

Behavian Rhapsody Vol III, No VI

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Waiting Lists

Diplomacy	Game 86N2	John Dodds, Dave Kotula. (+5).
Dragon Pass	Game 2	Steve Green (+1 or 2).
		(25 game fee)
"Shadow" Diplomacy	Game 86S1	7 wanted. (see page 6).

Standbys

Diplomacy	Nick Brennan, John Dodds
	(2 free issues when you join
	this list and another 3 when
	you are called up).

Games In Progress

Diplomacy	Game 86N1	GM: Malcolm Smith
Dragon Pass	Game 1	GM: Malcolm Smith
Railway Rivals	Game 374X	GM: Rip Gooch

Cost

This issue costs a mere 50 pence, \$1 (US or Canadian), Nkr 10, or the equivalent. Please send cheques for Sterling or Norwegian Kroner, otherwise please send cash. However, I pay well for contributions whether they be articles, variants, short stories or anything upon any subject under or, even, beyond the sun. I am willing to trade with any magazine written in the Queen's English (or the rough approximation thereof, e.g. American magazines).

Deadline

The games in this magazine are run to, and for, the convenience of the players. Therefore the games are all run to independant deadlines, which will maximise the gaming efficiency of the magazine. The adjudications of the games will be published in the next convenient issue of the magazine. All contributions, letters, etc., will be published in the next appropriate issue.

SKEDSMOKORSET, NORWAY 28/7/86

THIS YNX'S MASTER HAS MOVED TO NORWAY!!!

MARCH 10TH THIS YEAR THIS EVENT HAPPENED. THIS GENUINE GUY FROM DARLINGTON, ENGLAND SOMEWHERE, ARRIVED OSLO HARBOUR EARLY THIS MORNING (SURELY LONG BEFORE HE WAS AWAKEN), AND HE BROUGHT HIS VEHICLE WITH HIM. OH, WHAT A VEHICLE.... A PROTOTYPE MINI TANK ENGLISH DESIGNED MONSTER ON WHEELS WHICH LEADS YOUR MIND TO A SAFARI IMAGE IN A JOLLY GOOD JUNGLE. GREAT!!!!!!

WE WERE ALL AT THE OFFICE VERY CURIOUS ABOUT HIS CONDITION AFTER HIS SEA TRIP OVER THE OCEAN. WE WERE DISAPPOINTED BY DISCOVERING THAT HE STILL KEPT HIS NORMAL FACE COLOUR WITH THE FACT THAT HE DIDN'T LOOK PALE AT ALL!!! A-HA, ALREADY BECOME A TROLL (READ: NORWEGIAN), WE THOUGHT. HE STILL DENIES....

HE LOOKS HAPPIER HERE RATHER THAN IN THE LAND OF WOOLIES, WHERE I ALSO HAD THE HONOUR OF BEING HIS FRIEND. I REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME I EVER MET HIM. THIS WAS AT BELL SAXOPHONE??? ON DUTY, THEY SAID. THIS MONDAY I ROUTED SOME PRINTING TO A LOCAL PRINTER STAND-ING NEXT TO HIS DESK. OF COURSE THIS PRINTER DIDN'T WORK THIS MONDAY (DID IT EVER?). MALC WAS THE NEAREST ONE, AND I ASKED HIM WHETHER HE KNEW HOW TO OPERATE THE PRINTER OR NOT. HE REPLIED ME BY SAYING: NO. I DON'T. HOW WAS YOUR WEEK END?

I BEG YOUR PARDON??????

MALC: HOW WAS YOUR WEEK END?

SO YOU CAN EASILY UNDERSTAND. HE IS RATHER EASY TO ACHIEVE CONTACT WITH.....

FROM THAT TIME HE ARRIVED NORWAY FOR GOOD WE HAVE JOINED TWO CONCERTS TOGETHER, AND WE PLAY FOOTBALL IN THE LOCAL TEAM OF STK WHICH APPARENTLY HAPPENS TO BE OUR OFFICE IN OSLO. HE IS REAL TIGER IN GOAL (THIS MUST BE THE RECENT SAFARI STORY!!), AND NOW HE IS ALSO AT THE BEGINNING OF AN ENORMOUS CAREER AS A BASS PLAYER.

THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IS THAT HE HAS NOW FINALLY GOT AN APPARTMENT ON HIS OWN AT ROMSAS AREA NORTH IN OSLO. I REALLY HOPE HE WILL LIKE IT HERE IN NORWAY. WE WILL JOIN LOTS OF CONCERTS AND HAVE SOME FUN IN THIS COUNTRY WHERE YOU DON'T NEED ANY PASSPORT IN YOUR VALLET ALL DAY LONG. SO, FROM ME TO YOU:

W E L C O M E T O N O R W A Y , M A L C.....

PER RANNUG.

EXCUSES, EXCUSES...

So there goes my planned schedule of producing 12 issues of this rag in one year. Up until a few months ago I was doing great, I had survived the transition from Belgium to Norway with little difficulty,, and I thought that it would be plain sailing from then. But, was I wrong? Oh, boy, wrong is an understatement, to say the least. As you may have realised, I've moved house again (no, not since the last issue) and it was this that really bugged up my schedule.

In case you don't know, this is my first time buy and considering that it was in a foreign country and I don't speak much of the lingo the purchase and filling in the forms (with the exception of the Norwegian tax forms) that I was required to fill out to get a loan for the flat I didn't find it too difficult. But what has really thrown me off balance (and this blasted schedule) was that I had never realised that owning a place is so much different than just renting a bed sit. There's all the consideration of the furniture (until now, yours truly has always lived in furnished accomodation) and I never realised that one actually had to go out and buy the stuff. So I was quite happily living under the mis-impression that the furnishing wasn't ever bought but came with the house. And there's all the decorating that's to be done... Again, in rented accomodation, it's the landlord's problem, and if one has a rotten damp patch stain on the wall then one just simply puts a poster over the offending mark. But when one's a houseowner it's a different kettle of fish; one's expected to do something about it.

But the flat is looking beautiful now, thanks (mainly) to the wonderful efforts of May-Britt who's an absolute wiz with the paint brush and the hammer drill. In fact, I'm rather concerned about the front room wall's ability to support anything anymore as it now resembles a slice of gorgonzola cheese. Actually, to tell the truth having a keen internal decorator type around the place does have its drawbacks; many I time I wanted to visit the smallest room only to find that the required seat has disappeared for another coat of paint. It's no joke at 3 a.m. in the morning when one's half asleep when one realises that one's fallen into the loo. But the rewards are great, though, the loo seat must be the only one of its colour in the whole of Oslo.

Anyway, today I'm allowed to get on with the magazine and I hope to get it done by tonight (some chance, it's already a quarter past twelve), or to get it finished off by tomorrow night so that it'll be at the printers by the time that I'm off on my holidays.

So, I'll shut up here and continue with something a little less dull...

HARTLAND TREFOIL plus

Recently, Francis Tresham sent me, from out of the Blue (it wasn't raining that day), a "Hartland Trefoil Newsletter". This, according to the newsletter, is to help fill the void in which no professional games magazines exist. Indeed, after the demise of *Games and Puzzles*, *Games Gazette* and *The Gamer*, there appears to be no market for such an article, although the FRP is covered by Games Workshop's house magazine, *White Dwarf*, and the professional Play-By-Mail (PBM) market is covered by the excellent *Flagship*. But, unfortunately, there's nothing for the likes of you and I. So Francis is doing his bit, admittedly to push his own products, to let the world know of HT's latest releases. I have reprinted the first newsletter in the centre pages of this issue, and whenever I receive any more I'll reprint those too (unless, of course, HT don't like me reproducing them, which I doubt). In exchange I hope to send HT free copies of this magazine, if there's no objection.

In fact I gather that I've got the managing-director of an American games company within my readership, and I'm quite willing to reprint any fliers that you, or any other games company, may wish to send me. I've also recently received the latest *Chaosium* leaflet cum catalogue from Greg Stafford, but since that's in glorious technicolour I can't reprint it.

DIPLOMACY SETS

"Remember the Diplomacy published by Games Research Inc. before 1976, with wooden blocks and the CS Hammond map? The Canadian rights to publish the game were sold before the American rights went to Baltimore, so the earlier version is still available from "Games By Mail" in Toronto. Now that the bookcase game has plastic pieces and a 3-panel map, many Americans are looking for copies with the old style one-piece map and wooden blocks.

"The Canadian version is virtually identical to Game Research's. It has a big brown-red box, one piece map, and wooden blocks. The price from Games By Mail is \$26 (Canadian) postpaid to Canadians (US\$23 to Americans).

"For more information, or to order your "Old Fashioned Diplomacy", call Andrew Webber at (416)-767-4425 or write: Andrew Webber, Games By Mail, P.O. Box 98, Station "D", Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5P 3J5."

I bought a copy last year after I popped over for MayCon '85 and I must admit that I'm very impressed with the quality of the board and pieces. As a rough idea of the size, it's about 3-4" larger, in both directions, than the standard UK and German boards. In fact, it's my favorite set, so if you're a collector of the game, I recommend it to you. Incidentally, I am still looking for the original Calhauer version...

THE 1986 ANNUAL POSTAL DIPLOMACY 'ZINE POLL

Who may vote?

Anyone who regularly reads at least two eligible 'zines.

Which 'zines are eligible?

Any zine published in the British Isles which have printed at least two adjudications of at least one Diplomacy/variant game since August 1st, 1985. **Bohemian Rhapsody**, **Diversions**, **Hopscotch**, **Rostherne Games Review** and **Take That You Fiend** are also eligible.

How does one vote?

List all the eligible zines you receive (and see regularly) and give each a mark between 1 (low) to 10 (high). Votes should be sent to arrive by 20th September 1986 to:

John Piggott
Bosworth House
Central Hall Road
Canvey Island
Essex SS8 9PJ

And to find out the results?

To obtain a personal copy of the results, send 36p in stamps or a trade copy of your 'zine with your votes. Alternatively, watch the hobby news pages of your favourite 'zine.

- A few comments on the Poll:

I'm not 100% sure upon the mechanics of the Poll, but I gather the results are worked out on a Preference Matrix method. These rules make it possible for a person who reads regularly a number of magazines, but only to vote for one of them. Does this matter?

Remember all the fuss about whether **Bohemian Rhapsody** was eligible or not for the Poll? Well, it seems that, according to the rules, **BR** is eligible by the fact that it has printed two Diplomacy adjudications of the same game (in this issue, no less) and that it is published in the UK. So there seems to be no doubt now that **Bohemian Rhapsody** is truly BRITISH.

THE SHADOW PROJECT

The following interesting item is copies from a flier I picked up at MidCon. (A note to those producing fliers; if you print onto white paper then more editors will be willing to spread the word by photocopying the flier into their magazines instead of typing it out by hand).

"What is it? The Shadow Project is a project dedicated to better understanding WHY Diplomacy games unfold as they do. WHY players tend to make the game decisions they make and WHY some players tend to win and some tend to lose.

"The project is named for Lamont Cranston's alter ego 'The Shadow' who knew 'what evil lurks in the hearts of men'.

"How will it work? All the players participating in a Shadow game would record their hopes, fears, reasoning and comments on a season by season basis. These 'diary' entries would then be forwarded to the game's 'Shadow' (either directly, or via the GM) who hold the developing diaries in complete trust throughout the game. At the conclusion of the game the diaries would be combined with the orders, headlines, relevant Press and commentary and published.

"What does it benefit? The participating players would certainly learn something from the experience. At the very least they would benefit from trying to put their reasoning into words. More importantly, though, they will have the opportunity to learn why that critical assumption they made, the one that cost them the game, turned out to be wrong. If winning Diplomacy depends on knowing your opponents, then the chance to discover how you misjudged them should help any player's game.

"For everyone else, the published game should provide insight into Diplomacy play that articles alone could never equal. It will give them the chance to get inside the minds of other players and really see how different perceptions can be.

"Finally, when enough games have been completed they could be anthologized (e.g. Italian wins, E/F Alliances, etc.) and re-published as a fund raising vehicle for other Hobby services. And that benefits us all.

"What it needs to be successful are...

"Game Masters: to offer 'Shadow' game starts.

"Players: with the courage to reveal their inner-most thinking to Dipdom, the time to put their best diplomatic effort into a 'Shadow' game, and the integrity to keep their diary entries honest. In other words - DIPLOMACY PURISTS."

The "Shadow" suggestion was put forward by Stephen Swigger (35 Sharrowbay Court, Scarborough, Ontario, Canada M1W 3T1) and it does look interesting, but I wonder about it's plausibility. It's hard enough trying to get seven players together, for a gamestart, that you know won't drop out; let alone trying to gather seven that will offer a decent diary each season.

Mark Berch was doubtful about the whole project, he said "In such a game you'll find that the players will play in a conservative manner so that they won't be "shown up" when the diaries are published". In other words, Mark fears that such a game will be deadly boring. Imagine the amount of paper that a game will generate, all of which will have to be retyped by the GM, or "Shadow" for later publication...and then imagine a 48-page magazine dedicated to a potentially boring game.

But on the other hand; such a project can be exiting. If seven players who are known to be exiting in their playing and writing styles can be gathered (players like Kathy Byrne and Danny Collman spring to mind) then, perhaps then there will be something to base this project upon.

But (again), a "Shadow" game shouldn't be a "celebrity" game, but a normal game with normal players playing in a normal style. Maybe, the first game should be a "celebrity" game to get the ball rolling. But if such a project gets under way then the fact the game is a "Shadow" shouldn't be advertised to the Hobby as a whole to prevent too much attention being drawn to it before its completion, to, hopefully, prevent some players playing unnaturally under the focus of unusually large attention.

Anyway, what do you think? Do you think that there will be enough interest in such a game? Would you, as a reader, be willing to see almost a whole issue of a magazine (such as this one for example) being dedicated to a "Shadow" report, or not?

If there is sufficient interest, I will be more than willing to "Shadow" a game within *Bohemian Rhapsody* and to reprint the whole affair in a special edition that will be free to all subscribers, so that no-one can complain about getting thirty-fourty pages of, essentially, game-end statements. If I can get seven players willing to be exposed to the readership of BR then I'll start the game sometime. As an incentive, I'll make the game free to all players (ie. your subscription credit will be frozen for the duration, although I would still like to receive trades from other editors) and I'll buy the winner a couple of years subscription to *Diplomacy World*. Can I say fairer than that? Consider a waiting list open.

