

"That's a perfect pose, Mr. Hannibal - now, say 'cheese'!"

ISSUE NUMBER 37

This a rather short issue of WAR BULLETIN, a postal gamezine produced by Hartley Patterson of Finches, 7 Cambridge Rd, Beaconsfield, Bucks, UK. Tel 04,946,4116. Fred's Press 69. 27.9.72.

MOVES 1971 BU Spring 1912
1971DS Autumn 1907
1971Uct Autumn 215
1972BL Autumn 1903
1/72 4003-4004
'BDC4' Autumn 1901

This issue is brought to you courtesy of the pay telephone at the 'Gannet' and Beecham's Pills. Some unmentionable person at the party has given me a stinking cold.....

BritDipCon I

Readers of Richard Walkerdine's zine MAD POLICY will have seen that he scooped me by sneaking off on Saturday evening and typing a report on the above event the next day. Actually it ran on until Sunday evening, with people dropping out to sleep in relays (I didn't get any though!). WB readers present were John Piggott, Graham Jeffery, Michel Liesnard, Will Haven, Jeff Oliver, Brian Yare and Richard. A commemorative fanzine was produced, and if anyone else wants a copy please ask.....

It was a reasonably successful event, anyhow, though I'm in no hurry to repeat the experience! It's possible we might have a proper Convention next year, if the number of players continues to grow at the present rate and communication between BDC and fanzines improves.

COAs Messrs Piggott and Davidson are discarding their rice krispies and fissionable material and are back at Jesus College, Cambridge, CB5 8BL, where they can get back to ~~their~~ work.

The Peery series returns next ish, when I've got rid of this sneezing. Bah!

WAR BULLETIN is 5/20p inland, 5/30p Europe, 5/£1 USA Airmail. USAgent is Seth McEvoy, Box 268, East Lansing, Michigan 48823. Game fee is 25p payable when game starts. We trade with zines we like. Back Nos 4p.

Standby Players

1971BU Liesnard
1971DS Feintuck, Feron
1971Uct Davidson
1972BL Yare, Feintuck
1/72 Corker
BDC4 Piggott, Davidson

Waiting list Imperialism IX: Piggott, Jeffery, A Davidson, B Davidson, Corker, Bullock, Davis. Map & rules 5p for this Peloponnesian War variant...2 more players needed!

Deadlines

Diplomacy: Mon 16th October
4000AD: Sat 7th October

New Games

Jeff Oliver, 73 Egerton Rd, Fallowfield, Manchester M14 6UZ has regular openings in his 'Monochrome Supplement' to Colin Hemming's XL.

Richard Walkerdine, 'Cheriton', 15 Crouch Oak Lane, Addlestone, Surrey, KT15 2AN has an opening in Youngstown Variant, the 10 player game adding China, Japan and India,

And Graham Jeffery is trying for an International game in DER KRIEG. I had a flyer recently from a US zine offering the 'first' such game - obviously he was unaware that COURIER has had them for some while...

The 4000AD Page

Moves for Autumn 4003 were sent by carbon copy:

ALGOL (Davidson) Agl-6. Abn-1. Men-1. Rig-6. Pol-4. Pol 1(DY-1)Ham. 2(DY-1)Mra.
 ANTARES (Piggott) Ant-8. Rut-1. Thu-1. Sab-1. Sar-1. Sar 1(KR-3). 2(LY-5).
 PAVO (Oliver) Pav-2. Dnb-1. Amn-1. Sol-5. Veg-3. 2(JR-8)Fom@Fom(GR-7)Anb.
 REGULUS (Walkerdine) Reg-6. Avi-2. Adh-2. DbA-1. 3(CY-7)Cas*. 2(FR-2)Pux@Pux 1(FY-1)Mer.

Builds: All built five except Antares which built three.

Spring 4004

ALGOL: Agl-1. Abn-1. Men-1. Rig-6. Pol-4. Ham-1. Mra-1. Agl 1(AY-10).
 ANTARES: Ant-4. Rut-1. Thu-1. Sab-1. Sar-1. Ant 1(LR-7). 2(KR-3)Sol. 3(LY-5).
 PAVO: Pav-7. Dnb-1. Amn-1. Sol-5. Veg-3. Fom-1. Anb-1. Anb 1(GR-6).
 REGULUS: Reg-11. Avi-1. Adh-2. DbA-1. Pux-1. Mer-1. Cas-7. Avi 1(CR-1)Adh.

