

He was only a barmaid in the UNION BOG Co. - until he discovered:
THE BOLSHEVICK STAR.

Quotation Column.

M. Sherrad- "I'm afraid that the rest of this issue will appear a little anti-climatic..."

D. Morris-"gerremoff!"

B. Yare-"Knickers!"

W. Haven-"STAR is slightly better this issue." "concerns".

also being there that evening!

I intend to go down to Cambridge this weekend, so perhaps later this issue we'll have the full story of "How I got caught by the hands in a pinball machine." by John "They say I'll never play the piano again" Piggott!

Would the mad fools who keep sending orders to the wrong person please note that I do not guarantee to forward them. It surely isn't that difficult.

I'm trying a slightly new method of stencil cutting with this issue's cartoon, and hopefully there should be considerable improvement. I won't tell you what the method is unless there is at any rate.

SCOTDIPCON II

~~Unofficial~~ Informed sources now seem to be of the opinion that the long-awaited Scotdipcon 2 was held somewhere among the creepers in the "garden" of 19, Dooct Rd.. (the garden was designed by Dungking Morass whilst going through his Tarzan phase.)

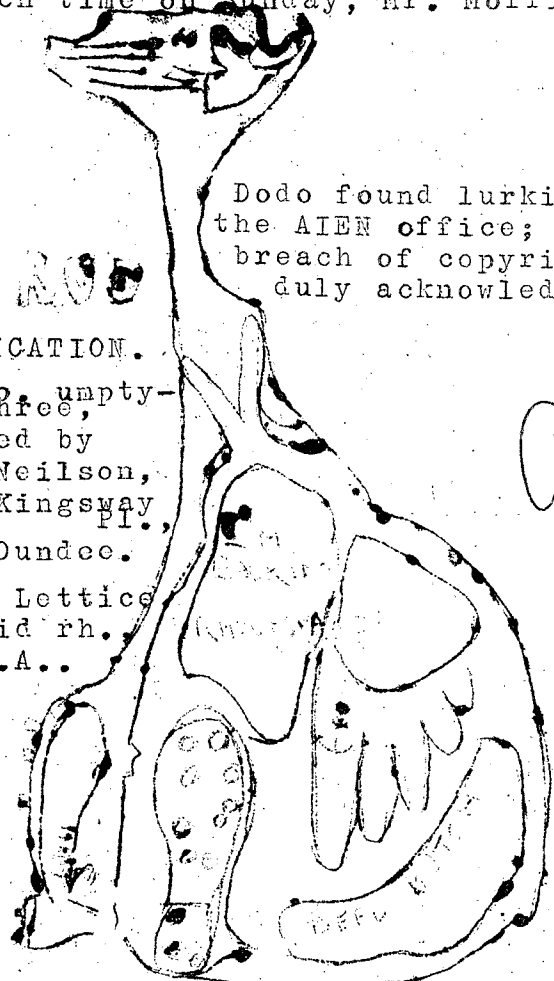
It seems, however, to have been rather a non-event, as Messrs. Morris and Yare were to be found watching a selection of blue films on Saturday night, (not having been present I cannot swear whether or not they were holding hands..) and were also in the Beer Bar at lunch time on Sunday, Mr. Morris

WHITHER THE DIPCON?

As intimated above, I did in fact visit Geoff Corker in Cambridge and a traumatic experience it proved to be; I hitched all through Friday night, through totally unintelligible darkest Yorkshire, and at about 4.30am arrived at a largish transport cafe just north of the Doncaster turn-off. The name was enough to send a shiver up the spine of the most seasoned of veterans: "HAVEN CAFE".

Visions of interminable games of Stalingrad, leering frizz-haired faces, expeditions through heaps of junk alongside which the Paris Sewers, the garden of 19, Dooct Rd. and the mind of John Piggott fall into insignificance, orthography conspicuous by its almost total absence, and unmeasured quantities of the world's greasiest and most dubious "tea" thundered through my mind with the weight of a Pinlicon at opening time. Why did I go in? It so lived up to my expectations that I can say with a fair degree of evidence to back me that Will Haven's mother runs a transport cafe on the Doncaster by-pass; I think too, that it is reasonably certain that she has the tea shipped down from Preston, without (puke) reheating.....

