

DIB DIB DIB

ISSUE

22



Here boys, you don't think he's going to reach 30, 40, 50.....

So here you have it, you lucky things you - issue 22 of Dib Dib Dib (practically the Tenth Wonder of the World!), the zine that came lucky 7th in this year's Zine Poll (much to the disgust of Clive 'I'll hold the pressure-point' Booth, I'm happy to say). And for all this, all you have to do is part with a measly 1p per sheet (not page!) + the cost of postage. Not bad, eh? So now that I've got you all eager, just send your money, gold bricks etc to: Tom Tweedy, 29 Stanley Hill Avenue, Amersham, Bucks, HP7 9BD. Tel. 02403 4513

EDITORIAL

This has been one hell of a busy month for me I've hardly had any time to myself. It began when Pete Mearns (ex-editor of Puppet Theatre News, for those new to the hobby) decided to spend a couple of days down here in a more civilised part of the country (Pete hails from Inverness). Initially his idea was to go to a Sealed Knot gathering in the south somewhere, spend a few days here, and try and attend the hoobymeeet at 'The Lamb'. After much discussion the Sealed Knot idea was scrapped - though Jan and I assured him we were prepared to come and jeer at him from the sidelines. Pete decided that our support, although generous, was not really needed, and that he'd have a nice relaxing couple of days doing nothing. He turned up Saturday afternoon, said his hello's, and kept edging himself towards my computer. "Fancy having a look at my 'Wizardry' game?" I asked. "Och, I wouldn't mind having a wee look," he said. "By the way I've brought the Atari for Stuart to play with," and quickly pulled up the nearest chair.

That was it. After an hour of playing, the man had been turned into a fully-fledged 'terminal junkie' - never have I seen a sight more pitiful. After killing off countless characters (MOST of the time his party came up carrying their dead with bits of armour hanging off!) his hands became claws over the keyboard, his eyes became glazed, and his tongue was clenched between his teeth in concentration. All we could get out of him was the odd grunt as his party took yet another blow - even asking if he'd like some refreshment went unnoticed.

But came the time, as it always does, for us to go to bed (one o'clock in the morning it was). At my suggestion to quit Pete looked up at me like a man possessed: "What when I'm nearly WINNING?!". He winced as another one of his party was killed. It was a twitching wreck of a man that we showed upstairs to bed (not that he was far from being like this when he arrived on our doorstep).

Sunday morning he still had a slight nervous twitch, but I put that down to size of the breakfast. We pottered around until dinner time. Bang on the dot John Keight turned up. "No, don't bother doing anything for me," he said pulling a chair up. "Oh well if you insist," he added. John likes to please.

The rest of the day was spent playing on computers. John had brought his Atari 800 computer (NOT to be confused with the pathetic games console), so while Pete, Stuart and I tried that, John scuttled off to the Apple with his own Wizardry disk. (He's been hooked for a while now - bought his own disk to play on MY machine!) With the amount of hardware being used in that living room, wires all over the place, I got the feeling that if we had plugged one more thing in the house would have blown a fuse - looked like a meeting of renal dialysis users!

Monday afternoon Gary Piper turned up, minus his brother (where the hell were you, Karl?) John turned up shortly afterwards - about lunchtime. It turned out that Gary is taking over publishing Puppet Theatre News from Colin Bruce (bit sudden wasn't it Colin?). Gary has only three weeks before PTN's next deadline, but didn't have a typewriter, duplicator, stencils, paper, records or stapler. I couldn't help feeling he'd been chucked in at the deep end with not much of a chance at producing a good first issue - important I think when taking over an established zine. His suggestions of a new zine title were not up to much, Pete and I tried to help but even our most jocular ideas were passed over.

After lunch there followed the strangest game of 'Formula 1' I have ever played. Practically every time someone took a chance around a bend, the penalty throws using two dice ended up on 3 or 11, causing them to spin off. It left everyone too scared of taking any further chances. On the last bend it was Pete and I. Pete took a chance and threw the dice - SPIN OFF! Great, I crowed, now by taking a chance I could win - I threw my dice that's right, I spun off. Stupid bloody game anyway! The law of averages certainly took a bashing that day.

