you lot is trying to get an Arda/Miller number assigned to this variant worry me. These are not the acts of a true Lazy Bastard, even if the UKMNC is your brother. RIGHT MARKIE?

For those too lazy to remember, the participants are: AUSTRIA: Dave Hicks (NMR)/ENGLAND: Steve Guest (NMR)/FRANCE: Bryan Betts (NMR)/GERMANY: Ed Morgan (NMR)/ITALY: Dave Rowley (NMR)/RUSSIA: Markie Nelson (NMR)/TURKEY: Alan Parr (NMR)..

Keen observers may note that some people are taking laziness so far as to drop out of U-Bend entirely. This is a good strategy for this game, but it may carry unfortunate side-effects if you're in other ones as well.

BARRETT (RR map YO)

Round 7

Whoops, NUTS starts on 64 pts as I forgot to add on 3 from IYI.

Race Results

- 1) Malton - Hull: LUST 20-6+2, AE/NUTS jt 5-1 each, NUTS +6.
- 2) Ilkley - Wakefield: LUST 20-1, NUTS +1. AE disallowed due to nonsensical orders.
- 3) Scunthorpe - The West: IYI 20 (to Hebden Bridge).
- 4) Sheffield - Goole: THEE 20+2, LUST/NUTS jt 5 each, LUST +4, IYI 0-4-2.
- 5) Huddersfield - Bradford: IYI 15-1+6+7, AE 15-7+1+1 (d.h.), NUTS 0-5-1-1.
- 6) As yet impossible; offered again (Grimsby - Mkt Weighton).

Builds:

IYI: (A60)-E62-F61; (C50)-E51-Leeds. 12-1N-2T+1T+1N = 13
 AE: (I16)-I19; (G58)-K56-Harrogate. 8-1T+3L+1N+1T = 4
 NUTS: (M16)-E52-Leeds; (B6)-L5-K5; (Doncaster)-E12-F11-Mexboro. 12-1T-1A-1L-1I-3T+1I = 18
 THEE: (Leeds)-E51-F50-F48; (G19)-Scunthorpe. 12+2I-1I-1A+4N+1A = 7
 LUST: (I48)-F46-F45-Halifax-D44; (J12)-H13. 12-1A-1I-1T-2A+1N = 16

Next Round's Races Enter 6, plus four new ones (or less, natch); build 10 physical pts.

- 7) 13-54 Bridlington - Elmsall
- 8) 46-41 Castleford - Hebden Bridge
- 9) 31-34 Leeds - Shipley
- 10) 51-22 Selby - York
- 11) 25-61 Market Weighton - Penistone
- 12) 62-14 Barnsley - Grimsby

Running Totals

THEE (John Webley, brown): 54+22-7 = 69
 NUTS (Nicholas Parish, mauve): 64+9-18 = 55
 LUST (David Oya, red): 69+44-16 = 99
 AE (James Nelson, blue): 23+14-4 = 33
 IYI (Damien Cosgrove, orange): 65+41-13 = 93

James, please check your orders -- some I had to struggle with, and race 2 I just couldn't fathom.

****IMPORTANT**** Damien wants someone to run IYI while he's abroad (2 months); volunteers?

Still a shortage of orders, hits and common sense

Pilot	Starts	Moves	Ends	A :D :P
<u>Retaliator</u> ACE Mark Wightman	F10-E10	LT,A,LT	D7-D6	13:12:00
Erik the Half-a-bee Erik Eriksson (NMR!)	M19-N19	A,A,A	F19-Q19	11:03:05
Baron von L'leaf (Marc Cole)(NMR2!)	I4-H3	A,A,A	F1-W	10:04:03
<u>Atsuko</u> ACE Dave Lomas	N12-M11	LS f-A&R, LS f-R and dies		10
Father Avion	L10-M11	RS f-L, O E-L&R and... guess... dies!		17

In a breathtaking burst of action Ace Atsuko drums bursts of flames into the holy Father Avion, making him a holy man in more ways than one. But wait! From Hell's heart the Reverend stabs at him, and down they go together, as the clouds burst out in a round of applause whilst moving to: (F13,F14,G12,G13):(K15,K16,L16):(L3,L10,L11):(N17,O15,O17,O18):(O13,O14,P12,P13,P14). Now, with Marc no longer on my mailing list, will the wily Swede arouse himself, or will Mark W walk it?

oo

HERSHEY (Diplomacy 91DG)

Spring 1904

Mediterranean messy, Barents confused.