To return to the subject, however, I eventually arrived in Ca-



Dodo found lurking in the AIEN office; breach of copyright duly acknowledged.

AN
PUBLICATION.
No. umpty-
three,
typed by
G. Neilson,
28 Kingsway,
Dundee.
& J. Lettice
David rh.
St.A...

mbridge, after delivering and collecting the frames for panel beating in cars from as far afield as Biggleswade, and penetrated the ludicrously prosperous portals of Jesus College, Cambridge. In less than two days I played one game of the 1812 area variant (of course I won.), one game of Diplomacy where I held out against Andy Davidson and Martin "I obey" Mellish, humiliating them completely, despite the non-aid given by John Piggott of the gorgeous baked-bean coloured jacket. (er, it was a 6 way draw Richard..... Richard?..), and also one game of Decline and Fall, which just showed that beauty can't win all the time. Now, the most significant thing is this: in that weekend, a few Cambridge students and I played as many games as were played at the much better publicised Scodipcon 2, this being fairly typical of Dipcons now. Has the Dipcon lived and died in a paltry year, one asks? (Controversial; Andrew Waldie please reread!)

L E T T E R S

ANDREW WALDIE "Other zines in the British Dippy field have items of interest, other than the games and press. Many zines have letter columns (DK, EtF, Hannibal, WB etc.), articles on Diplomacy, wargames, book reviews (EtF), editorial comment on various topics (IDA, Bob Harris' complaints, Andy Davidson, Orphan games, Diplomacy statistics.) So, John, why don't you have something of this nature? I am sure that you must have other interests apart from Diplomacy; why not tell us about them? Alternatively you could write a controversial article ((!!!!!!)) and ask for readers' opinions.....your readership isn't apathetic, it just wants some encouragement from you, the editor. You started the Star; you invited people to subscribe to it; we pay you to run a zine and we expect you to show some enthusiasm in return. The onus is on you John, you can continue to give the impression that you are just publishing the Star in order to obtain free games, trades, and the nomenclature of GM, and in return you can expect players to give you the cold shoulder; or, you could get off your arse and put a little work and effort into editing the Star and then and only then will the Bolshevik Star begin to even approach the standards set by most zines in Britain.

.....((pregnant pause..... It has long been my belief that the space between the ears of the average Diplomacy player is directly related to, no, is even preserved by the space between the covers of the average Diplomacy zine. Der Krieg, long a bastion of the semi-literate bourgeoisie, has recently implemented a programme of expansion involving a political letters page, which, with the airing of the editor's rather cranky views, (I quote: "It won't be any great loss if a soldier, provoked by McGahey, shootshin(sic) through the eyes..") has attracted even crankier views, for it is a relatively simple matter to encourage one particular point of view in a letters column, even without conscious thought.(ambiguity realised!)

Nor are other zines much better; Ethil is the only one to have anything approaching a letters column in any sense of the word, and even that would get pretty sparse if John Piggott stopped insulting Mike Sherrad. I aired my views on the IDA some time ago, it having since been proved conclusively that British Diplomacy players are just as apathetic about joining it as they are about writing me letters about it. As for Hannibal, this rag consists of poor English, fatuous articles on variants (I ask you, what are we supposed to think when we get an article on War of the Rings which claims that "it is closer to Regular than Third Age..." gets the country list hopelessly wrong, and refers us to Enry XII?), and large amounts of pink paper separated from itself by rows and rows of dots. (issue 6 page 15 is a prime example.). It may seem strange to you, but it is my belief that I should print only what is worth printing; I could fill up space with imbecile articles on "Diplomacy", with polls that would get me laughed out of an O level statistics class, with political arguments that ought to emigrate to Rhodesia, but I don't, and what do I get? Some turd who has nothing better to do writes me

