

AROUND THE BEND

NOW WHAT IF HAROLD PINTER WROTE THE

NESCAFÉ

ADVERTISEMENT?

A POTTING SHED ILLUMINATED BY A BARE 40 WATT BULB. TATTERED CURTAINS COVER THE WINDOW PANE. BROKEN WHEELBARROWS AND TOOTHLESS RAKES ADO RN THE WALLS. MOULDY SACKS OF COMPOST AND DISCARDED SEED TRAYS COVER THE FLOOR. ENTER OLD DEMENTED MAN IN RAINCOAT. PULLS JAR OF COFFEE FROM HIDING PLACE AND MAKES COFFEE OVER A RUSTY PRIMUS STOVE.

HIM:agh I needed that.....(WIPES NOSE WITH BACK OF FINGERLESS GLOVES).....all bastards.....(KNOCK AT THE DOOR)....who are you?

HER: (VOICE OFF, SHARPLY) Ask my analyst. (SOFTLY) Let me enter...I need...you know.....I really need.....it..(MAN OPENS DOOR, WOMAN ENTERS HEAVILY MADE UP, FUR COAT WITH COLLAR TURNED UP, SLIGHT SOUTH AMERICAN ACCENT)....give me a little Gold Blend.

HIM: Who are you....get away from me....I've never seen you before.....I see you now.

HER: (OVERCOMES OLD MAN - GAFFER TAPES HIM TO A DECK CHAIR) You Eeenglish pig.....now tell me where it is. (PUTS MAN'S HAND INTO COFFEE GRINDER)

HIM: I ain't got no coffee....never 'ad it....never will...Well once I had a jar but I left it in Sidcup with me papers.

HER: What good are you....you're nothing.....you are only extant in the gaps between my speech.....look at you.....I despise you.....(SLAPS MAN'S FACE)

HIM: Bitch...fucking cock grinding cunt.....where am I? Where is the light, who turned off the light.....no....don't take me back....not there.

HER: You....sorry...scum.(TURNS COFFEE GRINDER ON. MAN SCREAMS AS BLOOD SPLATTERS ACROSS HER FUR COAT. MAN FAINTS. WOMAN REMOVES COAT, FOLDS IT UP AND CRADLES IT LIKE A BABY) Father.....forgive....forgive.....

HIM: The map is unforgiven country.....(CHOKING ON BLOOD).....the map is not the territory....the mind is the map.....

SLOW FADE TO SHATTERED COFFEE JAR LYING ON BLOOD-SPATTERED TABLE. VOICE-OVER SAYS "NESCAFÉ GOLD BLEND"

ISSUE THIRTY-FOUR

JUNE 1995

50P PLUS POSTAGE



Parker and Lady Penelope in the zoo:
"My word! Look at that ape! Is it a gorilla, Parker?"
"Orang, m'lady."

UP AROUND THE BEND

The thirty-fourth issue of this amateur un-professional non-profit-making fanzine, based ever so loosely round the wild and wonderful world of Diplomacy and other games by post, whose editor, for a wonder, hasn't moved this month

HAZ BOND, Longfield, Wailing Street, Gailey, Stafford ST19 5PR

home phone 01902 790378 * work just don't bother trying, okay?

Outside GM DAVID OYA, 24 Kingsway, Banbury, Oxon OX16 9NY.

DEADLINE: wednesday june 19th 1995 (all games) ⁺² _{weeks}

waiting lists:

DIPLOMACY Bill Eaton Colin Smith, John Boocock, Tim Deacon, 3 wanted
CONTRACT BRIDGE DIPLOMACY Rules in issue 31 Stephen Agar, John Boocock, Colin Smith, 4 wanted
SOPWITH Andy Cox, Louise Aty, Tony Dickinson, John Boocock, Duncan Adams, Ryk Downes = gamestart
RAILWAY RIVALS Arthur Owen, John Colledge, John Todd, Tim Neale, John Boocock, Peter Ritchie, Steve Guest, Ryk Downes, Bill Eaton I don't fancy a game with nine players, so we shall have to have two
GRAND SLAM Mark Stretch, Nick Parish, Arthur Owen, Geoff Brown, Kim Head, Rob Moore, Colin Smith, Bob Holliday, Bill Eaton, Ryk Downes? Allan Doodles? Richard Walkerdine? 5-6 more wanted, ideally
THE AWFUL GREEN THINGS FROM OUTER SPACE which I was coerced into opening a list for at Baycon John Todd, Colin Smith, an indefinite number wanted anyone got postal rules?

Front cover: last of the series half-inched from ff magazine.

AH AHHHH-AHHH. ALL THE THINGS I COULD DO, IF I HAD A LITTLE MONEY T
Marsnalsea Gaol Peter Dunnett, Allan Gordon, Dave Lomas, Mark Stretch, John Colledge, Alan (Nottm) Coulthard, Bob Holliday all have accounts running low at the Bank of U-Bend
Last Chance Saloon I haven't had that postal order yet. ROB TESH And hey, GEOFF BROWN FIONA CAMPBELL, I know you're a poor student (if you get my drift), but MICHAEL QUIST, anyone home?
ARTHUR OWEN, what gives?
Goodbye Peter Charles (dropout), Kris Morris (alas and alack)
Welcome Colin Smith, Colin Hobbs, Tim Deacon And a very big welcome back to Allan Doodles and Male Cornelius

EGOLAND: Brief Editorial

Life? Don't talk to me about life. You know all those weird personal habits I have and (used to) write about to excess in the zine? Forget them. What has been happening since Joy and I split up (and was indeed, a major factor in why we did so) is far more off the beaten track. I can't talk about it just now but if all goes well, you can prepare yourselves for another tedious rabbit shortly to be pulled from the Bond hat in a desperate attempt to live up to my reputation as the postal games hobby's sexual radical with the mostest (*ironic grin with clenched teeth*) (and let's see those Internet people devise a smiley/emoticon for *that* -#)

Anyway I have no time (again), and no money (again), and most likely no job (again, though it's been a few years since last time) and am hence probably moving (again). So next issue could well be, like this one, late (again).

Take, for instance, the fact that I was summoned into Personnel at work and told, ah hello Mr Bond, we're afraid we've been overpaying you since last August and you owe us £311, it will be okay if we take it out of your next wage packet, won't it? I informed them that I didn't have £3 11, far less £311, and they could damn well whistle for the money if they were incompetent enough to make that magnitude of mistake. Unfortunately the law is on their side. Also unfortunately, I found this out shortly before a brown envelope arrived from the DSS Enforcement Section telling me they had overpaid me back in 1991 and if I didn't pay it all back within a fortnight of the date on the letter, which was a week before I'd received it. I swear that everything went black and I knew no more for an indeterminate period, which is why, in part, this issue is late, because they only let me have crayons for a while.

Well, I was disillusioned with work anyway, and for sundry other reasons I wanted to leave anyway, but this really did put the platinum-plated polished glass cherry on top of the whole affair. So I start once more the old shpiel last heard in U-Bends 3-5 or so: gizz a job, gizz a job. Preferably down south and ideologically sound and paying more than what I get at the moment (not difficult). I am fed up with Staffordshire and all that it signifies, it is a dull, flatulent little county with little to recommend it, and I'm allowed to be rude about it because I was born there. I want to be back in London. Or Oxford. Or, at a push, anywhere else within range of those two.

I know it's a dreadful career move these days to leave a job before you've got the next one signed in blood and sealed in, er, something as heavy and awe-inspiring that you can nonetheless seal documents with, but if I don't get out of this soon I really am going to be on the inside looking out, a status which I experienced some eleven years ago and would gnaw my own head off rather than repeat.

Enough! I whinge, see me whinge

Hot news, and sad, is that *Arfle Barfle Gloop* has folded as the finale to a long string of problems for Kris Morris. I traded with ABG from my first issue, and subscribed to it for a while before that, and I shall miss it very sorely indeed. Have this issue on me, Kris, and you are welcome here any time. I may give ABG a proper valedictory write-up if I have time, room and inspiration. Not sure where the games are going yet, though for reasons I cannot fathom Steve Agar rather than OGRE John Marsden appears to be dealing with the orphaning.

I never watch television, as is well known, the joys of publishing fanzines and being a queer young radical taking up all my leisure time, but the other week my friends Steve and Ann sat me down in front of something called *Father Ted*, which instantly hooked my attention by having an episode title that was a sly homage to Joe Orton, and was a very hearty comedy featuring three Irish Catholic priests who for reasons never made adequately clear are sharing a house. I wouldn't call it Great Art, but it made me laugh quite a bit, and that in itself is sufficient to raise it above the average in comedic stakes.

