

Editorial

No, I haven't changed my mind. In fact if anything I am even more resolved to wind up MP as quickly as possible than I was last month.

It's a very funny thing, but nonetheless true, that the mere act of actually putting down on paper my intention to fold seems to have had an effect on my attitude to the hobby. Now that I know I really am on the way out I find I have scarcely any interest at all in MP any more, and only a rather lukewarm interest in the games I am playing. Strange, isn't it? As little as a month ago the thought of NMing anywhere was almost too hideous to contemplate; now, while still preferring not to of course, the idea of missing someone's deadline is no more than a minor irritant. Any thoughts I may have had last month of making the final issue a really bumper spectacular have also waned somewhat - I simply don't want to publish any more. In fact this issue is only a few lines old so far and already I'm wishing I was at the end. If I were you I would expect the last few issues of MP to be very thin and very boring. Sorry but that's the way it goes it seems..

So how to actually wind it up? Well I've had several offers of homes for the games; all of them very gratefully received - thanks chaps, very much. The problem is that in just about all cases it's publishers offering to take on two or three of my games. Now that's fine as far as it goes, and by taking up three or four such offers I could unload everything. But that would mean that a player in two or three games could end up subbing to several extra zines as replacement for MP, and apart from the problem of different deadlines to remember for each game it would mean him forking out a lot more money in subs. So I'll take up these kind offers as a last resort, but first I'll try to arrange something a bit better from the point of view of the players.

And that 'something' comes in the shape of Neil McDonald and John Herlihy, who have apparently been toying with the idea of starting their own zine for some time now and see my fold as a good opportunity to get it under way. They have offered to take on all the regular games in a zine of their own which would be a fast-turnround zine containing moves and press but little else. There are a few problems to sort out like the fact that deadlines would be too close for overseas players to be involved and a couple of the games have John and Neil in as players, but these could all be resolved with a bit of thought.

In fact since typing the above I've spoken to John on the phone and the idea now looks even more promising. There are a few things still to sort out, but it now seems likely that they will be able to take on all the games - variants as well - and by retaining the current four-week deadlines for the first few months allow overseas players to complete their games without any difficulty. I'll have to have another chat with them when I've got this issue put to bed but at the moment it looks as though next issue could be the last MP of all, with John and Neil taking over from what would have been MP74. All being well I will have chapter and verse on this next issue.

And now it only leaves me to thank all of you who have been kind enough to tell me that you will miss old MP when it goes. The letters and comments I have been receiving really have been very much appreciated - you're all very kind, very understanding, and as nice a bunch of people as any hobby could possibly hope to contain.

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ROKKOR
by Paul Willey

Nick Morgan, a young photographer who is host to Rokkor, an alien symbiote, is locked in a death struggle with a man who is under the control of a similar alien. Forbes, the other man, has Nick in an unbreakable stranglehold.

PART TWELVE

A red mist before his eyes, Nick tried one last desperate act to save his life. He brought his knee up with as much force as he could muster between his opponent's legs. Any normal man would have collapsed in agony. Forbes did not bat an eyelid. Forbes himself, if he was still sane within his body after being unable

to operate his own limbs for so many days, would probably be in dire agony. Gradon however, the alien who was driving the mans body, was obviously not connected to his host's pain receptors and was impervious to the hurt.

As Nick felt himself beginning to lose consciousness he was suddenly filled with fresh energy, as though he had been able to take a deep breath, though he knew he had not. His eyes cleared and the pain in his chest subsided. Even before he heard Rokkor's words in his ears he knew what had happened. The alien, who could store oxygen, had released a great quantity of it into Nick's bloodstream. Invigorated, he renewed the struggle.

The two men twisted, Nick still trying to break the other's grip, Forbes still grimly squeezing. Nick saw the bright light from the corridor over his assailant's shoulder and realized that they had somehow exchanged places. The bed was now behind him. He remembered the knife Forbes had plunged into the bolster. It was still there.

He pulled back and felt the iron frame of the bed behind his knees. Then he was falling. The old mattress groaned as he hit it, and Forbes came down heavily on top of him. Nick scarcely noticed. His hands were fumbling for the knife he knew to be there.

He had it! He gripped the haft of the weapon and pulled it from the bolster, then he hesitated. It would have been simple to plunge the blade between Forbes' ribs, but Nick knew he could not do that. The act would undoubtedly kill Forbes but it would leave Gradon unharmed. Forbes was the innocent victim of the alien parasite and it was the latter who had to be stopped.

Nick brought up the knife and slashed it the length of Forbes' forearm. He felt warm blood splash onto his shirt, but in the dim light from the corridor he saw the cut already begin to heal, just as the cut on his own finger had healed rapidly under Rokkor's supervision. The thought brought an associated memory but, for the moment, he was too busy to attend to it.

Having to contend immediately with an injury, Gradon's control faltered just enough for the stranglehold to relax slightly. The momentary relaxation was all Nick needed. Dropping the knife somewhere on the bed he swung both fists up to hit the insides of Forbes' wrists. The stranglehold was instantly broken and Nick rolled his foe sideways so that he was now on top. But Forbes was fighting like a demon. Gradon had left the cut on the arm to bleed and was once more concentrating entirely on controlling his host's body.

Impervious to the blows on his face and body, Nick reached for the bedside table and his hand closed around the iodine bottle. In an instant he had uncorked it and splashed it liberally on Forbes' injured arm.

