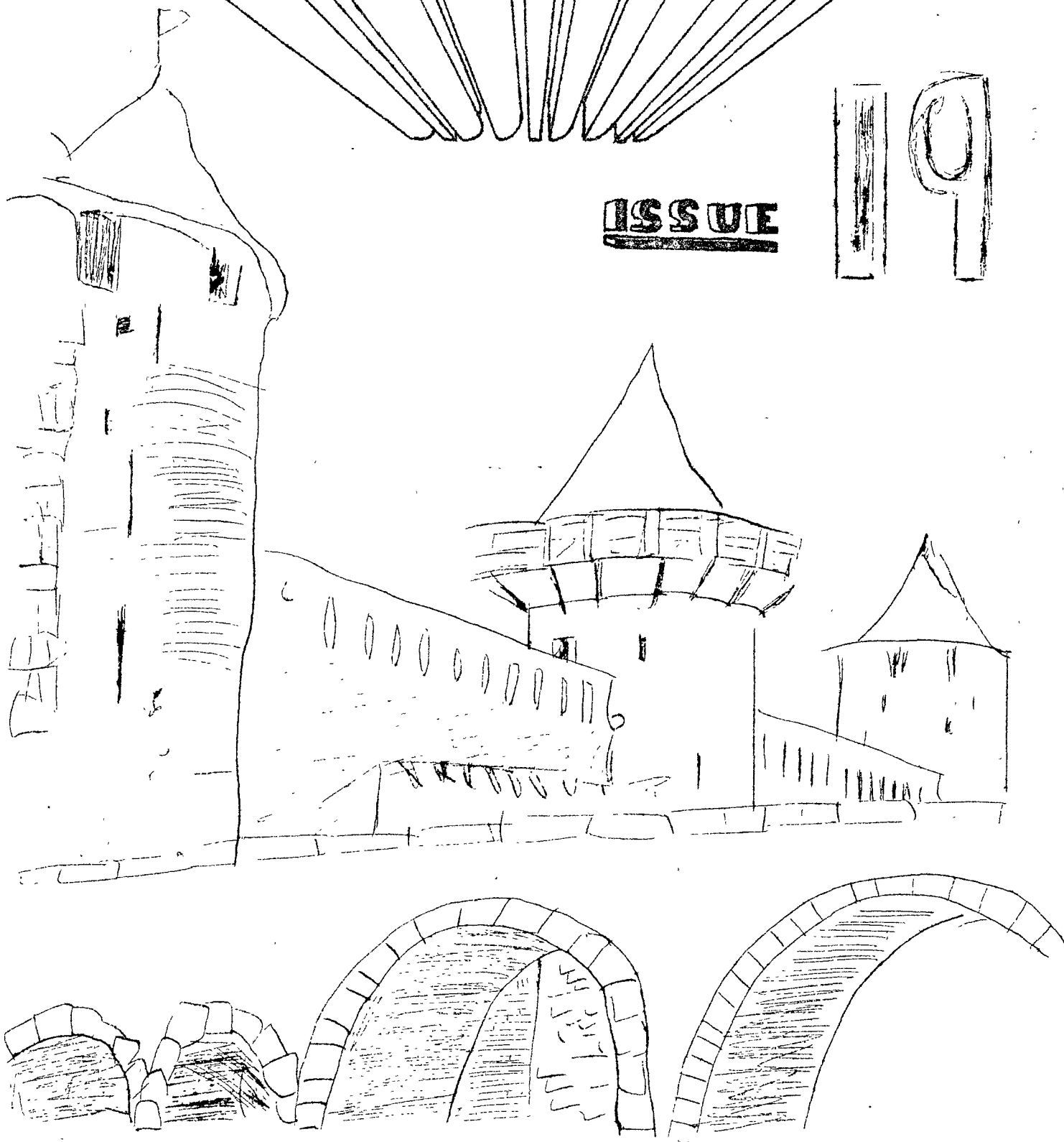


# DIB DIB DIB

ISSUE

19



AND TO GO WITH OUR COVER, TWO JOKES  
"I FORT WE'D KEEP IT SIMPLE  
OR  
"CAST" GIVE A DOUBLE DEADLINE

Welcome. You are about to wend your way through absolutely tons of paper, that will probably be Dib's only bumper issue. One in the eye for Pete Mearns and Colin Bruce - they were forever searching for the magical, mythical, bumper issue. BUT I'VE DONE IT! This is issue 19 of Dib Dib Dib. Still only costing you 1p per sheet (not page!) + postage, and comes to you from the nimble eleven fingers of Tom Tweedy, living at: 29 Stanley Hill Avenue, Amersham, Bucks, HP7 9BD. Tel. 02403 4513

---

### EDITORIAL

As you will gather (those that are perceptive enough) this issue of Dib has turned out rather large. Strange to say but I'm a little embarrassed about it - I mean, the way it's come about just before the Zine Poll. What with everyone saying: "Oh yeah, Zine Poll time - editors will be going out of their rag now..." ... know what I mean? I do like to give subscribers a little of what they want, but I do that for every issue. This issue is large merely because of the extra articles and letters you good people sent in.....HONEST! Ah, what's the point, no-one will believe me anyway.....