Talking about comedy, which we sort of were, there is a chance that I may be strutting my stuff, as we Oyalcious funky dudes say, on stage in Birmingham as part of a double act with my friend Emma from Redditch. I haven't done anything like this for almost ten years, but Emma assures me that the audience will mainly be students, and students will laugh at anything, hell's teeth, they laugh at Newman and Baddiel, I must stand a chance. More as it happens.

Do you know, I think that's all for this issue. Wowie. Go and fetch the nipple-clamps, Igor, I shall be needing them. To all those who have never tried it, I say that the act of editing is sheer murder but *having edited* that's where the glory lies.

new forms of amateur publishing

Your roving reporter has been keeping a regular look-out upon other branches of the fanzine field, and since I feel like it, I'm going to talk about a couple of them

3mabed is an alternative comic, I think. It isn't a field I'm very familiar with, I just know that it'll be a cold day indeed in Death Valley before you can go into W H Smug's and pick it up off the shelves as you would 2000 AD. Its creator is Jeremy Dennis, in spite of which name she is female, and the ongoing plot concerns a number of female students of varying sexuality, maturity and general likeableness all sharing a house in Oxford (I think this is a case of drawing what you're familiar with). The art is really excellent -- distinctively just realistic enough to stand out -- and the plotting too impresses, largely because every damn character rings true. I've never quite understood how to delineate a character without primarily using the written word (come to think of it, I'm not all that hot even with it, no wonder I write for fanzines rather than the TLS) but Jeremy has the knack. In fact, the only thing about the whole affair I'm not mightily impressed with is her coffee, and since you're unlikely to find yourself in her flat drinking it (I was surprised myself) I shouldn't let this deter you from sending off for it at a mere £1.50 it's as cheap as a copy of *Backstabbers United Monthly* and, dare I say it, has more reading matter in it. (Jeremy Dennis, Alleged Literature, 255B Banbury Road, Oxford OX2 7HN)

Another alternative comic -- she insists it isn't a zine, and as its creator she is entitled to call it a miniature golf course if she so desires -- is *Red Hanky Panky*. This isn't a single strip, rather a bunch of one-liners in pictorial form and occasional musings, and the art is not what would impress the people who teach the Stafford College graphics courses, but I like the package thus created. This one is *very* queer and thus not for the faint-hearted, but the humour should be universally comprehensible to all those whose sense of fun isn't utterly ossified. And I like the editor/artist of this one, too, never let it be said that I let personal matters occlude the critical objectivity of an unbiased review, but GO AND BUY IT, OKAY (£1, Rachel House, 23 Whately Road, London SE22 9DA)

Then we have *Empties*, which is theoretically a science fiction fanzine, but most of the contents bear as much relevance to SF as does half every issue of U-Bend to postal gaming, or any other sort. Editor Martin Tudor does a workmanlike job with layout and text editing, and the result is a fat A5 booklet cram-full of goodies of every description. He charges (hold your breath) £5 for it, but he's poor like me, and unlike me has a photocopier to run (upon which this issue of U-Bend should be printed -- why do you think I'm reviewing *Empties* rather than any other science fiction fanzine?) Anyway, he'll probably give it away if you send an SAE and promise to write a letter about it. Topics include Martin's attempts to simultaneously lose his virginity and beat off his girlfriend's litter of kittens, Mick Evans on seeing his father get into a punch-up while watching West Brom, Steve Green on being head-hunted by a *very* sleazy publishing firm, and sackloads of letters on every topic under the sun, a little like my letter column only more so. (845 Alum Rock Road, Birmingham B8 2AG)

Lest you think that I'm all sweetness and light about everything, *Student Outlook* is free and worth every penny of the cover price. I used to think I could be happy being a student for the rest of my days, but reading this seems to indicate that either students have changed or I have. I used to whinge my own fair amount, but never did I approach the level of intemperate not-knowing-when-I-was-well-off as several of the contributors to this. Sod 'em. The most professional thing on this page, but without a doubt, the least enjoyable. And they got all the info about the Cambridge Folk Festival wrong.

STICHOMYTHIA

the letter column

Tony Dickinson Paul Cockayne obviously doesn't drink DRY cider which is excellent and
Featherstone proper scrumpy ain't fizzy! Lager = fizzy piss, yep I'll agree, but whose piss!
He proclaims beer is nectar -- how would he know living in Nottingham? (Mew!)

Your 'Badge of Infamy' was a good chortle. Hey, I'm serious. I've a shitload of badges
somewhere. I remember the 'Keep your smile like a crocodile' one, and I can help you with 'Shredded
Wheat Space Defence Command' -- I'm pretty sure you got one of those if you managed to scratch off
certain bits on the card you got in each box, and sent it off, of course! I've got one too! Sad, eh?

Rob Moore Even as I write this, the Huddersfield Choral Society prepare themselves for I'm about
Leeds to watch/listen to their performance of Fauré's Requiem. Such false pretensions! What
a lifestyle lie! I'll be wearing polo necks and smoking a pipe soon.

Bloody hell, I hate the Huddersfield Town Hall. Zero legroom (anyone over 4'7" needs medical
attention before being allowed out after anything longer than an hour) and this seat is about a mile up. Not
as bad as the Albert Hall where I saw HM band Queensryche recently, but bad enough.

How are you, though? Settled down now? *[[hollow laugh]]* U-Bend is definitely reviving. I think
Wimm? is probably the darling of the trendy hobby people now tho'. resign yourself to a lifetime of sterile
game reports and belated gossip. Well, that's how the zine evolution curve works, isn't it?

trendy gap for editor steadfast old (with sidelines into
reactionary ➡ to calm down ➡ games warhorse fold or obscure personalzine)

But now the orchestra is warming up, the choir is making its entrance and the crowd are
restless. I guess I'd better stop or I'll be called a reporter.

Allan Doodes What, pray, was Chris Jones doing with his Amiga? Manlining a wire
Twickenham off the motherboard? Grief! And an Amiga. Nice machine but its
manufacturers (whoever they are now) have so clearly 'lost the plot' that I
suspect Chris would have done better to save his money for a PC.

Richard Sharp still doing Dolchstoss? My flabber is gasted -- and a more terrible sight than
that you cannot imagine. Richard was, more or less, a founding father of the hobby. I can't
remember when I first came across Dolchstoss, but it must have been 1971/72ish, and it was (I
think) already into the 30s then. Next you'll be telling me that Ethil the Frog has reappeared.
Actually can you send me Richard's address, and how much a sub to Dolchstoss would cost?

[[Oh, lordy. What have I unleashed upon the world now by opening that sarcophagus?]]

Sue Breakwell Did you get to watch QED about 'The Third Gender'? It was good in
Reading places. I loved watching the workshop of 'be a man for a day', for
example 'eating like a man' cracked me up laughing to see how cleverly she
exaggerated John's eating style. In the same week was a programme on Ch4 on TVs/TSSs learning
to behave like women. It was interesting to see what little things give you away to be a specific
gender. I know the way you walk does, but I didn't realise posture had such a large effect, or
going down steps. The most convincing man was the one who had a girlfriend to help him.

