

# OUND THE BE

19

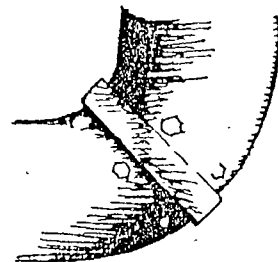
AK

AL

AL

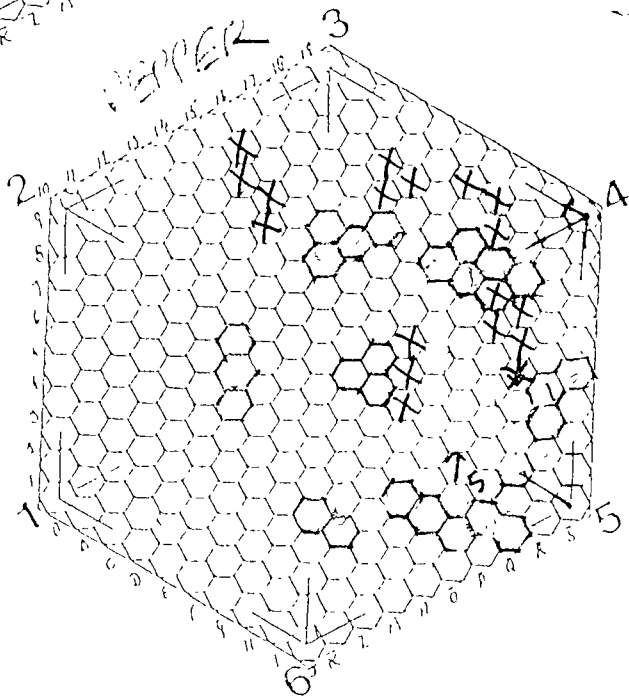
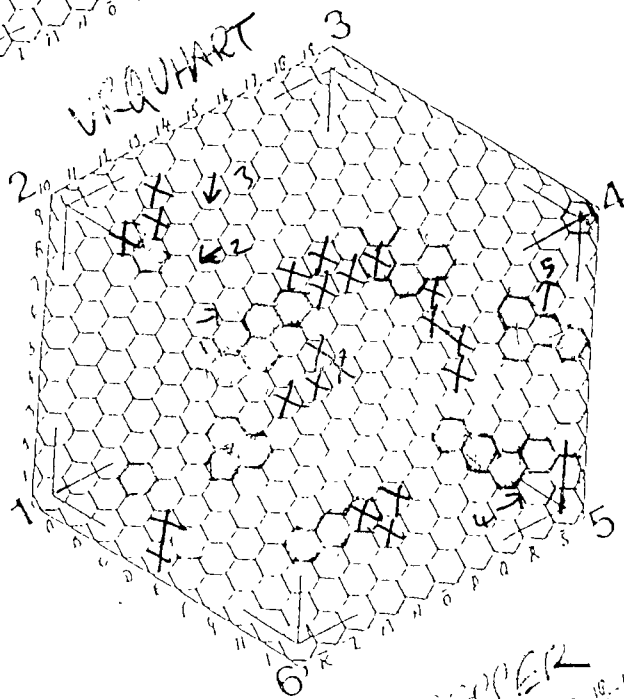
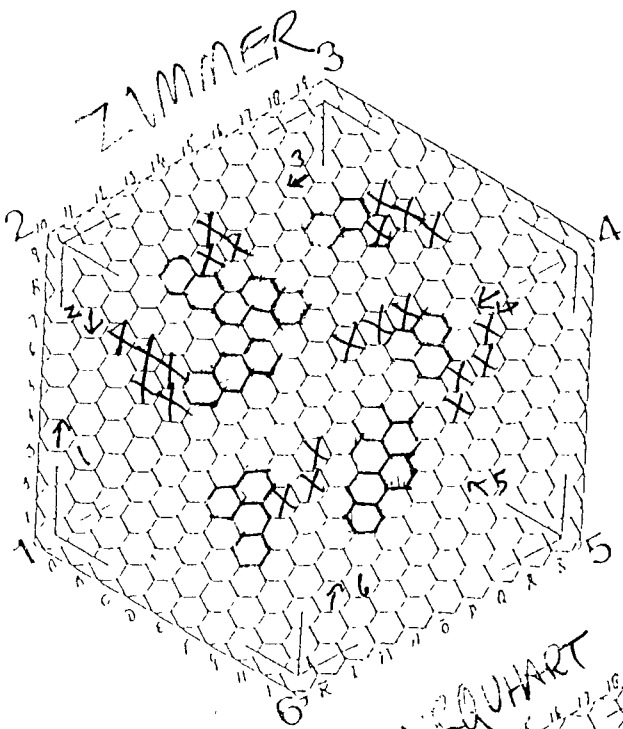


Issue  
Nineteen  
March 1993  
50p + postage



THE MASTERS OF THE HOBBY  
Number 4 in a series

Fr. H---- B--- of Stafford,  
caught by our photographer  
in a moment of sexual ecstasy



In the velvet darkness,  
Of the blackest night,  
Burning bright, there's a guiding star,  
No matter what or who you are.

There's a light...

... and it's called

## UP AROUND THE BEND issue 19

And so it seemed that fortune had smiled on Brad and Janet, as their favourite zine once more dropped onto their doormat, just as it had five weeks hitherto. Was this the answer to their plight? Could it be that they had found a kindly place where they could play Diplomacy and other such postal games at a cost of 50p plus post per issue? Or did some sinister meaning lurk behind the phrase "A Pretend Family Fanzine"? Was 13 Merrivale Road, Stafford ST17 9EB merely a cover for a place devoted to nefarious activities? Was that Haz Bond at the typewriter, or was it a sweet transvestite from Transsexual, TA? What vile deeds would Brad be subjected to before he was allowed to use the telephone (0785 213259 & ansafone) to report his broken down car? What foul message was concealed within the code Coldcom Press 38? Time alone would tell. But although bad reviews were gathering, heavy, dark and pendulous, U-Bend 19 was still an issue that Brad and Janet were going to remember for a very... long... time....

### Waiting Lists

DIPLOMACY: Keir Hodgson, 6 wanted.

SOPWITH: Jeff Cattle, John Miller, Andy Cox? 3-4 wanted

NUCLEAR HOLOCAUST [GM now me]: Rules and expansion, cards inside, hopefully. 4-6 wanted

ANARCHY RULES OK! [GM Paul Slade]: John R Todd, David Tittle. 5 wanted

### Administrative Stuff

This issue sees a price rise from 30p + post to 50p & post. This may seem steep, but the larger issues which I've been doing of late don't half eat into the wallet. Should I have to slim down again I may reduce the price commensurately. Needless to say I'm still not quite covering costs.

Editorial Fax: Messages may be faxed to me on 0785 228317. HOWEVER: don't send urgent messages this way; do mark them clearly FAO me; and the fax deadline is the Monday before the main one, since I only get to check the machine (which is at work) twice a week.

Note also that Dave Rowley's deadline is a week before mine. [Dave Rowley: School of Computing, Staffordshire Univ, Stafford ST18 0AD]

**DEADLINE: 20th APRIL 1993**

Dave's Deadline: 13th April 1993

# EGOLAND

## editorial

### U-Bend to become baby zine shock horror!

Yes, it's true. 13 Merrivale Road is due to echo to the screaming of tiny larynxes sometime in July. This, needless to say, is the reason hitherto referred to why I shan't be at Manorcon.

Joy and I are most pleased; we had planned the pregnancy and been trying to achieve conception for an awful long time, and were, indeed, just about ready to give it up as a bad job.

Dave, on the other hand, despite having given us every assurance that he wanted the child as much as us, and allowing us to think so for three months and more, seized the first opportunity he could to get out via the emergency exit, by finding a passing woman and becoming completely obsessed with her, in order to run away with her. This cowardice has ended a relationship of four years with me, and a marriage of twelve years with Joy, and needless to say Dave is not exactly our favourite person after this. His present whereabouts are currently unknown, since he insists that if we know his new home address, Joy and I will come round and throw bricks through his windows. A fine example of judging others by your own standards.

Where this will leave Dave's two games I am not yet sure. He promises to keep running them, but since he has already broken pretty much every promise made to Joy and I before and after the break up, only used to adjudicate when I nagged him into it (which I obviously can't do any more), and has a record of horrendous unreliability as an editor to boot – not to mention the fact that I would rather have as little to do with him as I can in the future – I rather think that finding new GMs would be a good idea. Letters are being despatched to likely candidates as we speak, but if you fancy your chances as an outside GM for Lift Off! or Atlantic Airlines, please let me know pronto. (I can't take them over myself, as I'm playing in 'Luton' and have no idea of the game mechanics of Lift Off!, or even a copy of the game).

Enough of the behaviour of this overgrown foetus, and back to the real one. Joy has been relatively fortunate so far in missing out on morning sickness, water retention etc etc; her only problems in a physical sense have been occasional sleeplessness and sciatica. We have not been so lucky when it comes to the medical side of things. As those who have met her will know, Joy is fat, or if you're a doctor, a grossly obese primigravida. This means that she has to see a specialist, not because there is anything wrong, but because there might just conceivably be. And given that said specialist is quite the most obnoxious specimen of medico I have ever met (and I've met a few nasty types in my time), the end result is invariably that Joy comes away in a furious and depressed mood for the rest of the day, and quite possibly with raised blood pressure and other thingummies caused by severe irking.

It's fortunate, for example, that the foetus is planned and wanted, because you can't get abortions in Stafford; the specialists won't grant them. You have to go to Birmingham and pay an immense sum. I always thought that abortions were available on the NHS where requested, but it appears that you have to get a specialist to give you the nod, and the two in Stafford are both rabid pro-lifers. Ours, in addition, has what might be described as a morbid hatred of overweight people; the midwife told us afterwards that he is unhappily married to a fat wife.

It is interesting to note that when Joy did have a medical crisis – bleeding and threatened miscarriage at twelve weeks – she was coped with at the hospital admirably by regular doctors and nurses, and the specialist was nowhere to be seen. Quite frankly I'm glad. We did ask if Joy could be supervised by the doctor who took care of her on that occasion, but that is apparently against the rules.

Fortunately, we are not the types to accept this treatment lying down. We have at least struck lucky with the community midwives (who informs us that Mr — is universally detested in the area's midwifery clinics) and have avoided seeing him by the simple practice of disobeying his commands to make appointments every four weeks. This would be particularly difficult even if he were decent, as Joy is still working and wants to continue as long as she can. Mr — evidently subscribes to the theory that a woman's place is on her back when pregnant (and, one supposes, at other times). You'd think pregnancy was some kind of disease the way he carries on.

This last statement, by the way, is not frivolous. Joy really has been treated as though she had, not a foetus, but a self-inflicted wound, or a suicide attempt that was clearly a cry for attention. While some pregnancies do go wrong, I reckon there's something up with society when people think of it as an illness rather than a perfectly natural state of affairs.

There was another threatened crisis just after Dave left when it seemed that the test which checks for Down's syndrome was ominous. As it happened, it was okay (they had also not bothered to read Joy's file and the test results are different if you're overweight), but the medical bureaucracy which surrounded the result was interesting (in the Chinese sense of the term). It is supposedly possible to get through your pregnancy without seeing a doctor, if you're normal enough for your midwives to be able to deal with you, and especially if you want a home birth. However, in Stafford at least, you can't even get to see a midwife without going through your GP, and if you try, you get stonewalled. No, you can't make an appointment without your doctor's permission. No, the midwife can't take your blood pressure, you need a doctor to perform this horrendously complex procedure. And in this instance, no, of course they can't give the test results to your midwife for her to tell you, they have to go to the GP – despite the fact that she is a specialist in the field and he is not. There is, it transpires, an undeclared war in this town between the midwives and the doctors. The midwives have recently been making gains in their sphere of influence, and I can't say I'm disappointed; they have consistently treated Joy with respect and assumed she is normal until proven otherwise.

It has been forcibly brought home to me during the pregnancy how little sex education I got before meeting Joy and Dave. I shan't make myself look an idiot by revealing some of the facts of which I was ignorant, but I tell you this, if I'd known then what I know now, I would probably have been a lot less neurotic as a teenager (and as the father of an extremely tiny foetus, for that matter, though I think I know all the relevant facts now).

Possibly the best moment so far for me, though, was the ultrasound. There is something about seeing the little figure on the screen which really affects you. I know now why so many people are anti-abortionists. (I'm still not, incidentally, any more than I am no longer an activist – or Joy).

A postscript to this medical saga. There was a scare last month which hit national headlines about an obstetrician in Stafford who had contracted hepatitis-B and was feared to have put gynæcological patients at risk. Joy and I heard it on the car radio. For two seconds we reacted with the justifiable horror; then we turned to each other and gasped "Let's hope it's Mr —". (We knew Joy was at no risk; a consultation with Mr — involves waiting for two hours, having your blood pressure taken and "tummy" palpated for half a minute, having it made clear that he hasn't even looked at your file, and told to come back far sooner than you would like).

When Joy came to write Mr — a letter recently to ask a question, it was returned with a covering note stating that the toad in question was currently "away from the hospital for a period" and suggesting that Joy ask her GP.

It makes one wonder. Though if I know high-ranking doctors, all it will mean is that Mr — is sunning himself in the Cayman Islands.

Joy, of course, knows a great deal about HIV, hep-B and the like, and one envisions her in the middle of a Cæsarian sitting up and shouting "Put some latex gloves on, haven't you ever heard of safer medicine?"

All this means, anyway, that come the summer U-Bend's future is uncertain. I will not fold unless we really cannot spare the time or money, and I don't think that's likely; in an attempt to forestall problems with the latter I have hiked prices with effect from this issue, and as for the first, other people have managed to run zines with babies. Then again, some haven't (hello Rob Chapman). Watch this space.

Oh, and one more point on babies. One person has already made snide remarks about sadomasochism and young children, and that is one too many. If you want to call me a child molester, or insinuate that I will encourage or ignore any mistreatment of the child, have the goodness to do so straight out, and I will reserve the right to deck you. I don't think this kind of thing is funny or tasteful.

If any of you want to see more of this, Joy has produced a zinelet with her account of the history of the pregnancy (which is a lot better than mine; there's nothing like first-hand experience to instil your writing with quality) and she says that any U-Bend reader can have one for the asking. (Don't expect her to open waiting lists for games, though).

Let us to less serious matters. 'Jack' has recently finished and 'McGruder' will do soon, so I think it may be time to consider another Diplomacy variant list. I am undecided what to offer, though. Maybe one of the Vain Rats school, such as Steve Doubleday's Tarot Diplomacy; maybe another Deluge, since 'McGruder' has been such a success; maybe Abstraction or Aberration; or maybe a lesser known variant. If any reader has a specific suggestion, let them write and make it to me. I will not run Gunboat, it is crap.

I am a star of stage and screen! Various people in the hobby have written in stating that they spotted me on The Naked Chat Show over Valentine's weekend. No, I wasn't naked — I was wearing my leathers — and they only showed five seconds or so of me. So I'm told; I wasn't watching. (Did anyone video it, by any chance?)

Of course, when I went in to work on the following Monday a bunch of students came and asked me for my autograph. They were the art college group, most of whose dress would make them better candidates for the programme than I; but they all seemed dreadfully impressed that an old fossil such as I (23½) should still have thoughts on sex and such. I told them that if they wanted to see me in my leathers they would have to come and visit me at home, as they weren't really correct wear for a librarian. None of them have taken me up on this.

I think the most telling thing about this episode is the revelation of how many hobby members are prepared to admit that they watched The Naked Chat Show. Toby Harris in particular waxes lyrical about it. All is revealed in this issue's letters. (Er, I'll rephrase that...)

John Breakwell sent me an old zine the other day. I have told y'all before that I like old zines. Unfortunately I already have quite a lot of them; so if you are thinking of donating your heaving piles of paper to feed my old zine habit, check first, as getting your bundles of The Ring and Who Cares back with postage to pay often offends. Well, in actual fact I am unlikely to throw anything straight away (even Who Cares), but I will only give two-for-one credit by prior arrangement. And you, Markie, if you think I'm actually going to pay good money for your old Greatest Hits you have another think coming. I may be stupid, but I'm not fucking stupid.

U-Bend is, as those of you with long memories will remember, also available for barter for those who feel disdain for yer actual hard cash, or those who haven't any. Tapes of good or interesting music always accepted, but again, please ask first; don't think you can dump those old Peters & Lee albums your granny gave you for Christmas on me. However, anyone who can supply me with a copy or tape of The Adverts' album CROSSING THE RED SEA WITH THE ADVERTS will earn several free issues and a large amount of goodwill from me.

STOP PRESS: If you receive Borealis, and Ian Harris has not yet contacted you, please write or phone him to reiterate your last set of orders. He took his entire Borealis files to work one night to get a head start on the adjudications, and when he got home, no longer had them. He is trying to reconstruct the next issue, so to speak.

## FROM STYGIAN DEPTHS: the reprint feature

Only a short one this time — the huge letter column precludes a full-length reprint.

