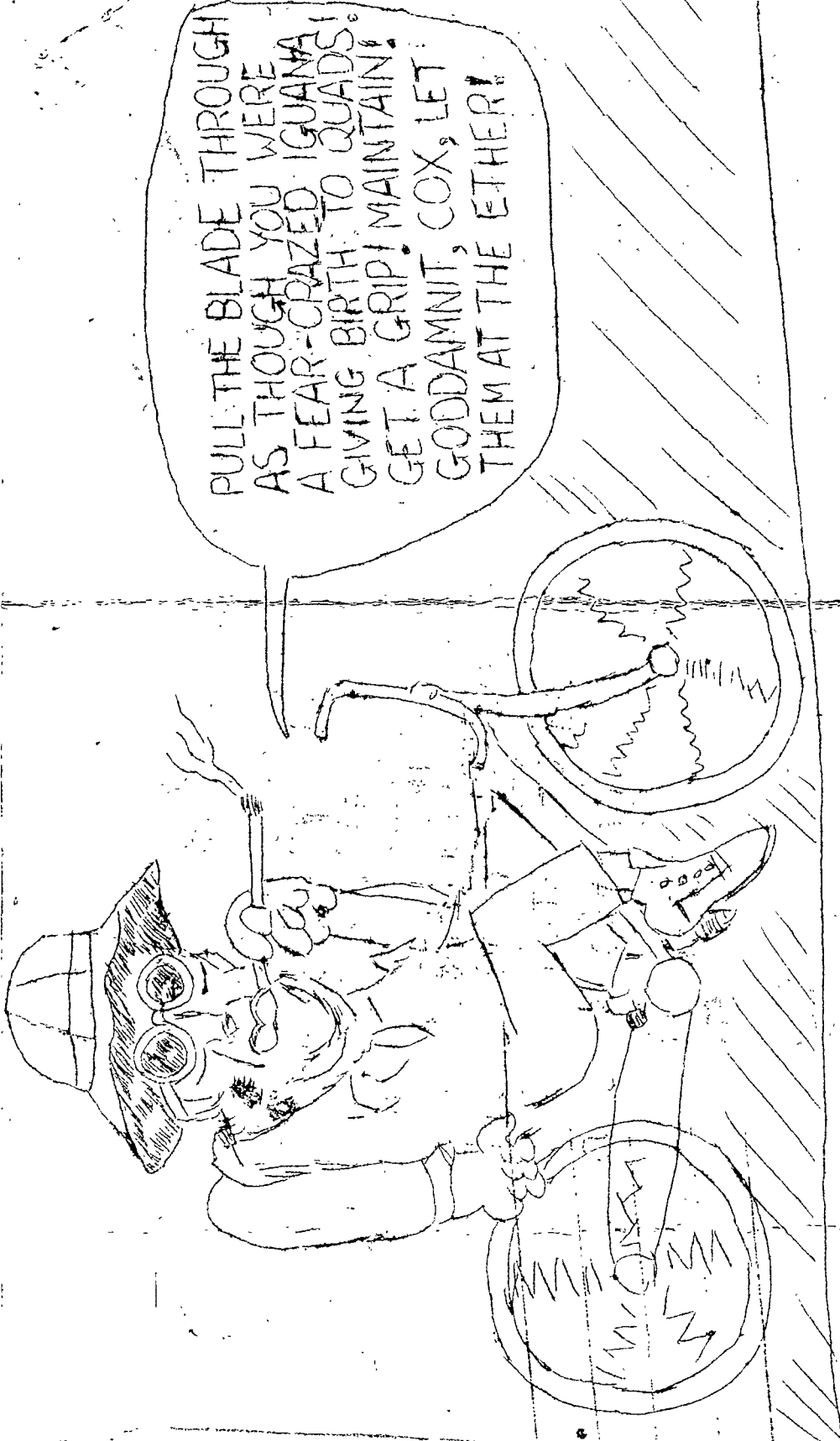


THE THING ON THE MAT

ISSUE 37



Even in the radical college of King's, Professor Gonzzo's coaching methods were reputed to be a trifle extreme



BBB RRR I TTTT I SS H H R R A A I L RRR EEEE CC R R R E T
 B B R R I T I S S H H R R A A I L R R E E G G R R E T
 BBB RRR I T I S S H H RRR AAAA I L RRR EEE G G RRR EEE T
 B B R R I T I S S H H R R A A I L R R E E G G R R E T
 BBB R R I T I S S H H R R A A I L L L L R R E E E E G G R R E E E E T

