

HANNIBAL

the Willson Winner

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HANNIBAL is a postal Diplomacy fanzine, produced by Andrew Herd, Dermot and Vince Dwyer and Dave Pink, solely for the purpose of the running of Diplomacy and Diplomacy variant games, printing articles on subjects associated (loosely) with Diplomacy and printing variants on Diplomacy. Sub. rates are 2½p + postage per issue, making it just about the least expensive Dippyazine in the U.K. There are openings for games of regular Diplomacy and large numbers of Diplomacy variants. For more details see page 9. Game fees are 50p for regular, more or less for variants. Available from Andrew are the rules for some thirty different variants - a list is printed later. We do not carry long space fillers.....

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((What follows, is an editorial which appeared in the New Yorker magazine in December. It was printed in Castaguana Volume VII Issue 3. It is reprinted here without permission - but we don't think Conrad will mind.))

"The other day, we turned to an inside page of the New York Times and read that the London Times had warned in an editorial that if the economic crisis in England continued, 'most of the props of our social universe - prosperity, justice, work itself - will be knocked aside.' We knew what they were talking about, because a few days before we had learned on the CBS evening news, towards the end of the programme, that Prime Minister Heath had closed down British industry for nearly half of each week in order to conserve energy. And we had seen other stories scattered through different sections of the papers, spelling out what did indeed sound like a return to a primitive stage of existence in Britain. We had read that food shortages were rumoured, that full heating was allowed in only one room of each house that ground transportation was slowing, that air service was jeopardised, that blackouts had occurred over large parts of the nation, that there was talk of 'chaos' and 'class war', Sometimes the stories were hard to find. Governor Rockefeller's political manoeuvrings, for instance were played up as much bigger news. England, it seemed, was quietly drowning in the back pages of American newspapers.

"Few measures of support have been forthcoming either from the Common Market nations or from us. The day before Heath's speech, Secretary of State Kissinger proposed the formation of a European, Canadian, Japanese and American 'energy action group' to think up ways of dealing with the energy crisis in the long term. But any solutions that may lie that way are far in the future, and Britain's cr

....crisis is immediate. Not long ago when our government came to believe that the Southern part of Vietnam was threatened by the Northern part, and imagined that a collapse in the South would in some way threaten us and our allies, we began to call the leader of the South the Churchill of Asia and came up with a hundred billion dollars or so to help out. Now, at a time when, because of the energy crisis, there is a common peril that is real (although it is not military), the United States and its allies seem unable or unwilling to make sacrifices or to act in common to come to the aid of England - a nation that thirty-three years ago taught this century the meaning steadfastness and sacrifice and common purpose under the leadership of the original Churchill. Somewhere along the line, the very notion of common purpose seems to have been lost. For the United States, the collapse of England, the nation that gave us our law, our language, and much of our moral tradition would be a tragic event of immeasurable import. Yet we are left with perfunctory news stories of cold houses, food shortages and industrial breakdown when the situation seems to cry out for other stories: stories of the drawing up of whatever trade and monetary agreements are needed to help, of planes taking off, of ships leaving ports. Stories that is, not of 'action groups' but of action."

Scene fades to the sound of Land of Hope and Glory.....Sob.....

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After that, what can I say ?

Ah yes. The Pimlico scheduled for last weekend, was cancelled - Les's wife - Pat - caught rheumatic fever. However, all was not lost. Will Haven held a Willson to replace the Pimlico, and the dregs of the Diplomacy world descended upon Will for the weekend. There is a report in this Hannibal, and as a supplement to this issue, there is the fanzine, produced by various people (mainly Birks and Ward) during the con. We wish to disassociate ourselves totally from said fanzine.....

Those of you with sharp eyes, may have noticed the brief appearance of John Piggott on the BBR TV programme Nationwide, where he was discussing the progress of the Courier game, 72/9 with Graham Levin(e), John Robertson, Kevin Botting (who ?) and others. It was terrible - Levin dominated, Piggott got hardly a word in and the programme gave precisely no information about postal Diplomacy. I found it boring, and I play the game - goodness knows what it must have been like to a normal person. Levin almost succeeded in conveying postal Diplomacy as something similar to Star Trek fandom (Nationwide some weeks ago); people going around demanding that "the Tsar of all the Russias wishes to form a glorious and lasting alliance with the Sultan of all the Turkeys whom he considers to be his true and natural ally and who he hopes will join him in crushing the Crown Prince of all the Austrias with the aid of the King of all the Italys, provided the King of all the perfidious Gauls doesn't interfere....." and such. Who ever arranged the programme would have produced a much more entertaining, interesting and reasonable result, had he just had Piggott talking to somebody (NOT Sue Lawley) in a studio somewhere. Such, I suppose, is the stupidity of TV producers...