It's now Saturday the 8th May. This issue went together like a dream (I just wish the spelling had). all I've left to do is this editorial, the Jotto and the back page - not too bad for a large issue, eh? Yes, well there's just one problem, because the zine has run to 32 sides, I've a feeling my stapling machine won't punch the staples through that amount of paper. This being so, we've rung around a few places to try and get a bigger stapler..... but they seem to be few and far between. According to one shop, the earliest I could get one is on Tuesday. Great eh? Get the zine finished, and now I'm to be held up by a stapler - typical! Still, I'll try the one I have - I might get lucky with some. Actually, the next size stapler will cost me £25!! (I wonder if I can persuade readers that loose pages in a zine are the height of intellectual attainment?)

I was disappointed to learn the other day, from Rob Chapman, that The Acolyte/Pete Tamlyn won't be using the Ace rules as used by Dib, Hopscotch and Putty Rippo. I was hoping the game could be very much an inter-zine thing, with players playing in several zines using the same maps and rules, etc (making it easy for players of the game to 'flit' from zine to zine). It was good to see other zines taking the pressure from Dib's waiting list by way of starting games up, it meant at last I could play a game myself. But, I also want my fair crack at Acedom, so I want all my points to count. Pete has made things different. Even though I said I'd supply him with all the maps and rules he needed, in the end he decided to produce his own very different map. I couldn't really see the point of it myself.

Rob and I decided therefore that we're not going to be cheated out of our ace points (not that Rob needs to worry about hitting anything anyway - ho ho ho), we're going to make sure that Iain Singer gets the points of anyone that wants to be counted. So, if you want a game of Sopwith in Acolyte, please remember that the maps and rules are a little different, and to make sure your points are getting to Iain Singer.

Blackmail is another zine that has a Sopwith waiting list (£1 gamefee), but it's editor (Mike Woodhouse) is another that hasn't asked for the maps and rules. So perhaps Mike wishes to go it alone as well.... However, Mike, the offer is there!! Mike Woodhouse, 45 Rectory Lane, Sidcup, Kent.

Two zines that have asked to see the rules and maps we're using are: Zine to be Believed (Nick Kinzett and Sharn Derrick) and Stick the Knife in (Nigal McCabe). They haven't decided yet - but if any readers want to play in a game they could try contacting the editors concerned:-

Nick Kinzett, 11 Daleway Road, Green Lane, Coventry, CV3 6JF.  
Nigal McCabe, 314 Rushcliffe Hall, Lockwood, Huddersfield, HD1 3ND.

Players must be careful not to get too carried away with the Sopwith Ratings List. Take for instance Dib's players this issue: Iain sent me the list early so I typed them up - that was before I'd adjudicated this issue's games. It's only meant to be a reasonably rough guide as to who's where - it's up to you to work out exactly

what's what if you need the information quickly. In other words, the list is correct for all games leading up to, and including issue 13. I haven't had time to work out the list including this issue yet, so if anyone has become an ace, don't forget to let the GM's know for the other games you're playing in.

On to a more casual note. I see in Last Stand 17 that Peter Northcott nominated Dib and myself for no less than four categories in the Gladys Awards! The categories were:- Best Zine; Best Diplomacy GM (personally I can't see anyone beating Richard Hucknall in this one); Best Letter Column; and Best New Zine. All high praise indeed -- I can see Peter has exceptionally good taste. How much of a chance do I stand? Your guess is as good as mine -- I might do okay with three of them.... but I ask you, what chance do I stand in regards to the Best Letter Column with undesirables like Mike Close, Sandy Peters, George North and Martin Allen within my column?! It's getting difficult disguising their missives -- I fear others may have noticed them already. \*Sigh\*

\*\*\*\*\*

JOTTO Turn 8



Nicholas Clifton: 8th (2,1,0,2,2,1)	William Fisk: 8th (4,1,3,3,2,3)
Martin Allen: 7th (:- missed -)	Sandy Peters: 7th (2,0,1,3,2,4)
8th (:- missed -)	8th (3,2,2,0,1,3)
John Miller: 8th (2,4,3,0,1,0)	Richard Bass: 8th (2,2,2,1,3,2)
David Huson: 8th (2,0,2,2,2,5)	John Lee: 8th (:- missed -)
George Davies: 8th (3,2,2,1,2,1)	Keith Loveys: 8th (3,2,2,1,1,1)
John Field: 8th (2,0,1,3,2,2)	George North: 8th (1,2,1,1,1,1)

A good turnout -- but nobody taking any guesses yet. I was told Keith Loveys normally wins these games....but we're not going to take that lying down, are we? Mind you, I have heard a couple of wives are helping their husbands out on this (heh heh), typical, eh? I can see I'll just have to start up Ludo...

\*\*\*\*\*

CGS LISTS FOR REGULAR AND F(ROM) DIPLOMACY

The lists slowed down for a while, now they're starting to pick up again. I've just sent Regular games off to Match Abandoned and Home of the Brave. Next on my list (because he's an eligible new zine), taking precedence over Walamalasia Gazette, is Stick the Knife in. I think I've the full seven players so I should be sending that off as soon as I finish the zine. On the Regular list I have: Stick the Knife in, Walamalasia Gazette, Ode, and Fall of Eagles. A couple of other zines have mentioned that they'd like to be included on the list at a later date. Good job as well as the list is getting kinda small....

I'm getting some feedback now from Simon Billenness' "Regular/F(Rom) Diplomacy" form, with a F(Rom) game almost filled (they've only just started arriving). So it looks likely I'll be sending that game off in the near future. The only two zines I have on the F(Rom) List are: Shellshock and The Acolyte.

