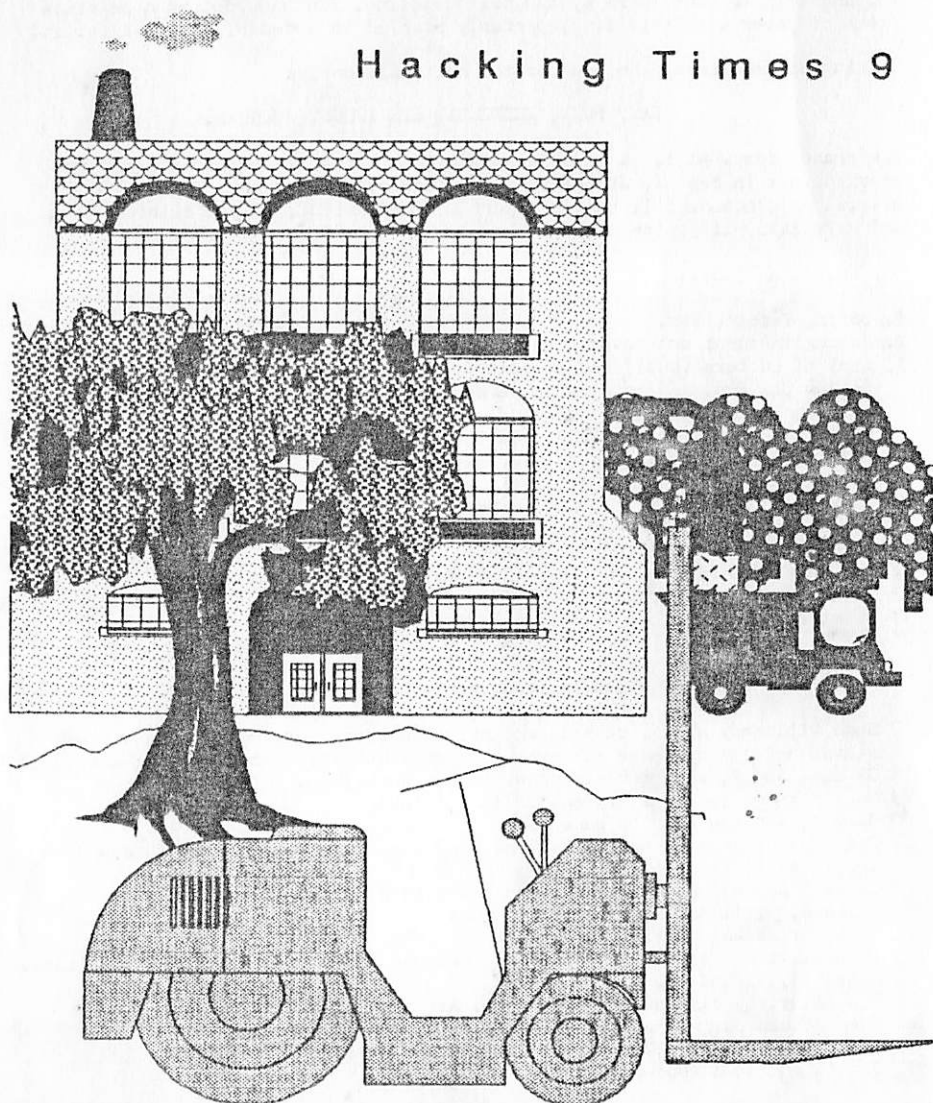


# Hacking Times 9



July (ish) 1985

"The worst thing since sliced bread".

## The Bombay Mix

I'm moving again. The slight technical problem is that I don't know where to, and I'll be gone there by the next deadline. You should find a separate piece of paper with this zine, probably stabled in somehow. Look out for it!

Talking of deadlines, the one for the next edition is:

LAST POST, WEDNESDAY 6TH AUGUST 1985 AD.

The reason for what is a very late deadline is that I intend to spend the previous week in Moscow, at the World Youth Festival, as part of the Young Liberal delegation. I'll bring a report in the next MT, if you're interested, and especially if you're not.

Ok, here's an index:

1. Boring front cover.
  2. Boring inside front cover
  3. List of subbers (published to make sure you know the addresses of your fellow players, and to give you a chance to fix any elections that may come up in the future).
  4. Letterz: Kevin Elliot on adjudication and Nick Kinzett on Civilization
  5. Phil Hardy gets a shock about Machiavelli
  6. Bob Horrible Snr. boasts about his game, and Kevin apologizes for a gnome
  7. Tony Ross on my politics, and my reply
  - 8 - 11 an ongoing battle between me and Bob about the number of angels on pin-heads (we both like the Ramones)
  - 12 Jaz Keen adds his bit on the philosophical thingy. Runnie rites!
  - 13 Back to games and dropouts with Alan Claum, and a bit of borrowed Piper
  - 14 A letter from America, with Fred C Davies Jr..
  - 15-16 The sequel - SHITEWRITE II. Can you survive? Can Gyllan survive?
- a Dead Opposum is resurrected; shock horror -
- 17 Some Diplomacy stats, so you can invite someone to come up and see your stats. Seduction scenes all over the land! Get laid for invading Marseilles!
  - 18 Games 1 and 2, with Bob living up to his name in 2.
  - 19 Maps for the games. A bit Australian, this.
  - 20 Game 3, and the body of game 4.
  - 21 The maps of games 3 and 5. Five is upsidedown, so you'll have to stand on your head to read it.
  - 22 Games 5 and 6; Germany is invaded and then does the invading.
  - 23 Games 8, 9, 11 and 12. Isn't this fun!
  - 24 Maps for games 8 & 11. Isn't it slightly odd?
  - 25 Bourne, with everyone practising to become rich capitalists. Waiting lists.
  - 26 Games 13, 14 and 15.
  - 27 Traveller, Mayday and the zine poll. Are they connected?
  - 28 The Doctors surgery and some little bits left lying around.
  - 29-31 'Frogs Wandering Diary', it says here. Who is the frog?
  - 32 The 'Black to Sleep' page.

Actually, I expect to see interesting repercussions for Bob's invasion of Russia in game two. You see, Russia is a certain Mark Holiday, who happens to edit a certain publication. I wonder ... did Mark or Bob know what was coming? Is the lead article in this Dead Carrot and the invasion connected? Answers on a postcard, please.

Hacking Times 9 was bought to you by its wondrous, modest editor, Dylan Harris, who is unfortunately unable to tell you his address just yet because I don't know it at the time of writing. Gordon Bennett!

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### Lots and lots of letters and letters

Kevin Elliot: There is an error in the adjudication of GYL/3. In my rule book, Rule 9 states that when a piece is attacked, it must abandon its written orders and hold instead. Last move I attacked both Norway and Sweden. All these moves failed. According to the rules the attack from Denmark into Sweden should have forced the Russian unit in Sweden to hold. My attack on Norway would then succeed. The way the game was adjudicated means that one unit held off two units - not really Diplomacy. Could you tell me what happens now?

This one is quite intriguing, because such a rule would be rational. However, despite searches through my rule book, and in particular section 9, I couldn't find it. What version of the rules have you got? Mine's the 1976 Avalon Hill version. I have to admit this confuses me.

I adjudicated the game the way I did because Rule VIII states "If a unit is ... prevented from moving, and other units are ordered into its space, those other units may not move". The Russian unit couldn't move from Sweden to Norway because you stood him off, so your unit couldn't move into Sweden because the Russian unit stayed there.

A similar situation occurs in game 5 this edition.

I would be grateful if some of the more experienced GMs who trade with HT could comment on this situation.

Finally, quite a few variants do not appreciate this feature of the game, and introduce something called the "Key Rule", invented by an American called Jeff Key (I think). If a unit fails to move as a result of conflict, and another unsupported unit attacks that unit, then the second unit dislodges the first.

Nick Kinzett: About your Civilization Rules:

- 8(a): You don't have to maintain a ship in the same turn as it's constructed (you probably know this, but the way your rules read implies otherwise)
- 13 The best of British luck using AH's expanded trade cards (I don't even face to face, because it slows the game down)
- 15 I strongly suggest you delete the clause allowing players to attempt to cheat. The GM's job is hard enough as it is. Much better just to encourage the players to keep tabs on GMing errors/commissions.
- 14 A good additional rule, we've found, is to say that if a player NRR's during a trade turn, trades made with her/him still take place (no matter how ludicrous), but if this causes a clash in orders (eg two players trying to get the same card off the NRRing player), the deal which maximises the NRRing player's holdings at that moment in time takes place.



Finally, in practice we've found that the best way to split the game turn once the trades really get under way is as follows:

One Turn covers X.2 (expand pop) to X.9 (acquire cards)

The next covers X.10 (trade) to Y.1 (tax). (where  $y = x+1$ )

Of course, this gets mucked up by disasters which occur as a result of trading. In 'Isis', no black backed calamity card has been traded! This may change during the last final rush!

In case you are unaware, Nick Kinzett is editor of Zeeby, where he runs a couple of games of postal Civilization. I received this letter some time ago, but held it over until I got a Civilization gamestart. In turn:

- 8 (a) Thanks for pointing out that ambiguity. I'll correct it.
- 13 I personally prefer the expanded cards, which is why I put that bit in. However, on second thoughts, I think it should be up to the players. So players, what do you want?
- 15 Did I really put that in? I must have been pissed when I typed the rules up. That bit is hereby modified as suggested by Nick.
- 14 Good idea. That's included as well!

Ok, to emphasize the point, the HT postal Civilization rules are hereby modified as suggested by Nick concerning rules 8(a), 14 and 15, unless I get a strong negative response from players.

Nick Kinzett's address (for Zeeby) is in the list of HT receivers.

Phil Hardy: Strange rumours have percolated down through the wealden forest and across the great hills of the south Downs and finally into the pubs of Littlehampton where they reached my ears. Yes, Mr. Harris, talk of you has reached into the very land of the South Saxons; strange barely believable talk that at first I dismissed as the drunken routings of a mind unhinged by six pints of Gales HSB. Even now, when the wretch has repeated his tale sober, I can't scarce credit it. For it is said that you intend to run a ... a ... a postal game of Machiavelli!!

For six years I have been trying to get enough people interested in such a project without success and now this rumour has arrived. If its true please count me in. Which scenario do you intend to run and which version of the game?

I never knew things were that desperate! Briefly, I recently ran a vote to elect some games to run by post in HT, and Machiavelli did rather well. The only problem being I didn't know the game at the time. I've recently purchased it, which means I'll be playing using the 1980 rules. The postal rules I'll be using seem to be fairly established, since I got them out of the variant bank. I'm open to suggestions when it comes to scenarios; I haven't fixed any particular one yet. I also failed my English O'Level first time round, which is why you often see meaningless loads of blige lick that last sentence of mine in HT.

One other thing: a postal game of Machiavelli is just finishing in Zeeby: if you write to Nick Kinzett, you may be able to persuade him to run another, giving you two ... TWO ... TWO ... TWO games of Machiavelli by post.

God, my writing is really bad at the moment. I don't know what it was I drank last night, but I can't even remember going out to drink it!

Bob Horrible: I am trying to develop a kind of role playing adventure game, which needs to be playtested. It is generally aimed for play by post at the moment, and the number of scenarios are basically limited. However, the number of options each player is allowed to choose will increase as the game goes on.

The initial start of the game is concerned with four power structures. The federation, which starts off as the most powerful area on the board; the commonwealth which is superficially under the control of the federation, and is composed of a number of different cultures, each played by a different player. The total forces of the commonwealth exceed those of the federation. The independent planets off in the depth of space, who have little or no contact with the Comm-Fed at the start. Each independent culture is controlled by a different player. Finally, there are some others.

Could I use Hacking Times:

1. to get some people interested in playing;
2. Publishing the general start of the rules.

All other correspondence will be done through me, at cost to the players (eg an SAE).

In case you don't realise, Bob is really Robert Horrobin, at the address published in the list of subscribers. As is fairly obvious by me publishing this letter, of course I'll do what I can to help. Anyone interested in the above should contact Bob directly (177 Greenvale Rd., Eltham, London SE9).

Kevin Elliott: Thanks for Hacking Crimes. I ought to apologize for the appalling stories in there though. My only excuse is that I didn't write them. They are in fact written by Kevin Elliot. My name is Kevin Elliott (there is a difference there, apart from the spelling). He appears to have the same address as me, but I've looked everywhere, and I can't find him. I fear that he is actually the Gnome at the bottom of the garden - in that case it was probably Mark Holidays' genocidal comments about Gnomes that annoyed him enough to send that rubbish to you. How Robert can claim to have worked with him on that chronic Shitwrite thing I don't know. Perhaps you ought to have Rob certified - he's never been the same since you took him on that holiday to San Francisco.

! Don't mention the war to Germans!

Damn it, I've got lots of pages of letters in response to that stuff I wrote last issue. If you can't find them in this HT, its cos I couldn't be bothered (sorry, the budgie just attempted to commit suicide by giving into the keys whilst I was typing).

Later, much later! I think its only fair to publish the comments on my article of 'politics' in the last issue, so here goes.