a letter telling me I don't do enough work, and that I should put more trash in my zine, causing me to be crude to him and to several GMs, to stay up far later than I intended, driving the poor bastard downstairs out of his skull with my typing, and driving myself wild with the consequently increased number of mistakes I have to correct. I do not trade games, and the only British trade I don't play in at present is Hannibal. I must admit it was always one of my boyhood ambitions to be reckoned one of that band of folk-heroes - Piggott, Yare, Pinley, Yare, Morris, Yare..... have you even the faintest conception of how much work is involved in "editing" a zine?

Games: Star E, Quelle 3002.

Forgot the Mordor retreat of a fan-col last time, sorry.

ARNOR(McBay): 2a ths-grh; da art-inl; a ett-nis; a bra-tha.

GONDOR(O'Rourke): a sgc-umb s by a hrd;;((so I'm a semi-colon freak)) a ano stand s by a nti, a leb & a lan; da dol-anf.

MORDOR(Charlton): naz hen-ano s by 3a por; a dea-rau; a min-hen s by a udu; da sha ns da nuw; a cel stands; a dog stands; a isg-wen; a cad stands; a umb stands and waves two fingers at Gondor's 2a. stencil(typewriter)falls apart thro' underlinings.

RHOVANION(Corker): 2a ang-cad; a crk-ang; a nir-crk; a nwi-nir; da wil-nwi; a sow-eny.

ROHAN(Thompson): 2a ere-nor s by a lor; a wen-wol; da fan-wen; a ith s gondor a ano.

RETREATS: mordor a cad & a umb disband.

- A: 5 bases: tha,grh,inl,ano,ths. Build a inl,a ano.
G: 7 bases: dol,leb,nti,tol,ano,hrd,umb. Build a dol.
M: 8 bases: bar,udu,min,isg,dog;hen,cel,rau. No change.
RH: 7 bases: esg,nir,nwi,wer,ang,crk,cad. Build a nir.
R: 6 bases: fan,wen,edo,ere,nor,lor. Build a edo,a fan.

Minas Tirith: Calling all ringbearers and any other people who will give aid to Gondor. Only from Rohan will men come when we call, come to the aid of Gondor.

Handy Cabs: Well, we can't give you one just now, but if you'd like to wait till the next ice age.....

Elland Rd.: Edras-Edoras: Well David, I think Norman Hunter is only the second best man in the Rohan side. The greatest is undoubtedly Billy Brenner.((and why would they be in the Rohan side if they didn't have pointed heads?))((think about it, Brian)) As you see he is the best player in the whole WOLD.

STAR A, Spring 1904.

UK(O'Rourke): a lpl gives a 2l gun salute to the departing french((?)) f lon-nth; f eng s german a hol-bel;

FRANCE(Sherrad): a mar-spa; a pic-bre; f iri-eng; a bur ns a bel.

GERMANY(Dunn): f den-swe; a hol-bel s by a ruh; a nun-bur; a kie stands unordered.

ITALY(Ovens): f tun-tys; f nap-tys; a alb-ser; a vie-tri; a boh-vie; f tri-adr.

RUSSIA(Pinley): f ank-con; a bud s italian a alb-ser; a run-but; a nwy-fin; f swe-ska; f sev-bla; f stp(nc)-nwy; a nos-sev; a war-gal.

TURKEY(Davidson): a gre-apu c by f ion; f acg-gre s by a ser; a gre stands unordered; f ens s f ion.

Retreats: french a bel disbanded; turkish a ser-run.

Potsdan: The Kaiser sat staring gloomily into the flames of the fire. The only light in the room, it cast eerie flickering shadows on the walls and ceiling, a ditting reflection of the gloom and despair hanging over western Europe like an unhealthy cloud. It was raining heavily outside, the sentries shivered in their greatcoats as they trudged their monotonous beat.