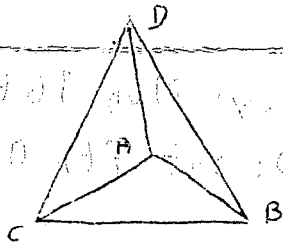
Tanelorn, Alhena IV: Supplemental to the supplemental to the last report. The belief that the strange-looking creatures brought back by the GSS 'Enterprise' are completely unintelligent has now been confirmed. The final proof was their attack on a 'Ngaark', a mindless domestic pet of the Alhenans, in the belief that it was an emissary of Regulus. Any creatures who can't differentiate between a furry, eight-legged, 14 pound Ngaark and a tall, handsome muscular member of the Regulusian master-race cannot hope to do more than serve as cannon-fodder for the invincible might of the battle-fleets of our glorious empire!

The Poll

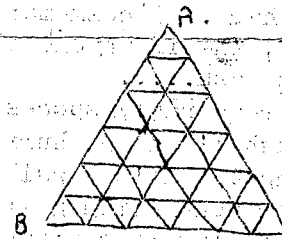
Geoff Corker and Andy Davidson wanted the hexagonal board, Richard Walkerdine preferred the cubical one. Colin Hemming had other ideas:

"I set about designing a board of my own, and trying to maintain symmetry I tried to stack tetrahedra together. I got some very interesting shapes but none of them any good for playing the game on. So: instead of siting the stars inside the tetrahedra, I tried placing them at the vertices. This gives a much greater range of movement and, to my mind, a better representation of hyper-travel - the vertices are isolated segments of 3-D space seperated by hyperspace paths. Still no good for playing 4000AD though. Here!s my final design, it's played on the surface of one large tetrahedron, the four faces of which are divided into small equilateral triangles. Each point of intersection represents a piece of 3-D space where 1 or 2 stars are sited, and the sides of the triangles represent connections between them via 4-D space. There are four players, the home stars being sited at the vertices of the large tetrahedron. Perhaps a diagram would help. ((Er...yes please!))

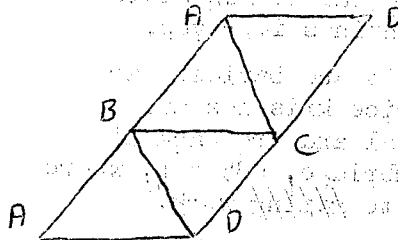
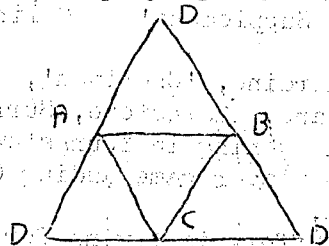
The tetrahedron is thus:-



Each face looks like this:-



And the whole playing surface may be represented in 2-D as:



The movement rules will need surprisingly little modification, merely that a fleet must take the shortest route between two points. I'll leave it to someone else to work out which stars should be + or o, shouldn't be too difficult. I think this game should use more warps, as there are about three times as many stars as in the original.

((The standard board has 48 stars in all, you were thinking of sectors I think...I'm inclined to think that the distances between home stars should be kept to the present 3-7 move level, otherwise the game will be very slow...and also that the number of stars per player is probably about right.

A tetrahedral board had occurred to me as being better for four players. Why not make it really complex and have internal connections, ie a pile of small tetrahedra built up into a large one? Gasp....))

On limiting warps, Andy wanted no limit, Geoff four and Richard three. All agreed that players should stay in until all his ships were wiped out. Andy wasn't happy about using Spring and Autumn in space. Geoff would like to see more realistic combat rules - such as?

On Saturday a 4000AD game ended inconclusively with as I recall Jeff Oliver and Graham Jeffery unable to reach a decision. I'm led to suspect that this will prove the main failing of the rules, though Jeff said most of the FTF games he'd played had produced a winner.

Oh - I find I missed a couple of voters! Jeff and John Piggott both wanted six players, which settles that. John had a sneaky rule whereby a player removes one ship per turn per warp in use...a sort of operating expenditure to take into account metal fatigue in the hull, tribbles in the food-locker etc. That's going to create problems for a small power though!!

My own suggestion is that the number of warps in use cannot exceed the number of ships built last time, which will prevent total anarchy and GM breakdown.