MAGAZINES AND OTHER PUBLICATIONS

What I hate the most about having **Bohemian Rhapsody** so much behind schedule is that the pile of material that I have is absolutely enormous. The trouble with this is that it is physically impossible for me to include it all in one issue without suffering a nervous breakdown. And if I keep it over for the next issue then there's every danger that it becomes out of date. The same goes for some very interesting publications that I received recently; at DipCon (I did say that this issue was late) I managed to pick up one or two trades. One was **Granstark** (for the second time) which I haven't seen yet (apparently John Boardman has this inability to put my name on his mailing list) and the other was **Not New York**.

NNY is produced by Paul Gardener and it reminds me of the magazine, **Sleepless Knights**, which I used to trade with eons ago. **NNY** is somewhat chaotic, but there's always something worth reading inside about something weird and wonderful. It'll never win the US Zine Poll, but that's neither here nor there. **NNY** is about 8 pages of photocopied, adjudicated chaos, with a few gems thrown in here and there. Basically, I love it; it appeals to my untidy nature. There's no openings for Diplomacy at the moment, but standbys are always welcome. Available from Paul Gardener, Rt. 1, Box 2338, Newfane, Vermont 05345, USA; which is, of course, not New York.

It's very rare when a magazine really excites me, which has me waiting with bated breath for its arrival every month. The magazine in question here is none other than the utterly fantastic **Small Furry Creatures Press**. The reason why I've fallen head over heels in love with this magazine is that the presentation is so clean it has to be seen to be believed. In addition it has just started running (with 50 players) an **En Garde** game which has, quite easily, the potential to be the best **En Garde** game within the Hobby. If I may draw a comparison; it reminds me of the early issues of **Cut and Thrust** that used to be nothing but **En Garde** which came with **Ripping Yarns**. The **En Garde** game is its reason for being, and I hope that it doesn't try and branch out into other games which will probably lose some of its appeal. One notable point is that the **En Garde** game is computer moderated to some extent, which hasn't (yet) proved to be a drawback as the GMs do have control over the computer. Imagine a 100% computer moderated **En Garde** and a player orders a party and only allows certain characters with such and such conditions attached. But one of the nice touches that a player sees is the order sheet that the player receives each turn; this order sheet is produced by a computer with the character's statistics and his financial position, social level and the influences he holds. Marvellous stuff. Frankly, I can't praise this magazine high enough and I suggest that if you're an **En Garde** player you drop a subscription cheque (plus £1 game fee) to 'The Small Furry Creature Press', c/o 42 Wynnendale Road, South Woodford, London E18 1DX. Join up and perhaps my character, Flaccid O' Toole, will buy you a beer in Hunter's Club one week.

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Whilst at DipCon (getting my first ever result - a seven way draw) I was pressed by Bruce Linsey into voting in the North American Zine and GM Poll (called the Runestone Poll for short). I did, and paid Bruce a dollar for the results which have just recently landed in my mailbox.

The result isn't a tatty five page affair, but it's an impressive 52 page report with the more than suitable title of The Cream Shall Rise. So what's in it then? Well, this is how a preference matrix should really look like. It has printed for each magazine how it fared against every other. Therefore with 60 magazines in the Poll we have 60 such preference tables. The winning magazine was Conrad von Metzke's excellent Costaguana, which undoubtably deserved winning the Poll. Well done Conrad, and Costa.

In addition TCSM contains the results of the US Subzine Poll (subzines are bigger in the US, where they are almost a magazine of their own right, than they are in the UK) and the Diplomacy GM Poll.

The results, well, have a look at this lot:

<u>Zine Poll</u>	<u>Sub-Zine Poll</u>	<u>GM Poll</u>
1. <u>Costaguana</u>	<u>D-Day</u>	<u>Gary Coughlan</u>
2. <u>Europa Express</u>	<u>Hobbytalk</u>	<u>Mark Larzelere</u>
3. <u>It's a Trap</u>	<u>The Mega Diplomat</u>	<u>Dave Kleiman</u>
4. <u>Praxis</u>	<u>Only Yesterday</u>	<u>Jim Benes (-4)</u>
5. <u>Excelsior</u>	<u>High Inertia</u>	<u>Andy Lischett (-4)</u>

Unfortunately, I don't have room for all the results, but if you're interested in what goes on on the 'other side' of the Pond then I suggest that you drop Bruce Linsey a line. The cost is \$1 if you voted, and \$2 if you didn't, from Bruce at 73 Ashuelot Street, Apt. 3, Dalton, MA 01226, USA. There was, if you recall, some argument over whether Bruce was 'the right man' to produce the Runestone Poll. Well, from this years, and last years too, there is no doubt in my mind that no-one else could do the job as well as Bruce. Well done, Bruce.

And of course, a round of congratulations to those editors and GMs mentioned above. Of those in the Zine Poll, I voted (highly) for all except Praxis (which I don't see) so I'm pleased over the results. I don't see any of the subzines listed, but undoubtably I'll see some as my Hobby contacts expand further. As for the GMs; well, I've only played under Gary Coughlan once, and he's easily the finest GM I've ever played under. I only wish that he'd run another game so that I can play in Europa Express again.

One interesting thought: if Gary hadn't decided to cut down his commitment on EE, I wonder what the final result in the Zine Poll would have been. Worth thinking about, isn't it?

One of my longest friends in the Hobby, Kathy Byrne (whom I actually met in a EE game a l-o-n-g time ago) produces a modest little magazine called **Kathy's Korner**, which may, or may not, be a subzine to **Whitestonia**. At least that's what Bruce Linsey assumes for the Zine Poll. Personally, I'd compare the **KK/W** situation to the **Diversions/Monochrome** situation in the UK where the latter are 'companion' magazines to each other. There is without doubt that **KK** isn't a subzine in any way or form. Perhaps in the next Runestone Poll we may see the matter rectified.

Kathy's Korner (so named because of a baseball program on one of the umpteen million New York TV channels, and because... oh, it's a long story, so I won't bother explaining) is unique. It's unique because it doesn't bother with letter columns, reviews, games (as far as I can tell), it just (perhaps 'just' is too tame a word here) consists of nothing but an insane collection of Agony Aunt style questions to Kathy. Honestly, it's got to be seen to be believed, and then you won't be able to believe what your eyes see. I got to know Kathy (I nearly missed her due to her 'disappearance' when I landed in Flushing) quite well and I would suppose that **KK** is typical of this crazy, high-spirited young lady. Kathy Byrne, 29-10 164th Street, Flushing, New York 11358, USA. Get it.

BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY

I suppose that it would be a good idea for me to discuss with you all about the future of this magazine. I've had a long hard think about **Bohemian Rhapsody** and what I'd like to do with it. No, this isn't a "I'm gonna fold speech", totally the opposite. Given that the house-owning hassles are nearly over, I can now concentrate upon this magazine. I've a few projects all lined up for it, and they read as follows:

Xyns **Syn** will restart sometime after my holidays because of popular demand. When I commissioned the questionnaire, all who answered the question about this section thought it was a useful contribution. I've had to cut it out of recent issues because I need a stable work environment to make this work well. So, with a bit of luck it should re-appear in the next issue, or failing that, number eight.

Belgie Bits is back. Or rather, it's now called **Troll Time**. I've been here long enough to accumulate some rather interesting views of how this peculiar race of people survive here in the frozen north.

On the games front, I hope to have a second game of **Dragon Pass** starting soon, and I'd like to see three **Diplomacy** games (the maximum for now) on the go. I've also decided to start a game of **En Garde** in the New Year. This isn't a flash-in-the-pan idea either. I've been working on this idea for a few months now, and I've done most of the initial work already. I'm currently studying a number of other magazine's house rules in order to compile my own in the coming months. Watch this space.

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DRAGON PASS

Game One

GM - Players VIII

Turn 2

Active Player: Satar (Neil Mason)

Because both the opposing commanders realised that this battle may be one of the more crucial battles in the war they both spent time adjusting their battle lines each trying to gain as much advantage over the other as possible. The Lunar commander down on the edge of the River, who was guarding the strategic ford crossing, spent a few precious days digging defences in the soft fertile river banks in preparation for the expected Satar charge.

The Lunar Red Emperor knew that even though the Satar forces possessed the better ground the Satarians would be forced to make an attempt to capture the ford. The Satar Commander also realised this and spent the time studying the defences from a distance.

Just before dawn on the fateful day the Red Emperor decided to send the Crimson Bat and the Crater Makers away from the River to safety. As they moved to the north-east they realised that the famous Satar 2-Ridge Farm wasn't as they ought to be.

Unfortunately, Harrek didn't realise that something was wrong until he ordered them to attack the ford from the south as his command attacked from the east. Later sources reveal that the 2-Ridge Farm didn't actually exist at all, but only appeared to be present in Gioranthia. Such sightings of spectral armies have never been recorded before, and one must wonder if this is an omen of some sort.

Whatever the meaning of the ghostly army, the fighting was soon over. Harrek, with Gunda, let the Mounted Militia and the Barbarian Horde's Pol-Joni's charge which was followed up by the Twin Spears.

The end was sudden. The charge, because of good prior observation, swept right over the palisades and crushed underfoot the crack Lunar Regiments, The Mother's Guard and The Hell Sisters. Not one man was left standing as Harrek urged his command onwards towards the Red Emperor.

The Red Emperor was pushed back fighting to the edge of the River. But because of the previous disruption that his retinue had suffered at the hands of the giant wasps the Red Emperor was being forced further and further back.

On the very edge of the River the Emperor's footing gave way and Harrek himself was able to deliver such a terrible blow that almost clove his body in two. The Red Emperor fell into the torrent and was swept away out of sight. There was no hope of escape for the monarch.

Satisfied with their victory Harrek ordered his command back to the plains from which they began their assault that day. Military observers are wondering why Harrek didn't press home his advantage by moving into the territory that he had captured. But it is known that Harrek is wise in mind.

What of the Crimson Bat? Unfortunately for the Bat and for the Crater Makers, they appear to be behind Harrek's lines and still suffering from the effects of the Giant Wasps. However, it is expected that both these elements will move quickly before they are endangered again. The Glow Spot is now east of the River and will remain so while the Crimson Bat's location is known to all. It is also expected that the Bat will be forced to feast sometime, but upon whom we cannot say.

Questions and Answers:

Henk retreated his units from the melee to another ZOC (indeed to a ZOC of the same offensive stack). According to the rules this means that these two units escaped combat this Turn by retreating, even though they ended up in a potential combat situation. Is this correct, or is there a loop hole in the rules? I've allowed it here in this situation, but I'd like to know what you think.

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Some time ago I was wondering if the Blue Moon School could perform Defensive Spirit Magic (DSM) even though the BMS had previously lost their spirit. I received the following remarks from Henk and Neil:

Henk:

A magician's spirit in Dragon Pass is a collection of spirits controlled by the unit. It should not be considered the discorporation of the magicians themselves. If that would be the case, then when a spirit were eliminated, the magician would snuff it too. Elimination does work the other way around, as we know, because spirits are released as soon as their owner is killed.

Neil:

I think that a magician can use DSM even if his spirit is destroyed. This is because there are units that can use DSM in spite of not having any bound spirits, e.g. The Full Moon Corps. The stricture against a magician using DSM while the spirit is providing magical support is to prevent the magician using DSM twice in one move. (Presumably he has to concentrate and expend a certain amount of energy even in controlling the spirit's DSM).

In the Avalon Hill games magazine, *Heroes* Vol 1 No 6, there is a question and answer section concerning Dragon Pass. One of the questions reads:

Q: According to rule 7.8.2, "a magician cannot use DSM while its spirit is providing magical support (see 7.13)". Can a magician whose spirit has been eliminated use DSM?

A: Yes.

The answer's short and sweet; but I am still not sure upon the reasoning why. Although I will go along with this decision, I would still like to know the reasons behind this ruling. Can anyone give any suggestions as to why this is?

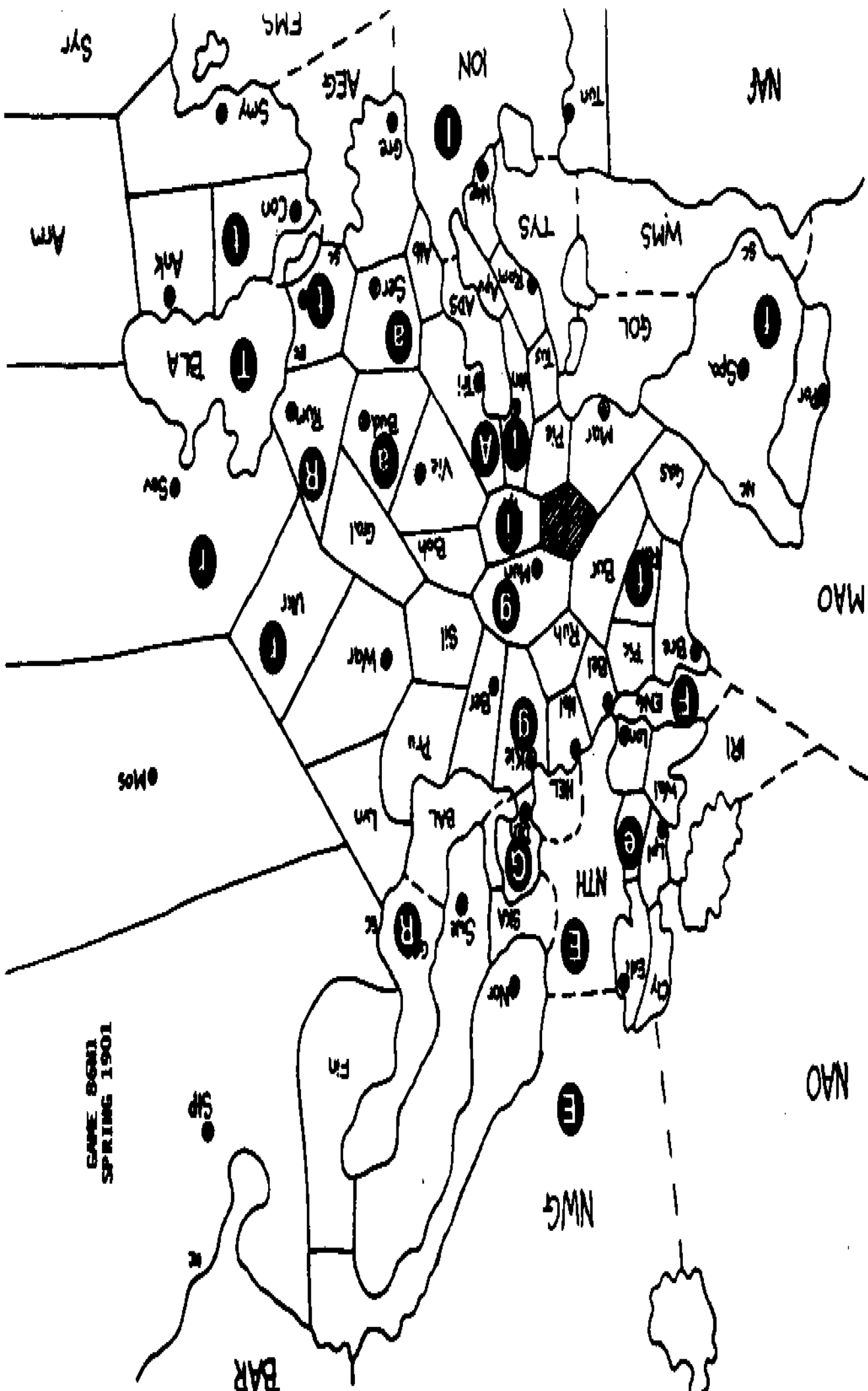
More news from Gloranthia in the next issue.