After that we played 'Hare & Tortoise'. I can never get used to this game; I can't stop the urge to race into the lead (almost fatal in this game). It's too subtle for me, I haven't won a bloody game yet.

In the evening Paul a student at Bath University helped make up a fair number for a Sopwith game. I shot down Paul, and let him come back on (with half damage and ammo); I shot, hit and out-manceuvred John Keight. After letting John back onto the board he decided with Gary's help to gang up on me (there's revenge for you). Consequently Pete won the game.

Tuesday was much the same, with the exceptions that most of the talking was again about what name Gary wanted to chose for his zine, and, we watched a couple of video films we'd hired. I must say now, before word gets out, that Pete's choice left a lot to be desired. He chose 'Jungle Burger' - the sickest cartoon I've ever seen. "But I was told it was good!" Pete bleated from under a cushion somewhere. A pathetic excuse indeed - the man's a degenerate.

Gary and Pete left Wednesday morning for London as both wanted to make the Lambsmeet (Pete was coming back on the Friday and leaving Saturday). But things still didn't quieten down. Ian Tilson and his wife turned up to collect his dog (we were looking after his Dalmatian for the day), found we were having an Indian meal with some friends (another couple not in the hobby), thought it was a good idea and sent out for his own Indian meal. Sunday Clive and Pauline Booth came for the day. All in all I had an excellent time, but come Monday I was shattered. I don't know why, but I did all the work! Many thanks to all those that came - hope you enjoyed yourselves. (I hope the madras didn't overcome you on the way home, Pete.)

ooCCOoo

Think I should make a break there - keep the hobby chat separate. I didn't get much time last issue (or the space) to mention the fact that Richard Walkerdine has now taken over the responsibility of running the Les Pimley Award. For those who don't know, Les Pimley was a zine editor who died a few years ago. In his memory the award was started to give credit to the one who has done the most for this hobby in a given year. The award was originally lumped in with Mike Allaway's Gladys Awards, but complaints started piling up over the fact that the fun-type Gladys cheapened, or lessened, the seriousness of the award.

Anyway nominations for this award should be sent to Richard Walkerdine, 144 Stoughton Road, Guildford, Surrey. The deadline is September 11th (not much time!).

But to the Zine Poll. It's been said before, if for nothing else the Poll is much loved by editors because of the chat it generates. Well chat certainly has been generated - strange comments have been flying around thick and fast (if a comment can fly). Even I can be paranoid. I get the feeling sometimes that Dib doesn't exist. To clarify that statement, let me quote Brian Creese in the latest NMR!:-

"Undoubtedly the top 6 zines represent the top 6 in the hobby to-day, and virtually everyone I have spoken to voted them there, albeit in various different orders. Generally the more serious zines seem to have prospered this year, though chat zine Home ((Home of the Brave)) was the highest new zine."

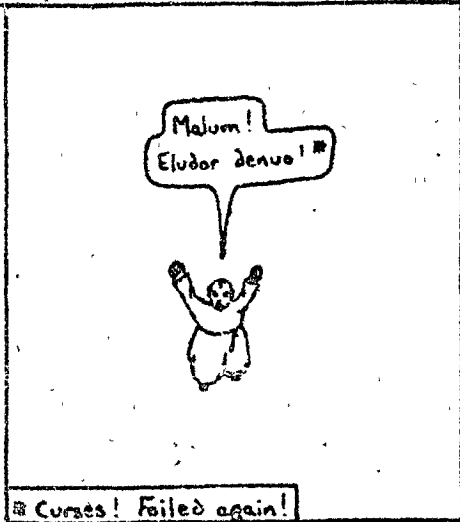
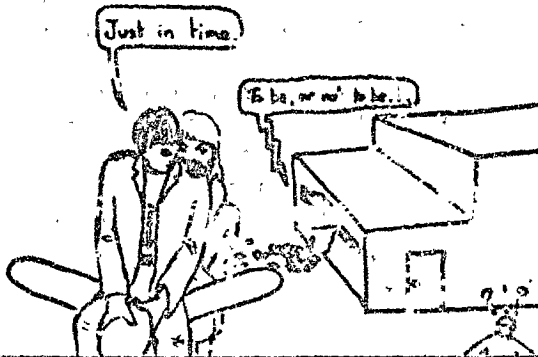
Great, eh? Now I've heard people talk about the 'top five' positions before, and even the 'top ten' - but the top SIX? Can this be mere coincidence when NMR! came 5th, Watch Your Back came 6th, D'ib Dib came 7th and Home came 8th? How