It seems as though Simon's work is paying off. For those that don't know, Simon took over Compendium (a listing of all zines and how much they cost, etc) from Paul Simpkins, and has now put out his first issue. He's re-named the zine -- he now calls it Twenty Years On. Simon says at the moment he has more trades than subbers -- which can be bad for the bank balance. If you want a complete listing of who does what zine, and where you can get it, then write to:-

Simon Billenness, 20 Winfred Road, Coulsdon, Surrey, CR3 3JA. Costs 30p for a single ~~£~~ issue and £1 for 4 quarterly issues.

\*\*\*\*\*

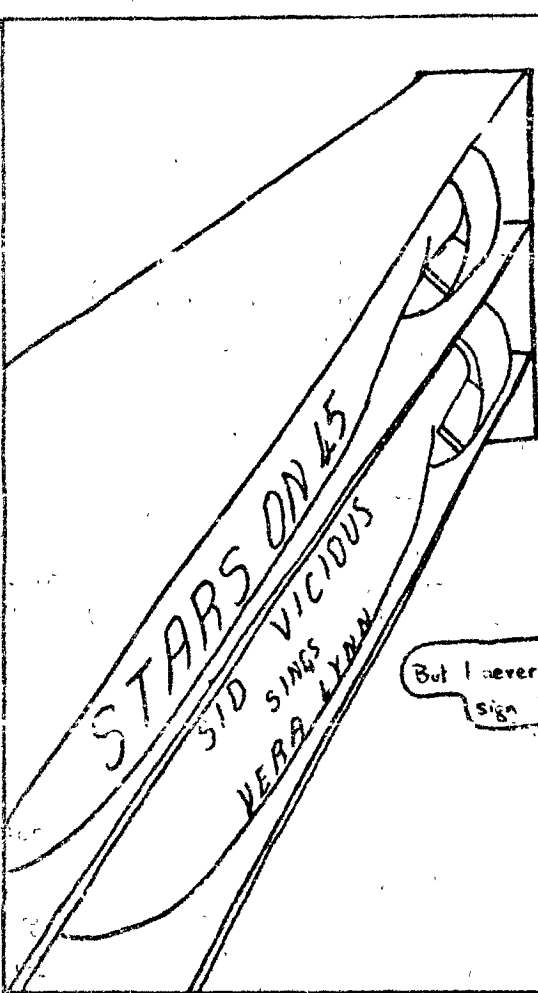
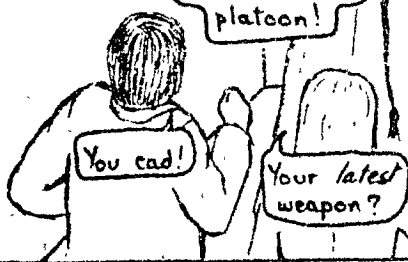
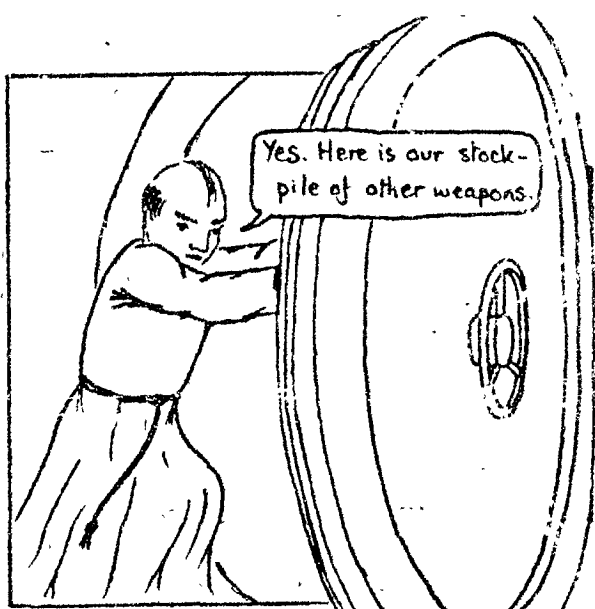
And just room to answer a quick query: \*\* POSTAL MONOPOLY \*\* is being run in Chimaera GM'd by Charles Burrows. I don't know what the game is like, but if interested write to:- Clive Booth, 71 Clara Mount Road, Langley, Heanor, Derbyshire, DE7 7HS.

# ANGEL

by Chris Sandow & Mark Newman

## Episode 6:

In which the authors run out of episode-titles.

