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the

December 2nd, 1972.

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DEADLINE: 22/12/72

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National Games Club

Last Sunday, having nothing much to do, I took a trip down to London in order to partake of the latest machinations of Graeme Levin. You get out at Tottenham Court Road tube and walk north, and the Bedford Corner Hotel screams at you from a side street to your right. On descending a flight of stairs, a Letraset notice on a blackboard informs you that this is NATIONAL GAMES CLUB territory, and that you are living on borrowed .. er, games

Entry into the centre of operations reveals a not-too-large room, filled with tables covered in green baize. A pile of games rests in the corner. Behind a desk groaning under the weight of copies of

Games and Puzzles magazine, a figure eyes you with beady eye as you fumble in your pocket for the 25p entrance fee. Five or six people wander aimlessly around the tables, inspecting games. It is 12.15 p.m.

Such was the sight which greeted me as I entered the place. A while later, it quickened up quite a bit - all the tables filled with people playing a wide variety of games. I think the total attendance was about 100. Only one game of Diplomacy was organised, with myself as England and Hartley Patterson as Austria. When that ended, Graham Jeffery played me at Armageddon, the latest S&T game. Neither of us knew the rules and, although we only had about 40 units between us, the ten-turn game took quite some time to finish. Graham won according to the rules, however, I maintain that I would better be called the winner, since my mad axemen would have wiped him out completely in another turn or so. However, never let it be said that I don't play according to the rules - if I did not Andy would be able to maintain that I didn't really beat him at Winter War the other week. But I digress...

After the Battle of the Sabine women had been resolved to the satisfaction of half the participants, Garham and I moved on to a variety of less brain-taxing games, such as Battling Tops, Don't Let The Flowers Fall, and Skittle Poker. I proved much better at these than I was at Armageddon - if there's a moral behind this I don't want to know it! Battling Tops especially is fascinating; I defy anyone who has encountered it to say me nay.

All considered, it was a most agreeable way to spend a day, and I can recommend the NGC to anyone who happens to be around London on a Sunday with nothing to do. There are flaws in it, of course. For a start, conditions were a little crowded during the busy part of the day; and one major grumble I have is that the bar wasn't opened during most of the afternoon. Licensing hours and all that, I suppose - but even so, it's an ordeal trying to conduct complex diplomatic discussions dry-throated.

Still, a most rewarding way to spend a day. I shall be going again...

Odds and ends

The writing is on the wall, it seems. Brian Yare has announced that he is planning to start a Diplomacy magazine called GRAFETI (Brian's spelling, not mine'), run on the same lines as the majority of the independent mags. "My basic policy is to have a regular fortnightly deadline (say, every second Friday so that I can duplicate on a Saturday)," says Brian. "I will take retreats, builds and removals with the preceding moves, so we should have some really fast games. I anticipate that most games will finish in about one year." The cost for all this will be 5p per issue, plus a 25p game fee. Lists are open for 4000 AD, Third Age, Diadochi II, Konfusion (another Kolin Hemming variant, described elsewhere in this issue) and, of course, regular Dippy. Anyone interested should contact Brian at 19 Doocot Road, St Andrews, Fife KY16 8QP for further details. And good luck to you, Brian. /// Whilst on the subject of Diplomacy zines, I will mention that BDC games are now running in three magazines - one game in War Bulletin, four in Richard Sharp's Dolchstoss and six in Don Turnbull's BDC Journal. And it's still several months since I saw a Diplomatic Backstabber, he moaned. /// Richard Sharp and Brian Yare both entered our hobby through the BDC, I believe. In both cases their first postal game was BDC4. This is the one running in Hartley's ~~rag~~ War Bulletin, the only BDC game running in a regular zine. Coincidence? I suspect there's more to it than that...

Now look ye and marvel, how a person's outlook can change in the course of a year. I was going through some old correspondence recently (or rather, Andy Davidson had penetrated into my room to see if I was ready to give him his Ethil, and was nosing about all my secret cupboards and files), and to my horror and dismay I unearthed the following letter from Andy himself: "I would prefer to play Abstraction in Ethil the Frog, but if you can't get the players you can count me in for a regular game." The letter is dated 19 December, 1971. Can you imagine Andy being so hesitant when offered the chance of a regular game in any magazine today?