DIPLOMACY 86M1 Spring 1901

AUSTRIA: (John Keilloh)	A(Yie)-Bud; A(Bud)-Ser; F(Trf)-stands.
ENGLAND: (Urban Smith)	F(Lon)-NTH; F(Edi)-NOR; A(Lpl)-Yor.
FRANCE: (Louis Bezodis)	<u>A(Par)-Bur</u> ; F(Bre)-ENG; A(Mar)-Spa.
GERMANY: (Eoghan Barry)	<u>A(Mun)-Bur</u> ; A(Ber)-Kie; F(Kie)-Den.
ITALY: (Daniel Brooks)	F(Nap)-ION; A(Ven)-Tyr; A(Rom)-Ven.
RUSSIA: (Steve Green)	F(StP)-GDB; F(Sev)-Rum; A(Mos)-Sev; A(War)-Ukr.
TURKEY: (Denise Yates)	F(Ank)-BLA; A(Con)-Bul; A(Smy)-Con.

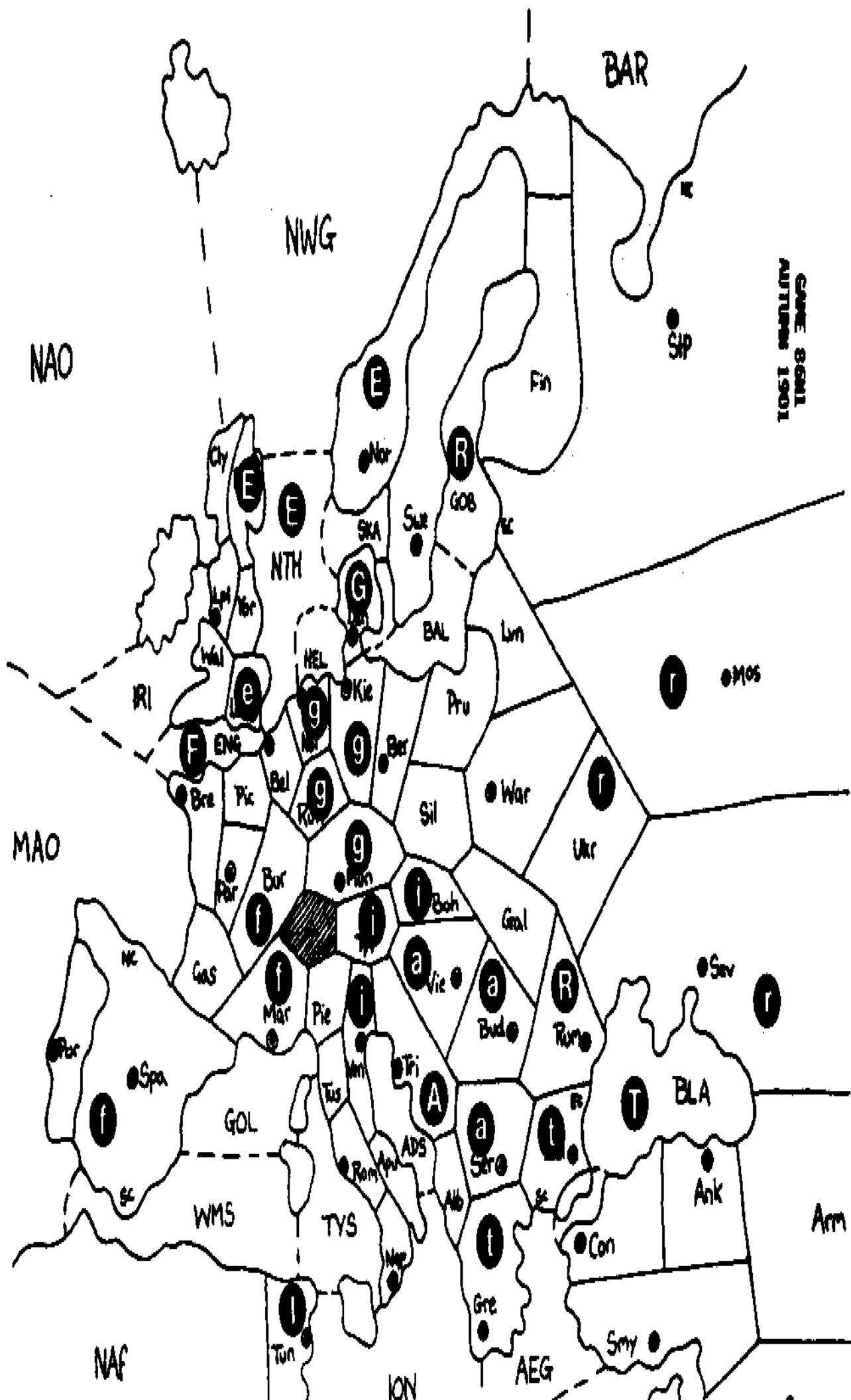
Press

All about spring was coming, and the Kaiser stirred in his cryogenically frozen bunker. "An autre verdammt war." he said in broken European and decided that this time he was conducting the whole thing in English, the German way. He made his was across to a filing cabinet from the depths of which he revealed a file with skull and crossbones, a picture of seven men sitting around a table and in Block lettering "War Plan for the Next Big Lot - (DIP - E)...."



CAME 8001
SPRING 1901

at sea



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DIPLOMACY 86M1 Autumn 1901

AUSTRIA A(Bud)-Vie, F(Trf) stands, A(Ser) s F(Trf).
(John Kefillon)

ENGLAND A(Yor)-Lon, F(NTH)-Bel, F(NWG)-Nor.
(Urban Smith)

FRANCE A(Par)-Bur, F(ENG)-Bel, A(Spa) stands.
(Louis Bezodis)

GERMANY A(Mun-Ruh), A(Kie)-Hol, F(Den)-Swe.
(Eoghan Barry)

ITALY A(Tyr)-Boh, A(Yen)-Tyr, F(ION)-Tun.
(Daniel Brooks)

RUSSIA F(Rum)-Sev, A(Ukr)-Rum, A(StP)-Nor (no such unit),
(Steve Green) F(GOB)-Swe, A(Sev) stands unordered.

TURKEY A(Bul)-Gre, A(Con)-Bul, F(BLA) s A(Con)-Bul.
(Denise Yates)

Retreats

none.

Builds

A: Bud, Tri, Ven +Ser	= 4	Build A(Bud)
E: Edi, Lpl, Lon +Nor	= 4	Build F(Edi)
F: Bre, Mar, Par +Spa	= 4	Build A(Mar)
G: Ber, Kie, Mun +Den +Hol	= 5	Build A(Kie) A(Mun)
I: Nap, Rom, Ven +Tun	= 4	Build A(Yen)
R: Mos, Sev, StP, War +Rum	= 5	Build A(Mos)
T: Ank, Con, Smy +Bul +Gre	= 5	No builds ordered. 2 short.

Notes

Please remember that for each season I require the following from each player:

SPRING: Moves + retreats (may be conditional upon any move made this season)
AUTUMN: Moves + retreats (may be conditional upon any move made this season)
+ adjustments (may be conditional upon any move or retreat made this season)

DIPCON XIX - MARYCON 1988



Bohemian Rhapsody Vol III, No VI

It was dead easy last year to write "MaryCon '85 was great. I came last, but I enjoyed myself no end." But, it ain't quite so easy this time. "Why ever not?", thinketh you. Well, my Christmas holidays to the 'States kinda went a-something like this...

Christmas holidays? In June?

Ah, yes. Because I worked over Christmas ('85-'86) in Belgium I was owed some kind of seasonal festivities by my firm, so when the opportunity arose to go to Virginia, for the second time, to get thrashed again in the Diplomacy tournament, I couldn't resist it.

Anyway, let's get back to the "Wot i did 4 me 'olidaze" bit, shall we?

After learning through bitter experience of what happens when one wears one's contact lenses on a long pan-Atlantic haul (see Vol II, No V for all the gory details) I decided to opt on wearing my glasses in the hope that I would have a trouble-free trip this time. For the most part of the flight it was so. Until we landed at JFK airport in New York.

This time I decided to go the "short way", which was a direct flight from Oslo to JFK, instead of the "scenic route" I took last year which saw me at Brussels, Boston and Washington airports. Perhaps I wasn't as wise as I thought as I landed at JFK.

The first thing I can recall was the humidity. Ever tried to breath a brick wall whilst a swimming pool was being poured down your back? And that was just the arrivals hall. Hall? Did someone mention "hall"? In my book there is no worse experience than being a non-US passport holder at JFK, as one is subjected to (literally) a four hour wait in a l-o-n-g queue of us wogs trying to enter the good ol' US of A. Never again.

Mind you, being in a long airless corridor with a thousand of other sweaty impatient individuals wasn't without its moments. Like the hysterical Swedish woman who wanted to get to the front of the queue (didn't we all) because, she claimed, she was a political refugee seeking asylum. From Sweden? Anyhow, a couple of merry hours were spent watching the antics of this lady running up and down screaming and pleading at unimpressed US Immigration Officials.

About this time a great smell of curry wafted into the corridor. Either the non-existent air-conditioning was really having a bad day, or it was, God forbid....Air India arriving. The atmosphere (both varieties) in the corridor was getting worse and about umpteen hundred potential illegal immigrants joined us and tried to push their way to the front. I don't know what it is about Indians, but someone, somewhere, ought to teach them a sense of social-conscience sometime.

LEFT: DipCon XIX winners. (L to R): Marc Hurwitz (2nd), Mof (1st) and Howard Christie (3rd).

Anyway, after much shoving, cursing and with the assistance of the Immigration Officials the Air India crowd were shoved to the back of the corridor to stew in a pervading odour of countless vindaloos and unwashed saris. Almost. The unfortunate political refugee was stuck right back amongst Air India. Poor lass, not even in the country and already oppressed for the first time.

Eventually, I made it through Immigration. After such an experience I'll never land at JFK again. The next time I travel, I'd rather spend another six hours in the air, or waiting at an airport than waiting to get into America at JFK. Last year the procedure took less than fifteen minutes at Boston. Perhaps, I'll go through there again next time, or perhaps, Chicago.

Then I had to get through Customs. Customs at JFK is like going through a massive warehouse. This is perhaps when I started to feel scared. I've seen all the American movies, "Fort Apache, the Bronx", all the re-runs of "Starsky and Hutch", the Bronson vigilante epics and countless films of gang warfare. And here I was in the middle of New York's airport, feeling lonely and very, very, frightened. The place is huge and absolutely run down. There's a few dirty conveyor belts here and there upon which, hopefully, one's luggage arrives from the airplane. If one is lucky enough to be able to gather one's belongings one then has to find the exit.

Finding the exit was one thing. But wanting to go through it was another. There must have been about half the local precinct's heavies there with half a dozen dogs standing waiting and staring at everyone passing in the hope that they'd be an ardent communist or something so that they'd, quite cheerfully, tear you to pieces. Just in front of the exit is situated a cashier, just like in Woolworth's, except she's not quite so pleasant. I waited my turn in the queue until I was to get served.

"Where's yer receipt?", she demanded.

"I don't have one.", I said, wondering what on earth I needed a receipt for. After all, I wasn't in Belgium, so why did I need a receipt?

"You can't come through without one.", she spitted acidly, her eyes a screaming red. I looked around, trying to locate a receipt-issuing station. I couldn't see one. I looked around again. All I could see was a massive warehouse festooned with American flags that hadn't, in all probability, been cleaned since Nixon was in the White House. I looked back at the cashier who ignored me, and I glanced up towards the exit; perhaps I could run for it. But no, one of the gunslingers was watching me and as he saw me looking at him he pointed to a spot on the far side of the warehouse where I was, evidently, supposed to go.

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So, I turned and moved back into the dusty ruin, through the Air India contingent, although I never did see that Swede again, until I came to a small dirty man sitting behind a small dirty desk. The Customs man. After assuring him that I wasn't a Red, a drug pusher and that I intended to go home soonish (I wanted to go home right then) and a thousand of other things he wrote me a receipt saying that I owed Uncle Sam nothing. Bloody right I didn't.

Grabbing the receipt I dashed back across the floor, to the cashier who was arguing with a bunch of Pakistanis, I plunked the chit onto the counter and rushed out through the door.

I was free. I was in America.

But in the wrong city. I was supposed to be in Washington DC. But that problem could wait until I dealt with more urgent matters first. Now where was the toilet?

