

FILIBUSTER
ISSUE 40.

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ALL LETTERS, ORDERS ETC. SHOULD BE SENT TO HADDON CLOSE.

DEADLINES: As I shall be on holiday for most of August and most players seem to be away also it seems pretty pointless trying to have another deadline before September. Added to the fact Ken Bain is moving sometime in the near future and will probably be very busy (however, the address printed with the Gallimaufry games within is correct until the end of August - no doubt orders can be sent with safety to the old address unless Ken informs you otherwise). Thus for all Filibuster games the deadline is Thursday 12th September 1980. For all Gallimaufry games the deadline is Monday 8th September 1980. Would all players ensure that their orders arrive by first post on the deadline dates (as you should have ample time to do!)

COST: (See the First Editorial). At present 26p excluding postage. If F remains as this issue in a duplicated state the price should remain static.

WAITING LISTS: (A) Regular 2-season Diplomacy (game fee £1-50) 7 players wanted.
(B) As (A) but with Italy starting with F(Rom) rather than A(Rom).

THE FIRST EDITORIAL

Ah! You've noticed the change. Yes, this issue of the widely acclaimed and perspicacious Filibuster has been duplicated.

You may have noticed that over the last few issues Filibuster had been kept to 16 pages. This was a necessity as each extra 4 pages increased the costs by about £8. As Filibuster was already making a loss the extra cost would have come straight out the pockets of Glyn and myself. This meant that after the Puzzle, the Letters, the Games and Glyn's serial, there wasn't much room for much else. The danger was the magazine would become sterile (NB, Mr. Booth 'would become' not 'had become'). Apart from which the starightjacket of always producing a magazine to fill exactly 16 pages was becoming too much. The straw that broke the camel's back was the fact that photocopying costs had just gone up 25%. So just as Filibuster gave up litho production, so now it gives up photocopying.....well, for one issue at least. The choice is really yours. You must decide whether you want Filibuster done by photocopy, print or by duplicator.

There is a snag.....you pay for it. If Filibuster is to be twenty pages long, say, the effective costs are £52 (litho); £38 (photocopy); £9 (duplicated). In order to keep the options open the price of Filibuster would be 60p (excluding postage) for litho; 40p (excluding postage) for photocopy; 26p (excluding postage) for duplicating. With duplicating I think it would be possibly for the magazine to break even.....making a small profit some issues and a small loss on others. Because of the change to cheaper printing methods there may be some of you who do not believe that Filibuster is worth 26P + postage: naturally, I will return any subscriptions to anyone who asks, or transfer them to another publisher. The real problem comes with people who are playing in the games. If there is a wealth of objections from players I shall endeavour to transfer the games to another quality magazine (no....not Chimaera). I would hope that most Filibuster readers would support the change or indicate their willingness to pay the extra costs if they don't want Filibuster duplicated. Indeed I have faith that most of you will see the sense in what I'm saying.

There is one other alternative: Filibuster will fold. I hope it doesn't come to that. Indeed, I have no intention of folding except if financial reasons force me to. Still, the choice is yours. Lastly, I would hope that editors of other zines will take care before they launch into a broadside attack on these proposed changes. Just remember that such attacks have been made in the past.....and all the perpetrators then are now ex-editors (with the one exception of Richard Hucknall: well he is an exception - an extraordinary fellow who is sane, pleasant and has a vast capacity for work).

I lament the lack of support given to the smaller cons these days. I remember the time that if someone had said that they were to hold a con in Oxford queues of games playes would be seen across the Magdalen Bridge. Alas, it is no longer so. What has happened to the hobby these days. Is nobody willing to become a Piggott or a Weedsack or a von Waikfeld? Will there be no witnesses for those occasions when yours truly sits down and breaks/falls off one or more chairs? Are hobby members no longer willing to travel 400 miles for a weekend of Charlton and alcohol? And what has happened to that delicious breed of women who unfortunately married an NGC freak? (perhaps a better adjective could have been used.....I remember Linda Thompson).

Tom Stricklands little con at Oxford proved to be most enjoyable. Attended by a select number of the hardcore it provided an opportunity for sanity to be seen. Con reports, however, tend to be boring to those who didn't attend so I shall say no more.

I hear that Mick Bullock has taken over the running of Eurocon 1981 and already has a provisional place booked for next year. Needless to say if you pass Mick a fiver or two ne'll be able to give you some more information. I hope to attend although I am at present thinking of buying a house which may preclude the possibility of a holiday for me next year. Eurocon 1980 is now very near. I hear there are one or two places left should anyone at the last moment decide to come.....but get your skates on!

I have now seen and played the asteroid machine which Doubleday et al are always going on about. Suffice it to say I found it difficult to understand, manual dexterity impossible and quite beyond me. However, I managed to score 7,000 which proved to be the ninth highest score of the night. This confirmed my suspicion that there are far more Wairds than Doubledays in society to-day!

THE SECOND EDITORIAL

Tired of casting pearls before swine, and wary of giving hostages to fortune in the form of remarks which might be taken amiss, I have decided to turn over my editorial space to a succession of guests. The first of these is Thomas Agincourt St. Clair Strickland, whose effusions may be perused below. Readers of Whiggish opinions are warned that there will be naught for their comfort and even less for their desire! - G.F.W.P.

"I don't know how it is, but those dam' things are sent to try us. I refer to a missive I received of a fair Oxford evening while I sat in some tap-room or other studying the canaille. It read: 'Sir, the Examiners of Honour School of Law of the University require you present yourself before them for your Viva Voce at Two of the Clock on the Afternoon of Tuesday. In this you fail at your peril.' I damned their impudence pretty roundly (for I always hunt of a Tuesday morning) and, being devilish short of tin, hurried back to dine in Hall. Felt better after a bottle or two of the more tolerable vintage port (a filthy college for port is Merton) so drank a dozen more, in consequence of which I spent the night under the table, the dam' lackeys being too drunk to carry me to bed.

Still half-foxed when I rose at dawn, but a swift gallop up Rose Hill put my liver to rights and a stirrup-cup with the Master completed my well-being. Damnably poor sport tho' hounds put up two Japanese tourists in a motor-caravan and we chivvied them from copse to copse for two hours 'til they went to ground in a multi-story car-park.

By then it was 1.30 so cantered back to College where my Scout, Tom, was in a pitiable state of anxiety. 'Sir, sir,' he babbled, 'you'll be late, sir!'. I bade him hold his tongue and call me a Chair with two stout fellows to carry it. 'But, sir!' he cried, 'You must be in subfusc.'. 'Dammit!' I said, and flung my gown over my hacking jacket. 'Dam' them, this will have to do,' I said. He beckoned me when the Chair arrived. I flung a shilling at his head, reminded him of his further duties that afternoon, and quitted my rooms. Sedan chairs are damned uncomfortable but they're the only way to travel in Oxford where only dons walk and cads bycycle. They decanted me outside The Schools where I bade them good day. I was surprised when one of them had the impertinence to put his hand upon my arm. I asked him what the devil he wanted. 'Two guineas, sir.' said he. I damned his eyes and offered to fight him for it. Of course the disconsolate rascals slunk off. I hurled a malediction after them and entered the building. It was one minute to two. 'In this room, sir.' said a Proctor. I knocked him down and went in.

The Board of Examiners (ten or eleven ugly-looking cut-throats) made small talk amongst themselves as I approached, conscious, by the jingling noise I was making, that I had neglected to remove my spurs, and comparing the gathering before me unfavourably with the Spanish Inquisition or the Membership Applications Committee of the Junior Carlton - and I should know, for I sit upon the latter.

As I took my seat Big Tom struck Two.

"Dam' you, sir!" blared the Chairman. "We have almost been obliged to wait!"

I know you, sir, dam' you, I thought. 'Black Fred' Gravelheart, Commander of the British Empire, Doctor of Divinity, Fellow of All Souls, Provost of Queen's, the world's leading authority on Basque literature, one time academic of Land Law and Tenure, and a thorough-going ruffian. I was up against it, I don't mind telling you.

"Tell me, Mr. Strickland." - thus the Senior Tutor of Balliol, a shifty-looking rogue - "what would you do if someone were to point out that the arguments you produce in support of your theory in your second paper were lacking in cognency, if not in vigour of expression?"

I pondered briefly. Then:

"I would call him out, sir!"

"Oh!"

"And I would shoot him down, sir!.....Like a dog!....."

"Like a dog, Mr. Strickland?"

"Like a dog, sir!"

That settled his hash. Another, a clergyman, cleared his throat and made as if to speak but I stared him down. 'Black Fred' glared at me.

"We have not met before, sir," he grunted. And he was right, for he had seconded the Rector of Lincoln when I'd had the pleasure of putting a ball in the latter's shoulder one dark morning in the October of my first year. (The fellow had remarked unfavourably upon some of my activities. It was the first duel I'd fought at Oxford.)

"I think not, sir," I replied. "I am not a frequenter of bawdy-houses!"

"Dam' you, sir!" he shouted. "You are being offensive!"

"Both of us are, sir!" I informed him. "But I am being so deliberately!"

"Dam' your insolence, you confounded puppy!"

"Sir," I told him stiffly, "you have used expressions which no gentleman should use to

another in the company of gentlemen! I shall reply to your observations at dawn tomorrow upon Christ Church Meadows. My friends will call upon you when you have dined!"

'Black Fred' was dumb with apolplectic fury. The others seethed with consternation. My blood up, I rounded upon them.

"Any other gentleman who fancies he deserves satisfaction I shall endeavour to accomodate at the same place after your Chairman and I have concluded our business!"

Then, recollecting that they were a lot of dam' dons with little taste for cold steel or powder and shot, I offered to go fifty rounds, bare-knuckle, with any half-dozen of them in Tom Quad, Marquis of Queensbury rules. There were no takers: 'no bottle, these dons' as they say at Canterbury.

I rose to my feet.

"I take it that the examination is concluded, gentlemen?" I asked ironically.

"Dam' you; get out!" gasped their Chairman.