The results were unspectacularly dramatic. Forbes just collapsed, limp and unconscious. Nick remembered Rokkor's words, "Iodine reacts very strongly with my body tissue. It affects me the way a concentrated acid affects you." The iodine had obviously got into Forbes' bloodstream and was burning into Gradon just as it would have done to Rokkor.

"Well done," he heard Rokkor's voice say. "Quickly, close the door and put the light on." Nick sprang swiftly to obey. "Forbes' body will undoubtedly have become untenable to Gradon and he will be getting out within seconds."

Even as he spoke, Forbes body was alive with a sickening oozing slime, flowing from within his clothes, from his nostrils and mouth.

"Now!" cried Rokkor. "The rest of the iodine."

Carefully, and with controlled precision, Nick emptied the bottle over every part of the slime he could see. As he did it hissed, shrivelled and ceased to move. Shaking with the reaction to what he had done, Nick looked down at the remains of the alien. Gradon was undoubtedly dead. Forbes however was beginning to recover consciousness. When his eyes opened, there was intelligence and humanity in them once again.

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I suppose you'll be returning where you came from now? Nick subvocalised. Forbes had been cleaned up and bandaged. He was fully aware of the ghastly events of the past few days, and understood their nature when Nick explained. Carefully they had rehearsed a story together which left Forbes innocent - for the authorities

would certainly not believe the truth - and the young policeman had left the hotel to resume his life as normally as he could after the terrible ordeal.

Nick looked down at the equipment which could summon down the spaceship for Rokkor as soon as he needed it.

"No," Rokkor said carefully. "Not yet. The gunshot wound in your leg is nowhere near healed and it will be several months before I can leave it to fend for itself. I'm afraid you must put up with my presence for a little longer yet."

Well can I at least go back to taking photographs for a living? Nick asked.

There was a trace of amusement in Rokkor's voice as he answered. "Yes, I've always fancied myself as something of an artist. I'm sure I could be of great assistance to you."

Nick groaned aloud. "Everyone thinks he's Vincent Van Gogh!" he exclaimed...

THE END

But Nick Morgan's adventures have only just begun. Rokkor will be back.

((But not, I'm afraid, in this zine. Good luck with the sequel Paul, and many thanks for all this.))

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Monstermind - Round 3

	Number 1	Number 2	Number 3
John Miller	XO	O	XXOO
Neil McDonald	OOO	XXO	O
Martin Dean	OOO	XOO	XOOO
Martin Feather	X	O	XXOOO
Tony Crouch	XXX	XOOO	XOO
Stephen Agar	OOO	XOOO	XXO
John Herlihy	XO	OOOO	OO

Lionel Bidwell, Keith Loveys, Paul Willey, all NMR.

Multimind - Round 3

	Word 1	Word 2	Word 3	Word 4	Word 5
John Miller	(2)	X	XX	OO	X
Neil McDonald	-	X	(2)	X	X
John Smith	<u>XXX</u>	OO	XO	XO	XXO
Tony Crouch	X	X	<u>XXX</u>	-	-
Stephen Agar	X	X	X	O	X
John Herlihy	<u>XXX</u>	<u>XXX</u>	<u>XXX</u>	<u>XXX</u>	XX

NMR from Keith Loveys, Lionel Bidwell.

If any of the NMRers get their guesses in before I go to print I'll record them later on this issue - have a look somewhere near the back.

One player wants another example of how I score your guesses, and asks what I would score if the target was TEL and the guess was EWE. Result would be XO. Also, if target was EAT and guess was EWE result would be XO.

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1974BT ('Q') - Summer 1918 Hang about...

Roland Prevot has just phoned to say he hasn't yet received the last issue of MP - Eurocon to blame I suspect. So this game is held over one issue while a spare copy of MP tries to get through to him via our harrassed airlines...

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"And what sort of world would you call this, Miss Brunner?"

"Why, Mr Cornelius, surely you have seen page 12?"

of THE ANNEXE

ON 30th of August 1977.....

I am John Morrison, 9, Highfield Avenue, Inskip, Preston, Lancashire, PR4 0UE, with printing done in Imaryr.

Short heading this time as there is lots to get on with....
1975FL('W')-Autumn 1910:.....ENGLISH SET-BACK.

Strange circumstances here, as I have received no orders from Ron Kelly, which is most unusual for Ron, who generally sends two sets of orders, so it can't be a postal problem. Anyway, sorry you've missed, Ron.

AUSTRIA(Keith Black): A Ven-Rom, A Vie-Boh, A Gal-War, A Sev-Mos, A Rum-Sev S by A Ukr, A Ank stands, F Adr-Gen, F Ion-Nap.

ENGLAND(Ron Kelly): NMR! F Iri, A Nwy, F Nth, F Swe, F Bar, F Mar all stand unordered.

GERMANY(Paul Willey): F NAO-Lpl, F NAO S A Spa, F EnC-Lon, A Ber-War, A Den-Swe S by F Bal, A Mun-Bur, A Ruh-Bel, A Bur-Mar S by A Spa.

RUSSIA(Pete Lindsay): A War stands, A Mos-StP.

ITALY(Steve Plater): A Pie-Ven, F WMS-Tys S by F Tun, F Tys-Nap, A Arm-Ank.

ENGLAND Retreats: ENGLISH F Swe & F Mar annihilated-U.R.S.G.

WINTER 1910 ADJUSTMENTS:

AUSTRIA: 13 Centres: Bud, Tri, Vie, Gre, Ser, Rum, Lul, War, Con, Ven, +Rom, +Mos, +Sev, +Ank. BUILDS A Dud, A Vie, F Tri. Owed one unit.