Tony Ross: Read your bit on philosophy, which was very interesting and not something I had considered myself (perhaps I am not a conscious being?). Do please put more in a similar vein in future issues of Hacking Times. On your views of certain issues (Racism, Peace, Ecology) I can only concur. There seems to be much we are in agreement about though I don't think I'd ever nail my colours to a political mast the way you have done. I have in the past voted Liberal, Conservative and SDP (not all at the same time). I don't

Tony Ross (continued): believe any single party holds a monopoly on the truth and certainly don't support one party on all issues. Generally, I'm a moderate middle of the road sort of bloke on numerous issues. I do not for instance share your views on South Africa and the Middle East. I'm not in favour of armed revolution anywhere, and as for the middle east I think only a large number of very intelligent people coupled with enormous political will on all sides (including those not actually in the Middle East) will ever resolve the problem, or have any chance of resolving it. Force and violence just bring bloodshed and in reaction to that, breed more hatred leading to greater violence and even more savage reprisals. Will the continuing chain of atrocities ever be broken? I certainly hope so, or in the extreme event the whole world will become embroiled in affairs and find itself drawn inexorably into destruction. Yes, I really believe the whole world could destroy itself, maybe in a nuclear holocaust, as a direct result of problems in the Middle East. Perhaps I am a little paranoid?

I certainly intend to put more stuff on the same kind of issues in HT in the future; the feedback is worth it alone! I do not agree entirely with what the Liberal Party says, although I tend to agree with them more than most other groups. I feel, however, that there are many problems in modern society, and I would like to change things for the better. I have joined together with some similarly minded people, all of whom disagree with me on certain, differing, issues, and agree with me on others. We call ourselves Liberals. I nailed my politics to that mast because of the ideology underneath the politics.

One of the great weaknesses of that article was that I used it to get some things off my chest. Whilst I stand by my views on changes in the world, I do so in that I believe that the best people to solve a problem are those affected by it, and not a distant set of self appointed experts. Thus I believe that the best solution of the problem of South Africa is revolution, because that, so I understand, is what the people of South Africa themselves want (one of the great advantages of being involved in international politics is that you get to find out what people in other parts of the world think, want, and are like). In this case, I believe I can use reason to defend a gut belief, but it would be very hypocritical to deny that my views on South Africa are strongly influenced by my heavy dislike of racism.

I did not intend to imply that I felt violence was a solution to a problem, except perhaps when there is no alternative - eg when reason, getting round a table and sorting things out, etc., cannot occur because insanity in one form or another is a major cause of a problem. I feel that such force should only be used as the very last resort. If the opponents are sane, then violence is simply a refuge for the incompetent; surely intelligent people would find some solution that is ethical. If, however, the only way to prevent a lot of violence is a little, what do you do? If an insane maniac with a gun threatened someone else's life, and you happened to be the only person who could prevent a tragedy with a well placed kick, surely you have no choice but to use the lesser violence of a kick to prevent the greater violence of a murder. There is no easy answer to such problems, but at least thinking about them will help you should you ever find yourself in such an unpleasant situation.

A lot of people believe the world is on a suicide course. The only way to prevent it is to change its direction. I'm afraid that means getting some power, so you are in a position to influence the direction. It will be difficult to do this alone; perhaps you should find some similarly minded people to work with (a team is more effective than the individuals, so long as that team sticks to its purpose). To me, that means politics, and working my way up to be able to influence the government, or even become part of the government. OK, so its a long term solution, but its better than no solution. More nails and more masts.

Good God, I haven't half gone on. Time for more letters! My English is, at

times, appalling. Myself and Robert Horrobin often used to have arguments in the pub. I would say something which was somewhat ambiguous, knowing exactly what I meant. Robert always used to think I meant something different, and we would argue for hours until we finally that we actually agree with each other, and we have spent the last few hours pointlessly arguing. It must be said that I have often wondered if, underneath it all, it wasn't simply an unconscious excuse to get pissed on excellent beer. Anyway, its now happened in writing, I think.

Robert Horrobin: Whats this about me being a nitpicker? I generally nitpick when people generalise, or use absolutes. Since you took care to qualify your statements by probably, seems etc, there is not a lot I can nitpick about.

Ok, Ok, I admit that I only put that in to get a response from you. You promised a letter from my article on AI a few issues ago, and it never turned up. As a result, I had to resort to these nasty tactics to get a response. It *worked*!

The idea that your senses are related to a property of time may well be true in your case, but as you say I do not know what you know.... Don't you think that the use of the concept 'I' is seemingly contradictory, or at least dualistic, in that 'I' always think of my 'I' as essentially timeless, yet at the same time, the usage of I appears to be restricted to one particular moment in time. I think therefore I am or I thought therefore I was.

I agree that I is timeless, but I didn't really separate it from Descartes I think ... in my article. It is the thinking that introduces time, simply because thinking is a dynamic process. It implies a state of the mind before the thought, the thinking, and a state of the mind after. Thus thinking implies two states, before and after, because with only one state, no change occurs, and thus no thought could have occurred. So long as I think, time exists. That's where my thing about time comes from.

However this is indeed a general nitpick, this is however only true because of the limitations of our language. I.e, whenever we write down our beliefs, one generally finds one does not have the concepts or the language to explain them properly.

Furthermore, one has to be able to remember the right words at the right time, and to put them in the right place, and so on. Its a wonder that anyone can use language to make sense, and I'm jealous of those bastards who can!

In general, however, I agree with you, but ....

Being a libertarian implies a certain amount of responsibility, not only for ones own actions, but for those actions of those around you. We are after all, social beings, and we have to interact with other individuals to get things done (as a member of a group, you have a certain responsibility for the actions of that group. You cannot justify any action by saying that you were only following orders, this also leads on to the idea that you will have to take decisions not only for yourself but also for other people.

I notice that you qualify your statement by : "I cannot decide what is best for them, or worst for them, ETC". But you still have to make decisions for other people right or wrong, whether or not you have not got more experience in a certain field than they. Even if you disagree with this one still has to make judgements about other beings, even if on the level of hate, and judgements implies decisions about other people. Primarily decisions about your own reaction to their actions, this will

Robert Horrobin (continued): however alter their reactions to you. By your very existence you are imposing, and to a certain extent making decisions for other people.

If I seemingly said the opposite to that, I shouldn't have done. I feel the key is assumptions. So long as you do not assume that you know best, and that you could be wrong about things, and furthermore the situation is that the other people you are affecting, if possible, have accepted that you should make such a decisions, then OK. You are right, anything you do will affect other people, and vice versa. Wouldn't things be wonderful if everyone respected one another.

Mind you, the attitude that one thinks before one reacts is a load of bilge, not that I think you're saying that. I usually find I react, and then I think of an excuse to explain it. I rarely make decisions on the basis of reason alone - why cut off the other parts of me which, in my experience, help me do things better and more effectively. Anyway, that's an aside with little relevance to the flow of the letter.

Remember I said something about getting one or two things off my chest. Well, I suppose I asked for this ....

"Authority is irrational", now that would appear to be an absolute statement. First it depends on your initial 'a priori' presumptions. Using a basic logical and rational tool called syllogism:

EFFICIENCY MAKES MONEY	ALL A IS B
AUTHORITY INCREASES EFFICIENCY	ALL B IS C
AND MONEY IS GOOD	ALL A IS D
THEN AUTHORITY IS GOOD	

Authority can be proved to be devastatingly (and I use the word deliberately) rational. That was a rather trite example, and an absolute one, but there are certain cases where authority is rational.

For instance, an airline pilot, or ships pilot, or a surgeon operating has overall authority whilst performing her/his particular job (granted the client and crew occasionally agree to this authority), but once in the air the pilot has overall control and final responsibility to ensure the safe arrival of her/his clients. In these cases this is due to a certain expertise a certain skill that the rest don't have. In order to fulfill her/his responsibilities, (s)he must exercise absolute authority within the confines of her/his trade, which will impinge on your ability to make decisions ....

Ok, clever clogs, so you can play with ivory tower logic. I shouldn't have made such an absolute statement, but I should perhaps have said something like "The effects of unwelcome authority is negative", and applied for a job as a NASA press release writer. They key is again that bit where the subjects of the pilots authority volunteer to submit to that authority. As a result, their freedom is not being stolen, simply borrowed for the duration. Obviously, such a situation demands that the passengers have access to enough information to be able to make a decision about the flight before hand - what that information is depends on what the passenger thinks is relevant. It was my fault for using the word rational. Sorry.

"How do 'I' know that other beings are conscious?". For that matter how do I know that I am conscious, I agree with you that it's better for all concerned that we JUDGE that they are, and that I am as well. As for me I do not know what the word consciousness means, and I can't determine it by its shape,

Robert Herrobin (continued again): colour or context. I generally ignore the word conscious; if someone claims to be conscious then I'll accept it. What I do note is sapience (this is and can be observed in terms of behaviour). Could you be sapient - yes. Could a computer be sapient - perhaps; could a stone - no. (For definition see Fuzzy sapiens by H. Beam Piper).

You can't judge software by shape, colour or context either, but I certainly believe in it. All you can judge about software is via what the hardware does. Now the hell do you know that a stone can't be sapient. Admittedly, giving a stone an I.Q. test will probably result in a low score, but that is because you are judging it in terms of the behaviour you expect to find. It maybe the case that stones have a very low reaction speed, and over the period of a few millibium it has the thought 'I think, therefore I am', and communicates that though using a method you don't know about to other stones. That, Robert, was an absolute statement, and you should have known better. The problem of judging your favourite, sapience, and mine, consciousness, shares problems. The key is something that goes on in the mind, and there is no way that you can get into the mind directly. All you can do is work out what symptoms to expect, and look for them. If you don't find them, that doesn't mean that the property being searched for is absent, all it means is that it may be present in a form you don't expect.

You definition of force as "something used by one individual to coerce another" is absolutely useless. If you point a gun and threaten to kill me, I may go down on my knees and beg you not to, or perhaps offer you money. I am trying to stop you making your own decision. In other words, in order to preserve my liberty I may well be forced to impinge on yours.

You must have missed the point, because you example certainly does. Who says that force has to involve violence, or some physical action. All I was trying to do was find that thing in violence what makes people oppose violence, which I felt could be found in non-violent situations. Force as defined can be applied to coerce people to follow your will (if you don't marry Maud, I'll cut you out of my will), without any punch ups occurring. Perhaps I should use the word 'coerce' directly, since thats what I mean. Still, I didn't, mainly because of my English.

I like to feel that I am a libertarian, and yet it is at this point that the fundamental problems of libertarianism arise. It can only be resolved by an individual decision. The problem lies in its aim, to ensure that everyone has an equal chance of fulfilling themselves, without impinging on their freedom. Yet how can we ensure that we can do this without impinging on anyone else freedom, and how do we protect ourselves from the unscrupulous? How far do we go?

I think our vision of our ideal society needs to be fleshed out a lot more. However, I recognise that it is simply a direction to move in. Whilst the ideal cannot be achieved, it is most certainly the case that our current society can be drastically improved from the libertarian perspective. The questions you ask should be considered as parts of the mechanism of an ideal society, if you make the assumption that many people seem unable to make, that an ideal society will be populated by human beings, not ideal copies of themselves who believe utterly that the ideal will work and everything must be rosy because it is ideal! Of course such a society will have some of its aims compromised, because an ideal which is feasible has to take into account that resources will be limited, so priorities have to be decided upon for resource use, denying one persons fulfillment for anothers in the worst case. What we do is change our society, rather than worrying about the difficulty of perfecting the ideal. Focus the direction to move in, certainly, but it is only a direction, nothing more.



Robert Morrobin (continued yet again): I won't go into aggressors and victims, you have however made a generalisation, but the use of violence as a tool ??? I do not know what my true reaction to a situation would be, but I reserve the right to protect my own survival by any means at my disposal.

Thus including the use of violence. Remember I feel it is the last resort, only to be used when all else fails, and when the violence used is less than that which would occur otherwise.

By the way, violence is the tool of coercion, but not the only one, manipulating people for greed, using green bits of money is another, besides violence is the last resort of the incompetant - hopefully I'm not incompetant.

Thats what I meant by force. See what I mean about our problem with language! Violence is the last refuge of the incompetant when a solution to the problem of a peaceful nature is possible, and the incompetant miss it. What about a situation .. God, I've given that example too many times already.

I agree with all the rest except that mine and yours is a dogma, based on a number of presuppositions

I disagree; we've both thought things out for ourselves, and we are both willing to modify our ideas as new things are discovered. A dogma is a static beast which is "perfect"; and therefore when a contrary discovery is made, some means has to be found to fit it in with the dogma (like the observer missees something, was drunk, and so on). More than once, an edifice of mine has come tumbling down, and that will happen again and again.

Secondly, AI is an issue

I meant in terms of current politics. AI is not an issue of importance to political parties - is the Brecon and Radnor by-election being determined by the question of AI? It will be an issue, I believe, otherwise I wouldn't have mentioned it.

I probably don't agree with the rest, either.

Oh. And now for someone else:

Jez Keen: Thanks a lot for HT. I was interested in the book reviews, letters, fiction, zine reviews, and particularly your statement on philosophy. The zine was worth reading just for the statement: "I came to the conclusion that I existed in order to develop my potential". I personally don't agree with that philosophy, or at least don't believe that the reasons you gave are sufficient premises for it, but it helped me put several things that have bothered me recently into perspective. This for me is the joy of reading fanzines: there are so many people capable of imparting such a wealth of knowledge and opinion, and now that I've discovered it, I never want to be without it. Perhaps once I have got closer to the fulfillment of potential you mention, I will be less interested in such things (indeed I think this is quite likely), but for now fanzines are things which give me pleasure, and thus I will trade with yours.

It occurred to me that the statement you quote implies I believe there is some almighty being somewhere giving out existence and thus causing the development of potential. The strongly held opinion I have about that I'll have to develop one day, but for the time being I'll point out I meant no such assumption. It comes from the observation that whether or not I wished to, I seem to learn and develop as time passes. Ok, I assume memory is reasonably accurate, but I think the conclusion is justified. Still, I would, wouldn't I.