TTTTT OO AA N N N N OO U UN N CC EEEE DDD EEEE L AA Y Y SS
 T O O A A N N N N NO OU UN N C E D D E L A A Y Y S
 T O O AAAA N N N N NO OU UN N C EEE D D EEE L AAAA Y Y S
 T O O A A N N N N NO OU UN N C E D D E L A A Y Y S S
 T OO A A N N N N OO UU N N CC EEEE DDD EEEE L L L A A Y Y SS

DDD U U EEEE TTTT OO
 D D U U E T O O XX
 D D U U EEE T O O
 D D U U E T O O XX
 DDD UU EEEE T OO

*a touch of the
 Light Blues*

That this issue is a teeny bit late is incontrovertible, unless that is you want to argue that this issue is a whopping hell of a lot late. This I could blame on several things. It is, after all, May Week here in Cambridge (yes, in the middle of June, I know), a week when the tregs and tit-heads of ivory-skinned academe launch themselves with a fair copy of enthusiasm into a gay whirl of balls, events, parties, and an inevitable quick dash home to bonk the provincial girlfriend and earn enough money posing for pornographic homosexual photographs to get through the next year on our wonderful grant. However, as a fully-trained misanthrope I make it my business never to enjoy myself when other people are having their fun, so I am not going to any of these balls, events, or indeed photo sessions. Instead let me quote, in full, a letter from Mummy.

"I saw your gypsy rower going to the dinner. He was OK except for grey shoes. Perhaps between you you had a complete outfit and you could have worn it and been photographed one by one, cut out and stuck together to look respectable. Hope the meal was good anyway.

Don't be too disheartened by the rowing. I shall always remember your boat dashing past in a brave effort to stave off the pursuers -- There was, after all, one quarter of the Cambridge VIII in their boat. Pity Dad didn't bring his movie camera though.

See you again soon,
 Love,

Mum and Dad

P.S. I should stop using your car as a battering ram ..."

Philip Larkin was right, even though he expressed himself in rather distasteful language on the subject of parents. When I read this my knees turned to jelly and my brain tried to hide behind my pineal gland, but at least it has had the effect of neatly summarising my present hang-ups and thus getting me at the keyboard. As you can see we were comprehensively smashed in the Bumps (more next time, so hard luck Tullett) and on top of that I have managed to take my car around a left-hand corner which wasn't there, resulting in power-assisted denting to both passenger doors. This has been mildly depressing. On top of that I go through a murderous depression at least once a year in the course of which I wonder what the point of it all is and why I should bother to wake up in the mornings, and the end of my last term at university is as good a time as any for this year's model. Further, the schedule for this issue, after my exams but before Bumps and sandwiched in between interviews for jobs and a certain Springsteen concert, has proved to be a little too hectic for my health, which at the moment of writing happens to consist of a slowly dying cold and a cough of heroic, nay Keatsian, proportions. Little old ladies have been known to stop me on the street and ask me if I realise I have tuberculosis. I have found concentrating on typing anything to be impossible in the circumstances.

Apologies to Slap and Tickle subscribers are due, because it isn't Chris' fault. He had his stencil typed up on the day after the deadline. Owing to the fact that my fuel injection wouldn't inject I had to take a bus to get the damn thing off him (one day gone) but I should still have got this out last week. Mind you, he hasn't exactly tried hard to stir me off my butt, despite being in Cambridge twice in the last week ... Hopefully he will yell at me with more confidence if I'm tardy in future.

Tosser of the Month

A quick mention here for Brian Creese, who states "Mind you, Pete still comes up with some rubbish" in the latest, and newly reversed, NMR!/ABolFrob. "I note from his zine that both Acolyte and NMR! folded as a direct result of computerisation; still, little things like facts should never be allowed to get in the way of a good story".

