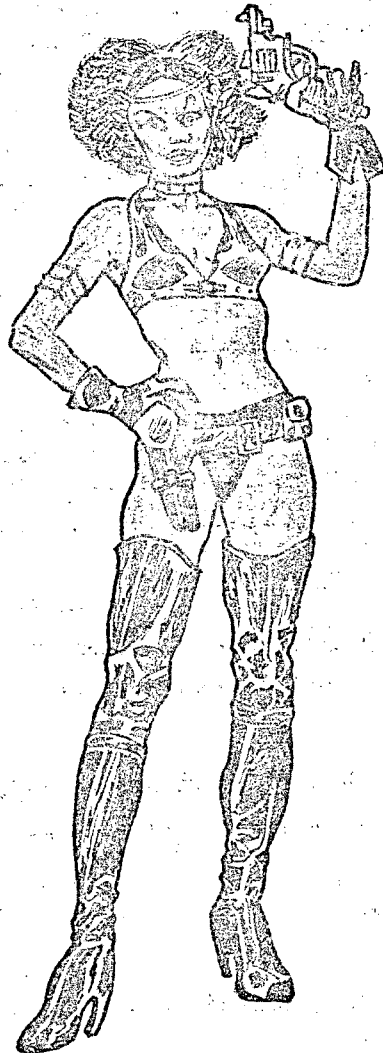


# MAD

# POLICY



ISSUE NUMBER 43

We won the cup, we won the cup, ee-aye-addio, we won the cup!

Now if only Desmond Hacket was still around he could have said what he said last time West Ham won, back in '64, when he wrote, 'Hail the soccer supremos from the unlikely London East, unlucky for some, thirteen!' Makes you wince, doesn't it? Well done lads, always knew you'd pull it off...

So much for pleasantries, now I'd better start apologising:

First of all, sorry for squashing up (P) (Q) and (R) games in the last page or so and cutting some of the press - I ran out of space.

Secondly, sorry for this issue being a week late. The usual excuses are hereby tendered with the promise that it won't happen again unless absolutely unavoidable. Not that that's much of a promise. Still, I'll try to be good... (At least old Wino Wakefield can't accuse me of being too efficient any more...)

And thirdly, because this is a week late it means that the next issue is now going to clash with the start of my holiday so I'm having to bring the deadline forward a day or so and make next issue an extremely barren no-press and only-those-articles-I-can-type-up-about-a-week-early one.

And just for a change a bit of good news! From now on, from 'S' game in fact, anyone who is a member of IDA/UK, or even the IDA itself, need only pay a 40p game fee instead of the usual 60p. Aint that generous of me?...

In case you were wondering, 'I' am Richard J Walkerdine of 'Cheriton', 15 Crouch Oak Lane, Addlestone, Surrey, KT15 2AN, England. And 'this' is the 43rd issue of MAD POLICY, a sort of Dippyazine which costs 5p plus postage per issue. And the front cover is supposed to show a rather deadly young lady called Nightshade...

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The Deadline

For all games is: MONDAY, JUNE 2ND, 1975. Please be prompt!

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Just one CoA this time:

JOHN MEADON to 8 Red House Lane, Walton on Thames, Surrey, KT12 1EF.

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I'm forever blowing bubbles,  
 Pretty bubbles in the air.  
 They fly so high,  
 Nearly reach the sky,  
 Then like my dreams they fade and die.  
 Fortune's always hiding.  
 I've looked everywhere.  
 I'm forever blowing bubbles,  
 Pretty bubbles in the air.

WEST HAM 2 FULHAM 0.  
 EST HAM 2 FULHAM 0. W  
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We were running round Wembly with the cup,  
 We were running round Wembly with the cup,...

MP cub reporter John Piggott was closely involved with this year's annual SF Con, so I asked him if he'd write an article about it. Here's the result...

CON - DESCENT

What's a convention?

To the hardened Diplomacy player, this innocent question could evoke a feeling of dull horror. Who could possibly forget the grim, primeval experience of spending four days in Preston cooped up inside a cubicle barely larger than a domestic refrigerator with 37 other people? And what could be worse, except a similar event attended by even more?

Well, science fiction conventions are bigger. Much bigger. But they are held in very palatial surroundings.

There's a convention every Easter: this year's was the 26th, and it drew about 550 people to the luxurious De Vere Hotel in Coventry. They arrived from all points of the globe: as well as a just proportion of English, Welsh and Scots, I discovered contingents from arcane and faraway places such as Sweden, Poland, Germany, the United States and Canada, Australia, even Leeds and Halifax. Truly it was an international convention.

This year, for my sins, I was a member of the committee running the con, which means my view of the proceedings will be a rather different one to that of the average attendee. To begin with, the con had in a sense been going on for me all through the previous year, with a regular round of committee meetings to attend, potential speakers to contact, regular progress reports to produce and send out. Later, there was anxiety: would the con, after all, be a success? What would the hotel manager say (or do) if nobody turned up? In the event, the only major disaster was the cock-up by the film distributors which resulted in our having two features missing; fortunately we hadn't paid them for services not rendered, and we filled the gaps in the programme with repeats.

