



THE SILENT SPEAKERS

A short story by Paul Willey

Part One

The church bells are ringing for the eleven o'clock service, and the hang under the bedclothes is beginning to stir. Peter's tousled head emerges to look at the clock below his photographers' certificates on the walls. He sighs slowly and starts to get out of bed. Sunday is a day of rest, and Peter likes to take the words literally.

His eye lights upon the top photograph in his half-open folio, and he hesitates. He reaches over and picks up the 20" x 16" picture. Still sleepy, he inadvertently dislodges the clock from its resting place with the corner of the mounting board.

The clock calmly told him it was ten past eight. The clock wasn't at all concerned about it. Jesus! Mr. Helder would go spare if he was late again! Peter leapt out of bed and pulled a shirt over his head. He dressed in forty seconds flat, putting the tie and battery shaver into his pocket. He could do that on the bus. He left the flat at a run, glancing at his watch. Eight fifteen. The bus was supposed to leave at eight fifteen, but it was often two or three minutes late.

He turned the corner in time to see the bus pulling away from the stop, and said a few words under his breath which might have displeased his mother, could she have heard them. He thought about the sarcastic comments Helder would make when he walked in. The old man would be thumbing through the prints of table top work he'd done yesterday, and pick a few holes in that, too.

Peter stopped at the kiosk to buy some cigarettes, for he'd left his own behind in the rush to get out, and strolled to the bus stop, lighting one. He hadn't quite reached the bus stop, when a vivid thought went through his mind. He saw himself standing on a railway station, waving to a departing train.

Immediately the thought was gone, but Peter stopped, quite shaken, for he knew with no doubt whatsoever, that it was not his own thought, and that the 'he' in the mental picture was not himself. Suddenly, the picture was back. It was a few seconds earlier, for the train was still standing in the station, and a young man with glasses and an old-fashioned haircut was looking at him. In his mind's eye he saw the arms reach out for the man, and he recognised them as a girl's arms.

He held on to the bus stop, trying to retain some sense of security against the alien nature of somebody else's thoughts invading his mind.

He looked around, possibly instinctively looking for the person who was transmitting these mental images.

The young man was getting onto the train and opening a window. The train began to move, and Peter felt the 'self' lift an arm. The chap with the haircut waved, and the head was sedately drawn in from the window. The window closed, but the thinker of the thoughts remained standing where she was watching the train go. Permeating all the thoughts was a sadness, a gentle sorrow.

Then Peter recognised her. He had never seen her before, but he knew quite certainly that she was the girl whose thoughts had gone into his own head. She was standing in the queue, waiting for a bus going the other way, and she, too, wore the astonished expression he himself had been wearing a second before. Peter caught the mental image he had conjured up a moment before of Mr. Helder looking up from the pictures with an elaborate glance at his watch. But the thought was 'second hand', overlaid with someone else's impressions of it. He knew that the girl, too, had picked up his own thoughts.

As she looked around, she saw him, and their eyes locked across the road. She was quite a looker, Peter thought. Fluffy blonde hair surmounting clear blue eyes and a delicate mouth. Her figure, too, was worth a second look. In fact it was a fourth or fifth! Instantly, Peter flushed with embarrassment as he sensed approval in her surveillance of himself. His tall stature, dark hair and dark eyes were all appraised and summed up with good impressions.

Peter felt himself moving across the road towards her. He had no idea what he was going to do or say, but he could no more have stopped himself from walking over to her than flown to the moon.

"Hello," he said.

"Hello," she replied, a little coyly.

It was a ridiculously mundane thing to say after the enormity of what had just happened to them, but what else could one say? As the thought was going through Peter's mind, he sensed it in hers as well.

"We - we've got to talk about it," he said.

"What - what do you mean?" she faltered, not knowing how to handle the situation.

"We can't just walk away from it and pretend it hasn't happened," he explained. "You must feel the same way. Would you ever forgive yourself? Would you never ask yourself what might have happened?"

"My bus," she observed, but even though she hadn't answered his questions, he knew what her answer had to be.

"I have to go to work, too," he admitted, "but tomorrow's Saturday. I'll buy you a drink at lunch time. The Stag. You know it?"