As regards the mistaken Thuban order last time: John suggested that movement orders should take precedence over standing orders, while Richard thought this was the equivalent of an ambiguous move in Dippy and should not be followed. I'm inclined to agree with the former, as players may come to only writing out the moves and not the full list of standing units. Naturally this brings up the question of ordering the wrong number of units to move; in which case I can either rule a 'no move' or attempt to follow the orders as far as possible. Over to you folks.....

"BDC4" Autumn 1901

Lesbos: Grand Admiral Rathadizy escaped unhurt when the Unglück was rammed by this island, and hopes to winter here. He reports that the girls are 'jolly pretty' but tend to stick together.

Paris(Govnt): The president spent last weekend negotiating at hearty Hartley's party - superbly organised by Wendy - and is now recovering.

London (Govnt): Among various summer visitors seen strolling down Whitehall recently was the head of the Austrian Government.

GB: (Callender) A Ycr-Nwy C by F Nth. F Nrg-Bar.

G: (Eastham) A Ruh-Mun. A Kie-Hol. F Den stand.

R: (Holborn) F Rum stand. A Gal-Vie. F CoB-Swe. A StP-Nwy.

T: (Musselwhite) A Bul-Rum. A Cor-Bul. F Ank-Bla.

A: (Sharp) F Alb-Gre. A Tri-Vie. A Ser S TURKEY A Bul-Rum.

I: (Wilson) F Tyr-Tun. ~~A//A//A//A~~ S by A Tyr.

F: (Yare) A Spa-Por. A Pic-Bel. F Eng-Wal.

These /////
imply something odd - as here the Italian army is in Venice not Vienna!

GB: Lon Lpl Edi = 3. No change.

G: Ber Kie Mun +Hol +Den = 5. Two builds.

R: StP Mos War Sev +Swe = 5. One build.

T: Con Ank Smy +Bul +Rum = 5. Two builds.

A: Vie Tri Bud +Gre +Ser = 5. Two builds.

I: Rom Nap Ven +Tun = 4. One build.

F: Par Mar Bre +Por +Bel = 5. Two builds.

Retreats: F Rumania-Sevastopol.

Winter adjustments due by the normal deadline date, as per BDC rules.

1971BU ("L") Spring 1912

Heathrow Airport: "Now let's just get this straight sir. You haven't a passport or entry permit, your name is Tobberic, you're come from a place called Asbach and you're looking for Hannibal."

"That's right."

"Harry, can you get hold of the Drug Squad for me. Oh, and you'd better get the RSPCA man to have a look at this flying horse of his."

Bohemian Zeitung: According to well informed peasants around Schloss Schweinhundt, the experiments of Herr Professor von Moeshoeshoestein have succeeded. Herr Professor, however, is now looking for women corpses.

Berlin (Govnt): "Yes, indeed," said our Glorious Kaiser, "I am now collecting stamps. But I fear this will soon become a dull hobby, as the whole world will be using German or English stamps. Perhaps I should turn to fanzine collecting."

Ankara (Berlitz School Public Relations Office): About 10,000 more German teachers needed...

Bucharest: The Special Teacher's Army, now in Budapest, will soon march towards Ankara.

GB: (Davis) A Por-Spa. A Ven-Rom S by F Tyr & A Tus. A Mos-Sev. F Wes & F GcL S F Tyr.
F Tun-Ion. A Lon-Bre C by F Eng. A Lpl-NAF C by F Iri. & F MAO.

G: (Feron) F NAO feels like standing. A Tyr-Ven S by A Pie. A Tri-Alb S by A Ser.
A Vie-Tri. A Boh-Vie. A Mun-Boh. A Bur-Mun. A Rum-Bul. A Gal-Rum. A Sil-Gal.
A Ber-Sil. A Sev-Arm.

T: (Piggott) A Arm-Syr. A Bul-Con. F Adr-Ven S by A Rom. F Ion MS. F Nap. F Gre-Aeg.

Retreat: A Rom-Apu.

1971DS ("E") Autumn 1907

?: "I'LL STAY IN THIS GAME YET!" he screamed....

GB: (Piggott) F Den S GERMAN F Kie.

G: (Burton) A Fin-StP S by F Nwy. F Kie-Ber S by A Sil. F Nth-Bel S by A Ruh.