Arrival on Thursday afternoon gave me my first inkling of how my position in the convention was subtly changed as a result of my being associated with the running thereof. Strangers would come up to me with puzzled expressions and ask me to sort out problems for them; I'd be slapped on the back and have my hand pumped by smiling wideboys from Fargo, North Dakota; and to the professional writers I could say things like "That's four pounds you owe us, John" rather than the usual cringing "Please autograph this Bible, Mr Brunner, sir".

Of the actual programme, I saw little apart from those items I presented myself. What I did see seemed pretty good: Harry Harrison's guest-of-honour speech, which could have been titled, "How they took my lousy book and made a great film from it called *Soylent Green*", was excellent: in fact I never once regretted that Moorcock had resigned (he was our first choice as guest of honour and slunk out in December, leaving us in chaos). Harry was superb at all times, and really worked hard to help the con be a success.

Saturday night saw me making a trek down a corridor with several other people in order to gate-crash John Brunner's room party. If I'd known I would be welcomed only because I was on the committee I wouldn't have bothered; but I only found out about that next day. Just another example of the curious double standards which affect professional writers who were once fans towards those who still are fans, I suppose. As it happened, when we banged on the door Brunner didn't answer: the portal was opened by the bouffant-haired Martin "Sweetie" Walker, failed trendy and Grauniad hack. Why does Private Eye call him "Sweetie"? Because he says things like "Hello, sweetie," and "Come in, sweetie, come in." I accepted a large glass of whisky and settled down on the bed with Pam Bulmer and Gerry Webb. Gerry is one of the two people in this country who design starships for a living, and we had a fairly long chat about the implications of the lack of contact between Earth and aliens. (There were other subjects, I'm sure, but the mists of time have dampened my memories).

One is, of course, forced to conclude that we are alone in the universe, either because we are the only sentient beings who have ever evolved or because the lifetime of technological civilisations is pretty short. Either that, or the stars and galaxies are artifacts, and we're all in a zoo.

But anyway, we were all chattering away quite gaily (no pun intended) when

up flounced 'Sweetie' in the most thought-provoking manner, passing round long, thin white cylinders. We refused: none of us smoked, and we thought he was offering cigarettes. Such naivete! In fact, the ineffable Walker had brought £150 worth of high-grade hashish with him, and these 'cigarettes' were part of his hoard. Naturally, after this fiasco I was dismissed as an instant social failure, and probably I'll never get to edit the 'Open File' column now.

I wandered off to bed soon after that, anyway. Sunday was my big day: I needed a bit of a rest. I rose at 11-30 to find I was to chair the bidding session at noon. (At the bidding session, rival groups of fans compete against each other for the privilege of organising the convention next year, the winner being decided by vote of hands from the audience. This isn't as silly a system as it sounds, actually: a lot of bids are tactical rather than by someone actually wanting to work on a con. At the 1974 convention, the 'Coventry in 1975' bid was cobbled together on the Saturday night in order to prevent Manchester winning and putting on a lousy con. After which the Manchester group revised the timing of their bid - and will now be running the 1976 convention in a university hall of residence, of all stupid places!)

Naturally I knew nothing of how the bidding session is meant to work: I didn't know whether the chairman's prerogative extended to criticism of rival bids, and so on; nor was there anyone around who did know about such things. The one person who did know turned out, sensibly, to be still in bed.

Fortunately I didn't make too bad a job of it: I was lost for words only once, right at the beginning. Once I'd managed to start it became much easier, or seemed to; my words seemed to carry on one from another with a kind of momentum all their own. I even managed to raise a couple of sniggers from the audience with one of my little jokes.

Even more shambolic, though, was the quiz during the afternoon. There I was on the dais, doing my whole Bamber Gascoigne bit, flanked by four of the top science-fictional brains in England who had foolishly offered themselves for slaughter. Behind me, doubling up as scorer, was the fiend who had set the questions.

During the first two rounds I asked fourteen questions. Of which the brains at the front managed to answer one between them!

I turned round to the guilty party, glared at him, and said in a stage-whisper, "Jesus Christ, Kettle, you've made the fucking questions too hard!" He cringed and whined. Frantically I started mentally rewriting the questions, making it easier for the poor victims to answer them; not as difficult as it sounds since most of them had extra information written in with the answers. Nevertheless I had a pretty hairy half-hour before the quiz finally ground to a halt, with the winner managing to get about thirty questions right.

And then there was the banquet (curiously, quite edible for once), the awards ceremony, a disco dance. I flopped into bed and emerged on Monday morning. People were preparing to return to their respective homes. Some of them came over and thanked me and other committee members for the good time they'd had, which was nice.

Me, I felt exhausted. And no wonder... for Monday was my twenty-third birthday. I suddenly realised, with a sort of sick thud, that I'd aged an entire year during that weekend....

-- John Piggott.

The next convention will be held on Easter weekend 1976 at Owens Park, Manchester: supporting membership (entitles one to progress reports etc, and is deductible against attendance fees) is 50p to Peert Presdorf, 10 Dalkeith Road, South Reddish, Stockport.

