



Pretentious edition.

aaaaaaah... you've wrecked my
stapler!!

Editrant

This is Hacking Times 7, bought to you by that wonderful, warm human being Dylan Harris, living in a hostel at 55, Station Rd., Tempsford, Sandy, Beds., SG19 2AU. In case you don't realise, that's a change of address.

There will be no index in this edition, because I'm typing this before I've got everything else sorted out. However, I can definitely tell you that you'll find lots of letters, some guff on Hobbymeets, some serious fiction (well, this in the pretentious edition), some game reports, and a great deal of rubbish. I will take this chance to remind you that there's also something on the Hacking Times Snooker tournament, and there will also be a Diplomacy weekend in the nearish future. More details inside.

Writing fiction is, in some respects, a problem. I find I cannot but help basing my characters on people around me, yet the characters in fiction are usually severely adapted from the original people. Thus it is somewhat dishonest to provide the usual disclaimer 'These characters have nothing to do with real people', yet they do not really describe real people. I suppose the best way to describe them is my interpretation of real people, made more intense, and put in a difficult situation.

I have to admit that I am often amazed that some people continually harp on about the freedom of the press. I feel it is very important that people like me who happen to write and publish some press continue to have to power to degrade insult and annoy anyone we happen not to like at the moment. If we do not have the freedom to corrupt power in this manner, then the basic institutions of the British way of life will be threatened. Defend the freedom of the press: after all, one day you may own some yourself.

It is a sad day that I have to make a serious accusation against a senior member of the Young Liberals. However, I believe that the publication of the truth is very important when I've been paid to do so. I'm sorry, Martin, but your bribe simply wasn't enough. You were outbid, by someone who doesn't want the fact that his surname is Ashton announced.

The fact is, Martin Powell, who is the returning officer of the Young Liberals, has bought and concealed every album made by Barry Manilow. He records them on his Sony Walkman. Martin then wanders around the country, molesting innocent strangers with his nauseous sounds. He has been known to play his Walkman near plate glass windows deliberately, smashing them. It was Martin who connected his Walkman to the police walky-talkies at the Luton-Millwall match causing the riot; don't believe what you may have read in the gutter press (they're after the H.T. readership). I mean, if you were suddenly surrounded by those lethal sounds, what would you do?

Taking action to stop Mr. Powell continuing these sickening actions is not enough. I believe that the people of this country deserve an opportunity to revenge themselves. Let me do no more than assure my more honest readers that this opportunity will present itself.

God knows what I'm going to do about printing this issue. I've got a deadline to have it in my hands, which normally Emjay would probably be capable of achieving. However, nasty rumours of national postal strikes, combined with actual postal strikes both in London and Bedford do rather wreck things. I may have to produce this using the Greenwich Resource Centre as a result, which means going back to the grotty print standards of the past. You'll know what I did when you read this, assuming you can read this.

Don't forget, the deadline is now:-

Last post, 1st May 1985.

Send all orders to my new address, wot i've ritten abowt on the nextt paj.

Just in case you haven't noticed, I've changed my address. This means that when you send me a letter, you put something different on the envelope to what you normally put (no, I don't mean 'pretentious idiot', or 'condescending slob'). You write a different address. Yes, you no longer put 76, Haddo House, you put wot I've typed below:

55 Station Road,

Tempsford,

Sandy,

Beds.,

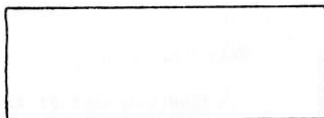
SG19 2AU

Whats even more fun, and is bound to be a near breaking point test of your intelligence is the fact that this is a temporary address, and I'll be moving to somewhere completely different for the next issue. The only thing that I can tell you about it is that it'll be near Egham, wot's in Surrey the last time I looked at the map (although it's probably been de-nationalised by now, and bought up by Lithuania as an alternative homeland).

Things aren't as simple as this, though. Yes, I'm changing my Diplomacy bank account as well. Greenwich Young Liberals aren't very found of the National Westminster Bank, partially because they insist on adding unjustifiable charges to our account, and partially because they fund some of the nastier regimes around the world. Yes, I know most banks do, but in effect they're using those charges to lend to certain governments who want the money to buy bullets to use on their own population. We don't like that.

Unfortunately, the only way to open a bank account which isn't subject to usuary is to open a personal bank account, and then only with certain banks. Thus I've opened an account in my name on behalf of the branch for Diplomacy matters with the Giro Bank. Guess what this means. Yes, well done. All those bribes and subscriptions are now paid to 'D.J. Harris', and not 'GYL Diplomacy'. Anyone whose subscription is due, or who wants to donate money to Hacking Times should make cheques out to me.

Remember to pay me some money if the thing thats supposed to look like a box to the right of this paragraph has a mark in it, otherwise you'll never see an example of the glorious Hacking Times in your life again.



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??

This edition of Hacking Times was funded by the Arts Council, so they could show the government what kind of absolute rubbish gets produced if art isn't funded. I suppose I should be thankful for the bottle of Tizer that they gave me as the payment, but it just didn't seem quite right. Still, the thing I liked is that all I had to do was put my name to the thing, and they'd write the rest. So despite the fact that this edition of HT has my name all over it, its nothing to do with me whatsoever. Don't blame me.

I found the latest edition of Dead Centre under a gooseberry bush. Someone, somewhere has made an almighty cock-up (with the emphasis on almighty).

Letters & Insults

Dear Mr Harris,

As returning officer for Arsehole of the Year 1984, I am somewhat aghast at your first preference vote.

You've had the sheer audacity to place a vote for your own good self as your choice.

The motives for such a selection lay you open to accusations of bad journalistic spirit.

Would you please explain why your first choice was not my good self?

Am I suddenly not enough of an arsehole for you?

Am I not truly the nastiest piece of work you've ever known?

The legal position shows quite clearly that my name is not being defamed in any tangible fashion.

However I (and I'm sure many others) find this decision of yours to be quite unconstitutional.

You have effectively forced me to register my own vote for my own good self.

I feel the public has a right to know of such media bias - please clarify your own position sir.

Yours, Mark Holliday, editor DEAD CENTRE,
European President, Greed International.

Dear Mr. Holuday,

I stand aghast at this letter. I thought you had lowered yourself to the greatest depths possible when you accepted employment from a certain infamous multinational, who are so appalling that they accepted a contract to advise MacDonalds on how to reduce the food content of their hamburgers, something which cannot be done.

We both know exactly why I voted for the only candidate who deserves this great honour. I overheard you threatening at least half a dozen voters with vouchers for half a dozen free Big Macs if they didn't vote for you. I felt I had no choice but to vote for myself, because you would become insufferable if everyone voted for you in this poll. Indeed, you might become so overconfident as to make another bid for Associated Toiletpapers Ltd., something so ghastly as to be the subject of a popular horror novel.

Yours, Dylan Harris, editor of HT &
Chairthing of Associated Toiletpapers

Dear Dylan

You said that nobody wrote to HT. Well this load of rubbish should rectify that problem.

I must say you have tried very hard to get people to write, even going to the extent of miscounting the variant poll. Either that, or you misprinted the result. I think the effect was that you elected HyperEconomic Diplomacy instead of Civilisation. You might say that I am trying to make weak excuses because I was the idiot that gave it a first preference. You might be right, especially as I had not even noticed that it needed over 70 players.

Best wishes

Martin Powell

somewhere north of Watford,
the world.
today

Dear sir,

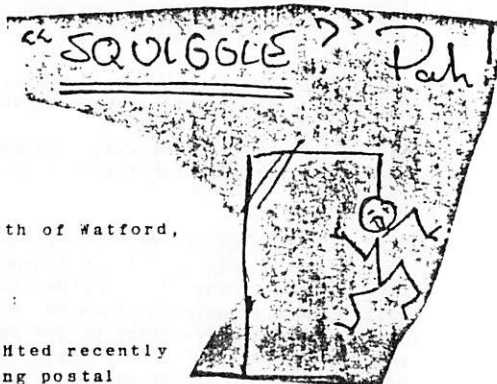
I was absolutely delighted recently to see that you will be starting postal versions of the most riveting intellectual game in the universe through the organ of your magnificent publication "Lacking Times". I refer of course to that most wonderful pastime and way of life "Mornington Crescent".

Anyone who creates an opportunity to take part postally in such an event must surely go down in history as one of the great thinkers of our age, or any age, or in time immemorial or life, the universe and everything. I think you are a very nice person.

Unaccustomed as I am to righting letters, I was simply so moved by this amazing gesture that I simply had to put pen to paper, but I couldn't find a pen.

May I humbly request that my name be submitted as a participant in the next game of Mornington Crescent. I enclose a cheque for £350,000 in the ^{HOPE} that this will be sufficient to enable me to take part. Should this sum be insufficient then would you please contact me immediately at the above address or by phoning 061 834 8626 where I can be found day or night awaiting y

PTO



↑ That's from
Richard Egan,
editor of Vicuna.

Dear Dylan,

Thanks for HT6, highly legible and containing a favourable review of Railway Rivals.

A couple of points from your review:

1. I don't really object to the big games firms objecting to looking at new games. However, what I offered them in the autumn was a proven success. As Dampfross had sales of £1½ million pounds in three months, and had won two major first prize awards, I had thought that at least one of the big firms might be interested in having a look at the game. I was wrong.

As several of the firms have German associated companies, and also one would expect them to keep an eye on what is successful in other countries, I'm still mystified as to why nobody wanted to even look at the game.

Either these firms knew what a success it was; or they should have known - there was no reason for them not to know, even if I hadn't written to tell them.

2. "RR" has won a major prize in Germany you say, rather vaguely. It has, in fact, won the only two distinctions available in Europe: "Speil Des Jahres 1984"; a prize awarded by a panel of the main board game reviewers and critics of the national press in Germany, Austria and Switzerland. In the last fortnight, I've heard of the second award. The magazine "Spielbox" asked their readers to name their "best liked games". Over 4,300 readers voted - which in itself gives an idea of the strength of the board game hobby in Germany - and RR came top again.

Actually, it is the game "Dampfross" by Schmidt Spiels which won; this is the German edition of RR, produced under licence from me. I design the maps, they produce the game, and I get a royalty on each copy sold.

Their version includes four hardboard maps: Map C, the Eastern USA; Germany; and France (including Belgium and the Netherlands). They are now producing a special version to be sold in the Netherlands, for which I have designed maps of Belgium and the Netherlands (on which the colouring instructions of RGR 69 are based).

3. Actually, the postal maps for map M cost 80p, as they are printed in 3 colours, unlike the other maps which are single colour. But I'll send them to you at 50p for you to send out to players, if you want.
4. Map M will take 7 or even 8 players if you get enough volunteers. Mind, it gets a bit harder to GM with each extra player.