I quote this verbatim to underpin the perils of not quoting when you attack, which will become evident when one recalls that, in the issue of Thing in question, I stated:

"The first ((area of expansion)) is in zine computerisation - the same bug that has flattened NMR!, Acolyte and for all I know millions of frp zines"

and, later,

"I am hardly one to comment on the apparent tendency to use word-processing, not as a means to ease production, *but as a first step down the incline to a fold.*"

(My, newly substituted, italics.) It would be hard to draw Brian's perceived meaning out of either of these quotes in isolation, and they consequently have to be taken together. On its own the first quote clearly makes a comparison between wp and the flu, which I think is very reasonable; both are very nasty, and both spread from friend to friend with alarming speed. The second, and more contentious, quote merely points out that editors usually claim that wp makes it easier to produce a zine (although Richard Morris will tell you that it means he takes twice as long over layout, not wishing the excellent Boojum to appear, like the execrable DibDibDib, to be an endless bog-roll guillotined at almost random intervals). It then suggests (by the careful use of the qualifier 'apparent') that this may not in fact be the case, and that there might just be a sort of pain threshold above which a zine editor normally operates but below which it is all too easy to scale down one's commitment to the zine progressively in favour of other matters such as writing screenplays/novellas/D&D articles, finally leading to the realisation that producing the zine is slightly less important in life than sniffing one's armpits once a day in the summer months to see if one needs a bath. This is one of the things that happened to Tamlyn, I think, although it doesn't have to be so (thus the use of 'first step') and I am pleased to see that it is not so with Creese; indeed, the non technoflapperoonied Bain is the one showing signs of off-pissing.

All this may seem to be an awful lot of effort to go to in order to correct a simple, some might say facile, error on the part of a doddering senile wreck. After all, little things like understanding the english language should never be allowed to get in the way of a good alibi, and it is true that Brian has never had much difficulty in abusing the english language as only one who reverts during the rugby season to welshman can abuse it. What's more, of course, he is a Physics graduate, and as I also pointed out last issue this makes him totally unqualified by the logic of Caws' Law to edit a zine. Caws has just come out with some more abysmal curdled synaptic garbage in the latest issue of War and Peace, but somehow I find myself afflicted as one with cerebral palsy when I set out to write about it. Besides, Caws is not June's Tosser of the Month. Regardez, mes enfants:

Peter

The degree to which subscribers can be influenced by the views of editors is often underestimated - most commonly by the editors themselves. When a purely personal opinion is expressed within the pages of an editorial in a major publication, it is not necessary to remark that such a view is not necessarily taken by the publication as a whole, and that the reader should be left to make his own decision as to its value¹. In an amateur publication, such as a postal games zine, however, there is a danger that the likelihood of any statement being taken as "gospel" by the readership rises in direct proportion².

to the number of repetitions and the relative "importance" of the editor.

It has come to my attention that you have been running a campaign against Monochrome for no apparent reason other than that you - personally - dislike the way in which it is written.³ Your views have been aired repeatedly within the editorials of your zine, and therefore can be assumed to have been read by everybody who receives it. The fact that neither you nor Robin receives each other's zine compounds the potential damage your remarks may cause, as I outline below.⁴

As you have been publishing for some years, it has - regrettably¹⁰ to be admitted that you must, in fairness, be regarded as "important". Your views, when read by a novice, and anyone with little experience of the wider spectrum of zines must, therefore be taken as being valid. In short, a novice reader is being advised that Monochrome is not worth reading.⁵ This advice is not qualified in any way.⁶ Whereas this does not damage Monochrome directly (the zine is sent only to those people who Robin estimates will appreciate receiving it), it does harm his reputation in the hobby as a whole. The denial of an opportunity for Robin to reply to your criticism does nothing to rectify the situation.⁷ I do not decry the traditional exchanging of insults between editors - but where the flow is one-sided only one party suffers the damage.⁸

Your comments have been reported to Robin by one of your subscribers in the past, and Robin has shown the good sense not to rise to the bait.⁹ After all, Monochrome does not rely on a subscribership in the usual sense of the word. To have the situation continue in this vein would please me no end - with your views being taken taken by the informed readership of Monochrome to be the bigotted outpourings of a self-important nonentity.¹⁰ This letter, however, seeks to focus on the effect your views may have on the continued survival of Diversions. Now that the two publications are inextricably linked,¹¹ comments reflecting on the merits (or otherwise) of Monochrome which do not have a rider mentioning the games content of Diversions may have a detrimental effect on this latter publication. As a player-only zine, Diversions relies on a regular supply of "new blood", and novice readers of your zine will inevitably be disinclined to come along if the impression continues to be given that Monochrome is not something they would benefit from receiving.

A clarification of your position would appear to be in order.¹² Just as Robin does not see your zine, I shall not send a copy of Diversions to you. Let's see if you can work the trick the other way round. Failure may mean that you go down in hobby history as the instigator of the demise of a genuine games zine.

RIP Gooch.

