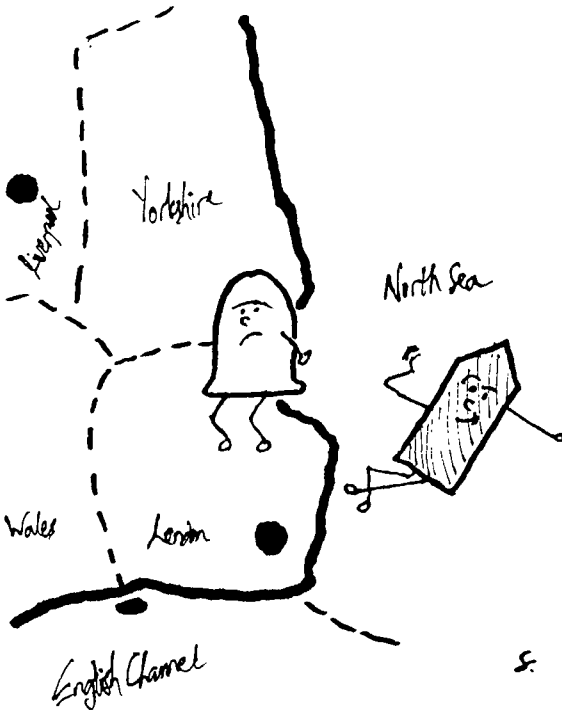


AROUND THE BEND



THE UNWANTED CONVOY: THE CASE AGAINST

"Sorry, but Mummy told me never to accept
lefts from strangers...."



ISSUE 37
NOVEMBER 1995
50p PLUS POSTAGE

Suppose you screeve? or go cheap-jack?
Or fake the broads? or fig a nap?
Or thimble-rig? or knap a yack?
Or pitch a snide? or smash a rag?
Suppose you duff? or nose and lag?
Or get the straight, and land your pot?
How do you melt the multry swag?
Booze and the blowens cop the lot

UP AROUND THE BEND 37

a postal Diplomacy (and other games) 'zine, from
Sandra Bond, 10 Hawksworth Close, Grove, Wantage, Oxon OX12 0NU
(☎ 01235 769629)

Outside GM DAVID OYA, 24 Kingsway, Banbury, Oxon OX16 9NY

DEADLINE: wednesday december 6 1995 (all games)

COST: 50p per issue plus post -- 1st class to players, 2nd to others, unless you tell me otherwise

waiting lists:

DIPLOMACY: Allan Stagg*, Warren Gillham*, David Whitehouse, 4 wanted

CONTRACT BRIDGE DIPLOMACY: Stephen Agar, John Boocock, Colin Smith, Tony Dickinson, Ghan

Bandaranaike, Allan Stagg, Ryk Downes glory be, that's seven! **GAMESTART** ('Tal') inside

DIPLOMACY VARIANT I feel like offering another I haven't seen any zines offer the excellent historical variant

Aberration III for a while, so I tend to that, but anyone is welcome to nominate something they'd like to play

THE AWFUL GREEN THINGS FROM OUTER SPACE: John Boocock, Tony Dickinson, Allan Stagg, Fiona

McArthur, Chris Jones? 2-3 wanted.

BREAKING AWAY: Craig Jones*, Alex Richardson, Louise Auty, Tony Dickmson, Edmund Morgan, Allan Stagg =

GAMESTART ("Short") inside

BUS BOSS: Louise Auty, Bob Holliday, Fiona McArthur, 2+ wanted. Which map? Eeny, meeny, miney, mo.

RAILWAY RIVALS: On the new North Germany map. David Oya, Bob Holliday, Fiona McArthur, ? wanted

Credit Warnings Your account balance is shown on your envelope, but the following people haven't enough to cover next issue John Boocock, Fiona Campbell, Alan (Paisley) Couthard, Andy Cox, Stuart Dagger, Rob Moore, Tim Neale And Duncan Adams, Ed Ainsworth and Martin Draper stand in the dock accused of debt

Goodbye Bryan Betts, Tim Lomas, Rob Tesh (dropout)

EGOLAND

brief editrixial

Deadline morning comes, and the post hits the porch floor with a satisfying thud, but on opening it and checking, I still find myself short of orders from an incredible dozen people. This is not good enough I told you I wanted to get the next issue out for Midcon, and that means that those 12 are going to hold me up while I wait, perhaps in vain, for them to get off their fat duffs Bah

Fiona Campbell writes "Why don't you run a competition on when you're next going to move house? Like the one you did on Lee's birth?" This is an excellent idea, especially since . ahem I'm likely to be off again in the New Year, heading for Portsmouth or environs (beware, Holliday, I'm coming to get you) So anyone who cares to can send in a date in 1996 and the nearest person to the date when I do actually move next gets a free issue or some such delight.