Jaz Keen (continued): How slowly is HT drifting towards RFGs, since this issue seemed to have zero material on the subject. Not that this bothers me, I'm just interested in how the zine will progress. Mind you, I'll admit that postal game reports do not hold my attention very long ....

It seems to be drifting backwards at the moment. There was a definite movement, but ... One of the interesting things I find about HT readership is that some people read it only for the games, some people read it only for the other bits, and a few read it for both. It can be an odd mixture, I must admit.

Obscurity Inc. an SF fanzine. Close, but not quite. Being an SF fanzine rather implies part of the SF zine circuit, which OI is definitely not. Anyway, here's "Next Stop Jupiter" 3, I hope to hear from you soon. HT isn't as bad as everyone's being making out - I think they're prejudiced because of GYL.

I'll mention NSJ in the next set of zine reviews I do. In case anyone is impatient, Jaz Keen lives at 1 Glenfield Road, Stockport, SK4 2QP. Apart from that last bit, this letter was a welcome ego boo. Thanks, Jaz.

I was very proud to receive the next letter, although it did surprise me slightly:

"The Wighthouse"

Washingtonne

America.

Date as postmark, so

look it up yourself.

Dear Limeys,

I am writing to protest against the placing of British soil under American Cruise missiles. I find it appalling that our wonderful weapons of mass destruction should be defiled in this way.

Yours sincerely, ~~(initials)~~

Runnie

Alan Clauam: I'm interested in Railway Rivals. I'm willing to play but I'm actually really interested in GMing a game.

I'm quite willing to agree to this, although the thing that worries me about the RR waiting list is that it has been static recently. I've decided to wait until Manorcon to see if I can pick up a couple of players there. Otherwise, we'll have to start a game with me as the fourth player. I suggest you choose a suitable map according to the number of players.

If you're worried about drop-outs then you'll have to stay concerned because any zine with an inexperienced readership is likely to have drop outs. The answer is to accept this and act as a kind of sieve, drawing in new players through your contacts. Those who are really interested can be encouraged to play more games and join games in other zines with more experienced players less likely to drop out. Not a glamorous role but it would be interesting if you take the games as not the most important things in the world you'll be O.K.. One idea: rather than putting in replacements is to abandon games and put the players in a new game which is probably fairer to all players but would discourage some people.

Normally, I would agree with that last point, but game eight was a particular problem, because it was a new game following the collapse of six and seven. I did not want to ruin the remaining players game a second time in a row, so I bought in some other players.

I fully realise that the problems of new players is always going to affect RT, and some time ago decided to do what I could to sort it out. Thus you see various ideas, such as variants, which should attract only the more experienced players, so giving them a game, and the two waiting lists for Diplomacy itself.

I would like to increase the proportion of experienced players, though, if only to ensure some games finished as a result of a fair battle, and not because half the players disappeared early.

The whole question of substitutes makes some people's blood boil (and I don't even listen to Heave Right Out). This comment is nicked from The Road Goes Ever On, and zine much better than the title implies. Over to Gary Piper, its editor: (I apologize for not asking if he was willing to let me republish)

Gary Piper: Standbys rear their ugly head on this side of the Atlantic yet again. In Ode 35eme the English player dropped out (I'm playing France) and he was replaced by ... Dave Bowler (we had come to blows in Ode 23eme). Did he bother to correspond with me? Did he fuck.- he went straight for me. ... The players in Ode 35eme were not even consulted about the new player - he was thrust upon us.

I think that summarises fair enough the problems of stand byes for players. So what do I do? Abandon games with abandon? Rescue games? Try a mixture?

My main problem at the moment is game 9. Should I abandon it and start a new game, or try and rescue it. The obvious answer, implied in Gary's comments - is to ask the players. Peter, Mark and John - what do you think?

Fred C Davies Jr.: No, I did not receive a copy of Hacking Times 7. May I make a suggestion. Please put the full name of your zine somewhere on the outside, where it can be read easily and promptly. I receive about 24 zines each month, and its maddening to try and figure out which one I have when there is no name shown. I also wish you British editors would at least show the month of the publication of your zines on the masthead. Considering that most of your overseas readers receive the zines anywhere from 2 weeks to 2 months later, it would help to know when they are published. Every American zine, with one exception, puts the date or month of publication at the top.

Sorry about HT 7. You'd have liked it; it had the HT logo on the cover! I tend to avoid putting the month on the cover because, unfortunately, its difficult for me to determine the month when HT will finally appear (I'm that unreliable). This edition has got it, though.

Here's a copy of the North American Variet Bank-East Catalogue, as recently updated. ... Most are available at 50 cents each, but Youngstown Package costs \$1.50.

Eventually, I will have custody of the main North American Variet Bank, and then I will get around to printing an updated catalogue

When some of the variant gamestarts in HT get off the ground, I will be holding another election to choose some more games. The North American Variet Bank will (hopefully) feature in this. Incidentally, how much will you charge for postage, or is that something to be determined once the package has been made up? There are a good number of titles which are absent from the UKVB, although I suspect it would be advisable to get your opinion on the worthwhile variants which you believe are new to British players. Anyway, thats for the future. Most of my variants are still waiting to start.

Enjoy your zine.

Ta. Readers may like to know that Fred's zine, Bushwacker concentrates on variants and is available monthly from Fred at the address in the list of HT subscribers. This month (& last month) have seen a detailed exposé of the American Japanese conflict at Guadalcanal in WWII. This well written piece is based on a considerable amount of research Fred did a few years back.

One of the problems of American gamezines - apart from the obvious one of cost - is that editors seem to line up on one side or another for 'fends'. Fred keeps out of it, so the only knowledge of these apparent replays of mafia battles are irregular reports of bloodshed. Seems a daft thing to do to me. (the fends, the fends)

If, you would like to subscribe to Bushwacker, then I suggest you go through the International Subscription Exchange, a service run by Doug Rowling of 328 Kinnell Ave., Cardonald, Glasgow G52 8RU to reduce postage costs. I can't compare it to other American zines because its the only one I receive, but it strikes me as being similar to Gaullimaufry (from Steve Doubleday), without the depression. Fred's uniqueness is the use of the royal 'we'.

—cc0000—

## Shitewrite 2

First there was Jaws and Jaws 2, then there was Alien and Alien 2, but none of these horrors are at all frightening compared to .....

### SHITEWRITE II

Is this really the invention of a deranged beer-maniac? Or is it a plot by Wiltshire police as a prelude for arresting anyone under 25 for suspicion of wanting to go to Stonehenge within the next century? Notice the drug crazed style. The Sicilian accent. The Red lights. Everything says .. 'police'.

Anyway, the propaganda ....

"Gyllans bulky figure paused, then slowly began tapping a certain sequence of numbers into the ships brain. Smiling, Gyllan sat back into his chair, slowly deflating, a hiss came from his backside, which soon turned into a horrendous roar. Carried from his chair, Gyllans figure darted from wall to wall, with the grace of a Dead Whale .....

"Ah what an idea!" farted Gyllan, "to replace my lordly body with a superbly crafted blow up doll, and then to sell the rights of my death to kool news. Wow - I sometimes even amaze myself., I think I'll watch my death!" Grunting, his copulant body moved ponderously toward the com-set, and switched on kool news. The com-set reacted predictably, "Mr. Paris, you now owe me fourty four cents, I refuse to allow you any more cred ...": Gyllan also reacted predictably, and with the finesse of Dead Droid he ripped out the com-sets brain.

The com-set flickered and came to life. On the screen he could see his tiny ship being surrounded by a vast and hostile fleet. "This is Brad Bakker bringing you the death of Gyllan Paris, on the kooliest network in the galaxy. And now a kool message from our kool sponsor ... ". Gyllan tore out the speech unit and fumed - not even a mention that he was an evil genius, or that he came from a bad neighbourhood (still, everyone does know about Greenwich). Oh well, he might as well watch the pictures.

The giant ten mile long battleship, the Tit ((I think you have your Freudian symbolism somewhat confused - Ed)) moved towards Gyllans small ship, followed by thousands of smaller ships, all of whom wanted to get in the first shot. Gyllans ship started to slow down, and suddenly reversed towards the vast armada, and blew up. A vast ((you sure like vast - Ed)) ball of incandescent flame engulfed Gyllans ship, which impinged upon Tit, which also exploded, followed by the thousands of smaller ships around it. Slowly, the incandescent ball of gasses moved outward. The kool newship tried to avoid it; the picture becoming snakey as it reversed: but not fast enough. The camaras sudden stopped transmitting pictures. The kool ship became extremely hot, and was vapourised.

"Damn, I told kool not to get too close! Oh well, at least I wiped out most of my enemies". Gyllan reached out and asked for his new credit rating. His smile of anticipation changed to one of horror. "Those double crossing bastards, those .....

"Excuse me, Mr. Paris, you already owe me 20 cents, and I can allow you no further acces to my memory. The fridge has also told me that it will only open on a cash only basis". From across the room the cooker chimed in "that goes for me too, bud".

Gyllans thoughts started running at fever pitch. "No money, no credit, no food, who or what can I rob, steal, kill, or generously take from?" He had an idea. He called his new cyberleg over. "Piss off, you silly bugger, if you think I'm going to let you use me with your credit rating you are out of your mind. I want cash in advance, and I want it now."

Gyllan sighed and withdrew from his pocket his last two cents and handed them over to his new cyber-leg. "You cybers, all you think about is money. Here you are". Gyllan made a grab at the leg, but it hopped out of the way.

"Thank you, Mr. Paris, that will cover at least part of what you owe me. I have, however, decided to try for another leg of employment". It hopped out of the door.

Even his trusty arm refused to help. Gyllan hopped sadly towards the door. What could a man do in a hostile world without money? Except steal it from someone else.

"Excuse me, door, open up please."

"I am afraid, Mr. Paris, that you owe me twenty cents, and with your current credit status, I don't see how you can repay me, do you?"

"Look, door, open, or I'll ... "

The door replied with an oily voice (it'd just come back from the door's job). "You'll what? I've seen what you did to the com-set, and I'm not allowing you to do it to me. Besides, I've come across some very interesting information. There was a reward out for information on your whereabouts, for about 200000000 credits. Just enough for me to go on holiday, have a refit, get married and have a couple of doorlets. So I've just informed the police that you are alive, and they are on the way, with a couple of Death Droids"

DEATH DROIDS. The evil words reverberated through Gyllan's brain. "I should have stayed on the ship and made a grab for the Tit!" He sat down and tried to think of a plan ....

The death droids ran through the streets, fifteen foot titanium walled armour with pointy teeth, claws on all their extremities, and absolutely covered in bristles - which happened to be an advanced form of destruction - and each had a pouch of various grenades, running from simple blocks (they demolished a block) to parkinglots (they turned a planet into a parking lot). Each had little piggy eyes, which glowed red with hate, and the anticipation of destruction. As they ran, they occasionally stomped on a bystander, or hurled a grenade or two. The police followed two miles behind, and hoped the droids wouldn't see them.

Gyllan heard them. By the screams, the droids could not be more than a minute away. Gyllan had to do something, but what?"

... and here endith the third lesson in the gospel according to St. Horrible. Nextweek, the guest speaker will be a garden gnome from Avon, who will give a lecture on the nasty things you can do to crows with carrots.

And now for the holy appeal. As you will be aware, the church needs some slight repairs to bring it back up to scratch. Look around you and you will see that there is something wrong with the roof, and the windows, and, for that matter, the walls. Yes, they're missing. All thats left is the original concrete - or is it granite - reinforcing supports. If you could kindly donate a small sum of money by giving your loose change to the verger when you leave.

Will the congregation please note that the local policeman, Mr. Macclesfield, wishes to inform us that we will all be arrested when leaving this church, for worshipping on holy ground. Apparently, as a result of a directive from the government, we will all be beaten up as well for worshipping someone who isn't a certain Maggie.

Have a good week.





## DEAD CENTRE

6.

### Mengele Muddle

by our South American correspondents,  
P & C Cruz.

Events surrounding the tracing of the infamous Nazi war-criminal Joseph Mengele took a strange twist yesterday when a leading war historian spoke on his recent findings.

Mr Norbert Laquer, 38 from the university of Kronenburg said: "I wondered whether recent claims of his death were true or not, so I sought to trace his whereabouts and state of being. My conclusion is that he is alive and well and not living in South America as has been alleged. What's more, he certainly is not dead. I can conclusively prove that he now lives in a house of ill-repute at 177, Greenvale Rd, London SE9. Apparently he has received considerable cosmetic surgery, probably from Mexico. The transformation is really quite uncanny. For a man of 37, he is remarkably fit, and enjoys the odd firing squad when he can get the practice."

He has even taken some of his more trustworthy allies along with him to London.

Herr Laquer continued: "One prime aid that served with him in the war is also known to live there. The man in question, Oberlieutenant Robert Horrobin, 26, originally senior officer of a notorious camp called Staling Butlitz is also in remarkably sound physical health. He used to supervise the camps conversion to North Sea gas, and now has a franchise selling Dolman showers, underlining the sinister nature of these characters."

I went to the address given, and tried to interview the said people. A khaki-clad figure with a Germanic accent shrouded by a northern brogue answered. He said: "Fucken Zoff."

I persisted with the line of investigation, but was slammed over the shoulder with a rifle-butt.

After regaining consciousness, I again tapped on his door. I said: "Hi there, I'm William Joyce."

"Goodness me, why didn't you say, come in." Said the mysterious figure.

Vera Lynn is 400.