Best wishes, David Watts.

Thanks for your letter, David, and congratulations on getting the vote of the German games players again. I'm sorry I was a bit vague about your awards. I'll certainly charge the players the full cost of the maps: in fact, if I hadn't published this letter I may have charged a little too much and pocketed the rest (I'm like that!).

I certainly accept your first point, but I'd like to defend mine that the games companies are wrong not to look at unsolicited material. The games companies are in the consumer market, producing things which Bert Scroggins on the street certainly doesn't need to survive, but which can improve his quality of life. Lets look at those consumer products which are the most successful. I'll have to make a personal judgement here, incidentally, since I have no figures to use to prove my case.

The music industry has achieved a great deal: I'll wager that there are few people in the country without some form of hi-fi, whether to listen to classical or popular music. In some respects they are too successful: I get irritated by excessive quantities of transistor radios and ghetto-blasters dominated the environment, although I have to admit I prefer them to heavy roads.

The book industry is entertaining an increasing proportion of the population, much to many people's surprise. W.H. Smith was amazed to discover that they were selling more books than they had been ... that happened last year, I think.

Perhaps I'm too involved in the software market to be able to make a judgement but I suspect that this is also making a significant impact on the population. Look at the number of software magazines you can buy. It is difficult to find a pub nowadays without a video-game.

Ok, so you can go into a pub and see games, but how many of these games are the result of the games companies achieving a high popular awareness. Juke-boxes and video games are closely connected with their industries. Which games company gets royalties from Darts?

All those markets I've mentioned (music, books and software) publish material. They may produce their own, but they are quite willing, even embarrassingly desperate, to get people from the country to submit original material for them to market. Admittedly, they produce utter bilge which is deeply embarrassing anyone with the slightest hint of taste, but they also produce some really creative and original material able to give individuals a great experience. By ignoring unsolicited material, games companies are censoring out the bilge and the unique creations, and, I believe, this very lack of exciting, new games is why games are so unpopular in this country. If the German companies didn't look at original material which was not a proven success elsewhere, would RR have ever been published? In Germany, games are ten times as popular as in Britain.

It could certainly be said 'the problem with games is that you can't get into them straight away, so they aren't so consumer orientated as, say, book or music'. That's probably true of popular books and music, although it is most certainly untrue of that music and literature regarded as the height of the art, to be remembered by future generations. It is, however, very much untrue of computer software, because computer software is nothing more than a different presentation of games. You must learn how to use a computer game before you can play it successfully. Anyway, if complexity really is the problem, how come D&D sells so well. I think a lot of the problem is the way a game is presented. I suspect D & D partially succeeds because new players can remain ignorant of part of the complexity, but even the problem of rolling up characters is significantly more complex than reading the rules of, say, RR. ... and you get a great deal of pleasure for your effort.

I believe that the reason why games are so unpopular in this country is very much the fault of the big games companies and the policy of ignoring creative material. Indeed, I feel that a lot of what they produce corresponds to the worst of the bilge of the record companies.

I'm sorry to devote so much space to answer your point, but, being somewhat of a creative person, the whole issue of recognition of what can be some very soul searing work is important.

Actually, perhaps it's a bit daft emphasizing this point so much. After all, what the hell have I achieved? You've successfully overcome the intense conservatism of the games establishment, and I wish you the best of luck; given the amount of effort and time you've dedicated to RR, you deserve it!

Mornington Crescent - Some thoughts

I was very pleased to see that you intend to run one of my favourite games in HT, but I do wonder whether you are trying to run before you've learnt to walk in going straight away for the full game.

There are a few things that must be sorted out before any games can be run. Firstly, as you live in Greenwich how could you forget about the meridian? You give the time, day, and weather but omit to say whether the players are East or West of the meridian. I suspect that you just forgot this but you must state which of the four sets of rules applies East, West, indeterminate, or varying. In my view the third set is impossible to play if all other rules of the proper game are used, so I cannot believe that you intended to play that. I have always considered this version to be an American aberration caused by the distance from the Greenwich meridian rather than a real part of the game.

As for the varying hemisphere rules all I can say is that playing this on the top of a bus late at night in Greenwich showed what a brilliant game it is. Unfortunately many of the subtleties of this version of the game would be lost as the hemisphere of the player's address would have to be used. In view of this, and as it is more difficult, I think it would be better if, at least for the early postal games, all players were assumed to be either East or West of the meridian.

The second thing which confused me was your decision to use the alternative diagonal transversal rules. I thought that Crabbett's rule (or strictly speaking reverse Crabbett's in this case), had replaced this many years ago. You also say "normal rules" in the gamestart. As normal rules invariably include either Crabbett's rule or reverse Crabbett's you have obviously got something wrong. I assume you mean reverse Crabbett's and were trying to spell it out for those not too familiar with the rules. Unfortunately you forgot about the water. (For those still confused, the formal definition of reverse Crabbett's is: "When travelling North to South, diagonals count as horizontals when crossing water".)

The real question though is whether you should be running Mornington Crescent at all at this stage. Together with Nigel Ashton I have devised another game based on the British Rail network called "Alfraton and Mansfield Parkway", which is useful for teaching people the basics of Mornington Crescent, although as it has deliberately simple rules it soon becomes boring as players become proficient in it. In order to interest new players in the "real" game it might be worth running a few games of this first.

Incidentally, on the subject of MC variants, Peter Harvey (a former IVC of NLYL who used to change buses at Mornington Crescent on his way to work - honestly), who is currently resident in Barcelona is looking for small maps of the Barcelona Metro so that we can try out his variant "Paseo de Gracia".

Martin Powell

Dear Martin,

Thanks for the above comments. Ok, you got me on Crabbett's rule: I rather enjoy playing Mornington Crescent using a prewar map of the underground, which means naturally I use the old rules. Anyway, half the fun of Mornington Crescent is the rule disputes, so the last thing I should do is lay them out all nice and neatly for all to see. Indeed, as ably illustrated by the second Patel opening, it is actually advisable for anyone GMing a game to publish the wrong rules.

I am certainly willing to run games of "Alfraton and Mansfield Parkway", although I would ask you to GM the first few games since I am unfamiliar with the variant.

Alan Harris

Dear Dylan,

I'm using official notepaper for a semi-official letter! Greenwich YLs made quite an impression on Hastings at YL Conference last year (especially on Pam Brown, who gave you a lift to the station!). So much so, that we'd like you to come back!!

Since you've no GLC elections to muck up, you would be very welcome to come and help us win lots of country seats here. You would be very welcome, and there's lots to do. So take a train (before they get electrified) or hire a privatised bus, and come! Phone Paul Hunt (444794) or myself first. Beds or floor-space available if desired.

If Croydon YLs have read their Liberal News they should be going to Brighton

HT is coming along very well, and makes interesting reading. I even like Dead Centre! However, I'm rather worried at your trying to push people into playing more games. People who play too many games tend to fail to diplome, NMR, and drop out. Either fire off sample copies to people on other zines' mailing lists, get fools like me to plug the waiting lists, or don't worry about it.

Oh yes, you can send a copy to:

James Wall, Glebe House, Heighton Road, South Heighton, East Sussex,
BN9 0JT

who has just started a zine called In Search of Space, and is a member of Brighton YLs.

Cheers, John Marsden.
(editor of Ode).

(Its me, folks): Thanks for the letter, John. I published the bit about the local elections because there are quite a few London YLs who suffer this rag, and telling them about you may encourage one or two to come along.

I have to admit that the level of NMRs is worring me as well. I feel that the reason is partially as you suggest, and also because HT seems to attract a large quantity of new players, and thus gets a high rate of drop outs. By pushing new games, what I was trying to do was encourage players whom are already involved in Diplomacy games, and who appear to be enthusiastic, to branch out. However, given that the level of NMRs is a serious problem that I have got to try and solve, I will take your advice, amongst other actions.

HT has currently got 47 paying subscribers and 14 trades (where I swap HT with another editor's zine). I have to admit that I'm suprised at these figures; I thought the total was nearer fifty for all of HTs victims. We're now attracting non-YLs, which implies some people get HT because they like it, instead of out of a sense of obligation. Gordon Bennet, have some people got a warped sense of humour! I mean, me and Mark go out of our way to be really sick and nasty, and people actually pay for that kind of stuff. You subscribers must be really ill in the head. I've a good mind to send my subscription list to the special branch. I won't, however, because that'd mean I wouldn't get any more bribes, and I depend on them to get pissed when I'm penniless.

In the meantime, I got this letter from Jim Robertson, who's a new subscriber with the severe social disadvantage of being from north of the

Watford Gap (& talking of gaps....)

Dear Dylan,

How's things? I thought I would write and introduce myself to you. Someone tells me I'm your most Northern subber! Could this be true?

Anyway, I'm 32 and married to Katherine, an ex-principal teacher of music. I say ex because she gave it up when we had our son Jamie at the end of December. I'm a draughtsperson (!) and work for the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board. Hobbies & Things: Fly Fishing (whatever happened to Jeremy Thorpe?), Bob Dylan and downing the odd foaming pint of the brown stuff.

Diplomacy came to me late in life!! I've only been playing for two years. I don't sub to many zines so you can think yourself highly honoured. I came from Acolyte to Ode and that's it. I did have a look at Denver Glont this month, mainly because John Norris tried to convince me that I should play in his sub-zine. However, I'm going to give it a miss. D.G. was a bit of a let down for me. I expected more. I found it very much in the Acolyte style but it lacks wit and vision of Pete Tamlyn.

Now H.T., I like. I like your style. Suggestions? Drop the wierd page numbering. The numbers are hard to make out. Original but annoying. I'd like to see a list of subbers published. Always useful. Staples or rather the lack of them. Perhaps it was just my copy, but staples do tend to hold the thing together in one piece! Anyway, I like H.T. because it's refreshingly different so what I am moaning about.

Keep 'Coffee Break'. Great. An old one for a future issue maybe? If little girls are made of sugar and spice and all things nice how come they taste of Tuna?

Keep me in mind if you need a GM for a variant. What about Downfall III? I'd only be too pleased to help.

All the best,

Jim Robertson.

(whats up, ffolkes?) Thanks for the letter, Jim. I'm glad you like HT, but then I would be! You are my most northern subscriber. I'm sorry about the lack of staples, but I have an aversion to the things. They will insist on being the wrong size for my stapler. It's a plot! There is, somewhere in the universe, a large, green, slavering Bug Eyed Monster, spending his (and I know it's male) entire life planning, plotting and convincing to guarantee that whenever I buy staples, they change size while I'm on the bus back to the flat. The monster is so devious, I've no idea how the staples are changed, but not only do I know it happens, but I also know there's this nasty monster doing it. I've seen sitting on the bus, watching me. Of course, he's disguised ... sometimes as a Boa Constrictor, sometimes as a box of matches, but I know he's there ...