*[[My friend Kate went on one of the Drag King workshops the other week and has been
talking about it to anyone who comes within ten feet of her ever since. I think she enjoyed it on
something. You will probably not be spared the copy of the Scotsman with her photo as a 'tough
bloke' in it (the reporter was also participating in the workshop). I think such workshops are
Good Things, but then, I think that anything that makes people question their precepts
concerning gender or sexuality is a Good Thing. Sue, encore.]]*

Read Wimm? yesterday and I am now an official minority a woman member of the hobby who does not define herself as lesbian I'm used to being in a minority, a reasonably intelligent teenage mother, for one

Yesterday I started a 9-week course a sort of literary discussion course called 'Wayward Girls, Wicked Women and Daughters of Decadence', discussing feminism in the 19th and 20th centuries and seeing if we have progressed at all Should be fun I'm always the youngest on these courses My sister said "Were there loads of dykes there?" As if I could tell, as if most of them looked any different to anybody straight! At least my sister is becoming less prejudiced as she gets older

Ian Harris
Chester le Street

I thought I was the only person still to have a badge collection
One I used to have I got at Blackpool on a family holiday It showed a dirty old man, grubby raincoat held open and everything hanging out full-frontal, with the word "FLASH!" in large letters across the top. My poor old Grandad, who was a bit daft and didn't see too well, went off round the guest-house showing it to all and sundry "Look, Flash Gordon! Remember him? Saturday matinees down the Essoldo "

Steve Guest
Foreign Parts

Well, I may be in Paris but I'm still alive! Lots of interesting things to say but I'll save them up for *Variable Pig*, assuming I find time to type it up If I can assume more of a chat role there, it could revitalise the zine
Still feel I'm doing the right thing Can't help feeling we give the French too much bad press as they've all been very friendly (so far) My work colleagues are being far too good to me, going out of their way to speak English so I can understand easily It would probably do my French a power of good to be forced to speak it more

Just returned from the supermarché with a pile of booze for about a tenner which would have been about £30 in good old Angleterre And you don't want to know what I'm being paid in subsistence (even if it has been reduced as the division head wouldn't sign for the full whack)

[[I can picture the scene. "M'sieur Guest, I fear that the Department declines to pay for this addition of 2,000 cans of Ace Lager and fifty takeaway curries."]] \

Vick Hall
London

As for the 'Go Go Power Rangers' affair, I'm finding it quite amusing that a few people believe I produced it, however, if I had gone to the effort of producing it, then I think I'd have found the effort to have posted it somewhere other than my old back door

Funnily enough I convinced Denis and the others at the last London hobby meet that the culprit is none other than yourself How close to the mark is that? I guess only you and Mr Ranger know

[[I shall deny it to the last breath in my body. I don't know, do one hoax in 1990 and they try and pin every crime in town on you. I'm legit these days, officer, got that?]]

Liked your little piece on ten people you'd like to see back in the hobby I'd like to add Brian Dolton to the list The guy was a nutter and produced a damn fine zine in *Lokasenna* as well If only ALOS were half as good

Alex Richardson
Hitchin

I was disappointed with myself for not spotting a Move song in your lyrics quiz A couple of years ago I saw Roy Wood playing live backed by Fairport Convention (he was a guest at their festival) and he was absolutely brilliant If nothing else, it was worth it just to hear 20000 assorted lunatics singing "I wish it could be Christmas every day" in the middle of August

*[[Keep taking the tablets, Alex
more letters next time. And lots more the time after, I just bet]]*

Jackets: a ramble through my wardrobe

THE RED ONE This is the one I've had the longest. It's dark red leather and material starting to show its age, for I can't have been more than fifteen when I was first given it, and then it was second hand, my uncle Derek finding it no longer fitted him. I wore this one a lot at University, but not so much any more. The inside pocket is just the right size to carry a paperback book in, which is always useful, but I've put so many books in there over the years that the pocket is starting to tear away from the material, despite its being an integral part of the design. Every now and again I still sport it, though, as it's so me.

THE CORDUROY ONE I tend to go through spells of wearing one jacket to the exclusion of all others until I get fed up with them, and then go on to another. This is the currently favoured one. It's another one that I've had a long time and which shows its age -- the nap is wearing off the corduroy in places. It's buff, and has *two* inside pockets capable of carrying a paperback. The right-hand pen pocket carries three badges, which have all been there since University days and which I have no intention of removing now. 'Statler and Waldorf' from the Muppet show (from an Oxford charity shop), an Australian koala (found on a train from Cambridge to London) and the logo of the group Ned's Atomic Dustbin (supplied by Ken Cheslin, father of their bassist, whom I know slightly).

THE PVC ONE. The oldest one of all, this one I've had at least twelve years, since it carries the nametape inside the collar from the boarding school which expelled me in 1983. Since that time I've tarted it up rather, fastening a chain across the back connecting the epaulettes, and tying a red AIDS ribbon to one of the latter, until it looks well perved and I'm almost too shy to go out in the streets wearing it.

THE LEATHER ONE Bought second-hand in Manchester at the end of 1993, I probably wear this one more often than any others. Possibly as a reaction to the PVC one, it's relatively femme (opposite of butch, y'know) as leather jackets go. The inside pocket will just hold a paperback if you squeeze it in. Very warm in winter.

THE BLACK DENIM ONE What it says, basically. Doesn't get worn too often, and it tends to accumulate things in its pockets that get left there for months and forgotten -- most recently the disc with half the back copies of U-Bend on file.

THE BLUE DENIM ONE My parents bought me this in Walthamstow when I finished my degree. It was fashionably small then and is downright tight now, though at the rate I'm losing weight I may yet find some slack in it. It sports a psychedelic band of colour across the back, splitting the uniformity of the denim. Somehow it's a very London thing, and I don't put this one on often either.

THE BLUE ONE WITH THE SILVER BIT Birthday present from my parents some eight years ago, when they deemed I needed a new one. The silver bit is a Greek-style warrior, slightly stylised, raising a sword above his head. I like it, but somehow I don't wear it, maybe because it has no inside pockets at all unless you put your book down the inside lining, whence it's hard to recover it.

THE GREEN MILITARY ONE My parents didn't think the blue one suited me and my mother kept saying I looked better in this one, a shiny green effort festooned with American military patches. Being at my anarcho-pacifist height at the time I disagreed, saying I didn't want to look like a job. In the end my parents bought both. I've actually worn this one more over the last year than I have any other time since acquiring it. Don't ask me why. Paperbackable pocket.

THE BLUE ONE WITH JEWELS ON. We're definitely getting into the realms of eyestrain here. In Edinburgh last summer I visited a second-hand clothes emporium and picked up two jackets for a paltry sum. This is the first. It screams '1967' from every orifice and I love it, sparking as it is with coloured glass beads of many facets. I wouldn't wear it in Hanley at chucking-out time, though.

THE BLACK ONE WITH STUDS ON nor would I this one, which is more than half a waistcoat, being originally a black denim shirt from which some ludden hand has cut the sleeves and embroidered some gold lame-ish flowers surrounded by silver studs and a few of other colours for variety. If only this one had pockets I'd wear it a lot more. Everyone tells me I look good in this except Sam Mason, which was a nuisance at the time as I was trying to impress her. Well, I like it.

THE GREY ONE WITH GREEN TRIM I can remember sod all about this one, not where it came from, or how long I've had it, or how come it was left at my parents' for years until they moved to Devon last autumn, and asked me whether I wanted to take it away with me next time I visited. I did, but I've only worn it once. I've half a mind to give it to Oxfam, but it's a perfectly good jacket, and warm, and it fits me. I'll probably keep it for a while at least.

"Print that Howe self-exp asap." - David Oya

SELF EXPLANATORY by Steve Howe

What's the first thing you do when you wake up in the morning?

Turn the radio on Radio 4, naturally

What's the first fanzine you received?

The Stab in the Back, distributed exclusively to pupils at Brentwood School First hobby zine Albatross, from the same chap

Which book do you wish you had written? Either *The Liar* or *The Picture of Dorian Gray*

What zine do you most wish you'd produced? The Thing on the Mat, obviously

What's the best piece of advice you've ever received? Think

What's your most treasured material possession? This pen Present from an old flame

Who was the last person you slept with? My fiancée, Dawn

What do you think of the weather?

Whatever the weather I'll weather the weather, whether I like it or not. The old ones are the oldest.

When did you last cry and why? Watching Schindler's List

What characteristics do you think you've inherited from your parents?

My off-beat outlook, my appetite for knowledge Not my politics, though

What's the biggest myth about fame? Don't know, I'm not famous

What are you like when you're drunk? Loud, tactless

Who would you have play you in a film? Stephen Fry

Pick five words to describe yourself.

Shy, intelligent, undemonstrative, awkward, Comintern [[? I thought you were a Liberal, Steev]]

Is there one piece of criticism that sticks in your mind?

I'm often thought of as patronising, I can grievously (though unintentionally) offend people who think I'm trying to show off how clever I am.

What's your most unpleasant characteristic? Telling fools I don't suffer them gladly.

What is your greatest fear? **Death**

What ambitions do you still have to fulfil? One day I really will finish my novel Honestly

What do you never leave home without? Keys and glasses, I suppose

Who is your best male and best female friend?

Male, David We have alternating bouts of angst and cheer each other up Female, Dawn, see above

Who would you most like to meet? Actually, I like to leave my heroes on the pedestals I made for them

What are the last three books you read?