The following riddle is by Pete Fayers and first appeared in the Belgian zine Chantecler.

My first is in Duke, but isn't in Earl  
My second's in diamond, but isn't in pearl  
My third is in punish, but isn't in catch  
My fourth is in lighter, but isn't in match  
My fifth is in mother, but isn't in earth  
My sixth is in marriage, but isn't in birth  
My seventh's in asking, but isn't in sought  
My eighth is in claret, but isn't in port  
My ninth is in yesterday, but not in today  
My whole is a game that you might like to play.

[Answer and notes are later on]

## 1992 ZINE POLL RESULTS with Haz's Review of the Year

Zine & position (last year's place bracketed)	Avg Vote	Pref Matrix	% Satisfaction
1 DOLCHSTOSS (1)	8.244	9.56	90.24
2 Y Ddraig Goch (2)	7.850	8.55	81.30
3 Now Eat The Rabbit (20)	7.323	8.11	76.09
4 Spring Offensive (NEW)	7.766	7.82	75.59
5 Take That You Fiend! (12)	8.568	7.39	75.36
6 C'Est Magnifique (8)	7.340	7.97	75.11
7 Age of Reason (33)	7.422	7.10	68.97
8 Bloodstock (11)	8.385	6.23	66.09
9 A Little Original Sin (23)	6.938	6.95	66.07
10 Electric Monk (3)	7.441	6.66	65.78
11 Greatest Hits (4)	7.520	6.52	65.04
12 Cut and Thrust (10)	7.975	5.94	62.43
13 Arfle Barfle Gloop (5)	7.245	6.23	61.87
14 Borealis (19)	7.419	6.08	61.40
15 The Mark Nelson Experience (NEW)	7.189	5.79	58.40
16 Smodnoc (13)	7.371	5.50	56.93
17 Sidewalk (NEW)	7.188	5.21	54.10
18 Ode (28)	6.948	5.06	52.10
19 Realpolitik (6)	6.858	5.06	51.77
20 Small Furry Creatures Press (9)	7.522	4.63	51.04
21 Hopscotch (27)	7.557	4.48	50.06
22 Mopsy (17)	6.605	4.77	48.69
23 Ac-Mong (29)	6.952	4.05	44.64
24 Gallimaufry (21)	6.334	4.34	44.50
25 A Step Further Out (7)	6.275	4.34	44.28
26 Shadowplay (NON-QUAL.)	7.106	3.90	44.10
27 Obsidian (NON-QUAL.)	6.752	3.32	38.49
28 Pyrrhic Victory (32)	6.289	2.45	30.33
29 The Laughing Roundhead (NEW)	5.981	2.45	29.19
30 Variants and Uncles (31)	6.083	1.87	25.27
31 Up'Around the Bend (25)	5.123	1.73	20.68
32 Springboard (30)	5.625	1.44	20.39

So Dolchstoß runs away with the poll for a second successive year. It says something that it is the only zine, now, to which I subscribe rather than trading, and even more that I do so despite Richard Sharp's politics, which regularly make sensitive lefties such as I emit steam from the ears. Why, then, its success? Because Sharp can write, can keep to a regular and swift frequency, can command several of the hobby's best writers to keep a fine letter column going, and runs the best place in the hobby for a game of Diplomacy, bar none. There will never be another Dullstuß, for it requires twenty years' hobby experience and the sort of public school/Oxbridge background that you just don't have these days. Even recent disasters more akin to the usual habits of housemate Steve Doubleday (see under Gallimaufry) have failed to deter Richard from his regularity, such as blowing every fuse in the house and wrecking his hard disc while changing a light bulb:

'Lord Finchlöy' tried to mend the electric light  
Himself. It strüek him dead; and serve him right!  
It is the business of the wealthy man  
To give employment to the artisan.'

One cannot help feeling that a third consecutive silver medal spot for Y Ddraig Goch is better than Iain Bowen might well have done. The zine seemed to lack its old oomph even before the recent paredown, and was sometimes less than regular. Still as good as or better than the average, but were Iain not the pollster I think even the top ten would have been lucky this time around. Will the promised resurgence in October herald a triumphant return to the old Iani? Next Year In Swansea...

NERTZ is another zine which appears to have been lucky. William Whyte -- the Disorganisation Man, as one might tag him -- runs a zine that is truly marvellous, but which has on occasion little to do with games and much to do with theoretical physics, or Andrea Dworkin, or stick cartoons. John Marsden claims that he would rather read U-Bend than Nertz any day, but that, I think, says more about Marsden than it does Whyte (or for that matter Bond). Against this one must set the reaction of another editor (no, not I) who, receiving the issue that consisted of fourteen pieces of tiny paper in a ziploc bag which, assembled, formed a sonnet apologising for the zine's lateness on the morning they were compiling their votes, added two to NERTZ's for that alone. Whyte is like Sharp, if in no other respect, in being both unique and irreplaceable. If we don't look after him he will be poached by a megacorporation and go to America, and then where will we be?

As for Spring Offensive, rumours have already been circulated (albeit by Stephen Agar himself) that the London hobby meet voted him down en masse to prevent such a new zine winning. Next year's winner if things continue as they are, I predict; for Agar has energy enough for three normal people or six editors such as I, and has done more to entice newcomers to the hobby than anyone else but the Collmans (and one might argue that... but no, I shan't). The only thing I fear will stop him is being elected Labour councillor for a Brighton locality. Bond begs south coast to vote Tory shock horror! (NB. This never happens).

Take That You Fiend! has already been grumbled at for not running Diplomacy by several sources, not least Sharp. I care not, for John Harrington and Kevn Warne are one -- nay, one and a half, especially if put in elevator shoes -- of the wittiest writers on the scene, though Tottenham fans and compilers of Diplomacy statistics may wish to steer clear of their acerbic satire. TTYF runs, in lieu of Diplomacy, various campaign-ish games, and the excellent cycling game Breaking Away, Harrington's invention and a game I shall offer in U-Bend after I have perfected my time machine which compresses 48 hours into the day.

C'Est Magnifique has traditionally been underrated in polls, and this year's, while an improvement, shows the deceptiveness of place-numbering by putting it scarcely a percentage point behind third place. Higher next year, if Pete Sullivan can maintain the recent jump in quality and print clarity; probably not lower, for the three-weekly schedule is a big selling point and one adhered to like glue, but that same schedule means that there is rarely enough time to compose the sort of writing that makes a poll winner.

Age of Reason? Well, glancing at the magic motto OBJECTIVITY fixed above my desk, I begin; this zine cut trades with me last year (because he thought U-Bend was crap, an opinion I could respect; unfortunately he didn't have the guts to tell me) and I have not seen a copy since last Manorcon. Last year it came bottom but one. One assumes, then, that Andrew Moss has cleared up one or more of the problems with grammar, layout and lack of stapling. He has, I know, picked up a subzine from budding hobby stalwart Neil Duncan; he has not, I know, solved his frequency problems, for recently six-week delays have been mentioned in other zines. At that I leave this summary.

Bloodstock leads the way of the many-games-little-writing bunch; and for what it is, a vehicle for running large numbers of postal games, not excluding Dip, whilst not aspiring to Great Literature, it is a complete success in its own terms. I'm glad not every zine in the hobby is like this, but then again, I'm glad there is a space for zines such as it.

Vick Hall is certainly one of the more original editors in the hobby. A Little Original Sin has improved steadily as he has gained experience, and his lettercolumn has featured some truly spectacular bitchiness between Sensitive Lefties such as I and a certain gent from Bolton who seems to think himself a reincarnation of Genghis Khan.

Electric Monk, au contraire, has slumped this year. Andy and Madi Key's marriage is, I diagnose, the problem. Of course setting up house together takes getting used to, and it would be churlish to complain when the zine suffers. The last two issues, mind you, have shown some sign of returning to the slick, cheerful and interesting Monks of old, as opposed to those issues which contained only the first two qualities; a trend which I hope to see continue.

Greatest Hits ended a year as good as ever by screeching to a halt last November-ish, since which nothing has been heard from Pete Birks. No doubt he will re-emerge in a few months revitalised, but in the meantime...?

Cut and Thrust I don't see, but it is universally well spoken of.

Arfle Barfle Gloop: perhaps a tad off from last year, with Michele Morris jetting round the world a la Bairstow, but surely not enough to justify such a steep drop. Kris M in particular has shown signs of getting his teeth into Hobby issues of late; as for games, it remains a regular and reliable service. Top Ten again next year, barring disasters.

Ian Harris's misadventures with the current Borealis are detailed elsewhere. But this apart, the only mountain Ian needs to conquer is frequency before his ideosyncratic zine can hold up its head with the best. With the recent merger of Ac-Mong Ian has gained many new subbers, who may push his profile high enough to get his likeable editorial style and offbeat games discussion noticed. Still underrated.

Crazy Markie you either love or loathe. Or, in my case, both at once. The Mark Nelson Experience is sent free to those Mark wishes to receive it, and neither money nor blood nor tears will get you a copy if he doesn't. It contains Mark Nelson, Mark Boyle, and numerous furriners, and ranges from a great read to a pile of drivel almost from page to page. It is, to put it bluntly, unique; certainly not the copy of the science fiction fanzine which Markie appears to imagine it is.

Smodnoc had a few problems with grudge votes this time round. Toby Harris does possess a knack of getting up people's noses quite remarkable for one so skilled at Diplomacy, but Smodnoc has improved out of all measure this year as a zine – not as regards its fine game service, but in the writing department, for Toby has proved himself capable of witty and intelligent composition which, were any other name appended to it, would pass any fannishness test Mark Nelson could set. A future Top Five if he keeps all

Sidewalk's Mike Clark has proved himself capable of running to three-weekly deadlines and now only needs a wider readership for his understated zine with frequent articles on pop music and a nasty typeface.

Ode? Well, it never does well in the poll these days, but its habits well befit the country's longest-single-run gameszine. Mind you, anyone could probably do as well if they only required four hours' sleep a night, as John Marsden does.

Another former winner whose stock is severely depressed is Realpolitik, and in this case the placing is fairer, for Guy Thomas has not only slimmed the zine down but slowed it down. He is still a good GM, and a witty writer, but these things are never quite the same when they are sternly rationed.

The Small Furry Creatures Press, which I only see whenever Pevans and Theo Clarke send me a copy after I comment in my annual review that I don't see it, seems to have been deserted by its usual hard core of voters. Its reputation as the En Garde! zine and the home of quality layout/printing remains, as far as I can see, untarnished.

Hopscotch is yet another ex-winner now in the doldrums. Since Alan Parr announced a rundown at issue 50 and is now almost 70 issues on, the zine has had a senility longer than its adulthood; but no matter, it is still crammed with ideas and Alan's stylish mathematically-based game, not to mention the original United League, sponsored (really!) by Little Chef.

Bryan Betts' Mopsy traditionally finishes half way down the poll. This year it's a little lower in position, but look at the percentage scores around 50... Known for its variants and its strict houserules. A worthy zine.

Ac-Mong has folded into Borealis due to Gordon McDonald's free time, or lack of same; I rather suspect that this year's higher placing is a nostalgia vote; it was good if unexceptionable while it lasted, but its last year was slow and attenuated.

One hesitates to use the word 'travesty', but Steve Doubleday's lowly position for Gallimaufry is precisely that. S. Diesduplex is an entertaining writer and a man who genuinely loves the hobby, and it is patently obvious that his zine suffers only in comparison to housemate Sharp's production (see far too high above).

A Step Further Out suffers the poll's biggest drop in response to its rather messy fold earlier this year; a sad end for what was in its heyday the best read in the hobby. I am not alone, I know, in hoping for an early return to editing of Steve Howe.

Shadowplay is Ryk Downes' gameszine, latest successor in a line that stretches back to his mythical fortnightly zine Back to the Dark Ages. Since I don't see it, or even reviews of it, I cannot comment further.

Alex Richardson has ploughed a very lonely furrow with Obsidian for several years, prevented by, I can only conclude, diffidence from a higher profile in the hobby and the recognition his zine deserves as a good little Dip zine with entertaining writing. I am pleased to relate that he has finally raked in some new subbers and reached critical mass in that he now has five Dip games going and is threatening to have to close lists. This is his first placing in the poll over 50 issues, but it will surely not be the last or the highest.

Pyrrhic Victory has always been beset by problems, not least of which this year has been Mike Allaway's redundancy. The forthcoming 100th issue may help what is basically a good zine, if a trifle irregular.

The Laughing Roundhead was widely tipped for the bottom, but has improved enough as Duncan Adams has gained confidence to avoid that fate. TLR is still self-consciously zany, but has proved to be a good bet for a game so far, and if this trend continues Duncan can expect a higher placing next year. The new subzine from the literate Paul Bennett should help.

Variants and Uncles has now folded, to be replaced by Into the Night (thank heavens young Nelson has found a better title than V&U NOT!, say I) -- a very similar publication, but which is to run games (mainly variants) as well as the usual variants and reviews.

Aha! My turn. Despite my many pleas I fail to hit rock bottom. Ah well, I quite frankly deserved approximately this after my poor showing last year. Now if I could keep up the level of service I've turned out from issue 17, I would expect a good placing next year; but as detailed in the editorial, that is rather unlikely.

It's ironic that the two zines whose editors have least regard for the Poll should finish first and last respectively. Danny and Kath's readership, being novices and traders, will respectively carry no oomph in the preference matrix, and vote Springboard down in favour of more mainstream zines. Sad, really; Danny's way of introducing novices to the hobby is a source of much argument and always will be, but that he provides them a good game service is unquestionable.

So much for the main results; let's scoot over other zines I see that failed to make the final cut. Paul Norris's Der Große Dampfmaschine has been rather routine over the year, somewhat akin to a junior Mopsy; its merger with PS Richards' ideosyncratic Diary of a Dead Raven doesn't seem to have raised its circulation much. John Breakwell's Green Goblin is a marvellous read, but only comes out once a year; shame. Bill O'Neill's Excidio has now folded into new zine Lies, co-edited by him with Richards Jackson and Egan, which will surely claim a good place in the poll next year. Mark Nelson's Mouth of Sauron failed to qualify on frequency this year, due to Markie ploughing his energy into TMNX (above). Dave Tant's Sopwith Stats and Tom Tweedy's The Flight Recorder aren't really the sort of thing the poll is for, nor yet is Sharp and Doubleday's The Numbers Game; whilst Steve Guest and Neil Rowlands' Variable Title has always had too low and too unique a readership to appear -- a marvellous zine, nonetheless, despite recent problems with frequency. Robin ap Cynan's invitational RR zine Monochrome would actually have qualified this year, since it ran a game of Richard Young's amusing variant Nuclear Yuppie Evil Empire Dip; but failed to get enough votes. It is currently seriously overdue. Paul Dunning's Bandersnatch has failed to make much impression on the hobby at large, which is a shame, for Paul's is a truly unique talent which deserves more nurturing than it gets. John Morgan did only slightly better with Assassin's Handbook, but has finally managed to scrape some gamestarts together and is looking up.

Andy Bate's name is a watchword for unreliability, and true to form Froggy/ It'll Be Out Next Week is considerably overdue; perhaps luckily, it just failed to produce the requisite four issues for the poll. Martin Draper's Breakdown is the exact opposite; three-weekly, with no chat to speak of but an excellent range of games to choose from -- definitely a player's zine. In reflection, I think the amusing pieces on amateur theatricals swing the balance to the plus side. Not much in the way of games on offer, though. Malcolm Cornelius somehow managed to get Backstabbers' United Monthly up to nearly 50 issues without anyone finding out; it is a large and rather expensive zine with several En Garde-style games as well as Dip, and is gravitating towards the hobby proper as Malc takes out more trades. And the final zine on my trade list is Chris Tringham's revived Megalomania, which is to be a chatzine a la Greatest Hits; only 2 issues so far, one with material several years old, t'other brief but amusing and new. Let us hope Chris keeps up regular publication.

So much for the review of the year. I deliberately fail to include addresses; anyone wanting them is invited to send £1 to Andy and Madi Key at 144 Perrinsfield, Venymore, Lechlade, Glos GL7 3SE for the latest Mission from God, which contains all these zines and more with other peoples' opinions, plus a section on games currently run by post for all those who've been longing for a postal game of Civilisation but haven't known who offers a list.

To other hobby events.

Mark Stretch asks me to publicise the Oxford Diplomacy Club, which meets every Wednesday during term times at the Nuclear Physics Building, Keble Road, at 7.30pm. They also intend to organise a diplomacy team or two for Manorcon, and anybody interested who's a current or past Oxford student should contact Mark at Jesus College, or 2 Over Mill Drive, Selly Park, Birmingham B29 7JL.

Malcolm Cornelius's zine Backstabbers United Monthly, as intimated above, is approaching issue 50. To celebrate, Malc is organising a housecon in Manchester on Spring Bank Holiday weekend (28-31 May), with all comers welcome, not just BUM subbers. Apart from pubs and games, Bumcon '77 will also feature a trip to Laserquest. Anyone interested should contact Malcolm on 061 224 0345.

