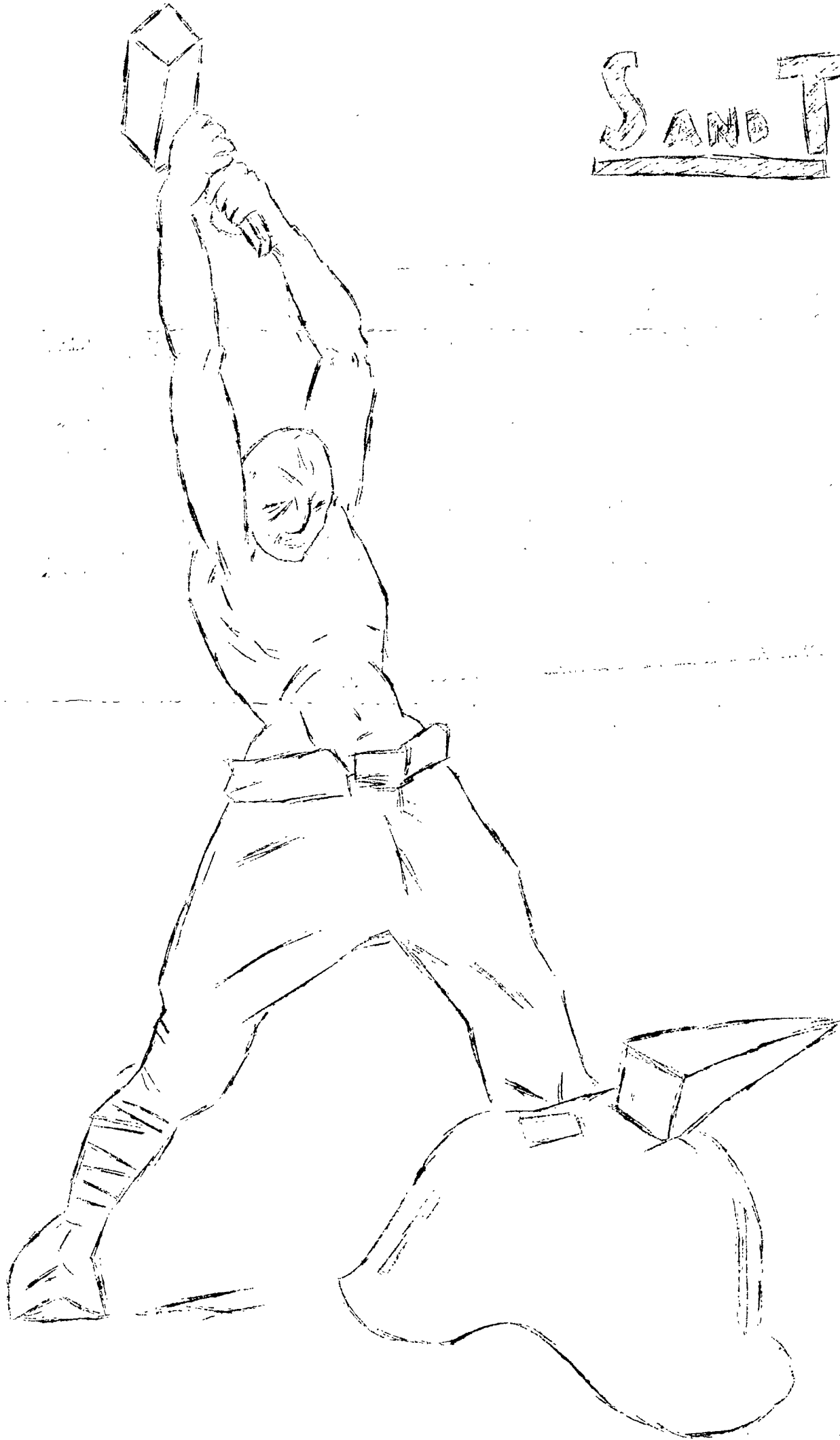


SAND T



The Trivia

This has been ~~xxxxxx~~ despatched to your bijou semi by well-known horde-flesh dealer, Chris Spall, who is normally to be found whimpering pathetically at 17 Duppas Hill Road, Croydon, Surrey, CR0 4BG. You can hear the strange ~~xxx~~ sound of neighing horses and child-like crying by ringing 01-688 0905.

