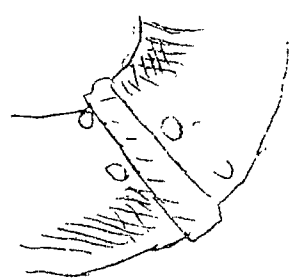
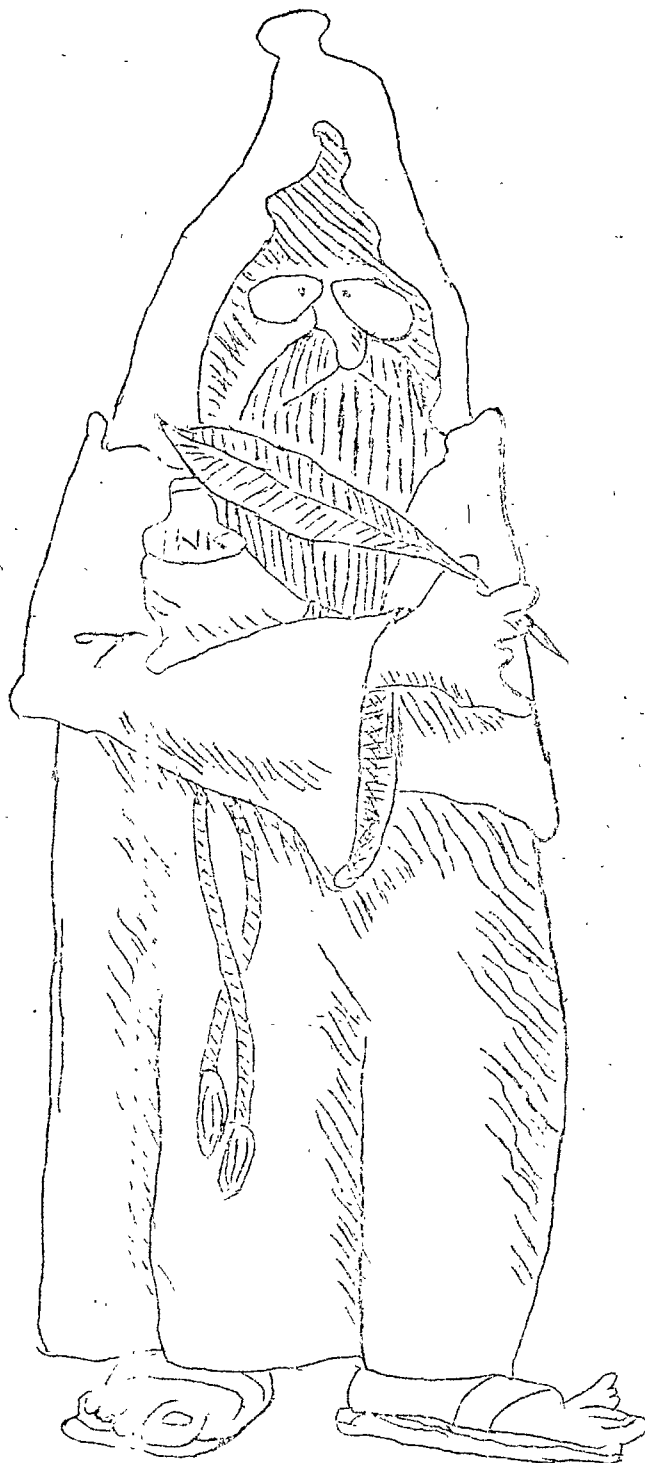


UP AROUND THE BEAN



Issue
Fifteen

October 1992

THE MASTERS OF THE HOBBY
Number 1 in a series

Fr. M----- N----- of Leeds expunges
another postal mathematics mine
from the history of the hobby

Azathoth, Lord of the Lower Planes and Master of Daemons, plus sundry other titles, stepped forward casually, picking at discoloured teeth with a thumbnail of no less repulsive a state of filth. Humming tunelessly, he glanced at the quaking crowd in front of him, then at the list in his hand. A slow, malevolent and utterly evil smile spread over his features.

"Oh my, oh my," he murmured, perusing the list. "You lot have really blown it. There are a lot of ways you can wind up down here, but... well! Shall we say that you'll all have plenty of time to regret it?" And he threw his great, scaly head back and roared with laughter, exposing to the full a set of fangs that would have been quite sufficient to snuff out the life of any member of the cowering crowd, if they were applied properly... and if any of the crowd had still been alive.

Chuckling still, Azathoth scanned over the grubby list once more. "Up Around the Bend," he smiled. "That young Bond was always one of our best agents up above. Shocking the number of people he led into bad ways. Screwtape always did teach them well." Suddenly his voice altered as though an invisible megaphone had been magicked into existence before his lips, and he yelled "YOU!"

Dead silence from the multitude of damned. "Yes, YOU! You there!" He strode forward, his red eyes flashing with barely controlled glee. "We know all about you, oh, yes. You're

Nick Kirzett

and your sin is *Ursulovestism*

"And don't think there's any way out of it -- you're here for good now. That, my fine, feathered fallen ones, is what you get for reading

UP AROUND THE BEND issue 15

a postal games-and-other-stuff zine appearing every 5 to 6 weeks, costing 30p plus post an issue, and ensuring its recipients' moral damnation and turpitude.

A Pretend Family Fanzine***Coldcom Press 35*

Waiting Lists

Diplomacy: Steve Homer. Six wanted.

Railway Rivals: John Breakwell, John Colledge, Steve Guest, and I've a nasty feeling someone else asked, too...

Sopwith: Alex Richardson, Mark Stretch, John Breakwell, Rob Cullender. 2 wanted.

Atlantic Airlines (GM Dave Rowley): Alan Harvey, John Colledge, Rob Cullender; 1 required, but if there are no takers by next issue, I shall fill the gap myself to get it going.

Chaos II Diplomacy: Deep breath... Denis Jones, Nicholas Parish, Duncan Adams, Peter Ritchie, Rob Moore, John Breakwell, Stephen Agar, Edmund Morgan, John Todd, Alex Richardson, Ian Harris, Toby Harris (no relation), Allan Gordon, Peter Charles, Kear Hodgson, Rob Cullender, Vick Hall, Paul Dunning, Steve Guest, Joy Hibbert, Paul Norris, Bill O'Neill, Andy Key, John Miller, Robin ap Cynan, Gary Lyon, Mick Haytack, Peter Dunnett, Mike Allaway, Mike Clark, William Whyte, Damien Cosgrove. Is that the 34 required? No, it sodding well isn't. 2 wanted still! How that bastard Toby can fill his in one issue beats me.

Ah well...

I remain HAZ BOND, 13 MERRIVALE ROAD, STAFFORD ST17 9EB

(Phone 0785 213259 at your peril)

and the
deadline is :

Monday (yes, Monday), 30 November

SEVERAL PAGES OF SADOMASOCHISTIC ERAP

Interesting bunch of responses to my mentions of Operation Spanner in last issue. Simply put, there are two issues at question, or questions at issue; viz,

a) whether or not the Spanner precedent is good, bad, indifferent, justified or unjustified,

b) whether or not I should be talking about it in a games zine.

Let me take David Tittle's response as my text for today.

David Tittle "Is U-Bend a games zine or a general interest publication specialising in games?—The question isn't rhetorical, and I'm not attempting to sway you to one answer or the other, but the readership probably deserves a clue. There does appear to be a bias towards sexual politics, even before your latest, ahem, pink insertion ((ah, you got one of the coloured ones)). Anyway, you have succeeded in provoking a response."

Full marks to David there for spotting that the issue concerns politics (or human rights, which comes to approximately the same in the long run) as much as, if not more than, sex. The situation regarding Operation Spanner will be more fully discussed in the letter column; but what's this question asked in the first line?

At the moment, U-Bend does two things. (No snide comments, please). It runs postal games, and it talks about subjects that interest its editor.

Both of these give me pleasure, which is why I edit the thing. However, I have to take the consumer into account. Piggott's First Law notwithstanding, in order to run postal games you do need players who want to take part.

The truth is sad but undeniable; that I am no great shakes at running games. If I were to try and cut out every scrap of chat etc., I would be shot down in flames by such zines as Bloodstock, Smochnocaand even Ode, which can provide as wide or wider a range of games, run better, and presented more neatly.

But were I to take Pete Birks's route and run down all the games to concentrate on the chat, the situation would be no rosier. I flatter myself that I have a modicum of skill at turning words, which, while it is certainly not one of the greatest in the hobby, is enough to acquit me honourably. But Birks, as has been said many a time and oft, is an exceptional case. Denude U-Bend of its games and you would be lucky to see another two issues; the lack of a deadline would scupper me. I enjoy writing chat, yes; but not enough that I would sit down even every two months and put out an issue full.

Thus we observe that the only realistic future for this zine is that it continue to combine games and other material.

Given that we must have non-games material, what of its subject? Well, those of you who remember issue 1 will recall that I promised much talk of Me, Me being the one subject upon which I am an incontrovertible expert. And since sexual politics and the like are a great interest of Me, Me will almost by definition write about them with more skill than I will about something else in which I have little or no interest. The last time I willingly wrote anything of substance about a subject of no interest at all to me was in my General Studies A-level. Oddly enough I haven't missed it in the least.

And this should really come as no surprise. After all, do not other zines include, on a regular basis, material related to interests of their editors but quite unrelated either to postal gaming or to the other hobbies of the majority of their subscribers? And what's more, does this cause complaints or even puzzled noises to arise from their readers who after all do pay for the privilege of reading such? Of course it bloody doesn't, be the subject never so esoteric; castles, juggling, Byzantine history...

But when I share with you my thoughts on matters sexual, things are different, aren't they?

For this there are several reasons.

Firstly there is the fact that sexual matters are not as esoteric as Byzantine history (to put it mildly). Pretty much everyone has their own experience and their own opinion on everything to do with sex.

What's more, it tends to be a deep-seated opinion, which means that if someone else airs an opinion that differs significantly from theirs, umbrage is apt to be taken. Few things in this world are less questioned, and more unreliable, than gut reactions. Sex, even more than politics or religion, makes people think through some kind of red haze that impedes logical thought. I do not claim exemption from this mental filter, but since I think that anything that gets in the way of clear thinking is of necessity a bad thing, I support getting rid of it. If you want to keep yours, I can't stop you, but I can't for the life of me see why you would want to.

Then there is the idea that sex is a 'special case', differentiated from other comparable topics because it's sex, and for no other reason. This may make you look puzzled (well, it did me when first I heard it) but a little thought will bring up examples. Suppose that a workmate turns up one day with a limp or a pulled muscle. You ask, concerned, how he picked it up. If he was the victim of an over-zealous rugby tackle yesterday afternoon, he will say so in as many words. If, au contraire, it was caused by some unspecified sexual over-exertion, it is likely to remain just that; unspecified.

Which in itself is harmless enough, but a parallel case is where someone actually dies from a heart attack, say. If they were playing a contact sport, even boxing, not too much notice is taken (except that everyone observes what a shame it all was). If the deceased passed away in flagrante delicto, the other person involved is going to get some very searching questions asked.

One is reminded of Ben Elton's comedy routine about sexual humour, which posited that the funniest thing in the world was the female breast (hence all the jokes about them), and that the reason that so few women reach high positions is that they get up in the morning, see their own breasts, and spend half the day convulsed with laughter.

(Any letters received which argue that yes, of course sex is different, because it's sex, will forfeit half the author's credit balance).

Some people who should damn well know better claim with faces straight as corkscrews that since U-Bend shows interests in sexual politics, Joy must write it all and get me to run the games. I wonder whether these same people assumed that I wrote the parts of Joy's letter in a recent Spring Offensive dealing with the hobby?

(The replies to which, incidentally, were in the main a fine example of the aforementioned red haze; particularly the normally sensible Steve Doubleday, who got so hot and bothered that he found himself arguing that Joy's opinions (on any subject) were of no consequence because... she didn't run a Dipzine. Eh? Interestingly enough, when Stephen Agar made several similar points to Joy's in an editorial capacity, Hobby Opinion agreed with him where it had rejected Joy. Out with that John Major -- he's never edited a zine in his life -- Richard Sharp for Prime Minister!

Get Spring Offensive for its letter column which reaches the parts other zines do not (and at that price so it bloody well ought to) (advt.)

We also get people who think that I shove what I do in bed down their throats (as the old double-entendre has it). Here's a little thought-provoker for such people. I tell you that I am bisexual; you tell me that you are married. Who has told the other more in the area of solid fact? You have. You have told me that you have chosen to live with a partner of the opposite gender in an intended long-term relationship. You don't know whether I am currently going out with a man, a woman, a sheep, an alien from Mars, or any combination of the above. Or whether I am unattached. Or whether I have ever been attached. Or whether I ever intend to be attached. You take my point, I hope? Anyone who makes no secret of being married,

Or who lives with a partner who shares their surname, is making a statement of assumed heterosexuality, which though it may be contradicted (Virginia Woolf?) is of itself pretty solid.