Now here's a real space-filler: Sharp and Cousins sharing the passenger seat of my tiny little MG Midget all the way from City University to Waterloo Station! You should have heard the squeals and yells of complaint....

Which reminds me; do you realise that if Napoleon had beaten Wellington Waterloo Station would be in Paris? And then how would you commute to London?

The MWR Rating System

Following on from the explanation given last issue, here are the results from the first 63 games (TFT 1 - 9) to be completed in this country. Only those players who have completed three games or more and are still active in the hobby have been included.

<u>Country</u>	<u>Average Rating</u>	<u>Standard Deviation</u>
France	1501	662
Germany	846	665
England	649	696
Russia	615	634
Austria	-736	694
Italy	-760	614
Turkey	-2114	667

<u>Player</u>	<u>Position</u>	<u>Av. Rating</u>	<u>Standard Deviation</u>	<u>No. Games</u>
Gus Ferguson	16	5092	1863	3
Tony Ball	17	4747	1865	3
Gareth Lodge	21	4538	1608	4
Ray Evans	26	4002	1864	3
Richard Walkerdine	31	3411	1628	4
John Piggott	40	2913	1084	9
Richard Sharp	41	2907	1609	4
Chris Harvey	42	2753	1865	3
Richard Scott	50	2207	1864	3
Will Haven	53	1923	1863	3
Andy Davidson	54	1626	928	12
Edi Birsan	56	1458	1865	3
John Morrison	63	963	1864	3
Dave Black	69	742	1863	3
Martin Davis	71	623	1889	3
Geoff Nuttall	74	433	1863	3
John Meadon	79	-15	1315	6
Charles Burton	80	-32	1630	4
Les Pimley	81	-148	1212	7
Andrew Waldie	82	-217	1135	8
Wink Thompson	85	-660	1891	3
Mike Sherrad	104	-2770	1434	5
Howell Davies	115	-4352	1631	4

A full copy of the results, with 128 names on it, is going out to those people who have asked for it. If anyone else wants a full printout you have only to ask me - cost is postage only.

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How I Sort Of Went Off Formula 1 - And Learned To Love The Dart-Board!

There was a FtF gathering at Pete Birks' place on Saturday and Sunday, 19th and 20th of April, and for a few hours your intrepid reporter, old RJW himself, was there to witness the proceedings.

I didn't get there until about 11p.m. (due to being visited by the in-laws all day) and so missed all the early stuff (and all the drink, dammit!). But at least it meant the house was full when I did eventually arrive.

And what a full house it proved to be! A massive many-roomed mansion positively littered with games-players of all shapes and sizes - stumpy ones like Birks, tall ones like Sharp, wide ones like Doubleday, narrow ones like Piggott, bespectacled ones like Swanson, short-sighted ones like Baird, hairy ones like Allen, crew-cut ones like Palmer, quiet ones like Davidson, noisy ones like Jeffery, unknown ones like Nye, famous ones like me; from the barely sentient to the near divine, all human life was there!

The poker game had already started by the time I arrived, and I stood around

chatting to people and reading letters while trying to decide whether to put my hard-earned fortune at risk or not. Nye solved the problem for me when he minced over and stared pointedly at the Formula 1 set I just happened to have under my arm at the time. Off we went to find four other potential Graham Hills.

And what can I say about the game? Do I describe my immaculate use of the tactic cards? Do I point out the ruthless baulking I managed to achieve? Do I emphasize the ill-luck that seemed to dog my every ploy throughout the entire game? I think not. To see Graham Jeffery win the game was bad enough, to see Pete Swanson come second was worse, but to see myself in fourth place, a good four spaces behind Craig Nye was the ultimate disaster and the fact that we managed to beat Joe Connolly and Alan Segwick did little to relieve it. God, what an embarrassment!

But then came a small consolation in the shape of an hour or so of playing Railway Rivals with a Jeffery, a Swanson, a Connolly and a couple of Nyes. This first introduction to the game was enough to convince me that it is perhaps the best value for money (only about 50p, I think Craig said) to be found today, and I hope to have a flyer for it in a future issue. Swanson won, sod him, and Ellie came second, but I think I managed third ahead of Craig so that wasn't too bad.

Then I got conned into some sort of stupid war game (all hexes and combat results tables - ugh!) called, I think, Charioteer. Having had a good laugh at Graham Jeffery when he was the first to be eliminated (it was his game you see) after crashing his chariot I managed to overturn my own chariot and get thrown to the ground. This wouldn't have mattered if it hadn't been for Dave Allen running over me when I tried to climb back in - down I went again, covered in cuts and abrasions. Then as I staggered to my feet once more some other ignoramus hurtled by at top speed and ran over me yet again, killing me stone dead! Stupid game...

By that time it was about six in the morning though, and I had decided to call it a day. Failing completely to locate the no doubt unconscious Birks and congratulate him on holding a tremendously successful event, I retrieved my Formula 1 set, woke up Snorer Doubleday to offer him a lift, and headed for the open road and a couple of hours kip.