I've got this theory that states that Americanmales don't go to the toilet. With an airport the size of JFK (I think that equates to "bloody huge") you'd think that there'd be more than one cubicle which was hidden around the corner next to the "Traveller's Aid" desk (this was probably the New York "sense" of hump(ur) in action). And after seeing the said cubicle it's little wonder why Americans never go to the bog. It was utterly disgusting to say the least, and not only was I frightened of catching every germ in the book it looked odds on that I'd either be mugged by Poerto Ricans or raped by Gays. But when a man's got to rid himself of airline food and umpteen cans of Ringnes beer (okay, so what else is there to do on a eight hour flight, play hide and seek?), a man's got to rid himself... Anyhow I seemed to survive both from being mugged and the latest in Hollywood's fashionable diseases despite the fact that the bloody cubicle didn't have any walls that were over four foot high and started three feet off the ground. In retrospect, perhaps JFK bogs are a good place to strike up conversions with other "passing" travellers, after all there's nowt else that one can do when one's sitting on the pot next to a total stranger, especially since if one is of a shy, delicate nature, like yours truly, and one can't "go" when the next chappie is sitting staring down at you and you can't work out if he's after your baggage, which you've got by your feet, or he's about to molest you in a most unorthodox fashion.

God, I how I hated America. At least that bit of it anyway.

Since the bar was shut I decided to find a flight to Washington to meet up with my host for the days before DipCon, Ken Peel.



TOP: Naughty Fred Davis Jnr., with the even naughtier Debbie Peters.
(How much offered for the negative, Fred?)
BOTTOM: Ken Peel (Left) looking as if there's been a famine.
Larry Peery (Right) looking as if he caused it.





ABOVE: The man who started it all, Alan Calhmer.

Getting to Washington was easy enough, if not so cheap. But short of walking I could see no other way of getting there without paying an extortionate air fare. I was assured in Oslo by the travel agent that the flight from New York to DC would only cost me \$20 or so. Hardly a good start to a Diplomacy holiday, was it? Being taken for a mug even before I left home.

The flight down was a little more luxurious than I expected. Apart from a slaving little schoolgirl (I assumed she was a girl, but one can't be too sure in New York) who sat at the back of the plane I was the only one on board. After downing the usual liquid bribe that's required to get me up in one of those things, we took off and headed south to DC.

I've mentioned DC in the last report I wrote on MaryCon. I mentioned then that I loved the town. It's a really clean place with a superb transit system. If I could compare it with anything, I'd liken it to the Tyne and Wear (or whatever it's called these days) Metro which is really smart. Anyway, because of having prior knowledge of the city and also because of some excellent instructions from Ken I made it up to Silver Spring and Ken's flat where I was to be badly let down. I was hoping to be fed and watered by Ken's Lady, Sue, but since she'd buggered off somewhere on a catering course Ken had to fend for us both. But, despite the few burnt saucepans, Ken's grilled, and blackened, pasta shells weren't all that inedible as I'd anticipated. Roll on the weekend and the University food.

That evening was spent playing quite a merry game: trying to drink Ken's fridge dry and then ringing up various odds and sodds and trying to convince them that we were ringing up from Norway. I think that only Conrad von Metzke was fooled into believing us, but since he's from California that's to be expected anyway.

The next glorious (i.e. sweaty) day was spent doing all the sights that I missed the last time (due to the strange temporary blindness I suffered last year). So a merry hour was spent walking up and down the Washington Mall taking quite a few rolls of film of various touristy things.

One touching item, be it very large, is the Vietnam Veterans memorial tucked away (conveniently out of sight, I shouldn't wonder) in one corner of the Mall nearby to the Lincoln Memorial. For those who don't know, the Veteran's memorial is a huge L-shaped wall of black polished marble with all the names of all the fallen in the war. All along the bottom of the memorial are a great number of wreathes still being laid in remembrance to this day. But what does bring the point home is the sight of a family arriving at the memorial and then looking for their son's name listed in a directory and then searching the wall against the reference given just so that they can reach up and touch his name. Still, after all these years, families are travelling from all over the United States, some for the first time, just to look at this monument for the names of their lost loved ones.

Tactfully placed away from the memorial, but still quite close are a number of stalls manned by 'nam vets., who sit there everyday collecting signatures to a large petition that has been going on for a large number of years to call for the release of the American POWs that are believed to still remain behind in SE Asia and used as slave labour today.

The next day or so was spent wandering about the place, looking in a few shops, buying a few items from a fairly decent games shop in some obscure part of Washington and sitting in the stifling heat in the Mall watching a few softball games being played after work by office workers. I did manage to see a few interesting items; for example, the original flag that inspired the US National Anthem, "The Star Spangled Banner". Apparently, this tuneless ditty came about after a bombardment by the British Navy upon some fortifications, above which flew this multi-hued dishcloth, which started in the early evening and carried on until the following dawn. According to legend, the flag was still flying and some romantically-minded colonial went off and wrote a limerick about the occasion, and thus the Americans got their national anthem. Knowing full well how the Royal Navy did in and about the colonies in those days, it's suprising that from one hundred paces offshore they were more than lucky to hit America; and so the whole thing can probably be written off as a harmless exaggeration.

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The thursday evening before the convention there was due at Ken's place a gather of bodies from all over the USA and Canada of those who intended to go to the convention. The arrangement was that we'd all meet at Ken's place at 5pm and then we'd all dive out somewhere for a meal that night in some wonderful restaurant. Well, about three hundred turned up at Ken's place, but, unfortunately, no Ken. I say unfortunate only because Ken had the only key to the flat, so we were forced to upset the neighbours into playing frisbee in the front street with the likes of Alan Stewart (a half colonial, 'cos he's from Canada) and Bruce Linsey who really upset some passing old ladies with his lecherous leer (unfortunately they weren't to know that that was his best Sunday church-going look). Larry Peery turned up later along with a few other bodies, but no Ken.

After a few hours wait, it was decided that the situation was getting towards the 'desperate' classification, and since the pubs would be shutting in a few hours it was decided that we would buy a few beers there and then. So my unfailing nose (at detecting such retail outlets) was volunteered into service along with the capable arms of some other round looking chap named Mike or something, went off in search of refreshments. On our way I couldn't help that right next to this rather impressive Old Persons Home was this massive funeral parlour with a dirty great flashing red neon light on top saying, quite proudly, "WE ARE THE BIGGEST FUNERAL PALOUR IN THE STATE". Talk about a lack of tack, this was the limit. The glare of the flashing neon into the Home would be enough to accelerate the turnover. Seeing such things doesn't half reinforce the ideas us Brits have of the Americans. At least ours are done in a more refined manner; we have the Co-op Funeral Service which, instead, offers triple Co-op dividend stamps and a set of matching whiskey glasses for each service performed.

Finding the off-license thing, we fell foul of one of the more ridiculous laws in the State. All alcohol must be kept hidden in a brown paper bag, says the Law. A daft law it is too, as we ordered 24 bottles (or so) of the stuff which comes in a 6-pack type arrangement which is easy to handle by carrying the top of the 6-pack holder. But since the Law states that the goods must be in a bag (no handles supplied) in the open, it makes the transport of the items impossible as the bag won't support the weight of more than a score of grasshoppers and if held from the underneath all the bottles would burst out of the plastic holder thing around their necks and then they'd be bottles all over the pavement. Little wonder that our Royal Navy, two hundred years ago, was ordered to lose the colonies to the settlers.

And it was this very evening that Dipcon's greatest mystery occured. I think that instead of me telling you about it, we'll refer to that wonderous magazine, **Hot New York...**

"There is one hope. If Alan did get back to Ken's, then he will be sent over to the train stop to meet us when we pick up Steve. So as Dave drives around through a lack of parking I'm running towards the exit of the stop to meet Steve Hutton who has apparently just arrived himself, and I'm looking for Alan all the while. It's got to the point where I've about given up. Steve and I get in the car to drive over to Ken's and Dave pilots us out of six lanes of traffic at a light when Steve points and says, "There's Alan." Yes, it's him. Relief. Questions, questions that will be answered if only he can get across the traffic before the lights change and he gets flattened. For a guy who gets off at the wrong stop the night before, he does well and we're set to continue south to DipCon.

"So we now have the man. Why? Was it a secret tryst? A temporary lapse? Perhaps a momentary fancy? Was there any clear reason at all? Seemingly not. After all that it came down to having thought we were at the right stop. You know what? He was right. You remember the Armand's we came to the night before - the delivery place? Wrong place. After asking about Alan found the right Armand's on the wrong side of the wrong stop (if you can't follow that, I'm sorry, but that's as plain as it gets). He had naturally expected to find us there, but we never showed so Alan ate at an Oriental place nearby, then took the train back to Ken's arriving shortly after Dave, Mike, Bruce and I left for the night.

"Surprisingly, DipCon was not anticlimatic after all that suspense. In fact, it was as much fun as I could have hoped given that I got clobbered in the two dip games that I joined. However, one question still bugs me, weeks later: How did Alan Stewart know that the wrong stop was the right stop???"

The above was a long extraction from Paul's wonderful magazine, Not New York, and Paul can be contacted at Rt. 1, Box 2338, Newfane, VT 05345, USA.

Actually, for me, the biggest mystery was how was I able to walk off with the North American Diplomacy Championship without ever winning a single game of Diplomacy before in my life? Prior to this weekend my greatest achievements include coming ninth in the UK Championship which only came about because I was controlling two countries in one game (neither of them came near winning) and I recall once coming seventh in a game with only six players....

"Just when you begin to wonder if you're ever going to eat, the log-jam breaks and we're swept out of the door. En masse we sweep through streets and back alleys tooooooooo THE TRAIN. Actually it is quite a comfortable, cool and relaxing train. Lots of room and people are spread out in little groups talking as we ride. Larry is spinning some yarn about a brother he never knew and Malc's talking about I forget what. I'm half listening, half looking out of the window, half starved. Ken gets up from his seat and points out a route map posted on the wall of the train which shows where we're getting off. Maybe that is the BIG MISTAKE. There's no way to tell, but as we get closer to the stop, some kind of anticipation does indeed make itself felt. Perhaps that is why, a stop early Alan Stewart gets to his feet. The door is about to close and nobody else has stirred, but Alan steps right into the opening and is half off the train when someone tells him this is not the stop we want. The door closes on him. He's stuck, sort of, with a decision to make. Alan shows no consternation as he pulls himself towards his left foot - which is on the platform. Doors close all the way, and WHOOSH, we leave Alan behind.

"That was strange.", I say. But it doesn't seem to be a big deal. No calling the cops, no scurrying around or huddling together to figure out how to find Alan. The next stop arrives quickly and we all pile out, aware that Alan can't be far away. Ken's not thinking of Alan, period, end of sentence. He's nearly got a dozen dippers behind him in the Georgetown area of DC and that's enough to worry about. We're looking for a pizza place called Armand's, which we find. There we hope Alan will be there too. He's not, but a local dipper Ken knows, named Doug Byrne is. One problem: Armand's is simply a delivery place of the call-up variety. No chance for hungry dippers to sit and eat. We cast about for something better and settle for a Mexican place as Ken goes off to call someone.

"Ordering goes smoothly enough and no-one seems to miss a Canadian, more or less, but for some reason I'm bothered that nothing is being done. So after a quick discussion with Bruce he and I go off to find him, each taking opposite directions. I run in the heat. People must know I'm nuts; I hope that this pays, but it doesn't, even though I find the entrance to 'Alan's stop'. There's a long escalator ride down, then back up and run back. Bruce comes up empty too. Food has arrived - too much, nearly can't finish after all that running. At least one problem is taken care of; Ken insists that Alan will show up at his place. I hope he's right. But other things come and go and worry, too, fades as I get to meet long time ally and friend, Jeff Close, if only briefly.

"The train ride is orderly enough. Dave, Mike, Bruce and I part company with the others temporarily to spend the night at the home of a friend of Bruce's. Once again it's a short night for all as we get to bed at 1 am and are up at 7 to rendezvous with Steve Hutton in the city. The Alan mystery has been buzzing away in my brain the whole waking time. I've about begun to accept the whole bizarre thing as permanent.

Unfortunately on the day of the convention Ken Peel wasn't able to take the day off work due to some unexpected crisis in the White House or something, which led to a rather interesting situation of a convention happening without any of the committee present until the last day when Ken finally surfaced representing the whole of the DipCon committee. So who and where were the others, I wonder?

Perhaps the only problems this caused was that the friday variants convention, VariMaryCon, didn't take place due to folk not really knowing what was going on at all. This, for me, was a shame as I love to play some of Fred Davis' designs and then be able to chat to him about them afterwards, as with the case of his "East Indies III" we played last year. I know that Fred was a little disappointed not to get the session underway especially as a number of Titan and Judge Dredd games were produced.

Leaving aside other games (I came to play Diplomacy), I think that here would be the best place to describe the tournament rules which are quite different to those encountered at MidCon (the UK Championship). The actual scoring system was kept a secret from the players until the end of the Championship so as not to influence anyone's game, but I suspect that all the players had a pretty good guess at what the system was anyway.

There were five rounds of Diplomacy played over the weekend. One on friday night (starting about 7pm), one on saturday morning (9am), lunchtime (2pm) and in the evening at 7pm. The last round was at 9am on sunday morning. Each of the games were to be played until a result was obtained, except for the sunday which had a 2pm deadline. In addition, a player could play in as many games he wished as long as at least two games were started and one of them was the sunday game (to stop players with two wins on friday and saturday from sitting back from the rest of the tournament). This, perhaps, gave the players the idea that some kind of averaging system was going to be used for the scoring.

Personally, I like the idea of the games going until a conclusion is reached. After all, we had all weekend (except for sunday afternoon when we all had to consider going home) to play Diplomacy, which was why we were there in the first place. Compare that with the UK system of having two rounds, one on saturday and the other on sunday, both of which get chopped off at a premature date. Okay, it's fair enough to cut short the sunday game, but is there any reason for doing so on the saturday? In the Royal Angus hotel (where MidCon takes place) we all have access to the convention rooms continuously from friday tea-time until sunday night. The result is that for the first four rounds the games tended to be a lot better as players played for results in the proper manner, and not fighting to survive the deadline. Perhaps this is something the MidCon committee ought to consider.

Anyhow, the scoring system:

1. For a win: 100 points plus 1 point per supply centre held.
2. For a 2-way draw: 50 points plus 1 point per supply centre held.
3. For a 3-way draw: 33 points plus 1 point per supply centre held.
4. For a 4-way draw: 25 points plus 1 point per supply centre held.
5. For a 5-way draw: 10 points plus 1 point per supply centre held.
6. Other survivors: 1 point per supply centre held.

The results of all the games were totalled and then divided by the number of games played. In event of a tie-breaker being required, the number of games would be taken in consideration (although I don't know if a low number of games would be better than a high number - ed).