R: (Maule) A StP stand S by A Liv. A Vie stand. A Ber MS A Mun. A Boh S A Mun.

T: (Bell) F Eas-Ion S F Aeg. F Smy-Eas. A Ser-Alb S by A Gre. A Bul-Ser. A Con-Bul.

I: (Parker) F Nap-Rom S by A Ven. F Adr & F Alb S A Tri. A Tri S F Alb.

F: (Liesnard) A Pic-Bel S by A Bur & F Eng. A Mar-Pie. A Rom stand. F GcL-Tyr. F NAO-Cly.

Retreats: F/A Rom-Tus..

GB: Edi+Den = 2. Builds F Edi!!!

G: Kie ~~Wyn~~ Hol ~~Wyn~~ Swe Nor ~~Wyn~~ = 4. GM removes F Sweden, A Finland.

R: Mos War Sev Bud StP Ber +Vie +Mun = 8. Builds A Warsaw, A Moscow.

T: Con Ank Smy Gre Ser Bul Rum ~~Wyn~~ = 7. No change.

I: Rom Nap Ven Tun+Tri ~~Wyn~~ = 5. No change.

F: Par Mar Spa Por Lpl Bre Lon +Bel = 8. Builds F Marseilles.

Thanks for standby move Kevin...

1972BL cent from p5

GB: Lon Lpl Edi Nor Den +Kie. +Hol = 7. Builds F Liverpool, A London.

G: ~~Kie~~ ~~Wyn~~ +Tri = 1. No change.

R: StP Mos War Sev Rum Swe Ber Mun = 8. No change.

T: Con Ank Smy = 3. No change.

A: Bud ~~Wyn~~ Bul Gre +Vie = 4. No change.

I: Rom Nap Ven ~~Wyn~~ ~~Wyn~~ +Tun +Ser = 5. Builds A Venice.

F: Par Mar Bre Spa Bel Por = 6. No change.

Should have noted I/A Vie was eliminated.

1972BL ("G") Autumn 1903

Schloss Gotterdammerung: "The Czar is a fink!"

Brest (Govnt): Oops!

Paris: Many requests have been flooding in from the populous ((?)) for a public viewing of the award winning rear of Admiral Sir Oliver Jeffrey, retreating at speed of knots up the North-Sea.

London (Govnt): Following rumours earlier this year, it has now been confirmed that a new fleet has arrived. An overseas education has been decided upon.

Budapest: C-in-C of Austria's northern army, Count Measaquier, is making a last ditch effort to re-enter Vienna. "I've been away too long," he said, "The soft ~~ly~~ refrains of the Vienna boys' choir are now but a fond memory."

Tunis: "What's that smell, Mustapha? I thought we got rid of the camel-dung last year." "We did, we did....now its the Italians."

Rome 29th Aug: The Austrian ambassador was today murdered by our glorious armed forces. The action, described by Generalissimo Martinc Davisti as "military genius", took place this afternoon. While two battalions took care of the ambassador's ferocious Yorkshire terrier, a third was scaling the wall to the window of the bedroom where he lay sleeping....

Rome 1st Sep: Large quantities of sand are being shipped to the Russian front; we hope that all soldiers will be following the example of our leader by burying their heads in it.

Schloss Gutterdhammerung: Every week Czar Davidsling goes alone into the dungeons of his Silesian stronghold. No-one knows what he does there....

"Ilse, Ilse. How much longer must we go on meeting like this?"

"I have nothing to say to you, you craven cur. You may think you can hide behind your eight bases, but my forces still have one left!"

"True. But I am rather stronger than you, Ilse, especially after using all that body-building equipment I purchased--"

"With the money you stole from the hard-working German peasants, I suppose?"

"Besides which, you're chained to the wall of this dungeon, Ilse. I am free to command my armies in the field if I wish."

"You've never been within a hundred miles of a battlefield."

"No-- but not for lack of trying, I assure you."

"What? No transport? Oh, you poor dear."

"Don't waste your sympathy-- you'll need it for yourself when you've been here a few more years. In any case, the Harley motor-cycle company at Kiev have designed a new machine specially for my own use. The call it the Harley-Davidson..."

"Gaak! Do you have to use my plight to perpetrate your foul puns?"

"Of course. There's a lovely smell of rat dung in this dungeon, and I always was a pun gent."