The Kaiser thought about the war - it was dragging on, little was being accomplished and too many had already died. European Diplomacy was a... (sic),

was becoming decadent; 'Bug John Piggott' shows, an ever increasing fascination with puss((sic)), filth and excrement being the obvious symptoms. Times were changing and war was no longer what it used to be. 'Revolution!', 'change!', 'progress' - these were the watch-words of today. Even the STAR had managed to get a new duplicator; now that you could actually read it his monacle, even, was of no further use. Perhaps the world had out-grown Kaisers, everything pointed that way; were the old virtues now totally despised? The Kaiser sighed. He could still remember the days of jolly German soldiers with sparkling eyes, days when the army liked to march and sing, when everyone read the Iliad and when it was enough merely to stick a bayonet in a man's guts without worrying about morals, politics, puss, excrement or homosexuality.

He thought about the publishers of the STAR - what drove men to such things? How did they manage to keep going? Didn't they know you couldn't go on running a pressless magazine for-ever?((duh, wouldn't you die in the end....)) The Kaiser listened for a while to the hissing and crackling of the slowly dying fire. The clock chimed out four. Already the grey, sullen sky was beginning to darken.

He knew what he had to do. He would send them a press release. Was it not proof of his greatness that he could contemplate such an action? Yes, such a task was worthy of Bismarck's successor. But what was there to say? What if they didn't print it? Supposing the printing was illegible, could he really afford the ill-will which would be bound to arise through the causing of eye-strain throughout Europe? What would the other rulers think? Britain professed friendship, but what might the prime minister do when he saw the press-release? The idea of being mocked by the Irishman was more than the Kaiser could bear to think about.

He got up from his chair, shaking his head sadly. No, he just couldn't do it.

Hobbiton: Wowie, smash, kerpowzap! This fast motion and action is just too much for me.....

St. Petersburg to American Military Adviser:

Dear Mr. Kelly,

Many thanks for your intervention. You only got one directive wrong. We feel that your command to occupy Ankara was unjustified. Perhaps it was because we would never have dared. Unfortunately you have now involved us in a war with the Sultan which we did not desire. However it will be prosecuted with the utmost vigour as the Turks are now our only enemy. If you wish to try your hand in the "Black Spot" space-time continuum at no charge, please let our chief of staff know your requirements.

Gosh: isn't he noble?

Dundee: Oh! Oh! My poor little ex-fleet in Norway has been wiped out by this ever-so-nasty stand-in who seems determined to have my guts in all the games I'm in. Will the dear-beloved GM please get a better one (ie one who likes me) the next time.

Channel Isles/Kanal Inseln/Isles de Manche: One down, five more to go!

Blackburn Municipal Library: We would respectfully like to remind you that "How to Impress Your friends in 70 Languages" is now many days overdue, and we would be grateful if you would return it with all haste.

STAR B, autumn 1903

Received from Colin Walsh:- standby orders for I game, apology for missing last time but no orders for D! Sigh.....

UK(Piggott): f mao-por; f lpl-nao; f nwy-nth; f hel-kie s by a den.

FRANCE(O'Rourke): f nao-mao; f mar-spa(sc); a par-bre; a pic s a bel; a bel s german a hol; a bur s german a mun.

GERMANY(Kelly): f hol ms a kie; a mun s a ber; a ber s a kie.

ITALY(Walsh): nmr...a vie, tri, tyr, f ion, tys stand unordered.

AUSTRIA(anarchy((who is this anarchy cretin anyway))): a ser stand.

RUSSIA(Ward): f pru-ber s by f bal; a bud-ser s by a rum; f sev s a rum; a ukr s f sev.

TURKEY(Charlton): f bla-rum; f gre stands; a bul-ser; a arm-sev.

Retreats: none.

A: 1 base: ser. no change.

UK: 6 bases: lon, lpl, edi, por, den, nwy. Builds f lon.

F: 5 bases: spa, par, bre, mar, bel. Removes a bur.

G: 4 bases: hol, kie, bor, mun. No change.