Rules and map for **Aberration III** should be in a subsequent issue, but anyone who can't wait can get a photocopy from me

Late news Steve Agar has now received the bulk of the early British zines from Walt Buchanan's Hoosier Archives in the US, thus enabling him to fill in a lot of the stats from missing early British games Richard Sharp's programme crashed when asked to cope with the earliest ever British game, from *Albion*, dating from 1969

STICHOMYTHIA

the letter column

Well a lot of things have changed around here, but my ability to annoy people doesn't seem to have changed

PAUL COCKAYNE What's this "Cockayne module OFF" crap? Am I an obsessive space filler or something?
NOTTINGHAM And what's this "aging hippie with a corduroy jacket" crap? I have no corduroy jacket, and I deny looking like an aging hippy What have I done to deserve this?

The first remark was not meant to signify that you're an obsessive space filler, merely a source of good ones possibly the best since Steve Howe (the 'little book of thoughts' in the last OTG made me roar) As for your clothing, I may have the material wrong, but at Manorcon you were wearing a jacket that looked as if it hadn't been off your back since I was born (1969) and more people than I were struck by the hippyish air with which you carried yourself Anyone willing to support me on this?

CHRIS JONES I assume from your scathing critique of Mr Hardy which included me in an organ-grinder's
LIVERPOOL monkey kind of way that I am not on your Christmas list? Please tell me. If there's something I have/have not sone/said I'd like to know I also must counter your comment thus. OK, I work with the bloke It's his fault I'm in the hobby I am indigenous to the same region of the universe as him, with the accent to go with it I count Jimmy as a good friend of mine But PLEASE, unless there's a valid reason which I am aware of, don't tar me with the same brush Anyway, vivisection didn't work last time

This one is less defensible My tongue was right in my cheek when I reviewed SNOT last issue, but maybe my irony wasn't as apparent as I thought Perhaps No, damn it all. I utterly refuse to stoop to little smily faces like those dweebs on the Internet use to show when they're not being serious Anyway, sorry. Chris You do, it is undeniable, have a reputation of being Jimbo's sidekick, even as William Whyte used to have Ian Moore and

EOGHAN BARRY My own zine, *Mother Miles*, is a bit of a paltry effort at best but I'll throw a couple in the
DUBLIN envelope with this Ian [Moore] is doing a zine of sorts, but he's even slower than I am -- he may just have a third issue out in time for the four way Christmas jam I'm planning (me, Ian, William Whyte and Dermot Shrevan -- a name which will mean nothing to you) I think I still have copies of the team-up with his debut issue

Both Eoghan's zine and Ian's, Laudanum, look far more like the late, lamented NERTZ than any zine has a right to look Both appear to be available by rather murky arrangements, but enquiries may be addressed to the intrepid twain at Garden Flat, 13 Kenilworth Square, Dublin 6, EIRE for Eoghan, or 2 Chatham Court, Chatham Street Dublin 2, EIRE for Ian. "One should remember that all Irish zines owe NERTZ the debt a son owes a father," writes Ian in Laudanum 1, so the similarity in layout is obviously no accident Many years ago I used to pick silly fights with Eoghan and Ian, but it all seems a long time ago and depressingly futile now, so I shall certainly let bygones be bygones if they will (This has nothing to do with the fact that Tony Dickinson has put me as Italy to Eoghan's Russia in the first Life's Rich Pageant dip game)

EDMUND MORGAN I should be going to Midcon in a couple of weeks or so, assuming I actually send off
SUTTON my booking by then and don't decide I'm completely skint in the next 2½ days I haven't actually worked in the last month or so, but then I've spent no money either
Dole-core, you know the score Any luck on the work front where you are?

Don't be silly I am about to apply for a temporary science librarian's job in Havant, which would put me encouragingly near my current Favourite Person, but I'm not hopeful I have registered with that many agencies you wouldn't believe but none of them have got me anything, librarian-wise or otherwise What worries me most is the way in which I get accustomed to having no money and not much to do Mind, it should mean the zine does okay for a while (assuming I can afford to get it printed and posted after I've spent all day writing it)

Oh look, other people can offend people as well as me, it's the Scouse Git himself

JAMES HARDY Er, I keep reading reports about how horrid I was to a friend of yours at the London qualifier
LIVERPOOL the other week -- personally I don't actually remember I remember commenting initially that somebody looked like Mick Hucknall but thought that was it, I can be a right arsehole when

drunk -- looks like the Hobby has just had its first real exposure to that side of me . if I find an 'easy target' to take the piss out of (i.e. they don't return fire!) I do tend to overdo the joke, as that's all it is to me -- a joke. Not a very funny one for the victim, maybe, but there you go

Anyway, please either pass this apology to your friend (Mark? I can't even remember his name let alone what he looks like -- *does* he look like MH?) or convey its sentiments to him on my behalf. I'm sure you've already advised him that not everybody in the hobby is as big an arsehole as I was (even I'm not usually!) and not to let it put him off investigating the Hobby further. Feel free to publicly humiliate me and prunt this if you like. There's a lot of folks out there who would probably like to see me knocked down a notch or two anyway!

