

UNOFFICIAL SILVER JUBILEE FOURTH ISSUE

GALLIMAUERY

QUEEN'S ISSUE



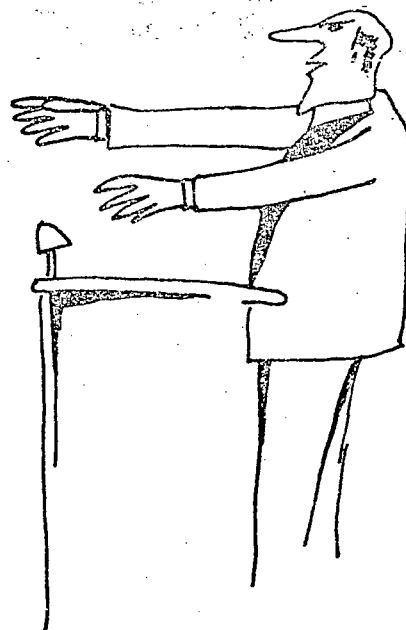
Editorial: This issue, I'm afraid, won't have a lot of queen's inside it and for that matter I think that the only Queen that is needed is ruling from Buck Palace quite well. She does not need the aid of a lot of do-good-ing amateurs called politicians.

Apology, sort of: Last issue was rather short and some of you complained about the tone of the editorial. Well.... complaints were justified as far as the lack of content and I am going to reimburse the subscriber by 5P.... people who trade should realise the sort of depression that can hit you when you get minimal response from three issues. For the nature of the content, I make no apology at all. When I started this magazine, I made it quite clear that I was intending it to be a vehicle for Cities of Nowhen. I have now expanded that vision of the future to include some regular or standard games of Diplomacy and the occasional non-Dippy based game article/exposition. The price is still 12½P for 6-8 sides an issue. Players will get their copies by first class post and deadlines will be about one calendar month apart. This issue, for instance, is the May issue; the next issue will be the June issue, etc. Apologies to Andy Davidson and Keith Smith (if he parts with some money!) for the lateness of their copies....it won't happen again if you're playing in a game. If the size of the magazine drops below 6 sides, then the price will drop to 10P....for those of you who think that this magazine should involve me in a loss (total income £1.75P; total outlay £6.36P so far) greater than that at which I am already running, then I invite you to a contest of strength on Hambledon Down.... the winner to be he who manages to throw a handbag the furthest. (Speaking of queens.....)

Pub of the Issue: After having a picnic with the kids out at Polesden Lacy....a rather beautiful house with both formal and informal gardens and a panoramic view we adjourned to the Black Swan, which is on the road to Downside nr. Ripley. The staff weren't terribly overjoyed to see two rather bad-tempered children (nor two rather bad-tempered adults!), but they did consent to serve me a pint of Theakston's

Old Peculiar in prime condition, by electric pump. (The landlord said that there wasn't room in the depths below) The price was an horrific 36P. cough. Nonetheless, this incursion of black gold, this fruity, inspirational liquid redeems all. After all, I could normally drink three pints of Grotneys or two pints of JC, but I only dared to have one pint before venturing forth onto the Queen's highway. (Oops, Queens are in again!)

Games: This issue sees the start of Gallimaufry's first game (yes, my typewriter does spell wrong...it just did it!) of standard Diplomacy and waiting lists are open for games two and three. Cities of Nowhen still stands at four, but might be losing one; Bob Brown, Steve Pratt, Paul Humphreys, Keith Smith and J.J.Smith...although the last two both owe money and might not be playing. (If they don't pay up, they won't be playing!)



"DEAR LORD, BLESS US, YOUR SERVANTS AND SEE US TO MULTIPLY AND SPREAD THE WORD THROUGH AT LEAST 18 SUPPLY CENTRES. BRING LOW THE OPPRESSOR RUSSIA. (IF I MIGHT PRESUME, O LORD, ARMY BUDAPEST IS IN DIRE NEED OF YOUR DIVINE SUPPORT INTO GALICIA). DELAY THE NEASDEN POST BY 3 DAYS. GLORY BE TO THEE, AMEN."

Does this sound familiar? or When did you come face to face with Diplomacy?
by Ken Cain.

Those of you who read my articles (well, they do make easier reading than Marcus' Cities of Nowhen!) may remember me saying that I'd never played Diplomacy, but that I was open to persuasion. For those who don't, I did, now I have demonstrated I was. ((ed. er..))