AUSTRIA (Ed Morgan, c/o 22 Meadow Road, Sutton, Surrey SM1 4NF)

A(Tri)-Tyr, A(Bud)* S A(Vie)-Tri, A(Vie)-Tri, A(War) S Russian A(Mos).

ENGLAND (Dave Newnham, 80 Prince Edward's Road, Lewes, E Sussex BN7 1BH)

A(Cly)-Edi, F(Lon)-NTH, F(Bel) H, F(BAR)-StP ((no coast specified)), F(Edi)-NWG

FRANCE (Mark Stretch, 2 Over Mill Drive, Selly Park, Birmingham B29 7JL)

F(WMS)-TYS, A(Bur)-Mar, A(Pie)-Tus, F(Tun)-ION, A(Bre)-Gas, F(Mar)-GOL.

GERMANY (Simon Cutforth, 4 Beer's Cottages, Kennford, Exeter EX6 7TL)

A(Hol) H, A(Mun) S A(Tyr), A(Tyr) S A(Boh)-Vie, A(Boh)-Vie, F(Swe)-Den,

F(GOB) S English F(BAR)-StP/nc.

ITALY (Anarchy)

A(Ven) H u/o.

RUSSIA (~~Paul/Barents~~ = ANARCHY)

NMR2! A(Mos) H u/o.

TURKEY (Chris Sutton, 62 Ashbrook Road, Stirchley, Birmingham B30 2XB)

F(ION)-Nap, F(Con)-AEG, F(Smy)-EMS, A(Ukr)-Gal, A(Sev)-Ukr, F(Alb)-Tri, A(Ser)

..S A(Rum)-Bud, A(Rum)-Bud.

Deceased. doornail-wise: Austrian A(Bud) dies nrp.

Press to play

Turkey - Germany: This could well have been a good season if all went to plan.

Turkey - France: Hope you remember our agreement -- what will you do once you've got your Italian centre?

Judge English: Sorry, Dave, but my house rules are clear on this point -- it's not as if you were a rank novice. And more apologies to you all for Paul and Dave, who are out on their ears and will not be seen in

U-Bend again without some bloody convincing explanations.

The "Last Chance" for Dave, Dave, was because he had NMRed twice in McGruder. I was hoping vainly that he would return in Hershey (which was held over for one of those seasons), but no such luck.

Ah well, the remaining players look to be shaping up for a good tussle. Note that Edmund is back in the UK, though for how long remains to be seen.

ENGLISH(RR map OH)

Round 6

A brief crop of corrections... ORNATE built (N6)-M6; F.F. (I42)-I41; and I omitted CCI's final build of (K8)-Dayton (though points were correct). I've taken the liberty of slightly amending ORNATE's builds due to this.

OSCAR (Iain Bowen, pink): 6a) (H14)-H15-G16; (Dayton)-O5 ((1 sht)): 6b) (O5)-O1; (6c) (Cincinatti)-G4. 41-1C-2F+1A+1I=40

IDLE (Peter Ritchie, red): 6a) (Mansfield)-Z18-X17-W18: 6b) (W18)-V18-U18-T18; (Q8)-P7: 6c) (P7)-O7-Dayton; (Ashtabula)-N71. 45-10s-1F+1F=44

FRIENDLY FASCISM (Denis Jones, black ~~XXXX~~): 6a) (Cincinnati)-G4; (J16)-J17: 6b) (J17)-J18-I19; (J16)-I16; (E61)-F61: 6c) (F61)-I63. 44-2C-10r-1A-1I+1I+20s+20r=44

CCI (Dave Lomas; purple): 6a) (Ironton)-A18: 6b) (C66)-D66; (Portsmouth)-D14: 6c) (Hamilton)-K1; (X13)-Marion. 56-1A+2F+10s+10r=59

ORNATE (Peter Charles, blue): 6a) (M6)-K5; (N6)-N4: 6b) (N4)-N1; (R10)-S10: 6c) (S10)-V8. 47-1C-2F+1F+2A=47

ANNE'S CLIQUE (Nicholas Parish, green): (6a) (Q23)-Q19: 6b) (Q19)-R18; (Q19)-Q16: 6c) (Q16)-R15; (E70)-D70; (V32)-U32. 59-20r-10s+10c=57

