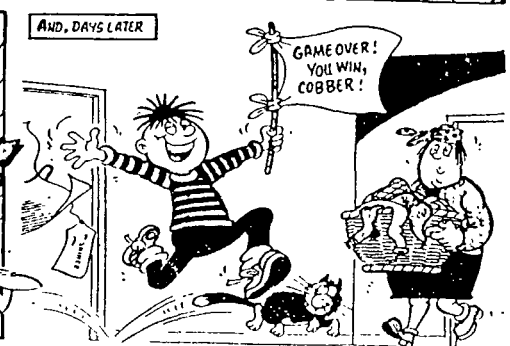
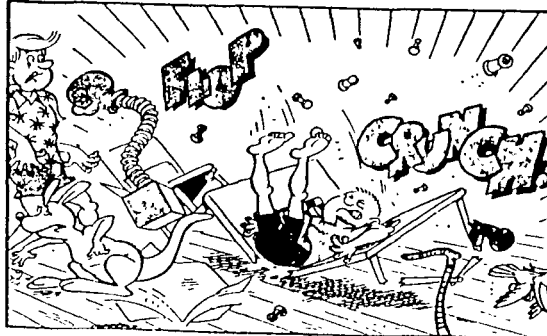
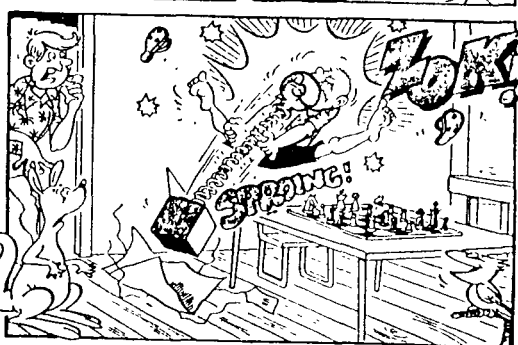
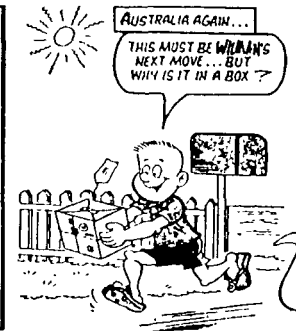
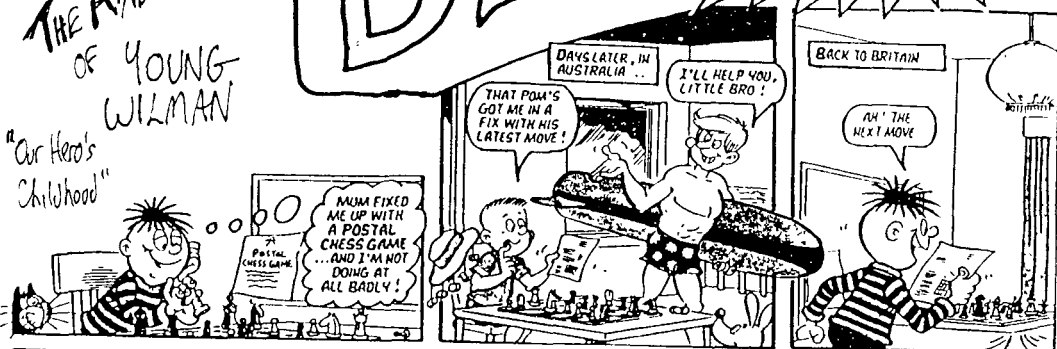


# UP AND AROUND THE BEND

GOOD CLEAN  
HEALTHY FUN  
FOR BOYS & GIRLS

THE ADVENTURES  
OF YOUNG  
WILMAN

"Our Hero's  
Childhood"



ISSUE FORTY

NOVEMBER 1996

I got rhythm, I got blues,  
Heartache, backache, new suede shoes

## UP AROUND THE BEND 40

This exercise in applied lunacy comes back to haunt you just when you thought it was safely pinned down with a stake well and truly through its little paper heart No such luck, kiddo

**Sandra Bond, 33a Albert Road, Southsea, Hants PO5 2SE**  
**(phone: 01705 851716 home, 01705 200888 ext. 767 work)**

I have come to the conclusion that my life and state of consciousness are such that I can no longer promise any regular production schedule, so as of now, U-Bend is no longer a 5-6 weekly zine, it is an as-and-when zine, *but* you have the strict promise from me that there will always be another issue along in a wee while I will under no circumstances just vanish and fold without at least telling my loyal readers In the meantime, I will continue to sting you 50p plus postage per issue, and if anyone doesn't like this that's just too bad I will, for what it is worth, still be aiming at 5-6 weekly (thus I shall try to do another issue this year) but y'know what life's like

I have now produced as many issues as *Mica*, the first gameszine I ever received I've probably done it faster than Dave Rowley did too, despite my recent turnaround problems

*deadline: friday november 22nd (all games)*

('Debaser' orders to David Oya, 24 Kingsway, Banbury, Oxon OX16 9NY)

*waiting lists:*

DIPLOMACY Allan Stagg\*, Warren Gillham\*, John Miller\*, 4 wanted still

FUTURE TENSE DIP Edmund Morgan, John Boocock, Bob Holliday\*, Colin Smith, 3 wanted Two seasons played per year, and you have to guess where your bits will be after the first -- conditional orders not allowed!

RAILWAY RIVALS On the Malta map designed by Ryk Downes Ryk's up for it, 3 more wanted

POSTAL HUNT-THE-THIMBLE [GM Fiona McArthur] Sandra Bond, Fiona Campbell, Robin ap Cynan, Ryk Downes, Louise Auty, Bob Holliday, Chris Dickson, Colin Smith Room for up to two more

VARIANTS See 'Cynic' and 'Dot' inside No takers for standby positions yet, but they are still available for the asking (Ed Morgan?)

### *THE NAUGHTY LIST*

An ancient Chinese proverb states that it is very unlucky indeed to fail to read this collection of people whose subscriptions are running low, especially if your surname is Jones Mind you, it is also very unlucky indeed to pay too much heed to proverbs, superstitions, and shibboleths, as Stephen Fry points out, because it is very unlucky indeed to be a complete idiot Anyway

INSUFFICIENT CREDIT TO COVER NEXT ISSUE Guy Thomas, Jeremy Tullett, Colin Smith, Craig Jones, Martin Walker

NOW IN DEBT Steve Howe, Denis Jones, Alan (Nottm) Coulthard, Geoff Brown, Chris Jones, Tim Deacon

GOODBYE TO Peter Ritchie, Rob Moore, John Todd, Bob Gingell

# CINÉMA-VERITÉ WITH CHRISTOPHER M. DICKSON

(otherwise known as the lettercolumn)

*for reasons which will shortly become all too apparent The stage is yours, Chris, but remember the seats are ours* (© Spike Milligan, 1955)

**Chris Dickson** Dear Sandra, Nice to see you at Manorcon again Thanks for your accommodation offer -- if I'm ever in your neck of the woods (unlikely), I may well take you up on it  
**Middlesbrough** Oh yes, non-apologies for what I did at Manorcon I'd do it all again next year -- you have been warned  
**(but see later)**

*I have no idea what Chris is talking about in this last sentence*

**Chris expands** A bit of a rant about trains is called for I'm somewhere between Leeds and Preston at the moment -- the last stop was Hebden Bridge I'm off to Cumbria for the weekend to see mates for a spot of video-making fantasy live role-playing of a sort I'll explain a little more some day, maybe

I get back in the early hours of Monday morning and 9 20pm on Monday I leave via overnight coach for the USA *[[Not, presumably, by this means of transport throughout]]* Start in LA for a small convention of game show fans, return home from Atlanta on the 26th Getting from one to the other will be fun -- I had planned a road trip with a friend in Dallas, but he had to withdraw his offer at the last minute  
Anyway, I digress

(Burnley) My original planned train journey was Middlesbrough - Darlington - York - Preston - Millom with short change pauses at Darlington, York and Preston, but it all went wrong at Darlington First, two juvenile delinquent pre-teen yobbos, who had been aggressive and foul-mouthed all the way from Middlesbrough, started fiddling with door switches on another train standing in the station A conductor rushed up and tackled the yahoo After a minor brawl, the conductor applied a neat headlock and marched the blighter off to the Transport Police -- a result, I'd say

Then the East Coast main line service was 12 minutes late at Darlo -- bad as my connection allowed me 15 minutes and York is a big station I asked the conductor for advice and he tried to hold the York - Preston train up at York Of course, they wouldn't I was given the advice to change at Doncaster instead, one stop down the line I got off there, asked for further advice (I write this departing Blackburn) and they said "Sorry, we can't get you to Millom Will Barrow do?" Barrow-in-Furness being the last major-ish stop before Millom This is not nearly acceptable and I'm going to try and sting them for a taxi from Barrow to Millom (£20, I believe) They are going to get a major mouthful from me if they don't play ball, and a few extremely nasty letters Two out of three train journeys are really quite good, if costly, I find, but a 33% cock-up rating is far too high Grrrrr

Double gr -- apparently we're about ten minutes from Preston and the Preston - Barrow train leaves in ten minutes' time If I miss that because of another late train there is going to be some serious damage I am in a mean mood Apparently they're going to hold the train at Preston -- they'd better do or I turn nasty However, given BR's record today I am not hopeful You wouldn't like me now

*In the text the word 'mean' is enclosed in a small biro-inked box, which my word processor is unable to reproduce We now return you to our exciting weakly serial*

**Chris goes off the rails (hee hee)** INFINITE-UPLE GRRR! Arrived at Preston at 20 08 just to see the 20 06 roll out of the station "Fortunately" the 19 03 had been delayed to 20 16 (!!) so I caught that instead Well, bollocks to the lot of them Once (if?) I reach Barrow the Duty Manager gets the biggest GRRRRR in the world ever Onto less annoyed matters

*Oh, please don't, Chris, you're so cute when you're angry*

Hope you enjoyed that copy of *Whizzer and Chips* [*which, suitably doctored, should adorn the cover*]. It seems about typical for the time (the cover is a very U-Bendable size) except other issues around then have more adverts for bubble gum, which seems about right for 1987

Some serious issues in the lettercol? Don't know about that. Still, by my calculations you've been a woman for about a year now, or maybe a little more. Certainly the first time I met the Sandra you was at Manorcon '95. Any reflections on your first year as a woman?

*Yes but this margin is far too small to contain them. Maybe elsewhere when Manorcon was the first time anyone in the hobby (possible exceptions being Bowen/Dekker/Kinzett) saw me as me*

Oh, and how long has the Manorcon Saturday night Balti been a tradition? I know you were at last year's OxBalti, but have ones been organised before that?

*Errr... don't think so, but then up till last year Stretch and Parish were usually the only Oxonian representatives at Manorcon. However, half the convention usually goes for a Balti on Saturday and have for years (see Hopscotch, passim)*

Right, I'll finish this later

(Barrow, waiting for taxi) Noooooo problem! Said duty manager was very calm and helpful, and no baring (sp?) of teeth was required at all. In fact, it was almost disappointing, as I was up for it mentally and prepared to state my case clearly and calmly. All's well that ends well, albeit rather late, I guess. Quite a calm journey through 25 miles of Cumbrian coastline at night -- a nice £30 bill for BR East Coast. Well, they've lost money on my ticket already, and that serves them right.

*Shame, shame. I was quite looking forward to reading of how Chris went 'Grrrr' in the face of Barrow station manager, and was idly wondering whether he'd growl back, run away, or call the vet with a rabies injection.*

*I suppose I have to let someone else into this letter column other than Chris, so*

**Alex Richardson  
Hitchin**

Sorry about this, but I've managed to get a piece of pink rock from Dorset stuck to the front of U-Bend 39 and it doesn't blend at all well with the yellow cover

**Ed Morgan  
Sutton**

Did everyone have a wonderful time at Manorcon? I was at Phoenix festival that weekend, noise pounding on ears, sun pounding down on back of neck, and more dust and traffic jams than a human frame can bear

I don't want to tempt fate, but U-Bend seems to be settling down to something approaching its old self. Turn-around seems leisurely, but I don't feel we need to send out the search parties -- I'm confident it will turn up after a month or so. You're probably getting your zine out faster than Ian Harris now!

*There speaks a man with common sense. With my current turnaround I have to depend on quality rather than quantity*

**Allan Stagg  
Bletchley**

I particularly liked the cover -- all your own work?