Kiev: Czar Davidsling's nephew Avram was today refused entry to the Russian army on the grounds that his name ends in -ov. "Am I glad I changed my name a few years ago," he declared. "I never dreamed it would come in handy to avoid the draft, but I always felt ffeatherstone-hough was a rather silly name for a prince of the Davidsling line."

Cambridge: From out of the windows of a house in Jesus Lane came a fearsome globule of agglutinated proteins. What was it? Was it a bird? Was it a plane? No -- it was SUPERPANCAKE! The phantom no-egg mixer had struck again!

Rome: Leading publishers are fighting for publication rights of "The Hannibal Papers", a recently unearthed series of hitherto unrecorded fragments of conversation between the Carthaginian hero and his brother,

GB: (Oliver) F MAO MS F Eng. F Nth & F Hol stand. A Kie S RUSSIA A Mun.

G: (Piggott) A Tri S ITALY A Alb-Ser.

R: (Davidson) F Ber-Pru. A Sil-Boh S by A Mun. A Gal S AUSTRIA A Bud-Vie.

F Rum S AUSTRIA A Bul. A Ukr S F Rum. A Sev-Arm. A Mos-Sev.

T: (Feron) F Bla-Bul S by A Con & F Aeg.

A: (Hemming) A Bud-Vie. A Ser-Bud. F Gre-Aeg. A Bul stand.

I: (Davis) F Adr S GERMAN A Tri. A Alb-Ser. A Ven-Apu. F Ion-Tun. A Vie S RUSSIA

A Gal-Bud.

F: (Jones) F Bre-MAO S by F Spa(SC). A Por stand. A Tyr-Mun S by A Bur. A Bel-Ruh.

1971Uct ("F") Autumn 215

Error: Missed A Ale-Mar last time. It doesn't seriously affect anyone, I think....

nr Beneventum: "Ah", said Hasdrubal, pushing aside his maps and rising to his feet, "Come on. So you're the young feller-me-lad they've sent over on this exchange business."

"Yes, sir", said Eomer, "I've brought one or two of my lads along as well."

"Fine, fine. Well now, got any ideas about the battle tomorrow morning? Cannae, I think this place is called."

Eomer blushed. "Well, actually sir..." he began hesitantly.

"Come on, out with it," barked Hasdrubal, "like a feller who speaks his mind, eh?"

"Well sir...instead of concentrating your cavalry in the centre, why not put it on the wings - I'll take my heavy lads on the left and you can put the Numidians on the right. Then post your Gauls and Spaniards forward in the centre with your African veterans flanking them, so that as the Gauls are pushed back, the Africans can swing in. And my cavalry..."

Hasdrubal thumped the table. "Damn fine idea. Good stuff, young feller. Like the cut of your jib. All right, we'll do it - but I think we'd better say it's my brother's idea, don't you?"

Outer Sea: "Good of you to give me a lift, Hiram," said Zapatus the bandit, as the trireme battled though an Autumn gale on it's way North. "Should be able to get more aid from King Huon now that Hispania is clear of the Imperialists."

R: (Maule) A Syr-Sic. A Bel S A Cel-Lug. A Cis stand.

M: (Piggott) A Ven-Rav. F Cre-EAeg S by F WAeg. F Ion-Cre. A Lar-Pel. A Moe-S A Thr. A Dal stand. F WEux-Nic S by A Thr.

P: (Rinchon) F Hel S RHOES F EAeg. A Nic S RHOES A Bit.

RH: (Liesnard) A Phr S A Bit. F Rho & F Pis & F Kar S F Pha-Pam.& F EAeg also!

S: (Feintuck) A Pho-Gal. A Ant-Cil. A Col-Sar S by A Khe. A Pap-Bit S by A WGl. A SGl-Phr. F Pam-Cyp. F Iss-Lev.

E: (Jeffery) A Mar-Lep C by F Syr & F Bar. A Sah S A Tha. F Egy S F Bar.

C: (Davis) F Adr-Cal. A Rom-Rav. A Gad-Mau. F Car-Tha S F Mel. F Aio S F Mel. F Lig-Cis. A Nea-Syr S by F Tyr. A Mas-Cel S by A Aqu & A Nar.

Retreats: P/A Nic disbanded. RH/A Bit eliminated.

R: ~~Syr~~ Mas ~~Phr~~ Lug Bel +Cis +Sic = 5. No build possible.