Conversely, if you're down south that weekend, Furrycon in Brighton is on too. This features the qualifying round for the European team boardgame championship at Essen, and has an entry fee of £10. Contact 42 Wynnald Rd, London E18 1DX for further details.

Going back to zines, the mercurial Mark Nelson has produced an issue of The Fat Lady Sings, a list of all current Dippy games and variants and their players, with statistics to show how they have altered over the years. This is a tremendous enterprise, and past editors of TFLS have tended to retire hurt after two issues at most (the latest casualty being Jan Niechwiadowicz -- and where is he these days?) Still, Markie is not as normal men, so what his future plans for TFLS may be I know not, as I've not yet got round to sending off my quid for it to 21 Cecil Mount, Armley, Leeds LS12 2AP.

Martin Draper's annual sporting quiz is available from him (124 Lord St, Hoddsdon, Herts EN11 8NP, tel 0992 460117) but you'd best be quick if interested, as his deadline is 1st April. Martin, a busy fellow, also produces Breakdown (mentioned above) and is contact for the Herts hobby meet too.

John Piggott has been making noises about reclaiming the zine poll from Iain Bowen. Hands up, all those in favour of telling him to sod off...? Carried, I think.

## Postal Nuclear Holocaust Rules by Dave Rowley

**Introduction:** Nuclear War is a game for up to eight players, combining the commercial games of Nuclear War and Nuclear Escalation. Each player takes the name of a nuclear power (real or imaginary) and attempts to gain world domination by eliminating the other powers. This can be accomplished in two ways. The peaceful way is to persuade the population of the other countries to join your superior form of government. The warlike way is to destroy the enemy's population using nuclear weaponry. Players may wish to make (or break) alliances to achieve their goals.

**Equipment:** Only the GM requires any equipment. Players will be notified of all relevant details of their hand. The equipment consists of two decks of cards and a Fallout Indicator. One deck consists of different values of population and the other of the various 'hand' cards required to play the game: propaganda, missiles, warheads, interceptors and secret cards.



**Population Cards:** At the start of the game, each player is dealt an amount of population cards depending on the number of players, the total of which represents the population of their country. The value of each card can be from 1 million to 25 million. Each player is notified of their population, but it is not published. Only the change from the initial population will appear in the game reports, so your opponents will know that you are, say, -12m from start total, but will not know whether you have 1m or 101m left. When a player is eliminated by attack or by a secret card (but NOT by a propaganda card), they get a 'final strike' – all missiles and warheads in their hand/strategy are launched at whoever they choose and the attacks resolved at once.

**Propaganda Cards:** When a player plays a propaganda card on another player, the recipient must give the donor the number of people stated on the card. The deck contains 24 x propaganda 5m, 12 x propaganda 10m, and 4 x propaganda 25m. Except in a few special cases, propaganda cards are only valid in peacetime; they can be played during war, but do not have any effect save to 'clear the hand'. Following the elimination of a country (and assuming the final strike does not wipe out another player in a domino effect) peace breaks out and propaganda cards become effective until the next war; on an outbreak of peace players may rearrange their unrevealed strategy and hand cards (but not any already revealed).

**Missile Cards:** There are various types of missile. A Polaris or Minuteman (18 in deck) can carry a single warhead of 10 megatons; an Atlas or Titan (18 in deck) can carry a single warhead up to 20 megatons; a B-70 bomber (6) can carry one or more warheads up to a total payload of 50 megatons; a Saturn (3) can carry a single warhead of up to 100 megatons; a B-1 bomber may carry one or more warheads up to a total of 100 megatons. Only bombers can carry more than one warhead. An MX missile carries one warhead of over 10 megatons, whose attack is resolved as a number of individual 10 megaton attacks on the target – very powerful! A Cruise Missile requires no warhead, and on launch, moves to the next player on the list. Next turn, the owner may drop it on that player or move it to the next player, and so on; but if it returns to the owner after circling the planet, it drops on them! Normally kills 5m.

**Warhead Cards:** There are four main types of warhead, each killing a certain basic number of people (which may be modified by the Fallout Indicator). There are 38 x 10 megaton warheads, typically killing 2m; 20 x 20 megatons, typically killing 5m; 8 x 50 megatons (10m); and 2 x 100 megatons (25m). To be effective, all warheads must be carried on a suitable launcher (see above). A Cobalt Bomb kills nobody at first, but slow fallout takes a steady toll; each turn the target must roll a die. On a 1 they suffer no losses, on a 2-3 they lose 1 million, on 4-5 2m, on 6 3m. Launched on any bomber or missile (except MX), but must be only payload except Hound Dog. A Neutron Bomb enables its launcher to take three random cards from the target's hand, and discard enough to bring their hand down to nine at the end of their go. The target replenishes their hand at the end of their next turn. This is launched in a similar way to the Cobalt Bomb.

**Interceptor Cards:** These cards can be used to shoot down a missile in flight. An anti-P will shoot down any Polaris or Minuteman; an anti-A or Nike-Zeus will also shoot down a Titan or Atlas; an anti-B or Jet Interceptor will shoot down all these and a Cruise Missile, B70 or B1; an anti-S or Sprint Interceptor will shoot down any bomber or missile. After one use an interceptor is discarded.

**Secret Cards:** Despite their name, these are the only cards to be published when a player receives them – or rather, on the next turn. Some affect the recipient, some may be played on an opponent, some are beneficial, others harmful. Typical examples are: miss a turn; 2m enemy defect to you; a tornado kills 10m of your own people. Secret Cards are applied the turn after they are published – they cannot be hoarded in hand.

**Special Cards:** A variety of cards come under this category. Spies can steal secrets, foil saboteurs, gather military information (= look at another player's strategy) or counteract the action of another spy; saboteurs can foil a launch; etcetera. These cards are played directly from hand.

**Deterrents:** Any hand card may be displayed as a Deterrent; e.g. a player with a 100 meg warhead may place it on display, causing others to worry over whether there is also a B-1 to carry it. Deterrents may be replaced in hand at any time.

**Die Roll Table:** Every time an attack is launched, dice are rolled and the following table consulted. It is optional to roll the 'radioactive' die in addition: on a 2-6, that many extra people are killed, but on a 1, the Launch Malfunction Table must be consulted.

Die Roll (d6)	Result	2d6
00-04	Missile booster explodes on launch - no effect	2
	Bomber runs out of fuel - no effect	2
05-09	Dud warhead, no effect	3
10-22	Bomb shelters save 2m from attack	4
23-35	Additional 1m are engulfed in the fireball	5
36-49	No appreciable fallout, basic number killed only (Reroll)	6
		7
50-63	Radioactive fallout kills an extra 2m	8
64-76	Radioactive β-rays kill an extra 5m	9
77-89	Lethal dose of gamma-rays kills an extra 10m	10
90-94	Dirty bomb! Double yield	11
95-99	Attack explodes nuclear stockpile – triple yield	12

#### Launch Malfunction Table

(d6)	Result
1	Disaster! Bomb own city
* 2	Orbital burst destroys missile/bomber, miss turn
* 3	Missile explodes on pad/bomber runs out of fuel – no damage
4	Dud warhead, no effect
5	Hit population centre, double yield
6	Hit nuclear plant, double yield and target misses a turn!

\* = These results will destroy a Space Platform

Players:	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Population Cards:	20	15	12	10	9	8	7

#### Postal Rules

The options that will not appear in this game from the commercial rules are Population Increase, Arms Trades and UN Peace Declaration.

When an attack is launched, by revealing a warhead after a delivery system, it strikes at the beginning of the next postal turn. Players may give conditional orders, e.g. "If I am attacked by anything bigger than a 20meg warhead or a space platform is launched, I will play my saboteur on them" or "If my attack would kill 10m or more after the die roll, do not use the radioactive die". Players must nominate to use the radioactive die to receive its effect.

### Sequence of Turn Resolution

- 1) Drop cruise missile and targeted warheads.
- 2) Attack sequence for targeted warheads/missiles (at this point, a player under attack may either sabotage the launch or intercept):
  - a) nominate target
  - b) saboteur, mole or counterspy played at this point
  - c) shoot down attacking missile/bomber
  - d) dice rolled
  - e) optional radioactive die roll
  - f) roll on launch malfunction chart if 1 rolled in e)
  - g) adjust population levels
  - h) drop warhead from space platform [see below] and perform a) to g)
- 3) Steal secrets, use spy, mole and counterspy. Apply secrets drawn last turn, unless stolen (see 8)). Adjust population levels where relevant.
- 4) Super virus/cobalt bomb [see below] population adjustments
- 5) Reveal next strategy card. If a warhead is following a suitable launcher, it will hit next turn in 2).
- 6) Players not hit by a neutron bomb [see below] this turn and who have less than 9 hand cards (2 in strategy unrevealed, 7 in hand) replenish hand
- 7) Move cruise missile and/or supervirus
- 8) Announce adjudications, inform if secret cards drawn (only those drawing secrets know what the secret is). Successfully stolen secrets are reassigned to the spy's country and may be stolen again (except Spytrapper, which may only be stolen once).

For the purposes of passing on the Super virus and moving the Cruise Missile, clockwise is deemed to be down the players list. A player may forget to move the Cruise Missile; it will automatically move. A player who forgets to pass on (or deliberately holds onto) the Super Virus, may pass it on to either of the players next to them on the list the following turn, unless they forget to pass it on again (!) N.B. the player at the bottom of the list is considered to be above the player at the top of the list (and vice versa).

Any detonation in one's own country, or any attack which yields 300 megatons or more is an automatic end of the world and everybody loses. E.G. a B-70 bomber attacking with a 50 megaton bomb rolls 'triple yield' and then rolls a '1' on the radioactive die, so must consult the launch malfunction chart. If they then roll either a 5 or 6 (double yield) then  $50 \times 3 \times 2 = 300$  megatons!!!

### New Cards for Nuclear Holocaust

**SAMOS:** Satellite And Missile Observation System. Launched on an Atlas, Titan or from a Space Shuttle (see below). Detects any non-propaganda and non-warheads in a players strategy. Cannot be used on the turn of launch. If captured on turn of use, information goes to capturing player. Shot down by ASAT or Killer Satellite.

**U-2:** Reconnaissance Plane. Played through strategy and needs no launcher. Can detect any launchers/aircraft (bombers, U2s, missiles, etc) but not propaganda cards, warheads or satellites in a players strategy. Shot down by any interceptor played from a hand. If shot down, information is lost.

**Space Shuttle:** Needs no launcher. If successfully launched may: a) deploy any satellite {not a Space Station} from the player's hand, b) (re) supply warheads to a Space Station, c) kidnap an enemy satellite which is then placed in the shuttle player's hand, d) return to earth any ONE warhead from their country's Space Platform. Shot down by ASAT or Killer Satellite. To check for launch malfunction two dice are rolled for launch viability: If a 1 is rolled, then the launch is delayed and the card replaced in the player's hand. If a 1 turns up on both of the dice, then there is a serious malfunction and the Shuttle (but not any payload) is lost, plus 1-6 million leave in disillusionment for another country.

**Hound Dog:** Bomber launched cruise missile, launched through strategy. Kills 2 million. Shot down as a Cruise Missile but does NOT move onto the next target. May be fired from a bomber carrying a Cobalt Bomb. This is a standoff weapon so the bomber cannot be shot down. Checks for launch malfunction as the Space Shuttle, but use the proper chart if it fails. Hound Dog missiles, being carried under the jet's wings, do not count towards the bomber's warhead complement.

**Optional rules when using Space Shuttles:** A player may launch a Space Platform and load it with no warheads. The other players do not know how many warheads a Platform contains, so the station acts as a deterrent (hopefully). The owning player then has the option of supplying warheads, by shuttle, if and when war breaks out. A Platform is no longer removed from play if it runs out of warheads.

I propose to add: SAMOS x 1, U2 x 2, Space Shuttle x 4, Hound Dog x 2 to the combined deck and also implement the optional shuttle rules.

### Yet More Cards For Nuclear Holocaust

A new development on the scene is the **Pegasus** satellite launcher. It is played through your strategy after a Bomber. It must be the only payload and checks for launch malfunction in the same manner as the Space Shuttle; if a 2 is rolled then the Pegasus fails. In all other cases it is successful and a player may place any satellite (except Space Platform) into orbit directly from their hand. Note that if the Pegasus fails, you do not lose the satellite.

Ever felt that those Propaganda Cards were a bit of a bind during wartime? Then fret no more, for **Voyager** is here. It is a satellite that is launched by an Atlas, Titan, Saturn or Space Shuttle which bypasses orbit going off into deep space (discard pile). For the prestige of being able to manage this feat the owner of the satellite may play ONE Propaganda Card directly from their hand on another player EVEN IF WAR HAS BROKEN OUT!

Inspired by the film "Dr Strangelove, or How I learned to stop worrying and love the bomb" comes a new TOP SECRET card. This is the **Doomsday Device**. If the secret is not stolen it is displayed as a deterrent, but does not count towards a players total of nine cards (as satellites & Space Platforms in orbit). If the player who possesses the device suffers any non-secret card attack, then a 'final strike' is initiated at the aggressor irrespective of the device owner's population level! Discard after one use.

Very popular with the 'Hawks' is the **Strategic Defence Initiative** or 'Star Wars' satellite. This is an interceptor satellite and may be used to shoot down any one missile (not Cruise or Hound Dog) that is launched against its owner. Launched on an Atlas, Titan or by Space Shuttle. Treat as an 'intercept' card.

Another part of the Star Wars programme is the Electro-Magnetic-Pulse Generator Satellite. This can be launched in the same manner as the Voyager, but remains in orbit until required. When used (not on turn of launching) it scrambles the communication systems of an enemy causing the position of their unrevealed strategy cards to be reversed. A roll of 1 means the satellite fails, 2-6 is successful. Discard after one use.

A new SPECIAL card is the Fifth Column. This is played after a warhead has landed on a target, and converts any result into a 'dud warhead' result due to it being replaced with a fake!

Very topical at the moment is concern over the Ozone layer; a new SECRET card Excessive use of aerosols causes the drawer or stealer to lose 2 million of their population due to the hole that appears over their country.

I propose to add one of each of the above cards to the deck and implement the new rules.

#### Oh no! Not more cards for Nuclear Holocaust

Top Secret:- Action Replay; pick up a non-secret card of your choice from the discard pile.

Special:- Decontamination Squad; cleans up the radiation from a Cobalt Bomb. Discard squad and bomb after one use.

Special:- Express Delivery System. Use during peacetime. Play through strategy; this Fiendish Plan delivers by lorry (face down) any warhead under 100 megatons direct from the player's hand to a target country. May be counter-spied, in which case the target captures the warhead and places it in their hand. May be exploded by remote control, which starts a war (if it is peacetime). Roll a die; on 1 warhead malfunctions, 2-6 warhead explodes.

Special:- M.I.R.V., (Multiple Independent Re-entry Vehicle). Either resolve an ordinary missile attack as an M.X. or redirect some of an M.X. attack onto multiple targets! Only the warheads directed at a single target are shot down by an interceptor.

Special:- Decoy. Lures an interceptor away from a bomber (nullifies one intercept card).

Special:- D.E.W. Line. Played through strategy like the Express Delivery System, it is then displayed as a deterrent. It increases interceptor cards' effectiveness by one level (e.g. Anti P becomes Anti A, Anti A becomes Anti B). May be destroyed by a Saboteur.

LandSat:- A satellite launched on an Atlas, Titan, or Space Shuttle. Detects the population level of a target and beams the information to its owner if 2-6 is rolled; a 1 means that the satellite malfunctions. May not be used on turn of launch, and can only be used once.

D.B.S.:- Direct Broadcast Satellite TV. Launched as a LandSat. Enables Propaganda Cards to be used during wartime with a 20% efficiency. Check for satellite malfunction each time it is used. A 1 causes the satellite to stop working. May not be used on turn of launch, but may be used more than once.

B-2 Stealth Bomber:- Carries one Neutron/Cobalt Bomb or up to 20 megatons against one target only. Cannot use Hound-dog or Pegasus. Shot down by Sprint Interceptor or Anti-S. [two bombers added to pack]

MidgetMan:- A self-contained warhead (like Cruise Missile) of short range. Can only be fired at immediate neighbours (= those above and below in player order). Normally kills two million. [six added to the pack].

One of each of the cards described above (except where mentioned otherwise) will be added to the pack.

---

---

{The cards above were originally published in various issues of Dave Rowley's zine Mica. 'New Cards...' are taken from an article in the Space Gamer; the rest are designs of Dave Rowley and myself, save for Gordon Peterson who had the idea of the express delivery system.}

{Waiting list for this game is open. Interested parties will receive a full list of cards in the game with their-effects:}.

---

---

Conundrum Answer is of course, not Diplomacy (which one expects up till the last clue), but Kingmaker. A clever and nasty little conceit. (By the way, Richard Hucknall was so taken in that when he reprinted it in Fall of Eagles he changed the last clue to read "...and also today!")

