

# AROUND THE BEND

# UP

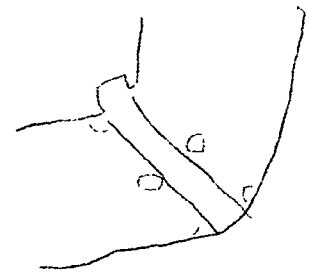


\* Look it up in a medical dictionary if you must.

Issue  
Twenty-One  
June 1993  
50p + postage

THE MASTERS OF THE HORNS!  
Number 5 in a series

Sr. J-- H----- of Stafford (sporting false beard)  
explains a point to Fr. M--- C-----  
of Aberdeenshire



dit-dit-dah... dah-dit... dah-dah-dah... dit... calling the hobby, calling the hobby... does anyone read? Come in, come in... oh, ghod, sarge! Where are they all?

Don't panic, sailor. I bet they're just off reading their copies of

## UP AROUND THE BEND issue 21

a postal games zine which is published every five weeks or thereabouts by Haz Bond, 13 Merrivale Road, Stafford ST17 9EB (phone 0785 213259, work fax 0785 228317). It is a Pretend Family Fanzine, its serial number is Coldcom Press 40, and it costs fifty pence sterling per issue plus carriage -- cheques to be made payable to H R Bond. Large amounts are copy-typed by Joy Hibbert, to whom all thanks and praise. Now you're as wise as I am, which isn't very.

Your name, address, credit and so forth are held on computer. I hereby declare that I shall refrain from selling your address to the Reader's Digest. Unless you drop out, that is.

Waiting Lists [\* = preference list received]

DIPLOMACY: Keir Hodgson, John R Todd, Bob Holliday\*. 4 wanted

ILLUMINATED VAIN RATS [Dio vt]: John Wilman, John R Todd, Bob Holliday\*, 5 wanted.

ANARCHY RULES OK! [Dip vt, GM Paul Slade]: John R Todd. 6 wanted. Last call!

SEISMIC DIPLOMACY: Nicholas Parish, 6 wanted.

SOPWITH: Jeff Cattle, John Miller, Andy Cox, Duncan Adams, Geoff Brown. 1 wanted!

NUCLEAR HOLDOCAUST: Geoff Brown, Rob Moore, Paul Slade, Andy Bell, Simon Cutforth, Alan Coulthard. Gamestart inside.

RAILWAY RIVALS: Steve Guest, Duncan Adams, Peter Charles, David Oya, Jeff Cattle. Full. Gamestart inside -- no, did you hear an echo, Joy?

BREAKING AWAY [GM David Oya]: H. Richard Bond, Mark Stretch, Stuart Dagger? 3-4 wanted. Rules next issue.

BEAT THE BLACK BALL: Infinite space. See inside.

MARSHALSEA GAOL: the debtors' prison

No longer in receipt are: Mark Nelson, Tim Lomas

The following had better pay up and look pleasant, or risk being summarily ejected from the zine: Iain Bowen, Edward Ainsworth, Peter Charles, Richard J. Walkerdine, Theo Clarke, Nick Kinzett, Mark Underhay, Neil Duncan, Steve Jilks, John G. McCoubrey. Gosh, that's a lot.

Main Deadline:

Tuesday, July 6<sup>th</sup>

Outside Deadline:

Saturday, July 3<sup>rd</sup>

Outside GMs:

Paul Slade, 164 Park Road, Cowes, Isle of Wight PO31 7NE

Geoff Brown, 65 Scotland Hall Rd, Newton Heath, Manchester M10 6RE

David Oya, 24 Kingsway, Banbury, Oxon OX16 9NY

Your remaining credit is

0 Money 0 Pobbies

Do you have a gamestart?:

No

EGOLAND  
editorial

Am I late again? It's getting to the point where I can't even tell. I suspect I shall be lucky if this issue has managed a two-week turnaround.

Well, we went to Edinburgh and spent far more money than we could afford (can I put off this issue for a month so I can have some money to buy stamps, oh dearest Joy? No? Thought not). This involved motoring up grimly on a Friday night towards Chester le Street and Ian Harris's domicile; by a combination of leaving late, bad route planning (I found, a week after returning, that this computer had a road atlas programme left behind by Dave which sneered at my feeble choice of M6/M62/A1) and sitting in a traffic jam somewhere near Peterlee (at 11pm!) we arrived at midnight, and since we had to leave early to make Edinburgh by lunch, we failed signally to acquaint ourselves with Ian and family, which is a pity, because all of them were very kind, hospitable and genteel, like wot I ain't. Anyway, off up the A1 (picking up two hippies with skinny dogs -- named Schizo and Lentil, I kid you not -- en route, which gave us some very entertaining conversation intermingled with recorder obligatos). Survive torrential downpour crossing border. Arrive in Edinburgh 1.30pm, hurried lunch, and find that host (mate of mine from younger days now studying at the university) lives up four flights of the nastiest stairs seen since whoever designed the topless set in 'Kidnapped'. Having a seven-months-pregnant partner going up and down this deathtrap caused no little concern to me, and a great deal more to her, needless to say.

If a thing's worth doing it's worth overdoing, so we went off to Glasgow for a day to finish off with, seeing the new St Mungo's Museum of Religion, of which the best part was the visitor's response board, which contained 10% Jews pointing out all the wrongly named items and rituals on the display, 10% Jehovah's Witnesses and Spiritualists complaining that they weren't represented, and 80% various denominations of Christian objecting violently to the portrayal of the other denominations of Christianity (70%) or of any other religion at all (10 glorious %, including one who claimed the museum's days were numbered, as there were so many graven idols in it that God could surely not resist a bolt of lightning or several.

Oh, there was Dali's Crucifixion, which wasn't as impressive as I hoped it would be, though it was still pretty good by usual standards.

Naturally enough, once we got home neither of us was fit for anything for the next three days. I shall never understand why people go on holidays.

Right, then. **NEXT ISSUE.** (Got your attention?) This falls due at around the same time Joy does. It is therefore likely to be late, or even very late; and thin, or even games-only. I swear that I shall do my damndest for y'all, but you know how it is. If everything does go utterly wrong, the Orphan Games Rehouser is John Marsden of 33 Weston Road, Strood, Kent ME2 3HA. His post seems to have been something of a sinecure so far -- no folds to speak of since he took over -- so if I do have to pack it in it will at least give him something to do.

Good Chap of the Month award goes to Stuart Dagger, who decided for some reason that after 19 years of saving his copies of Dolchstoß he didn't want them any more, and offered them to me. Under the two-old-zines-for-one-new rule this would have entitled him to U-Bends until the forthcoming child is due to attend university, but he even let me have the things for postage. All I can think is that anyone who subs to U-Bend purely to read my drivel must have a screw loose, and this act of generosity Just Proves It.

[continued on back page]

## QUID IN ALVEOS ACCIDET

hobby news column

This is a sadly truncated feature; indeed, I was considering temporarily scrapping it, but... well, after hearing the first news item below, I felt I just couldn't....

GLADYS AWARD RESULTS 1992: John Miller has cleared up and implemented these, and Mr Gladgrind 50 (containing a full tabulation of votes, no doubt, and probably other odds and sods of chat) will be circulated along with Spring Offensive (unless John took me at my word when I said that SpOff was mimeo, in which case Stephen Agar has probably received a bunch of stencils with no means to run them off....) Meantime, the bare results are as follows:

BEST ZINE: Spring Offensive... BEST FOR DIP. AND VARIANTS: Spring Offensive... BEST FOR OTHER GAMES: Cut and Thrust... BEST FOR HOBBY NEWS: Up Around the Bend... BEST LETTERCOLUMN: Now Eat the Rabbit... BEST NEW ZINE: Spring Offensive... BEST LOOKING ZINE: Cut and Thrust... MOST IMPROVED: Up Around the Bend and The Laughing Roundhead [tie]... MOST REGRETTED FOLD: A Step Further Out... BEST GM: Michele Morris. Thanks to those misguided enough to vote me one and a half awards. Dears, luvvies, you're too, too good to this aging, bloated hack....

MORE BLOODY CONS: of course, start to proliferate just as lack of cash and presence of offspring preclude my attendance... Suncon is slated for Sunderland University (né Polytechnic), 20-22 August 1993, at the bargain price of £10 per person per night and £3 convention fee (£2.50 if paid beforehand). Only one day less than Manorcon, but the disparity in prices can be attributed to them not needing to book expensive function rooms, as a kindly pub next door is letting them have it free. With Toby Harris at the helm and Pate Sullivan running the Diplomacy tourney I foresee an excellent event which I hope will become a regular (6 Durham Terrace, Silksworth, Sunderland SR3 1BW, phone 091 523 8160).

Summer Stabcon is a revival of a once-regular event at Manchester. 2-4 July are the dates for this (rather short notice, mayhap?) at Woolton Hall of Residence, Manchester. Costs here are £15 per night or £20 including breakfast (£5 for a university brekker! Sounds like extortion to me), or £13.50/£18.50 if you can bag one of the limited number of twin rooms. Apart from the normal range of games, they promise some live-action role playing with foam and metal weapons. Last time I saw this sort of thing was at Games Day '87, sigh... like I said, an aging, bloated....

And Stakiskon 1, though attendance was relatively low, has a sequel in Stakiskon 2 nevertheless. The Stakis Victoria, Nottingham, is your venue, and Keith Loveys of 32 Barkston Gardens, London SW5 0ER is your man, who will sell you rooms at £25 pppn and the con itself for £10 (£5 for a day).

Lots of conventions, aren't there, what with the already-mentioned Manorcon, Midcon, Furrycon, Baycon and Mastercon? And the prices vary considerably. The current Take That You Fiend has a very interesting look at convention costs and their justification; get it for a paltry 50p from John Harrington, 30 Foynter Road, Enfield, Middx EN1 1DL. TTYF also features some offbeat games, very offbeat writing (if you think I pull no punches, you have as yet envisioned a percentage approximating to zero if you haven't seen Harrington and Warne) and marvellous covers. It takes a dedicated editor to have his car written off in France by a German Nazi and still only be a week late in turnaround; my hat is therefore off to Kevin Warne.

Other editors too have had real-life problems; Paul Norris was disturbed by a wannabee-burglar too dense to even know you ought to wait till nobody is in before breaking down the front door, and Vick Hall has... ahem... accepted redundancy from his job following discontent on a number of grounds, not least of which was being chewed out by his boss for getting a phone call at work from Pete Birks.

Toby Harris's subzine poll was won comfortably by Holgate's Happy Hour, Paul Holgate's half of Bloodstock newly christened to render it eligible. Runners-up were John Colledge's The Blue Nose Special and David Tittle's Novelty. James Nelson has proposed that the subzine poll should be a part of the Zine Poll proper (as is indeed the case with the US Runestone Poll); when Geoff Challenger previously ran one, he seemed to manage all right as an independent entity, but then again he didn't have thirty-seven subzines towards which voters might be biased.

Congratulations, meantime, to Tobe for reaching 50 issues of Smodnoc with a two-parter that had to be bound thus for the excellent reason that his stapler couldn't quite manage 116pp of A5. This is, of course, an amazing feat and not just something anyone could do who started as a minute subzine for 20 issues and has ultra-cheap copying facilities. Bitchy, bitchy. Less snide congratulations to Toby and partner Raheela for adding themselves to the list of those hobby members about to bring forth (I dunno, first he pinches my idea and runs Chaos II, now he copies me with babies...)