She was getting on to the bus. "What time?" she said.

"I don't know," he shrugged. The bus began to move. "One o'clock," he called after her. He saw her move down inside the bus as it gathered speed, drawing off into the distance, and wondered if she would turn up.

Peter restores the clock to its rightful place on the shelf and turns his attention to the top photograph of his folio. It shows a head-and-shoulders portrait of a very pretty girl, her blonde hair swept by the wind, the rough bark of a tree behind her contrasting with the smoothness of her skin.

"Great," said Peter, lowering the camera.

"It can't be," said the girl. "The wing blew just as you took it, and my hair went everywhere!"

"Didn't you know that the windswept look is in these days?"

"No, I insist you take it again."

"My dear girl," Peter said, "no photographer worth his salt could possibly refrain from shooting an entire roll of film on you - but we didn't reach any conclusion in our discussion in the pub."

"Whose fault was that?" she riposted. "You insisted we came out here because of your flannel that I was 'a natural model'."

"And now I insist we go back inside because it wasn't flannel, and I wouldn't like a natural model to die of thirst. - And," he added, leading the way into the pub, "I wouldn't like to rocket to overnight fame as the new David Bailey without knowing the name behind the lovely face that rockets me there."

"If I didn't know you better," she said, "I would take offence at all the compliments you keep throwing at me."

"Can I take up points in order?" enquired Peter. "Firstly, you only met me yesterday for about ten seconds, so 'if you didn't know me better' than what? Secondly, how can you take offence at compliments? And, thirdly, you still haven't told me your name."

"Well, I'll answer that first. It's Angela. Angela Petersen. And compliments? Girls don't like compliments they don't know how to handle. Fortunately, I know you're only playing the fool. I mean, have you forgotten the way we met yesterday?"

"Indeed," he nodded. "You're a witch and you beguiled me with a telepathic charm," he explained, continuing to play the fool. "And now, witch, answer the question I'm thinking of."

With scarcely a pause, she said, "Another gin and tonic, please."

"Good God!" he exclaimed, astonished.

"I cheated," she admitted. "Since we have arrived at the bar and you are trying to catch the barman's eye, it seemed to be the only possible question. No telepathy, I'm afraid."

"Having bought the drinks and led her to a table, Peter said, more seriously, "It's a little scary really. Do you think what happened at the bus stop was just a flash in the pan? I mean it hasn't happened today."

"I don't know," she answered, soberly. "At least it hasn't happened in the same way..."

"I know what you mean," he told her. "There haven't been any vivid pictures, but I can tell the way you're feeling just as you know I was playing the fool, when most people who don't know me very well are still wondering. It's a kind of sympathy - or

perhaps empathy is a better word. There's an empathy between us -"

It is ironic that it was at that precise moment that Peter noticed the engagement ring on her finger. Angela didn't notice the direction of his glance, but, instantly aware of his sudden discomfort, she looked at him sharply. She caught her own image of the young man on the station, coming questioningly from Peter's mind, superimposed by the image of the ring. He suddenly looked up from his drink again, for he had caught an image in her mind of herself writing a letter, and sealing the ring into an envelope.

She took the ring off. "Well," she smiled, "I've given you my name. You'd better tell me yours if I'm going to write a 'Dear John' letter about you."

Peter was a little stunned. She had spoken with him for only a few minutes, yet she was seriously proposing to break off her engagement on his account. Yet he was able to understand it, for, although he didn't believe in love at first sight, the mental link they shared gave the same effect as having known her for years, and he realised that if he wasn't careful he could fall in love with her very quickly.

Peter closes the folio on the photograph and gets up to draw back the curtains and survey the weather. Cloudy, but not cold. What's he going to do with a cloudy Sunday, he asks himself, while he drinks a cup of coffee and smokes a cigarette. Dave and Reg will be down at the Stag, of course, once it's open. Peter hasn't seen them for some time, and he doesn't particularly want to see them. Nor does he want to see the Stag again. He gets dressed and goes to the car. He will go for a drive and visit a different pub. Maybe have a spot of lunch there. He presses the starter.