And then come the races -- enter up to 6, and then build up to 12 physical points:

- 1) JS-TC Gallipolis - Painsville
- 2) 2H-3D Findlay-- Youngstown
- 3) 2D-QH Pennsylvania - Indiana
- 4) 4C-QD Toledo - Martins Ferry
- 5) Q8-ED W Virginia - Ganton
- 6) KC-AS L. Erie Port - Kentucky
- 7) 9H-AH Mansfield - Bryan
- 8) 3D-QS Youngstown - West Virginia
- 9) KD-3C Marietta - Toledo

Player Addresses

Peter Charles, 16 Bosbury Road, Catford, London SE6 2SJ
 Denis Jones, 75 Kingston Road, Ilford, Essex IG1 1PB
 Peter Ritchie, 241 Days Lane, Sidcup, Kent DA15 8JX
 Iain Bowen, 5 Wigginton Terrace, York YO3 7JD
 Nicholas Parish, Monkmoor, 10 Beechwood Avenue, Weybridge, Surrey KT13 9TE
 Dave Lomas, 6 Ramshaw Grove, Adderley Green, Longton, Stoke on Trent ST3 5TD

.....
JACK (Five Italie Dip) Autumn 1904

As intimated in the letters, I owe vast quantities of apologies to David Tittle, and the other players, for making such a pig's ear of the readjudication. I'll be glad when this one's over (it's not even as if it were a very good variant).

ITALY A (James Nelson, c/o 112 Huntley Avenue, Spondon, Derby DE2 7DU)
A(Nap A) cheers on Toby's forces, F(ION A) S A(Nap A), F(Tun E)-ION E.

ITALY B (Toby Harris, 6 Durham Terrace, Silksworth, Sunderland SR3 1BW)
A(Pie B)-Ven C, A(Rom A) S F(TYS A)-Nap A, F(TYS A)-Nap A, F(ION B)-Tun A, F(TYS B)-ION C.

ITALY C (David Tittle, 5 Penrhyn Crescent, Runcorn, Cheshire WA7 4XJ)
F(Tun C)-ION C, A(Rom D) H, F(Apu D)-ION D, F(ADR D) S F(Apu D)-ION D, F(Nap D) S F(Apu D)-ION D.

ITALY E (Simon Cutforth, 4 Beer's Cottages, Kennford, Exeter EX6 7TL)
F(ION E) H, F(Tun D)-ION D, F(TYS D) S F(Tun D)-ION D, A(Ven E)-Pie D, F(Ven A) H.

Press

Big Italy - Little Italies: Shall we call it a three way draw?
 ((Invalid draw proposal, Tobe -- there's four left in))
 C - B: Thank you for your letter. I accept that you have acted honourably and are not to blame. ((Builds overleaf))