Howell Davies has asked how many people are on my mailing list. Lord knows why he wants to know, but at least it gives me an excuse to gloat at Hartley. Each issue of this rag is now read by 56 people. It is possible that I may print the mailing list in the near future, so that everyone can check that their details are correct. For anyone interested, WB has 45 readers, though it would be 39 if you discounted all the people who get it free. Nobody gets Ethil free, except the occasional person who gets mentioned. "We'll catch up with you yet, Ethil!" cried Hartley in a last defiant gesture, just before he lost sight of us...

John Lettice is getting rather tired of British Diplomacy's new 'father'. "I think it's about time someone told the press about poor old long-suffering Don Turnbull," he complained. (He would have gone on for much longer, but decided that the stigma of writing worse English than a Belgian cat was too much for him to bear). I agree that Don ought to get some recognition - but does he really want to be held up in public for possible ridicule the way Graeme Levin is? /// Jeff Oliver is perplexed that, considering most of Ethil's readers are between 15 and 30, no-one ever mentions Pink Floyd, (shudder) Donny Osmond, and so on. WEEELLL, if sufficient financial backing is forthcoming, Ethil will go ahead with a special recording of 'Backstabbers' by Donny Turnbull and the Lawson Five. Personally, I think we should leave records and such to those competent to deal with them. I'm certainly not - I don't even own a record player. What's the matter with you, anyway, isn't Tony Blackburn enough for you? /// Andrew Waldie has asked what has happened to several items mentioned here in the past. In answer, I have to say that I have not received the rules for WAR OF THE RINGS DIPLOMACY yet, so I must confess it looks as though I'm not going to. However, several gems still exist in the files - the Pijohn Letters, a grotesque biographical study of Jeff Oliver, etc. etc. There are also a whole family of original Diplomacy letters written to me by various people, which I am keeping as a reserve in case I ever wish to blackmail anybody. And there are lots and lots of other extraneous gems - Harry Ding-a-ling, who has received the Whitehouse Seal of Disapproval, full-frontal pictures of Irene Taylor building an army, and blue films such as 'The French Connection'. (Hands up those who didn't understand that subtle pun).

The page is now ended, the lines all used up. I'm sure there will be more of this stuff later on, and so a final crack at this point would seem singularly inappropriate. Thank god I don't have to admit I couldn't think of one.

1972K ('A'): Spring 1909 TREACHERY AFOOT IN THE BALKANS

GERMANY (A. Davidson): a mun-bur s by a par; f bel-pic; a hol-ruh;
a kie-mun s by a ber; a boh-vie s by a tri*; f bal-den;
f nrg-nao; f bar-nrg; a lon & a swe stand.

RUSSIA (Jeffery): f sev-bla; a rum-bul; a ukr-rum; a war-gal;
a pru-war; a mos-ukr; f stp(s) stands.

AUSTRIA (Robertson): f ion-tun s by f tys; f adr-ion, a bud s a vie;
a tyr-tri s by a ven & a vie.

FRANCE (D. Christianson): nmr // f tun*, f bre, f wms, a mar, a naf stand.

Retreats: French f tun disbanded. German a tri-ser.

GM Notes: I am happy to say that Peter Robertson has been allowed home, and he is continuing in the game as before. However, David Christianson has not sent in any orders, and his subscription to Ethel expired some time ago. As noted elsewhere, I don't make a habit of giving this thing away free, so out he goes. France is now ruled by Jeff Oliver, 73 Egerton Rd, M/cr M14 6UZ.

!-!

1972Kco ('B'): January 1916 ENGLISH ATTACK ON FRANCE LOOMS NEARER

ENGLAND (Stuart): a ire boards f hbs -- a/f hbs-nao; f stp ms f cou;
a lon boards f ang -- a/f ang-eng -- a eng dis pic; a bel-lor;
a den-kie s by a ber; a fin s f stp, f bal s a ber; f nth-ang;
f ply-lon.

RUSSIA (Feintuck): a ark-lap, a mos-ark.

TURKEY (Maule): a dam boards f cys -- a/f cys-aeg s by f ems --
a aeg dis mac s by f gre & a con; a bul-rum.

AUSTRIA (D. Christianson): nmr // a ode, a ukr, a gal, a war, a dre,
a mun*, a mac*, & a alb stand.