The engine of the old Mini fired first time. Certainly it was old, but it was in good condition, and the price had been right. The salesman, with Peter's cheque still in his hand, gave a slight wave, and Peter drove cautiously out into the road. There was no problem about deciding on his first stop, for Angela didn't know he was buying the car, and it would be a surprise for her to share his pleasure in it.

Sure enough, she was delighted with his purchase, and readily agreed to a quick spin in the country, telling him she knew he had been excited about something. The feeling over his first car was infectious anyway, but with the power they shared it was multiply so.

They had been going out together for three or four weeks now, and knew one another very well. From time to time, they would catch glimpses of each other's thoughts, but never at will. It was like a door blowing open between minds, allowing each a view of what was on the other side. Although this detailed form of telepathy was only intermittent, there was a more general form which was always present. Even when they were not together, each knew the mood of the other, whether they were happy, sad, excited or bored.

They reached a mutual decision - without need of words - to stop the car in the Spring sunshine, and they walked hand in hand across a field beside a pretty little stream. At length, they sat on Peter's jacket beside it.

After drinking in the scenery for a few minutes, Angela started to idly lob pebbles at a tin can washed up beside the water. Peter began, equally idly, to carve on a piece of driftwood with his penknife.

"You're a rotten shot," he told her after a moment. "You haven't hit it once yet."

She laughed and looked at what he was doing. He had carved a loveheart on the wood. "I hereby name this ship the Angela Peter," he said, "and may God bless all who sail in her." He leaned forward, and launched the wood into the stream, and it began to bob off along the water.

"You are a fool," she laughed and, impulsively, they were in each other's arms. As his lips came down to touch hers, the 'door' blew open - but this time it was different. What Peter saw was Angela's recollection of kissing John, her former fiance, and what she saw in his mind, he didn't know. He did know, however, that it was something deeper than his conscious thoughts, some memory of the past.

They broke apart as impulsively as they had come together, in an effort to hug her face as much as anything, Angela turned back to her can. She hurled a pebble at it with a dull clang, it sent the tin skittering across the mud and back into the water, where it quickly sank from view.

"Shall we head back?" Peter said quietly.

Wordlessly, they walked back along the bank of the stream towards the road. There was a cloud on the horizon, and the taste in their mouths was not quite right.













'T' Game Bourse

Autumn '06 Dealings	CROWNS	POUNDS	FRANCS	MARKS	LIRA	ROUBLES	PLASTRES
'Shylock'	+337	0	-499	-500	0	0	0
Phil Stutt	+161	0	0	0	-500	0	-225
'Cuthbert'	+342	0	-85	-499	-1	-2	-3
Embull Enterprises	+353	-2	-496	0	0	0	0
Pete Swanson NHR	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Steve Pratt	-500	0	-500	+1517	0	+8	0
'Credit Suisse'	+89	0	-113	-500	+1500	+2003	0
Ethilfrog Finance	-500	0	-500	+1746	-500	-1	-499
'Aries'	-500	-500	+762	0	0	0	0
Tony Ball	+636	0	-500	-497	0	+2	0
Phil Murphy	+715	0	-500	-500	-500	0	0
Jeremy Maiden	+6	-200	0	-500	0	+15000	0
'Devil'	+20	0	-28	0	0	-4	0
Duncan Morris	-315	-500	-201	-106	-500	+32689	0
<u>Nett Trade</u>	+1084	-3902	-2660	+161	-501	+43695	-727
<u>Old Value - \$/unit</u>	4.61	0.39	3.28	2.60	0.72	0.09	0.47
<u>New Value - \$/unit</u>	4.71	0.00	3.02	2.61	0.67	5.05	0.40

Paul Simpkins has resigned by the way. Well, with Russia still in the game - though I don't fancy his chances of surviving another year after those transactions - two or three of you are likely to snag a bit of a profit before the Rouble finally tumbles to zero. A nice bit of speculation, that - well done!

And it's (at least temporarily) changed the table a bit too...