**Ian Harris  
Chester le Street**

Wow, great cover! I love this kind of stuff. More, please

*Oops I nicked it from the SF fanzine Empties (reviewed here a few issues ago) and forgot to credit cartoonist Tim Goodrick*

**John Breakwell  
Reading**

From the second level dataflow diagram for the Create Fax system it can be seen that FaxReady comes from the Temporary FaxReady store This datastore is added to by each of the system functions The dataflow diagram also shows that each contributory dataflow (Location, Address, etc ) must themselves receive input from the user at some point The relationship between the dataflows is shown in the entity-relationship diagrams for the system

*which I shan't attempt to reproduce I do approve of people who use the back of scrap paper to write their orders on, even when I can't understand the other side it makes my life more entertaining*

**John Wilman  
Perthshire**

Shopping List Packet soups, bananas, soy sauce, Gaviscon tablets (tube), Anadin (pot), wholemeal rolls, breakfast cereal, orange juice, milk, lemon barley water, bacon, eggs, mushrooms, cheese Tuesday 23rd July, 1200 Area 3, Ninewells, see Dr Morrison (between Keyhole Kate and Gift Shoppe)

*and when I can understand them, it proves useful in odd little ways, such as knowing what to lay in should John Wilman ever come to stay with me (Keyhole Kate is, one assumes, the name of a shop, unless John has decided that he really is living in an old comic as per the front cover)*

**John Colledge  
Edinburgh**

On the subject of Glastonbury, did you visit the tor? [*Actually I wrote about my epic ascent to the summit Black mark and re-read it, Colledge*] Denny and I felt we should go because we had read a bit about it It is supposed to be the gateway to Avalon, you know? I don't know if it was the weather conditions (sunny but with dark clouds coming in, and very windy) but we didn't stop long as it gave us both the creeps More like the gateway to Hell!

*If you ascend to a point several hundred feet above the surrounding countryside you are liable to discover that the wind is blowing up your chimney harder than it would at the foot of the hill This is due to geography, not supernature.*

**John Colledge**

There was quite a nice little English Heritage merchants' house in the main street which had an altogether more tranquil feel to it You will not be surprised to learn that I am keen on hippy type things, but I have to say that a lot of the shops left me quite unmoved I guess one grows out of these things Still, I am glad I went

**Tony Dickinson  
Featherstone**

Liked the 'Sandra Goes To Glastonbury' story, quite amusing -- I reckon there's a hippy in all of us, some more than others, and if there isn't a bit of a hippy in you then there should be!

*If I didn't know Tony's innocence better I'd swear he was trying to slip a double-entendre in there*

**Ryk Downes  
Pool in Wharfedale**

We went to Glastonbury last year but were somewhat way out of place!

Tom Lehrer -- John Wilman's quoting from my favourite piece, tho' my favourite line is "Don't drink the water and don't breathe the air" Lehrer's work should be compulsory on the syllabus Most of it is still relevant today He was prophetic with his comments on Reagan Anyway, tomorrow we're off poisoning pigeons in the park

**John Wilman**

Maybe if you want a sensible letter column, you should be editing a different zine

I'm not a Tom Lehrer fanatic, I don't have any of his records, but Fritz 4, the world computer chess champion, is able to quote Tom Lehrer at me. Not only can I smash it with either colour, it doesn't even know the rules! It always turns down draw offers, even when it is losing, then promptly claims a draw by twofold repetition!

Tom Lehrer, by the way, gave up satire when Henry Kissinger was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize for carpet-bombing half of Vietnam, plus extensive tracts of Cambodia. And they still didn't win the war.

*Elsewhere in this issue you will learn that Tom Lehrer is my latest target for a pastiche. Now we are running out of space, so onto the snappetty bits that don't fit anywhere else.*

**Martin Walker  
Cumbernauld**

I don't know if you'll mention that abortion case in the next issue but you do wonder if those pro-lifers would bribe someone with cancer -- "don't you dare kill those cells living and growing in your body, we'll offer you 50 grand if you don't have a

mastectomy."

*This issue has taken so long to get out that I have no idea what 'that' abortion case may be (that one with the multiple pregnancy, maybe?) but you may have a point, you may have a point.*

**Des Langford  
Barnehurst**

By the way, do I owe you some money for a sub? The envelope said £2.24 credit so I assume I'm OK for an issue or two. Let me know when I need to top up.

*All players in 'Cymic' and 'Dot' were credited with £3 sub as some sort of compensation for the way in which I first messed them round when the games were in SpugOff, and then made them change zines in mid-stream. So yes, you're OK, Des.*

*Finally, I would like it to be set on record that Neil Duncan wrote me a long and eminently sensible letter concerning the abandonment of 'Ximenez', and though the passage of time has most likely cooled off the whole matter, I would still like to mention its receipt publicly and make it known that Neil and I are not at daggers drawn any more. I will therefore print most of it.*

**Neil Duncan  
Basingstoke**

Thanks for the latest copy of *U-Bend*. Would I be being too paranoid if I were to read anything into the fact that the vital page 8 seemed to be blank in my issue? I'm sure that it's just a coincidence, but it makes no matter since I read the thing at ManorCon anyway. I think I ought to say something about your cross public service announcement.

*Stephen Agar's copy had a blank page too. I weeded some more out. Blame the printers.*

Agreed, Chaos is probably one of the silliest variants ever designed and there are probably a whole load of other silly games which we all play postally too. We play these because we get some enjoyment out of them, whether it be just for the sake of it, or because we hope to get some specific kind of result. Yes, we should maintain a sense of proportion and not get too serious about it, but I think that you have to have some degree of commitment, otherwise why bother playing at all? In the beginning, I signed up partly because I was curious about the game, but mainly to help out an editor who seemed to have a daunting task ahead. I duly diplomed like a good player and relatively speaking did quite well, I thought.

To my mind, I had gotten all the enjoyment I was going to get out of the mechanics per se, after all, it has more or less reached the stage of a Standard Dip game now. To get any further enjoyment, I would have had to play on for a result. I kind of set my heart on giving Allan Gordon a good slapping, (OK, a run for his

money since I think he would have done me over double time) The sudden disappearance(s) of *U-Bend* really have had a devastating effect on the game and I don't feel that it's worthwhile playing on

If Guy Thomas is really going to get some kind of 'buzz' from winning this one, then good luck to him, his game playing criteria are obviously different from mine but that's fair enough Perhaps you should consider stand-bys for myself and Allan, just to give Guy a bit more of a challenge?

*Lord, you're cruel, Neil I don't think I could bear the thought of running the game any more, and I have a feeling that Guy would veto your suggestion anyway on the quite reasonable grounds that, to alter the usual argument, "Chaos II is a game between thirty-four players, not thirty-four countries"*

I hope you're not suggesting that I have tried to pass myself off as a 'paragon of editors' because I most certainly haven't I do attempt to provide a decent service for my readers, but I am well aware that I get it wrong from time to time My quibble with you re Chaos was that you appeared to make no effort to keep the players informed about the state of play re the zine As a zine ed, I was in a better position than most to pick up something on the grapevine, but I heard nothing back at all I feel that some sort of note or something, to *SpOff* perhaps, could have been quickly pread across the hobby and may have done much to placate some of the more excitable ones among us I too hope that disruptions in my real life don't have an effect on my hobby activities, but who can tell? I will just have to do my best to minimise the problems if I possibly can

*I can't recall whether this letter was written before or after Neil was whisked into hospital with appendicitis and produced TCP bang on time nevertheless. As a matter of fact, various zines did print letters from me in the hiatus promising another issue soon -- I recall OMR for one, and I think there were others too I did tell Steve Agar, but he either failed to believe my promises or else declined to print them Anyway, I don't think a personal note delivered with a bunch of flowers would have stopped Allan Gordon (for it is surely he to whom you refer) from flying off the handle and at my throat*

**Neil Duncan** I am impressed that you remembered about the Adverts tape, because I certainly hadn't I would like to continue to get *U-Bend*, as I find it an interesting and enjoyable read I hope that you won't mind if I don't play in it

*Sure thing Did you see the TV Smith interview in October's Record Collector magazine? I used to like getting and reading TCP though I didn't play in it, but that, I suppose, is my funeral If at any time, Neil, I am producing a zine which you deem as fit to trade TCP with, you have only to ask and the trade will be resumed. I somehow can't see that happening in a hurry, though*



*Quick item of hobbynews missed elsewhere it would seem that Keith Smith's promised zine has achieved some form of corporeal being, though as he hasn't sent me a copy I can't comment further save on the aspects mentioned elsewhere, which are remarkable. Seems Smiff has turned out the first issue of Who Me? complete with seven players listed in an invitational gamestart . . . except that he never actually bothered to RSVP the players beforehand, and at least one (Richard Williams, quelle surprise) has taken violent and vociferous exception in Dolchstoß and elsewhere to being thus shanghaied I dunno, maybe it is all a guormous hoax after all But you can no doubt find out for yourself by applying to Keith at 32 Burdett's Road, Dagenham, Essex RM9 6XZ*

*the mice  
are back!*

*from stygian depths*  
THE REPRINT FEATURE

*Another dip into the world of science fiction fanzines, though yet again a piece comes up which has at least a tangential reference to gaming. Dave Langford may even be a familiar name to some of my readers -- he used to read some zines of the Tringham Birks Palfrey axis, and of course was book reviewer for White Dwarf in the days when it had anything worth reading in, not to mention other columns for computing magazines. A couple of SF references may bear explanation, though they are probably self-evident. Chuck Harris is an old-time SF fan -- his Dippy equivalent might be Stephen Agar -- whilst Harry Warner is an even older one, as 'twere Richard Sharp.*

**FIZZ! BUZZ!**

*by Dave Langford*

*(reprinted from TRAPDOOR 6, 1986)*

Chatting recently about timeless values of human culture such as the price of booze, I had a moment of feeling desperately old. In a relative sense Chuck Harris remembers with a gloat how he achieved beer bloat for only half a groat or a quarter of a goat, and doubtless Harry Warner's early memoirs record the first hairy eofan rubbing two yeasts together and crying "Eureka! I've invented hangovers!" My own sense of crabbed antiquity comes when young fans hear with open disbelief my senile reminiscence of "When I started drinking beer, this stuff was one and fourpence a pint."

It wasn't "this stuff", of course, but some foul fizz served in the pothouses of South Wales to schoolboys who didn't know any better. Knowing better and making my lemon-sucking face at the mere memory of the bouquet, I mused that even at 7p a pint I wouldn't fancy the muck now -- though one does pay thirteen or fourteen times as much for something very similar in the average convention hotel. Then memories started trickling back. Proust sailed into the wastes of lost time at the remembered nibble of a biscuit, but Langford is made of sterner stuff. The remembered taste of iron filings. *In beer veritas.*

There would be half a dozen of us in these smoky pub sessions, all from the now vanished Newport High School, thrown together by vague friendship, throbbing absence of girlfriends, and the natural human urge not to be at home with one's parents. Long evenings of this noble if negative pursuit had to be got through, it was my ever-evil pal Dai Price who introduced the familiar and direly hazardous game of Fizz-Buzz.

If you are very lucky, you won't have met it. Semi-drunken cretins sit in a circle, counting in turn, clockwise round the ring "One" "Two" "Three". At five, and every multiple of five, the current sucker must instead give a stentorian cry of "Fizz!" At seven, and its multiples, the word is "Buzz!" and the order of play reverses direction. Anyone failing to make the right noise at the right time must take a huge swig from his beer (amateur rules), drain the glass and buy another (tournament rules), or knock back any drinks in front of him and buy a round for the entire party (insane idiot rules).



Well, it beat South Wales's two permissible conversational topics (women (deeply frustrating since none of us knew any) and rugby (even more frustrating since, precociously beer-raddled, we couldn't play the national game without wheezing and falling over))

There was actually a weird satisfaction in doing this daft business right, "the solemn intoxication which comes of intricate ritual faultlessly performed" (thus Dorothy Sayers on bell-ringing -- except that the ritual wasn't *that* intricate, and even the double thrill of "Fizz Buzz!" at multiples of 35 failed somehow to reach orgasm levels)

Thus Dai and I concluded that the "game" lacked intellectual challenge, at least until so late in the evening that remembering one's name also began to present difficulties on the order of Fermat's Last Theorem. Tentatively we started attaching electrodes to the hitherto sluggish rules. One early experiment, which even the thickest of the gathering could handle, was to assign "Oink!" as the, er, buzzword for all multiples of 3. Dai soon developed a particularly obscene "Oink!" whose mere enunciation came under the heading of gamesmanship. The rotten corpse of the game began to twitch slightly.

"Burp!" for multiples of 11 was the next remorselessly logical addition. By now some of us were sweating, concentrating intently, and falling over a great deal sooner than of yore (see above, under Tournament Rules). Then came a quantum leap into genuine mathematical abstraction. "Clang!" was what you had to say each time the count reached a prime number. (After savage debate, the dogma of pure mathematics was cast aside and I was ruled to be a prime.) It was around this stage that I stopped remembering petty things like closing times or how I'd got home afterwards. Sanity was finally eroded by the two-pronged introduction of "Pow!" for perfect squares and "Zap!" for powers of two. Was 1 a perfect square? (Yes.) Was it a power of 2? (We decided that  $1=2^0$  was a special case and didn't count.)