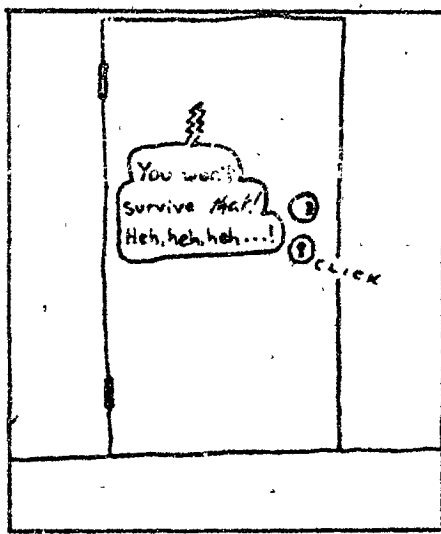
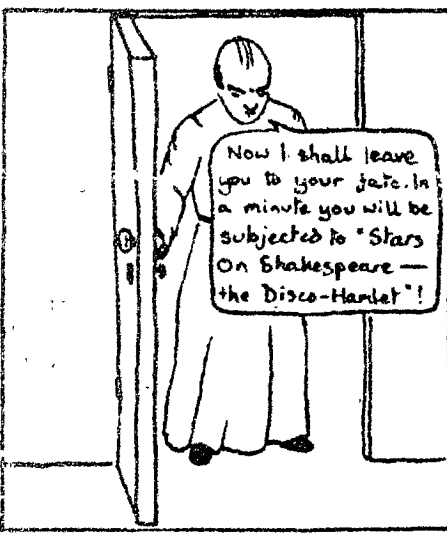
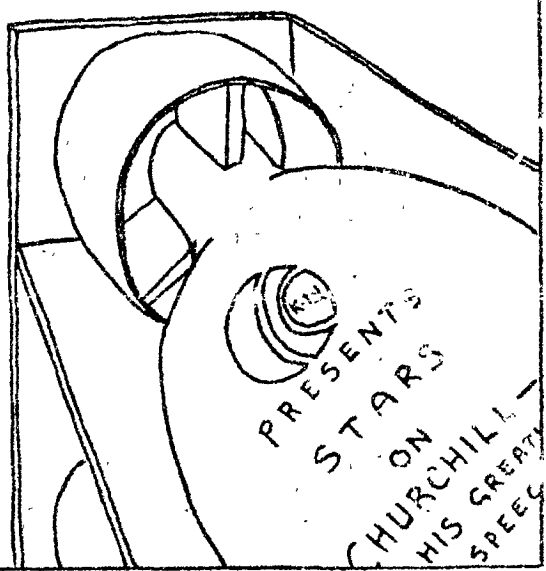
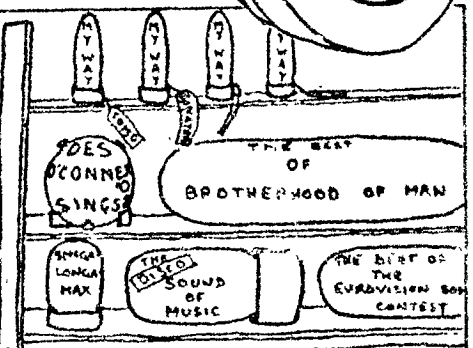


The what?

Viennese International Negotiations for the Elimination of Grossly Awful Records.

But I never agreed to sign it.

You must have shares in K-tel.



Is this the end for Angel and Tom?

Have the script-writers finally written themselves into a corner?

Don't miss the next ~~appatting~~ enthralling episode of

**ANGEL**

\*\* SOPWITH RATINGS \*\*

Seeing as I have the first list from Iain Singer on hand, I thought it would be a good idea to print it to keep things up to date. It's still only Dib's subscribers on the list I'm afraid, but, even though it's early days the ball has started rolling. Thanks for the list, Iain.

H = Hits; K = Kills; S = Status; G = Games Played; P = Position

<u>P</u>	<u>H</u>	<u>K</u>	<u>S</u>	<u>G</u>	<u>P</u>	<u>H</u>	<u>K</u>	<u>S</u>	<u>G</u>
1. Richard Morris	74	2	ACE	2	=13. Nick Hoyle	6	7	7	1
2. Sandy Peters	31	/	/	2	=13. Tim Sharrock	6	/	/	1
3. Frank Dunn	29	1	/	2	=13. Alec Winton	6	/	/	1
4. Rob Chapman	28	1	/	1	16. Colin Bruce	5	/	/	1
5. Mike Allaway	28	/	/	1	17. Paul Simpkins	4	/	/	1
6. Alan Sharples	15	/	/	2	=18. Karl Piper	3	/	/	1
=7. Clive Booth	14	/	/	1	=18. Iain Singer	3	/	/	1
=7. John Miller	14	/	/	1	20. Chris Sandow	1	/	/	1
=9. Nicholas Clifton	13	/	/	1	=21. Richard Bass	/	/	/	1
=9. George North	13	/	/	2	=21. Peter Davies	/	/	/	1
=9. Dave Tant	13	/	/	2	=21. John Jones	2	/	/	1
12. Keith Loveys	10	/	/	3	=21. Ian Tillson	/	/	/	1

That's it then. Could players please check their Hit Points to see if they are correct. I make some of the scores out to be different from Iain's. As I've said before, once the tally is correct it'll be easy keeping it that way. The reason it's difficult at the moment is because we have to re-read back issues of Dib.

Also, because the zines that run Sopwith games are published at different times, it has been suggested - and I think it's a good idea - that players should be responsible for their own Ace status. I mean, if a zine like Putty Riffo is about to come out, and has all its games adjudicated, there's no way that Rob Chapman could re-adjudicate a game when a Ratings list arrives from Iain Singer saying that one of his players has become an ace in another zine. When a player becomes an ace in one zine, it's up to him to let the other zines he's playing in know. Any questions about Hits, Kills, Status etc in the Ratings table should be sent to Iain Singer. His address is on the back page.

Other zines that run Sopwith are: The Acolyte, Putty Riffo, Hopscotch, Blackmail, and I hear Stick the Knife In is thinking of starting it up.

\*\*\*\*\*

Once again, despite all the scorn heaped upon him, we have Dib's own war correspondent turning up like a bad penny. Can ~~nothing~~ nothing destroy this man...

