

AROUND THE BENCH

UP



Issue

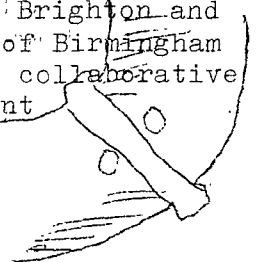
Twenty-Five

November 1993

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UP AROUND THE BEND

(Issue 25. Colden Press 46. Pretend Family Fanzine.)
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Waiting Lists [% = preference list received]

- DIPLOMACY: Keir Hodgson*, John R Todd, Bob Holliday*, Martin Draper*, Mark Stretch*, Fiona Campbell, Tim Neale = gamestart. Following list: Edward Ainsworth
- ILLUMINATED VAIN RATS (Dip y&I): John Wilman, John R Todd, Bob Holliday*, Ed Morgan. See below.
- BREAKING AWAY (GM David Dya): Haz Bond, Dave Lomas, Kim Head, Mark Stretch, Alex Richardson. 1 wanted.
- GRAND SLAM: Martin Draper, John M. Doubrey, Mark Stretch, Rob Moore, Kim Head, John Miller, Richard Walkerdine???, Bob Holliday, Dave Lomas, Alex Richardson, Ian Harris, Denis Jones, Geoff Brown, Steve Glass. 2 more will make a start, though more can be accommodated.
- INFANT DIP: See article. 7 wanted.
- SEISMIC DIP: Rules forthcoming. 7 wanted.

MARSHALSEA GAOL: the debtors' prison

Goodbye to: Alan Harvey
The following are sailing close to the wind: Duncan Adams, Mike Clark, Iain Bowen, Edward Ainsworth, Simon Dufforth, David Tittle, Andy Bell, Tim Neale [I've a nasty feeling I've lost a renewal from you, Tim?], and Rob Moore who forgets to sign cheques.

Outside Deadline: **TUESDAY DECEMBER 21st 1993**

Inside Deadline: **Saturday December 18th**

- 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 Dya, 24 Kingsway, Banbury, Oxon OX16 9NY

Your remaining credit is I ... Gamestart?

Illuminated Vain Rats doesn't seem to be getting anywhere, but on the other hand, Mopsy also has a half-full list. I shall get onto Bryan Betts regarding a possible amalgamation, I think. Let me know if any of you have strong thoughts on this. Meantime, another variant seems called for; are you still after Seismic, Nicholas?

Gazza vs. Our Nige
The popularisation of chess,
1972-1993

Good title, that, no? I'll make the academic journals yet.

I do think that for a gaming hobby there's been surprisingly little coverage of the recent World Chess Championships (plural deliberate). We've had a facetious cover on Arfle Barfle Gloop, and Guy Thomas has once more said half the things I wanted to bring up in Realpolitik (at this rate I shall soon start wondering which of us is a clone of the other), but I have other points to make as well.

There is no reason whatever why chess shouldn't go the same way as snooker when it comes to television and popular culture. Where snooker had a reputation as the province of lowlives and beery disreputables, chess has one as that of eggheads and the posh. If snooker (and darts, for that matter) can go far enough in one direction to make good televised sport, can chess go that far in the other?

They made a valiant effort, I'll give them that. Chess on half the available channels at one point! You'd think it was Russia. Guy Thomas has made unkind remarks about Channel 4's presenter, Carol Vorderman (better known as the mathematics queen off Countdown), and it's true that she was plainly no chess genius. But in many ways I think this was no bad thing. I do grant you that it's unlikely Channel 4 planned it -- they probably wanted a pretty face to offset Jon Speelman, whose mop of hair would not have disgraced the Woodstock Festival, and Ray Keene, who resembles nobody so much as Robin ap Cynan both facially and sartorially, and picked her as "a brainy type" -- but she brought the level of discussion back to basics on several occasions when the grandmasters were becoming too erudite. Vorderman kept the level of the chess at a point where the tyro could stand a chance of following it, and that can only encourage chess novices to become more interested rather than switching off in disgust.

I rather favoured the Channel 4 coverage, but then I've always liked Raymond Keene's attitude.

Guy Thomas preferred BS2, meantime, who had William Hartston, David Norwood and no live coverage. The latter doesn't matter so much (Channel 4's afternoon programme broadcast the start of the game live, which usually meant five minutes of fast book play in the opening and twenty-five of one player staring at the board deep in thought while Keene and King tried to coax a committal statement out of Speelman, who was also Short's second and naturally disinclined to say anything incriminating); the former gave us Hartston's sense of humour and Norwood's Northern accent, both things one doesn't tend to associate with chess.

Because chess has another image problem apart from class; the dork aspect. One national paper went so far, I'm told, as to call Nigel Short a nerd. The Fischer-Spassky match of 1972 began this trend; Fischer was unquestionably a great player (and there are those who still support his claim to be world champion, arguing that he was never defeated -- yes, Joy?) but his mental state was never very enviable. "Chess is more fun than girls," he said, and this statement doesn't appear to have been retracted. Then there was Karpov-Korchnoi, with Korchnoi's Buddhist monks, and Karpov's yogurt, not forgetting the Russian gentleman in the audience who was claimed to be a hypnotist and caused Korchnoi to sport mirrorshades long before the craze for cyberpunk.

Short's problem is that he looks like a nerd. Let's be honest. John Lennon glasses look good on Lennon but not very good on Short. His hair is neat and preppy,

his clothes tidy, and in general, his anal retentive index appears high. Which is a shame, as the man has a sense of humour and obvious intelligence outside the chess field.

Kasparov acquits himself well, on the other hand, but British chess players would naturally prefer to identify with Short rather than a foreign master.

What's to be done, then? We have the next championships coming up. I shan't address the question here of the breakaway Professional Chess Association and the 'real' FIDE championship (save to record my opinion that Mr Campomanes of FIDE is an obnoxious little toad and that he has lasted as long as he has never ceases to amaze me); assuming that Short meets Kasparov again, which is far from unlikely, it would be nice to see him a changed man not only regarding his chess but also his image. Play up that pop group you were in, Nige. Scrap the shirt and tie at the board and wear something comfortable (how anyone can play chess in a collar I do not know). Take a tip from Speelman or Miles, or other British chess masters who not only know how to have fun but look as though they do.