By now, the alert and intelligent reader will have realised that there were no sodding landmarks. Pale, strained faces lined the table, suddenly trying to follow a count which began not 1 2 3 4 but "Clang Pow!" "Clang Zap!" "Oink Clang!" "Pow Zap!" (There was some arcane rule about the order in which one had to pronounce these shibboleths, but this luckily escapes me.) And it was a supreme moment of triumph if, swaying and incapable, we successfully galloped into the straight with "Oink Buzz!" "Burp!" "Clang!" "Oink!" "Fizz Pow!" and, at last, the first number in our counting system which came through in clear. "Twenty-six!"

I have never quite worked out what the other pub regulars thought of us, but they used to look worried.

The suggestion of "Ping!" to mark cubes was perhaps unnecessary. Perfect numbers also received short shrift. The whole thing broke up with a serious Dai Price plan to insert a special term for members of the Fibonacci series ("As you well know, Professor, this runs 1, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13, 21, 34 -- not that *you* need to be told, but we must assume there are some ignorant readers out there.") "Quite, Carruthers. Shut up.") An appropriate term in this context might have been "Argh!" Rather than debate whether I ought now to be intricately coded as "Argh Argh Clang Pow!" owing to its double appearance in the series, we all went to university instead.

I arrived in Oxford, and many splendours and miseries duly followed, but the demented game wasn't so easily escaped -- not merely because I inflicted it on university

SF group fanatics who madly programmed the Nuclear Physics Dept computers to generate all the correct responses up to ten thousand (When I write *Advanced Fizz-Buzz -- the Dungeon Master's Guide*, I'll know where to do the research ) Though in a weird way I owe a lot to Fizz-Buzz, such as a lifelong interest in maths, those nonsense sequences were bloody hard to shake off *Tenser, said the Tenser Tenser, said the Tenser* People claim to have been driven half round the twist by obsession with Charles Hinton's coloured cubes for visualizing the fourth dimension (*circa* 1904) Not being quite up to that intellectually, I still suffered years of fizzes and oinks and clangs running round in my head like mathematically-munded squirrels It didn't even have the vague aesthetic respectability of something like Mark Twain's supposedly unforgettable jingle *Punch, brothers, punch with care! Punch in the presence of the passengere!*

(En route I also invented numerous variants such as Cantorian Fizz-Buzz, played with all the real numbers between 0 and 1, with special grunts for transcendentials -- you go first, thanks, Big Fizz-Buzz, in which anyone reaching the first transfinite ordinal during the course of an ordinary pub session must pronounce the rune "Somebody's Been Cheating!", and, after a crippling attack of Douglas Hofstadter, Self-Referential Fizz-Buzz Incorporating Strange Loops )

The funny noises within my skull did eventually fade away, but as a possible side-effect I seem to have spent most of my working life doing vaguely mathematical things, from doomsday-weapon simulations to back-of-an-envelope futurology This abysmal nostalgic wallow has therefore given me the final answer to those who mumble about wasting time in pubs Placing my hand upon my chest and speaking in manly, resonant tones, I can say "I owe my whole career to lousy bitter and Fizz-Buzz." (Death comes on swift wings to anyone who responds, "What career?") Of course, it's kept me from certain pinnacles, my failure to write *The Hitch-Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy* can be blamed entirely on my schoolday conditioning to think that, for the reasons above, 26 is an infinitely funnier punchline than "Oink Buzz!" I mean, dammut, funnier than 42

CAPABLANCA

Sopwith T207UB

Summary

And dismal reading it is sorry, Dave Tant

A	INTIMIDATOR (Jeff Cattle)	Flew off turn 6 move 2	1 point
B	GINGER ROGERS (John Miller)	WON turn 13 move 1	28 points
C	ALGAE (Andy Cox)	Flew off turn 6 move 3	6 points
D	SKY TRIPPER (Duncan Adams)	Flew off turn 13 move 1	6 points
E	WIZARD PRANG (Geoff Brown)	Flew off turn 12 move 3	2 points
F	D R S (John McCoubrey)	Flew off turn 6 move 2	-5 points

No, not one single kill scored by a bullet!

• • • mice don't fly aeroplanes!

## *I don't know, I've never Kiplied*

Textual criticism in U-Bend? I don't know, there have been stranger topics wrung from my keyboard, as any reader with more than three issues under their belt will testify Besides, I have at least one Kipling fanatic in my audience (wotcher, Steev, and how is married life treating you?)

Well, Fiona has long been a Kipling fan as much as I, and when she saw a nice fat book of his Collected Verse (Inclusive Edition 1885-1926, Hodder & Stoughton 1930) in the second-hand bookshop at the top of Albert Road she snapped it up On opening its pages a newspaper clipping was discovered, bearing a Kipling poem 'never before published'

So, at least, it says but *is* it a Kipling poem? It rhymes, it scans as perfectly as all Kipling's poetry that was meant to scan scanned with nary a false quantity in sight but something about it just doesn't seem authentic to me I could, of course, revert to the begowned scholar and poke around in Portsmouth University Library or somewhere looking for proof one way or t'other, but since I'm always after copy for U-Bend I'm going to reprint the clipping verbatim here instead, and then solicit opinions from those readers who consider themselves knowledgeable (and indeed any who are interested) on whether it's true Kipling, or a good poem anyway, or whatever Reprint commences

### WAR VERSE THAT WAS WITHHELD FIRST PUBLICATION

It is with pride that the *Sunday Pictorial* prints exclusively to-day a newly-discovered Kipling poem. It is our special tribute to the great Empire poet whose death yesterday brought sorrow not only to the Empire, but to the world

"The Sons of the Suburbs" has never before been published It was written in the middle of the war, but publication was withheld.

With all its "propaganda", it yet bears the unmistakable Kipling stamp -- love of country and pride on fellow-countrymen

### SONS OF THE SUBURBS

The sons of the suburbs were carefully bred  
And quite unaccustomed to strife;  
The lessons they learned in the books they had read  
Had taught them the value of life.  
From Erith to Ealing they cherished a feeling  
That battle and slaughter were sin,  
From Hendon to Tooting they didn't like shooting  
And did not intend to begin.  
If the clergyman's daughter drinks nothing but water  
She's certain to finish on gin.

The tribes of the Teutons were otherwise trained,  
And accustomed to bloodshed from birth.  
Their ministers preached and their masters maintained  
That they had only one duty on earth  
And what they were for was sanguinous war --  
The rest didn't matter a damn  
Being also intent upon culture, they went  
For the voters of Wanstead and Ham;  
But reading the name on the tin of the same  
Doesn't give you the taste of the jam.

The sons of the suburbs were firm but polite,  
 Each rose in his place with a gun  
 And a live bayonet to express his regret  
 At the actions of Herman the Hun.  
 It likewise appears they flung bombs round his ears,  
 Which caused a percentage of slain,  
 And finding it sport, I regret to report,  
 They did it again and again  
 If the wife of the vicar never touched liquor,  
 Look out when she finds the champagne

The sons of the suburbs awoke to the fact  
 That fighting has points of its own,  
 As giving a spice their existence had lacked  
 So they rarely left Herman alone  
 They were young it is true, and the business was new

But youth is the key to all arts  
 That's why a beginner's so often a winner  
 At capturing trenches or hearts.  
 If the churchwarden's wife never danced in her life  
 She'll kick off your hat when she starts.

There are things in the breast of mankind which are  
 In darkness and secrecy hid, (best  
 For you never can tell, when you've opened a hell,  
 How soon you can put back the lid  
 Now Herman's annoyed with East Finchley and Croyd-  
 -on, Penge, Tottenham, Bromley and Kew  
 It wasn't their fault they committed assault  
 But the rest - I'll leave it to you.  
 If you and your friend never go on a bend  
 It's Bow-street and gaol when you do

Well, on typing it out I find I may have been premature in saying there were no false quantities in the scansion -- if I had written the poem, in verse 2 I would have written " .that they had but one duty on earth", and in the last line "won't" instead of "doesn't" And the last line but three is a syllable short ("I will leave it to you"?)

It would be nice to find it really *is* Kipling and for U-Bend to be celebrated throughout academic circles as the rediscoverer of a lost verse, but I somehow don't think there's much chance of that



### chess column

This has been submitted anonymously, but reading the letter column may give readers a few clues as to the perpetrator, and the cover may give more

## SILICON STUTTERS

I keep reading that Fritz 4 is the world computer champion I find this hard to believe, as I run Fritz 4 on a Pentium, and at 25 minute blitz it makes all the silly mistakes you expect a weak programme to make -- premature queen development, pawn-grabbing and neglecting the safety of its king Take the following game

White J Wilman (1690)

Black. Fritz 4 ("2500")

1 e4 c6 2 nf3 d5 3 exd5 qxd5? [premature queen development After 3 cxd5 4 d4 nc6 5 c3, white is playing the black side of a Queen's Gambit Declined exchange variation with an extra tempo ] 4 nc3 qh5 5 h3 e6 6 d4 nf6 7 be2 qa5 8 bd2 be7 9 0-0 0-0 10 bd3 rd8 11 ne4 qb6 [pawn-grabbing c7 looks like a more logical square for the queen] 12 qe2 qxb2 13 rfb1 qa3 14 rb3 qa4 15 nxf6+ bxf6 16 ng5 bxg5 17 bxg5 rxd4 18 qh5 g6 19 qh6 nd7 20 re1 rd5 21 rxe6 [Fritz didn't think much of this move, and advised me

to take it back / 21 fxe6 22 bxc6 nf8 23 bf7+ kxf7 24 qf6+ kg8 25 bh6 rd1+ 26 kh2  
qf4+ 27 bxf4 ng6 28 bh6 rd7 29 rd3 e5 30 rxd7 bxd7 31 qg7 mate

It is absurd to suppose that I, or anyone else for that matter, could roll over a genuine 2500 player in this fashion. But by sacrificing two pawns, a rook and two bishops, after tricking the machine out of its book, this allegedly strong program is made to look like a complete idiot. It is clear from other published games that commercial chess programs are nowhere near as strong as they are claimed to be, and I can't understand why international masters and grandmasters have so much trouble with them. Anti-computer chess is alive and well in my neck of the woods.

-- Fritzbuster

*And Fritzbuster appends another game score too, for good measure, with Fritz playing white against a Philidor (which used to be my favourite opening as Black when I used to play chess):*

1 e4 c5 2 nf3 d6 3 d4 cxd4 4 nxd4 nf6 5 nc3 g6 6 f4 bg7 7 e5 nh5 8 bb5+ bd7 9 e6  
fxe6 10 nxe6 bxc3+ 11 bxc3 qc8 12 qd4 nf6 13 bxd7+ kxd7 14 ng5 na6 15 0-0 qc5  
16 re1 qxd4+ 17 cxd4 rac8 18 rb1 b6 19 re2 rc4 20 ba3 nc7 21 bb2 ncd5 22 g3 rhc8  
23 rc1 nb4 24 rce1 nfd5 25 nxh7 rxc2 26 rxc2 rxc2 27 ba1 rxa2 28 rb1 nc2 29 bb2 a5  
20 nf8+ ke8 31 nxg6 kf7 32 f5 a4 33 nf4 nxf4 34 gxf4 a3 35 bc3 ne3 36 ra1 rxa1+ 37  
bxa1 nc2 38 bc3 b5 39 kf2 b4 40 ke2 bxc3 41 kd3 a2 42 kxc3 a1q+ 43 kxc2 kf6 44  
kd3 kxf5 45 h4 kxf4 46 kc4 ke4 0-1



A letter came through the door the other day, fortuitous in the sense that it enables me to fill up this page, but unhappy in other way, from Ian Willey. I'm reprinting it as I know Nick Parish (a TMWNN subber) hadn't had it as of the other weekend, so maybe others won't have either.

### **THE MAG WITH NO NAME**

There is no easy way to say this, but I have decided to stop producing TMWNN. I have a complete copy sitting on my hard drive but with a few new problems occurring of the financial type, I have decided enough is enough. When you are driving a car with two bald tyres because you want to get the zine out first and then you will see how much spare cash you have, you have to be going too far. I do plan to relaunch the zine but as a military and games review zine, taking it most of the way back to the old days, but without the poor layout. It should run to 20 pages or so and will cost 2-3p per page, and run every two months. As I realise that this is not what a fair amount of you would like, I am sending back all outstanding subs, and if any of you would like to see the new TMWNN when it is launched (early next year I guess) just drop me a line and I will send you the first issue free of charge.

