

THE IDA NEEDS YOU

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YOU



THE BOLSHEVIEK STAR

SHREDDER IN YANK-RUNNING SCANDAL!

- NUNCIO IMPLICATED!

The evil genius behind the Mickey Mouse watch industry has apparently struck again!

One fine day (have you heard of a coarse day?) unsuspecting Ronald Kelly, Washington D.C. sent Mike Sherbet a subscription to Our Enry. Of course, the poor fool has not yet actually received an issue, despite the fact that he posted his sub on July 3. Perhaps it didn't arrive, you say? But it obviously did, for on July 20th Ronald received a mass-produced letter from someone he knew only as "John", telling him he was in a game of Witch-World, which is, of course, run in connection with.....Our Enry! The unsuspecting victim is also playing in a game of Youngstown, but has still neither received a copy of Our Enry nor put himself down for a game therein.

Is that egg I see on your face Mr. Shelter?

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One sheep to another: "We can't go on bleating like this."

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And now, some news in a lighter vein.

John Piggott is going bankrupt.

Rowan Edwards and Graham England have gone bankrupt.

Geoff Gorker is bringing out a new zine, straight from the primeval rain forests of Barnsley. He is possibly taking over Grafeti's variants. (Brian Yare, of course, being about to go bankrupt)

Gordon has been mugged.

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We have a special announcement for members of the Robespierre club: Bob Harris is hereby banned from participation in Star games, and this will happen to anyone else who dares to exist without subscribing to the Star. This ban will only be revoked if he sends money for a subscription immediately.....or tomorrow.....or the next day.....sometime anyway.

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Besides Allan Owens' Logical Diplomacy, which Gordon is no doubt bashing out with his one good arm whilst coughing blood, you lucky people out there are also receiving in this issue -

PARTY POLITICAL DIPLOMACY

by John Lettice, even more of an incomparable genius than Edwin G. Roberts. The idea is a development of Democratic Diplomacy, brought on by despair at the thought of trying to mass 35 players. The general idea is:- each country has an electorate of say, 200. Each player receives a proportion of that electorate in each country. Thus, a given player may control $\frac{1}{3}$ of the votes in one country, $\frac{1}{4}$ in another, etc. Obviously, more than 7 players could still play, and the gamesmaster could incorporate such factors as loss of voters for loss of territory or military defeats, whilst a dissenting minority could improve its position by causing the downfall of its country. We'll print the full rules if we get an enthusiastic response.

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ALLAN OVENS HAS JOINED THE WHAT???

I just had to write this down as soon as I noticed it in Ethil 31: from 28th August, he is a postal order, and his mail should be sent to:

P.O. A.J. Ovens,
College Hall,
RAF College,
Cranwell,
Sleaford,
Lincs.

Andy Davidson's new address is in the proper place (It is in the proper place, isn't it, Gordon?)

An anonymous (he wasn't, but is now) subscriber took me to task when I said "this works out fractionally cheaper than Ethil" and sent in a long calculation disproving this. In future all jokes will have "JOKE" beside them in brackets (JOKE).

Amazingly, after my victimizing Will Haven for not mentioning the Star last issue, Don Turnbull didn't mention us in Albion, either, and didn't even send a sickening, grovelling apology! He did, however, send me a copy of Armageddon, which is much nicer than a tear-stained letter anyway. So poor, grey-haired, oppressed Don is pardoned. (If you don't mention us next issue, Year of the Rat will do nicely, cat)

SUPPORT THE I D A, FRIEND OF ALL CROSS - EYED BRITANNIANS

Apparently, if we all join the IDA, British Diplomacy (English, Dr. Piggott? A mere slip of the tongue, he, ha!...) will be safe for homosexual Lithuanian Hindus, whom it will protect from totalitarian gamemasters who expel them after collecting vast amounts of money as some fee... (scribbler is lassoed and dragged away from keyboard) John Piggott (Editor of Preadmill - the - Frog) seems to think that gamemasters cannot act in unison so effectively as an organization could, but one has only to remember the fate of the wretched Will Haven when he introduced his "different" house rules (infringing THEIR copyright, Kerr Freud?). In that case, an offensive Kerxes would have been proud of was launched against the inoffensive Hairpin, whose only sin had been getting my name wrong, and being a creepy-crawly coward at heart, he conformed.