No, I don't object to my knowing any of the above if you don't mind telling me. But if you don't mind telling me (and I can't really see you minding), why should you mind me telling you?

For here we have the real crux; the fact that people are scared to have any sexual matter discussed will give it power over them. Such I assume, at least, because I can think of no other reason why this taboo should be.

Why is sex always a special case, and sexual minority always a special case within a special case?

Answers on a postcard, please, to the editorial address.

While we're in this mood, let's turn to the letters, which are (in the main) in a similar vein:

STICHOMYTHIA

David Tittle I support anyone's right to do whatever they enjoy provided that
Edinburgh neither the other participants nor members of the public have reasonable objections. From the incomplete facts I have, it seems that the 16 were convicted by an accurate application of an unfortunate law which should be amended. As far as I know, Britain doesn't have retrospective legislation -- the accused are tried on the law as it stood at the time of the alleged offence.

((Yes, but what do you call a 'reasonable' objection? The little old lady prudes of this world will raise what they no doubt think of as 'reasonable' objections to anything other than heterosexual intercourse between married citizens in a locked room with the windows and curtains shut. An extreme example, perhaps, but you have to be clear on what is reasonable and what ain't. I think it's fair to say that anything which no member of the public would be inconvenienced by in the normal way of things should not be legislated against (assuming universal consent, hatch). As for retrospective legislation? Maybe not in this case, if we're arguing by the exact letter of the precedent; but try telling that to William Joyce. But he won't hear it, because he's dead, and that's because the man (better known as Lord HawHaw, the gent who broadcast from Nazi Germany on Radio Luxembourg's transmitters in World War II) was captured at the end of the war, discovered to hold an Irish passport and hence to be exempt from the current treason acts, held in prison for a few months until the Treason Act 1945 could hastily be rushed through (it catered specifically for Irish citizens), tried and hung, bang. Not one of British legislature's prouder moments. Notice that I do not argue about his guilt or otherwise; merely about the means used.

Perhaps a better known (though older) example is that of MP John Wilkes whose anti-royalist article-writing in the paper the North Briton earned him a gaol sentence, despite his innocence under any statute on the books. He was lucky enough to emerge with his life, his liberty, and public opinion on his side.))

Stephen Agar I agree with your dismay at the recent precedent set by the S&M case
Brighton up to a point. R -v- Donovan decided way back in the 30s that consent could not be a defence to a charge of criminal assault -- that case involved a man in his fifties who persuaded a girl of seventeen to let him cane her -- which he did severely. He claimed that she had consented and that therefore there was no crime. The courts disagreed and you can probably appreciate the general policy reasons for the decision.

A similar case is R -v- Bourne from the 50s where the accused was charged with aiding and abetting his wife to commit buggery with an Alsatian dog -- the husband claimed his wife consented, the court held that he forced her, but that anyway consent was not a defence.

((And there we have two fine examples of the way silly decisions by judges become case law (Sorry I keep cocking up my margins, by the way). Each case is the

sort of thing that deserves legislature of the most solid kind to ensure it is illegal. But instead, in attempting to render it so, the judges involved lumber us with the overkill that consent cannot be a defence to anything.

((For if the court holds that there was no consent anyway, what is the point in further specifying that consent is no defence? If bestiality is involved (which by definition involves the participation of non-consenting entities) what is the point of all the other rigmarole when that in itself is enough to secure conviction? Do carry on, Stephen --))

As you know, rape is a difficult case to prove, precisely because consent negates the defence, and therefore if there are only two witnesses with contradictory stories, the court must be sure the man is lying before they can convict. If the same defence were available to assault in general, then convictions for violent crime could become just as difficult in some circumstances.

((Such as? The only one I can think of is crimes of domestic violence, and it's all too well known that that sort of thing is a sod to pursue through the courts. Nobody is claiming that this defence would be available for every assault case -- just those where the 'victim' and 'perpetrator' agree that there was consent.

I appear to have given up on indentation altogether, such is the frenzy of my typing. Steve finally:))

Personally I think that consent should be a defence to ABH but not GBH -- I am not so much a libertarian that I think that people should be free seriously to hurt or kill each other for kicks (especially if the NHS has to patch them up). Call me a killjoy if you like.

((The above was, incidentally, a letter to Joy; I represent it here because of its exceptional appositeness, and because of the legal aspect (for Mr Agar, sorry, Stephen, is a trained and practising lawyer).

I will cautiously agree on the GBH/ABH thing (I'm never too clear on the difference). But I disagree with the NHS red herring; does the NHS not run sports injuries clinics (see my discourse on why sex is a special case, infra)? And even setting that aside, does the NHS not require any motorist who may require medical attention after a road traffic accident to stump up costs or get their insurer to do so? (Under regulations, by the way, which the Conservatives promised to alter in 1985 as soon as they got the chance). Personally I wouldn't let any sadomasochist whom I didn't know for sure would not leave me needing an ambulance anywhere near my fine young body, and would consider anyone who did a fool (do bear in mind that the Spanner defendants required no medical aid at all).

John Parish

Nicholas Parish Oxford University I have mixed feelings about the Spanner appeal. On the one hand, I have every sympathy for the defendants in this particular case, and agree that consent should be a defence if the "victim" can corroborate this later. However, where do you draw the line? Is consent a defence for murder? Is consent a defence for paralysing someone for life? I don't think it should be. Choosing the dividing line is extremely difficult.

((Which is, of course, approximately where this argument stops being the Operation Spanner argument and starts being the euthanasia argument. (I asked him what he thought about euthanasia and he said they had Boy Scouts there nowadays). The problem with voluntary euthanasia, of course, is that if you're well enough to be able to give consent to it you're unlikely to be ill enough to want to. But as far as Spanner is concerned, yes, I agree with you (I told Joy that and she fell over).))

((One more letter on the subject: it's rather different for reasons that will become apparent:))

Haz Bond Dear Sir: R -v- Brown, Laskey, Jaggard and Others. I am writing to Stafford you regarding the above case which was heard in December 1990 before the Central Criminal Court. It was brought by the Crown Prosecution Service after a £3 million investigation by the Obscene Publications Squad into the activities of a number of consenting sadomasochists living in the West Mids.

At this trial, the defendants were convicted of various assault charges and of aiding and abetting various assaults. The 'assaults' were, in fact, consenting sexual acts that took place in the context of sadomasochistic sex and the defendants included both the 'victims' and 'perpetrators' of these 'assaults'.

At the trial and subsequent Appeal (February 1992), the courts accepted that the men had all consented to the activities but decided that 'the question of consent was immaterial'. The Courts ruled that 'gratification of sexual libido' was not a 'good reason' to allow the defendants to use consent to the acts as a defence. The courts then proceeded to find these men guilty of various charges of assault and sentenced many of them to terms of imprisonment.

I write to protest these rulings and the actions of the Courts. The next Appeal comes before the House of Lords in December 1992, and I believe that their Lordships should reverse the ruling made by the Court of Appeal.

I would like to draw your attention to a number of factors that I believe have a bearing on this Appeal and support the case for reversing the previous ruling.

Firstly, I draw your attention to the definition of Assault drawn up by the House of Commons Select Committee on Violence in Marriage (1974) and used by the police when deciding whether to prosecute cases of domestic violence: "The intentional application of force to the person by another without his consent."

Clearly, what is central to prosecution under this system is the presence or absence of consent. In this case, there was no doubt as to the presence of consent, and assault charges should never have been brought.

Secondly, I would like to draw your attention to two areas of activity that are considered as having 'good reason' for assault: boxing, and the case of R -v- Jones and Others (where a schoolboy was injured in 'rough and undisciplined play'). In boxing, it is legal to inflict serious damage upon another individual for sport or private gain. And in R -v- Jones and Others, legal precedent was set to excuse activities in school playgrounds even when, as in this case, the victim suffered spinal injuries. Both of these kinds of assaults and the injuries caused are considered as having 'good reason'.

In contrast, the defendants in this case did not inflict or sustain serious injury; indeed, none of them needed any medical attention. It is illogical that the Courts have condoned activities which cause permanent disabilities, but have proscribed others which cause none at all.

Thirdly, I ask you to consider the position adopted by the Courts in this case. The Courts' Judges argued that to accept these activities as 'good reason' was not 'in the public interest'. I fail to understand how consenting sexual activities carried out in private between adults fall into the realms of public interest.

To sum up, this ruling has undermined the vital difference between invited attention and unwanted harassment; the presence or absence of consent. And its claim that sadomasochism is not in the 'public interest' is without any clear legal basis. It is not for the Courts to set legal precedent on the basis of moral opinion.

The men in this case were all consenting adults. I protest the decision by the Courts to negate their consent and their ability as adults to make rational decisions concerning their bodies and sexual activities.

I ask you, therefore, to bring whatever influence you have to bear upon this case, to convey my protest and the points I have raised to the judges concerned, and to recommend that this Appeal be upheld.

((What is this, I hear you ask? It's none other than a transcript of a letter of me to the Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, the Right. Hon. Lord Mackay of Clashfern, The Lord Chancellor's Office, Trevelyan House, Great Peter Street, London SW1 (and try fitting all that on an envelope). This is included here as a reality check on what actually happened in the Spanner case, and also as a template in case any of you should wish to do a bit of lobbying in a just cause.

A last word on Spanner. It is a fact not universally known that 'assault' is definable, in law, as touching or even speaking to anyone. Taking these two precedents together, the situation soon deteriorates into farce due to the number of everyday situations covered. Silly, perhaps; but already Jews are looking worried at the possible implications of ritual circumcision if the appeal fails (I don't agree with it myself, but ends and means, doncha know -- if it makes the Jews on our side I won't tell them to sod off), and some surgeons are getting very worried indeed about what it could mean regarding consent for operations (imagine it; someone collapses with acute appendicitis, is rushed into hospital and operated on, regains consciousness, and turns out to be a Jehovah's Witness threatening to sue everyone in sight).

((Crazy Markie is warned to look away now, 'cos the Enemy of the Hobby turns out to be in possession of a working brain after all; take it away, Tobe:))

Toby Harris You are right in implying that it has taken me time to come around Sunderland to other editors' ways of thinking. I will always believe that a zine should achieve its goals in being what it claims to be. I describe Smodnoc as a postal games zine and, thus, try to keep non-hobby/game stuff to a minimum. Much as wild parties and getting stoned are very appealing to me, I doubt if many of my subbers share this enthusiasm.

I have come to realise over the last year that subbers want more than a games service. Although it isn't what I would be looking for in a zine, most subbers seem to want to hear a good story from a postal games zine. Strange, but true. In a sense, the games often come secondary to this in some zines and many of the subbers are happy with this. On that note, Smodnoc will come way down the list of favourites, as all my efforts go into the games.

Taking your pal, Dunx Proffitt, as an example: from the little I knew of him, I suspect he was not offended by your broadminded comments in U-Bend but found them (1) irrelevant to a postal gaming zine and (2) potentially offensive to others.

Point (2) is a bit of a white elephant ((no, it's not -- it's a complete one)) It's like saying 'well, I don't mind it but Fred Bloggs might'. The first point is one of the things I have always preached -- and perhaps with no justification. As I say, people seem to want to hear more chat in a gaming zine.

((Who are these 'people', Toby lad? I think you underestimate the rate at which people gravitate towards a zine which they feel comfortable with. Yourself and Bloodstock, the two most prominent examples, are perennial favourites in polls and awards, and for the player who wishes merely to play there is, all sniping aside, none better than Smodnoc. Other people like to get to know the personalities behind the scenes, see what they think when not playing games, etcetera, and this is the type of person you are talking about. If one of them turns up in Smodnoc and doesn't have the sense to gravitate to Greatest Hits or somewhere similar, they deserve everything they get.

As for Master Proffitt, on count (1) GIGO was far from a pure gamer's zine (I still cringe at the memory of some of the efforts at humour that were perpetrated therein) and if Dunky thought someone else might be offended, why in the name of all that is just and holy and pure did he not consider them capable of saying so themselves? Sometimes I wonder whether that bloke had two brain cells to rub together.

It's true that traders will often find themselves receiving a zine which they don't personally care for all that much. I get a couple (no names, no pack drill). But I maintain the trade for the sake of keeping my readers informed of the Hobby's happenings (which people tell me I do well, for some reason).

And for all these reasons I make no apology for putting into U-Bend what I do. Those who like it will stay, them as don't can go elsewhere, and no doubt they do.))

Toby again However, things in Smodnoc are unlikely to change too much -- I simply cannot write an editorial. On a one to one basis I have plenty

to say, but I dry up when addressing a crowd.

I look on U-Bend now as a zine for entertainment as opposed to serious games playing. Thus, in future, I am very unlikely to join another regular Dip game, but will certainly be interested in the less-serious games (Chaos II for one) and your editorial views and letters pages.

((A shame, as I'd like talk and games to be first equal in U-Bend -- but as I have already observed, it is undeniable that I am better at one than the other!))