I am willing to torture you with three of these for one hundred new pennies.

Waiting lists are open for Diplomacy (free - Birks, Creese, ap-Cynan, Doubleday - yes, this line^{up} looks exciting), Stab Happy Diplomacy (free - Robin ap-Cynan); Machiavelli (free), Swashbuckler (free) and Postal Countdown (50p - Robin ap-Cynan).

Deadline: Wednesday 26 September.

A Personal Message From Your Adoring Editor

Zebby was great stuff. I'll trade
if you still want to

P.S: I'm above of the NW I Game and
am running it.

Editorial

Once again the dusty corridors of Spall Towers echo with the sound of a plodding typewriter. A blood-curdling scream rushes forth from the vomit-encrusted toilet like a four-minute warning as the lethal corflu seizes hold of my central nervous system, sending me into violent bone-breaking convulsions. My confused brain fights desperately to regain control; eventually the Resolute Approach pays off and I haul my aching body upright, a crumpled copy of War and Peace clenched in my ~~quivering~~ fist for inspiration. I must get to the Post Office...

Yes, what a lot of bollocks but what do you expect? Well, I was expecting something approaching a proper editorial ~~xxx~~ headed ~~xxx~~. "Some words from the wiseacre" and concluded "Pants off to Hatton". Unfortunately, somebody else struck on the idea of alluding to Wah! as well and put it into practice first. His actions have forced me to abandon my plans - I mean, it would ~~not~~ no longer be daring, controversial and outre, would it?

Impending financial doom has ^{been averted} temporarily at least. I am now gainfully employed renovating a grotty slum in SW11. Not only is the money good but it's very educational. I was amazingly impressed by the carpenter who, when building a wafer tank enclosure, succeeddd in cutting a sheet of plywood ~~xxxx~~ so that ~~xxxx~~ it ~~xxx~~ fitted exactly along a stone wall that rolled like the Mendips. There is also the pleasure of working with a Scottish electrician whose lilt is so strong I can't understand a word he says, apart from the expletives he rasps before driving ^{his} heavily-shod foot into an innocent skirting board. It's all good fun and I've rediscovered the joy of hanging onto a sheet of wood that's being sliced apart by a jigsaw.

My A-Level results zoomed towards me in a mere five days from distant Bromley (swap those two phrases around) and I am now the indifferent possessor of ~~xxx~~ four of the things, thanks not to any endeavour on my part but to the simpletons who I can only assume make up ninety per ~~xxx~~ cent of the University of London's entrance. Just how do they contrive to perform even more poorly than someone as idle and unintelligent as me? Of far more consequence was my score in the "Ultimate Vocabulary Quiz" which apparently makes me a genius - in fact, a triple genius. You can prove anything with statistics, can't you?

While I'm still here I'd better plug the postal Traveller campaign that Tony Ellam asked me to. He opines: "The advantage of this postal game is the player can broadly outline what he wishes to attempt and I do my best to oblige, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ eg. political skullduggery, drug trafficking, ~~xxxx~~ piracy." If you're into this sort of thing it sounds like a very amusing way to get locked up and ~~it~~ caters not only for the ~~subtle~~ subtle but ~~also~~ also the "thud and blunder types" who doubtless comprise the majority of S&T's readership. Tony's intergalactic cruiser can be found parked outside The Garden Flat, 2, St. Ronan's Avenue, Redland, Bristol, BS6 6EP.

Now that circulation is approaching 21,000, next issue will be available ~~xxx~~ at most large magazine vendors as well as through the post. The kingpins of ~~the~~ distribution, WH Smith, felt that our present title was far too lewd for a publication aimed at the five to nine year old age group so we have had to change it to Fantasize. Their forthright moral stance also meant that we had to drop the possibility of regular artwork from Rod Anderson but there will still be a strong NMR! presence with an oscaionla column called "Drinker Drivel" from Brian Creese.

Diplomacy Quiz

Well, sort of. All the clues below refer to land provinces or sea areas on the standard board. Most of the clues are straightforward, but, safe in the knowledge that nobody of any intelligence would trouble himself with such a trivial affair (or with this zine) and that a few of the clues are rather cryptic, I am prepared to offer the almost worthless prize of three free issues to the first man, woman or hydrophobic vixen (I wonder if Creese is into Fellini...) to send me a complete set of answers.