I bowed and left. That night I got beastly foxed, as I always do before an affair of honour - the subsequent hangover giving me a filty temper and a lust for blood, thus improving my aim. But the events of the next morning are another story.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS (established 1973).

From Mr. P.J. Birks (editor).

Dear Adrien and Glyn,

Palfrey is not alone in finding the attractions of pubs incomprehensible. 95% of foreigners seem to as well, although the French cafe system (whereby stolid members of the working class meet at seven in the morning over black coffee and a fast cognac) seems perfectly understandable. When analysed closely, the attractions are indeed nebulous. If A does not know B, he's unlikely to say hello to him in a pub, and if A does know B, then why not meet him at home, where the booze will be cheaper. (I ignore at this point the arguments about beer - liberal middle-class milksops may indeed go to pubs to sample Boggleston's quadruple X, of which only 400 barrels a year are brewed, but most people do not, choosing to drink ice-cold lager, soggy keg, fruit juice or spirits).

The answer surely stems from two points. Firstly, you may be in a group where you know B well, C slightly, and D not at all. If you have a drink at your own place, complicated social manoeuvres would have to be sidestepped ('Is it OK if I bring a mate of mine?' etc. etc.) A pub therefore is a social setting where no-one is on his own territory. No-one has to be deferred to (except the landlord). This is a boring liberal sociological point which I find uninteresting, but might explain something to Palfers.

The second point is that if you drink regularly in a pub (say, dropping in on the way home from work because the kids are being put to bed) then it becomes that strange thing known as a 'local'. (The Palmer/Weavers link is like this, obviously, since he spends more time there than anywhere else). In a local you may meet someone you know who you are quite happy to speak to, but would not dream of inviting round for a drink at your house - what, after all, would you talk about? In a pub one can just

leave, and so on.

There are various other factors. To think of 'the pub' as one single social entity is wrong. There are pubs where youngsters go to chat up females, pubs which provide entertainment, pubs which provide real ale, pubs which just provide booze and a friendly atmosphere, and many more I can't be bothered to think of. In fact, it strikes me that there is profitable material for an interesting book to be written here.

Looking at Andy's letter, I tipped Salkeld for the Scottish National (where the fences are less difficult) and proceeded not to back it, which annoyed me.

I note that the 'Sun' got it right with Henbit. (That is to say, the survey got it right. I backed Tyrnavos).

All the best for now and then
Pete Birks.

G.F.W.P.: For myself, I am indifferent to the likes or dislikes of foreigners: the English pub is a peculiarly English institution. You imply that people must either be friends or strangers, neglecting the category of 'acquaintances'. A pub is the perfect place for meeting the latter.

Your views on what most people ~~enjoy~~ drink are regrettably true of your own circle: young people with no palate, too much money and a taste for exotic concoctions. Tant pis pour toi, mon gar!

A.C.B.: I must admit that I would never go to a pub if just for drinking. I always feel particularly uncomfortable in a pub on my own. I would only note the horrible revival in drinking lager/keg: I lump them together for they are

BOTH tasteless, foul or fizzy - and often all three. On the point of territorial demarcations in pubs, I would not say that a pub is 'no man's land'. Not at all. You try sitting on the chairs surrounding Glyn's bridge table at the Wevers on Friday evenings. People have been banned for less.....

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From Mr A. Bustany (B.A. Cantab):

Sirs,

I feel I must object to the slight on 'mathematicians' in Adrien's article on Gambling (issue 38). No real mathematician would say that no one should ever make a profit on horse racing, in the short or in the long run. Certainly if he/she finds it 'easy to see that...' then he/she ought to be a ~~wise~~-artist! Indeed, Adrien, your left hand seems not to know what your right hand is doing as, at the end of the article, you actually admit that professional punters do exist (and do make money in the long run). The fact is that any mathematician worth his salt will automatically shy away from applying strict probability arguments to any situation where human judgement is involved: e.g. in the setting of odds for a horse race. Hence you would do well (as, apparently, you do) to ignore 'mathematicians' who spout about such events. On the other hand, if we're talking about Roulette, you would be well advised to listen to the mathematicians and not to go searching for some wonderful system which will break the bank.....

Your article contains other strange contradictions as well. Consider the following pair of quotes: 'I am not talking about the 'long run' in this article', and, 'I win enough in October.....to balance out my losses for the rest of the year'. Surely this balancing act is taking the long term view of things. In fact the whole article is talking about trying to minimize your losses in the long term.....? And then you say that 'horses, unlike a table of random numbers, are unpredictable' which is the sentence following 'Certain meetings.....are good times to bet; just as certain races should never be let on'. What on earth are you doing if not predicting something about horses? You'd never be able to do that with a table of random numbers!

Yours,

Al Bustany.

G.F.W.P.: Can't say I understand a word of the above. All I will say is that Waird looks like he's stirred up another hornets nest.

A.C.B.: I think I would be prepared to concede some of the points you make, although I do think you are being

inordinately pedantic. I must confess I don't understand the last part of the second paragraph at all! I say that horses are unpredictable and you disagree after a long series of negatives. My writing is never very clear (it's a well engrained problem) but I do think you ought to go back and re-read the article once having made the following distinctions. Firstly, Horses, individually are unpredictable (except when drugged or such things). That fact is to be separated from the comments about certain times of year and certain race meetings. The point is that such factors which do affect results apply strongly to all horses in such circumstances. Surely you are guilty at universalising the particular? I still cannot agree with your comments about the long run. The point is surely that in abstracto the bookie's odds are geared to show a profit - he manipulates them. Unless you are acquainted with information that can convert those odds into your favour you will lose in the long run - for your chances at beating the book are the sum of a series of fractions (all less than one) which tend to zero. That is a trivial - and indeed tautologous point. What I was objecting to was the application of that point without recourse to other factors. That is what mathematicians are undoubtedly guilty of. Of course the odds you get are derived from the expectations of others (no more so that the Tote operates on exactly the same principle). The question is whether you can find such factors as would increase your chances in the long run. And that depends on a simple formula: can you equate the odds of any one horse in winning a particular race with the odds actually given. The answer to that question is an unqualified no. But it is possible to do so over several races - that is when the probable events formula comes in. Well, at least I think so.....

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From Mr. Jonathan Palfrey:

Dear Glyn & Adrien,

Thanks for Filibuster 39 and for the *serious and constructive* reply to my peroration on pubs (Glyn can write without tongue in cheek; pity he doesn't do so more often).

Glyn's description of pub life shows the pub as, in the words of my last letter, "a way of meeting people". I can see that it does provide for a particular kind of social interaction, which may be satisfying to those with a taste for it.

If I were obliged to spend an evening listening to a succession of people talking shop and watching the comings and goings of drunken Irishmen, I'd consider it a boring waste of time and I'd be in no hurry to repeat the experience. This isn't meant as some kind of put-down, merely as an instance of 'one man's meat is another man's poison'. In the right circumstances, I can spend hours at a time talking with other people; but such circumstances cannot be manufactured to order. When an interesting conversation doesn't develop (and many times it won't) I believe it is better to do something else than to make boring conversation or sit around doing nothing. My complaint about pubs is that there's nothing else to do in them (except drink). The pub therefore relies on customers with an endless appetite for alcohol and boring conversation.

Remember that I'm a long-time SF reader: a possible side-effect of this is that I find it difficult to maintain an interest in the affairs of people whom I consider to be insignificant. By my own standards, I'm pretty insignificant myself, and this is a problem for me (while watching Crime and Punishment on TV I felt an unexpected sympathy for Raskolnikov). Although I'm willing to respect people who can be content to lead a quiet life and occupy their minds with small details, for better or for worse, I'm not that kind of person myself. I wonder just how numerous are the various types.

Glyn calls me a "rootless urban intellectual", which is partly right. "Intellectual" is a vague word with various different meanings, but may be applicable to me in some sense. "Urban" is flatly wrong - I've never lived in a typical urban environment for any length of time, cities depress me, and I'm just as out of place in them as I am anywhere else. "Rootless", however, is spot on - after all, my life has been spread over 8 different countries and several times that number of separate homes. I've spent quite a lot of it reading SF; and I quite commonly feel like a marooned time traveller, stuck here in this primitive society, no more at home than Genly Ai on Gethen.

Regards,

Jonathen.

G.F.W.P.: Being so! Boring is as boring does; it

takes two to make a conversation. Have you no interest in your fellows? Their views maybe shallow, conventional and distasteful, but as they affect you whether you like or not you are wise to ascertain them in advance.

I'm an even long SF reader than you are; from way back when SF was virtually underground literature and I fail to see what this has to do with an indifference to the affairs of others. One thing (perhaps the only thing) I learnt is that the men who walked the streets of Imperial Rome are the same as those who will ride the slideways of Imperial Trantor: vain, lazy, greedy, stupid and violent. Not much to show for many wasted hours and badly-needed money!

Being 'urban' is a state of mind, not geography. In the context it means 'soft-core middle class'. In short: a reader of The Guardian and The Observer, compassionate and concerned, deeply interested in the prospect of the 'Third World', womens' liberation, minority rights and all the other social fashions of the moment from jogging to seal-culling. And you are supposed to feel sorry for Raskolnikov!

A.C.B.: Hmm.....See my comments to Pete's letter. My assessment of young Palfers differs slightly from Glyn's. I detect a definite note of arrogance and superiority: excellent qualities in one so young at heart. Mind you, I have to be careful - being referred to as a gutless intellectual by Palmer on several occasions myself.

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'Cato (& Trad) contra mandum':

The Editors,
Dear Sirs,

Why should you suspect that I am unfrocked?

I will have you know that I wear many forms of traditional garb (1) and embrace all the major religions (2).

It is not totally accurate to say that no one quotes Cato now, for, at the slightest provocation, I do (all 3 of them). Do you call me nobody? (3) Would that there were more to heed their sage advice (4) and chide the extravagance and laxity of the

present times. (5)

My apologies if I have underrated Glyn's flexibility. One had always assumed that he was essentially sinister by inclination.