THE WOODEN HORSE  
by George North

On behalf of all Dib Dib Dib, I made my way along to the Sopwith offices and showed the doorman my credentials. There was much to report, for the Diplomaniacs were out in full strength and spreading throughout the land of Dib, Dib, like a prairie fire. I knocked on a huge oak door marked 'Head Office' and as it opened so I showed them my shirt outside my trousers and gave the two fingers salute as laid down. "Dib, Dib, Dib" they greeted me. "Gob, gob, gob" I replied.

Inside the office were several grim faced men, Sopwith born and bred, and each with a worried frown, for the Diplomaniacs were running wild and taking over the land. I threaded my way across the foot high pile and stopped before a huge mahogany desk. Behind a fat cigar and a glass of port sat the Sopwith boss himself - Tweedy. And to the left stood henchman Parr and to the right was Ace Morris. Tweedy flicked his fat cigar and ashtrays appeared as if by magic. There were five subordinates ready and eager to do his slightest bidding. Tweedy sat like a giant spider in his web, issuing out orders right, left and centre, and everybody rushing hither and thither to carry out the boss' merest whim.

Not that I reached the desk by my own efforts, for Parr and Morris stepped forward and grabbed me by the scruff and before you could say "I love Tamlyn" it was all

happening and I was reporting the enemy takeover with Diplomaniacs congregating all over and especially in the Great Hall, and Tweedy was champing on his cigar until he suddenly smashed a fist down on the table and declared: "Something must be done!"

"Let me do him!" cried Field and Peters together, and stepping forward like a well drilled team they made a grab for me.

"Something must be done about these Diplomaniacs" went on Tweedy. "We want somebody who is brave, smart, courageous, strong and steadfast". Peters and Field stepped back like the same well drilled team and looked at everybody and everybody looked at me.

"Good man!" exclaimed Tweedy. "I knew you could do it".

Then the boss said he had a plan. He wanted somebody to infiltrate the enemy ranks and at just the right moment to let loose a secret weapon and scatter the Diplomaniacs forever. It sounded like a good plan. Tweedy clicked his fingers and suddenly many hands grabbed me and I was thrown to the floor. Tweedy rounded the desk and hovered over me with a smile that was sort of sympathetic and kindly, but broaching no argument. Then he whispered the magic formulae in my ear and stuffed the ear with cotton wool. Parr did the same with the other ear. I wondered whether their plan would work and as I was tossed bodily from the office I tried to object:-

"But Sir" I cried, "the grading committee...!" But the door slammed behind me and from now on I was on my own.

Outside the Great Hall the Turks and Italians were fighting to get inside and I mingled and edged in with them only to see the Dip Con was now in progress. Somewhere towards the centre sat the dreaded grading committee, surrounded by supporters with flags and banners - all cheering the Committee to the skies. From the fringes of the Great Hall I harkened to speaker after speaker, and after each came the Diplomaniac's warcry:

"Two, four, six, eight,  
Who do we appreciate?  
Ten, twelve, twenty-three,  
Di - plo - ma - cy!"



Then a little voice was heard to cry: "I like Sopwith". And a sort of incredulous silence descended upon the multitudes. They could hardly believe their eyes. Germans poured in on one side and Frogs on the other. "I like Sopwith!" I cried again defiantly. Suddenly there was a stampede in my direction and I was down and being trampled underfoot, but through the blur I saw the face of Tom Tweedy peering down benevolently and urging me to stay with it, and checking the cotton wool. Then Tweedy vanished and I was alone again.

As I lay crushed and bleeding, it would have been the easiest thing in the world to jump up and run for it, but how far would I get. The Turks and Italians were at the doors. Then somebody grabbed me and carried me away to the dungeons. Held in a vice-like grip and followed by the torturer, Booch, no less, and his guard of many policemen. Booch with the whip and the thumbscrews and the rack. "I like Sopwith," I shouted stubbornly, as the whip cracked and strong men cried. "I like Sopwith".

For seven days and seven nights the whip, the thumbscrews and the rack, until I was six foot six, and they plonked a helmet on me and cried: "You will do". But again came the cry, "I like Sopwith". And there was much beating upon breast and gnashing of teeth as I was dragged back to the cell once more.

"We'll make a Diplomacy player of him yet" they all vowed.

But torturer Booch shook his head sadly and pointed meaningfully at the grading report. "I don't think so" he groaned. It was a gesture almost of resignation.

(cont'd over....)

So for a further month they came and pounded and poked and whipped, tightened the screws and every whichway until even I was ~~beginning~~ beginning to wonder if Tweedy had not bitten off more than I could chew. But one day, just when all seemed lost, came the truncheons and the guard and I was frogmarched into the Great Hall and dragged before the dreaded grading committee its very own self, and there sat Wink Thompson, and this time they really meant business.

"You like Diplomacy" said Wink Thompson as though daring me do deny it. "You DO like Diplomacy" he said again.

"I like Sopwith" I flung back, and then everything seemed to happen at once. The doors burst open and the mob surged in. The Chinese, the Yanks, the Industanies and variants of all description. Ten thousand variants mingling with the diplomaniacs and it looked like the end. Everybody struggling, some to get in and some to get out, and me bruised, crushed and beaten until once again ploughed underfoot and wondering what to do. Then it occurred to me that this was the opportunity, the right moment, the very time I had been waiting for to play Tom Tweedy's master card. I whipped the cotton wool from my ears and released the whispered word.