Goddess above, an open invitation. For someone who has spent approximately four hours in Hobby company Mark has made the news columns of a lot of zines. (He's barely a friend of mine -- we go to some of the same sexual politics campaigning groups and I mentioned to him the night before that I was playing in a Dip tournament tomorrow, eliciting an amazing response from him -- he had played the game ages ago and didn't know people still played it! I urged him to turn up and he did, but as I haven't seen him since I don't know what he made of it all. I don't even know his surname or address -- to me he's just Mark from Bounds Green. And while I suppose his hairstyle does somewhat resemble Mick Hucknall's, James of all people should refrain from commenting adversely on other people's silly hairdos. I'll get a copy of this issue to him, anyway, James.

Mind, some people are worse than James, they can't even read the calendar

ROB MOORE Oh bollocks, I've been mugged by another bloody U-Bend deadline. You think you've sorted everything out and BANG, it jumps out from round a corner and kicks your head in. I'm sorry LEEDS my orders are a day late. Name your penance. Withun reason. And legality of course. *[[Not content with this, the outside of his envelope read]]* Arghhhhhhh! This has been sat in my bag for three days. I will send my UBend orders in on time, I will send my UBend orders in on time, I will send my UBend orders in on time.

The letter in question actually arrived the day before the deadline. Keep trying, Rob.

ROB MOORE U-Bend 36 was the most zine-like zine I've seen for quite a while. Lots of stuff on sexuality, some games, and, joy of joys in this sterile, WP age, dodgy photocopying! *[[It was duplicated, actually, as that was the only method I could afford that month. Back to copying this time, I hope]]* Oh well, I knew the fact my name rhymed with 'store' would come in handy one day. Infamy on the U-Bend back page. Having now featured prominently on both front and back page of your esteemed rag, I now feel free and satisfied. Life holds no further pleasures.

I'm writing my PhD thesis up. Ohhh! After only 2½ years as well. How efficient, eh? How depressing. I might finish the bloody thing in 3 years and then I'll have to start proper work.

Sorry to sink to the lowest common denominator here, but re Dave Lomas's comments: mantelpiece? On the front door, surely? Voila! Who needs a bell, eh?

Go AWAY. Let's have another confused person.

BILL EATON Oh, bloody hell. I have just realised that I may have sent the orders for all my other games to OXFORD your old address. Oh well, I'll send you a copy of them again as well. I hope it's not too confusing.

The orders in question were actually sent to the correct, new address. Keep trying, Bill.

ANDY COX Re Louise *[[Auty]]*'s comments *[[in Nimzovitch]]*, I wish I could read her mind, or anyone SWINDON else's for that matter, but I merely try and predict the most likely manoeuvre in the circumstances. Having played a fair amount of face-to-face wargaming in the past, this should be easy, but of course it isn't. Some wargames I've played in the past would lend themselves to play by mail, for example a submarine warfare game I played years ago on a huge hex map. Similar to Sopwith in that the destroyers had to predict the location and depth of the submarines and the submarines where the convoy would be (ordering 3 turns in advance), and fire torpedoes accordingly. Even Squad Leader, an immensely complicated WWII game, could probably be adapted.

Padbury Folk Weekend, as Duncan *[[Adams]]*'s bash was called, was well an experience, really. Having turned up late Friday, fully intending to pay to get in, I found that all the stewards were fellow Sealed Knotters recruited by Duncan. Consequently, at about three in the morning, after copious beers, my girlfriend and I were signed up to help

out Unfortunately the weather was against us and the crowds just didn't turn out This worked for us as we had little to do but was bad for the bands, traders, beer tents and of course Duncan I have to say that he had done an excellent job of organisation of the arena, with loads of food traders and other interesting stalls The stage and crew were professional and most of the bands excellent. I will certainly go again (bank manager willing) if there is an event next year.

I might well be interested too Duncan has surprised everyone by not dropping out after all, causing me to delete seven lines of my being nasty about him at this point that I was foolish enough to write before second post on deadline day

DAVE TANT
BEXLEYHEATH Thanks for your two recent cards, I suppose, although they have caused some problems here as my wife wanted to know why I was getting cards from a girl named Sandra and expressed disbelief somewhat less than politely when I said they were from someone who used to be a bloke called Harry I assume it's still Sandra, and that you haven't settled on some abbreviation yet Most girls I know called Sandra seem to get called Sandy instead one was even called Sanpan, but I always thought that was because people were surprised at the number of men you could get on board her Only I knew you used to prefer being called Haz (though perhaps Hazy might be more suitable) when you were actually Harry (or Henry, for all I know)

IAN HARRIS
CHESTER LE STREET True to form, I had no inkling of what was going on, all your hints in recent issues going straight over my head, without trying to pry or seem ghoulish I hope you're going to keep us informed of how things go, the ins and outs of the situation, so to speak Well, OK, there's one thing I'd like to pry into, I believe someone once referred to you in print as Harold, and you firmly squashed the notion that that was your name, implying that Harry was short for something else but not that Since Haz is no more, are you now prepared to reveal to us just what, if anything, Harry was short for?

I was a genuine Harry, not Henry or Harold, abbreviated Haz (for reasons of gender-neutrality) I am now Sandra, not abbreviated Sandy for reasons of gender-neutrality All clear. I trust?