(raving continues until Mark finds an old sweaty sock and stuffs it in Dylan's mouth).

It occurred to me that I've never introduced myself to the readers. Obviously I'm a member of Greenwich YLE, but there's a lot more to me than that sad fact. I've decided to write an autobiography, which I'm starting in this issue, on the neighbouring page (assuming I've got the paging in a reasonably sensible order). Currently, I'm finishing my postgraduate student days and am about to start a new job. This is why HT has more letters than normal in it ... apart from the fact that I asked for them last issue. Yes, I'm going to move, embarrassingly enough, to Surrey. Still, at least that gives me all the necessary qualifications to write a book (that's a bit obscure, so can I refer to you Hitch Hikers Guide to the Galaxy).

The Adventures of an English Public Schoolboy

- revised version -

It is with great trepidation that I reveal to the world the inner secrets of my childhood. Most of the people around me in Greenwich Young Liberals, in my workplace and in my social haunts, whilst certainly not normal, have had a fairly ordinary upbringing, being able to see their parents most weeks of the year, and being able to remember the happy, rosy scenes of childhood. Those friends of mine who suffered most, whether having both parents killed in the great 1966 Greenwich Tin Mine Disaster, or from the more mundane forced attendance at Charlton Grammar School for Louts, at least have the luxury of knowing the cause of their deepest pains or happiness. My childhood was different.

I still remember the first day of my terrible education experience. I was coming home from St. Elspeth's Primary School for Children of Middle-Class Wallies, knocking over grannies by swinging my satchel at Mach speed and using the local cats to practise my drop kicks. I was feeling very happy, partially, no doubt, because of the beautiful weather. My first inkling of my forthcoming doom occurred when I turned into my parent's drive, to discover that the "SCLD" notice had been taken down, and that the Renault had been replaced by a large yellow van, with "Highlands & Islands Public School Pupil Snatch Squad" written on the side in large Gothic script.

Dodging two musclebound men, I ran into the house to discover all the furniture was missing. Where was the large oak Dining Room table, which I used to practice visisection on my sister, heavily damaged because she wouldn't co-operate? Where was the charred sitting room suite, which gave me so much knowledge about the nature of fire, and insight in the reaction speed of my grandad, whom I failed to notice dozing when I started one experiment? Where, oh where, was the microwave oven, which I had come to know intimately as a result of my experiments into exploding dogs? My stupification enabled the two strange men to catch me, whereupon they bound me, put me into a sack, and took me out of the house to throw me into the van. What was happening?

Fortunately, I had learnt how to escape from this kind of situation by putting the next door neighbour, fully bound, etc., on top of the cooker, lit, and watching what he did. I did the same, and got out within a quarter of an hour. This didn't help me, since the van door was locked, and I hadn't picked up my dad's trade (he was a safe-breaker). However, I did find a letter which was addressed to me. I opened it. It was from my parents. It said:

"We can't live with you any more. We're emigrating to America, to sell Communist Party membership to the Reagan Cabinet, an occupation more secure than sharing a country with you. We had thought to try and recruit on behalf of MENSAs, but we realised that the people in question didn't fulfill the membership requirements.

We are sending you to this wonderful new school, who assure us they can deal with anyone. The insurance company is paying for your entire education, since they regard paying the £100,000 per year school fees as a significant saving."

to be continued

The evil evil NMR!

NMR stands for 'No Move Received', and represents those occasions when a player fails to get her/his moves to the GamesMaster by the deadline for the game. The result is that the game is adjudicated as though all the players units had not moved.

The problem is not so much the effect that this may have on the player who commits the crime, rather the effect that the crime will have on the game itself, and so the other players. The player who misses a move may find her/himself in a weaker tactical position, but often there is no apparent immediate tactical disadvantage. However, the other players, noting the NMRing players unreliability, may be more willing to unite against that player. It is therefore not really in any player's advantage to miss a move.

However, the greatest damage is done if a player regularly NMRs. This will mean that a player is thrown out of the game, leaving a country in civil disorder, and imbalancing the game in favour of those players who neighbour the dropout. If this happens to more than one player in the game, then it may well be the case that one player wins, not as a result of skill, but simply because that player happened to have the luck to have a couple of neighbours drop out, leaving easy pickings to build up a tactical advantage which cannot be overcome by others in the game.

A example of the manner in which NMRing can imbalance a game can be found by looking at game one. France is doing very well, and by coincidence both Germany and England have dropped out. France's success is also helped by the fact that he had already got Italy under control when his neighbours started to disappear, and Russia, who is also in a position to take advantage of these disappearances, failed to do so. Had Germany and England stayed in, then there is certainly a change that they would have united against France and kept him under control. The question in game one now becomes whether or not the other players can unite to prevent France achieving a lone victory.

There are quite a few things that I could do about this situation. The first, and possibly the most controversial, is to substitute another player for any that drop out. The reason why this may cause problems is that a new player will not be aware of any alliances which the old player formed, forcing players to re-negotiate. I suspect the solution to that problem is to allow an extra month's negotiation when one player takes over from another. Regarding it, if you like, as a change in government. I would be grateful for opinions from players on this option. I would also be grateful if people would volunteer to take over in this kind of situation (thanks to John Denniston for doing so already). If I did implement such a scheme, I would ensure players had time to deal with the new player.

It is also clear that the current system of charging a deposit to play in a game, which is refunded if a player doesn't drop out, is not enough to prevent NMRs. To be honest, I suspect the main problem is the result of myself not implementing this scheme fully. I have been known to get players into a game, and then ask for the deposit. It is far rarer for a player who has paid a deposit to drop out than one who has yet to do so. Thus, from now on, I intend to be far stricter about the payments of deposits: no player will get into a game unless HT has received enough funds from that player to pay the deposit.

The only case where an experienced player has dropped out is when that player (Richard Stringer) was forced to do so by pressure of work. For that reason, I am very tempted to divide the Diplomacy waiting list into two streams: beginners, and people who've played postally before. Please can you let me know what you think of this.

I think the golden rule is: 'Don't join in a game unless you believe you can finish it, and don't drop out half way through unless you have a very good reason indeed'.

Dead Centre

Mafia Bust!

By our crime correspondent Bob Mark.

Reports are coming in concerning a famous writer/publisher, that could rock the media world.

The allegations surround the activities of one Dylan Harrizzio, 27 of Greenwich, London.

It is alleged that Harrizzio (alias Dylan Harris) is the UK director of the Mafia's extortion rackets.

Extensive research has shown that 1 allegation of importing contraband lavatory paper by printing 'zines on it was totally vindicated.

I went along to the penthouse suite of Mr Harrizzio in Greenwich, where I was met by several members of the serious crimes squad acting on information supplied by myself.

I saw Harrizzio being led away by a detective constable showing excellent poise in planting a knee in the subjects groin.

In turn was met by a Detective Sgt. Clive Buckner, 24 of the Customs and Excise Mufti Squad.

He added: "I've been informed that a substantial haul of illegal narcotics is to be found at this residence."

I helped him off of the ceiling, and proceeded to question him about the substances sought.

"Well, I've found some 5 kilo's of Lebanese cannabis resin intended for the open market. I've raked up well in excess of 2 kilo's of cocaine, along with syringes etc. The need to quash this kind of practice goes without saying, and Mr Harrizzio has been arrested and charged. What's more, if you don't take off that ridiculous Mauve Giraffe outfit, I'll arrest you as well." He replied.

The second allegation of Harrizzio's involvement in vice, was unproven, but I must add that Harrizzio always has several hundred luncheon vouchers about his person.

comment

A word from your proprietor.

It has been said that the content of this hallowed organ is of very questionable taste.

Being extremely susceptible to flattery I'm overwhelmed by this most ultimate of compliments.

It's nice to see that my endeavors are not wasted.

When A.H. of Reigate suggested that I should sit my thumb and spin, I was a little perplexed by this, but can only assume that it's some kind of yoga routine.

Moving onto the subject of the puppet of the queen Mother in ITV's Spitting Image, I can only express my disappointment that the renowned Fluckshaw chose to bow to the intimidation from Joe Public and Fleet Street.

No person (including the Queen Mother) should be above a kick up the arse.

Unfortunately there is an element of society more malignant than the staff of this organ - it is the stuffed shirts who seem to feel that good, wholesome family satire is somehow wicked.

I trust that my readership accepts that liberty can be expressed via filth like this.

Happy oggling.

Inside....

Guess the brand name of Paul Daniels' wig and win a surgical support. p41.

Spot the heterosexual MP and win 7 day trip to Orgreave. p42.

Track down the Liberator reader and have a relapse. p43.

Hold an intelligent conversation with Samantha Fox and be a rarity. p44.

Name the teetotal journalist and have a boring time p45.

Q.E.D.

BBC Producer Julian Liability,⁴⁴ producer of the notorious Q.E.D. programme speaks out in support of his production on human attraction:

"The psychological research conducted was very competent indeed. The psychologists were of the highest calibre possible. In fact some of the experiments were really rather ingenious. The most interesting one was with ten men. The behavioural pattern was uncannily constant.

The men were given the chance to select one of three options. The options were:

- 1) to undergo a DIY circumcision with a Bic razor.
- 2) to be buggered by Robert Maxwell.
- 3) to seduce Jane Fonda.

Amazingly they ALL chose option 3.

I think this fully confirms the efficaciousness of the programmes theories."

William Somerset-Ward is 99.

No. 31

Recently I've been inundated with requests for information concerning the work of the Salvation Army.

Mr Dylan Harris informs me that if one wishes to find a long lost friend or relative, you simply give the army a ring.

They in turn will refer you to 31, Newton Avenue, London W3.

In all probability, the said person will be there.

Just to remind all our Israeli readers that National Lebanese Shia Muslim day begins next thursday.

If you wish to celebrate this momentous occasion, then contact Mr Shlomo Philistinus, 23, Cocks Court, Golders Green. He can advise you on the best areas for mass execution.

Wot a state,

Results of the Nicaraguan free democratic national elections:

Napolean Eddison Crantes D'assimento Oliveira Versprung Durch Technik de Kwesi Johnson Higgins (Peoples right-wing republican pro-american junta party) 46,655,900 votes.

Osvaldo Ardiles Passadoble Paiella Placido Domingo Cohen (Peoples left-ist freedom fighters) 9,900,701 votes cast. Unable to attend count due to being taken suddenly dead.

Luciano Pavarrotti Lancia Delta de Costasacacket Diocalm (Liberal) 9 votes. Deceased since election.