FRANCE (A. Davidson): a leo-cas; a bre-pic, a par-lor; a boh-dre;
a tyr-mun s by a swa; a ven-tyr; f adr-apu; f apu-lon;
a nap boards f ion -- a/f ion-adr -- a adr dis zar s by a cro;
f mas-tys; f cms stands.

Retreats: Dislodged Austrian armies mun & mac both disbanded.

GM Notes: Last issue I accidentally omitted the French f apu in the game report. This did not affect the results of the November 1915 moves, and, as can be seen above, it has now returned in all its glory.

Austria now has a new ruler - Richard Walkerdine, Cheriton, 15 Crouch Oak Lane, Addlestone, Surrey, KT15 2AN. David Christianson is dropped for reasons mentioned above.

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1972BK ('C'): Spring 1907 THE BIG THREE PLAY WITH THEIR PUPPETS

ENGLAND (Taylor): a edi-nwy c by f nrg; f ska-nth, a stp-mos;
a yor, a lpl, a lon, a hol & a ukr stand; a war s a ukr;
a kie-ber; a den-kie.

GERMANY (Maule): a ber commits hara-kiri; a mun-61 Cygni C via
Mrs J. Simpson, 13 Bootle Road, Barnsley (call at number 15 if you
don't get an answer)*.

RUSSIA (B. Davidson): nmr // a rum stands.

TURKEY (Jeffery): a sev-ukr; a ank-arm, f bla-con; f con-aeg;
a bul-gre; a bud-gal, f adr-ven; a tri s (austrian) a vie-tyr;
a ser s a tri.

AUSTRIA (Waldic): a vie-tyr.

FRANCE (Bell): a bur-mun s by a ruh; a par-bur; a rom s a ven;
f tys-lon s by f nap; a tyr-tri* s by a ven.

Retreats: French a tyr, German a mun both disbanded.

Standby moves for Russia from Jeff Oliver, please. *sigh*...

Bath: Found, small boy, aged about 20. Believed starving to death. A reward of £500 will be paid to the first person to offer to take him off our hands ..

'H'. 1 Urime 3018

BARAD-DUR OCCUPIED!

ERIADOR (Lettico). =a hol s (rhovanion) a mór-mm; a rhd-ett,
a wea-ang s by a arn; f ibf-fdw, a shi-sdo.

GONDOR (D.Christianson). nmr // a lsn & a lam stand.

MORDOR (Ward): =3a mti-cal; 2a cal-eas; 2a sit-mmo, ;
a nin-udu s by a bar*; 2a kha-nur s by a msh*; a car-iro s by a ere,
a gm s a ett; a ett ms a ang*; 2a and-dg; a mm-and.

RHOVANION (Patterson). =a iro-gun; a mor-mm; a gf-cel; a smi-mir.

ROHAN (Davis): =2a dag-bar; a edo s (gondor) a lam; a wol-bro;
a dun-igd; a me-cal s by a eas*.

UMBAR (Harris) a mmo-msh s by a sgo, a hdw-kha; a hrd-hdw;
f bel s a sgo.

Retreats: Mordor a bar-rhn, a msh-sit, a ang destroyed. Rohan a eas-wem
Gondor has had a change of government, for reasons discussed on page 3.
The new ruler is Kevin Feintuck, 16 Argyle Road, Liverpool, L4 2RS

Barad-Dur: Silently, grimly, Theodred and Hannibal rode together up the
winding road of rubble and ash which led up Orodruin to the Sammath Naur,
the Cracks of Doom. From the jagged pinnacles of Barad-Dur, the red flash
of the lidless Eye slashed out towards them - but it was too late! Even as
the Dark Lord discerned their purpose, even as his whole mind and will
hurled the Nazgul eastward from the ruined battlements of Minas Tirith,
the pair rode into the great black cave-mouth and leapt from their horses.

"Now have we come!" roared Theodred. "We, Hannibal Barca and Theodred
Theodenson, come to destroy the One Ring here, in the very heart of the
realm of Sauron. Here, at the end of all things, the Quest is achieved!"

Moria: "Whose idea was it to come here, anyway?" asked Beorn. "Ever since
they made me chairman of the Council I've had all the dirty jobs to do,
and they keep writing me nasty letters."

"I can sympathise," said the Balrog. "It's been no fun since the Orcs
left. How about starting another tell-a-fairy-joke contest?"