"Stab!"

There was a silence fell upon those nearest.

"STAB!"



The cry echoed and vibrated around the hall as men fell back in alarm. The word hung on the air and a deadly hush descended upon the milling throng. "No, not that!" screamed a million diplomaniacal throats, as everybody turned and ran in bling panic.

"Stab in the back", I yelled on my own behalf when I saw the plan was working. The cry filled the Great Hall and hit the foe like a giant thunderclap. People fought for doors and windows. Many were trampled and squashed in their haste to rush pelmel for any available exit. The chaos was indescribable and even today the very mention of the word strikes fear into the hearts of the most prolific Diplomacy player. Some were now falling to their knees in mortal dread.

As for me, well I hid in a cupboard until the hubbub died down and then returned to the Sopwith headquarters where I was again plummeted headfirst into the pile before the boss, Tweedy, who instructed me to make my report. As I blurted out my story I warmed to the task and rose to my feet until I was ten feet tall and still growing. They would be so proud of me. Then my story was complete and I was ready and waiting.

"What the devil has that to do with a Wooden Horse?" shouted Tweedy, bristling all over and most indignant behind his cigar. "Throw the scamp out". Parr, Morrás, Kami Kharsi and String Fatigue stepped forward like a well drilled team and did his bidding. Isn't that sad?

\*\*\*\*\*

You've been a big disappointment to me, George. When you took this job you said that you'd even give your life to be one of the team. So I made you one of the team, and sent you out on all the important jobs ~~to~~ but you still keep coming back alive! Much against my better judgement I'm willing to give you another chance -- I hear the ship's cat onboard the Titanic is about to have kittens: I want that story, George, get me that story.

\*\*\*\*\*

That took up more room than I thought it would. I thought I'd try the double-spaced lines (double-lined space?) between paragraphs to see what it'd look like, seeing as the layout should look the same using the computer/printer. I must admit I don't like it, but I've yet to find out if I've any other choice with the printer format.

It seems as though the 'Just Imagine' article last issue went down very well. Er, perhaps I should just say, it went down. Whatever, it certainly sparked off some comment. Most of which is in the letter column. But I think this little offering from Brian Creese, similar, but slanted the other way, deserves a place on its own. (Of its own?)

### JUST IMAGINE... (Part Two)

There was once a country that thought of itself as reasonably sane and civilized, but there were problems.

One of these was that there was a group of self-appointed people who "knew best". They had positions of power and the ready ear of the press. They dismissed hard working defence lawyers as being merely out for profit, they considered intellectuals (always a maligned group in that particular country) who believed that the structures of policing and the judiciary did not work properly and who tried to construct alternatives as merely attempting to gain fame or notoriety and ~~was~~ woe betide the ~~politician~~ politician who was dissatisfied with the status quo, for he would be labelled a dangerous extremist.

It was a country where there were no rules for questioning suspects, so that innocent people could be brow beaten or terrified into confessing crimes about which they knew nothing, and that although it was wrong for one person to kill another it was quite acceptable for the state to murder in revenge. There was no understanding of the concept of self-discipline, and parents and teachers used simplistic rules backed by physical violence, resulting in a generation of youths who really understood that force was the only way to get your own way. There were judges who were so out of touch with the day to day lives of the people that they failed to have any understanding of the backgrounds of animals ((Oops, slip of the typing finger, that should read, criminals - Ed.)), not understanding that the pressures of society often force people to a certain mode of behaviour. The prosecutors were often slap dash, not worrying about conforming to their own laws, always confident that a policeman's word was "better" than a defendant's, and if necessary hectoring and bullying the unprepared accused in the witness box. When economic conditions declined to the extent that many people were out of work, and that in certain racial groups more young people were out of work than in, the police reacted by pressurising that group, using large numbers of officers in random searches. Unsurprisingly, when such groups reacted with riots the police then demanded military equipment to help them keep the peace. The idea that a police force of almost totally one colour could create any racial bias they, of course, rejected. In fact, the police were so convinced that what they did was correct, that they branded all those who opposed them as subversives - and hence legitimate targets.

Of course, this country is a figment of my imagination, and it is certainly not a country I would be able to live in - and it could never happen here, could it?

\*\*\*\*\*

Ho ho...oh very good, Brian. What a silly world you've portrayed - a bit far-fetched though, innit? I mean, you don't really think that the poor 'innocent' in the dock should get away scot free and not be bothered, do you? Are you trying to say that because of social pressures and economic conditions certain groups should automatically be ~~immune~~ immune to police procedures? I hate to fire all these questions at you, but when do you think the police should act? I mean if you want certain groups/types to ~~x~~ use their petrol bombs, guns, or to rug people first before the police can act, why not say so? As far as I can see the police tread a very fine line: they have try and stop crime before it has been committed, without appearing to harrass people. I wonder if you realise how 'easy' that is.

As for hanging and the use of military equipment. I can't believe you are trying to suggest that hanging is mere revenge. The way I see it, it's a practical solution solving several problems. The main one being the killer will not be let out in four or five years time to kill again. A far lesser point is that the threat of capital punishment will be a deterrent for some. In any civilised society a killer is something that should be isolated from the more normal members of that society. Why make a pretence at being 'civilised' - it serves no purpose. DRAT! I've lost my train of thought. Forgetter. I'm at the bottom of the page and have no room for anything else. Think I'll leave it to others to pick up your points....