Bianca Jagger (abolish taxation on foxfurs) 66,987,654 votes. American ambassador declares Higgins the winner with overall minority.

Kurt Valdheim is 400.

Who....

In the pub one night last month, Mr Dylan Harris expressed an opinion that I had never helped to inspire any noted performer to greater things as I had claimed.

He was arguing while lacking any real informative proof as per usual.

I now take the opportunity to make a few corrections.

- 1) who do you think it was that gave David Steel a string transplant?
- 2) who do you think it was that gave Errol Flynn a boa constrictor?
- 3) who do you think it was that put the egg-box down Nureyev's tights?
- 4) was I not the man who single-handedly escorted Norman Scott to Dartmoor for a quick bang?
- 5) was I not the one who introduced David Bowie to Major Tom?

Your memory seems short dear sir.

Charlton manager Lennie Lawrence, 59, speaks of his difficulties running the team.

"Yeah, it's been a bit tough of late, but some of the stick the lads are taking is rather unjust."

"I know that our goalkeeper is a Thalidomide victim, but he's got the ability, and it'll come right for 'im in the end."

"Yes our centre half is just 4'2" tall, but he's a real trier."

"Our left-winger is 63 years of age, but so what?"

"All we need is a bit more (cont.p61)



Sir Bufton Says....

Produced By

Mark Holliday

85, Thornham Street,
Greenwich,
London SE 10 9SB.

Many tory MP's are accused of being male-chauvanists. Why this is just can't imagine.

Many of my best friends are women - in fact my wife and mother are women. My son is a woman (but we wont go into this).

My au pair, my cleaner, my secretary, my general dogsbody and my mistress are all women.

So where is this lack of opportunity for women that I hear so much about? Put 'em back in the kitchen (con.p9)

113% Shock!

In a controversial report issued yesterday, the wimmings rights for castration group (Islington branch) stated that as many as 113 wimmin in every 100 will be raped at least 13 times a week.

Three wimmin (100% of those surveyed) said that they had been sexually assaulted while buying their sunday joint in Safeway's.

"It's now obvious that wimmin will have to arm themselves against men of all discriptions, as it is now a common fact that all men are pervers." Said Ms P. Nisenvy, secretary of the branch.

Harriet Harmon is 65.

Graffiti

Amidst amazing scenes yesterday, the chief stipendiary magistrate for Acton magistrates court, MR Crispian Crackly 40, fined a wealthy arab oil sheikh £250 for criminal damage.

The incident occurred at Goodge St. tube station at around 10pm on a saturday night.

The offender, sheikh Kilroy Wazir 33, was found daubing s'ogans over the walls of the station.

His defence was that, "I was only writing my name on the wall for my girlfriend to remember me by, when this infidel arrested me accusing me of being a graffiti buff." Said Mr Wazir.

Louis Blom-Cooper's verdict p56.

BARRETT GUFF PROMOTIONS

Presents

B r d s Heavy

Winston Picknocket
(Pride of Brixton)

V

Glenroy Gluesniffer
(Bethnal Green)

6 r d s Fly

Nobby Geezer
(Catford Crusher)

V

Sid Shizzer
(Deptford)

10 Rounds Middle

Errol Christie

(Wolverhampton Wally)

V

Wilfredo Wino

(Schools champion of Arkansas)

10 Rounds Light Middle

Jimmy Cable

(Urpington Yoyo)

V

Herman Hack

(Has gone 12 seconds with Tommy Hearn)

8 Rds Welter

Finbarr O'Shamrock

V

Pete Bogs

6 Rounds Feather

Mickey Mugger

V

Joshua Ettamissionary

tv mirror *BRITAIN'S BEST VIEWING GUIDE*

LWT.

5.15 Bollockbusters, with Bob Hole-ness and a bunch of posh rural kids with Ford Cortina's and tickets for round-the-world-tours.

8.15 The Vulgarly is Right, with Leslie Cragfeatures and 300 wankers hoping to 'come on down'.

BBC1.

8.45 Dyna'sfree. Alexis decides she needs a torso transplant. Blake needs his bromide and Wurzel Gumridge, er Krystal wants quads from Bejam's.

9.35 Film: Dennis Wheatley and the garlic grapp'ers, (1969) with Peter Cushing.

BBC2.

Q.E.D. Reports the theory that all people want to watch is naked tarts and dangling willies standing on boxes.

Channel 4.

Film: Je Taime et Bonko Camembert (1979) with Gilbert Fromage.

do what?

Surgeons in Birmingham have begun surgery blitz lasting three weeks.

Three experienced ENT surgeons, Mr R. Peries 36, Ms Ada Noidds 45, and Mr E.A. Cision 54, have embarked upon this ambitious project in order to prevent infant children from falling behind in their education.

Asking one of the cured children if she was delighted to have been freed of her deafness she said: "It's a quarter past three."

I regret that some of my copies of this issue will not reach their intended destinations.

The Post Office has informed me that in light of the current AIDS scare, copies of DFAD CFNTRF will not be delivered to Kingston YL's. We apologise.

notice....

I have been informed by that other 'zine producer, that he plans to produce an alternative version of Liberator over the period of Liberal Party Assembly.

Titled 'Masturbator' it promises to be a distinct improvement on the normal publication.

Mr Harris has suggested that he be the page three girl, while I'll be the hunky male on page seven.

In order to discourage my attempts at stardom, he has started to circulate this rumour that I have a nasty obscene warwound strategically placed to my person.

This is an absolute lie.

I just ride a bike a lot.

Anyway what's wrong with the odd birthmark may I ask?

Some people come up to me and say, "here Sam, how can any one person be as beautiful as me?" I reply that somebody has to be blessed with the looks of a Greek Goddess, and I'm the lucky person. Of course it has its drawbacks. Kananstota says that I'm a bit pick and I'm boring which I totally resent - I take grave objection to being called an old tart - I'm not old at all, and I have documentary evidence to prove it. I hope to progress to movies, as I feel that my fortnight at Crewe & Alsager College's drama school, should not be wasted.

G.U.T.

In the previous edition of *Grappling Times* (or whatever he calls that appalling load of blige), Mr Harris mentioned the tokenism within the Croydon T.L.s. Greenwicz T.L.s. too has its token elements. It has a token Trot, a token racial minority, a token fascist, a token writer of brilliant, a token baby, a token putter scribble (initials BH), a token worker and indeed a token liberal. I think he was hoping that I'd say some rather glowing things about our own hallow-ed body, but what can I say? And as for the libelous statement interfering leanings toward the SDP on my part, I wish to say that he has no evidence to substantiate this disgraceful allegation whatsoever. So to those with liberal leanings I say three cheers - to those who don't (the majority) I say Bollocks.

Magri! Fails

Members of the National Union of Railwaymen caused a furore yesterday, when its executive committee voted to work to rule following objections to repunit working conditions. Mrs Milly Tant, regional secretary of South London branches said, "My members have disclosed that carriage No. 5 on London Region train No. 86 has a private section - this section seats 4 liberal MPs. In light of the current AIDS scare, my members are refusing to clean these seats for their own safety." No respond to these statements, the liberal MP Simon Hughes said, "well, I've heard of some rubbish in my time sweetly, but this takes the biscuit doesn't it." Gerraint Howells is 99.

Charlie Magri failed in his bid to become "No Flyweight champion here in Alexandra Palace last night. His opponent, Soegy Chiplata from Bangkok was never in danger from the demon punches that Charlie has never thrown. Magri, whose prime tactic was to launch attacks at chiplata's knuckles with his chin said, "Yeh, is punchin' was really hard. Never mind though - I'll be back as champ wivvin about three weeks." Manager Terry Flawless said, "Yeh EPS, ad a good innit's, but I think it's time 'e called it a day." (puts away roll of used £50's.) "Fire wot, 'r those Tel'?" said Magri. "Don't worry yer little 'ead over Flawless. Things like that Charlie boy." said "Come on son, let's go an' get some more o', that beef stew and dumplings you enjoyed so much before the fight eh?" said Flawless. Full fight report can be read in the march issue of the *Lancet*. Reg gutterjournalist is 65.

PARLIAMENT

Discussion on the Obscene Publications Act, 1972.

Opening speech by Sir Malcolm Marginal (Con. Ratesdown): "Mr speaker, I must voice my reservations as to the effectiveness of this act. It was initially designed to protect the public from the ravages of extreme pornography, but has become a little outdated. Clause 15 paragraph 4 says that a person can only be arrested if 'according to the police, he has not satisfied the officer in charge that sufficient remuneration has been tendered.' Therefore I would like to suggest Mr speaker, that this clause be amended to read: must be arrested whether he has assets or not, except if the suspect is wearing mauve trousers with one leg rolled up."

Ms Claire Dyke (Lab. Spaghetti Junction): "Mr speaker, is it in keeping with the constitution if I say that the women of this country will not tolerate the repeal of this act, given that 46 million people will be raped by 7 o'clock tonight ... (cries of 'sit down yer boring cow') and is it within the constitution to say that I think all men below the age of 100 should be castrated?" (utterances of 'here here' and 'you're not in any danger').

Bernard Weathercock (Squeaker): "The debate concerns amendments, not repeals Ms Dyke."

Mr Donald Where's yertroosers (SNP. Lochdreary): "Mr speaker, I'd like to raise the question of plugging the apparent gap left in paragraph 1 that allows Roy Jenkins to make speeches. Surely this breaches the act?"

Bernard Weathercock: "That is a matter for the Attorney General sir."

Tam O'Shanter (Lab. Glasgow Headbanger): "Mr speaker, does this act make any provision for the probing of the... (cries of 'oh gawd, here he goes')....

Speaker: "Sergeant-at-arms, stop these members creeping off please."

Mr Ian Faisley (Democratic Loonionist. Various): "I would like to move that the sitting be suspended, as there's a junkett coming up in Strasbourg."

Speaker: "Well I'm a bit parched. Anyone mind?" (utterances of 'where's the knocking shop going on tonight Charles?').

Mr Roland Boyes (Lab. Cloggleswaithe): "Does anyone know what amendment means Mr speaker?" (whispers of get on with yer pint).

.... Members of Islington wimmins groups throw bags of flour.

(enough of this crap. Ed.)

The editor wishes to point out that if for any reason you have failed to find this magazine offensive in any way, medical advice should be sought immediately.

Beware of imitations - read the real McCoy; DEAD CENTRE every month.

Agony

With Anna Fagburn

Dear Anna,

I've recently been under the treatment of the South London Hospital for Lesbians, Man-haters and Wierdo's. I've received the level of care that I could never have if treated by those dreadful fungi we call men.

I suffered a near-terminal case of housemaids knee (sic) housepersons knee.

If treated by men, I probably wouldn't be here today. After all, wimmin feel the need to be treated with dignity and respect - this they would not be by being examined in such intimate places as our knees and toes.