Adrien, we must correct. As wrangler Bustany could explain vectorially, a full beer glass is in a state of unstable equilibrium, (6). There are two possible 'Right' states: a, being emptied (7); b, being refilled (8).

Rather than Protagoras, I would have quoted from 'The Hitch Hikers Guide' (9), but if you want a Greek tag, how about Hesiod, Theog., 28 'Idmen psuedea polla.....' etc (10).

Agreed that the Bard's two Kates were non-British, but what has this to do with Piggott's?

That 'Wogs begin at Canvey' is one belief (11) long honoured by,
Tradition.

- (1) 'Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new.' (R. Burns).
- (2) Not at the same time.
- (3) Answering that would reveal a failure to recognise a rhetoriacal question.
- (4) 'Virtutum primam esse puta compescere linguam.' D. Cato. 'Regard it as the first of virtues to restrain the tongue.'
- (5) 'Habemus luxuriam atque avaritiam, publice egestatem privatim opulentiam.' D. Cato. 'We have luxury and avarice. Public Poverty and Private Opulence.'
- (6) Like 't.d.c.' to Glyn and other motor mechanics.
- (8) Preferably at your expense.
- (7) Preferably by me. ((typer's error))
- (9) "Some people believe in the existence of Filibuster. They couldn't be more wrong!"
- (10) "You know how to speak many false things as if they were true, and you know, when you choose, how to wrap up truth in incomprehensibility."
- (11) "Delenda est Canvey." Cato Major.....is another.

G.F.W.P.: Merde!

((Readers note: Glyn read this letter, then read it again, then again, and once more. He then said "Merde" and disappeared. On finding him two hours later at the Weavers he looked a wrecked and broken man.))

A.C.B.: Trad cunningly wraps up the truth by asertion. He claims that he asks a rhetoriacal question when in truth he states his own self. Tradition cannot be personified (1) nor would it be possible so to perceive (2). The truthful untruth of his cunningly uncunning epistle is at once obvious to all.

- (1) except perhaps pathetically.
- (2) as 'Esse est percipi'.

From Mr. C. Booth (editor):

((such criticism must be published in full))

.....my apologies for not sending you this issue of Chim earlier. Unfortunately, it seemed so long since I received the last copy of F I'd assumed that you'd gone off in a huff and missed sending me a copy, but alas I was wrong and I apologise. Why do you trade?

Who's.....the guy that does the second editorial? Can't say I'd noticed him before, but I spotted my name and so I thought I'd better read on a bit further than usual. Can't say I like him much, he seems even more irrational than the norm for hobby editors. I mean, how can anyone claim gross over-reaction on my part whilst at the same time reacting like that? Oh well, what a shame I won't be able to snipe at the pompous twit next issue of Chim, having announce my retirement from the battle-front as I have. However, I trust that this won't stop you calling me names as the publicity is always welcome.

Regarding the cover of F, yes, I quite liked it (which is a novelty in itself for something from F). However, there does seem to be some confusion as to the identity of the P.C. Me, I sport a bushy beard (which also makes nonsense of the references to my daily confrontation with the shaving mirror) though I'll allow you literary licence. Actually looking at the picture where Adrien appears to have run into the rear of another (parked?) vehicle I'd say that there was a good cause for a case of 'due care' - further enquiries will be made. You don't have to make a statement, and certainly if it looked like running to two or three pages of such ramblings I certainly wouldn't push. As for Kant, Spinoza and Leibnitz there is no offence of leaving the scene of an accident unless one of them was the driver of the other car. (And not necessarily so even then). Who are they anyway? I've looked in the last New Statsman under the player listings but I can't find them. You will be reported for failing to give your name and address (s.162 R.T.A. 1972) and finally, sir, I must ask you to blow into this little bag.....

Yours,

Clive.

P.S.: Apart from the bits about me, it was boring as usual.

G.F.W.P.: I am at a loss to explain away rightly this correspondent's charge of 'over-reaction'. I instantly re-read the offending article (my Second Editorial -

Filibuster issue 39) seeking whereby I have incurred his displeasure. A judiciously-phrased piece I thought it, with maybe here and there a mild remonstrance or gentle admonition, and perhaps a certain diffident deprecation coupled with the suggestion that Chim does not do justice to his undoubted talents. But these subtle affairs of criticism are, perhaps, ones in which he himself does not set the perfect example.

A.C.B.: I must find that dam' book so I can send it to him.....oh well, that'll have to wait. Mr. Booth's letter, and his subsequent remarks in Chim (so much for th t retirement we were promised) were, as expected, wholly amusing. I really do think he should

perhaps grow up a little. It is a great pity that one so charmed with the sensitivity of a virgin should blacken himself by entering into discourses he so little knows anything about. I trade with other zines to read them. It is obvious that Clive doesn't - perhaps using them as lavatory paper. I think that paranoia - my co-Editor's phrase - is too strong. Please accept my apologies, if not his. However 'prejudiced' is far better: how then is it possible to constructively comment when one has the impudence to say (perhaps not so blandly) I don't read what I'm criticising. I'm not so often willingly unkind but in this instance I can at least say truthfully I would not want to meet Clive Booth. That is probable the worst I'll ever go.....

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## PUZZLE

Last issue's puzzle appeared to be very easy: it was. It is difficult to know how difficult puzzles should be.....that's why I've made this issue's one in two parts.

All correct answers were received from Tom Butcher, Frank Dashwood, Al Bustany, Paul Hurtle and Malcolm Sharrock. Malcolm Sharrock's solution was first out of the hat so he gets a free issue.

The problem is solved quite simply once it is realised that D or E must be zero. Using simple algebraic equations two sets of solutions appear:

- 1) if d=0: A=30; B=45; C=40; D=0; E=80; F=60.
- 2) if e=0: A=50; B=35; C=40; D=80; E=0; F=20

The sum of (1) is 255 and the sum of (2) is 225. If knowledge of the number of von Renkian philosophers in Latvia will enable you to get a solution then that number must be between 225 and 254. Thus (1) is the correct solution. I can't resist quoting from Frank Dashwood at this point: "That there should be 225 or more von Rankian philosophers....in a small country like Latvia is an appalling prospect. Truly a crushing indictment of the Communist system that such horrors should go unchecked."

This months puzzle:

- (A) The game of 'Dodgem' (invented by Colin Vout) can be played on any size chess board. In an n by n board each player starts off with n-1 peices. Whites peices start on the left hand column, occupying all the spaces except the bottom left hand square. Blacks peices start off on the bottom rank, occupying all the spaces except the bottom left hand square. Whites peices can move orthogonally either up or down or to the right (but not to the left). Black's peices can move orthangonally either left or right or upwards (but not downwards). The players play alternatively moving one of their peices (counters will do), according to the valid movement rules, to an unoccupied square (each counter can only move one square). Each player's goal is to move all his peices off the board at the oppisite edge to his pieces' starting postion (anywhere along the opposite edge). There are no captures. A player must always leave his opponent a legal move or forfeit the game. The first player to get all his pieces off the board wins. In a 3x3 game (ech player having two counters) which player has the advantage and what's his startegy?

- (B) A more traditional (!) puzzle. If each letter stands for a number (between 0 and 9) when does.....

$$\text{SIX} + \text{SIX} + \text{SIX} = \text{NINE} + \text{NINE}???$$

(The '?' are not digits!). Best answer for next time gets a free issue. More on 'Dodgems' anon.



## CAN ITALY'S CHANCES BE IMPROVED???

Many statistical buffs such as myself await the 1980 review of openings and results by Mick Bullock in New Statsman. The last of these invaluable surveys appeared in 1978. However, whatever the effect of the good analyses which have been done over the last twenty-four months I think that Italy will once again appear at the bottom of the table for outright wins. Although Italy does not have the horrific record of Austria for early eliminations it remains a fact that Italy is the winning country in only 7% of all games.

Those who have looked carefully at the Diplomacy board will realise that it is the result of much research and pre-testing. Unfortunately I have never seen some of the trial versions so I cannot comment on any original designs. In the 1970s many variants appeared, some good some bad: but most will agree that the greatest flaw of many of them was the inability of amateur designers to produce a playable map. This leads me to the conclusion that the idea of altering the present Diplomacy board has seldom crossed the mind of many players. This is probably a good thing.

However, of all the suggestions that have been made over the years one at least has caught my eye as being worthy of further investigation. It appeared in Richard Sharp's book 'The Game of Diplomacy' in the chapter on Italy. Richard well realises the work which went into the present board, but he says that if there was one change he would like to see it would be to let Italy start with a fleet rather than an army in Rome.

If any change is to be made to improve Italy's chances by altering the starting units then a basic rule should be adhered to: the effect of the change should be to improve Italy's chances while at the same time the change should not create a weakness in another country's position to the extent that the chances of that country become lower than Italy's are now. The greatest problem is one of analysis: the simple change of F(Rom) has enormous effects across the board. Unfortunately at the end of the day the only real way of analysing the game-long effects is by analysis of results - and those are just not available.

It can readily be seen that the main effect of the change is to allow Italy the option of F(Rom)-TYS and F(Nap)-ION in Spring 1901. The present popular Lepanto systems when Italy arrives at A(Apu) & F(ION) in Summer 1901 disappear. Lets start by looking at the good side. Obviously Italy can now achieve F(WMS) by Autumn 1901. This unleashes some very worrying problems for France. By Summer 1902 Italy can achieve F(GOL), F(WMS), F(TYS) and A(Pie). (There is also the possibility of F(MAO)!). The great difference is that whereas in the present game any attack by Italy on France is usually delayed until 1902/3.....or even later, Italy now has the opportunity of a forceful attack at a much earlier stage. Whereas in the present game the Italian attack is seen two seasons ahead by an alert France, the simple change of F(Rom) allows the attack to be made from the start of the game.