But that's not the end of the story, for there's a sequel. When I dropped Steve off at his place the following midday I noticed a pub on the corner and offered him a game of darts. Of course the self-styled 'NGC Darts Champion' accepted like a shot... Half an hour or so later a sadder and wiser Doubleday was returned to his home having been firmly trounced by four games to nil!

Who wants to bother with Formula 1 when there's a dart-board handy?

+++++  
News Roundup

Walkerline's had his hair cut! The Great Event was followed by several days of mourning, which no doubt contributed to the lateness of the current issue of MP... // Frigate either has or is about to fold, with Duncan Morris turning traitor to humanity in general and his country in particular by going off to join the illegal, racist regime in Rhodesia - serve him right if he ends up with a bullet in his back... // Other zines in trouble at the moment are Misteiner (Doug Wakefield may be out of the country for a while) and Dolchstoss (Richard Sharp getting less and less time for Diplomacy as his other commitments build up even more), while little has been heard of War Bulletin or Hannibal for ages now... // Two issues of Fifth Column in the same week recently were the result of an excellently organised fake issue. The culprits are thought to be a group of noisy dwarfs from south London - well done lads... // John Leeder (4910 20A St. SW, Calgary, Alberta, Canada, T2T 5A6) will soon be starting a regular international game with seven players in seven different countries in his zine Runestone. I'm representing the U.K., but other Britons will be welcomed as standby players. The zine's worth a sub (1c per page plus postage) anyway, even if you don't take part...  
+++++



Two sets of missed orders in this game, namely Les Pimley and Richard Sharp. The latter has since phoned and apologised, and therefore I will be willing to use Richards moves next time if he sends them in, otherwise Ronald Kelly will take over Turkey. As for Les, it is unusual in that I have not heard from les or Pat, and 'Black Spot' seems about a month overdue, so I guess something must be wrong at the Pimley household, therefore if Les sends in orders for next time, he also will be reprieved, but if not, Russia will fall into the hands of Terry 'Crinklecrud' Knowles...And many, many thanks to Terry and Ronald for sending in the Standby orders, particularly as those so requested failed to so do, or words to that effect.

Now on to the shock of the day.....

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1973DEfa('L'):Autumn 1461....SCOTS BRING OFF SENSATIONAL WIN!!

BEAUFORTS(Ross): F Dor MS F Eze.

FRENCH(Scott): F ECha)Str S by F Cal, A Pic S F Cal, ~~MF~~ Snt-ECha S by F IOW.

NEVILLES(Walkerdine): F Cor-Exe S by A Bri, A Not-Don S by A Der & A Sou, A Sta-Mid, A Lei S.(RED ROSE)A Rut-Not, F StG & F Mer wonder why Morris doesn't like them all of a sudden.

PERCIES(Davies): A Sca stands.

RED ROSE(Knowles): A Sur-Bks, A Lon-Hert, A Rut-Not S by A Lin, A Win S A Cch, A Pur-Dor S by A Sal, F Nor1 S A Lin, A Wea-Cal C by F Str & S by F Nor2, A Lew S A Cch, A Cch stands.

SCOTS(Morris): A Dub stands, A WMor-Car, A Rox-Bwk, A Bwk-New, F Tyn-Dur, F MBay-Lan.

WHITE ROSE(Black): A Dur-Sca S by A WRid, F Yor S A Don-Lin.

Retreats:BEAUFORTS F Dor disbands. BEAUFORTS F Exe disbands.  
PERCIES A Sca annihilated. WHITE ROSE A Don disbands-  
RED ROSE F Str-Dov. no retreat space given.

King: In London.

AND THIS IS HOW YOU ALL FINISHED UP.....

- BEAUFORTS: 0 Centres: ~~Dor, Eze.~~
- FRENCH : 5 Centres: 20B, Har, IOW, ~~Lev,~~ Cal.
- NEVILLES : 12 Centres: Glo, Oxf, Pem, Abe, War, Here, Cae, Che, Der, Bri, +Don, +Exe.
- PERCIES : 0 Centres: ~~Sca.~~
- RED ROSE : 16 Centres: Lon, Can, Roc, Col, Bed, Dov, Cam, Nwh, Sal, Ntn, Win, Lin, Cch, +Not, +Dor, +Lew.
- SCOTS : 9 CENTRES: 20B, Dum, Car, Bwk, Lan, +New, +Dur, +Dub.
- WHITEROSE: 2 Centres: ~~Don, Not, Lev,~~ Yor, ~~Dor,~~ +Sca.

SCOTS claim victory under rule /3 which says that their winning criteria is SEVEN on-board centres. Many congrats Duncan, and a victory statement plus any comments from elsewhere next issue, plus full analysis

.....taftan.....



Game-starts and waiting lists

Here we go then; MP'S game, also known as 1975DD.

AUSTRIA: Phil Murphy, 41/43 Park Avenue, Belfast, BT4 1PU, Northern Ireland.  
 ENGLAND: Dave Black, 12 Dowanside Road, Glasgow, G12 9DA, Scotland.  
 FRANCE: John Piggott, 4 Lothair Road, South Ealing, London, W5.  
 GERMANY: Geoff Challinger, 23 Priestnall Road, Heaton Mersey, Stockport, SK4 3HR.  
 ITALY: Andy Holborn, 86 Liverpool Road, Penwortham, Preston, Lancs, PR1 0HT.  
 RUSSIA: Craig Nye, 5 Montpelier Street, Brighton, Sussex.  
 TURKEY: Ralph Vickers, General Mola 83, Los Boliches, Malaga, Spain.