Eh voila. Rarely have I seen such a genuinely numbskull, petty-minded, misinformed and snide effort; indeed, this entire letter is so shot through with incompetence mixed injudiciously with bile that it's difficult to know where to begin. Let's just point out that I had never heard of Diversions before this wild letter of hate came my way, much less dreamt of scuppering it at birth. Contrary to popular myth, I am nice to new zines to the point of naivety, even when those zines are published by once-failed editors like Rip. A few points, in my own good time: (3) nonsense - how can I - I've never even seen it. I merely dislike Robin's writing generally, and surely I am entitled to my opinion that it is inflated, pompous and/or worthless. Nor (4) do you go on to outline anything of the sort. In any case, even before this letter's date, Robin had been vouchsafed a copy of Thing, which deflates Gooch's claim that I'm an ogre: for instance, (7) is a lie - I have never made any such denial, as is clear from (9), where Gooch claims that it is Robin, not I, who is the active party in ignoring debate - and it isn't very adept bait, is it, if I don't send him the zine, which in any case I do? You're a moron, Richard. With flashes of genius: (8) is very deep, almost Confucian, in fact, and (10) is a nice try, even if it isn't quite up to my own line in invective. (11) is hardly my fault; in fact it's Gooch's, and there's no point in whining to me for your own lack of forethought - (5) it isn't worth reading, and (6) why should I? (12) you seem to have clarified at least to your own limited satisfaction, if with stunning mendacity, and the rest of this paragraph I do not profess to begin to understand. (1) implies that readers of the Sun (4 million) are commensurately more perceptive than those of GH (120?), and this leads to (2), "gospel" in direct proportion until a publication 'magically' becomes 'major', at which point it drops away asymptotically, one assumes.

You're drivelling, you silly bastard. Normally I would recommend Diversions wholeheartedly, Rip being a fine GM and the ex-producer of a zine I liked a lot, but he is clearly on the brink of a massive cerebral haemorrhage and imminent collapse of zine. Not, I think, reliable. The Golden Penis Award is on its way to you through the post.

BORN TO DRIBBLE — Bruce Springsteen

Witness in the centre of town

Harvey Goldsmith is an obnoxious scumsucker who should have his pecker nailed to his wallet. This obvious fact came to me as I sat in St James' Park, gazing up at a pretty impressive set of speakers and The Boss himself, Harvey of the gluepot fingers and no obvious desire to pay back the millions of rock fans who have, over the last decade and a half made him his sordid little packet. For the first two hours between the gates opening and the set beginning we were treated to a series of appearances by Harvey, whose podgy little figure assured us from a safe distance that we would all get a real good look at Springsteen if we just stood well back and didn't cause a panic, now. All this provoked in me was deep fear and resentment -- goddamnit, expecting rock-fans to police themselves in the throes of hysteria is like letting a pit bull loose in a home for retired gentlefolk. After about an hour and a half of this I felt in dire need of a joint to calm me down; which was awkward, since nobody in the entire place appeared to be smoking. This is something that no press report has touched on. They may claim that Springsteen is too clean to be a rock legend (though I for one am glad that St James' Park turned out not to be Altamont Part Three in 3-D after all). They may insist that his audience is geriatric (and this seems to me to argue for the stupidity and tastelessness of youth rather than anything more significant). But, hell, the worrying thing is the total absence of bodily abuse. Would you trust yourself in a park full with forty thousand denim-wrapped young professionals bored out of their minds with frustration courtesy of Goldsmith's peculiar organisation, if none of them were strung out on grass or clamped down on reeds? This is a recipe for serious violence.

I thought I could see who was most likely to provide this violence, too. Near to me in particular were a bunch of young chaps in red bandana sweatbands and occasionally neckerchiefs also. I gather these people were supposed to be Bruce Clones, but as far as I could see they looked like nothing but John Travolta playing at being Bruce Lee. On the whole sitting down and pretending to be an inconspicuous dwarf seemed best at this point, so that's what I did.

