



News and Notes

This was supposed to be another editorial actually, but due to my being too busy recently to find the time to sit down and compose my thoughts properly that will have to be put off for the moment. But as I've managed to fill the zine up again with all sorts of things except news (this page is being typed last in case you hadn't already guessed) it gives me a good opportunity to catch up on what's been happening in the hobby lately. Here we go...

Dead Zines. The last issues of Scotty's Fifth Column and Ken Jones' Comet both appeared recently, so two of the longest established NGC zines are now no more. Both zines managed to set the most tremendously high standard for frequency and Gilling ability and we're going to be a snabbier bunch now that they're gone. Many thanks to both of you for several years hard work.

Cheap Paper. I attended my first NGC Committee meeting the other week and got a provisional approval for the NGC to purchase paper at a discount for resale to pubbers (see last ish). I've yet to work out the final prices and I'd like to find someone else to act as an organiser rather than have a couple of hundred reams of paper cluttering up my little house. But I expect I'll end up doing it myself so there should be some sort of announcement next issue. Meanwhile, provisional orders from pubbers would give me an idea of how much to buy - this issue of MP is being printed on their 64 Mill White A4 by the way.

NGC Constitution. So far the Constitutional Committee has got together a set of rules for holding future elections which seem to be acceptable to the main Committee - details in VL I expect. We are now working on the overall constitution itself and should have some suggestions in a month or so. Present indications are that it will be very short, very basic, very flexible and very workable. Hope so.

NGC & IDA. I haven't really pushed this very hard yet having been occupied with other things. But I'll bring it up at the next Committee meeting I attend and let you know what's going on.

New Zines. This Is It has appeared from Jeremy Maiden (20 Newport Road, Cwmcarn, Gwent), an NGC zine carrying, so far, a game of Interstellar III. Also from Jeremy is The Tent, in which he tries to rehouse orphaned variant games. Watch out for another new zine soon, independent this time and from someone who is perhaps better qualified to publish a zine than any other non-pubber around...

GRI Takeover. Games Research Inc. (the American producers of Diplomacy) have just been taken over by Avalon Hill! Nobody seems to know quite what it means as far as Philmar (GRI's British licensee) is concerned, but it seems likely that with the annual total sales expected to increase from 10,000 to as many as 30,000 sets the hobby could be in for a few big changes...

Overseas openings. Runestone, that most excellent of zines from John Leader (208 Haysboro Cres, SW, Calgary, Alta, T2V 3G3, Alberta) is looking for standby players for a Gesta Danorum variant (Danos, Welsh, Picts, Anglo-Saxons etc starting in 864). Also open is a second Seven Nations regular game which has already got our own lovely Willey and Norris representing Spain and Rhodesia.

The Polar Knight, from Åke Jonsson (Box 176, S-981 01 Kiruna 1, Sweden), has openings in a Swedish regular game and an English-speaking regular game. Also has lists for Persian Variant and Foundation. TPK is yours for postage only.

Speculum, from Dave Kadlcek (Box 302, Univ of Santa Clara, Santa Clara, CA 95053, USA), has openings in Third Age, Gigaton Bomb Variant, Chinese Diplomacy and an international regular game.

Burnt, from Walter Luc Haas (Postfach 7, CH 4024 Basel 24, Switzerland), has openings in English- and German-speaking regular games and also needs English-, French- and German-speaking standby players. £2 for 10 issues and worth every penny for the dozens of pages of news and views alone!

Michel Liesnard. It's a shame to end on a sad note, but poor Michel has apparently been rushed to America in an attempt to find a cure for his Loukaemia, and has no more than a 40% chance of surviving. I'm sure we all wish him well and hope that he manages to pull through.

D ADLY AS THE MALE

A Short Story by Paul Willey

George handled the MG well as it roared down the winding roads of the Pyrenees. It was a good car to handle, and he was an excellent driver. He was pleased to be heading back for Barcelona. Andorra had been pleasant for a weekend, but there wasn't a lot to see, and his three days had been quite sufficient.

He was not a particularly dedicated teacher, but he was looking forward to seeing his students again, their eager dark eyes pinned to his lips as he pronounced the English words. Then they would look down at the book and pronounce the words wrongly again. "Close," George would smile, and puzzlement would leap to their eyes as the "Que?" leapt to their lips. George grinned to himself at the thought, as he slowed to negotiate a bend.

Halfway round the bend, he saw the other car, stationary in the middle of the carriageway. He stamped on the brake and felt the back of the car start to slide towards the sheer drop on the other side of the road. He thought quickly. On his right a towering wall of solid rock, on his left a drop of perhaps fifty feet to a craggy slope, going down a further three hundred. There was marginally more room on the left, and certainly insufficient space on the right for him to get between the wall of rock and the other car.

Hope to Christ there's nothing coming the other way, he thought, automatically correcting the skid. The wheels were almost on the edge of the cliff as they gained traction again and propelled him forward past the Seat, with inches to spare on either side.

Once out of danger, he stopped the sports car and jumped out. Someone was going to get a large piece of his mind! Uncoiling from the car, his face an angry red, George looked a dangerous opponent. He was more than six and a half feet tall, and built to match. His shoulders were broad, and his chest strong and muscular. The traces of wavy chest-hair showing at his open collar were a fiery red like the curly locks on his head.

Yet his anger was forced to give way to frustration when he reached the battered old Seat. It was empty, the off-side door swinging open.

But that was absurd. Where could the driver have gone? He looked up the cliff, shielding his eyes against the cold sun. (He was still high up, and the month was March.) There was no trace of humanity on that towering wall. He approached the open side of the road and looked down, expecting to see, perhaps, a spread-eagled figure below him. But no, nothing.