Freddie Baer ((Whom, you will recall, was the cover artist in issue 14)): Have San Francisco you seen my book, "Ecstatic Incisions: The Collages of Freddie Baer", published by AK Press in Edinburgh, Scotland? It's distributed in both the United States and Great Britain. Peter Lambourn Wilson wrote a wonderful preface and gave permission for poems from Hakim Bey to be reprinted. The book seems to be doing well. I'm down to my last 20 copies here in the States -- we'll have to reprint soon. I've gotten a couple nice mini-reviews, including a mention in Interzone, and there will be a review in the New York Review of Science Fiction and an article in the Edinburgh Review.

Still doing lots of graphic and design work for Science Fiction Eye and a host of small presses and marginal zines. In fact, I'm getting paid for the collage work I've done for Interzone, the SF magazine on your side of the puddle; I've done two paid assignments for them so far, plus I'm awaiting another story to be illustrated.

((Details of said book, no doubt, available from Freddie at PO Box 410151, San Francisco, CA 94141-0151. USA))

Pete Gaughan Please consider a trade of your zine for mine. ((What other kind of Novato, CA trade is it likely to be, dimwit?)) I sent some money through the LSE to you, but if you accept a trade I'd have Iain redirect that to someone else.

((Too slow, Pete, I already have Iain's £2.70. Tell you what: of course I shall trade (Perelandra may get a plug in this issue or next), and if you tell me the UK zines you see, I shall send the £2.70 to a deserving case which you don't. If you could find space to mention that I'd be very open to other transcontinental trades in Perelandra, it would gratify me.))

David Oya Currently, on my lo-fi, Neil Young sings "Why do I keep fucking up?" I Banbury dedicate this song to you, young Harold. ((GRR. That's NOT my name.)) Akchooly, the Paraday correction is fairly painless as my Tristar wasn't going to do anything too dramatic. Impressed by the way I checked its range and refuelled? I'm talking about games because Iain Bowen tells me I may be a turbo-freak. Where, I wonder, can one buy a decently tailored anorak these days?

Belatedly, Damien Cosgrove Re. Lord Justice Lane ("Consent was immaterial", "The Back from America Birmingham 6 are guilty", "The Guildford 4 are guilty" etc. ad nauseam). Frankly, he's a cunt, isn't he. I don't care if I'm being judgemental, but he is.

((This lad has the gift of words, you can tell.))

I saw "The Unforgiven" over there, Clint Eastwood's 'neo-western', which I enjoyed, tho' everyone I went to see it with thought it was pony (=crap). It was like a real diatribe against all the other killers he's played without using any of the words. And there was a palpable sense of hatred in his performance. Odd really. I saw 'Buffy the Vampire Slayer', which was good too, very camp. Much better than the Bill'n Teds or Wayne's World, due mainly to its non-slickness and crassness. ((Or should that be "non-slickness and crassness? What a difference a hyphen makes!))

((Nice to have you back with us, m'boy, sorry for messing up with 'Barrett'.))

..coOoo..

GREAT UNEXPLAINED HOBBY MYSTERIES

Why does William Whyte write 'G' on his envelopes to denote 'trade'?

Why does Alan Parr seal down his envelopes with Superglue?

Why is Duncan Adams?

Why isn't there anything funnier to fill spaces with than this?

THE LION AND THE LAMB (a music review)

Tom Robinson and T.V. Smith at the Gatehouse, Stafford, September

The organisers knew we hadn't gone there to see T.V. Smith; they hadn't even put him on the posters or publicity. We knew we hadn't gone there to see T.V. Smith; Tom Robinson came onstage at the outset and announced that 'his old friend' would be doing a few songs to kick off with, and the audience's faces were in the main a study of blankness, mine not excluded. And T.V. Smith, of course, knew we hadn't gone there to see T.V. Smith. You could tell by his grin as he sauntered on stage, guitar strapped on, and surveyed us quizzically.

After one song, the audience was no longer looking blank. After three, he had us on his side. By the time he was due to go off and let the star of the show on, even the greatest aficionado of Tom Robinson could hardly have been relieved.

T.V. Smith, to put it bluntly, is a bloody good entertainer.

I still don't know anyone outside that audience who's ever come across him. I think Tom Robinson said, in his brief intro, that he had been lead singer with the Adverts, who I have a fuzzy awareness of as being a rather late punk group. Possible; I suppose, given that punk's corpse stopped twitching in 1983 or so; people age fast in music. T.V.'s hair is greying, and his meagre frame looks scarcely strong enough to lift the guitar, let alone waltz around the stage with it as he plays -- indeed, his air is reminiscent of the late, great Alex Harvey.

T.V.'s songs are a companion piece to Tom Robinson's; left-wing, angry, and tight as a boa constrictor. He has a knack of introducing them. "This one came off an album I did in the mid 1980s, I was hoping to get onto Radio 1 with it... it's about a man who builds a nuclear bomb, and falls in love with it. The album never sold and the record company went bust." A second of wry silence for the audience to ponder causality and off goes the song 'The Beautiful Bomb'.

The rest of the songs came from a new album, 'March of the Giants'. The song which kicks off the album also finds itself at the head of this article; 'The Lion and the Lamb' is a song about every dichotomy in human existence, from sex to schizophrenia, and of all the music he played tonight or put on the album I think it most representative. There followed 'Gather Your Things and Go' (unemployed youth), 'Atlantic Tunnel' (US cultural invasion of UK), 'Runaway Train Driver' (disposal of nuclear waste driving the train driver transporting it insane). To baldly list the subjects is to do him an injustice. He is GOOD.

And then Tom Robinson replaced him. To top T.V. would be a job. Frankly, had he been someone else he might have had a hard time of it. But the complete lack of rivalry between the two performers was so self-evident that it ceased to matter; dammit, they are both on the same side, and so are the audience, and why do we have to make comparisons anyway? Sir, comparisons are invidious. "Right," declared Robinson. "We'll have the end of the evening first, and I'll play all my famous hit." An understatement, as '2-4-6-8 Motorway' and 'War Baby' both came out to roars of applause and encores. And then, of course, we had 'Glad to be Gay'. I didn't quite like to look round and see who else was singing along.

Robinson's newer songs followed. No singing along here, both because nobody knew the words yet, and because they didn't seem to warrant it. Quite frankly, Robinson could have stood up and sung 'Agadoo' and had a rousing ovation. There comes a point where one man addresses a crowd where the crowd is with him, and almost a part of him. Robinson had us there, and knew it. Okay, the audience was small and largely on his side anyway, but he still pulled out all the stops for us; and so did T.V. Smith, who skipped back onto stage with a beam for the last two or three songs, positively beaming. The lion and the lamb played for us.

I almost floated out of the auditorium at the end, nearly failed to recognise Andy Bell due to my high (though one hardly expected to see him there, true -- he'd trekked all the way from Middlesbrough), and bought the T.V. Smith album from the man himself. He was polite, friendly, maybe a little cynical; but I suppose he gets nuts like me every concert.

As I went out, all the publicity posters of Robinson had vanished; just one tiny photo of Smith remained. I glanced about me, and snatched it down. It's over to my left on the mantelpiece right now. I must put it on my wall when I get time.

((T.V. Smith's 'March of the Giants' on Cookin' Vinyl is in Our Price; get it now!))

QUID IN ALVEOS ACCIDET
hobby news etc etc

That super, smashing zine, U-Bend, is late. What, you already knew that one? Okay, what of less earth-shattering matters? Well, there's the Zine Poll.

That lippy bit of wrinkled paper that's just flopped out of your envelope is the ballot form. The rules, rubrics and explanations are pretty much the same as last years', so I summarise; waffle waffle blah blah preference matrix blah blah four issues since 1-1-92 waffle blah one decimal place waffle results out Feb 9th '93, results from Iain for SSAE. Oh, Pimley Award waffle blah. There.

Right, now. In previous years editors have habitually blushed and sniggered and ever so gently coerced their readership to give them high marks. This has been a little less prevalent since William Whyte sternly ordered his readers to vote him 10 in '89, and they did, and he won. This year, by contrast; several editors are coming the bashful flower saying, er well, my last twelve months haven't been all that spiffing, it would be ever so embarrassing to vote me 10, so let's make it a more modest (but still respectable) mark, eh? I intend to break that mould, and we will do that by voting U-Bend 1.0 across the board. Hey, remember the lateness, the bad duplicating, the GMing cockups, my stropky political campaigning. Then get your pen out and write a nice neat 1.0 against my name. Dead easy, eh wot? Then, after I finish bottom, I can at least boast that my subbers do as I tell 'em. (And besides, if I tell everyone to vote me low, who will know whether or not I've come bottom anyway? Ooh, I'm dead devious, me.

For what my predictions are worth, I suspect that recent front runners will fall off; Electric Monk has had a bad year, Y DDraig Goch ditto, ASFO has blown its chance even if Howe decided not to fold, etc. Quite frankly the only zine I read at the moment that looks like a poll winner is Spring Offensive, and... hey ... after FIVE ISSUES?? Aah, surely not. Maybe Dolchstoss will win again (it's certainly not detectably different from last year's), if Richard Sharp, once more manages to muster what in a game of Junta would be called the graveyard vote.

MIDCON is upon us, and you can all go along safe in the knowledge that I shan't be there, though this may be no consolation given some of the nutcases who most likely will be.

New readers start here: Danny Collman, guardian of the novice, who for many years has been providin' them with a gentle entry to this confusing hobby, and for a long while now been plagued by whines from the likes of Iain Bowen, who has never forgiven Danny for "Iain is rumoured to be Gay and admits to bi-sexual", and Markie Nelson, who can't bear to see anyone doing a job better than he possibly could, has finally had enough...

Or, if you prefer: Danny Collman, who for years has cossetted our novices with cotton wool and ensured that anyone with a spark of original thought or a smidgin of intelligence never makes it to the Hobby proper, has finally given way to the justified and reasonable complaints of Iain Bowen and Mark Nelson, who love the hobby dearly and can't bear to see the Nanny killing it slowly...

Whichever way you prefer to look at it, the upshot is that Danny (and, one assumes, Kath) are bowing to a vocal minority and allowing the old system of the Central Gamestart Service to return to the hobby. No end of angry words have already emerged from the presses all over the hobby, so let me put my position:

Some prominent figures state that had they been spoon-fed Springboard as a novice, they'd never have remained in the hobby. Maybe so; what, I wonder, of all those who would never have stayed in the Hobby had they been confronted with one of the more formidable zines (such as, yes, this one)? Six of one, and half a dozen of the other.

There is also the point that the CGS's critics state that in 1986 or whatever it was getting very slow to fill. This is 1992 and the 'novice-processing' system could quite easily be adapted from Springboard to fit the revived service; it's similar to certain people (many of whom should know better) voting Tory because Labour made a mess of it last time (yeah, like when I was six years old).

So given that both systems have their good points, what is wrong with the simple expedient of letting both of them exist?

It'd be simple enough. Joe/Joanne Novice applies to the address on the flyer in the boxed set, and is sent a document similar in many ways to the one Danny currently sends out to neophytes. This gives two different options to a player who wants a first game; an all-novice one in Springboard (pointing out honestly the likely high incidence of drop-outs), or a pot-luck game (pointing out honestly the in-at-the-deep-end aspect). That way Danny can keep running the novice games (which not even Markie has tried to deny he does capably), and the new CGS custodian can either slot applicants for a pot-luck game into existing waiting lists, or else collect seven names and farm them out; whichever seems most suited to the speed of applications.

The only problem I have with this is that the name being touted for CGS man is Tom Tweedy, which would ensure that U-Bend never saw a novice again.

Some people seem determined that to avoid the Scylla of Danny's "Academy for Young Gentlefolk" we must have the Charybdis of no protection for novices at all. Nobody seems to have thought to ask each novice individually how much easing into the hobby they would like. This hobby is still small enough, and will most likely always be, to treat people as individuals.

In the meantime, Iain has cut trades with Danny in true disgust ("This zine is killing the Hobby!"). Danny, showing off a new computer system in Springboard (ha! even the most Luddite comes round in the end) is at least trying to find a constructive solution. However much one may disagree with his methods, there's no denying that he thinks he's doing right.

Subject switch; new zines. John Morgan has indeed come out with the first issue of Assassins Handbook (and made William Whyte a plonker by omitting from that title any trace of an apostrophe, in contrast to the flyer) which offers Diplomacy, some variants (including the neat Scorched Earth Dip, where beleaguered players can destroy supply centres to thwart invaders), and the wargame Conquistador, which will be known to veterans of Zeeby. There is some interesting talk of John's activities in local politics, etc., but the bit which most editors have leapt on when plugging it is (not surprisingly) John's avowed policy that AH will be a feud-free zine, and that the best way of achieving this is to refrain from mentioning other zines at all save for a listing of address and price of trades. He is, of course, welcome to try this, but it strikes me that (even discounting Pete Sullivan's pessimistic diagnosis that other editors will refuse to review AH in retaliation) John will have fun trying to provide any sort of hobby news, or even a feeling of continuity with the hobby, if this policy continues. Oh well, semper aliquid novum. (Loose translation: = anything for a weird life).