ENGLAND: 2 Centres: Edi, Lon, Nwy, Mar. Removes F Iri & F Bar.

GERMANY: 14 CENTRES: Kie, Mun, Den, Bel, Par, Hol, Bre, Spa, Por, Ber, +Lpl, +Lon, +Swe, +Mar. BUILDS F Kie, F Ber, and A Mun. Owed one unit.

ITALY : 3 Centres: Nap, Ank, Sny, Tun. Removes A Arm & F Pie.

RUSSIA : 2 Centres: Mos, StP, War. No Change.

Phew!! Follow that if you can. Again, I am very sorry to see Ron Kelly missing at such a crucial time, particularly as he has played so well in both games. Still, should see some kind of conclusion soon too.

Bundestag HQ. Berlin: The General who had failed to move his army out Spain had been hanged. The Kaiser's ire had not, however, abated. "Now", he said, "we must hit the Americans and British."

"The Americans?" queried General Scharltz (a relative to the Austrian Schwartzes).

"In Britain, fool!" stormed the Kaiser.

"Is that wise?" asked Schwartz. "We do have an alliance with Britain."

"Look at it this way," pointed out the Kaiser. "Russia is no longer a threat, a force of only two units. Italy too is on the run and will very probably lose more units this year. Apart from England, only Austria can harm the German cause. Since England cannot possibly support us against Austria, it follows that he must, eventually, support Austria against us. It is therefore imperative that we deal with England before he is strong enough to do that. If we can knock out the English supply centres this time there will only be a few scattered forces to deal with, and Scotland will fall in due course.

"With luck the Austrians will have their hands full with the wrathful Russians and Italians until the English are no more a problem. With even more luck, the English will not have prepared for our dolchstoß."

"Dolchstoß?" echoed Schwartz. "What's Sharp got to do with this. It's not an NGC war." The Kaiser raised his eyes to heaven.

Vienna: "I have got it on good authority," the Grand Duke informed his wife with more than a trace of amusement in his voice, "that IL Dice's orders to his troops, sent by phone, telex and telegraph via Vladivostok, Alice Springs and Salt Lake City, reached their ultimate destination with all of seconds to spare!"

"Ah, but I'll wager he can't keep it up in spite of what little encouragement we can supply!"

Right then, that's you lot sorted out, so on we go.....

1975DT('U') Game-Summary: Well, I know I promised it this issue, and in fact it is all ready to type, but I haven't enough space to get it on without starting another sheet, and that won't please R&I, so it is with hand on heart that I promise to print it next issue.

APOLOGIES FROM YOUR GM: Well, it isn't often that I miss, but last time was an exception. Besides being away at the deadline, I have also been involved in a lot of extra work etc.. Anyway, my apologies, and I sincerely hope that it won't happen again. At least it gave me the opportunity to sort out Paul's dilemma in 'U' game!

FINAL COMMENTS: Last, but by no means least, I come to the point where I must mention the sad news about MP. Although it will not affect the demise of The Annexe (whose future was decided before I heard of mp's folding, it will still mean a great loss to me as well as the whole Dippy scene. It was when Richard and I shared the same office at B.A.C. that he first got involved with Dippy, and introduced me to the game. His enthusiasm resulted in his trying to set up a Diplomacy section at B.A.C. and I suspect that the effect of being turned down by the social committee only spurred him into producing MP. It has always been of the highest quality, and Richard's statistical interests have added interesting unique features to his zine. I was proud to be asked to run the zine, and although I could not match the quality, I hope I have at least retained the punctuality and accuracy. I guess the highlight of his 'career' must have been his Calhoun Award, which he duly deserves. Anyway, good luck for the future, Richard.

***** TAFTA *****

1976AJ ('Y') -- Spring 1910 Bloody slaughter in Germany - Italy sitting pretty?

GERMANY (Allan Owens): A Por - Bel C by F MAO & F Eng, A Spa stands, A Mar - Bur,
A Lon - Hol C by F Nth, A Boh - Sil S by A Mun, A Tyr stands,
F Nwy - StP(NC), A Ber - Pru, F Den - Bal.

ITALY (Roy Taylor): F Tun - Ion, A Pie MS A Ven, F GoL - TyS, F WLS - MAO.

RUSSIA (Tony Ball): A StP - Pin, A Mos - StP, A Sil - Ber S by F Bal, A War - Pau,
F Ska - Den S by A Kie, A Tri - Tyr S by A Vie, A Bud - Gal, A Ser - Tri.
F Bul(SC) - Aeg, A Con - Bul, A Sev - Mos, A Arm - Sev.

Retreats: German A Tyr - Boh. F Den - Swe.
Russian A Sil annihilated.

We have a proposal for a 3-way G/I/R draw. Votes with your next set of orders please. Usual conditions.

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1976GJ ('Z') -- Autumn 1908 Big two set to slog it out - odds on France?

ENGLAND (Norman Nathan): A Edi - Nwy C by F Nth, F Lon - Eng, A Wal stands,
F Swe S F Den, F Den S F Nth.

FRANCE (John Herlihy): A Sil - Gal, A Bur - Mar, F Ion - Aeg, F Nap - Apu,
F Tun stands, F Spa(SC) - MAO, A Hol - Ruh, F Eng - Nth S by F Ska,
A Kie MS A Mun.

RUSSIA (Peter Berlin): NMR! A Mos A StP A Lvn stand u/o.

