



A C O S  
N A T  
A U G A



Volume 10, Number 1

whenever....

See, I know I once insisted that a volume was twenty issues, and that's still true. What I did not tell you is that I have never made a statement to the effect that all twenty issues in a volume will actually be produced! Such will prove to be the case with Volume IX. I'm honestly not sure which issue we were on when we broke off last year, and I'm too lazy to go hunting for the spare copies and find out. So Volume X - only now it's Volume 10, because I'm sick of those silly old Roman numerals anyway - makes its debut herewith. And that's just the beginning of a long series of radical changes which I plan to institute with this magazine. Shall we get on with it?

okay. for one thing, i am royally sick of that stupid upper-case shift bar, and therefore refuse to use capital letters any more. this will create certain problems when i get into the punctuation, but i'm working on that.

(OR MAYBE I COULD USE ONLY CAPITALS! WHY DON'T WE TRY IT AND SEE WHAT THE POST OFFICE DOES WHEN YOU ADDRESS MY LETTERS TO P.O. BOX "&"#.....)

Okay, I'll hold off on that one until I iron out a few more bugs. But other plans need not be forestalled. For instance: This is ANAXIMANDER'S REVENGE, a journal of postal Uncle Wiggly published by Herbert U. Bledsoe, 17-255 Ottaqueechee Turnpike, Upper Thudbucket, Vermont 05667. Telephone (521) 853-2828. Issues will be published on the first and seventeenth days of all months beginning in 'L,' except those in which a member of the Royal Family of Monaco has a birthday.

(If you think that's radical, wait 'till you see the page where the entire text is in the form of a watermark within the paper....)

HAD ENOUGH?

So have I. Okay, it's good old Conrad again, and this is COSTAGUANA, and although there have been a few changes made since last we spoke, by and large we're the same old idiocy in the same old format.

I am serious about the Volume 10 bit, though. And I do have a new address:

4374 Donald Avenue  
San Diego, CA 92117

Actually, there's nothing new about it at all; that's where I live. I've relinquished the old post office box, and while I do have another, I think this address-switching is bad business. So stay with the home, and you won't need to make any further changes.

Telephones: Home, same as ever, (619) 276-2937. Office, a new one: (619) 566-2190. The latter is to be used only if you're truly needy.



What there is, is a piano score of a work that scholars for years thought was Schubert's seventh symphony. Whether it had once been orchestrated and lost, or whether it had stopped after the short score and remained, as with the Eighth, "unfinished," was not known. But there it was, a full piece for piano with the notation at the top (in someone else's handwriting) "Symphonie E-dur par F. Schubert." History dubbed it the "Gastein Symphony," after the spa where Schubert supposedly composed it (according to letters he wrote), Felix Weingartner and others orchestrated it, and it was performed from time to time but never really taken to heart. Something was wrong.

What was wrong was that it wasn't the symphony written at Gastein after all; other Schubert letters were eventually found which pretty well proved that. It became the theory in vogue that Schubert had never in fact written such a work, but had merely projected one. The piano score (which was amazingly pianistic for an orchestral reduction) was held to be a Sonata after all, and the music world decided that there was no Schubert Seventh at all. This left his career as a symphonist to be rounded off with the Eighth, the well-known (and truly) Unfinished, and the Ninth, the Great C Major. And there it stood.

And then more evidence surfaced. More letters, a few sketchbooks, some other odds and ends - and suddenly it was clear as day. Schubert's Seventh was real after all! The existing piano score wasn't a short score after all, it was a piano reduction of the short score - that is, a piano version designed to be played on the piano, as opposed to one designed to be expanded into an orchestral full score. There had never been a full score to the Seventh; it, like the Eighth, was truly unfinished. Voilà - Schubert wrote nine after all.

Aren't you happy that that one is all settled? Good...because it isn't. In 1980 they discovered a Tenth.

Schubert, throughout his career, was notorious for leaving works incomplete, so it is perhaps not surprising to find the Tenth Symphony unfinished as well. But there's a difference here. Whereas the Seventh and Eighth were left fragmentary because Schubert lost interest or went off on some other tangent, the Tenth is so because the composer died.

The pieces which were left, along with some very rudimentary sketches Schubert had toyed with many years earlier, were all piled together and deposited in the Vienna Staatsbibliothek. The top page was a thoroughly insignificant page dated 1818 (ten years before Schubert's death), and scholars apparently just overlooked the whole pile for years, assuming it all to be a stack of mere jottings from 1818 which led nowhere. Then, in 1980 - 152 years after Schubert's death - somebody finally looked.

The top page was unimportant. So were the next few. But then, suddenly, there came a large group dated 1828 and much more thoroughly filled in than the others. Careful examination finally showed what had been there all along: Schubert's last, and most mature, symphony.

The first movement was sketchy but substantial; the second movement was nearly finished; the third was barely begun; and the fourth was a series of bits and pieces, many hints and ideas but only a trace of 'filler.'