M: Pel Lar Spa Ath Dal Epi Thr ~~Rav~~ Cre 1CAR +Nic = 11. Builds F Spa, A Lar.

P: ~~Phr~~ ~~Khe~~ = 0. Out!

RH: Rho Phr Pis Kar Phr ~~Phr~~ Lyd Per = 7. Builds A Pharos.

S: 2Sel Ant Maz Arm Cil Pho Cyp Pon +Khe +Bit = 11. No builds received.

E: 2Ale Cyr Jer The Nab Car Tha +Lep = 9. Builds F Cyrene.

C: Car New Aqu ~~Phr~~ Ben Sar Can Gad Rom ~~Phr~~ Sag Nea ~~Phr~~ -1MAC +Cel +Syr = 11. Remove A Rome

"Hi, cobber, that's a dinkum uniform you got there," said the bushranger.

"Are you sure this is the right Beaconsfield?" Hannibal asked his brother. "Tell me, is this the home of

WAR BULLETIN-37 from Hartley Patterson Finches 7 Cambridge Rd Beaconsfield Bucks, UK ?"

"This is Beaconsfield, Tasmania all right," came the reply. "Aussie in '75!"

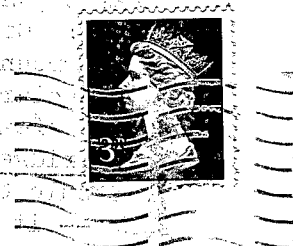
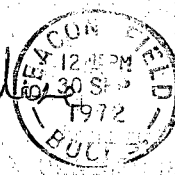
Richard Walker

Cheriton

15 Crouch Oak Lane

Addres tose

Surrey



hey, Feron, this is BritDipCon I, and what are you going to do about it? From the dark depths of Finches, marred only by the absence of one Hannibal from our company, we bring you:

THE BILBOTTING ENCYCLOPAEDIAS SWAT HAIRY OLIVER IN THE PURPLE ELEPHANTS

N^o 3764

Not a Supplement to War Bulletin 37

Not Fred's Press

23.9.72.

Eh oui, Hannutois, MOI, je suis la... C'est pas comme d'autres qui se marrent tous seuls a Hannut... I thus left my Dippycourses this morning, at 11 p.m., and transported myself up to Zaventem Airport, where two Belgian parachutists battalions locked me in a "Caravelle" for approximately 4 hours, giving me the permission to smell the beautiful sweat of my neighbours. The Fedayins were playing around, they said, ... Fortunately, the plane finally took off and dropped me at London Airport, where Dear Hartley and Brian mate were unexpectedly waiting. (Never heard about a & exclamation mark? OOOO)

(British Diplomacy wishes it to be known that the above is none of their work, but was typed entirely by the atrocious and illegible Liesnard. "Ah, you British," sighs Michel, "You drive on the wrong side of the road, and your typewriters have the keys in the wrong place...")

Liesnard, incidentally, astonished the whole assembly by producing an impossible-looking concoction of chips in boiling oil, together with the sauce special de Hannut. (The red sauce, we are asked to make clear.) Actually it turned out to be delicious, though one F. Hemmings Esq. made disparaging remarks about it, that is in between the times he chased Wendy about the kitchen clutching a brown ale bottle or some such in his sweaty paws. Tricky guys, these fans. Then there were all the Tolkien freaks upstairs, listening to dear Belladonna holding forth (I hope you're ready with the corflu, Hartley!), but we might as well ignore them.

"Can somebody else have a go?" asked Jeff Oliver

For you, Jeff, deraie, anything!

Piggott you under my skin. ' And he was hung by his left ear 'till the blood ran from his!... thank you pseud corner. Apples are good, but were out of Newky. Shucks.

Hey, aren't we all glad Davidson ain't here?????

Bon, et quoi ca est que je vais dire? Hein? Boof? Feron, tu es un lacheur. Je commence a m'habituer a cette apostrophe en forme d'infini en erection).

Well well, voila que non, ce n'est pas Haven! Je voulais taper & Pig-God est assez friturophile... Il a reussi a bouffer (au moins) @ 4 des bi- dules par moi prepares... Grayn n'en ferait pas autant!