Hawksmoor -- Ackroyd Pilgrim's Progress -- Bunyan Raffles -- Hornung

What are the last three records you played?

Toccata & Fugue in D Minor -- Bach. Jazz Selection -- Dutch Swing College Band Horn Concertos -- Mozart

What music would you have played at your funeral? St James Infirmary Blues

When you look in the mirror, what do you see? That I've cut myself shaving again

[[Thanks, Steve-a-rino From what I know of you, you've pretty well summed yourself up, and I don't think too many of my readers will now cross the street to avoid you Not more than a dozen, I should say

I have a few people on file still (including Johns Morgan and Wilman, whose revelations must be over a year old by now soon, soon, I promise) but more are always welcome and will be put to good use around the household. (You should see what I did with David Oya's. Mind you, it was quite painful, cos he sent it on disc.)]

SITZKRIEG

THE GAMES SECTION

LASKER

Woolworth II-D Diplomacy

Spring 01

I sent this out independently and these five eager beavers have all got down to it sufficiently fast to start already

Austria (secretly controlled) F(Tri) H, A(Bud) S A(Vie)-Gal, A(Vie)-Gal

Balkans (secretly controlled): A(Bul) S A(Ser)-Mac, A(Ser)-Mac, F(Gre)-ION

England (Rob Tesh, 20 Hill Grove Crescent, Kidderminster, Worcs DY10 3AD)

F(Edi) S F(Lon)-NTH, F(Lon)-NTH, F(Lpl)-NAO.

France (Peter Dunnett, 328 Old Road, Clacton on Sea, Essex CO15 3NU)

F(Bre)-ENG, A(Par)-Bur, A(Mar) S A(Par)-Bur

Germany (John Boocock, 25 Melrose Drive, Old Fletton, Peterborough PE2 9DN)

F(Kie)-Hol, A(Ber)-Kie, A(Mun)-Swi

Italy (secretly controlled) A(Ven) H, F(Nap)-ION, F(Rom)-TYS

Russia (secretly controlled). A(StP)-Lap, A(War)-Gal, A(Mos)-Ukr, F(Sev)-BLA

Scandinavia (Bob Holliday, 6 Rooke House, Bishop Street, Portsmouth PO1 3DF)

F(Nwy)-NTH, F(Den) S F(Nwy)-NTH, A(Swe)-Nwy

Spain (Tony Dickinson, 67 Little Lane, Featherstone, West Yorkshire WF7 5DN)

A(Por)-Mad, F(Mor)-Alg, F(Mad)-WMS

Turkey (secretly controlled) F(Ank)-BLA, F(Smy)-AEG, A(Con)-Bul

Press

Austria (Govt) - Bal & Tur Fancy a combined attack on Russia?

Austria (Govt) - Ita Will you leave me be so that I can head east? I won't be attacking you unless you provoke me-- friends?

Austria - Italy. Now, now, let's not do anything rash

Balkan Princelings - Surrounding Powers. Serbs 1, UN 0 You know the score --
keep away

Berlin - Paris With Switzerland open, can we not agree to at least *not* fight?

Germany - England: Come on then, write to me, I dare you

Germany - Portugal. Come, join in with is against the Frogs

Germany - Scandinavia. Your suggested moves sound just fine to me Ready, band?

"Wir fahrenheit gegen England. "

Italy - Austria: I'm quite happy not to attack you: we've both got other things to worry about We could even try to de-militarise Ven & Tri if you like

Italy - France & England. Fancy bashing Spain? Non-Spaniards of the world, unite!

Russia - Turkey: If you leave Rum to me and move against the Balkans then perhaps the Juggernaut is on?

Russia - Austria I'll work with you if you want

Spain (Govt) - France OK, it's a deal -- better be no fleet in MAO, or

If I left this space blank rather than putting a pointless spacefiller in it, would you even have noticed that it was there at all, or would your eye have slipped easily past it and onto the next page heedless of that inconspicuous three line gap? We'll never know.

Race 22 (14-22) STUPID 20-1=19, ISIS 10+1=11
 Race 23 (36-65) PUFF 20-3=17, BRASENOSE 10, PRACTICE 0, STUPID +3
 Race 24 (62-46) ISIS 20-5+3=18, PRACTICE 10-6=4, PUFF 0+6+5-3=8
 Race 25 (32-s1) STUPID 20-2½=17½
 Race 26 (43-12) ISIS 20-1=19, STUPID 10-1-2½=6½, BRASENOSE 0-3-½=-3½, PRACTICE +1+1=2
 Race 27 (52-21) STUPID 20-7-1=12, CIDER 10+7-1=16
 Race 28 (51-s3) (PRACTICE/ISIS jt) PRACTICE 10, ISIS 10

BRASENOSE. (H92)-Twyford -5
 PUFF (S9)-S8-R7-R6-Q6 -4 -1(I) = -5
 CIDER (C94)-Reading -3 +2(PR) = -1
 PRACTICE (K24)-K22, (R27)-Botley; (Y34)-Z34 -4 -2(C) -1(BL) = -7

	b/f	Races	Builds	c/f
ISIS - Steve Guest - orange	166	+58	+1	= 225
CIDER - Fiona Campbell - red	145½	+16	-1	= 160½
STUPID - Mark Stretch - blue	90½	+58		= 148½
PRACTICE - Alan Parr - black	102	+16	-7	= 111
BRASENOSE - Haz Bond - brown	108	+6 5	-5	= 109½
PUFF - Bob Holliday - purple	88	+25	-5	= 108

Races for turn 11

29 (13-35) Adderbury - Botley 33 (44-23) Wheatley - Kidlington
 30 (56-16) Wallingford - Clipping Norton 34 (55-66) Didcot - Shiplake
 31 (24-34) Ardley - Eynsham 35 (61-s2) Benson - East Midlands
 32 (42-s4) Oxford - South West

Agrajag - Mark Note that Oxford 43-41 is only connected by PRACTICE

Alan I think even at this stage I'd have preferred to hold things over and auction the BLOTTO track I think track auctioning is so intriguing that I've previously suggested a variant where the GM builds track for subsequent auctioning!

Agrajag - Alan I like the sound of that. Keep your eyes on the Winum? waiting lists - I may rustle something up (but not for a few issues) End of advert

THE BONKING GAME turn 3

THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN REMAIN Following much hiding

Kay Dekker bonks *Andy Bell* *** *Paul Cockayne* bonks *Geoff Brown* *** *Tony Dickinson* hudes in A SHRUBBERY!
 *** *Simon Amos* bonks *Peter Ritchie* with a frozen banana, a bar of Toblerone, a Kryptonite-lined radioactive carrot and

a slice of lemon wrapped round a large gold brick *** *Chris Jones* bonks *John*

Breakwell *** *Andy Bell* bonks *John Breakwell* **** *Geoff Brown*

realises he is in danger of winning and self-bonks *** *Jeremy Tullett* hudes behind a row of parked cars ***
Peter Ritchie hudes under the sofa *** *John Morgan* attempts to hide a second time on the trot, illegally, so he self-bonks *** *Dave Lomas* joins the queue to bonk *Kay Dekker* *** *John Breakwell* bonks *Andy Bell* in normal type, but too late to be inconspicuous

Deaded Bell, Breakwell, Brown, Dekker, Morgan

Special Award for Being Bonked Above And Beyond The Average JOHN BREAKWELL

Self-Bonking NMR fiend Arthur Owen

Igor, it breathes! Simon Amos, Paul Cockayne, Tony Dickinson, Chris Jones, Dave Lomas, Peter Ritchie and Jeremy Tullett are all alive and bonkable

MANY ARE BOMBED But few are vaporised

Attacks GOTHIC Minuteman & 10 meg on APPLIANCE kills 2 million
 PRP B-70 & 20 meg on Gothic kills 5+1 = 6 million
 FNORD Midgetman on PRP kills 2 million

Secrets revealed None

Revealed Cards

THE FNORDS (Geoff Brown) A Titan missile, all shiny and new
 FAROE ISLANDS (Rob Moore) The Cruise Missile leaves GOTHIC airspace and continues, entering APPLIANCE's. Meanwhile, a sneaky spy returns from GOTHIC with secret information
 GOTHIC (Tony Dickinson) A Space Shuttle is launched with geometric precision, its mission to be revealed next issue
 APPLIANCE (Andy Bell) It's the big one -- a SATURN missile is all set up to launch!
 PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF PECKHAM (Alan Coulthard) The B-70 has more aboard a 10 meg exits the bomb bay next