Mike Clark has risked life and limb by reprinting one of the '70s Diplomacy variants from notoriously litigious Yank, Lew Pulsipher. Those in the know are agog as they wonder whether Mikey will be struck by lightning, swept away by a freak tsunami, devoured by an Aberdeenshire Killer Wildcat or just buried under a deluge of writs in the normal way.

I hear with sadness from Geoff Brown that Paul Morris, a player in Backstabber's United Monthly, was killed in a motorcycle accident recently. Whilst I never came across Paul in my corner of the hobby, any hobby member's death, especially if untimely, cannot be anything but a sad event.

Tom Tweedy has given up The Flight Recorder (his Sopwith stats quarterly), apparently to start an AD&D campaign by post. Ye ghods. Tom offers his complete records to anyone who can make use of them -- they're in DBase IV format -- and adds that Dave Tant will continue to allocate Tweedy numbers and in general act as boss man. I am sorely tempted to offer to take them over (I've even got DBase) just to see what words Tweedy uses when rejecting me, and whether any of them have more than four letters; but sanity, the thought of babies, and the memory of Tom's abusive letter of resignation from U-Bend prevail. Anyone interested can contact Tom at 29 Stanley Hill Avenue, Amersham, Bucks HP7 9BD.

Snippet time: Greatest Hits late, presumed about to make its nth comeback once Birks' cycle of enthusiasm renews itself... Laughing Roundhead also late, but Duncan Adams promises an issue soon via Dodds/Tringham's Hobby News... Paul Dunning knocks them dead with a full colour cover on Bandersnatch... Which editor is gormless enough to lose a chess game vs. his readership in six moves flat? See later this issue, oh dear... Mark Boyle forbids me to tell you that he's been elected to Johnstone Community Council; I publish and am damned, of course... LOST: 1 Set Marbles: if found please return to 55 Leigham Vale, London SW16 2JQ... oh dear, U-Bend indulges in nasty personal attacks again, slap wrist... see you, as ever, in sixty...

# THAT'S ALL, FOLKS!

game end reports

Hershey (Diplomacy 91DG)

Start announced issue 2.5 (5/91)  
Spring 01: issue 4 (7/91)  
End: issue 20 (5/93)

	Result: 3-way draw E/F/G								Fate
	01	02	03	04	05	06	07	08	
Austria (Edmund Morgan):	4	4	4	0	-	-	-	-	Elim A'04
England (Dave Newnham):	4	4	5	6	6	6	6	?	Drew S'08
France (Mark Stretch):	5	5	6	7	9	9	11	?	Drew S'08
Germany (Simon Cutforth):	5	6	6	7	7	7	7	?	Drew S'08
Italy (Dave Hicks):	4	4	3	1	0	-	-	-	Drop A'03
Russia (Paul Bennett):	4	2	2	1	1	1	1	0	Drop S'04
Turkey (Chris Sutton):	5	8	8	12	11	11	9	0	Drop A'07

Edmund Morgan [Austria, lost]: I started off working with Chris (T). But once I stopped writing regularly (or at all, to be accurate), Chris took this as a threat. I went out soon after. In summary: I played crap and lost.

Simon Cutforth [Germany, drew]: The game started fairly simply with E/F/G all bickering and alliance swapping. Happily I was able to side with first one, then the other, allowing me to grow slightly whilst for E & F progress was slow. Then came the dropouts, and Turkey prospered. We all decided that the only way to stop Turkey would be to forget our differences, and form a stalemate line, preventing Turkey from winning. This entailed great gains for France whilst G & E stayed put. Then when Turkey dropped out, France kept going, and was in a potentially winning position. For some ludicrous reason England suddenly decided that I (on half a dozen centres less than France) was going for a win and stabbed me. Luckily, whoever it was going for the win (could it have been France, Dave?) seemed to have forgotten that abstentions counted for a draw on that last turn. So a draw it was. If it hadn't been agreed then I'm sure that France would have gone on for a solo win. This game was badly ruined by dropouts, all of the above just tells you how the game was shaped by this, the greatest force.

Mark Stretch [France, drew]: The game started well with a lot of letters from both Simon and Dave. I didn't fancy an FEG alliance initially, so eventually decided to attack England with German help. Unfortunately, Simon sat on the fence and I didn't progress very quickly against England. Then Chris made the mistake of progressing too quickly. By 1902 he was up to 8 centres. I realised that if the 3 of us continued to fight amongst ourselves, Turkey would run away with the game. So, I decided to form a northern alliance to stop him. R/A/I were in too much of a mess to do anything about Turkey. After a mammoth amount of communication, we eventually agreed upon what became a very successful E/F/G alliance. Faced with Turkey on one side and us on the other, none of A/I/R lasted very long. The game then looked like a 4 way draw. In fact, the first time that it was proposed, only Turkey voted against. Then Chris, who I thought was as reliable a player as could be found, started NMRing. At which point I started vetoing a 4 way draw, in order to get a 3 way draw or better. Once Turkey was out, I had a good look at the position to see if I could win. However, that was impossible. Simon and Dave were too good to see that happen, as Dave proved in A07 by stabbing me because he thought that I had deliberately vetoed the draw. In fact, I had (as I recall) simply forgotten to vote. So we had to wait until S08 to end the game in a deserved 3 way draw. Congratulations to Simon and Dave for getting a share of the draw, and for ordering every time. You both played very well! And finally, thanks to Haz for GMing the game without too many mistakes.

Judge English: A perfectly infuriating game, as I and the devout orderers had to stand helplessly and watch it fall apart through NMRs. Paul Bennett's was not perhaps too unexpected (following an NMR in A'01), nor maybe was Dave Hicks', but Chris Sutton's was; not only is Chris one of the best players I've ever been matched against myself, but he dropped out from a commanding lead and from, as it were, a clear blue sky. Word was that he had set up a mail-order record dealership and had no spare time, but I hardly call that an excuse for ruining this game and, I think, others elsewhere in the hobby (hi Krum and Miche).

This actually left an interesting position. Mark (F) had the best chance of mopping up the anarchic centres, but Dave (E) and Simon (G) very properly got into position to attack his homeland if he tried anything on. Frankly, I think Simon's statement has it all arsy-versy -- I don't recall seeing anything that looked like an English move on Germany, and the final draw was agreed unanimously without an abstention in sight. Mark had, quite reasonably, been abstaining before this whilst he surveyed the lie of the land, but I don't honestly think he could have won unless both Germany and England let him.

Whilst the result qua result was fair enough, a potentially fascinating tussle was curtailed artificially, and for that reason I do not mourn this game's passing. Down with dropouts!

(Dave Newnham has, incidentally, been on holiday to Zimbabwe, but promises his version of events next time, though this may mean the time after next for reasons already explained).

**McGRUDER** (Deluge Dip 91BP -u02)

Start announced: issue 4 (July 91)

Start: issue 6 (Nov 91)

End: issue 20 (Apr/May 93)

Result: win for Italy

	01	02	03	04	05	06	07	08	Fate
Austria (Paul Norris):	5	6	6	3	1	0	-	[-]	Elim A'06
England (Tony Sait):	5	6	5	3	1	0	-	[-]	Elim A'06
France (David Tittle):	5	4	3	2	2	1	0	[-]	Elim A'07
Germany (Nicholas Parish):	4	6	8	8	6	5	3	[0]	Lost
Italy (Allan Gordon):	4	6	6	9	7	7	4	[1]	Won!
Russia (Dave Hicks):	5	3	1	0	-	-	-	[-]	Drop A'03
Turkey (Peter Ritchie):	3	2	0	-	-	-	-	[-]	Elim A'03

1908 was not played, the result by then being a foregone conclusion.

Nicholas Parish [Germany, lost]: This was the first time I'd played Deluge and I found it an excellent variant. The story of the game was really that the tacticians prospered. England and I had an early agreement and he was soon entangled with France; when we came to blows in Scandinavia, I guessed right in two 50-50 situations which scuppered him. For all my gains in Scandia and Russia, I couldn't outgrow Allan, who shafted Turkey brilliantly and totally controlled the south. In the end, the German problem of Munich really told. Germany needs an army in Mun in order to attack Switz. When I finally had to transfer it to a fleet, I lost Switz for good. Anyway, congratulations to Allan and thanks to all the other players and Haz for (amazingly!) impeccable GMing. I'd also like to express my disappointment with Paul, who never once wrote - I expected better from a zine editor. Letters from (to): Austria 0(3); England 5(4); France 6(4); Italy 7(6); Russia 0(1); Turkey 0(0). Total: 18(18).

David Tittle [France, lost]: #include "praise\_winner\_thank\_gm.h"

At one point I really believed that this game could end without a successful move to

Swi. (I retreated there) but it wasn't to be. All credit to Allan for eventually breaking the stalemate and for keeping up the letters, though I never seriously expected the promised help to arrive. Yes Nicholas, I should have supported you earlier, but you seemed as strong as Italy when I was last in a position to help. However, my biggest mistake in this one was choosing France. I've always maintained that any England who heads south soon exits with his victim close on his heels, and what else could Tony do in Deluge?

Allan Gordon [Italy, won]: If it's ok with Haz, I'd like to use my space to talk more about the variant than the game itself. In my opinion, Deluge is sadly neglected and vastly under rated ... fully deserving a place in the top three variants. Its secret is its simplicity - it is little more than standard Diplomacy, but with the magic ingredient of racing against the clock. Therefore, it is a game better suited to buccaneering style of play rather than plodding accumulation - and maybe there's the answer to its lack of popularity among contemporary players!

But please don't confuse 'buccaneering' with improvised, off the cuff tactics! This is a game that rewards those who are prepared to work out a planned campaign prior to the kick off - a programme of seasonal targets and allowance for adjustments.. not just their own but the opposition's as well! There are, of course, other subtleties to the game but I'm not so philanthropic as to spell this out chapter and verse (a guy's got to try and keep an edge!) but any student of tactics should have no trouble in sussing it.. and when they do, I wouldn't mind betting that they'd realise there's much more to Deluge than meets the eye!

One of the variant's major plusses as far as I'm concerned is that it's virtually impossible to suffocate it with a bore-draw (not totally, but most unlikely) and that it is also of a predetermined duration. This last factor is so attractive that for the life of me I can't understand why more zine editors don't run Deluge. I wouldn't claim that it is a perfectly balanced game, but then what variant is? and come to that, the Mother Game itself isn't. But it works, and it's fun to play.

As always, correspondence is vital, especially in the early phases. With McGruder, the standard was pretty damned good with great stuff coming from Tony, David and Peter (before he had to go). Hicks and Norris hardly showed and Nicholas couldn't see the point of chatting to the main opposition - as it happens he was dead right but he wasn't to know that for certain, and I still maintain it's wiser to keep in touch. But apart from that flaw, Nick's play was excellent (especially for a first crack) and made me keep my head down almost to the wire.

Thanks for all and to Haz for the diligent GMing. His press comment about my army gives me an interesting closer. This unit began the game as A(Rom) and its itinerary was Apulia, Smyrna, Ankara, Constantinople, Bulgaria, Serbia, Trieste, Tyrolia and finally Switzerland.. and if that doesn't mark your card, nothing will!