All game fees have been paid or deducted from credit, except for one of you who should find a begging letter enclosed with this issue. Deadline is as per wherever it appears in this issue - i.e. next issue. Good luck.

'T' game: Dave Allen, Richard Scott, David Noble, Pete Charlton, David Tant, John Herlihy, Neil McDonald. Will start next issue.

'U' game: Terry Knowles, Robin Allen, Pete Lindsay, Howell Davies, Willy Haughan, Allan Ovens, Stephen Pratt. Pref list requested from Allan Ovens...

'V' game: John Meadon, Roland Prevot, Robin Churchill, Laurence Parrott...

I think I'll take a leaf out of Mick Bullock's book and promise you all that a new set of house rules will appear either this year or next....

Anyone got any bright ideas about what I can call the games after we get past 'Z' game?...

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The splendidhamstaffshire series are all to be found littered around the various games this time - though just to confuse the issue I've mixed 'em all up so that most of them appear below the wrong game.....

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And speaking of games... 1973BYbb ('I' - Multiplicity) -- Autumn 1908

I seem to have been a bit inconsistent about the rules regarding multiple A/F combinations, so I'll state them here once and for all.

In a coastal province an A/F can be of any strength at all, i.e. A/F, A/2F, 2A/1F, 2A/2F, 6A/3F, 2A/8F etc.

On the open sea an A/F must contain at least as many Fleets as Armies, i.e. A/F, A/3F, 2A/2F etc. 2A/1F, 3A/2F etc is not allowed here.

When convoying, an F or A/F unit may convoy any number of armies up to a maximum of the number of spare Fs in the unit. i.e. A Lon - Bre C by a/2F Eng is legal, as is 3A Lon - Bre C by 2A/6F Eng. Any multiple F or A/F unit, capable of convoying, may only be used to make one convoy per season, i.e., in the 3A Lon - Bre example above, although the 2A/6F in Eng still has one spare F in it which isn't being used it would not be allowed to convoy another Army at the same time, from Pic to Wal say.

All clear? And I'll try to stick to the above from now on...

ENGLAND (Doubleday): 3A/F Bre SPLIT = 3A Par + F MAO, 2A Mun - Tyr,  
 2F Eng + F NAO + F Bre MERGE = 4F MAO, F Nth + F Bel MERGE = 2F Bel,  
 F StP(SC) - Lvn, A Mos S (TURKISH) A Ukr - War.

FRANCE (Morris): A Mar stands.

ITALY (Meadon): F Gas - Bre, 2A Bur - Par, 2A Tri - Tyr S by A Ven,  
 F Por + F WMS MERGE = 2F Spa(SC), 3F TyS - WMS, F Tun - Naf, F Nap - Ion.

RUSSIA (Buckingham): A War - Mos, A Smy stands.

TURKEY (Davidson): 2F Con - Smy, F Ank stands, F Sev stands, A Ukr - War.

Note that Duncan Morris is back with us again - thanks for the standbys, John and Terry, and could you send some more just in case? Ta.

PTO for retreats, builds etc.

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'I' game contd...

Retreats: Russian A War & A Smy can't find a supply centre to retreat to, so...

Winter 1908 Adjustments

E: 14 Centres: Edi, Lon, Lpl, Hol, Den, Nwy, Swe, Ber, StP, Kie, Bel, Mos,  
Mun, +Par. Builds 1.

F: 1 Centre : Yex, +Mar. No change.

I: 12 Centres: Nap, Rom, Vie, Ser, Tri, Bud, Gre, Mar, Spa, Por, Par, Bre,  
Tun, +Ven. Removes 1.

R: 0 Centres: War, Smy. Eliminated. All units removed.

T: 7 Centres: Con, Bul, Ank, Rum, Sev, +War, +Smy. Builds 2.

Only builds and removals are needed for next issue please.

Splendidhamstaffshire-on-Trentoncalf: A few beads of sweat roll tortuously down Richard's bearded cheeks and he closes his eyes in prayer. His fists, chained to the slimy wall, clench in desperation.

"Fire, Claire," commands Yare anew.

"Master --" Claire hesitates.

"NOW!"

Her delicate finger trembles and slowly applies pressure on the trigger of the hideous weapon. Tension settles like a dark wet cloud over our heroes. The goons tighten their grip on their weapons. Yare leans forward in eager anticipation and licks his malformed lips.

Claire fires the weapon.

The expected scream of agony does not sound; merely a heavy thud against the wall as the prisoner collapses, held up by his chains.

Crinklecrud slowly opens his eyes, to see a shower of sparks emerging from the Richard-robot, now staring sightlessly ahead. A hand parts from the arm, revealing hundreds of wires, and the robot slumps even more. Some smoke curls from one of the ears.