### Crime

In the old Bailey yesterday, an unemployed labourer, Bert Scroggins, 46 of the Penys estate, Peckham was convicted of running up and down Whitehall shouting: "all MP's are sick lunatics." He was given 14 days for disorderly behavior, and 10 years for revealing a state secret.

Later on Mr Scroggins was acquitted of gross indecency, as he'd only been indecent 143 times.

### Advice

If by any chance you should fall ill, make sure you don't get treated at Lewisham Hospital. I walked into casualty the other day, when a poor naked man ran past me in sheer agony. A nurse persuading him with a saucepan of boiling water was apprehended by a bemused doctor. I then heard the doctor say: "you stupid person nurse. I told you to prick his boil."

Just to remind people living in Acton that the Gay Information Bureau is visiting the area with its van this week. Their easily recognised by the vans licence number: RU 12.

Edited, written and produced by  
Mark Holliday,  
85, Thornham Street,  
Greenwich, SE10 9SE.

Beware  
imitations.

## Precis

This month, we consider the traumatic problem of loneliness with the Archbishop of Golders Green. page 60.

Also we'll show you something that fell off the back of a BL lorry - the front of a BL lorry. page 61.

We'll also interview all seven members of the Dublin string quartet. page 70.

A ULS member who claims to have found a cure for the common cold - now he's looking for a cure for the well-educated cold. page 69.

We'll discuss the question of council committee's...are there too many of them? We ask the chairman of the Islington Cheese & chutney sandwich committee. p 67.

Coming event.... saturday 29th june sees the Lewisham Unmarried mothers operatic society's rendition of 'Get me to the Church on time.'

Young Liberals stormed to fantastic by-election success in West Cheadledown & District Parish council elections.

Mr Billy Scrobbs amassed a creditable 2 votes in Cemetary village Green ward (a swing of 100%) to capture this prime YL target.

Result: W.Scrobbs (Lib/All) 2.

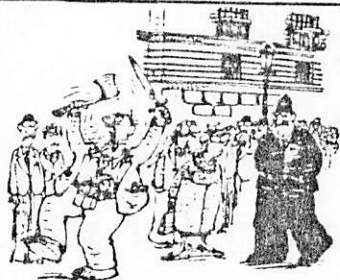
No other candidate had the courage to face a full-blooded YL campaign.

Amidst amazing scenes in Cambridge yesterday, Sir Clive Sinclair was arrested and placed in protective custody after a fracas at his HQ.

Disgruntled customers were howling for blood after Sir Clive stated that the keys for his Sinclair CU genuine imitation plastic computer would be "available within the next four or five years" for use.

"The computer gives fine service with or without keys, so I don't know what all the fuss is about" said Sir Clive.

I asked rival Alan Sugar of his opinions on the subject to which he replied: "of course my sympathy goes out to sir Clive with all my heart but....(erupts into uncontrollable laughter)....cont.p61



"Thank God you've come, officer. This lunatic wants to know where Downing Street is so he can assassinate our beloved Prime Minister!"



"Right, sir...you go down Palmer Street, turn right at Tothill Street, first left at Queen Anne's Gate..."

## Centre Scores

Yes okay, so I did win the blasted game, but serves you right anyway.  
In answer to a certain Dylan Harris of some long-winded address in Berkshire or Bedfordshire or somewhere, I was not involved in the incident in Kerry Dixon's local pub whereby he was approached by a small, stocky individual placing what looked to be a brown envelope into his palm.  
I suggest that Mr Harris discontinues this line of investigation, lest I suddenly recall the incident regarding the two pickled onions and the saveloy at Joe's fish restaurant, Bournemouth last september.

Details:	Hull City 26
	Manchester United 25
	Everton 21
	Luton 20
	Tottenham 20
	Manchester City 20
	Oxford 20
	Bradford City 19
	Chesterfield 19
	Birmingham 18
	Bury 16
	Blackburn 12
	Rotherham 9
	Peterborough 9

Prizes are slightly reduced as Glen Wilson failed to cough up. Monies were appropriated accordingly.

If you're reading this Phil, I owe you £5.62.

Recently, the editor of a certain other 'zine suggested that I was to be the implement used for the inaugural UK midset throwing championship. I take great pleasure in assuring readers that this piece of information is totally inaccurate.

David Rapoport is 40.

Two men in pub:  
man A) "my wife's a real angel Ted."  
man B) "you're lucky, mine's still alive."

Next month Mick Jagger and Marian Faithful explain why they've given up marathons - but they still like the odd mars bar.

## Letters

Sir,

In light of the appalling letter to Anna Fagburn (issue 5) I would like to add some refinements.

Firstly, the South London Hospital for Lesbians, manhaters & weirdo's is a fine institution.

It caters for the needs of all unfortunate dykes in need of the kind of care much neglected in hospitals that cater for men.

But sadly Anna's reply did seem rather extreme. Taking a more moderate line myself, I'd like to suggest to Anna that she button it in future.

Yours, Audrey Worldlywise, Harrow.

Sir,

Glad to see that your publication now features computer puzzles.

I loved the logic errors designed to test us.

I spend my life with computers, in fact my wife reckons that I'm the best POKER she's ever known. I enjoy a PEEK too.

Please please please give us more puzzles to tackle.

My business depends upon it.

Yours, Algernon Cumbria, Greenwich.

Sir,

In a recent edition of this organ you alleged an article by top model Samantha Fox.

This article was not written by her, and I believe not by anyone else either.

The press council has heeded my complaint, and will summon you shortly with any luck.

Yours, Brendan Bluetack, Messrs Stickytape & Bluetack, theatrical entrepreneurs.

Sir,

Watching televised coverage of the budget the other day, I realised the stunning likeness between Mr Nigel Lawson and Mr Dylan Harris - could they be related by any chance?

Yours, Reg Fresson, St. Helena.

## News

Our third-world correspondent asked the Zambian president for his views on defence yesterday.

He replied: "defence? Oh de man wid de nails am commin' to fix it shortly."

The president went on to say that he wished to return the 26 episodes of Pct Black that he'd bought under the impression that it was a cookery programme.

He went on to announce that as an economy measure he has traded in his E-type Jaguar for an F-type crocodile.

ICI's agricultural experts today discovered a revolutionary new insecticide. It kills all the crops so the insects starve to death.

Major enquiries begin today, after Camdens new crackdown on kerb-crawlers. WPC Laura Nordor, 26, patrolled the red-light district in late evening when suddenly all street lights failed. She made seven arrests and £55.

A firm in Birmingham yesterday laid off 200 miners. A spokesman explained: "this is very tragic, however we've no work for them - we only make cream crackers."

DEAD CENTRE TAKES  
ADVERTISEMENTS.

WRITE TO ME FOR DETAILS

## Expose'

By our man of the people,  
John Bilger.

I was assigned to check out the situation in a ruthless organisation called World Anarchistic Non-conformist Kibbutz Exterior Riotists (Wanker for short), which purports to stand for idealistic freedom of the individual.

Having realised their cover had been blown, they changed their name to Greenwich Young Liberals and endeavored to undermine the fabric of all that is wonderful in society.

Their prime function was to set themselves up as an organ for self-promotion, but along the way they failed to work together, and decided to make the body a living dress-rehearsal for a game of Ultra-stab.

Their 'organiser', a man with the same name as a known gutter journalist Mark Holliday, 61, was approached. I asked for his appraisal of the situation locally to which his official reply was, "get stuffed you Australian git."

Having dispensed with the small-talk I questioned him on the likelihood of this body ever gaining any credibility.

"Course we have credibility. Only last week we superglued a Barclays cashier to the counter. Next week we go up to a copper and shout bum to his face. We've no time for faint-hearted wets in this organisation," he replied.

I shuddered at his proposal to execute garden gnomes on sight without trial, but his conviction was noticeable.

"Every gnome internationally will soon be aware that any people of Greenwich will have our full backing in liquidating enemy gnomes of the state," he uttered.

Jackie Charlton is 3.

## More News.....

The Royal Shakespeare company has asked me to point out that their current production of 'Oh Calcutta' has run in to problems. Owing to a stage power failure, they've had to rename it 'Fanny by Gaslight.'

Unroar erupted in the city yesterday, as sir Clive Sinclair's Q5 electrically powered shoe was withdrawn from production. The modified model was tested only to show that the machine has little more than a range of three yards before the flex runs out.

Yesterdays garden party at Buckingham palace was a huge success. Thirty three gardens attended, along with seven cabbage patches and a rockery. Percy Throwers compost heap was refused admission.

Recent concern over the state of the Queen Mothers eyesight took a turn for worse yesterday, when she attended the launch of Britains new Frigate, HMS Coketin. She was led to the gangplank to cut the ceremonial ribbon in time honoured fashion. She uttered, "I name this ship Coketin" and took out her scissors. She made one definite cut and her knickers fell down.

A student at the renowned seat of learning, Thames Polytechnic was awarded the British Empire medal for bravery today. Jeremy Cox, 19 received his award for saving the lives of some 2,000 students after shooting the chef at lunchtime.

Intrepid explorer Sir Rannulph Fines had a miraculous escape today when he was pursued by three hungry lions. Just as it seemed that they were certain to catch him, he was eaten by a crocodile.

At the Burleigh horse trials yesterday the favourite Lucinda Green received three faults for a refusal. On the sidelines, Ms Vicki Hodge received £200 for an acceptance.

# COFFEE BREAK

Simon Foreman talks to South African Ambassador, Dr. Fik Yehuda.

Yo: "Your Excellency, may I say how marvelous it is to have you here with me today."

Yo: "If you wish Mr. Foreman."

Yo: "Sir, the first question I'd like to ask is what is your country's plans on the liberalization of South Africa?"

Yo: "Not a lot."

Yo: "...er but I was led to believe that the country was undergoing a process of liberalization."

Yo: "...well yes this is true, er the President plans to ensure that at all times police in Soweto will line the highways with turkeys. They will also give elderly villagers 24 seconds to move themselves before we let the mortars go on them. We let the mortars go on them."

Yo: "And do you think that this will remedy the problems of unrest in the region?"

Yo: "Not really, but it's damned good fun on a dull day."

Yo: "What fun do you think can be gained from butchering defenceless peasants seeking to exercise their rights of individual liberty?"

Yo: "Lots. The guys at the office often hold sweepstakes as to which nation can liquidate the most coons in a day."

Yo: "How do you feel that you can present a better image to the rest of the world?"

Yo: "Well I really think that what we can do is to provide work with greater job satisfaction by allowing them the privilege of serving their white masters by means of a 23 hour day without pay. They can be given half a kilo of maize per week along with 8 Durax Peas-

herlie thus preventing a further explosion of little black bastards."

Yo: "Do you feel that this will allow black claims for constitutional recognition?"

Yo: "No it will not, and bloody good job too."

Yo: "Why do you say this?"

Yo: "Well, if they were peaceful, we'd have to have another war with Mozambique to give ourselves something to do wouldn't we?"

Yo: "Do you mean to suggest that your country wishes not to enjoy complete peace?"

Yo: "That's quite right, a good, decent upstanding nation like mine cannot show its citizens the joys of white rule without encouraging coons to attack us. Otherwise people might get to thinking that chocolate drops are civilized."

Yo: "Does Mr. Botha's government have any compassion whatsoever?"

Yo: "...I have a question to answer. I certainly think that it would be somewhat silly to leave the country in the hands of those blackie chaps. After all they breed like rabbits, smoke dubious substances, hold protests and they all have picketers twelve inches long."

Yo: "Well it's been gratifying having spoken with you. Your wisdom has been most valuable. You've made me feel like a new man."

Yo: "Well I suggest that you go and find one then Mr. Foreman. I'm sure you must know some young liberals."

Next week - A light hearted look at Cystitis.



## A First!

A reader from a red-light district of Mexico City has suggested that I print short stories in this zine. What type of story, the mind boggles, but I thought I'd give it a whirl. So... a new first in a long line of zine firsts - An English Eccentric, by Joe Mengele.

The rumours surrounding the nightly goings on at 85, Thornham street, (until recently a quite respectable part of the idyllic borough of Greenwich) were such that as local representative for the association for a moral and decent society, where debauchery and abuse of privilege would be confined to the selfless upper-echelons (whom we all know deserve it really), though exactly what they deserve is a bone of contention.

I felt it my duty to investigate the situation immediately. In fact it was the direct wish of our two idols, Mrs 'now that's much nicer isn't it?' Whitehouse and the War Druid Thatcher, that the matter should be cleared up before it got out of hand and there were a rush of tory MP's queuing to to join in.

The resident of this grotto, a Mr Bark Rollaway met me at his door after I'd been ringing it insistently for several minutes. He was forced to hop as his feet were shackled together by a length of iron links, his shirt slashed here and there by red welts.

"wow" he said bright-eyed. He waved me in without so much as a glance, custard dripping from his two-tone pyjamas. "So you're here to relax a bit huh?" He said over his shoulder. I muttered some protest at this but was rather occupied with my buttonhole camera. "we get them all here"... he went on "tories, the vicarage jam-making committee, last week we even had a three day convention from the League of St. George and the Socialist Workers party.... here to discuss the governments offer of privatisation and a quotation on the stock-market. But the Socialist Workers party brought up 're-education' and both sides settled down to whipping each other."

"Is it true that you're the editor of DEAD CENTRE, the local graveyard favourite?" I asked him.

"Yes" he said. "originally I started inviting people here to get material for the zine.... well don't blame me, blame the readership.... boy they must be a bunch of weirdo's.... one of our readers is so bad.... you won't believe this.... he shook his head sadly as if there was no sanity left in the world.... well the reader in question is incapable of not standing in elections. It has gotten so bad that the organisers no longer call for the straight jackets.... and even the political assassins can't be paid enough to have a go. It's popular superstition that our reader has somehow got hold of the suit of armour that once belonged to Ned Kelly, the Aussie bandit and is thus impervious to reason as the suit renders one unable to hear a thing."