(John Morgan, 40 Millside, Culvers Avenue, Carshalton, Surrey SM5 2BQ; 50p, .5-weekly)

It Will Be Out Next Week. Will it, eh? This tagline for the perennial joke about Andy Bate's Froggy has become the title of a new venture by the shock-headed creature from Clevedon, rescuing the games from Froggy and promising a resurgence. I am all in favour of forgive-and-forget, but given Bate's past record I counsel the use of a six foot pole until he has proved reliability. In an effort to reduce the bulk of the zine, which makes U-Bend at its heaviest appear more like Obsidian at its thinnest, the games are being separated from the main zine and sent to players only; not normally a measure of which I approve, but if it is the only way the zine can run on time, I suppose it's for the best. I must admit that the non-games material is a very good read; it costs an unspecified amount, and comes from Andy Bate, 4 Channel Road, Clevedon, Avon BS21 7DR. (Clevedon is a post town, Bate, no need for 'Bristol'.)

These last few statements are, it appears, all untrue when applied to Froggy 43, a document which arrived here a few days in advance of IBONW. It appears to be a counterfeit, perpetrated by many devious people mainly from Bristol. Mike Clark (a Froggy player) failed to receive it; Iain Bowen denies any responsibility for the orders described as emanating from him; it came in the same envelope as the next item... yeah, guilty as charged. Fake, and very well done, though the typeface vies for the title of worst ever seen. Happily Bate (the real) doesn't use it.

Said next item is a new zine whose editorial team alone will ensure flocks of cheques hurtling towards the West Country. Lies, Damned Lies and Diplomacy (alas, not the first time this title has been used; they can expect a letter from the Sharpday statisticians confusing them with the disappearing zine of the mid-80s any day now) comes from none other than Rich (Vienna) Egan; Richard (variants) Jackson and Bill (Excidio) O'Neill. The last-named has folded Excidio -- a nice little zine which never got enough publicity -- into the new undertaking, and with the two Richards also involved, a splendid time is guaranteed for all, as Pete Sullivan's review will doubtless read. The triumvirate's experience shows in matters such as layout and writing style, and Honest Haz predicts this one will be a great big walloping success. One suspects that they do, too; they sternly warn that only players will be allowed in the zine, rather like the pre-subzine 10 Lime Avenue. Lists available: Dip, Necromancer (vt), Peninsula, Menshevik (vt), Vallee des Mammouts, Adel Verpffft, Sopwith, and perhaps more to follow.

On a less bright note, A Step Further Out has almost definitely folded with a long whimper quite unworthy of it, though there is still talk of it becoming a subzine somewhere, and Howe is conspicuous in several letter columns sounding as though freedom from the burden of editing suits him considerably.

I am told that the non-dip zine Shadows of Amber has also bitten the dust.

That Bloke Richards (his preferred christian name appears to have altered once more) has taken Diary of a Dead Raven (which must, I suppose, be one of the longest running concerns in the hobby) off to be a subzine in Paul Norris's Der Grosse Dampfmaschine.

There is no sign yet of the bumper final NMR!, and Ken Bain's RR game in Spring Offensive is missing. Will it come out at the same time as Mad Pillocky 161? Time will tell.

Obsidian, possibly the most consistently underrated read in the Diplomacy stakes, has notched up its fiftieth issue in a mood of gentle celebration. The usual demicentenary features of a history of the zine and letters of congratulation are not absent. Alex beavers quietly away, keeping his head down, and reaps sod all publicity from the wide world; but his zine is a sight better than some with twice its circulation, with layout crisp as a new tenner and no mean editorial writing skill. Maybe it just suits Alex to run a small zine, but quite honestly, I think this man deserves fresh blood in his games and letter columns even more than Pyrrhic Victory, Gallimaufry or Borealis. Those wishing to rectify this unjustness may contact the chap at 6 Millow, Dunton, Beds. SG18 8RH. That's Alex Richardson, in case you didn't know.

A Diplomacy (or is that diplomacy?) writing essay competition has been announced -- though given that the people involved are Mark Nelson and Larry Peery, a pinch of salt may be required seasoning. A 1500 to 500 word essay on the current politico-socio-economic situation in comparison to pre-WW1 Europe are solicited, with illustrations drawn from Dip particularly welcome. "The competition will be jury judged, prizes will be awarded, and winning essays may be published" says the flyer; well, if I were a budding essayist on socio-politico-economics, I'd ask questions like 'by whom?', 'like what?' and 'where?' before sending off my MS, but the address is WWI Essay Competition, Institute for Diplomatic Studies, Box 620399, San Diego, CA 92162, USA should you be interested. All entries will be considered without academic prejudice, whatever that may mean.

Brief news snippets: Duncan Adams has reached issue 4 of The Laughing Round-head and shows signs of developing into a decent humorous writer, though his wackiness still tends towards the self-consciously Goonish and his grammar and orthography are still vile. His Russian Roulette game appears to be the latest craze in the hobby, with half the world signing up and the other half offering it in their own zine. New address: 20 Wellington Crescent, Ramsgate, Kent

Andy Bate is also promising to revive the Miller Numbering of variants and the ex-Walkerdine Hobby Archives.

John (Take That You Fiend) Harrington has blown his computer up, basically by being a dickhead.

Damn! no room to reveal the shocking facts of recent happenings in Monochrome...

....AND I AM A DOGGER'L BARD

Your favourite columnist STEVE HOWE writes for you in every issue of UP AROUND THE BEND... (NOT)

A ghastly tale will now be told
Of Sacher-Masoch, Leopold
Whose name is now forever linked
With practices so weird and kinked
That it's non-U to mention them.
Biography: good old S-M
(Not S and M, although it's hard
To separate him from de Sade)
In Austria one sunny morn
in 1836 was born,
And first became a man of note
Because of novels that he wrote
In numbers great: but all the same
They're not the reason for his fame.
When young, it seems, he had a nurse
Who read to him "The Mummy's Curse"
And other fairy-tales so grim
And gruesome that they frightened him
And filled for life his youthful brains
With dark and dismal thoughts of chains
And dungeons, blood and horrid vice
And other stuff not very nice.
I've found out that the woman's name
Was Handscha, but what she became
In later life, no tale reveals.
Scene two: still young, S-M conceals
Himself, and thus he seals his doom,
Inside a wardrobe in the room
Wherein his aunt, a mighty dame,
Was wont to play the trouser game.
One day whilst in the wardrobe hid
He saw what aunt and lover did.
The lover, handsome, young and hale
(A sort of proto-Chippendale)
Heard something odd and checked, behold!
There was the naughty Leopold.
His aunt began to rant and rave
And orders to her lover gave
To roundly beat the little cur
For coitus-interrupting her.
He laid on with his leather belt
But every blow that Leo felt
Was bliss as well as agony.
From that day forth forever, he
Associated joy with pain
And ne'er felt one but felt the twain.
Of S-M in his adult days:
He got his kicks in funny ways.

His mistress, Frau von Kattowitz
Was first to thrill our man to bits.
Nor in so orthodox a style:
You see, he liked to look on while
Dear Anna gave a splendid ride
To strings of lovers she supplied.
Then when she left, a second dame
(Ms Fanny Pinter was her name)
Did sign a contract (no, it's true:
'Twas signed and sealed and witnessed too)
Which called on her one now infers
To dress from head to toe in furs
And birch him soundly every day
And thus she earnt her weekly pay.
The next event in S-M's life
Was when he took himself a wife!
Her name was Wanda, quite a dish
(Can I work in a joke on fish?)
And every day for fifteen years
On his instructions, it appears,
This Wanda made our hero strip
And beat him with a leather whip
All nail-encrusted. Like a slave
She treated him, because it gave
Much pleasure to our twisted chum
To live beneath a woman's thumb.
At length she just walked out the door --
She couldn't stand it any more.
So Leo wed a second dame:
Frau Hilda Meinter was her name.
By now the years had ambled on
And Leo's mind was nearly gone.
This fact dear Hilda did infer
Because he tried to strangle her.
She then had him imprisoned in
The famous Mannheim loony bin
And fearing neighbours' gossip, said
That Leopold, alas, was dead.
This was in 1895
When Leopold was still alive --
In moments of lucidity
He read his own obituary.
But there was none to tan his hide
And ten years later, Leo died.

(And if anyone can tell me how I can
make Richard von Krafft-Ebing scan
I'd be very grateful. --SH)

Gosh, I've just realised a long-held ambition to correct Steve How's scansion.
I never thought I'd see the day.

I must admit defeat when I try to incorporate Krafft-Ebing into scanning
verse. A clerihew, perhaps... No, I'm trying to give them up.

On a somewhat different note, I observe in Smoednoc some talk of the famous TV
rabbit personality, Gus Honeybun, who used to infest Westward TV (in the days before
it was TSW) and read out kids' birthday cards. Well, Toby and Adam, you can get
back in the shade; I am the hobby's expert on Gus Honeybun, having met him (and
still possessing the signed photo to prove it). (Like many TV stars, he's smaller
than you imagine he would be).

oimoi, peplegmai kairian plegen eso
(the games section)

OMAR (Intimate Ia Diplomacy)

Not Winter 1903

Tom Tweedy has resigned. Yes, just like that. Yes, I would have expected better manners from someone so long in the hobby as he, too. Still.

I therefore have no alternative to declare PETER DUNNETT the winner of this campaign. Noting that Mark Stretch has also been frustrated by an opponent's drop-out in an Intimate game, I invite Mark and Peter to a partie against one another, on the grounds that their reliability is likely to bring a game with a natural result. Over to you, Mark and Peter!

.....play in smodnoc:.....

NOXIN (Intimate Ia Diplomacy)

Spring 1904

WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER IN SIGHT OF RUSSIAN FIELD GLASSES NOW

ENGLAND (Miick Haytack): F(StP/nc) H, F(Den)-Kie, F(Kie)-Ber, A(Ber)-Sil, A(Edi)-Yor, F(:pl)-NAO, F(Lon)-ENG, F(MAO) C A(Wal)-Gas*, F(IRI) C A(Wal)-Gas, A(Par) S A(Wal)-Gas, A(Wal)-Gas.

RUSSIA (English): A(Lvn)-Pru.

GERMANY (English): A(Mos) H.

ITALY (Nicholas Parish): F(Spa/sc) S F(WMS)-MAO, F(Tun)-NAf, F(GOL)-WMS, A(Ven)-Pie, A(Rom)-Ven, F(Nap)-ION, A(Bur)-Pic, A(Mun)-Bur, A(Bud)-Rum, A(Ser)-Bul, F(Bul/sc)-AEG, F(WMS)-MAO.

TURKEY (Italian): A(Rum)-Gal, A(Sev)-Ukr, F(BLA)-Arm, F(Con)-BLA, F(EMS)-Syr.

Retreats, or Retreat: English F(MAO) sneaks into Por.

Sorry for not providing an interim adjudication -- the Omar fiasco disheartened me. I shall try next issue.

smodnoc turns around in a weekend

GRIFFIN (Sopwith T174UB)

Turn 12

Final battle cancelled

Pilot	Syarts	Moves	Ends	A : D : P
Baron von Boggles (Mark Giles) (NMR6!)	S19-E	A and finally crashes		-3
Roger Ramjet John R Todd (NMR!)	Q12-R12	A,A,A and becomes as a doornail		-2
<u>Captain Condor</u> ACE Dave Rowley	P10-P9	I, A f-R, I f-A&L	The Champ	09:07:54(!)

- Potted History:
- A: Baron von Boggles (Mark Giles) Crash turn 12 move 1, -3pts
 - B: Baron von Lettuceleaf (Marc Cole) Crash turn 2 move 2, 1 pt
 - C: Blue with White Stripes Baron (Peter Ritchie) shot down E tn 7 mv 1, -3pts
 - D: Roger Ramjet (John R Todd) Crash turn 12 move 3, -2 pts
 - E: Captain Condor (Dave Rowley) WON turn 12 move 3, 54 pts
 - F: Machine Gun Joe (Stuart Tweedy) Shot down E tn 5 mv 1, -1pt

What a walkover. Players E and F were, incidentally, Aces in that game.

Friends, this is clean-up time and we're discounting all our silent, electric Smodnocs by this much money. Yes, we're throwing away the bluebook. And remember: every Smodnoc on our lot has been used only as directed.

The best way to ask for beer is to sing out Smodnoc. Made from select hops, choice water, slow-aged for perfect flavor, Smodnoc is the nation's number-one choice in beer. Made only in Cleveland.