And now I've heard that the hospital is to be closed by those vicious disgusting perverts we call men.

Now all self-respecting butch's and loonies will not have the option of exercising their grudges against the world by seeking treatment at this hallowed joint.

Is there any way that we can prevent this grotesque butchery from occurring?

Anna Says,

How I sympathise with your terrible plight. It is an absolute disgrace that all members of the master-race (wimmin) should not have a place they can go to for means of self-pity and slagging men.

I know that men aren't expected to have exclusively male hospitals, as we all know that all men have no inhibitions whatsoever. But seeing that all wimmin run the risk of being brutally raped or molested by every member of the male medical staff 24 hours a day, I feel that all hospitals should be female only.

The men of this country can get by quite adequately by being given a bandage, syringe, bottle of Dettol and a Band-Aid plaster.

I feel the government should take note.

Dear Anna,

I am a 21 year old jewish virgin. Having been circumcised, I find it difficult to masturbate properly without severe discomfort. Are there any products available to alleviate this problem?

M.H., Acton.

Anna Says,

I know of no available products. The best thing I can suggest is that you cease being such an annoying little wanker.

(Hansard) by Phil E. Buxter

Prime Minister: Mr speaker, I've said before the session began today, that business will be adjourned by 3pm, so that Dennis can leave the gallery and get his round in.

Dr David Owen (Ind. Con. Devonport): Mr speaker, will the prime minister confirm the allegations printed in yesterday's edition of the Halifax Evening Advertiser, that Cruise and 7 hours in being placed into service by her?

Prime Minister: Mr speaker, I appreciate the honourable member's concern over this, but give neither confirmation of this or denial.

Dr Owen: Mr speaker, the prime minister has indicated this issue as usual. I pray that she will deliver a further answer giving greater clarity.

Prime Minister: Mr speaker I regret that this is not practical at present given that John Stansley is away on holiday at the moment. Therefore he is not present to decide whether we are going to issue a public statement or whether we are to tell the truth.

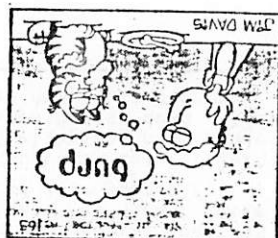
Mr Ian Paisley (Official Unionist): Mr speaker, does anybody know if the prime minister wears any orange clothing on public duty? (John Hume has released)

Prime Minister: Nuff said.

David Steel (Lib. And Reiche): Mr speaker, I would like to ask the prime minister if she would accept my past invitation to indulge in a bit of rumpo after business tonight.

Prime Minister: Your place or mine Tam? (Nicholas Fairbairn has orgasm)

(cont. p. 46-47)



Question time (Prime Minister)

Wendie Vaughan-Thomas (Lab. Pithead): Mr speaker, as leader of the labour party, I feel I must offer my sincere contempt of the right dishonourable lady's handling of the money's dispute. She has right from the word go sought to undermine the credibility of the striking miners, wishing to see that all good honest loonies should be left in the gutter, without any form of clothing, heating, food, water, carpet, windows, lavatories, oxygen, blood, oestrogen, saliver, shoes, socks, toenails, willie-warmers and Addison-Bell record players.

Worse still, none of my followers has been able to afford a copy of the Morning Star for sons. Will the dishonourable lady give her assurance that when this dispute is resolved, she will not send around death squads to behead all children under the age of 10 in order to quash our objections to the problems of jobs for our children?

Prime Minister: Mr speaker, the right honourable members question is with out doubt one of the most slanderous pieces of gutter sensationalism I have heard in many a long day - I must commend him on being in splen- did form today. I must also stress Mr speaker that I shall be sending the right honourable member for pitched a letter outlining my demand for a written apology over the remarks made today.

Roland Boyes (Lab. Clougheswathe): Mr speaker, will the prime minister give her assurances that this session will and before 3pm as the bar does a good line in home-brewed real ale at the moment.

Dear Mr Holliday,

I'm an arts enthusiast, and as such I tend to be rather at a loose end as to making the right choice of good and bad art.

I've been to this gallery with lots of pictures and things, and I saw some supermarket trolleys all welded together into some old junk like most of the other stuff.

I particularly liked the Goya prints in Marks & Spencers the new auctioneers in Clapham.

However my experience of the arts is limited, so if you know of anyone whose read a book, seen a film or knocked up a painting-by-numbers, would you please give them my number.

Yours Faithfully.

Earl of Gowrie, Banffshire.

walkabout;

Having nothing better to do, I thought that I'd trot along to the London home of Dennis Waterman and Rula Lenska.

Interviewing them at some length, the results were amazing.

Firstly I began with Dennis, asking if he enjoyed life at the top, and if he could stand living with such a trumped up bitch all the time.

"Yer, er.... I mean yes life is rather pleasant at the moment. It seems to spice things up living with a real Polish Countess. I mean it's not every day you get to meet a real Polish Countess is it?"

"Yes Dennis, you're quite right, it must be rather thrilling for you being married to a real Polish Countess. It certainly gives me a kick telling TV Times journalists every week." Remarked Rula.

I asked Rula if she enjoyed the world of showbusiness warts and all.

"Of course I do darling (starts kissing half the street), but you know, being a real Polish Countess means that I don't get much trouble from the riff-raff like yourself."

Two hours later, I left their lovenest feeling the most wonderful feeling of warmth deep-down - I'd spilt hot coffee down my trousers.

Dear Mr Holliday,

In issue four of DEAD CENTRE, you featured a Franklin cartoon concerning Clive Ponting.

The scripting was pathetic, the drawing was atrocious and the layout was appalling.

My suggestion is that you do not repeat this exercise.

Yours Faithfully.

Rupert Murdoch, Wagga Wagga.

MX IS UPON US.

Dear Mr Holliday,

I live in Bromley, and think that the 3p in the pound rates that I pay is more than sufficient to keep the likes of Dorris Morris and Bert Scroggins in the lap of luxury to which they've become accustomed.

So don't give me all that crap about stopping rate-capping.

Good decent, honest people have had it up to here.

Yours Faithfully.

Julian Calender, Bromley YL's.



I know how he feels.



"I thought you said you'd done this before"



CORPORATION STREET

Continuing our popular soap-opera
of Broadcasting Folk

■ Theme music as camera pans over back-to-back *Rolls Royces* outside the BBC Television Centre.

Cut to bar of Ravers' Return.

DORIS: Evening, gents!

Large Scotches all round?

COTTON: Set 'em up love.

DORIS: What's the matter with you, Billy Boy? You look down in the dumps.

MILNE: Haven't you seen the papers, Doris? There's a lot of talk about us having to have adverts on the BBC.

DORIS (poussing glass): Ooh goodie. I like the ads. They're the best bit to my mind.

WENHAM: Just think, Bill. What will happen to all our quality programmes

when they're cut up with peanuts and washing powder...

(All sit gloomily staring into their drinks)

MILNE: What quality programmes were you thinking of in particular, Brian?

WENHAM: Well, there's *Blankety Blank*, *Russell Harty*, *Starsky and Hutch*, *Dallas*, *Breakfast Time*...

(Pause)

MILNE (smiling): Won't make much difference then?

(All brighten up)

COTTON: I hadn't thought of it that way. Same again, Doris. On me.

SOMERSET WARD: Let's have a whip round!

FADE
To be continued!

GRAUNIAD Holiday Ideas

Theatre

CORWOTANANUS by William Shakespeare. Ian McKellen in the title role as Sir Peter Hall the ruthless power-mad tyrant who can never get enough money and who comes a cropper through excessive pride. (Cottesloe)

TURD OF TURD HALL Robert Maxwell is the irrepressible Mr Turd of Headington Hall whose antics are the despair of his close colleagues Ratty (Rupert Murdoch) and Wheiksy (Victor Matthews). (Haymarket)

TAKI AGONISTES by Sniphocles. Famous Greek Tragedy in which the hero commits an act of hubris by walking through the Green Door of Customs carrying a container of magic powder. The Fates take their revenge. (Barbican)

Exhibitions

Images of Darkness

GLC-sponsored exhibition of photographs taken during one week of the Miners' Strike at Cottonwood Colliery. In the foyer: The Rastafarian Dreadlock Band play traditional Jamaican folk-tunes. (Hayward Gallery)

With kids in mind

GLC-sponsored 'London Transport Open Day', Dec 25. Youngsters are free to travel anywhere by bus or tube. See the famous new fire-damaged murals by Edouard Paolozzimoni (closed Christmas Day).

(That's enough events. Ed.)

9.0 Lyn Marshall's Everyday Yoga

A sequence of yoga movements that builds up day by day into a routine that will stretch and exercise the whole body.

15: The Lao Tse

Radio Times

A candidate in an NLYL
election relax's



CENTRE SCORES

Here is the current standings at the time of going to press:

Man.Utd. 11
Chesterfield 11

Hull 10
Bury 10

Tottenham 9

Everton 8
Man.City 8
Bradford 8

Birmingham 7

Luton 6

Oxford 5

Rotherham 4

Blackburn 3
Peterborough 3

A gap is beginning to develop, but there's plenty of time to go yet.

I must stress that people who've yet to settle their accounts, would they please do so immediately.

GRAND ALLIANCE AGAINST FRANCE
Ice finally melts in St. Petersburg.

Austria (Graem Peters): F Tri-ADR, A Vie-Boh, A Bud-Tri.
 England (democracy): has A Yor, F HEL, F Den. F NTH zapped by man-eating frogs.
 France (Paul Wiggin): F Hol s F ENC-NTH, F ENC-NTH, A Bel - Ruh, A Mun s A Bel-Run, F TYS-Rom, A Pie HOLDS then retreats to Mar, F Nap-Apu, F ION HOLDS, A Pic-Bur, F Bre-ENC.
 Germany (theocracy): has A Ber. A Ruh eaten by rabid snails.
 Italy (Nigel Gordon): A Tyr s A Ven-Pie, A Ven-Pie.
 Russia (Robert Horrobin): A Nwy HOLD, A Sil HOLD, F StP (N)-BAR
 Turkey (Clive Buckman): A Alb s A Ser-Gre, A Ser-Gre, F Bul(E)-Con, A Sev-Ukr, F BLA c A Ank-Rum, A Ank-Rum, F EMS s F Con-AEG, F Con-AEG, A Smy-Ank.
 Your sleepy GM is: Dylan Harris.

Press:

Austria-France: Did you write it?

Austria-Italy: I've bought some information concerning Turkey, are you interested?

Austria-ALL: My temporary new address is: 'Northside', The Mount, Salisbury Rd. Shaftesbury, Dorset.

GM-Austria: How temporary is Temporary? Incidentally, thanks for the drink(s).