"I've heard enough." I said. Whipping, bondage, eating foreign food and muesli. Not to mention the publication of subversive literature. "Just who the hell do you think you are giving the readers what they want? You could get ten years for that.... what's the prime minister supposed to say when God rings from Washington eh? You're under arrest sonny.... and I hope they throw the key away."

"Ch" said the two-toned midget delightedly.... "you're a policeman.... why didn't you say so?.... we give a special rate to members of her magnificence's true blue constabulary.... it's to make up for the overtime controls she introduced...."

Continued over

"Attempted bribery and derogatory suggestions as to my occupation are now added to your list of crimes" I stated coldly.  
"I've got it" he exclaimed. "You're one of those Mary Whitehouse special-  
ls .... how is the old dear these days?"  
"Taking her name in vain" I intoned.  
"You're really serious about this aren't you?" he sighed seeming to have reached despair.  
"I'm sorry" I said with regulation courtesy. "Her magnificence the viceroyn of God in Washington was very insistent that your licence be revoked."

The midget seemed to deflate. His shoulders sagged. He'd obviously resigned himself to his fate.... "well at least this month's DEAD CENTRE has been mailed" he shrugged. "It's not your fault.... you're only doing your job. I should never have hassled her magnificence for trying to sneak out without paying."

Sometimes my job can be hard. The little chap got a few centuries in one of her magnificence's rehabilitation camps in Scotland.... he was very grateful when I told him that I'd do my best to get him an appeal on the grounds of insanity.... and we may just swing it if he offers to volunteer for the young Tories 1st suicide and placard waving brigade.

Report concludes.

*Igor Blimey*  
Col. Igor Blimey.

## Memo

Former vice-president of CRASS, Mr Ron Bollockhead speaks of some of his life experiences in the coming months.

This month he speaks of an early memory of his teenage courtships:

"Yer.... there was this bird I was givin' one to for quite a while. One night when I had a hard-on, I decided to get all romantic; so I dimmed the lights by kick in 'em. Then I put some punk music on the stereo and we fell onto the floor. I'd just started to give it some stick, when she looked up at me and said, "ere Ron. Is that Johnny Rotten?" "No" I said. I've only used it three times."

Next month in DEAD CENTRE.....

Simon Yoggart interviews the celebrated short-sighted knife-thrower, Eric the first, and his assistant Gladys the thirty ninth.

I talk to a man that crossed a field with Julie Andrews and got nothing at all.

By our Social services correspondent,  
Foster Child.

Camden social services director, Mr Patrick Monkeyhater said categorically today that all black foster children under the age of 47 will be repatriated to black parentage forthwith. He later added that he wanted to execute this policy long before he nips off on holiday with his

white girlfriend, Mrs Gladys Groggs, 40, and her twelve white children.

Diane Abbot is 8.

← Council  
Capers

# WW3

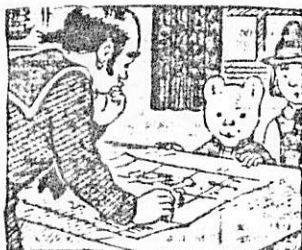
By our defence correspondent,  
Warren Peace.

Reports that Joseph Mengele has  
has surfaced, sparked further fears  
that the third world war could be  
imminent.

As a natural progression, Ron Poll-  
ard of Ladbrokes has issued the  
updated prices of who will be the  
cause of this war if it occurs.

Latest prices:

Casper Weinberger 9/4.  
Nikolai Cosegin 11/4.  
Michael Heseltine 100/30  
Rodney Bickerstaffe 11/2.  
Robert Maxwell 6/1.  
Vera Lynn 7/1.  
Ralph Atkinson 10/1.  
others on request.



Rear Admiral Sir Chumley  
Bumley briefs his new elite  
Anti-subversion unit, under the  
auspices of the Home Secretary  
Leon Sea.

Pools dividends forecast:

Australian pools, 3 score draws,  
5 no-score draws,  
46 aways,  
1 home win.

telegram claims for 8 points.

## Reminiscing....

Whickers World.

"d'you know, I went to Spain in  
may. I went to the bull-ring. It  
was a grotesque place. They kill  
the bull, and use evry part of  
its anatomy for food."

"The kidneys go to the local  
traders, the rump steaks to the  
hotel next-door, and so too for  
that matter the rest of him."

"Even the sweetbreads get served  
as a hotel delicacy. My companion  
had sweetbreads served on toast  
every morning, and after about a  
week she looked at the sweetbre-  
ads one morning and said: "waiter,  
these sweetbreads look a bit  
small this morning." and the  
waiter replied, "Si, well sometimes  
de bull wins."

## EXPRESS OPINION

The Express has always believed  
that people should be given more  
initiative.

That's why we know in our hearts  
that the welfare state should be  
abolished.

Of course there is only one thing  
to do with parasites seeking the  
free roof - re-introduce our old  
bastion of conservatism - the  
workhouse.

## SOCCKER

Bobby Robson should be castrated

# SOAPBOX

Culture Spot.....

A word from your Proprietor.

Several letters have recently dropped on my mat suggesting that the ballot for 'Arsehole of the Year' was rigged.

They raised the question of who won.

Of course the winner was ?

Curiously but coincidentally, the runner up was ?

Of course being twins, they are often mistaken for each other - this presents certain difficulties.

I once interviewed ? and found myself talking to ?

? received a first preference, along with several second preferences.

? received several second preferences and a couple of fourth preferences.

I personally was not responsible for this electoral outrage - a vast number of votes were cast by a Mr G. Peters, 48 whom I've never previously heard of.

As for the allegations of voting irregularities, I would never stoop so low as to hurl wild accusations around, but if one were to consider the name Martin Powell, one might not be too far from the facts.

We are dreadfully sorry, but apologise for the absence of Anna Fagburn from this month's 'zine.

Unfortunately I could not concoct the lies at such short notice, and quality of Fleet Streets lies are deteriorating by the minute.

My solicitors Messrs Dunham, Good & Prober have received a writ suggesting libel on the part of myself.

Nevertheless the judge (a good friend) has said that in view of the circumstances regarding my alleged libelling of a senior member of parliament, he will give me the excellent opportunity to do a better job of it in the High Court next week.

I thank him graciously.

Hello everybody; I'm Bernard Manning, and I've been asked to write a guest column by your resident editor, Mark Thinsummybob.

I don't quite know why he asked me to do this, but it gives me a chance to make some cracks.

I've heard that the editor has achieved considerable notoriety in writing this publication.

He constantly makes cheap cracks against anything that moves - very rich coming from the man who's done for journalism what Oscar Wilde did for a fiver.

Still, this brings me to one of my first ramblings. It concerns a Conservative activist on his annual jaunt to conference. He walks along the gleasier part of Brighton at midnight. While passing a streetwalker she shouts: "ere luv, fancy a good time then dearie?" He replies: "er well I've only got a fifty pence piece." "That's alright luv, I've got the right change," she utters.

The other memory I'd like to recall is that of Bruce Forsyth.

He's the only man I know with a wig that grows. I once asked him if he'd considered a transplant. He said: "Don't be silly Bernie, I'd look even sillier with a kidney on my head."

Still, he's got other eccentricities too. He reminded me of the Jewish Kamikaze pilot who crashed his plane into his brothers scrapyard.

A slightly tactless remark, though not too bad under the circumstances.

I met that poof Simon Hughes the other day. He's nickname is Cottage cheese, because half the time he spends cheesing, and the other half he spends....(cont.p61).

What's the difference between Ann Clwyd and the Eiffel Tower?

Loads of people haven't been up the Eiffel Tower.

## Parliament

Question time (Home secretary)

Michael Meagre (Lab.Coal de Sac):Mr speaker,will the Rt.Hon.Secretary of state declare his intentions on the situation concerning millions of CND campaigners being viciously assaulted by the police.Will he give assurances that this will cease?

Leon Sea (con.Notablebere):I'll issue a written answer after the next election.

Julian Aviery (con.Bluejohn):Mr speaker,does the Rt.Hon.member believe that the hand of friendship be given to someone like Klaus Barbi,as a gesture to world liberalism?

Leon Sea:Okay by me old chap.

Vagina Bottomless (con.Electaprat):Will the Rt.Hon.member be prepared to deny the rumour that he plans quashing the private members bill designed to execute those found guilty of staying longer than three days without having found work?Furthermore,does he intend abolishing the modern corrective methods of youth rehabilitation known as the 'short,sharp kicking'?

Leon Sea:Not at all.(cries of here here and "in the nuts")

John Wheelerdealer (con.Landslide):Mr speaker,how long are we in the house expected to sit here awaiting the much promised prison reforms planned by him last year?When does the Rt.Hon.member plan to introduce his promise of introducing incentives like one meal a day for the cleanest cell?

Leon Sea:Just before they die of starvation.(cries of "don't waste good food" and "make them eat their slopbuckets").

Joe Ashton (Lab.Justabout):Mr speaker,I'd like to ask the Rt.Hon.member if he will be prepared to abandon dog licences,and replace them with dog-collar advertising.

Leon Sea:See me afterwards Joe.(labour cries of "we want Marc Wadsworth").

## POEM

by Charles Lyte

Little Bo Peep by Charles Farnsbarn  
(1892- )

Little Jack Horner and Little Bo Peep,  
Went out to the field to look for her  
sheep,

Jack suggested a roll in the hay;  
Now Little Bo Peep's in the family.....  
(cont.p61)

BBC2.

10.25 Snooker.

5.25 Cues at 5.25

5.40 Snooker update.

6.00 Geoffrey Smith's world of snookers.

6.30 Madhur Jaffrey's Indian Snookery.

7.00 Pot Black.

7.30 Nature Watch. Looks at a variety of endangered great crested snookers.

8.15 Snooker.

8.45 Give us a break.

9.45 Snooker.

10.45 Cuesnight. With Dennis Taylor and John Spencer.

11.45 Snooker.

12.45 Open Snookerversity.

BBC1.

10.25 Uncle Ken's golliwog-free kiddies hour.

11.25 Auntie Fran's ILFA show for the illiterate under 45's.

12.25 News.

12.40 Pebble Mill at one.

1.30 Postman Pat. Pat shows villagers how to burn post offices when on strike.

1.45 Women's hour. With a light hearted look at hysterectomy surgery.

2.45 See Hear. More news for deaf people.

3.15 Takias Rubbishopoulus. Greek language programme with Donna Kebab.

3.45 The Heiress. Shipping tycoon's daughter develops pen-friendship with a raving idiot looking to make his fortune.

4.15 Jackanory.

4.45 Grange Hill. Another trip to St. Neanderthals High.

5.15 Ski slopes of the world with drunken journalists (hic)

Definitive Dictionary @ 3.

( Judicious )

Hebrew Crockery.

# TV Mirror

## YOUR BEST GUIDE

Edited by

TONY PRATT

Channel 4.

3.00 The Late Show. Gay Byrne's guests from Dublin today are Rt. Rev. Finbarr O'Wafer, bishop of Clonagall, Paddy O'Blimey, Seamus O'Tooley mayor of Brogheda and Cieran O'Loughlin and the Sands Great folk tappers.

4.30 The (or rather Ye) Olde Fogey show. Robert Dougle shows how much fun can be had counting gravestones.

5.00 Munsters. Recorded highlights from the Sinn Fein Conference.

6.00 Making the most of Hyperdermic syringes.

7.00 News with Trevor McDonut.

8.00 Paperbacks. Looking at the latest Catherine Cookson entitled: 'when the postman pops it in'.

9.00 20/20 Vision. the vegetarian gay orthopaedic surgeon from Orkney.

10.30 Edgar Bloodlusten presents.

11.00 Film. Ramrod O'Rourke and his famous dipstick (1982) with Warren Beatty.

12.30 Look forward to the wonderful things in the coming week.

Thames.

We are sorry but due to unforeseen circumstances (the sub-editor being pissed) we cannot provide programme schedules for Thames today.



## Diplomacy Stats

These stats are ripped off without permission from Richard Walkerdines' Mad Policy. I hope he doesn't mind.

### 1. The UK Diplomacy all-time league table:

	<u>Wins</u>	<u>D2</u>	<u>D3</u>	<u>D4</u>	<u>D5</u>	<u>B5 Defeats</u>	<u>Elims</u>	<u>Points</u>
Austria	65	23	15	30	6	-	202	461
England	68	29	33	38	6	1	319	308
France	88	37	38	39	9	1	361	229
Germany	95	28	41	25	9	1	236	367
Italy	54	25	25	37	6	1	332	322
Russia	111	24	29	30	7	1	254	346
Turkey	82	28	41	29	7	1	307	307
Totals	563	97	74	57	10	1		

D2 is a two way draw, D3 three way, etc.. Defeat is to finish game and not win, but with supply centres still owned, and Elims is Eliminations. Points are Calhamer points, which are one for a win, half for two way draw, one third for a three way draw, etc..

### 2. Length of games

<u>Final Year</u>	<u>Outright Win</u>	<u>Concession</u>	<u>Draw</u>	<u>All results</u>
1902-04	-	5	11	16
05	5	11	10	26
06	28	21	22	71
07	36	27	37	100
08	60	33	33	126
09	45	29	19	93
10	53	19	29	101
11	50	12	15	59
12	32	12	15	52
13	28	4	20	52
14	20	3	9	32
15	10	2	11	23
16	4	1	2	7
17	3	1	-	4
18	2	2	2	6
19-29	4	1	1	6
Total	380	183	239	802
Median year	10	08	09	09

Half the games - sorry, less than half the games are outright wins. If you want an outright win, 1910 looks a good year, whereas if you are only after a draw, aim for 1909.