URQUHART (Sopwith T??UB)

Turn 1

Chocks away, chaps

Pilot	Starts	Moves	Ends	A :D :P
'Ginger' Rogers John Miller	A1	T/o Beta, A,A,RS	D3-E4	16:12:00
??? Edmund Morgan	A10	T/o Beta, A,A,A	D10-E10	16:12:00
<u>Retaliator</u> ACE Mark Wightman	J19	T/o Gamma, A,A,A f-A	G16-F15	15:12:00
Lord Biscuitbarrel Mike Clark	S19	T/o Beta, A,A,RS	P17-016	16:12:00
Vic Rattlehead Rob Moore	S10	T/o Beta, A,A,A	P10-010	16:12:00
Victore Mtire Jeff Cattle	J1	T/o Beta, A,A,RT	R4-L5	16:12:00

As yet the clouds have hit nobody; if you wish this to continue, you would do well to note that they went west to: (I12,J12,J13,K13,L14):(E1,E2):(L6,M6,M7):(C10,D11,D12):(I8,J9,J10,K10):(N13,N14,012,013).

Press:

Retaliator - Ed: Nothing personal.

Retaliator - Mike: You take the high road and I'll take the low road...

Calling all biplanes: What do you say we all gang up on Clarkie?

Those magnificent men: ...in their flying machines, they go up-tiddly-up-up, they go down-tiddly-AAAARRGGHHH!!!

Magnificent man #1 - Magnificent man #2: How did you get on at your Chippendales audition?

#####smodnoc is a damn fine zine, you hear?#####

PEPPER (Sopwith T173UB)

Turn 9

FOR THE LAST TIME, WIGHTMAN, THIS IS NOT AN F-29

Pilot	Starts	Moves	Ends	A :D :P
<u>Retaliator</u> ACE Mark Wightman	J8-K8	A,A,A	M8-N8	13:12:02
<u>Atsuko</u> ACE Dave Lomas	S10	Sits on ground and repairs		16:05:22

Clouds drift NW to: (F14,F15,G13,G14):(K16,K17,L17):(L10,L11,L12):(N18,N19,018,019):(O14,O15,P13,P14,P15).

Atsuko - Retaliator: Hang on a mo. I'll just patch up a few of those holes (some of us have been fighting, you know!) and I'll be right with you.

Retaliator - Atsuko: Won't work, mate. Soon be time to eat lead; repair while you can -- it won't help.

xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxreading smodnoc will lead to immense sexual prowessxxxxxxxxxxxx

RUNCIMAN (Sopwith T189UB)

Turn 7

LOMAS WENT TO SCHOOL WITH JOY HIBBERT SHOCK HORROR (Yes, I know it's got absolutely nothing to do with the game)

Pilot	Starts	Moves	Ends	A :D :P
Maeneto Tim Lomas	012-P12	LT,LT,RS f-A	Q15-Q16	11:07:05
<u>Retaliator</u> ACE Mark Wightman	P19-Q19	A,A,A and lands	S10	16:05:22
<u>Zebedee</u> ACE Rob Cullender	P9-Q10	A,LT f-A&L,O	Q11-Q12	09:12:10

Cloud movement is more important than press; it's SE to: (F4,F5,G6):(H9,H10,H11,I9,I10):(J6,J7,J8):(J15,J16,K16):(N15,015,P16,Q16):(O10,P11,P12,Q12).

Instant Smodnoc has all the fresh flavor of just-brewed drip coffee. Your husband will say, Christ, Sally, I used to think your coffee was only so-so. But now, wow! Safe when taken as directed.

McGRUDER (Deluge Dip)

Spring 1905

A GOOD YEAR FOR THE UNDERDOG

AUSTRIA (Paul Norris, Top Flat, 53 Ashley Hill, Montpelier, Bristol BS7 9BE)

F(VIE)-Boh, A(Tyr) S F(VIE)-Boh, A(Tri)-F(Tri/wc)*.

ENGLAND (Tony Sait, 15 Alphington Green, Frimley, Camberley, Surrey GU16 5LQ)

A(Mar)_S_French_F(Bur)-(nsu), F(MAR) H u/o, F(MAO)-GAS, F(NTH)-SKA.

FRANCE (David Tittle, 41 Braehead Drive, Edinburgh EH4 6QW) (COA)

F(Bur) S English F(NTH)-DEL* ((nso anyway)), F(Spa) H optimistically.

GERMANY (Nicholas Parish, JCR, Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford OX2 6QA) (COA)

~~F(XXX)/S/XXX/XXX~~ (ho, ho, bloody ho), F(HWG) S F(Nwy)-NTH, F(BER)-BAL, A(Mun) S F(RUH)-Bur, A(Boh)-Tyr*, F(GAL)-VIE, F(Nwy)-NTH, F(RUH)-Bur, F(MOS)-UKR.

ITALY (Allan Gordon, 3 Forest Avenue, Chingford E4 6AR)

F(GOL) S French F(Spa), F(Pie)-Tyr ((no coast specified, mutter mumble)), F(ROM)-VEN, F(BUL)-RUM, A(Alb) B F(ION)...A/F(ION)-ADR...A(ADR) D Tri, A(Sei) S A(ADR)-Tri.

Retreats Austrian A(Tri) dies pro; German A(Boh)-Sil; French F(Bur)-Swi!

Press

Green Slime: Strangely -- and against all his basic instincts -- he found his thoughts turning more and more towards ecology. Soon, all of Europe would be under water -- except for one little bit in the middle. True enough, the surviving Matterhorn wasn't going to be any sort of place for a picnic, but surely it would look nicer if it were a pretty, slime green rather than covered with blackened, putrefying corpses? More to the point, could he persuade the Jolly Jacks and Matelots that this was preferable?

Jim Ladd, a cautionary tale: Jim staggered back to his feet, and slapped himself around the face to clear his head. Rather enjoying the sensation, he repeated it, only using a cold kipper for that extra special smoked aroma. His mind snapped back to the predicament he was in. And he was holding an 'Arbroath Smokey' by the tail! Fears of some sort of ethereal retribution from the legendary Colledge swept through his mind before he pulled himself together. He called for his shipmates... but no reply -- just a faint coughing from Titchey Davey. Jim found him lying in the galle, with distinctive marks around his neck. Cap'n Gordon was standing across the way. "I was, er, just wringing the chicken's neck, er, when me hands slipped," he said. Jim was a little suspicious, but he was in the same boat as the Cap'n, who certainly knew all the ropes, so he thought he'd better play along for now.

Dim Ladd, a VERY cautionary tale: 'Duh... wot you doin' Cap'n?' "Aah, Dim, lad, I be castin' jetsam into th' sea. ha-har." "Dun... wot's 'jetsam', Cap'n?" "Well now, matey -- jetsam be orl th' ol' rubbish tha' be no longer wanted in th' voyage, see." "Duh... can I 'elp, Cap'n?" "Aye, tha' ee can, lad -- jes' take 'old o' tha' en' an' leave over th' side when I does.... but don' let go til I tells 'ee, mind'!

-----I won't have a word said against smodnoc-----

VIRGIL(RR map CT)

Round 0

Starting positions are:

- At D25: Peter Ritchie: IDLE/red. ('I am, you know' -- which, idle or red, Peter?)
- At D25: Rob Moore: Fiendishly Expensive Railways Gain In Extravagance/purple.
- At C25: Mark Stretch: Splendid Trains Under Piles of Irritating Dirt/brown.
- At C25: Jeff Cattle: My Orange Orangutan/blue.

I should make it clear at this point that the opinions expressed by these acronyms are not necessarily those of the editor (who d'you think I am, Willie Hamilton?)

Mark now at Jesus College, Oxford OX1 3DW. Rolls for round 1 are: 4-4-5.

Wild new Smodnoc salad dressing; not Italian, not French, but an entirely new and different taste treat that's waking up the world. Wake up to Smodnoc and be wild! Safe when taken as directed.

TEX (Diplomacy 92???)

Spring 1902

Action in south-east, confusion in west

AUSTRIA (Peter Dunnett, 328 Old Road, Clacton on Sea, Essex CO15 3NU)
F(Tri)-Ven, A(Gal)-Ukr*, A(Bud) S A(Ser), A(Ser) S A(Bud).

ENGLAND (Edward Ainsworth, 4 Park Avenue, Bedford MK40 2JY)
A(Bel)-Swe, F(NTH)_C_A(Bel)-Swe ((not adj.)), A(Lon) H, F(Edi)-NWG, F(Nwy)-BAR.

FRANCE (Ian Harris, 3 Abbotside Close, Urpeth Grange, Chester le Street DH2 1TQ)
A(Por)-Spa, F(MAO)-NAO((nsu)), F(Spa/sc) H u/o, A(Pic)-Bel, A(Par)-Bre,
F(Bre)-ENG.

GERMANY (Mark Stretch, Jesus College, Oxford OX1 3DW) (COA)
A(Ruh) S A(Hol), F(Den) S F(Kie)-BAL, A(Hol) S A(Ruh), F(Kie)-BAL, A(Ber)-Sil.

ITALY (Keir Hodgson, 37 Shanklin Drive, Leicester LE2 3RH)
A(Ven)-Tri, A(Apu) H, F(Nap)-ION, F(Tun)-WMS.

RUSSIA (Chris Sutton, 62 Ashbrook Road, Stirchley, Birmingham B30 2XR)
A(Sev)-Arm*, A(War)-Gal, A(Ukr) S A(War)-Gal, F(GOB)-Swe.

TURKEY (Mark Underhay, 65 The Chase, Holland on Sea, Essex CO15 5PZ)
A(Ank)-Arm, F(Smy)-AEG, A(Rum)-Sev, F(BLA) S A(Rum)-Sev, A(Bul)-Rum.

Strategic withdrawals Austrian A(Gal)-Vie, Russian A(Sev)-Mos.

Press

Italy - Austria: Thanks

Russia - Austria: Your support of Turkey means I am doomed but you will be next.

Germany openly has designs on Warsaw and the Balkans are nearly sewn up by Turkey.

Italy-Turkey: Let's let it lie (you can see the line I'm setting up for next time, Bob)

Russia - England: I'm sure Germany's fleet build is defensive. Everything he does is defensive... only the UN has a better record of non-aggression than Mark.

.....:NOW HEAR!E! AND ATTEND TO THE WORDS OF SMODNOC:.....

JACK (Five Italies Dip)

Autumn 1905

RED CROSS FORCED TO VACATE PREMISES: The win in sight?

ITALY A (James Nelson, 49 Gledwood Avenue, Hayes, Middlesex UB3) (COA)
F(TYS E) H, F(Tun E) H.

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

ITALY C (David Tittle, 41 Braehcad Drive, Edinburgh EH4 6Q*) (COA)
F(ADR D)-ION D, F(Tun C)-ION C, A(Rom C)-Ven C, F(Nap D)-TYS D, F(Rom D) S
....F(Nap D)-TYS D, A(Ven D) S F(Rom D).

ITALY (Simon Cutforth, 1 Greenleigh, Greenway, Woodbury, Exeter EX5 1LP) (COA)
A(Ven D)-Pie D((nsu)), A(Tus D) H u/o, F(TYS D) H, F(Tun D) S F(TYS D),
F(ADR A)-TYS E, F(ION E)-Tun E.

The B/C/E draw went down, 2 ayes, 2 nays. Proposed now are a 4-way draw and also a concession to Italy B.

Supply centre count is on the next page...

Can't make the frug contest, Helen; stomach's upset. I'll fix you Smodnoc!
Smodnoc drops you back in the thick of things fast, Taken as directed,
Smodnoc speeds relief to head and stomach. Remember: Smodnoc is only seconds
away. Avoid prolonged use.

JACK Supply Centre Count

ITALY A: ~~W/A/A~~ Tun E = 1 Loses F(TYSE)
ITALY B: Rom B Nap B Ven B Tun B Rom A Tun A Ven C Ven A Nap A Swi = 10
Builds A(Ven B), Fs(RomB, NapB)
ITALY C: Rom C Nap C Tun C Ven D Rom D Nap D = 6 n/c
ITALY E: Rom E Nap E Ven E Tun D ~~W/A/A~~ = 5 -F(TYSD)(gm)

*****sir, when a man is tired of smodnoc, he is tired of life*****
HERSHEY (Diplomacy 91DG) Autumn 1906

ENGLAND (Dave Newnham, 80 Prince Edward's Road, Lewes, East Sussex BN7 1BH)
A(StP) S Russian A(Mos), F(BAR) S A(StP), F(NWG) H, F(NTH) H, A(Nwy)-Fin,
F(Bel) H.

FRANCE (Mark Stretch, Jesus College Oxford OX1 3DW) (COA)
F(TYS)-Nap, A(Tus) S F(ADR)-Ven, A(Rom) S F(TYS)-Nap, F(ADR)-Ven, A(Mar)-Pie,
F(Tun)-ION, F(GOL)-TYS.

GERMANY (Simon Cutforth, 1 Greenleigh, Greenway, Woodbury, Exeter EX5 1LP) (COA)
F(HEL)-Den, F(BAL)-Pru, A(Mun)-Ber, A(Sil)-Gal, A(Boh) S A(Vie), A(Tyr)-Tri,
A(Vie) S A(Sil)-Gal.