Judge English [GM, enjoyed it all thoroughly]: I don't need to add too much regarding the game's progress. Excellent play in the main, with only Dave Hicks' dropout marring the ointment slightly. Austria blew it with a couple of ill-timed NMRs, England seemed to get bogged down after 1903, Turkey was indeed shafted brilliantly by Italy and the A/F rules, and despite dogged play France was eventually pushed out of Swi. After half-way Italy and Germany were clearly top sea-dogs, and Cap'n Gordon clinched a very fine victory without putting a foot wrong. The whole thing was enlivened by the 'Green Slime' press from Allan and the 'Jim Ladd' ditto from Tony.

Allan's comments on the mechanism deserve further consideration. Though having won at least two games of it (Zeeby 'Yachting' being the other) Allan may have good reason to like it, Deluge is perhaps the classic variant for very much the reasons he describes; the changes from the regular game are relatively few, all are easily remembered, and none is wasteful or pointlessly chromatic. It is very evenly balanced, no mean feat in itself; and, yes, it has a fixed timespan, and a draw is almost



impossible (but not completely -- I can quite visualise the last two main powers doggedly standing one another off from Swi as the seas rise).

Given all this, I cannot for the life of me fathom why so few games of this manage to get off the ground whilst Tolkien variants with twice the complexity and half the playability flourish unchecked. I have seen more than one waiting list of this fail to fill and be abandoned or stagnate amongst editorial sighs. Still, I have at last managed to get into a game (Variable Title 'Mount', playing England -- watch this space for updates), and anyone whose interest is piqued by these pages is directed towards Ian Harris and Borealis, who has had a waiting list stuck two short for longer than I care to think. (3 Abbotside Close, Urpeth Grange, Chester 1e Street, County Durham DH2 1TQ; 50p/issue, now including as subzine Gordon McDonald's Ac-Mong).

English (RR map OH)

Start issue 3 (June 91)  
End issue 20 (Apr/May 93)

	Round 1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Pos
OSCAR (Iain Bowen)	29	37	28	31	41	40	60	71	136	169	182	214	6th
ORNATE (Peter Charles)	26	38	38	35	47	47	103	104	153	217	243	258	5th
FRIENDLY FASCISM (Denis Jones)	32	37	40	49	44	44	98	186	199	204	243	286	4th
CCI (Dave Lomas)	26	39	51	51	56	59	68	106	150	196	231	289	3rd
IDLE (Peter Ritchie)	32	44	58	54	45	44	70	114	131	195	234	298	2nd
ANNE'S CLIQUE (Nicholas Parish)*	24	51	49	62	59	57	86	117	143	204	297	320	1st

[\*Originally A4T, played by Mark Giles. TurboNick took over on round 2]

Dave Lomas/CCI [3rd]: LUCKY BASTARDS

Peter Ritchie/IDLE [2nd]: Thanks to everyone for an excellent and close game of RR, and my best postal result yet. I believe my problem was no builds into the mountainous SE corner of the map. Still, good game, and thank you to Haz and the rest.

Nicholas Parish/Anne's Clique [won]: Good game, I enjoyed it. I thought I had the second best track on the map, with lots of connections in the top right corner and no corners where I was shut out. Denis would have won if he hadn't NMRed twice in succession and I took full advantage. Thanks all (incl Haz).

## =====

### GAMESTART in the wrong place

BREYER

Railway Rivals -- India

Setup

Steve Guest, 3 Becket Street, Oxford OX1 1PP  
Duncan Adams, 5 Hedge End, East Hunsbury, Northampton NN4 0SW  
Peter Charles, 16 Bosbury Road, London SE6 2SJ  
David Oya, 24 Kingsway, Banbury, Oxon OX16 9NY  
Jeff Cattle, 5 Lilac Avenue, Thornes, Wakefield, W Yorkshire WF2 7RY

Who are these people? They are the invaders the punters in the latest RR game. In a moment of madness I told David Watts I had six names, so I have a spare map and if someone wants to make half a dozen they can claim the last place by writing very quickly. This counts especially if there's someone whose application I've forgotten, and I've this nagging feeling... Start towns, names and colours for next time, please, which I suppose you can make conditional on whether there are to be 5 players or 6. You will be stung a quid for the map if I remember to, but I bet I shan't.

## FROM STYGIAN DEPTHS

Two for you this time, kiddies, as we head into the land of Dippy sociology. The first article is from Geoff Challenger, taken from an early issue of his Home of the Brave; then we have a response to it from the very wonderful Pete Doubleday, whose Thing on the Mat was an eighties' zine of legendary eccentricity and unreliability but contained some damn good material. Thanks to Andy Bate for supplying a copy of the former piece.

### The Win Ethic

by Geoff Challenger

This issue of Home coincides with the biggest convention of postal games players ever held in this country. To outsiders, we probably seem a peculiar bunch. The idea that a group of people could take a hobby sufficiently seriously to travel several hundred miles for the opportunity to play games is a little fanciful I must admit and the general public are bound to think we are uniformly crazy.

But just how uniform are we? Even amongst the hobby there is a tendency to ascribe common philosophies to games players. But really all games players are very different. And I don't just mean the factional splits between wargamers, fairy gamers, role players, board gamers et al. I'm talking about a more basic difference, a difference in individual motivation.

You see, there's a whole spectrum of approaches to games and gaming. Take the 'softest' end of the spectrum. Here is the person whose total joy is the playing of the game and for whom the actual result is an abstract notion. Let's refer to him as the Mouse. The Mouse's joy is in the manipulation and fullest exploitation of the rules. In Diplomacy terms, if he can achieve a convoy from Brest to Constantinople then he is happy. He hates draws too. From his point of view, the ranking which people ultimately end up with isn't important, so why bother struggling to create a position which the Mouse would regard as stagnant?

Next up in softness is a character who I'll refer to as the Rabbit for the sake of consistency. The Rabbit likes to win but he also has a delight in the beauty of a game's potential. This does manifest itself in a slight lack of a killer instinct, since to destroy someone's position is to harm other people's enjoyment of the game and this is important to the Rabbit's enjoyment as well. In Diplomacy terms, the Rabbit tries to win far more than the Mouse does and tolerates draws, so long as they are what he would call 'genuine results'. If a Calhamer point is given to share fifth of a point as worthless. In the draw, then the Rabbit sees the struggle for a mere fifth of a point as worthless. In consequence, second place has more attractions even though it carries no official reward in rating systems. But the Rabbit plays for his own satisfaction, not some system external to the game.

Quite similar in nature is the Wolf character. The Wolf likes to win games whilst at the same time he has some appreciation of the mechanics of the game. But often this appreciation is purely mechanistic. Unlike the Mouse and the Rabbit, the Wolf can be totally ruthless. In Diplomacy the Wolf loves to win, but failing that will go for whatever draw he can manage. But this drive will often be tempered by a little bit of guilt at his failure to get a better result. You will often find the Wolves of this world screwing up a draw by trying to convert it from a 4-way one into a 3-way one.

Then of course we have the person who I'll refer to as the Tiger. This person plays hard and is always lookign for the win. In many ways the actual mechanics of a game are not all that relevant. The important thing is the demonstration of superiority which is involved. Thus a win at tiddleywinks is no different from winning the National Diplomacy

Championship. Of course, in the Diplomacy field, such people feel that a win is very important, but failing that, the draw, even if it be a 7-way one, is desirable. Listen to the words of an advocate of the Tiger mentality as it applies to Diplomacy....

"Diplomacy was designed as a game of balance -- before one player gets too strong the others should gang up to prevent him winning. By its very nature the game is drawish. I think that everyone would agree that if an outright win is not possible then the next objective must be a share in a draw. Playing for a draw often precludes the option of achieving second place -- the two can be mutually exclusive. As an example, I could have achieved second place in one of my current games; instead I am fighting hard for a share in a 4-way draw. If we do not achieve the draw, I will come 4th, having given up my centres to players coming 2nd or 3rd.

"Good players don't come second (how many seconds have been achieved by Martin Feather, James O'Fee, David Phillips etc? -- very few, if any, I'll bet). Places are often rewarded in rating systems simply because there is no other way of sorting out the vast majority of players who don't score any Calhamer points. In other words, the results are manipulated to fit the ratings systems! Diplomacy is not a race. A win or a draw is all that counts -- places are meaningless."

Clearly, what he is talking about is confined to the Diplomacy sphere, but I think it is fairly reasonable to generalise larger games-playing attitudes from his thoughts.

There is in fact a fifth category who, for personal reasons, I shall refer to as the Rat. This is the win-only player. The Rat does not accept draws and if he is defeated by someone then he will do his best to ensure the person who defeated him will not win. This revenge approach can be a useful tactic in Diplomacy, but like the nuclear deterrent, it's not something you're supposed to go through with. You're only supposed to rattle the sabre.

But so much for analysis -- what conclusions can we draw? Well, the first thing which occurs to me is that we have the whole system of gaming all wrong. Surely with such a diversity of motivation we should be segregating gamers according to their kind. The present mixed system can lead to a great deal of dissatisfaction. If you are a Tiger then your game can be screwed up by the hapless play of Mice and Rabbits. And of course a Mouse can be savaged by a Tiger and have his little game ruined. It shouldn't be too difficult to establish separate waiting lists to keep the various categories from spoiling one another's enjoyment.

Of course this is hopeless idealism, since each faction considers its own approach as that of the 'real gamer'. The idea of allowing people to take a different viewpoint and have such an attitude condoned by officialdom is frowned on by all. I suspect that any hope for separate games will be swamped in general hostility and that you would in any case find the odd Tiger seeking to get in among the Mice. But surely some Tigers would relish the struggle of playing against their own kind?

It probably isn't too hard to gather from the approach of this whole article that I'd categorise myself as a Rabbit. I've long held the view that the enjoyment of a game is just as important as the actual result. It's nice if you can manage to do both, but a win to me is icing on the cake. Does this say something about my lack of drive and ambition, which is evident from my approach to a lot of other things in life? I guess so, but I'll have to save that particular can of worms for my psychiatrist, thank you.

Anyway, I intend to open a Tigers' waiting list for a few issues. If anyone out there is a hard player, then this could be the game for you. If I successfully fill this list then we may move on to other categories. Hopefully this way I stand the best chance of

getting the idea off the ground. I suspect that most people would, for the sake of image, claim that they come into the Tiger category. But I could be wrong.

-- From HOME OF THE BRAVE 19, November 1982

## Menagerie and Diplomacy Don't Alliterate

by Pete Doubleday

So, now we have our own Victor Mollo in Geoff Challenger, as Home of the Brave 19 features an amusing little article on the bestiary of Diplomacy (no, that doesn't alliterate either. Keep trying). Rather than reprint the entire article, an expedient to which inferior editors resort when they can't think of anything to say, I shall limit myself to a precis of Geoff's five categories of player:

**The Mouse:** a rules freak who likes making pretty patterns with the pieces, and doesn't care about the result at all.

**The Rabbit:** Diplomacy is all a lot of fun, isn't it? (This is like saying that rowing is the greatest feeling on earth, but some people will. De gustibus non disputandum est). He "plays for his own satisfaction", which means that he is happy to go for a win, although he's unlikely to annoy other people with stabs.