<u>New Holdings</u>							<u>Total Value</u>
Duncan Morris:	0	4278	0	0	2500	36691	0 187607
Jeremy Maiden	1105	0	1975	1430	0	15015	0 9077-
'Shylock'	9700	0	1406	2342	3	0	0 56047
'Credit Suisse'	3963	0	4001	300	1503	2003	0 42693
'Cuthbert'	6932	0	0	2270	0	0	0 38574
Phil Stutt	5085	0	2000	2033	4639	0	0 38404
Steve Pratt	4000	0	2713	3017	0	520	0 37553
Mick Bullock	5302	0	3808	0	0	0	0 36472
Pete Swanson	3073	674	1500	6205	0	0	2 35206
John Piggott	2343	0	3105	2859	3141	0	2457 30961
'Aries'	2320	707	3135	3272	0	1	0 28944
Tony Ball	3385	0	3448	96	0	4	0 26627
Phil Murphy	3503	0	1660	1075	207	0	0 24456
'Devil'	719	0	4026	0	0	0	0 15545

Joril: If you've got to go - get out at the top!

1975FA ('V') — Spring 1905 Parrott still refusing to be caged in...

- AUSTRIA (Kelly): A Gal - Var S by A Sil.
  - ENGLAND (Buckingham): A StP S (RUSSIAN) A Mos, F Edi - Hrg, F Nry S (J.E.P.) F Den - Hri.
  - FRANCE (Meadon): F WMS - Spa(SC), F Yor - Edi S by F Cly, F Eng - Nth, A Gas - Bre, F Mar stands.
  - GERMANY (Prevot): F Den - Nth, F Nth - Bel S by A Hol, F Kie - Hel, A Mun - Bei, A Bur - Gas S by A Par.
  - ITALY (Birsan): A Rom - Apu, A Ven - Apu, F Gre - Aeg.
  - RUSSIA (Burton): A Ukr - War S by A Mos.
  - TURKEY (Parrott): A Rum - Bud, A Arm - Sev S by F Bla, A Sev - Pum S by A Bul, F Ion S (FRENCH) F WMS - Tun, F Adr - Ven S by A Tri, F Nap - Rom.
- Retreats: Italian A Ven - Tyr.

'V' Game contd....

A vote has been called on a concession to Turkey - votes with your next set of orders please.

Nasrib: Will all those interested in stopping Turkey please cease fighting over Paris and send their armies and fleets east.

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1975FW ('X') -- Autumn 1903 Savage Austrian dismemberment shock horror!

AUSTRIA (Meadon): A Alb - Tri S by A Vie & A Bud,

ENGLAND (Tant): F Nwy stands, F Nth - Eng, A Yor stands.

FRANCE (Hammon): F WMS - Tun S by F NAF, A Mar - Bur, A Bur - Ruh, A Par - Pic.

GERMANY (Lettice): F Ska - Nwy, A Mun stands, A Hol MS A Bel, A Den marks.

ITALY (Rundle): F Ion - Tun S by F TyS, A Tri MS A Tyr,

RUSSIA (Plater): F Sve & A StP both S (GERMAN) F Ska - Nwy, A Mos - War,  
 F Sev S A Rum, A Gal - Bud S by A Rum, A Ukr - Gal.

TURKEY (Baker): F EMS - Ion S by F Gre, A Bul S A Ser, F Con - Aeg,  
 A Ser S (RUSSIAN) A Gal - Bud.

Retreats: Austrian A Bud disbanded. English F Nwy - Nth.  
 Italian F Ion - Nap.

#### Winter 1903 Adjustments

A: 1 Centre : Vie, ~~Ser~~, ~~Tyr~~. Removes A Alb.

E: 3 Centres: Edi, Lon, Lpl, ~~Ser~~, ~~Nwy~~. No change.

F: 5 Centres: Bre, Mar, Par, Spa, Por. No change.

G: 7 Centres: Ber, Kie, Mun, Deh, Hol, +Nwy, +Bel. Builds F Kie, A Ber.

I: 5 Centres: Nap, Rom, Ven, Tun, +Tri. Builds A Rom.

R: 7 Centres: Mos, Sev, StP, War, Rum, Bud, Sve. No change.

T: 6 Centres: Ank, Con, Smy, Bul, Gre, +Ser. Builds A Ank.

English Gvmt to France: Keep what up?