---

---

## STICHOMYTHIA [the letter column]

[[T]here are; such a lot that I refuse point blank to edit them into a topic-by-topic blow-by-blow affair; instead every correspondent will step into the spotlight; say their piece, and be gone, as 'twere the Gong Show. Okay?]]

Damien Cosgrove  
Newcastle upon Tyne

With respect to Ms Hibbert's pointing out the sexism intrinsic in the 'Lane remark, I too nod my head in agreement. The language of the gutter was evoked in a rapid knee movement, I suppose state clearly how I felt, angry.

This evening I am taking it easy. The news that 'we' have once again landed on foreign soil on an offensive mission does not sit lightly on these narrow shoulders.

Joy's use of the 'breeder' term is of interest as it brings back memories of a certain friend's mannerisms and mock (I think?) heterophobic stances.

[[Come, come, my lad, don't be shy, call him a raving old queen if you want]]

As to Joy's 'breeder bigots' I want not to go around heedlessly opening cans full of squirming things, [[Oh, why not? That's what everyone else uses this column for]] but I find myself unable to do otherwise. We live in a society where heterosexuality is the implied norm, and as such most of our social education is based about this relationship, and the family structure that it belies.

[[Let me interject again. 'Breeder' is one word. As you will know from the editorial Joy and I are breeders. It is true that it implies contempt, so smack Joy's wrist if you will. 'Breeder bigots' are the sort who think the nuclear family is God's chosen way and any poor sods who choose a different lifestyle will be smitten as Sodom, aye, and Gomorrah. I find it heartening that so many people, especially younger ones, are able to accept other lifestyles than the norm even if they choose to hold to that norm themselves. To the uneducated eye Joy and I no doubt appear to be a simple heterosexual pairing, a thought that makes me wince. (I'm thinking of getting a badge made up saying I'M GAY AND SO IS MY GIRLFRIEND.)]]

Homophobia, as with all bigotry, must be stamped out. It is not enough to pause and say that we can do this through education. 'Education', as we have seen in recent times means a reinforcement of the 'family values' ethic and a marginalisation of anything outside that social norm.

I have no ingredient X (or mysterious solution). All I can say, in the hope of explanation, is that I, as a person, find myself attracted to other people (as one would expect I suppose). The element of discerning between the sexes, I believe, should come later. This, I suppose, is tantamount to saying that a relationship cannot be built solely on sexual attraction. Though I'm not sure many in Hollywood would agree.

[[Well, at least one in Stafford does.]]

Rob Moore  
Cumbria  
Re Spanner, I think Spanner addresses a minor part of a larger problem. Sort out the public image of S&M and you might get justice. My definition of anti S&M includes all who snicker at leather whip man visual jokes. The gay community is getting there. Slowly. Even if, in reference to Radio 1's gay musician celebration, one tabloid referred to it as 'sickening propaganda for puffs'. Sad, eh?

Don't worry Haz, I do know the press is crap. But are they illegally crap? Is this Calcutt stuff sensible protection or dictatorial censorship. Phone taps are well out of order in my opinion but unfortunately its us who buy the papers, so we only feed the flames. I will be interested to see what comes of it all. Have you thought that it could affect zines? Watch your step next time you slag off Smodmoc!!!

You deserve a prize for that Christmas Eve deadline. I'm amazed that you got any orders at all.

[[If it was good enough for Challenger, Kinzett and Zbyslaw...]]

Well done Damien Cosgrove, the Disposable Heroes are well 'ard but not up to Therapy? if I say so myself.

[[I've heard of them... but only 'cos the (very weird) bloke who does their (very weird) videos is a Good Mate of mine.]]

Ejaculation? Reminds me of the article 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do' published in Soft Construction, a chat zine from '88. Awesome, has to be read to be believed.

[[Egad, I'd never have thought you went back that far, Moore... Nice to see that Kay Dekker, one of the wildest imaginations ever to come near the hobby, is still remembered. SoftCon 4 was one of the first zines I ever got. The above mentioned article, for those not in the know, argued that masturbation, being a sexual act performed by a man to a man (or indeed by a woman to ditto), was de facto homosexual. I wonder if I should dig it out for 'From Stygian Depths'?]]

Keir Hodgson  
Leicester  
About S&M, homophobia etc., liberal social theories lack an ideological core of any broad acceptance the war against repressive ideas will require something destructive, a humanist militant. While liberalism only offers an alternative, especially one as uncertain and vacuous as now, prejudice will roam free. The correct response is surely an aggressive embracing ideological movement that offers certainty. Certainty is the key, once people - the silent majority - can fix on a set of moral values progress will be rapid - of the spread of Protestantism, there are parallels. I specifically state that a single set of moral values should be imposed - because I fail to see how a stable society can evolve without near universal agreement on its social aims. Here the point is stability - to move beyond the relentless ideological disputes of the period since the French Revolution.

[[H'm. Lot of buzzwords there, young Hodgson. I'm not sure I agree that construction is predicated on destruction (see, I can use long words too) - and 'certainty' isn't a word I'm keen on; it sounds awfully like a society where any stepping outside the norm is frowned on, and in case you hadn't noticed, that's what we have now. I am neither sociologist nor (modern) historian. Surely liberalism itself is a set of broad moral values, anyway? Anarchism and social destruction, as I've said before, will only be a good thing when people are ready for them; I reckon that will be a century at least, and what's more, if people ever are ready for anarchy, I doubt it'll be needed any more.]]

Joy Hibbert  
Stafford  
Paul Slade's little quote from Noddy certainly has echoes in real life. So much like the usual liberation struggle: refuse a group human rights, thus provoking them into bad or publicity-seeking behaviour to publicise their plight, and then say that this proves they are less than human.

Here's a new idea for when you run out of irregular verbs. The construction 'a few x short of a y', which started fairly plainly, is being used more and more, and with increasingly witty and apposite x and ys. How about asking the readership's combined imagination to come up with a few?

A few sandwiches short of a picnic; a few constituencies short of a full majority; a few swastikas short of a Nuremburg Rally: there's a few to start you off.

I don't think it's necessarily fair to say that Agar wrote the letter from Zorro (the Gay Blade? no, thought not). Realistically, it could have been from any of the people libelled in it, or anyone who feels safe libelling that rather odd collection of people (note the 'alleged' before the remark about Sharp).

Who'd want to fuck with kittens? They're so small (to paraphrase). Besides, remember: 6 ends, 5 of them pointy.

It's really sad that Allan Gordon really cannot tell the difference between liberation issues and getting his end away. Equally sad that people like him have had such tedious sex lives that they consider it 'the most overrated of human activities'. Perhaps there really is a generation gap.

[[Oh, I dunno, sex can get pretty boring once you have enough. The only reason it is so highly prized is that by and large, people don't have enough, or what they think of as enough. And I regret to say that gay men are if anything even more enthusiastic subscribers to this than straight ones. The real problem is that too many men cannot distinguish sex-in-general from orgasm from ejaculation. All are fun to a greater or lesser degree, but one is a great deal more satisfying than another. Or so I have found, at least.]]

A few years ago, in the good old days of threatening nuclear war, a friend and I used to chat regularly on the phone. She was in the telephone tree which existed to intercept any nuclear manoeuvres starting at Greenham, and thus believed her telephone to be tapped. So every few minutes, she would say 'bomb', believing the tape to be turned on by key words, and that to be one of them. We considered this to be a big joke, and no doubt still would. So you can imagine what a shock Gary Lyon's wimpish cowardice was to me. I'm getting old now, I should be able to sit in my rocking chair and advise the younger generation of radicals, but where are they?

He's also unrealistic. Governments have had fairly short term attempts to chart the contacts of radical groups (in one really bizarre case, Canadian, this included breaking into - wait for it - the Friends Meeting House and nicking their membership list to look for known bomb throwers), but really, no government (outside Orwell's fiction) has either the technology or the manpower for a thorough surveillance of every radical's every contact.

Particularly, I would have thought, radicals within the hobby, and other paper-based hobbies, who have the number of their contacts artificially inflated by the existence of largish mailing lists.

However, if Haz persists in making ambiguous remarks, such as the one to David Oya ('I hope Colledge thrashes you into a bloody pulp'), I may be forced to eat my words.

[[I should make it clear at this point that I have never intended to imply that youths from Banbury indulge, or would want to indulge, in practices with Scottish bank managers more perverse than the odd game of RR. The trouble with you, dearest Joy, is that you have a Dirty Mind.]]

Re Rob Moore, not all couples where one dies during sex do so as a direct result of S&M activity. Particularly for the older folk, who don't get any out-of-bed exercise, heart failure and stroke are always a risk. If the couple are straight and vanilla, the widow(er) is treated with sympathy, otherwise (s)he is perceived as a murderer. But such deaths are just one of those things.

A lot of things can make people give meaningless consent, but it's 'sex as a special case' to say this justifies criminalising sexual activity because of this. To use Rob's example, neither child minding or dish washing are offences. And yes, there are mentally handicapped people, who should have a general law to protect them from exploitation, rather than laws that also penalise the able brained.

[[Don't they have such a law already? Pardon my ignorance]]

We don't need laws to protect the emotionally or mentally able from their own sexualities, or indeed, their own other risky activities. What we need is for people to learn that sex is more fun with emotional and mental equals, and to lose the pervasive view, mostly taught to young males, that it is the real-life weakness (whether physical, emotional or legal) of the other party that is the real turn-on.

The gay leather man is laughed at so people don't have to think about what he is, a figure of terror. A man who (assuming he's a master) likes having sex with men, and has the physical power and skill to do so by force. Of course, it isn't really like that, but males generally are trained to see the urge to rape the object choice as natural, and unthinking, ordinary straight men are afraid of any halfway-masculine gay men for that reason.

[[Er! I don't frankly think that's anything like the main reason, to be honest. People are scared of gay leathermen (a group of which I am not a member) because they're deviants and they're not ashamed of it like good little citizens. Gay leathermen - and I should reckon quite a few straight ones - are Against Society, and the majority of people are scared of anything that will upset their nice little status quo. Many gay people could pass for 'normal'. Leather types couldn't care less.]]

Don't the young folk change? I had a letter from Nicholas Parish, stating that he is not a homophobe (can't remember what he said, basic 'none of my business' stuff, I think), or in possession of a vicious deity (he's a Reform Jew). Well, last time I heard him on the subject he was saying homosexuality was against God's law, God being the one the Christians believe in. While I could quibble about whether or not the Reform Jewish deity is vicious (I would suspect it's the worshippers, rather than the deity, who are not), it's nice to know that he's growing up. Oh, and I unreservedly retract calling him 'little'. You can't argue with physical measurements after all.

Anyway, the vicious deity doesn't have anything to say about sexual deviation unless it affects reproduction. And there were three known foetuses on S&M Pride (one of which has since been brought forth, naked as normal, and not dressed in black leather) so it's innocent on that charge, at least.

[[I wish you'd lay off young Parish, Joy. He is in his first year at Oxford. In my first year at college I went from being an emotionally crippled little toad to at least half way to the queer radical who is the bane of the hobby nowadays. Not that I suggest Nicholas will end up anything like me (he'll probably be less patronising for a start); but I get the distinct impression that he has stopped writing letters full of such tosh as the one you refer to in Electric Monk, which is a good start.]]

I write 3 days after the Spanner precedent was upheld by the House of Lords (yes, that is the same as 5 days after the deadline), so I'm now officially a sex criminal. [[You and me both, sweets]] What was particularly sickening about Lord Templeman's judgement, apart from all the outright lies, was his listing of exceptions to the 'consent is not a defence' ruling, one of which was ritual circumcision. It takes a strange mind to think an 8 day old baby, (or even a 9 year old girl who's been told her mother will die if she screams) are capable of informed consent, or to consider permanent maiming to be trivial compared to, say, the use of nettles on the genitalia.

[[For the non-up-to-date, of the five law lords concerned, the two junior ones expressed grave concern about such a dangerous precedent, but were overruled by the three old fossils who probably think sex are what their coal comes in. The one crumb of comfort here is that in n years' time Lord Slynn may be the head honcho (Lord Chancellor, is it? Iain or Robin would know) and then we may get some reforms, or at least some sensible case law. But James Nelson has views on this too:]]

James Nelson  
Hayes

The sex element in the Spanner case is really not the main issue. The matter is not what people can do in the privacy of their own home but what a person can consent to have done to him by another. The other question is whether the Courts should be able to invent a charge to fit the circumstances of a

case.

My own opinion is that consenting adults who are aware of what they are doing should be entitled to do whatever they wish in the privacy of their home. The only exception would be in instances when they are selling video recordings and these videos were explicit. A line has to be drawn somewhere on pornographic/offensive material to protect the public and whilst I do not consider 'straight' sado-madomasochistic behaviour 'against public morals' I do think that the more gruesome activities of the Spanner Sixteen cross this line. I don't know if this means that according to my criteria that the Spanner Sixteen should have been charged with something as I am unsure about the circumstances surrounding the police finding the video.

[[Actually the video was for in-group use, not for commercial sale (heaven forbid). Quite how the police got hold of it escapes me.]]

The real problem is with consent and again where to draw the line. It is OK to have in a private place. Is it OK to have sex with someone in a private place and in the process of doing so seriously injure them even though they have consented? Is it OK to kill someone during or after sex if they have consented? Is it OK to kill someone full stop if they have consented to it? All three questions must be answered currently with a NO, The English Legal System has to ask itself how much faith they are willing to put in an individual's freedom of consent.

Once (if) euthanasia becomes accepted by the Courts, either through common law (unlikely) or statute (more realistic), it will be hard to uphold a precedent such as set by Spanner. For if it is OK to kill someone with their consent then surely it is OK to be assaulted for sexual pleasure? However the problem with allowing euthanasia is how you prove consent.

[[Well, if it were to be legalised tomorrow, I would add a codicil to my will stating that in case of serious injury or illness where I was unable to make my feelings known, I would hereby request Helen Joy Hibbert of the above address to make the decision for me which she thought best for me and which in her opinion she believed I would make myself in the situation. Simple enough, surely?]]

As to whether the Courts should be able to invent a charge my answer is a big NO. Our legal system has developed over many hundreds of years and considerable time and energy, not to name resources, are used every year by the executive and the legal establishment to determine what reforms should be made or what new areas need to be legislated upon. If an activity doesn't fit into a recognisable charge then it simply should not be illegal.

But I have little faith in the Judiciary. On the one hand they are prepared to invent a law which Parliament has not seen fit to pass in order to convict "social deviants" (I think this is what some people regard them as) but on the other are not prepared to interfere with the ways companies do business. One could be cynical and claim there was a rule "for us" and one "for them".

[[It's not just the judiciary, but the police, who brought some silly conspiracy charges in order to get the case into crown court (and hence make case law), then dropped them instantly.]]

Which all goes to prove what a morally corrupt judiciary we have. Appointing a few token blacks and women to the bench will not improve matters. The question is not what judges are (black, male, female) but where they come from - over three-quarters of judges attended public school and went to either Oxford or Cambridge. This class bias can clearly be seen in some cases; in others it is more subtle.

My solution? Simply move to the judiciary normal to civil law systems whereby there is a career judiciary instead of it being a reward to out-of-touch elderly gentlemen with the right tie and background.

'John Tharnson'  
'Edgware' I've read U Bend 17 after beating its real owner senseless with a brick  
Your spelling on the front page is rubbish. We all know its spelt PUNX ROOL and not PUNKS  
RULE. I know, I've been spraying it on walls and scratching it into windows for years.

Get it right next time.

Gary Lyon  
Great Yarmouth A gross of condoms? Either not enough (last about a month or too many (140 would be past the use by  
date) and being shy I can never buy that many in Boots and have you ever tried to get 48  
packets from the machine in the gents? The weight of the coins alone cripples you.

Bill O'Neill  
Malvern [addresses the envelope to 'Hazia Bond' and elucidates:] Hazia is a narcotic grown in the River of  
Cradles, btw.

Dave Lomas  
Stoke on Trent I feel very humbled writing to a tv star (tv as in television, as far as I know). I suppose  
you videoed it, huh? Then you will be able to show it to your grandkids one day. (Stranger  
things have happened)

[[Ha, ha! Little did you know, Lomas.... Actually plenty of gay people, especially lesbians, have kids. Sexuality has little or no relevance to whether you want offspring -- it just depends on how far you're prepared to go.]]

I was very relieved to see the results of the lyrics quiz. I got three correct but was so disappointed at such a poor result I didn't bother sending in the results. I was particularly pleased to see that most of the lyrics I didn't recognise were from records that I didn't know. Makes me feel better anyhow. Fancy not putting any Bowie in.

There's some tough lyrics there in your quiz that I don't recognise. You probably got them all from the Black Lace Greatest Hits album, didn't you?

Here are two lyrics for the Readers Revenge On The Editor section:

- 1) There's no-one quite like Grandma (you lose one point if you get this one right)
- 2) Your tits are big but your brains are small (perhaps a little trickier this one)

John Wilman  
Blairgowrie I made this joke up, so I don't know if its funny, or even original (parallel evolution and all  
that..). Q: What do gay Australians say after making love? A: Did the surf move for you?