ITALY (Anarchy): A(Ven) H u/o*.(disbands) RUSSIA (Anarchy): A(Mos) H u/o.

TURKEY (Chris Sutton, 62 Ashbrook Road, Stirchley, Birmingham B30 2XB)
A(Con)-Bum, A(Arm)-Sev, F(Nap)-Apu, F(Alb) S F(ION)-ADR, F(ION)-ADR, A(Gre)-Ser,
A(Bud) S A(Tri), A(Tri) S A(Bud), F(AEG)-ION, A(War)-Lvn, A(Ukr)-War.

Draw proposal defeated (3 ayes, 1 abstention) and is REPROPOSED: 4-way draw, with
abstentions now counting for.

Adjustments:

ENGLAND: Lon Lpl Edi Nwy Bel StP = 6 n/c
FRANCE : Par Mar Bre Spa Por Tun Rom Nap Ven = 9 Builds F(Mar), A(Bre)
GERMANY: Ber Mun Kie Den Hol Swe Vie = 7 n/c
ITALY : ~~W/A~~ = 0 OUT
RUSSIA : Mos = 1 n/c
TURKEY : Ank Con Smy Bul Gre Ser Rum Sev War Tri ~~W/A~~ Bud = 11 n/c

Press

Germany - World: Sorry I've not written, far too busy with the move.

@@@@@@@@@shall I compare smodnoc to a summer's day?@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@

BARRETT(RR map YO)

Round 8

BACK ON THE TRACKS

Race results

- 2) (readjudicated): LUST 20-1+5, AE 10-5, NUTS +1.
- 7) Bridlington - Elmsall: AE 20-1, NUTS 10-3, THEE +3+1.
- 8) Castleford - Hebden Bridge: IYI 20+9, NUTS 10-9.
- 9) Leeds - Shipley: AE 15+3, THEE 15-3 (dead heat), LUST 0.
- 10) Selby - York: LUST 20-1, NUTS 10+1+1, IYI 0-1.
- 11) Markey Weighton - Penistone: NUTS/AE 10/10.

Races 6 (Grimsby - Mkt Weighton) and 12 (Barnsley - Grimsby) unentered still.

Builds

LUST: (York)-G56-Malton; (L20)-Goole.
AE: (H13)-H12-Elmsall-J11-J9; (I19)-Goole; (M23)-B61-C62-D61.
IYI: (D23)-A25-Grimsby. NUTS: (J17)-G19-G20: (Mexboro)-F9-E9: (B48)-C48.
THEE: (J24)-J26-Mkt Weighton: (Scunthorpe)-D21-D22-C23-C25.

We wanted to give you a shave like no other you ever had. We said, it's about time a man's face got a little loving. We said, With Smodnoc's self-winding Swiss chromium never-ending blade, the days of scrape-scrape are over. So try Smodnoc. And be loved. Warning: use only as directed. And with caution.

BARRETT (continued)

Races (enter 6 and 12, plus up to 4 of the following; then build up to 8 physical pts.)

13) 23-21 Thirsk - York	16) 42-31 Halifax - Leeds.
14) 66-56 The West - Mexborough	17) 34-65 Shipley - Sheffield
15) 12-43 Scarborough - Dewsbury	18) 54-16 Elmsall - Hull

Running Scores

AE: 38+47-13 = 72 (James Nelson, blue)
NUTS: 55+47-10 = 92 (Nicholas Parish, purple)
LUST: 104+19-9 = 114 (David Oya, red)
IYI: 93+28+6 = 137 (Damien Cosgrove, orange)
THEE: 69+19-11 = 77 (John Webley, brown)

Note that Steve Guest is ordering for Damien while he's in the USA, though with the holdovers he might be back soon. Also, James' and David's orders were written by neutral parties; James' on a valid request (he'll be back as normal), David because during the long gap I lost them which though it is my fault shows that people who write orders for more than one game on a side are a nuisance.

england expects that every man will read his smodnoc

ENGLISH (RR map OH)

Round 8

F.F.'s DRIVERS, URGED ON BY WHIPS, CARRY ALL BEFORE THEM

Race results:

10) 3S-QC: FF 15, IDLE 15-7 (dead heat), CCI 0+7, ORNATE 0-3+3, OSCAR 0.
11) AH-6S: IDLE 20-7, FF 10+7.
12) 3H-9C: IDLE 20+1, FF 10-1, AC 0.
13) 8S-9D: CCI 20+5-3, AC 10-5+3.
14) 9C-KD: AC 20-3, ORNATE 10-3+3, OSCAR +3.
15) 6D-9S: FF 20-6, CCI 10+6-1, AC +1.
16) 6H-AC: FF 20+4, CCI 10-4.
17) 4D-8H: AC 20-2, OSCAR +2.
18) 4C-4H: IDLE 20-4, FF 10+4.

Builds:

ORNATE (Charles/blue): (B64)-B63-Z22-Z18: (720)-Y20-X20-W20.
ANNE'S CLIQUE (Parish/green): (D59)-H57: (R15)-W13-X13.
FRIENDLY FASCIST (Jones/black): (B58)-G56-Sandusky.
OSCAR (Bowen/pink): nowt.
IDLE (Ritchie/red): (X15)-X15-Y15-Marion: (Warren)-C72-B71: (07)-N6.
CCI (Lomas/purple): (A57)-H60: (D66)-G58.

Races (enter up to 6, build up to 8 physical points)

19) 5C-6D Sandusky - Akron	24) 3C-3H Toledo - Lima
20) 2S-7C Kentucky - Cleveland	25) JH-2C Zanesville - Michigan
21) 9D-KH Alliance - Indiana	26) QH-4D Indiana - Youngstown XXX
22) 9S-TD Portsmouth - E Liverpool	27) 5S-TS Hamilton - Ironton
23) JD-3S Steubenville--- Cincinnati	

Running Scores

OSCAR: 60+5+6 = 71
ORNATE: 103+10-12+3 = 104
FF: 98+93-8+3 = 186
IDLE: 70+58-18+4 = 114
AC: 86+44-15+2 = 117
CCI: 68+50-16+4 = 106

Hark, Mr Chulmleigh Warner, your curtains have simply plopped to the ground! Yes, there's nothing above the window to support them. What you require are Smodnoc curtain drapes! Permit me to erect them... Your curtains now slide along gracefully. Avoid curtain-ground plopping with Smodnic curtain drapes.

Mica/AQUARIUS (4002AD)

A 4017

In the year 4545
If this game is still alive
I won't be in the least surprised.

Arcturus I/yellow 20a/5 * Segin
Andy Bell I/yellow 20a/3
I/yellow 30a/1 from Arcturus
Segin O/yellow 3/4 * Vega
Rob Cullender O/yellow 3/4 * Vega
K/yellow 3/1 from Vega

C	/B	/A	/M
Regulus)1R	o+ /Betelgeuse)1S	o /Mirfak	/Menkhih)1S
Alhena	/Bellatrix)1S	+ /Algol)1S	o+ /Miram)1S
Avoir)1R	+ /Canopus	/Aldebaran	+ /Theemin
Adhara)1R	o /Rigel)*A	o+ /Menkar	o /Zaurak)1aS
F	/E	/D	/N
Merak)1aA	+ /Castor)8aA	o+ /Polaris)1S	+ /SEGIN)@
Pollux)1aA	o /Capella	/Hamal)1S	o /Schedir
Alphard	/Procyon)2aA	o /Mira)*S	o+ /Alrisha)1S
Denebola)2aA	o+ /Sirius)2aA	+ /Archernar	/Mesarthim)1S
I	/H	/G	/O
Alkaid	/Gemma)2aA	+ /Alpheratz	/Homam)1S
ARCTURUS)45aA	o+ /Altair)1aA	o /Markab)1S	o+ /Matar)1S
Acrux)1A	+ /Alpha Centauri	/Fomalhaut)1S	+ /Sandalmelek
Spica)1A	o /Sol)5A	o+ /Algenib)1S	o /Sandalsud)*A
L	/K	/J	/P
Thuban)1A	+ /Albireo	/Deneb)2A	+ /Sham
Rutilicus)1A	o /Vega)2S	o+ /Alderamin)2A	o /Tarazed)1S
Antares)1A	o+ /Sargas)2A	+ /Enif	/Rukbar)1S
Atria	/Sabik)@	o /Pavo)1S	o+ /Dabih)1S

((Key: a=advanced ship: *=mixed class fleet: @=siege))

Two fleets bearing Seginese colours emerge at Vega and trap the two outdated Arcturan representatives in a pincer movement, squashing them both for the loss of but one of their number. This is a rare piece of good news for the home planet, for Arcturan representation there has just been boosted and the siege shows no sign of coming to an early end (13aA, 29S). Circling Sabik are still 1S, 1A.

Mixed Class Fleets: Rigel -- 8aA, 8aR; Sandalsud -- 1aA, 1aR; Mira -- 1S, 1aR.

13 nice new ships are delivered at Arcturus, but yet again, Segin gets nothing.

Press

Segin Commander - Arcturan Hordes: We shall fight to the last ship rather than be slave to the Arcturan pig-dog evil empire!

Judge English - Players: Note correction of date (we skipped a year 8 issues ago...)

Perk up pouting household surfaces with new miracle Smodnoc, the easy-to-apply, extra-shiny, nonstick plastic coating. Entirely harmless if used as directed. Saves endless scrubbing, glides you right out of the kitchen!

DREDD (Diplomacy 91DC)

Spring 1906

French advances checked in centre

AUSTRIA (Allan Gordon, 3 Forest Avenue, Chingford E4 6AR)
 A(Bul) H, F(TYS)-Tus, F(ION) S Italian F(Nap)-TYS, A(Tri) S A(Tyr), A(Tyr) S
 ...Italian A(Ven)-Pie, A(Boh)-Mun, A(Gal)-Sil:

ENGLAND (Anarchy): F(GOB) H u/o.

FRANCE (Peter Dunnett, 328 Old Road, Clacton on Sea, Essex CO15 3NU)
 F(HEL)-NTH, F(Hol) S F(HEL)-NTH, F(ENG) S F(HEL)-NTH, F(Wal)-IRI, A(Lpl)-Edi,
A(Ber) S Austrian A(Boh)-Mun*, A(Kie) S A(Ber), A(Ruh) S Austrian A(Boh)-Mun,
 A(Mun)-Bur, A(Mar)-Pie, F(GOL) S F(WMS), F(WMS) S F(GOL).

ITALY (Toby Harris, 6 Durham Terrace, Silksworth, Sunderland SR3 1BW)
 A(Rom) S Austrian F(TYS)-Tus, F(Tun) S F(Nap)-TYS, F(Nap)-TYS, A(Ven)-Pie,
 F(Con) H.

RUSSIA (Vick Hall, 49 Vartry Road, London N15)
 F(Nwy)-SKA, F(NTH)-Edi, F(NWG) S F(NTH)-Edi, A(Sil)-Ber, A(Pru) S A(Sil)-Ber,
 A(Arm)-Sev, A(Ank)-Con, F(StP/nc)-Nwy, A(Den)-Kie.

Deaths French A(Ber) dies, nrp.

Press

France - Austria: See, it was all true this time.

France - All: Last time I got into trouble for saying it wasn't fair. So this time I don't care. Come on, do your worst, and see if you can cart me off in a hurst*. I'm a poet and I don't know it.

* F.R.Leavis reads this as 'hearse' -- Ed.

Peter - Harry: I've looked and looked and I can't find anything wrong. I hope that doesn't mean we all have to pay you.

France - All: Who's going to be my friend?

Judge English - France: Not me, you sarky bugger. Growl.

The Gingerbread Man: "Ribbib," grumbled the Wide-Mouth Frog, "you seem to be missing the point -- I should be scoffing you!" "Oh, sorry," said

Ginger apologetically, "how does it work, then? -- without teeth?" The WMF scowled. "My digestive methods ain't your problem, smartass.... just hop up onto the tongue." "Okay," said the obliging Ginge, "tongue -- ready or not, here I come!" He hesitated. "Er.... which fork? -- left or right?!"

-----read smodnoc, dr. harris's pink pills for pale players-----

FRAADAY (Atlantic Airlines)

Round 8

Well, the popular decision was for me to continue GMing (you're nuts, the lot of you), so I shall, and HYMEN will be run by Dave and/or Joy in concert.