*[[for my comments, see hobby news section]]*

*Following the various mentions of Tom Lehrer in this issue's letter column, and an enjoyable evening spent round at Nicholas Parish's playing Siedler von Catan (a game of pure chance) and listening to his cassettes of humorous songs (featuring Lehrer, George Formby, Islanders and Swann, Rambling Sid Rumpo, and for some reason, Little Jimmy Osmond) my fevered brain has spat this one out. No reference is intended to any member of the postal games hobby living or half-dead*

## *dippy brotherhood week*

Oh, the Hardcore hates the Softcore,  
And the Softcore hates the Hardcore  
The sports bore hates the Dip bore,  
It's understandable on the whole

But during Dippy Brotherhood Week,  
Dippy Brotherhood Week,  
Richard Sharp will keep statistics  
On postal hide and seek  
One Hobby for us all  
And it will grow strong and tall  
(But we ain't gonna let 'em in our Poll)

Oh, the chat fan hates the games fan,  
And the games fan hates the chat fan,  
And the this-fan hates the that-fan --  
It's traditional, don't you think?

But during Dippy Brotherhood Week,  
Dippy Brotherhood Week,  
Vick Hall will shut up and he  
May let Chris Palm speak --  
At Midcon we will find  
Birks and Oakes are being kind  
(They'll maybe even buy us all a drink!)

Oh, the Dipzines hate the sports zines,  
And the sports zines hate the Dipzines,  
And the staid zines hate the silly zines,  
And everybody hates Mark Boyle

But during Dippy Brotherhood Week,  
Dippy Brotherhood Week,  
The London Hobbymeet will let  
Mark Stretch into their clique  
If this idyllic state  
Should make you feel irate  
It's only in America, have no fear --  
They'd never make it happen over here!

# SITZKRIEG

## THE GAMES SECTION

TAL

Contract Bridge Diplomacy 95?? ????

Not Spring 1902

I boomed here and sent out a readjudication, but John Boocock missed it cos he was on holiday, and though he nobly tried to send provisional orders to cover it, the circumstances that did occur weren't covered So a holdover it must be, but if John gets in orders swiftly I can try to send out an interim adjudication and have the game back on track This gives a certain player an undeserved second chance to avoid NMRing

☒☒☒☒☒☒☒

OLAFSSON

Railway Rivals (Ireland)

Still not Turn 4

Still nothing from Peter or Bill Bill is given another chance for reasons detailed under 'Quinteros' Peter has NMRed twice in other games and is slung out The game will continue next issue with standbys as necessary

☒☒☒☒☒☒☒

CYNIC

Deluge II (95?? ru??)

Position as of Winter 1902

AUSTRIA (anarchy) A(Tri), A(Tyr), A(Bud), A(Vie)  
 ENGLAND (Stephen Agar, 79 Florence Road, Brighton BN1 6DL) F(NTH)  
 FRANCE (Neil Kendrick, Flat 5, 133 College Road, Moseley, Birmingham B13 9JL)  
     F(PIC), F(MAO), A(Spa), F(ENG), F(Spa/sc)  
 GERMANY (Rosie Sexton, 10 The Avenue, Crowthorne, Berks) F(DEN), F(Edi), A(Mun), F(Kie), A(Ber)  
 ITALY (anarchy) A(Smy), F(AEG), F(Tun), F(Alb)  
 RUSSIA (Jed Stone, 7 Harstoft Avenue, Worksop, Notts S81 0HS)  
     F(Bul/ec), F(Swe), A(Ukr), A(Gal), F(RUM), F(Nwy), A(War), F(Mos/nc)  
 TURKEY (Rob Tesh, 20 Hill Grove Cres, Kidderminster, Worcs) F(Gre), A(Con), F(BLA)

Supply centres currently owned

Austria	Bud Vie Tri Ser	= 4
England	Lpl	= 1
France	Bre Par Mar Por Spa	= 5
Germany	Kie Ber Mun Hol Edi	= 5
Italy	Rom Nap Smy Tun	= 4
Russia	StP Mos Sev War Rum Swe Bul Nwy	= 8
Turkey	Ank Con Bul Gre	= 4 (1 short)

*Judge English: The Post Office kindly returned to me twice a correctly addressed copy of Rosie's issue 39 marked 'Incomplete address', apparently because I missed the postcode off I will try again with this issue Meantime, I have not a single set of orders (not even from Jed Stone who sent them for 'Dot', and should this state of affairs continue I shall abandon the game as a dead loss*

Your queries answered 1) attacks do not wound, they only succeed or fail -- so Cap'n Yid and the Cook are as strong as ever

2) you collect weapons before moving I'll let you get away with it this once since I started the monsters all wrong too and they're stronger than they should be, but in future

3) the welding torch cannot be used except in the same area that its wielder (welder?) occupies (again, I won't be retrospective on this)

4) the baby described as from corridor L in last report was from corridor I

5) the adult from corridor I. moved to corridor G, not the messdeck (2 spaces, not 3)

6) the adult from crew quarters #2 should have read crew quarters #3, though see note 7

7) (I noticed this, not you!) the space to the left of #2 bridge should be #2 sensor, not #2 crew quarters!

Please rename this on your maps, and make #3 and #4 crew quarters #2 and #3 respectively, and #2 sensor (at the bottom) becomes #3 Blame Paul Norris, it was his map

I now have rules and this won't happen again Sorry, all

	Speed	Dice	Con	Start	Player	
Eng Officer (Rab C Nesbitt)	2	1	12	Aft Machine Shop	John Todd, 70 Alfred Rd.	
<b>NMR2!</b>	<i>[Rab will stand and defend himself from now on until he's eaten]</i>				Dorchester DT1 2DW	
Brave Captain Yid	<b>RIP</b>	3	3	27	No 2 Bridge	Colin Smith, 14 Dukes Rd,
Doc (Bones)		4	1	11	Engine Room	Braintree CM7 5UE
Manne #2		3	2	19	Engine Room	Dave Lomas, 6 Ramshaw
Pilot #2		3	1	15	Engine Room	Grove, Adderley Green,
Supply Officer		2	1	11	Bridge #2	Stoke on Trent ST3 5AS
Mascot (Tweety Pie)		4	1	8	Officer's Quarters	
Manne #1 (Mongo)		3	2	19	#1 Fuel Pod	Richard Walkerdine, Whispers,
Tech (Tango)		4	1	11	Forward Sensor	Littledean Rd, Elton, Newnham,
						Glos GL14 1DA
Coxswain (Yar)		3	2	18	Cargo Hold	Louise Auty, 23 Higher Efford
Sparks (Uhura)		3	1	16	Galley	Rd, Efford, Plymouth PL3 6LB
Robot (Leadfoot)		1	4	44	Engine Room	Craig Jones, Flat 2 (1st
Pilot #1		3	1	15	#1 Crew Quarters	Floor), 12 Bath Road,
Medic		4	1	11	Scout Bay	Stourbridge DY8 1SS
Sarge		3	3	21	Sick Bay	Alex Richardson,
Cook		3	1	21	Messdeck	30a Queen St, Hitchin,
Commo Officer		4	1	11	No 1 Bridge	Herts SG4 9TP

Some crew members are noticeably bolder than others this turn Mongo puts his feet up and rests in fuel pod #1, whilst Rab C appears hypnotised by the adult in the aft machine shop Yar, Uhura and the Cook all make their way to the cargo hold and conceal themselves behind various crates, Uhura thoughtfully taking a knife from the galley first

Bones slips out of the engine room and down to #2 fuel pod, and the Sarge heads through the cockpit bay to the scout bay -- I do hope he's not trying to escape all alone and leave the rest of the *Zmatar* crew in the lurch, don't you? The Supply Officer, horrified by the scenes of Captain Yid struggling with the



monster, runs out to corridor I and thence to J, what time the Medic leaves the scout bay, nodding to Sarge, and moves through to the aft machine shop from which such terrible noises have been emanating

Pilot #1 leaves crew quarters #1, via corridor A, and heads for #1 sensor as if he hopes to see home planet ahead (he can't, of course, it's many light years away), and Tango takes the same route in reverse to crew quarters #1 from the sensor. And the Communications Officer leaves the helm, which is against every Space Naval regulation ever drafted, and runs through the officers' quarters and corridor B to the forward machine shop (Heed note 2, everyone -- you may pick up weapons at the *start* of next turn)

Some brave souls are still fighting. Captain Yid realises that his bare hands aren't much use and reaches for the stun pistol, and after a brief struggle with his memory to recall which end he points at the target, zaps it at the attacking monster. Before his astonished eyes the adult shrinks to a baby! [Stun pistol = shrink]

The Mascot wanders into corridor C and takes a determined peck at the adult there, but fails to seriously damage it

Leadfoot stomps into the aft machine shop, providing Rab and the Medic with a grandstand view as he clobbers the adult there (No fire extinguisher available, Craig, as you didn't start the turn with it -- you may collect it from Mango's corpse at the end of the turn). To them, enter Marine #2 and Pilot #2, who attack it with fists and a pool stick respectively. The fisticuffs reduce it to an extremely weakened state, but when the Pilot clouts it with the cue it smashes into three pieces! Rab and the Medic look at each other with resigned expressions [Pool stick = 1 die fragments]

Now it's the monsters' turn. The adults all lay eggs -- one each in #2 bridge, corridor C, and corridor G. Then it's movement time! The three fragments all lay into Leadfoot, but their acidic slime has no effect on his titanium casing, and he shrugs them off like Madonna shrugging off photographers.

The adult and baby on #2 Bridge continue to bash Captain Yid, and they are joined by the adult from corridor G who moves in via the Messdeck. Though as thick-skinned as his crew always claimed he was, even Captain Yid tires under this onslaught and goes down.

The baby from the Atmosphere Probe Control toddles into corridor A, and the adult from corridor C, spurning Tweety Pie as beneath its attention, and scenting the Comms Officer in the machine shop, slurps in there and attacks him. Though a weaking weighing only sixty-eight *fraxfrngns*, he fights back gamely and he survives for the nonce.



## CHESSMIND II

Turn 3

Rule query: yes, my pieces *do* block one another, thus if I had rooks on b1 and c1, and you put a pawn on a1, it would only be vulnerable to one rook, not both

Louise Auty NMR!

Andy Bell 1st pawn (b7) to rook, 2nd not vulnerable, 3rd to knight

Paul Cockayne 1st pawn (c8) not vulnerable, 2nd to bishop, knight, king, 3rd not vulnerable

Craig Jones NMR!

Dave Lomas 1st pawn (g4) not vulnerable, 2nd to rook and king, 3rd square occupied

Martin Walker 1st pawn (d4) to queen, 2nd to rook and king, 3rd to rook

More players are welcome for this game, and you may join at any time. The normal eight black pieces are on the board, which is hidden from you, you have three white pawns, which you place on the board each turn, and I tell you which of my pieces, if any, they are *en prise* to. Your job is to deduce the placement of my eight pieces.

Yes, I *know* there are millions of chess players more famous than wor John, but I simply couldn't resist commemorating the fellow -- he deserves it

This game will differ from 'Reti' in that it will actually be run to the rules *all the way through*, and not just when people complain that I've been making it all up off the top of my head. To save time and energy I'll pinch the setup from 'Reti', though

	Speed	Dice	Con	Start	Player
First Officer	3	2	19	Either Bridge	Fiona McArthur, 33a Albert Rd,
Yeoman	3	1	15	Either Bridge	Southsea, Hants PO5 2SE
Eng. Officer	2	1	12	Pool Room/Engine Room	
Captain Yid	3	3	27	Either Bridge	Andy Cox, 51 Birdcombe Road,
Engineer	2	2	12	Engine Room/Either Machine Shop	Westlea, Swindon
Doc	4	1	11	Sick Bay/Pool Room	SN3 5LS
Marine #2	3	2	19	Pool Room/Sick Bay	Tony Dickinson, 78 Pontefract Road
Pilot #2	3	1	15	Pool Room/Any Crew Quarters	Purston,
Supply Officer	2	1	11	Store/Wardroom	Featherstone, W Yorks
Mascot	4	1	8	Captain's Cabin	WF7 5AP
Marine #1	3	2	19	Pool Room/Sick Bay	Chris Jones, 99 Fitzgerald Road,
Machinist	2	2	14	Either Machine Shop	Liverpool L13 5XB
Tech	4	1	11	Either Sensor	
Coxswain	3	2	18	Mess Deck/Sick Bay	Geoff Brown, c/o Watts Bros, 1st
Sparks	3	1	16	Either Bridge	Floor, 20 Dale St, Manchester
Ops Officer	3	1	12	Life Support/Officer's Quarters	M1 1EZ
Robot	1	4	44	Either Machine Shop	Mark Wightman, 52 Park
Pilot #1	3	1	15	Pool Room/Any Crew Quarters	Road West, Bedford
Medic	4	1	11	Sick Bay/Hospital Ward	MK40 2NS
Sarge	3	3	21	Pool Room/Mess Deck	Allan Stagg, 32 Chepstow
Cook	3	1	21	Galley/Wardroom	Grove, Bletchley, Milton
Commo Off	4	1	11	Either Bridge/Computer Room	Keynes MK3 5NB

Which weapons start where, you ask? #1 Sensor Comms Beamer #2 Sensor Comms Beamer Machine Shop Fire Extinguisher, Welding Torch Aft Machine Shop Fire Extinguisher, Welding Torch #1 Bridge Stun Pistol #2 Bridge Stun Pistol Mess Deck Zgwartz x 2 Galley Knife x 3, Zgwartz Sick Bay Hypodermic Science Lab Bottle of Acid Pool Room Pool Stick x2 #1 Fuel Pod Rocket Fuel x2 #2 Fuel Pod Rocket Fuel Damage Control Gas Grenade Main Cargo Hold Electric Fence

Your first orders are to choose your start locations! If anyone is missing rules or maps, now is the time to shout



*1st Round*

Arthur Tennis-Fyffe [1] {Aus, Allan Stagg} beat Angry Agassi {USA, Mark Stretch} 6-3, 6-0, 7-6

Vic Rackethead {UK, Rob Moore} [NMR!] beat Bjorn Toulouse [5] {Swe, Louise Auty} [NMR!]