It may be going too far to hope that Nigel Short hits the headlines for dancing on the table in a fashionable nightclub with a model or three (or even his wife, at a pinch). But if chess is to rehabilitate itself, something has to be done over and above the media. If it does become a televised sport, mind you, what price televised Diplomacy in its wake? Now, Toby Harris definitely looks as if he knows how to have fun...

~~~~~

## FEMINISM AND PORNOGRAPHY

John Wilman

I am taken to task by Joy in issue 23 of U-Bend for daring to mention Nancy Friday a 'sub standard pornographer' (who would count as an above standard pornographer, I wonder - Anaïs Nin?) in the same sentence as Andrea Dworkin, supposedly a 'great and original thinker'. Leaving aside this debatable claim - I've heard Dworkin on the radio; and she's quite impressive, but hardly in the same league as Germaine Greer - we should remember that even great and original thinkers can be horribly wrong.

One such was Leibniz, a contemporary and rival of Newton, whose philosophy was undoubtedly the work of a genius, but so bizarre in its implications that it demonstrated the narrow line between genius and madness. I'm not suggesting that Dworkin is deranged, but her thesis is extreme and is structured in such a way that it is not falsifiable by evidence. To me, this is simply the mark of a closed mind, which is by definition not a great one.

Part of the Dworkin thesis is that pornography degrades women and is a tool of male oppression, so it seems reasonable to compare and contrast this formidable polemicist with Nancy Friday, who does indeed market pornography, much of it written by and for women. I'm prepared to concede that there is a case against pornography, made far more cogently and sensibly by Clare Short, among others, but as I've always been strongly opposed to censorship, I can duck out of this particular argument without feeling the need to take sides.

Friday would doubtless defend her work as being therapeutic, but even if she is merely milking a lucrative market, there is also a case to be made for pornography. We all know what it is used for, and while it undoubtedly better to have relationships with

other people, not everyone finds instant or lasting success, and I would venture to suggest that women are less at risk from men who are able to regulate and control their behaviour, if not their desires.

If we are granting the right to consenting adults to persuade all manner of unusual practices without let or hindrance, it would surely be hypocritical to condemn individuals for their solitary pleasures. Die gedanken sind frei, after all, and I would hate to see a sound ethos undermined by a basic and blatant inconsistency.

One thing I am prepared to repeat with conviction is that most exploitation has an economic basis: sexism is a separate and often over-simplified issue which requires, as most unblinkered feminists have quickly grasped, a common ground of shared values from which discussion can proceed.

Clearly, Joy and I will never be soul mates, but I was glad that I managed to understand a goodly proportion of what she was saying and I even found myself sympathising (if not agreeing) with some of it. I can hardly disagree with the verdict that I have "a very special sort of mind", even if it wasn't intended as an unqualified compliment - I've been saying the same thing myself these last 20 years.

HRB: I'm reluctant to shoot off my mouth too much here, since (unlike Mike Clark, no doubt) I haven't read much Anaïs Nin and no Nancy Friday at all -- and from what I hear of both I'm not too eager to remedy it. I have a soft spot for Pat Califia (no innuendo, puh-lease) but then I would.

The main thing I can never understand about pornography is why people of intelligence use it. What do they think their imaginations are for? Use your imagination and the fantasy you construct can be tailor-made just for you, rather than being mass-constructed like a cheap suit (and likely to fit you as badly).

Dworkin, of course, has her faults. I do wish, for example, that she wouldn't go round saying that all penetrative sex is tantamount to rape. But, as has been pointed out in the least ancient NERTZ, the sort of criticism she tends to attract consists largely of cries of "Yah, fatty," -- and the critics think that a sufficient refutation of her argument. Personally I don't give a toss how she looks if her thoughts are interesting enough, and the same goes for anyone, not excluding J. Wilman.

Censorship is slated to be the Topic of the Month around May next year. Come back and defend your opinions on it then.

"Women are less at risk...." Less than from what? Men who don't use porn? Other women? Being run over by a steamroller?

Of course exploitation is based firmly in economics, whether sexist, agist or any other -ist. It's very hard to oppress someone who's richer than you, save by direct violence. But sexism is part and parcel of this, surely? Women get paid less for working more, etcetera.

What do you mean by 'a common ground of shared values'?

Finally, not for the first time, you defend yourself from an attack on someone else; the 'special mind' belonged to Master Mark Boyle, not your good self.

I thought the gay gene was 50% until I discovered the HGP

Rob Moore writes regarding Lee: "I wonder if the gay gene has been passed on?", so I thought I'd comment on that, in case any of the rest of you were wondering.

The research that led to the discovery of the 'gay gene' leads a great deal to be desired. The sample size is small, the assumptions about the number of homosexuals in society are inaccurate, and no account is taken either of the numbers of 'closeted' homosexuals, or of bisexuality. To summarise this paragraph: if there is a gene for a predisposition to homosexuality, I do not believe it has been discovered yet. For that matter, I don't believe there is such a gene anyway.

The assumptions about the number of homosexuals in society were based on the new research (1%) rather than the old research (47% including bisexuals), or the general guesstimate that most people use (10%, albeit based on Kinsey's definition of 'one or more homosexual experiences to orgasm'). The problem with the new research is it was done in person, and verbally, in the subject's home; in other words, where his wife/father/whatever could be listening outside the door. Now I could and would tell the truth in those circumstances, but I know a lot of gay people who could not; and they didn't ask me, more's the pity (the sample size was so small that I could have made a significant difference). It's all very reminiscent of the research that 'proved' gay people (not men, note you) had smaller and/or less developed brains, based on a sample exclusively made up of dead brains from men with AIDS.

The 'gay gene' was found on the X chromosome, and no attempt has been made to show that it has anything to do with female homosexuality, or that lesbians have a parallel gene all their own. The sexuality of the mother is therefore irrelevant, since it's a gene for male homosexuality. The sexuality of the father is also irrelevant, since it is passed through the mother. Therefore Joy and I are as likely or unlikely to carry it as anyone else. I think it shows how badly this research has been reported that someone as bright as Rob would think it indicates that gay people have gay kids.

It is convenient for the researchers that the gene is passed through the female line, since it avoids the researchers having to imply that men with gay sons are gay themselves. This enables male homophobes with gay sons to blame their wives. I wonder how many women will be, or have already been beaten up because of this research, and how many gay lads with sisters are being browbeaten into remaining closeted for fear of harming the girls chances of marriage. Worse, I wonder how many brothers in law of gay men are using this as an excuse to abuse their sons?

Having said all that, I believe there is more to being gay than being purely homosexual. Many men have sexual relationships with other men without considering themselves to be gay, and without having/wanting a place in the gay community (this is another thing that never ceases to amaze and sadden me, but I assure you it's true). To that extent, Lee can be said to be gay, since most of his socialising so far has been done in the gay community: at the South Staffs Friends social group most Wednesdays, at the bisexual conference, and with g/l/b friends.

However, the sexuality of an infant is of no interest except to another infant, so no doubt he will decide for himself at a later date.

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I am sometimes careless, you are the nut that holds the steering wheel, he is a London taxi driver.

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## FROM STYGIAN DEPTHS

the reprint feature

[Who remembers NMR! then? Me, for a start. As solid a zine as ever drew breath, and featured my kind of damp pink politics into the bargain. I only read at first-hand the last years after it had deliberately moved away from the hobby mainstream, but Ken Bain and Brian Creese still published good stuff, like the rather appropriate piece below:]

### **Junior Diplomacy**

by Paul Cockayne

Junior Diplomacy was recently developed with my nearly-2-year-old son, although (as will become apparent) girls have an inherent advantage over boys. It can be played by any number of juniors together with one adults. The rules below refer to the one-junior game, but the scoring system can easily be adapted if more take part.

The game of Junior Diplomacy is divided into 3 seasons: Spring, Autumn and Winter. Points can be scored only during the Winter season. Successful play in the Spring and Autumn seasons is rewarded by progress in the next season. The mechanics of the game are described below, followed by some handy hints for beginners.

#### Spring

Choose a time when the adult (or 'daddy' to use the technical term) is engrossed in looking at a Diplomacy position, approach him quietly and throw the board across the room, scattering the units as widely as possible.

#### Autumn

When daddy has calmed down a bit, look very apologetic for what you have done, and help him collect the units. Arrange them in orderly piles by shape and colour. Learn to distinguish between fleets and armies and say the names of them in a very endearing manner. Play happily with the pieces as if butter wouldn't melt in your mouth. As with grown-up Diplomacy, all forms of deception are possible and will enhance your chances of progressing to the Winter season.

#### Winter

The Winter season commences when you are left to play unsupervised with a Diplomacy set. Those will gullible parents may accomplish this within a few minutes, for others the Autumn season may last days or even weeks - but the delay is worth it.

Once left unsupervised, hide numerous units around the room. Make some of them easy to find, but put a few in really devious places (see Tips for Beginners). When you have finished this, insert as many units as possible up your nose, then run and find daddy, shouting 'Nose!' as loudly as possible and pointing to it.

When daddy has removed all the units up your nose, shout things like 'More!' and 'Nose!' and 'Hurts!' to make him think there's another one up there. Eventually he will give up trying to extract it and start looking for all the other pieces to check whether any are missing. This can go on for some time, the game concluding when he gives up the search and confiscates the Diplomacy set.

The scoring is as follows:

1. 1 point for every naughty word daddy utters
2. 2 points for every unit not found at the end of the game
3. 5 points for every bodily orifice daddy searches for the missing pieces and 10 points for the rude ones
4. 10 points if mummy and daddy have an argument
5. 20 points if they call the doctor
6. 50 points for a ride in the car to hospital
7. 100 points if they give you a cuddle at the end of the game

### Tips for Beginners

Good hiding places are the turnups of your trousers, under the sofa, down the front of your jumper.

You can enhance your score under section 3 above by removing your nappy at the start of the winter season. If you have recently used it, you will also at least double your score under section 1.

Nasal insertion is easier with armies than fleets. If you insert them pointed end first they are more difficult to remove. The experienced player can easily put 2 armies up each nostril.

Other games in this series:

Junior Chess (portable set recommended for all but the very large nosed)

Junior Cluedo (but be careful with the dagger)

NEXT ISSUE: JUNIOR RUSSIAN ROULETTE

[ -- from NMR! 120 or so, 1991ish]

## ~~~~~ THE ADVENTURE OF THE SEVEN DIPLOMATS

It was rarely indeed that my friend and companion Mr Sherlock Holmes sat idle; when engaged upon an investigation, his energy belied his somewhat gaunt appearance and showed him as tenacious as any bloodhound in searching out the truth of the matter in question; whilst, as I have mentioned in regretful tone on previous occasions, if not thus engaged, he was all too likely to retire to his room with a solution of some narcotic, which to all intents and purposes rendered him oblivious to the world, and certainly to myself.

On the day when my present narrative commences, however, he had just brought to a satisfactory conclusion not one but two affairs of more than average complexity, and seemed satisfied enough with his efforts to engage in behaviour as normal as any lesser mind might; that is to say, he rose at a respectable hour, partook of a healthy breakfast, and even went so far as to discuss with me the South African situation and other news of the world which, of course, normally held no interest whatever for him.

The reader will perhaps understand my motives, then, for extracting from this pleasant state of affairs as much as I felt able; and perhaps also feel a shade of my near-dismay when, a early that evening, a telegram was received from Scotland Yard.

Holmes was instantly transformed into the keen-minded sleuth, needless to say, and all thought of dinner was quite forgotten. Resigning myself to a dish of cold mutton after



midnight, I acceded to his request to hasten to the area whither the wire summoned him.

The cab deposited us in a road of impeccable modern villas whose residents must clearly possess no small means. Striding to the door of the house in question, Holmes dealt it a vigorous blow, and a constable came to admit us to the presence of Inspector Gregson.