DAVE TANT Thanks for your forbearance in not phoning your late orders When someone says something like that it makes me feel guilty, and in fact I don't mind someone ringing if I'm sufficiently friends to have given them my number It's making phone calls I don't like doing, particularly to people I don't really know, plus receiving them from strangers (and at least one formerly prominent hobby member sold his address and phone list to a marketing firm) So don't feel you mustn't on any such future occasion (although my wife's reaction if this mysterious Sandra starts ringing me up could be awkward)

Actually you've never given me your number and you're ex-directory.

NICHOLAS PARISH
WEYBRIDGE I think you've rather damned me with faint praise Not only did I not stab you, I also supported you at least five times at the London NDC qualifier (and this from the man who won the Stabbing Git award) And I gave you my company on the way home. Perhaps I should have charged -- Colin Hobbs thinks I'm a "pretty boy" (or so the latest *SNOT* claims) I forgot that most of your subbers wouldn't have been at Manorcon and hence wouldn't have known about your change It seemed like very old news to me
See you at Midcon I'll be arriving at about 1am on Saturday morning -- I'm coming direct from the Black Sabbath concert Woowooargh!

Woowooargh to you too What's a pretty boy like you doing among all those nasty greasy metallers?

FIONA CAMPBELL
ABERDEEN I've had trouble thinking of you as a woman No, I don't have a bad memory, just a vivid imagination, so I've built up a picture of how I think you looked like in my brain, and I'm having trouble dismantling it, so while the picture I have of you is now of a woman I end up saying things like "He's a dyke" I do this with all editors and people who play in games with me, it's not a conscious thing as I don't know I'm doing it Until recently I had David Oya pictured as a 25 year old student He does sound 25 Actually I still think of him as 25 years old And wearing glasses, for some strange reason.

I think you've described the lad rather well, though I think his glasses are to help his eyesight, which doesn't seem a strange reason to me

FIONA CAMPBELL I thought only Scottish places had Closes for the names of streets. Aberdeen and Edinburgh both have Wynds

You get closes everywhere. though I thought that Scotland, or Glasgow at least, used the term for a tenement house rather than an actual street. I remember Edinburgh as having Loans rather than Lanes as well, and it always disappointed me that the local Royal Bank of Scotland wasn't to be found on Bank Loan, or the Army Recruitment Office on War Loan

IAN HARRIS Well now, that zine poll review thing The words 'childlike' and 'innocent' certainly leap to mind when describing me, and aren't rude in the least I wouldn't even have been miffed had 'naive' been tacked on the end *[[Correct male form of that adjective is 'naif'. Ian, unless you're having a sex change too]]* My mother often refers to me as being 'young for my age', it's true I feel like an eleven-year-old trapped in the body of this guy in his mid-thirties, and I suppose if it comes to a choice between looking at the universe with youthful wonder or mature cynicism, I'll plump for the wonder every time

Yes, 'Tex' was definitely one of the best Dippy games I've played in I believe England actually invited me to take London for reasons that seemed sound at the time! I won't join in any more high-correspondence games yet, though, I've been in far too many (for me) over the last few years, and am only now getting down to a manageable number Top priority now is to get that damn zine turnaround down a bit

It's easy when you launch a zine to think you ought to play in every zine you've started trading with This, as I found out, is a Mistake

IAN STILL 'Panko' is extraordinarily similar to 'Pit', isn't it? Of course, the system would work for any situation, Labour vs Tories, New Agers vs scientists, Gay Movement vs Straight Lobby (is there such a thing?) *[[Yes]]*, Trekkies vs the Unenlightened, even Gamers vs Boring Morons -- the Gamers could be split into Dippers, Rivals, Eighteeners and Soppies, calling 'Army Munich to Burgundy', 'One More for the Ireland Map', 'Buy Four B&O' and 'Left Slip Fire Ahead' respectively when they get a set, while the Morons could be split into Footers, Lagers, Beters and Tellies, who have to call 'Used To Play A Bit Till I Did My Knee In', 'Should Have Seen Me Last Night Twelve Pints Sick In Woolworths Doorway', 'Only Needed Two More Winners For A Yankee Might Have Gotten A Couple Of Thousand', and 'See That Great Film Last Night Tits Everywhere One Bloke Got His Head Blown Straight Off' when they get a set

FIONA CAMPBELL It was quite an effort reading your last issue's lettercol. Try thumping your mimeo machine on its right-hand side

Given that the machine wasn't mine, that I'd never used it before, and that its owner (who has never used it herself) bought it second-hand five years ago and left it sitting in her father's garage most of that time, given that the paper feed wouldn't work until I managed to fix it with a couple of elastic bands, and given that the stencil left on the drum from the last time it was used was a letterhead from a London firm old enough for the telephone number to be given as 'Kilburn xxx'. I think I did quite well The later pages were a lot clearer than the earlier ones as I got the measure of the machine I have now found a source of supplies for it in Didcot a few miles away. so I may use it on occasion when I'm having a skint month This month I am feeling slightly richer so I shall splash out on copying It also helps that I have found a very cheap source

KIM HEAD Interested to see you read every word of the zines you receive Does this include game reports? You say you miss some pages of BUM because there is so much of it where does that leave Life's Rich Pageant?