I suppose it could be Californians, and they wouldn't have to be gay.

I vaguely remember the game of Rather Silly Diplomacy in NMR. I'm fairly sure Steve Jones didn't win, I'm not even sure that he was playing. John Miller was the Doctor, so he would certainly know.

It was certainly surprising that such a daft variant was playable, let alone winnable. But then, even Song of the Night is playable - just.

[[Tell that to Mark Nelson]]

Ian Harris  
Chester Le Street This will doubtless be late, as I'm still spending all my free time trying to resurrect Boris 13.  
Ta for your help the other night by the way.

Good role playing article. It sums up exactly why I don't like it. It's nice to have more reading material in U Bend, keep it up.

In David Oya's zine quiz thang, I'm ashamed to say I recognised only one, the last one, from TLR's new subzine. And here's me thinking I trade widely.

The ManorCon '83 report was excellent - more please. A nice touch would be to print them on the anniversaries of their first appearance.

[[Sadly I don't think I could raise a full set of reports. Haughan's was printed because of its excellence rather than any upcoming anniversary. I shall see if I can dig any more stuff out by him (Does anyone have spare copies of Howay the Lads other than 29-34 and 36?)]]

I'm delighted to see I'm the chairperson of the U Bend naff Christmas songs appreciation society. What's wrong with all those miseries who claim to hate these songs [[Good taste in music, or an allergy to saccharine, usually]]. Don't they like a bit of fun? Speaking of which, have you been watching the new programme on Saturday nights, Sounds of the Seventies? Slade, Sweet, Mud (doing the real, actual, Tiger Feet dance - oh, how often I stuck my thumbs into my jeans belt loops and thrust my upper body side to side) and of course the Man of Glitter himself. 7.15 to 7.50 Saturday nights you'll find me dribbling vacantly in front of the television.

Mark Wightman  
High Wycombe

My one query is regarding Runciman. The report says that Rob Cullender NMRed, so how the hell did he manage to fire (with hindsight?) and win the game. What's going on Harry? How much did he pay you?

[[Naught but the teething problems with using templates for adjudications; I forgot to delete the NMR notation from the previous issue's report.]]

David Oya  
Banbury

Only one entry for my extraordinary quizthang? I'm aghast. Good think TurboNick [[Nicholas Parish]] came to the rescue. Regarding quote 9, I've no idea whether it's true or not. Ask James [[Dempster]]. And regarding young Calvin's [[Mark Boyle]] letter to Tony Benn [[Anthony Wedgwood Benn - yes, that one]], apparently our hero [[Mark B.]] recommended to Tony [[A.W.B.]] that he should stop messing about with the wishy washy Labour Party and go off to form his own. I have my doubts as to whether the reply printed was genuine, Spaceman Spiff [[Mark Boyle again]] having a rather tenuous grip on reality.

[[What this hobby needs is an Oyanese-to-English dictionary.]]

[[I think at this point it is apposite to quote without comment a piece from a recent number of the Times Higher Educational Supplement:

Star Cast: Nominations are now in for the successor to rock star Pat 'Hue and Cry' Kane as Rector of Glasgow University. They include actors Mark McManus of Taggart fame and Pam St Clement of EastEnders; TV presenter Johnny Ball; poet and playwright Liz Lochhead; Russ T Sharp of the Scottish Monster Raving Loony Alliance; barrister Helena Kennedy; Yusef Abdullahi, one of the Cardiff Three recently freed after his conviction for murdering a prostitute was deemed "unsafe" by the Crown; Alex Duff and Mark Boyle. The university press release describes Mr Duff as a recent Glasgow graduate, but Mr Boyle's claim to fame remains unlisted. ]]

Paul Dunning  
Watford

That article you printed about the trek to a games convention was interesting, especially as they went in a Skoda. The description of the engine being like a lawnmower is closer to the truth than you think, considering I was offered an optional grass box when I bought Desdemona.

Must go - I've got 101 things to do with an Omnicrom machine.

[[Desdemona is, one gathers, Paul's Skoda. Skoda fans should subscribe to Paul's Bandersnatch; lawnmower fans to Alan Parr's Hopscotch.]]

Toby Harris  
Sunderland

You tv star, yes - I saw you on telly on Valentine's Day talking about bondage and the likes! A rivetting programme - I just wish the telly would show more of this sort of thing. I was only upset at the censorship of the young performer who had the audience shining torches between her legs!

Still, if you've seen one then you've seen them all, eh?

[[Such cynicism in one so young! Er - seen one what, Tobe?]]

However, you are not the only tv personality within the hobby! John Webley once won the yearly final of the Krypton Factor, John Dodds appeared on University Challenge (and didn't know what a 'wok' was!) and yours truly once (well, four times to be precise) appeared on a family planning documentary, filmed collecting some condoms from a family planning clinic! A month later I was searching for a title for my subzine! Anyway, I expect this is old news to you.

[[You've missed out the biggest quiz star of them all, Keith Pottage - the hobby's tame John Norman fan. I am thankful that this fellow does not sub to U-Bend, as the disputes between us on sadomasochism would without doubt top everything seen so far.]]

Edmund Morgan  
Manchester

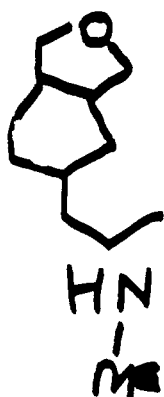
You seem to have done too well in the Zine Poll. One more 1.0 and you might have been there. Oh well, better luck next year. Looking at the opposition, I reckon you could expect to have come about halfway. I hope this year goes better. I'll save my reservations about the Poll for later.

'Aging punk', indeed. I'm younger than you, Harry, so I'm hardly of the age to have worn safety pins and bin liners. I wasn't surprised by your choice of records. 70s, 70s and late 70s, mainly. A lot of that (eg early Genesis) is a complete unknown to me - I'm mainly into late/mid 80s (eg Sonic Youth, REM, Loop, Sisters, Public Enemy). John, my brother, is definitely an aging punk though.

[Different letter:] Issue 17: What a scorcher! (as they say). Full of news, reviews, features and cocked up games. Like the U Bends of old, only more so. That reprinted ManorCon report was excellent. I'd never even played postal Dip then, so it refers to a bygone age as far as I am concerned. More please!

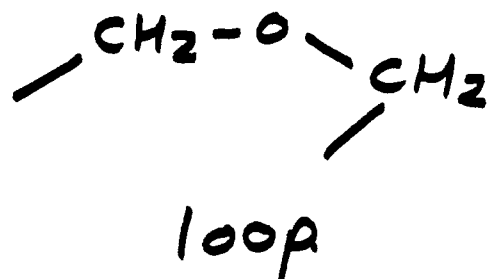
I don't have any answers to David Oya's quiz, but who does have that recipe for E? It would be interesting to see from an educational point of view at least (I'm a chemist).

I know  
E is:



which is  
Speed  
plus the

(or some such)



[[For god's sake shut up or Gary Lyon will be having nightmares about the Drug Squad as well as the Thought Police.]]

Shall I pick up a point in the letters? Yeah, just for once. There are still those who believe that a nation of homosexuals would be an ex-nation in a few generations, contrary to the obvious biological facts'. Which obvious facts? Surely, by definition, homosexual couples produce no children. Granted, homosexuals may have heterosexual relationships, and children may result, but not all homosexuals want to do this. I accept a homosexual nation won't die out completely but the birth rate will fall dramatically. Most modernised/industrialised Western European countries have (fairly) stable populations: two obvious exceptions Germany (masses of refugees) and Norway (falling). Any coincidence that Norway has (apparently) 20-25% homosexuals? A constant but aging population (low birth rate, low death rate) will cause severe problems for the NHS here, so imagine what happens when your population is drastically falling.

[[See my snide remark to Dave Lomas above. It may amaze you to know that (voluntary) organisations exist to help gay women have kids, usually utilising the genetic material of HIV-screened gay men. I have served thus for two women. No, I don't know who, that's the whole point. Hmm, wonder if I could get a job in Norway? I assume your stats are correct (as you have your University library to play with) but would point out that the world is utterly overcrowded; what we want is a birth rate falling medium slowly, so the NHS and other such setups can adjust.]]

Re this intentional/unintentional argument. Surely once you've shown that there was no intent to kill/maim/injure the next question is whether the person was reckless and/or negligent. If someone is permanently paralysed by some accident and they can prove it was the fault of X, then they can at least put in a civil claim for damages. If they can show recklessness (eg driving while under the influence) X can be brought before a Criminal Court. If someone is doing something extremely dangerous (eg pumping potentially asphyxiating gases into someone's lungs and then cutting them open with a scalpel) then they are bound to be prosecuted unless (a) they can show that they knew exactly what they were doing (eg trained doctor/ anaesthetist) and (b) they were not negligent and observed usual procedures.

In the case of our strangling S&M friends, the accused had obviously been doing something potentially dangerous - putting his hands around someone's neck and squeezing - and was obviously untrained and/or bloody negligent - the submissive died.

See, we've gone beyond consent in this case. This doesn't count as pure accident because it was unnecessarily dangerous and cases in other fields have shown that if you can't convince an inquest jury (here, a Coroner's Court) it was unavoidable they tend to put in an 'Unlawful Killing' verdict and the file gets sent to the DPP.

[[Well, I still maintain that anyone doing that sort of thing in S&M is bloody silly, but that's not the point. The point is that the dominant is apt to get sent down for murder, and that is not justified. A lesser charge might be appropriate.]]

As for other musical talk: Damien Cosgrove mentioned 'Disposable Heroes of Hiphoprisy'. Have you heard of 'Consolidated'? They are actually good friends of the Disposable Heroes and probably even more politically correct. As well as anti violence/anti drugs tracks, (Consolidated are essentially a rap group) they also do songs against eating meat and about women's rights. When they started out they had an image as 'Californian Marxists' and dressed in identical Mao-suits. I don't know if the clothes have changed but the politics haven't (and no, I don't have any of their albums to copy for you).

David Tittle  
Edinburgh

As one of the few zine editors who can spell, you might like to note that there's only one 's' in commiseration) (com- + miserari, to pity).

[[Don't you try and teach me Latin, Tittle, you young tearaway. As one of the few zine editors who can read the type of history beloved of Iain Bowen in the original, I can warn you that you take your life in your hands. Then again, you did that the moment you first sent a cheque to me for U-Bend...]]

[[We reproduce, or attempt to do so, the next letter in full.

Andy Cox  
Northants

{Blotch} <- Horrible sticky patch off my coffee table!! Ooer  
Dear Mr Bond

My name is Andy Cox, and whilst visiting my good friend Duncan 'TLR' <- Totally Ludicrous Roundhead Adams over Christmas, he showed me copies of all the zines that he sees in the hobby. I have to say that your zine is the biggest load of drivel that it has ever been my misfortune to peruse. I particularly dislike the layout, the print, the style of writing, the "in jokes", the perverted view on life that you seem to have, your letter column, the games you run, the colour and the envelope that you send it in. Apart from that I was very impressed. If you would only consider getting rid of most of your subscribers and recruiting a few new ones from Gardeners monthly and The Marrow growers Chronicle, then I would say that you would have an excellent chance of coming bottom in the zine poll. Please find enclosed a modest sum, for which in return I would like to view future copies of your zine, hopefully with all the relevant changes. Yours pervertedly, {Squiggle} Andy Cox. P.S. Duncan made me send it!! xxx. Help... help... I've been kidnapped by Duncan - my only hope is for him to beat you in the zine poll!!!? God bless you guvnor + all who sail in you. PTO!

[[Yes, there was more overleaf!]]

Hi Haz, I'm writing this about two week after Duncan gave me the letter overleaf. As you can see I've been adding my own notes over the last 14 days!! Please send me the next n issues

[[The rest of this zine is brought to you in Vita-Low-Tech GESTETNERVISION]]



of U-Bend, well until the dosh runs out really. Don't bother  
with the latest issue I've just read it at Duncans -- loved  
the reprint from "Howay t'lads". Print more of the same!!  
Love, Cosy. [[Well, that's what it looks like!]]

[[I observe from the latest TLR that Mr Cox is Duncan Adams' tame  
printer. From the above I have grave doubts whether he has enough brain  
cells to push the right button on the machine.]]

Jeff Cattle Wakefield [[Regarding chess]]: How about allowing suggesting  
up to 3 moves? Eg 1st choice =1, 2nd choice =1/2, 3rd  
choice 1/3. That way, even if 1st choice isn't  
backed by anyone else, you can still influence the course of the game.

[[A possibility, what do others think?]]

[[So much for the lettercolumn, at last, which has been as long as  
some peoples' entire zine this issue.]]

#####

### Irregular Verbs

More witticisms on a theme, by the readership

Keir Hodgson:

I have liberal views on sexuality, you are a pervert, he read YdG

I am a good loser, you are a bad loser, he has just ordered US ground  
troops into Bosnia

Joy Hibbert:

My house is lived in, you are untidy, he lives in a pigsty.

Gary Lyon:

I am a refuse operative, you are a dustman, they shovel shit

I am a genius, you are gifted, they are lucky

I am erotic, you are different, they are perverts

I am a joker, you are a prat, he is Jeremy Beadle.

Dave Lomas:

I am cuddly, you are fat, was that an eclipse of the sun?

My language is sometimes colourful, you often swear, he is a foul mouthed  
bastard.

[[Incidentally, Paul Dunnin has started featuring Clerihews in  
Bandersnatch. U-Bend, the trendsetter zine!]]

[[There are not many gameszines where it can be said that on page thirty,  
the games begin. This is one of those gameszines. I do not intend to  
produce such huge issues regularly.]]

no it's not

oimoi, peplegmai kairian pligen eso  
the games section

XIMENEZ

Chaos II Diplomacy

Autumn 1901

It's carnage

ORDERS

ADJUSTMENTS

ANK (John Miller): A(Ank) S Smyrnan F(Smy)-Con	Ank = 1 n/c
BEL (Peter Ritchie): F(Bel)-Hol	Bel = 1 n/c
BER (Steve Guest): A(Ber)-Kie	Ber = 1 n/c
BRE (John R Todd): F(MAD) S Marseillaise A(Mar)-Spa	Bre = 1 n/c
BUD (Ian Harris): A(Bud)-Gal	Bud = 0 OUT
BUL (Vick Hall): A(Bul)-Gre	Bul Gre = 2 +F(Bul/ec)
CON (Nicholas Parish): F(Con)-BLA	Con = 0 OUT
DEN (Peter Dunnett): F(BAL)-Kie	Den = 1 n/c
EDI (Denis Jones): F(Edi)-Yor	Edi = 1 n/c
GRE (Paul Slade): F(Gre)-AEG	Gre = 0 OUT
HOL (John Breakwell): NMR2: = anarchy. F(Hol) H u/o	Hol = 1 n/c
KIE (Duncan Adams): A(Kie)-Mun	Kie Mun = 2 +A(Kie)
LPL (John Morgan): A(Lpl) S Londonian A(Yor)-Edi (nso)	Lpl = 1 n/c
LON (Gary Lyon): NMR! A(Yor) H u/o	Lon = 1 n/c
MAR (Guy Thomas): A(Mar)-Spa	Mar Spa = 2 +A(Mar)
MOS (Paul Dunning): A(Ukr)-Rum	Mos = 0 OUT
MUN (Mike Allaway): A(Ruh)-Kie	Mun = 0 OUT
NAP (Keir Hodgson): F(Nap)-Rom* [dies nro!]	Nap = 0 OUT
NWY (Toby Harris): F(NTH)-Den	Nwy = 1 n/c
PAR (Damien Cosgrove): A(Par)-Spa	Par = 1 n/c
FOR (Mick Haytack): F(Spa/ec) S Marseillaise A(Mar)-Gas* (nso) [Dies nro!]	For = 1 +F(For)
ROM (Alex Richardson): A(Rom)-Nap	Rom Nap = 2 +A(Rom)
RUM (Bill O'Neill): A(Rum) S Bulgarian A(Bul)-Ser	Rum = 1 n/c
SER (Mike Clark): A(Ser) S Bulgarian A(Bul)-Gre	Ser = 1 n/c
SEV (Sean Weir): NMR2! = anarchy. A(Sev) H u/o	Sev = 1 n/c
SMY (Neil Duncan): F(Smy)-Con	Smy Con = 2 +A(Smy)
SPA (Edmund Morgan): F(WPS)-Tun	Spa Tun = 1 n/c
STP (Paul Norris): F(GOB)-Swe	StP = 1 n/c
SWE (Stephen Agar): F(Swe)-Den	Swe = 1 n/c
TRI (Robin ap Cynan): NMR2! = anarchy. A(Tri) H u/o	Tri = 1 n/c
TUN (Rob Moore): F(ION) S Roman F(Rom)-Nap	Tun = 0 OUT
VEN (William Whyte): NMR! A(Ven) H u/o	Ven = 1 n/c
VIE (Allan Gordon): A(Vie)-Bud	Vie Bud = 2 +A(Vie)
WAR (Peter Charles): A(War)-Mos	War Mos = 2 +A(War)

Press

Ank - Smy: Does your offer still stand?