6-3, 1-6, 3-6, 7-5, 6-2

Bjorn Bjoris [7] {Swe, Ian Harris} beat David Oya {Spa, Richard Walkerdine} 1-6, 6-0, 6-4, 7-5

Hertz van Rentall [4] {Slv, Chris Dickson} beat Slobodan Robadogobadan {Slv, Bill Eaton} [NMR!]

6-0, 0-6, 7-5, 0-6, 6-0

Jacques de Boule [3] {Fra, John Boocock} beat Adolf Hinn {Ger, Geoff Brown} 6-4, 6-4, 6-3

Chris Trace [8] {Aus, Craig Jones} [NMR!] beat Ten S Elbow {Spa, Colin Smith} 6-3, 0-6, 7-5, 6-7, 7-5

Cavid Doverdale [6] {Fra, Nick Parish} beat Buster Racket {USA, Bob Holliday} 7-6, 7-6, 6-7, 4-6, 6-3

New Balls {UK, Paul Cockayne} beat Axel Bendt [2] {Ger, John Miller} 6-0, 6-3, 2-6, 7-5!

*Quarter-Finals*

Vic Rackethead [NMR!] beat Arthur Tennis-Fyffe [1] 7-5, 1-6, 0-6, 6-1, 7-5!

Hertz van Rentall [4] beat Bjorn Bjoris [7] 6-0, 0-6, 7-5, 0-6, 6-0

Jacques de Boule [3] beat Chris Trace [8] [NMR!] 7-5, 6-0, 6-7, 7-5

Cavid Doverdale [6] beat New Balls 1-6, 7-5, 7-5, 6-4

*Semi-Finals*

Hertz van Rentall [4] beat Vic Rackethead [NMR!] 6-2, 4-6, 6-4, 0-6 6-2

Jacques de Boule [3] beat Cavid Doverdale [6] 6-4, 6-2, 6-3

*FINAL*

Hertz van Rentall [4] beat Jacques de Boule [3] 6-2, 0-6, 7-6, 3-6, 6-0

So it seems we have finally found the way to beat Arthur -- NMR out of the game. Having bummed out twice, Rob Moore is hereby drop-kicked into infinity and a replacement sought. Volunteers should apply to me for details of Vic Rackethead. Bill Eaton would suffer the same fate but for extenuating circumstances explained in 'Quinteros' and 'Olafsson'. Louise? Craig? Please?

John Miller and Nick Parish tried to use too many points and duly had their last set chopped back.

**Draw for the FRENCH OPEN**

Arthur Tennis-Fyffe [1] {Aus, Allan Stagg} vs Slobodan Robadogobadan {Slv, Bill Eaton}

Cavid Doverdale [5] {Fra, Nick Parish} vs Ten S Elbow {Spa, Colin Smith}

Bjorn Bjoris [7] {Swe, Ian Harris} vs Buster Racket {USA, Bob Holliday}

Axel Bendt [4] {Ger, John Miller} vs Adolf Hinn {Ger, Geoff Brown}

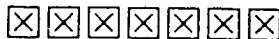
Jacques de Boule [3] {Fra, John Boocock} vs New Balls {UK, Paul Cockayne}

Chris Trace [8] {Aus, Craig Jones} vs David Oya {Spa, Richard Walkerdine}

Bjorn Toulouse [6] {Swe, Louise Auty} vs Angry Agassi {USA, Mark Stretch}

Hertz van Rentall [2] {Slv, Chris Dickson} vs Vic Rackethead {UK, Rob Moore}

Seeds 5-8 may add one point to their basic profile, 3-4 add two, 2 adds 3 and 1 adds 4. The two Frenchmen also add two points apiece, which may make Jacques the favourite on his home turf.



**FIVE APIECE FOR THOSE WHO ORDER** GM pissed off with those who don't

- AUSTRIA (*Jim Goulsbra, 72 Moor Lane South, Ravenfield, Rotherham, S Yorks S65 4QN*)  
E(Trn)-Ven, A(Gal)-War, A(Ser)-Gre
- ENGLAND (*Colin Smith, 14 Dukes Road, Braintree, Essex CM7 5UL*)  
F(NTH) C A(Yor)-Hol, F(NWG)-Nwy, A(Yor)-Hol
- FRANCE (*Warren Gillham, 18 Queensbury Close, Bedford MK40 4RI. -- COA*)  
F(MAO)-Por, A(Bur) S Italian A(Tyr)-Mun, A(Mar)-Spa
- GERMANY (*Tim Deacon, 11 Murdoch Rise, Loughborough, Leics LE11 0YZ*)  
**NMR!** F(Den), A(Kie), A(Mun)\* [dies NRO] H u/o
- ITALY (*Nicholas Parish, 38 Eccles Road, London SW11 1LZ*)  
F(ION)-Tun, A(Rom)-Ven, A(Tyr)-Mun
- RUSSIA (*John Boocock, 25 Melrose Drive, Old Fletton, Peterborough PE2 9DN*)  
F(GOB)-Swe, F(Rum)S A(Sev), A(Ukr) S F(Rum), A(Sev) H
- TURKEY (*Bill Eaton, Unit 10/2, Thomas Street, Paramatta, New South Wales, AUSTRALIA - COA*)  
**NMR!** F(BLA), A(Bul), A(Arm) H u/o

*Press*  
Russia - Turkey You called?  
France - Germany Hello, is anybody there?  
Judge English - France I've seen Tim NMRing elsewhere of late, so I fear the answer may be negative

*Buids*

AUSTRIA	Tri Bud Vie <u>War Gre</u>	= 5	Buids A(Vie), A(Bud)
ENGLAND	Lon Lpl Edi <u>Nwy Hol</u>	= 5	Buids F(Lon), F(Edi)
FRANCE	Par Mar Bre <u>Por Spa</u>	= 5	Buids A(Par), A(Bre)
GERMANY	Ber Kie <u>Mun Den</u>	= 3	1 short, NBO
ITALY	Ven Rom Nap <u>Tun Mun</u>	= 5	Buids A(Ven), F(Nap)
RUSSIA	Mos StP Sev <u>War Rum Swe</u>	= 5	Buids A(STP)
TURKEY	Con Ank Smy <u>Bul</u>	= 4	1 short, NBO
Neutral	Bel Ser	= 2	

*Judge English* I have decided (against my better nature) to hold this game over again, as Bill may not have seen last issue due to his emigration. This also gives Tim Deacon an undeserved last chance. This game will be adjudicated next issue without fail. Last season's moves are printed above



**VAGANIAN**

Bus Boss (Map CD) Turn 2

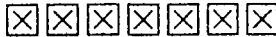
- CIDER/green (Fiona McArthur) Truro-St Austell-Bodmin 108-10 = 98
- GROCKLES/yellow (Louise Auty) **NMR!** Okehampton-Exeter, Tavistock-Launceston 108-12-5 = 91
- WUB/red (David Oya) Bodmin-Liskeard-Lostwithiel 108-10 = 98
- PASTIE/purple (Bob Holliday) Bodmin-Launceston, Camborne-St Ives 108-12 = 98 *Rubbish! = 96*

Order of play next turn is Louise, David, Bob, Fiona

All extant players have voted for the win for Marseille (Guy Thomas), with the sole exception of Peter Ritchie's one unit, which NMRed (yes, even Duncan Adams dragged his pen to paper to vote for) Ed Morgan comments "I don't see why I should gift this game to Guy Thomas, but neither do I particularly wish to play out this game with lots of drop-outs. Actually, it *would* be interesting to see what happens, but it's not worth wasting zine-time/space on." A sentiment with which I concur

I therefore declare the result to be 1st Marseille (Guy Thomas), 2nd= Denmark (Peter Dunnett), Kiel (Duncan Adams), Rome (Alex Richardson), Spain (Edmund Morgan) And I suppose Peter Ritchie can be 2nd= too, since he hasn't actually NMRed twice in this game, though he has in others. It makes little difference

Congratulations, Guy, and anyone who feels like commenting on this game's final laying-to-rest may do so with brevity and in plenty of time for next issue, please



LASKER

Woolworth II-D Diplomacy

Autumn 03

- Austria* (secret power) A(Bud)-Gal, A(Sil)-Ber, F(Trn) H, A(Yie)-Gal
- Balkans* (secret power) A(Bul)-S, Russian A(Rum)-Mac {nso}, A(Gre) S A(Ser), A(Ser) S A(Bul)
- England* (anarchy) F(Edi), F(Lon) and F(NAO) H u/o
- France* (Peter Dunnett, 328 Old Road, Clacton on Sea, Essex CO15 3NU)  
A(Mar)-Gas, A(Bur)-Bel, F(ENG)-Bre, A(Bel)-Hol
- Germany* (John Boocock, 25 Melrose Drive, Old Fletton, Peterborough PE2 9DN)  
F(HEL)-Kie, A(Ruh)-Hol, A(Swi) S A(Mun), A(Mun) S A(Swi)
- Italy* (anarchy) A(Ven) H u/o
- Russia* (secret power) A(Den)-Kie, A(Gal)-War, A(Ukr)-Mos, A(Rum) S F(Sev), F(Sev) S A(Rum)
- Scandinavia* (Bob Holliday, 6 Rooke House, Bishop Street, Portsmouth PO1 3DF)  
A(StP)-Mos, F(NWG)-Ice, F(Swe)-Den
- Spain* (Tony Dickinson, 78 Pontefract Road, Purston, Featherstone, West Yorkshire WF7 5AP -- COA)  
A(Mad)-Mar, F(ION)-Cre, F(Nap)-ION, F(WMS)-GOL, F(MAO) S A(Gas)-Bre, A(Gas)-Bre
- Turkey* (secret power) F(Con) S F(BLA)-Bul, A(Arm)-Kaz, F(BLA)-Bul, F(AEG)-Cre

Retreats None needed!

Press

*Russia - Balkans* I'll help you any way I can Support to Bud?

*Scandinavia - Germany* Sorry no contact, will write shortly

Adjustments

Austria	Bud, Trn, Vie, Gal, <b>Ber</b>	= 5	nbp! (Gal is neutral in this game)
Balkans	Bul, Gre, Ser	= 3	n/c
England	Edi, Lon, Lpl	= 3	n/c
France	<u>Swi</u> , Bel, <u>Bre</u> , Par	= 2	Disbands A(Gas), GM disbands F(ENG)
Germany	Mun, <u>Ber</u> , Kie, Hol, <u>Swi</u>	= 4	n/c
Italy	Ven, <u>Nap</u>	= 1	n/c
Russia	Den, War, Rum, Mos, Sev	= 5	n/c
Scandinavia	StP, Swe, Nwy, <u>Ice</u>	= 4	Builds F(Nwy)
Spain	Mar, Rom, Mor, Por, Mad, Tun, <u>Nap</u> , <u>Bre</u>	= 8	Builds A(Mad), A(Por)
Turkey	Con, Smy, Ank, Cre	= 4	n/c

Attacks None

Secrets revealed APPLIANCE's secretary of state has declared punk-rock illegal. He may have thought this was a safe action to take, but so many aging punks crawl out of the woodwork with their rusty safety pins through their ears and dressed in noisome bin-liners that communications are disturbed and APPLIANCE misses a turn while order is restored.