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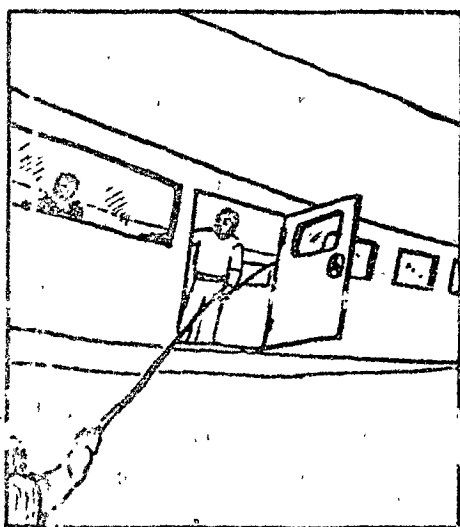
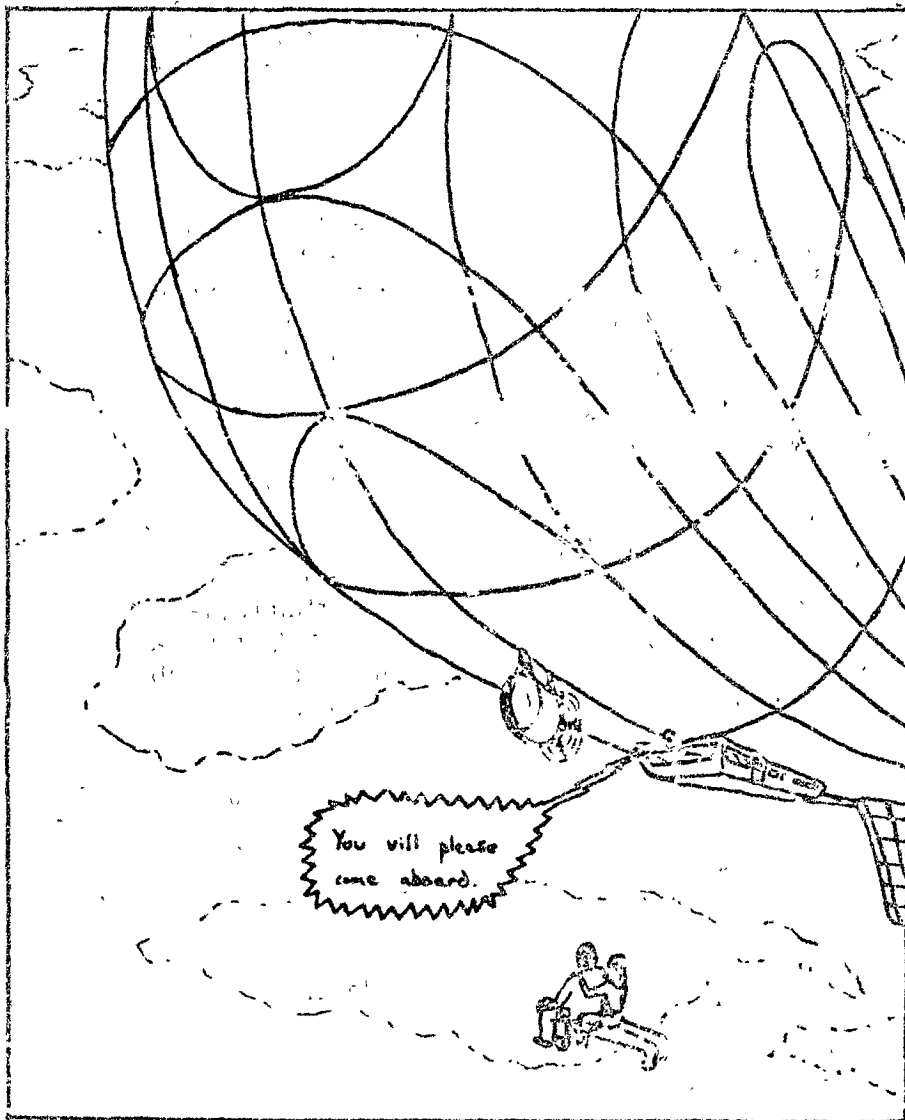
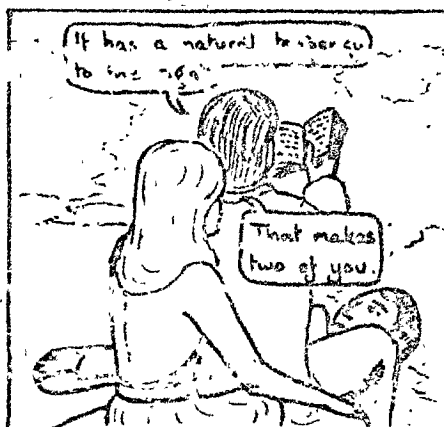
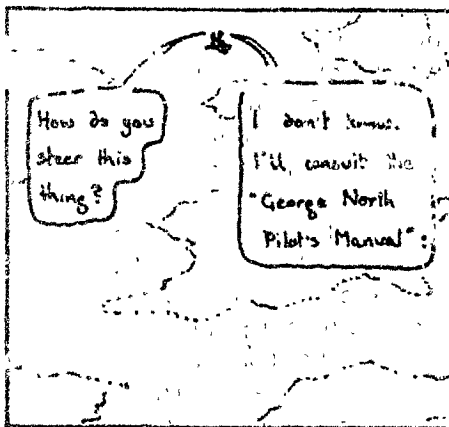
by
Chris Sarpow & Mark Newman