THORNTON HEATH

Oh, I don't miss any of them, because your sort of game interests me far more than En Garde! Even if it does take half a day to get through issue 2 Being unemployed has some uses. I suppose Let it hereby be known that Kim's second issue of LRP had nearly a hundred pages and was stonkingly good Go and subscribe, everyone Her address is in the list of readers this issue

KIM HEAD I'm with Chris Jones -- Ireland wins over France every time I wonder what your feud with Eoghan Barry was about?

If anyone can remember, please write in and tell me.

A couple of people actually recognised the original source of last issue's little ditty, so flushed with that success, I now go on to desecrate Don MacLean Explanations, as with the original, are not provided, you'll have to figure them out yourself I'll be interested to see what you come up with

DIPLOMACY PIE

A long, long time ago, I can still remember when Dippy was the only game.
And I knew if I had my way that I would make the people play,
And that would make me into a Big Name.
But Manorcon was my undoing,
A day I'd be forever rueing.
The man from the committee,
He said it was a pity.
I can't remember who told me
That things like this could ever be
I just saw what I had to see
The day the Hobby died.

So bye-bye to Diplomacy Pie,
With a tactic and a stratagem, a stab and a lie.
The Old Hard Core were drinking beer on the sly,
Singing "Let's all go and get us pie-eyed,
Let's all go and get us pie-eyed "

Well, did you run the NGC, and did you take cash from James O'Fee, when he went to Eurocon?
Do you believe in the One True Game, do you treat all editors the same?
Where have your subscriptions gone?
Well, I know you've got a PhD,
But you never sent your zine to me.
The poker players played, and my fear was unallayed,
Because around the con the rumours flew,
Which some folk guessed and some folks knew,
That something bad had waylaid you,
The day the Hobby died.

I was singing bye-bye to Diplomacy Pie,
With a tactic and a stratagem, a stab and a lie.
The London Hobby meet were playing I-Spy,
Singing "Let's all go and get us pie-eyed,
Let's all go and get us pie-eyed "

So for ten years we went on our way knowing he'd be back with us some day,
When the Frogs would rise again.
And the Scouser played his dogged game to bring the London Upstart fame,
Till the Bookie stole his pen.
And to the con the people went,
And left again, their money spent,
The Bookie quietly smiled
At the people all beguiled.
When the Scouser rose to address the con

He found the people all were gone,
Despite which he went on and on
The day the Hobby died.

He was singing bye-bye to Diplomacy Pie,
With a tactic and a strategem, a stab and a lie.
The fairy-gamers were all rolling a die,
Singing "Let's all go and get us pie-eyed,
Let's all go and get us pie-eyed."

And there we were all in one place, a zine that ran at three-week pace,
With no time left to diplome,
We started out to find the route, with the drunken guide in his three-piece suit,
And a variant full of chrome
The Upstart said we all were mad,
To look for what he once had had,
We told him where to go
As the zine began to slow.
But now the guide was growing old,
And wouldn't do what he was told,
He ran his zine down to a fold
The day the Hobby died.

He was singing bye-bye to Diplomacy Pie,
With a tactic and a strategem, a stab and a lie.
Stephen Agar and other small fry
Were singing "Let's all go and get us pie-eyed,
Let's all go and get us pie-eyed."

I met a girl who ran a zine,
And I asked her what she had seen,
But she just smiled and turned away.
I went down to Manorcon,
Where all the gamers once had gone,
But the Koala said the gamers wouldn't play.
And in the zines the people played,
And their subscriptions all were paid,
But no-one wrote a letter,
Though I told them they'd better.
And the three awards that make one whole,
The Gladys, Rusties and Zine Poll,
They somehow seemed so very droll
The day the Hobby died.

So bye-bye to Diplomacy Pie,
With a tactic and a strategem, a stab and a lie.
Sandra Bond was writing parodies wry,
Singing "Let's all go and get us pie-eyed,
Let's all go and get us pie-eyed."

Someone in the new Dip game asked me for my houserules. Hmm, I thought, it is a long time since I printed them. Since issue 1, in fact. So here are the