The Gamis File, Part 4: The plane seemed to erupt as the passengers desperately tried to get into their lifejackets. The Whitehall emissary panicked as much as the others. While he was struggling to secure his lifeline he failed to notice that a hand reached under his seat, trying to find the diplomatic bag.

"Bugger, where's the bloody thing gone," swore the owner of the hand. "Who the f... has got it?"

Back in the cockpit the pilot was trying to bring the plane out of its nose-dive. Beads of perspiration formed on his brow, and after agonising seconds the big bird began to respond to his pleas...

With a shuddering crash Concorde hit the water and after skidding for some distance finally came to a halt. Richard Pym and Ho Rayner struggled to open the pilots hatch and jump out, quickly followed by the stewardess. All along the plane the passengers were scrambling out of the exits. After a few minutes she finally sank and the thirty survivors were left alone in the middle of a dark foreboding sea. Left alone, they were helpless and defenceless against the attacks of the many strange and dreadful creatures that lurk in the oceans depths...

After a couple of hours they heard noises. Coming from opposite directions were both a saviour and a destroyer! The mayday call had obviously been heard, and the local coastguard had sent a boat to their rescue. But coming from the other direction was an enormous sea creature, mouth agape, rushing towards them....

#### The New Sherrads, Part 6:

The White House Dungeons: Holmes stood on the stool by the window, a rope around his neck. "There, I told you I had a plan, didn't I?" Watson shook his head ruefully. Holmes glared at him, and with a cry of "Come and get me now, PIGS!" he kicked away the chair. The door flew open, Watson tripped the guard who rushed in, then stamped



thought. 'Just a few yards to one side and the tyrant would have been dead. Must have been that direct hit on my handlebar moustache that put me off. It'll take weeks to grow again. Curse that Le Tooth.'

He trimmed his hang glider for maximum speed of 35 knots at 5000ft and wove between the black bursts of flak. Another hectic moment and three more enemy aircraft went down in flames. He broke open the first aid box and stuck an adhesive plaster over a large hole which had appeared in his left wing. 'Don't build these kites like they used to,' he muttered between gritted teeth.

He again allowed his mind to wonder about the seemingly miraculous reappearance of Le Tooth. The world had thought him dead until he popped up as the new European dictator bent on total power. Rumour had it that one of the Old Gods had personally taken part in the resurrection, Arjaydublu the Omnipotent. Blamed by many for this infamous deed, it was hourly expected that other, equally powerful beings would enter the field and attempt to restrain Arjaydublu. Three of his temples had been burnt to the ground in the past month and his name had been removed from many charm bands. A-lan himself had experienced a divine dream, the reason he was even now returning from this hazardous mission over London.

'I'll be back,' he yelled to the wind as he turned across the coast, putting a parting burst through another one of the enemy for good measure. 'I'll be back!'

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### Les Pimley

This morning (Friday, 28th) I received the following letter from Mick Bullock.

Dear Richard,

I'd just sat down to write this letter when the phone rang. It was Pete Charlton, bearing the sad, grievously sad news that Les Pimley died at home - yesterday (25th) I think he said - apparently hospital treatment and observations had failed to come up with a cure for whatever it was. I'd thought - heard - earlier that it was heart trouble but I think Pete said a burst blood vessel in his brain (brain haemorrhage I suppose) - I'm rather unclear because he was too, and I was pretty stunned at the news, as undoubtedly you are.

That's all I can tell you at this stage, except that you and I have the dubious pleasure of breaking the news to everyone else. What I intend to do, and I hope it meets with the hobby's approval, is to send wreath/condolences and whatever else one does - these to be on behalf of the entire Diplomacy/games playing community. Then I think it would be fitting to start some sort of collection/fund - I'll organise this/collect whatever anyone wants to donate and presumably send it along to Pat in a month or so's time. Reason I'm explaining all this now is that news travels pretty slowly in this hobby and obviously I don't want this to drag on for too long. So the more mags that can make the announcement the better. I hope the NGC will consider an en bloc donation - for once I'll concede that it might be able to serve a useful function.