TURKEY (Neil McDonald): A Boh - Sil S by A War, A Tyr - Mun, A Gal S A War,
A Rum - Ukr, A Bul - Cre, A Con - Bul, A Sev - Mos, F Bla - Con,
F Smy - Aeg, F Tri - Ven, F Adr - Alb, F Naf - WMS.

Retreat: French A Sil - Pru.

Winter 1908 Adjustments

E: 6 Centres: Edi, Lon, Lpl, Den, Nwy, Swe. No change.

F:13 Centres: Bre, Mar, Par, Bel, Spa, Por, Rom, Mun, Hol, Nap, Kie, Ber, +Tun.
Builds F Bre.

R: 2 Centres: Mos, StP, ~~Vdr~~. GM removes A Lvn.

T:13 Centres: Ank, Con, Smy, Ser, Gre, Tri, Bud, Bul, Rum, Vie, ~~Zyn~~, Ven, Sev,
+War. No change.

Standby orders for RUSSIA please from BILL ORR (52 Burnthill Cres., Glengormley, Newtownabbey, Co Antrim, N. Ireland). Thanks Bill.

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1976GZ ('AA') -- Autumn 1907 Alliance redies itself for the Big Push...

ENGLAND (Martih Dean): F Tun - Ion, F GoL S (GERMAN) F TyS, A Bur - Mar,
F Bal S (GERMAN) F Pru - Lvn, F Nwy S F STP(NC), F Iri - MAO.

GERMANY (Bill Orr): A Boh - Gal S by A Sil, A Vie - Bud S by A Tri, A Tyr - Vie,
A Pie - Ven S by A Tus, A Ber - Pru, F TyS S (ENGLISH) F Tun - Ion,
F Pru - Lvn, A Swe looks on the beach for dead Russian sailors, A Wal books season ticket to watch Liverpool.

ITALY (Martin Feather): A Rom S (RUSSIAN) A Apu - Ven ((it's a fleet in Rome!)),
F Nap S A Rom ((likewise)), F Ion - Adr, F Aeg - Ion, A Bud - Ser,

RUSSIA (Roger Collins): A Apu - Ven, A Gal - Bud S by A Rum, A Lvn - War,
F GoB - StP(SC), S by A Mos, A Sev - Ukr, F Bla stands.

TURKEY (Paul Seagal): NMR! F EMS stands u/o.

Retreat: Russian A Gal annihilated.

Martin Feather is now in charge of Italy, Ron Kelly is blacklisted, and we have run out of standby players - any offers for Turkey please?

p.t.o. for adjustments and a draw proposal (well, not draw, agreed win actually...).

'AA' contd....

Winter 1907 Adjustments

- E: 8 Centres: Edi, Lpl, Bre, Por, Tun, Nwy, StP, +Mar. Builds F Lpl.
- G: 12 Centres: Ber, Kie, Mun, Den, Bel, Hol, Spa, Lon, Par, ~~Mar~~, Ven, Vie, +Tri.
No change.
- I: 5 Centres: Nap, Rom, ~~Ty~~, Gre, Ser, Bud. No change.
- R: 8 Centres: Mos, Sev, War, Con, Swe, Rum, Bul, Ank. Builds A Sev.
- T: 1 Centre : Smy. No change.

And we have a proposal to end the game in the following manner: 1st Germany, 2nd England, 3rd Russia, 4th Italy. Votes with next season's orders please.

Germany - Italy: Could you please let me know next time you are planning to NIR - if you can tell me at least two days before the deadline I can change my orders. Ta!

Rome: Once again the supercomputer is called to the rescue - but is it too late?..

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"What sort of world are we in now, friend Moonglum?"

"If you turn to page 12, Lord Elric, I believe the answer will be revealed..."

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1976ARbb ('AB' - Multiplicity) -- Spring 1905 Armies massing for Munich march...

Winter adjustments:

- France/removes/A/Par/ ((Flash!! Paul Willey's orders just found
- Germany builds A Ber, A Mun. ((hidden in his bourse orders. France now
- Italy builds A Ven. ((removes A Cas; orders A Par stands. Paul
- ((still France, Tony still standby!

ENGLAND (Keith Black): F Nrg - Nth, F Bar - StP(NC), F Nth - Eng, F Spa(SC) - Mar, F Eng + F Bre MERGE = 2F MAO, A/F MAO - NAF.

FRANCE (~~Tony/Crouch~~)/A/Cas/S/(GERMAN)/2A/Mar/ ((see above))

GERMANY (Duncan Morris): 2A Mar - Bur, A Ber - Pru S by F Bal, A StP - Lvn, A Mun + A Sil MERGE = 2A Boh S by A Mun.

ITALY (John Lettice): A Ven + A Tyr + 2A Pie MERGE = 4A Tyr, A Ser + A Vie MERGE = 2A Tri, F Gre - Ion, A Boh S (RUSSIAN) A War - Sil, F GoL + F TyS MERGE = 2F WMS.

RUSSJA (Graham Buckell): A Ukr + A Mos + A Sev MERGE = 3A Mos, F Bla stands, A Arm - Sev, A Pru + A War MERGE = 2A Sil.

Retreat: Italian A Boh - Vie.

~~Tony/Crouch/takes/over/France,/Paul/Willey/gets/blacklisted!!!!~~ ((see above))

Loudon Wainwright VII of the Intergalactic Dippy Zine Corps: Episode 13; Deneb 16:

Loudon pushed his way through the dense, writhing undergrowth of the Denebian jungle, fierce determination on his solid-state optics. Just ahead he could see and hear the crash and thump of the unipedal vehicle he was following. Crash...thump...crash...thump...crash!