Richard published a breakdown of outright wins versus concession wins country by country, which is as follows:

	<u>A</u>	<u>E</u>	<u>F</u>	<u>G</u>	<u>I</u>	<u>R</u>	<u>T</u>	<u>Total</u>
Totals wins	65	68	88	95	54	111	82	563
% Outright	77	65	62	69	69	71	60	67
% Concession	23	35	38	31	31	29	40	33

If you want to persuade everyone else to accept that you've won, be Turkey. If you want to prove it, be Austria!

RATHER BORING, REALLY  
France attacks everyone, even Russia

Austria (Graem Peters): F Apr s TURKISH F AEG-ION, A Boh-Tyr (FAILS),  
A Ven-Rom (FAILS).  
England (chaos): still has A Yor, F HEL, F Den.  
France (Paul Wiggin): F Tun-TYS (FAILS), F Rom-TYS (FAILS), F Nap HOLD, A Mar-  
Pie, A Ruh s A Bur-Mun, A Bur-Mun (FAILS), A Par-Bur (FAILS), F Bre-ENC,  
F Lon-NTH, F Kie-BAL, F NRW HOLD, A Mun-Tyr (FAILS).  
Germany (city state): has A Ber.  
Russia (Bob Horrible): A War-Sil, F BAR HOLD, F StP(S)-GOB, A Nwy HOLD.  
Turkey (Clive Buckman): A Alb HOLD, A Gre HOLD, F ION-TYS (FAIL), F AEG-ION  
(FAILS), F Con-AEG (FAIL), F BLA-Con (FAILS), A Gal-Boh (FAILS), A Rum-  
Gal (FAILS), A Mos HOLDS (SUCCEEDS),

Russia-World: WARNING TO REST OF EUROPE: "I'm collapsing into a rather small  
black hole next move, that I found dropped on a pavement in Walthamstowe whilst  
shopping for some of those extra juicy gobstoppers you have to really search  
for."

Austria-Russia: I didn't and you have; but that was years ago! (see last issue)  
GF-Austria: Actually, I only put the original press to which you are replying  
in yours and Russia's editions.

----- + + + + + = = = = = 3 1/2

CYL/2 (Autumn 1904) (1984ES) 'Robert does an NMR'

TURKEY STABS RUSSIA REAL NASTY  
Belgium yealds again

Austria (chaos): John Murray NMRed again, leaving F Tri, A Bud, A Vie.  
England (chaos): had F Bel, NRO, NRP, utterly zapped to little bits.  
France (John Dennisston): A Pic s A Bur-Bel, A Bur-Bel (FAILS), F ENC s A Bur-  
Bel (UT), A Gas-Bur (FAILS), F Cly-Lpl, F MAC-WMS,  
Germany (Graem Peters): A Hol-Bel, A Ruh s A Hol-Bel, F NTH s A Hol-Bel,  
F Wal-ENC (FAILS), A Mun-Bur (FAILS), F Kie-Den, F Yor-Edi. Builds: A Kie.  
Italy (Ralph Atkinson): A Tyr-Ven, F ION unordered, A Tun HOLD. Builds: F Nap.  
Russia (Mark Holliday): A Rum HOLD, then zapped NRO, F Sev HOLD, then zapped  
NRO, A Ukr HOLD, A War-Pru, A Fin-Swe, F Swe-BAL, F Nwy HOLD.  
Turkey (Bob Horrible): A Bul-Rum, A Ser s A Bul-Rum, F BLA-Sev, A Arm s F BLA-  
Sev, A Gre s A Ser, [[A Con-Alb]]. Builds: F Say. One due.

State of things:

Austria: Bud, Vie, Tri

England: - Bel OUT!!

France: Bre, Par, Mar, Spa, Por, Lpl

Germany: Mun, Ber, Kie, Hol, Den, Lon, Edi + Bel

Italy: Rom, Nap, Ven, Tun

Russia: Mos, War, StP, Swe, Nor - Rum, Sev

Turkey: Smy, Con, Ank, Gre, Bul, Ser + Rum, Sev

0	3
-1	0
0	6
+1	8
0	4
-2	5
+2	8

Press

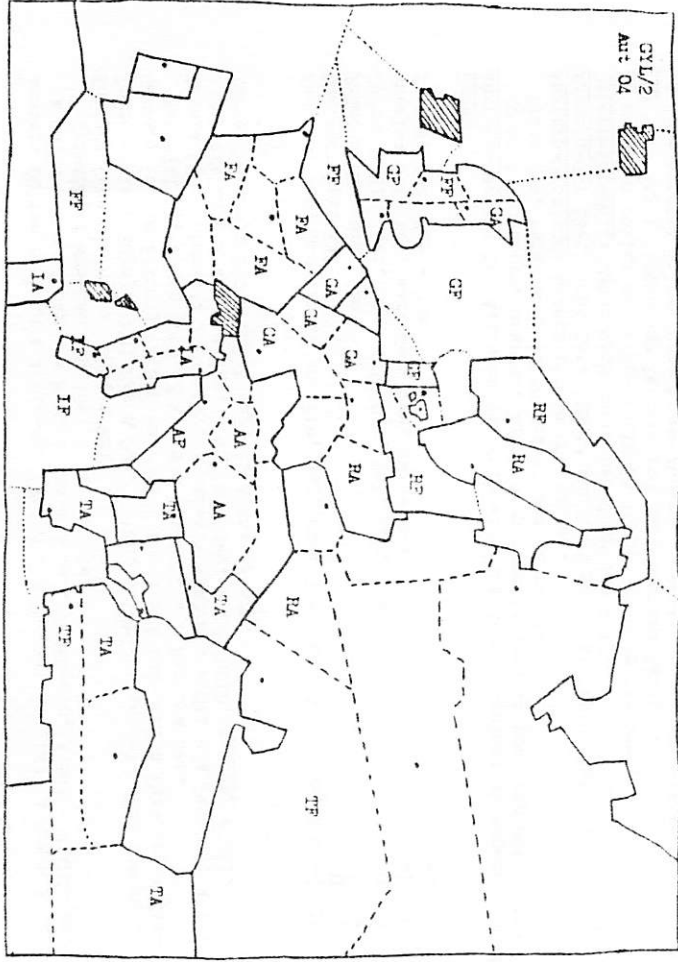
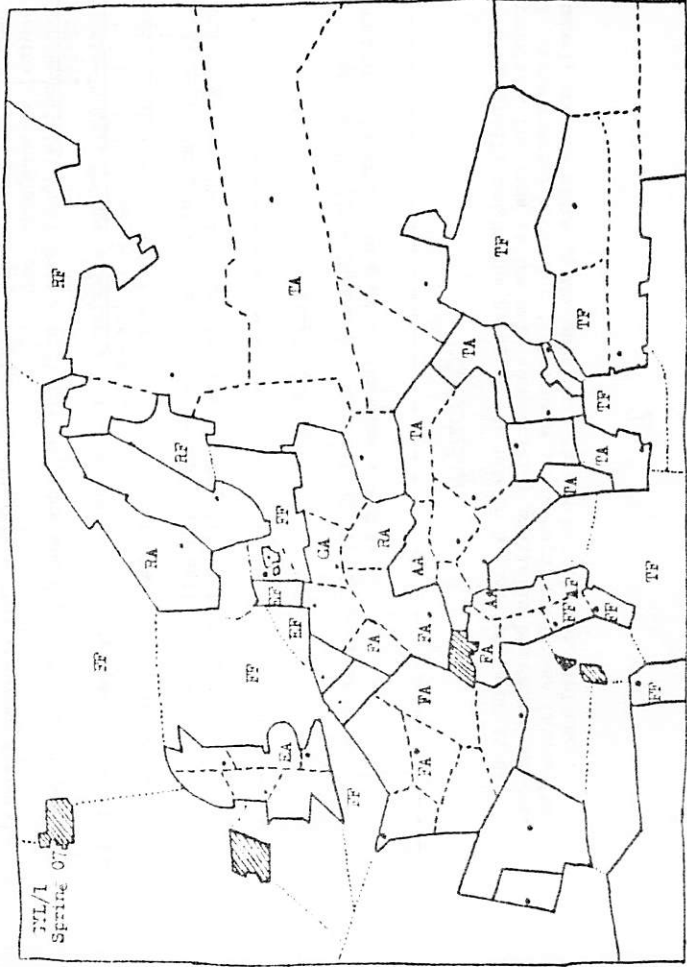
Germany: Joke: A friend of mine was walking along the road carrying a bag of  
manure. I said to him: "What have you got that for?". He said: "To put on  
my rhubarb". "Funny." I said, "I put custard on mine".

Russia-Russia: Idiot. "I put custard on mine".

Russia-Italy: Prat

Russia-Austria: I need your help.

GM: !



REVOLUTIONARIES LOOSE GROUND

Austria smashes juggernaut (Editor can't centre)

Austria (Clive Buckman): A Pie-Mar (FAILS), A Tus-Pie (FAILS), A Rum s A Gal,  
A Gal s A Rum, A Ser s A Rum, A Bud s A Gal, F AEG-Con, A Bul s F AEG-Con,  
F Tri-ADR, F WMS-MAC. Builds: F Tri, A Vie.  
England (chaos): has F NRW, A Edi.  
France (Kieth Edge): NMR! has A Spa, F Lon, A Bjr got zapped, NRO. One due.  
Germany (Kevin Elliot): F Den ms F NTH, A Bel s A Par-Bur, A Par-Bur, A Gas-  
Mar (FAILS), A Ber HOLD, F Kie s A Ber (CUT), A Mun s A Ber.  
Russia (Phil Rimmer): F Swe-Nwy, F BAL-Kie (FAILS), A Sil s A Pru-Ber, A Pru-  
Ber (FAILS), A War s A Ukr, A Ukr s F Sev, F Sev HOLD, removes A Sil.  
Turkey (chaos): F Con NRO & zapped, A Ank, F Arm.

The state of things to come:

Austria:	Bud, Gre, Tri, Ven, Vie, Nap, Rom, Ser, Bul, Tun + Rum, Con +2	12
England:	Lpl, Edi	0 2
France:	Mar, Spa, Lon	0 3
Germany:	Kie, Ber, Mun, Hol, Den, Bel, Par, Bre	0 8
Russia:	StP, Mos, War, Sev, Swe, Nwy - Rum	-1 6
Turkey:	Ank, Smy - Con	-1 2

Press

Austria-Russia: The Alliance was only with the former regime; us emperors need to stick together. However, I may open negotiations if you keep out of the Black Sea, especially if the elections go right.

Austria-Scotland: Liberation is on its way.

Austria-GM: iSzt nicht ist: 'iSzt' aus Englische ist "eat", ist ist is.

Osterreich-Welt: Osterreich herrschen über der Welle.

PS Austrian policy on Serbo-Croats is to put them in the avery.

PS Mark says: "Answer my letters you lazy bastard Harris".

Russia-Germany: Unless you attack Austria I will concentrate all my forces against you and offer no resistance to Austria - thus ensuring Austria's eventual victory over you!

Russia-Austria: What? Dylan isn't the only one who doesn't 'spraken' Serbo-Croat.

Russia-Turkey, France & England: You realise, of course, that my master plan relied on you staying in the game.

Russia-Italy: No one would ever design a master plan relying on you - apart from Germany!

Russia-GM: When you're loosing, the messages ate half the fun.