I played host, with Steve Doubleday, to Marcus, what writes and edits this 'ere vehicle for my articles, Pete Cousins, Richard Bainstow, Phil Jones, Brian Creese. Most of us were either new to the game (Phil, Brian and Myself) or were a bit out of practice (Richard and Marcus). Dramatis Personae for what turned out to be a bit of a carve-up were: Me, Russia; Steve, England; Marcus, France; Richard, Turkey; Phil, Austria; Pete, Germany; and Brian, Italy.

As far as the game went in the early stages, I wasn't really aware of what was going on between France, England and Germany, except that it wasn't long before Marcus was wandering around with a glassy stare wondering why he only had two armies left. ((silly ed. I tried to move both A.Mar-Pie and A.Par-Bur....and Steve stabbed me)) I must admit that I was far too concerned looking in three directions at once to care about the antics on the other side of Europe - until England demonstrated to me the fact that Norway borders on St. Petersburg.

From the beginning, us newcomers formed a very unholy four-way alliance - a fatal play, I now realise, but it seemed like a good idea at the time. It gave us a breathing space to get the hang of the rules and movement, anyway. ((ed. apologies for the typo errors - I've been banished to the boxroom and I'm typing on my lap.... Come up and read my thighs, honey!)) We each had a bit of the Balkans and generally made non-aggressive moves towards each other. In fact, I don't remember making any aggressive moves for a long while! Mind you, I soon wanted to start carving Austria up, but I had no takers. In the meantime I'd split my forces into two halves and sent two units on a fool's errand into Scandinavia where they sat looking decorative for ages. I don't remember F.Rum doing much...until.. but that happened later.

Eventually Austria did come under the hammer, of course, with England and Germany content to occupy Scandinavia and the Low Countries. ((ed. and most of France.. sigh)) We, of course, got nowhere very fast. At this point I was committed to an alliance with Turkey who was spreading very well and getting ready to charge into Italy. (I'd come to an agreement with him not to support Turkey in such aims. This was an agreement I could easily keep as none of my units were anywhere near to Italy!)

Then came the dirty work between myself and Turkey. We'd come to an agreement whereby I'd give up Rumania for Bulgaria, so I could lay waste to Austria's remains. I moved F.Rum-BLA and he moved A.Bul-Rum in preparation. The plan was to move him into Bud. with my support and me into Bul..... A nifty bit of Diploming by the Anglo-German alliance persuaded me that Turkey was expanding too quickly..... Richard's natural avarice intervened as well and the Grand Plan faded into mutually destructive combat. (F.BLA-Ank, followed by later occupation of other now defenceless Turkish centres!; A.Ser-Bul s by A.Rum!) This took the heat off Austria and Italy and made it possible for England and Germany, so they said, to avoid the setting up of a stalemate line; whatever that means. ((It also allowed them to kick the last French unit out of Hun. ed.)) We conceded the game to England and Germany who both said that they were too tired to stab each other ((?)) and wanted to go to bed and weren't going to stab each other (sideways glances at each other!). As this coincided with most other people's exhaustion the argument was accepted.

((continued on Page 3... that's the next page!))

((cont. from Page 2))Diplomacy by Ken Bain.

Steve ran the game, who was quite patient as we always ran over time each season - mainly through having no conception as to which centre bordered on each other. The helpful comments at the start were appreciated, and I think not one of the beginners was spared an encouraging scream like "suicide!", "lunacy!", "My God, he's giving Sevastopol away!" etc.... the list was almost endless. Marcus had his own problems ((England and Germany)), while Pete's low profile I found more reassuring than Steve's expert opinion. This turned out to be a mistaken impression. I must say I enjoyed the game, as did all the others...even the old hands...after all, they won.

((Thanks to Steve for the organisation of the evening and to Ken for the report...my interpolated comments should tell everyone what sort of a game I had!))

Standard Diplomacy (for those that haven't paid! 50P)

Jubilee Game

ENTER WHEN TITLE CONFIRMED

Austria: Richard Bairstow, 20, Queen's Drive, Guildford, Surrey.

Home phone number: Guildford 38247

Work phone number: (urgent calls only) Guildford 64611

England: Phil Jones, 9^a, Cavendish Road, Redhill, Surrey

Home phone number: Redhill 66861

Work phone number: Reigate 47528

France: Brian Creese, 52^a, Deacon Road, Kingston-upon-Thames, Surrey.