Claire lowers the gun slowly, evidently unaffected by the smoking replica of her betrothed. "A robot," breathes Crinklecrud.

"A android," whispers Swanson.

"An android, you diminutive dummy," hisses the Tall Thin Green Man with No Balls.

"A copy," cringes Grud.

"Why have I been left out of this press release (again)?" whines Lettice.

Yare turns his dirty face toward the Master Madman. He smiles. Grud cringes at this travesty of a display of humour. Still staring at Crinklecrud, Yare kicks one of the guards, who kisses his dirty feet in gratitude. "Yarelord grovelfeet more funperson!" snaps Brian Yare. The goon rushes from the room.

Crinklecrud takes a deep breath. "Well, Yare --" he whispers, "you and your minions have captured Claire and forced her to submit; you have created a Richard-robot; and you have managed - very temporarily - to capture and hold my associates and me. So what?"

Yare says nothing; giving his terrible imitation of a smile once more, he motions toward the door, where his two goons are entering. Between them they are leading Richard Walkerdine. Another two goons follow them, leading another Richard. And two others, with yet another likeness of the world-famous, handsome, youthful, dashing young publisher. Crinklecrud watches as seven more Walkerdines are led in.

"All robots?" demands Crinklecrud.

Yare scowls. "Yes -- the original unfortunately escaped."

((Is that a sigh of relief Claire allows to escape?))

"Alright," shrugs Crinklecrud. "What are you going to do with a division of Richard-robots?"

"These?!" cries Yare, giving a kick to one of the robots standing docilely nearby and watching it collapse in a shower of spark. "These are absolutely good for nothing -- like the original."

((Yes, Grud muses, that definitely was a cringe Claire just gave.))

Continues Brian Yare: "I am after bigger game. And you are going to help me." Crinklecrud listens impassively. "I want something I can use." He and Crinklecrud regard each other with hostility. "You are going to procure for me, so that I may reproduce hundreds of fobots:

Norman Nathan!"

Can Crinklecrud actually capture and hold Nathan? What threat horrible enough can Yare possibly level to force him to do this horrible deed? Is Claire under Yare's power or is she actually working undercover? Find out next issue!!

1973IQ ('M') -- Spring 1910

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT!

And Eastern, and Northern, and Southern...

AUSTRIA (Davies): F WMS - NAF S by F Tun, F Pie - Tus, A Ven - Pie S by ATyr, A Vie S A Boh, A Tri stands, A Bud S (TURKISH) A Rum - Gal.

ENGLAND (A.Davidson): A Lvn S (GERMAN) A War, A StP - Mos, F Nwy - Nrg, F MAO S F NAF, F NAF & F Gas both S F MAO, F Eng - Bre.

FRANCE (Coombe): A Por MS A Spa.

GERMANY (B.Davidson): A War S (ENGLISH) A StP - Mos, A Pru S A War, A Sil - Gal, A Ber - Sil S by A Mun, A Kie S A Mun, A Mar MS A Bur, F Bal - Den.

TURKEY (Black): A Rum - Gal S by A Ukr, A Sev S A Mos, A Mos S A Ukr, F Bla visits the Bosphorus, F TyS - GoL, F Aeg - Ion.

No retreats.

No fewer than three of the players have proposed that this game be ended as a 5-way draw. Votes with your autumn orders please gentlemen, and failure to vote will be taken to be a vote in favour of the draw...

Splendidbeefstaffshire-on-Trentonkneecap: "And so despite the obviously poor organisation of the attack, several notable criminals have escaped." The T.V. screen showed the ugly face of Piggott describing the raid on the Pigstapo jail. The face broadened into a grin and said, "naturally the inefficient elements in the jail which led to the raid's success have been dealt with. But until all escapees have been rounded up I will have to impose a curfew at 8p.m. All people on the streets after then will be required to hand in their IDA membership cards. Goodnight."

Pierre Birk, leader of the raid on the prison, reached up and turned off the set. "You know what this means, don't you? Piggott will have dealt with the camp commandant, Bullock, in his usual way, which means fewer members of the old elite left to oppose us."

"But won't that mean even tighter security at the jail?" asked a voice from the back. It was Hannibal, a long-sentence man, anxious to preserve his new-found liberty. With him was Moeshoeshoeus and Hamilcar Barca, all of whom had made the break with their leader.

"Yes," replied Swanson, Birk's lieutenant. "But we hope not to be in there again." There was general laughter at this. One of the few not laughing was Professor Crinklecrud, Mad Scientist etc., in whose evil mind was the germ of a plan to exploit the situation. Clearly this group would be a terrible threat to Piggott and if they could be eliminated then there would be a rich reward for the person who helped him do so....

((Contd. under 'O' game...))

Another thing about the battle of Waterloo. Because it was Wellington who won we've named Wellington boots after him, which we usually call 'wellies'. But if Napoleon had won we'd all be wearing 'nappies', wouldn't we?

1974BD ('N') -- Spring 1907

BOMBER BALL BOUNCES BACK!

Suffering Swanson Sinks; Wily WaldieWilts.