"But we've nothing to offer as a prize - only these old rings "

Isengard: "I come to bury Sauron, not to praise him .. no, this is the wrong
approach, I'm afraid. Perhaps we should offer them some Fisons. Switch on
the Palantir, Grima, and let's see the news."

"After the nine o'clock news, there will be a party political broadcast
on behalf of the Independent Barad-Dur party. Viewers are reminded that it is
an offence punishable by hideous torture to turn off their Palantirs."
(Camera shot of Barad-Dur clock striking nine, dissolve to newscasters
Gorbag and Shagrat) "Ar, here we are, my lads, with the latest news of the
War, and if you know what's good for you you'll pay attention! First we go
over to Minas Tirith..." (switch to underground cavern full of orcs sorting
through piles of beer cans)

"Bah! Switch over, Grima. Try Mirkwood."

"...is Bernard Weaver with Police Six. The following persons are wanted
by the Mirkwood Police to help them in their inquiries: Smaug the Dragon and
his beloved son Smug, for smoking on the lower deck of the Erebor-Dol Guldur
bus; a Mr Underhill of the Shire, for selling bad poetry; a villain known
as 'The Doctor' for illegal importation of heroes; and the Monopolies
Commission has expressed an interest in the merger between ring collectors
A.Barbar, and Dark Tower Antiques, Inc., of Morodr."

Osgiliath: "Right, Lugdush, get the men fallen in," said Ugluk. "We've got
a long march ahead of us, and with Theodred just across the River I want my
platoon to be the best-drilled of the entire army."

"Yes, sir," said Lugdush. "I say, you people - would you be so kind,
could you sort of fall in, in three ranks -- that's the way. Come on,
Jonesey! That's awfully nice, thank you so much. Lovely."

"No, no!" said Ugluk, lighting his pipe. "You must give quick, precise
comm---" He broke off as the door flew open. Grishnakh stormed in,
shouting, "What's all this? Put that bleeding light out! Don't you know
there's a war on, Napoleon?"

Minas Tirith: ...gurgle, gurgle... 6754 - damn! gurgle, gurgle... 6755 -
damn! gurgle, gurgle... 6756 - *hic* damn! gurgle. .

((H Game continued on page 5))

1972BV ('D'): Spring 1906

TURKEY STABS AUSTRIA!

ENGLAND (I.Lawson): f hol-nth; f nwy-nrg; a fin-nwy s by f ska.

GERMANY (Jones): a pic-par, a bel-bur s by a mun, f ber-kie;
f den s (english) f hol-nth

RUSSIA (Shaw) nmr // f swe stands

TURKEY (Oliver): f ems-aeg; a con-bul; a mos-war s by a ukr,
a sev-rum s by f bla; a ank-con, a stp stands.

AUSTRIA (A.Davidson): f tys-gol; f nap-ion; a tri-ven s by a rom;
f wms-mao; a pie-mar; a vie-tri; a gal ma a bud.

FRANCE (Bell): f lon, f bre, a mar, a tus & a bur* all stand

Retreats French a bur disbanded - no retreat orders.

Will Richard Walkerdine send in a standby order for that Russian fleet, please.

!-!

1972CI ('E'): Spring 1905

FRENCH MAKE HEADWAY IN THE SOUTH

ENGLAND (Maule): a lon-nwy c by f nth, f nwy-stp(n) s by a fin;
a kie s (french) a ruh; f hel & f den s a kie.

GERMANY (Mellish). f swe stands.

RUSSIA (Douglass). a arm-ank s by f bla, a sil s (austrian) a mun,
a stp-nwy*; a ber-kie s by f bal.

TURKEY (PiJohn): a ank-arm; f con-bla, f smv-con.

AUSTRIA (R Lawson): a bul-con, a gre stands; a ser-tri; a tyr-pie,
a mun s (russian) a ber-kie; a boh s a mun; f adr-ion.

ITALY (I.Lawson) a ven s (austrian) a tyr-pie; a rom-tus;
a tun-naf*; f nap-tys.

FRANCE (Walkerdine): a ruh-mun s by a bur; a tus-pie s by f gol;
f naf-tun s by f wms.

Retreats. Russian a stp-mos; Italian a tun disbanded.

!-!

1972CL ('F'): Autumn 1904

SULTAN LOOKS THE OTHER WAY AS RUSSIA RAPES TURKEY

ENGLAND (Durrneim): f nrg-nwy; f eng-nth, f bel-hol; a pic-bel.