As last year I'll lead you through the games making a few notes where I think it's worthwhile.

Game 1	01	02	03	04	05	06	07	08
A: Don Scheifler	5	6	7	9	9*	9	8	8
E: Brian Fitzpatrick	3	3	3	4	4	4	4	5
F: J.R. Baker	5	5	5	5	5	6	8	8
G: Steve Hutton	5	6	6	5	6	6	5	
I: Larry Peery	4	3	3	1				
R: Marc Peters	6	8	8	10	10	9	9	13
T: Kevin Burke	4	3	2					

Result: 3-way draw (Austria, France and Russia).
N.B. Don Scheifler was one unit short in 1905.

Game 2	01	02	03	04	05	06	07	08	09	10	11	12
A: Stephen Swigger	3	5	5	6	6	4	3	1				
E: Mark Murray	3	5	5	7	7	8	9	10	9	11	11	11
F: Marc Hurwitz	3	5	5	6	6	6	9	10	11	11	11	11
G: Jeff Bohner	3	5	7	7	8	9	9	10	11	11	11	12
I: Phil Dancause	3	4	4	3	3	2						
R: Mike Gonsalves	4	4	2									
T: John Hood	3	5	6	5	4	5	4	3	3	1	1	

Result: 3-way draw (England, France and Germany).

Quite an interesting supply centre chart; Russia never builds and Turkey starts off well but has a long hard struggle before giving up the ghost in 1912. But what about the E/F/G results? Fascinating.

Game 3	01	02	03	04	05	06
A: Jamie Young	3	3	3	2		
E: Jim McCarthy	4	4	3	2	2	2
F: James Wall	5	6	6*	8	10	12
G: David Hood	5	5	7	6	6	6
I: Pitor Gajewski	5	5	4	4	2	
R: Frank Jones	6	6	5	5	6	3
T: Howard Christie	4	5	6	7	8	11

Result: 2-way draw (France and Turkey).
M.B. Germany was one unit short in 1903.

Quite an impressive start for Italy, a shame it never got anywhere especially with Austria collapsing like it did. Perhaps Austria was wiped out from the rear fighting Italy. Who knows?

Game 4	01	02	03	04	05	06
A: Chris Kiker	5	7	7	7	7	9
E: Tom Mainardi	4	4	6	6	7	8
F: Steven Wilcox	5	7	7	8	7	7
G: Russ Blau	5	4	3	2	1	
I: Rick Dorsey	4	3	1	1	1	
R: Charles Perrin	5	4	4	2	2	1
T: Hugh Christie	5	5	6	8	8	9

Result: 4-way draw (Austria, England, France and Turkey).

Game 5	01	02	03	04	05	06	07	08	09	10
A: Kirk Larsen	2									
E: Morgan Gurley	5	5	3	2						
F: Alan Stewart	5	5	6	6	9	10	10	11	11	12
G: Jim Ulaky	5	5	6	7	6	5	4	1	1	1
I: Steve Knight	5	7	8	8	10	10	11	14	14	12
R: John Crosby	7	7	7	7	5	4	4	4	5	6
T: Rob McCarter	4	5	4	4	4	5	5	4	3	3

Result: 3-way draw (France, Italy and Russia).

Austria? I bet Steve Knight (Italy) was glad the game ended when it did after losing one centre to each of the other two tying countries. A twelve centre Italy is, indeed, an unusual sight. Well done Steve.

Game 6	01	02	03
A: John Crosby	5	7	8
E: Jim McCarthy	5	6	8
F: Mike Kelly	5	7	7
G: Kevin Burke	5	2	1
I: Alex Sheldon	4	4	5
R: Jamie Young	4	4	4
T: Rob McCarter	5	4	1

Result: 3-way draw (Austria, England and France).

Don't ask me what happened here, maybe they were thrown out of the room sometime after midnight by the security guard or something. But I'm suprised that Italy didn't figure in that draw. Do any of my readers know what happened in this game?

Game 7	01	02	03	04	05	06	07
A: Fred Townsend	5	6	7	8	9	10	10
E: Brian Fitzpatrick	4	5	8	8	7	9	9
F: Marc Peters	5	5	7	7	8	8	8
G: John Hood	6	6	3	2	1		
I: Mark Stegman	4	4	5	7	7	7	7
R: Chris Kiker	5	4	3	2	2		
T: Frank Jones	4	4	1				

Result: 4-way draw (Austria, England, France and Italy).

Interesting to see Italy figure in a draw with Austria and France, perhaps that's where the German centres went to. Funny what sort of conclusions one can invent from these charts, isn't it? But the Austrian going from strength to strength while Germany collapsed is dead against all the normal expected 'rules' of Diplomacy; in about every game I played (and in Richard Sharp's excellent book, **The Game of Diplomacy**) it is assumed that a secure Germany is essential for Austria, now I'll have to have a rethink about some of my Austrian and German strategies. Any comments, anyone?

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Game 8	01	02	03	04	05	06	07	08	09	10
A: Mike Gonsalves	5	6	7	7	9	9	10	10	11	14
E: Budd Haemer	5	4	3	3	3	3*	2	2	2	1
F: Russell Blau	5	5	6	7	7	9	8	8	7	4
G: Peter Gajewski	5	6	6	6	6	4	4	4	2	1
I: Carl Russell	4	4	2	1						
R: Bill Thompson	6	6	7	7	7	7	10	10	12*	14
T: Phil Dancause	4	3	3	3	2	2				

Result: 2-way draw (England and Russia).

N.B. France and Russia both declined one build, playing one short.

Game 9	01	02	03	04	05	06	07	08
A: Malc Smith	5	4	3	2	1	2	3	2
E: Steven Wilcox	4	5	6	7	8	10	10	13
F: Dave McCrumb	5	5	5	6	6	7	8	7
G: Morgan Gurley	5	5	4	4	3	1	1	1
I: Jim Yerkey	4	6	6	6	7	6	5	5
R: Mark Freu	4	5	5	3	2	2	2	2
T: Mark Berch	5	4	5	6	7	6	5	4

Result: 7-way draw.

This game seemed to go on for ever. Even though only sixteen seasons were played, this game dragged on from nine in the morning until about eight in the evening. Of the two games that I played in, this was the most memorable. For the second time in two years I had the misfortune to play against Mark Berch. Mark's one of the finest Diplomacy players that I've ever played against, and he's got the most incredible ability to neutralise my Diplomacy efforts without any great effort. The reason for the 7-way draw was that England, Steven, was in a strong position to win the game and he'd continually refused to accept a 2-way draw with France, his ally, as he wanted his first ever Diplomacy win that day. France was looking for a 2-way draw, but with England, as he knew that he couldn't win on his own. Mark Berch, Turkey, kept throwing the spanner in the works by being unpredictable as ever, but leant mostly to the E/F alliance.

After the evening meal the four 'good guys' looked at the board and we spotted a potential stalemate line. We moved into the stalemate position and we informed England that he'll never get any more supply centres as we weren't going to move from our positions and we weren't going to stab each other (after all what was there to gain?) and so he'd better settle for a seven way draw. After studying the board closely, and then his watch (the pubs were open) he agreed and I gained my first ever result in 10 years; a seven way draw. I was ecstatic.

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<u>Game 10</u>	<u>01</u>	<u>02</u>	<u>03</u>	<u>04</u>	<u>05</u>	<u>06</u>	<u>07</u>	<u>08</u>	<u>09</u>
A: Mike Barno	4	4	2	1	1	2	3	3	3
E: Rick Dorsey	4	3							
F: David Hood	5	6	7	7	8	9	8	8	9
G: Steve Swigger	5	6	7	8	9	10	10	11	10
I: James Townsend	4	5	7	7	6	4	3	3	2
R: Lori Tice	5	5	7	7	5	4	4	3	3
T: Phil Senn	4	5	4	4	5	5	6	6	7

Result: 2-way draw (France and Germany).

What happened to England? I've never seen such a quick collapse of England in my life. It looks that there was a very well arranged alliance between France and Germany to pull it off, but I'd never thought it would be possible for England to get wiped out before 1904, especially with England gaining a build in 1901.

<u>Game 11</u>	<u>01</u>	<u>02</u>	<u>03</u>	<u>04</u>	<u>05</u>	<u>06</u>	<u>07</u>	<u>08</u>	<u>09</u>
A: Doug Byrnes	4	5	5	7	8	7	8	8	5
E: Alan Stewart	5	5	6	6	5	5	6	5	5
F: David Hecht	5	6	6	5	5	5	5	5	5
G: Charles Parrin	5	4	2	2					
I: Hugh Christie	4	5	6	7	9	10	11	12	15
R: Mark Nicholson	5	6	7	7	7	7	4	4	4
T: Jay Shufeldt	4	3	3						

Result: 5-way draw (Austria, England, France, Italy and Russia).

Another case of Austria and Germany not following each other; but look at Italy's rise to power. Is this at the expense of Germany, and then later Russia? Even this 15-centre Italy wasn't enough to secure the "Best Italy" award at the tournament.

<u>Game 12</u>	<u>01</u>	<u>02</u>	<u>03</u>	<u>04</u>	<u>05</u>	<u>06</u>	<u>07</u>	<u>08</u>	<u>09</u>	<u>10</u>	<u>11</u>	<u>12</u>	<u>13</u>	<u>14</u>	<u>15</u>
A: Frank Jones	5	5	5	2	2	2	2	2							
E: Conrad Minshall	5	8	8	9	8	7	8	9	8	6	6	6	5	4	
F: Steve Knight	5	5	6	7	8	7	7	7	9	10	10	7	3	5	6
G: Matt Kelly	5	2	2	1	1										
I: Donna Balkan	4	5	2												
R: Dave Lincoln	5	5	6	8	8	10	9	8	8	8	8	10	13	12	14
T: Howard Christie	4	4	5	7	7	8	8	8	9	10	10	11	13	13	14

Result: 2-way draw (Russia and Turkey).

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Game 13	01	02	03	04	05	06	07	08	09	10	11
A: Mark Murray	5	5	5	5	7	5	6	6	7	7	6
E: Jim Uklay	5	4	4	4	4	5	5	6	6	7	7
F: Randy Senn	5	5	5	5	5	6	5	5	5	4	3
G: Larry Peery	5	6	4	3	2	2	2	1	1	1	1
I: Paul Gardner	4	3	3								
R: Kirk Larsen	6	6	7	9	7	7	6	6	5	5	5
T: Jeff Bohner	4	5	6	8	8	9	10	10	10	10	11

Result: 3-way draw (Austria, Russia and Turkey).

Game 14	01	02	03	04	05	06	07
A: Pitor Gajewski	5	5	6	8	8	9	
E: Don Schleifler	4	3	1				
F: Mark Stegeman	5	5	5	7	7	9	8
G: Dave McCrumb	5	6	5	6	6	7	6
I: Charles Perrin	4	5	5	4	2*		
R: Carl Willner	6	8	9	9	11	9	10
T: David Hood	4	2	1				

Result: 4-way draw (Austria, France, Germany and Russia) in Spring 1908.
N.B. Russia played with one unit short after 1905.

I'm personally suprised at Don's English collapse, as I regard Don as one of the best players I've played against (he crushed me in 1985 at MidCon). Perhaps after failing to get a result in this game he didn't put as much into this tournament as he'd normally would have done, and thus allowing me to win my game later on. Who knows?

Game 15	01	02	03	04	05	06	07	08
A: Jim McCarty	2	1						
E: Rick Dorsey	4	3	3	1	1	2	3	2
F: Steve Hutton	6	6	6	8	5	1	2	1
G: John Hood	5	6	8	8	9	10	4	1
I: Rob McCarter	5	6	8	8	9	10	12	10
R: Steven Wilcox	5	5	2	1				
T: Marc Hurwitz	4	6	7	8	10	11	13	20

Result: WIN (Turkey).

A twenty centre Turkey, what a way to end the game, but for Marc's 2 centre Russia letting him down in another game he'd have won the championship!

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Game 16	01	02	03	04	05
A: Brian Fitzpatrick	5	6	5	4	3
E: Mike Gonsalves	4	3	3	3	
F: Chris Kiker	4	5	4	3	4
G: Morgan Gurley	6	8	9	10	12
I: Budd Haemer	4	4	5	6	7
R: Kevin Burke	5	3			
T: Jamie Young	5	5	8	8	8

Result: 3-way draw (Germany, Italy and Turkey).

Game 17	01	02	03	04	05	06
A: Bill Thompson	4	5	5	5	6	6
E: Howard Christie	3	3	3	4	6	8
F: Mark Freu	6	5	6	7	8	8
G: Jay Shufeldt	5	6	7	7	3	
I: JR Baker	4	3	1			
R: Budd Haemer	5	7	6	5	3	3
T: Fred Townsend	5	5	6	6	8	9

Result: 4-way draw (Austria, England, France and Turkey).

Game 18	01	02	03	04	05	06	07
A: Mike Gonsalves	5	4	2				
E: Steve Knight	3	2	1				
F: Marc Peters	5	6	6	8	7	6	3
G: David Hood	5	6	7	9	11	12	12
I: Morgan Gurley	4	5	7	10	11	14	18
R: Steve Swigger	6	9	10	7	5	2	1
T: Steve Wilcox	4	2	1				

Result: WIN (Italy).

Again Germany did well when Austria was wiped out early on in the game. I'm now wondering if Italy does well if either Austria or Germany are removed from the game. Perhaps some statistician somewhere ought to have a close look at this and tell us if it's true or not. If so, then it could revolutionise the Italian position in Diplomacy.

Game 19	01	02	03	04	05	06
A: Larry Peery	5	4	5	6	6	3
E: Russell Blau	4	4	3	1	1	1
F: Carl Willner	6	6	6	8	9	9
G: Jamie Young	5	5	6	7	6	6
I: Dave Lincoln	4	5	6	7	9	8
R: Marc Hurwitz	4	5	6	4	3	2
T: Randall Senn	4	4	2	1		

Result: 6-way draw (All except Turkey).

Strange to see England figuring in this draw, perhaps there was a stalemate line involved, or perhaps the game had to be finished early.