The other main plus in Italy's favour appears if Italy takes a more 'traditional' line. If Italy wishes to ally with Austria then end result of the present Lepanto still remain. Thus Italy can take Tunis and still have the attack on Turkey (F(Rom)-TYS-Tun-ION, F(Nap)-ION-EMS/AEG-stands). However, Italy has two additional advantages. She can occupy the Aegean in Autumn 1901 (thus her diplomatic leverage in the Balkans is increased at a very early stage). Secondly, she can go for Greece in Autumn 1901 without giving up Tunis. This is an important change and one that should not be overlooked. With the present popularity of the Southern Hedghog (and allied systems) as opening moves for Austria, Italy's chances of two builds are near to non existant. At one time - yes, in those early days - Italy might well take Trieste in one-third of all games. However, at last the sense of a vigorous early defence by most Austrian players has negated that possibility by the simple expedient of F(Tri)-Ven as (.....dare I say it) a statutory opening move for Austria (unless, in the words of one R.C.Sharp esq., Italy is a beautiful nymphomaniac.....)

What are the disadvantages to Italy? The first, and most obvious, is the possibility of an Austrian attack on Italy. But this is not a dangerous or as likely as would first appear. For starters Italy can still be very defensive and play F(Nap)-Apu (although I think I would have to have Clive Booth's paranoia to do that!). Secondly, for the attack to have any hope Austria would have to play F(Tri)-ADR and support an army into Trieste (otherwise A(Ven)-Tri, and if it succeeds, let it stand.....if Austria has guessed right and played F(Tri)-ADR and A(Vie)-Tyr there is still no danger: it becomes a swap of centres or at worst a guess for which Austrian centre to take - and that only when Austria decides to give up the Balkans for good). I think that Austria would have to be mad, very sure of Russia and Turkey and give up all chances of winning to play such an attack.....and even then it wouldn't work 100% of the time.

Far more serious is the possibility that France will play defensively.....or even



Tringers goes to War continued .....

smuggling Brazilian coffee into Belgium and Flemish brandy into France.

"Ici, M'sieu," hissed the figure. "Give zis paper to your commandant!"

"I....."stuttered Dransfield.

But she had melted silently away. Dransfield dispatched one underling to take the message to Major Ovens and ordered another to make fresh tea.

Beep, beep!

"Now what?" wondered the harrassed Corporal.

Outside the guardroom he was confronted by the sight of a muddy motorcycle combination, an Army Captain at the controls and a fully fledged Brigadier-General, General Staff, in the side-car.

"Great Scott!" gasped Dransfield. Pulling himself together he ripped off a sizzling salute.

"Open the gates, my man!" ordered Doubleday brusquely. "Which way to the C.O.'s quarters?"

"Er, straight on, sir! The hut with crates outside!"

Doubleday gunned the machine into motion and sped off. Dransfield hurried back into the guardroom and rang the field telephone with frantic fingers.

"Adjutant's office.....Captain Palfrey, sir.....there's a Brigadier gone through, on his way to see Major Ovens!"

Quacks of dismay filled the earpiece.

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Major Ovens was in the Officers' Mess where the chaps were celebrating their successfull raid on their arch-enemies and von Waikfeld. Holding up his hand he called for silence.

"I have some good news for you chaps," he began quietly, glancing at Andy Tringham's eager face. "I have this moment received a note from our absent comrades, Christopher and Steven Tringham!"

A lubbub of incredulity filled the room and wild cheering broke out.

"What does it say, sir?" gasped Andy, flushed with excitement.

Major Ovens was gravely triumphant.

"They are available to be picked up tomorrow at this map reference. They say there's a field good enough for landing in and they'll be waiting at dawn!"

The Mess efforvesced with enthusiasm.

Major Ovens smiled, then becoming aware of the agitated presence of the Adjutant, turned to him.

"What is it, Palfrey,"

Palfrey expalined in a nervous whisper.

"A Brigadier, eh? Staff wallah, you say? Yes, I'll see them straight away!"

"Very good, sir! And the Orderly Room tell me our new draft has arrived; I'll be interviewing their Flight-Sergeant in my office if you want me, sir!"

Ovens left the Mess and made his way to his Quarters wondering vaguely what this unexpected appearance of a high-ranking Staff officer could forbode. Nothing good, he'd dare say. Flinging open his door he went in to confront his visitors.

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"Fight-Sergeant Birks reportin' fer duty, sah!" yelled Birks, coming to attention and saluting as he brought his highly polished boots together with a satisfying crash upon the wooden floor of the Adjutant's office.

Palfrey was impressed. Inviting Birks to sit down, he offered him a mug of rum which Birks, after a fine show of hesitation was finally prevailed upon to accept. Palfrey went on to confide his disciplinary problems.

"Good chaps, you understand," he said, "but.....well, the R.F.C. isn't a very old service and attitudes are a trifle, er, unsoldierly."

"Yes sir," said Birks, thinking of Corporal Dransfield.

"Indeed.....you won't believe this, Flight-Sergeant.....but I came upon an Airman this very morning - at 9 ack emma, mark you! - unshaven!"

Birks was aghast at this enormity.

"Have some more rum, Flight-Sergeant!.....Now you're here, we can lick the chaps into shape!"

Birks greeted this alluring proposition with grim enthusiasm. In his mind he mapped out a programme of dawn parades, kit inspections, forced marches and those

Tringers goes to War continued .....

various other military institutions dear to the hearts of senior N.C.Os.  
"Yer won't know 'em after I've 'ad my 'ands on 'em fer a month, sah!"  
"Stout fellah! Have some more rum!"

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Davidson was ill at ease. It had all been so easy up to now. The mad dash to Dover on Doubleday's 'stinkbike', his imperious commandeering of a cruiser to convey them to Boulogne, the brusque requisitioning of transport - 'important despatches from the War Office' - and the hurried journeying between various Army Headquarters in the search for R.F.C. Hametzcourt. He had intended, on reaching that haven, to demand the return of the subalterns Tringham, Strickland and Walsh to England in the company of himself and his aide-de-camp. Oh, he would think of an excuse to preserve their amour propre - secret flying trials, or something. But when Major Owens entered and Davidson was confronted by this grave man with his shrewd eyes and grizzled moustache, his heart sank. How could he lie to this imposing figure? With a rush of words he laid bare the whole deception.

At last he stammered to a halt. Covertly he regarded the recipient of his tale. He was surprised and relieved to find a twinkle in the great man's eye.

"Well, well!" exclaimed Major Owens thoughtfully. "Schoolboys, eh? Thought there was something fishy about them. They must go back, of course - but, by God, they've the right stuff in them! Tell 'em to come back in 1920 - still be plenty of Huns to pot!"

"Do you think the war will last that long, sir?" asked Doubleday eagerly.

"Oh, sure to!" replied Major Owens. He rang for his batman. "The officers Strickland, Walsh and Tringham to report to me at once!" he ordered.

Minutes later saw the appearance of three cheerful fellows.

"Ah, chaps!" Thus Major Owens. "I'd like you to meet these two fellow officers!"

"Pleased to meet you....." said the three in unison. Then:

"Oh, my hat!"

"Oh, crumbs!"

"Oh, crikey!"

"Found you, you young ticks!" grinned Doubleday.

Andy turned to Major Owens, his face working. "Sir.....I....." he stammered.

"Don't worry, my boy." Owens said kindly. "They've told me everything!"

"It was for Chris and Steve," said Andy quietly.

"I know!.....You'll have to go back, of course.....but, might as well finish the job, eh?.....Still this matter of your brothers being collected from this Wittgenstein place!.....Now, if three machines were to go up at dawn for a patrol.....?"

"Thank you, sir!" cried Andy.

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"Och, mon; it's bluidy cold!" complained McDoom.

"What do you expect at dawn?" grinned Steve.

The three officers gazed, from the cover of a nearby spinney, at the small meadow before them. A faint grey flush was in the sky while half-a-mile away in Wittgenstein the stolid Flemish burghers lay sunk in their usual pre-dawn, gin-soaked oblivion.

"Think they'll come?" asked Steve.

"Major Owens will never let us down!" answered Chris quietly.

"Hark!" exclaimed McDoom.

Eyes and ears straining, they regarded the paling sky. Three black dots rapidly approached.

"Camels, by God!"

Two machines took up station above the field; the third swooped down for a perfect three-point landing.

"Come on, chaps!" shouted Steve, running towards the stationary aircraft.

Its pilot, anonymous in helmet and goggles, made urgent gestures of haste.

"Jump in, you fellows!" he shouted. "Hold tight!"

Gunning the engine, the pilot turned his machine, raced forward, and took off smoothly.

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"Here they come!"

Tringers goes to War continued .....

All personnel at R.F.C. Hametzcourt thronged the perimeter to welcome the return of their intrepid colleagues. One machine, obviously heavily laden, came in to land as the other two performed victory rolls above the airfield.

The engine fell silent, pilot and passengers jumped to the ground. Hands outstretched, the latter approached their rescuer.

"Thanks, old chap!" began Chris. "I....."

The pilot pulled off his helmet and goggles. Andy's grinning face confronted his amazed brothers.

"Andy!" gasped Steve. "What the deuce.....?"

"You young villain!" breathed Chris. "How the devil.....?"

"Tell you all about it in the mess!" laughed Andy, leading the way.

In the Mess, among endless toasts to the daring exploits of the three boys, all was explained to the incredulous escapers.

"Well done, young 'uns!" said Chris gruffly.

"Yes.....good show!" murmured Steve.

"Mon, but you're gey canny laddies!" enthused McDoom.

The three youngsters flushed with gratification and embarrassment.

Later, all interested parties assembled in Major Ovens's office. Present were Davidson, Doubleday, Strickland, the Tringhams, major, minor and minimus, Walsh and, of course, Major Ovens himself.

"Well, I suppose we must go back," sighed Andy.

"Yes!" grunted the Major. "You two take a month's leave and go with them," he said to Steve and Chris.

"Old Simpers'll be glad to see you!" grinned Davidson. "Thinks he owes you a swishin'!"

"I'll bet!" laughed Walsh.