Loudon stared in pure disbelief. One minute he was thrashing through an alien rainforest, but now he was...somewhere else... surrounded by strange people...

"Where am I? How did I get here?" Loudon demanded, without originality, of the nearest creature. It turned and leered, exposing long yellow teeth in a red gash of a mouth. On it's lapel it bore three badges proclaiming 'The X Game Lives', 'I'm John Lettice - fly me!' and, unaccountably, 'Dark They Were And Golden Eyca'.

"Welcome to our humble timeslip. You have been brought here to stand trial on various charges, the most serious being Plagiarism, Formalism, Refusal to Attend MidCon '77, and Impersonating a Robot. You might as well plead guilty, as we have already heard damning testimony from the simulacra of Sherrad, Taylor and Yare."

"That's crazy! I've never..."

"Oho! So you deny it? Next, you'll claim you haven't got the map!"

"Map! What map?"

"BIRKS BUM! The effing map on Birks' bleedin' bum, you cretin! The one that shows the secret location of the Golden Bullock - or was it Pillock? I regret the necessity, but... Paul, Martin - grab his arms!"

Two heavies appeared at Loudon's sides and held him fast.

"A little persuasion will soon get the truth out of you. This syringe is full of silicone solution. With it I shall slowly inflate your Adam's apple until it is even larger than Piggott's!"

The two heavies gasped in revulsion. Loudon had to think fast...

"Er..but I'm a robot! All except my brain, that is.."

"Shit! I had temporarily forgotten that. Ah well, it seems that we've been wasting our time - and yours. Have a pleasant trip back."

The creature snapped its fingers and...

Thump...crash...thump...crash... Loudon was relieved to find himself back in the Deneban jungle. Almost immediately, the crashing and thumping ceased. Loudon peered through the foliage. There, in a clearing, stood the unipedal vehicle, in front of a huge, chaotic structure...

-- to be continued...

AB Game Bourse

NMR from 'Healey', Steve Pratt and Peter Berlin...oh, and 'Rhubovia Misers' too...

<u>Spring '05 Dealings</u>	<u>POUNDS</u>	<u>FRANCS</u>	<u>MARKS</u>	<u>LIRA</u>	<u>ROUBLES</u>
'Larry Greenberg'	-500	-500	-500	-500	+2300
Andy Davidson	-500	0	-500	-500	-500
Ethelfrog Finance	-500	-500	-500	+6100	-500
Selena King	-500	-500	-500	+1668	-500
'Aries'	-500	-500	0	-500	+1681
'Southsea Bubbles'	-500	-500	+1620	-212	-500
'Ecliptic Enterprises'	-500	-333	-500	+1000	-500
'Avenger'	-500	-500	-500	-500	-500
Dave Thorby	-500	0	+1000	0	-500
Bill Orr	+700	-500	0	0	-500
<u>Nett Trade</u>	-3800	-3833	-380	+6556	-19
<u>Old Value - \$/unit</u>	5.06	3.40	4.53	5.13	4.04
<u>New Value - \$/unit</u>	4.68	3.02	4.50	5.78	4.04

<u>New Holdings</u>	<u>POUNDS</u>	<u>FRANCS</u>	<u>MARKS</u>	<u>LIRA</u>	<u>ROUBLES</u>	<u>\$</u>	<u>TOTAL(\$)</u>
'Larry Greenberg'	1697	497	4000	8000	7500	6.30	103989
Andy Davidson	4500	0	500	7000	5500	10590.00	96580
John Piggott	3500	500	3000	9100	2000	10200	92170
'Rhubovia Misers'	8992	0	5500	1500	1500	10491.72	92054
'Healey'	6609	0	6359	4609	0	2.79	86188
Selena King	8400	0	2500	3168	4000	4.16	85037
'Aries'	1034	5524	0	5633	5892	6.16	77890
'Ecliptic Enterprises'	4000	0	4892	3000	1000	11757.31	73871
'Southsea Bubbles'	2944	9028	2739	0	4500	2.10	71550
'Avenger'	1000	500	1500	1500	2500	39652.00	71362
Steve Pratt	3500	3500	500	1500	1850	11630.00	56974
Dave Thorby	0	0	1000	3000	8000	2265.00	56425
Peter Berlin	1003	5285	3500	2777	0	3.34	52459
Bill Orr	2645	4886	2000	1606	1690	179.85	52424

Larry Greenberg: Welcome, little Piglet, to the top three!

Financial Times Report: As reported in MP70, the market remained in a bearish mood and small gains were seen in Roubles. The sudden revival of Germany may now lead to a devaluation of the Rouble, although the Mark is likely to be little affected. Top financial analysts are awaiting next years results before any major revaluation of the Lira, or Pound, is considered.

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1976HY ('AC') -- Autumn 1905 Back again - with Anglo-Krauts still ahead...

ENGLAND (Keith Black): A Wal - Lpl S by F NAO, F MAO - Por, F Nth - Eng,
F Spa(SC) S (GERMAN) A Bur - Mar, F StP(NC) stands, F Swe & A Bre stand.

FRANCE (Dave Black): F Lpl - Wal, A Mar - Spa.

GERMANY (Jonathan Palfrey): A Bur - Mar, A Par makes ready to welcome its commander,
A Hol twiddles its thumbs, A Boh - Mun, A Pru - War S by A Sil, F Bal - Swe.