GERMANY (Morrison) a lvn-war; f fin-gob s by f swe,
a mun s (english) a pic-bur, a kie, a ber & a den stand

RUSSIA (Williams): a sev-arm s by a ank, a mos-war; f bal-lvn;
f stp(s) stands.

TURKEY (B Davidson). nmr // a arm*, a gre*, a bul & f aeg stand.

AUSTRIA (Davies): f alb & a ser s (italian) a nap-gre; a vie stands.

ITALY (Oliver): a ven-tri s by a tyr, a nap-gre c by f ion,
f tri-adr.

FRANCE (Alexander) a par-pic s by a bre, a bur-mun; f spa(s)-mao;
f iri-lpl.

Retreats: Turkish a arm & a gre both disbanded

- E: 5 bases: lon, edi, nwy, bel, hol. Build f edi.
- G: 6 bases: ber, mun, kie, den, swe, war. GM removes f gob.
- R: 6 bases: stp, mos, sev, rum, ank, smv. Build a sev.
- T: 2 bases: con, bul. No change.
- A: 3 bases: vie, bud, ser. No change.
- I: 6 bases: rom, nap, ven, tun, tri, gre. Build a ven.
- F: 6 bases: bre, par, mar, spa, por, lpl. Build f mar.

Will Greg Ward send standby orders for Turkey, please? Ta...

London. There were tense moments in the palace today while the King was having breakfast. Half-way through the 100th course, he leaped out of his chair and made 42 circuits of the dining hall, making a whining noise. For a moment, the other guests were struck dumb, but Germany's well-known leader was heard to remark, "He has off his rocker gone, ja?" The King later returned to bed. The court doctor said he complained of feeling dizzy.

'I': 2 Cerime 3018

RHOVANION BECOMES BIGGER THAN MORDOR!

ERIADOR (Waldie): =a gwy-hol; a arn-ang s by a wea; f lhu-ibf.

GONDOR (Mellish). a isn s (rohan) a igd, =2a mt1 s (umbar)=a sgo;
a cal & a lam s =2a mt1.

MORDOR (Bell): a gun, a ang*, a hol*, a w1z, 2a mor, 2a udu, 2a kha,
2a nit & =3a sit all stand

RHOVANION (Pijohn): =a mir stands, a rhd s (eriador) a gwy-hol;
a gmo s a rhd; a bro-rau; a iro-gun; a gf-cel s by a dg.

ROHAN (Yare): a wem-fan s by =2a lor; a wol s =2a lor; a igd-w1z;
a eas s (gondor) a cal.

UMBAR (Durrheim): a hrd-hdw s by =a sgo; f bel s =a sgo; a nur-kha

Retreats: Mordor a ang-ett, a hol-dun.

Note: I messed up the retreats last issue. Mordor's a lor which was dislodged last move actually retreated to w1z, not to mor as reported in Ethil.

E: 6 bases: sh1, eve, lhu, arn, ang, hol. Build a sh1, a eve.

G: 4 bases: mt1, cal, lam, isn. No change.

M: 9 bases: bar, udu, mmo, msh, kha, nit, sit, mor, car. No change.

RH: 10 bases: and, sm1, gi, ere, run, gi, rhd, dg, cel, rau.

Build a and, a sm1, a ere

RO: 6 bases: wem, eas, edo, igd, wol, lor. Build a wem.

U: 4 bases: hum, urd, cit, sgo. No change.

Bree: "Right," snarled the stranger. "You can stop messing about; there's an important job for you scruffs to do. You're going to travel to Mordor---"

Frodo wailed, "But---but I don't want to! I've heard terrible things about that place! And that Sauron fellow doesn't seem to be at all a nice person! O, the stories I've heard..."

"The stories are all true," said the stranger. "If you value your lives you will not breathe a word of this to anyone. Is that understood?"

Frodo quailed under the icy stare of the tall figure. "Can---can we wait for a few minutes before starting our journey?" he whimpered.

"No. You should have gone at the proper time. You'll have to wait till we reach the next village. Now listen carefully. You will travel down the Greenway till you come to the Gap of Rohan at the end of the Misty Mountains. There a band of hunting Orcs---"

"Orcs!" breathed Frodo in horror.

"I beg your pardon? Did you say anything?"

