

sell me an airplane – ‘any color, we’ll spray it for you free!’

Walkerdine was the first – and perhaps only – close friend I have ever had who was a proper Conservative Party supporter. Although originally I assumed it was all part of his humor. For years we carried round a Party 7’ with the sticker ‘Not to be opened under a labor Government’. Yet despite the political rows, the hobby spats and his being a generally awkward sod, I don’t recall ever falling out with him. Neither of us took any of this seriously. He was simply too nice, and too humorous to take seriously for too long.

Walkerdine was a game player. His involvement with the hobby was a game, zine production a game, and I suspect most of life was a game to Richard, not to be taken too seriously. In fact, despite this semi-public life he played out, I think Richard was a deeply private man, and the only things he took seriously were Claire and their life together. Back in 1977 they arrived as a close married couple, and when I last saw them a couple of years ago they were as close as ever.

So, a eulogy if you like. An awkward, cussed, augmentative, very funny, rather private devoted husband who played some games, wrote some articles, wound a few people up and spent most of his life with the airplanes he so deeply loved.

Richard J Walkerdine – A Memory

By Steve Doubleday

It’s with very real sadness that I have to report the death, after a brief illness, the death of Richard J Walkerdine on Thursday 6th September. My thoughts are with Claire, his wife, at this time.

RJW as he was popularly known in the UK diplomacy hobby was one of the founding fathers of the UK hobby. His ‘zine, Mad Policy was one of the foundation and seminal zines of Diplomacy, first published in August 1972, he went on to publish more than 150 issues with a circulation which was international.

Mad Policy was also home of the Zine Poll for a lot of the time, eventually winning it, after a controversial change of rules in the eighties, which then resulted in RJW passing it on to John Piggott in 1986.

RJW was also one of the organisers for many years of Manorcon, which was an eminently successful games convention in the UK started in 1983 and still running.

Richard was also instrumental in formulating the idea of the formation of the IDA/UK. As Stephen Agar says: *“...interest in Britain was focused on the Calhaver Awards which were organized by the IDA in the States. Thanks to some electioneering, British zines were nominated in 9 of the 11 categories and duly went on to win all 9 awards. This feat was accomplished by the fact that 75 of the 400 or so active UK players had voted in the poll, as opposed to a mere 50 votes from the 2,000 or so active US players. The US promptly changed the rules.”* This coup was deliberately plotted it has to be said as a slightly nationalistic response to being patronised by some US players! However, RJW remained good friends with people like Edi Birsan and Conrad von Metzke, in spite of some opprobrium. It’s worth saying that Richard loved to cock a snook at any kind of pomposity or pretension.

RJW also hated any kind of mawkish sentimentality, which rather showed itself in his spare, dry wit and prose. He absolutely loved to puncture my innate tendency to pomposity. Now, I shall have to resort to listening to what he would have said, like an additional internal critic.

His Imrryr by-line in Mad Policy was from Michael Moorcock’s Elric of Melnibone series, RJW was a very avid collector of Moorcock and read a lot of Science Fiction. He was also a great fan of Star Trek, Doctor Who and Blake’s 7 and also particularly loved the film Excalibur. Besides this he was a very great fan of early 60s UK female pop singers like Susan Maughan and Sandie Shore and collected rare songs and records by such until he died. His collections, besides a mountain of SF, also included cigarette cards, which he turned into a semi-profitable hobby in his retirement.

On a personal level, Richard was my best friend. His qualities were those of a true Englishman as both he and I saw them: honourable, decent, honest and loyal. His passion as a one-time resident of Essex was for the county and England cricket teams, the latter which I shared with him, and he did so love to crow over the success of his team over mine in the county championship. But Richard’s real passion was for the football (soccer) team closest to him in his youth and to his heart throughout his life, which was West Ham.

One of the reasons why Richard became and was such a close friend of mine was that we both shared a passion for strategy board games that took a long time... Britannia, Civilization (the Hartland Trefoil game) were just two of these. If you don’t get on with someone very well, spending many hours staring at each other over a board would have been intolerable. He played to win

and was a very careful strategist, hugely capable when it came to assessing probabilities. Which was understandable as he had a gift for figures. He started his working life as a statistician with British Aerospace before progressing on to a very senior position for BAe. This involved supporting negotiations with the UK government providing statistical and financial information for BAe during these. He said that his experience in playing Diplomacy was invaluable in achieving results at these meetings!