U-BEND DIPLOMACY HOUSERULES: Edition II, 30 October 1995

- 1 The word of the GM is law and no correspondence will be entered into
- 2 The GM will run things as per the 1971 rulebook unless these houserules differ specifically
- 3 Deception of the GM renders you liable to whatever retribution I think fitting, which will probably be a painful one, up to and including exclusion from the game.
- 4 All provinces will be referred to by me as 3-letter abbreviations, with land spaces in a capital and two minuscules, and sea spaces all in caps. Unless specified otherwise this abbreviation will be the first three letters of the province's name or its initials for three-word sea spaces. Exceptions are Nwy = Norway, NWG = Norwegian Sea, NTH = North Sea, NAF = North Africa, TYS = Tyrrhenian Sea, Lpl = Liverpool; Lvn = Livonia. Players may write their orders as they please, of course, but in case of ambiguity, orders will be declared illegal. The GM is the judge of ambiguity.
- 5 When moving a fleet to or from a province with multiple coasts, the coast must always be specified correctly
- 6 When supporting or convoying a unit of another country, that unit's nationality must be specified
- 7 Implied orders are accepted but not recommended; i.e. F(NTH) C A(Yor)-Den does count as an order for F(NTH) and A(Yor), though if A(Yor) is ordered differently the specific order overrides the implied one. Best to write one order per unit, really.
- 8 If you're deliberately making an illegal order it's best if you tell me (*sub rosa*, of course)
- 9 Retreats should be submitted with each set of orders, and builds with each Autumn season
- 10 Retreats and builds may be made conditional on events occurring earlier in the turn, but if so they must be specific and not general, i.e. "Retreat A(War)-Sil if dislodged by a German unit" is okay, as is "Build A(Ber) if Russia has moved to BAL, otherwise build A(Mun)". Not okay is "Build F(Bre) if England attacks me"
- 11 Players with no orders on file by the deadline will be NMRed and their units will all hold unordered, disbanding if dislodged. Orders arriving late may be accepted if I haven't adjudicated the game yet, but you're dicing with death. Orders delayed unreasonably by the post (i.e. posted 1st class 2 or more days before the deadline but not arriving in time) may warrant a readjudication, and won't count towards anarchy under rule 5.
- 12 A player NMRing twice consecutively without a very good reason/excuse will be thrown into anarchy and out of the zone. Any remaining credit will go to feed my starving bank account. I am very unlikely indeed to use standbys in Diplomacy, but may do so if I think one is needed.
- 13 Countries in anarchy may receive support for their units. When making winter removals for such countries, the GM will remove units for them in this order, furthest from owned supply centre, fleets before armies, captured SCs before home ones in case of ties, and finally alphabetical order. The same criteria will be used for those who order no removals or insufficient ones.
- 14 A surviving player may put forward a game-end proposal. There are printed anonymously and voted on for next season. They must place all live players above all dead/anarchic ones. Abstentions initially count against, if defeated by abstentions only, the GM will repropose it immediately with abstentions counting for. The GM may also propose a game-end.
- 15 Press is encouraged and will be printed at the GM's discretion, i.e. if there is space. Almost any byline is acceptable – there are no reserved bylines in this zone except the GM's, which is *Judge English*.
- 16 Units may be signed over indefinitely to another player at any time, but the signing-over player must stay in credit.
- 17 Telephone orders are acceptable if the GM is currently contactable by phone, but if I decide it is past my bedtime I may put the phone straight down and NMR you. This is after all a postal games zone, postal orders are best, and there's less chance of me making a transcription error, which if I do is your tough luck.
- 18 Orders should include game name, game date, country name, and real world date. They should also be signed so I know it's you.
- 19 In case of GM error, inform me ASAP and I shall take appropriate action, which will probably be to readjudicate correctly and send the corrections out to players. If errors are pointed out late the game may have to be held over. If they aren't pointed out at all and the situation is such that to correct it now would be horrendous, the error may be allowed to stand.
- 20 When signing up for a game, efforts will be made to give players who have supplied a preference list their choice of country. Players who haven't will get what's left over.
- 21 The GM reserves the right to change these houserules at any time.
- 22 That's all, folks.

SUBSCRIBERSHIP ADDRESS LIST

Well, every zine does this at least once in its life so I may as well do it now. An asterisk by a name signifies someone who is not currently playing in the zine (less work than noting those who are!), the number by your name shows when you first started receiving this paragon of zines, though you may have gaps in between, especially if you're Allan Doodles, Paul Cockayne, Nick Kinzett or Mark Nelson. A † marks those who came with my only batch of adoptive orphans (from *Mica* at issue 3) and have stayed ever since. (Not many of these, I know, *Mica* was a very small zine). A ☛ by your name signifies that I have a telephone (home or work as indicated) number for you. If I don't and you don't mind me having it, please let me know - every editor occasionally needs to get in touch with a subscriber pronto, and having their telephone helps no end.

FREE LIST The select bunch who are close enough friends for me to want to send them everything I do, and who are at the same time interested enough in gaming to be bothered with reading *U-Bend*

- 1* Kay Dekker, 37 Old Winnings Rd, Keresley Village, Coventry CV7 8JL ☛H/W
- 34* Fiona McArthur, 16 Chatsworth Ave, Cosham, Portsmouth PO6 2DF ☛H
- 1* Kate n'ha Ysabet, 15 Buckler Road, Oxford OX2 7TE ☛H

TRADES The people who make me so happy every time a fat envelope slips through the letterbox