Geoff Challinger (23, Priestnall Road, Heaton Mersey, Stockport, Nr. Didsbury) is to start producing a subzine to Duncan Morris' zine, Frigate. It is called - of all things - POLARIS...and will run two games of regular and one of Feudalism II. Geoff has already enrolled as a member of U.S.Z.E., the well known American dominated Union of Sob Zine Editors (that wasn't a typing error) run by the Marxist, Pete Swanson who it is rumoured is willing to pay vast sums of money if he gets mentioned more often than Greg Ward....For more details, see the next Frigate. We will naturally, tear it apart when it appears....tee hee... Seriously though, if you want a game of regular Dip. or Feudalism, you could do worse than get yourself on Geoff's list.

Ken Clarke's "A New Zine" has gone and got itself a name - Piglet an! Pooh (nearly as bad as Hannibal the Cannibal). Sub rates are still unknown - Ken doesn't want trades, so I's a going to have to subscribe. More information next issue.

I can't think of a space-filler, which is a little unfortunate as there is space for one here

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It's raining here in Manchester, how strange. (Space-filler).

WILLSON I

Geoff Corker Snores! This amazing fact was revealed when he dozed off during the 'Escape from Colditz' game on Saturday. Pete Birks wrote, with a blue felt tipped pen on his forehead,
'G.C. SNORES'.

Upon waking half an hour later G.C. went round to the pub, on returning he was informed of the graffiti scorning his face. Needless to say he went a bright red and started to rub his head in a frantic effort to remove the foul message. Of course, this was not the only incident of the Con.....

Half of the Hannibal staff plus that famous nonentity Geoff Challenger braved the perils of British Rail in order to get to Preston on the Friday night. Others of us waited for the chance of a lift on Saturday - lazy. Will's map of Preston, although fairly accurate, was impossible to read - it was too small and half of the streets were obliterated by Will's scrawlings. Despite this and in the face of great odds Andrew, Dave and Geoff managed to locate 30 Blungington Road.

They entered to see gigantic Graham Jeffery, little Pete Swanson, amazing Greg Ward and slightly Geoff Corker sprawled around a table on which stood a Decline and Fall board. After pushing through the milling crowds we spotted Will Haven surveying his domains from his lofty perch on top of one of the several deceit stocks which had infiltrated all the corners of the room. Having identified the persons littering the room they conscripted John Piggott, Gordon Neilson, Steve Dunn, Pete Birks and Andy Holborn and moved down to Will's broom cupboard for a game of Risk, Piggott playing with, of course, Colditz pieces. We are not talking about the result of this game.

Once the Risk game had finished, we retired back to the main room, to find the Decline and Fall game still in progress - it was difficult to ascertain who was winning, as nobody was bothering the slightest about the game. Birks and Piggott became involved in a discussion about Pinball, which then turned to darts. John, seeing how short Prestonian dart throws are, decided to practice, and proceeded to do so...on his foot....Greg Ward and Pete Swanson were producing the fanzine, with Pete Birks breaking in occasionally to hinder, inbetween arguments with J.P. that is.

Later on, more of the top names of postal Diplomacy appeared - Steve Doubleday and Steve Wyatt, bringing with them Tadek Jarski and Norman Melvin. Seeing that there was no chance of the Colditz game (which had replaced the Decline and Fall game) finishing in the foreseeable future, Steve Doubleday, Steve Wyatt, Tadek Jarski, Norman Melvin and the three Didsbury Diplomats moved downstairs for a game of Diplomacy. Those of lower intelligence levels, who were fit for nothing more than Colditz, remained upstairs. The Diplomacy game went well - in 1903, Russia was winning with 7 units (Geoff Challenger) France was coming second with England and Turkey a close third. Germany had 3 units and looked on the way out, Austria had only two units, and Turkey was making threatening noises about his two centres - he also looked on the way out. By the end of the game, the situation had changed dramatically - the small powers - Germany and Austria had managed by frantic Diplomacy, to stay in the game, and it was now Russia who was the eliminated power with France following close behind. Italy, who in 1903 had been a nonentity with 4 units, had remained as Turkey's ally to the last, and with only the loss of Tunis between 1903 and 1908, had survived almost unchanged during the entire period. The result then: 1st Steve Doubleday - Turkey 13 unit, 2nd Tadek Jarski - England, 7 units, 3rd (joint), Andrew Herd - Germany and Dave Pink - Italy, each with 3 units, 5th Steve Wyatt - Austria 2 units, 6th Norman Melvin - France 1 unit, 7th Geoff Challenger - Russia (Out 1908).

By this time, everyone upstairs had collapsed of exhaustion after 5 hours of Colditz. Meanwhile, downstairs we had been joined by Piggott, with his pet balloon Davidson (!). A game of Mine a Million was started with Piggott as the Bluebell. Piggott was the first to earn his Million Dollars at about four-o'clock in the morning but unfortunately he was £42,500 in debt and Geoff Challenger won on the following turn, closely followed by Andrew Herd as the Santa ~~Clara~~ Rosa mine.