Game 20	01	02	03	04	05	06	07	08
A: Rob McCarter	5	6	5	5	3	2		
E: Dick Warner	4	5	7	8	10	10	12	12
F: Steve Arnawoodian	5	5	5	6	7	8	11	14
G: Kevin Burke	4	5	5	3				
I: Ed Wrobel	4	4	5	4	4	3	2	
R: Mark Stegeman	7	5	4	3	4	3	1	
T: Carl Russell	3	4	3	5	6	8	8	8

Result: 3-way draw (England, France and Turkey).

Game 21	01	02	03	04	05	06	07	08	09
A: Don Scheiffler	5	6	6	7*	6	6	7*	9	6
E: Malc Smith	4	4	4	6	7	7	11	13	18
F: Alan Stewart	5	6	6	5	6	6	4	1	1
G: Jim McCarty	5	5	5	4	4	4	4	5	3
I: Chris Kiker	4	4	4	4	3	4	4	3	3
R: Conrad Minshall	6	6	6	5	6	6	4	3	2
T: Phil Dancause	4	3	3	3	2	1			

Result: WIN (England).

N.B. Austria and England both playing one short due to lack of space.

This was the game that won me the DipCon XIX Championship. There's been a few tales and rumours that the game was thrown to me. Still to this day, I'm not really sure if it was or wasn't. As far as the players were concerned, after 1907 there was no doubt that I'd win the game sometime and the only 'throwing' of the game was Austria moving out in the last season to give me three of his centres so that I'd win the game and not have to share a six-way draw.

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The game started off really badly for me. I opened with the normal English opening of A(Lp1)-Yor, F(Lon)-NTH and F(Edi)-NWG. It was the move A(Lp1)-Yor which saved me as France and Germany headed straight for me. After a series of self-standoffs I managed to repel all attempts of the French/German alliance to invade my homeland. In 1904 (and after many broken promises of "Now we've seen that we can't get into England we'll back off") I finally pointed out to them that Austria was getting a little strong.

France and Germany finally pulled away and after a mis-order that was seen to be a 'stab' by the other players (it wasn't, honest, Alan) I ended up in the English Channel. I had intended to stand myself off over the Channel so that I wouldn't worry the French, but I forgot to order one of two units into the Channel so my Fleet in the North Sea moved into the Channel. I was gald that I did this because I was able to use the Fleet as a threat to France to behave in future, which he did for the most part, although he got a trifle upset when Brest (not quite an accident) changed hands.

I had France and Germany eating out of my hands by now, France because I was in a position to clobber him if I wanted to and Germany because I was able to support him against Austria. In 1907, Russia went to pieces and n a few seasons I moved from Norway into Moscow.

Turkey was wiped out by Austria and Don realised that he couldn't win the game and so he was prepared to let me win. Perhaps he wanted to have as many units as possible for the final count. Anyway, Germany wasn't in too much of a position to put up much of a resistance as I stabbed him in 1908, but France wouldn't lie down and die. I think that in 1909 I actually ended up in Rumania.

But the game was never in any doubt that I would win, and I down think that the game was 'thrown'. Indeed folk were saying that the two Canadians threw (France and Germany) me the game, but I made sure that they weren't strong enough to throw me anything except for insults, which Alan did very well.

That was my very first win in my life after playing countless games of Face-to-Face games and a few postal games. I expected to win the 'Best Ebglan'd' award (which makes a lovely paperweight) but never the Championship.

As for the opening A(Lp1)-Yor which saved the game for me; if I moved it to Edinburgh (which is, I gather, a valid alternative) then I would have been in no position to prevent my demise in record time. I now firmly believe that England should always move to Yorkshire (the only advantage for moving to Edinburgh is that the Army may be convoyed by the NWG Fleet)and then if Enhland is attacked then the Army, by a series of well-planned self-standoffs, can always survive. Indeed, in this game, the Army never left the homeland until Spring 1904.

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<u>Game 22</u>	<u>01</u>	<u>02</u>	<u>03</u>	<u>04</u>	<u>05</u>	<u>06</u>
A: Mark Berch	4	4	5	6	4	4
E: James Wall	4	3	2	2		
F: Mark Murray	5	6	7	7	8	10
G: Dave McCrumb	5	5	4	4	6	6
I: Doug Byrnes	4	5	4	3	3	2
R: Phil Senn	6	8	8	8	7	6
T: Brian Fitzpatrick	4	3	4	4	6	6

Result: 6-way (all except England).

<u>Game 23</u>	<u>01</u>	<u>02</u>	<u>03</u>	<u>04</u>	<u>05</u>	<u>06</u>
A: Frank Jones	5	6	7	6	5	6
E: John Crosby	4	5	6	7	8	8
F: Hugh Christie	6	6	7	7	8	8
G: John Hood	5	4	4	5	5	5
I: Pitor Gajewski	4	4	4	3	2	1
R: Mike Barno	4	3				
T: Jim Yerkey	4	6	6	6	6	6

Result: 4-way (Austria, Englan, France and Turkey).

The following table is the list of participants in the tournament with supply centre holdings. Actually, this is the only truly accurate list printed anywhere.

<u>Place</u>	<u>Player</u>	<u>Scoring Data</u>	<u>Score</u>	<u>Comments</u>
1	Malc Smith	A- 2 E-18	60.00	Best England
2	Marc Hurwitz	F-11 T-20 R- 2	55.33	Best Turkey
3	Howard Christie	T-11 T-14 E- 8	51.67	
4	Bill Thompson	R-14 E- 6	47.50	Best Russia
5	Jeff Bohner	G-12 T-11	45.50	
6	Morgan Gurley	E- 0 G-12 G- 1 I-18	41.00	Best Italy +
7	John Crosby	R- 6 A- 8 E- 8	37.67	Germany
8	Fred Townsend	I- 2 A-10 T- 9	34.50	
9	Dave Lincoln	R-14 I- 8	34.00	
10=	Mark Murray	E-11 A- 6 F-10	31.00	
	James Wall	F-12 E- 0	31.00	Best France
12	Hugh Christie	T- 9 I-15 F- 8	30.67	
13	Marc Peters	R-13 F- 8 F- 3	27.33	
14	Carl Willner	R-10 F- 9	22.00	
15	Mark Stegeman	I- 7 F- 8	21.67	
16=	Carl Russell	R- 0 T- 8	20.50	
	JR Baker	F- 8 I- 0	20.50	

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Place	Player	Scoring Data					Score	Comments
18=	Steve Swigger	A- 0	G-10	R- 1			20.33	Best Germany
	Alan Stewart	F-12	E- 5	F- 1			20.33	
20	David Hood	G- 6	F- 9	T- 0	G-12		19.25	
21	Kirk Larsen	A- 0	R- 5				19.00	
22	Jim Yerkey	I- 5	T- 6				18.00	
23	Mark Freu	R- 2	F- 8				17.50	
24	Steve Knight	I-12	F- 6	E- 0			17.33	
25	Mike Gonsalves	R- 0	A-14	E- 0	A- 0		16.00	Best Austria
26	Don Scheifler	A- 8	E- 0	A- 6			15.67	
27=	Dave McCrumb	G- 6	F- 7	G- 6			14.67	
	Budd Haemer	E- 1	I- 7	R- 3			14.67	
29	Jamie Young	A- 0	T- 8	R- 4	G- 6		12.75	
30	Pitor Gajewski	I- 0	G- 1	A-10	I- 1		12.33	
31	Brian Fitzpatrick	E- 5	E- 9	A- 3	T- 6		12.00	
32	Jim McCarthy	E- 2	E- 8	A- 0	G- 3		11.50	
33	Steve Wilcox	F- 7	E-13	R- 0	T- 0		11.25	
34	Chris Kiker	A- 9	R- 0	F- 4	I- 3		10.25	
35=	Frank Jones	R- 3	T- 0	A- 0	A- 6		8.50	
	Doug Byrnes	A- 5	I- 2				8.50	
37	Phil Senn	T- 7	R- 6				6.50	
38	Conrad Minshall	E- 4	R- 3				4.50	
39	Jim Ulacy	G- 1	E- 7				4.00	
40	Rob McCarter	T- 3	T- 1	I-10			3.50	
41=	Larry Peery	I- 0	G- 1	A- 8			3.00	
	Mark Berch	T- 4	A- 4				3.00	
43	Russ Blau	F- 4	E- 1				1.67	
44=	Randy Senn	F- 3	T- 0				1.50	
	John Hood	T- 0	G- 0	G- 1	G- 5		1.50	
	Mike Barno	A- 3	R- 0				1.50	
47	Rick Dorsey	I- 0	E- 0	R- 2			0.67	
48	Steve Hutton	G- 0	F- 1				0.55	
49=	Charles Perrin	R- 1	I- 0	G- 0			0.33	
	Kevin Burke	T- 0	R- 0	G- 1			0.33	
51=	Phil Dancause	I- 0	T- 0	T- 0			0.00	
	Jay Scufeldt	T- 0	G- 0				0.00	
	James Townsend	I- 2					0.00	1 game only
	Lori Tice	R- 3					0.00	1 game only
	Alex Sheldon	I- 6					0.00	1 game only
	Mark Nicholson	R- 4					0.00	1 game only
	Tom Mainardi	E- 8					0.00	1 game only
	Mike Kelley	F- 7					0.00	1 game only
	Paul Gardener	I- 0					0.00	1 game only
	Donna Balkan	I- 0					0.00	1 game only
	Matt Kelly	G- 0					0.00	1 game only
	David Hecht	F- 5					0.00	1 game only

Arithmetic

So much for my brave boast that all the above figures are accurate. After copying the results from Politesse 39, which I believe to be the official results I've found too many glaring errors in the final results. The worst error was that poor **Jeff Bohner** was placed at the bottom with zero points. But I've discovered that he achieved two three-way draws with 11 and 12 supply centres (see games 2 and 13) which gives him a total of:

$$11 + 33 + 12 + 33 = 99 \text{ which averages out at } \underline{45.50}$$

which is enough to put him at 5th place. In light of all this, I've cancelled my boast that this is the only correct set of figures about the Hobby (even **Diplomacy World** has made a few mistakes, one being that a player was missed out completely). Even so, the figures I've printed out are the most accurate I've seen and if anyone feels like checking them, I'll be very grateful.

But it's a worrying thought, isn't it? A player who was rated down in the bottom actually came in fifth. With a few more centres, or a two-way draw, Jeff could have been third. And how would the DipCon committee take the prize away from the supposed third placed player and give it to someone else.

Clearly, this is a problem that isn't impossible. It's only due to a matter of luck, nothing more, that the DipCon committee haven't got a scandal on their hands. So the big question that **Bohemian Rhapsody** is asking Ken Peel (who is on the next year's DipCon committee) is how is the committee going to prevent such an occurrence happening again? I think that quite a few Diplomacy players will be interested in whatever precautions will be undertaken.

Comments anyone?

Apart from this "minor" incident I must close this mention of DipCon that I thoroughly enjoyed myself, not only because of the result, but because through meeting friends, new and old over the weekend. The newspaper, **Washington Post**, came and took a few photos and I manages to get a picture of my bum in the paper (cor, fame at last) adjacent to Alan Calhammer, who was facing in the right direction at the right time. Just thought I'd mention that; name dropping, you know.

A footnote for those who read the scandalous profile of me in **Diplomacy World**, I would like to make a few points clear; it was eight pitchers and Larry Peery snores like hell, he must have been listening to himself.

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I had a few days left over for a few days in New York before I had to catch my flight back to Oslo. Apparently, it was arranged that Woodie would drive me all the way to New York from Virginia where I'd stay with John Caruso and Kathy Byrne for a few days.

On the way north Woodie and I took a detour to take in Atlantic City in New Jersey (I think) which, apart from Las Vegas, the only city which allows casinos to operate. So naturally, the afternoon was spent around one of the blackjack tables in one of the numerous casinos there.

New York is a frightening place, it didn't help by not having Kathy there for a few days either. When I turned up on the doorstep the kids and John didn't know where she was, but I was let in all the same. Then on the night before last of my holiday I recieved a number of strange calls from Bobbie "Tin-can" Sacks saying that she'd been kidnapped by a guy called Jaan, or something. I was warned about Sacks by Woodie previously, apparently he keeps drawing up Covenants about the American Hobby that no-one, apart from Simon Billenness, has an interest in. From what I can gather, no-one in the Hobby wants him around, and he's supposed to have drawn up in his Will that if he dies unexpectedly, then the police are supposed to investigate a number of persons in the Hobby, whose names include Woodie, Kathy Byrne and Fred Davis.

Like I said, it was this nut that kept ringing me up at Kathy's whilst I was watching the Mets baseball team on the team saying that Kathy had been kidnapped. I rang up Fred Davis and Simon Billenness to see if they could shed any light on the matter, but they couldn't. Anyhow, I don't understand the full story, but Sacks was supposed to have called the Police about "Jaan", and the next day Kathy was back at home and she wouldn't say a word as to where she'd been.

Perhaps, she was meeting Alan Stewart in a pizza house somewhere.

Anyway, we did manage to get to see a baseball game, we saw Kathy's favorite team, the Mets, beat the San Diego Padres in a really exiting game.

The next day I flew home. With difficulty. My flight was cancelled, and so I had to wait umpteen hours to get on a Lufthansea 747. I wrote last year that I hated this airline, this time was no exception; I was given a boarding pass with a seat number that didn't exist and so I was wandering about the plane wondering if I'd have to stand the whole way. Yes, I had to go via bloody Frankfurt again, which meant that I arrived back home in Norway a day late.

But, as a consolation, I was later to discover that I was the first person to take the DipCon Championship out of the USA, and that *Bohemian Rhapsody* is the first magazine to be regularly published from out of three countries. Not bad, eh?

Next year, it's in Illinois, in Madison, which I'm told is a large Norwegian community, and I hope to get my Troll-speak lessons finished by then.

J U K E B O X J I V E



QUEEN: 'A Kind of Magic' European Tour, Brussels 17.6.86

by Andy 'Elite' Crowe

Belgium decided to be very hot and sunny on this particular tuesday, the tuesday that was to welcome to return of Queen to Brussels. But, by early evening, Him upstairs darkened the sky and sent one helluva thunderstorm complete with torrential rain to soak any concert-goers he could find, especially those clever enough to travel to Brussels by motorcyle: warm, wet and sticky was one way to describe things.

The venue was 'Vorst Nationaal' in Flemish, or 'Foret Nationale' in French, famous for leaking roof and being mind-numbingly difficult to find thanks to Belgian road signs, which managed to supply two junction 17's on the Brussel's Ring Road (tip: take the second).