That's what Mick wrote, and that's all I know at the moment. There seems to be very little I can add to what Mick has already suggested - he seems to be coping admirably. Obviously I'm stunned and very saddened at this news, having met Les several times at the various cons over the past few years as well as having enjoyed the many issues of Black Spot and Shelobs Lair which he produced. I never knew him really well, our paths didn't cross all that often, but the contact I did have with him was enough to realise what a thoroughly nice bloke he was. And until the onset of his illness six or nine months ago he was one of the principal figures in the hobby - and I don't think he was even thirty years old....

So please, publishers, publish a plea for donations in your next issue - I'm sure everyone will agree this is the least the hobby can do. And I appeal to every single one of you reading this to please be as generous as you possibly can and send a donation to Mick Bullock at 14 Nursery Avenue, Halifax, West Yorkshire, HX3 5SZ, as soon as possible. I don't know what an appropriate amount might be - obviously you should send whatever you can afford - but I would think that about £1 would be a reasonable amount. And if there's an NGC committee meeting within the

next few weeks - or even if there isn't - I'll make sure that the club acts appropriately.

Poor Pat.

Hobby News

I'm afraid it's all going to seem a bit pointless after the above, but I suppose I can dredge up a few items to fill this last side with...

New Zine

From Paul Humphreys (27 Furrowfolde, Kingswood, Basildon, Essex), and planned to start in July when his exams are over. Paul says it will be a games oriented zine with any articles received also included. No game fees but a £1 returnable deposit would be charged and he's prepared to GM anything he has the rules for. The price is expected to be around the 5p plus postage mark. Apparently Paul has been running a school zine for quite a while so he's not exactly new to the pubbing business, and that should help ensure it's of good quality. No name yet, and more news when I get it.

Good luck Paul - we'll start trading as soon as you get started, okay?

DMPSH

Apparently, this Yggdarsil sub-zine is to fold! The intended rotary system of GMS etc did not work according to Hans Swift, and the sub-zine is to be replaced by another, with a new name, edited by Nick Morris and GM'd by Hans. A new game will be starting soon called 'Stanmore Constructors Ltd' and the IDA members among you should be able to play in it at a discount, so watch out for it.

News from Bree

This is Hartley Patterson's new-look Fantasy and SF fanzine, full of Dungeons and Dragons and lots of nice-looking artwork, all very neatly presented in a A4 photo-reduced format. All sorts of contributions are wanted including artwork and articles on boardgaming, miniatures, Dippy etc. 20p per ish from the man at 'Finches' 7 Cambridge Road, Beaconsfield, Bucks, HP9 1HW, UK.

Waiting Lists

Multiplicity: Paul Willey, Duncan Morris, John Lettice, Martin Hammon, Andy Evans. Two more required, plus a pref. list from Andy please. Starts as soon as it's filled, game fee same as for regular games.

Regular 'AA': Bill Orr, Roger Collins, Martin Dean, Richard Potts, Paul Segal, Nick Baker, Pete Charlton. Can start next ish if I get pref lists from Bill and Pete by then please.

Regular 'AC': Paul Simpkins, all on his own - six more wanted and will start three issues after 'AA' game. Roll up, and don't forget your preference lists.....

Well that's it for another four weeks. Next issue will contain the final part of Paul Willey's story, plus a 'cautionary tale' from John Lettice! Further in the future is yet another Willey story plus, perhaps, the return of Professor Crinklecrud for one mammoth final appearance as well as a couple of other odds and ends that I'm still thinking about - or trying to get other people to think about.....

Hmmm... and for the first time in over a year I've actually left enough room for me little symbol...

Bye....

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ISSUE +	I	T	''	S	+ 24TH.
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This document is typed on the world's most reliable type-writer based at the abode of one John Morrison, 9, Highfield Avenue, Inskip, Preston, Lancashire, PR4 0UE, telephone Catforth 690004, and printing is done in Imrryr, where, after the failure of West Ham, we will no doubt see the appearance of the Fletcher for England campaign again.

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Right then, as per normal, straight on with the games;

1975DT('U'): Spring 1905...FRENCH SUFFER SLIGHT SETBACK.