Puzzled and annoyed, he returned to the old Seat and climbed in. It could not be allowed to remain where it was. The next unsuspecting driver who came round that bend might not be as lucky as he.

The keys were still in the car and it started at the first touch. He drove forward until it was close up behind his MG, well clear of the bend. Shrugging, he vacated the car, climbed into his own and was about to start it, when he noticed the mountain hawk ahead. He paused, watching it. It was hovering, its magnificent wings whirring, its head bent down, the beady eyes fixed on some unsuspecting prey. Then, with no warning, it dropped like a stone. And a moment later it was winging its way back towards its nest, a squirming vole in its cruel hooked beak. The young hawks could be fed today, he thought. The maternal instinct of the female - as deadly as the male!

He had driven about twenty kilometers and was now in the low foothills, the mountains left behind him, when he saw the girl hitching. It was unusual in Spain, for the practice was frowned upon, but this girl was most unlikely to be Spanish, for she was blonde - and quite a looker, too.

"Voy a Barcelona," he told her. "Es util para ti?"

She walked around the car, for his English vehicle had the passenger seat on the off-side. Without a word, she lowered herself into the bucket seat and closed the door.

"Do you speak English?" he asked her, engaging first gear. She did not answer, but looked at him coldly, her eyes oddly devoid of expression. "No eres espanol," he smiled, as the car raced away. "La pelota es rubia..." But either she did not understand his reference to her hair or she chose not to, for still she did not speak.

Perhaps he thought, she was German, but he had no knowledge of that language at all. "Eres alemana?" he asked, but this did not provoke any response, either. Even if she spoke no Spanish, she would recognise the reference to her own nationality, so he decided with relief he'd chosen the wrong nationality. "Tu es francesa?" he tried again, and stole a glance at her.

It was as though she had not heard, and her eyes were totally dead. God damn you! he thought. I'll get some expression on your beautiful refrigerated face!

As the car approached the bend, he did not slacken pace. At the last minute, he flicked the wheel and touched the brake. The rear end of the MG skidded out. He flicked the wheel the opposite way and the skid was cancelled, but he was careering round the bend towards two men standing so as to completely block the road!

He stamped on the brake and the car slid to a halt inches from their shins. "¿Quiéren morir?" he shouted with rage. "¿Que hacen en centro del camino? Son imbeciles?" The two men might not have heard him. They were both very Spanish, short, brunet and with sloe-black eyes which were fixed upon the horizon behind him.

"¡Pierden! No..." His Spanish failed him. "Get the hell out of the bloody road!" The men did not move. George threw open the door and sprang out, his red hair bouncing as he did, both pairs of eyes flicked towards him. There was a hint of menace in the movement, but he knew he could take them, if need be, both of them. He was twice their size.

He took a pace towards them, but they were already converging upon him, a curious deliberation in their movement, and eyes like dead men's. At that point he heard a footfall behind him and took a swift glance over his shoulder. No more men were converging on him, the same slowness of movement, the same vacuity of expression.

Two claw-like hands were clutching at his throat from the man before him. This was ridiculous! Bandits in this day and age? His two muscular forearms came up between the arms, smacking them aside, and he drove a sledgehammer fist into the man's face, his full 170 pounds behind it. The man rocked backwards but came at him again. He ducked under the groping hands and let fly another blow at his opponent's solar plexus, a blow guaranteed to leave an ordinary man lying on the ground for several minutes. There was no hard muscle to stop the blow, yet it had as much effect as a feather.

George danced to one side, for all four men were upon him now. Jesus! Were they inhuman?

He drove his knee hard into the groin of his nearest attacker. The man reached for his throat. This time the grip held. He drove his fists between the man's arms, but the fingers were like steel. The other three moved round to his sides.

Unless he did something quickly, he would be dead...

He threw himself backwards, converting his fall into a backward roll as he did so. He felt gravel beneath his red hair, but his feet hit the stomach of his would-be strangler, and the man flew over his head. At last the fingers came away from his throat, but it felt as though they had taken most of the skin with them.

In a second George was on his feet. The remaining three were between he and the car, now. Discretion, he decided, was the better part of valour. They were impervious to his blows, and were set upon his destruction. Without another thought, he turned, and ran into the trees behind him.

In a few moments he broke clear into a large field. He ran forward into the open and then turned to look behind him. All four were emerging from the trees, still moving with that slow wooden gait common to them all.

At that rate, his long legs would soon leave them behind. He broke into a run again, angling for the bushes at the edge of the field. He ran until he was panting and running alongside the hedge looking for a break in it.

He stole a glance over his shoulder. Two had disappeared, yet the remaining two were closer than they had been before and they were still walking. Desperately, his blue eyes wild, George crashed through the bushes, his heavy frame smashing the clawing branches aside.

The other two were on this side of the hedge already, and as close as their companions. How did they do that? There'd been no break in the hedge!

George struck out for a fence on the far side of the field. This time, when he reached it, he was well ahead of them, but all four were back in view, and had fanned out across the field. It took him precious seconds to scale the fence, but he

was over before they reached him, and it was not far to the bushes on the far side of the new field. By the time they had climbed the fence, he would be hidden among the greenery. Then, at his leisure he could sneak back to the road and find a policeman or his car.

He was no more than a third of the way across the field when a great crash sounded behind him. Startled, he looked around to see a splintered hole in the fence which the four men were calmly stepping through. None of them held a tool of any kind. They had made that hole with their bare hands!

Stark, cold, relentless fear clawed at George's heart, and adrenalin forced his pumping legs to renewed vigour. He leapt into the bushes, crashing thick branches aside, and, suddenly he was on the towpath of a river, which blocked all further progress.

He started off to the left and stopped as the two men stepped out twenty feet ahead of him. That was impossible! They had been far behind him, and only walking. Now they halted, waiting confidently.