**The Wolf:** will go for a win, although he enjoys the game as well.

**The Tiger:** will just as happily play tiddlywinks, so long as he gives the other guys' egos a drubbing. This isn't vindictive; it's just part of his enjoyment.

**The Rat:** who is vindictive. He plays like I write; badly when someone attacks him, he retaliates with overkill.

Rather fun, this zoo, isn't it? Still doesn't go with Diplomacy, though. What was that? No, I wasn't thinking of literary qualities this time; I just don't see how a member of a canine family can come between a rodent and a feline (which puts me in mind of the Woody Allen joke, "Love between a man and a woman is fine, so long as you can find the right man and woman to be between"). The wolf doesn't have any clear independent existence, but Geoff obviously needs a category to fit the vast majority of players who are neither rabbits nor tigers -- I take this back: most players are a very inferior, stringy type of rabbit, but no-one likes to admit this. And what's all this about tigers not wanting games with rabbits? I can't think of a better repast than six rabbits, and I certainly wouldn't be arrogant enough to class myself as a tiger. Martin Feather was at his best when surrounded by rabbits, which is why he liked to play Russia. Given two rabbits in the front-line states of T/A/G/E, particularly the middle two, Russia usually gets off to a flying start, if your imagination stretches to an airborne tiger. The game is damn boring, though. Nevertheless, it's exactly what a tiger wants, whereas few tigers appreciate being stuck with Turkey ((oh dear...)), which is more the province ((oh dear again. I appear to have my sense slightly twisted at this point)) of a Stoat, like John Figgott.

Take a deep breath. Has your head stopped spinning? Now, consider what the above implies. I don't think you can have an accurate, or even useful, classification system for Diplomacy players, or at least not one based on the above. There are too many deviations from the norm. What about the Rabid Rabbit, who will occasionally turn and bite someone for no reason at all? Or the Toothless Tiger, who's grown too old for this sort of game and couldn't get it up even if he wanted to? Well, we may not have a classification system, but we seem to have reached successful alliteration at last; there are an awful lot of words in the English language beginning with R and T, many of which are adjectives (and you'll notice I didn't try to complement the Wolf, you don't

think I'm that stupid...?) Not content with excruciating literary pretension, we should note that the Rat character may be mated with the Tiger, who will not be entirely delighted when another Tiger stabs him. We may need a bit of sellotape for that one, though. More promising genetically is miscegenation within the same family, the Rat with the Rabbit. Just when the Rabbit has built up an attractive set of mud pies over the Diplomacy board, the Tiger moves in and rips his guts out. Browned off with this, the Rabbit turns psychotic and nibbles the nearest part of the Tiger's retreating anatomy (you've guessed it. Pretty sordid, these animals, aren't they? For further information about psychotic rabbits please consult Edmund Cooper's 'Kronk', altogether one of his funnier books; the rabbits are the funniest part of the book). We also have the Bull Elephant, who charges through everything regardless until he hits a brick wall; the Platypus, who can't do a thing right because he's not designed for it, but is poisonous when you step on him; and the character I'm currently most like, the Dodo, who drops out like a stone from the sky.

OK. So, what have we got? I don't like to belittle Geoff's article, but I'm afraid that it just doesn't bear much relation to the reality of postal Diplomacy, because it is very difficult indeed to categorise players even vaguely. "Richard Sharp's theories have, for the most part, been debunked by now," says John Marsden (although he doesn't quote sources; I suspect he's thinking of John Wilman's articles, which is a pretty narrow basis for such a claim. No-one would accuse John of wimping the issues; my impression of most of his strategy is that it's as idiosyncratic as Richard's, just like its author). Nonetheless, I prefer his simplification of Diplomacy players into three groups to that of Challenger. The Sharp model comprises the centre, a large body of decent to good players, and two extreme wings; the Stooge, who'll do anything you want, if you ask him nicely enough, and the Armoured Duck, who takes offence at the slightest incursion and won't turn back from a retaliatory attack under any circumstances. Is this not a more helpful weltanschauung than Geoff's?

I think it is, although it isn't designed to categorise individual games (Geoff has a waiting list open for Tigers). Richard's designation allows you to plan strategy from the beginning, allowing the player to be flexible rather than deluding himself that he fits any real category. So long as you recognise the game's self-defined 'loonies', you can afford to "float like a butterfly, sting like a bee" (and I promise you I'll make Geoff sick as a parrot of animals by the time I'm through).

So why not have a Tiger game? Because it won't work. If I were to declare myself a Tiger, and Geoff thinks that most players would embrace this notoriety, then I might well play like one. I would not, however, have a specifically Tigerish nervous breakdown. I would not drop out in a true Tiger fashion. I have no statistics to hand, but I think the dropout rate is still around two per game, which is far more of a curb on anyone's enjoyment than which particular animals they are given the chance of bugging. And even if we have a perfect Tiger game, we shall still see some players drop to two units, or rise to fourteen, and this will quite possibly affect their strategy; it is difficult to act the castrated Tiger, and if on the other hand the Big Cat is about to fight his way to King of the Jungle (most inappropriately), he might well get more cautious. Even cool cats need friends.

Strangely enough, Mollo didn't design his Bridge animals with any thought of starting a tournament in segments, attractive though the concept of four Hogs gathered round a baize table may be. He invented them as central characters for his stories, and that is clearly what they are good for; our very own animal plagiarist, Pete Birks, has done a fairly effective Doolittle on Poker beasties. Geoff is quite welcome to carry on this tradition into Diplomacy, or to find some other mug to do so. Otherwise; neat idea, but no banana, I'm afraid.

-- From THING ON THE MAT 11, c. December 1982?

Postal Rules for  
**BEAT THE BLACK BALL**

In a recent zine it was mentioned that one of Neil Kendrick and Simon Cutforth's housecons had run a game of Air Charter. Now that took me back to the time when the ten-year-old Bond was incarcerated in a wretched boarding school in the heart of Devon.

One of the few bright spots of said school was the games cupboard, which the boys were allowed to play with at weekends and on rainy afternoons. Air Charter was one resident of that cupboard; I also remember Battling Tops, Sir Francis Chichester's Round The World Yacht Game (much better than it sounds), and... Beat the Black Ball.

This game consists of four marbles and the eponymous black ball. One player sets the black ball spinning in a kind of funnel akin to a roulette wheel, whilst the others hold onto their marbles, releasing them only when they think the black ball is about to drop through the hole at the bottom of the funnel. When the ball does drop, points are scored according to the order in which the players' marbles were released and whether or not they reached the exit slot before the black ball; the players who beat the black ball score one point for the first to release their marble, two for the next and so on until the black ball dropped, and thereafter players lose one point for the first marble after the black ball, two for the next, and (again) so on.

It occurs to me that this could be turned into a postal game akin to Alan Parr's number games, and with any number playing, to boot. So here are a set of rules, and as many as want to play are invited to stick their names down for a start ASAP.

- 1) Postal Beat the Black Ball can be played by any number; there are a number of rounds equal to the number of players.
- 2) Every player sends in a time for the Black Ball to drop, which may be up to 2 minutes. The GM selects one at random.
- 3) Players also send in the length of time after which they release their marbles. Those with times shorter than the Black Ball score positive points, with one for the fastest time, and maximum to the player immediately ahead of the Black Ball; those with longer times lose one point for the player immediately after the Black Ball, and maximum penalty to the last player to drop.
- 4) A player may not select a time to release their marble less than ten seconds before their choice for the Black Ball (though they may choose a time slower than the Black Ball).
- 5) Each player may jog the funnel once only throughout the game, adding or subtracting (player's choice) five seconds from the Black Ball's time. It may be assumed that the other players will not permit the same player's jogging the funnel again after that.
- 6) At the end of the game the player with the largest cumulative score is the winner.

Roll up, roll up...

## QUI SQUILLIAE IN MEDIAS RERUM

No St Custards article this time, for the excellent reason that I wrote the second bit and it was, frankly, exceedingly boring -- the gimmick having outstayed its welcome. If I get a flash of genius (rare even unto extinction in this aging, bloated hack) the Grate St Custards Diplomacy Game may finish in the future, but for the present, no news is good news.

This isn't the case when it comes to Diplomacy in its more usual sense, as despite last issue's plea few indeed have been the names coming forward to play. I can understand this given the short-term circumstances and doubt regarding U-Bend's future reliability; but I hope that if I show myself able to keep turning out the issues on a reasonably frequent basis the doubting Thomases may be persuaded and give me a 1993 gamestart.

Nicholas Parish asks if I'm interested in Seismic Dip. Well, I was at issue 1 and I am still now, but the readership (save Nicholas himself) didn't seem to be back then. Perhaps the climate has changed; after all, that was two years ago. In brief, then, this excellent variant's selling point is that the players may change the map as the game progresses. Thus, if Italy has cause to distrust Austria's motives but wishes to free A(Ven) to act elsewhere, he may order Separate Ven/Tri; Join Tyr/ADR, and hey presto, he has one move's warning of any sneaky attack. Full rules will be printed if interest warrants it.

Lovely advert in the execrable local free paper; a local tuition outfit promise to educate all comers at all levels, "up to Oxbridge standard". I always used to think That's Life invented this sort of thing. (Oh dear, just realised, isn't Brunel Univ...? No slight intended, James).

Latest culinary marvel; tiny jacket potatoes. You think baked spuds only possible for giant clodhoppers of King Edwards? Wrong-o! Even the smallest and humblest murphy can be rudimentally scrubbed, impaled and stuck in the oven; but for even better results cook them in the evening and leave them there till morning, then eat cold as a snack with a dab of butter (or marge if you're a real cheapskate; I am not a real cheapskate, but am, alas, very hard up) and a sprinkle of salt and pepper. Healthy, nourishing, and a damn sight cheaper than a Mars Bar. This recipe also has the attraction that I can't cock it up (save by forgetting to spike the spuds, which renders them liable to explode, though the smaller they are the more likely you are to get away with it) -- and I am, as I think I've said before, the hobby's worst cook if not the world's.

Given that I've forgotten to insert the Beeching and Chess so far (subconsciously ashamed of my idiocy in both, no doubt) I had better do so now, as this is the last page to be typed!

### BEECHING

I knew it was hubris to boast of how Mark Stretch hadn't had to correct me in ages... okay, free issue to Mark if he hasn't been blown up yet.

### CHESS

Game I (me white): 1) e4 : e5  
2) Nf3 : Nc6  
3) Bb5 : Nd4  
4) Nxd4: exd4  
5) O-O : c6  
6) d3

Your reply: Unsurprisingly, cxb5 was unanimous, usually with the addendum "Am I missing something?" Answer; yes, my typing. It should have been Bd3, but that's my hard luck, isn't it? Okay, I resign... and start again with 1) e4 for game III...

Me vs. You Lot  
Game II (me black): 1) Nf3 : Nf6  
2) g3 : g6  
3) Bg2 : d5  
4) c4 : Bg7

Your reply: cxd5 x13, O-O x6,  
d4 x4, nc3 x3, c5 x2, d3 x1,  
qa4+ x1.  
My response: nxd5

Position: RNBQK2R/PP1PPPBP/5NP1/  
8/3n4/6p1/ppp1ppppbp/rnbqk2r.

# STICHOMYTHIA

letter column

John Wilman Perthshire They are not your irregular verbs - they first came to my attention in Yes Minister and are doubtless older.