At this point there was a break for another round of coffee, which was followed by a game of Monopoly on Piggott's insistence. Phil Jones and Geoff Corker quickly grabbed up most of the property. Between the Didsbury diptychians there was Northumberland Ave. and two stations! The game quickly developed into a struggle to stop Phil winning. Geoff Corker went bankrupt and sold all his property to Dave Pink for £5. From there it passed to each of the other players in turn finally ending up at Andrew Herd for a get-out-of-jail-free card. Despite this a sudden windfall, Phil scored a resounding victory when Andrew landed on Piccadilly and Mayfair in quick succession.

Saturday morning saw all the remaining leading names of Dippy wandering around in a stupor, searching desperately for food. At about six-thirty two games began; one of Careers and one of Railroader, Piggott easily defeated Davidson and friends at Careers while Railroader ended in a close tie between Geoff Challenger and Dave Pink with Andrew Herd sat behind a lump of dynamite for most of the game.

After some toast everyone had to scurry upstairs when the shop opened at nine. Sherbet arrived about ten and set a game of D&F going, in the other room another game of Diplomacy had started which was won by Steve Dunn. The D&F game collapsed when Colin Walsh got into a discussion on Middle Earth games, with Steve 2day. Andrew Hun as a ravaging Herd was in a winning position.

At twelve the pubs opened and everyone mooched off in search of solid and liquid refreshment. A game of Diplomacy was played at the Pub which was won by Les Pimley as Russia. Games seriously restarted about three-o'clock with a D&F game starting starring Pet Balloon Swanson as the Hun, ravaging Herd as Goth; Norman Melvin as Vandal and Wink the Wop as Roman. Recently arrived Dermot Dwyer was overseer. However the game was abandoned when Wink Thompson ran away with Norman and Dr. Who started.

After a mad search for the aerial no less than 22 people crowded into a room 12'x10' to watch the Doctor being stabbed by the Ice Warriors, with Sarah making another convert for Women's Lib. - Agador??

At this stage Davidson confiscated his D&F set. He then immediately won a game of Regular Dip started by Tadek with Graham Jeffrey second. Down at the pub the Pinball championship was won by John Piggott with Greg Ward a close second. While Colin Walsh cooked mushrooms on toast, two more games began, Origins and Risk. Origins was won by John Lettice as the Nazi. Risk was eventually won by all-conquering Tadek. More games followed fast as the night wore on, Scoop, Monopoly, Careers, and cards were all brought out to try and keep everyone awake. During the early hours of the morning, a game of Sleuth was started and it turned out to be a fascinating game. One after another Sherbet, Dave Pink, Geoff Corker and Geoff Challenger all dropped off in chairs. Sherb with Will's cat Cleo clinging to a part of him which we won't discuss. As the ~~night~~ morning wore on the speed of play decreased until the diplomonopoly (ordinary Monopoly with alliances and diplomacy periods added) ground to a halt to be replaced by a partner Whist tournament won by Andrew Herd and Dave Pink. The Sleuth game was recommenced and one after the other Sherb, Mike Caswekl, Steve Doubleday and Andrew Herd all guessed wrongly leaving the games as a four-way draw.

As the morning arrived, the scramble for food intensified. Will's suggestion for fish and chips as breakfast was thrown out along with Will!! About eleven Dermot and Vince Dwyer turned up again. About the same time preparations were made for the duplication of the last issue of Ethil. Unfortunately, though John had brought tracing paper which was not ideally suited to the Preston Duplicator and despite efforts by Pete Swanson and Andrew Herd to feed sheets through one at a time, the effort was abandoned and given to Duncan Morris to finish on his overworked Gestetner up in St Andrews.

After we had abandoned the attempt at duplicating Ethil, there was a mass migration back upstairs, where Piggott began a challenge game of Scrabble against Pete Birks. John and Pete, after the appearance of certain very strange words - Le and Bos for example - decided to call the game a draw.

From the end of the Scrabble game until later that evening, the con became fragmented. There were several wargames going on - Stalingrad (although the grand Haven-Herd challenge match did not transgress), Blitzkrieg and Trireme for example - and various groups sat around talking. Duncan Morris and Tony Sturt were explaining how they manage to get cheap paper from the St Andrews University stationary suppliers; Andy Davidson was explaining how his patent system for never missing orders and adequately diploming for all his games, works; John Piggott was handing out addresses where fanzine editors can get free books if they promise to review them; Steve Doubleday was talking about his variant designing; Will was talking about Son, and Strategy I, Pete Swanson was trying to recruit support for U.S.Z.E. and Graham Jeffery was trying to sabotage his efforts; the Didsbury Diptychians were trying to acquire new variants for distribution through the variant bank - for the results of our efforts, see later on. The final touches were added to the fanzine, there was a universal declaration of hate against Richard Sharp (!); speculation about whether Claire Walkerdine has a Chambers and other such miscellaneous maunderings. Greg Ward managed to pull down the curtains, final drinks were bought and people started to depart for home.

Graham Jeffery and Pete Swanson ran off with Greg Ward's coach ticket; the Didsbury Diptychians gathered several dozen games, copies of variants, copies of Der Krigg and assorted copies of such strange things as Gutter Press house rules and the stencils for the fanzine. Finally, about 10.00P.M. we departed at speed towards Preston station, which was conveniently located several miles f