No, I think we can do without any more organization!

I have just become the only non-member of the BPE NGC to see some Dolchsteins. However, Richard Sharp, evil genius behind the BPE (sorry, Richard, I'm trying), NGC hasn't said anything I can pick holes in yet.

I hereby remind Gordon to apologize for misspelling "lackey"....(sign here).

Well, having some space to fill, how can I refuse? I hereby apologize for misspelling "lackey".

MOVIES

STAR "A" (Regular) Spring 1901

UK (Fit of nationalist fervour) (O'Rourke): F Eds - NWC; F Lon - NTH; A Lpl - Edi.

France (Shellburst): F Bre - MAO; A Par - Bur; A Har - Spa.

Germany (Dunn): F Kie - Don; A Ber - Kie; A Lun - Bur.

Austria (Waldie): A Vie - Tri; F Tri - Alb; A Bud - Ser.

Italy (Ovens): A Ven - Tyr; A Rom - Ven; F Nap - ION.

Turkey (Davidson): A Con - Bul; A Smy - Ank; F Ank - Con.

Russia (Robertson): F StP s.c. - GoB; F Sev - Rum; A War - Ukr; A Mos-StP.

Waldie's Clacton: Gandalf and Frodo felt uneasy. Where were they? ~~Waldie's~~ ~~and~~ ~~Waldie!~~ This is pretty feeble. They were nervous, they were surrounded by mystery. But there were clues everywhere: poems littered the streets, pictures of ~~Waldie~~ like Sherrad's face littered the walls. Furry letters decorated all the windows. Communist propoganda was found in all the newspapers. Kilt merchants stood at every street corner. Fly ing; airplanes zoomed around the sky at unbelievable speeds. "Of course," screamed ~~Waldie~~. "This is Wales". He was right, it was Burton on Trent.

Baylins: Charade! You moon-faced lampoon! I'm going to cream you! You thought you were pretty smart trying to play off England and Germany against each other. Well, it won't work, see! You stinking Frenchman, with your dirty striped jerseys and your breath reeking of garlic and onion. You make me want to vomit! We'll fix you good. We'll smash every lousy accordion we can lay our hands on.

Reichstag. Man-made fibres department.: It is reported that the Kaiser is growing his finger nails. To carve into a new pair of fangs, he do do.

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Friday second post and still no orders from Gosh-hew-shocking-shouldn't-be-allow'd-Les-Finley; they may, of course, arrive tomorrow but I won't be here tomorrow, so I'll get Gordon to ask John Robertson for a cut, rather than mess things up for Russia. In future you had best regard the second post as the absolute deadline, right? I'll try to get word from someone if anyone misses, but it won't be easy.

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FAVES

Only ~~Waldie~~ Ballock could come up with a lousy one like "Gauls" and only Mike Sherrad would be sufficiently lacking in discrimination to print it!

And now for some news about ~~Waldie~~ John Robertson (J.R. Robertson) plans to publish it on a three-weekly basis, one week after the Star. It will probably be printed in the same marvellous (?) colours as the Star, as was the cover of the Black Flag. ~~Waldie~~ rather fortunate timing. I'd just bought some new green durbons and was wondering what to duplicate as an experiment. What if you probably miss the result by now. However, since I'm not really discouraged in those matters you'll be seeing green all over the place when it's got to get rid of another

THE PROMIN PLACE

And Davidson's new address is: 13, Yelverton Avenue, Weymouth, Ontario, Canada. His telephone number is: 5785-61568.