Deterrents GOTHIC 20 megaton warhead is withdrawn and returned to hand
 APPLIANCE MIRV is also returned to hand

In Orbit Fnords space platform, Killer Satellite
 Ex-Frogland LandSat

Population Changes since 1999AD TF-29m, FI-27m, Go-23m, AP-10m, Fr-31m and OUT, PRP-20m

Your New Card(s)/

Personal Notes

New Secrets. None

Press

Ha! see 'em burn The PRP are going down in flames and the victorious Fnords march onwards, teddies at the ready Strike up the regimental battle hymn of 'Itsy Bitsy Teeny Weeny Yellow Polkadot Bikini' Looks like rain for the weekend! Not that Howard minds

UROUHART

Pilot	Starts	Moves	Ends	A D P
1 <u>Ginger Rogers</u>	G3/E	RS, RS, RS, RS, A, A	M5/N6	16 08 38
ACE	John Miller			
5 <u>Vic Rattlehead</u>	Q10/SE	A, A and lands, Uo β, A, A, A	P10/O10	16 08 06
ACE	Rob Moore			

Clouds move W & SW D8-E8-E9-F10-G11 G2-H2-H3 D5-E5-E6-F6 19-110-19-110 are all that's left

Provisional orders on file from Vic Rattlehead up to turn 23

JANISCH

International Terrorism

Turn 2

POTATOLAND Chris Jones Cell WARSAW, no bombs
UHA James Hardy Cell TRIESTE, 1 bomb
WANKER Jeremy Tullett Cell LONDON, 1 bomb
MATES Arthur Owen (NMR!) Cell ROME 1 bomb
NAUSEA Alan Coulthard Cell VIENNA, no bombs
American Death Unit Tony Dickinson Cell HOLLAND, 1 bomb

BOMB SUPPLIES (1 each) Syria supplies ADU cell (Hol), Tunis supplies UHA cell (Tri) and WANKER cell (Lon) Ireland supplies Potatoland cell (War).
BOMB STOCKPILES Ireland 2, Paris 1, Tunis 1, Syria 1

☛ BOMBINGS

Pot(War) bombs Ber & Kie both succeed 4 tourists killed.
ADU(Hol) bombs Edu fails
WANKER(Lon) bombs Edu fails
UHA(Tri) bombs Bud fails
NAUSEA(Vie) bombs Vie succeeds 6 tourists wiped out

NEW CELLS

Potatoland cell(Bul) NAUSEA cell(Par)

SCORES ON THE DOORS BEHIND WHICH LURK THE SEEDY, CRAZED ANARCHISTIC ETC ETC ETC
NAUSEA 6 POTATOLAND 4 Others El Ziltcho

OLD TOURISTS

3 tourists move from Budapest to Galicia
4 tourists move from Edinburgh to Liverpool ("Gee, Elmer, there's one of John Lennon's guitars")
2 tourists move from Munch to Kiel

NEW TOURISTS

An Event draws 6 tourists to MUNICH
Ordinary tourists
2 in Budapest, 1 in Vienna, 1 in Trieste
1 in London
1 in Marseilles
2 in Venice, 1 in Rome, 1 in Naples
2 in Smyrna, 2 in Ankara

CAPABLANCA

Sopwith T207UB

Turn 9

DUNX CLIPS GEOFF FOR ONE Could easily have been more

Pilot	Starts	Moves	Ends	A D P
<u>Ginger</u> Rogers	C12/W	A, A and lands	A10/grounded	16 05 12
2 ACE John Miller				
Sky Tripper	N12/W	LT f-A, LS f-A, RS f-A	N10/N9	05 08 08
4 Duncan Adams				
Wizard Prang	O8/W	A, A, LT f-R	M5/M4	08 07 07
5 Geoff Brown				

Clouds move SW to P17-Q16-Q17-R16-R17 K11-L11-L12 I13-J12-J13 K5-J4-I3 P12-Q13-R14-Q12 E9-F9-F8-G8

GERMANY GOES NAP: Authentic Richard Sharp headline

AUSTRIA (Alan II Coulthard, 8 Redhurst Way, Gleniffer Gate, Paisley, Renfrewshire PA2 8N11)
F(Alb)-Gre, A(Ser) S F(Alb)-Gre, A(Tri) H

ENGLAND (Duncan II Adams, Grange Bungalow, Radclive, Buckingham MK18 -- COA)
F(NTH) C A(Yor)-Bel, F(NWG)-Nwy, A(Yor)-Bel

FRANCE (Edward Ainsworth, 4 Park Avenue, Bedford MK40 2JY)
F(MAO)-Por, A(Pic)-Bel, A(Mar)-Spa

GERMANY (Mark Underhay, 65 The Chase, Holland on Sea, Essex CO15 5PZ)
F(Den)-Swe, A(Ruh)-Hol, A(Kie)-Den

ITALY (John Marsden, 33 Weston Road, Strood, Kent ME2 3HA)
F(ION) C A(Apu)-Tun, A(Apu)-Tun, A(Ven) H

RUSSIA (Simon Amos, 22 St Margaret's Road, Bradford, W Yorkshire BD7 3AB)
F(Sev) H, A(Gal)-Bud, A(Mos)-Ukr, F(StP/sc)-GOB

TURKEY (Paul Cockayne, 18 Henry Road, West Bridgford, Nottingham NG2 7SS)
F(Ank)-BLA, A(Bul)-Rum, A(Con)-Bul

Adjustments

AUSTRIA	<i>Bud</i> Vie Tri <u>Ser Gre</u>	= 4	Builds A(Vie)
ENGLAND	Lon Lpl Edi <u>Nwy</u>	= 4	Builds F(Lon)
FRANCE	Par Mar Bre <u>Spa Por</u>	= 5	Builds A(Par), F(Bre)
GERMANY	Kie Ber Mun <u>Hol Den Swe</u>	= 6	Builds A(Mun), A(Kie), F(Ber)
ITALY	Rom Ven Nap <u>Tun</u>	= 4	Builds F(Nap)
RUSSIA	StP Mos War Sev <u>Bud</u>	= 5	1 short, no builds ordered!
TURKEY	Ank Con Smy <u>Bul Rum</u>	= 5	Builds A(Ank), F(Con)

Press

Italy - Black Press Writer You will have to do better than that!
Italy - Turkey Your terms seemed very onerous

FISCHER

Railway Rivals RR1294AG

Round 3

STONED IN THE GIVING VEIN: Ritchue pipped down south

STONED (Duncan Adams, red) 3a) (SM de Tucuman)-C49-D49-E49-F49-SS de Jujuy-H48 3b) (W8)-V7-La
Rioja 3c)(E49)-Salta (S9)-Q8-Q7-P6-P5 47-1C-15J = 31

DROP (John Breakwell, purple) 3a) (M5)-O4-P4-San Juan (J5)-G'ral Alvear 3b) (Parana)-R20 3c) (R20)-X23
49+6+3+1J = 59

CHOCOHOLIC (Fiona Campbell, chocolate). NMR! 3a) (V10)-La Rioja, J20-Buenos Aires-122 3b) (122)-La
Plata, (122)-H21 3c) (H21)-G21-Mar del Plata, (G21)-F20 24-5(NMR)+6+6+6+1S+2J-10T = 30

JUDGE ENGLISH (David Oya, black) 3a) (M18)-J19-Buenos Aires. (O17)-Q16, 3b) (O16)-Villa Maria
3c) (Villa Maria)-111 34+15S-2C-1D-1I = 45

IDLE NOT! (Peter Ritchue, green) 3a) (G13)-F12-Santa Rosa-B14-B15 3b) (B15)-Bahua Blanca, (B15)-B16
3c) (Rufina)-K11-Mercedes, (B16)-Coronel Pringles 24+1J-2T = 23

TBNS (John Colledge, blue) 3a) (E17)-D17-Coronel Pringles-Bahua Blanca, (H20)-F21 3b) (F21)-D22
3c) (Telen)-I9. (Q22)-Concordia-T23 32+6+6+3+2I+10C = 59

Rolls for round 3 are 5 - 4 - 4.