Revealed Cards

THE FNORDS (Geoff Brown) Another 10 million people emigrate from PRP  
GOTHIC (Tony Dickinson) Has another 10meg warhead and nothing to do with it  
APPLIANCE (Andy Bell) Missing a turn, as detailed above  
PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF PECKHAM (Alan Coulthard) Heedless of the blissful peace that rules the world, PRP drag an Atlas missile out from its silo

Deterrents None at present

In Orbit Fnords space platform, Killer Satellite  
PRP SDI satellite  
Ex-Frogland LandSat

Population Changes since 1999AD TF-29m, FI -32m and OUT, Go-33?m, AP-5m, Fr-31m and OUT, PRP-30m

Your New Card(s)/Personal Notes Don't forget that the world is still at peace  
So many of you are getting muddled that you should all find a full list of your hand and strategy cards enclosed! Try and keep track this time, won't you?

YOUR PREVIOUS HAND CARDS  
YOUR NEW CARD  
YOUR STRATEGY

New Secrets APPLIANCE have drawn another one

Press  
Go! Go on, sod off! You were a crap nation anyway. Slink off to PRP and await your destruction



NIMZOVITCH

Sopwith T234UB

Turn 6

Pilot	Starts	Moves	Ends	A D P
<i>Algae</i>	D4-C3	A, A, A. lands for tea, tiffin & bullets	A1	16 07 23
1 Andy Cox				
<i>Snoop's Brother</i>	O12-O11	RT, RT, RT f-A&R	M12-M13	07 01 03
3 John Boocock				
<i>Sky Tripper</i>	N5-SW	RT, RT, RT	L5-L6	15 06 00
4 Duncan Adams				
<i>Punk Panther</i>	O14-P14	RT f-A&L&R, O, O	O13-O12	02 09 12
5 ACE Ryk Downes				

Clouds move NE to (F6-G5-G6-G7) (E9-F10-G11) (D12-E12-F12-G13-H13) (K8-K9-K10-L10-L11) (I16-J17-J17) (L14-M14-M15)

UHA James Hardy Cell SWEDEN, 1 bomb  
 NAUSEA Alan Coulthard Cell PARIS, no bombs  
 Cell ROME, no bombs  
 POTATOLAND Chris Jones Cell LONDON, no bombs  
**NMR!**

**SIEGES** The marines evidently decide that as Bulgaria used to be *Commie*, it needs rescuing much more urgently than Paris, whose tourists sit and sweat under the guns of NAUSEA. Alas for the marines, beautiful Desiree sees them flying in in their choppers, and presses the detonator just as they burst through the doors. Bye-bye cell Bul, marines, and tourists. New Marines will be back next turn, as the US has an inexhaustible supply of youths dim enough to volunteer.

**SNITCHING** UHA cell (Spa) and NAUSEA cell (Mun) are disbanded forcibly.

**BOMB SUPPLIES** (1 each) 2 for NAUSEA, 1 for UHA. Potatoland misses his chance for double dynamite.

**BOMB STOCKPILES** Nil

**BOMBINGS** NAUSEA cell (Rom) bombs Rom and Ven, killing 8 tourists in all (I can't see anything to say a cell can't bomb twice in one turn -- it only takes one terrorist to plant the thing, I suppose). UHA cell (Swe) bombs Ber for 2.

**NEW CELLS** UHA gets one in Bud, NAUSEA in Ank.

**ROLL OF SHAME AND DISHONOUR** NAUSEA 23 POTATOLAND 11 UHA 9

#### OLD TOURISTS

3 are still stranded in Paris. 2 move from Warsaw to Prussia, 3 move from ION to TYS, 2 move from Bulgaria to Greece, 2 move from Galicia to Vienna, 5 move from Ankara to Constantinople, 8 move from BLA to Armenia, 9 move from ENG to Brest, 5 move from Liverpool to Edinburgh, 4 move from Budapest to Serbia, 2 move from Smyrna to AEG.

**NEW TOURISTS** A special event occurs in Turkey. 6 tourists land in Smyrna to check it out. We also have 2 in Edinburgh (making 7), 2 in Liverpool and 2 in London, 2 in Brest (making 11), 1 in Paris, and 2 in Marseilles, 2 in Naples and 2 in Venice.

#### YOUR COMMENTS

- Alan Coulthard* 1) Snitching on opponents is too easy/powerful. I suggest that the CIA have a 1/6 chance of destroying the cell for each tip-off they receive.  
 2) Bomb supply rules are too complex. I suggest the state sponsors vanish and each cell manufactures 1 bomb per year.  
 3) Sieges, possibly replace the extra bomb each year by a new cell.  
 4) Why not let us bomb our opponents as well as Americans? [!!! -- GM]

*James Hardy* I like the game. I think the rules need rewriting as some of them aren't very clear -- the bit about getting your bombs especially. I'd play this again. I mean, who could resist blowing crap out of a nation of hypocrites?

*Judge English* I particularly like Alan's suggestions 2 and 3, and I'd like you to vote on their adoption from turn 9 in your turn 8 orders. A single vote against either will reject it.

# DEBASER

Breaking Away [GM David Oya]

Turn 13

RC Sq	Cyclist	Scores
3 117	Alice Walker	Hell's Grannies 43
3 103	Betty	Team Barbary 14
102		Flintstones 13 5
3 101	Anna Madrigal, Fred	MYTH Inc 12 5
5 100	John Daker	Poetic Licence 12
6 99	Erekose, Mary Ann	Eternal Champs 3
8 98	Elinc, Ursula, Cecily	
3 95	Aahz	
4 94	Gleep	
5 93	Barney	
6 92	Wilma, Tanda	
8 91	John Donne	
9 90	Skeeve, Mouse, Kitty	

<i>Team Barbary (Sandra Bond)</i>		<i>MYTH Inc (Mark Stretch)</i>		<i>Flintstones (Bob Hollday)</i>	
Anna M	3, 3, 3, 9	Skeeve	4, 9, 12	Betty	3, 4, 4, 7
Mouse	3, 3, 9	Aahz	3, 3, 13	Fred	3, 6, 7
Mona	(dropped)	Tanda	3, 4, 6	Barney	5, 5, 5
Mary Ann	3, 3, 6	Gleep	4, 7, 10	Wilma	4, 4, 6
<i>Eternal Champions (Alex Richardson)</i>		<i>Hell's Grannies (Dave Lomas)</i>		<i>Poetic Licence (Kim Head)</i>	
Elinc	3, 3, 8	Fanny	WINNER	Baudelaire	(dropped)
Corum	(dropped)	Ursula	8, 9, 10	Wendy Cope	(dropped)
Erekose	3, 3, 6	Cecily	7, 8, 8	John Donne	3, 3, 8
John Daker	3, 3, 5	Kitty	5, 5, 9	Alice Walker	3, 3, 6

*Fanny* "Sydney 2000?" Miguel Indurain is dead meat!

*Agrajag* There's nothing like confidence, is there. Sorry about Alice's disappearance last time



## LVKOV

Sopwith T229UB

Turn 8

Pilot	Starts	Moves	Ends	A D P
<i>Mr Rusty</i>	D4-C3	A, A, A and lands*	A1	16 12 28
1 ACE Rob Cullender				
<i>Ralph</i>	M17-N17	LT, LT, LT f-A&R	M19-L19	02 06 10
3 ACE Tony Dickinson				
<i>'Ginger' Rogers</i>	J13-J14	A, A f-A, LS f-A	I15-I16	10 10 02
4 ACE John Miller				
<i>Red Byron</i>	L19-NE	LT, LT, A f-A&L	K16-K15	03 02 04
6 Alex Richardson				

\* "and a short visit to Florence to make sure she hasn't been playing with my organ while I've been otherwise engaged!"

Clouds move SW (R11-R12-S11-S12-S13) (G1-H1-I2-J2) (L5-L6-L7) (G10-H10-H11-I12) (O15-P16-Q16)



DOT

Diplomacy The Gathering (95?? ???? ) Autumn 1902 (another replay)

- AUSTRIA (Jed Stone, 7 Harstoft Avenue, Worksop, Notts S81 0HS)  
*A(Ven)-Rom*, A(Rum)-TELEPORT-StP, F(Apu) H, A(Bud) S A(Vic)-Gal, A(Vic)-Gal Plays *Sudden Death* on Turkish F(Rom) (fails!)
- ENGLAND (Des Langford, 8 Hornbeam Lane, Barnehurst, Kent DA7 6HH)  
F(Bel) H\*, F(NTII)-TELEPORT-Por Plays *Black Hole* on Edi
- FRANCE (Jeremy Tullett, 19 Khartoum Rd, Rodwell, Weymouth, Dorset DT4 9LG)  
A(Bur) frozen, A(Spa) H, F(Cly) H, F(Bre)-ENG, 2A(Pic)-*DOUBLE TROUBLE*-Bel Plays *Black Hole* on Edi (No, did you hear an echo?)
- GERMANY (Neil Kendrick, Flat 5, 133 College Road, Moseley, Birmingham B13 9JL)  
NMR! A(Mun), F(HEL) H u/o F(Den) vaporised A(BAL) sits on the sea bed and sulks Discards at random *Mystic Shield*
- ITALY (Rob Tesh, 20 Hill Grove Cres, Kidderminster, Worcs)  
2F(Tun)-DOUBLE TROUBLE-ION Discards at random *Black Hole*
- RUSSIA (Chris Stone, 3 Abbey Close, Pewsham, Chippenham, Wilts SN15 3TD)  
F(SKA)-NTH, A(Swe)-Den, A(Gal) S A(Ukr)-Rum, F(NAO)-Lpl, A(Sev) S A(Ukr)-Rum, A(Nwy) H, A(Ukr)-Rum Plays *Sudden Death* on German F(Den)
- TURKEY (Stephen Agar, 79 Florence Road, Brighton BN1 6BL)  
F(Gre)-Alb, A(Bul) H, F(AEG) C A (Smy)-Gre, *F(EMS)-ION*, A(Smy)-Gre, F(Rom) H Plays *Garden of Eden* on Syria and *Mystical Shield* on F(Rom)

RETREATS English F(Bel)-Hol, Russian A(Gal)-Boh

ADJUSTMENTS

Austria	Bud Vie Tri Ser Ven StP Apu	= 7	Builds F( Tri), nflbo! 1 sht
England	Lon Edi Hol Por	= 4	Builds A(Lon), <i>A(Edi)</i>
France	Bre Mar Spa Bel	= 4	Disbands A(Spa)
Germany	Kie Ber Mun	= 3	N/C
Italy	Tun	= 1	N/C
Russia	Mos Sev War Rum Swe Nwy Den Lpl	= 8	Builds A(War)
Turkey	Smy Ank Con Bul Gre Nap Rom Syr	= 8	Builds F(Smy), A(Ank)

*Judge English Orders on file here from Austria and France (I can't lay hands on England's -- could you resubmit, Des?) but I must hold over as it needs to be pointed out that England built A(Edi) as well in A '02, and Austrian A(Ven)-Rom and Turkish F(EMS)-ION fail (italics above) For those baffled, the German army in BAL is there because it was walking on water when its magic was suddenly withdrawn It will remain on the sea bed until disbanded or magicked out*



EUWE

Diplomacy 94BA (DR 999 94)

Spring 1906

**TURKEY TAKES ONE TOO MANY PUFFS ON HOOKAH** Gets away with it?

- ENGLAND (Mark Stretch, 48 Wilsdon Way, Kidlington, Oxon OX5 1TN)  
A(Nwy) S Turkish A(Mos)-StP (nso); F(Den) S A(Hol)-Kie, F(NTH)-HEL, A(Hol)-Kie, F(Pic)-Bel, A(Bel)-Ruh, F(ENG)-MAO, A(Bre)-Par, F(Spa/sc) S F(MAO)-WMS, F(MAO)-WMS
- GERMANY (Fiona Campbell, Flat 3, 2a Victoria Road South, Southsea, Hants PO5 [COA])  
F(BAL) S F(Kie), F(Kie) S F(BAL), A(StP)-Nwy, A(Gal) S Turkish A(Mos), A(Bur)-Mun

—24—

[EUWE cont ]

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

Δ(Con)=Bul, A(Bud) S A(Rum)-Ser, F(ION)-AEG, A(Mar) H, A(Rum)-Ser, F(Gre) S F(ION)-AEG, F(GOL) S F(TYS)-WMS, A(Boh) S A(Mun), A(Mun) H, E(TYS)=WMS, A(Ven)-Tri, A(Rom)-Ven, E(Nap)-ION

TURKEY (Bob Holliday, 6 Rooke House, Bishop Street, Portsmouth PO1 3DF)

Δ(Mos) S German A(Lyn)-StP {nso}, Δ(Rum)=Bul {nso}, A(Bul) H u/o, F(BLA) S A(Rum)-Bul {nso}, E(EMS)=ION, F(AEG)-Gre\*

Retreats Turkish F(AEG)-Smy

Judge English Turkey's orders were headed 'Au 05' and read exactly as above. The perils of using templates, eh, Bob? Note that Martin is back from Oz and in control of Italy again -- thanks to Ed for unused orders this time.