But I would not wish to give the idea of an earnest man, as those who have read Richard's press saga in this august zine, you will know or guess that RJW was witty, charming, creative and highly intelligent in print as well as in person. A great conversationalist, some of our joint flights of fantasy and extemporisation got us into some strange situations! You will have (or can) read of the spoof which he and I perpetrated on the UK hobby in launching my zine Gallimaufry under a pseudonym, as part of which he created Selena King, a femme fatale for the hobby, and then proceeded to torment Pete Birks with her for a while, by getting people to send cards from her from all over the world!

Let me finish with my recollection of one such piece of insanity, which occurred back in the late 1970s. In those

days there was an annual holiday get-together called Eurocon, typically taking place in France. This year Richard and Claire had agreed to give me a lift down and back. In France in those days, there was nearly always spare capacity in hotels so getting a couple of rooms was not too much of a problem.

Until on the way back we found one which to our horror only had one last room left above the kitchen. So I said that I would sleep in the car, but Richard and Claire being lovely people, because the room had a cot bed, wouldn't hear of it. So we went downstairs, Claire went out for a walk and left Richard and I to secure the room. This caused some whispered conversations which we realised was caused by them thinking that Claire was une Belle de la Nuit and that we were going to enjoy a bit more than just the meal and a sleep. Madame's son, who was our waiter, was terrified by the thoughts of what we might do later on and so we regaled him with little winks and whispered "Ménage a trois!". We could not resist. Needless to say we had a fitful night as the room was above the kitchen with all the pots and pans, but eventually we got to sleep!

He was my friend: decent, honest, charming, witty, loyal and funny besides being a great gamesplayer! After 40 of friendship I will very much miss him.

Mad for Mad Policy

by Dane Maslen

Richard Walkerdine's Mad Policy was the first zine I subscribed to and when I subsequently went along to a pub-based Hobby meet in Godalming Richard was the first person in the Hobby that I met. His instructions in MP had been very clear as to the behavior expected from a newcomer, so once I'd arrived and successfully identified him, I duly bought him a Pils.

I soon joined the Mad Policy team that Richard fielded in the ManorCon Diplomacy tournament. In 1986 the convention clashed with a Saturday evening Bruce Springsteen concert in London. Richard was a great Springsteen fan and had tickets for the concert, so he left himself out of the team. When he got back to the con after the concert, he discovered that we had all clung on for draws and had thereby won the team tournament. Richard hastily made use of his position as head honcho on the ManorCon committee so that at the end of the convention eight trophies were awarded to the winning team: seven to the players and one to the non-playing captain!

MP 120 celebrated our victory with "We Won!!" written in large letters on the front cover and an article entitled "Injury-hit All Stars in Dramatic Last-Gasp Victory Shock Sensation" inside. The following issue of MP included a poem submitted by Steve Howe:

THE TEAM THAT WON THE TROPHY

The team that won the trophy was,
Without the slightest doubt,
Triumphant in the main because
They'd left the captain out.

In former years this gallant band
Were proud of how they'd done
With six top-ranking players and
A handicap of one.

You see, they'd had to let him play
As founder of the team -
Which he viewed as a useful way
To boost his self-esteem.

But now they yearned to finish first -
Not bridesmaids but the bride -
And thus they had to ditch the worst
Dip-player in the side.

They tried to tell him, gentle-like,
And hoped he'd take it well,
But what they meant was: "On yer bike,
Get lost and go to hell!"

"They must have felt remorse," you say,
"For how they'd stitched him up."
Like hell - without him in the way
They carried off the cup.

Richard's comment was "Bah!"

Richard continued to field a Mad Policy team in the ManorCon Dip tournament for several years after MP folded. In 1993 we achieved our second victory, this time with our captain playing. At last Richard had a trophy as of right, but he was gradually phasing himself out of the Hobby and two years later saw Mad Policy's last appearance at ManorCon.

In 2004 (by which time I'd been conned into being on the committee) ManorCon hosted World DipCon for the third time and I suggested that as Richard had been responsible for the birth of World DipCon we should invite him along to present the trophies. I thought, correctly as it turned out, that he would be unable to resist a brief return to the limelight.

In May 2008 I received an email out of the blue from Richard. Douglas had dragged him kicking and screaming back into the Hobby to write articles for Diplomacy World. When he saw a copy of Eternal

Sunshine Richard was surprised to find I was a subscriber, so got my email address from Douglas. He was keen to know who else was still around and was amazed by how many former MP subscribers were still active in the Hobby 20 years on.

When we realized that he was now living not far from some friends that I was going to be visiting in September, we arranged to meet up for a few hours at the end of my trip. He was still much as I remembered him from his days in the Hobby, but his earlier passion for games (and Hobby domination!) had been replaced by one for collecting and trading cigarette cards.