FRANCE (Meadon): F GoL - Spa(SC), A Bur - Ruh, A Gas - Bur, F Nth - Hol,  
F Lon - Nth, A Edi Stands, A Pic - Bel S by F Eng.

GERMANY (Cousins): F Hel - Nth S by F Nwy F Den & F Hol, F Kie - Hel,  
A Bel - Bur S by A Ruh & A Mun.

ITALY (Ball): F Bla S (RUSSIAN) A Arm - Ank, F EMS - Smy, A Bul - Con S by F Aeg,  
A Ser - Rum S by A Bud, A Vie - Gal, A Ven - Pie, F TyS - WMS, F Ion - TyS.

RUSSIA (Waldie): A Arm - Ank, A Rum - Sev, A Gal - Sil, A War - Pru, A StP - Nwy.

TURKEY (Swanson): F Con MS A Smy, A Ank S A Smy.

Retreats: French A Bur - Pic, F Nth - Ska.  
Turkish F Con & A Ank both annihilated.

Munich: (To the tune of 'Ride on, ride on in majesty')  
Meadon, Meadon your time has come,  
Revening Krauts are at the gate.  
Give up right now or live in fear,  
For you, most foul, we will castrate.

Imrryr: I know one that's sung to the tune of 'Ernie the milkman' - it's  
called 'The ballad of tiny Pete'. Must get round to printing it some time....

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1974BE ('O') -- Spring 1907

ALL RIGHT KNOWLES, NOW WIN THIS ONE....!

AUSTRIA (Lindsay): A Ser - Bud S by A Rum.

ENGLAND (Coombe): F Lon - Eng, F Edi stands.

FRANCE (Birks): F Mar S A Pie in the sky, F Spa(SC) - WMS, F MAO - Naf,  
F Cly - Edi S by A Lpl, A Bel licus is six weeks late.

GERMANY (Burton): A Hol idays, A Sil - War, A Boh - Mun, F Den - Swe,  
A Ber - Lvn C by F Bal, F Nwy - StP(NC).

ITALY (Knowles): A Tri - Vie, A Bud S (RUSSIAN) A Gal - Rum, F Alb S F Ion,  
F Ion S (AUSTRIAN) A Ser - Gre, F Tun S F Ion, A Tyr - Vie, A Ven stands.

RUSSIA (Bullock): F GoB - StP(SC), A StP - Mos, A War - Sil S by A Gal.

TURKEY (McChallinger): F EMS - Ion S by F Aeg & F Gre, A Bul S F Gre, A Smy - Con.

Retreats: English F Edi - Nth.  
German A Sil - Ber.  
Italian A Bud - ~~Ser~~ annihilated!

O-O-O: Now that Conrad's gone, who's taken over the pretence of Skaro?

Imrryr: Same chap that had it before!

Rome (Gvmt): Italy wishes to call upon all nations of Europe to unite against  
the fascist France-German alliance, intent on conquering all of Europe. This  
means you, Turkey!

Skaro - KB7 & Mate: There is no Professor Crinklecrud.

Darkest Cornwall: I am the real Grud. Elric is dead!

Splendidporkstaffshire-on-Trentonthigh: Professor Crinklecrud had drawn Lettice  
aside. Although he would have no inspired ideas of his own, he would carry out  
his instructions to the letter. "Now listen Lettice," said the Mad Menace, "here  
is what I want you to do. I will create a distraction in the centre of the room  
enabling you to slip past Pimley at the door. When you are outside find a Pigstapo  
officer and identify yourself to him. Tell him you have knowledge of the  
whereabouts of all the escapees from the jail, and demand to see Piggott himself!  
You will undoubtedly be shown into Piggott's place, they can't afford to risk

ignoring any leads. Tell him you have been sent by me and that we are in a disguised station on the old Fleet Line. Ask him what reward he will give for further information on the exact organisers of the plot and their further plans. Tell him just that and then demand your freedom and return here. Make sure you are not followed on your way back or we are all doomed..."

N - KB7 x B to Skaro: I am not Jeff Oliver. Now, who are you?

Imrryr: Duh...my brain hurts, Brian...

Paris: Few people are aware of the fact that Terry Knowles is, in fact, a pseudonym for Ron Kelly, who is surreptitiously attempting to take over British Diplomacy in the name of Edi Birdan. I only discovered the fact myself when I had a graphologist analyse Kelly's and Knowles' handwriting. It's very clever the way he commutes from Washington to Pickering. He obviously works in Washington and lives in Pickering, but to travel over six hundred miles daily shows how far this fiend will go to take over the world. I hereby challenge this demon to a game of poker when he 'visits' Britain (he will in fact be commuting from Britain to Washington daily - the man's genius is without limit.) Then we shall see how great Britain is!

Imrryr: Say, Don, did I ever tell you of the time I created a fictitious character called 'Piggott' just so as to have someone who my hundreds of pseudonyms could write press about? Or am I talking to myself again?....

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1974F ('P') -- Autumn 1908

K-MEN KONQUEST KLOSER!

ENGLAND (Buckingham): F Lon S (FRENCH) F Eng - Nth.

FRANCE (Prevot): F Eng - Nth.