JACK Builds and disbands

ITALY A: Nap A Yak/A Yak/A Tun E	= 2	Disbands A(Nap A)
ITALY B: Rom B Nap B Ven B Tun B Rom A Tun A Ven C	= 7	Builds A(Ven B), F(Nap B)
ITALY C: Rom C Nap C Yak/B Tun C Ven D Rom D Nap D	= 6	Builds A(Rom C)
ITALY D: Yak/D Yak/D	= 0	OUT, and good riddance
ITALY E: Rom E Nap E Ven E Yak/E Tun D Ven A	= 5	n/c
Neutral: Swi ((Nobody wants it in Smodnoc either))	= 1	
	21	

~~~~~

IZZARD (RR Dynamite map PN) Round 8

NO CLEAR TRACK FOR WARPATH (Pun, pun, ho ho)

Race results

- 6) Portland - Yakima: still no entries.
- 7) Everett - Klamath Falls: TBNS 20-10-1, WARPATH +10, HAND +1.
- 9) Shelby - CA: GIT 20-9, WARPATH +9.
- 10) Sea Port - Bozeman: TBNS 20-6+1, GIT 10+6-1.
- 11) Medford - Bellingham: TBNS 20-5-3, WARPATH +5, HAND +3.
- 12) Seattle - Casper: TBNS/MICA jt 10/10.
- 13) Walla Walla - Shelby: GIT 20; TBNS/MICA jt 5-1/5-1, WARPATH +2.
- 14) Cheyenne - Spokane: TBNS/MICA 10/10
- 15) The East - Wenatchee: no entries.
- 16) Sidney - The Dalles: HAND 20-9, GIT 10+9.
- 17) Worland - Medford: no entries.
- 18) Canada - The East: GIT 20-3, MICA 10+3.

Earnings TBNS 70, GIT 72, WARPATH 26, MICA 37, HAND 15.

Ye Builds

HAND: (X16)-Walla Walla: (Z15)-Z13-A63: (M41)-L40-Casper: (O42)-Gillette:  
 (X41)-Miles City = 9-3G = 12 +2 = 10

MICA: (A70)-A68-X16. = 5-5T-1H = 11

TBNS: (O28)-Idaho Falls-L28-L27-J26-Twin Falls; (T38)-T39. 40 -7W = 17 +5 = 12

WARPATH: (U14)-Y12-Yakima: (T38)-T40-U41; (N5)-Eugene = 9-2G-1H = 12 +7 = 5

GIT: ~~(W11A)~~ (W15)-W14-X13-X12-Y12-Yakima: (Boise)-J21-Twin Falls: = 10 +5 = 5

GIT's builds altered slightly as you don't have track at W14 yet. Oh, and TBNS pays HAND 2 last time for builds, not vicky verky (scores HAND 72; TBNS 51).

Wickednesses

Even as repairmen fix WARPATH's K28-J28, more track goes up at G33-Grainger. An attack on TBNS's track fails as guards scare off the baddies.

So for next round, enter 6, 15 and 17, plus up to six of the following races; then build up to eight physical points.

- |                                 |                                  |
|---------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 19) 8H-7S Casper - Billings     | 24) JS-JC Missoula - Walla Walla |
| 20) KH-8D The East - Eugene     | 25) JH-5D Cheyenne - Portland    |
| 21) 7D-4D Bend - Portland       | 26) 9C-2H Yakima - Twin Falls    |
| 22) 8D-2C Eugene - Everett      | 27) 4C-8S Seattle - Helena       |
| 23) 6S-6H Miles City - Sheridan |                                  |

Scores

GIT (Tony Sait, green): 19+72-8-10 = 73

TBNS (John Colledge, blue): 51+70-8-17 = 96

WARPATH (David Tittle, black): 37+26-8-12 = 103

MICA (Joy Hibbert, purple): 22+37-8-11 = 40

HAVE A NICE DAY (Steve Guest, orange): 72+15-8-12 = 67

Press

MICA - TBNS: Sorry not to have written back. I hope you've offered the joint runs anyway.

TBNS - All others: Please remember to put in provisional joint run orders if you think there is a chance of me entering.

Judge English: I promise, I promise, the runs are sectioned between suits.





## AUSTRIA PROVES SUCCESSFUL IN RED QUEEN'S RACE

AUSTRIA (Mike Allaway, 62 Herga Road, Harrow, Middlesex HA3 5AS)

F(Tri)-WARP-Tri, A(Vie)-WARP-Vie\*, A(Rum)-WARP-Rum, A(Ser)-WARP-Bud. A(Vie W AO1)-Tus.

ENGLAND (John Wilman, 2 Keillor Cottages, Kettins, by Blairgowrie, PH13 9JT)

No temporal units... A(Lon W SO2)-Lpl, F(Bre W SO2)-Por\*. F(Lpl) W SO2.

FRANCE (RJ Walkerdine, 6 Honeyborne Way, Wickwar, Wotton under Edge, Glos GL12 8PF)

A(Gas)-Spa, A(Por)H\*, A(Bre) H, A(Mar)-Pie. F(ENG W AO1)-Edi.

GERMANY (Peripatetic Doubleday, c/o Mr P Hunter, Training Dept, Head Office, Brad & Bing B Soc, Bingley, W Yorks -- mark Personal etc.)

A(Ruh)-Bel, A(Tyr)-Ven. F(Kie W SO2)-Nwy, A(Ber W SO2)-Swe, A(Bel W AO2)-Lon.

ITALY (Rob Moore, The Cedars, Ruskinville Bridge, Abbey Rd, Dalton in Furness, Cumbria LA15 8LG)

A(Ven) H, A(Smy) H\*, F(ION)-WARP, F(Apu)-WARP. A(Tun W SO2)-Gre\*.

RUSSIA (Peter Ritchie, 241 Days Lane, Sidcup, Kent DA15 8JX)

F(BLA)-Sev, A(Con)-Smy, A(Bud)-Vie\*, A(Gal) S A(Bud)-Vie.

TURKEY (Edmund Morgan, 22 Meadow Road, Sutton, Surrey SM1 4NF)

A(Gre) H\*, A(Mos) H. F(Ank W SO2)-Smy\*.

Retreats None this time either; though no less than eight units are thoroughly blatted by the effects of time warp singularities (asterisked above).

State of Play

|                                                                          |                                     |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| AUSTRIA: Vie Tri Bud Rum                                                 | = 4 n/c                             |
| ENGLAND: <del>Lpl</del> Lpl <del>Por</del> <del>Nwy</del> <del>Bre</del> | = 1 n/c, oh dear me                 |