Fiona=All Sorry about the non-letter writing, folks. I swear all will get back to normal after my CoA on 1st September [see above]. My copies of U-Bend don't like this bedsit either and are currently hiding under the skirting boards.

Judge English This is within direct sight of 33a Albert Road, as you might guess from the linked street names. No excuses for late orders, Fiona.



## HÜBNER

Breaking Away

Turn 7

<i>New Card</i>	<i>Square Racer</i>	<i>Totals</i>
6	78 Phil ==	U-Benders 19 Cullender's Own Racers 10
3	72 Balcock ==	Confusion 9 Dungbeetles 1
3	55 Bowl, 121	
5	54 Amy Thyst, Seat, McCartney, 69	
9	53 Harrison, George, Di Amond, Ruby	
13	52 Jim, Cistern, Starr	
16	51 42, Drongo	
18	50 11	
19	49 Emma Rald	
20	48 Lennon, Cardinal Machete ==	
3	45 Cardinal Andropov	
4	44 Cardinal Wolsey, Cardinal Tetra	

*U-Benders* (Paul Cockayne)    *The Dungbeetles* (David Oya)

Cistern	3, 10, 13, 15	Jim	8, 13, 15, 16
Bowl	3, 5, 15	Phil	3, 3, 6
Seat	3, 5, 11	George	3, 9, 20
Balcock	3, 3, 5	Drongo	3, 15, 16
<i>Beatles</i> (Bob Holliday)		<i>Confusion</i> (Ryk Downes)	
Lennon	4, 16, 20	69	4, 5, 10
Harrison	9, 9, 12	121	3, 5, 6
McCartney	5, 7, 9	42	7, 8, 16
Starr	7, 10, 13	11	3, 10, 18

*Red Cardinals* (Vick Hall)

Cardinal Wolsey	3, 3, 4, 7
Cardinal Tetra	3, 4, 11
Cardinal Machete	8, 8, 20
Cardinal Andropov	3, 3, 5
<i>Cullender's Own Racers</i> (Rob Cullender)	
Amy Thyst	4, 5, 6, 7
Emma Rald	4, 5, 19
Di Amond	3, 5, 9
Ruby	3, 3, 9

# SHORT

Breaking Away

Turn 2

Square New Card	Cyclist
29 5	Speed
==	
24 3	Chico
==	
19 3	Bingo, Harpo
18 5	Charlie, N2
17 7	Groucho, H2O, Mary-Jane
16 10	Fleegle, Alan Ball
15 12	Tony Adams, Drooper, CO2, Zeppo, Horse
14 17	Snorky
13 18	O2
12 19	Paddington, Niall Quinn, Waterloo
11 22	David James, Liverpool Street
10 24	Euston

<i>The Splits</i> (Craig Jones)	<i>4 Stations of the Cross</i> (Allan Stagg)	<i>Tall Order</i> (Edmund Morgan)
Bingo 3, 3, 5, 8	Euston 3, 10, 10, 24	Tony Adams 1, 8, 12, 14
Drooper 3, 10, 12	Paddington 8, 10, 19	Niall Quinn 3, 13, 19
Fleegle 4, 5, 10	Waterloo 8, 8, 19	David James 3, 10, 22
Snorky 2, 4, 17	Liverpool Street 5, 11, 22	Alan Ball 4, 7, 10
<i>Marxists</i> (Alex Richardson)	<i>Phamaceutical</i> (Tony Dickinson)	<i>Natural Cycles</i> (Louise Auty)
Groucho 1, 7, 15	Speed 1, 3, 5	H <sub>2</sub> O 1, 7, 11, 12
Chico 1, 3, 3	Charlie 2, 5, 10	CO <sub>2</sub> 3, 10, 12
Harpo 1, 3, 3	Mary-Jane 3, 7, 8	N <sub>2</sub> 2, 5, 8
Zeppo 1, 12, 12	Horse 1, 8, 12	O <sub>2</sub> 5, 10, 18

NMR! from Louise and Craig -- highest card played Not too much harm done, methinks



# UHLMANN

Railway Rivals (Map ND)

Round 1

Look No Expansion -- Really! (Boocock, green) 1a) (Bremen)-J9, (Bremen)-L9-M10	
1b) (M10)-Bremerhaven-B48 1c) (B48)-Cuxhaven, (J9)-G8	20+6+3 = 29
WAFER (Holliday, purple) 1a) (Hannover)-D13-Munden-C10 1b) (C10)-C9-D8-D7	
1c) (D7)-Osnabruck-D3	20+6+3 = 29
FIRE (McArthur, black) 1a) (Hannover)-C15-Hildesheim, (C15)-Braunschweig	
1b) (Braunschweig)-Wolfsburg, (Braunschweig)-C18 1c) (C18)-C22	20+6+6+6 = 38
LEER (Oya, red) 1a) (Hamburg)-Harburg-K14 1b) (K14)-H15 1c) (H15)-E17, (Hamburg)-N16	
	20+6-2Br = 24
BRATWURST (Guest, orange) 1a) (Hamburg)-N20 1b) (N20)-N23 1c) (N23)-N24-M25-	
M26-L26	20+2L = 22
TBNS (Colledge, blue) 1a) (East Berlin)-Eberswalde-K31 1b) (K31)-L30-L28 1c) (L28)-	
Neustrelitz-N27-N25	20+3+3 = 26
BORING (Stagg, brown) 1a) (West Berlin)-East Berlin, (West Berlin)-E29-E28 1b) (E28)-	
Brandenburg-C26 1c) (C26)-B25-Magdeburg	20+6-3 = 22

Rolls for round 2 are 3 - 5 - 4

TBNS - Judge English Would you say that the ferry from Travemunde-Sweden also goes to Gedser?  
 Judge English I should say not You can't change ferries at sea like you can change trains on land

## RACE RESULTS

- 13 7C-7H Rhayader - Aberdare ACRONYM 30-8 (via Port Talbot!), SWIG +8  
 14 7S-3C Blaenavon - Newquay SWIG/ACRONYM 15/15  
 15 8S-3H Pontypool - Neath BOOM 16+3, SWIG 9-2, BOYO 5-1  
 19 5C-JD Lampeter - Kidwelly ACRONYM 15+4, BOYO 15-4  
 20 5H-TD Porthcawl - Llandeilo SWIG 20+2, ACRONYM 10-4, BOYO +2  
 21 JC-AH Brecon - Cardiff BOYO 16-9, BOOM 9+14, SWIG 5-5  
 22 TS-5D Monmouth - Milford Haven Not yet possible  
 23 9H-8C Pontypridd - Llandrindod Wells BOYO/BOOM 15/15  
 24 6H-9S Bridgend - Abergavenny BOOM 16-3, BOYO 9-3, SWIG 5+6  
 25 4C-8D Tregaron - Narberth Not yet possible, and it won't be next turn, either  
 26 KC-5S The North - Ebbw Vale BOOM 30, ACRONYM/SWIG jt disallowed -- too long!

## ROUTES PURCHASED and SCORES

SWIG (Kim Head, black) Llandeilo-Carmarthen, Brecon-Hay = 129 +62 -12 = 179  
 ACRONYM (Ryk Downes, red) Cardigan-Narberth, Porthcawl-Bridgend = 146 +62 -12 = 196  
 BOOM (John Breakwell, green) Pembroke-Milford Haven, Brecon-Merthyr Tydfil = 144 +100 -11 = 233  
 BOYO (Paul Cockayne, purple) Carmarthen-Newquay = 233 +45 -11 = 267

RACES Enter 22 and 25, plus

- |                                     |                                 |
|-------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 27 4H-4S Port Talbot - Rhymney      | 32 KH-TS Cardiff - Monmouth     |
| 28 AD-AC Cardigan - Aberystwyth     | 33 5C-KC Lampeter - The North   |
| 29 7C-KS Rhayader - England         | 34 2S-5S Newport - Ebbw Vale    |
| 30 6C-4D Llandovery - Haverfordwest | 35 6D-9S Pembroke - Abergavenny |
| 31 QS-TD England - Llandeilo        |                                 |

This could be developing into a tight game -- those runs definitely favour the back-markers



## MARSHALL

Railway Rivals (Georgia)

Turn 4

IBNS (Colledge/blue) 4a) (Y7)-X6-V7 4b) (V7)-S9 4c) (S9)-Cordele-M12

57-1R-1Gn-1Gr = 54

RHETT(McArthur/black) 4a) (J10)-Tifton 4b) (F11)-E12-E14 4c) (E14)-Valdosta, (Thomasville)-E8-  
 Bainbridge, (Valdosta)-D15 34+5 (penalty refunded)+1T+3 = 43

GNR (Boocock/green) 4a) (Moultrie)-H13-F14 4b) (F14)-Valdosta-E17 4c) (E17)-E22-D22  
 63+6+1T = 70

CCC(Neale/purple) 4a) (Athens)-F53-F51 4b) (F51)-Gainsville-H51-H52 4c) (H52)-H53-Toccoa,  
 (Lagrange)-T3-Columbus 43+3+3 = 49

GRITS(Bowen/scarlett) NMR! 4a) (K12)-Tifton-Moultrie 4b) (B47)-D46-Marietta 4c) (Fort Valley)  
 -Columbia 27-5[NMR] +3+1T = 26

John Todd has NMRed out of the game and zine, and as such I am pleased to inform you that stepping into his shoes will be my number one standby, Fiona McArthur, of the editorial address. Iain, please can you try and get me some orders, even if you can't manage YDdG any more? (I am really starting to fear a fold)

Rolls for round 5 are 4 - 5 - 5

(Why does David Watts -- a retired teacher! -- spell 'through' as 'thruh'?)

Now yet another player has NMRed twice -- Peter Ritchie. If anyone interested wishes to come forward as a standby they can have the position, failing which his track will be usable at half-price henceforward

Race Results

- 15 41-55 Santa Fe - Cru del Eje/Dean Funes CHOC 20+6, STONED 10-6  
 16 25-42 Santa Rosa - Parana STONED 20-2, DROP +2  
 17 53-23 La Banda/Anatuya - Bolivar/Olavarría TBNS 20-1, JUDGE 10-1, STONED 0+8, DROP 0-8,  
 IDLE +2  
 18 61-x5 SM de Tucuman - Uruguay JUDGE 20+1, CHOC 10+2, DROP 0-6, TBNS 0-1, IDLE +4  
 19 13-36 Buenos A - San Fran/Villa M TBNS 20-1, DROP 5-6, JUDGE 5+1, CHOC 0+5, STONED +1  
 20 34-16 Mendoza - Rosario DROP 20  
 21 x6-62 Seaport - SM de Tucuman JUDGE 20+2, TBNS 10-1, CHOC 0+1, STONED 0-2

Builds and Running Totals

- JUDGE ENGLISH (David Oya, black) 164+58+1 = 223  
 TBNS (John Colledge, blue) (C53)-F54-K52 = 126+46-10 = 162  
 DROP (John Breakwell, purple) (H7)-G8-F8-Telen = 114+7-4 = 117  
 CHOCALOLIC (Fiona Campbell, chocolate) 63+44+1 = 108  
 STONED (Fiona McArthur, red) 60+29 = 89  
 IDLE NOT! (anarchy, green) 33+6 = 39

Runs for round 10 (enter up to 4, build up to 6 physical points)

- 22 16-54 Rosario - La Rioja 26 63-13 Pres RS Pena/Las Lomas - Buenos Aires  
 23 35-22 San Juan - Coronel Pringles/3 Arroyos 27 46-34 Formosa/Posadas - Mendoza  
 24 26-66 G'ral Alvear/Telen - Iturbe/Tabacal 28 x5-41 Uruguay - Santa Fe  
 25 55-x6 Cru del Eje/Dean Funes - Seaport

COA Fiona Campbell, Flat 3, 2a Victoria Road South, Southsea, Hants PO5 from 1st September  
 John, your second build was curtailed because the river crossing would have taken it over the limit for you