Episode 8:
War And Peace,
Part LXVII

Tom and Angel make their escape —
floating away on their inflatable George
North.....



Curse! Foiled again!



Who is in the mysterious airship?
How do they know who Tom and Angel are?
Why wasn't there a Gladys Award for Best Cartoon-Strip — you ungrateful swines! It's a plot, I tell you! It's all you Communist-swing, pinko, subversives out to undermine our society, trampling over the guardians of decency, democracy, and equal rights for all!

Once again, through hell and high water, out of darkest Torquay, comes a report from North of G-Force - keeping his eye on the country's defences. Mind you, once again your editor wonders what he's done to deserve such missives as

SHOELOOSE AND FANCY FREE

by George North.

Not the best holiday I ever had, but not having to go to work must count for something. Well I didn't make a very good start, did I. We arrived at Torquay in glorious sunshine and there is only two things a Londoner ever wants to do when he first hits the seaside. One is to make tea and the other is to pollute the sea with ones body. Well Peg and the two kids made tea and I was off to find the English Channel. I went all alone and unaided, you understand, and that was a mistake.

I carried a bag with my clobber inside. It was a pretty large bag since it had to hold everything except my red trunks and my shoes. Well since my gear was inside the bag and I didn't want to lose it I couldn't go for a swim. Instead I went for a paddle where I could watch my bag and see it was safe. This was not hard since the bag was white with red spots and stood out a mile. And while I was busy keeping an eye on my bag ... some bleeder stole my shoes.

No, it is not all that funny. It was only the second time I wore those shoes and they cost me twelve quid. Still I would sooner have my shoes pinched than lose the bag with all my money in it, so in a way I suppose I must count myself lucky. However, it did pose a problem. How do you walk back to the flat a quarter of a mile away, and what do you tell the wife? If I waited long enough they might miss me and come looking, but somehow nobody ever misses me all that much and the prospect wasn't very likely. So I could don my best suit and walk home without my shoes and socks and look a complete idiot, or, I could remove all but my red shorts and walk home like I always did wear nothing except shorts while on holiday. I decided the latter was best, in spite of my still lily white body and old age.