GERMANY )Knowles(: F Bel - Eng S by F Bre, F Nth - Lon S by A Yor, A Tyr S A Tri,  
A Bud S A Tri, A Tri S (RUSSIAN) A Rum - Ser, A Ukr S (RUSSIAN) A Gal - Rum,  
F Hel - Nth, A Gas - Spa S by A Mar.

ITALY (Meadon): A Tus S A Ven, F Spa(SC) - Mar S by F GoL,  
A Alb - Tri S by A Ven F Adr & A Ser.

RUSSIA )Kelly(: A Edi stands, F Den S (GERMAN) F Hel - Nth, F MAO - Por,  
A Rum - Ser, A Gal - Rum S by F Sev, A Mos stands unordered.

TURKEY (Sharp): F Aeg S A Bul, A Bul S (ITALIAN) A Ser, A Con S A Bul,  
F Ank - Arm S by F Bla.

Retreats: English F Lon & French F Eng both annihilated. German A Mar - Pie.

Winter 1908 Adjustments

E: 0 Centres: ~~Lon~~. Eliminated.

F: 0 Centres: ~~Por~~. Eliminated.

G: 14 Centres: Ber, Kie, Mun, Hol, Bel, Par, Bre, Vie, War, Bud, Lpl, Tri,  
~~Mar~~, +Spa, +Lon. Builds A Mun, A Ber, A Kie.

I: 7 Centres: ~~Nap, Rom, Ven, Hun, Ser, Gre, Spa~~, +Mar. No change.

R: 9 Centres: Mos, StP, Sev, Swe, Nwy, Den, Edi, +Por, +Rum. Builds A StP - no  
other space available, 1 unit short.

T: 4 Centres: Ank, Con, Smy, ~~Mar~~, Bul. Removes A Con.

Grateful thanks to Dave Black for the unused standby moves. And many thanks to Stewart and Roland for being such reliable standbys...

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1974BT ('Q') -- Spring 1905

CAREFUL CHAPS, OR YOU'LL STALEMATE YOURSELVES...

AUSTRIA (Samson): A Tyr - Boh, A Tri - Tyr, F Alb - Tri, A Bud - Gal, A Gal - War,  
A Boh - Sil, A War stands unordered.

ENGLAND (Knowles): F NAO - MAO, F MAO - Naf S by F WMS, F Por - Spa(SC),  
F Bre - Eng, A Wal stands, A Lvn S (GERMAN) A Ber - Pru, F StP(NC) S A Lvn.

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FRANCE (Buckingham): A Mar S (GERMAN) A Gas.

GERMANY (Prevot): A Gas S (ENGLISH) F Por - Spa(SC), A Kie - Mun S by A Bur & A Ruh,  
A Ber S A Sil, F Bal S (ENGLISH) A Lvn.

ITALY (Kelly): F GoL -- TyS, F TyS - Nap, A Pie - Mar, A Tun - Smy ((??)).

TURKEY (Black): A Con - Rum C by F Bla & S by A Sev, A Ukr S A Mos, F Ion - Nap.

No retreats.

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1974EB ('R') -- Autumn 1904 BLOOD EVERYWHERE! (I caught my finger in the keys..)

ENGLAND (Meadon): F Ska - Den S by A Swe, A Nwy - StP, F Nrg - Bar,  
F Nth S (FRENCH) A Bel - Hol.

FRANCE (Nathan): A Bel - Hol, A Kie & A Mun both S A Ber, A Bur - Ruh,  
A Bre stands, F MAO stands, F Spa(SC) stands, A Ber S A Kie.

GERMANY (Pollard): F Hol - Kie, A Vie - Tyr, A Gal - Vie.

ITALY (Churchill): F Ion & F Alb both S F Gre, A Tri - Ser, A Ven - Tyr.

RUSSIA (White): F Bal - Ber S by A Pru & A Sil, A Lvn stands, A StP - Nwy,  
A Bud S (TURKISH) A Ser, F Rum - Sev.

TURKEY (Morris): A Ser - Gre S by A Bul & F Aeg, A Con S A Bul, A Smy - Ank.

Retreats: French A Ber & German F Hol both annihilated/disbanded.

Winter 1904 Adjustments

E: 6 Centres: Edi, Lon, Lpl, Nwy, Den, +Swe. Builds A Edi.

F: 9 Centres: Bre, Mar, Par, Bel, Spa, Por, Kie, Mun, +Hol. Builds A Mar, A Par.

G: 1 Centre: ~~Vie~~, Vie, ~~MAO~~. Removes A Vie.

I: 6 Centres: Nap, Rom, Ven, Tun, Tri, +Gre. No legal build requested - 1 shift.

R: 7 Centres: Mos, Sev, StP, War, ~~Sya~~, Rum, Bud, +Ber. No change.

T: 5 Centres: Ank, Con, Smy, Bul, ~~Sya~~, Ser. No change.

Vienna to the world: See what writing to people can do? I could have crippled any Russian defence by moving to War or Ukr but I didn't. Why? Because I got two postcards from Russia, one nice, one threatening, and because I shouldn't help the country (France) that overran Germany.

+++++

MP43 & Annexe25

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