| FRANCE: Par Mar Por Spa Bre Edi                                          | = 6 Builds F(Mar), A(Par) ((1 sht   |
| GERMANY: Kie Ber Mun Bel Hol Den Swe Nwy Lon                             | = 9 Builds As(Ber, Mun), F(Kie),    |
| ITALY: Rom Nap Ven Tun                                                   | = 4 Builds F(Nap), A(Rom), 1 sht    |
| RUSSIA: <del>StP</del> StP War Sev <del>Con</del> Con                    | = 4 Builds A(War)                   |
| TURKEY: <del>Ank</del> Ank Smy Bul Mos                                   | = 4 Builds As(Ank, Smy), also 1 sht |

Roll the Presses:

On the Greenland tundra: Hazbond trudged on and on, pausing from time to time to glare at his compass. "Fucking thing," he swore with more feeling than he had in his bodily extremities. "I can't imagine what's up with it. I got it out of a perfectly good Christmas cracker."

Viscous Character Assassination No 1: Mike Allthaway sat hunched over his board. People thought him sad but he didn't care. People told him to get out more often but he ignored them. The board was here and that was all that mattered to him. He smirked. The board sat mute. He giggled as his hands placed the tiny pieces in their correct places. The board declined to comment, wary as ever of this deranged character enjoying his fix. His eyes were glazed, and as he blinked them, colours swam before his eyes. Purple, yellow, green, black, blue... all fell before the advancing brown tide. Brown in the east, brown in the south, brown oceans, brown board, brown table, brown floor. Brown floor? Only the sudden burning sensation told him he'd spilt his coffee again.

Judge English - Assassin: I rather like the idea of Allthaway having a treacly, sluggishly flowing liquid character myself.

In the abandoned warehouse: Walkerdine still sat groaning, head still in hands. Ulrika tutted, at a loss as to how to retrieve him from his depression. Well, to be frank she could think of one way, but she was not about to do it in the middle of the warehouse -- too damn public...

At the Organisation Club: Professor Bowen knocked three times, then twice more, once, three times, once. As I started to wonder if he was spelling out a code or was a frustrated rock'n'roll drummer, a panel snapped open, and a face looked out. "Let us in," said Bowen conversationally.

"Sure thing, Prof," said the face, and suited the action to the word.

Inside the club music pounded into my ears, and bizarrely dressed figures did much the same to my eyes. "I'll take you straight up to Pint Size. Unless you'd fancy a dance first, that is?" enquired the Professor politely.

I assured him that no, I wouldn't, and neither would Q.T. A sharp heel trod on my instep. "If I want to bop, Hank, I bop," Ms Pye informed me. It's rare indeed that anyone causes me grief, physical or emotional, and ends up outside a sarcastic news story at best and a coffin at worst; but then again, Q.T. Pye was a truly exceptional chick.

She released the pressure. "As it happens, I don't want to bop. I want to get to the bottom of this business of time warps and Walkerdines."

The Professor led us on up a flight of stairs away from the dance floor; which was just as well, as at least one man had been looking at the jacket that Bowen had put on me in a way that made me distinctly uncomfortable.

At the top of the stairs was a closed door, on which Professor Bowen hammered. "Ch, Joy!" he carolled. The door opened, and framed a large figure with an indefinable something in its hand. I twitched briefly, fearing a weapon, before I recognised the pungent odour of a veggieburger.

"Hello, Bowen. What's an old queen like you doing in a nice place like this?"

Ignoring the slur (for Bowen was surely a good deal younger than her) the Professor introduced us. "Pint Size, meet Hank Janson from the Chicago Chronicle and his friend Quincyyette Tallulah Pye. They want help."

"With dress sense like that I'm not surprised. What sort of help?"

"A... person... called Walkerdine, whom I believe you know, has been mailing me some very interesting letters about secret plans and time machines. If you could shed any light..." said Q.T.

"Ahh, Walkerdine. I could eat him for breakfast. If I weren't veggie, that is," and she took another bite from the burger, almost finishing it. I imagined her biting down on Walkerdine and winced; not a pretty thought. "I have plans for dealing with him. ~~I merely hire a squad of Bowen's androgynes, equip them with veggie food and leaflets on safer sex, and let them loose. And if that doesn't work, I have Mark Boyle's address. But what's this about time machines?"~~