- 11 Stephen Agar/Esme Grant, 79 Florence Road, Brighton BN1 6DL (*Spring Offensive*) ☛H
- 1* Pete Birks, 181 Friern Road, London SE22 0BD (*Greatest Hits*) ☛H
- 1 Iain Bowen, 231 Loxley Close, Church Hill, Redditch, Worcs, B98 9JL (*Y Ddraig Goch*) ☛H
- 1 Paul Cockayne, 18 Henry Road, West Bridgford, Nottingham NG2 7NA (*On the Game*) ☛H
- 1* Danny & Kath Collman, 14 Westover Rd, Handsworth Wood, Birmingham B20 1JG (*Springboard*) ☛H
- 16* Malc Cornelius, 3 Gretton Close, Longsight, Manchester M13 0YR (*Backstabbers Utd Monthly*) ☛H/W
- 1* Steve Doubleday, Norton House, 46 Whielden St, Amersham, Bucks HP7 0HU (*The Numbers Game*)
- 29 Ryk Downes, Chapel Hse, Manor Gdns, Pool in Wharfedale, W Yorks LS21 1NB (*ButDA*) ☛H
- 15 Neil & Michelle Duncan, 25 Sarum Hill, Basingstoke, Hants RG21 8SS (*The Cunning Plan*)
- 1 Steve Guest, C Mar Oceana, 9-3ºJ, 28-230 Las Rozas de Madrid, SPAIN (*Variable Pig*)
- 1 Vick Hall, 115a Offord Road, London N1 1PQ (*A Little Original Sin*) ☛H
- 28 James Hardy, 21 Gourley Road, Liverpool L13 4AY (*SNOT*) ☛H
- 4 Ian Harris, 3 Abbotside Close, Urpeth Grange, Chester le Street, Co Durham DH2 1TQ (*Borealis*) ☛H
- 1 Mick Haytack, 43 Swanmore Road, Littleover, Derby DE23 7SD (*Bloodstock*) ☛H
- 23 Kim Head/Louise Auty, 23 Higher Efford Road, Efford, Plymouth PL3 6LB (*Life's Rich Pageant*) ☛H
- 4* Nick Kinzett, 11 Daleway Road, Green Lane, Coventry CV3 6JF (*Outbreak of Heresy*) ☛H
- 1* John Marsden, 33 Weston Road, Strood, Kent ME2 3HA (*Ode*) ☛H
- 1* Mark Nelson, First Floor Front, 3 Kelso Road, Leeds LS2 9PR (*Not exactly sure... Silverthorn? V&U?*)
- 1* Bill O'Neill, 57 Britten Drive, Malvern, Worcs WR14 3LG (*LIES*) ☛H
- 1 David Oya, 24 Kingsway, Banbury, Oxon OX16 9NY (*Where Is My Mind?*) ☛H
- 33* Chrs/Brenda Palm, 45 Cecil Ave, Ardleigh Green, Hornchurch, Essex RM11 2NA (*Idea of March*) ☛H
- 1* Alan Parr, 6 Longfield Gardens, Tring, Herts HP23 4DN (*Hopscotch*) ☛H
- 1 Alex Richardson, 8 Kershaws Hill, Hitchin, Herts SG4 9AE (*Obsidian*)
- 27* Chris Robey, 27 Bowness Avenue, Didcot, Oxon OX11 8NF (*Box Frenzy*) ☛H/W
- 1 Mark Stretch, 25 Woodside, Badger Lane, Hinksey Hill, Oxford OX1 5BL (*One Man's Rubbish*)
- 34* Keith Thomasson, 14 Stepnells, Marsworth, Tring, Herts HP23 4NQ (*For Whom the Die Rolls*) ☛H/W
- 16* Chris Tringham, 10 Jubilee Court, London Road, Thornton Heath, Surrey CR7 3JL (*Megalomana*) ☛H
- 1* Kevin Warne, 8 Charles Street, Grays, Essex RM17 6DX (*Take That You Fiend!*)

ONE FOR ONE TRADES People whose zines are so slow (by design or for good reason) that they subscribe the rest of the time and get a free *U-Bend* when I get one of whatever they put out

- 1 John & Sue Breakwell, 5 Church Road, Woodley, Reading RG5 4QR (*Green Goblin*) ☛H/W
- 34* Rachel House, 23 Whately Road, London SE22 9DA (*Red Hanky Panky*)
- 1 † John Miller, 259 Leek Road, Shelton, Stoke on Trent ST4 2BU (*Mr Gladgrind*) ☛H
- 1* Dave Tant, 32 Nursery Avenue, Bexleyheath, Kent DA7 4JZ (*Sopwith Stats*) ☛-- yes, I know you hate it!