That was the last time I saw Richard but his regular contributions to ES led to an occasional exchange of emails, most recently in April when he wrote about the Vulcan bombing of the airfield at Port Stanley during the Falklands War. I had seen a TV program about the mission a month or so earlier - Richard was disappointed to discover that he had missed it - and was able to fill in some details that Richard had been unsure of in his article.

The news of his death came as a great shock. It had only been a day or two earlier that I had read his contribution to ES 68.

RICHARD WALKERDINE: A PEERISPECTIVE

By Larry Peery

Many years ago, in 1969 to be precise, former US Secretary of State Dean Acheson wrote his memoirs, **PRESENT AT THE CREATION: MY YEARS AT THE STATE DEPARTMENT**. Like Dean Acheson, Richard Walkerdine was brilliant and quirky. Unlike Acheson, who was present at the creation of America's post-WWII foreign policy, Richard was the creator of a good part of Diplomacy's history.

I've known Richard for so long I don't even remember when we first came in contact, but I think it was in the early 1970s. Our first FTF encounter was at World DipCon I in Birmingham, England in 1988. Richard was the stuff legends are made of, and I'd like to share a few of the ones I remember.

His contributions to the hobby were many: player, games master, writer, publisher, custodian, convention host, tournament director, drinking buddy, and all around good guy. He did it all and he did it brilliantly for some forty years.

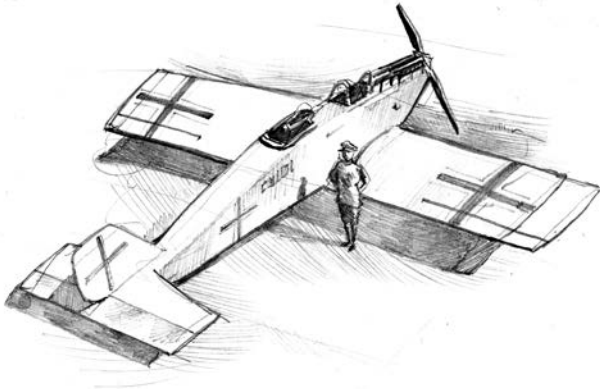
I first got to know him when he sent me an early copy of his new magazine, **MAD POLICY**, of which he published some 73 issues from August, 1972 until October of 1977. Two things about **MAD POLICY** attracted me.

First, it was more than just a Diplomacy magazine. It was filled with all kinds of other games and comments on this and that. It was also very well written, especially when compared to most of the stuff being published on this side of the Atlantic.

Over those early years I got to know Richard better and better and we worked together usually and sometimes competed with each other, but always in a spirit of good comradeship and with a mutual goal of making the Diplomacy hobby bigger and better.

There's no doubt that Richard's paramount achievement in Diplomacy was the creation of World DipCon. I often called him "the father of WDC," but he always generously gave credit to those who helped him turn his idea into a reality. You can read my history of WDC in the Fall 2000 issue of **DIPLOMACY WORLD**, and you can read his telling of the story of the birth of WDC in the Winter 2011 issue of **DIPLOMACY WORLD**. In that same issue I suggest you read his article "Diplomacy and Its Real Life Benefits," which says a lot about how Richard saw the game and the hobby.

When Richard and Fred Davis approached me in early 1988 with the idea of having the first "World" DipCon I realized immediately that this was something that the hobby had been waiting for ever since the establishment of the American DipCon years before. When Richard told me that Allan Calhmer would be their guest of honor I knew I had to go. And so I did. It was the first of many Diplomacy events I attended in Birmingham over the years and I enjoyed them all, but it was that first WDC that remains in my memory even today.



It was a bit of a culture shock to make the trip to Birmingham. I knew that from the beginning when American Airlines issued me a ticket to Birmingham, Alabama instead of Birmingham, England. The venue was also a bit different, a 16 story high-rise dormitory named, appropriately enough High Hall (I think it had to do with the height of the building, although it may have had to do with another kind of "high." You never knew for sure in those days. The building was a post-WWII dorm and compared to today's university housing it was pretty primitive. There were two elevators, some pretty basic plumbing, and students slept four in a room. I remember that because I had a room for four all to myself on the top floor; which meant I spent a lot of time hanging around waiting for an elevator. The Brits were all on the lower floors and had learned to use the stairs to get around. The cafeteria was also basic; in fact the food was horrible. The menu was the same every day. You had fish, chips, and a choice of peas or carrots. Most importantly and most shockingly to me, the dorm had its own pub, something the Brits took for granted and made good use of. In fact when the bar opened at 1000 in the morning they would be lined up waiting to get their first pint of the day. Oh yes, did I mention the paint job? The interior halls were, by tradition, painted each year by graduating students as a present to new arrivals. That year they had just been painted in bright blue, orange, and yellow. I took to wearing sunglasses when I was in the halls. The gaming was conducted in one of the dorm's recreation rooms which had a simple stage where Richard and his committee members conducted the affairs of the event and ran the various tournaments, etc. They did an excellent job and taking care of us

Americans and the other foreigners, smiling graciously as they pondered the best way to carve up this new fresh meat.