Q.T. explained the situation briefly.

"I don't like the sound of this," Hibbert mused. "I think I need to make a phone call. Let's go downstairs." She vanquished the tattered remains of the veggieburger and strode off. "Never let your enemy have a time machine unless you've got a better model," she said over her shoulder.

Back downstairs the noise was still deafening, despite which Pint Size Hibbert picked up the payphone and dialled. "If I can get through, then --"

And suddenly the music was split by the throbbing thunder of machine guns. Down dived dancers right and left. "Down!" shouted Pint Size and left the receiver dangling as she hit the deck. In an instant I hurled myself on top of Q.T., and scarcely a second later, I blacked out.

I awoke with a large bump on my head amid a scene of devastation. "Sorry," said Q.T. "Didn't mean to wallop you. Instinctive move when a man jumps on top of me, I'm afraid."

////////////////////////////////////same bat zine same bat channel////////////////////////////////////

#### HALWILL JUNCTION

- 1: Mark Stretch, Mark Wightman, Peter Dunnett, Andy Key, Dave Rowley
- 2: Dave Lomas, Nicholas Parish
- 3: David Oya, Steve Guest
- 4: JOHN MILLER
- 5: Rob Moore
- 6: Peter Ritchie, Joy Hibbert
- 9: David Tittle
- 12: James Nelson

So I hereby award John Miller the Best Halwill Junction Entry Gladrags Award of Issue 12, and a prize of a free issue. Alan Parr appears to be still stuck somewhere on the Tring bypass.

QUINCEYETTE TALLULAH PYE'S GOOD TIME GUIDE TO MEN IN THE HOBBY

Haz has been kind enough to lend me a page for me to expound on the shortage of women in the hobby whose subject is postal gaming. For my part, I am convinced that this has some relation to the fact that we just haven't twigged how many of the men in it are sexually available hunky studs. Well, here's a preliminary guide to Hobby Males, with advantages and disadvantages of each one: further data would be most helpful (though I might add that guys sending in their own forms under female pseudonyms will be dealt with severely and with rusty scissors, get it?)

| NAME               | PRO                           | CONTRA                                        |
|--------------------|-------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------|
| Pete Sullivan      | Blonde-boy good looks         | Squeaky clean                                 |
| Haz Bond           | Sexual pervert                | More so than you'd like                       |
| David Oya          | Sponditious funk machine      | Frighteningly young                           |
| Iain Bowen         | Intellectual hedonist         | Politically v. dodgy                          |
| Robin ap Cynan     | Gourmet cook                  | Dead posh                                     |
| Steve Doubleday    | Gourmet cook                  | Lives with Richard Sharp                      |
| Richard Walkerdine | Suave                         | Ulrika will kill you                          |
| Steve Howe         | Tall and clean cut            | Plays Northumbrian pipes                      |
| Nick Kinzett       | Kuddly koala                  | Sexually aroused by Diplomacy scoring systems |
| P.S.Richards       | Slinky black clothes          | Keeps changing his name (v. suspicious!)      |
| William Whyte      | Extremely intelligent         | Oh, those trousers                            |
| Steve Guest        | Ready wit                     | Hic!                                          |
| Toby Harris        | Sassy young punk              | Fancies himself more than you                 |
| Nicholas Parish    | Young blood                   | Turbofreakness personified                    |
| Mike Clark         | Young blood                   | Sixties revivalist                            |
| Vick Hall          | Small and cute                | Easily mistaken for a woman                   |
| Denis Jones        | Crackles with right-on energy | No taste in music                             |
| Mark Nelson        | Crazed feudist                | Spotty bridge player                          |
| James Nelson       | Sweet Young Thing             | Accident prone                                |
| Pete Birks         | Man of the world              | Never lets you forget it                      |
| Alex Richardson    | Sounds interesting            | Has <u>anyone</u> ever met him?               |
| Mark Winkelmann    | Hippie druggie type           | Hippie druggie type                           |
| Eoghan Barry       | Caustic wit                   | Thinks he's cleverer than he is               |