Goodnight: Vienna?

Ank - Lpl: Fancy an alliance?

StP - All: For the purposes of this game, Harris T. is designated the occupant of the hutch: "Kill the Wabbit!"

Smy(Govt) - Judge English: You didn't print my press last time, so I'm not sending any this time!

Smy(Govt) - All: Swoon!

Pressuree - Interested English: Always th'way ain't it

Judge English: Read the rules (issue 16), people, you cannot nominate new build centres till you have occupied them for 2 consecutive build seasons.

All over at last

Arcturus	N/red	18a/2	* Segin		
Andy Bell	I/yellow	20a/5	* Segin		
Segin	D/yellow	1/3	* Betelgeuse		
Rob Cullender	L/red	2/2	* Sargas		
	L/red	2/1			from Antares
	N/yellow	24/1			from Segin
-----					
C	IB	IA	IM		
Regulus)1R	o+ (Betelgeuse)1S	o (Mirfak	(Menkhib)1S	o	
Alhena	(Bellatrix)1S	+ (Aldol)1S	o+ (Iram)1S	+	
-----					
Avcir)1R	+ (Canopus	(Aldebaran	+ (Theemin		
Adhara)1R	o (Rigel)*A	o+ (Menkar	o (Zaurak)1a5	o+	
-----					
F	IE	ID	IN		
Merak)1aA	+ (Castor)8aA	o+ (Polaris)1S	+ (Segin)36aA	o+	
Pollux)1aA	o (Capella	(Hamal)1S	o (Schedir		
-----					
Aichard	(Procyon)2/a	o (Mira)*S	o+ (Airthna)1aA	+	
Denebola)2aA	o+ (Sirius)2/a	+ (Arcternar	(Mesarthim)1aA	o	
-----					
I	IH	IG	IO		
Alkaid	(Gemma) 2/a	+ (Alpharatz	(Homam)1S	o	
Arcturus)107aA+	(Altair)1/a	o (Markab)1S	o+ (Iatar)1S	+	
-----					
Acrux)1A	+ (Alna De Cauri	(Fomalhaut)1S	+ (Sandaimelek		
Spica)1A	o (Sol)5A	o+ (Aldenis)1S	o (Sandaisud)*A	o+	
-----					
L	IK	IJ	IP		
Thuban)1A	+ (Albireo	(Deneb)2A	+ (Sham		
Rutilicus)1A	o (Vega)1S	o+ (Alderamin)2A	o (Iarazed)1S	o+	
-----					
Antares)1S	o+ (Sargas)1	+ (Enif	(Rukbat)1S	+	
Atria	(Sabik)2E	o (Favo)1S	o+ (Dabih)1S	o	

[Key: a=advanced ship; \*=mixed class fleet; @=siege]

Sieges: Sargas --- 1A, 1R

Mixed fleets: Rigel --- 8a, 8aR; Sandaisud --- 1aA, 1aR; Mira --- 1S, 1ak.

Press

Segin commander - Departing battlegroup: Nevzr. in the field of Seginese conflict, has so little been

expected of so many.

Segin battlegroup commander - Fellow captains: Well, lads, say goodbye to Segin -- how about a spot of antennae waving at those So guys: that's always good for a laugh!

Judge English: Rob patently cannot recapture his home star, so this game is finally at an end. So dies the last vestige of Dave Rowley's zine Mica, and so too dies, as far as I'm concerned, 4002AD -- the first postal game I ever signed up for. That was 'Aquila', the gamestart after this one, and that was in 1988, so this game must have been going for nearly five years!! Game end statements are welcome, and your £1.50 deposits (which I bet you'd forgotten) added back to your credits.

QUINCY

Time Lords Dip III? 91BS rd??

Autumn 1905

Turkey saves Austria's bacon!!  
Three-way collision in Budapest!!!  
(Look homeward, DayDay...)

AUSTRIA (Mike Allaway, 62 Herga Road, Harrow, Middx HA3 5AS)  
No temporal units. A(Tus W 503)-War\*.

ENGLAND (John Wilman, 2 Keillor Cottages, Kettins, Blairgowrie, Perthshire  
PH13 9JT)  
A(Lon)-WARP.

FRANCE (RJ Walkerdine, 6 Honeybourne Way, Wickwar, Wotton-under-Edge, Glos  
GL12 8PF)  
A(Lpl)-Edi, F(Mar) S A(Gas), A(Spa) S F(Mar), A(Gas) S F(Mar)\*.  
F(Cly W A04)-Swe.

GERMANY (Steve Doubleday, Norton House, Whielden Street, Amersham HP7 0HU)  
A(Bre) S A(Bur)-Gas, F(NTH)-Nwy, A(Edi) H, A(Bur)-Gas, A(Vie) H,  
A(StP)-Mos, A(Par) H, A(Tri)-Ser, A(Bud) S A(Tri)-Ser\*, A(Tyr)-Ven,  
A(Mun)-Bur, F(Den) H.

ITALY (Rob Moore, The Cedars, Ruskinville Bridge, Abbey Road, Dolton in  
Furness, Cumbria LA15 8LS)  
A(Pie)-Mar, F(IDN)-Gre, F(Nap W 503)-Kie, A(Rom W A05)-Mun.

RUSSIA (Peter Ritchie, 2-1 Days Lane, Sidcup, Kent DA15 8JX)  
A(Ser) H\*, F(Sev)-Lum, A(Mos)-War (nsu), A(War) H u/p\*.

TURKEY (Edmund Morgan, 4, Cranbourne Road, Trafford, Manchester M16 9PZ)  
A(Rum)-WARP-Bud\*, F(Bul)-WARP, A(Con)-Bul, A(Ank W 504)-Bud\*,  
A(War W 505)-Ber.

Retreats Russian A(Ser)-Alb, French A(Gas) dies nrp! Anti-matter kills  
units in Bud and War.

Adjustments

AUSTRIA:	Vie Bud	= 1	Builds A(Bud) (!)
ENGLAND:	Lon	= 1	Builds F(Lon) (!)
FRANCE :	Par Mar Por Spa Lpl Swe	= 5	nbp! 1 short
GERMANY:	Kie Ber Mun Bel Hol Den Swe Nwy StP Edi Bre Tri Vie Mos Ser Ven Par	= 13	nbp! 2 short
ITALY :	Rom Nap Ven Tun Gre Kie Mun	= 6	Builds A(Nap), A(Rom)
RUSSIA :	Sev Mos Rum Ser	= 2	n/c
TURKEY :	Ank Smy Bul War Con Ber	= 6	Builds F(Ank), A(Con), A(Smy) and is one short (!)

Judge English: I am asked if I can provide with each adjudication a list of  
units in Warp and their date of entry. Fair enough, I  
suppose, so from next turn I shall unless anybody seriously objects.

Press

Shlurp: went the plughole as Austria and England vanished downwards. Now if  
only we had some detergent to make sure they were gone for good!?

Kate Adie's Story: With the cool breeze gently rustling the leaves and the  
rising sun slowly dispersing the early morning mist Kate

Adie sat in a woodland glade many miles north of Sarajevo, her back resting against the side of the Mil gunship. Walkerdine and Ulrika still stood before her, guns at the ready, but now that she had resigned herself to telling the whole story she no longer feared her captors. In fact she felt quite calm, almost at peace with herself for the first time in many months. She looked them both in the eye, settled herself more comfortably, and in her familiar nasal drawl began her story.

"It started soon after Desert Storm. When I finally got back to England all those weeks of bombing, missiles, pain and death somehow just caught up with me. I couldn't sleep for fear of what I would see as soon as I closed my eyes, I couldn't eat without tasting sand in my mouth, I couldn't even think about facing work again. I suppose I had some sort of nervous breakdown. It lasted about six months."

"Eventually I managed to face the world again, though I still had trouble sleeping, and even tried a couple of assignments in Latvia and the Ukraine. But it was hopeless: as soon as there was the slightest sign of unrest I became ill and couldn't even leave my hotel... It was then that I finally realised the awful truth..." She took a deep breath before continuing... "I just couldn't hack it any more in the world's trouble spots, and for a war reporter that was fatal. I was finished..."

She looked up at them as she said this and they both saw the pain in her eyes as she relived the experience. In a quieter voice she continued. "I think that was my lowest point, and the next few weeks are still no more than a hazy blur of drink and drugs as I desperately searched for some release from my torment. But of course it was hopeless..." She stopped again, and took another deep breath...

... and then it happened. I woke up in an alley one morning to find someone gently lifting me onto a stretcher. I was too far gone to resist and just lay there limply as they put me in the back of an ambulance and drove me away. Some time later we stopped and, still only half conscious, I was vaguely aware of being carried into a building and put into a bed. Then I felt a needle in my arm and after that ... blackness."

"When I woke again (over a week later, though of course I didn't know that at the time) I was still in bed and at first I couldn't remember how I'd got there. Then the door opened and a nurse came in and I remembered the alley and the stretcher. I asked her what hospital I was in - for my situation seemed obvious now - but she just smiled, put my pillow straight and quickly left. I lay there for several minutes, too drowsy to do anything more than just enjoy the warmth and comfort but somehow with a feeling of utter peace and tranquility."

"After a few minutes I felt fully awake and suddenly realised I was almost bursting with energy - whatever they'd done to me in that hospital had certainly worked! I jumped out of bed and rushed to the window to see if I could discover where I was. I threw back the curtains and looked out - and then just stood there staring as my eyes registered a sight so impossible that I realised I must still be in some drug-induced dream. For through the window I found myself staring down at planet earth, floating like some great blue balloon in the inky blackness of space..."

"Then I heard the door open behind me and I turned to find a woman entering the room. She was tall, dark haired and stunningly beautiful. She smiled at me and introduced herself. "Hello Kate, I'm Diana. I'm sure you're a little confused, so why don't you sit down and let me explain everything?" I was too shocked to argue, so I just sat on the bed and waited for her to begin..."

Diana's Story: At the mention of being in space Walkerdine and Ulrika had exchanged a quick smile, but when Kate Adie had spoken the name Diana their expressions darkened. They sat on the ground in front of her now, clearly anxious to hear every word.

"She told me that she was the commander of what she called the Mother Ship, a huge space vessel capable of travelling between the stars. She and her crew, and the crews of similar ships heading for other parts of the galaxy, were on a desperate mission to save their civilisation. Their home world had been destroyed when their sun went nova and, with only a few years warning of the impending tragedy, they had built a fleet of Mother Ships to carry the remnants of their race across the galaxy in a search for other inhabitable planets. She and her crew had been fortunate enough to discover earth but, as it was already inhabited, realised they could only settle here if we allowed them to. And that was her problem, to find a way of convincing our authorities of their peaceful intentions and gain permission to settle among us - in return for which they would gladly share all their knowledge with us."

"Of course I asked her why she hadn't simply arrived openly and told her story to the United Nations. But she explained that, in the few years they had spent studying our planet and learning its languages, they had come to realise what a warlike race we were and how suspicious we were of outsiders - as Diana put it, if we didn't even trust each other what hope would there be for a race of aliens? She realised that she and her crew would have to convince us from the very beginning that it was in earth's own interest to let them stay and, with our suspicious nature, they would only have one chance to do so."

"I saw her point, and said so. But I couldn't see how that could possibly have anything to do with me, so what was I doing in a hospital bed on the Mother Ship?"

"She explained. They had been watching the events in Yugoslavia since the beginning and realised that it was inevitably leading to a bloody war that could involve the whole of the Balkans and even spread much further. If they could somehow bring it to an end and restore peace they might convince us that we had most to gain from their arrival and so gain the goodwill they would need to get our permission to stay. I had to agree with her logic, but I still didn't see where I came in."

"But then she explained that too. In order to look really convincing they had to let the war develop to its full bloody potential before revealing themselves and ending it. But being a gentle and peace-loving race made it impossible for them to just sit back for several months while thousands more people died needlessly, so they had Planned an incredible subterfuge. All the combatants were to be transported to a huge underground base they were building on the moon and kept there in suspended animation until the whole affair was ended, and in their place they would substitute their own people who would harmlessly act out the war for the benefit of the watching world. But to make sure it was totally convincing they had to have some genuine humans involved who could advise on the props and battle scenes they would need and, above all, send out realistic war reports to the world media - and of course that was where I came in!"

She paused for breath, her face flushed with excitement, and got to her feet as she finished the amazing story. "And the most incredible part of the whole operation is that they actually did it! For nearly six months now the world has been watching all this apparent carnage, but in

all that time not one person has actually been killed!"

Aboard FAB 2: The Creighton-Ward chick was bugging me. What was a broad doing knowing more about things than me? Okay, she was a toff, toffs often own a yacht or two. But one with more radio tracking and advanced electronics than I'd seen outside the Pentagon? No way!

Which meant, of course (as I puzzled out, taking a chugalug of rye) that Pint Size Hibbert was in this as well. She was the one who'd summoned Lady Penelope. As for Q.T.Pye... heaven only knew where she came in.

Another gurgle of rye seemed the best bet. Following this, it seemed eminently likely that Q.T.Pye was Ulrika Meinhof in disguise, and that she, Penelope and Pint Size were sailing along with me, not to Bosnia, but to a lost valley of Amazons where feminism reigned supreme and men were less than the dirt beneath their feet.

I shuddered at this concept. The best way to banish it from my mind seemed to be with another gulp of rye.

A further ten minutes of this saw me nicely pickled and without a care in the world about Walkerdine, Creighton-Ward, "Cracketty" Jones, or indeed anyone else.

Some Moments Later: With her story complete Kate Adie leaned against the helicopter, a slight smile on her lips as she stared at her captors. Walkerdine and Ulrika exchanged a worried glance but said nothing. Eventually Walkerdine broke the silence, though his voice was little more than a whisper. "Okay Kate, you've convinced us. From what you've told us we can fit the whole picture together now."

She looked surprised. "You mean you believe me? I didn't think anyone would believe a story like that."

Then Ulrika spoke. "We believe you, though the story's even more incredible than you realise." She looked at Walkerdine, who replied with a nod. Then, gently taking Kate's arm, she led her slowly back into the helicopter. "You'd better come with us and find out about the rest."

From their responses Kate could see that something was wrong but sensed that now was not the time to ask what it was. With a growing feeling of unease she took her place in the MiL...

At the first transfer point: Agent Tangerine was thankful that he had brought his woolly scarf, for it was cold in Vienna, damn cold. Somewhere to the South, Walkerdine and Ulrika were wreaking who knew what havoc with life and liberty. He was to stop them. This last, he mused, was an order, not a prediction. He had seen videos of some of Ulrika's greatest crimes; car bombs, poisoned water supplies, assassinated potentates, publishing Mad Policy 88 in lieu of Walkerdine. What were the points in his favour? Agent Tangerine, always a believer in getting things straight in his mind, pulled out a stub of paper and notepad and wrote.

#### MY SITUATION

Things in my favour if I get into a confrontation with Ulrika Meinhof

- 1) Being tall, and using that to look imposing
- 2) Running away quite fast
- 3) Being good at lying on the ground spitting blood

He had got thus far and was frankly stuck for many more entries when

his radio beeped. Expecting a message that the next helicopter was approaching, he spoke into it.

"Tangerine? Lady Penelope Creighton-Ward speaking. You're not going to believe this..."

In a Woodland Glade, North of Sarajevo: The scene was one of utter tranquility. Birds sang in the branches, insects buzzed around the foliage. High on a branch a squirrel nibbled at a tender young shoot. But down below, in the cabin of the Mil gunship, the terrible truth was slowly unfolding...

Kate Adie watched Walkerdine and Ulrika with growing apprehension as they settled into their seats. Ulrika produced a pile of photos, placed them on the cabin floor and stared hard at Kate as she showed her the first. "This was taken from a spy satellite a couple of months ago. Do you recognise the person in it?"

"Well, yes," replied the intrepid reporter. "It's Diana, getting out of one of the little shuttle craft they use to fly back and forth to the Mother Ship."

Ulrika glanced at Walkerdine, but his face remained impassive. She turned to the next photo. "And this?"

"Yes, Diana again," was the reply. "I can't quite see what she's doing though - putting on some makeup perhaps?"

"More like taking it off," muttered Walkerdine. "All right Ulrika, I'll take over." He rested his hand on his captive's shoulder. "You've been conned Kate, badly conned. The creature you knew as Diana is indeed an alien but that's about the only part of it's story that's true. The name Diana is a new twist, it usually just calls itself 'J', but that's scarcely important. The rest of these photos will show you the real horror behind this charade - and I hope you've got a strong stomach..."

The Photofile: Ten minutes later Kate Adie was outside the helicopter again, doubled up in pain as her already empty stomach continued retching. Eventually the shuddering eased and she turned back to her captors, her face now covered in a mixture of tears, grime and vomit. Ulrika was with her, a protective arm around her shoulders as she tried to wipe away the mess with a damp cloth.