Home phone number: 01-549 6872

Germany: Ken Bain, 16, Somerton's Close, Guildford, Surrey GU2 6YB

Home phone number: Guildford 39542

Work phone number: Esher 63585 ex. 32 (ask for Ken Bain)

Italy: Andy Davidson, 513, Whitton Avenue West, Greenford, Middx. UB6 ODY

Russia: Pete Cousins, 35, Milton Crescent, Godalming, Surrey.

Home phone number: Godalming 6133

Turkey: Richard Walkerdine, 43, Chapel Grove, Addlestone, Surrey.

Home phone number: Weybridge 40136

Work phone number: Weybridge 45522 ex. 444

Gamesmaster: Marcus Umney-Foote, 3, Exeter Place, Guildford, Surrey.

Orders for Spring 1901 to be in by the magazine's deadline.

20thJuneisthedeadline20thJuneisthedeadlinedon'tmissitorI'llhaveyourbollocksoff!

GamestartNews: I intend to run three games of standard Diplomacy and one of Cities of Mayhem. I must confess my great admiration for those editors, such as John Piggott, who don't really have to run any games because of the excellence of the non-game material. Gallimaufry aspires to this sort of standard, but I acknowledge that I have a lot of typing to do before I achieve it. I am also interested in acting as a forum for variant ideas and Steve Doubleday has said that he is thinking of producing a motorcycling version of Formula One..... notes for this might appear this issue, along with a commentary on possible rule formats.

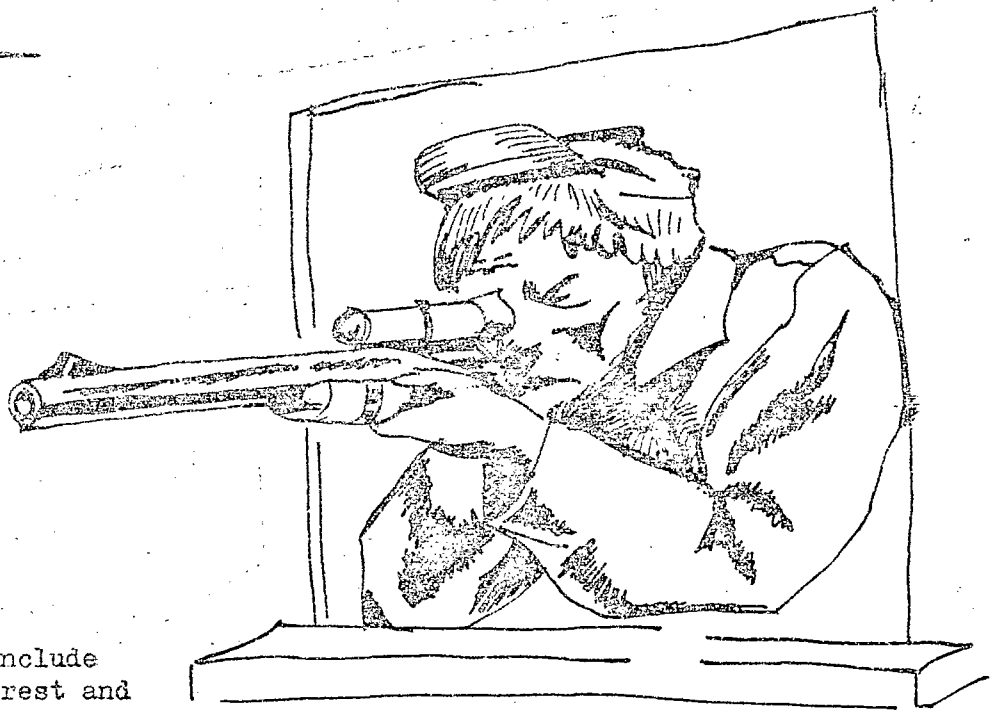
SHOOTING

GALLERY

ZINEREVIEWS

BY

MARKSMAN



Editorial introduction.

It has been my intention to include material which will both interest and inform my readers. A number of fairly well-known people have offered anonymous aid after last issue's comments, and manifestations of this have appeared throughout the issue. For a start most of you who have been around some time will have recognized the artwork. There is also a gardening column in preparation and on this page, ha-right before your ha-very eyes is the first anonymous zinereview..... I will be quite happy to accept any such contributions, and provided the material isn't libellous, I will print it.