George stopped and looked around. The other two had come out behind him. He looked at the bushes at his side. Thick thorny brambles. Not a chance. He stood, a stag at bay, blue eyes wild, twigs in his springy red hair, looking for all the world like stunted antlers.

Well, dammit, he would go down fighting! He ran forward and put his full weight and the whole momentum of his run into a colossal blow to the jaw of the first man. The dead eyes expressed no pain - they expressed nothing at all - as the pure force of the blow sent him a few paces backwards. The second man reached for George's throat, but the Englishman thrust his arms away and hit at that inhuman face. The man's left, however, had struck beneath his arms and it felt as though a sledgehammer had been used on George's ribs. He staggered back, and two arms of steel came round him from behind.

"Why?" he gasped, as the two men before him closed in. They ignored his question, and his attention focussed beyond them, looking at a bridge across the river, where the blonde girl was calmly watching his struggle for life with detached disinterest.

Inconsequentially, he remembered the hen hawk.

His mind reeling at the series of events, he scarcely noticed the many hands squeezing his wandpipe, until his vision reddened, and he passed into, first, unconsciousness, and then the clammy arms of death.

oOo

oOo

oOo

The Renault bearing a rather fat driver, and a beautiful blonde girl passenger slithered to a halt before the two men in the road.

"Son idiotas? Me quieren matarles? Fueren del camino!"

The men who stepped from the trees behind the car had those same dead expressions. The first two were obviously Spanish, their black eyes void of life. The third was tall, powerfully built, and with red hair. But his blue eyes were just as lifeless....

### MP Zine Poll

Well, we haven't had one for a long time now - the last was back at the beginning of last year I think - so let's get another one going shall we? Here are the rules:

Anyone who receives two or more different British or continental European zines is eligible to enter and does so by sending a list of all the Dippy zines and subzines he receives with each one rated from 1 (dreadful) to 10 (excellent). The ratings will then be assessed to work out the relative position of each zine in the overall list. Anyone who enters the poll can receive the issue of MP containing the results for postage only if (in the case of non-subbers to MP) they send me a stamp with their entry. All publishers are requested to please give this poll as much publicity as they can. Thanks.

Deadline for entries will be APRIL 21ST, with the results appearing in MP55 in the first week in May.

All British and continental European Dippy zines and subzines are eligible for

inclusion in your lists (note that bit about European zines, also subzines, which weren't included last time): a Dippy zine or subzine is defined as any zine which carries at least one game of postal Diplomacy or a Diplomacy variant.

The third Zine Poll had 54 entrants - let's see if we can beat that with this fourth one shall we?...

\*\*\*\*\*WINK\*\*\*\*\*THOMSON\*\*\*\*\*BABBLES\*\*\*\*\*!!!!\*\*\*\*\*

IDA News

Calhamer Awards. All nominations are now in and the final list of British entries is the one published last issue with the following changes:

Non-technical article; add The Saga (PTN)

Press Release; add Wiggles sweeps the desert (Piggott - 1981).

New British zine; delete GH (it isn't new and is already nominated as an established zine).

Best British player; add Rundle and Parrott.

British judges; delete Murphy (nominated as best new zine therefore ineligible to judge) and add Lovibond.

Those of you who nominated me or my zine in the international section please note that I am ineligible as I'm one of the international judges. Thanks anyway though.

British judges will be contacted within a few weeks.

World Variant Bank. The European section, run by Walter Luc Haas, now has very many variants in stock some of which have never appeared in this country. A list of all available variants in the WVB is currently being prepared by Bill Orr for IDA/UK and copies will be available for any publisher who wants to circulate them with his zine. Please write to me if you are interested letting me know how many copies of the list you require. Should be ready in a couple of weeks.

Universal Blacklist. Bill is also going to look after the collation of a summary of different zines blacklists. Any publisher wishing to take part should send a list of names and addresses of his blacklistees to Bill (52 Burnthill Cres, Glengormley, Newtownabbey, Co Antrim, Northern Ireland) who will then sort out a comprehensive master list of all the names plus details of which zines the person is blacklisted in and send a copy to each participating publisher to take note of or ignore as he wishes.