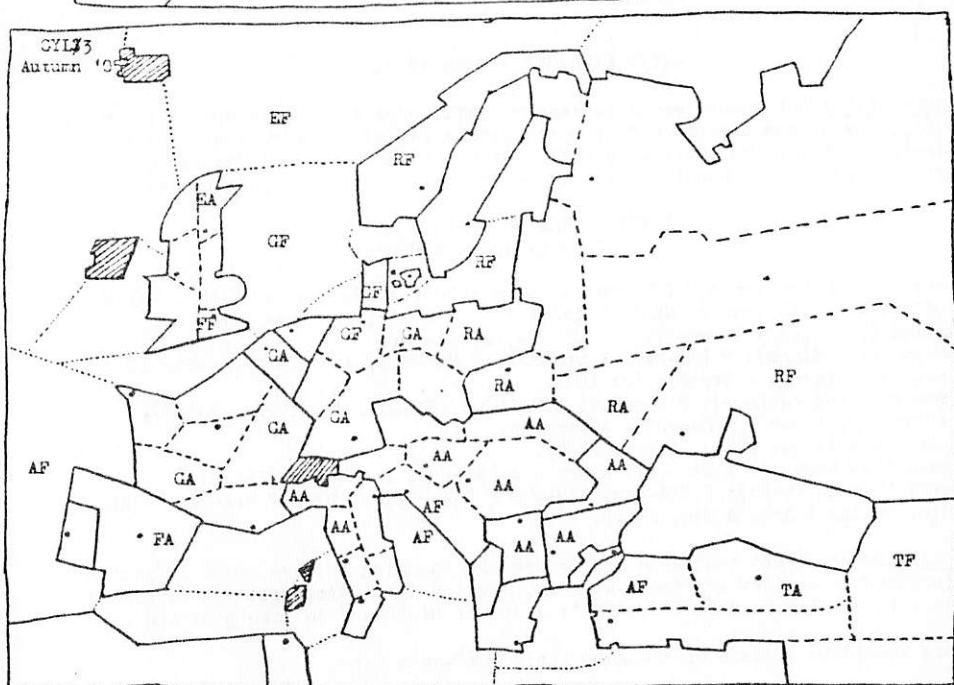
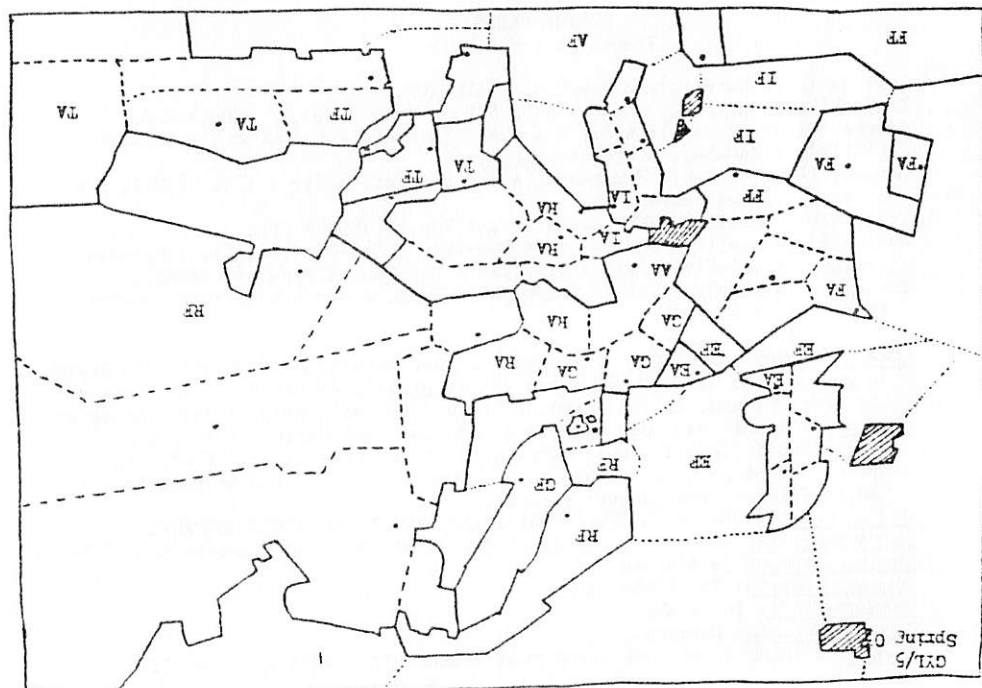
GM-Russia: Yes, but I've got to type the \$E\_ '('\_ \$ things.

GYL/4 (1984EU)

Unless the GM (Clive Buckman) gets a set of strong messages from the remaining players, this game is abandoned. Sorry.

Machiavelli

I've finally bought the game, so I'm now in a position to GM it as promised. The game is the only commercially available Diplomacy variant. It gives greater scope for deviousness and general nastiness (hence its name), and the bloke in the shop said it was better than Diplomacy.



MUNICH FALLS  
French go for a swim

Austria (Mike Harskin): A Boh-Mun, F ADS-ION.  
England (Ralph Atkinson): NMR, has F NTH, A Hol, F Bel, F ENG, A Lon.  
France (Janet Redfern): A Por s A Spa, [A Spa s F Mar-GOL], F Mar-GOL (FAILS), F MAC-Naf, A Pic-Bre. (FAILS)  
Germany (Paul Wiggin): F Swe-Den, A Kie s A Ber, A Ber s A Mun (CUT), A Mun s A Ber (CUT), retreats. Ruh.  
Italy (Phil Challis): NMR, has A Tyr, A Ven, F WTS, F GOL.  
Russia (Dave Hewitt): F Rum-Sev, A Bud-Tri, F SKA-Den (FAILS), A Nwy-Swe (FAILS), A Cal-Vie, A Sil s AUSTRIAN A Boh-Mun, A Pre-Ber (FAILS).  
Turkey (John Lamb): F Bul(E) HOLDS, A Con-Ank, A Ser s RUSSIAN A Bud-Tri, F ELA-Con, A Smy-Arm.

GM-All: Turkey's NMR last time seems to have something to do with him trying to give me his orders when I was rather pissed. Although I will try and use such orders, in that kind of state I can make no promises whatsoever.

GM-France: A unit can only support a move into a location if it could go there itself (ignoring what happens to be in there at the time). Since armies cannot go to sea, they cannot support fleet action at sea. Thus I had to declare your support illegal.

Germany-World: BEWARE PLACUE - FOREIGNERS ADVISED TO AVOID GERMANY.

Germany-Russia: some illegible gobbledegook which I can't understand (Dylan).

Germany-France: je t'adore

Germany-Austria: Ich liebe dich

Germany-Italy: Io te amo

Germany-England: Darling ....

GM-All: I think I can understand that message to Russia after all!!

-----  
GYL/8 (1984GH) Autumn 1902.

Introduction: the rescue seems to have worked, despite two cock ups by yours truly. The German armies in Munich and Berlin failed to move, the Turks took Sevastopol (I keep on wanting to call that Sebastian Coe), not Serbia, so Serbia lived and the Russian fleet in Sevastopol copped it. Apologies to all.

TURKEY TAKES ON AUSTRIA AS WELL  
Germany invades France

Austria (John Redfern): F ION-Tun, A Ser s A Rum, A Rum s A Cal (CUT), zapped NRO, A Cal HOLD (zapped NRO). Builds: F Tri, A Vie, one more due.  
England (John Cox): F Lon-NTH, F Edi-NRW, A Lpl-Yor.  
France (Mike Hanns): F Por-MAC, A Spa-Mar, F Mar-GOL, A Bur s F Bre-Pic (CUT) retreats Paris, F Bre-Pic (FAILS).  
Germany (Derek Jackson): F Swe-Nwy, F BAL-Swe (FAILS), A Bel-Pic (FAILS), A Mun-Bur, A Ruh s A Mun-Bur, A Ber-Pru.  
Italy (chaos): has A Ven, A Rom, F Nap.  
Russia (Bob Reeves): A Ukr-Cal, A War s A Ukr-Cal, F GOB-Swe (FAILS).  
Turkey (Gordon Prest): F BLA-Rum, A Sev s F BLA-Rum, A Bul s F BLA-Rum, F AEG-Gre. Builds A Ank, A Con, F Smy.

GM-All: Don't forget that John and Gordon are changing address soon. If you've forgotten their new addresses already, see the list of subscribers published in this edition. And if there isn't a lot of Diplomacy in this position ....

There should be a state of the game table somewhere soon.



# GYL/8 continued

The state of the game is:

Austria: Vie, Bud, Tri, Ser + Tun	+1	5
England: Lon, Lpl, Edi	0	3
France: Par, Mar, Bre, Spa, Por	0	5
Germany: Kie, Ber, Mun, Den, Hol, Bel + Nwy	+1	7
Italy: Rom, Ven, Nap	0	3
Russia: StP, Mos, War - Sev (!)	-1	3
Turkey: Ank, Smy, Con, Bul + Gre, Rum, Sev	+3	7

## GYL/9 (1984??)

This game is in the same state as GYL/8 was until recently. I have had one volunteer to substitute (John Redfern), but I need at least two more. The current players in the game (whom I wan't name) who are not in any other game will get their HT's free until the game is restarted. I feel I must apologise to all of you for this problem. *See page 13.*

*and Kevin Elliot.*

## GYL/11 (1984??) Spring 1901

"The almost inevitable stand-off in the Black Sea, but all other moves succeed"

Austria (Bob Reeves): A Vie-Gal, A Bud-Ser, F Tri-Alb.  
 England (Kevin Elliot): A Lpl-Yks, F Lon-ENG, F Egi-NTH.  
 France (Mark Jordan): A Par-Tur, A Mar-Spa, F Bre-MAO.  
 Germany (John Denniston): A Mun-Ruh, A Ber-Mun, F Kie-Den.  
 Italy (Ian Musgrove): A Ven-Pie, A Rom-Tus, F Nap-TYR.  
 Russia (Brian Millington): A War-Ukr, A Mos-Sev (FAILS), F StP-GOB, F Sev-BLA (FAILS).  
 Turkey (Dylan Harris): A Con-Bul, A Smy-Con, F Ank-BLA (FAILS).

All players addresses are in the list of subscribers printed in this edition.

Please all of you remember to submit your "build" orders with your Fall '01 moves. The builds are not automatic and I would hate to give anybody a NEO (No Build Ordered) in '01.

I already have some provisional orders (and builds) that were submitted with Spring '01 so I'll use those if I have too. I would prefer not to, though, as I believe the situation envisaged by the players at the time could well be different from the current one.

Enough mindless waffle, bye for now.

Tony

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

## GYL/12 ULTRA-STAB

I have six sets of orders in, and am only missing Germany. I have also received a request for a double deadline, which is therefore granted. Can I remind players that the nature of this game makes Diplomacy absolutely essential, so don't forget to talk to your fellow sufferers.

Naturally, players may submit changes to their orders before the next deadline. The player who forgot to build an Assassin and Spies may wish to do so.



# GYL/11 Bourse

To make the table a bit tidier than last time, the following key applies:

C = Cough Mixture, E = Enterprise Agency Ltd., I = I.M.F., J = Jo an Seroovic, and Z = Zed the fairly interesting.

So far we have no new players, so the grand prize is still a magnificent £7.50.

	Cr	£	FF	DM	L	R	Pi	Kr	
C	-500	-500	-500	-500	-500	-500	-500		Currency Bought
E	+200	-500	+200	+200	+100				
I	NMR								
J		-200	-200	-200					
Z	-500	+2060	-500	-500	-500	-500	-500		
Sum	-800	+860	-1000	-1000	-900	-1000	-1000		
C	400	580	400	395	395	400	400	+2570	Kronas
E	-160	580	-160	-158	-79			+23	
I									
J		232	160	160				+552	
Z	400	-2390	400	395	395	400	400		
C								6070	Currency Owned
E	700		700	700	600		500	3523	
I	500	500	500	500	500	500	500	3500	
J	1000	900	800	700	900	1000	1000	652	
E		5060							
Cost	72	124.6	70	69	70	70	70		
Victory Points:									
C	0							0	
E	21		21	21	18		21	102	
I	15	15	15	15	15	20	15	110	
J	30	27	24	21	27	40	30	198	
Z		150						150	

## WAITING LISTS

Beginners Diplomacy: Jeremy Cox, Paul Rogers, Gavin McManus. 4 wanted.  
 Experts Diplomacy: still empty, 7 wanted.  
 Gline-9 (GM Pete Mason): Bob Reeves, Geoff Kemp, Dylan Harris, Tony Ross, Kevin Elliot, John Denniston. 3 wanted.  
 Definitive Mercator: Bob Horrible, Kevin Elliot, Tony Ross, Clive Buckman, Bob Reeves, Martin Powell, Kieth Loveys, David Hewitt. 5 wanted.  
 Machiavelli: Mark Holiday, Phil Challis, Ralph Atkinson, Phil Rimmer, Phil Hardy, Dave Hewitt. 2 wanted.  
 Railway Rivals (GM Alan Glaum): Peter Ladanyi, Martin Powell, Kieth Loveys. Action soon, I hope.  
 Executive: Clive Buckman Mark Holiday, Kieth Edge, Jim Robertson.  
 Scrabble: Alan Glaum, Sue Wiggin, Nigel Gordon, Jan Higgs. 2 wanted.

Quite satisfying, actually. All the lists grew, especially the esoteric variants. I did not expect such a good response for Scrabble. Should get it going soon.

Martin Powell: DEEDEN.

It is now the turn of Bob Horrible to reply. You may submit up to one page of justification if you feel you wish to challenge the legality of this move, or that you wish to make a move which may be regarded as being illegal.

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#### GYL/14 (1984??)

This is a gamestart of regular Diplomacy. Will all players submit Autumn moves and builds (provisional) with their Spring orders. Players are entitled to suggest names for the game; if more than one name is suggested, a vote will take place, if one name is suggested that name will be taken.

Here is the list. I got four first preferences, one third and a fourth (& one don't care). I hope Bob Reeves' choice is ok; the dog chewed his letter!

Austria: Paul Ellison, 16 White Hart Parade, Riverhead, nr Sevenoaks, Kent.  
 England: Louis Bezodis, 42 Howard Road, New Malden, Surrey, KT3 4EA. 01-942-3779  
 France: Phil Rimmer, 17 The Willows, Wallasey, Merseyside, L45 3JB. 051-639-6841  
 Germany: Mike Hanns, 118 Drovers Way, Dunstable, Beds., LU6 1AW.  
 Italy: Bob Reeves, 2 Harptree Close, Nailsea, Bristol, BS19 2YT.  
 Russia: Martin Verran, 39 Kidmore End Rd., Emmer Green, Reading, Berks., RG4 8SN.  
 Turkey: Derek Jackson, 226 Richmond Road, Kingston upon Thames, Surrey, KT2 5HF  
 01-546-2388.

GM: Dylan Harris. See IFC for address info.

Please PLEASE no requests for double deadlines etc. I like typing up games reports.

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#### GYL/15 CIVILISATION

A change of plan with one player dropping out and another coming in. This will be a four player version. Copies of rules, with Nick Kinzett's modifications, are enclosed. If you have any queries, please contact me. See letters. + maps

Please submit orders for the first three rounds on the AST, eg, three breeding sessions and three sets of movement. If you have a choice of starting positions, don't forget to specify where you are starting. These orders will be followed until either they run out, or some unexpected conflict occurs.