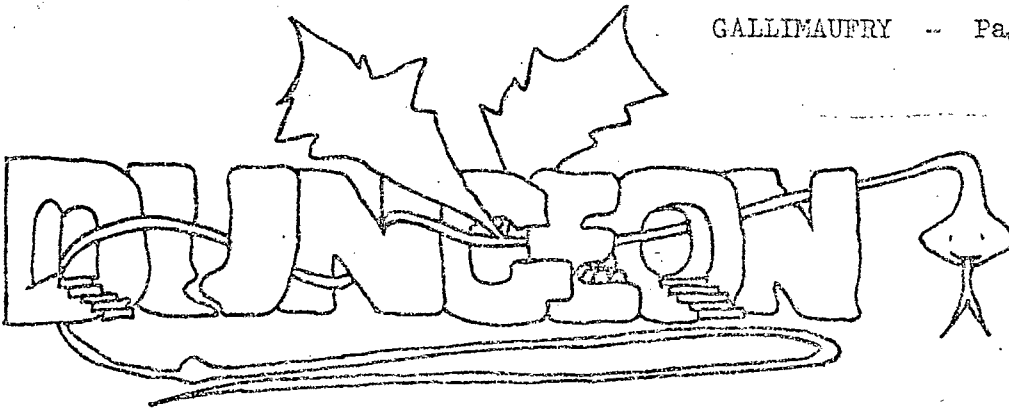
I smell a rat.....

Marksman looks at RATS LIVE ON NO EVIL STAR

Produced by Pete Swanson, termtime address: Jesus College, Cambridge CB5 8BL, vacation address: 6, Welford Place, Wimbledon, LONDON SW19 5AJ. cost based on 2/3 of a side ((2/3P...ed!)) plus postage which is cheaper than the excellent GALLIMAUFRY. Produced in mimeo on A4, the physical production is based on reasonable quality duplicating paper. The visual acuity is reasonable, variation being provided; issue by issue, by varying the paper; page by page, by the employment of line seperators, by which method the page is broken up into more visually stimulating blocks; and by 5 deep capitals composed out of small os to compose the names of the games. But how stimulating is the material?

Pete Swanson is literate, with a good clear style that adequately conveys the ideas he is trying to get across. His editorials are always interesting, even when he is entertaining the idea of folding his erstwhile excellent publication. The letter column is full and long and carries interesting editorial replies. Unfortunately Pete's personal problem of always desiring the last word, or not being prepared to agree with someone even to the extent of disagreeing with his own previously stated opinion, creeps in. (vide RATS.. 11, pl3 reply to Andy Evans letter.) This is a good trait to some extent in that it provides the letter column with at least a facile appearance of controversial argument.but after a while, Pete might carry it too far and sensible points might be lost amongst the 'controversy'.

I have to agree with Andy Evans....and Marcus' comments this issue....that the meat of a zine is its reading matter. Articles in RATS... have concentrated on reviewing the position of various countries at the start of the game and the various options available to them. While I agree with Conrad that they are boring, they are nonetheless useful material for a beginner. Pete attempts... and partially succeeds, in satisfying all of his readers most of the time. Keep on printing Pete.



The Triffid: an addition to both character and monster classes by Ken Bain and Steve Doubleday.

As with most Dungeons, any player wanting to become a particular type of character has to specify the race, or in this case

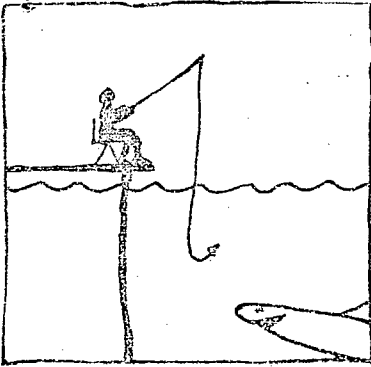
plant, before the die rolls are made for Strength, Intelligence etc. Triffids are always plants; an elf, man, hobbit etc. is not allowed to be a triffid without undergoing extensive, dangerous surgery. This surgery has only a 1% chance of success. Dungeonmasters might like to experiment with allowing higher chances for cash payments, therefore securing the services of a more skilled surgeon, or having man-triffid potions.....or even were-triffids. (Ugh!) Sliding scales for the development of such a potion/spell should be worked out from the tables in D & D.... Ken will be using a 50% chance of developing the antidote for those that make such a potion and a 15% chance for those that haven't developed the original potion. Steve isn't going to allow development, but plans on having contagious triffids scattered here and there.