It was a sell-out, a packed house: thousands of steaming bodies all warm, some few and a few sticky, jammed themselves into the auditorium and were played at by the support band, 'In Excess', from Australia: 'Rock and Roll' is how they described themselves. Opinion seems to be that they were a little too loud, but they went down well. Some didn't see much of them, preferring to drip copiously in the foyer, and cram hot-dogs down their throats (me).

After an appropriate delay, Queen were suddenly there and at it. Opening with something from their new album, possibly something to do with 'Highlander', they were certainly easier to listen to than their support. They enjoyed a rapturous welcome, but seemed to need a few songs to warm up.

An impressive lightshow featuring lightning (had enough of that) and things that twirled around at you, not to mention things that didn't, all mounted on an enormous rig above the band's heads. This dazzling performance was easily matched and eclipsed by the powerful performance of Freddy Mercury. If you've only seen his flash antics on TV, you may not be too ecstatic about him; in the flesh he is a master showman in total control of his audience. During quieter moments in several numbers, there was not a sound from even the ten-bob rush (the rabble at the front).

Ripping through numbers like 'Crazy Little Thing' and 'Break Free', Queen seemed to have everyone hooked. If their rendition of 'Under Pressure' was excellent, then 'Radio Ga Ga' was brilliant. However, I was a little disappointed in 'Bohemian Rhapsody', which featured a taped middle section when the band was absent from the stage.

Following 'A Kind of Magic', the title of the European tour, Queen calmed us down with the quieter 'Love of my Life' which was sung mostly by the audience, with Freddy Mercury conducting. In Belgium, it appears to be customary to wave lighted cigarette lighters around in the gloom of the auditorium. Cute.

A short acoustic set was replaced by the obligitory virtuoso guitar performance by "mean 'n' moody" Brian May, with extensive use of an echo machine = "Brighton Rock". Monsieur Mercury slid offstage and reappeared strutting around arrogantly wearing a union jack, when turning around to reveal the Belgian flag in reverse. Showmanship.

Somewhere in there was a medley of early rock 'n' roll standards, like "Tootie Frootie", which I thought was unnecessary.

Encore? Of course: two of them, including "We are the Champions" and "We will Rock You". But then it was over - "God save the Queen" and home. Exit Queen stage left, exit audience through holes in theatre to total and utter mayhem in the car park.

Conclusion: I have never before been to a Queen concert, and had to be dragged along to this one, but I'm very glad that I went.

Queen and Status Quo at Wembley

by Richard Walkerdine

The show started around 3:30 with an hour (though it seemed longer) of an Australian group called "IN-X-S", who were rubbish so we'll move onto the next group, Alarm. They were actually very good and got the audience nicely warmed up ready for the pleasures yet to come, so much so that when they finished at around 6 o'clock I could have listened for quite a bit longer. Then there was a break while the stage was changed and everyone got a few drinks in - which allowed the audience at practising "The Wave" that you probably saw in the World Cup. After a few false starts we all really done great and got the thing going around the stadium a dozen or more times before it finally petered out.

But by 6:30 it was time for Status Quo and they did their thing for 90 minutes and we all loved it and when they sang the old favourites like "Caroline" and "Wild Side of Life" and "Rocking all over the World" it was sing-along-a-Quo time and even after an encore we hadn't nearly enough. And when it was all over we all agreed that they were as still as great as ever and please God let them keep doing it for a few more years and Queen will really have to go some to top this one - which of course they did.

Bohemian Rhapsody Vol III, No VI

Half an hour to change the stage again and everything was set. The audience is still on a high from Quo, the lights are flashing, the smoke is billowing, everything is buzzing, the music starts and there they are belting it out. We all go crazy. I went to the Springsteen concert last year and, though I'm really not a fan, came away agreeing what a terrific showman he is - but Freddy Mercury is just something else. The power of his voice is enough to make the ground shake, but when it's combined with the light-show, the explosions, the way he struts (and minces - they are a well named group) around the stage, you realise that this isn't just showmanship, this is pure, unadulterated, totally over-the-top, audience work-up. And we loved it. Not that they aren't a totally accomplished band of course - the performance of 'Bohemian Rhapsody', sounding precisely like the recorded version, will remain an abiding memory. And of course everyone sings along to 'I want to Break Free', 'Radio Ga-Ga' and all the other favourites, culminating with 'We are the Champions' as the very last song of the second encore. But even then it wasn't quite over. The concert was over, the songs were finished, the group was taking its final bows after the last encore. Suddenly Freddy dashes offstage for a few seconds and the rest of the group are left alone - then he reappears, wearing a long ermine gown with a crown on his head. He walks regally to the front of the stage and stands there reviewing his subjects, and while this is going on the loudspeakers are blasting out the strains of 'God save the Queen' - like I said, totally over the top. And boy did we love it.

I've only been to two concerts that were more memorable (and I'm carefully avoiding the word 'better' here); both were Dylan, both were many years ago, and both were particularly special for all sorts of reasons.

If you get a chance to Quo or Queen, for godness sake don't blow it.

Two interesting contrasting views of two Queen concerts. I've got my Quo ticket for the 8th October in Skedsmo. I'm not sure what Quo will be like these days now that they've a new bassist. I've read reports that he doesn't fit in with Quo. Now that Lancaster and Coughlan have gone the Quo rhythm section must have changed a lot. I've seen Quo twice before, once in '79 and once in '84 at Crystal Palace and they were brilliant both times. The latter concert, the first of the two 'farewell' gigs, lasted for about three hours. I was knackered, dunno about the band.

But now they've gone even softer in the studio (their latest album is another collection of 'Margurita Time' toons) I wonder what they're like on the boards now. For my money, Quo were Quo in and about the 'Quo' and 'Blue for You' periods. But I'm still dying to see 'em, though.

**The Boogie Brothers Blues Band,
OR
The Blues Brothers Ride Again?**

London 6th June 1986

by Mick Brennan

Having once been coerced into the Antwerpen Roxy, on a delightfully balmy and typically wet autumn day, by a certain silvery tongued inebriate, to see 'The Blues Brothers' - a film we'd both seen before (often) - and having detected a faint editorial fondness within these pages for music loud and vulgar, I feel that there is no better place in all of xyn-dom for a review like this. Besides, who else would print it?

One Friday night, in the smoky back room of one of the more salubrious venues on the North London Pub Music circuit (the Torrington, if you must know), a strange ensemble took to the stage. Their garb was peculiar but very familiar - dark narrow suits and ties, dark pork pie hats and dark glasses. Their music was even more familiar - powerful, pounding rivvem'n blues - just like that played in the movies by those vibrant mis-shapen Blues Bros.. Could this have been the return of Jake and Elwood - The Blues Brothers - sounding hotter, tighter and faster than ever???

Actually, no. If you looked a little closer, Jake was taller, a little broader and he sported a pony-tail under his ill-fitting pork pie. By contrast Elwood was much smaller, much thinner and even wore a slim leather skirt with stockings (black, naturally). A Blues Sister.

The band was the 'Boogie Brothers Blues Band'. A respectful and enthusiastic eight piece imitation of the Blues Brother's sound and style. Their line-up boasts a competent and dutiful guitar section and a horn section that comprises a forceful and wacky trio whose choreographed moves are outrageously twee.

Their front man (with the pony-tail) is so cock sure of himself. And why not? - he owns a powerful booming voice that is soulful and gruff and just made for he blues. And as he booms out those classic blues songs he struts gleefully around the stage flailing recklessly amongst the neatly synchronised trumpeteers.

The darling of the outfit is small - in fact, she's tiny. She may only stand a little over four and a half feet tall, yet she has an amazingly big and confident voice. Furthermore, whilst awaiting the opportunity to deliver her formidable fortissimo she accompanies admirably on tambourine, wiggles and shakes. The coolest of the bunch.

Altogether, a very promising outfit. And when it did all come together that night, the BBBBs blasted out a hot gritty, energetic blues music and quickly generated a hot and exited atmosphere. Their large and passionate following gratefully expressed their appreciation in a riot of bobbing and jigging and the whole place just erupted (in the nicest possible sense).

For the record, they played such time honoured blues and BB tunes as "Hey Bartender", "Messin' with the Kid", "Shotgun Blues" and "Soul Man". We were even treated to a really long-winded and totally incomprehensible Blues Brother style rap - just like the real thing. Unfortunately, the BBBBs own material fell a bit short of those classics that they covered but by then everyone was too far gone to notice.

A cautionary note for the elderly blues fan - the time they have indeed a-changed. A small knot of angelic lager'n'lime crazed infants chose to indulge themselves in a curious psychotic maul - that devotees of the UK Subs or the Dead Kennedys might prefer to call "slam dancing". In fact, such was the furu of this rabid jig that during one chorus of a marvellously rousing version of "Rawhide" this reporter was effortlessly seperated from his glass and his contents.

Anyway, those people who like their rivvem'n blues fast and furious, and who like to feel as if they've been to a concert, should treat themselves. This lot are saturating the London Pub circuit at the moment and deserve to be seen. Dark glasses are optional.

Bonfire and ZZ Top, Drammen, Norway 18th September 1986

by Malc Smith

I've seen some Goddamawful bands in my life, some have been so bad that they've been brilliant and some have been so bad I've cringed in embarrassment for them. Bonfire were so bad that I felt guilty just watching them. For the record, they're a German five piece who don't know one end of their instruments from another. The only enjoyment I managed to get out of this lot was poking fun at the guitarist who looked as thick as pig-shit especially during his "solos" when he'd stand all posey-like with his mouth open agape. In other words, if you ever get a chance to see this band - don't. Ever.

So onto ZZ Top, perhaps one of the natural contenders for the Crown after Quo abdicated a number of years ago. A year or so ago, it looked like Slade were to corner the "boogie" market, but they disappeared one cold wintry night (anyone remember the classic Reading Festival of '80?), and after the utterly brilliant "Eliminator" album, and their successful follow-up, "Afterburner", it looked like ZZ Top were heading for the Throne.

But after this performance, I doubt it very much indeed. To put it bluntly, ZZ Top were dull, boring and utterly predictable. To be perfectly honest, I would never have thought that I'd ever write these words, but I've got to say that ZZ Top live, they aren't.

Mind you, the show wasn't without it's good bits; the cool King Tut mask with shades (which, unfortunately disappeared after two numbers) and the furry guitars, but apart from one or two numbers; the excellent "Waiting for the Bus" and my favorite of theirs, "Jesus just left Chicago" the rest was pretty dire.

Perhaps I've been to too many concerts, and so I've come to hate the concept of backing tapes being played, which was possibly why this concert was spoilt for me. The show didn't get anywhere, just a guitar and a bass plodding along being kept together by some brilliant drumming and some amazing tapes somewhere. What ZZ lacked was depth; they need either a second guitarist to hold the rythmn together (e.g. Quo, Slade, AC/DC, you name 'em...) or some keyboards to throw some harmonies in now and again.

I've always appreciated their albums, and always will do (until they start doing "Margurita Time") because studio time always allows for multi-tracking and the like. Try listening to either of the last two albums and count how many "different" guitars you can hear on any of their numbers. Wonderful thing, science, ain't it?

Yes, they played an encore, "Velcro Fly", but by this time I was more interested in discovering the Coke and pølser stand.

But, at least they were better than Bonfire. Anyone is, I even bet my mother could do better; better than both bands.

At least, next week Quo's here in Oslo, and it'll be good to see the old masters back on the boards.

NOO 4

This has got to be the longest I've ever taken over a magazine in my life. This issue was supposed to be out in June, remember?, but now we're in October. I had hoped to get this done a few weeks ago, but because of a million and one things that were on my plate and on mind, I just couldn't find the time to do the magazine.

As you all know, I've just moved house from one part of Oslo to another. This pile, as I've explained earlier, is my first ever bash at home ownership and I've found it a totally different kettle of fish from renting a bedsit which I've done with the rest of my life since leaving the family nest eight years ago. Anyway, there was so much work to do with the place (why we couldn't buy a place with white walls, if we wanted white walls in first place, I'll never know), which to be perfectly frank, May-Britt ended up doing the most of the creative efforts. As I speak (type?) now the place is nearly done; all that is really remaining of Stage I of Dramatic Upheavals is that we've got to build a pile of wardrobes. That we hope to do this weekend sometime.

Then it'll be all done, until 'we' (meaning 'she with the ideas') decide that about half a dozen of the rooms gets repapered as Phase II of Making This Place Really Chaotic. Anyway, we've got our first guest coming over in a couple of weeks in my old chum, John Dodds, whom I've known since Vith form in Darlington and who joined the Hobby just a few months before me, who is popping over for a few days to see if there really is any truth in the rumour that the beer here costs £4 a pint. He'll be in for one hell of a suprise when he finds out that it is.

So why wasn't *Bohemian Rhapsody* produced in the last number of months? Well, before this place was spotted and purchased, it seemed that a lot of my time was spent trying to find a place to live. And when we did finally get this place there was all the hassle of moving in and re-decorating which we took at a rather casual pace. Because of all this goings-on I really couldn't (if you see what I mean) go off and go the magazine as it 'wouldn't be right'. Sounds daft, but perhaps I am. No, I'm not making excuses, I'm just trying to say that in the last few months other things have cropped up with higher priorities, that's all. But now that the house is done, I'll be free to spend my evenings either in front of the tele or doing the magazine. After all at beer at four quid a throw, I can hardly go out every night, can I?

Oh yes, I've had a number of letters from folk anting to see Norway, and Chiz asks if he could bring his car over in Easter. Well, unless your tyres have studs on them, the answer is no. The roads at Easter will still be covered in ice (last year the ice on my road was over one foot thick), it's more or less clear on the main roads, but still very slippery and very dangerous. But on the side roads it's murder without the proper tyres. I can recall trying to get up a slight bank in my Land Rover (which aren't exactly fair weather cars like Metros) and the only way that I could get up anything more than a one in thirty bank was in 4 wheel drive and then I could hardly describe my motion as controlled as I slid about from side to side. In other words, if anyone comes to Norway between November and Easter come without your car, because you won't go home with it again.

This winter my Land Rover will be staying in the garage as I can't afford five new tyres (with studs). Because the Land Rover tyre has a decent amount of rubber (not like your toy cars like Golfs and things) they tend to cost more. I've just been quoted for five studded tyres £600, which doesn't include the wheel or fitting. Perhaps for next year, or the year after.