Gregson greeted us with a slightly absent air. "My dear Holmes," he murmured, ignoring me totally to my considerable chagrin, "I only wish I could be more pleased to see you once more; but really, since I only seem to meet you when a case has me totally flummoxed, and then you invariably ferret out some ingenious plan which by luck or skill unveils a felon to my professional detriment, you must forgive me should I seem less than perfectly proper in my manners."

Holmes assured him that such was not the case. Plainly, he wished to dispense with formalities and hear the situation that warranted his summoning.

"Mr Oliver Howgill, the shellac magnate, is dead," began Gregson. Holmes' face betrayed no sign of recognition.

"It seems he was murdered, too -- no doubt about that -- and quite under the noses of half a dozen people in this house."

"His house?"

"Why, no; this is the residence of Mr Henry Stanley, who had invited the fellow round for an evening of games, along with some others. Some board-game, I find, called Diplomacy."

Holmes' face did betray recognition at this juncture. "You speak as though you are unfamiliar with the game, Gregson."

"Well, so I am."

"It is a campaign of considerable complexity, which has the benefit of sharpening the wits quite considerable. You should take it up, Gregson. You too, Watson," he added, turning to me. I said nothing, feeling a little slighted by the obvious inference -- as, plainly, was Gregson.

"I know of no other, save Chess," Holmes continued, "that instils such a feeling of mental exertion. And indeed, like that other game, one partie may take no little time -- as much as an evening, or longer. The winner of such a marathon may feel well pleased with his skill."

"That's as may be, Holmes," interrupted Gregson, "but what can this have to do with murder?"

"Quite possibly, everything," retorted my companion. "I feel sure I need not remind you of the many crimes of violence committed over gaming-boards every year, to say nothing of frauds and extortions -- even blackmail. Games may hold an unhealthy mind in thrall, and loom large enough to urge men on to regrettable acts."

"Well, I don't think that can have happened here", observed the Inspector, who seemed ill at ease with such philosophical concepts. "For I have spoken to all six of those who were with the murdered man at the time of his death, and... well, on questioning the first fellow, I soon learned that he had every reason to wish Howgill dead. I was quite congratulating myself on finding such a clear-cut case, until I spoke to the

second. Imagine my dismay when I found that he had as strong a motive, if not stronger. The third, too. Indeed, every man and woman in that room had reason to wish Oliver Howgill harm, and what's more, from what I can see, every one had a chance to do it too. One was a rival in business, another in love, a third bore a grudge from many years ago regarding a book which he believed Howgill used as a veiled attack on him, a fourth was hampered by Howgill knowing some inconvenient information about her which, if revealed, would have caused her reputation severe damage; not blackmail, for money never changed hands, but a situation ripe for crime nonetheless. And I must find which of these is the guilty party -- well, short of clapping the lot in the cells, I can think of no way of differentiating between them."

"Who are these six?" asked Holmes, taking out a small pad of paper.

"Four men and two ladies, they are. Henry Stanley, the author, whose house this is; Peter Ross, the noted expert on handwriting -- graphology, he calls it; William van Ronk, an importer of goods in quite a big way; and the Hon. Edward Alcaster, cousin of the Earl of Lincoln, and a diplomat in Her Majesty's service. Then we have Miss Christine Wrightman, Stanley's fiancée; and the sixth is Miss Isobel Yelland, who I hear is one of the brightest young things about town."

Holmes noted all this. "And they were playing at the time of the actual murder?"

"Indeed they were. The board was in the drawing-room. I suppose you'll want to see it?"

"If we may. Come, Watson," said Holmes, as a constable gestured us through.

The drawing-room was tastefully furnished, with a large, stylised map of Europe taking pride of place in the centre. Inspection revealed the board to carry several small wooden pieces representing tiny fleets and armies. To the side of the board there lay a pile of small pieces of paper which Holmes scrutinised with care. "Excellent!" he observed. "The moves are intact." He read these papers with intense care, though to myself and Gregson they seemed no more than gibberish.

"What can you tell from those, Holmes?" asked Gregson peevishly. They can have no bearing on this crime."

"Quite the contrary, my dear Gregson," retorted Holmes, laying them down again with a smart motion. "I already hold the key to quite half the case. Or perhaps one-third," he qualified, seeing Gregson and myself both astounded. "I need to be sure, though. I believe the dead man was playing England?"

"So I believe," said Gregson, checking his notes.

"Excellent! Let me see your notes on the questioning, if I may. Now, I see that Howgill was found to be dead after the moves for Spring 1903. Van Ronk made the unhappy discovery. Hum! He was the first person to negotiate with Howgill for the next season. So whoever was the last person to negotiate with him in the previous one may be presumed to be the murderer."

"I'm afraid you're wrong there," said Gregson with a hint of smugness. "You see, Mr Holmes, if that were so, how could Howgill submit his orders for the season just past?"

"An excellent query, Gregson," mused Holmes. "Solve that and you have the criminal in your grasp."

"And you have, Holmes?" I asked with some incredulity.

"Of course." With which words he once more perused the notes.

After a short silence, he spoke again. "Miss Yelland would thus seem to be vindicated, for she was the last to speak to Howgill. Nevertheless, I would quite like a word."

Miss Yelland was duly shown in. "May I ask one question, Miss Yelland?" Holmes stated. Without waiting for a reply, he continued "You are on good terms with Mr Ross?"

"We are friends", came the considered answer. "Certainly no more, nor has anything improper ever --"

"By no means did I imply that," Holmes hastened to state. "But you were allied in the game?"

"As it happens, we were -- but is this reason for suspicion to fall on myself or him?"

Holmes inclined his head. "If I may have a word, Gregson?"

Leading Gregson and myself back into the parlour, he stated "There is the other half of the solution. Lady Isobel is, I fear, an accessory to murder; the murderer is, though, Mr Ross, and it pains me greatly to say that of a man so skilled in his field -- indeed, one whose research has often complemented mine. You wish further explanation?"

Needless to say, Gregson and I both did.

"The key," Holmes started, "was to realise that Howgill was dead after Autumn 1902. He never handed in moves for Spring. Those were done by Ross, using his skill with handwriting to create a facsimile of Howgill's. An idea with merit, but one clue gave him away. The Spring 1903 moves read, inter alia, 'F(NTH)-NWS'. Perusal of the earlier orders shows that Howgill's preferred abbreviation for the Norwegian Sea was NWG.

"No, Ross it was who did away with Howgill, trusting that the others present would be sufficiently engrossed in their discussions to overlook any cry he might make -- a perfectly reasonable assumption given the fascination of this game. The spot was well chosen for an instant death and the best chance of silence; our Mr Ross is no fool. Having done this, at a signal to Miss Yelland, she approached Howgill and made the appearance of negotiation with his corpse, doubtless taking the opportunity to re-arrange him in his chair were it necessary to conceal any mark. The moves were read out, and the next season began; Mr Van Ronk made the discovery, and the murderer's tracks are concealed from obvious inspection. Not, however, from my objective approach.

"Now," he concluded, "I observe that the evening is not yet far advanced. Gregson, may I leave the formalities of arrest and questioning to you? I fancy that when Miss Yelland is confronted with the truth, she will not long attempt to defend her part in this affair. Watson, I perceive you are sorely in need of a decently sized repast; if we depart now, Mrs Hudson's dinner should greet us on our arrival at Baker Street."

"How the deuce," I exclaimed, shocked even more by this deduction than by his seemingly effortless detection of the criminals, "did you work that out?"

"Perfectly simple, my dear chap. When you're in a room where murder has been done, and your gaze is fixed not on the site of the crime nor on any other evidence, but on the remains of the buffet on the sideboard, it takes no genius to deduce that our recent strenuous activity has left you pining for a decent meal at home. Ah, I think I hear a cab outside now. Did I detect the odour of roast mutton in progress as we left our rooms? I thought so."

## The Future of the Hobby

Hobby recruitment can be divided into three types: Jehovah's Witness, Catholic and Mormon. So far, all recruitment either carried out or discussed has been of the first variety. That is, interesting strangers in our activities.

I would like to discuss the second variety.

The hobby is a pre-dominantly male environment. Many of these men have children, but anyone who devotes any space in his zine to talking about the little angels is derided for running a "baby zine". By contrast, men who show a high level of dehumanisation by preferring to completely separate their family life from the hobby (except for occasionally complaining about the time/expense involved in living with a woman and child(ren), or using their status in this area to attack sexual deviants within the hobby), receive no such negative feedback.

Well, I believe that the hobby as a whole should become more welcoming to children (given, after all, that they are the most numerous group of games players on this planet). This could be done in several ways.

Firstly, conventions. Purists/cynics will argue that a certain level of sophistication/corruption is necessary in order to play an adequate game of Diplomacy, and I would agree, but there are other games. Jenga and Suppenkaspar, among others, spring to mind as being suitable to children of all ages. I was introduced to Suppenkaspar by Steve Guest; enough said.

Additionally, some of the more complicated games are playable by children among themselves, even if adults could play rings round them in a mixed-age game.

For the smaller children, a creche could be provided. This would enable more women to get to conventions, leading to a snowball effect where more families came along, and children stayed interested in games as they grew older, and stayed in the hobby. This may well free the more decent hobby male, such as Ian Harris, to come to conventions at all. Such men hesitate to simply dump the kids on the wife and bugger off for a long weekend taking the bank balance with them. Even if, to continue using Ian as an example, his wife didn't want to come, he could take Samantha (who plays Diplomacy) to the con, thus making it fairer to leave his wife in charge of the other kid.

I realise there are several objections to these ideas. The most obvious will come from men who would like the hobby to be a clubhouse with "no girls" written on the door. Well, I just hope they're a small minority, because there's nothing I can say that would make them see women and children as valid human beings; they can have their clubhouse, and I'll have one too whose door reads "no bloody sexist dickheads". (Little bit of right-on-ness there, my name's Ben Elton, goodnight). A more sophisticated version of that objection would come from those who say that there is no call for such facilities. Well, I can only give my own experience in sf fandom (the larger conventions) and the bisexual community, and say that if a creche (or children's programming) is provided, or even offered, the need for it follows shortly afterwards. (The same applies, incidentally, to facilities for the disabled, but that's another article).

Oh, and "providing a creche" does not mean inviting a woman onto your committee for the purpose of dumping all responsibility for the creche onto her. Neither does it mean providing an empty room and expecting women to bring all necessary toys and furniture and stay in the room to look after the kids.

I shall be very interested to read the responses of the various cons' committee members who read this (Walkerdine, Agar, Bate....)

Secondly, postal gaming. Older children have been known to come into the hobby independently, and acquit themselves well against older players, Toby Harris being the example that immediately springs to mind. Postally, the power imbalance between children and adults is less noticeable, particularly if the child can disguise his/her unformed handwriting by the use of a typewriter or WP.

There are many hobby members with children in an agegroup to play postal games adequately, but as far as I know, Samantha Harris is the only such child to do so. Why?

I'm prepared to put my time where my mouth is on this one. I'd be happy to run a game, preferably of Diplomacy, for hobby children. I would be the first to admit that I know little about children over the age of 3 months, and so leave it to individual children or their parents to decide whether they're old/mature enough to play. Due to the impoverishment of most children, it may be necessary to play Gunboat or some other non-diplomacy game, to cut down on the postage costs.

Before any Tom Tweedy-alike throws up his hands in horror, I should add that the game would be run by flyer. While I don't personally believe that sexual ignorance, so attractive to abusers, is a useful trait in the young, I would prefer to neither find myself watching my subject matter, or be subject to hobby adults taking offence on behalf of their youngsters.

I would envisage the game being as cheap as possible: free to kids whose parent(s) already get U-Bend, postage cost for others.

Copies of this article are available without attached U-Bend for parents who are interested but don't want the kid asking what sadomasochism is. Without this paragraph, too, come to think of it.

Oh, and Mormon activity? Ask and ye shall receive, sweetie pie, ask and ye shall receive.