Fiona sent orders for her Dip game, but evidently forgot this one, plain and simple See 'Euwe' for her new address

ANKARANS CLING ON GRIMLY North-west frozen solid

ANKARA (John Miller) A(Mos)-War* BELGIUM (Peter Ritchie) A(Hol)-Bel
 DENMARK (Peter Dummett) F(BAL)-Swe, F(Nwy)-SKA
 KIEL (Duncan Adams) A(Mun)-Kie F(Ber)-BAL, A(Den)-Kie, A(Kie)-Hol
 LIVERPOOL (John Morgan) F(NTH)-SKA F(ENG)-NTH, A(Yor) H
 MARSEILLE (Guy Thomas) A(Bel)-Pic, A(Bur)-Pic, F(NAF)-Tun, F(Bre)-MAO, F(WMS) S F(NAF)-Tun, A(Pic)-Bre
 ROME (Alex Richardson) A(Tyr) S A(Ven), A(Ven) S A(Tyr), A(Rom) S A(Ven)
 SPAIN (Edmund Morgan) F(Gre)-ION, F(ION)-ADR
 TURKEY (Neil Duncan) A(Bul) S Spanish F(Gre){moved}, F(Smy)-Con F(AEG) S A(Bul), A(Con)-Ank
 VIENNA (Allan Gordon) A(War) S A(Sev)-Mos, A(Sev)-Mos, A(Gal)-Ukr, A(Ser)-Bul, A(Vie) S A(Tri), A(Tri)
 wonders, A(Bud)-Rum
 WARSAW (anarchy) A(StP) H w/o

CoA Duncan Adams to Grange Bungalow, Radclive, Buckingham MK18 John Morgan to 22 Meadow Road, Sutton, Surrey SM1 4NF Alex Richardson to 8 Kershaws Hill, Hitchin, Herts SG4 9AQ

Turkey's build last time should have been reported as A(Con)

Retreats Ankarans A(Mos)-Lvn

Press

Allan - Alex Pity you couldn't be bothered to reply The offer was entirely genuine still is -- if you've got the balls

Belgium Hi ho, hu ho. it's off to die we go

Judge English - Enquirer Yes

Kiel - Marseilles Please!??

Punter - Hapsburg Hooker If it weren't for the fact that you've got more eyes than teeth, I might well have been tempted

Rimbaud - Strauss Inciting Romans? Boo, huss!

Leave St Tropez out of this

Eyeties who are wont to preen

Should take their holidays in Wien

Strauss Well, now if those three sweethearts, Nellie, Edna and Alexandria have put their blue-rinses together -- they might have given me a real pain-in-the-nuts Nah! asking too much of their intelligence -- unless Guy has marked their card!

IVKOV

Sopwith T229UB

Turn 2

ABSENTEES NOTED GM suspects some haven't realised they're in this game yet

Pilot	Starts	Moves	Ends	A D P
<u>Mr Rusty</u>	D4-E	A. A. A	G7-E	16 12 00
Rob Cullender ACE				
???	D10-SE	NMR2! A. A. A	G10-SE	16 12 00
Duncan Adams				
<u>Ralph</u>	H16-W	A. A. A f-L	E13-D12	15 12 00
Tony Dickinson ACE				
???	Q16-SW	NMR! A. <u>A</u> <u>A</u>	Q13-SW	16 10 00
John Miller ACE				
<u>Hippv</u>	P9-NW	LS LS, A	M7-NW	15 12 00
Chris Jones				
<u>Red Byron</u>	J4-NE	RS f-A RS f-A, RS f-R	M7-NE	13 12 00
Alex Richardson				

Clouds move SW (P11-P12-Q11-Q12-Q13) (E1-F1-G2-H2) (J5-J6-J7) (E10-F10-F11-G12), (M15-N16-O16)
 Cloud 3 has been cancelled (British Rail apologises for the cancellation of cloud 3) because I made a mistake setting it up and *none of you told me*, after all, I'm only the GM, everyone knows that in Sopwith the players are supposed to do the adjudications for themselves

BROKEN FACE

Breaking Away [GM David Oya]

Turn 10

RC	Sq	Cyclist	Scores
	122	Euler (20)	Math Mode 37
	^^		Dwarves 15
3	78	Huffed, Aahz	Boston Brakers 9
5	77	Happy, Skeeve, Grumpy	MYTH Inc 8
8	76	Gauss, Tanda	
10	75	Bashful, Hilbert, Noether, Gleep	
	74		
3	73	Rally Splash, Leeding Pack, Puffed, Stuffed	
7	72	Eileen Dover, Mutton Jeff	
9	71	Vampire Val	
10	70	Sleepy, Gremlin Griff	
12	69	Poltergeist Pete	
	^^		
3	64	Satan Sam	

MYTH Inc (Mark Stretch) Math Mode (Stuart Dagger) Spooky Spokes (Bob Holliday)

Skeeve	3, 3, 5	Euler	WINNER	Vampire Val	3, 4, 9, 13
Aahz	3, 3, 13	Gauss	3, 3, 8	Poltergeist Pete	5, 12, 14
Tanda	3, 3, 8	Hilbert	3, 3, 10	Gremlin Griff	9, 9, 10
Gleep	5, 10, 16	Noether	4, 6, 10	Satan Sam	3, 3, 20

Dwarves (Mick Haytack) Windy Pops (Edward Ainsworth) Boston Brakers (Alan Coulthard)

Happy	3, 5, 6, 10	Huffed	3, 3, 6	Leeding Pack	3, 3, 5, 7
Grumpy	5, 7, 14	Puffed	3, 3, 5	Rally Splash	3, 8, 10
Sleepy	5, 6, 10	Stuffed	3, 3, 8	Mutton Jeff	3, 7, 10
Bashful	3, 3, 10	Knackered	(dropped)	Eileen Dover	7, 8, 10

Agrajag Euler cruises home to give Math Mode a big lead Can the opposition close the gap?

Euler Most kind, most gracious I owe it all to Shredded Wheat and a slightly iffy breaking away rule

Agrajag - Euler. Iffy? Howdyamean?

GLIGORIC

Bus Boss 155SW

Turn 3

ACRONYM (Ryk Downes, red)	Lampeter - Carmarthen	115 - 9 = <u>106</u>
BOYO (Paul Cockayne, purple)	Swansea - Llanelli, Bridgend - Rhondda	117 - 12 = <u>105</u>
SWIG (Kim Head, black)	Newport - Monmouth, Cardiff - Barry	116 - 12 = <u>104</u>
BOOM (John Breakwell, green)	Swansea - Carmarthen	116 - 9 = <u>107</u>

Judge English I like this game -- it's such a convenient page-filler

TEX

Diplomacy 92DY (DR 1257 19)

Not Spring 1911

because the 3-way draw France-Germany-Turkey has been accepted unanimously Congratulations, then to Ian Harris, Mark Stretch and Mark Underhay. and these three plus the valiant fallen still with us (Peter Dunnett and Edward Ainsworth) are encouraged to send in summaries of the game as their beady eyes saw it

DUZ-CHOTIMIRSKI

Beat the Black Ball

Round 10 and last

Dave Lomas calls a foul shot on the last spin pointing out that his nudge was to delay, not hasten, the drop, and hence he and John Todd gain rather a lot of points instead of losing them My mistake and easily corrected, thank goddess Which makes it tighter yet as we set up the funnel for the last time

Ian Harris	Marble 45 secs. Black Ball 1 sec
Edmund Morgan	Marble 50 secs. Black Ball 90 secs
Mark Stretch	Marble 52 secs. Black Ball 1 sec
Alan (Nottm) Coulthard	Marble 57 secs. Black Ball 120 secs
Rob Moore	Marble 59 secs. Black Ball 1 sec
John Todd	Marble 61 secs. Black Ball 120 secs
Dave Lomas	Marble 70 secs. Black Ball 120 secs
Alan Parr	Marble 74 secs. Black Ball 90 secs
Peter Dunnnett	Marble 75 secs. Black Ball 120 secs
Martin Draper	NMR2!