Novice Players Handbook. Pete Swanson is working on this and it is now taking shape as twenty or so pages of introduction and information for new players. It will be ready in another month or so and will probably be on sale for a small amount plus the usual members discount. I hope NGC involvement in this will be possible. More news next ish I expect.

~~~~~

The Mailman Cometh....

On the centralised zine distribution...

BILL ORR. Here's the answers to the questions.

Packaging. I planned to use a large envelope with the zines sandwiched between two pieces of corrugated cardboard. Also I planned to have stick-on labels. Hopefully this way the envelopes would last more than a few trips. I have access to enough of the above to start the scheme off.

Cost/frequency. Between 7 and 20 the cost would be approx. 4.6p/zine, 20-25 about 4.0p/zine, 25+ should be less than 3.5p/zine. As I said in the flyer if you want them in groups of nine it's easily arranged. What I proposed was that minimum delivery would be monthly, if you had enough trades deliveries would be quicker.

Non-trades. I assume that at present each publisher subtracts the cost of the zine from that person's credit ((I do, yes)) so all the publisher has to do is put that person's credit and his initials at the top of the zine. I will ensure that everyone gets the right copy.

Other services. I planned this scheme to be the basis for a bigger service to the hobby, not an end in itself. Example: I could handle the Dave Allen survey or a poll among the GI's in the scheme, or any other reasonable idea.

Next question?

On, er... well, you decide!...

RON RAYNER. First of all I must thank you for supplying me with the Boardman Numbers. Secondly I must thank you for trading your very fine zine for my very much better one. Thirdly, I must thank you not to publish any more derisory remarks about me in your zine again, no matter how true they are. (MP52, p13, para 5.)

I must point out that these remarks were brought to my attention by my 4 year old son. I give him MP to read because he is the only one capable of understanding it.

'An I.Q. of 1.97', indeed! I must point out that when I left Nursery School at the tender age of 12 a few years ago, or so, I had an I.Q. of 2.08, 3 more than the average Labour member of Parliament and 5 more than Foot and Castle. Since then I have added an extra .01 to my I.Q. every year, and have now reached the stage where I am .20 in front of the NGC Committee and .25 in front of the writer of that article.

((Ah but Ron, old buddy, you didn't realise the author of that article was using the Potrzebie system of weights and measures. Adjusting for the heat factor alone (remember,  $100^{\circ}$  Shurdley (S) =  $27^{\circ}$  C. = optimum temperature for eating halavah) brings the relative I.Q.s of Foot and Castle very nearly down to the level of Wedgy Benn, and if you add back the power generated from all their hot air (which to the nearest integer is 148 kilowhatnervorry (KWMN) per cubic millipotrziebie (mp)) then the force generated (approx 128.6 furshlugginer blintzal (Fb-al)) would be enough to raise your I.Q. to almost mensa levels in as short a time as a mere 3 or 4 cowznofski (cow) - give or take a mingo (mi). Hope that's clarified the position...))

Which leads, quite neatly, to Ron's charity thingy...

TONY CROUCH. I am utterly against any ideas about charity appeals through zines so my vote is no. If one can add 1p for this and 2p for that charity soon to shall be importing kids from Bangladosh etc. Ron's time would be far better spent concentrating on games. And 1p is a 10-20% increase in the cost of most zines!

That point and Kern's letter made me wonder what other people's attitudes are towards games (and real life). I enjoy arguing, sometimes for the hell of it. I probably play games where one does all in one's power to win, and down the other fellow, because I wouldn't like to see the results of such a thing in real life. Great political ideas, theories etc add to the spice of a zine sometimes, but ventures of a practical kind brings about too much suggestion of seriousness for a hobby.

((That, in fact, summarizes quite all the response to Ron's appeal. I've had five people say 'no' and nobody at all has said 'yes'. So the idea is hereby dropped. I'm not particularly sorry actually as I've never been too keen on it - charity is a personal thing to my mind and I tend to object to having my arm twisted into contributing, no matter how gently. As far as I'm concerned we play games in zines and give to charity (if we want to) in real life - mixing the two is pointless.))

On the NGC...

JOHN LEFTICE. What the hell are the NGC Committee playing at? Since when could a Committee decide to create a new place on that committee and then co-opt someone to that place? If it isn't unconstitutional it damn well ought to be. You should have to stand for election like anyone else, no matter how suited for the job the Committee thinks you are.

((I'm glad someone's brought that up. The point is, that at present there is no constitution - Doubleday, Davidson and myself are still busy writing one - so the Committee is free to do pretty well anything it likes - which is of course one of the main reasons the constitution is now being prepared. Of course there's no reason to suppose that any constitution will forbid the Committee chopping and changing itself - and personally I'd like to see it allowed to do just that so as to enable it to react quickly to any emergencies that might crop up - but at least the position will be clarified. Remember also that in this particular case the Committee was never properly elected anyway as last years elections at Descontent weren't held due to their being only enough candidates to fill the vacant posts, and also that my appointment doesn't enlarge the Committee as Les Pinley has already been thrown off it.))

On our special topic - the sex life of Greg Hayes...