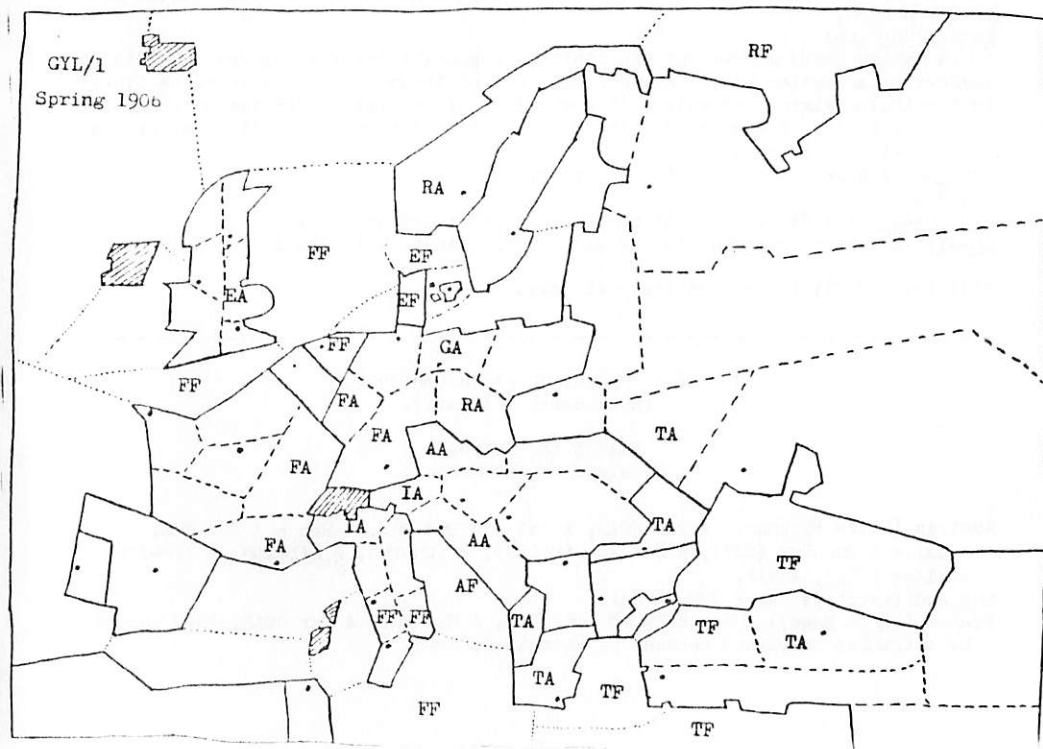
Croydon YLs - an Executive Faction - An update.

Your mole is obviously not quite up to date with the news. We have recently aquired our token grassroot (but he insists on standing for Party Council at YL Conference) and will soon have our token baby to rival Greenwich. As both of these live in the same road, the Addiscombe Tendancy will soon have its own Alexandra Road sub-clique.

P.S. Hacking Times is not above receiving the Liberator treatment. YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED!

GYL/1

Spring 1906



GYL/2 'Robert does an NMR' in Spring 1904.

MUSICAL CHAIRS IN ENGLAND?
France still confused about Munich.

Austria (John Murray): NMR! Has F Tri, A Bud, A Vie. Please note that the chart was correct last season, and I was wrong to say that Austria had one build due.
England (society): Has F Bel.
France (John Denniston): A Pic s ENGLISH F Bel, CCA Bur s ITALIAN A Tyr-Mun]], F Lpl-Cly, A Gas s A Bur, F MAO s F Bre-ENC, F Bre-ENC.
Germany (Graem Peters): A Mun-Tyr (FAILS), A Ruh-Mun (FAILS), A Hol-Ruh (FAILS), F Kie-Hol (FAILS), F Lon-Wal, F Edi-Yor, F Den-NTH.
Italy (Ralph Atkinson): A Tyr-Tri (FAILS), F ION-WMS, A Tun HOLDS. Chart last season said Italy owned Tunis twice, and missed out ownership of Venice. It should be obvious what I meant.
Russia (Mark Holiday): A Rum HOLDS, F Sev HOLDS, A Ukr HOLDS, A Gal-War, A Nwy-Fin, F Swe HOLDS, F StP(N)-Nwy.
Turkey (Robert Horrobin): A Bul s A Ser, A Ser ms A Gre, F BLA s A Smy-Arm, A Smy-Arm, A Con s A Bul.
GM: Dylan Harris (note change of address on page 3 (!))

Press:

Italy wishes to discuss taking a holiday in Paris with all like minded persons.

GM-Italy: you can only build in Autumn, sorry.

Germany-Turkey: Wakey-wakey!

Germany-Russia: The Barents Sea freezes in winter.

England-France: So long and thanks for all the fish!

Reuters GYL/2 (c) to all the world:

Version 1:

There was an explosion outside the German consular buildings in Copenhagen at 2am in the morning. The only casualties were a group of visiting Young Liberals returning from a drinking session in a seedy bar.

Version 2:

Danish police yesterday defused a bomb outside the German consular buildings in Copenhagen.

Either Version:

The Danish Freedom Movement has claimed responsibility for the device. This shadowy organisation wants German troops out of Denmark and is said to be linked to the Anglo-Belgium federation (the remains of the British Empire with capital in York). Police have asked Swedish authorisation for the extradition of two men to help with their enquiries.

Dear GM: Please choose one of these versions.

GM: No.

France-Austria: My congratulations on your continued existence.

GM-All: Please note Germany's new address (See Austria in GYL/1).

I'll try and fit the map on the next page.

GYL/3 'Monkey Nuts' Autumn 1904.
(note corrected date).

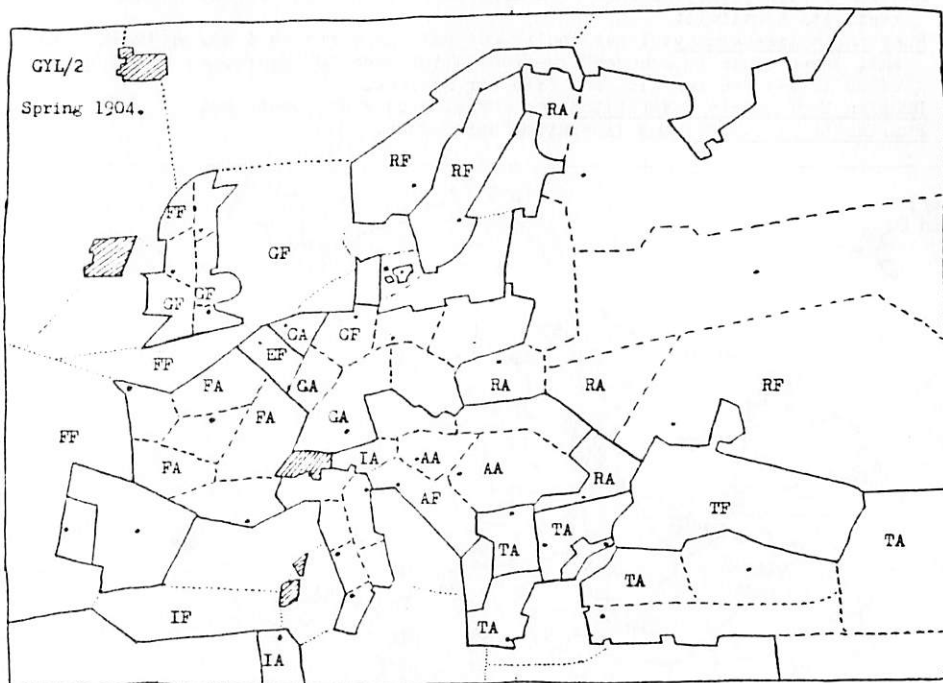
FRANCE IN DISARRAY
Russians hold Rumania.

Austria (Clive Buckman): A Tus HOLD, A Bul s A Bud-Rum, A Ser s A Bud-Rum, A Gal s A Bud-Rum (CUT), A Bud-Rum (FAILS), F ION-Tun, F Alb-ION, A Vie-Tyr.

Builds: F Tri, A Vie.

England (kaputt): Has F NRW, A Edi.

France (Kie th Edge): A Spa HOLD, F Lon HOLD, A Mar-Bur, A Par HOLD, then zapped by automated Saurkraut because No Retreat Ordered.



GYL/3 (continued from ←)

Germany (Kevin Elliot): F Den s A Mun-Ber, F MTH s F Den, A Bel-Hol, A Bur-Par, A Ere s A Bur-Par, A Mun-Ber. Builds: F Kie, A Mo1.
 Italy (the last of the summer wine): A Pie removed by GM after talks with Austria.
 Russia (Phil Rimmer): F SKA-Swe, F BAL-Ber (FAILS). A War-Gal (FAILS), A Ukr s A Rum, F Sev s A Rum, A Rum HOLDS, A Liv-Pru.
 Turkey (chaos): Becky Horrobin NERed again, leaving F Con, A Ank, F Arm.

The game of the state is as follows:

Austria: Bud, Gre, Tri, Ven, Vie, Nap, Rom, Ser + Bul, Tun	+2	10
England: Liv, Edi	0	2
France: Mar, Spa, Lon - Par, Bre	-2	3
Germany: Kie, Ber, Mun, Hol, Den, Par, Bre	+2	8
Italy: - Tun OUT !!! (first one in HT)	-1	0
Russia: StP, Mos, War, Sev, Rum, Swe, Nor	0	7
Turkey: Ank, Smy, Con - Bul	-1	3

GM-All Note my change of address. The map is over the page.

Press:

Germany-GM: Russia is a prat. Drink his deposit money.

GM-Russia: Unless I receive instructions to the contrary, I shall naturally carry out Germany's suggestion.

Russian Empire to Austrian Empire: I hope that the Warsaw-Galacia move is not seen as aggressive. I just don't fancy the 4/1 odds on the Rumanian border.