SUBSCRIBERS The salt of the earth without whom etc. etc etc

- 12 Duncan Adams, Grange Bungalow, Radclive, Buckingham MK18 4AB
 1 Edward Ainsworth, 4 Park Avenue, Bedford MK40 2JY
 31 Simon Amos/Sarah Collins, 22 St Margaret's Road, Bradford, W Yorkshire BD7 3AB 📠H/W
 36 Gihan Bandaranaike, 22 Imperial Drive, North Harrow, Middlesex HA2 7LQ 📠H/W
 3♦ Andy Bell, 71 Angle Street, Middlesbrough, Cleveland TS4 2HZ 📠H
 32 John Boocock, 25 Melrose Drive, Old Fletton, Peterborough PE2 9DN 📠H
 19 Geoff Brown, c/o Watts Bros Milliners, 24 Lever Street, Manchester M1 1DT 📠H/W
 23 Fiona Campbell, 16F Sandilands Drive, Aberdeen AB2 2QA 📠H
 1 John Colledge, Dunorroch, 24 Brunstane Bank, Edinburgh EH15 2NR 📠H
 18 Alan Coulthard, 70 Mays Avenue, Carlton, Nottingham NG4 1AU
 30 Alan Coulthard, 8 Redhurst Way, Gleniffer Gate, Paisley, Renfrewshire PA2 8PY
 18 Andy Cox, 51 Birdcombe Road, Westlea, Swindon, Wiltshire SN5 7BJ 📠H
 31* Steve Cox, 71 Hazelhurst Crescent, Horsham, W Sussex RH12 1XB
 3♦ Rob Cullender, 58 Springwell Lane, Mallory Croft, Whetstone, Leicester LE8 3LT
 1 Stuart Dagger, 27 Cameron Way, Bridge of Don, Aberdeen AB23 8QD
 34 Tim Deacon, 11 Murdoch Rise, Loughborough, Leics LE11 0YZ
 30 Tony Dickinson, 67 Little Lane, Featherstone, W Yorkshire WF7 5DN 📠H
 36 Chris Dickson, 42 Arlington Road, Middlesbrough, Cleveland TS5 7RE [home]
 Chris Dickson, Keble College, Oxford OX1 3PG [term]
 1* Allan Doodes, 193 Varsity Drive, Twickenham TW1 1AL 📠W
 16 Martin Draper, 124 Lord Street, Hoddesdon, Herts EN11 8NP
 1 Peter Dunnett, 328 Old Road, Clacton on Sea, Essex CO15 3NU 📠H/W
 31 Bill Eaton, 42 Princes Street, Oxford OX4 1DD 📠H
 35 Warren Gillham, Flat D, 10 Ashburnham Road, Bedford MK40 1DS
 1 Allan Gordon, 3 Forest Avenue, London E4 6AR 📠H
 34 Jim Goulsbra, 72 Moor Lane South, Ravenfield, Rotherham, S Yorkshire S65 4QN 📠H/W?
 34* Colin Hobbs, 113 Antill Road, London N15 4BB
 20 Bob Holliday, 6 Rooke House, Bishop Street, Portsmouth PO1 3DF 📠H
 1* Steve Howe, 1 Castle Court, Castle Lane, Hadleigh, Essex SS7 2AE
 31 Chris Jones, 99 Fitzgerald Road, Liverpool L13 5XJ 📠H/W
 34 Craig Jones, Flat 2 (1st Floor), 12 Bath Road, Stourbridge, W Midlands DY8 1SS
 1* Denis Jones, Flat E, 302 Streatham High Road, London SW16 6HG
 1 Dave Lomas, 6 Ramshaw Grove, Adderley Green, Stoke on Trent ST3 5TD 📠H
 3♦ Rob Moore, Flat 2, 132 Otley Road, Far Headingley, Leeds LS16 5XJ
 1 Edmund Morgan, 22 Meadow Road, Sutton, Surrey SM1 4NF 📠H
 15 John Morgan, 22 Meadow Road, Sutton, Surrey SM1 4NF 📠H
 23 Tim Neale, 33 The Towers, Stevenage, Herts SG1 1HE
 1 Nicholas Parish, Monkmoor, 10 Beechwood Avenue, Weybridge, Surrey KT13 9TE 📠H
 1 Peter Ritchie, 241 Days Lane, Sidecup, Kent DA15 8JX
 34 Colin Smith, 14 Dukes Road, Braintree, Essex CM7 5UE 📠H
 36 Allan Stagg, 32 Chepstow Drive, Bletchley, Milton Keynes MK3 5NB
 1 Guy Thomas, 10 Archers Court, Nottingham Road, South Croydon, Surrey CR2 6LN 📠H
 1 John Todd, 70 Alfred Road, Dorchester, Dorset DT1 2DW 📠H
 22* Jeremy Tulleff, 19 Khartoum Road, Rodwell, Weymouth, Dorset DT4 9LG
 11 Mark Underhay, 65 The Chase, Holland on Sea, Essex CO15 5PZ
 4 Richard Walkerdine, Whispers, Littledean Road, Elton, Newnham on Severn, Glos GL14 1JU 📠H
 1* John Wilman, 2 Keiffor Cottages, Kettins, Blairgowrie, Perthshire PH13 9JT

Of these, 31 people have paid for (or traded with) every issue from the start. You must be mad, the lot of you. This makes the total official circulation 81, just below Paul Cockayne's current (according to the zine which came this morning) 84. I wonder how many we have in common.

Out of interest I checked the subscriber list in a couple of zines ten years old or so. In one case I had five people in common, in the other, seven. The only ones at the same address were Kinzett and Parr.