"Oh, I think we can get off that!" laughed Steve.

They made their goodbyes to Major Ovens and the chaps and marched off in a chaffing crowd.

"Wonder what happened to Piggott?" thought Davidson vaguely, then dismissed the matter from his mind.

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Piggott, meanwhile and much to his surprise, had been frankly enjoying himself. The raiding party had gone over the top just at the time Andy had been picking up his passengers fifty miles away. In thick fog they broke unobserved through the enemy wire and surprised the Germans - a second-grade unit of green-horns from the Hochschulen of the Fatherland with a sprinkling of veterans, walking wounded from the Galician front - totally. Scorning the white Very light as useless in the fog, Piggott had inched his way forward to the enemy parapet. "Wer da?" had come a nervous challenge. He'd pistolled the fellow on the spot; behind him his men came on with a rush and a cheer. Seconds later, with ludicrous ease, they had bundled the enemy out of their positions, only a handful of silent, field grey figures remained.

"The Blue Very light, Sir?" reminded his Sergeant.

Piggott thought quickly.

"No!" he snapped. "Reverse the trench! You and you, get some sandbags up here! Corporal, get those enemy machine guns working - post them here and here! And you, see if there are any grenades in those dugouts!"

"But, Sir," gasped the Sergeant, "Captain Sharp said as 'ow we'd to capture prisoners and go back immediate!"

"Go and tell Captain Sharp," ordered Piggott grandiloquently, "that Lieutenant Piggott has taken this trench and will hold it to the last man and the last round! Tell him to send up reinforcements and more Mills bombs. And tell Lieutenant Lee to advance to the Artillery range on the next line of enemy trenches. Tell him to put down a barrage on a Red Very signal!"

"A barrage, Sir?" gulped his listener.

"To prepare for my next advance, man!" snapped Piggott.

The Sergeant melted into the fog. Piggott continued his conversion of the trench into a strong-point.

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"Dam' his eyes, the insubordinate cub!" exploded Captain Sharp.

Tringers goes to War continued ...../

The messenger flinched. Nye hurried in with a freshly opened bottle of whisky. Lee picked his teeth. Hoare yawned.

"Go back and tell Lieutenant Piggott to withdraw immediately, confound his impudence!"

"It would break Piggott's heart, Sir," ventured Lee.

"Dam' his heart, sir! Let my orders be obeyed!" thundered the enraged Sharp.

"It's no go, skipper!" opined Hoare quietly.

"What do you mean, dam' you?"

"It's broad daylight! The Huns'll be on the alert. They'll never get back alive!"

Sharp grunted, poured himself a mug of whisky and sipped at it, deep in thought. The battallion was committed to support the French on their left, in half an hour's time he must send three companys over the top. Now, thanks to Piggott's rashness, the elaborate painstakingly thought out plan was in ruin. Sharp decided to abandon finesse and play for the drop!

"Very well!" he snapped. "Hoare, send up a signal and B and C Companies to Piggott's position. Lee, range Divisional Artillery as he asks. Reinforce success, that's the only thing that can save us!"

The trenches outside rang with the orders.

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Piggott, gulping with excitment, fired off a Red Very light. Seconds later the guns behind the Allied lines thundered out. The enemy line disappeared under a hail of shells. As the barrage began to creep forward Piggott sprang to the top of the hastily improvised parapet. "Follow me, men!" he screamed, waving his revolver. Cheering the Tommys rushed forward.

In the German lines all was confusion and dismay. Staff officers poured over maps.

"Wo sind der Schwerpunkt?" they screamed.

Piggott's attack had thrown out of gear their preparations for the Anglo-French offensive. About to be outflanked they had no choice but to abandon their defensive complex of trenches and withdraw. Forty miles of front line changed hands that day. In far off Berlin General Ludendorff was beside himself with rage. Not until August 8th, 1918 would there be so black a day for the German Army.

As for the hero of the hour, Piggott was court-martialled for disobedience, sentenced to be severely reprimanded - and awarded the Military Cross! Thus began the legend of 'Fighting Jack' Piggott. For the rest of the war he bore a charmed life, in the thick of every skirmish. He was, said Feldmarschal Hindenburg, worth an Army Corps to the Allies.

.....the conclusion and the epilogue, next issue.....

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#### SPACEFILLER

Luis D'antin Van Rooten's 'Mots D'Heures' has a good little poem. A 'Gille' is the french for a stock medieval character (usually equivalent to a fool or a country bumkin like Palmer). Anyway the poem goems something like this (translated):  
Each fool while hoeing, uncovers a mole and a seed. Having finished he calls to the limping man that every pitcher has a crack in it. Then asks 'is it a Chinese cabbage?'. We find out he likes a life of pleasure and carriage. What you may well ask has this got to do with anything. Well, with apologies to nursery rhymes here is the original:

Chacun Gille  
Houer ne taupe de hile  
Tot-fait, j'appelle au boiteur  
Chaque fele dans un broc est-ce crosne?  
Un Gille qu'aime tant berline a fetard.

Oh well, it's only a spacefiller, you see.

## A PLAIN MAN'S GUIDE TO GAMBLING SYSTEMS (an occasional article).

Perhaps the most famous remark about all gambling systems was made by Francois Blanc, the founder of the infamous Monte Carlo casino. It was a clever pun on his name and the zero on the roulette wheel (which at that time was marked in white). He said: "Rouge gagne quelquefois, Noir souvent, mais Blanc toujours."

Roulette above all other casino games has the greatest number of system-addicts. It is fair to say that all systems used in roulette - and indeed in most other 'games of chance' (note the marvellous euphemism!) - have their origins in a trio of well known basic fallacies. This holy trinity consists of the Martingale, the Labouchere, and the d'Alembert. Understand them, and understand the fallacy behind them and you are well on the way to never becoming a system-addict.

The Martingale: A 'martingale' is a strap used to control horses and to stop them pulling away. It is a pity that in gambling it has the opposite effect on the punter. This system will inevitably lead to ruin (but like smoking and lung cancer some escape - remember out of a hundred blind men trying to cross Oxford Street, some will get to the other side). The system is usually played on even money bets. It is notoriously simple: you start off betting with one unit. After each losing bet you double the previous stake; after each winning bet you collect your winnings.....and start again. Thus after each winning bet (on an even money shot) you win one unit whatever the previous results. Say for instance you back 'Red' on the roulette table. The first three spins come up 'Black' and then 'Red' appears. You will have staked  $1 + 2 + 4 + 8$  units = 15 units. The fourth spin gives you 8 units in winnings and your original stake, 8 units = 16 units. The profit over the four spins is 1 unit. The Martingale plays on one of the simplest human emotions for greed: whatever you lose you must win back, and win back as quickly as possible. The problem with the Martingale is that you will sooner or later come against the house limit or your bank manager's refusal to extend overdraft facilities. Spins of 15 consecutive 'Blacks' or 'Reds' are not uncommon. On the 16th spin following such a sequence you will need to stake in excess of £32,000 if you started with a £1 bet. But, even if you had such money, most casinos wouldn't accept the bet - the house limit of maximum stakes would see to that. Lastly, I would be interested as to why this betting method has been called a 'system' and why it has the name it has. Perhaps someone will be good enough to tell me.....

The Labouchere: This system has been referred to 'as the most infamous and damning system ever to be used'. When Norman Leigh wrote his book 'Thirteen against the Bank' he and his researchers found that this system had been responsible for more bankruptcies than any other. How true that is I don't know - and whatever I think of that book and its story I believe that the Labouchere is an appalling system. In America, no doubt because of the impossibility of inhabitants there to pronounce French, it is known as the Cancellation system. A player who uses the Labouchere decides how many units he wishes to win (usually a perfect number for reasons that will become obvious). Say he decides on 15 units. He then begins by writing down a series of numbers which add up to his desired profit thus: 1 2 3 4 5. The first stake is determined by the sum of the two outside numbers (in this case  $1 + 5 = 6$  units). If that bet wins those two numbers are crossed out: ~~1~~ 2 3 4 ~~5~~. Hence the next bet becomes 6 units again ( $2 + 4$ ) - being the sum of the two outside numbers again. If the first bet lost, the amount lost is written down on the right of the sequence. Thus in the example, the first bet was for 6 units, so the sequence becomes: 1 2 3 4 5 6. It can readily be seen that no matter what results ensue, the system guarantees that when the sequence is completely crossed out the profit amounts to whatever was the sum of the original sequence of numbers. Thus it doesn't really matter what numbers you start with. However, it is somewhat traditional that they be 1 2 3 4 5. The problem with the Labouchere is the same as the Martingale. But the way the system operates tends to conceal the results. What happens is that although the stakes are less on a losing run than those for the Martingale, one simple win doesn't cover your past loses. (One win only crosses out two numbers - and on a losing run the sequence can be 20 to 30 numbers long). Thus although the Labouchere reduces the stakes it makes you make far more large bets. As such it takes longer for you to reach the house limit: but your money runs out just as quickly. I look at the Labouchere as a man trying to kill himself with slow poison, rather than by a shot in the head which is more akin to the Martingale.

The d'Alembert: Known in France as 'Montant et demontant'. This system owes a lot to what is probably the greatest gambling fallacy: whatever goes up must come down.



I'm sure you've all heard what I'm talking about. For instance when betting on horses and dogs how often do you hear someone say that because the last five favourites have lost it means necessarily that a favourite is due. Or after ten heads showing up on the toss of a coin, someone says that tails has to come up soon. All highly illogical and totally unsound mathematically, of course, but people do believe it. Anyway back to the d'Alembert. Quite simply the system can be seen as a controlled version of the Martingale. You start with whatever stake you choose and then add one unit to that stake if the first bet loses or subtract one unit from that initial stake if the first bet wins. Unfortunately, like the Labouchere it often leads to enormously long progressions as the player finds that for some reason roulette wheels and the like do not behave like Newton's apple: what goes up keeps going up.