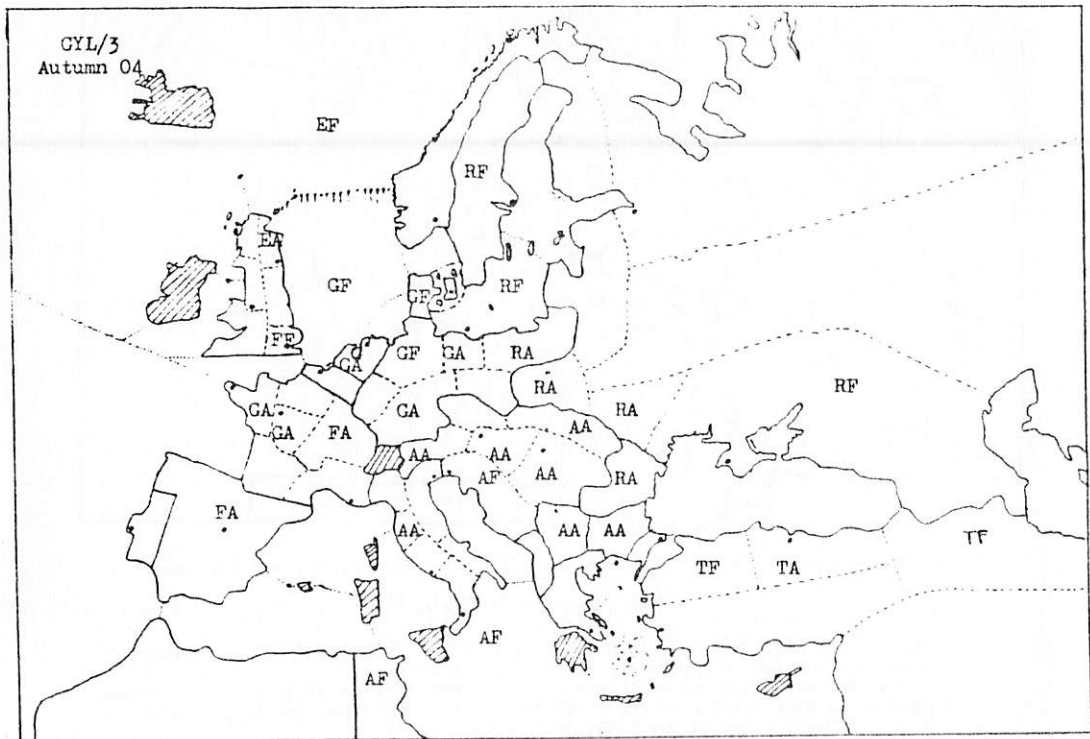
GYL/3 continued.

Russian Empire-Turkey: I know of a nice holiday farm in Norfolk if you fancy a rest, its bootiful!!

Russian Empire-Germany: I bet you're not half as sorry as I am. We have, after all, layed claim to Brandenburg-Prussia for over 500 years, so it was good of us to let you keep it rent free for so long.

Russian Empire-French Republic: for christ's sake do something!

Russian people-world: Our liberation approaches.



GYL/4

GM Clive Buckman (who still lives at 76, Haddo House etc. if anyone gets confused) didn't get the game report to me on time. I suspect this was because a number of players NRRed. You may get a seperate note with this HT.

GYL/5

In the last edition, I announced that Austria had resigned, and was therefore in anarchy. Well, muggins here was wrong, 'cos I received some orders from Austria after all. Since this may well make a difference to peoples play, I am forced to declare a double deadline. Players may submit extra orders before the next deadline, or I shall accept those orders already sent.

GM Dylan Harris.

GYL/6 (Mornington Crescent)

Rose Petal: Finsbury Park.

Felix the Cat: Mornington Crescent (FAILS).

Mike Magazine-Rack: Mornington Crescent (FAILS).

Ollie the Owl: NMR ... apparently, eaten by Felix the Cat.

Andy Cross-Misconduct Newcastle Central]]. (wrong network)

Sir Henry Devaux-Cathcart-Wheeler KEE: Bank.

GM-All: Any disputes with the next orders, please.

Ollie the Owl to Felix the Cat: Dinner's up.

GM-All (again): I'm sorry, I got one or two addresses wrong. If any of your names begin with 'M', then swap addresses. Ollie the Owl can now be contacted via Felix the Cat, using a stomach-pump. I got Rose and Sir Henry's addresses confused. Felix is now living at Battersea Dog's Home.

GYL/7 (M. Crescent)

Janice Snodgrass: Walthamstow Central, Redbrige, East Harrow and Kenton.

(Sorry, Janice, I'll have to refuse that order: you can only move to one station at a time).

Jo Lesbian: Old Street.

Patrick O'Bomb: Great Portland Street.

Mike Magazine-Rack: Acton Town.

Mike Managua: Harrow-or-the-Hill.

Chris Rich-Bastard: Mansion House.

Russia-Turkey: Keep out of the Black Sea, or else.

GYL/8, GYL/9, GYL/10.

Players should receive a separate report for each of these games with their copy of Hacking Times.

GYL/11

Tony Ross, GM of GYL/11, has sent the following message (incidentally, before I forget, his address is 110 Leamington Road., Coventry, CV3 6JY):

"I have received orders from Austria, England, France and Italy only. The game will only start with a full set of 7 orders for at least Spring 1901. So it looks as though I shall have to ask John Dennisson of 141 Bridges Hall, White Knights Road, Reading to step in for one of the three if I receive no orders by the next deadline!

Please note Mark Jordan has changed his address to 145a Beaver Lane, Ashford, Kent., Telephone Ashford 22533.

One player asked how do I build? Well for build read adjustments and I suggest you look at this issues GYL/3 and/or last issues GYL/8 to help understand. The GM totals up the number of centres owned by each country and adjusts the number of units to equal the number of centres each Fall, ie after the Fall moves have been adjudicated. For instance, in GYL/6 Austria captured Serbia and retained all three home centres so had four centres and three units, and therefore built an extra unit - in that case A Vie. If you still don't understand then please write to me again (or phone 0203 412947) and I'll try and explain better. Ok??
Press:

England to nearly everyone: Why do Frenchmen die of hunger?
Because they can't catch the snails."

Dylan here: Russia sent his orders to me in error, & Turkey says he sent his in
so the game should start soon.

Waiting Lists

As noted in my article on MRS, I've split the Diplomacy waiting list into beginners and experienced players.

Beginner's Diplomacy: Teresa Christie, Paul Tyler, Jeremy Cox, Gavin McManus.

Three wanted; you should get a game very soon.

Experts Diplomacy: Derek Jackson, Phil Rimmer, Mike Hanns. Four wanted.

Cline-2: Bob Reeves, Geoff Kemp, Dylan Harris, Tony Ross. Five wanted.

Civilization: Clive Buckman, Bob Champion, Dave Hewitt, Keith Loveys. There will definitely be a gamestart next edition, whether or not we get any more players.

Definitive Mercator: Robert Horrobin, Kevin Elliot, Tony Ross, Clive Buckman, Bob Reeves, Martin Powell, Keith Loveys. 6 wanted.

Ultra-Stab: Mark Holiday, Howard Cohen, Tony Ross, Phil Challis, Martin Powell, Keith Loveys, Mike Hanns. Please send your preferences in, because this is going to start in HT 8. FULL.

Machiavelli: Mark Holiday, Phil Challis, Ralph Atkinson, Phil Rimmer. Four wanted.

Railway Rivals: Peter Ladanyi, Martin Powell, Keith Loveys. 2 wanted. If players have any suggestion for the map, can they let me know. If not, I'll choose map M, because I've got it already!

Executive: Clive Buckman, Mark Holiday, Keith Edge.

Mornington Crescent: Martin Powell, Robert Horrobin. Four wanted.

The Maya: none. I'll drop this if no one wants to play it. Eight wanted.

Just in case:

YOUR DEADLINE IS

LAST POST 1ST MAY 1985 to your GM's address.

GYL/1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10: Dylan Harris, 55 Station Road, Tempsford, Sandy, Beds., SG19 2AU.

GY /4: Clive Buckman, 76 Haddo House, Haddo Street, Greenwich, London SE10 9SF.

GYL/11: Tony Ross, 110 Leamington Road, Coventry, CV3 6JY.

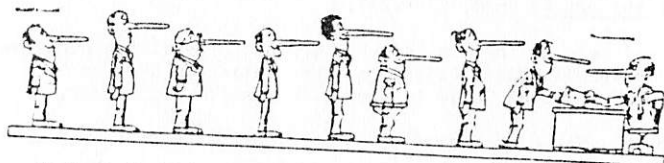
GYL/11 Bourse.

We have five players for the first round. Remember, you can join in at any stage by paying a game fee of £2, of which £1.50 is prize money.

	Cr	£	FF	DM	L	R	Pi	Kr
Enterprise Agency Ltd.	-500	-500	-500	-500	-500	-500	-500	+3500
Zed the Fairly Interesting	-500	+3K	-500	-500	-500	-500	-500	
Jovan Serbovič		+100		-100	-100			+100
I.M.F.	-500	-500	-500	-500	-500	-500	-500	+3500
Cough Mixture	-500	-500	-500	-500	-500	-500	-500	+3500
Total Difference	-2K	+1600	-2K	-2.1k	-2.1k	-2K	-2K	
New Price (Oras)	80	116	80	79	79	80	80	

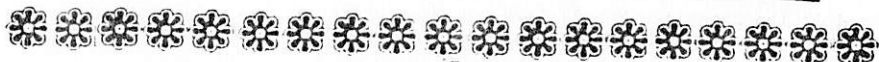
Enterprise Agency Ltd.	500	500	500	500	500	500	500	3500	110
Zed the fairly interesting	500	3000	500	500	500	500	500		185
Jovan Serbovič	1000	1100	1000	900	900	1000	1000	100	208
I.M.F.	500	500	500	500	500	500	500	3500	110
Cough Mixture	500	500	500	500	500	500	500	3500	110

Note 'K' = x1000. Sorry if this is a bit untidy. Last column is Victory Points.



Players give
their Spring
1961 orders
to the GM.

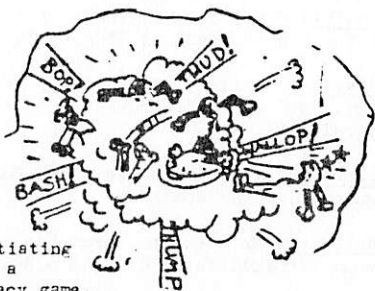
Players leave for the
pub following a game
of Diplomacy.



Graem
Peters
(right)
bribes
the GM.



The next Hacking Times Diplomacy
weekend will be on June 15th &
16th, at the student union of
Thames Polytechnic. Other games
will be played. Put this in
your diaries. Full details in
the next Hacking Times.



A sedate negotiating
discussion at a
recent Diplomacy game.



A view of Bob Champion, Russia in GYL/8, after seeing the last
edition of Hacking Times.



Hobbymeets

Hobbymeets are meetings in pubs in which people into postal gaming talk about games, play games and generally get pissed. The following are organised:

London: 'The Vertical Refreshment Company' on the western end of Old Street with the nearest tubes being Old Street, Barbican and Farringdon. Held every first & third Thursday of the month. For further information contact Geoff Challenger (editor of Home of the Brave) on 0322 662213.

London: 'The 69 meet' held at the Sun in Lamb's Conduit Street. The pub lies between Holburn and Russell Square stations. The meeting is held on the last Friday of every month. Contact: Trevor Mendham on 0689 22474.