1. Banker of fluvial feather-supplier.
2. Nominal centre of Bela Kun's revolutionary government.
3. Supposedly inhabited by peasants with a proneness to boasting and exaggeration.
4. Obsession with lamentation?
5. Scene of Polycarp's martyrdom.
6. Initially an extension to Black George's pig-farming interests.
7. Standing on an aure^{ate} cornucopia.
8. The city of the seven hills.
9. Along the ^{avenue} where Ned turned Nel in.
10. Headquarters of the Lloyd's-like association established in 1833 by Baron Bruck.
11. Derivative of marshy ground.
12. The country of Stambulov, famous for ~~xxxxxxx~~ its Atrocities.
13. "The Battlefield of Europe".
14. Founded by the leonine Henry in 1153.
15. Transplant centre?
16. An occidental aperture.
17. An update of the city burnt by Xerxes in 430 BC.
18. There's more than an ace up this one.
19. Abductor of Helen, slain by an arrow from the bow of Philoctetes.
20. First called unfriendly, then ~~xxxxx~~ renamed the opposite.
21. Situation of the Votive Church and the Prater.
22. Parthenope.
23. Place of King ~~xxx~~ Alexander of Yugoslavia's assassination in October 1934.
24. Stories concerning this fortress made the name of a nineteenth-century aristocrat-turned-novelist whose other works include "Resurrection" and "A Confession".
25. As Adolf asked, who remembers the extermination of its natives?
26. Ruled since Napoleonic times by Bernadotte and his descendants.
27. Site of the Cathedral of the Assumption.

Er, I think I had better make that three free issues to the chap who scores the most. I rather doubt if anyone will make a clean sweep.

Pzk/S&T Drei (1982GB)Pre-Autumn 1907

England (David Cutmore) F(WMS), F(MAO), A(Edi), F(NTH), A(Kie),
F(Hol), F(Ber), F(BAL), A(Liv), F(Nwy)

France (Mark Whittaker) A(Pie), A(Par), A(Ruh), F(TYR), F(GOL)

Germany (Jack Robertson) A(Mun)

Italy (Jim Sadler) F(ADR), F(Nap), A(Ven)

Turkey (Mick Cox) A(War), A(Mos), A(Arm), A(Bul), F(ION),
F(AEG), F(Gre), F(EMS), F(Tun), A(Ser),
A(Tri), A(Boh), A(Tyr), A(Sil)

Holdings:

England	Lon, Lpl, Edi, Den, Ber, Nwy, Swe, StP, Kie, Hol	10
France	Mar, Por, Spa, Bel, Par	5
Germany	Bre, Mun	2
Italy	Ven, Rom, Nap	3
Turkey	Con, Ank, Smy, Gre, Ser, Rum, Sev, Bud, Mos, Bul, Vie, War, Tri, Tun	14

Pzk/S&T Vierzehn (1983BU)Pre-Autumn 1904

Austria (Andy Gibb) A(Ukr), A(War), A(Ser), A(Con), F(Alb),
A(Sil), A(Tyr)

England (Stan Wells) F(NTH), F(HEL), F(BAL), A(StP), A(Nwy),
A(Lon)

France (Trevor Martin) F(ENG), F(GOL), A(Bur), A(Ruh), A(Mar),
A(Kie), A(Spa)

Germany (Anarchy) A(Ber), A(Hol)

Italy (Tony Mace) A(Bul), F(Smy), F(AEG), F(Naf), A(Ven),
A(Mun)

Russia (Anarchy) A(Mos)

Turkey (Martin Redhead) F(Ank), F(Sev), A(Syr)

Stambulov: I have orders for Ausfria, England, Italy and Turkey, all of which have been safely deposited on high ground, well above the ever-rising sea of half-read zines and unread novels which obscures my bedroom floor.