All these systems endeavour to produce many small wins. Their defect is simple: once in a while they produce disastrous losses. As such they tend to appeal to the gambling mind.....which is always more concerned with winning. This is perhaps why there are always people in every betting shop around the country who will insist on backing favourite after favourite. By so doing they pick up more winning bets (and ostentatiously to boot) so it appears that they are 'always winning'. However, there are another group of gamblers who prefer to back outsiders. They make fewer winning bets but when they win their payoff is better. So it is with roulette systems. Each of the holy trinity can be played 'in reverse' or 'a inverse'. What you do is bet the exact opposite of what you would have bet. Thus in the Martingale if your first bet wins you place 2 units on the next bet and so on until you place a losing bet when you withdraw your money.....(and I hate to say it) and start again. The most famous recent tale of the use of such a system was in 'Thirteen against the Bank'. There a group of thirteen people used the reverse Labouchere system in casinos in Great Britain and in France. The story tells us how they made their fortune and were banned from playing in French casinos. The story also points out that such is the fate of good systems - casino proprietors prevent their use. To be fair, Leigh tells us that 'it was damn hard work'. What is kept out of the story is how lucky they were. The logic of using any system in reverse is that you make the bank play the original system against you. As the original system is a notorious loser, thus the system in reverse must be good. This is, of course, absolute nonsense. All you alter is the expected profits: instead of regular small wins, you get regular small losses. Instead of occasional large losses, you get occasional large wins. But the house percentage which determines that in the original system that the large losses exceed the regular wins also works to ensure that the regular losses in the inverted system exceed the occasional large win.

So much for the Martingale et al. However, several books have appeared on the market giving other advice. While more often than not the advice is simply a d'Alembert or a Martingale etc. in disguise, some are based on other fallacies. People exist who insist that the roulette wheel has a memory. This personification leads to the belief that a profit can be made out of backing 'sleepers'. Thus if you are willing to watch a roulette wheel for hours (and the casino serves good real coffee), you make a note of those numbers which haven't appeared for some time. Numbers fans tell you to wait for 77 spins or 111 spins without the number appearing. Then you emerge, chips in hot, sweaty hand, and back that number which has 'slept'. Unfortunately quoting from Macbeth ("Sleep no more!") or any similar stuff won't wake a sleeper. When you bet that number still has a 1 in 37 (1 in 38 in America) chance of coming up. Going from the sublime to the ridiculous there exist people who will only back zero (either singly or in combination with other numbers). Their argument is that the zero works for the bank (as all even money bets are put 'en prison' or 'le partage' operates: either the bets are left to the next spin when if you win you can only take back your stake or you immediately give up half the stake to the bank). Thus as the bank wins on the zero it must be good to follow it. Of course, zero like any other number gives odds of 35 to 1 (or 34 to 1 in some countries). There are some people who back a 'lucky' number singly, in doubles, in trios, in fours, in lines and on the even chances matching it. This is exactly the system which was used by one Mr. Charles Wells - the man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo. He did in fact break the bank as his lucky number came up three times. However his roguery let him down. To get the money to stake with he sold the rights to some useless inventions and run off with the money. It was that fraud that eventually brought him to justice (and after he had lost all his

fortuitous gains). Indeed he threatened to reveal his so called system to the court until an able-minded prosecutor in a remarkable speech talked of judge's selling their gowns and wigs to go to Monte Carlo.

Anyway, enough of systems. The point to remember is that at each spin of the wheel, or each throw of the dice, or each turn of the card, the casino percentage is working against you. Thus the longer you bet the more improbable it is that you will overcome the odds against you. There is one exception to the general rule: the game of blackjack. There it is possible - although not proved - that the odds are actually in the punter's favour. (However, that game is very complicated and will be the subject of a future Filibuster article.)

I shall end this article with a general review of the material available on systems. The French, ever quick to invent a new phrase or word, refer to les systemiers. I hope that you will never become one.

An example of a popular best seller is 'Ten Days at Monte Carlo at the Bank's Expense' by Victor Bethell. The book describes a visit to the famous casino of three well-to-do good-for-nothings. They used a simple variation of the Martingale and made a profit. As quoted by Barrie Hughes 'the three companions have a jolly time between short bouts at the casino, preferring cycle-riding in the mountains to the lures of the demi-mondaines, and, rather like the characters of Three Men in a Boat, proceed homewards having had a healthy and inexpensive holiday.' The interesting part of the book is the rather difficult to swallow claim that the casino offered them £10,000 not to publish the workings of the system. Whenever you see this in a book I suggest you ignore it. Anyone with a good system (if such exists) would not publish it for fear of casino's banning it; alternatively, it is possible that the casino paid the money as a very good way of getting (tax-deductable advertising.....) more mugs into the casino. On the more outrageous ideas 'Astrology - The Key to Roulette' is a very good example. Supposedly written by Sir Hiram Maxim (the inventor of the gun) under a nom-de-plume recommends a full study of 'planetary periods' for success in casinos. What you do is to work out the time taken for the sun to pass through one degree of the earth's cosmic hemisphere and link that time with the numbers on a roulette wheel. This is an ingenious system which is totally incomprehensible but seems, according to the book, to have given the author 'enough wealth to live in the style he has ever become accustomed to.' Barrie Hughes (mentioned above) records in his work 'The Educated Gambler' a gem from the 1920s entitled 'The Infallible Tester and Tested System' which sold for £1 in 1928. This book is worthy of mention not because it contained (and indeed all it contained) - the 1024 possible results on 10 spins of the wheel but because sales were undoubtedly improved by the frontspiece having printed 'tested and certified by a Chartered Accountant'. One of the most famous books on the subject in recent years was 'How to Win' by Dr. (?) Alois Szabo. This book was banned in America by such well-informed groups as The Daughters of the American Revolution as being a book designed to extend the evil of gambling. The Daughters needn't have worried. The book contains a thesis (in about 1000 pages) on the developing of patterns in roulette. The author gives us the guide and then an example of full clarity. He noted that a roulette wheel in Nevada showed the following numbers one day back in 1949: 14 24 15 25. Obviously, the author tells us, the next number to come up had to be 16. And it did. The author, careful to preserve his stake, then bet his winnings on number 26 (what else?). Number 26 duly obliged. Dr. Szabo cites this as 'incontravertable' proof that the system works. Well, if he really was a doctor then he surely got it by default. Lastly, readers living near London might have noticed several bill-boards back in 1976-7 giving people the opportunity to earn £475 a week. The posters have since disappeared. However, had you sent off your five pounds to the appropriate address you would have received a sheet of paper demanding a further £100 for details of an 'infallible system' to be used on the roulette wheel. If you were still mug enough to send off the £100 you would learn (in about 64 pages) how to operate the reverse Labouchere. Money for old rope?

Systems just do not work. The one exception is at Blackjack when 'casing' can be very much to the punter's advantage. I shall leave the subject with a quote from a letter from the New York Herald in 1903:

Monte Carlo 18.2.03

Sir,

With regard to systems at roulette, I may say I have lost 5,000 francs in two days. If anyone wishes to know my system I will communicate it to him confidentially,

- 'Certain Success'.

# GAMES

## GM note to all players:

Over the last few issues I've noticed a steady decline in the standard of order submissions. I would be grateful if everyone would please follow the outline beneath -

- each set of orders must be signed.
  - all orders should be on a separate piece of paper (and a separate sheet should be used for different games).
  - all orders should be dated.
  - please show clearly the gamenumber and the country for which orders are being submitted.
- On a separate point, to prevent any ambiguity about retreats would you please show the provisional retreats after the order for the relevant unit, viz:

F(NTH)-Nor (ret. Bel, Hol, Edi)

F(Lon)-NTH (ret. Wal, ENG)

This is particularly important as a number of players have been sending me provisional retreats which are at best unclear and at worst downright ambiguous.

I am always happy to receive letters or various notes from players: but please do not write these on the back of your order sheets.

## FILIBUSTER GAME NUMBER 3.

orders for autumn 1904.

### ENGLAND

Colin Walsh.

F(Edi)st., F(Lon)st., F(MAO)-Bre.

### GERMANY

Doug Wakefield.

A(Mun)-Boh, A(Hol) MS A(Bel), F(BAL) S F(Den)-Swe, F(HEL)-NTH.

### RUSSIA

Barry McManus.

F(NAO)-Lpl, F(NRG)-NTH, A(Swe)st., F(Rum) MS F(Sev), A(Mos) S F(Sev), A(Boh)-Tyr, A(Vie) S A(Bud)-Tri.

### TURKEY

Dave Allen.

A(Bul)st., F(BLA) S A(Bul), F(Con) S A(Arm)-Smy.

### AUSTRIA

Craig Nye.

A(Ven) S A(Tyr), A(Tyr) S A(Ven), A(Tri)-Alb.

### ITALY

Tim Sharrock.

A(Rom)-Ven, A(Apu) S A(Rom)-Ven, F(Tun)-ION.

### FRANCE

Steve Rennie.

F(Por)-MAO, A(Gas)-Bre, A(Pie)-Tyr, A(Bur)st, A(Pic)-Bre.

RETREATS: Russian A(Swe)-Nor; Austrian A(Ven) disbands.

COA: with immediate effect until 31st August Steve Rennie to  
Camping Marin "Le Gurgazo", 20169 Bonifacio, Corsica, France.

## Winter 1904 adjustments

|         |                                                                       |                       |    |
|---------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------|----|
| England | Lon <del>V</del> / <del>X</del> Edi                                   | GM removes F(MAO) for | 2  |
| Germany | Mun Ber Kie Den Hol Bel + Swe                                         | Builds A(Ber) for     | 7  |
| Russia  | Mos StP Sev War <del>S</del> / <del>W</del> Nor Bud Rum Vie + Lpl Tri | Builds A(StP) for     | 10 |
| Turkey  | Con Ank Smy Bul                                                       | No Change for         | 4  |
| Austria | <del>T</del> / <del>T</del> Ser Gre <del>V</del> / <del>X</del>       | No Change for         | 2  |
| Italy   | Rom Nap Tun + Ven                                                     | Builds A(Rom) for     | 4  |
| France  | Par Bre Mar Spa Por                                                   | No Change for         | 5  |

## FILIBUSTER GAME NUMBER 4.

orders for autumn 1901.