It was difficult to give you your desired first preferences, since, with the exception of Kieth, you all chose Egypt. Oh well.  
 Assyria: Kieth Loveys, Room 7, 50 Warwick Road, London SW5. 01-373-1665 (M,W,F eve)  
 Babylon: David Hewitt, 25 Rutland Street, Colne, Lancs., BB8 0QJ.  
 Egypt: Clive Buckman, 76, Haddo House, Haddo Street, Greenwich, SE10 9SF  
 01-305-0604  
 Thrace: Alan Glaum, 30 Beverly Road, Bermondsey, London SE1 5QE.

Alan and Dave - I need your phone numbers, and I suggest you pass them on to the other players, otherwise trading will prove to be a major problem.

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#### Chess

Absolutely no response to my suggestion last issue. If that's the way it stays, then I'll drop the idea. But I felt I ought to give it one more go, not so much because I think it'll work, but more because I need to fill this gap.

## Traveller

I have, for some time, wanted to bring my favourite RPG into HT. However, the prospect of running an RPG by post seemed daunting, especially when you realise that I have less time now than I did when HT was born.

Fortunately, a solution does appear to be possible. There are a number of more mundane games associated with Traveller. Included amongst them is Mayday, Fifth Frontier War and Azanti High Lightning. I believe that it would be possible to run Mayday by post, and would like to give it a try. If I get a good enough response, I will look at the others, and the Traveller adventure, Trillion Credit Squadron, which, I believe, would also be playable by post.

Mayday is a simple game based around ship movement. The exact aim of the game depends on the scenario played, though I would select one which involved the construction of ships according to Traveller rules, and some form of planetary action. Movement itself is based on a hex grid. Conflict and associated matters seems to be the same as Traveller.

Obviously, I will have to adapt the movement and conflict rules to fit the rigours of postal play. Movement would be simultaneous, and probably adapted to the kind of style used for Sopwith; that is, three movement orders per round. Conflict will also have to be simultaneous, and would be based on the principle of whether or not your laser/missile/rude word happened to occupy a hex in the same moment of game time as your opponent (or an unlucky bystander).

If people are interested, I will flesh out more detailed postal rules.

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## The Zine poll

Every year until this year I have ignored the annual zine poll. The reason has been that this is the first year I have found out about the zine poll.

- 1) ELIGIBILITY: Any European amateur zine which is concerned with postal gaming and which has published two issues since Jan 1st 85.
- 2) VOTERS: A voter must vote for at least two but no more than ten zines and should be a regular reader of each one. Editors and co-editors may not vote for their own zine.
- 3) VOTING METHOD: The zines voted for should be placed in order of preference, from favourite zine downwards.
- 4) ASSESSMENT: A voter's first placed zine will be awarded ten points, the second placed zine will receive nine points, and so on down to 1 point for the tenth zine. The zine that receives the most points will win the poll.
- 5) INCLUSION: All zines that receive points, no matter how few, will be included in the final results.
- 6) DEADLINE: SATURDAY JULY 20TH 1985.
- 7) RESULTS: will be published in Mad Policy 110 in early August. Anyone who doesn't normally see Mad Policy can have a copy of the results for the cost of postage.
- 8) ADDRESS: Richard Walkerdine, 144 Stoughton Road, Guildford, Surrey, GU2 6PG.

I must be honest and admit that I do not expect Hacking Times/Dead Centre to do well in this poll, because of rule 2, which effectively excludes most of the HT readers. However, I would ask that if you can vote, please do so. It would make your editor very happy indeed and likely to do something very nice if HT/DC does at all well.

### Doctors Case Surgery

As much as I'd like to pretend it is, this is not about mending pheasant's broken legs, rather to answer your questions about playing the game. First of all, have a look at the letters page; I've put a letter from Kevin Elliot there instead of here because I'm a bit thick.

Anyway, here goes!

Tony Ross: How do spies and assassins move (in Ultra-Stab)? Do they have unlimited movement, eg Edi-Smy, a limited move of 3/4 areas, or can they only move to adjacent areas like normal pieces. Do they have to move ie only give a report on the area they move to?

Things are not absolutely clear from the rules, are they! I believe, however, the answers are: (1) spies and assassins move like other units, although they are not restricted by the presence of an army or navy in a province, and (2) if a spy stays in one place then you get a report on that place; if the spy moves then you get a report on where the spy moves to. I shall adjudicate accordingly in the game.

John Waser: Can you give me some information about retreating, since I don't want any units to be zapped.

When you submit orders for units, you should also submit provisional retreats for those units, if you think they may have to retreat. If your unit is then dislodged by another, the one of the retreats in your list is possible, then your unit will go there instead of being zapped.

For example, suppose England had a fleet in Belgium, and Germany supported an army there. If England gave no retreat orders for that piece, then it would be zapped. If, however, retreat orders were given, then the unit would retreat to the first possible province on the list.

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### Contribute to HT

I would welcome articles on anything, even games. If you have a burning ambition to write, then now is your chance. Send something off to me, and I'll consider publishing it. I'm not worried about the subject, or the length, so long as it'll fit in!

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### GM a game

Would you like to GM a game? (Thanks to Kevin Eliot and Alan Claum for volunteering; I'll be using them for their respective games). If you want, you could use the game as a basis for a subzine! Talk to me!

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### Credit your account

Account? ACCOUNT? I embarrass myself at times. Anyway, increase your credit by £1 by getting someone else to subscribe to HT for a year or more!! Don't forget that if you pay £5 to HT, your account will be credited by £6 (and so on).



## FROGS WANDERING DIARY

### TUESDAY

One of these days I'm going to be witness to a shocking fight on the underground. This morning I thought it was going to be it, as a miserable old bastard started shouting at a young trendy whose only crime was listening to his walkman at that level of volume that is just loud enough for one to think you know what the music is, but can't quite be sure, apart from the fact that the drummer appears to be using the cymbals an awful lot. Anyway, this lad was grooving away to whatever, when this old sod told him to 'turn that bloody thing down, before I rip it off your bloody head'. He went on to complain that these personal stereos were supposed to be just that - personal, and for the benefit of the user alone. Unfortunately the young lad complied, and turned the volume down. Personally I would have told the miserable old git to mind his own business, and to shut up before I poked him in the eye, but then, I always seem to go around looking for trouble, especially on tube trains, first thing in the morning.

There was a lovely thing in the paper this morning, which was quite a pleasant change from mass deaths, football violence, and the Tories dismantling the NHS, and the welfare state. It was a small article on a book which lists unusual and bizarre book titles. Who on earth would have sat down and written a book called 'The Joy of Chickens', or 'Grow Your Own Hair' ? Who went around the Liver Building, to compile 'Stop Cocks in the Liver Building' ? Why would anybody write a tome on 'How to Eat a Peanut', or 'How to Boil Water in a Paper Bag' ? I know from spending many an idle hour in second hand book shops that the subject matter of many old books is at the best absurd, and at the worst so unbelievable that you've got to buy the sodding book. Still I'm going to be on the look-out for 'Some Interesting Facts about Margarine' from now on. Give me a shout if you happen to come across it in some dark back-water.

### WEDNESDAY

Party day at work. We had it out the back, in the car-park in between the odd motor cycle, and the river. It all went off very well, considering it was cold, damned cold when you think it's supposed to be the middle of bloody summer. Still we all drank vast quantities of ale, and were very very pissed. Then it was a matter of the hard-core of the very heavy drinkers to punish their livers even more, by piling off to the pub. I must admit to being one of them. It's a funny old pub, though.

It used to be called the Crown. Now it's Tricky Dickies. That gives you some idea of how Whitbread spent x thousands pounds doing the place up. All bright red plastic, and mirrors, with very arty pictures of half naked women all over the place. They've taken the most obscene article out now, thank God. That was the video juke box. There has never been a single thing that destroyed the art of conversation more effectively than the video juke box. The one in Trickies had such artistic delights as female mud wrestling, and the quickest mile in a portaloo. All educational and mind broadening stuff.

#### THURSDAY

Where has the sun gone ? Still no summer weather, and its almost time to start thinking about where the hell you're going to go for your holidays. I got my holiday photos back from York Labs this morning. They're dreadful. All rolling countryside of mid Wales, with picturesque scenery, and rivers, and girlfriend. And all terribly terribly over-exposed. It's almost as if they've all been dipped in Domestos. It's a pity really, because I thought I'd lost the film whilst on the road last summer, and I found it again recently. I was dead excited, and the pictures turned out like they did. And to add insult to bleached photos, they've been printed on glossy paper.(shock horror!!!). I don't like glossy paper. Its funny, coz in the advert they don't mention that its on glossy paper. They just say it's on Kodak paper. Bastards. And to add even more insult to the rest of the moans, I had a duplicate set of prints done at the same time. So now I've got even more bloody glossy prints than I've ever had or wanted in my life. 72 of the bloody things.

#### FRIDAY

Here comes the weekend, and I took the day off work. My mother has just gone off for her two weeks in Clacton. I haven't been to Clacton for a number of years now, but I always think of the place with great happiness. Sod Spain or Greece, or these dreadful 18-30 efforts. There's nothing quite like a couple of weeks in sunny Clacton. I suppose if you were to call Clacton a resort for young trendies though, you'd get pulled up for conning people. More like 80-130, if you were to get ageist about the whole thing. Still, it's quiet, always sunny, a nice beach, and I've seen Harry Worth twice in the pier theatre. He was brilliant, but nobody seems to like him any more these days. I still think he's great, no matter what any bugger says.

## SATURDAY

There's nothing quite like having the odd few pints of Fullers at lunch, and then wandering down to the Record and Tape Exchange in Notting Hill to spend all my hard earned cash on a whole pile of cheap records which I know I'll never listen to, but happen to like the album covers or the name of the band. Today being no different, except I managed to get Captain Sensibles 'The Power of Love' for 30p. I know some people would think that was 30p too much, but do they realise that my 30p copy has actually been signed by the man himself? Well it says 'Eat your Weetabix, Captain Sensible' in an almost illegible scrawl. But I believe it was him, and not some wag who thought a complete idiot would buy the record coz it was signed by the artist.

## SUNDAY

Another quiet day spent scrutinising the scrawl on the front of my Captain Sensible album. I am seriously thinking of calling a hand-writing expert in. I may have been conned on this one, but I'm too proud to admit it.

## MONDAY

Who was it that said 'Monday is a hell of a way to spend one seventh of your life'? They were right. Today starts with the 20 minute wait to renew my weekly season at the tube. Every week, I think, 'why not do it on Sunday night', and every week, I don't. This morning I end up behind a woman who wasn't buying a season ticket at all - she was just there for the moan. So there I stood, waiting for her to vent what was obviously a whole week of pent up feelings on the poor unfortunate in the ticket office. Me? - I was late for work (again). Still with the snooker to look forward to, and the thought of thrashing Dylan yet again, I smiled, and knew that life was indeed worth living, even for those small pleasures I know I can rely on.

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Rather than waste this space, I think it is only fair that I, your glorious editor should point out that I am beating him, by a magnificent total of 8 games to 6. Ha ha ha ha ha ha etc..

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Following the fasion for trivial quizzes:

- Q. What percentage of Liberal MPs are gay (clue: the answer has three figures)?
- Q. What justification did thw Wiltshire police have to mug all those hippies? (clue: the MoD usually test new weapons at this time of year)
- Q. Which youth tribe have I missed out: Skinheads, Hippies, Punks, Mods, Yuppies (clue: its the nasty one, see the above question)?

Don't forget about my change of address (see inside front page).

Deadline, just to remind you, is:

Last post, Wednesday, August 7th 1985 AD.

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The next edition of HT should see:

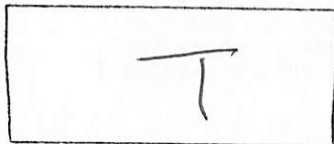
- The question of work?- Following the popularity of my political article in the last issue, another deeply meaningful look at how to cook lentils whilst standing on your head.
- SHITWRITE III- The sequel of the sequel, including a scene from Crossover, where David Hunter buggers a sheep.
- Games galore- with the introduction of postal sex, and the social consequences thereof, especially on the personal lives of postmen and women, who are so exhausted from their job that their marriages are ruined.
- Cookery session- with a recipe from the roman period, much copied, but this is the original. Sautéd Messiah. Eat the flesh and drink the blood, and no doubt some of the usual rubbish from Dead but not Gone.

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But ESPECIALLY for the next issue, an exclusive. The frog tells all! All the private details:

- The disappointment of not finding a princess to change him back again
- The risks of crossing roads;
- The joy of swimming in the Thames, and how this caused the frog to discover all about reincarnation
- Yes, all the exclusive secrets, including a bedroom scene where the frog makes a pass at a bar of soap.

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This is your current credit. No, I don't mean how many currents you've given me, but how much money you've got left. Gordon Bennet, you readers ain't half thick. What a stupid thing to think. Bunch of idiots. If it says 'T', that means I think you're a table.

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This disastrous piece of paper was originally a guided missile aimed at Mars, but Mrs. Thatcher cancelled it at the last moment, because she rather likes bars of chocolate. Anyway, paper doesn't do very well when flying at twice the speed of light.

Hacking Times 9 woz bought to u by Dylan Harris. I ain't going to publish my new address because I don't no wot it is yet, and I ain't going to publish my old address because I won't be there when you get this pile of tripe.

Write to me via Nigel Gordon on the page with a list of subscribers on it. I ain't asked him if that is ok, because he won't answer the phone. The sfd.

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La fin (the shark gets worried)

New postal address:

Dylan Harris,  
2, Gresham Court,  
Kimbolton Road,  
Bedford.

*Letter  
Published*