My apology was given because I thought that an earlier comment may have given offence. As you had also threatened to 'deck' the unspecified offender, it seemed like a prudent thing to do. I've spent my life avoiding violence, but I also believe in the principle of 5 for 1 retaliation, if you're going to do it at all, and by and large, it isn't worth the effort.

For example, you said some very rude things about John Webley last issue. On that basis, you can hardly complain if people are bitchy about you in return. I am impervious to insults, but some people are offended by them.

However, you were poking gentle fun at me, and perhaps misrepresenting my views, by selectively quoting some private comments. I am not a sex maniac - ask anyone who knows me. But I have read Nancy Friday and the infamous Ms Dworkin. I have considered her thesis, and I reject it.

[[Reason I poke gentle fun at you, John dear, is that you always react so]]

I appear to have been blacklisted from Yer Tiz, despite being in credit. Not really surprising, as I was a bit rude to Neil. I didn't understand the scoring system - I never do, I just try to play Dip, and always seem to end up defending crap positions. I got bored, I got drunk, and doubtless I said some stupid things, just like ManorCon really.

But yes, it was all rather farcical.

Dave Lomas Stoke on Trent What can I say. What a disgusting zine, Nothing but perverted, filthy subjects from cover to cover. The contributors must be as warped and sick as the editor and I am considering bringing such an unsavory zine to the attention of the obscene publications department of the police.

I don't mind telling you that it was quite a relief to put it down and read U-Bend 20 instead.

[[I didn't realise you got Springboard, Dave]]

David Dya Banbury I liked the cordon bleu cookery section. If you're going to fry things, now is a good time to be buying aubergines. Slice them, sprinkle some salt on the slices and let them stand for ten minutes, then coat them with egg and flour and fry them in groundnut oil. Toterlee skrumpshers, as Molesworth might say.

Rob Moore Leeds I have finally found myself a job! A deafening roar of disbelief usually follows this statement! Yes, I'll be modelling and testing U-belts (ie fan belts) as a Research Assistant at the University of Bradford. And what a relief it was to get it, after nearly a year and over 200 attempts. So there'll be a COA from 1st June to Flat 2, 132 Otley Road, Far Headingley, Leeds LS16 5JX. Quite a nice flat it is too, the rubber walls especially!

That St Custards thing was ok, don't know if it'll stand up to 4 pages an issue (more like 2) though. I might pop a photocopy of SoftCon if you've lost yours. Should be a good provocative piece to run - see if you can ruffle Gary Lyon's feathers again.

[[Said piece should be in next issue, so Gary is advised to lay in a supply of sandbags and tin hats now]]



Re your point on Tory MPs not always telling the truth. Does this mean John was fibbing about his classless society? You've revolutionised my outlook, you know!!

Black is a tangible constant. As is white, pink, yellow and any other colour you wish to attach to a collective subset of the human race. People will label you according to your star sign of all things, so given human nature's liking of labels, racial tagging will always exist. I just wish certain sector of the world's population would lose the negative associations that go hand in hand with the colour.

Well, let's say 'labels' are bad. We now no longer acknowledge any distinguishing trait lest it offend the person possessing it. No more black or white, no more muslim or christian, no more fat or thin. Great eh? No ageism, sexism, heightism or any isms. Lovely. You could then no longer acknowledge any recognition of any individual, since the very action would involve an implicit recognition of their distinctive characteristics. Every conversation would start with a careful reintroduction. Or maybe we'd wear little name tags! Sounds like a P K Dick short story.

So, to call someone black is ok. To say "all blacks smell" (copyright that Aussie family) is not. The hobby is relatively free of racism thank goodness, shame about the rest of the country/world.

[[Which point sums up my argument in a nutshell. (Don't you ever say anything I disagree with, Rob?) There's nowt wrong with being different, but because people are scared of the differences, problems result; sometimes problems as big as South Africa.]]

A final re your point about my bottom. You're a sweet young thing you know and flattery will get you everywhere [[apparently not]] but my girlfriend objects to me flirting with dashing TV stars so I must decline your kind invitation :-)

John Morgan            I liked the idea of Illuminated Vain Rats. If I had known that  
Carshalton            there was a variant with an Assassins power, I would have opened a  
                          waiting list. Now you have started one, I feel obliged to wait for  
your list to fill. On the subject of the variant, I think that the special victory  
conditions are much harder for some players than others. The Bavarians and the  
Assassins will both have severe problems, but for the Network, it is almost  
impossible. It takes 13 units to occupy the edge of the board. You would need extra  
units to achieve that position, and if you had that many, breaking any stalemate  
line, you would have won anyway.

[[Perhaps a suitable case for tinkering with. Ideally, I suppose, those powers  
with special victory condition more difficult to reach should have special abilities  
stronger than those whose victory conditions are comparatively easier.]]

What do you mean my zine 'tends towards the antiseptic'?

[[Mainly in layout, and only relative towards your brother's. I always find AH  
a little on the formal side, but that's just my preference for no holds barred  
writing, not an objective fault.]]

James Nelson            I must admit that I was surprised by U-Bend 20 - not by the  
London                    contents, but that it appeared so quickly, considering everything  
                          which is happening in your life...

In case I have not already congratulated you, congratulations! I'll refrain  
from commenting (I'm sure it has all been said before) other than to say that U-Bend  
will make one hell of an interesting 'baby' zine and not the boring old thing NMR  
(God Bless Its Soul) turned into... At least I hope so!

[[Shame that's not what you said in Into the Night 6, then, eh?]]

I would just like to reply to Joy by saying that I am perfectly well aware what euthanasia is and what it entails. I was not for once suggesting that people should die for other's pleasure. The point I was making (perhaps badly judging by Joy's lack of understanding) was that if the law recognised the right to consent to being killed, then logically (admittedly not the best approach on considering how our judiciary would view the position!) it could not be illegal to consent to being physically harmed for another's or your own pleasure. It would be irrational to be able to consent to 'murder' but not to assault, (again, who said the judiciary was rational?) although of course the contrary position would be rational.

As I said last time I wrote, consent is a bit of a red herring. During my revision for my Criminal Law exam, I noted with some interest that consent cannot excuse physical contact which is inherently unlawful (eg 'assault' in the course of a prize fight or duel) or assault likely to occasion bodily harm. Whether this should be the case of course is another kettle of fish, if you'll excuse the pun...

Aside from the question of whether such conduct should be illegal (I think it generally shouldn't be) the real question is whether a prosecution was brought when there was no danger of any 'corruption of public morals' (a catch-all phrase if ever there was one for conduct judged to be outside the normal activities of society)? Pure homophobia, I would suspect (if the activities had involved men and women I'm sure a prosecution would not have been brought).

I've probably reiterated some of what I have already wrote but this seems more clear and concise and puts forward more interesting points.

[[What do you have to do to become a Law Lord, and will you be one by the time you're sixty, James? You talk a real more sense than the majority of the senile old twits currently occupying that role.]]

Ian Harris            Hmm, public domain family albums, eh? This may start a new trend!  
Chester Le Street    The slogans on the placards were illegible, though, at least on my  
                                copy. What do the centre and right hand ones say? [[Centre:  
SUBversion, freeDOM, with a drawing of a bikini-clad female 'slave' in the middle.  
Right: Used, Abused and Loved It.]] And the Queens Head pub sign - did that appear  
after the revelations about Freddie Mercury [[What revelations? It appeared after his  
death, if that's what you mean, as a sign of respect and a change from the tedious  
standard signs provided by the brewery]]. And the cat; Perdito? Where's that name  
from? Our dog's called Perdita, after the spotty dog in Disney's "101 Dalmatians".  
She's not a dalmatian though, in fact she's not really anything at all. She gets  
called Purdy for short, mainly because she looks entirely unlike Joanna Lumley.

[[Perdito and Perdita are m/f versions of the same name, meaning 'the lost one'. Mork was given this middle name because he was part of the livestock (one cat, 5 goldfish) that the previous owners of this house didn't take with them when they moved out. It should actually have been Perditus, but Joy doesn't know Latin grammar and all attempts by me to make the proper nominative stick failed.]]

About the pain of childbirth. Although I've gone through it twice and never felt a thing, I'll admit my wife did appear to be getting slightly worked up while bringing Samantha and Kayley into the world. But how come animals seem to suffer little distress? I've seen dogs have litters with nary a yelp, farm animals having young with scarcely a whinny and on telly James Herriott climbs head first into the beast to physically drag out the offspring. Why are humans different? I have a theory, that if over the last three million years women, not men, had been in the position of deciding whether or not the woman was to become pregnant, those who found the pain unbearable would have no more children after the first, while those who were less affected would have several. Evolution would then have done its bit to make childbirth pain free. All this assumes that people were able to connect the act of

fertilising the woman with its outcome nine months later, of course.

[[Five possible reasons for women expressing pain in childbirth, when animals don't, off the top of Joy's and my heads: 1) Animals who make a noise at such a vulnerable time are likely to be eaten by predators, and thus animals who don't make a noise pass on their genes more efficiently; 2) Animal fetuses don't have heads almost too large to pass through mummy's pelvis; 3) Animal fetuses don't have to rotate their heads twice on the way through the pelvis, and they probably don't have to turn the corner at the cervix either; 4) Animals have not been told for many centuries that childbirth is the proof of their inferiority as women; 5) Animals have not been taught various 'civilised' or 'ladylike' viewpoints or mannerisms (such as sitting with your legs together, not making funny noises) that make it physically and emotionally difficult to get into the right positions, breathing routines and states of mind to make childbirth easier.]]

Finally, I'm sorry for using 'vanilla' as a synonym for 'straight', but I thought it was. Enlighten me please.

[[Vanilla = non-sadomasochistic sex (also used as a noun, i.e. 'a vanilla' for a person who practices it -- atrocious grammar but there you go); straight = heterosexual sex (also used as a noun; no better grammatically). If you want antonyms, 'bent' is used as such for 'straight' (but don't as there are several politer ones); 'strawberry' is, oddly enough, not the opposite of 'vanilla'.]]

Mark Stretch            The 'Molesworth' article was great. The question is: how long will Oxford            it take him to win the Dip?

Don't put your baby's name on Ian Harris' Deluge list, as he suggests. They will be drawing their pension before it starts! I've been on it since issue 1, and it's no more likely to start now than then.

What does Nicholas Parish mean by saying that he isn't a queer young radical? Anybody who sings very loudly and badly in the shower in the middle of the afternoon, and who votes Green in spite of being LMH Labour rep must come into that category. I'm sure that he was the one who planted the bomb to get me out of college yesterday.

[[This description makes him sound like a pretty typical student, but not necessarily a Q.Y.R.]]

John Colledge            On a personal note, I have lost track of who was attached to who Edinburgh            before Dave left, but from what has been said in the past and the recent reference to 'Happier Times' would it not be better to be glad you had those happy times and not sour them by getting upset with each other? I seem to remember you had problems with your relationship with your father. Is this still the case? For many years (like ages 12 to 32) I hated my father. Fortunately we have sorted things out now but I still look back on those years as being totally wasted. Fortunately, my dad's family have been long lived so there is every possibility we may even grow fond of each other in time but had he died early as happened with Denny's dad, like her this can only be regarded as unfinished business and a cause of regret for the rest of her life.