I: 5 bases: ven, tri, vie, rom, nap. No change.

R: 7 bases: swe, rum, bud, war, stp, mos, sev. Builds a war.

T: 5 bases: gre, bul, ank, smy, con. Builds a con.

Paris: God strowth who does Piggott think he is? Superman?

Meanwhile in a nearby Phone-booth: Mild mannered man Clark Piggott feverishly struggled with his Ladybird galoshes. He pulled on his Rabbitman suit with a swift jerk of his teeth, and spitting out the crumbling remains of his dentures smashed through the flimsy phone booth door, discovering that although the phone booth was flimsy, the door was not. "This is a job for Rabbitman," he croaked, as he reeled over the streets of Metropolitan City, complete with door....

Paris: How does he hope to beat Russia, Germany and myself?

North Atlantic: "Faster than a speeding bullet, swift, sure, un-stoppable?" You? Who do you think I am anyway?" said the good fairy, dealing our hero a heavy blow between the ears with a family sized can of beans.

Paris: Hell's teeth the man's an absolute idiot; he's not strong enough to beat one, never mind all three. Ye Gods.....!?!

North Atlantic: Clutching his wounded head our hero spiralled down towards the freezing ocean.....

STAR C MvtWIV, tuille 3003

ARNOR(Ward): a bb mit stands; a art stands; a iml-nis s by 2a ere; a dun s 2a ere; a tha s a dun. ((no build made last time, sorry))

GONDOR(Robertson): a sgo-umb; 2a hrr-hrd; da mti-sgo; a lam-esf; a ano ns a ror;

MORDOR(Thompson): a ith-ano s by 3a hen; a hrd-sgo; a udu-dea; a bar-udu; a fan-wol; a mis-ere s by a mor; a crk-nom; da sha-nuw; naz kha-eem; a mim-sha; a isg stands; a ang-crk.

RHOVANION(Wein): 2a gla-crk s by a mir; a gun-ang; a wer-wil; a dog-gla; da esg-nom.

ROHAN(Sherrad): 2a rau-ith; a isn-cdo; a cdo-wem; da wem-fan s by a lor; a cel s a lor.

Retreats: godnor a ano-lan; mordor a hrd, a mis, a crk annihilated!

Heard in Barad Dur: "Sauron, this is Mordor."

Much later somewhere in Broadmoor: "Murder, Mordor, you oafs, it's a play on words. Gibber."

STAR I, tuille 3002 War of the Rings.

Now, first of all, despite the most earnest wishes of Mr. Piggott, the only Mordor army that can move in mountains is the one based in gun. However, as I accept that I am (or was it Gordon?) partially to blame for this misunderstanding, I took the liberty of altering the sillier parts of John's orders before I saw the others. He can't feel very strongly about it or he would have said when I saw him. Might I also point out to Andy Davidson that his support into a mountain area is invalid? Pant, pant....

MORDOR(Lindsay): 2a dog-wil; 3a udu-dag; 2a dea-ith s by 2a mim; 2a mor-dun; 2a beo-riv; a umb stand; 2a igd-gap.

ROHAN(Davidson): a fan-mm3 s by 2a wem; a eem-rau; a wol-eem.

GONDOR(O'Rourke): a isn-gap; a dol-lam; 2a ith stand s by a mti; a pel-har; a har-nhr.

MEN(Corker): a nwi s elvish a mir-beo; a esg-wrh s by 2a rhn; a dal stand; a shi-nen; a bre-ndo.

ELVES(Piggott): a mir-beo; a ere-mor; 2a lor-bro.

DWARVES(Robertson): a ere-and; a erl2-bar; a tha-dun; 2a gun stand.

RETREATS: gondor 2a ith-sit;

Mordor has been taken over by Pete Lindsay, Haig 46, David Russell Hall, St. Andrews. Thanks also to Colin Walsh, who was beaten to the draw, just.

Barad Dur: WORKERS RULE RIGHT ON!

The Oroworkers' Soviet announces that after a year's hard