Walkerdine remained inside the Mil, still staring at the rest of the photos which now lay on the floor. The first showed 'J' pulling at the skin on its face. In the next the skin seemed to be parting. The third showed the terrible truth as what was obviously an artificial covering came away to reveal the green reptilian face underneath. But the last showed the real horror, for in it the alien creature was eating - and its meal consisted of a human arm!...

Off the Coast of Italy: I awoke with a start and a mouth like a dead rat's, and wished too late that I had saved some rye for later. Someone was knocking; at the door, in reality, but it felt as though it were my skull.

I forced myself to my feet, opened the cabin door with a snarl, and tried unsuccessfully to modify it to a smile when I saw that the ballpeen hammer pounding on the wood was only a fist, and that it belonged to Quinceyette Tallulah Pye.

"Hank, wake up. Something's happened!"



Great heavens, it's a convoyed self-standoff-and-scissors (Unfortunately, Vick...)

AUSTRIA (Allan Gordon, 3 Forest Avenue, Chingford, London E4 6AR)
A(Boh)-Mun, A(Gal)-Bud, A(Ser) S F(AEG)-Bul/sc, A(Rom)-Ven,
A(Tyr)-Ven, F(AEG)-Bul/sc, F(Pie)-Tus, F(Alb)-ION.

FRANCE (Peter Dunnett, 328 Old Road, Clacton-on-Sea, Essex CO15 3NU)
A(Edi)-Yor, F(NAD)-Clv, F(Lon) S A(Edi)-Yor, F(Hol) S F(ENG)-NTH,
A(Kie)-Mun, A(Ruh) S A(Kie)-Mun, A(Bur) S A(Kie)-Mun, A(Mar)-Pie,
F(GOL) S A(Mar)-Pie, F(ENG)-NTH, F(HEL) S F(ENG)-NTH, F(Bre)-MAO.

ITALY (Toby Harris, 6 Durham Terrace, Silksworth, Sunderland SR3.1BW)
F(BLA)-Con, F(TYS)-GOL, A(Apu)-Nap.

RUSSIA (Vick Hall, 49 Vartry Road, London N15)
F(NTH) C A(Den)-Lon\*, E(Yor)-Lon\*, F(NWG)-Edi, A(Ber)-Kie,
A(War)-Sil, A(Smy) S Italian F(BLA)-Con, A(Ank) S Italian F(BLA)-Con,
A(Rum)-Ukr, F(Nwy) S F(NTH), A(Den)-Lon (convoy broken), F(Sev)-BLA.

Retreats Russian F(NTH)-NWG, F(Yor) disbands nrp!

Press

The Gingerbread Man: He knocked on the approximate location of the brain
-par of the Green Stump. "Hello..... hello..... is anybody there?" But there came no answer. The occupant (if any!) was either out chewing mud or having yet another red-misted sulk. Ginge sighed a big, disappointed sigh. "Aww Stumpy.... you just ain't no fun anymore. Why don't you wanna come out and play 'Tactical Geniuses' like you used to?... an' me n' ol' Wide-Mouth n' Big Bafd Woluff can pretend to be impressed -- and have a jolly good laugh!"

The Little Old Androgyn: looking on, sighed to see that his/her hours of effort and instruction in the Gingerbread Primary School had gone for naught, as far as Ginge's grammar and diction were concerned...

#####

PEPPER

Sopwith T17BUB

Turn 12

Table with 5 columns: Pilot, Start, Moves, Ends, A:D:P. Rows include Retaliator ACE (Mark Wightman) and Atsuko ACE (Dave Lomas).

Clouds reverse and go SW: (G14,G15,H13,H14):(L16,L17,M17): (M10,M11,M12):(O18,F18,F19):(P14,P15,Q13,Q14,Q15).

Damage The clouds chivalrously try and even the odds by bopping Retaliator for one point

Press

Ret - Judge English: What's the odds that we've missed each other again? Judge English - Retaliator: No takers, punk, and remember betting is an offence.

LUTON

Atlantic Airlines [GM Dave Rowley]

Turn 2

SANTA CLAUS 747 / J48 / Montreal & Pittsburgh / 657  
 Rob Cullender TriStar / Madrid / Paris & Milan / J66  
 Account -55 -200 +264 -50 -40 -20 = -101, -20% = -122

BNS 707 / M70 / London & Tunis / Algiers  
 John Colledge 747 / Madrid / Frankfurt  
 Account +143 -280 +20 -24 -50 -20 = -231, -20% = -278

PUSSYCAT 747 / F7 / Caracas / N24  
 Haz Bond 707 / New York / J69  
 Account +60 +110 -140 -50 -24 -20 = -64, -20% = -77

RAC TriStar / J27 / Dakar & Las Palmas / B57  
 Alan Harvey  
 Account +40 +162 -40 -20 = +142

Planes Ordered And Paid For Next Turn

DCB for SANTA CLAUS @ Madrid, TriStar for PUSSYCAT @ New York.

Runs Picked Up This Turn

Pittsburgh	Amsterdam	SANTA CLAUS/747	11	*	29	=	319
Paris	Havana	SANTA/TriStar	2	*	34	=	68
Milan	Pittsburgh	SANTA/TriStar	7	*	30	=	280
Caracas	Casablanca	PUSSYCAT/747	6	*	27	=	162
New York	Paris	PUSSYCAT/707	4	*	24	=	96
Las Palmas	Chicago	RAC/TriStar	8	*	28	=	224*

Runs Delivered This Turn

Madrid	Montreal	SANTA CLAUS/747	12	*	22	=	264
London	Tunis	BNS/707	2	*	10	=	20
New York	Havana	PUSSYCAT/747	11	*	10	=	110*
London	Dakar	RAC/TriStar	9	*	18	=	162

Runs Available

## OLD

From	To	Size / Dist / Value
Caracas	Atlanta	5 12 = 60
Belem	Paris	10 29 = 290
Bogota	Kano	2 32 = 64
Belem	New York	3 21 = 63
Kano	Miami	5 36 = 180
Las Palmas	New York	7 22 = 152
Paris	Chicago	9 29 = 261

## NEW

Atlanta	Frankfurt	2 * 33 = 66
Rome	Montreal	4 * 27 = 108
Rome	Dakar	6 * 14 = 84
Atlanta	Chicago	8 * 5 = 40
Pittsburgh	London	10 * 27 = 270
Accra	Rome	12 * 18 = 216

Press

Air Traffic Control to All "Hard luck, nobody spotted that PUSSYCAT did in fact deliver the NY to Havana load during the first turn! I have credited it this turn and fortunately no interest needs paying back. Please post

further orders to me at the School of Computing, Staffordshire University, Beaconside, Stafford, ST18 0AD."

ATC to BNS "Orders postmarked two days after the deadline run a severe risk of being ignored. Lucky for you I hadn't adjudicated the game when I received them. Fined 5 for your troubles anyway as per David Watts' rules. How come you have made no effort to pick up the Las Palmas or Paris loads? It takes one movement point to enter a hex and another two to actually land at an airport."

ATC to RAC "Yes, Las Palmas to Chicago IS 28 and not 27. Thanks."

#####

WELLS

Intimate Ia Dip

Spring 1902

Austria hard pressed from all sides

- AUSTRIA (Mark Stretch): F(Apu)-Nap, A(Gal) S German A(Mun)-Sil, A(Bud)-Rum.
- ENGLAND (Neutral): F(NTH), A(Nwy), F(BAR) H u/o.
- FRANCE (Russian): A(Pie)-Tus, A(Bur)-Mun, F(Lon)-Yor, A(Mar)-Pie.
- GERMANY (Austrian): A(Mun)-Sil, A(Ber)-Pru, F(Kie)-BAL.
- ITALY (Russian): A(Tyr)-Vie, A(Ven)-Alb, F(ADR) C A(Ven)-Alb.
- RUSSIA (Peter Dunnett): A(War) S A(Sev)-Ukr, F(Bul/ec)-Rum, A(Ank)-Arm,  
A(Sev)-Ukr, F(Lvn)-Pru.
- TURKEY (Austrian): A(Con)-Bul, A(Syr)-Arm.

Retreats None

Autumn 1902

- AUSTRIA (Mark Stretch): F(Nap) H, A(Gal)-War, A(Bud)-Ser.
- ENGLAND (Neutral): F(NTH), A(Nwy), F(BAR) H u/o.
- FRANCE (Russian): A(Tus)-Rom, A(Mun)-Sil, F(Yor)-Edi, A(Pie)-Tyr.
- GERMANY (Austrian): A(Sil) S Austrian A(Gal)-War, A(Ber)-Pru,  
F(BAL) S A(Ber)-Pru.
- ITALY (Russian): A(Vie)-Gal, A(Alb)-Tri, F(ADR) S A(Alb)-Tri.
- RUSSIA (Peter Dunnett): A(War) H, F(Bul/ec) S A(Ank)-Con, A(Ank)-Con,  
A(Ukr)-Rum, F(Lvn)-Pru.
- TURKEY (Austrian): A(Con)-Bul, A(Syr)-Arm.

Retreats Turkish A(Con) disbands

Builds

- AUSTRIA: Vie Bud Tri Nap Ser = 3 n/c
- ENGLAND: Lpl Edi Nwy = 2 Disbands F(BAR) [GM]
- FRANCE: Par Mar Bre Lon Rom Mun Edi = 7 Blds F(Mar), A(Bre), A(Par)
- GERMANY: Mun Ber Kie = 2 Disbands F(BAL)
- ITALY: Rom Ven Nap Vie Tri = 3 n/c
- RUSSIA: Mos StP War Sev Bul Ank Con Rum = 8 Blds A(Sev), A(Mos), F(StP/nc)
- TURKEY: Con Smy = 1 n/c

All others still neutral.

Winter 1902 bids now required. Austria has 20 ECUs, Russia 17.

#####

BEECHING

Mark Stretch scoops a free issue for pointing out sundry clerical errors.

FRANCE (David Tittle, 41 Braehead Drive, Edinburgh EH4 6QW)  
F(Swi) H

GERMANY (Nicholas Parish, JCR, Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford OX2 6QA)  
F(RUH)-Mun, A(Mun)-Swi, F(VIE)-Tyr, F(Bur) S A(Mun)-Swi, F(Ank)-BLA.

ITALY (Allan Gordon, 3 Forest Avenue, Chingford, London E4 6AR)  
F(SPA)-MAR, F(Pie) S A(Tyr)-Swi, F(VEN) S F(TRI)-Tyr, F(Sil)-Mun,  
F(NAF)-MAO, F(TRI)-Tyr, A(Tyr)-Swi.

Retreats None

Press

Wop - Frog: The trouble with "an honourable draw between two equal giants" is that it sees the third party win!

Green Slime: "This was truly a sad time in the history of the world. The last of the Pink Bits had vanished from the map and the sun had finally set on the British Empire. Would we ever see its like again?..... would we ever like to see it again?! [Exit stage left to play-off music 'Drake's Drum'.]

=====

ZIMMER

Sopwith T216UB

Turn 1

Zebedee performs a victory roll and lands the Magic Roundabout perfectly. "Patch her up for me, would you?" he asks Florence as he bounces off to share a sugar lump with Dougal.

"B\*\*\*\*y cheek!" thinks Florence. "I'll show him!" She slaps on a few strips of sticky-back plastic over the bullet holes, dons a pair of goggles and scarf and leaps into the cockpit. "Chocks away!" she shouts as the throttle is thrown open. So the story continues....

Pilot	Starts	Moves	Ends	A :D :P
1 Red Byron Alex Richardson	A1	T/O L, A,A,A f-R	A4/NE	15:12:00
2 Beelzebub Mark Stretch	A10	T/O R, A,A,LS	B8/SW	16:12:00
3 Florence ACE Rob Cullender	J19	T/O C, A,A,RT	I16/W	16:12:00
4 Baron von Luftkrieg Paul Slade	S19	T/O C, A,A,A	P16/W	16:12:00
5 Sky Tripper Duncan Adams	S10	T/O C, A,A,A	P10/NW	16:12:00
6 Boring Boris Ian Harris	J1	T/O C, A,A,RS	K4/NE	16:12:00

Clouds moved northeast to: (F12-F13-G13):(J8-J7-I6):(M15-L14-K13)  
(C8-D7-D8-E7-EB):(O1:-O13-P14-P15):(L18-M18-N18-L17).

No damage yet despite Red Byron's rather optimistic burst into thin air. Ian, your first TWD moves when taking off must be A,A -- and you forgot to specify airstrip. I altered your orders slightly and defaulted you to centre strip.

ARMSTRONG

Lift Off! [GM Dave Rowley]

1960

Only 8MBs between Budgets!

Ian Harris United States 63 MB's

Purchase Two Stage Rocket Programme + 1 Rocket

Purchase EVA Suit Programme

Purchase Docking Module Programme

Purchase Single Person Capsule

R&D for Single Person Capsule =

@ Max R&D = 80%\*

R&D for Single Stage Rocket = n/a

@ Max R&D = 85%\*

R&D for Liquid Fuel Strap-Ons = +34%

Current R&D = 73%

R&D for Two Person Capsule = +26%

Current R&D = 56%

R&D for EVA Suits = +21%

Current R&D = 51%

Launch #4 in October a Redstone booster lifts a one person Mercury Capsule containing General Sassone, all parts of what turned out to be the first Manned Orbital mission proceed within specifications except the re-entry and recovery which were almost textbook! +16MBs on Budget.

Launch #5 in December another Redstone, but this time aided by Strap-on Boosters attempts to lift a two person Gemini Capsule containing General Sassone and Colonel Kishida. Due to major booster problems the launch is cancelled. -10MBs on Budget.

Launches # 6 & 7 planned for 1961.

B/F 45

New Budget 69

Available To Spend 114

Test Failure Subtract 15% from the safety factor of your most advanced rocket program. So this means that your Two Stage Rocket is at 10% R&D. -2MBs on Budget.

#####

John Breakwell

U.S.S.R. 68 MB's NMR2

R&D for Orbital Satellite

Current R&D = 79%

R&D for Single Stage Rocket

Current R&D = 60%

R&D for Single Person Capsule

Current R&D = 34%

No launches planned for 1960!

No launches planned for 1961!!

B/F 90

New Budget 68 still!

Available to spend 158

Scientific Breakthrough There has been a scientific breakthrough in one of your programs. Roll 6 six-sided dice and add the total to the safety factor of one program of your choice. +10MBs on Budget.

#####

Gary Lyon

Duchy Of Grand Fenwick 68 MB's

Purchase Single Stage Rocket

Purchase EVA Suit Programme

Purchase Docking Module Programme

R&D for Single Stage Rocket above Max R&D

= 88%\*

R&D for Single Person Capsule =

Current R&D = 77%\*

R&D for Two Person Capsule = +25%

Current R&D = 80%

R&D for EVA Suits = +20%

Current R&D = 50%

Launch #5 in December is an attempt to place an Icarus satellite into orbit. Sadly there is a fire on the pad which causes the launch to be cancelled. -3MBs on Budget.  
 Launch #6 is a couple of days later of a Gordian Single Stage Rocket through an overcast sky. Croesus 2 performs well and astronaut Rutherford carries out another successful manned sub-orbital mission. +2MBs on Budget.

B/F 29      New Budget 67      Available To Spend 96

R&D Setback Your space program has lost several key research scientists in a very short period. This setback means that you must subtract 2 from every die you roll for R&D in 1961.  
 +7MBs on Budget.

#####

Rob Moore	Termight 81 MB's	
Purchase 3rd Asronaut (Bryan Robson)		
Purchase Unnamed Interplanetary Satellite Programme		
R&D for Orbital Satellite now above Max R&D		= 97%
R&D for Single Stage Rocket now above Max R&D		= 86%
R&D for Single Person Capsule = +25%	Current R&D = 35%	
R&D for EVA Suit Program = +7%	Current R&D = 94%	
R&D for Interplantary Satellite = +26%	Current R&D = 71%	

Due to last year's catastrophic failure both of the manned launches planned for this year have been cancelled.  
 -20 MBs on Budget.

Launcher #7 & 8 planned for 1961.

B/F 18      New Budget 61      Available to Spend 79 still!!!

Test Failure Subtract 25% from the safety factor of your most advanced rocket program. This means the Two Stage Rocket is at zero % ! +5MBs on Budget.

#####

Press

Ground Control to U.S.A. and Grand Fenwick "Add 1% to Single Stage Rocket and Single Person Capsule."  
 Ground Control to U.S.S.R "In your letter you could have at least included some provisional orders."  
 U.S.A. to Termight "Everyone connected with the American space program would like to extend their sympathies to the family of Termight's Colonel Ince."  
 Ground Control to All "See Luton for details of my C.O.A."

#####

CHESS

Me vs. You Lot

Interesting range in game 1...

Game I (me white): 1) e4 : e5  
                           2) Nf3 : Nc6  
                           3) Bb5 :

Game II (me black): 1) Nf3 : Nf6  
                           2) g3 : g6

Your choices: ...Nd4 x2, ...f5, ...a6,      Your choices: Bg2 x3, c4 x2, d4 x2.  
                   ...Nf6, ...Bb4, ...Qf6.