Black Ball drops 74 secs

Final totals :

+41½ Parr	+28½ Coulthard
+40 Lomas	+28 Moore
+38 Stretch	+26 Dunnnett
+31 Todd	+19 Draper
+29 Harris	+½ Morgan

So Mark Stretch loses his bottle at the last fence, but Alan Parr, the ante-post favourite, keeps his cool right down to the second to regain the lead and take the trophy Meanwhile, even Ed Morgan creeps into positive figures, so everyone is happy

BREYER

RR 1222IN

Round 8

THIS BLOODY GAME IS DOOMED: Doomed. I tell 'ee

Race Results

- 3) 23-46 Bombay - Cuttack Again unentered, again reoffered
- 8) 14-52 Saharanpur - Vishakhapatnam Also unentered, also reoffered
- 9) 31-62 Nagpur - Hubli RAITA 20
- 10) 21-43 Ahmadabad - Calcutta Also bleeding unentered, also sodding reoffered
- 11) 53-¼4 Hyderabad - Assam RAITA 20-2. IRATE +2
- 12) 63-12 Mangalore - Delhi DIPSO 20-7, ERRRR 10-3, RAITA +7+3
- 13) 45-32 Jamshedpur - Jabalpur RAITA 20-1, MOO +1
- 14) ¼2-24 Kashmir - Pune DIPSO 20-4, ERRRR 10-7+1, MOO +7+3

Builds

ERRRR (H69)-G70-G72, (N57)-N55, (H52)-H50-G50, (G11)-F10-C12 = -12-21-1R-1D
 DIPSO (G51)-G49-F48-F46-Ahmadabad (Jaipur)-O47-Jodhpur (J66)-K67 (eh?) = -11+12
 RAITA (D56)-D57 (D56)-G55-G52, (D57)-D58, (I63)-Varanasi = -12-1M-1D-1E

Running Totals

RAITA (Steve Guest, orange) 92+2D+67-14 = 147
 MOO (Ryk Downes blue) -- **NMR!** 74+11+1 = 86
 IRATE (receivership, green) -- **NMR2!** 71+2D+2+1 = 76
 ERRRR (David Oya purple) 64+1D+11-15 = 61
 DIPSO (Duncan Adams red) 27 -21-2R-1E(last builds)+29+3 = 54

Races for round 8 (enter holdovers and up to 4 new build up to 12 physical points)

- 15) 55-42 Madras - Bhagalpur 19) 64-35 Calicut - Lucknow
- 16) 26-15 Jodhpur - Bareilly 20) 16-66 Jaipur - Trivandrum
- 17) 36-56 Varanasi - Madras 21) ¼1-22 Pakistan - Bombay
- 18) 41-¼6 Patna - Seaport

Judge English Ryk didn't send any orders for this game, and Peter Charles has vanished from sight (much to my surprise, he having been here since the time started) I hate this bloody game Compare these characters to Steve Guest, who is now quaffing French beer in Paris (continue to use Dicoat address, tho') yet got orders in with ease RAITA's track is available at half price and Downes had better get his skates on

HUBNER

Breaking Away

Turn 2

New Card	Square	Racer
8	25	Amy Thyst
==		
3	17	Cardinal Wolsey McCartney
5	16	Cardinal Tetra
6	15	Starr, Cardinal Andropov
8	14	Cardinal Machete, Ruby
10	13	Di Amond
==		
3	10	Emma Rald
4	9	Lennon, 121
6	8	Cistern
7	7	Ballcock
8	6	42, George
10	5	Jim, Harrison, Seat, 11
14	4	69, Phil, Bowl, Drongo

U-Benders (Paul Cockayne)

Cistern	3, 6, 7, 15
Bowl	9, 14, 15
Seat	7, 10, 11
Ballcock	5, 7, 9
Beatles (Bob Holliday)	
Lennon	4, 12, 14
Harrison	9, 10, 14
McCartney	3, 3, 3
Starr	1, 3, 6

The Dungbeetles (David Oya)

Jim	5, 10, 10, 15
Phil	9, 14, 15
George	3, 8, 14
Drongo	3, 12, 14
Confusion (Ryk Downes)	
69	14, 14, 15
121	4, 7, 14
42	6, 8, 11
11	5, 9, 10

Red Cardinals (Vick Hall)

Cardinal Wolsey	1, 1, 3, 12
Cardinal Tetra	4, 5, 9
Cardinal Machete	3, 8, 8
Cardinal Andropov	1, 3, 6
Cullender's Own Racers (Rob Cullender)	
Amy Thyst	3, 3, 5, 8
Emma Rald	3, 4, 12
Di Amond	5, 7, 10
Ruby	2, 3, 8

QUINCY

Time Lords Dip III? 91BS rd??

Autumn 1911

ENGLAND (John Wilman, 2 Keillor Cottages, Kettins, Blairgowrie, Perthshire PH13 9JT)

F(NTH) C A(Yor)-Bel, F(ENG) S A(Yor)-Bel, A(Yor)-Bel, F(Den)-Kie*, F(BAL) S F(Den)-Kie
F(Swe)-WARP, A(Por) H, A(Lon W A10)-Par F(Lpl W A10)

FRANCE (RJ Walkerdine, 6 Honeybourne Way, Wickwar, Wotton-under-Edge, Glos GL12 8PF)

A(Gas)-Bre, A(Ber) H*, A(Mar) H

GERMANY (Steve Doubleday, Norton House, Whielden St, Amersham, Bucks HP7 0HU)

A(Kie W S11)-Kie*

ITALY (Rob Moore, Flat 2, 132 Otley Road, Far Headingley, Leeds LS16 5JX)

A(Spa)-Por, A(Ven W A08)-Lon, A(Hol W S11)-Kie*, A(Rom W S11)-Trt, A(Nap W S11)-Gre*
F(Ven W S11)

TURKEY (Edmund Morgan, 22 Meadow Road, Sutton, Surrey SM1 4NF)

F(BLA)-Con, A(Ven) H, A(War)-Sil, A(SiP) H, A(Mos)-War, A(Ser)-WARP, F(ION)-TYS, A(Rum)-Gal
A(Bul)-Gre*, F(AEG)-ION, A(Ber W S11)-Ber*, A(Gre W S11)-Nap

Retreats An entirely predictable warp-bang in Kie, and further ones in Ber and Gre too

Adjustments

ENGLAND Nwy Edt Lpl Lon Den Swe Por Bcl Par = 8 Builds A(Edt), 1 sht, nfbp!

FRANCE Bre Par Mun Mar = 3 1 sht, nbp!

GERMANY Kie = 1 Builds A(Kie)

ITALY Nap Tun Ven Hol Bel Mar Rom Spa Lon Trt = 6 Builds A(Rom), 2 sht, nfbp!

TURKEY Ank Smv Bul War Con Ber Sev Bud Ser Rum Vie SiP Trt Cre Mus Y_en Nap = 16 - A(Smy), A(Ank) 5 sht, nfbp!

DEBASER

Breaking Away [GM David Oya]

Turn 7

RC	Sq	Cyclist	Scores
10	69	Fanny	MYTH Inc 12½
	^^		Hell's Grannies 9
3	59	Tanda	Team Barbary 9
	^^		Poetic Licence 6
3	56	Barney	Flintstones 2½
4	55	Aahz, Wilma, Betty	
7	54	Skeeve, Anna Madrigal, Fred	
10	53	Mary Ann, Cecily, Gleep	
13	52	Elric	
14	51	Alice Walker	
15	50	John Daker, Erekoose	
17	49	Ursula, Mouse	
	48		
3	47	John Donne	
4	46	Corum, Kitty, Mona	
7	45	Charles Baudelaire	
8	44	Wendy Cope	

Team Barbary (Haz Bond)	MYTH Inc (Mark Stretch)	Flintstones (Bob Holliday)
Anna Madrigal 4, 6, 7, 18	Skeeve 3, 4, 7	Betty 4, 6, 6, 21
Mouse 3, 3, 17	Aahz 4, 4, 13	Fred 7, 10, 13
Mona 3, 3, 4	Tanda 3, 3, 3	Barney 3, 3, 5
Mary Ann 3, 5, 10	Gleep 3, 7, 10	Wilma 3, 4, 4

'Eternal Champions (Alex Richardson)	Hell's Grannies (Dave Lomas)	Poetic Licence (Kim Head)
Elric 6, 6, 13	Fanny 10, 14, 15, 15	Baudelaire 6, 6, 7, 7
Corum 3, 4, 7	Ursula 7, 12, 17	Wendy Cope 3, 3, 8
Erekoose 3, 12, 15	Cecily 5, 8, 10	John Donne 3, 3, 16
John Daker 6, 10, 15	Kitty 4, 7, 18	Alice Walker 14, 14, 17

Dave As the other riders quench their thirsts with isotonic drinks, Fanny reaches for her secret weapon - a lupflask of gin
Because, as everyone knows, you can't beat a tight Fanny