GREG HAYES. When called upon to reveal the devastating facts about my nocturnal revelry to MP my first reaction was one of no little surprise. After all, the editor of that excellent publication is surely too taken up in his relationship with his ravishing consort to worry about the prowess of others (though I have heard that Claire has been complaining about Richard's beard - apparently it has been tickling some peculiar part of her anatomy).

Of course, it must be remembered that my sex life up to now has not lasted as long as those of many of the older members of the NGC, for I have yet to reach my nineteenth birthday and have thus only been capable for a mere fifteen years or so.

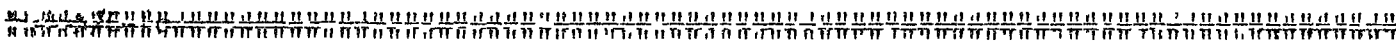
They say that the first time is always the best, and with what fond memories do I recall that beautiful, experienced woman who first taught me what life was all about. It was a few weeks after my fourth birthday when Sara, astounded at the completeness of my development at so early an age, decided to take me in hand. I mean, in...er...in hand! From that day until February 1974 I enjoyed the fruits of womanhood to the full. There was Miss L., who had to leave finishing school for unspecified reasons; Mrs. P., who divorced her ninth husband in November 1973; Miss K., who was sent down from Cambridge for 'repeated transgressions' and many, many more.

Then came the fateful day when, two years ago, I joined the NGC and started my first game of postal Diplomacy. My conquests dropped off (painful!) rapidly, until I was down to three a week. Then in September 1974 I began publishing Betelgeuse, and my turnover went down to one a month! It was a year before Betelgeuse folded and I came to Oxford, when things took a decided turn for the better, despite my continuing involvement in Diplomacy and the publishing of Turn of the Screw. I think rowing helped here; a recent investigation by the Sun newspaper has revealed that athletes and sportsmen (such as Doug Wakefield, Alan Sedgwick and myself) benefited in their performances if they had made love on the previous evening. Such was the case with me. Considering Univ of knocked Corpus II (my boat) out of the Christchurch regatta, I can only conclude that Mr. Waldie's visits to St. Anne's College did not go to waste!

Sadly though, my love-life is once again coming up against problems. (See the 'Dear Sharon' column in Yggdarsil). However, I am confident of further successes in the future - one can take Diplomacy too far you know! Hey! There's a thought!....

((So that's where the Open University got its name is it? Thanks Greg...))

((Actually that reminds me of one of the covers to Colin Hemming's XL about four years ago. The usual picture of two pairs of feet, outer ones pointed upwards and inner ones pointed down, and a caption that read 'I've never seen an Austrian army move there before!...'))



And not about yer actual games then, Brian?...

1974BT ('0') -- Spring 1912

WILL GERMANY MAKE IT?....

Or will the stalwarts get him first?...

FRANCE (Kelly): A Pic S (TURKISH) A Von, A Mar S A Bur, A Pic - Bel S by A Bur, F Eng S F Nth, F Lpl - Cly, F NAO -- Nrg, A Lon - Edn C by F Nth.

GERMANY (Burton): A Ber - Sil, A Hun - Bur, A Ruh S F Bel, A My stands, A Tyr stands, F Hol - Nth S by F Den F Bel & F Nrg, A Tri - Ser, A Ukr stands, A Sev stands, A Vic - Tri, F Kie - Hcl.

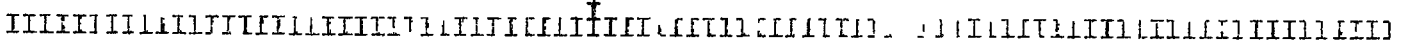
RUSSIA (Bullock): A Scr - Bul S by A Cro & A Rum.

TURKEY (Murphy): A Att - Sov, A Cen - Bul S by F Aeg, F LyS - Ion, A Apu S A Ven, A Ven S (FRENCH) A Pic - Tyr.

- No retreats.
- No press.
- No spacefillers.
- No Evans/Bullock plagiarisms.
- No more space!



Ooops dept. One of the players has proposed a 4-way dra. Votes with next set of orders please. No vote = yes (?er...).





'T' Game Bourse

|                            | <u>SPRING '05 D MALINGS</u> | <u>CROWNS</u> | <u>POUNDS</u> | <u>FRANCS</u> | <u>MARKS</u> | <u>LIRA</u> | <u>ROUBLES</u> | <u>PIASTRES</u> |
|----------------------------|-----------------------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|-------------|----------------|-----------------|
| 'Shylock'                  |                             | 0             | -2            | -500          | +583         | 0           | 0              | 0               |
| Phil Stutt                 |                             | +1112         | 0             | -500          | -500         | -500        | -104           | -500            |
| P. Walter Swanson          |                             | 0             | -499          | 0             | +308         | 0           | -2             | -500            |
| Ethulfrog Finance          |                             | -500          | -500          | +1583         | -500         | -500        | -500           | -500            |
| 'Cuthbert'                 |                             | +494          | -500          | -500          | 0            | +2          | +1             | 0               |
| Bullock Enterprises        |                             | -500          | -499          | +1304         | -500         | -500        | -1             | -1              |
| Steve Pratt                |                             | 0             | -8            | -500          | +704         | 0           | -500           | 0               |
| 'Credit Suisse'            |                             | -497          | -2            | +875          | 0            | -279        | 0              | -500            |
| 'Aries'                    |                             | -500          | -500          | -500          | +1702        | +1          | -500           | -500            |
| Tony Ball                  |                             | -500          | 0             | +1022         | -500         | 0           | +3             | 0               |
| Phil Murphy                |                             | -500          | 0             | 0             | +1075        | -500        | 0              | -383            |
| Dave Pollard               | IMR2                        | 0             | 0             | 0             | 0            | 0           | 0              | 0               |