~~~~~  
stichomythia
the letter column

John Breakwell Our wedding went fine - we managed to get it all the way we wanted.
Woodley I made the buffet in the morning whilst Sue was out having her hair
 and face made up. The marriage ceremony was at 2pm and all relatives
and friends invited were on time. We waited in a room before Sue and I were led away to
confirm our details and cough up the money. Then we all went into the registry office
and had the ceremony. Sue and I couldn't help laughing because of our nerves. Also
amusing was the fact that the registrar was cross-eyed so I couldn't tell who he was
talking to because he was looking at both of us! Afterwards back to our new address for
the buffet. A few hours later we were whisked off to the railway station. Four hours
later we reached Saint Austell in Cornwall for a long weekend. We didn't see much -
Thursday we were too shattered; Friday was spent cliff walking and looking around the
port and museums of Charlestown; Saturday was off to a theme park further down the
coast (via train and buses); Sunday we stopped off at Plymouth on the way home - the
place was open on Sunday because of the tourists and this was our best day.

You mean you can't legally bugger women? Oh dear...

Well, I've failed again to order in Armstrong. I seem to be going through that phase of finding other parts of my life more important than the hobby which I thought would never happen. Well, in reality other people like Sue tend to encourage me to take life more seriously. This means I'll be dropping out of zines left, right and centre once the games I'm in are finished (or I can pass my place onto a standby). Sigh.

Joy Hibbert With hindsight, I took too much Entonox, and wasn't able to fully
Stafford appreciate the second stage, or retain enough brain function to
 stand up to the midwife's fear of a natural third stage, which is why
it was over an hour after the birth before I was able to join you in SCBU, and why I
had to stay in hospital an extra day.

Try not to get into this culture-wide pattern of saying babies are more trouble than they actually are. He's certainly a lot easier to cope with than I had expected, and it's a great shame that people have to belittle the indescribable happiness that (wanted) babies bring. Perhaps this happens because we fear overpowering emotions.

I may, of course, speak differently when he gets to the walking around wrecking things stage...

Re Edmund's letter, naming is one of the fun things about having cats (and, in past times, about playing RPGs), but it's too much of a responsibility with a kid. I mean, a cat isn't going to refuse to visit you in your old age if you call it Sappho Vita Radcliffe Bond-Hibbert, but a daughter might.

Is John McCoubrey schizophrenic or merely confused? He starts his letter "I don't support gay rights" and ends with advocacy of "more love... heterosexual or otherwise". Possibly he's been influenced by anarchofascist thinking and believes that gay rights involve something more than simply decent treatment for homosexuals. Not that I'm suggesting he's anarchofascist himself, merely that it's easy for an ordinary person to be overwhelmed by their propaganda on the subject of language.

Going back to Ian Harris' question about the perception of pain, one reason why animals don't seem to feel pain in childbirth is that they don't perceive it as something someone's done to them. I realise that I'm extrapolating from a sample size of one, but something that came up over and over again in antenatal classes was the idea that women in labour start to perceive the pain as something that is being done to them by the man who impregnated them. Something else that came up over and over again was the perception of the women that they were fools to have allowed this to happen to them. I didn't feel this way, and think I could have controlled the pain with even less analgesia if I'd known it was labour (ie nothing the matter) rather than a digestive complaint (ie something the matter).

What I really want is a social science undergraduate or similar to do research into this. What it amounts to is that lesbians, and other women who have a child for themselves rather than for a man, have less pain in childbirth.

Re Ian's question about disgusting habits, surely the answer is that he's wrong. It's social pressures that make us feel ill thinking about any of these practices. I am reminded of a Shakespeare quote, to the effect that if you drink something and find a spider in the bottom, you throw up, but if you didn't know about the spider, it doesn't bother you. Some of it is a question of terminology: 'sniffing genitals' sounds disgusting, 'oral sex' less so, for example. People rarely catch diseases from oral sex (or urolagnia, for that matter, though coprophagy is more problematical). Animals eat the waste products of their unweaned infants and come to no harm because said infants don't have any diseases except those transmitted from the mother. Having said that, I

prefer to live in a society with plenty of running water, babywipes and nappies...

I remember an article I read once about a children's ward in a hospital where the nurses were suspected of stealing the patients' fruit juice. For some reason, no accusations could be made, so they got round the problem by serving the juice in containers designed for the collection of urine samples. The children, being not fully socialised, knew that drinking out of these was 'naughty', and thus enjoyed the juice more. The nurses, being fully socialised adults, felt unwell at the thought of doing so. This is an interesting tale, because if even nurses, who deal with more strange excrement and understand more about sterile conditions than the rest of us, still have this gut reaction to anything associated with waste products, it shows how strong the conditioning is.

[[Onto more recent letters:]]

Fiona Campbell I finally persuaded Mike to let me do a Celtic cover for Sidewalk
Aberdeen and what happens? The zine folds. I don't suppose you'd want to use
 it? It would mean altering your logo for an issue so it would fit in
with cover. That's why it took so long persuading Mike to let me do one. It's one of my
best covers.

Tomorrow night I'm off to play role playing games with a bunch of guys, two of whom are
in my class at college, and one of them is GMing. When I told the GM off for having to
ask permission to take a female along he replied "well, we're all male chavinist pigs",
which is a bit hard to argue with.

[[Personally I wouldn't try, just find another group. There ought to be a society
at any institute of education these days.]]

Andy Cox Hope this missive finds the whole family well and getting enough
Swindon sleep. Could never see the point of babies meself - totally
 knackers your social life and keeps you up till all hours etc. In
fact I calculated that, being 31 now, if no more sprogs were born from now on then
enough people already exist to keep the infrastructure going until I'm too old to care
(except of course I'm going to live forever, haven't quite worked out the details yet
but I'm quite prepared to die trying!!)