Agrajag - Haz I'm surprised and shocked that you let such an uncouth young man infect the atmosphere of moral purity that
is U-Bend

Haz - Agrajag He's very very sorry and he promises never to do it again

COVER-UP

Turn 5

A isn't Genesis 'The Lamb Lies Down on Broadway' or 'Deep Purple in Rock'
B isn't 'Bridge over Troubled Water' by Simon & Garfunkel
C is not Fleetwood Mac
E is not Rush 'Hemispheres' or Fleetwood Mac 'Tango in the Night'
F ain't Pink Floyd 'Wish You Were Here'

A5 The three men are made of a black, marble-like substance
B5 The artwork's style is that of a Victorian woodcut
C5 The tubing connects the light bulb to a plug
D5 The man is dressed in very bright clothing
E5 A man is standing with his hands on his hips
F5 I can see chalk

James Hardy guesses C= Mike Oldfield 'Tubular Bells' It isn't. (Good album, though)
Alex Richardson guesses F=Steeleye Span 'Parcel of Rogues' It isn't (Good album though)
Score so far John Colledge still 5 points, the rest still nowt

AUSTRIA (John Todd, 70 Alfred Road, Dorchester Dorset DT1 2DW)

F(Gre)-Bul/sc*, A(Ser)-Tri*

ENGLAND (Mark Stretch, Jesus College Oxford OX2 6BN)

F(MAO)-Por, F(Bre) S F(NAO)-MAO, A(Fin)-StP F(NAO)-MAO F(NTH)-Nwy

FRANCE (anarchy) F(Spa/sc) F(Pic) H w/o

GERMANY (Fiona Campbell, First Floor Left 35 Roslin Street, Aberdeen AB2 1PE)

A(Bur)-Par, F(BAL)-Lvn, A(Mar) settles down to enjoy French cheeses, A(Ruh)-Bur, A(Sil)-War,
A(Pru) S A(Sit)-War

ITALY (Martin Draper, 124 Lord Street, Hoddesdon, Herts EN11 8NP)

A(Bud) S A(Tri)-Ser, A(Gal) S Russian A(Rum), A(Tyr)-Pie, A(Tri)-Ser, F(Alb)-Gre F(Tun)-WMS
F(ION) S F(Alb)-Gre

RUSSIA (Tim Neale, 33 The Towers Stevenage Herts SG1 1HE)

A(Mos)-StP, A(Ukr)-War, A(Rum) H

TURKEY (Bob Holliday, 6 Rooke House, Bishop Street, Portsmouth PO1 3DF)

A(Sev) H, F(AEG)-Gre, A(Bul) S Italian A(Tri)-Ser F(BLA) S A(Sev), A(Arm) S A(Sev)

Retreats Both Austrian pieces snuff it

Builds

Austria	<i>Gre Ser</i>	= 0 and out bye John
England	<i>Lon Lpl Edi Swe Por Nwy Bre</i>	= 7 Builds <u>F(Lon)</u> , <u>A(Lpl)</u>
France	<i>Par Mar Bre Por Spa</i>	= 1 Disbands <u>F(Pic)</u>
Germany	<i>Mun Kie Ber Hol Den Bel Par Mar War</i>	= 9 3 short, nbo!
Italy	<i>Rom Nap Ven Tun Vic Tri Bud Ser Gre</i>	= 9 Builds <u>A(Ven)</u> , <u>A(Rom)</u>
Russia	<i>Mos Sev War StP Rum</i>	= 3 n/c
Turkey	<i>Con Ank Smy Bul Rum Sev</i>	= 5 n/c

Press

Germany - All, Sorry I haven't been giving as much attention as I should to Dip, but unfortunately real life intervened and a woman cannot live on Dip alone

German Army on its way to Paris Ah, this is the life! Join the army and see the sights So far we've sampled Holland Belgium and now France Eiffel Tower, here we come!

MARSHALL and OLAFSSON

Railway Rivals

Gamestarts

Arthur Owen, John Colledge, John Todd, Tim Neale, John Boocock, Peter Ritchie, Steve Guest, Ryk Downes and Bill Eaton will be in these two We will have five on the Georgia map and four on Ireland, and I will allocate these by lot two weeks after sending the zine out, so if you have a preference, get back to me quickly I have stung you all 70p for the map cos I'm so poor right now

NIMZOVITCH

Sopwith

Gamestart

Start A1 Andy Cox, 51 Birdcombe Road, Westlea Swindon SN5 7BJ

Start A10 Tony Dickmson 67 Little Lane, Featherstone W Yorkshire WF7 5DN [ACE]

Start J19 John Boocock 25 Melrose Drive Old Fletton, Peterborough PE2 9DN

Start S19 Duncan Adams Grange Bungalow, Radclive Buckingham MK18

Start S10 Ryk Downes, Chapel House, Manor Gardens Pool in Wharfedale, W Yorkshire LS21 1NB [ACE]

Start S1 Louise Auty, 23 Higher Efford Road, Efford, Plymouth PL3 6LB

Clouds begin (G5-I14-I15-I16) (F8-G9-I10) (E11-F11-G11-I12-I12) (L7-L8-L9-M9-M10) (J15-K16-L16) (M13-N13-N14)

QUISQUILIAE IN VERSO

One page remains for me to round off the zine, so the traditional crazed gallop through hobby news, trivia, and whatever I've just been listening to on the radio comes into its usual effect

Tony Robbins has brought out another set of Railway Rivals ratings, wherein David Oya rides high at 5th all-time and Steve Guest at 6th, whilst I sneak into the lower echelons at 253rd Tony is still missing details on a number of games, so if you have old zines and are prepared to check them for data contact him at Lincoln House, Creaton Rd, Hollowell, Northants NN6 8RP

Chris Palm's *The Ides of March* has published its first two issues since tarty -- I'm sorry, I'll read that again -- tardy Bond last got U-Bend out It is a very traditional Dipzine of the sort that is all too rare nowadays (I could never produce anything like it, but I approve nonetheless) and all serious Diplomacy players should at least check it out (The crazed wacko publishes the thing using a *spreadsheet* programme 'cos he says he can't figure out WPs, which would be just fine if it could do *italics*, but it can't) £1 plus post, 45 Cecil Ave, Hornchurch, Essex RM11 2NA

I keep forgetting to formally state that I am now the Pimley Award Custodian This citation, named for Les Pimley, a hobby editor and stalwart who dies tragically young, is awarded annually to someone whom popular acclaim decides has done their bit for the hobby I feel that I ought to change the system in some way to mark my position, but I can't think of anything I want to do with it that Iain Bowen wasn't doing already So I shall invite nominations later on this year

Due to personal problems John Miller hasn't had time to sort out the Gladys Awards yet No sweat, John, get your life sorted first, fripperies like this come second, okay?

Kim Head now seems certain to be the new editor of *Mission from God*, since she's been sending out flyers for the new version to all and sundry She is keen to get as many opinions on each different zine under review as she can, and solicits pieces from any and all hobby members covering the zines they see Two or more reviews will earn the author a free copy of MfG, and all reviews will be printed within reason, she says, which could make for a very fat zine indeed One point, Kim it won't be issue 6 I don't know what it *will* be, ask Iain Bowen, but not issue 6 Write to her with your reviews by 16 June (23 Higher Efford Rd, Efford, Plymouth PL3 6LB)

Sad to state, *Where is my mind?* was late and has shed its polyglot title-line, but never mind, never mind the stuff inside was still the stuff that dreams are made on, the hobby's hugest lettercolumn which manages nevertheless to be one of the best, a wide collection of Railway Rivals games and other allied pastimes, and let's not forget Fiona Campbell as Dippy GM, which at the moment consists of ploughing through a particularly grim and unrewarding set of orphans (the fallout from *Sidewalk/The Laughing Roundhead*) See my colophon for David Oya's address

Alex Richardson (for new address see 'Ximenez' within) has had a few problems with *Obsidian* recently, but since by his own admission he's spent most of last month living in other peoples' broom cupboards I think he's done well to get anything out at all I like his zine so much that I am going to put my money where my mouth is and ask to go on his Diplomacy list

Baycon highlight Robin ap Cynan in the Fictionary Dictionary defining 'contrayurxa' (a South American mulberry, in reality) as "a mediaeval torture device for turning prisoners upside down, much favoured by the Spanish Inquisition " I was very cross when nobody voted for my definitions such as "an Anglo-Indian term for a detachable shirt collar "