The committee had invited the local BBC outlet to cover the event and I vividly remember that Friday when Richard came up to me and said a reporter from the BBC wanted to talk to me. After a few minutes the reporter said he wanted to get some photos and he'd be back tomorrow. Sure enough, right in the middle of the one game I played where I was actually doing well, the next day the reporter showed up with a camera man, a sound tech with a recorder, and wanted to do a full interview. Needless to say my diplomacy in that game went to hell. Richard was hovering in the background listening to what questions I was asked and what answers I was giving; and all seemed to be going well. But it was 1988. Margaret Thatcher was still prime minister (1979-1990) and a very polarizing figure in the UK because although she had led the country to a victory in the Falklands War, the economy was tanking under her fiscal policies. Things were even worse in the US; where George H. W. Bush was running for president against Michael Dukakis, whose chief claim to fame was his wife, who later went on to a successful career as an actress. Somewhere in the interview I made an off the cuff remark that caught the ear of the BBC reporter although at the time I didn't think anything of it. We wrapped up the interview and I went back to being slaughtered at the game table. The next morning I walked into the game room and Richard jumped off the stage and practically ran over to me. "You were on the BBC news last night, and everybody is talking about it. "Did you really say that?" He asked. "Say what? I said. "That Margaret Thatcher should come over to America and run for president because she had more balls than either Bush or Dukakis! "He screamed at me. Well, yes, I did say something like that," I responded. And for years afterwards wherever I went in the UK or Europe that's how I was introduced, as the American who said... I'm told that when she was told what I had said on the BBC, she just laughed and smiled. Hamm.

On the last night of the event a bunch of us went out to dinner in downtown Birmingham at a Wacky Packie place. Balti was a new dish that was invented by a Pakistani cook in Birmingham in 1977 (The same year Richard stopped publishing MAD POLICY, although I don't think there was any connection between the two.) We all sat at a long table and the waiters brought platter after platter of food that disappeared as quickly as they put it on the table. Beer after beer washed it down. When we were done the head waiter brought a bill which was solemnly passed around among the Brits. "Did you order that?" one would ask the other. "Nope, not me." Well, I'm not paying for it." Came the ritualistic response. And so it went. Finally, each of them put two pounds down on the table, probably around USD 3. The foreigners present were not included in this, and when I

went to put a couple of extra pounds on the table for a tip, one of the Brits picked them up and said, "Don't do that. You'll spoil it for the rest of us next time. They'll expect it."

One of my prized mementos from that first WDC was a simple gesture that Allan Calhamer thought of. Somewhere he had acquired a fistful of color postcards with a picture of High Hall on one side. He brought them to a little farewell dinner that some of the event organizers and foreigners attended. He pulled out the stack of postcards and started signing each one, Allan B. Calhamer, and then passed it to the next person, who signed it, and passed it on. This continued until each of us had a postcard signed by every other person present. It wasn't quite as impressive as the signing of the Declaration of Independence in Philadelphia in 1776, but it came close. I still have my postcard somewhere, a tangible proof of attendance and a symbol of our commitment to keep the World DipCon event going.

And sure enough we did. After successful World DipCon events in Chapel Hill, North Carolina in 1990 and Canberra, Australia in 1992, we gathered again in Birmingham in 1994 for World DipCon IV. By then things had changed considerably and some of the British game players were upset that the emphasis on Diplomacy was spoiling "their" traditional gaming event. Others were upset that the French had turned up in Birmingham determined to win every game and every award. Not good sportsmanship the Brits said. Things got a bit testy as the Brits argued amongst themselves, but united to quarrel with "the foreigners," especially the French about the event and the future of World DipCon. Richard, disgusted by the acrimony stalked off to the bar to drown his sorrows. Things were not going well; fortunately more and more of the Brits followed him to the bar, leaving it to a few committed British hobbyists and the foreigners to salvage something out of the meeting. The major decision made was that thereafter World DipCon would be held annually on some kind of rotating basis involving the UK, Europe, America, and Australia. Ironically the French won the right to host the next World DipCon a year later. I tracked down Richard in the bar and he was, by then, well past demonstrating his prowess as a drinker. I told him that we had managed to save his baby and that although the birth had not been an easy one, WDC would survive.