ITALY (Peter Berlin): A Alb - Ser S by A Tri, F Ion - Gre, F Adr S A Tri,
A Tyr - Mun, F EMS - Aeg.

RUSSIA (Ron Canham): A Gal - Bud S by A Vie, A Mos - War.

TURKEY (Anthony Dawson): A Ser - Tri, F Aeg - Ion S by F Gre, F Smy - EMS,
A Bul - Ser, A Rum - Bud, A Sev - Rim, A Arm stands.

Retreats: French F Lpl - Cly; A Mar - Bur. Italian F Ion - Nap.
Turkish A Ser annihilated.

Winter 1905 Adjustments

E: 9 Centres: Edi, Lon, Lpl, Nwy, Swe, Bre, Spa, StP, +Por. Builds F Edi.

F: 0 Centres: ~~Mar, Por~~. Eliminated. All units removed.

G: 9 Centres: Ber, Kie, Mun, Den, Hol, Bel, Par, +Mar, +War. Builds A Mun, A Ber.

I: 6 Centres: Nap, Rom, Ven, Tun, Tri, ~~Vie~~, +Ser. No change.

R: 3 Centres: Mos, ~~War~~, Bud, +Vie. No change.

T: 7 Centres: Ank, Con, Smy, Bul, Gre, ~~Sev~~, Sev, Rum. No change.

Black (8+) - Black (2-): My pet polecat? I'm afraid you are too late...asphixiated
the vet said...just like my pet mole, rabbit, canary, tortoise....

Inrryr: Speaking of which....

Inspector Clouseau Puts to Sea:

Clouseau left the shores of France to seek a land of ice
He'd heard it said that mole-killing is a polecat's natural vice.

His ship was sound and free from rust, he sailed towards his goal
Because he knew that polecats must abound around the Pole.

He took with him an overcoat and boots of fur and leather
He was prepared to avenge the mole in any kind of weather.

He journeyed for a hundred days, he could not keep direction
The course he set each morning was determined by introspection.

A mermaid sat upon the mast, he hailed her with glee
But, seeing him, she looked aghast and dived into the sea.

He never knew if she was but his own imagination
For lonely mariners often are prone to hallucination.

The weather soon grew strangely warm - he had to take his coat off
But held it close through every storm, for fear that it would float off.

Asleep one night, he ran aground - could this be Hudson Bay?
His hopes, alas, were shortly drowned - he found it was Marseilles.

The ship was moored and they made an award, he received it with elation
A compass now was set in the prow to assist his navigation.

They gave him wine and wished him well in his quest for the evil polecat
Drunk as a lord he swore to hell he'd use him as a doormat.

Flags were raised the day he sailed in remembrance of the mole
- and also to conceal the cat sitting on each flagpole...

.....

"Should we ask the Duke of Queens what sort of world it is, Mr Carnelian?"
"But Mrs Underwood, why not just look at page 12?"

1976IY ('AD') — Autumn 1904 Austria looking good as Turkey falters...

AUSTRIA (Paul Ward): F Bul(SC) - Con S by A Ank, A Ser - Rum, S by A Bud,
A Tri - Ser, A Vie - Tri.

ENGLAND (Dave Pengelly): F Edi - Nth.

FRANCE (Neil McDonald): F Nth - Edi S by A Yor, F Lon - Nth, F Eng S A Bel,
A Bur - Mar, F WMS - Spa(SC), A Pie - Mar.

GERMANY (Andy Davidson): F Den S (ENGLISH) F Edi - Nth, A Kie S F Hal,
A Ruh - Bel S by F Hol, A Mun - Bur.

ITALY (Geoff Challenger): NMR! A Tus A Ven A Gre F GoL F Ion all stand unordered.

RUSSIA (Duncan Morris): A Mos - Sev, A War - Ukr S by A Gal, A Nwy MS F Swe.

TURKEY (Chris Side): F Bla - Bul(EC), S by A Con, A Sev S (RUSSIAN) A Gal - Rum.

Retreat: Turkish A Con - Smy.

Winter 1904 Adjustments

A: 7 Centres: Bud, Tri, Vie, Ser, Rum, Con, +Ank. Builds A Vie.

E: 1 Centre : Edi. No change.

F: 8 Centres: Bre, Mar, Par, Bel, Spa, Lpl, Por, Lon. No change.

G: 5 Centres: Ber, Kie, Mun, Hol, Den. No change.

I: 5 Centres: Nap, Rom, Ven, Tun, Gre. No change.

R: 5 Centres: Mos, StP, War, Swe, Nwy. No change.

T: 3 Centres: ~~Hal~~, Smy, Sev, Bul, No change.

Standby orders for ITALY please from ~~XXXX XXXXX~~ (sorry) KEITH BLACK (that's better),
who's address is 169 Welbeck Road, South Harrow, Middx, HA2 0RX. Thanks.

.....

1976IZ ('AE') - random timeslip

If you remember, last time John Meadon announced his wish to resign and I
asked for a volunteer to step in to take over France. I've had a request from a
player to hold the game over until the new player has been announced, and as this
is a definite change of personnel rather than just a standby request I've agreed
to do just that. So this game will continue next issue with CONRAD VON METZKE as
the new French president. Full lineup follows:

AUSTRIA: Mack Bullock, 14 Nursery Avenue, Halifax, West Yorkshire, HX3 5SZ.

ENGLAND: Richard Sharp, 27 Elm Close, Amersham, Bucks.