### ENGLAND

James O'Fee.

F(NRG)-Nor, F(NTH) C A(Yor)-Bel.

### GERMANY

Colin Walsh.

A(Mun)st., A(Kie)-Hol, F(Den)-Swe.

### RUSSIA

Al Bustany.

F(GOB)-Swe, A(War)-Gal, A(Ukr) S F(Sev)-Rum.

Games Continued ...../

TURKEY A(Bul) S AUSTRIAN A(Ser)-Rum, A(Con)st., F(Ank)-BLA.

Ken Flowers.

AUSTRIA A(Ser)-Bul, A(Vie)-Gal, F(Tri)-Ven.

Nicky Palmer.

ITALY A(Ven)st., F(ION) C A(Apu)-Tun, A(Apu)-Tun.

Barry McMenus.

FRANCE F(Pic)-Bel, A(Mar)-Spa, A(Bur)-Mun.

Norman Nathen.

COA: Al Bustany, 12.7.80 to 2.8.80 c/o Sergeant R. Anderson, Sergeants' Mess, Brooke Barracks, BFPO 45; 3.8.80 to 9.8.80 53 Sutherland Street, London SW1 4JX; 10.8.80 onwards Flat 6, 113 Drekefield Road, Tooting Bec, London SW17 8RS.

#### Winter 1901 adjustments

|         |                       |                          |   |
|---------|-----------------------|--------------------------|---|
| England | Lon Lpl Edi + Nor     | Builds F(Lon) for        | 4 |
| Germany | Ber Kie Mun + Hol Den | Builds A(Ber) A(Kie) for | 5 |
| Russia  | Mos StP Sev War + Rum | Builds F(Sev) for        | 5 |
| Turkey  | Smy Ank Con + Bul     | Builds A(Ank) for        | 4 |
| Austria | Vie Bud Tri + Ser     | Builds A(Bud) for        | 4 |
| Italy   | Ven Rom Nap + Tun     | Builds F(Nap) for        | 4 |
| France  | Mar Bre Par + Spa     | Builds F(Bre) for        | 4 |
| Neutral | Swe Gre Por Bel       |                          | 4 |

#### Press

Vienna: Still fighting every man in the house when all I want is a peaceful mazurka or two.....

#### FILIBUSTER SUPERGAME

orders for spring 1904.

#### GAME (1)

ENGLAND (NM) F(ENG)-MAO, F(NTH) C A(Edi)-Nor, F(Den)-Kie, A(StP)-Mos, F(Lon)st u/o.  
GERMANY (DW) A(Mun) S FRENCH A(Hol)-Kie, F(Kie)-BAL, F(BAL)-GOB.  
RUSSIA (JH) F(Swe)-BAL, A(Sil)-Ber, A(Pru) S A(Sil)-Ber, F(BLA) S F(Rum),  
F(Rum) S ITALIAN A(Bul).  
TURKEY (KB) A(Ank)-Arm, F(Syr)-Smy.  
AUSTRIA (CN) A(Ser)-Tri, A(Gal)-Ukr, A(Gre) S ITALIAN A(Bul), F(ION) S A(Gre),  
A(Vie)-Gal.  
ITALY (TB) A(Tyr)-Mun, A(Bul) S AUSTRIAN A(Bud)-Rum, A(Tun)st., F(Smy)-Con,  
F(AEG) S F(Smy)-Con, F(TYS)-Nap.  
FRANCE (IA) F(Bre)-ENG, A(Bur)-Bel, F(Mar)-Spa(sc), F(MAO) S F(Bre)-ENG, F(WMS)st.,  
A(Bel)-Hol, A(Hol)-Kie.

RETREATS: English F(ENG) eliminated (No ordered retreat possible);

#### GAME (2)

(GM note French moves F(GOL)-TYS & A(Tus)-Rom should have been underlined last issue - although they clearly fail.)

ENGLAND (DA) F(NRG)-NAO.  
GERMANY (TB) A(Wal)-Lon, A(Mun)-Bur, A(Kie)-Hol, F(Pic)-ENG, F(Hol)-NTH,  
A(Ruh) S A(Mun)-Bur.  
RUSSIA (KB) A(Mos) S A(War)-Ukr, A(Sev) S AUSTRIAN A(Gal)-Rum, A(StP)-Nor,  
A(Nor) st u/o, F(SKA) S GERMAN F(Hol)-NTH, A(War)-Ukr.  
TURKEY (CN) F(Tun)st., A(Rum)-Bul, F(BLA)-Arm, A(Gre) S A(Rum)-Bul, A(Con) S A(Rum)-  
Bul, F(Smy)-AEG.  
AUSTRIA (NM) A(Tri)-Ven, F(Ven)-ADS, A(Gal)-Rum, A(Ser) S A(Bul)-Gre, A(Bul)-Gre,  
A(Bud) S A(Gal)-Rum.  
ITALY (JH) A(Apu)-Rom, F(Nap) S A(Apu)-Rom.  
FRANCE (DW) F(Lon) S ENGLISH F(NRG)-NTH, F(ENG) C A(Bel)-Bre, A(Bel)-Bre, A(Mar)-Bur,  
F(GOL) C A(Tus)-Mar, A(Tus)-Mar, A(Par) S A(Mar)-Bur.

RETREATS: Turkish A(Gre)-Alb.

Games Continued...../

GAME (3)

ENGLAND (DW) F(NTH)-Hol, A(StP)st., F(Den)-NTH, F(Swe)-SKA, F(Wal)-ENG, F(NAO)-Cly,  
A(Edi)-Yor.  
 RUSSIA (CN) F(Ber) S A(Kie), A(Kie) S ENGLISH A(Edi)-Hol, A(Gal) S A(Rum)-Bud,  
F(BLA)-Rum, A(Rum)-Bud, F(Sev) S F(BLA)-Rum.  
 TURKEY (NM) A(Ser) S A(Gre)-Alb, F(Bul)(sc)-Gra, A(Gre)-Alb, F(AEG)-Bul(sc),  
F(Con)-Bul(sc), A(Ank)-Arm.  
 AUSTRIA (DA) A(Bud)-Vie.  
 ITALY (KB) F(Tri)st., F(Tun)-WMS, A(Ven)-Pie, A(Tyr) S A(Vie). A(Vie) S AUSTRIAN  
A(Bud), F(Nap)-ION.  
 FRANCE (TB) A(Bel) S A(Hol), A(Hol)st., A(Mun)st., A(Bur)-Gas, F(NRG)-NTH,  
F(ENG) S ENGLISH F(Wal)-Lon, F(MAO)-IRI, F(Bre)-MAO.

RETREATS: Austrian A(Bud) eliminated (the support given to it was  
 invalidated by its attempt to move).

GAME (4)

ENGLAND (TB) A(Wal)-Lon, F(ENG)-MAO, F(StP)(nc)-BAR, F(Lon)-ENG.  
 GERMANY (KB) A(Par) S ENGLISH A(Wal)-Bre, A(Bur) S A(Ber)-Mun, F(Den) S A(Hol)-Kie,  
A(Hol)-Kie, A(Ber)-Mun.  
 RUSSIA (NM) F(Nor)-NTH, F(BAL)-Swe, A(Sil)-War, A(Sev)-S F(Rum), A(Ukr) S F(Rum),  
F(Rum)st..  
 TURKEY (DA) F(Con) S A(Arm)-Ank, A(Arm)-Ank.  
 AUSTRIA (DW) F(AEG)-Con, A(Bul) S F(AEG)-Con, F(Gre) S A(Bul), A(Gal)-Sil, A(Kie)-Ruh,  
A(Boh) S A(Gal)-Sil, A(Vie)-Gal, A(Bud) S A(Vie)-Gal.  
 ITALY (CN) F(EMS)-Smy, A(Smy)-Ank, F(Tun)-WMS, A(Mar)st., F(Spa)(sc)-MAO,  
A(Ven)-Pie, F(Nap)-ION.  
 FRANCE (JH) A(Bre)st.

RETREATS: Turkish F(Con)-BLA.

GAME (5)

ENGLAND (JH) F(Lon)-ENG, F(NTH)st., F(ENG)-MAO, A(Bel)-Bur,  
 GERMANY (CN) A(Pic)-Bur, A(Hol)-Ruh, F(Den)-BAL, F(HEL)-Kie.  
 RUSSIA (DA) F(Rum)-Sev, A(StP)-Nor, A(Ukr)-Mos, F(GOB)-BAL, F(SKA)-Den,  
A(Swe) S F(SKA)-Den.  
 TURKEY (DW) F(BLA) C A(Con)-Rum, A(Sev) S A(Con)-Rum, A(Con)-Rum, A(Bul) S A(Ser),  
A(Ser)st., F(Alb)-ADR, F(AEG)-ION.  
 AUSTRIA (TB) A(Vie)-Gal, A(Bud) S A(Tri)-Ser, A(Tri)-Ser.  
 ITALY (NM) A(Ven) S AUSTRIAN A(Tri), A(Mar)-Spa, F(GOL) S A(Mar)-Spa, F(TYS)-WMS,  
F(Nap)-ION.  
 FRANCE (KB) A(Bre) S A(Gas)-Par, A(Gas)-Par, F(Spa)(sc)st., A(Mun)-Ber, A(Tyr)-Mun.

RETREATS: French F(Spa)(sc)-Por, Russian F(Rum) eliminated,  
 German F(Den) eliminated (no ordered retreat possible).