Speaking of living forever - I may need that long before I see another issue of The
Laughing Roundhead. It's all very well continuing the Dip and RR game by flyer but what
about us poor sods who were addicted to postal Snap! Somehow I feel that Duncan is
fated to another year at the bottom of the Zine Poll. I duly voted you 0.1 (or
whatever) as requested last year but unfortunately I wasn't a subscriber at the time so
I don't think it counted, even though I had read several of your zines via Duncan
Adams.

[[Mr Adams has NMRed this time and there are reports that TLR has folded good and
proper. If the promised autumn relaunch doesn't show soon it won't be autumn any
more, either...]]

Alan Parr How could there possibly be so many games I'm no good at?
Tring

Jeremy Tullett Dear Ratbag, Please find enclosed a cheque for further issues of
Weymouth U-Bend. ('Ratbag') is the usual form of words for responding to
 rude requests for more money. The editor should not take it
personally).

David Oya
Banbury

Thank you for your sad pathetic feeble excuse for a zine. Here's a sad pathetic feeble excuse for a letter.

It seems that you're very easy to confuse these days. I'll put it down to the shock of parenthood. From now on I'll try to make sure I don't cunningly conceal anything in the dark recesses of the intergalactic void that is a disk wallet. Lucky you found the disk really. I'll enclose a hardcopy of the game reports this time, for your comfort and convenience.

[[Yes, the truth is out; David's missing orders from last time turned up inside the disc wallet where he'd tucked them, as I prepared to send the disc back to him. This is quite up to my usual standard, you know.]]

Gary Lyon
Great Yarmouth

Haven't been on holiday (properly) this year so treated myself to a couple of days of London including a visit to the chess at the Savoy. Very impressed by the presentation: individual headsets with GM commentary. Much better than other games I've been to where the only analysis was in a room down a long corridor which meant lots of dashes, losing a good seat and unnecessary noise in the auditorium. By the time you get this letter the match will quite possibly be over (indeed I hope it is due to a bet I placed last week) but its been good to have all the tv attention.

Mark Wightman
Oxford

I liked the poem From Stygian Depths - it's very applicable. I play most of the mentioned sports, and am often injured. That's life.

Joy Hibbert
Stafford

Why does the Zine Poll ballot always come out when U Bend is in a slump? Or, to put it another way (presumably), why is U Bend always in a slump around October time?

Re John Harrington: the midwives at our hospital are quite hot on keeping doctors out unless it's an emergency. This is probably necessary, or the consultant would take over quicker than you could say 'operative delivery'.

And what does his wife say about a rematch?

Here's a quote from U Bend B:

"credit box (T = trade, red figure = cough up, stingy)".

I was not in charge of credit control in those days. When I took over, I merely adopted the form of words used previously.

Rob Moore finally fails to agree with me, or even be in the same hobby as me. He claims there is "overwhelming pressure" against racists in the hobby. This is the same hobby where Arfle recently vilified the Race Relations Board (or whatever they're calling it these days); at least two of TCP's letterwriters celebrated the victory of the BNP; and so did someone else, but I can't remember where. Not to mention the hobby icon who considers anti-racism more oppressive to racists than getting their houses burned down is to blacks. No names, since he gets so hysterical if his name's mentioned these days...

Re this study of male urination patterns that Rob mentions. Well, he presumably did his research by hanging around in public toilets (presumably having cleared it with the police first), and got funding from whoever it was funded the friend of a friend doing research into the back rooms of gay establishments in Amsterdam. That brings a new meaning to the expression 'participant observation' doesn't it?

[[What a short letter, Joy. Aren't you feeling well?

[[I don't think Rob gets too many other zines -- U-Bend is obviously enough to satisfy most of the lad's urges in this area.

[[I can honestly say that I would not hang around in public toilets for any reason (No, dear, not even that one). Unless I was paid seriously excessive amounts for doing so like-the-pretty-pollce. They are cold, malodorous and generally unpleasant, and I avoid them whenever I can.]]

Nicholas Parish Have some cash 'cos U-Bend is a good zine which I wouldn't want to
Oxford stop seeing just because I have no time to start any games therein
 just now. I've just put you third in the Zine Poll, below Dolchstoss
and Spring Offensive. Ah well, it's 1.30am and I'm sitting in my room having just
finished work, listening to 'Painkiller' by Judas Priest and contemplating going to
bed. After all, I have a 12 o'clock lecture tomorrow and so it will be an early start.
Do you miss student life?

[[Do you really have to ask?]]

GRAND POETRY COMPETITION

I appear to have started something with last issue's colophon and reprint. Now come on, people, did I or did I not specifically say that U-Bend was hereinafter to become a dumping ground for failed epigrams, limericks, jingles and other witticisms? There's only one person in the lobby who can write poetry well, and that is Steve Howe (see the latest YDdG if you don't believe me). Negotiations are being made to lure the fellow into a regular feature here.

However, I am a kind and warm person (no, really I am) and am loath to wound people's feelings by spurning their little offerings. So for this issue, and this issue only, we have a poetry page. To enliven it, we'll turn it into a contest: match entrant to eclogue in order to win a grand prize. This should not tax y'all too much, on reflection, so the prize will be correspondingly meagre. But you may as well enter anyway. Crumbs, the heights to which I can rouse a crowd when the Muse is upon me. (I had a Muse upon me once and nearly got arrested, you know).

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1) I say
I'm gay.
But why?
I'm bi. | 2) There was a young fellow called Bond
Who dreamed up a zine called U Bend
He wrote some bad verse
Though I'm sure this is worse
Perhaps we can get this zine banned! |
| 3) He thought he saw a Dippyzine,
With games and press and chat.
He looked again and saw it was,
Just <u>U-Bend</u> on the mat.
"Oh that's alright", he quickly said.
"We don't mind more of that!" | 4) From the hobby I should be barred
Alas, alack, I've NMRd
At the risk of tautology
I'm sorry about this, my apology |

A: Rob Moore

B: Andy Cox

C: Richard Walkerdine

D: Haz Bond

Oh, and regarding the fourth one, if you can get a poem to me by Friday morning, you can phone in your orders on Thursday night. It might be too late, I make no promises, but on the other hand, you might not have to apologise. It's always worth including late orders on spec; I'll accept them, at your own risk, if I have yet to adjudicate.

oimoi, peplegmai kairian plegen eso
the games section

Missing Games

Luton: Not yet received from Paul Slade, though he swears it's in the post. Since he had one (1) set of orders come deadline, I hardly feel this is his fault. It will be included as a flyer or mailed separately, whichever.

Armstrong: Attempts to ring Geoff have so far proved fruitless. If it comes before the zine's done it too will ride with it as a flyer.

Alekhine: I have an unexplainable and peculiar reluctance to GM a game with two sets of orders out of a possible six. Geoff Brown and Alan Coulthard are the good guys. Whether or not the four baddies come through, I shall adjudicate next issue.

DREDD

Diplomacy 91DC

Spring 1911

Austria invaded, French caught in traffic jam

AUSTRIA (Allan Gordon, 3 Forest Avenue, Chingford, London E4 6AR)
A(Boh)-Gal, A(Rum) S A(Boh)-Gal, A(Pie)-Ven, A(Gal)-Bud, F(AEG)-Con, F(Nap)-TYS,
F(ION) S F(Nap)-TYS, A(Bul) S F(AEG)-Con, A(Tyr)-Pie, F(Tus)-Pie.

FRANCE (Peter Dunnett, 328 Old Road, Clacton-on-Sea, Essex CO15 3NU)
F(Edi)-Cly, F(NTH)-Edi, F(Den) S F(Bel)-NTH, F(Bal) S F(Den), F(Eng)-IRI,
F(Bel)-NTH, F(Bre)-MAD, F(WMS)-GOL, F(TYS)-ION, A(Mar)-Pie, A(Mun) S A(Ber)-Sil,
A(Kie) S A(Mun), A(Ber)-Sil.

ITALY (Toby Harris, 6 Durham Terrace, Silksworth, Sunderland SR3 1BW)
F(Tun) S French F(TYS)-ION.

RUSSIA (Vick Hall, 100 Landor Road, Clapham, London SW9 -- COA)
F(Con) S A(Smy), A(Smy) S F(Con), A(Ukr) S A(War)-Gal, A(War)-Gal, A(Pru)-Lvn,
F(Swe) S F(NWG)-Nwy, F(NWG)-Nwy, F(SKA) S F(Swe), F(Lpl)-Cly, A(Sev)-Rum.

Retreats Austrian F(ION)-Alb

Press

Tunisian Fleet-Ginger Berk: Let's see how fast you can run after a good old kick in the bollocks.

Russia-Austria: To be honest if France wins that's too bad. Duffing you up a bit is going to be much more fun.