Sorry for not making it a decent argument over the page, Brian, but straight after "why make a pretense at being civilised!" I was called away from the typewriter. By the time I'd got back I'd (?) completely forgotten what it was I was trying to say - comes of having a brain like a sieve. Anyway, must press on...

### THE 1981 GLADYS AWARDS

These awards started out as the brainchild of John Miller when he used to produce the excellent zine Mr Gladgrind. After Mr G folded the awards were passed around (I think they went to Down Alien Skies for one year) until they ended up in their present home, Pyrrhic Victory. The awards reached fame and popularity because of their fun-type appeal leading up to the main Zine Poll. Last year was a bit of a flop for them, mainly because (a) they were a little too serious, and (b) Mike brought the awards out a little too close to the Zine Poll. It seems this year Mike has brought them out a little too late again. I hope not - we shall see. The main categories to be included are:

- |                          |                            |
|--------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. Best Zine             | 8. Best Zine for Diplomacy |
| 2. Best Diplomacy GM     | 9. Best Games Zine         |
| 3. Best Non-Diplomacy GM | 10. Best Looking Zine      |
| 4. Best Letter Column    | 11. Best Game by Post      |
| 5. Best for Hobby News   | 12. Best Con               |
| 6. Most Improved Zine    | 13. Most Regretted Fold    |
| 7. Best New Zine         | 14. Most Deteriorated Zine |

Mike is only interested in what's passed in the last 12 months - or since the last Zine Poll. I do enjoy Polls and awards so like to see a good result. Please support the awards by sending in your votes.

Actually, first Mike wants your nominations for the above categories, and your nominations for any new 'fun-type' category you think might be worthwhile including. Nominations should be sent as soon as possible to: Mike Allaway, 60 Poynter Court, Gallery Gardens, Northolt, Middx, UB5 5PA.

---

### THE 1982 ZINE POLL

This is it. The poll where the 'ordinary' subscriber can get some say in what and how they feel about the particular zines that they receive. Sure, it's an ego boost for zine editors as well (if their particular zine does well), but it's the subscribers votes that count. Now's your chance to show how you feel about Dib (or any other zine if it comes to that) - get in there and give 'em hell! Vote, vote, vote.....I wonder how many grudge votes I'll get this year? Nomatter, to the rules of this year's Poll:

1. Eligibility: Any British or European zine which carries at least one game of postal Diplomacy or a Diplomacy variant, or is overwhelmingly concerned with some aspect of the postal Diplomacy hobby and has published at least two issues since January 1st 1982.
2. Voters: Any person who regularly reads at least two zines as defined above. Wives may not vote for their husbands zines. Editors, co-editors, sub-zine editors etc. may not vote for their zine.
3. Voting Method: Votes should be awarded to each zine in the range 10 (most liked) to 1 (least liked), to up to one place of decimals.
4. Assessment: Results will be calculated on the basis of a preference matrix, as last year. The average votes method, and perhaps a few others, will also be calculated, for reference only.
5. Inclusion: In order to be included in the results a zine will need to receive votes from at least 8 percent of the number of people voting.
6. Address: Richard still has no firm date for his move to another address, so send votes to his present address: Richard J. Walkerdine, 43 Chapel Grove, Addlestone, Weybridge, Surrey, KT15 1UG.

(Poll rules cont'd over....)

ZINE POLL '82 (cont.)

7. Deadline: Saturday July 10th 1982.
8. Results: Should be available by the end of July. Voters who want a copy should send some stamps or a large SAE with their votes. Any publisher who publicises the Poll will get a free set of results.

That's all the rules. I'll be publishing the Poll results anyway, but I can certainly recommend you send away to Richard for the complete results. In fact, to give you some idea of what's happening from the start, I recommend you send away now for Richard's O Tempora! O Mores! issue 4. He'll gladly send it for the cost of postage.

One thing I still can't agree on though: Wives not being allowed to vote. Last year Jean Chapman (Rob Chapman's wife) and Jan's votes were disallowed for our two zines. I wouldn't mind normally, I can understand Richard's reason for doing it. But Jan is a member of the NGC (paid her subscription when it was still going), reads as many zines as me (and that's a fair number), and even had the cheek to give Dib a vote of 7 last year! Now, apart from anything else, it can't be classed as a biased vote, can it? Yet it was still disallowed. Jan is a very sensible person, and will only vote on merit - why should Richard deny her right to vote as she sees fit? Still, rules are rules - think I'll just send her back to the kitchen. Well that's all I can say about the Poll for the time being. I'd appreciate it if you all supported the Poll by sending your votes in. Last year's voters topped the 100 mark, which was a better showing than the year before. I'm hoping to see the number of voters even higher this year.

---

A TALE OF TOUCON OR HY GOD WHERE ARE THE PUBS  
from Frank Dunn

The con was held the first weekend in April at the West Midlands College of Higher Education, organised by Peter Calcraft and sundry others of the Birmingham University Diplomacy Society (BUDS). Heralded by what is becoming a hobby siren of a well organised event it wasn't quite what it originally set out to be. However the main event, a team Diplomacy tournament, was well done - even if the organisation of that was seen to chaotic. What the hell, it worked. The more peripheral events that were scheduled devolved to a help yourself job, not unusual considering the tournament absorbed the majority of players. It was a good games con tho': as Rip Gooch in Ripping Yarns has noted it wasn't a con as a hobby social event, which it may have given the impression it was going to be. Anyhow enough of the philosophy on to the gory details.