Company/Base	Aircraft/	Starts	/	Via	/	Ends
AIR CRASH/Paris	DC10 /	New York	/	Chicago	/	J7
David Oya	747 /	Chicago	/		/	New York
	Tristar/	H59	/	New York	/	Chicago
	A300 /	Amsterdam	/		/	Tunis
	767 /	London	/	sits on the ground		

Account -986 -44-50-40-32-18-20+123 = -1067, -20% = -1307

HYMEN/Atlanta	Tristar/	London	/	sits on the ground
Dave Rowley	DC10 /	Chicago	/	sits on the ground
	767 /	Chicago	/	sits on the ground

Account -394 -20-22-18-20 = -474, -20% = -569

If money worries have you in the cellar, go visit the lady at Smodnoc Savings and Loan. She'll take the frets out of your debts. Suppose, for example, you borrow fifty-nine poscreds on an interest-only loan. Let's see, that adds up to ---

FARADAY continued

Company/Base	Aircraft/	Starts	Via	Ends
LAKER/New York	DC8 /	Caracas	sits on the ground	
David Tittle	747 /	N3		Belem
	707 /	I24*	Casablanca	London
	A300 /	New York		H69

* = corrected position

CLAY Account -65 -14-50-24-32-20+48+58+189 = +90

CLAY P/London	747 /	F70	Las Palmas, London/	M69
Steve Guest	707 /	Atlanta		D66
	Tristar/	London	Milan	K27
	DC10 /	Washington/	Atlanta, Miami	A51

Account -158-50-44-40-24-20+91 = -245, -20% = -294

HYMEN orders an Airbus A300, to be delivered and paid for next turn in Atlanta.

Loads Landed

From	To	Carrier	Load	Size/Distance/Value
Kano	Chicago	AIR CRASH/Tristar	3 /	41 / 123
Belem	London	LAKER/707	2 /	29 / 58
Port o' Spain	Casablanca	LAKER/707	2 /	24 / 48
New York	Belem	LAKER/747	9 /	21 / 189
Berlin	Las Palmas	CLAY PIGEON/747	7 /	13 / 91

Loads in Flight

Toronto	Tunis	LAKER/A300	6 /	31 / 124
Milan	Port o' Spain	CLAY PIGEON/Tristar	4 /	32 / 128
Miami	Accra	CLAY PIGEON/DC10	6 /	36 / 216
Atlanta	Rome	CLAY PIGEON/DC10	3 /	33 / 264
Atlanta	Rome	CLAY PIGEON/707	5 /	33 / 264
London	Toronto	CLAY PIGEON/747	10 /	24 / 240
Chicago	Bogota	AIR CRASH/DC10	2 /	20 / 40

split load

Loads Available

OLD	Tunis	London	12 /	10 / 120
NEW	Atlanta	Tunis	2 /	31 / 62
	Havana	London	3 /	34 / 102
	Chicago	Bogota (again!)	5 /	20 / 100
	Paris	New York	7 /	24 / 168
	Casablanca	Paris	9 /	8 / 72
	London	Toronto (again!)	11 /	24 / 264

Notes

Judge English - AIR CRASH: Your orders tried to squeeze the 12-unit Tunis-London load onto an A300 -- real bucket-shop tactics. The A300 therefore flies to Tunis but cannot load up.

My hair is so dry, so unmanageable. What's a girl to do? Simply rub in creamy Smodnoc hair conditioner. In just five days you'll discover new body in your hair, new glossiness. And Smodnoc hairspray, used as directed, is absolutely safe.

Has perspiration odor taken you out of the swim? Ten-day Smodnoc deodorant spray or Smodnoc roll-on ends worry of offending, brings you back where the happening is. Safe when used as directed in a conscientious program of body hygiene.

GUNICY (Time Lords Dip III, I think)

Autumn 1903

He's back (the man behind the mask)

AUSTRIA (Mike Allaway, 62 Herga Road, Harrow, Middlesex HA3 5AS)
A(Bud)-WARP-Vie, F(Alb)-Gre.

ENGLAND (John Wilman, 2 Keillor Cott's, Kettins, Blairgowrie, Perthshire PH13 9JT)
A(Lpl)-Edi. F(Lpl W So2)-Tun*.

FRANCE (RJ Walkerdine, 6 Honeybourne Way, Wickwar, Wotton under Edge, Glos GL128PF)
F(Cly)-Lpl, A(Gqs)-Spa, F(GOL)-TYS. A(Bre W SO3)-Wal, A(Spa W SO3)-Tun*.

GERMANY (Steve Doubleday, Norton House, Whielden Street, Amersham, Bucks HP7 OHU)
A(Yor)-Edi, A(Hol)-Bel, F(Den)-NTH, A(Tyr)-Ven*, A(Sil)-Gal, A(Nwy)-StP,
F(StP/nc)-WARP. A(Tyr W SO3)-Apu.

ITALY (Rob Moore, The Cedars, Ruskinville Bridge, Abbey Rd, Dalton in Furness, Cumbria LA15 8LS)
F(Smy) H*, F(Gre) H. A(Ven W SO3)-Ven*.

RUSSIA (Peter Ritchie, 241 Days Lane, Sidcup, Kent DA15 8JX)
F(Rum) S A(Vie)-Bud((not maritime)), A(Vie)-Bud, A(Mos)-War.

TURKEY (Ed Morgan, 40 Cranbourne Road, Trafford, Manchester M16) (COA)
A(War) H, A(Ank)-Smy, A(Con) S A(Ank)-Smy.

Retreats

Tunisian and Venetian units destroyed by anti-matter reaction. Italian F(Smy) is dislodged by conventional force and is so surprised that it disbands, pro.

Adjustments

AUSTRIA: Vie Tri WAA WAA	= 2	n/c
ENGLAND: Lpl	= 1	n/c
FRANCE: Par Mar Bre Por Spa Edi	= 6	Builds F(Mar), A(Par)
GERMANY: Kie Ber Hun Bel Hol Den Swe Nwy Lon <u>StP</u>	= 10	Builds three armies, 1 sht
ITALY: Rom Nap Ven Tun <u>Gre</u>	= 5	Builds three armies, 1 sht
RUSSIA: StP WAA Sev WAA <u>Mos</u> <u>Bud</u> <u>Rum</u>	= 4	Builds F(Sev)
TURKEY: Ank Smy Bul <u>WAA</u> <u>War</u> <u>Con</u>	= 5	Builds A(Ank), 1 sht

Would you believe that there isn't any Press?

I thought not.

Fruppy? FRUPPY!?! Huh! That's it then. See if I care, squidgie!

Harsh, unnecessary pieces of written abuse no 2: Pete Pixie sat on his mushroom, waving his stick at his next door neighbours. Like many of the small folk, he had no sense of perspective. The tooth fairies down south, the empty headed nymphs to the east and the greasy, despicable warts beyond the nymphs were, like him, very small and very insignificant. Only little things bothered them, and hence the plague of frogs and blackfly which had swallowed the Leprechaun so brutally went completely unnoticed. Pete picked a large green fleck from the upper reaches of his nose and settled down with a contented swallow. He was repulsive and proud of it. After dinner, he thought he'd go for a walk and give the tooth fairies a good kicking with his hob-nail boots, And as for the nymphs...

RSPB Officer - Pete Pixie: Excuse me, sir, but we have reports of unnatural acts being committed with a swallow on these premises.

(press continues after a word from our sponsor)

Taken as directed, Smodnoc provides uninterrupted sleep without morning-after
grogginess. You awaken fresh, ready to tackle all those little annoying
problems facing you. Do not exceed recommended dosage.

Outside the abandoned warehouse: It had taken several hours to get Walkerdine up
and moving again, and then only with the promise
of a video of Essex winning the County Championship for the second year in a row
(and the fifth time in the last ten years!), but eventually she had managed it. So
now, with the sky slowly darkening as evening approached, they were finally
outside and able to get on with their mission. Ulrika wasted no more time.

"Right," she said, -- "down that alley and then follow the river until we find
the airfield. It's only about half a mile. Come on." And off she ran.

Walkerdine followed at a somewhat slower pace, his eyes only half watching
her retreating figure as he muttered to himself about Foster's knees, Garnham's
face injury, Hussain's broken finger, never being able to field their strongest
team, Gooch and Pringle always on England duty -- and yet still they'd retained
the Championship!

In the Organisation Club: I shook my head, which felt as though John Bonham was
playing a drum solo inside it, and looked round groggily.
One glance was enough to tell me that Professor Bowen would not be providing me
with any more info in a hurry; a casual glance might have revealed nothing wrong,
given the colour of his shirt, but a second look showed clearly that ever were he
still alive, there was a lot of blood leaking out of him through who knew how many
holes onto his nice top. Other customers of the bar were also dead or incapacitated
-- I hadn't recognised the particular noise of the firing guns, but they sounded
pretty lethal to me, even by normal firearm standards. I quickly checked myself up
and down, and was relieved to find no obvious wounds; I thought briefly of provid-
ing the same service for Q.T. Pye, but saw the look in her eye and decided against
it.

For a moment I couldn't see Pint Size Hibbert at all. Then I spotted her;
unbelievably, the night-club's owner was standing at the payphone, chatting away
into it as though everything was dandy and her bar had not just been wrecked. As I
goggled, she said "Okay, Claire. No, think nothing of it, any time, my pleasure,"
and hung up.

Hauling myself to my feet, I tottered over to her and made a noise that
George Bernard Shaw would have spell "?!?!"

"It's Walkerdine all right," she said, her face set grim. "Just having a little
word with my contact in his camp. He hoped to have us taken out, or at least put
out of the way, while he meddled round somewhere in Eastern Europe. I think we need
to keep very firm tabs on him. I'm loath to give him the respect of worrying about
him -- a man, after all -- but Ulrika, who has simple cunning worth ten times what
he likes to think of as his master brains, is with him, and as a combination I am
forced to admit they could wreak somehavoc."

"So..."

"I'm leaving for Eastern Europe, and if you want to fight on the side of
good -- well, on the side against Walkerdine, which is de facto the same thing --
you'll come too."

"Are we leaving right now?" gasped Quinceyette.

Ambulance sirens wailed as Pint Size surveyed the carnage in the bar, appar-
ently noticing it for the first time. "Might as well. I don't think we'll be open
tomorrow night."

She picked up the payphone and fed it another dime. "Just need to make one
call... 'Lo? Yes, please, I'd like a sample of your new moistened toilet tissue.
Ms H J Hibbert, The Organisation Club, 1999 McVeigh Boulevard, Chicago..."

At the airfield by the river: By the time Walkerdine reached the airfield,
Ulrika had made the arrangements and was wait-
ing impatiently for him. "The chopper's over there behind that shed," she said,
walking in the direction she indicated. "It's fully fuelled and armed, so we
shouldn't have any problems. But hurry up, it's getting dark and we've still got a

Pop tasty Smodnoc into your toaster, made only from fresh fruit and healthful all-vegetable shortening. Smodnoc makes breakfast a feast, puts zing into your thing! Safe when handled-as-directed.

long way to go."

Walkerdine glanced at the now distant figure of the man she had been talking to as he arrived. "He didn't quibble about the price, then?"

She chuckled. "What do you think? With their economy going down the tubes the Russkies would sell anything for a handful of dollars. He even threw in some spare night-glasses, which is just as well seeing how late it's getting." As she said this, they rounded the shed, and there before them sat the MiL gunship, in need of a coat of paint but otherwise in apparently good order. "You fly the thing," she said, "I'll handle the weaponry."

As he started up the engines he couldn't help wondering if they had enough dollars left to buy a decent leg-spinner -- John Childs wouldn't last much longer.

Several hours later: The whine of the twin Isotov turbines seemed to fill the whole world as the MiL flew through the night, though Walkerdine scarcely heard it as he concentrated on his instruments. So far the flight had been uneventful; low out of Sevastopol to keep under the radar, across the Black Sea to the Rumanian coast, a refueling stop at Slatina 60 miles west of Bucharest and over the border into what had once been Yugoslavia. Almost as easy as Essex's county championship, in fact. But now, as they neared Sarajevo, he was leaving nothing to chance.

At O'Hare airport: Pint Size Hibbert swore some detailed and quite unladylike oaths, with, I had to admit, some justification. Half the booking computers were down ("and it's no coincidence," she stated venomously) and those that were not were, by some peculiar coincidence, only offering seats on a most limited make of craft. "And I wouldn't buy a ticket on a plane made anywhere near British Aerospace if it were the last jumbo on earth," she had explained. "They all have built-in destruct devices in case one of his enemies ever gets on one. Quite megalomaniac, of course, but unfortunately he controls the company, so we can't do a lot. There's only one thing for it." She delved into her bag and, to my amazement, came out with a powder compact -- an item I would have laid long odds would never be found on Pint Size.

She then compounded the amazement by starting to talk into it.

"Hello? Oh, Parker. Is... oh, right." (A pause.) "Penny! Looooong time, sweetheart. Listen, I'm in a bit of a fix. Walkerdine is being a nuisance again. No, Walkerdine. You remember him. Eh? No, I'm almost certain he's not the Hood in disguise. Anyway, I need to get over to the eastern Med. real fast. No, I can't take a plane, it'd take too long to explain... just for old time's sake, you understand, is FAB 2 doing anything at the mo.? Eh? Well, me, and two friends, Ms Quinceyette Tallulah Pye and Mr Hank Janson. Yes, that Hank Janson. Eh? You're kidding! You can't read that trash?"

I frowned, not liking the tenor of that statement:

"Yes, of course, dear. ASAP? Lake Michigan waterfront? FAB!" She clicked the compact shut and looked at me in frank amazement.