| Jeremy Maiden              | NMR                         | 0             | 0             | 0             | 0            | 0           | 0              | 0               |
| 'Devil'                    |                             | +164          | 0             | -92           | 0            | 0           | -500           | 0               |
| Paul Simpkins              |                             | 0             | +2856         | -500          | 0            | 0           | -1             | -1              |
| Duncan Morris              |                             | -100          | +3000         | +1            | +75          | -500        | -498           | -500            |
| <u>Nett Trade</u>          |                             | -1327         | +3347         | +1693         | +2447        | -2776       | -2602          | -3385           |
| <u>Old Value - \$/unit</u> |                             | 3.93          | 0.58          | 3.31          | 2.84         | 1.28        | 0.68           | 1.17            |
| <u>New Value - \$/unit</u> |                             | 3.80          | 0.91          | 3.47          | 3.08         | 1.01        | 0.42           | 0.84            |

Notes: Dave Pollard NMRs for the second time and gets just one more chance to stay in the game.

Tiny tiny adjustments made to 'Cuthbert' and Bullock's transactions (+1 R, -1 £ respec.) to stop them wasting money...

| <u>NEW HOLDINGS</u> | <u>CROWNS</u> | <u>POUNDS</u> | <u>FRANCS</u> | <u>MARKS</u> | <u>LIRA</u> | <u>ROUBLES</u> | <u>PIASTRES</u> | <u>Total Value</u> |
|---------------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|-------------|----------------|-----------------|--------------------|
| 'Shylock'           | 7414          | 0             | 2905          | 3841         | 0           | 0              | 0               | 50083              |
| Phil Stutt          | 3998          | 0             | 2500          | 2533         | 5639        | 0              | 725             | 37973              |
| Pete Swanson        | 2643          | 1674          | 2500          | 5241         | 0           | 0              | 887             | 37129              |
| 'Cuthbert'          | 5660          | 646           | 585           | 3269         | 2           | 1              | 0               | 34196              |
| Mick Bullock        | 3372          | 601           | 5304          | 728          | 2           | 0              | 0               | 34009              |
| Steve Pratt         | 4500          | 500           | 2521          | 2167         | 0           | 200            | 0               | 33061              |
| John Piggott        | 2210          | 1             | 2772          | 2113         | 4640        | 250            | 3956            | 32640              |
| 'Credit Suisse'     | 3500          | 0             | 4212          | 1000         | 0           | 0              | 1000            | 31835              |
| 'Aries'             | 3103          | 1500          | 1657          | 3272         | 1           | 1001           | 500             | 29325              |
| Tony Ball           | 1100          | 0             | 4946          | 1593         | 0           | 3              | 0               | 26250              |
| Phil Murphy         | 3288          | 1             | 1023          | 2075         | 1207        | 1              | 0               | 23655              |
| Dave Pollard        | 890           | 1503          | 2538          | 2001         | 1000        | 500            | 1033            | 21807              |
| Jeremy Maiden       | 650           | 1200          | 2475          | 1650         | 0           | 653            | 0               | 17506              |
| 'Devil'             | 658           | 0             | 4019          | 0            | 0           | 790            | 0               | 16778              |
| Paul Simpkins       | 2121          | 2857          | 1238          | 500          | 0           | 0              | 0               | 16495              |
| Duncan Morris       | 0             | 5773          | 1             | 75           | 4000        | 5002           | 0               | 11628              |

Chi's tips = \$3.63. Hm....

Tycoon (part 5) -- amendment: Stutt was not fat.

The Kop: For Sale. One pocket calculator. Good at checking other people's Bourse orders but liable to make mistakes on own. Will consider exchange for abacms or the complete unexpurgated unpublished diaries of John Lettice, subtitled 'How I ripped-off half of British Diplomacy and then slunk back without as much as a by your leave'.

Tycoon (part 6): Disposing of Nye's body was easy. Stutt had Pratt post it to P. Walter Swanson, financier and wheeler-dealer extraordinaire, wrapped in plain brown paper. Three days later the package was returned, giving off an interesting odour and in the undignified position for a body of having £2.59 postage due.

"You P-p-p-pratt, P-p-p-ratt!"

Now if I was Andy Evans I'd start the next game here. But old stagers like me and Bullock know better than that - oh Mick? - and can pad out a page without even making it look like a spacefiller by saying something like over the page now for....



1974EB ('R') -- Spring 1909

BACK AGAIN, ON WITH THE SHOW....

With some of the cast making their exits...

Duncan's plea to hold the game over was caused by his non-receipt of MP, as he explains below. A situation that could well be repeated if Rhodesia doesn't come to its senses fairly soon I suspect...

ENGLAND (Meadon): A Edi - Nwy C by F Nrg, A StP - Mos S by A Lvn, A Fin - StP, F GoB stands, F Swe stands, A War - Ukr.

FRANCE (Nathan): F Tun - Ion, F TyS - Nap S by A Rom, F GoL - TyS, F Mar - GoL, A Ven - Apu, A Pie - Ven, A Boh - Vie, F Alb - Tri S by A Tyr, A Sil - Gal, A Ber stands, A Par - Bur.

GERMANY (Pollard): NIR: A Vie stands unordered.

ITALY (Churchill): NMR: F Nap stands unordered. (8 weeks not long enough for you?)...