GAME (6)

ENGLAND (KB) A(Nor)-Fin, F(Swe)-Nor, F(NTH)-SKA, F(ENG) S F(Bre), F(Bre) S F(ENG),  
F(Lpl)-IRI.  
 GERMANY (NM) A(Sil)-Boh, A(Den) S RUSSIAN F(BAL)-Swe, A(Hol) S A(Ruh)-Bel, A(Ruh)-Bel,  
F(Bel)-NTH, A(Mun) S A(Sil)-Boh.  
 RUSSIA (DW) F(BAL)-Swe, F(HEL)-NTH, A(StP)-Nor, A(Gal)-Sil, A(Ukr)-Mos.  
 TURKEY (TB) A(Bul)-Ser, F(Gre) S F(Smy)-AEG, F(BLA) C A(Cor)-Rum, A(Con)-Rum,  
F(Smy)-AEG.  
 AUSTRIA (JH) A(Bud)-Vie, A(Ser)-Tri, F(Tri)-ADS, F(Alb) S A(Ser)-Tri.  
 ITALY (DA) A(Tyr) S A(Ven)-Tri, A(Ven)-Tri, F(ION)-Alb, F(MAO)-WMS.  
 FRANCE (CN) F(Spa)(sc)-Por, A(Gas)-Spa, A(Par)st., A(Mar)-Pie.

RETREATS: English F(Swe)-GOB.

Games Continued ...../

GAME (7)

ENGLAND (CN) F(Hol)-NTH, F(NTH)-Edi, F(NRG)-NAO, F(Lon) S F(Hol)-NTH.  
GERMANY (DA) F(Den)-NTH, A(Kie) S A(Bel)-Hol, A(Bel)-Hol, A(Pic)-Bel, A(Mun)-Bur.  
RUSSIA (TB) A(Fin) S F(Nor), F(Nor) & F(SKA) S GERMAN F(Den)-NTH, A(Rum)-Bul,  
A(Ank)-Con, F(BLA) S A(Ank)-Con, A(Sev)-Arm, F(StP)(nc)-BAR.  
TURKEY (JH) A(Smy) S F(Con), F(Con) S F(Bul)(sc), F(Bul)(sc) S AUSTRIAN F(AEG)-Gre.  
AUSTRIA (KB) A(Ser)-Tri, F(AEG)-Bul(sc), A(Vie)-Tyr.  
ITALY (DW) F(ADR) S A(Tri), A(Ven)-Tyr, A(Tri) S AUSTRIAN A(Vie)-Bud, F(Gre)-Bul(sc),  
F(Nap)-ION, A(Rom)-Ven.  
FRANCE (NM) A(Bre)-Pic, A(Par) S A(Bur), A(Bur) S A(Bre)-Pic, F(MAO)-IRI, F(Mar)-Spa(sc).

RETREATS: English F(Hol)-HEL.

GALLIMAUFREY GAMES

These ex-Gallimaufrey games are GMed by Ken Bain (74 Hollyshaw Lane, Leeds LS15 7AG. The deadline is to be found along with other useful information on the front cover.

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FALCON orders for autumn 1907

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ENGLAND F(IRI) S F(NRG)-NAO, F(ENG) & A(Par)-Bre, A(Lpl)st., F(Nor)st..  
Graham Johnson.

GERMANY F(Ber)-BAL, A(Kie) S A(Sil)-Ber, A(Rul)-Bel, F(NTH)-Bel.  
Brian Creeese.

RUSSIA A(StP) MS A(Mos)\*.  
Richard Bairstow.

TURKEY A(Ukr) & A(War) S A(Sev)-Mos, A(Gal) S A(War), F(BLA)st.,  
Malcolm Sharrcock A(Rum) MS A(Ser), F(Gre)st..

ITALY A(Tri) S A(Bud)-Ser, F(ION)-Gre, A(Pru) S FRENCH A(Mun)-Ber, A(Tyr) S  
Chris Day FRENCH A(Bur)-Mun, A(Boh)-Sil, A(Gas)-Spa, F(Bre)\* & F(WMS) S F(NAO)-MAO.

FRANCE A(Mun)-Ber, A(Bur)-Mun  
Dave Gunn.

RETREATS: Russian A(Mos) disbands; Italian F(Bre)-Gas.

Winter 1907 adjustments

|         |                                                    |                          |    |
|---------|----------------------------------------------------|--------------------------|----|
| England | Ipl Lon Edi Bel Bre Nor Swe + Par                  | Builds A(Lon) for        | 8  |
| Germany | Ber Kie <del>Par</del> Hol Den                     | Removes F(NTH) for       | 4  |
| Russia  | <del>MS</del> StP                                  | No Change for            | 1  |
| Turkey  | Ank Smy Con Bul Gre Ser Rum Sev + Mos War          | Builds A(Ank) A(Smy) for | 10 |
| Italy   | Nap Rom Ven Tun Tri Vie Spa Bud Por <del>War</del> | Removes A(Pru) for       | 9  |
| France  | Mar Mun                                            | No Change for            | 2  |

Press

Italy-Turkey: No harm done assuming you've remained passive. Please ring.

GM: A 'Summer 1907' analysis of this game should appear in Gallimaufrey Quarterly vol. 1 no. 2 due out in September from Steve Doubleday. Order your copy now! (13 West Avenue Road, Walthamstow, London E17 9SE) (Advt.)

The Senator from South Carolina: I would like to add to Ken's remarks that Steve kindly sent me a copy of this analysis so I could act 'as a witness that it was written before the Autumn 1907 adjudication was published'. I cannot comment on it, nor do I think Steve will publish it until after the next set of moves (lest it disturb the game which is still in progress). Suffice it to say - like everything Steve does - the analysis is very good. I would also like to give a quick plug for GQ which I hope will prove to continue in the excellence of its inception (now that's a Wairdianism.....)

Ken writes 'Such votes as were received were for the 3-way draw proposed last time between Italy (Mike Wassall), Germany (Andy Davidson) & Turkey (John Piggott).' Hence here is the result. Endgame statements to Adrien, if required, for next time.

Here's the supply centre chart. Unfortunately in years earlier to 1905 the game was run in Dolchstoss. Unfortunately because neither Ken nor I have the requisite copies. Perhaps someone who keeps old copies of zines could let me have the requisite details.

|                         | '05 | '06 | '07 | '08 | '09 | '10 |                              |
|-------------------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|------------------------------|
| Austria (???)           | 1   | -   | -   | -   | -   | -   | Anarchy (?) Out Autumn 1906. |
| France (Mark Gleeson)   | 3   | 3   | 2   | 3   | 4   | 1   | 4th.                         |
| England (Brian Clark)   | 10  | 6   | 6   | 2   | 1   | 1   | Anarchy Spring 1910; 6th.    |
| Germany (Andy Davidson) | 5   | 7   | 7   | 9   | 10  | 10  | Drew pre Autumn 1911; 1st.   |
| Italy (Mike Wassall)    | 9   | 11  | 11  | 13  | 12  | 15  | Drew pre Autumn 1911; 1st.   |
| Russia (Ken Flowers)    | 1   | 1   | 2   | 1   | 1   | 1   | 4th.                         |
| Turkey (John Piggott)   | 5   | 6   | 6   | 6   | 6   | 6   | Drew pre Autumn 1911; 1st.   |

(Ken writes: "I'm a little surprised to see this game end like this, but Mike proposed the draw and voted in favour of it so I presume he's aware of what's about. Perhaps he just got fed up with it and couldn't face a protracted wearing down of Andy? Maybe if he submits an endgame statement we'll (or I'll) find out." Hmm.....Ken adds that bit was not for publication. Well, sorry Guv, noticed it too late - anyway I agree with your comments and would have said the same myself.)

#### WHAT'S GOING ON?

Ah, I've got half a page with which to tour the zine world with. I shall take the first four from the mountain in my room.

1. Megalomania 29. I assume that number 29 is the latest issue. You see I'm never really too sure with Megalomania as it seems to appear erratically - sometimes I get two or three issues at once then I see nothing of it for months. It is quite amazing as someone like Chris who is able to produce a zine as good as M cannot seem to make sure that his mailing list is complete. M is a very good zine (I like it even better than Greatest Hits these days as the latter seems to concentrate more and more on subjects that I find disinteresting). However, Chris will never become a bookie. He quotes odds for the zine poll. Hmm....well the point is, Chris, the field is probably only worth 20-1 all in. Thus the sum of 2-1, 4-1, 5-1, 5-1, 10-1 and 16-1 plus the bar 20-1 is 99%. For the uneducated this means that the book must lose. A pity I didn't notice this before the zine poll closed on July 1st.

2. Spirit of the Age 21. I think I was a little unkind on this zine a few issues back. The last issue was very much back to its old (& good) form. One of the editors rambles on about the joys of playing croquet. (He describes it as akin to snooker!.....oh well, these red-brick university students.....) My fondest recollection of croquet was at Richard Scott's house con back in 1973. I arrived with Steve Wyatt (former editor of Orion) to witness a gawdy and loquacious Piggott hitting Davidson boule through a hoop, off the edge of the pitch and straight onto my foot. Piggott with meticulous manners approached me, picked up his partner's boule, looked up at me and said: "Ah, thank you Adrien - glad to see you taking an interest!"

3. Fall of Eagles 46. I must admit I am starting to like this zine since it broadened its horizons (i.e. the amount of printed chit-chat has increased). I would only comment that in its pages we have another example of someone printing the rules of Intimate Diplomacy without giving Steve Doubleday a mention. Remember that game would never have been brought to everyone's attention if it were not for Steve.....

4. Chimaera 65. It is a great shame that my distaste for Clive Booth should mar my enjoyment of this zine - but it does. On the whole it is a pity that the zine is changing its format to become a games only zine. However, should that keep the vitriolic works of its editor to a minimum I'm all in favour. The really amazing thing about Clive is that he doesn't realise he's paranoic. He comments that my comments on his previous comments in the last issue of F were very restrained. Well, God dammit it man, of course they were. In the last issue I had to choose between comments on Clive Booth esq. and the problems of pastis making in Montpellier. Obviously the latter won....for if I'm not careful I'll drink some of the wood alcohol before this year's out. Come on Clive - you're not worth it, at least simpliciter!