AUSTRIA(Ovens): F Gre-Aeg, A Run-Ukr S by A Gal, A Vie-Boh, A Tri-Tyr, A Bud-Run, A bul-Con.

ENGLAND(Haughan): F Wwy & F Hel S(GERMAN)F Den-Nth, F Swe-Dal, A StP-Mos.

FRANCE(Pratt): F Lpl-Cly, F MAO-NAO, F Wal-Lon, F Bre-Enc, A War-Lvn, F Nth S(GERMAN)F Den, A War A Ler-Pru, A Kie-Ber, A Hol-Kie, A Bel-Hol, A Par-Bur, A Mar stands.

GERMANY(Willey): F Den-Nth.

ITALY(Kelly): F Con-Pla, F EMS-Smy, A Ron & A Ven stand unordered.

RUSSIA(Lindsay). A Mos-StP, A Smy-Ank S by A Ana.

TURKEY (Anarchy): A Ank(in ezile) Stands.

Retreats: FRENCH F Nth-Ska. TURKISH A Ank annihilated-nowhere to go.

C of A: Willy Haughan has duly informed me that with effect from 21st June 1976 he will be at 72, Victoria Road, Workington, Cumbria. So make a note of it.

PRESS. For some unknown reason the amount of press in this game is remarkably low. So far I have got none at all, but if any arrives tomorrow, you will have to turn to page three to read it...Yes, I think I have filled in that space quite well, so over we go.....  
**NAY! STOP THE PRESSES...** Crimson King to ASSA MARRA: I should worry if the French cream you? I'm not likely to be here to see it. Pox on Army St. Petersburg!

And it's straight on with the next object, which is:

1975FL('u'): Autumn 1903. ....PROPOSAL DEFLATED, SO ON WITH THE SHOW.

AUSTRIA(Spanton): A Tri-Mic, F ADS-Tri, A War MS A Cal, A Bul-Con,  
A Rum S(RUSSIA)A Uki-Sev, F Gro stands.

ENGLAND(Allen): A Hol-Bel, F Ith-Bel, F Val-Lon, F Bre stands and  
watches.

FRANCE(Doubleday): NMR! F EnC & A Par stand unordered.

GERMANY(Villev): A Kuh-Bel S by A Mar, A Har S A Dur, F Lo S by  
A Del.

ITALY(Plater): A Tyr-Ven, F Ion-Aeg, A Tyr-Smy S by F ERS.

RUSSIA(Lindsay): A Str-Lvn, A Ukr-Sev S by A Mos, F Ny-Sie.

TURKEY(Coombe): NMR! A Con, F Bla, A Sev, A Smy all stand unordered.

Retreats: TURKISH A Sev annihilated-No retreat space given.

TURKISH A Smy annihilated-No retreat space given.

WINTER 1903 ADJUSTMENTS:

AUSTRIA: 8 CENTRES. bud, Tri, Vic, Gre, Ser, War, Rum, +Bul.  
BUILDS. A Bud.

ENGLAND: 5 Centres: Edl, Lon, Lpl, ~~Lpl~~, + Bro, +Hol.  
BUILDS: F Lpl.

FRANCE : 1 Centres: ~~Lpl~~, ~~Mar~~, Par.  
CM Removes F EnC.

GERMANY: 7 Centres: Der, Kie, Mun, Den, ~~Lpl~~, +Sve, +Del, +Mar.  
BUILDS: F Kie, A Mun.

ITALY : 5 Centres: Nap, Rom, Ven, Tun, +Smy.  
BUILDS A Rom.

RUSSIA : 4 Centres: Mos, Str, Ny, ~~Sy~~, + Sev.  
NO CHANCE.

TURKEY : 2 Centres. Ank, Con, ~~Smy~~, ~~Lpl~~, ~~Smy~~.  
NO CHANCE.

For those of you who have not noticed, one Mr. Lindsay of Lerkless 15,  
David Russell Hall, St. Andrews, Fife, has taken control of RUSSIA....  
.....great steaming moglamaniac.....



1975HL('W').....Continued.