[[The photos were originally done for inclusion in Joy's letter-substitute-cum-zine, hence the captions in her writing, but she ran off some extra for U-Bend on the copier. Since I no longer have any contact with Dave or my father, I rather fear that any reconciliation is a dubious proposition, but I certainly wouldn't cut off my nose to spite my face. It's just that my parents seem to care nothing for me and even their forthcoming grandchild (and I'm the only source they'll get one from).]]

## THE GREAT MIDCON DEBATE

ding-ding! round 2

John Dodds I was somewhat taken aback by the personal tone of your criticism of the London changes to the National Diplomacy Championship, but shall resist the temptation to respond in kind. It would however be useful to have a rather fuller statement of your objections. In particular:

- why are you apparently against increasing the opportunities for people to play tournament Diplomacy? Until this year, there were two Diplomacy tournaments, and MidCon and ManorCon (both in Birmingham). Now there will be many more and spread across the country. What is wrong with that? (You may be interested to know that in France there are well supported Diplomacy tournaments approximately every fortnight);
- what is the objection to an arrangement which tries to ensure that the competitors for the finals of the National Diplomacy Championship are at least of a reasonable standard? We want to give everyone the opportunity to take part in tournament Diplomacy (and some people have been surprised by how well they have done in their first or second tournament game), but it seems reasonable to try and select the best for the final stages.

The success or failure of the enterprise will not, ultimately, depend on me, but on the enthusiasm of the people who have agreed to organise the regional heats: people like Andrew Moss and Malcolm Cornelius in Manchester; Toby Harris, Garry Lea and Peter Sullivan in the North East; and Vick Hall in London. With their enthusiasm, and good local publicity, it seems to me that the new structure could bring many new people into tournament Diplomacy. (Some of these players may also be tempted to move into the postal hobby too. For example, at the qualifying round in Burton last week, there were four players who were keen on Diplomacy but had never heard of the postal hobby. They all enjoyed the tournament and I hope that they will now be encouraged to try postal gaming).

I am not pretending that everything will necessarily run smoothly this first year: it is inevitably something of an experiment, and we are learning all the time; but I do see here the prospects of a viable long term framework for a series of Diplomacy tournaments, culminating in a national final.

To conclude: I have no delusions of grandeur. It is hard work trying to make a go of this new set up and it would have been much easier just to have sat back and done nothing. But I think it is worth doing to increase the opportunities for face to face tournament Diplomacy. I don't see what is wrong with trying to offer people more choice.

Chris Tringham I am amazed at the amount of flak we seem to be receiving as a  
Thornton Heath result of the new structure for the National Diplomacy Championship. The aim of this venture is to do two things: to introduce new players to the championship and to stimulate growth of new regional Diplomacy tournaments. At this stage it is difficult to judge the success of this idea, though the fact that we have managed to organize games at three events that previously had no Diplomacy content suggests that it had some merit. I really do not know whether it will increase the number of players in the Diplomacy at Midcon, though I do think that it is bound to increase the general level of interest in Midcon and the NDC (which is perhaps the third objective).

In response to your point about the heats being at other conventions, well, I don't see the problem with this, but in fact the Oxford, Fareham and London heats aren't part of cons, and the Sunderland and Manchester heats are central features of new events.

In any case, there is still nothing to stop anyone turning up at Midcon and playing in the heat on Friday and/or the championship on Saturday and Sunday. All that non-qualifiers lose is the opportunity to win the actual Championship, though there is the Midcon Trophy for the best performance by a non-qualifier.

I have to admit that I shared many of the doubts that you have about this venture when John first told me of his plans, but I am now convinced that it is a good thing. Old cynics like you and I might not want to play f-t-f Diplomacy, but there are plenty of people out there who welcome the opportunity. The enclosed details show that 39 people have already played, and we're only about half-way through the qualifying stages. Give the thing a fair chance!

Judge English      Well, then. I am heartened to find I'm not alone in my grave  
Stafford            worries over the new regime, with Guy Thomas making some very  
                     similar points in the current Realpolitik, even if Nick Kinzett  
never wrote the letter he promised in my support. I have in front of me now News from the National Diplomacy Championship, June 1993, where I read:

"If you aren't successful in qualifying, you will still be able to play Diplomacy under tournament conditions at Midcon and compete for the Midcon Trophy, but unless you first meet the NDC qualifying standard, you will not be eligible to become the National Diplomacy Champion".

And that's a genuine quote, no matter how much it looks as though I've invented it to discredit this hare-brained scheme. I ask you!

I assume that this latest modification was cobbled in after John and Chris worked out that the odds against getting a multiple of seven entrants qualified were a good six to one. But it merely shows up once more the basic failure of the scheme. Assume that I enter the Midcon finals, having failed to qualify at any heat. Assume -- just for fun, unlikely though it be -- that I manage to vanquish all comers in the finals. What do I get? I get fobbed off with some petty consolation trophy which is basically for the Best Not-Very-Good Player, whilst someone who finished behind me is crowned National Champion despite the fact that they failed to win the tournament.

Chris, John, I ask you; is this either fair or sensible? Can you imagine the rumpus there would be if this scenario came to pass?

And it might. As I recall my history, the 1982 champ was Nick Carter, a previously unknown schoolboy who swept all before him on the day, not through luck or weak play but through sheer quality of Diplomacy. Where would he have been had this silly system been in operation?

Despite Chris's jokes, I am actually all in favour of f-t-f Dippy -- I always enter Manorcon, and would have probably played at Midcon were I ever able to afford it. (Besides, if f-t-f Dip doesn't interest Chris, what was he doing playing in the heat at Furrycon? It looks awfully to me as though he was making up the seven to enable there to be a Furrycon heat, and valiantly trying to prop up the new system even as it fell apart at the seams).

As such, I favour anything which would increase the opportunity to play it elsewhere than at the main cons. But what have we had so far? Baycon, featuring two convention organisers dragged in to make the magic seven, one player holding up the start while he was aroused from slumber and dragged to the board, and a winner who has, I'm told, already declared that he has no intention of playing at Midcon. Furrycon, where both Tringham and Dodds played on the sole board -- and I am willing to be told that you guys would have played anyway for the love of it, but with

Chris's statement that he is too old and cynical for Dip f-t-f and the fact that John had already qualified at Burton a fortnight earlier... Oxford, where we had a very creditable three boards, but where there is a flourishing Dippy society which plays frequent games -- whether or not they count as Midcon qualifiers.

I will admit to surprise that two boards were filled at Burton's Beer and Pretzels Con. This is the sort of thing I am glad has come of the new idea (even if the ubiquitous Dodds did have to play on two boards at once). But I still don't think that the rules system is satisfactory, and I shall keep saying so for as long as I think this.

Okay, you may ask, what would I do in its stead? Well, assuming that the network of minor tournaments is a good idea (and I'll grant that), what about the suggestion of a fee to enter the grand national championship at Midcon itself, this fee to be payable by all save those who have pre-qualified? This would encourage the preliminary tournaments whilst dispensing with most of the new system's unfairness and not breaking anyone's bank. What the fee would need to be and whether or not Midcon's entry costs would need adjusting I have no idea -- I leave that to the economists and convention runners amongst you -- but I reckon it should be quite workable with minimal effort.

All that would change is that John's idea of "ensuring that the competitors are at least of a reasonable standard" goes by the board; but I submit that this is a complete red herring. It is still perfectly simple for weak players to qualify -- indeed, with the top three per board going through, weaker players will almost inevitably be tempted to toady to the stronger in the hopes of gaining third place and a position in the final whilst possibly better players who fight the eventual winner go through. Again, the Baycon board seems a fine example -- though I wouldn't call Neil Kendrick a weak player, he certainly played the system to its hilt to squeak through in third, and has admitted as much.

Oh, one last thing. I observe from the latest newsletter that John was sold on the idea by Andrew Moss. My opinions of Mr Moss and his "zine" were already low, but they've just dropped a few more points.

This, then, is the case for the prosecution. Once more, Chris and John are invited to reply.

Qualifiers for the final so far are:

[Previous champions]: David Long, Nick Carter, Jim Mills, Andrew Sparkes, Martin Clifford-King, Ian Andrews, Bob Kendrick, Pete Mason, Andrew Moss, Peter Hawkins, Julian Shepley;

[From Midcon '92]: Chris Robinson, Malcolm Cornelius, Richard Williams, Dave Wreathall, Robin Levy, Toby Harris;

[From Baycon, Exeter]: Rob Chapman, Bob Mulholland, Neil Kendrick;

[From Oxford Dip Club]: Nick Holford, Jonathan Hunt, Mark Sheiham, Andrew Hartley, Mark Davidson, Jake Hotson;

[from Burton on Trent]: Steve Jones, Fred Fall, Bob Kendrick [again], Ed Slater, John Dodds [who he?], Malcolm Slater;

[from Furrycon, Brighton]: Sally Field, Steve Cox, John Dodds [again].

Heats remain to be run at Manchester, Portsmouth/Fareham, Birmingham (Manorcon and Midcon), Sunderland, Nottingham, Northampton, and London. For dates and local contacts, John Dodds is your man -- 55 Leigham Vale, London SW16 2JQ (081 677 3287).

oimoi, peplegmai kairian plegen eso  
the games section

QUINCY

Time Lords Dip III? 91BS rd??

Autumn 1906

Tempus non est NMRendum, o Diesduplex!

AUSTRIA (Mike Allaway, 62 Herga Road, Harrow, Middx HA3 5AS)  
NMR2! = anarchy. A(Bud)-H u/o

ENGLAND (John Wilman, 2 Keillor Cottages, Kettins, Blairgowrie, Perthshire PH13 9JT)  
F(NTH)-Hol, A(Bel) S F(NTH)-Hol.

FRANCE (RJ Walkerdine, 6 Honeybourne Way, Wickwar, Wotton-under-Edge, Glos GL12 BPF)  
A(Lpl)-Edi, F(Mar)-Spa/sc, A(Spa)-Por.

GERMANY (Steve Doubleday, Norton House, Whielden Street, Amersham HP7 0HU)  
NMR! A(Par), A(Edi), A(Tyr), A(Sev), A(Bur), A(Mun)\* & F(Kie)\* all H u/o.  
A(Gas W S06)

ITALY (Rob Moore, Flat 2, 132 Otley Road, Far Headingley, Leeds LS16 5JX)  
COA A(Rom)-Apu, A(Den)-Swe, F(Kie W S06)-Kie\*, A(Mun W S06)-Mun\*.  
A(Pie W S06), F(Gre W S06), A(Rom W S05).

RUSSIA (Peter Ritchie, 241 Day Lane, Sidcup, Kent DA15 8JX)  
A(Tri)-Tyr, F(Rum)-Bul/ec.

TURKEY (Edmund Morgan, 40 Cranbourne Road, Trafford, Manchester M16 9PZ)  
F(BLA) S Russian F(Rum) (moved), A(Bul) S A(Con), A(Con) S A(Bul),  
A(Gal)-Bud, A(Ser) S A(Gal)-Bud (insu -- destroyed last time),  
A(Ber W S06)-Ber. A(Bul W A05).

Retreats Munic and Kiel units all die off

Press

Punch: waved his whacking stick and glared at his youthful audience.