Staines: at 'The Swan', The Hythe, near Staines Bridge on every fourth Wednesday of the month. For more details contact Richard Walkerdine (editor of Rad Policy) on 0483 577312.

Newcastle: at 'The Pig and Whistle', Cloth Market/Groat Market (every 1st Wednesday of the month). Also at Mountbatten Bar next to Newcastle Central Station. Contact Will Haughan on 0632 525140 or Dave Thomas on 0207 39630.

Devon: 'The Puffing Billy', Exton on the main Exeter to Exmouth road. Held every third Friday of the month. Contact Rob Chapman on 0803 551045.

Bristol: The Channings Hotel, Pembroke Road, Clifton, every first Friday. For further details contact Glover Rogerson on 0272 730307.

Glasgow: 'The Overflow' corner of Old Dumbarton Road and Yorkhill Street every fourth Thursday of the month at 8.15. Contact Iain Singer on 0698 815006 or Doug Rawling on 041 332 3405.

Godalming: 'Godmeet', the Red Lion (which is just around the corner from The Star, apparently). The pub is near the station, on the corner of the High Street and Mill Lane. Every 2nd Tuesday of the month. Contact Richard Walkerdine on 0483 577312.

Cambridge: at the Salisbury Arms (a CAMRA pub), in the back streets near the station, or at the Barley Mow, Tyttenhanger Green. Every 2nd Friday. Contact Alan Parr on 044282 4173.

Coventry: every 3rd Wednesday of the month at The Rocket, Warwick Road, just outside the station and Ring Road. Contact Nick Kinzett on 0203 414759.

Sydney: at Sheila's Bar just off Bruce Boulevard where it crosses Kangaroo Court. Held every fifth Friday of the month. Contact Bruce Bilabong on Australia 24.

Loughborough: at the Barley Mow, Market Street, every fourth Wednesday. Contact Simon Billenness somehow.

Manchester: Mr Chesters, near Victoria Station. Every first Thursday. Contact Graham Tunnicliffe on 061 653 6740.

Southampton: at The Victory, opposite the station. Contact Steve Cunio on Soton 331641.

Lincoln: at The Crowne, Clasketgate, every 2nd and 4th Wednesday. Contact Iain McLean via 22 Boulden Crescent, North Hykeham, Lincoln, LN6 8HS.

Scarborough: at The Hole in the Wall, Vernon Road. Contact Gary Hughes, 16 Ash Grove, Scarborough.

Hobbymeets continued

St. Andrews: at Kate's Bar, opposite the Students Union. Contact Pete Lindsay, by praying I should imagine.

Dundee "Lunch'n'Meet" at Tayside Bar, Seagate, Dundee. Contact Pete Lindsay.

Yorkshire: the venue is supposed to be at Dewsbury. Contact Paul Simpkins at 27 West Park, Dewsbury. Phone 0924 469937.

Manorcon, a games convention held annually, and which has been repeatedly organised for a variety of dates this year, appears to be finally fixed. The dates are 19th-21st July at the High Hall in Birmingham. More details in the next issue, and bookings can be got from Richard Walkerdine (phone number as for Staines Hobbymeet).

GLADYS AWARDS appear to be the postal games hobby equivalent of the film industry's Cedric awards. Steve Norledge, editor of Rapsallion, is running them this year. The categories for voting will be:-

1. Best Zine; 2. Best Diplomacy Zine; 3. Best Games Zine; 4. Best Chat Zine;
5. Best Personal Zine; 6. Best Diplomacy GM; 7. Best Games GM; 8. Best Letter Column;
9. Best Looking Zine; 10. Best New Zine; 11. Best Zine for Hobby News;
12. Most improved zine; 13. Best player.

It looks like you vote for one and only one entry in each category. Send your nominations/votes to Steve Norledge at Q30 Connaught Hall, Wessex Lane, Swaythling, Southampton, SO9 1XW.

In case anyone is feeling particularly stupid, it should be rather obvious why I have put this section in. I need an ego boost. Thus, in the best fashion of Nigel Ashton at other people's weddings, this is how you vote:

1. Hacking Times; 2. Hacking Times (what a liar); 3., 4. that's up to you;
5. Hacking Times; 6. one of the HT GMs (more lies); 7. your choice; 8. DidDibDib (you owe me, Tom); 9. JAWZ; 10. Hacking Times; 11. Zeeby or Ode; 12. you can choose this as well; 13. yourself.

I hope you don't mind me doing this for you, but I fully believe in the democratic process, as practised in that highlight of modern equality: Northern Ireland. They have a common saying there: 'Vote Early and Vote Often'. The easiest way to fulfill that last bit is to ask you to do the extra voting for me. Evidence of five votes will count as a strong incentive for a bribe in a game that I GM.

The only annoying thing about these awards is that they have missed the only category to which I have been consciously aiming: worst Diplomacy Player. Readers of Ode and Zeeby will no doubt have seen my attempts. In Ode 46eme, I am Austria. Unfortunately, I have to admit that despite it being 1902, I still haven't been eliminated, although I've managed to negotiate a Russo-Turkish Juggernaut. In Zeeby G45, I'm Italy, and I've managed to get round the back of France and leave my back to Austria. Unfortunately, he has yet to bite.

I hate post strikes.

Hell is where the pity is

It was a dark and windy day, and I was in my flat packing my belongings getting ready to leave in a weeks time. I was finally escaping the barren prison of college, although as yet, I had no idea whether I was going to end up in the pointless waste of modern unemployment or be contained in the dry world of someone else's factory.

I heard someone else come into the flat. I assumed it was the landlord, since he usually came home from work about this time. He was one of the reasons I was leaving: what landlord isn't? He was really into being a martyr, and got to be a right pain as a result. If he got annoyed about something, he wouldn't tell you. He would rather tell his few selected friends how he was 'suffering in silence', hoping they would sympathise with him, and come to think what a wonderfully pious person he was. It got to ridiculous extremes: if I sussed something was up, I used to confront him with it. He would then admit to being annoyed by pretending that another person was annoyed, and he was simply the messenger, so his suffering wasn't tainted. I would pressure him into some solution. Often, he would then go out of his way to prevent the solution being implemented. I mean, I'm not the most wonderful person to live with, but how on Earth am I meant to stop irritating people when they go out of their way to be irritated? I got fed up with hearing from other people what a monster I was, and decided to leave.

He knocked on my bedroom door, and, poking his head in, said: "Will you please clean the toilet?"

I was feeling hot, sweaty and uncomfortable, so I angrily replied: "You're the one with fucking diarrhoea, and I'm pissed off with having to shit in your mess, so clean it up yourself."

This whole argument had started well over a year ago, a couple of months after I had moved in. What it came down to was that I would get the blame for the consequences of the landlord's inaction. He would leave, for example, the grill covered in bacon fat, so I would do what cooking I could and wouldn't clean his mess ... then he would get really annoyed at me, but, of course, kept his annoyance to himself. He would search to find a justifiable reason to be annoyed with me, and, to be honest, he found them, but he wouldn't try and sort things out. As I said, I found him a right pain.

He said: "Fair enough", and went into the kitchen.

Suddenly, he charged into my room, screaming, and I felt something go horrendously wrong. In shock, I jumped out of the way, and in shock I felt the adrenalin seep through my system, and a terrible stinging pain in my upper right arm. He stood there, gloating in his tenseness, holding the breadknife, dripping in my blood. Shaking, he slowly raised his head, clearly believing that he had revenged himself on me, for all the suffering I had caused him. He stood there in his rage, like an animal wanting to spring, waiting for my reaction, as I cowered in the corner in absolute shock at his insane attack. He stood there, as I lost more blood, and felt myself losing consciousness. After a few minutes, still gloating in joy at his supposed revenge, he left the room, and, without guilt, took the dog for a walk. I managed to phone for an ambulance before I fainted.

During my convalescence, I learned that he had been committed as an impatient in an asylum. I realised that, while he encouraged his martyrdom, he allowed himself no release for the irritation he felt, because martyrs are pure. Things would occasionally become too much for him, and he would boil over, attacking whoever happened to be the feather on the donkey's back.

In some ways, he has found his ideal lifestyle. He no longer needs another person to blame for his martyrdom; he has his own insanity. He spends his time innocently suffering the world's injustice, hoping one day some crusader will discover him and tell all how he has been wronged, yet knowing in his heart that this will never happen.

Snooker

Announcing the Hacking Times Snooker Tournament. I know quite a few HT victims have this fascination with brutalising coloured balls by getting them to hit each other, and, in consultation with others, I believe I can get eight people to London to a weekend of snooker. The venue will almost certainly be the National Liberal Club, near Charring X station, because its less than half the price of anywhere else that I know in London.

To pay for the tournament, I would suggest we all contributed say five pounds as table money per person, to pay for the entire event (assuming eight people), with any extra going to the winner as prize money. There are two tables at the NLC, although it is probably safe to assume that at least one of them will be used for part of an evening. In order to judge the best way to organize the event, I would be grateful if anyone who might be interested answered the following questions:

1. Would you prefer a one day or a two day event?
2. Which of your weekends are not free in June and July?
3. Are you willing to pay the suggested charge to cover table money and a prize for the winner?
4. Have you got any suggestions for alternative venues?

There are 3 choices for the organisation of the competition. We could have a knockout, with a few frames per match, which should produce a good final but would have the disadvantage of leaving the loosing players with little to do as the competition progresses. We could run a league, where everyone plays everyone else, although, even with one frame per match, this would probably occupy the entire weekend. The third alternative is to run a round robin game, whereby four players are on each table, and the order in which players play varies to give no player a particular advantage. The winner would be the player with the most points. I will probably plump for the latter on a one day event, and the middle option if the whole weekend is available. What do you think?

I already have the following names for people who may be interested: myself, Mark Holiday, Nigel Gordon, Phil Challis.

STOP PRESS STOP PRESS STOP PRESS STOP PRESS STOP PRESS STOP PRESS STOP PRESS OH

I'm sorry if this HT isn't up to the usual standards, but its been a long & exhausting week, going to job interviews, moving and other things. It doesn't help that my Tardis has broken down, so I've had to do everything in real time. Next week is going to be just as bad: I've moved back to my mums house before I move onto somewhere around the place of my new job. I've got to find that, and then move in.

Now I've got the rest of this page to fill up. Look, I'll tell you what. You can contribute something to Hacking Times by writing something here yourself.

.....
.....
.....
..... and they all lived happily ever after (well, almost).

that'll be \$10 in Spanish, Bert.
S. Dali.

Modern Art No.451: A Salvador Dali original 'Parting the Sea of Fools', prior to filling in of detail by Bert Scroggins, who'll make a packet because of the signiture, not the picture.