CHARACTERISTICS...alterations to basics...comments.

- Strength - add 1as all triffids are fighters of one sort or another this is very important. In Steve's Dungeon plants can possibly link with a human/druidical nature priest to form an unholy union. (Triffids thereby appealing through the medium of the human agency)
- Intelligence - no change.....Affects general ability to determine situations. It will also affect the chances of the triffid speaking Common Tongue or not. If the Intelligence is below 9, then the triffid speaks triffid..if between 10 and 13, then it speaks both triffid and plant....if 14, then triffid, plant and common....for every intelligence point above 14, the triffid may learn a language each expedition...but the language must be learnt off another member of the expedition or off an expensive language tutor.
- Wisdom - no change.....see Strength..if the wisdom rating is over 14 and the priest can speak triffid, or the triffid can speak neutral, then appeals to the gods can be made through the Venusian Ritual. (Make up your own!)
- Constitution - add 1...regenerative powers. Regeneration is at one hit point a turn up to the original amount, after a gap of one turn after the original hit.
- Dexterity - minus 2...this is due to bulk and being a plant.
- Charisma - minus 2.... a charismatic triffid? Charisma applies mainly to other triffids and ratings are halved for human etc./triffid interation.

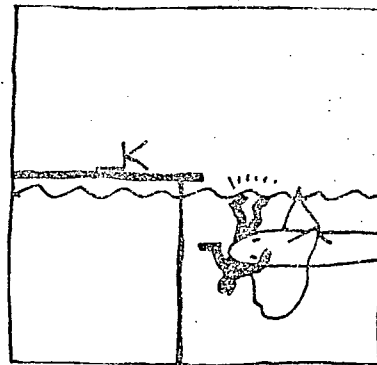
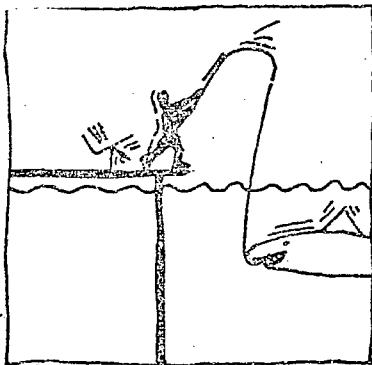
Triffids are by nature ready equipped and do not get a throw for gold. In spite of having no use for it, they like to leave little piles of it around and so require their share of any loot. Their alignment is neutral or chaotic, but a chaotic triffid is something of a rarity. If the player playing the triffid is restricted to plant, then he is not allowed to speak or act upon information overheard (although he can react to what's seen) related to the expedition.

A triffid is armour class 6. Weapons are three branches and a stinger. The branches are terrifically strong inflicting 10 points of damage die roll, but they engage their crushing power only on a throw of 20, and then a throw of at least 66%. The stinger does one point of damage plus poison. (as Monster Attack Table)



There once was a relatively experienced player, playing a game of Diplomacy...and he said to a neighbouring country, 'I'll let you into Belgium....even support you there, provided that you'll support me into the North Sea when the time comes'. Well Germany, who was the more fly of the two said 'Certainly, but don't you think it would be best if I disguised my intentions by moving first to Burgundy...you could move to Gascony with your Army in Paris, and your fleet in Brest could move to Pic.' 'Certainly', says France.

The next move sees Germany move as requested and agreed. France has been thinking that he can move into Burgundy in the Autumn, stand off Germany in the Belgium province and thereby retain a tactical advantage over Germany. But England has moved into ENC and Italy has moved into Piedmont.



Of course, having moved into Pic, Gas and Spa, France has to guess where all his opponents are going to move....Germany has a certain hold over Belgium and only a slightly less than 50% chance of gaining Paris. So France doesn't defend Paris and Germany takes it.

Moral: Let your opponent do all the talking....give him enough line and he's bound to end up being only able to see his own point of view....no amount of badmouthing from your opponents is going to convince him that you're out to do him any harm.. and if you convince him that a risky move is in his own interest, then you are going to be able to take him apart....how about that Key Lepanto then?