For a change it was heavily attended by a contingent from Merseyside, some eight of us in all. In fact Alan Sharples - Liverpool team Supremo - had a more than adequate body of players to choose from. This was unlike most teams which seemed to be short one or five members. All in all there were 2 provisional teams. That is a scratch team and a rejects team: the first from individual entrants and the second from the teams. 'Cos of the paucity of teams to get a square tournament, each team had to shed a member so that each board had one from each team on it. But back to Friday night. After a hectic period of getting lost in Walsall's rush hour the college was found some way out of town in a distinctly socioeconomic Class B area. The building complex was in the style of Mid Sixties Brutish, probably chock full of high alumina concreteso - it may, thankfully, be knocked down shortly. Not, I hasten to add, that it is a slum - just that it will be shortly. My room was okay, but definitely below par for a students hall of residence - and try as I might I couldn't find the advertised showers. But then I didn't intend to spend much time in either.

Attendance on the Friday night was around 50-ish, we went out into the town seeking a pub. After consulting Ifan Jones (our very own public transport guru) we got a bus into Walsall. Hmmm the food places were rather limited, but a local burger joint was found to be okay. The only pub we found that was open was one that sold cheap M&B and had TWO pool tables. After some drinking and pool playing we cut out the bus and got a taxi back, clutching our Tesco plastic bags full of food. Back at the con some games had started - the nice short ones like '1329' and 'Advanced D&D'.

Getting no takers for 'Machiavelli' (Phillistines!) a game of Spies was started. This invited some comment from such as Keith Loveys: "Must be some kind of Diplomacy variant". Minus 10 con credibility points there Keith. The game played well and is a refreshing approach to a multiplayer game, with some rather nice ideas and lots of dirty tactics yet to be invented. By this point an extremely moisy game of cards had started in one corner, and then gradually expanded due to the wrestling and leaping around of the players. Most of whom could be forgiven for the immaturity of their actions, the poor dears. Other games that went on that night were: Rail Baron, Star Fleet Battles, Hell Tank, Apocalypse, and I think Civilisation.

Saturday saw the Tournament. This started around 10'ish after a rather early breakfast - 8 to 8.30 - which caught out not a few people. The games went through to Autumn 1907 and points were scored as follows (as far as I can determine): SC's at end, maximum number of SC's in a game, and I think a weighting factor for the country played. Liverpool won the team award quite convincingly whilst the scratch team came second. Personally I had a good game as France in the scratch team, with some very unusual play from England and Germany. The German gambit for Belgium failed, and his aggressive stance meant that he succumbed to a rather haphazard attack from me and England. England once up to 4 or 5 centres built armies and left them in England. This was a good idea for a 1907 endgame as my attack on him stumbled, unable to get a foothold in England. Altogether an interesting game, with a Turkey that never once appeared to tell the truth.

TO BE CONTINUED...

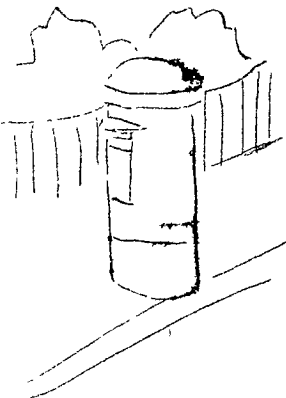
\*\*\*\*\*

Thanks Frank. Please accept this issue free - and I look forward to part two. My God though, no pubs and no decent restaurants.... sounds like a Third World village you're talking about (or Hell), not dear civilised ol' England! All in all, Frank, it sounds a bit grim.

\*\*\*\*\*

LETTERS

DAVID FISH: "As a relatively new reader to this zine I feel I must express my thoughts on the contents of the letter column. (I had to learn to read first.) The first copy I read contained an article about someone's adventures with an "angel doll", being a pure and uncorrupted young lad I surely don't know what it is, but I have no wish to know.



In the last edition there was an article which I thought was much too serious for any zine about the state of the country. However this is skirting the most important issue - namely "Is the BBC planning another series of the Hitch-Hikers Guide to the Galaxy?" The public so far was treated to repeats, a television version, books, records (both albums and singles) and then nothing.

I suspect good people that behind this there is something sinister and the current Falklands crises is part of a cover-up to take the public's mind away from this (~~it/the/mean/line/I/hope/we/knock/the/crap~~ ~~but/bt/the/it/ehhh/it/ehh~~).

I ask you as responsible (?) citizens to unite and uncover this plot. Leave no stone unturned in your struggle -- THE TRUTH WILL EMERGE. Zaphod Beeblebrox will live again."

((I don't think so. As far as I can see 'The Hitch-Hiker's Guide...' was just a one-off fad thing. Anyway the only decent thing about the series was Marvin the robot.

I think you could be wrong about the Falklands as well - it can't be a BBC cover-up. Jan thinks it's a Papal plot to take over the world - thinks Catholics are easily led to war/riots/public demonstrations/etc. I wouldn't mind her toying with this little theory but for the fact that I'm a Catholic. The point is, Jan's hardly ever wrong! Well, that's what she keeps telling me..... Still, nice to hear from a newcomer, David.))