Bundestag Headquarters, Berlin (Winter 1902). The Kaiser beamed. "Burgundy is ours, he told his barber (who, in fact, had told him). "Next season we shall take Marseilles or Paris, and our conquering armies will march across French soil. We shall have a continuous line of German soldiers from the North coast of the Baltic Sea to the South coast of the Mediterranean. "Er, what if the French try to retain Marseilles by moving their army into Marseilles?" enquired Herr Kutt. "Then not only will you not have soldiers on the South coast, but you won't be able to raise an army in the North." The Kaiser scowled at him. "You'd better hope it doesn't happen, because I shall order executions of all pessimists." The barber rapidly changed his tune. "Of course the easiest way to conquer France is to starve them into submission. You know what they say about the French President, ten meals a day keeps the Huns away. He couldn't survive on less than nine four-course meals. Simply burn all the vineyards." The Kaiser smiled. "Have you ever thought of having a General?" he asked. "No," replied the barber, "but I've often thought about having a General. You know that tall one with the blue eyes and the short blond hair? Tell him if ever he wants a haircut, I'll give him special ~~TREXXMEXXX~~ treatment."

Vienna: The Emperor's coach pulled into the capital. Already some of the populace were fleeing. The nobility had escaped days ago and now the people were left leaderless and frightened. "The troops are coming," came from all quarters. The Emperor reached his palace and surveyed the scene. What could be done? Who could save the city from the massed hordes of the foe?

Kaufmann spoke to him. "Perhaps we should bribe the Emetics to go away?" The Emperor sighed. Could Kaufmann only think of Economics?

Bundestag Headquarters, Berlin (Summer 1903). Herr Kutt removed the Kaiser's helmet, saluting it as he did so. The spike on the top was looking decidedly wobbly as the good barber nearly always tried to cut it off, mistaking it for a lock of the Kaiser's iron grey hair, but at least he had learned.

"I hear the English have moved into our territory in the Low Countries," he remarked conversationally. "Don't talk to me about that!" exclaimed the Kaiser. "Treachorous pigs! After the entire German Navy assisted them into Europe in the first place. Who knows, by the end of the year they might be in Kiel, raping and pillaging!"

"Really?" said the barber, raising an interocular eyebrow. "Raping, eh? Well, dear, I think next Autumn I might take a notice in Kiel. I always fancied Englishmen."

The Kaiser frowned at him in the mirror. For all his faults, he was a good barber. "Be careful, there could be a bloody battle in Kiel and/or Holland quite soon. The British will be flung back into the sea!"

((Cont. on next page...))

"What about the Italian army on our Southern border?" enquired the barber. "Then again," observed the Kaiser, "we might fail to defeat the English. I think I might ask some of our Diplomats if they can scrape up an alliance anywhere. Do you think France might take us back as an ally?"

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It now seems almost certain that the annex will be folding. I shall complete the two games that are at present in the zine, but there is will probably cease. There are a number of reasons, but the main one is the fact that my new job is going to keep me very busy. Besides re-taking my Institute of Statisticians Finals exams which will involve a great deal of studying, I am now away from home a lot more of the time. I am in fact at Salford University for a week in early June for a seminar on Reliability Analysis, and have opted to stay in the Halls of Residence, so I will be able to see just how you University plods actually live.

Next, thanks to all of you who voted for the zine in the MP Poll. I did at least have more voters than anyone else, which can't be bad. You may have noticed the zine that came 16th ('What do you mean, No!') which was called Eclipsor. It apparently comes from the pen of one Paul Willey, at least I assume that's the case as Paul is crowing about it in his letter to me (Curses on you Willey, I hope the Bird of Paradise flies up your nose...). Seriously though, that's a pretty good result when you consider that it only has variants at the moment, and that if you subscribe to it you must play or be a standy. No gamefee, just 5p per issue + postage. There, that should get me a mention in it.

I'm sure there's something else, but I can't remember it. Ho hum. Oh! By the way, the issue number on the front should read 57, not 54. Well, that's it, see you all next issue. Happy Whitsun.

+++++

MF56 & Annexe37

Richard J. Walkerdine  
43 Chapel Grove  
Addlestone  
Weybridge  
Surrey  
KT15 1UG  
England (UK)

Richard Sharp  
27 Elm Close  
Amersham  
Bucks

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