Have you ever tried walking four hundred yards without treading on stones and without attracting the slightest attention? Perhaps not. Well it wasn't easy and the homeward journey was right through the Torquay railway station where people were having tea outside and pretending not to see me and not to laugh. Old ladies turned their heads disgusted that anyone should walk through the town so scantily dressed, while kids shouted 'fatty' and made mock.

Then when I got to the flat Peg and the kids never stopped writing and telling everybody Dad had his shoes nicked. What is more Peg had not bought a spare pair for all day Sunday. Six pairs of her own shoes but none for dad. "You don't expect husbands to get their shoes pinched," is the reason she gave me. So on Monday we was off to the shops in my tatty old slippers. Peg told every shopkeeper how I lost my shoes on the beach. One assistant lost all interest in serving me and simply asked: "Did we mind if she went and told her friend," and then they stood sniggering instead of serving for ages.

The rest of the holiday isn't half as interesting. A buggy ride at Cockington, a boat trip to the River Dart, a day at Dawlish, and a visit to Widdecombe. All these villages are commercialised up to the hilt and therefore one could shelter in the houses (which are really all shops) instead of getting soaked outside in the rain.

Heh heh - oh such a tale of woe. Kids nowadays have no respect anymore, eh George?

Well that's George for this issue (my sympathy goes out to Peg), how much more trouble can he cause or get into in future adventures?

LETTERS

IAIN SINGER:

"Thanks for the last issue of Dibble - and congrats on the placing in the Zine Poll. Just like Sopwith stats you keep shooting up - well done it's well deserved - DON'T PRINT THIS IT'D RUIN MY CREDIBILITY!"

((Too late mate, I'm not passing up perhaps my only chance of an ego boost just to save your credibility!! Good grief...))

ooOOOoo

Though talking of ego boosts, it seems last issue - using the computer - met with some favour ...

SIMON BILLENNESS:

"I must admit to being pleasantly surprised by the appearance of Dib Dib Dib, with its new wordprocessor. If you had said you were going to do it last issue, I would have been the first to write in saying 'No!', after skimming some of my brother's lifeless, wordprocessed computer zines, but you've managed to keep your personality in it, so it works for me. Only one snipe, there seem to be less of Jan's pictures!"

((Hopefully the lack of pictures from Jan won't be a problem for long, I'm working through a new wordprocessing package (the Applewriter II) which should give me all the capabilities I need. Consequently, I should be able to get back to the layout I had before, thus giving space for Jan's cartoons. Glad you liked the look of last issue though - I must admit I was pleasantly surprised how well the printing turned out.))

ooOOOoo

ROB CHAPMAN:

"I'm very jealous of your wordprocessing facility. I suffer a 50% wastage of stencils when typing up PR, sometimes junking a stencil just to change one word in a paragraph. Now, if I could use a wordprocessor I wouldn't have this problem, I would enjoy writing Putty Riff, and it wouldn't be so bloody late every issue! ((All very true)) Still, I've no doubt that I will have a wordprocessor one day (but will I still be producing a zine?), and a computer, and a VCR - just like everyone else (who hasn't got an electronic calculator nowadays, and I can remember when they seemed such a luxury). As I say, I believe all these things will come to me - I just wish it was sooner rather than later.

DDD 21 was very impressive, clearly printed (mostly) and particularly well laid out (Ripping Yarns Best Looking Zine?! It's a mess; R p Goch has no idea about layout - given the facilities at his disposal just about anybody could make a better job) - the games section especially. Two different sizes of type, please explain.

Many congratulations on your Zine Poll and Gladys successes. Very well deserved."

((Thank you for those few kind words and congratulations, Rob - I can see I've impressed you so much I'll have to raise the price of your issue of Dib! (Such taste this man has ...))

The reason for two different type sizes is partly explained in Andreas Sarker's letter below. I prefer the proportional spaced print to other printwheels, but it's no good for lists or straight tabulation. In the games things need to be in line. Also you may have noticed, I can cram more things in (comfortably) using the smaller print.

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JOHN DODDS:

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