And how best to describe the experience of the concert itself? Well, I reckon the last Doubleday to go through anything like it was Abner Doubleday at Gettysburg, and in that instance he was on the side of the Goldsmiths, being in charge of the artillery for the North. From minute one at Newcastle I was struggling in the middle of Pickett's Charge, a futile and endless surge forwards in which the immediate objective was to keep your feet and any ultimate objective such as listening to the music didn't really exist. Anyone who has seen the field across which Pickett led his mad enterprise will note that it is flat, featureless, subject to rather a lot of sun and totally without public conveniences, and in most of these respects it closely resembles the terrain fought over by that evening's assembly of mad scots and geordies caparisoned in the gear of the Enemy, viz. Marillion, Genesis (ugh) and, incredibly, AC/DC... who are these people? Couldn't Goldsmith impose a taste test on the way in (can you tell the difference between this fan and margarine??) At this point my recollections become, to say the least, fractured, and I think I shall resort to note form:

The first song begins without preamble -- I think it's 'Born in the USA' -- and the front five rows of the crowd scream, partly because they can see Bruce but mainly because the air is being squeezed out of their lungs at supersonic speed by the mills behind them. The speakers are very impressive at projecting sound around the pitch but not so good at focussing it at the knot of leonies crunched in the centre. 'Born in the USA' is almost exactly the same live as on record, even down to the anarchic drum roll, which is an impressive achievement and shows the value of keeping a band of 'session' musicians together as opposed to the Knopfler method of junking anyone he doesn't like the smell of. Somebody behind me seems angry that I keep treading on their toes -- tough. My face has gone wet and slimy, like some horrible effect of a D&D mould. There are

hundreds of arms in the air as the E Street Band launch into the next song with no gap other than a modulation via short chord progression - people are bouncing up and down and still can't see a thing. The last time I was in a soccer stadium this filled was to see Villa beat Santos (and Pele) 2-0, and that time I was down there with the shorties, so I know how they feel. My glasses have come off, and without thinking I duck down to look for them (there's only, I guess, about ten seconds before they're reduced to rubble). Bad scene - there are an incredible number of feet down there; did anyone bring in a spare pair or ten? and the tarpaulin is ominously wet with sweat and the general juices of excitement. I suddenly realise I can't stand up ... oh god, what happens when the crowd shifts suddenly five feet to one side, as it seems to do every few minutes? Luckily I get to unbend for the third song, presumably because someone has fainted at the front and left a gap. Some kind fellow to my left has caught my glasses, he tells me, so I spend the next hour or so helping him save his girlfriend from being crushed to death. She is small, has permed blonde hair which collects sweat like a sponge and a face the colour of Lord Stanhope's just before he went on from the Commons to explain the South Sea Bubble to Higher Authority, viz. God. My help consists of interposing my bulk between her and the rush behind. The result of this is that she gets a large bony thin person jabbed into her at random moments instead of several small cushioned bodies at faster intervals. This may not be a good thing, but by now it's too late to do anything about it: the crowd has set solid, like concrete. The fourth song brings Springsteen down to the lower level of the stage, so that even less people can see him - I have to stand on someone else's tiptoes - and conversely people get even more excited: the hands go up again and don't come down for the rest of the first set, not through excitement but because the front rows are so closely packed together that it's impossible. You feel pretty dumb with your hand stuck upright like it's planted there. What to do with it? You can wave it, but that aches. You can clench your fist, but that makes you look like a Black Power activist. You can not clench it, which makes you look like a Nazi. And anything else looks like an Olympic salute... Springsteen no longer clowns around on the barricades; he's too old. Basically he comes down to charge himself up, then goes back to play. He truly seems to get a thrill out of playing to large crowds from close by, though what he can feel about dealing with a mass of thirty year old northumbrian yuppies with arms like tomato trailers I'm not sure... Somebody thumps me in the back, numbing me slightly, and I assume that I've stood on the feet of the stupid cunt who came in without any shoes at all ... only later I find that my wallet's been half-inched, which would be a major disaster if I'd been stupid enough to leave anything in it ... I am now wearing a wet-suit instead of a jacket, with a notional maker's label that states '20% own sweat, 80% accumulated excretion of others'. The sun is going down over the delightful urine-stained terraces and I am in the initial stages of pneumonia as my shirt starts to fall apart because it's not designed for tropical conditions. Springsteen launches into a couple of songs from the DOTEOT album and a full band version of 'Johnny 99', which I am pleased to note is as gripping as I've been saying it would be for the last three years - conversely 'Atlantic City' is as boring as it always is. My knees have gone numb. People at the front, mostly large boned girls, are being grappled out in dead faints by the security types, but otherwise the crowd is well-behaved at the barrier, which must be set in a stasis field to judge from the strain it's withstanding. The thought strikes me that they don't need security, just a large version of those fairground grabbers which fail to pick up packets of Rothmans and rhinestone jewellery ... if you look up you can see the guy with a spotlight on Springsteen tapping his feet (tapping his feet?) - must be a nice job to have ... every now and again adverse weather conditions, ie light breezes, sweep clouds of exhaled breath and body liquids back at you and reduce visibility to inches only. If you look up you can see it happening; it's an impressive sight. Without the breezes and the squirts of water from the security, the attrition rate at the front line is appreciably higher. At such times the drenching clouds can be seen drifting towards the nearest heat source, which is to say the poor bastards playing their instruments up front. Possibly this is why playing live to an audience is so exhausting. Finally the set ends and I fall back out of the crush to discover that my clothes no longer fit me, because I've lost something like half a stone just standing still ...