Holdings:

Austria	Tri, Vie, Bud, Ser, Rum, Bul, War
England	Lon, Lpl, Edi, Nor, Swe, Den
France	Mar, Par, Bre, Por, Spa, Bel, Kie, Mun
Germany	Ber, Hol
Italy	Rom, Nap, Ven, Tun, Gre, Con
Russia	Mos, StP
Turkey	Smy, Ank, Sev

Pzk/S&T Funfzehn (1983ES)Pre-Spring 1903

Austria (Mark Smith)	F(Gre), A(Bul), A(Ser), A(Bud), A(Tri)
England (Richard Bartle)	F(BAR), F(NTH), A(Nwy), F(SKA)
France (Thane Duffield)	A(Bur), A(Gas), A(Pic), A(Pie), F(Spasc)
Germany (Tony Mace)	F(Swe), F(HEL), A(Hol), A(Ruh), A(Vie), A(Mun), A(Kie)
Italy (Marcel Greuter)	A(Ven), A(Rom), F(TYR), F(ION)
Russia (Grahame MacLennan)	F(Sev), A(Rum), A(StP), A(Mos), A(War)
Turkey (Jack Robertson)	F(AEG), A(Con), F(BLA)

Holdings:

Austria	Tri, Bud, Ser, Gre, Bul	5
England	Lon, Lpl, Edi, Nwy,	4
France	Bre, Par, Mar, Bel, Por, Spa	6
Germany	Ber, Kie, Mun, Hol, Den, Swe, Vie	7
Italy	Ven, Rom, Nap, Tun	4
Russia	StP, Mos, War, Sev, Rum	5
Turkey	Con, Ank, Smy	3

Pzk/S&T Sechzehn (Fleet Rome Diplomacy)Pre-Autumn 1902

Stambulov: There were, as the concerned parties noted, a few underlinings absent from Mike's last report in "Postal Mortem". The Italian fleet in the Ionian Sea and the Ausfrian fleet in Trieste should have stood each other out off much-prized Albania. The failure of these two units to advance heaps a similar fate upon the Italian fleet in Tunis and the Austrian army in Budapest.

Austria (Paul Schofield)	A(Bud), A(Vie), F(Tri), F(Gre), A(Ser)
England (Pete Bates)	F(SKA), F(Edi), F(IRI), A(Lon)
France (Wai Liu)	A(Par), F(ENG), A(Spa)
Germany (Grahame MacLennan)	F(NTH), F(HEL), A(Bel), A(Ruh), A(Bur)
Italy (Rowland Goodman)	A(Ven), A(Tyr), F(ION), F(Tun)
Russia (Mark Lawrence)	A(Nwy), F(Swe), F(BLA), A(Rum), F(Sev) A(Gal)
Turkey (Jack Robertson)	F(AEG), A(Bul), A(Con), F(Ank)

Holdings:

Austria	Vie, Bud, Tri, Ser, Gre	5
England	Edi, Lpl, Lon, Bel, Nwy	5
France	Bre, Par, Mar, Spa	4
Germany	Kie, Ber, Mun, Hol, Den	5
Italy	Ven, Rom, Nap, Tun	4
Russia	StP, War, Mos, Sev, Rum, Swe	6
Turkey	Con, Ank, Smy, Bul	4
Neutral	Por	

glib superlatives and insincere "well done"s.

NMR!: After a much celebrated audio issue and the sort of covers that your granny wouldn't approve of, Messrs Bain and Creese must settle for second place. The tape was essentially a novelty, albeit a very good one, and it is debatable ~~xxx~~ whether a performance centred so much about such a one-off gimmick would deserve the more lasting recognition that a Zine Poll victory confers. However the pinko suburbanite and his more reserved colleague continue to truck on ~~xxxx~~ in a reliably competent, though not outstanding, manner. They are unlikely to ~~gxxxxxxx~~ ~~gxxxx~~ get their shaking hands on the coveted title but NMR!'s popularity shouldn't fade too pronouncedly; if only because it seems capable of pleasing nearly everybody from blinkered purist to role-playing dunderhead.

Mad Policy: Walkerdine fails again and the hobby pundits are already speculating as to which change to the voting system Richard will now effect in another attempt to remedy the situation. His only chance would appear to be to let ~~his~~ ^{it} MP slide into something ten times worse than is presently reputed ^{to be} and make ^{1.0} the top vote, reversing the whole scale without informing anyone ^{else} of this crucial amendment. Even this is a long shot: either some foolish sentimentalists would continue to score it highly ~~xxxxx~~ on grounds of tradition or a prize jackass would manage to ~~xxxx~~ churn out a truly dire zine of even less quality (I hear that Billenness is working on it at this ^{very} moment).