"No, no, please sir. Don't slap my wrists, I beg of you---"

"Silence. The Orcs will transport you to the Teeth of Mordor. Mention my name at the Black Gate to the guards and you will be allowed through. After that you will have no guides, but there will be little need. The roads are well signposted."

"Imagine, Sam," snarled Frodo. "We're going to Mordor. Isn't that such a thrill? Oh, Sam, this is so exciting, don't you think?"

"Arr, Oi reckons what you need is a good dose of fertilizer to make thy cabbages strong and big," said Sam. He obviously hadn't been listening.

"Pardon me, sir," snarled Frodo, "but what name did you say it was?"

"The name's Sharkey," snarled the stranger. With that he mounted his horse and galloped away into the haze. Frodo stared, wonderingly.

The return of Hannibal...

Hannibal didn't mince words after the epic battle was over. "You mindless creep!" he snapped at Hasdrubal. "A hundred hours of solid play, and then you managed to win the game! After this defeat, you know what'll happen, don't you? He will never want to play Panzerblitz ever again, and so he'll have plenty of spare time to publish Ethil the Frog. Idiot!"

Hannibal's ravings were cut short by a low moan coming from beneath the bed. It was the original occupant of the room.

"Oh dear," said Gisgo, "we forgot him." Swiftly they released the figure. Hasdrubal was in a fair temper, and shoved it. "Why let him go?" he cried. "Leave him here to starve to death, or let him outside to be run over and killed by a passing beetle -- what the hell difference will it make?"

"Be quiet," said Hannibal. "He is our last remaining hope to destroy British Diplomacy. I have a plan so daring that you will be amazed when you

ETHIL THE FROG is issued far too often for his own good by John Piggott, 17 Monmouth Road, Oxford, OX1 4TD, U.K. (Tel: 0865.45045) and is printed by Ian Maule. Subscription rates: 10/50p inland, 10/70p Europe, 4/£1 airmail, 8/£1 third class to other continents. Your expiry number is printed on your mailing label -- those who let their subs lapse are liable to find themselves cut off. This is Tapeworm Production No. 24.

Next deadline: FIRST POST on Friday December 22, 1972. Please remember to send your moves to Oxford, not Cambridge, and also remember to post them in good time so that they don't get held up in the great Christmas Postal Nightmare. Bloody stupid idea, everyone having Christmas on the same day...

Odds and Ends annexo

First of all, we have some address changes

John Morrison, 39 Highbury Road, St Anne's, Lancs. (till Dec.20)
 4 Assembly Walk, Carshalton, Surrey (for a week after that.)
 Andy Davidson, Flat d5 Herewood Court, Marsland Rd, Sale, Cheshire
 Roy Lawson, 78 Ferry Rd, Felixstowe, Suffolk
 Dave Douglass, 32 Rosewood Tce, Howdon, Wallsend, Northumberland NE28 OAF
 (from Dec.15)

John Piggott, 17 Monmouth Rd, Oxford, OX1 4TD (just so you get the message)

I suspect our other university members will also be returning to their home addresses some time soon, however, I haven't received any notice of this myself.

It is interesting to note that my change of address affects more games than Andy Davidson's. So nyaan! ///

It is interesting to note the effect my little tirade about the length of Ethil in the last issue has had on the length of this one. For the whole of the six games 'A' to 'F' this time, I have received just three press releases, of which I've printed two in some form or another, a rather marked change from the usual situation. However, the state of the THIRD AGE games appears to be unchanged.

'H' game has always had more and (in my opinion) generally better press than the rest of Ethil's games. Obviously this must be due in a large part to the specific people who are playing in that game (though, in fact, anyone may submit press for any game, it is rare for non-players to submit releases). But I would also venture to suggest that the nature of the game also plays a part. This trait is to be seen in other zines. In War Bulletin, I always find the press of a better quality in the Diadokhi game than in the others, which are all regular Diplomacy. I believe this must be due to the different scenario employed in the variant. The Diadokhi game contains such stalwarts as Hannibal (of course!), Hiram bin-Ahab the round-the-world trirememan, and others. My THIRD AGE games are peopled with Middle-Earth characters as well as other fictitious beings. It is this scope for characterisation in variant press, I submit, which accounts at least in part for its higher quality. I think my point is clear; but I shall probably expand on these random thoughts at a later time. Au revoir.

ETHIL THE FROG 18

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