"Where's those pesky vermin's gone?" he growled. The children grinned in glee and those who hadn't fallen asleep chanted back in cheerful unison "They're behind, you...."

(Disclaimer: the author of the above press refuses to acknowledge any innuendo in the action of waving one's whacking stick).

Turkey - All: I've got exams, hence no letters.

Absolutely Frabious Adjustments

AUSTRIA: Bud	= 1 n/c
ENGLAND: Lon Hol Bel	= 3 Builds A(Lon), 1 short
FRANCE : Mar Por Spa Lpl Swe	= 4 Builds A(Mar)
GERMANY: Bel Hol Den Nwy StP Edi Bre Fri Vie Mos Ser Ven Par Sev	= 11 6!! short, nbo!
ITALY : Rom Nap Tun Gre Kie Mun Swe	= 7 Builds A(Rom); A(Nap), nfbp! 3 short
RUSSIA : Sev Rum Tri	= 2 n/c
TURKEY : Ank Smy Bul War Con Ber	= 6 Builds A(Smy)

Judge English: I love it, I love it. All we need now is news of Ulrika and Hank Janson, who both seem to have vanished. Suspicious, I call it.

## ALEKHINE

Nuclear Holocaust

Gamestart/1999AD

The players in this orgy of destruction are:

Geoff Brown, 65 Scotland Hall Road, Newton Heath, Manchester M10 6RE  
Rob Moore, Flat 2, 132 Otley Road, Far Headingley, Leeds LS16 5JX  
Paul Slade, 164 Park Road, Cowes, Isle of Wight PO31 7NE  
Andy Bell, 71 Angle Street, Middlesbrough, Cleveland TS4 2HZ  
Simon Cutforth, 1 Greenleigh, Greenway, Woodbury, Exeter EX5 1LP  
Alan Coulthard, 173 Valeside Gardens, Colwick, Nottingham NG4 2EN

Enclosed with this issue -- holler if they're not -- should be postal rules and a full list of cards in the deck. For next turn, I require your first three strategy cards in the order you wish them to be turned over (the first one will be revealed), and your orders regarding any secrets that may have been dealt. Oh, and a name for your country/nation/people/faction.

Your starting cards are:

Your population begins at:

[NB: no player will start with less than 25 million population]

Secret, secret, I've got a secret: Paul Slade starts off with two Top

Secrets in his hand, whereas Andy Bell, Simon Cutforth and Alan Coulthard have one ordinary secret each. These will take effect next turn unless stolen.

Game Name Having turned the alphabet over, we enter our second alphabetical sequence with Great Historical Chessplayers.

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## DREDD

Diplomacy '91DC

Spring 1909

AUSTRIA (Allan Gordon, 3 Forest Avenue, Chingford, London E4 6AR)  
A(Boh)-Vie, A(Rum) H, A(Ser)-Tri, A(Nap)-Apu, A(Ven) S A(Ser)-Tri,  
F(Bul/sc)-AEG, F(Tus)-IYS, F(ION)-AEG, F(Tri)-ADR, A(Bud) S A(Boh)-Vie.

FRANCE (Peter Dunnett, 328 Old Road, Clacton-on-Sea, Essex CO15 3NU)  
F(Cly)-Edi, F(Lon) S F(NTH), F(Kie)-Den, A(Tyr)-Mun, A(Mun)-Kie, A(Ruh) S  
A(Mun)-Kie, A(Bur) S A(Tyr)-Mun, F(WMS)-Tun, F(GOL) H, F(NTH) S F(Cly)-Edi,  
F(HEL) S F(Kie)-Den.

ITALY (Toby Harris, 6 Durham Terrace, Silksworth, Sunderland SR3 1BW)  
F(IYS)-Tun.

RUSSIA (Vick Hall, 49 Vartry Road, London N15)  
F(NWG) S F(Edi)-Cly, F(Edi)-Cly, A(Ber) S A(Den)-Kie, F(Nwy)-SKA, A(Ukr)-Sev,  
A(Sil)-Mun, A(Den)-Kie, A(Smy) S A(Ank)-Con, A(Ank)-Con, F(Con)-AEG,  
F(StP/nc)-Nwy, A(War)-Sil.

Retreats French F(Cly)-NAD

Press

The Gingerbread Man: "Run! Run! -- as fast as..... ugh! what's this?"

There's a filthy little frog down the back of my trousers!...  
I don't mind getting rat-arsed occasionally, but I draw the line at grenouilles! I'm

surprised at the L.O.A. for allowing this sort of thing in a 'vanilla' scenario!

France - Italy: Pity you didn't listen to me. What price survival now?



**LUTON**

Atlantic Airlines [GM Paul Slade]

Turn 4

RAC TriStar 643 / Atlanta, Bogota / C4\*  
 Alan Harvey

Account +306 -40-20 = +246

SANTA CLAUS 747 K71 / Tunis / D60  
 Rob Cullender TriStar Pittsburgh / Havana, Caracas / F7  
 DC8 F30 / / Caracas

Account +114 +68-50-40-28-20 = +44

TBNS 707 I27 / Dakar / F50  
 John Colledge 747 K54 / Chicago / A45

Account -416 +216-24-50-20 = -249, -20% = -298

PUSSYCAT 747 Accra / Rome / G74  
 Haz Bond 707 F34 / Dakar / I15  
 Tristar E43 / Atlanta / Belem

Account -294 +216+90-24-50-40-20 = -122, -20% = -146

\* = halfway through takeoff

Planes Ordered And Paid For next Turn DC10 for SANTA CLAUS

Loads In Flight

Kano	Miami	SANTA CLAUS/DC8	5	*	36	=	180
Rome	Montreal	TBNS/707	4	*	27	=	108
Caracas	Atlanta	SANTA/TriStar	5	*	12	=	60
Bogota	Kano	RAC/TriStar	2	*	32	=	64
Atlanta	Frankfurt	PUSSYCAT/TriStar	2	*	33	=	66
Rome	Dakar	PUSSYCAT/747	6	*	14	=	84
Dakar	Atlanta	PUSSYCAT/707	2	*	28	=	56
Tunis	Miami	SANTA CLAUS/747	9	*	33	=	297

Loads Delivered This Turn

Paris	Havana	SANTA/TriStar	2	*	34	=	68
Accra	Rome	PUSSYCAT/747	12	*	18	=	216
Paris	Chicago	TBNS/747	9	*	29	=	261
Atlanta	Belem	PUSSYCAT/TriStar	5	*	18	=	90

Loads Available

OLD

From	To	Size	Dist	Value
Belem	Paris	10	29	= 290
Belem	New York	3	21	= 63
Las Palmas	New York	7	22	= 152
Pittsburgh	London	10	27	= 270
Casablanca	Frankfurt	3	9	= 27
Madrid	Chicago	7	28	= 196
Port of Spain	Washington	11	13	= 143

NEW

Accra	Pittsburgh	2	37	= 74
Frankfurt	Madrid	4	6	= 24
Amsterdam	Chicago	6	31	= 186

Casablanca	Madrid	8	4	= 32
Havana	Casablanca	10	29	= 290
Chicago	Washington	12	6	= 72

Press

RADAR (GM) - TBNS: I27 as the reported position of your 707 was not a mistake last time. There were two loads available at Rome, to Dakar and Montreal. Your orders were to pick up the Montreal load and fly to Dakar! The \* indicated planes in the process of landing (this time there is one taking off). Judge English - RADAR: My fault for omitting the rubric when copytyping.

XI MENEZ

Chaos II Diplomacy 92BW rh06

Autumn 1902

FOUR GREAT POWERS UNITED: Top marks for Gordon again!  
Half the field gone already

ANK (John Miller): A(Arm)-Sev	Ank Sev = 1	n/c
BEL (Peter Ritchie): F(Pic)-Bre	Bel Bre = 2	+A(Bel)
BER (Steve Guest): A(Sil)-War	Ber = 0	OUT
BRE (John R Todd): F(MAO)-Por	Bre Por = 1	n/c
BUL (Vick Hall): A(Bul) S Serbian A(Ser)-Rum, F(BLA) S Ankaran A(Arm)-Sev	Bul Bre = 1	-F(BLA) [GM]
DEN (Peter Dunnett): F(BAL)-Kie	Den = 1	n/c
EDI (Denis Jones): NMR! F(Edi) H u/o	Edi = 1	n/c
HOL (Anarchy): F(Hol) H u/o	Hol = 1	n/c
KIE (Duncan Adams): A(Mun)-Kie, A(Ber)-Kie	Kie Mun Ber = 3	+F(Kie)
LPL (John Morgan): A(Lpl)-Edi	Lpl = 1	n/c
LON (Gary Lyon): A(Yor)-Edi	Lon = 0	OUT
MAR (Guy Thomas): A(Spa) S Brestian F(MAO)-Por, A(Gas)-Bre	Mar Spa = 2	n/c
NWY (Toby Harris): F(NTH)-Lon	Nwy Lon = 1	n/c
PAR (Damien Cosgrove): A(Par) S Belgian F(Pic)-Bre	Par = 1	n/c
POR (Mick Haytack): F(Por)-Spa/sc [dies nrp]	Por = 0	OUT
ROM (Alex Richardson): A(Rom)-Ven, A(Tus) S A(Rom)-Ven	Rom Nap Ven = 3	+A(Rom)
RUM (Bill O'Neill): NMR2 = anarchy. A(Rum) H* u/o	Rum = 1	OUT
SER (Mike Clark): A(Ser)-Rum	Ser Rum = 1	n/c
SEV (Anarchy): A(Sev) H* u/o [dies nro]	Sev = 0	OUT
SMY (Neil Duncan): F(Con)-Ank, A(Smy) S F(Con)-Ank	Smy Con Ank = 3	+F(Smy)
SPA (Edmund Morgan): F(IDN)-Gre	Tun Gre = 2	1 short, nbp
STP (Paul Norris): NMR2 = anarchy. F(GB) H u/o	StP = 1	n/c
SWE (Stephen Agar): F(Swe)-Nwy	Swe Nwy = 2	+F(Swe)
VEN (Anarchy): A(Ven) H* u/o [dies nro]	Ven = 0	OUT
VIE (Allan Gordon): A(Bud)-Ser, A(Tri) S A(Bud)-Ser.	Vie Bud Tri Ser = 4	+A(Vie), nfbp, 1 sht
WAR (Peter Charles): A(Mos) S A(War), A(War) S A(Mos).	War Mos = 2	n/c

Vienna designates Bud as a home s.c.

Press

Nwy - Lon: Thanks for the centre, Gary!

Par - Bel: Well, it seemed like the only sensible thing to do.

Strauss - All: I see. This is a non-talking game, is it?

Strauss - Haz: Unlike some I could mention -- if I start it, I finish it!

Haz - Strauss: No idea what you're talking about, guv. Ho ho.

Judge English: I hope the adjustments are clear. Now the deadwood has been axed I shall probably run a standard table from Autumn 03.

Turkish polar expedition fitting out

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

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

FRANCE (Ian Harris, 3 Abbotside Close, Urpeth Grange, Chester le Street, Co  
Durham DH2 1TQ)  
F(MAD)-WMS, A(Gas)-Par, A(Wal)-Lon, F(ENG)-NTH, A(Bre) S A(Gas)-Par, F(Mar) H.