My reply: 4) Nxd4, and if exd4,      My reply: 3) ...d5  
                   5) 0-0

ENGLISH

RR map OH

Round 11

ANNE'S CLIQUE WINS FOUR RACES: Unstoppable now?

Race Results

- 37) AC-8S Michigan - Chillicothe : FF 20-1+4, CCI 10+1-4, IDLE 0
- 38) KS-5H W.Virginia - Springfield : AC 20-2+3, OSCAR 10-7+1, CCI 0-4+7,  
ORNATE 0-1+1, FF +1, IDLE +1
- 39) 4H-JD Piqua - Steubenville : ORNATE 20-8, AC 10+7, IDLE 0-5+6,  
OSCAR +1, FF +5
- 40) TH-KS Newark - W.Virginia : AC 20-2, ORNATE 10+2, OSCAR 0-7,  
CCI 0+7
- 41) 8D-7H Canton - Columbus : CCI 20, ORNATE 10-4, OSCAR +4
- 42) 7S-KC Dayton - Lk Erie Port : IDLE 20+1, FF 10, OSCAR 0+4, CCI 0-1,  
ORNATE 0-4
- 43) JC-7D Ashtabula - Akron : AC 20, IDLE 10-4, OSCAR +4
- 44) AD-8C PA - Cleveland : AC 20-3, IDLE 20, OSCAR 0+3

Builds None

Final Races (enter up to 5)

- 45) KH-5D Indiana - Warren
- 46) QC-TH Lake Erie Port - Newark
- 47) TD-JS East Liverpool - Gallipolis
- 48) 6S-9H Dayton - Mansfield
- 49) 8H-7S Marion - Dayton
- 50) 7C-4C Cleveland - Toledo
- 51) TS-6H Irononton - Columbus
- 52) 9D-JC Alliance - Ashtabula

Running Totals

- OSCAR (Bowen/pink): 169 +13 = 182
- CCI (Lomas/purple): 196 +36 = 231
- IDLE (Ritchie/red): 195 +39 = 234
- FRIENDLY FASCISM (Jones/b ack): 204 +39 = 243
- ORNATE (Charles/blue): 217 +26 = 243
- ANNE'S CLIQUE (Parish/green): 204 +93 = 297

#####

VIRGIL

RR map CT

Turn 4

Come, friendly bombs, and fall on...

Slight error last time in the c/f scores, STUPID being on 2 more than shown

IDLE (Peter Ritchie, red): 4a) (Oxford)-M4-K3-Abingdon; (K3)-J3; 4b) (J3)-  
I3-Didcot-F2-E3; 4c) (E3)-B1. 38+6-4M = 40

FERGIE (Rob Moore, purple): 4a) (G20)-Watford-123; (G20)-Rickmansworth;  
(Thame)-NB; 4b) (F18)-D19-C19-Slough; 4c) (Slough)-B16; (Luton)-C61-  
C62. 47+6-2S = 51

STUPID (Mark Stretch, brown): 4a) (St Albans)-Luton; 4b) (B52)-B48-C48;  
4c) (C48)-D47-D46-Bicester. 70+6+2F = 78

MOD (Jeff Cattle, blue): 4a) (L6)-L4-I3; 4b) (I3)-Didcot-H4-E6; 4c) (E6)-B7  
26+6+4I = 36

Rolls for next round are 4-4-5.

Press

Question: Why is everyone building to the same places in this game?

## UROUHART

Sopwith T215UB

Turn 5

Pilot	Starts	Moves	Ends	A : D : P
1 Ginger Rogers John Miller	08/E	RS, A f-L&A, <u>RS</u>	F9/E	14:10:02
2 Major Mark E Smith Edmund Morgan	G14/SE	RT, RT, <u>LS</u> f-A	F11/W	10:07:04
3 Retaliator ACE Mark Wightman	F12/SW	I, A, I f-A	F13/SW	08:10:08
4 Lord Biscuit Barrel Mike Clark	09/W	LT, LT, LT f-L	09/E	10:08:06
5 Vic Rattlehead Rob Moore	R13/E	LT, A, A	R16/NE	12:08:06

Clouds moved north-west to: (I12-J12-J13-K13-L14): (E1-E2): (L6-M6-M7):  
(C10-D11-D12): (I8-J9-J10-K10): (N13-N14-012-013).

Retaliator performs a double back flip and catches his neighbours unawares, blasting Ginge for two points and Major Smith for four in one burst. Ginger, mind you, becomes an Ace next go (as does Vic), so things may not be all rosy for our supersonic hero...

### Press

Ret - Ed: You're fast!

#####

## NOXIN

Intimate Ia Dip 91BQ rx03

Not Spring 1906

Some serious errors here, kiddies. Italy does have A(Rum) and not A(Gal), so A(Rum)-Sev succeeds, and Germany is eliminated. And on top of that I managed to omit Italy's builds of three armies! The situation following Autumn 05 adjustments is thus:

ENGLAND (Mick Haytack): F(MAO), F(IRI), F(NAO), F(ENG), A(Gas), A(Bre),  
A(Hol), A(Mos), F(Ber), F(Pic), F(StP/nc), F(NTH), F(NWG), A(Yor).

ITALY (Nicholas Parish): A(Ank), F(BLA), F(ION), A(Gal), A(Par), A(Bur),  
A(Mar), A(Pie), A(Mun), F(TYS), A(Tyr), F(WMS), F(NAf), F(Spa/sc),  
F(Por), A(Ven), A(Nap), A(Rom).

### Adjustments were

ENGLAND: Lon Lpl Edi Nwy Bre Kie Bel Swe StP Ber Par Den Hol Por War Mos  
= 14 n/c  
GERMANY: Mos = 0 OUT  
ITALY: Rom Nap Ven Vie Tri Tun Spa Gre Ser Mun Bul Bud Rum Con Smy Mar  
Ank Par Por Sev = 20 2 short  
TURKEY: Ank Sev = 0 OUT

Treasury balances are currently: England 31 ECUs, Italy 22 ECUs.

Should the game reach stalemate, the player with the greater credit balance is declared the winner; should that be equal the game is a tie.

Orders are on file for England, and may be changed.



HERSHEY

Diplomacy 91DG

Autumn 1907

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

FRANCE (Mark Stretch, 2 Over Mill Drive, Selly Park, Birmingham B29 7JL)  
F(Gre)-Bul/sc, A(Tus)-Ven, F(Ven)-Apu, F(ION) C A(Apu)-Gre,  
F(Nap) S F(Ven)-Apu, A(Pie) S A(Tus)-Ven, F(TYS) S F(ION),  
A(Apu)-Gre, A(Pic) S English F(Bel) (unit moved).

GERMANY (Simon Cutforth, 1 Greenleigh, Greenway, Woodbury, Exeter EX5 1LP)  
F(BAL) S F(Pru), F(Pru) H, A(Ber) S A(Sil), A(Boh) S A(Vie),  
A(Tyr) S A(Vie), A(Vie) H, A(Sil) S F(Pru).

RUSSIA (Anarchy): A(Mos) H unordered.

TURKEY (Anarchy): A(Ukr), A(Tri), A(Bud), A(War), A(Ser), F(AEG), F(ADR),  
F(Alb), A(Gal) & A(Lvn) all H u/o!

Retreats Nil

Draw Proposals The 4-way becomes invalid; the 3-way goes down only by 2  
AYEs and 1 abstention, and is thus repropoed automatically.

Adjustments

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

Judge English My apologies to you all for the way this game has been  
wrecked by dropouts.

#####

YAVILLAND

RR map LE

Round 1

SACK will get you DEAD DRUNK -- just ask Falstaff

TBNS/blue (John Colledge): 1a) (Folkestone)-M29-N28; (Folkestone)-N30;  
1b) (N28)-N26; 1c) (N26)-N24-Ashford-A63. 20+6 = 26

RADAR/purple (Paul Slade): 1a) (Bexhill)-E15; 1b) (E15)-F14-F9; 1c) (F9)-  
Lewes; (F9)-E9. 20+6 = 26

SACK/orange (Steve Guest): 1a) (Margate)-J71-I71-I70; 1b) (I70)-Whitstable-  
H67-H65-G65; 1c) (G65)-H64-H61. 20+6+7Dr = 33

DEAD/black (David Oya): 1a) (Brighton)-E5-D4-Shoreham; 1b) (E5)-G6;  
1c) (G6)-I7-G8. 20+6 = 26

DRUNK/khaki (Duncan Adams): 1a) (Deal)-D70; 1b) (D70)-D69-Canterbury-F65;  
1c) (F65)-H64-H62. 20+6-7S = 19

Rolls for the next round are 3-4-5.

TEX

Diplomacy 92DY

Spring 1904

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

ENGLAND (Edward Ainsworth, 4 Park Avenue, Bedford MK40 2JY)  
A(Nwy) S F(SKA)-Swe, F(NTH)-Den, F(SKA)-Swe.

FRANCE (Ian Harris, 3 Abbotside Close, Urpeth Grange, Chester le Street, Co  
Durham DH2 1TQ)  
F(IRI)-MAD, A(Gas)-Par, A(Lpl)-Wal, F(ENG) C A(Lon)-Pic, A(Lon)-Pic,  
F(Mar) H.

GERMANY (Mark Stretch, Jesus College, Oxford OX2 3DW)  
A(Bel)-Pic, A(Hol)-Bel, F(Den)-Swe, F(Swe)-GDB, A(War)-Lvn, A(Par) S  
...A(Bel)-Pic, A(Mun)-Bur, F(Kie)-Hol, F(Ber)-BAL.

ITALY (Keir Hodgson, 37 Shanklin Drive, Leicester LE2 3RH)  
A(Pie)-Tyr, A(Ven)-Rom, F(Nap)-IDN, F(TYS)-Tun.

TURKEY (Mark Underhay, 65 The Chase, Holland on Sea, Essex CO15 5PZ)  
A(Ukr) S Austrian A(Gal)-War, F(Bul/ec)-BLA, A(Rum)-Sev, A(Mos)-StP,  
F(IDN) S F(AEG), F(AEG) S F(IDN), A(Con)-Bul.

Retreats Nary a one... yet...

Press

Italy - Turkey & Austria: Constructive letters, kids

Italy - France: Actions speak

Italy - World: Have achieved my personal victory conditions in all games.  
Still depressed.

France - World: Get him!

#####

BARRETT

Railway Rivals map Y0

Round 11

LUST conquers all

Race Results

- 31) 35-12 Keighley - Scarborough : LUST 20-9+10, AE 10-5+3, NUTS 0-9+9,  
IYI +1
- 32) 52-62 Goole - Barnsley : AE 20+7-4, IYI 10+2, THEE 0+4, NUTS  
0-2, LUST 0-8+1
- 33) 64-44 Sheffield - Huddersfield : LUST 20-10, IYI 10+5, THEE +5
- 34) 26-36 Harrogate - Ilkley : LUST 20-9+10, THEE 10-9+9, AE 0-5+4
- 35) 45-23 Wakefield - Thirsk : THEE 20-3, NUTS 10+3
- 36) 15-55 Hull - Doncaster : NUTS 15-7, THEE 15-2+6, AE 0-7, LUST  
+10

Final Totals

- AE (James Nelson, blue): 159
- THEE (John Webley, brown): 108
- NUTS (Nicholas Parish, mauve): 205
- IYI (Damien Cosgrove, orange): 294
- LUST (David Oya, red): 320

Judge English: Well done that Oya. Game end summaries for next issue,  
please. I already have one from THEE.

## QUISQUILIAE IN VERSO

This issue being no less than fifty pages long, I am forced to levy a surcharge on y'all; it will cost you exactly one pound for players, and ninety pence for non-players, cos I'm too lazy to go and look up the postal rates and work out how much it will actually come to. Gad, I'm so cavalier, I ought to be in an En Garde campaign.

This is  
a blatant  
lie - ignore  
it

Right, at this point I discover that I've printed one file out twice in the games section and having deleted the errant item am left with nearly a page to fill up. Gad. Has this Bond fellow learnt not one jot about putting a zine together in his nineteen issues and god only knows how many pages? It would seem not. So one page, coming up, not from the brain, or as lukewarm as my tortured organ of cogitation (no, I said cogitation, go and look it up) ever gets.

Of course, the really annoying bit is that if I'd realised it before writing the back page, I could have not written said back page and left you there, ker-chunk, on the high note of David Oya's victory celebrations in Barrett. But all the best zines have Sweepies. A back cover of some description seems almost necessary, to wind down from the games and give the reader the opportunity to lay down the zine, not in the white heat of some complex postal campaign, but after a few pleasantries and bits and bobs of newsoids which give the reader chance to catch their breath.

Such, at any rate, is the purpose served by a lot of sweepies. Zine etiquette teaches that it looks ugly and wasteful to leave a big space, or worse still, a blank side (unless you're a real iconoclast like John Morgan, who met complaints about the 1½ wasted sides in the inaugural Assassin's Handbook with the reasoned statement "I had said all I wanted to say, what point was there in going on?").

But a lot of editors use sweepies or post-game fillers as a device to keep the games from the open air and stop them going off rather than as an art in themselves.

I therefore announce the formation of the Campaign for Real Sweepies (CAMARS). (Pete Birks, hon. pres.). Members of this league must take a vow to utilise the annoying space between the end of the games and the back cover, not with fripperies such as address changes or lists of forthcoming conventions, nor yet with inconsequential guff about what they had for tea or what music they had playing as they typed, but with real insights into life and human nature. For I have discovered a marvellous proof that typing pages of games puts the human mind into a receptive mood to come up with the most insightful strokes of genius, but this Sweepies is too small to contain it.

Of course such discoveries will vary from zine to zine, depending on the editors' interests and training. When The Laughing Roundhead, for example, starts to follow my advice, Duncan Adams will no doubt be struck with a brilliant new theory of why King Charles won the battle of Cropredy Bridge; and when Stephen Agar follows suit, the Labour Party will formulate on his advice an infallible way to win an election.

Mind you, whilst I hope that Peter Sullivan will also take his cue from me, I doubt whether even my startling discovery will give sufficient inspiration to puzzle out a reason why the English cricket team keeps losing so many matches...

look → !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! - take note  
 ! HOUSECON HOUSECON HOUSECON !  
 observe → !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! - achtung

And if you still don't see it after that display of fireworks there is nothing more I can do. Since the last mooted event proved impossible for anyone to get to (except for Geoff Hardingham, who enjoys f-t-f games but who has resisted every attempt to sell him U-Bend) another housecon and games weekend is hereby announced, for the first weekend in April (3rd-4th), at 13 Merrivale Road. Joy's home made wine is available, accomodation (thank you, Tittle) is available, games are available, what more do you want? But if you plan to come please let us know so we can expect you.

Ode has reached the point where its semi-regular "100 Issues Ago" reprint feature is featuring Matt Quartermain, which reminds me that this stormy petrel of the mid-80s hobby is another author whose work is deserving of reprinting. I could, for example, dig out his article on his misadventures at the Reading Festival from Panzerkreuser...

The arrival of the latest NERTZ (issue 501) reminds me of the reason why I always read through it so assiduously -- or rather, of one of the reasons, for there are many, not least of which is that I enjoy it. That reason is that William Whyte's opinions on the hobby are those to which I listen with most diligence. It's not that he does a more than everyone else of the flaccid reviews and convention puffs which typify the so-called "hobby news" columns in most zines, this one not excluded; indeed, the opposite -- when Whyte talks about the hobby, he does so at half the length and twice the conciseness (which is almost an oxymoron, but not quite) of the average hobby hack. And despite this, he fools a lot of people by dressing it up in his usual mindwarping prose, so they think it's just Whyte being eccentric again. To all who would think themselves important in the hobby; go and sub to NERTZ, divest all his hobby news and views of Whytespeak and reprint them as your own, and you will be hailed as an incisive critic, and Stephen Agar will write rude editorials about you. Except that this method won't work, because I already do it. And I've a sneaky feeling that Iain Bowen and Mike Clark do too.

Anyway, you should go and sub to NERTZ if you don't already, because it only costs £4 a year. How many issues you will get for that I cannot inform you. Perhaps someone should run a sweepstake on it.

Talking of sweepstakes, a thought crosses my mind which shows just what a pathetic, sad, duvet stuffing, turbofreaky individual I am. It strikes me that I know when I am due to become a father, and you lot don't. So I invite you to send in a guess for the date the baby will be born, and whoever gets the closest will receive a free gift. Like maybe a used nappy. Or failing that, a free issue.

Every issue, at this point, I start to relax and think, in the words of T S Eliot's lady "Well, now, that's done: and I'm glad it's over", and even have wayward thoughts of reducing my deadline. Of course I forget that I now have to print the stencils, and print them off, and collate, and post, and that will take even longer than normal this time. Shall I hold a sweepstake on how long that takes? No.

=====  
 = 2 freebies =  
 = .....credit box .....gamestart box.....  
 =====

=====  
 = There aren't =  
 = any this issue =  
 =====