FRANCE: Conrad von Metzke, PO Box 626, San Diego, CA 92112, USA.

GERMANY: Bob Howes, 180 London Road, Headington, Oxford, OX3 9ED.

ITALY: Roy Taylor, 63A St Nicolas Park Drive, Nuneaton, Warks, CV11 6DZ.

RUSSIA: Norman Nathan, 3 Brooke Close, Bushey, Watford, Herts.

TURKEY: Roger Collins, Three Oaks, 166 Pembroke Close, Banstead, Surrey.

.....

1977BX ('AF') — Spring 1903 Not many alliances in sight...

AUSTRIA (Bob Armitage): A Vie - Tri, A Rum - Ukr.

ENGLAND (Charles Burton): F Hel - Kie S by F Hol ((it's not your F Hel - it's
Germany's!!)), A Bel - Ruh, F Nth stands, A Lon - Yor, F Edi - Cly.

FRANCE (Bob Howes): A Par - Bur, A Gas - Naf C by F MAO, F Spa(SC) - WMS,
F Bre - Pic.

GERMANY (Michael Allaway): A Ber - Pru, A Mun - Sil, F Hel - Kie.

ITALY (Pippa Hope-Piggott): A Tri S (RUSSIAN) A Gal - Vie, A Ven S A Tri,
F Ion - Tun, F Nap - Ion.

RUSSIA (Paul Ward): F Bla - Rum S by A Sev, A Bud - Vie, A War - Sil, F Ska - Swe,
F StP(SC) - Lvn, F Nwy - Nrg, A Den - Kie.

TURKEY (Martin Feather): F Aeg - Gre S by A Ser, A Bul S A Ser, F Con - Aeg,
F Smy - EMS, A Ank - Sev ((optimist!!)).

Amon: EIGHT supply centres! Come on world, do something to stop him!

Berlin - StP: Couldn't you have held off for another season? Then I could've stabbed you instead! Oh well...

Turkey: Yes, once again the research labs have produced yet another world first. Last winter saw the unveiling of the new Mk XXII Bolo combat unit, nicknamed 'Omniverous', in the Ankara Bolo lab/yards. An unprecedented step towards totally automatic top-level strategic planning, this unit can almost be said to have a mind of its own.

...hey...come back here - you're supposed to be on our side!...

Inrryr: And now we know where the AG game Borg came from...

Utopia: I shall mention but briefly the debacle performed by West Ham on the first day of the season. I shan't go into detail because we lost as well. Still, we were playing away, and we did manage a draw with Norwich in the Anglo-Scottish cup.

Inrryr: Also please don't mention the second and third games of the season! I'm not too hopeful about today's match either. Mind you, you can ask me who the new England manager is - and where he came from - if you like... Tee hee readers...

.....

77Cr64 ('AG' - Rather Silly Dip.) -- Autumn 1902 This is getting complicated!

AUSTRIA (Conrad von Metzke): A Vie S A Tri, F Alb - Gre.

ENGLAND (Stewart Buckingham): B Lon PU A Lon; B/A Lon - Nth - Hol; F Edi - Nth.

FRANCE (Pete Lindsay): A Par - Bre S by A Gas, A Por stands.

GERMANY (Keith Black): A Kie - Hol S by A Ruh, F Den - Nth, A Mun - MBU - Mar.

ITALY (John Lettice): A Ven stands, F Ion - Adr', F TyS - Ion.

RUSSIA (Peter Berlin): NMR! A Nwy F Swe A Mos A War stand u/o.

TURKEY (Selena King): F Sev - Rum, A Con - Smy S by F Aeg & A Arm.

THE JESTER (Michael Allaway): does his thing...

THE DOCTOR (John SMITH): Tardus Iri - Pic, A Bre stands.

THE SOOTHSAYER (Keith Loveys): NMR! F Eng stands u/o and no sooths today.

THE MASTERMIND (Paul Segal): NMR! So no question this time. Last time's answer was (to make oboe reeds'. Nobody got it, so MM now has two units to build when he sends in some orders.

SEA MONSTORES: Bel - Hol, Smy - Con.

SPACE MONSTORES: Rom - Nap.

LLAMAS: not this time....

BORG: Ser - Tri...crunch...burp...no more Austrian army.

Retreats: English A Nth slips from the birdies toes...splash!...so it drowns....
Doctor's A Bre - Pic.
Sea Monstores Smy - Syr.

and more SPACE MONSTORES appear in....St Petersburg!....

Winter 1902 Adjustments

A: 3 Centres: Bud, Vie, Gre. Builds A Bud.

E: 3 Centres: Edi, Lon, Lpl. Builds A Lon.

F: 4 Centres: ~~Mar~~, Par, Spa, +Por, +Bre. Builds A Par.

G: 5 Centres: Bar, Kie, Mun, Den, +Mar. Builds A Mun.

I: 3 Centres: ~~Nap~~, Rom, Ven, ~~Tri~~, Tun. No change.

R: 4 Centres: Mos, ~~StP~~, War, Swe, +Nwy. No change.

T: 5 Centres: Ank, Con, Smy, Sev, +Rum. Builds F Con.

Doc: 0 Centres: ~~StP~~. Removes A Pic.

Sooth: 1 Centre : (from MM). No change.

Sea Monstores have Hol, Bel. Space Monstores have Nap, StP. Tri, Ser, Bul neutral.

I don't know if we want standby players in this game - not that we've got any, mind - but if anyone cares to send in some orders for the NMRs overleaf then fair enough. In case you don't have the rules Soothsayer must guess two standoffs and Mastermind must set a clever question.