Gunner 1-Gunner 2: Your thinking is about as negative as George Graham's! I'm not surprised that you didn't have the balls to write after your last season's debacle... falling on your sword, would have been the decent thing!

The Gingerbread Man: Bobbing down the track, he stopped at the sad sight of Ol' Tatty Bear slumped with his head in his paws. "Well, get you", said Ginge, not unkindly, as he took in the toothless jaws and the broken claws, "whatever happened to 'fearsome'?" Ol' Tatty groaned. "Leave it out, asshole. I got problems." Ginge nodded. "Like a plague of frogs?". Tatty snarled, gummily. "No! -- like bleedin' ginger biscuit crumbs in my hair!".

Judge English - Enquirer: See house rule 16 -- if signing over long-term, authority must be renewed every game year.

XIMENEZ

ANKARA (John Miller): A(Ukr)-Mos.
 BELGIUM (Peter Ritchie): A(Bel) H.
 BREST (John R Todd): F(MAD)-Bre.
 BULGARIA (Vick Hall): A(Bul) S Serbian A(Rum)-Ser (nso).
 DENMARK (Peter Dunnett): F(Ber)-Kie.
 EDINBURGH (Denis Jones): F(ENG)-Bre.
 HOLLAND (anarchy): No units extant.
 KIEL (Duncan Adams): NMR! A(Mun), F(Kie), A(Hol) H u/o.
 LIVERPOOL (John Morgan): F(Wal)-Lon, A(Yor) S F(Wal)-Lon.
 MARSEILLE (Guy Thomas): A(Gas) S A(Bur)-Par, A(Bur)-Par.
 NORWAY (Toby Harris): F(Pic)-Bre.
 PARIS (Damien Cosgrove): NMR! A(Par) H* u/o
 ROME (Alex Richardson): A(Tyr)-Tri, A(Ven) S A(Tyr)-Tri, A(Rom) S A(Ven).
 SERBIA (Mike Clark): A(Rum)-Sev.
 SPAIN (Edmund Morgan): F(Gre) S Bulgarian A(Bul), F(ION)-AEG.
 SWEDEN (Stephen Agar): NMR2! = anarchy. F(SKA), F(Swe) H u/o
 TURKEY (Neil Duncan): F(Smy)-AEG, A(Con)-Bul, F(BLA) S A(Con)-Bul
 VIENNA (Allan Gordon): A(Bud)-Rum, A(Ser) S A(Bud)-Rum, A(Tri) S A(Ser),
 A(Vie) S A(Tri)

WARSAW (Peter Charles): A(Stp) H, A(War)-Ukr.

Retreats Parisian A(Par) dies

Build Centres Marsailles nominates Spain for his and instantly puts it to good use.

Adjustments

Ankara:	Sev Mos	= 0	n/c	Belgium:	Bel	= 1	n/c
Brest:	Por	= 0	n/c	Bulgaria:	Bul	= 1	n/c
Denmark:	Den Par	= 0	HF(Den)	Edinburgh:	Lon	= 0	OUT
Holland:	Hol	= 0	OUT	Kiel:	Kie Mun	Per Hol = 4	3 isht nbn c
Liverpool:	Lpl Edi Lon	= 0	HF(Lpl)	Marseille:	Mar Spa Par	= 3	+F(Spa/sc)
Norway:	Bre	= 0	n/c	Paris:	Par	= 0	OUT
Rome:	Rom Nap Ven	= 0	n/c	Serbia:	Rum Sev	= 1	n/c
Smyrna:	Smy Con Ank	= 0	n/c	Spain:	Tun Gre	= 2	n/c
Sweden:	Swe Nwy	= 0	n/c	Warsaw:	War Mos StP	= 2	n/c
Vienna:	Vie Bud Tri Ser Rum	= 5	+A(Bud)				

Press

Neil-Edmund: You're a long way from Spain me laddo?

Strauss: I give up ... what a load of tossers!

Brest-Mars: Sorry for lack of communication - snowed under by OU exam - ok now.

BREYER

RAITA (Steve Guest, orange): 2a) (T9)-T13; 2b) (T13)-Hyderabad; (Q9)-Hubli-D10;
 2c) (D10)-N10-N11-L12-L13-Bangalore. 20+6+6+6-1D = 37

MGO (Jeff Cattle, blue): 2a) (A64)-C63-Raipur-C61; 2b) (C61)-Nagpur; 2c) (C58)-F59-
 Jabalpur-H59-(T23)-S23 20+6+6+6 = 38

IRATE (Peter Charles, green): NMR! 2a) (K66)-Varanasi; 2b) (I71)-Jamshedpur; (K67)-
 Patna; 2c) (Bhagalpur)-O72. 26+6+6+6-5(NMR) = 39

DIPSO (Duncan Adams, red): 2a) T:2-N11-X11; 2b) X11-Y12-A51-B51; 2c) B51-D52-Indore-H52
 20-19E+1R = 2

ERRRR (David Oya, purple): 2a) (fune)-W9-V6; (W9)-Y10; 2b) (Y10)-C52; 2c) (C52)-D52-
 Indore-H52; (V3)-U9. 26+6+19D = 51

Still nothing from Peter Charles, so neutral builds and a 5 point fine. Wake up at the back there. Builds for next round are 4 - 2 - 5.

BROKEN FACE Breaking Away [GM David Dya]

Turn 1

RC	Sq	Cyclist
1	14	Knackered
4	13	Happy
5	12	Leeding Pack
6	11	Rally Splash
7	10	Huffed
8	9	Puffed
9	8	Stuffed
10	7	Mutton Jeff
11	6	Poltergeist Pete, Eileen Dover
13	5	Gremlin Griff
14	4	Skeeve, Gauss, Satan Sam
3	3	Vampire Val, Aahz, Hilbert, Bashful
7	2	Tanda, Sleepy, Noether
10	1	Euler, Grumpy, Gleep

MYTH Inc (Mark Stretch)	Math Mode (Stuart Dagger)	Spooky Spokes (Bob Holliday)
Skeeve 11, 14, 15	Euler 5, 9, 10, 15	Vampire Val 3, 7, 8, 12
Aahz 3, 7, 15	Gauss 6, 14, 15	P'geist Pete 7, 11, 12
Tanda 3, 7, 15	Hilbert 3, 5, 12	Gremlin Griff 6, 9, 13
Gleep 5, 10, 10	Noether 5, 7, 9	Satan Sam 5, 7, 14

Dwarves (Mick Haytack)	Windy Fios (E Ainsworth)	Boston Brakers (A Coulthard)
Happy 1, 1, 4, 15	Huffed 7, 10, 10	Leeding Pack 1, 5, 5, 12
Grumpy 9, 10, 15	Puffed 8, 8, 8	Rally Splash 4, 6, 10
Sleepy 7, 7, 11	Stuffer 5, 7, 9	Mutton Jeff 6, 7, 10
Bashful 3, 5, 8	Knackered 1, 1, 1	Eileen Dover 4, 6, 11

Agrajag: RC = Replacement Card. Sq = Square occupied. Happy's '15' was missing from the last report. Sorry about that. [[It fell victim to the crease on the duplicator -- HRB]] The field strings itself out in a visually pleasing fashion. Certain cyclists seem eager to live up to their names. And the turn 1 rule catches out some people, though square 1 turns out to be rather a good bet.

Z I M M E R

Sopwith T216UB

Turn 6

And the sound of weapons was suddenly stilled

Pilot	Starts	Moves	Ends	A :D :P
1 Red Byron	B7/NW	RT,RT,A	D10/E	06:01:08
Alex Richardson				
3 Florence	K15/NE	A, RT, A	M18/E	08:01:28
ACE Rob Cullender				
6 Boring Boris	B6/E	LS, LS, A	C9/E	09:08:15
Ian Harris				

Clouds moved northeast to: (G13-G14-H14):(K9-K8-J7):(N16-M15-L14):
(D9-E8-E9-F8-F9):(P13-P14-Q15-Q16):(M19-N19-O19-M18).

Press

Boris-Byron: Sorry about that slight unpleasantness last turn. You realise the other bloke, the Ace, is off to get repaired, don't you? GEDDIM!

Judge English: Florence suddenly finds herself menaced by clouds; can she escape them? Are Byron and Boris really in cahoots now? Tune in next issue....

Only half a game

Race Results

- 22) 13-25 Reading - Thame: No entrants. Offered again.
- 23) 51-64 Dunstable - London: STUPID 20-2, IDLE 10, FERGIE +2.
- 24) 63-16 London - Slough: IDLE 30-4, MOD +1, FERGIE +3.
- 25) x5-34 The East - Chesham: STUPID 15, IDLE 15.
- 26) 32-56 Beaconsfield - Hatfield: STUPID 30.
- 27) 22-44 Oxford - Buckingham: IDLE 20, STUPID 10.
- 28) 45-x6 Bletchley - Shopping: No takers here either.