KASPAROV

Diplomacy 95BK

Spring 1903

- AUSTRIA (Alan II Coulthard, 8 Redhurst Way, Gleniffer Gate, Paisley, Renfrewshire PA2 8NH)  
 F(Gre)-Bul/sc, A(Rum) S F(Gre)-Bul/sc, A(Ser) S F(Gre)-Bul/sc, A(Bud)-Gal, A(Tri) H, A(Vie) S  
 A(Bud)-Gal  
 ENGLAND (Duncan II Adams, 5 Churchill Close, Lowestoft, Suffolk NR32 4AP -- COA again)  
 E(NTH)-ENG\*, E(SIP/nc)-Nwy, F(Lon) S F(NTH)-ENG  
 FRANCE (Edward Ainsworth, 4 Park Avenue, Bedford MK40 2JY)  
 F(IRI)-Lpl, A(Bel) H, A(Mar) H, A(Pic) H, F(MAO) S F(Bre)-ENG, F(Bre)-ENG  
 GERMANY (Mark Underhay, 65 The Chase, Holland on Sea, Essex CO15 5PZ)  
 F(SKA) S F(Den)-NTH, A(Hol) S A(Ruh), A(Nwy) H, A(War)-Mos, A(Ruh) S A(Hol),  
 F(Den)-NTH, A(Ber)-Kie, F(Kie)-HEL  
 ITALY (John Marsden, 33 Weston Road, Strood, Kent ME2 3HA)  
 F(ION) C A(Tun)-Alb, A(Tun)-Alb, A(Ven)-Tyr, F(Nap)-Apu  
 RUSSIA (NMR2 = anarchy) F(Sev), A(Ukr) H w/o  
 TURKEY (Paul Cockayne, 26 Nash Grove Lane, Finchampstead, Wokingham, Berks RG40 4HD -- COA)  
 A(Gal)-Rum\*, A(Bul)-Ser\*, F(AEG)-Gre, F(Smy)-AEG

Retreats English F(NTH) dies NRO, Turkish A(Gal)-War(!) and A(Bul)-Con

I will now be honest and admit that the only reason for this article is that despite my years in this business, I am still unable to perform so vital and basic a task of zine-editing as division by four, and as a result I am faced with a nice blank page (it was two, but I slung in a few extra letters and made a page up that way -- can you see the join?) So if it reads like first-draft material slung straight onto the keyboard, which deserved four times as many pages to do the subject justice, that's only because it is. Hey, Pete Birks has done 200+ issues of Greatest Hits that way

## WHY I LIKE DOROTHY L SAYERS DESPITE EVERYTHING

By which title I refer to her detective novels, rather than to any of her other writing -- I must admit that I have never had the moral courage to open *The Man Born To Be King*. Her detective creation, Lord Peter Wimsey, exists in a canon far smaller than does Hercule Poirot, or Adam Dalgleish, or most comparable sleuths, which says a good deal to begin with about the quality of the novels he features in.

Though having said that, a good number of those novels are really not of all so high a quality. It is interesting to watch them develop over a period of years (approximately fifteen of them separate the first from the last). Take *Whose Body?*, for example, even at this stage Wimsey is a far more rounded character than most of his contemporaries, suffering flashbacks to the War alongside his jolly, carefree public face (though one still cringes at manservant Bunter's response to Wimsey's informing him that a corpse has been found "Indeed, my lord? That's very gratifying").

At the other end of his literary life, it has been frequently observed that Sayers fell so in love with Wimsey that he became more and more noble and heroic, and harder and harder to like or indeed to take seriously, in the last few books. In *Have His Carcase* there are worrying signs of this, though the plot is knotty enough and the writing good enough for this to be mostly overlooked. Not so *Gaudy Night*, often described as Sayers' last good novel, but (in my opinion) mostly by people who are so in love with her picture of thirties Oxford University to forgive her anything. The last, *Busman's Honeymoon*, where Wimsey weds Harnet Vane and lives happily ever after, we will pass over with a shudder.

But in between these two extremes fall many good books. Take, for instance, *Murder Must Advertise*. The actual detective plot of this novel is (as Sayers points out herself in the prologue) utterly ridiculous, hinging as it does on drug-smuggling amongst Bright Young Things and scandalous sex-orgies in country mansions, but against all odds the book succeeds, because the part set in the advertising agency is simply so well done as to carry the dead weight of the detective plot over the finishing line by main force. I don't know what advertising agencies are like nowadays, but I damn well know what they were like in 1930, and this book is the reason why *Why Murder Must Advertise* succeeds on background colour where *Gaudy Night* fails is an interesting question, maybe because *MMA* is about half the length of *GN*.

I've saved the best till last, though *The Nine Tailors*, to use a hackneyed term, transcends the detective story. It partly does so physically -- the murder plot is never quite at the forefront of the novel, and ends up by being ingeniously slung out on its ear altogether -- but also because the East Anglian village where it is set comes completely to life, along with all its characters, and Wimsey himself fits into them like a piece missing from a jigsaw (it grieves me to say this, but Wimsey without Harnet Vane tagging along is always a more interesting and stronger character than Wimsey with her, which is what keeps *Strong Poison* from being one of her great books). The plot dodges round between the present (which itself spreads out over a year or so), World War I, and a robbery committed before the War, without ever once losing track of itself or making it easy for the reader to lose track of it, and though I have seen that in a couple of places Sayers got her facts a little wrong on the subject of bell-ringing which plays such a major part in the novel (apparently she herself got her knowledge of it from a sixpenny pamphlet), this doesn't matter (unless you're a bell-ringer) because if you take her statements as fact (and most readers will know no better) everything fits together perfectly and the knots are tied at the end as neatly as the ropes on the corpse's wrists. I feel rather guilty for praising a book with such factual flaws, but damn it, I like the book. I read it once a year on average, and that must stand as the final mark of praise on its record. If you haven't read it, even if you normally hate thrillers, you should do.

## QUID IN ALVEOS ACCIDET

### hobby news

Further to the TMWNN fold mentioned earlier, Ian confirms that all subs will be refunded, but there may be a delay as he has 50 more cheques to write and he has run out of cheques. Most games will be run to conclusion by flyer, so John Marsden can breathe again.

TMWNN came from obscure and unpromising beginnings to become a fascinating and weighty read, which I fear may have been its downfall -- had it stayed more slimline Ian's bank account would surely have not been so strained, and the zine might still be with us. This, though, augurs well for the promised new-look TMWNN, if Ian can stick to a page limit.

I did enjoy TMWNN and as John Donne didn't say, every zine's fold diminishes me. Cheers for now, Ian, have this issue on me, and you are welcome back any time you've a mind.

Elsewhere in the hobby, you may just have time to vote in Ryk Downes' zine polls (yes, there are two this year -- one for Dipzines and one for general gameszines). To do so rank up to ten zines in order of preference in two lists, one for any zine you've a mind, and one for any zine that's Dippy only, or runs three Dip games or variants at least, or is less than a year old and has Dip lists open. Then send them to Ryk Downes, Chapel House, Manor Gardens, Pool in Wharfedale, W Yorks LS21 1NB (email 100705 2145 @compuserve.com) by 8th November, or hand them to him at Midcon by midnight Saturday. U-Bend is, of course, eligible for either or both lists.

I still have a gut feeling that we should have one poll for all of us -- the way Ryk has categorised it, it is quite easy for the two lists to contain the same ten zines in the same order -- but at least he's promised to revert to the old system if this one proves no better than the old one. In the meantime, there has been no work from Colin Hobbs regarding his proposed rival poll run to the old rules, though the last time I spoke to him he was still intending to run it.

I mentioned Midcon there, didn't I? I won't be there this year -- no money and prior engagements -- but it is usually a good weekend for the gamer. It's to be held from 8th to 10th November at the dear old Royal Angus, and is now being run by the Small Furry Creatures Press mob, with Stephen Agar beset by babies, Chris Tringham spending most of his time in Hong Kong, and Brian Williams -- well, nobody seems to know why Brian, who was on the committee since Midcon was revived in 1980-odd, left it suddenly this summer, but leave it he has, it would seem. The convention costs £10 entry, the rooms cost £27.50 per night shared or £35.50 for a single, and you get free English breakfast and a trouser press (though you are not recommended to make use of both these facilities simultaneously). As Alan Parr points out, you won't be left with much change from £100 if you have to travel from outside the Midlands, but nobody else except me and Alan seems to mind that. You also get to play in the Diplomacy tournament, but they are still playing the absurd system where you have to pre-qualify to be eligible to win the pot. Sigh. Details from SFCP, 42 Wynnndale Road, London E18 1DX.

News arrives that Dave Thomas, who edited 25 issues of *The Church Mouse* in the early '80s and who returned to the hobby a year or two back -- and indeed, who invented the Chessmind game being played elsewhere in this very issue -- has sadly died of leukemia. Stephen Agar in his obituary pointed out, quite accurately, that *TCM* was similar in its barned humour and use of semi-punk graphics to the adult comics of today. I only have a couple of issues, but they are both full of good stuff -- I particularly recall a spoof advert which parodied the then-booming Games Workshop's RPG list with deadly accuracy. I met Dave last Midcon very briefly, and am now kicking myself for not having spoken to him longer.

*Hopscotch* never seems to get reviewed, so here's a review of it. Now approaching issue 150, Alan Parr has an understated style that makes him one of the hobby's more entertaining writers, and his zine packs more into six reduced-type pages than many, not excluding this one, fit into thirty. I must mention, as well as his United League which was the very first one to start years and years ago and is still steaming along, the Hopscotch 50-50 club which exists to raise money for the Histiocytosis-X Research Fund. Histi-X is a rare and little-researched disease which killed hobby member Clive Mewse in an astonishingly nasty manner a few years ago (he was only in his 30s, and even that made him the longest-ever survivor of this disease), and since Clive entered the hobby through being one of Alan's school pupils, Alan runs a scheme whereby everyone interested pays £1 per issue, and half of this is won as a prize by a random entrant, the rest going to the charity. You don't even need to read Hopscotch to participate, though in my worthless opinion I can't see why anyone who doesn't like Hopscotch has any interest in the hobby at all. Enquiries to Alan at 6 Longfield Gardens, Tring, Herts HP23 4DN. In passing, this must be one of the longest lasting hobby addresses ever, since Alan has lived there for all 150 issues -- he has recently acquired a new rubber stamp for the outside of his envelopes in neat black, replacing the grotty green-inked one which he had presumably used since the zine's launch.

Incidentally, I was flicking through some old issues of *Chimaera* the other day and came across a game invented by Alan called 'Convoy'. I wonder whether it merits being exhumed from its coffin?

I had cause to ring up Iain Bowen the other day, and he confirms that after nearly a year's gap he will really be trying to get another issue of *Y Ddraig Goch* out very soon. He said that once you've left a zine a couple of weeks, it is fatally easy to leave it a few more, which is the very thing I have found this year with *U-Bend* -- and indeed Geoff Challinger has stated the same opinion in the current *Home of the Brave*.

A flyer appeared through my box from Alex (*Obsidian*) Richardson, stating that the zine was unavoidably delayed because the man has been writing a "short biographical dictionary of figures from Roman history" and enclosing the games on separate sheets to keep them going, which is, I suppose, what I ought to have been doing, though by the time I had organised such a complex mailshot, it always seems to me, it would have been just as simple to do the zine and send it out anyway. Tantalisingly, Alex, modest as ever to the point of self-effacement, is publishing the book under a pseudonym and declines to reveal what it is.

No contribution from Fiona this time -- she is working on the rules for Postal Hunt the Thumble, and there should, all being well, be a gamestart next issue, if she can fit it in along with her college work.

It occurs to me that I haven't had an editorial bit this issue, so here is probably the best place for me to make my excuses for lateness. Well, apart from the drive-shaft going on the car, which cost a packet, a lot of the delay has been down to pure and simple depression -- I have not been having too good a time of it recently, for reasons which are not particularly your business unless you already know, and since the main reason I produce this rubbish is to communicate with people, and the way I've been feeling I have little or no desire to communicate with anyone, it kept getting put off and put off. The most worrying thing is that so few people have been chasing me up to find where it's gone. Would you lot miss me at all if I did chuck it all in?

This is all sounding rather doom-laden, isn't it. The good news is that I seem to be coming out of the clouds, and I have enjoyed taking this issue by the scruff of its neck and shaking it into its finished state over the course of one evening flat (most of the games have been adjudicated for weeks). Worrying though it is to say this, I think I have something in common with Pete Birks -- for both of us, trying to imagine life without editing a zine is next to impossible. Mind you, when I look back at the issues I did at Merrivale Road I shake my head in wonder at how I managed it -- there was one issue where I was all set to produce fifty pages plus until Joy got access to a free copying source and a word processor that could reduce my text to a more manageable page count by judicious use of small fonts. I'd still like to produce a zine as large and as regular as that, but as I hinted on the front page, such a feat is beyond my capabilities at present. One day, maybe.