Samul to Russia: Twit! Twit?! TWIT, sir? I throw down the glove of friendship (however ineptly) and you mark me a twit?? Yes...well, we shall see about that. Did I mention having sold my soul to the Borg?

London; Buckingham Palace Spokesman: To our friends in Germany; peace. We pledge our help in your battle against the RJWbots.

Austria - Italy: Ho ho, fance moving into Borg like that.

London - Berlin: Sure, peace it is. But I'll watch every move you make.

.....

and now, by popular demand (mainly from the author), we have...1975FW ('X') - 2026.

Newgate Prison: I clanked my manacles pensively. At first, the idea of sharing a cell with the satanic and perverted John Piggott had filled me with dismay - but it wasn't so bad. I looked over to the corner where he cowered in the baleful glare of a huge gleaming crucifix. I spat at him. "Holy water, Piggott!" He shrivelled further, squeaking and gibbering. Too late I noticed the guard peering through the bars and taking notes. I smiled ruefully - at least they could only burn me at the stake once.

Old Bailey: Well there I was - sentenced to be hanged drawn and quartered, then burnt at the stake. And this was only for spitting in a public place. I still had the blasphemy, witchcraft and destroying the very fabric of time charges to face. Obviously I had to arrange my defence. I shuddered. Or rather, I had to escape.

Old Bailey, later: "You are sentenced to be burned at the stake thirty-three times, these sentences to run concurrently with fifty-seven suspended sentences of being burned at the stake."

The policeman beside me dug me in the ribs. "There you are lad; keep your nose clean and you'll be alright."

Condemned Cell: Whitehouse, Richard Sharp and the Archbishop of Canterbury had been exorcising us almost the whole night now. Piggott had writhed, foamed and emitted demon after demon, but I had to confess the experience was rather boring for me. Sharp in particular had been tiresome. Now he advanced on me, brandishing a crucifix which I seized and broke in half. To my horror, Piggott seemed suddenly to reconstitute himself. The three exorcists meanwhile fumbled furiously in their cassocks for more crucifixes. Piggott rose, ripped the bars out of the window, turned into a bat, and flew off.

Camden Town: 1st Time Lord: "Do you remember, many years ago, the Doctor had an adventure in one of these Underground stations, against the Yeti?"

2nd Time Lord: "On the BBC?"

1st Time Lord: "Yes, that's right, it was just like this."

2nd Time Lord: "Ah, but there were no trains running."

1st Time Lord: "Hm..yes, that's right."

Meanwhile, back at Newgate Prison: Whitehouse stared at the vanishing bat. "You'll pay for that, Lettice!"

"That's just it, I already have."

"?"

"Well you see, when you write yourself into a press release, you can get as bored of yourself as you like, but you can never kill yourself off."

"Yes, I take your point. Still, perhaps we could help you in that respect."

For the first time I noticed that the Archbishop of Canterbury had a sword-stick concealed inside his pastoral staff. I grinned nervously as he advanced on me.

"It's no good, you can't kill me - I'm writing this press release."

He stabbed, the door splintered, and in its frame I saw the form of Ulrika Meinhof, starship trooper. When would it all end, I wondered, as she vaporised the trio... She fingered the trigger. "Took a long time getting me here, didn't you?" I shuddered. Was I, like Frankenstein, doomed to be devoured by my own creation?

.....

"And just what sort of a world is it, Mr Moorcock?"

"Why, Mr Walkerdine, surely you've guessed by now? It's a tasty tasty tasty
tasty tasty tasty tasty tasty tasty tasty tasty tasty tasty tasty tasty tasty
tasty tasty tasty tasty tasty tasty tasty tasty tasty tasty tasty tasty tasty
tasty tasty tasty tasty tasty tasty tasty tasty tasty tasty tasty tasty tasty
tasty tasty tasty tasty tasty tasty tasty tasty tasty tasty tasty tasty tasty
world! Or will be, by next issue."

"Yes, a very tasty world indeed I think."

.....

Endings

Well here we are at last on the back page of what has been perhaps one of the most difficult issues of MP I have ever had to type. If you've read the bit in the editorial about the increasing loss of interest now that I've actually announced that I'm folding you'll know what I mean - is it always like this I wonder? Perhaps now I finally understand how some publishers can simply disappear overnight with never a hint of prior warning - it is a temptation, believe me.

Enough of my moans, let me now expand a bit on how I hope the handover of games will go. Please understand though that this is how I want it to happen, and it's really up to Neil and John to decide whether this is suitable to them - I should know for sure within a week or so though and next issue will have the answer. But what I hope is that next issue appears as normal and the following deadline is the usual four weeks after the previous one, but with the difference that at least some orders are to be sent to Neil. I suspect we may decide that I need to continue GMing some games - probably the ones N and J are playing in, the bourse, and RSD. Then the results will appear at the usual time but in the new zine, and all the games can continue as if nothing had ever happened! Fine in theory, but it should work in practice too. Keep your fingers crossed.

One last thing. One side effect of folding slowly is that one can read one's own obituaries in the other zines, and I've had a great time doing just that in recent weeks. All highly embarrassing of course, and I'm sure they're greatly exaggerated, but the sentiments expressed went a long way towards making sure I really do fold tidily and not let the side-down. Thank you. The same goes for all the letters of course, and I'm sorry I can't answer them all individually.

.....

MF72 & Annexe51

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

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Richard Sharp
27 Elm Close
Amersham
Bucks