GERMANY (Mark Stretch, Jesus College, Oxford OX2 3DW)  
F(BAL)-Den, A(Bel)-Pic, A(Hol)-Bel, F(Swe) S F(BAL)-Den, F(GBB)-BAL, A(Par) S  
...A(Bel)-Pic, A(Bur) S A(Par), F(Kie)-HEL.

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

TURKEY (Mark Underhay, 65 The Chase, Holland on Sea, Essex CO15 5PZ)  
A(Ukr)-Mos, F(Con)-Smy, A(Mos)-StP, A(StP)-Fin, F(TYS)-ION,  
F(AEG) C A(Smy)-Bul, A(Rum)-Ukr, A(Smy)-Bul.

Judge English: Of course Austria can't build A(Tri) -- he remains 1 short.

Retreats None

Press None of that either

Game end proposal The 6 way draw gathers 2 votes For and no less than 4  
abstentions (hands up all who forgot!) so is automatically  
reproposed with abstentions counting in favour.

=====

YAVILLAND

RR map LE

Round 3

COLLEDGE'S BODY FOUND ON DOWNS:

"Looks like he was thrown from a train" says Chief Inspector Slade

TBNS/blue (John Colledge): 3a) (C52)-C49-A48 (1 sht); 3b) (A48)-N7-L8:  
3c) (C56)-E57-G56-H56-I56. 32-15S+1R = 18

RADAR/purple (Paul Slade): 3a) (M11)-E48; 3b) (E48)-F47; 3c) (F47)-J45.  
31-1De-1T+1S = 30

SACK/orange (Steve Guest): 3a) (G56)-E57-D56; (F53)-F52-Sevenoaks-E51; 3b) (E51)-E49-  
D48; 3c) (H67)-H68-G69-Canterbury-F69-D70. 48+6+15T-1R-1Dr-7De = 60

DEAD/black (David Oya): 3a) (D46)-E47-E51-F51; 3b) (Reigate)-Dorking;  
3c) (F51)-I53-I56. 45+1R+7S = 53

DRUNK/khaki (Duncan Adams): 3a) (H62)-H60-I60-Chatham-Rochester; (L21)-K21;  
3b) (Rochester)-J57; 3c) (J57)-K57-Gravesend; (D70)-C71. 16+6-5S = 17

Rolls for the next round are 6-4-4.

VIRGIL

RR map CT

Turn 6

There was a young lady of Sweden who went on the slow train to Weedon

IDLE (Peter Ritchie, red): 6a) (C45)-D44-E45-Bicester; (E45)-F44; 6b) (F44)-H43;  
(L16)-Chesham; (L20)-M21; 6c) (M21)-St Albans; (High Wycombe)-H14-G15;  
(St Albans)-N23. 60+1M-4F = 57

FERGIE (Rob Moore, purple): 6a) (G15)-H14-High Wycombe; (B45)-B44; (C62)-C63;  
6b) (I23)-I25-K26-Hatfield; 6c) (Hatfield)-N25-C64-C63. 57+4I+1M = 62

STUPID (Mark Stretch, brown): 6a) (D14)-D12-B11; 6b) (N22)-D64-E64-Hitchin;  
6c) (D64)-Stevenage; (B44)-B41; (Hatfield)-N25. 83-1M = 82

MOO (Jeff Cattle, blue): 6a) (B13)-B15; 6b) (B15)-B19-C20-C21; 6c) (C21)-C22;  
(L4)-M4; (I21)-Rickmansworth; (Hitchin)-G64-H64. 41-1I-1F+1S = 40

{STUPID pays IDLE only 8 for C45-Oxford: b/f scores adjusted.}

Races for round 7 (enter up to 4, build up to 12 physical points):

- 1) 15-63 Windsor - London
- 2) 64-21 London - Abingdon
- 3) 23-42 Oxford - Aylesbury
- 4) 34-12 Chesham - Reading
- 5) x6-54 Shopping - Stevenage
- 6) 53-35 Hitchin - Rickmansworth
- 7) 44-x5 Buckingham - The East

Addresses for your convenience, are:

Rob Moore: Flat 2, 132 Otley Road, Leeds LS16 5JX [COA]

Peter Ritchie: 241 Days Lane, Sidcup, Kent DA15 8JX

Mark Stretch: 2 Over Mill Drive, Selly Park, Birmingham B29 7JL [home]  
Jesus College, Oxford OX2 3DA [term]

Jeff Cattle: 5 Lilac Avenue, Thornes, Wakefield WF2 7RY

Press

Press: The act of crowding or pushing together. A closely packed throng.

ZIMMER

Sopwith T216UB

Turn 2

Pilot	Starts	Moves	Ends	A : D : P
1 Red Byron Alex Richardson	A7/NE	RT, RT, A	D8/SE	13:08:04
2 Beelzebub Mark Stretch	B7/SW	A, A, LT	C5/SE	13:08:04
3 Florence ACE Rob Cullender	J14/SW	LS, 0 f-A, 0 f-A	K14/SW	14:12:00
4 Baron von Luftkrieg Paul Slade	M13/W	RS f-R, Q f-L&R, 0	L13/W	11:08:01
5 Sky Tripper Duncan Adams	N11/NW	RS f-A, RS f-A, A	M13/NW	11:11:04
6 Boring Boris Ian Harris	H3/NW	RS, RS, RS	H6/NW	16:12:00

Clouds move southeast to: (H13-H14-I14): (L9-L8-K7): (D16-N15-M14):  
(E9-F8-F9-G8-G9): (Q13-Q14-R15-R16): (N19-O19-P19-N18).

Judge English: The Baron is so busy trying to get Florence that he fails to notice Sky Tripper sneak up behind him and catch him for three points. Otherwise, a quiet turn.

URQUHART

Sopwith T215UB

Turn 6

Sad end of a promising musician and pilot

Pilot	Starts	Moves	Ends	A : D : P
1 Ginger Rogers ACE John Miller	H10/NE	LT f-A&R, LS f-A, I	E9/SE	09:08:14
2 Major Mark E Smith Edmund Morgan	F13/E	RT f-R and dies	R. I. P.	05
3 Retaliator ACE Mark Wightman	F11/SW	I, A, A f-A	F12/NE	04:01:13
4 Lord Biscuit Mike Clark	R12/NE	LT f-A, LT f-A, A	D10/W	07:08:06 Barrel
5 Vic Rattlehead ACE Rob Moore	P17/NW	A, A, A	M17/NW	12:08:06

Clouds moved west to: (I12-J12-J13-K13-L14): (E1-E2): (L6-M6-M7):  
(C10-D11-E12): (I8-J9-J10-K10): (N13-N14-D12-D13)

Press

Mjr Smith - Retaliator: Everything hurtz!  
Ret - Mjr Smith: Wrath -- don't make me laugh.

Judge English: Some fine shooting from Ginge sees him bring down Major Smith and wallop Retaliator for five solid points. Mark doesn't go down meekly, though, and knocks two points off Ginger.

Rob, you and John were declared Aces by Dave Tant's most recent set of Sopwith Stats. If I were you I wouldn't complain.

PEPPER

Sopwith T178UB

Turn 14

No sad ends, in fact, no ends at all

Pilot	Starts	Moves	Ends	A : D : P
<u>Retaliator</u> 1 ACE Mark Wightman	N10-M9	A, A, A	K7-J6	01:07:02
<u>Atsuko</u> 5 ACE Dave Lomas	L9-L10	RT, RT, I	L7-M8	05:04:26

Clouds go NE to: (H16, H17, I15, I16): (M18, M19, N19): (N12, N13, N14): (Q19):  
(Q16, Q17, R15, R16, R17).

Press

Ret - Atsuko: Nice positioning!

ARMSTRONG

Lift Off! [GM Geoff Brown]

Not 1960 yet

This game is held over perforce following an unfortunate occurrence in Manchester; Geoff had a folder half-inched from his luggage while travelling on a bus, and that took care of John Breakwell's orders. Attempts to reach him to request a replacement have failed, so another holdover is pretty much de rigeur. Orders are on file from all others and may be changed.

I think I've got it right this time  
(but I'll hide this game away at the back just in case)

ENGLAND (Mick Haytack): F(MAO) H, F(IRI) & F(NAO) & F(ENG) S F(MAO), A(Bre)-Par\*,  
A(Hol)-Bel, A(Mos)-War, F(Ber)-BAL, F(Pic) S A(Hol)-Bel, F(StP/nc) S F(NWG)-Nwy,  
F(NTH) C A(Yor)-Hol, F(NWG)-Nwy, A(Yor)-Hol.

ITALY (Nicholas Parish): A(Sev)-Mos, A(Ank)-Rum, F(BLA) C A(Ank)-Rum, F(ION) C  
A(Nap)-Gre, A(Par) S A(Gas)-Bre, A(Bur)-Pic, A(Gas)-Bre, A(Pie)-Mar, A(Mun)-Sil,  
F(TYS)-WMS, A(Tyr)-Mun, F(WMS)-MAO, F(NAF) & F(Spa/sc) & F(Por) S F(WMS)-MAO,  
A(Ven)-Tyr, A(Nap)-Gre, A(Rom)-Ven.

Retreats English A(Bre) dies nrp

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## QUISQUILIAE POST LUDOS

Or a bit of extra EGOLAND anyway...

If, therefore, I start developing right-wing tendencies, habits of drivelling on about rating systems, bridge and cricket, and begin to display a large bald patch, Stuart Dagger is the man to blame. I shan't mind, of course, as I shall be winning the zine poll by then. If Richard doesn't object, I may mine these for reprintable bits, though Dolchstoß excelled then as now in small quotes rather than discrete articles. (Best one spotted so far: John Piggott calling Will Haven "a miserable cocksucker", to which Will's response was "Isn't that a contradiction in terms?")

Oh, and I am now in a position to act as neutral referee in a recent dispute; Stephen Agar, you are quite incorrect, and Dolchstoß never featured En Garde! (though it did run Formula 1 and various hex wargames incomprehensible to most people, including, it seems, Sharp, under the aegis of the NGC).

Finally, I now have a few duplicate copies of Dolchstoß; to wit, numbers 70 (first of current run), 100, 101, 130, 143-149 inclusive. I know for a cert that 100 is rare nowadays, so even though my spare copy looks as though its first owner (Gary Piper) tried to light a fire with it, some hobby historian may still jump at this unique chance. Highest bid by next deadline, therefore, gets these; you pay postage ("Cost of postage" is, incidentally, a legal bid, and indeed the only one I have any hopes of receiving). I object to throwing zines in the bin (every zine destroyed is a sizable percentage of the total print run in a hobby like this) but equally I object to keeping two copies when I already have sixty boxes full of tatty duplicator paper. A wicked thought; wonder if I could sell them back to Sharp?

This issue looks smaller than some of late, but in reality it's got quite as much verbiage, I've just learnt how to adjust the margins (and of course have immediately cranked them down to minimum in an attempt to save space and cut costs).

It's late at night now, and I ought to be totting up the pages to ascertain whether they come out even, but I'm not going to, so there. Let them stew. I have no idea yet what's to be on the front cover; if it looks too neat to be hand-stencilled it is probably left over from Joy's old SF zine's illustration file. If it bears the inscription 'Sic Buiscuit Disintegrat' it definitely is. You can tell I wasn't there to advise Joy on Latin then, can't you? Oh look, that's the page end.