| Ian Moore          | Caustic wit                   | Eoghan Barry's pet parrot                     |
| Allan Gordon       | Mellow artist                 | Doesn't understand women                      |
| Pete Doubleday     | Vast hunk of maleness         | Lethargic to point of inactivity              |
| Alex Zbyszaw       | Alternative                   | Total dropout                                 |
| Pete Strover       | Genial warmth                 | Doesn't go to barbers                         |
| Dave Rowley        | Isn't spineless               | But looks it                                  |
| Dunky Proffitt     | Nice computer                 | Just about everything else, really...         |

Thanks, Q.T., for that... stimulating... piece.  
 Let's fill up the page with some miniature sweepies, entitled

DUSTPAN AND BRUSHIES

David Watts, the Railway Rivals man, is complaining once more of poor trade, though the imminent re-release of the German version of RR may perk him up. Send for his catalogue and get some very decent discounts on what are already cheap games (Rostherne, 102 Priory Rd, Milford Haven, Dyfed SA73 2ED).

Some wag has opened Hoax Season, methinks, with an anonymous letter akin to last year's D(UK)C, postmarked Manchester and purporting to come from the 'Grammar Police', accusing me of orthographical infelicities. Yes. Thank you. Bod off.

QUID IN ALVEOS ACCIDET  
hobby news

MANORCON is upon us at last, and this will be the last issue before that event. Unlike some editors, I shall accept orders at the con, but on the strict understanding that you do so at your own risk, especially if you give me them on scrappy little chunks of paper. Anyway. Richard Walkerdine, at his new address of 6 Honeyborne Way, Wickwar, Wotton under Edge, Glos GL12 8PF (0454 299073) is the man to talk to if you still haven't forked out. I have four names for a U-Bend diplomacy team (messrs Bond, Howe, Morgan E. and Wightman M.) but three more are required; c'mon -- every representative gets a FREE BADGE made up at no ~~great~~ little expense...

Alan Parr and Richard Bass have announced the annual International United Tournament, ninth of that ilk. Rules and further details are available from Richard at Lorienwood, The Ride, Ifold, Loxwood, W Sussex RH14 0TQ. Basically, every United league is invited to send in a representative, be they British, foreign, or alien (shurely shome mistake -- ed).

Mike Clark's SIDEWALK has now published three issues, all most workmanlike and efficient, not to mention enjoyable to peruse. For a new zine this is most shockingly under-subscribed, so anybody interesting in broadening their hobby involement should get some cash off to him instanter (Auchtydore, Longside, Peterhead, Aberdeenshire AB42 7YL). He rings the changes yet once more on Tring Central (a.k.a. Halwill Junction, and many another) with 'Twelve Gold Bars', in which punters are restricted to numbers between one and a dozen.

Speaking of which, Alan Parr has called a halt to the original and replaced it with some fiendish affair in which averages and percentages figure heavily. Pete Birks claims that it can be cooked (along the same lines as the famous two-prisoner problem). The first results are awaited. Alan's HOPSCOTCH is a fine zine with a long pedi gree in 'Other Games' (6 Longfield Gardens, Tring, Herts HP23 4DN)

A STEP FURTHER OUT 51 is a poor, wizened thing not only compared to the spondiciously stonking issue 50 but to normal issues, as Steve Howe's duplicator has conked out. Latest news is that steps have been taken to ensure ASFO's continued existance in one form or another, to everyone's great relief.

PSRichards is the latest fellow to have a go at Andy Bate concerning FROGGY ("I stabbed an ally there last decade and he doesn't know it yet" -- Guy Thomas), the legendary late zine. It seems that the Bate creature has promised an announcement or pamphlet by Manorcon. This I will believe when I have a copy under my nose and not before.

PSR's companion in crime Paul Norris has suffered at the hands of the Post Office when the originals for his zine DER GROSSE DAMPFMASCHINE got sent to the return address on the back of the envelope, rather than to their printer PSR. All is now well, however, and DGD, an unpretentious but sturdy little number, is back on the road. (Top Flat, 53 Ashley Hill, Montpelier, Bristol, Avon BS7 9BE).

STAFFORD HOBBYMET appears to be dead on its feet -- no bugger turned up to the last one at all. Hey ho. If anyone is ever in the Stafford area by all means bring some games and give the editorial phone number a tinkle. I enjoy making fresh blood squirm and crushing their egos face to face.