RUSSIA (White): A Mos S A Ukr, A Ukr S A Mos, A Gal S (GERMAN) A Vie, A Bud S A Gal.

TURKEY (Morris): A Tri - Bud S by A Ser, A Bul - Rum, F Gre - Alb, F EMS - Ion S by F Aeg, A Con stands unordered.

Retreats: Italian F Nap disbanded.

Russian A Mos - Sev, A Bud annihilated.

Standby orders for GERMANY please from DAVE BLACK (5 Balliol Street, Glasgow C3, Scotland). Thanks Dave (and thanks for the set this time) - vot, not Turkey?...

Joril to the World: My apologies for the delay, but MP51 only arrived on the deadline day, having been misrouted by the Rhodesian PTC (P.O.). This was all the more annoying as I am working for them! Further complications arose when they refused to telegram my orders, as 'they are in an unauthorised code'!!

Inrryr: Maybe I should send the Rhodesian 'government' (I use the term loosely) a set of my house rules?...

Joril: PROCLAMATION. The Turkish government has, after much thought, decided to admit to French claims that Trieste is an integral part of Italy, and will therefore hand over the city as soon as possible. In return, it is to be hoped that the French trawler fleets will respect the Turkish fishing limits, and find sufficient fish for their needs in Naples harbour!

We wish to point out that in attacking our old ally Russia, we seek not to destroy her, but rather to establish a secure northern flank. This move is therefore to be considered as a purely defensive measure, and not as a 'stab', since the recent collapse of the Russian northern front has threatened our own borders.

-- by order: Sultan C. Rhodes.

(+)(+)(+)(+)(+)(+)(+)(+)(+)(+)(+)(+)(+)(+)(+)(+)(+)(+)(+)(+)(+)(+)(+)(+)(+)(+)

1975DD ('S') -- Autumn 1905

FROG EMPIRE RULES O.K.!

Has Piglet learnt how to play at last?...

Votes on concession to France/Italy: 3 for, 3 against, 1 no vote. On we go...

AUSTRIA (Murphy): A Ber MS A Mun, A Ser & A Rum both S A Bud, A Bud S A Rum.

ENGLAND (Black): F Cly - Edi, F StP(NC) stands, A Sve - Nwy.

FRANCE (Piggott): A Bur - MUn, A Ruh - Kie S by A Hol, F Nth - Den, A Lpl S F Edi, A Wal - Lon, F GoL - TyS.

GERMANY (Noble): A Den - Kie, F Kie - Ber.

ITALY (Holborn): F Alb - Ion S by F Gre, F Nap - TyS, A Vie - Bud S by A Tri, A Ven S A Tri, A Tyr - Pie.

RUSSIA (Kelly): A Ukr - Gal, A Sev - Mos, A Arm - Sev, F Nrg S (ENG) F StP(NC) - Nwy.

TURKLY (Vickers): F Ion - Tun, F Lok - Arm, F Say stands, A Bul - Gro.

Retreat: German F Kie - Hel.

Adjustments etc. on next page...

'S' Game contd...

Winter 1905 Adjustments

- A: 5 Centres: Bud, Ser, Mun, Rum, Ber. No change.
- E: 3 Centres: ~~Edi~~, ~~Nvy~~, Nvy, Sve. +StP. No change.
- F: 11 Centres: Bre, Mar, Par, Spa, Por, Bel, Lpl, Lon, +Kie, +Hol, +Edi.  
Builds F Mar, A Par, F Bre.
- G: 1 Centre: ~~Kie~~, ~~Nol~~, +Den. GM removes F Hel.
- I: 6 Centres: Nap, Rom, Ven, ~~Tyr~~, Tri, Vie, Gre. Removes A Ven.
- R: 3 Centres: Mos, Sev, ~~StP~~, War. Removes A Sev.
- T: 5 Centres: Ank, Con, Smy, Bul, +Tun. Builds F Con.

Ankara: The Turkish Government wishes to remind the Central Powers that no peace treaty could be valid unless Turkey was admitted to the conference table.



1975FA ('V') -- Autumn 1903

TURKEY SPREADS HIS WINGS.  
That Parrott's no chicken....

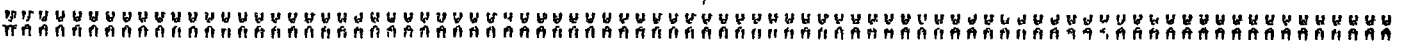
- AUSTRIA (Kelly): A Bud - Rum, A Tri - Bud, A Vie - Bud.
- ENGLAND (Buckingham): F Nth - Nvy S by F Nrg, A Nvy - Sve.
- FRANCE (Meadon): F Wal - Lpl, F Eng - Lon, A Mar - Gas, A Spa - Mar,  
F WMS S (TURKISH) F Ion - Tun.
- GERMANY (Prevot): F Den S (ENGLISH) A Nvy - Sve, F Ska S (ENGLISH) F Nth - Nvy,  
A Mun - Bur S by A Bel, A Kie stands, A Sil - Mun.
- ITALY (Barsan): F MAO S (FRENCH) A Mar - Spa, A Pie - Mar, A Tyr - Ven, F TyS - Tun.
- RUSSIA (Burton): A StP - Nvy S by F Bar & F Sve, A War stands, A Gal - Rum S by A Ukr.
- TURKEY (Parrott): A Arm - Sev S by F Bla, A Ser S A Rum, F Ion - Nap, F Gre - Ion,  
A Rum S A Ser.

Retreat: Russian F Sve - Bal.

Winter 1903 Adjustments

- A: 3 Centres: Bud, Tri, Vie. No change.
- E: 3 Centres: ~~Edi~~, ~~Lon~~, ~~Lpl~~, +Nvy, +Sve. No change.
- F: 7 Centres: Bre, Mar, Par, Spa, Por, +Lpl, +Lon. Builds F Bre, F Mar.
- G: 6 Centres: Ber, Kie, Mun, Den, Hol, Bel. No change.
- I: 3 Centres: ~~Nap~~, Tun, Ven, Rom. GM removes F MAO.
- R: 3 Centres: Mos, ~~StP~~, StP, War, ~~Syr~~, ~~Rum~~, ~~Nvy~~. Removes F Bar, A Gal & (GM) F Bal.
- T: 9 Centres: Ank, Con, Smy, Bul, Ser, Gre, +Sev, +Rum, +Nap. Builds A Con, A Ank, F Smy

Venice: No hard feelings Hun.



1975FW ('X') -- Spring 1902

STORMS IN THE SOUTH-EAST  
Forecast. continuing chargeable...

Error time first. The Austrian 'A Tri - Ven' should have been underlined last time as impossible (it was in Vie, not Tri), resulting in Italy gaining Trieste from Austria and making the builds F Nap & A Rom for Italy and A Bud for Austria. Affected parties were informed. Sorrecco....

- AUSTRIA (Meadon): A Bud - Tri S by A Vie & A Ser, F Gre - Alb.
- ENGLAND (Tant): A Bel S (FRENCH) A Bur - Ruh, A Lon - Hol C by F Nth,  
F Nvy - StP(NG), F Edi - Nrg.
- FRANCE (Hammon): F Por - MAO, A Bur - Ruh, A Spa - Mar, A Par - Bur, F Mar - GoL.
- GERMANY (Lettice): F Den - Sve, A Ruh - Bur S by A Mun, A Kie MS A Hol.
- ITALY (Rundle): A Tri MS A Ven, A Rom - Apu, F Nap - TyS, F Tun - Ion.
- RUSSIA (Plater): F GoB - StP(SC), A Ukr - Mos, A Gal - Rum, F Rum - Sev.
- TURKEY (Baker): A Bul - Gre, A Con - Bul S by F Bla, F Smy - Aeg.

next page for retreats, press etc.....

'X' Game contd...

Retreat: Italian A Tri - Tyr.

Many thanks for the unused standby orders from Paul Willey - or, thank you too Ron...

Turkey - Italy: Want a strong alliance so we don't quarrel in the Med? Write to this address....

A Continuing Story (part 3): "That is a tattooed map, which will lead us to the lost civilisation of Halifax, on the trail of the Golden Bullock. My partner, who trusts no-one, has tattooed it there, where only his eyes can behold it."

"At larst," exclaimed Miss Pendrell. "I've found it, after years a' searchin'".

"What do you mean?" Baird asked as Miss Pendrell stuck her hand up her sweater and produced a gun.