Races for round 11 (enter 22 and 28 plus up to 4 new ones, build up to 4 physical):

- 22) 13-25 Reading - Thame
- 28) 45-x6 Bletchley - Shopping
- 29) 52-53 Luton - Hitchin
- 30) 35-23 Rickmansworth - Oxford
- 31) 63-16 London - Slough
- 32) 14-x4 Maidenhead - The North
- 33) 46-43 Linslade - Bicester
- 34) 21-65 Abingdon - London
- 35) x1-31 The South - High Wycombe

Builds (IDLE's should have read (A63)-C62)

- IDLE (Ritchie/red): A19-B18
- FERGIE (Moore/purple): NMR!
- STUPID (Stretch/brown): None
- MOD (Cattle/blue): NMR!

Running Totals

- 154 +71-2 = 233
- 183 +5 = 188
- 307 +73 = 380
- 130 +1+1 = 132

Judge English: Look, guys, if you really want Mark to gain the world record for highest score, just say so and quit messing about, capische?

YAVILLAND

Last desperate rush for London

- TBNS/blue (John Colledge)*: 6a) (K8)-I9-I10; 6b) (I10)-H9-G10-F9; (J7)-I7; 6c) (I51)-I53; (F70)-G71. -5 +7De+4Dr-4S = 2
- RADAR/purple (Paul Slade): 6a) (H18)-H21; 6b) (H21)-J22; 6c) (J22)-A65. 64 +3De = 67
- SACK/orange (Steve Guest): 6a) (I56)-I55-J54-J53; 6b) (J53)-I53-I52; (A42)-N1-M2; 6c) (I52)-K51; (M2)-Horslam. 79-7De-1Dr = 71
- DEAD/black (David Oya): 6a) (E47)-F46; 6b) (Horsham)-L1; (F46)-G46; 6c) (G46)-J44-London/L45. 74-3R-7T = 64
- DRUNK/khaki (Duncan Adams): 6a) (K52)-K51; 6b) (K51)-K47; 6c) (K47)-L46-London/L45; (J10)-G9. 24-4T+1S = 21

* = orders amended by GM; you were only at I51, John, not I52.

Races (enter up to 4, build up to 12 physical points)

- 1) 23-64 Margate - London
- 2) 56-55 Reigate - Tunbridge Wells
- 3) 15-36 Hastings - Sheerness
- 4) x6-16 X-Channel - Bexhill
- 5) 61-41 London - Shoreham
- 6) 43-24 Brighton - Ramsgate
- 7) 35-x1 Maidstone - Seaside

Press

DEAD-TBNS: Alright John, you talked me into it. Don't spend those points all at once now.

THREE COUNTRIES OCCUPY ITALY: Shame Italy not one of them
Germany reclaims Vaterland

AUSTRIA (Peter Dunnett, 328 Old Road, Clacton on Sea, Essex CO15 3NU)
A(Ber)-Sil, A(Mun)-Tyr, A(Sil)-Boh, A(Ven)-Tri, A(Ser)-Rum, A(Rom) S F(Nap),
F(ADS) S F(Ven)-Tri, F(Nap) H u/o.

ENGLAND (Edward Ainsworth, 4 Park Avenue, Bedford MK40 2JY)
F(Nwy)-BAR, F(Edi)-Yor.

FRANCE (Ian Harris, 3 Abbotside Cl, Urpeth Grange, Chester le St, Co Durham DH2 1TG)
F(NTH)-ENC, A(Lon)-Wal, A(Bur) S German A(Ruh)-Mun, A(Mar)-Pie, F(WMS)-TYS,
F(GOL) S F(WMS)-TYS, A(NAf) S Italian F(Tun) (ordered to move).

GERMANY (Mark Stretch, Flat 23, Stevens Close, Woodstock Road, Oxford OX2 6JW -- COA)
F(Swe)-Den, F(BAL)-Ber, F(Hol)-Kie, A(Ruh)-Mun, A(Bel) S French A(Bur).

ITALY (Keir Hodgson, 2 Leeds Old Road, Thornbury, Bradford BD3 8HT)
F(Tun)-TYS.

TURKEY (Mark Underhay, 65 The Chase, Holland on Sea, Essex CO15 5PZ)
F(Gre)-Alb, A(Bul)-Gre, A(Con)-Bul, F(IDN) S F(Gre)-Alb, F(TYS)-IDN*, F(Smy)-AEG,
A(Bud)-Ser, A(Gal)-Rum, A(War)-Gal, A(Lvn)-War, A(StP) H.

Retreats Turkish F(TYS)-Tus
Press

Italy-Worlds: I hate playing Italy, always have, which probably explains why I've got it
in yet another game. See you all in the next game!

Austria-All: Christmas is coming. Time to stuff Turkey.

Judge English - Austria: That's an old chestnut.

E-F: Letter was a little late!

Game End Proposal went down, 2 pro, 2 contra, 2 abstentions. Not repropoed.

PEPPER

Sopwith T178UB

Turns 17-22 inclusive!

Can we see the action replay on this?

Basically, Retaliator lands onturn 17 and Atsuko likewise on 18. Each reloads and
repairs to the maximum 8 damage (see houserule 15). Ret then takes off on Gamma at turn
21, and 22 looks like this:

Pilot	Starts	Moves	Ends	A :D :P
<u>Retaliator</u>	D1-E1	A, A; LT	G2-H3	16:08:02
1 ACE	Mark Wightman			
<u>Atsuko</u>	S10	Sits tight	S10	16:08:26
5 ACE	Dave Lomas			

Clouds finish at: (F15,G14,G15):(K17,K18,L18):(L11,L12,L13):(O18):
(O15,O16,P14,P15,P16).

CAPABLANCA

Sopwith T207UB

Turn 3

That's more like it

Pilot	Starts	Moves	Ends	A : D : P
Intimidator	G5/SE	A, A, A	J5/SE	14:12:00
1 Jeff Cattle (NMR!)				
'Ginger' Rogers	E12/E	LS f-A&L, A, I	G15/W	12:08:05
2 ACE John Miller				
Algae	F15/W	LT f-A&R, RS, LT f-L	F13/SE	10:07:04
3 Andy Cox				
Sky Tripper	Q14/SW	A, A, A	Q11/SW	13:12:00
4 Duncan Adams (NMR!)				
Wizard Prang	S16/NE	LT, LT, A	P14/W	16:11:00
5 Geoff Brown				
Depraved Round-	M6/E	LT, LT, A f-A	K7/NW	15:12:00
6 head Splatterer	John G McCoubrey			

Clouds moved East to: (N15-O14-O15-P14-P15):(I9-J9-J10):(G11-H10-H11):
(I3-H2):(N10-O11-P12-O10):(C7-D7-D6-E6)

Press

Algae - Roundhead Splatterer and Skytripper: Sorry chaps, I'm a bit busy at the moment.
Keep yourselves amused till I get there.

Algae - 'Ginger' Rogers: I say old bean, have you seen Boggles and Bertie?

Roundhead Splatterer - Intimidator: Okay, let's rock...

Boba Fett - Imperial Stormtrooper: Put Captain Solo in the cargo hold...

DUZ-CHOTIMIRSKI Beat the Black Ball

Round 3

Late guesses pay dividends

Dave Lomas:	Marble 1 sec,	Black Ball 43 secs
Joy Hibbert:	Marble 30 secs,	Black Ball 110 secs
Alan Coulthard:	Marble 50 secs,	Black Ball 78 secs
Mark Stretch:	Marble 57 secs,	Black Ball 120 secs
Martin Draper:	Marble 58 secs,	Black Ball 118 secs
Alan Farr:	Marble 60 secs,	Black Ball 120 secs
Peter Dunnett:	Marble 60 secs,	Black Ball 120 secs
Ian Harris:	Marble 70 secs,	Black Ball 120 secs
Edmund Morgan:	NMR!	
Rob Moore:	NMR!	
John R Todd:	NMR2! (You forgot, didn't you, Todd?)	

Let's see now. 827/8 = 103 and a bit seconds, and on top of that Mark Stretch jogged the funnel to delay it a further five. 108 seconds! If this were f-t-f people would have gone to sleep by now.