Dolchstoss: This blast from the past sounds most intriguing, particularly Sharp's faithful retinue of beer-swilling undead, resurrected along with the forgiven bogeyman himself -- no doubt from shoddily-constructed Barrat Homes timber-frame sepulchres strewn across the whole ~~xxxxxxx~~ country.

Cut and Thrust: An excellent publication but as Derek is far too sensible to trade I refuse to tell you just how splendid.

The Acolyte: The acceptable, indeed likable, face of FRP is apparently disintegrating fast. It will seem somewhat better in retrospect, the fold having dented ~~xxxxxxx~~ Tamlyn's reputation for reliability - an unfailing reliability that was almost obscene. The book reviews, a plethora of articles which should ^{never} be attempted by anyone under twenty-one, were rather good.

Ode: The crusading zine. John the Lionheart won't give the bastards an inch. Well, would you?

Rapscallion: The highest new entry and just goes to show what can be achieved from carving a "cult" following out of the nation's less intelligent adolescents and being studiously nice to all those with their own mouthpiece. Steve certainly gives his coltish votaries what they want; unfortunately, this ~~xxxxxxx~~ isn't what they need (the taste of a good rhino ^{whip} in most instances). I suppose ~~xxxxxxx~~ he's entitled to something for managing to stick together a letter column that's nearly readable with some of the worst material available (though the recent arrival of a poor young lad who seems unable to string together half a dozen words correctly and delivers such profoundly trenchant ~~xxxxxxx~~ analyses as "Margaret Thatcher and Ronald Reagan are very right-wing people" makes the usual gang of outraged schoolboys and groaning old hacks look ~~xxxxxxx~~ weirdly bearable).

The question that everybody with nothing better to write about ~~or~~ posing is will Steve be able to keep to his current whirlwind schedule ~~of~~ of six to eight week deadlines once he has entered the wacky world

of higher education? Judging from Rapsallion Steve was probably a groveling little swot at his loathesome private school and I expect that he will spend the next three years huddled away inside the guano-splattered mass of glass and concrete ~~xx~~ that calls itself Southampton University poring ~~xxxx~~ feverishly over unimaginably dull Geography textbooks and burning the midnight oil 24 hours a day. (Work? I never touch it, gov.)

If you can struggle through the serpentine editorials, reading this zine is like visiting a freak show.

Yes, I want to be Upstart of the Year next time.

Thing on the Mat: No review of Thing would be worthy of the title without mention of its irregular farce of a games service. Pete's appalling ~~xxxxxxx~~ record in this sphere hasn't meant a chronic dearth of willing players though. In fact, enjoying the precarious pleasure of a game in Thing has become rather fashionable; so much so that Creese, never one to miss ~~xxx~~ a ride on the latest crestward trend, has taken up a standby position in a Railway Rivals game merely so that he can boast to his subscribers about it.

Not only is it further ~~xxx~~ proof that the only use, indeed purpose, for a classical education is ostentation but also an amazing fountain of information: did you know a few minutes of solitary ^{hopistal} cananism in the spartanly-furnished backroom of a dingey Bristol could buy you a whole year's membership of Warwickshire County Cricket Club?

It would have deserved to win if Pete did not ~~xxx~~ insist on wearing such wimpish half-measures as contact lenses - real men have glass eyes.

Zine to be Believed: Hardly overflowing with reading matter (though certainly overflowing) but what there is ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ is quite entertaining. The games service would appear admirable and the whole zine has a pleasing flavour (run it through a mangle and ~~xxx~~ sprinkle the exudation ~~xxxxxxx~~ on tonight's dinner). Nick is one of the few editors I could imagine in the throes of production: clacking away at his primeval manual or locked in mortal combat with a runaway duplicator, screaming frantically for help as it sucks in his ^{writhing arm} and the unstoppable feed ~~xxx~~ mechanism rips the skin from his swollen knuckles... This is what we want.

Lokasenna: Only long printing delays and even longer deadlines have served to prevent a disappointingly rapid decline from being a Mach 3 nose-dive. Sadly the fall is unlikely to be arrested before Brian crashes his metaphorical fixed-wing into the fully-stocked grain store of a famine struck Upper Voltan hamlet. I could drivel at length but then my natural courtesy would force me to send Brian ^a copy and result only in a tedious reply complaining interminably of alleged misrepresentation and telling me just what a mean and malicious jerk I am. Any flak Brian has received he has asked for with his asinine inconsistency and turgid nonsense while his wailing petulance has only encouraged more. Deciding to lower his hobby profile and axe numerous trades is a plain cop-out and ~~xxx~~ thus characteristic of his whole outlook. If you enjoy being mailed sixty-four page tracts ~~xxx~~ from crazy religious sects based in Milton Keynes, you'll love ~~xx~~ Lokasenna.