Removing her disguise while keeping the gun pointed at the other two she said, "I've been looking for this for years, ever since I first joined the DF!" The final words were spoken as the disguise fell away, revealing Jon Lovibondage! "With the Golden Bullock in our hands no one will be able to stop us gaining complete control of the world - not the NGC, the IDA, or even RJW!"

"No!" screamed the others in unison. "You'll never get the map! It will be over our dead bodies!"

"In your case Birks, it will be," hissed Lovibondage, shooting Baird between the eyes.

"No! Not me! No!" Birks yelled hysterically. "I'll do anything you want me to, but please don't shoot me."

"Did you say you'd do anything?" asked Lovibondage. "Oh goody...."

Now take it away Nick.....

Moscow to Berlin: Get stuffed you fat black pudding eater.

Moscow to London: Go drown yourself you poofy pink pork pie eater. I don't make alliances with dolts.

Sarky Dept.: What's up, Lettice hasn't dropped out yet?

The Gamis File (part 2): "Good morning ladies and gentlemen. May I have your attention please." The voice came across the intercom loud and clear, splitting right through the noise and hubbub of the expectant passengers waiting below. "Will the passengers travelling on flight 1901AAT please go to departure lounge 4 where your boarding cards will be inspected."

The crowd of 90 passengers began making their way towards the departure lounge. The commotion was watched by a long-blond-haired lady wearing a revealing blouse and brilliant white trousers. She was standing on the first floor, looking down at the passengers. Beside her were a collection of 23 briefcases of assorted sizes and colours. She lifted her left arm to her mouth and appeared to cough. In fact she was speaking into a transmitter which was in the black stone of her ring.

"Claire 1 to FU2. Any description of the subject? Repeat, any description?"

"FU2 to Claire 1. The subject was followed from HQ this morning and is carrying a light brown leather attache case with dark brown securing straps. Over and out."

Claire began sorting a similar case from the pile and went to join the others.

Meanwhile: The entire operation had been watched through binoculars by Pym from a room nearby. He also went to join the other passengers.

The three stewardesses were checking the boarding cards. The snake-like procession then proceeded towards the beautiful sleek white creature that waited to take them to Bahrain.

From the passenger lounge four seemingly eager aircraft spotters were studying intently the commotion around Concorde. "Shit!" they cried, almost in unison. For they had all seen eight brown attache cases with dark brown securing straps. There was also one dark brown attache case, with light brown securing straps - poor old Ho Rayner, wrong again....

The No. Sherrads (part 3): Covent Garden: The two figures picked their way carefully through the disused warehouse, avoiding the shadowy shapes that formed and re-formed, sometimes as assassins, sometimes as strange and menacing vehicles from another

planet, sometimes as hot-dog stalls, and sometimes as all three. A small, plump figure who introduced himself as Nye received them, and whisked the master detective (for it was he) and his assistant through a side door to a brightly-lit office high above the market.

Nye was agitated. He had to give up these hot-dogs. He introduced himself as IDA controller for the UK. He pressed a buzzer and a door opened, revealing a crumpled heap of clothing. "At ease, Walkerdine," Nye commanded. The clothes crumpled some more, and a snoring bald head with one eye in the middle of its forehead appeared. The midget shuffled up to the master detective and presented a clip-board.

"As you know Holmes, these are our confidential reports on the aptitudes of our agents in the UK." Nye picked up another hot-dog. "The one at the bottom with the large negative next to his name is 'Scoop' Swanson, our chief troubleshooter."

"So you want Watson and me to investigate? Now the matter of a fee..." A glint appeared in the master detective's eye. Nye shifted uncomfortably and bit at the hot-dog, which exploded.

Holmes brushed the brains from his face and felt his empty wallet. A crestfallen expression crept insiduously across his face. Watson patted him on the shoulder. "Perhaps we can still track down...."

"Track down whom? He didn't say."

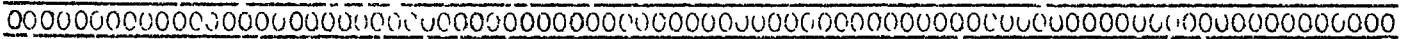
"The idiot who's writing this press release!"

A typewriter in Brentford: As she turned away he held her by the wrist, and pulled her back to him. Her soft warm body was crushed against his. She relaxed, and a sensuous quiver ran through her form.

"Have you ever...."

"Never before," she answered breathlessly.

"Then you're lucky you met me. It's not everyone who can rip-off every spy story and Raymond Chandler film ever made in one press release, you know." He sat down at his typewriter....



Orphans Report

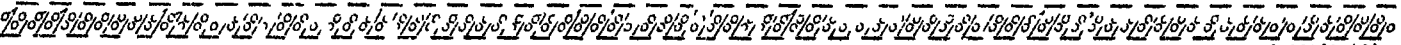
Black Spot and TUCA games. A rather disappointing response so far, with plenty of players replying to my questionnaire but many of them saying they don't wish to continue. Only one game, Spotty, definitely continuing so far and this will be run by Jeremy Maiden - details going out with this issue. I'll wait a few more weeks to see if the response improves before giving the others up.

E&OE game. Norman has now contacted the players I believe.

Orbit games. No reply from Paul Cook. If I don't hear from him within a couple more weeks I'll go ahead and try to rescue the games.

Hannibal games. Next on the list? Any comments Dermot?...

The IDA/UK £1 per game subsidy for GIs taking orphans now seems to be agreed. Cheques will be going out in a week or two.



MP53 (on its own!)  
Richard J. Walkerdine  
43 Chapel Grove  
Addlestone  
Weybridge  
Surrey  
KT15 1UG  
England (U.K.)

RECEIVED  
TOUSSAINT  
POST OFFICE  
Richard Sharp  
27 Elm Close  
Amersham  
Bucks



RETURN REQUESTED  
IF UNDELIVERED  
(Return Postage Gt'd)