This is all no doubt anthropologically fascinating, and will contribute many a vital insight to my future PhD on the crowd mentality in eighteenth century politics, but I imagine as a review of a Springsteen concert it leaves something to be desired.

Principally the reader will wish to know how Springsteen plays his music. Well, I can set your mind at rest on that score: he appears to pick up his guitar and get stuck in. No gimmicks, and very few frills other than a soft-shoe shuffle which appears to be the only step the entire band is capable of being choreographed for. Occasionally he runs up a ramp and plays to one side of the crowd, which is very considerate for that side of the crowd but less so if you're on the other side, where there's no ramp. Indeed, if you're on either side as such, it's almost impossible to see the act and not particularly impressive listening to it; you might as well sit in your car and listen to the in-car Hi-Fi. Particularly since all the ears parked outside the stadium for streets around were bashed in by fans at the end of the concert (nice chaps, these geordies and scots). The only featured soloist is Clarence Clemons, who is 'way ahead of the rest in crowd appeal to judge from the introductions that Springsteen performed at the end of the second set. However, by far the most impressive part of the band, in the sense of competence live, is Roy Bittan, whose keyboards are as far as can be told under the guitars' white noise of concert pianist standard. In fact I would go so far as to say that without him the E Street Band would be just another MOR American live show with little to draw other than Springsteen's reputation; with him the sound, even in a large and ill-designed stadium, is rivetting. Nils Lofgren is probably a fab part of the music on the album 'Born in the USA', but the result of putting his undoubted dexterity against Springsteen's on stage is a slightly garish mash of noise which is hard to amplify and retain a pure sound - only because I know the arrangement of most songs backwards by now could I make out even the outline of most of the tunes (on the other hand, when I walked away afterwards I discovered I had suddenly gone 80% deaf, and it lasted for days afterwards). Still, the effect is very danceable, so long as you're prepared to risk being trampled to death and you don't land up next to the twenty stone moron I got stuck next to in the second set, who wouldn't let anyone past because they'd only push further forwards. Unable to jump, this lump merely swayed with the force of a minor earthquake; he appeared to be too stupid to remember a word of any of the songs, and gave no sign of enjoying himself beyond the self-appointed role of human concrete bollard.

As for the songs, they come mostly from 'Born in the USA' and 'DOTEOT', although there were a couple of songs from 'Born to Run' (the obvious three) and a stunning fifteen minute version of Rosalita at the end of the second set which lifted the crowd higher and higher as though Springsteen positively demanded a massive clamour for encores. I rather liked the touch in Rosalita of substituting "You don't have to call me The Boss" for the more usual line - as nicknames go, "The Boss" is about as simpering as you can get, and I think the line rang true and heartfelt ... The encore was virtually a third set in itself, and was even more gripping than the second; it came complete with silly fairground tricks such as labelling one side of the audience as "The heavenly pleasures of Spiritual Things" and the other as "Physical enjoyment - I'm talking about ~~SEX!!!!~~; -reminiscent of the circus clown routine - "Oh no he didn't" - "Oh yes he did" - and just as childishly enjoyable. 'Twist and Shout' is an inspired choice for an oldie; easily sing-alongable and somehow perfect for the arrangement of the E Street Band. All I have to do now is to find some way of getting hold of 'Trapped' without buying that execrable compilation album.