Anyway, running totals (* = funnel nudged)

+19:	Harris	+8½: Parr, Stretch*, Dunnett*
+18:	Coulthard	+5: Moore
+12½:	Hibbert	+3: Todd
+10:	Lomas, Draper	-1: Morgan

CACTUS

Railway Rivals (Oxfordshire) [GM David Oya]

Turn 1

- BLOTTO (Duncan Adams, green) 20 +6 -5(NMR) = 21
 - a) (Carterton)-H24-H22; b) (H22)-J21-M23; c) (M23)-EYNSHAM-P23
- BRASENOSE (Haz Bond, brown) 20 +6 = 26
 - a) (Bicester)-X16-Z17-ARNCOTT-Z20; b) (Z20)-Z22-W24; c) (W24)-V24-Oxford[43]
- ISIS (Steve Guest, orange) 20 +3 = 23
 - a) (Chipping Norton)-H11-I11-J11-L10-M11; b) (M11)-P12-MIDDLE_BARTON-P14;
 - c) (P14)-P17
- PUFF (Bob Holliday, purple) 20 +12 = 32
 - a) (Henley)-G91-SONNING COMMON-C89; b) (C89)-B88-B84; c) (B84)-BENSON-Y33
- STUPID (Mark Stretch, blue) 20 +9 = 29
 - a) (Banbury)-F8-Q9-Q10; b) (Q10)-Q13-MIDDLE_BARTON-P14;
 - c) (P14)-P16; (F8)-ADDERBURY
- CIDER (Fiona Campbell, red) 20 +18 = 38
 - a) (Shrivenham)-G34-FARINGDON; (G34)-H34; b) (H34)-K36-M35;
 - c) (M35)-GROVE; (L35)-WANTAGE
- PRACTICE (Alan Parr, black) 20 +18 = 38
 - a) (Chinnor)-D76-C77; b) (C77)-A76-WHEATLEY-X27; c) (X27)-OXFORD[43]-OXFORD[42]

Agrajag: Pencil in Duncan's builds as they may be removed if he doesn't order next time. (Turn 2 orders can be made conditional on whether or not this happens.) Duncan, I know you're working an 80 hour week but surely playing Railway Rivals is more important than earning a living. Have you no sense of priority? Fiona wishes it to be known that she's changed her surname to Campbell. All your orders were clear and unambiguous but could I ask that you split your builds into three sections, each corresponding to one of the three dice rolls. The rolls for turn 2 are: 5, 2, 6.

Fiona - Duncan: How is it that when I'm playing a game in a zine you get you're nearly always playing in it as well? ...or is there something else besides chance involved? Are you out to dog every move I make and generally try to stab me in the back? Tune in same time same zine for the next instalment.

Agrajag sez: Crikey! Is this the start of a riproaring blood and thunder apocalyptic press saga feud type thang? We await Duncan's rebuttal with baited breath, clenched extremities and slightly damp undergarments.

BRASENOSE - Agrajag: You might have made it clearer that each hex of Oxford counts as a separate town for points purposes.

URQUHART

Sopwith T215UB

Turn 10

Biscuitharrel's future not promising

Pilot	Starts	Moves	Ends	A : D : P
1 <u>Ginger Rogers</u>	B8/SW	LS, LS f-A&L, I	D7/NE	05:07:30
ACE John Miller				
4 Lord Biscuit	F7/NW	A f-A, A f-A, RT	D8/NE	05:03:06
Barrel Mike Clark				
5 <u>Vic Rattlehead</u>	K15/E	A, A, A	N18/E	05:08:06
ACE Rob Moore (NMR!)				

Clouds head off northeast to: (I12-J12-J13-K13-L14):(E2):(L6-M6-M7):
(C10-D11-D12):(I8-J9-J10-K10):(N13-N14-Q12-Q13).

QUINCY

Time Lords Dip III? 91BS rd??

Spring 1908

34 centres fought over by just 17 temporal units!

ENGLAND (John Wilman, 2 Keillor Cottages, Kettins, Blairgowrie, Perthshire PH13 9JT)
F(Nwy) S F(Lon)-NTH, F(Lon)-NTH. A(Lon W A07)-Edi. A(Bel W S07).

FRANCE (RJ Walkerdine, 6 Honeybourne Way, Wickwar, Wotton-under-Edge, Glos GL12 8PF)
A(Edi)-WARP, F(Por)-MAD, A(Bre)-Pic, A(Mar)-Bur.

GERMANY (Steve Doubleday, c/o The Old Vicarage, Bruntcliffe Rd, Morley, Leeds LS27 0JZ)
NMR! A(Rom) H u/o. A(Edi W S07)-Kie. A(Par W S07).

ITALY (Rob Moore, Flat 2, 132 Otley Road, Far Headingley, Leeds LS16 5JX)
NMR! A(Den), A(Par), A(Ven), A(Hol), A(Tri) H u/o. F(Gre W S06), A(Ven W A07).

RUSSIA (Peter Ritchie, 241 Days Lane, Sidcup, Kent DA15 8JX)
A(Vie) H*, F(Rum)-Sev*.

TURKEY (Edmund Morgan, 22 Meadow Road, Sutton, Surrey SM1)
F(Sev) H, A(Bud)-WARP-Vie*, A(Bul)-WARP-Rum*, A(Gal)-Sil, A(Ser)-Bud, A(Smy)-Con,
A(Con)-WARP, A(Ank)-WARP.

Retreats Viennese and Rumanian units die of anti-matter-itis.

Draw proposal Vetoed by a single NAY and five abstentions!

Judge English Nothing at all from Rob, and while Steve sent a temporary COA (as above, to end of Feb '93 [sic]) there don't seem to be any orders with it.

EUWE

Diplomacy 93??

Gamestart

Hurrah, just when I thought I wouldn't have a 1993 game of Dip we manage to scrape seven names together, so off we go. This is the rogue's gallery:

AUSTRIA: John R Todd, 70 Alfred Road, Dorchester, Dorset DT1 2DW

ENGLAND: Mark Stretch, [home] 2 Over Mill Drive, Selly Park, Birmingham B29 7JL
[term] Flat 23, Stevens Close, Woodstock Road, Oxford OX2 6JW

FRANCE: Keir Hodgson, 2 Leeds Old Road, Thornbury, Bradford BD3 8HT

GERMANY: Fiona Campbell, [home] The Manse, Munloch, Ross-shire IV8 8NL
[term] 75 Powis Terrace, Aberdeen AB2 3PY

ITALY: Martin Draper, 124 Lord Street, Hoddesdon, Herts EN11 8NP

RUSSIA: Tim Neale, 33 The Towers, Stevenage, Herts SG1 1HE

TURKEY: Bob Holliday, 39 Peterborough Road, Portsmouth PO6 3LB

Statisticians should note that Germany has played several times before under her previous surname of Campbell-Jack. A mixture there of old-ish lags (despite the tender years of some) and faces relatively unknown to me. Get cracking on your diplomacy, folks, and good luck. You shouldn't need a double deadline with the relatively long Xmas one coming up, so be dears and don't ask.

Max Euwe was Dutch, and chess world champion from 1935-7. I know how to pronounce his surname, but I'm not telling you, ha, ha.

BEECHING

STEVE GUEST is not just the first but the only one to find anything up with last issue. Once more I'm withholding the goodies till he gets his finger out and sends me VT -- I've had a gamestart there pending since last Christmas.

CHESS

Game III (me white): 1) e4 : e5
2) Nf3 : Nc6
3) Bb5 : a6
4) Ba4

Your Replies: f5 x6, Bc5 x5, d6 x4,
Nf6 x4, Ke7 x2(!), b5 x2, f6 x1.

My Response: 5) d4 (have at you!)

Game II (me black): 1) Nf3 : Nf6
2) g3 : g6
3) Bg2 : d5
4) c4 : Bg7
5) cxd5 : Nxd5
6) O-O : c5
7) Nc3 : Nxc3
8) dxc3 : Qb6

Your Replies:

Qa4+ x6, c4 x3, b4 x3,
Qc2 x2, e4 x2, Rb1 x2,
Qd5 x2, Qb3 x1, Re1 x1,
Nd2 x1.

My Response: Nc6

Position: R1B2RK1/PP2PPBF/2P2NP1/
Q7/2p5/1qn3p1/pp2ppbp/r1b1k2r.

Remember, you can all play; send up to three choices for the readers' next move ranked in order of preference.

QUISQUILIAE IN VERSO

Zine poll ballots should be enclosed herewith. If you don't vote me 10 I shall come round and ravish you cruelly in the middle of the night. Or not, as the case may be. Iain B states that this will be his last poll if all goes well. We can reveal that the new custodian is to be....?

Ode has produced a fine 150th issue with John Marsden letting himself go rather more than is his usual habit. Get it for 90p from 33 Weston Road, Strood, Kent ME2 3HA.

Sidewalk is reported folded without trace and/or looking for a home to take it as a subzine, depending on who you believe. Britain is thus without a 3-weekly zine for the first time since I joined the hobby.

The Laughing Roundhead is also reported folded in many places, but whether these pronouncements are 'official' I doubt.

Both Electric Monk and Mission from God are horribly overdue. So is VT, though unlike the other two, it's not produced by Andy and Madi Key.

That was the hobby news. Now here is Peter Dunnett with the weather forecast.

No formal editorial this issue again, but since I seem to have managed a prodigious output of other writing both serious and light, you should be able to manage without. I'm quite amazed at my level of self-discipline. I never used to be able to get anything typed up in advance. Thanks must go to Joy for her usual copytyping and to the usual band of idiots who sent stuff in. We can accept contributions on 3.5 or 5.25 inch discs (ASCII or WPS1 format) if the fancy takes you, you know.