Having said that, my Passion Wagon, as it's affectionately called (by me), has one or two teething problems. One of them is an awkward gearbox, which resists all efforts to engage gear. I'm hoping that it's going to be an easy problem to solve, i.e. I hope that it's just the selector forks needing tightening (something I can do from the inside of the cab easily enough), if not then it means I've got to remove the gearbox. And that, in a Land Rover, is no Sunday afternoon job. Looking at the instructions in my manual for removing the gearbox it says quite calmly for the first step:

"Remove the front seat base and the floor".

Yes, you've guessed it: the gearbox is so bloody huge it's got to come out through the cabin floor and out of the driver's door. I've been given a quote for the labour charge just for taking the thing in and out and if (meaning 'no, I won't') I let the local Land Rover garage do it, I wouldn't expect much change out of £1500 for it. And that's just for the labour charge, let alone the spare parts. And of course, it's the wrong time of year to start mucking about with four foot gearboxes as it's liable to snow any week now non-stop until mid-May. So, it's going to have to wait until then. So, Dad, when you come next year, don't forget to pack your boiler suit, you're going to need it.

I suppose this is a good time to plug a few things here and there. In the middle of this comic is a flier for EuroCon 86, which is to be held in the Hague this year. I've now decided that I'm going, mainly to compete in the Diplomacy tournament and to get some more Dragon Pass orders from both the players (the things I do to get my games running on time). I've been told that the guest of honour will be Alan Parr, whose magazine, Hopscotch, I used to trade with once upon a time. I'll probably get to The Hague on Friday afternoon and have to leave Sunday evening, and I hope to see some of you there.

One fine magazine has just landed on my mat from Dick Martin, who I met at both of my MaryCon jaunts in '85 and '86. Dick's wonderful effort is House of Lords which is a serious discussion magazine for, and about, the American Hobby. Reading the last issue (number 7, which took a mere two years to produce, making this issue of BR look speedy in comparison) I was amazed at the sheer intensity of the American Hobby. But, on the other hand, after being involved with 'em for many years, I ought to know better by now. Anyway, it's a fine read, and I reckon that it would complement your reading of Diplomacy World quite nicely. Why not write to Dick Martin (address on the back page) for a copy, and I know he's looking for some interesting European and UK trades.

Despite this issue's thickness, I haven't got in half of the things that I wanted. So Ken Lussey's series has been held over along with a superb article from Johann Berg as well as Louise Weale's excellent short story. I hope to have these as well as six months of letters in the next issue, which, touch wood, ought to be out soon. Unfortunately, Martin Le Fevre won't be printing any more Bohemian Rhapsodys because he's flogged his printer so I'm having to go commercial in Oslo. Perhaps then I'll have the Diplomacy adjudications actually in the magazine. We'll see.

So to wrap this up, I'd like to thank everyone I met in America; Woody, Fred, Kathy, John and Frank for the hospitality, Ken for the floor, Larry for the laughs. Thanks also to Martin for printing Bohemian Rhapsody so well in the past (didn't he do well), but most of all, I'd like to dedicate this issue, and all the others to come, to May-Britt for the encouragement she's given me in producing this issue. If it wasn't for her, you would still be waiting another three months for it. Not to mention, I'll still be struggling with the paint brush around the flat. Takk for all.

That's it for all, it's time to do the back page now and see whose credit is getting low and who's moved where. Until the next time, take care.

Male

MONTEFERRUCO

New Subscribers

Johannes Berg Jnr., Tuengen Aile 10, 0374 Oslo 3, NORWAY.
Desmond Bowen, 2140 E. State St., Salem, OH 44460, USA.
John Chisholm, 112 Front Street, Lockington, Driffeld YO25 9FA. (-50p)
Andy Crowe, Drifter's Cottage, Ivetsey Bank Road, Stafford.
John Dodds, 55 Leigham Vale, Streatham, London SW16 2JQ.
Paul Evans, 43 Wynnendale Road, South Woodford, London E18 1DX.
(Small Furry Creatures Press)
Paul Gardener, Rt. 1, Box 2338, Newfane, VT 05345, USA.
(Not New York)
Hartland Trefoil Ltd., 5 Chapel Lane, Blisworth, Northampton NN7 3BU.
Dick Martin, 26 Orchard Way N, Rockville, MD 20854-6128, USA.
(House of Lords)
Tony Spencer, Belgelei 2, 2018 Antwerpen, "Belgium, man, Belgium" (-50p)

Changes of Address

Mick Brennan, 42 Darwin Close, Brunswick Park Road, New Southgate, NE1 1TA.

Removals Needed (only one more issue in credit)

Theo Clarke	Ed Hutton
Sue Gardner	Richard Morris
Alan Richards	Peter Wade

Last Issue

Daniel Brooks
Don Swartz

Conclusions

Richard Downes

Circulation

This issues circulation is 94, up eighteen from the previous issue.

100

100

100

100

100

NEWS

No ①

The absence of a good general content games magazine is something you probably miss as much as we do. Informed, and above all impartial, news, views and discussion has been sadly lacking in this country in recent years. This is in strong contrast to the position in the U.S. and Germany where there is a buoyant games hobby with excellent publications.

We have consequently decided to circulate a News Sheet to those on our mailing list. By starting in a small way we hope, firstly, to be able to keep going in the face of other pressing demands on time and, secondly, that any changes from now on will be for the better !

What happens next will depend very much on the response we receive. It would be nice to think that it might grow into a good, regular, publication covering not only games but also related topics of interest to games' players but this sort of activity requires a huge amount of effort and expense and a company that is already in the games business is not in the best position to take a strictly impartial view of the hobby. Therefore we have decided, for the present at least, to limit our efforts to an expansion of previous mailings on new Hartland Games to include some inside information, advance news, and comments. We would like to include readers' letters so ~~do~~ please, write to us.

Although publication dates are likely to be a bit variable, being timed to coincide with new releases whenever possible, we hope to get out another three issues of this News Sheet in the next year or so. If you order either of the items ('1830' or 'Shocks and Scares') mentioned here you will receive these three issues free. Otherwise, please send us 3 size 220 x 110 stamped and addressed envelopes if you wish to receive the next three issues.

HAVE YOU BEEN MISSING SOMETHING ? 1

Those of you who eagerly await each new Hartland game may have actually overlooked one which is readily available ! This is 'Shocks and Scares' manufactured by H.P.Gibson and Sons. Unfortunately, the Hartland credit is in very small print and this, with some rather ordinary packaging, may well have detracted from its sales among the cognoscenti.

This is a family game with no pretensions of being a large scale epic. What it does have is a very simple operating system which, while certainly not being a model of the Stock Market, is a highly effective mechanism for generating a shifting pattern of relative confidence and panic of the sort which is not unknown in more sober circles. Players speculate in four different company shares, the names of which reflect the fairly light-hearted nature of the game, and they also have opportunities for influencing share prices both upwards and downwards. Whether or not they are able to act on a given

situation depends on their position on the board and this is where luck is chiefly involved.

A discerning player soon finds that the element of luck is nothing like as dominant as it first appears. While it is certainly possible to take risks this is not usually the way the game is won. It is also possible to be over cautious but the best policy is to combine a certain speculative flair with a constant appreciation of the current situation.

The game situation has to be analysed in three ways; players' investments, relative share prices and the position of the playing pieces on the board. All this information can be scanned at a glance but some positions which are loaded with potential drama may look very similar to others which are totally innocent. For instance, it is obvious that a share which has reached the maximum value allowed should be sold as soon as possible because it can only move downwards. However situations can arise when only one type of share can increase in price or when an apparently popular share is extremely vulnerable to predatory actions by any of the players. There is nothing worse than being forced to raise the price of a share which will be of greater benefit to your biggest rival or having to de-value a holding in which you have just invested ! It is easy to blame luck for such disasters but a little fore-thought might have avoided your being put in this position in the first case.

The number of shops which stock Gibson Games is, of course, enormous and you should be able to find 'Shocks and Scares' in most of them. Hartland are also able to supply you direct if you wish, for 8.50 including postage, which may give you a slight saving over high street sources.

HAVE YOU BEEN MISSING SOMETHING ? 2

'KINGDOMS', which is what everyone calls Hartland's 'Game of Ancient Kingdoms' has had a riotous history involving burglary, broken promises, extortion and liquidations that could almost have made a game in itself. If it had been our first game, instead of our second, this saga might well have been fatal for Hartland. As it turned out it was fatal for 'Kingdoms' - or so it seemed - and this has been much regreted by those who would dearly like to own one of Hartland's ingenious, all plastic, boardless, abstract games in its distinctive (and unstackable) triangular box.

We hope to have some more news on this next time but the indications are that a new version of 'Kingdoms' for two players should be available later this year in two alternative styles. Consequently, by combining the two sets, you will also be able to accommodate three or four players. There is no need to take advance action on this now but if you would like a new copy of the original five player version, complete with unstackable box, we are taking advance orders subject to confirmation when we can quote a firm price - which will probably be in the region of 18.00. For this version we would advise you to get a foot in the queue because numbers are extremely limited as we have very few Trojan Warriors (see burglary, liquidation, etc) left.

HARTLAND Trefoil Ltd. 5 Chapel Lane, Blisworth, Northampton NN7 3BU, England

MIDCON 1986

This year's National Diplomacy Championship (1986) will be held yet again at **MidCon** in Birmingham over the weekend of the 7th (Friday) over to the 9th (Sunday) of November, 1986. The venue will be the excellent Royal Angus Hotel, Birmingham.

The Royal Angus is situated on the north side of the City Centre (about 20 minute walk to the station) and is right on the Birmingham Ring Road system. More details of the location and the weekend's agenda will be sent to those who register for the convention (see below for details on registration).

The cost of staying at the Royal Angus has been greatly reduced for this weekend. A single room will cost twenty-one pounds and ninety-five pence, per night, and a double (i.e. twin) will cost seventeen pounds and fifty pence, per person per night. These rates normally apply for the Friday and Saturday nights, but may also include the Sunday night as last year. If you're interested in staying over until the Monday morning I would suggest that you mention this to Brian Williams when you send in this form.

The cost of registering is five pounds until the end of July, then after costing six pounds. This fee covers the cost of administration, the MidCon newsletters (which will give full information of the weekend's agenda as it is decided between now and November) and the results sheet, **Angus**, that is sent to everyone containing the final results of the weekend.

Send this coupon to Brian Williams, 30 Rydding Lane, Millfields Estate, West Bromwich, West Midlands B71 2HA.

Name _____

Address _____

I enclose a cheque/postal order made payable to

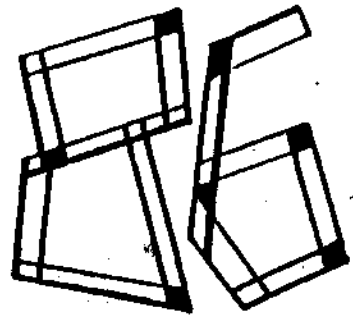
'National Diplomacy Tournament' for _____

Signed

BR3/4

DUCOSIM celebrates 10th Anniversary !!

Eurocon



For the second time in its 10 year history, DUCOSIM (Dutch Conflict Simulation Association) will organize an international games convention, this time to be held in The Hague, from November 21 to 23.

The first Eurocon was an enormous success, but having learnt from experience, we promise that Eurocon 86 will be even bigger and better.

Events:

- An international Diplomacy tournament
- Boardgame tournaments with prize money
- Dungeons & Dragons and other Role-Playing games
- Interesting Quests of Honour
- Auction of second hand games (bring your own redundant games)

And much more of course...

The site of the convention will be the hall AMICITIA in the center of The Hague, with lots of hotels within walking distance. Bring along your wife/girlfriend/husband/boyfriend/pet alien, they will enjoy the town with all of its places of interest, if they aren't into gaming themselves.

Participation fee: HFL 13.50 when registered before 30 september 1986, HFL 18.50 at the door. Members of DUCOSIM get a HFL 3.50 discount.

We will publish a second announcement around september of this year and probably a final one 1 month before the event. If you want to be kept informed, send us the slip below.

YES, I WANT TO TAKE PART IN THIS INTERNATIONAL EVENT.

() REGISTER ME AS A MEMBER OF THE CONVENTION.

() I JUST WANT TO BE KEPT INFORMED OF THE PROCEEDINGS.

NAME :
ADRESS :
CITY :
(+ postcode)
COUNTRY :

SEND THE COMPLETED FORM TO: DUCOSIM
URANUSSTR 68
NL-3331 SV ZWYNDRECHT
THE NETHERLANDS

THE POSTAL GAMESPLAYERS YEARBOOK 1987

The Yearbook will be available from Steve Doubleday, 147 Howlands, Welwyn Garden City, Herts AL7 4RL. This is where you return this form. The price of the 1987 Yearbook is likely to be One Pound, you can send this money with the form; it will be sent to you on publication.

Your entry is free.

The purposes of the 1987 Yearbook are as follows:

- 1) To act as a 'contact' list for those wishing to play face-to-face.
- 2) To be a source of names and addresses
 - a) for those co-ordinating Hobby services
 - b) for those who wish to contact individuals

If you're not interested in playing face-to-face don't complete that section. Even if you can only give your name and address, this will still be useful information. If your circumstances change, then your entry can be amended up until the deadline: **31st January 1987.**

Surname: _____ Forename: _____

Address: _____

Postcode: _____

Phones:

Home: () _____

Work: () _____

- indicate if this is for emergencies only.

Date of Birth: _____ Age in years at 31/1/87: _____

I am prepared to play the following face-to-face: _____

I am prepared to travel to the following areas/towns: _____

I am prepared to give lifts to Cons: YES/NO *

If YES to the last question - PETROL SHARING/FREE * CAR/MOTOR-CYCLE *

* Delete as appropriate.

Notes:

1. Your work 'phone number (if registered as Emergency) will be held by Steve Doubleday and will not be printed in the Yearbook. If anyone's number is required then please contact Steve Doubleday.

2. If possible, please refer to the 1976 Yearbook for a list of abbreviations for board games. It is acceptable to specify a type of game such as 'all wargames' or 'some boardgames'.

Steve Doubleday, 147 Howlands, Welwyn Garden City, Herts AL7 4RL.
Telephones - Home: (0707)-371682 Work: (0707)-336251.

BR3/4