Home of the Brave: The zine which belies the myth that all accountants are essentially droning bores ~~with~~ as well as featuring a competent effort from John Webley that doesn't do quite so much to improve the image of dentistry. Geoff is a versatile hack and can comment with concision and pungency ~~xxx~~ plus, of course, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~

ramble fluently (without giving the impression of dribbling over his strait-jacket at the same time). The range of games is wide and the GMing well up to scratch. Various features including a ~~xxxx~~ tightly-reined lettercolumn and ~~xx~~ frequent quizzes give Home one of the best mixes of material on the market (bar brief excursions into the field of ornithology) and the failure of its 45 voters to keep it as least as ~~his~~ high as last year's eighth is reprehensible.

Greatest Hits (22nd): Either a lot of ballot-crazed geese have overreacted or Marsden's been paying out a lot in bribes. I hope ~~Rxxx~~ Pete does the honourable thing: blame it all on Oakes and ~~fix~~ place the zine in the incapable hands of Colin Gamble.

War and Poace: "A vast panorama of Russian life" and the weird zine. However insane Doubleday ~~xxx~~ might frequently sound he does manage to keep some of his hairy digits curled round the oiled (or, in his case, ~~xxxxx~~ Vaseline) pole of reality; ~~xxx~~ Caws, meanwhile, is floating freely in a fantasy world so simplistic it makes Toytown look intractably complex. In fact, Derek would probably consider Toytown to be a vicious den of rampant Marxism and ~~xxx~~ inexpiable depravity. A man of lesser stuff would now break down into a gibbering tirade of Muffin the Mule jokes but I ~~xxx~~ will instead tell you that, if you can stand the Draconian regime, it's a jolly good place to ~~xxxx~~ play Diplomacy.

Twenty Years On: Simon did something ~~xxxx~~ rather well once.

Maters of the Prime (36th): ~~Rxxxx~~ A good games zine with one of the hobby's best En Garde! campaigns though slightly besmirched by the presence of so many FRP types. Bryan is apparently depressed at the moment, discontented that his zine, because of its supposed eclecticism, has been accused of having no "personality", a ~~term~~ that he ~~xx~~ claims is only applied to ^{the} strident ~~xxxxx~~ creations of ~~xxx~~ rabid monomaniacs.

Megalomania (37th): I've only seen one copy but that was extremely readable. I ~~xxxxxxx~~ enjoyed the music reviews which is surprising for recently I have begun to despise nearly everything more ~~xxx~~ inflated than the knowledgable and pithy Simon Frith. This sort of zine is another thing best left to old men.

Inflammatory Material (45th): A hardly surprising placing. Simon has managed to get on a lot of people's goats (I prefer donkeys) and ~~xxxx~~ and not done anything to deserve a higher ranking. An overwhelming ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ preponderance of personal zines over games zines might snap the hobby's backbone but, bar this unlikely occurrence, they pose no threat to civilisation as we know it. The intrinsic worth of any ~~illd...~~ personal zine is a matter of its quality not all-encompassing dogma. They are not vile ~~xxx~~ cankers ~~gm~~ (though most of them are vile) gnawing away at the very fabric of the hobby (whatever that means) but, in the true spirit of Oscar ~~Wk~~ Wilde, either well-written or badly written. As the vast majority of ~~xxxxx~~ people, myself included, have all the writing skill of a deranged orang-outang, they belong almost exclusively in the latter category. The latest fad is to talk of the hobby being a "communication" or "correspondence" hobby. ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ The social aspect of games may contribute to my preference for them over other intellectual diversions but enjoying engaging in friendly persiflage ^{across} a board-laden tabletop doesn't mean I want to be descended upon by hundreds of incondite letters from rank illiterates pontificating wildly on every subject ~~...~~ under the ~~...~~ sun. Simon's ~~xxxx~~ such a pleasant chap though, isn't he?