Brer Shark

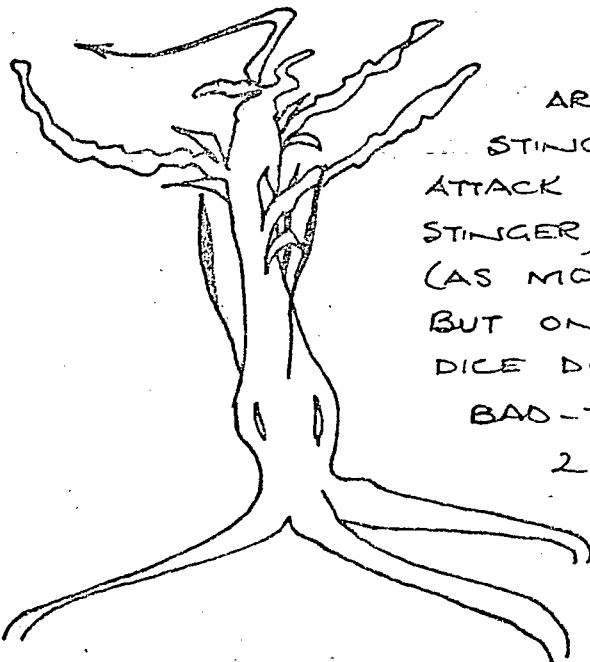
TRIFFIDS — AN ADDITION TO THE SECOND LEVEL MONSTER TABLE:

ARMOUR CLASS : 6. NEUTRAL.

STINGER IS POISONOUS (AS MONSTER ATTACK TABLE). 2 ATTACKS ONE STINGER, ONE VINE. VINE IS SLOW (AS MONSTER ATTACK TABLE MINUS TWO) BUT ON A THROW OF 6 ON A SIX-SIDED DICE DOES 1-10 POINTS OF DAMAGE.

BAD-TEMPERED INTELLIGENT THEY HAVE 2 8-SIDED HIT DICE AND MOVE 3".

THEY SPEAK TRIFFID AND ARE DISSOLVED BY SEA WATER. THEY ATTACK FROGS ON SIGHT. SPECIAL ENEMY: THE LOATHLY EATING TOAD.



ETHIL the DUCK

ISSUE 48



Quack Page

The right number campaign

"Yes folks, it's time for a change. The opposition has been paddling along and preening himself for far too long - it's time we made him change to the right number - we'll give Piggott a roasting.... I'll start with a placard demonstration outside the Foreign Office... 'Bring back corporal punishment in the Foreign Office' 'Bring back capital punishment in schools - heads must roll'....

That ought to get the feathers flying, Piggott's been swanning around too long in the ones and twos.... it's time we declared open season on him. My platform and power base is the migratory worker... come on set your cap on straight and get a flying start - already I can see us being swamped with requests for duckboards.

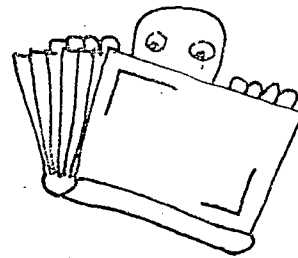
GET THE RIGHT NUMBER, PIGGOTT OR WE'LL CLIP YOUR WINGS FOR YOU.

I'll see that my bill gets through committee."
(Quoted from ELIGHT (2), 34, pp23-24.)

A new feature this issue starts here on the back page. Many magazines have covered zine reviews, but the gestalt personality of 'robert alan' promises to provide us with both the interesting and novel....

Open Marriage by Nena O'Neill and George O'Neill published by ABACUS, 1972, 237pp, bibliography. When browsing through the Smith's Bargains I came across this rather unusual book, originally priced at 90P and cut to 40P.

It is written by a couple of cultural anthropologists who have studied the institution of marriage. It examines the different assumptions that are made about marriage. It looks at the different possibilities and alternatives. One rather salient point made is that marriages tend to break down under the strain of denying the individuals' natures 'for the sake of the marriage'. The point made is that these restrictions deny various avenues of growth within the relationship and within the individual. That this can be accepted for a short while, or as a matter of expediency is accepted by the authors....but the point they make is that these 'accomodations' tend to accrete themselves into patterns of behaviour without the conscious volition of either party. There is a backlash within the unconscious at these restrictions that manifests itself in subtle tensions and guilts. The authors' answer is a compound of restating the basic premises of marriage and recommending that one is brutally honest. I agreed with the authors....but I couldn't help feeling that all of their comments could equally well apply to all relationships. With my flatmates, certain aspects of the guilt/duty syndrome creep in, with my girlfriend also.



BOOK REVIEWS

BY

ROBERT
ALAN