"It seems you have a...fan... in England, Hank. Lady Penelope Creighton-Ward, a very dear old friend of mine, is going to see us safely to the Adriatic."

@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@you are feeling drowsy...drowsy...you will read smodnoc@@@@@@

BEECHING

Our lucky winner this issue is Mr Mark Wightman of Oxford, who wins a lounge suite! Mr Wightman, do you want to gamble and go for the MILLION? You do?

Very well! Here's your question for THE MILLION... Mark, what was the name of the small postal zine founded in the 1970s by Richard Walkerdine specifically to run international games?... You don't know? What a shame! It was of course LITTLE IMP. But never mind, Mark, you get our consolation prize for pointing out the first notified error in U-Bend, which is a free issue...

Lift your arms and be all at once curvier! New extra-gentle Smodnoc bra and long lone Smodnoc special bra mean, Lify your arms and be all at once curvier! Supplies firm, relaxing support to bosom all day long when fitted as directed.

ARMSTRONG (Lift Off) (GM Dave Rowley)

1956

United States 65MBs

Orbital Satellite Programme	Cost: 24
Single Stage Rocket Programme	Cost: 6
R&D for Orbital Satellite = +7%	Current R&D = 47%
P&D for Single Stage Rocket = +4%	Current R&D = 14%

Launch no. 1 in 1957

Major Media Event A major media event, an impassioned speech by your country's leader in favour of the space effort, and a public request for a more earnest effort towards the moon results in an increase in your budget of 30 MBs.

(Ian Harris Cash 16 Budget 95 Available to Spend 81)

Termight 63MBs

Orbital Satellite Programme	Cost: 6
Single Stage Rocket Programme plus 1 rocket	Cost: 24+3=27
R&D for Orbital Satellite = +38%	Current R&D = 78%
R&D for Single Stage Rocket = +40%	Current R&D = 50%

Launch no. 1 in 1957

Engineering Advance There has been an important advance made in engineering for your space program. Purchase all hardware at half price for one full year. +3MBs on budget.

(Rob Moore Cash 3 Budget 66 Available to Spend 66)

USSR 60MBs

Orbital Satellite Programme plus 2 satellites	Cost: 6+2 = 8
Single Stage Rocket plus 2 rockets	Cost: 24+6= 30
R&D for Orbital Satellite = +20%	Current R&D = 60%
R&D for Single Stage Rocket = +26%	Current R&D = 36%

Launch no. 1 in 1957

Major Media Event A sensational movie about your space effort attracting Martian invaders is played on prime time television. The public outcry which follows dissuades any prospective astronauts from joining your programme for one year. +5MBs on budget.

(John Breakwell Cash 0 Budget 65 Available to Spend 60)

Duchy of Grand Fenwick 60MBs

Defection A key scientist has defected to your nation from the United States.

Orbital Satellite Programme plus 2 satellites	Cost: 6+2 = 8
Single Stage Rocket Programme plus 2 rockets	Cost: 24+6=30
R&D for Orbital Satellite = +40%	Current R&D = 80%
R&D for Single Stage Rocket = +44%	Current R&D = 54%

Launch no. 1 in 1957

Computer Breakthrough A breakthrough in computer automation has led to increased reliability of your nation's remote probes and satellites. Increase the Max R&D and Max Safety factor limits of your Interplanetary Probes and Satellites by 5% each. +2MBs from budget.

(Gary Lyon Cash 6 Budget 58 Available to Spend 66)

GM-Players

USSR attempted maximum research in their Orbital Satellite programme, but due to a funding miscalculation can only manage $\frac{1}{2}$ of their intended research. Where there is

It takes more than a bag to seal in food flavor; it takes Smodnoc plastic wrap -- actually fourlayers in one. Keeps freshness in, air and moisture out. Watch this simulated test.

a cashdeficiency, orders will be carried out in sequence down the R&D worksheet.

Be warned that I am very strict where deadlines are concerned and any late orders in future (without a very good reason) will be ignored. If a player NMRs there will be no purchase of hardware, no R&D, and no further launches declared that turn. Missions already planned that have all components previously bought will be carried out. Any that lack components will result in a failed mission with budget adjustment consequences. You have been warned.

smodnoc is the ideal christmas gift

IZZARD (RR Dynamite Map PN)

Round 10

Dynamite at Wenatchee -- rest of continent cut off

Race results

- 17) World - Medford: WARPETH 20-3, TBNS +3.
- 28) Wenatchee - Nevada: WARPETH 20-5, HAND +5.
- 29) Longview - Lewiston: HAND 20-2+4, GIT 10-9, TBNS disallowed (bridge out) +2+5.
- 30) Great Falls - Bend: GIT 20, WARPETH/MICA 5/5, TBNS disallowed.
- 31) Billings - Gillette: MICA 15+2, HAND 15-4 (dead heat), WARPETH +1, TBNS +1.
- 22) Sea Port - Laramie: WARPETH 20-1, MICA/GIT 5/5-1, HAND +2.
(yes, I know I quoted this race as to Cheyenne; I can't read my own writing. Luckily there are only 2 hexes' difference, so I could run it anyway.)
- 33) Boise - Sidney: TBNS 20-10+1, WARPETH 10-8+3, GIT 0-3+15, HAND +2.
- 34) Pocatello - Aberdeen: WARPETH 20-5, HAND +5. TBNS disallowed (again).
- 35) Nevada - Canada: GIT 20-3-2, MICA 10+3, WARPETH +2. TBNS disallowed (again!)
- 36) Klamath Falls - Olympia: WARPETH 20-6, TBNS +3, HAND +3.

Not-so-permanent way

TBNS fixes T8-JD and S25-S26, giving him a full set of track for the first time in ages (though I fear John forgot that repairs come after races). WARPETH loses M19-Boise, and HAND C60-C61 and B62-A63.

Next round, then, enter up to 5 of these and build up to 4 physical points:

- | | |
|----------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 37) 7C-TS Tacoma - Butte | 42) 2D-KH Baker - The East |
| 38) 3S-3C Havre - Seattle | 43) 8S-KC Helena - Spokane |
| 39) 5D-4S Portland - Great Falls | 44) 4H-JD Idaho Falls - Sea Port |
| 40) QC-4H Spokane - Idaho Falls | |
| 41) 2H-7C Twin Falls - Tacoma | |

Running Scores

GIT (Sait/green): 52+92-9-8 = 124
MICA (Hibbert/purple): 36+40-9-4 = 63
TBNS (Colledge/blue): 115+25-27 = 113
HAND (Guest/orange): 166+50-9+3 = 210
WARPETH (Tittle/black): 163+90-9-1 = 243

Builds

HAND, TBNS: no builds
GIT: (Portland)-S5-Salem: (W15)-W17-
X17: (A58)-Seattle.
WARPETH: (A58)-Seattle.
MICA: (B63)-B62.

xxxxxxxxxbuy yourself a smodnoc, you probably deserve itxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

GAME END STATEMENT: SILVER (Really Lazy Bazzzzzzzz)

Alan Parr (Turkey)

Bit of a disappointing end to this game, just as I was getting the hang of it. Still, I guess it's my own fault as I never seemed able to give the game the attention it deserved.

So ends my first game of Diplomacy. Come to think of it, I've never played Mercator either. Let me know if you open a list for R.L.B.M.

((I regret that I have no plans to do so at the moment. You might wish to contact Mr Duncan Adams, of Ramsgate, who appears to be daft enough for anything.))

Could it be that I have bad breath, Adam? Well, Toby, if you're worried about that, try today's new Smodnoc, with powerful germicidal foaming action, guaranteed safe when taken as directed.

HALWILL JUNCTION

- 1: Mark Wightman, Peter Dunnett, Edmund Morgan, Rob Moore, Jeff Cattle
2: Dave Rowley
3: Steve Guest, Gary Lyon, John Breakwell, David Oya, Theo Clarke, Damien Cosgrove
4: Dave Lomas, Tony Sait, Joy Hibbert, John Webley
5: --
6: Sue London
7: John Miller, Peter Ritchie, David Macfarlane
8: Alan Parr
9: --
42: Ian Harris
12236: Mark Stretch
928577655: David Tittle

So our esteemed outside GM wins the two free issues. Quite what he'll do with them (for he receives U-Bend gratis) I don't know, but that's not my problem.

I am considering running another anyone-plays quickie game in the place of HJ, as I reckon it may be getting a bit past its sell-by date. Maybe the readership could take on Joy and/or myself at chess? Suggestions welcomed.

Wake up to a hearty, lip-smacking bowlful of nutritious, nourishing Smodnoc toasted flakes, the adult cereal that's more crunchy, more tasty, more ummmish. Smodnoc breakfast cereal, the whole-bowl treat! Do not exceed recommended portion at any one meal.

You will all, no doubt, be aware that this issue of U-Bend is late. Ah well. I do really have my sights on a fixed computer this time, so (touch wood) by next issue there will be less typos, greater ease of production and happy, smiling faces all round.

One thing I can tell you is that I have plans for the cover of the zine. Oh yes indeed. Full colour and lithography are words that are being bandied about the U-Bend Production Department (i.e. me wearing a different hat, sitting in a different chair -- that one over there next to the tube of Prittstick and the black marker pen).

There are no Sopwith maps in this issue, because none of this issue is photocopied (it's late enough as it is without the further delay such production would incur). They should return next issue. Sopwith players may like to remind themselves that when it was first run postally, nobody provided maps. Ah, they were real men then.

What the front cover of this issue contains is a mystery to me, because it's not done yet. You, of course, know, because you've read the zine from the front on (I assume) and can't see or appreciate me racking my brains here in the throes of production. Philip K. Dick would have had fun editing a zine. Hmm. Better change that train of thought before this typewriter vanishes and leaves a piece of paper saying 'typewriter', and cool froddlet though I am, I'm probably not sponditious enough to be able to hang loose through it. Ug, I'm turning into David Oya. Help me. This issue is dedicated to Toby Harris. Really.

I am Smodnoc. Before the universe was, I am. I made the suns. I made the worlds. I created the lives and the places they inhabit; I move them here, I put them there. They go as I say, they do as I tell them. I am the word and my name is never spoken, the name which no one knows. I am called Smodnoc, but that is not my name. I am. I shall always be.

QUISQUILLIAE IN VERSO

This is the final page of Up Around the Bend issue 15, whose lateness is (I hope) partly compensated for by its immense size. By gum, I feel like I've been typing forever.

I doubt you've forgotten, but I'll remind you; I am

HAZ BOND, 13 MERRIVALE ROAD, STAFFORD ST17 9EB

and that smashing bloke, Dave Rowley, shares this address and runs the game 'Armstrong' (Lift Off!) to a deadline identical to mine, if a little stricter.

Why, then, is this zine late?

Well, term started, for a kick off. The college library where I work at times when I'm being watched and read books when I'm not has moved its entire site, and this has involved much lugging stuff about. For the last six weeks we have had to do this in the midst of students getting in the way and asking awkward questions about hotel management while you're struggling with a huge, heavy and indeed dangerous metal bookcase (one of the librarians cut their hand to the tune of five stitches).

And then one of the cats got ill, and then iller, and then very ill indeed, and in the end we had to take him in to the vets' to do the decent thing. Work was never the friendliest of cats (though if you'd been mistreated for approximately ten years and then given away and made to live with three other strange cats, you'd be pretty depressed too) but was nonetheless much cared for while we hoped we might be able to fix his immobile back legs, and much mourned after it turned out that we couldn't.

I've also been in London two weekends out of four, trying to show the anti-Spanner campaign that there are people interested who don't live in the capital (a concept they had trouble with at first). On one weekend we also stopped off at Mike Allaway to trade insults with him and boasts about our backgammon skill with wife Robin, whilst on the other we went round to Stamford Hill to thrash Vick Hall... eh?... no, at Acquire, you dirty-minded scum. Tchah! I can't take you lot anywhere.

Joy has also been working in Wolverhampton on a fairly regular basis, and while the money is nice, it means me taking her in in the morning and losing yet more U-Bend time.

In short, then, every bloody thing has come along at once. I think, I hope, that I've managed not to NMR anywhere in this fraught period. Things can only get better.

I've set a long deadline too as this will help me on two counts; (a) I am going to be equally terrifically busy in November, and (b) it makes the deadline after that miss the Christmas mess. By then I should have the computer again, and who knows, by 1993 I may be able to achieve what I've always wanted, a regular zine that's reliable but always has something extra to read and ponder on top of that.

I am reminded that Mr John Wilman of Perthshire rang me up a little while ago to complain that I never insulted him in U-Bend. The reason for this, needless to relate, is that to waste time insulting a man with all the brains of a dead light-bulb, the dress sense of a Rocky Horror Show fan and who galumphs around Manorcon annoying other, less wrecked, people with his clumsy, oafish demeanor, is quite against my principles.

(That OK, John?)

=====

5 Freebies

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...your remaining credit. If figure in red, renew sub now or face the wrath of an angry editor!