The linking of the songs is basically unvaried with a handful of guitar chords leading into the next drum-beat and the song emerging from that as soon as the keyboards and bass settle down. This is no bad thing, because it is an effortless way to string a set together more or less as though it's an album; since sets are an hour or more long it must make bootlegging a difficult process. Occasionally the drums are a more central part of a song, as with 'I'm on fire', and then it's the drums that lead in and the guitars that follow. The only quibble I'd have is with the vocal introductions, which are increasingly drawn out while Springsteen gets his breath back and, although they make you think "interesting - I'd never considered the song that way before", end up convincing you that Springsteen doesn't know what he's talking about half the time. Still, as long as he keeps writing the songs, that's fine by me. Overall I spent about the same order of money that yer normal student spends on a May Ball, and I'm absolutely certain I got a hell of a lot more enjoyment out of it. Anyone got a spare ticket for London?

S&T Anomia (1984??)

Post-Spring 1902 Holdover

I've received a couple of letters from Robin ap-Cynan maintaining he never got a copy of the Spring 1902 adjudication and therefore asking for a hold-over. The upshot of this is that the next deadline will be for a re-run of Autumn 1902. If you do not wish to change your orders, I will use your original ones. The same is true as far as the subsequent Spring 1903 adjudication goes. Yet more apologies for yet another delay.

Pzk/S&T Vierzehn (1983BU)

Spring 1907

Austria (Andy Gibb) A{Mun} st., A{Tyr} S A{Mun}, A{Vie}-Boh, F{Tri}-Ven, F{Ven}-Apu, F{Apu}-Nap, A{Ser} S A{Bul}, A{Bul} st., A{Sev}-Ukr, A{Mos} st.

England (Stan Wells) F{MAO}-Por, F{IRI}-MAO, F{ENG} st., F{Bre} st., F{NTH} C A{Lon}-Hol, F{Kie}-Ber, A{Lon}-Hol, A{Par}-Gas, A{Ruh} S A{Bel}-Bur, A{Bel}-Bur, A{Ber}-Pru, A{StP} st.

France (Anarchy) A{Bur}*, A{Mar}, A{Spa} st.

Italy (Tony Mace) ~~NMR!~~ F{GOL}, F{TYR}, F{ION}, A{Pic}, A{Gre}, F{AEG} st.

Turkey (Anarchy) F{Ank}, A{Syr} st.

Retreats: French A{Bur} dead

Stambulov: As you will notice, Tony Mace has NMRed for the second time in a row. Generally, I will throw the country of whoever does this into anarchy. However I will not do so if one of the NMRs was the result of late, rather than non-existent, orders.

Pzk/S&T Funfzehn (1983ES)

Autumn 1905

Austria (Mark Smith) A{Boh} S German A{Mun}, A{Vie}-Tyr, A{Ser}-Gre, A{Bul} S A{Ser}-Gre, F{Nap}-Rom, A{Ven} S F{Nap}-Rom, F{ADR}-ION

England (Anarchy) F{Nor}, F{NTH}, F{SKA} st.

Germany (Tony Mace) NMR! A{Swe}, F{Den}, F{HEL}, A{Hol}*, A{Mun}, F{Kie}

France (Thane Duffield) F{NAO}-Lpl, F{ENG}-Lon, A{Bel}-Hol, A{Ruh} S A{Bel}-Hol, A{Bur} S A{Ruh}, A{Pie}-Tyr

Italy (Anarchy) F{TYR}, F{Gre}*, A{Rom}* st.

Russia (Anarchy) A{Smy}, F{Con}, A{Sil}, A{Pru}, A{Sev}, A{StP}, A{War} st.

Retreats: German A{Hol} dead, Italian F{Gre} and A{Rom} dead

Winter 1905:

Austria	Vie	Bud	Tri	Ser	Bul	Rum	Nap	<u>Rom</u>	Ven	Gre	10	Builds	F{Tri}, A{Bud}	and still one short
England	Vpn	Lpl	Edi	Nor							2	Lose	F{Nor}	
France	Par	Mar	Bre	Bel	Por	Spa	<u>Lon</u>	<u>Lpl</u>	<u>Hol</u>		9	Builds	F{Mar}, F{Bre}	and still one short
Germany	Ber	Kie	Mun	Hol	Den	Swe					5	No	change	
Italy	Rom	Vpn	Tun	Gre							1	No	change	
Russia	StP	Mos	War	Sev	Ank	Con	Smy				7	No	change	

Waiting Lists (all free)

Diplomacy - Rowland Goodman, Jim Sadler, Pete Bates.
 Machiavelli - Mark Smith, Rowland Goodman, Nick Kinzett, Steve Howe.
 Stab Happy - Robin ap-Cynan, John Webley.
 Railway Rivals (B or M) - John Webley, Thane Duffield, Pete Doubleday.