An old lag newly returned to the hobby, Steve Agar of 79 Florence Road, Brighton BN1 6DL, has published the first issue of SPRING OFFENSIVE, a four-weekly Diplomacy zine available at 60p a throw from him. Steve writes wittily on many subjects, though a nice idea on Shakespearian stereotypes as Diplomacy players is let down somewhat by a lack of literary knowledge. His reaction on learning that James Nelson had stolen away with his title VARIANTS AND UNCLE'S during his years in the wilderness is unrecorded, perhaps unfortunately. There's also a rather weird clause in his Dippy houserules which states that anarchic units may not receive support. Quibbles aside, this too is well worth a sample, especially for variants fans (it seems that the rules of the U-Bend Deluge game are all washed up, if you'll excuse the witticism...)

QUISQUILIAE IN VERSO

And so another issue of U-Bend goes to bed, rather later than I had hoped but such is life. Pete Sullivan sez my turnaround matches that of Ode and ABG at 5.8 weekly. Trust him to show off up there at three weeks. I hope the Norwegians get you, Sullivan, you wretch, you.

I shall print up a few extra copies to offload onto people at Manorcon. I shan't be there for all the con due to other commitments, but I shall definitely make the Dip tournament -- the only chance I get to play f-t-f Diplomacy all year, since Midcon almost always clashes with the SF convention Novacon, and both Baycon and Furrycon are a wee bit dear and distant.

I really don't think I've done too badly this issue. I haven't lost anyone's orders, forgotten to adjudicate any games, or anything like that; and only one stencil got torn by this ravaging beast of a typewriter. New readers should be warned that this is not always the case, and that every third issue or so I turn into Mr Hyde, laughing evilly at subbers and sending poisoned sweets to small children and Springboard subbers. Approach this zine at your own risk, then, if you don't subscribe already. As if I weren't danger enough myself, the zine has David Oya in, enough to make strong mens' hearts quail.

Sorry about the cover, but I couldn't resist it. For a while I couldn't find my copy of the record, and thought you'd have to make do with a substitute -- but who would look at a gameszine called Guitar Boogie Shuffle or There's A Guy Works Down The Chipshop Swears he's Elvis? (Although I do think that Erasure's song Ship of Fools would make a bloody fine title for a zine...)

I observe Richard Sharp has followed Iain Bowen in setting up a Dip waitlist for reliable players only. There has been much talk lately of dropouts, esp. in Springboard (ah! for the Most Boring Topic Rusty Bolt -- wherefore art thou Kinzett?) and the rating thereof. Personally I don't care whether people drop out of Springboard, from the purely selfish viewpoint that if SB didn't exist they'd be all over the place dropping out instead and might be annoying me by so doing. Mind you, it must take a truly unique psychological makeup to avoid your soul being well and truly destroyed by them all; eh, Danny? Kath?

Mike Allaway has been sacked, or rather made redundant (I always fail to grasp the intricate difference between those two, and Dave always moans at me for it). Cheer him up by sending a sub to Pyrrhic Victory at 62 Herga Road, Harrow, Middlesex HA3 5AS. It takes a truly exceptional editor to go on holiday to American climes, give out his address, and adjudicate the games over there. My hat is off to the man.

Okay, Birks, what is the simple English equivalent for 'glasnost'?

That question, and many another, is raised by the latest GREATEST HITS, Pete Birks' attempt to deforest vast tracts of jungle. The marvellous idea also features here of reviewing zines by talking about the editor's moans and gripes. Of course, it only works once, else next time all the reviews would read "Moans -- being reviewed by me listing all his moans." Top from Pete at 181 Friern Road, London SE22 0BD.

This is your editor signing off. It is hot enough to fry eggs on the pavement, the cats have had fleas and passed them onto their humans with consummate ease, and I am knackered and going to bed. May your deity go with you all. (No, not to bed, STUPID).

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| STOP PRESS...Zine delayed due to duplicator problems, now resolved (touch wood) |               |               |
| -- creased silk screen. Late orders looked on with more sympathy than usual.    |               |               |

*8 freebies*