Several modern composers quickly took up the pieces to try and make something of it. The most successful has been the Belgian Pierre Bartholome, who has now recorded his version in Europe. It is an amazement.

Bartholome is a skillful artist, and in those places where Schubert left enough to grasp on to, he has created a masterwork. The third movement is not a success, and the fourth is more hints than substance; but the first is a blazing example of the kind of drive that Schubert was so famous for in his late works, and the unearthly slow movement easily qualifies as the





in mind that in a couple of months we will be celebrating my twentieth anniversary (with gaps, of course) as a publisher of Diplomacy journals. Boy, do I feel small.

Well, as I say, it's too late now, but I thought you all ought to know of my transgression.

Fall 1902 :

- AUSTRIA (Pierce): a rum-sev. a tri-ser. a tyo (s) vie-tri. a vie-tri.  
a gal-war. f gre-bul(s).
- ENGLAND (Johnston): a nwy (s) bar-stp. f iri-lvp. f ath-lon. f bar-stp(s).
- FRANCE (Fleming): a mar-pie. a spa-gas. f bre-mid. f lvo-tyo. f wal-lon.
- GERMANY (Walker): a hol-bel. a ruh-mun. a ber (s) ruh-mun. f kie-col.  
f swe-fin.
- ITALY (Peel): a ven (s) FRE mar-pie. a apu (s) ven. f aap (s) ion.  
f ion (s) TUR aeg-gre.
- RUSSIA (Cartier): a sil-war. a fin-stp. f bot (s) fin-stp.
- TURKEY (Stevens): a sev-mos. a ukr-war. f aeg-ion. f eas (s) aeg-ion.  
f bla (h).

I wonder if some sort of record has just been set. Note that in every single case where two or more units conflicted over possession, NOBODY WON! That's not so uncommon in 1901 (and therefore obviously no record has been set here), but from 1902 on it's unheard-of.

You may gather from the above the following salient fact: NO RETREATS.

Supply Center List, 1902:

- A: vie, bud, tri, rum, ser, gre, bul, sev (8). +2.
- E: lon, lvp, edi, nwy (4). Even.
- F: par, bre, mar, spa, por (5). Even.
- G: kie, mun, ber, den, swe, hol, bel (7). +2 (but room only for one).
- I: ven, rom, nap, tun (4). Even.
- R: war, stp (2). -1.
- T: con, smy, ank, mos (4). -1.

The build and removal orders are due Friday, March 15, 1989.

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**Man held in huge toxic spill**

Game Three - Spring 1901

You guys are undoubtedly the most legitimately upset of all the players at the inordinate delay. Apologies accomplish nothing (you know the old line; an apology and fifty cents gets you coffee); nevertheless, you have mine.

AUSTRIA (Jake Walters): a vie-tri. a bud-ser. f tri-alb.  
ENGLAND (Ken Peel): a lvp-yor. f edi-nth. f lon-eng.  
FRANCE (John Walker): a par-pic. a mar-spa. f bre-mid.  
GERMANY (John Caruso): a ber-kie. a mun-bur. f kie-hol.  
ITALY (Michael Pustilnik): a rom-ven. a ven-tri. f nap-ion.  
RUSSIA (Doug Brown): a mos-ukr. a war-gal. f sev-bla. f stp(s) - cot.  
TURKEY (Steve Cartier): a smy (h). a con-bul. f ank-con.

Underscored moves fail; all others succeed. There can be no retreats in Spring 1901.

Fall 1901 Moves are due by Friday, March 15, 1985.

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Let me return briefly to the matter of the long hiatus between issues, and expand a bit beyond the entirely-too-flip explanation, "I've been busy." In so doing, let me break the spiel into two parts: (1) Up through about New Year's, and (2) Since.

(1) is easy, and probably pretty easy for you to accept. Simply put, I misjudged my ability to publish anything intelligible in December. A few of you had indicated you didn't much care if I just let it go until after the holiday, and a couple actually said they preferred that I do so. So, when I realized that my time was rather more cramped than I'd thought (what with work and children), and my energy level was pretty droopy even when a bit of time did crop up, I just let it go and didn't worry the matter.

Then we get to (2), and that's harder. It isn't quite accurate to say that I needed some time to unwind from the Big Postal Push and/or from the Big Children's Celebration. But that is part of it. So is the little matter of the change in job locations, which was not under the nicest of circumstances. So is the financial mismanagement I found myself guilty of, which caused a bit of worry and scurrying for funds before I caught up to it. So is the flu, which got to me for over a week.

But mainly, it's the inevitable result of all of those things, and all of life's other little traumas - a pulling back, a withdrawal, a bit of a depression.

Let it be said that we are not talking about Diplomacy 'burnout,' folding the magazine, or any of that stuff. In fact, these games and this publication had absolutely nothing to do with the matter at all. I've neglected a few other things as well, just because of a lowered energy level while I retrenched a bit. I haven't fixed the plumbing, painted the house, shined my shoes or worked on the stamp collection. I needed a pause.