I continue my story (saga?): We escalated Brian's bus and moved up to Beaconsfield, travelling through dumps named "South Slums", "North Slums", "Dump and shut up Hartley", "etc", etc... Patterson's house isn't too disgusting, really. (he is just standing behind me with his horrible ~~W/H~~ sister) OK, your knife is longer than mu Aunt's garden... OK! I must say something nice about her, she says... WHAAAAAT? Really, WHAAAT? She is a very nice potatoes peeler. So it's done. Puf!

I repeat: she peels very well. I think I'll have to leave, and I really really do not understand why... but she's so so so HONNEST.

If we called her his horrible sister again things would probably really hum here ~~because they don't know the words~~ so we'd better not... "I really didn't mean it," says Michel in a last ditch attempt to mend the situation... but we know what Liesnard's diplomacy is like...

End of the 1st part... (Liesnard).

Beginning of second part.

End of second part.

Two minutes silence... (Piggott's left) cheers offstage.

And Big Graham comes to the chair...

"~~Unaccustomed~~ unaccustomed to etc. I wish to protest. About British Rail. Why, oh why must trains from Marylebone to Beaconsfield leave once an hour. And I wish to protest about several other things, though Lord Longford wouldn't permit me to repeat my thoughts in these effete pages... (I repeat '.....')"

And now we introduce a note of sanity. Yes, this is your favourite Editor and Partygiver on the ~~Brown Ale type~~ typer again. Time: 16.15 or so, two Dippy games later. This side is a supplement to War Bulletin, it is also Fred's Press something or other.

If Liesnard wasn't reading over my shoulder I could get on with this: now - this was BritDipCon I, with innumerable editors, indeed the largest number of editors gathered together outside the USA.

Back later folks, with more fax and info.....

Well well well, I really didn't mean "horrible" you know... Perhaps a short-sighted and ~~had~~ with bad taste could look at her and think she is, but it is not completely right, ... now, what am I writing? I forgot the word "man" after "with bad taste", but she isn't far and I must have to be very cautious...

She is near the refrigerator. I wanna be forgiven. End of the 3467th part.

This is quite untrue. Not the above of course....no guesses required as to who is playing cards - yes it's Fred Hemmings again.

Michel has just said he's sorry. Will Haven, arriving 6 hours later, appropriates a large flagon of cider and pontificates. Rowan sends his regards Will and regrets he was unable to meet you. Anyone else.....

i am great (an illiterate comment from a personage who prefers to remain anon.)

Hello 'is there anybody there? No answer came the stern reply...

IT is a tale told by an idiot

Full of sound and fury ...

Signifying nothing. MESSAGE ENDS

MESSAGE RESTARTS... Oh, calamity (This writer is useless. It can't even spell properly...)

.....?..... What's this idiot doing? Must be going dotty.

I AM THE LORD WHY?W@?/" We shall inherit the earth.

Midnight, and the scribe returns. A 4000AD game starts, with four Editors locked in mortal combat. WAP now has three apologies, she says "watch it, Hartley, no no no." Have some more cider...

Naven is a has.....

Ha! Haven's star is doomed. We (the Runts) will rule all!.....

The time is now 0036 hours and 15 seconds.... pause to carry out my next 4000 AD move.... correction - the time is now 0040 precisely....bleep....bleep....bleep

Haven's death looms nearer.

And other fannish games appear - superscat, starring ~~tr~~ (I won't remember this in the morning) and others. Mah Jongg was rumoured.

Haven stumbles blindly on, completely unaware of the plot perpetrated against him. Death to the infidel! This message timed 0054...

Oliver's getting close. THE END - for Haven.

In 15 seconds time it will be ~~xxx~~ 1 o'clock on Sunday, 24th. September, ~~19x~~ 1972 x in the Year of our Lord. Or day one of the Empird of the (think of a name - quick) (fill the blank to your own satisfaction.)

I just got Menkar back from Oliver the Angolian. Timed 0107.

'By Luigi, howa we a-get a-here? Enough-a! De Mafioso is-a here to-a stay.

Haven's going to get hit! The end (for Haven) is in sight! Ha!
Our roving clock reports that the time is now 0119 and 23.61 seconds.

(Funeral March played in background.)

"The sight is really fantastic. The coffin is coming down the aisle. We got there before Rowan @ Edwards. Perhaps we gave (to be continued)

I resent being eored to as Haven... Thats Mister Haven to you, scum...

~~Haven's~~ (naughty..) Haven's epitaph contd. - him the better end.

The game does, however, continue.... Who will be next???