But there was more to Richard than just Diplomacy. I remember one day we drove over to Edgabaston, the home of the Warwickshire Country Cricket Club. As he showed me around and told me something about the game, the venue, and the Club's history. It actually brought tears to his eyes. I saw the same kind of passion about a sport in Chapel Hill at the Dean Smith Center and at the original Camden Yards in Baltimore. One quiet night at World DipCon (There weren't many, but there were a few.) Richard and I were sitting in the bar drinking and talking about this and that, anything except Diplomacy! Our conversation ranged from Kenneth Clark's epic series CIVILISATION to the relative merits of Boeing vs. Airbus jets. Through it all Richard demonstrated his wit and style, not to mention wisdom. He was a modern Renaissance man.

Although his Diplomacy career would go on for nearly another twenty years and, as any reader of DIPLOMACY WORLD knows, his passion for the game and his skills as a writer never diminished, I will always remember his role as creator of World DipCon as his finest hour.

Move over Winston and make room for Richard.

Goodbye to Walkerdine

By Pete Birks

I think that I first met Richard at his own home, then a one-bedroom flat in Addlestone, called Cheriton. As was often the case in those days a Diplomacy player who edited his own 'zine decided to throw open a most impractical abode to all and sundry. I think that it was the summer of 1974, a summer of housecons, before the more organized conventions of later years, of which Richard would become the administrator of the most successful in terms of both attendance and profits – ManorCon in Birmingham,

The housecons of earlier days were much more informal affairs. There were far fewer games around in those days. This meant that Monopoly and Formula One would still make an appearance. That con saw Pete Swanson, Greg Ward, John Piggott, Richard Sharp, Andy Davidson, Graham Jeffries, probably Brian Yare and I in attendance. We probably just slept on the floor in a sleeping bag, if we slept at all. I certainly recall a bargaining deal between Greg Ward and John Piggott at about 2.30 in the morning during a particularly competitive game of Monopoly.

"How much will you give me for Regent Street?"

"£635".

"Give me £636."

"Are you mad? I wouldn't give you £636 for that rubbish!"

I doubt that Walkerdine would have been playing, although he would certainly have taken part in the Formula One. Speed Circuit had only just been released by 3M, so for racing we had to stick to a game that we had all been playing since the late 1960s. Walkerdine considered himself a dab hand at it – as he did at Speed Circuit after it had come to supplant the quaint English-designed game. There was an intense rivalry between him and me in the early days, before everyone else had got the hang of it and we naturally assumed that we would be finishing 1st and 2nd.

If John Piggott could be thought of as coming from the fanzine SF side of Diplomacy 'zine publishing, Walkerdine was definitely from the "get it out on time" school. Richard had his love of SF and fantasy – I vaguely recall it being more of the pulp end than quality literature. But his 'zine Mad Policy established a

reputation for efficient GMing and prompt appearance. Walkerdine wasn't the first to do this – Brian Yare ran Grafeti to a two-week deadline and often had the 'zine ready within 12 hours of the midnight deadline. But Brian's zine was mainly local to St Andrew's University; Walkerdine's Mad Policy mainly went out by post.

We would meet at most conventions over the years that we were both still involved in the hobby. He was always a joy to talk to and, when it came to running ManorCon, was one of the few administrators who never seemed to get flustered, let alone lose his temper. I think that a small pursing of lips might have been an indication that inside he was incandescent with rage, but one could never be sure.

As Brian has written, Walkerdine's crowning achievement was ManorCon. I went to the first of these, in Bristol. Pete Calcraft was the driving force. Eventually it staggered on to Birmingham University. Richard took the reins (even if he wasn't the official CEO/CFO) and within a few years it had become the busiest, largest con in Europe. By now his involvement in the rest of the Diplomacy hobby was fading, but he carried on until his crowning achievement – WorldDipCon in Birmingham. That what we recall is what went right (rather than what went wrong, because nothing did go wrong), is testimony to his powers of organization. Too many people think that you can say on a Friday night after one too many drinks, "let's have a party in July!" and then assume that by some miracle the party will happen. Walkerdine would be the guy who knew better, and he would make it happen, while all of the others would just assume that the party was organizing itself.

In all of the years I knew him, I can't recall a single cross word between us. For people who know me, they will realize what an amazing achievement that was on Richard's part (I claim no credit at all). He was a charming bloke to know and, no matter how un-charming you were yourself, he would always make you feel as if you were liked, respected, and that you mattered. I haven't known many people like that, and for that reason alone he would be sadly missed. The Diplomacy hobby would have been a very different place without him, and I for one count it as a privilege to have known him.