



# GUANA



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British writer Ken Follett, who does espionage thrillers, is working on a new and very timely novel. It's based on the thesis that all Mid-East terrorism is guided by just one man, no terror operation can occur without his specific okay, and if we just get rid of him, we'd have it solved. The book will be called, "The Eye of the Nidal."

Hey, people, it's okay now. I promise, I won't tell any more; you can all come back from the bathrooms....

This is COSTAGUANA, a journal of postal Diplomacy and quasi-queasiness, pecked out with two fingers on a gorgeous Olympia manual portable (nyaah, my typewriter is getting old; it's actually made of metal!) which has just been cleaned and oiled for the first time in the dozen or so years I've owned it, by Conrad F. von Metzke, 4374 Donald Avenue, San Diego, California 92117-3813, USA. 'Phones: Home, (619) 276-2937. Work, (619) 273-4830 or 273-1208. The work numbers aren't a good bet unless you have no other choice; I'm in and out a lot, and nobody there can take messages. (Well, they can certainly tell me you called, but I think they'd balk at taking moves....)

Subscription rate 22c per copy. Trades, gladly. Game fees, none; you have to maintain a sub or trade, but that's it.

**TWO MORE ORPHANS COMING!** Keith Sherwood ('The Inner Light') has found it necessary to withdraw from the elite roster of hobby publishers. I'll be taking on both of Keith's games as soon as he and I can arrange a smooth transition. Rather soon, I'll bet. (Actually, these aren't true 'orphans' in the sense that the term is usually understood; they haven't been abandoned, neglected, or left to languish at all. Keith just needs a bail-out, and who better for the task than ol' Recently Reliable Uncle Connie?)

## GAME OPENINGS:

1. Cline 9-Man Variant. (We'll name the game "William Rufus DeVane King.") Rules and map are included for all recipients with this issue; a slightly clearer map will be sent to players soon. Guest gamesmaster for this one will be Simon Billness, and I will be playing! Seven signed so far (D.Anderson, Acheson, Hoffman, Crosby, O'Donnell and Pustilnik - and me, of course), two spots left. I need country preference lists from everyone except Jeff Hoffman.
2. Regular Dip is filled and will start shortly. ("The Convoluted Cassowary.")
3. Gunboat is filled and will also start shortly. ("Schuyler Colfax.")

Note, John Walker has also asked into Cline, but I want to wait to see how he's doing before I make it official.

**FLASH! UNCLE SLEAZY WITHDRAWS FROM HOBBY SERVICE COUP ATTEMPT!** Some while ago, having been given to understand that Bill Quinn was on the verge of retiring as Boardman Number Custodian, I offered to take the job. I was quite serious, too; there's no question I'd be good at it (I was good at it when I had the job a dozen or so years ago), I felt I had the time and interest, and it seemed like a superb way to help Doc Quinn and the hobby all at once.

Well, in the intervening six months, I've gradually changed my mind. In the first place, I've started, or am trying to fill, six more games, and adopted five more orphans since then. COSTA has grown with the games, too, not very much in readership but certainly in size and (for me, at least) in fun. I've also since learned that there are quite a few applicants to take over for Bill; it isn't a question of his needing to be 'bailed out' at all. Among the names I've heard mentioned are Paul Rauterberg, Elmer Hinton, Don Del Grande, and Rod Walker. Heady company!

So if you-all don't mind (I've already told the Doc, and he certainly doesn't seem put out), I think I'll withdraw my name from consideration. Bill knows (as, I hope, will all future custodians) that I'm available if ever there is a need, and I will always be happy to assist as backup, assistant, advisor, whatever.

But failing that, I think I'll just stick to rescuing orphans and keeping the COSTA growth going.

**TIME FOR A QUESTIONNAIRE, FOLKS.** I've been sending out questionnaires in COSTA for years now; haven't done it lately, but with my plans for growth and expansion and total conquest, I guess it's time again. Besides, Steve Knight just did it, and I feel like

There is no law that requires you to answer with this thing, and there is no rule that says you have to answer it; if you only wish to answer some queries and not even all of them, that's fine too. You may add expanded answers on an attachment, if you wish, not, as you choose. You may sign your name, or not, as you wish. I have only one request: If you wish to write a lengthier answer, but do not wish it printed and/or attributed, please clearly indicate this. Unless instructed otherwise, I reserve the right to print any responses I get.

As I said, you don't have to do it - but I'd appreciate it if you would.

**ROSS DEPARTMENT:** Each member of the class had to write a short poem the other day. Any subject, no guidelines given, assistance provided only on request for spelling. Here's Ross' effort:

Tears on my pillow  
Reflecting old movies,  
Return me to my happiness.

**SCREWBALL DEPARTMENT:** Letter to the Editor of "T.V. Guide:"

"If we get involved in a nuclear war, would the electromagnetic pulses from exploding bombs damage my videotapes?"

**DID I READ ALL MY MAIL DEPARTMENT:** If there is a check in the appropriate space below, I have you listed for the appropriate new game in these pages. If no check appears, I have overlooked your request; please remind me!

Reg. Dip \_\_\_\_\_ Cline-9 \_\_\_\_\_ Gunboat \_\_\_\_\_

## THE SAGA OF THE MAN WHO DIDN'T FINISH MUCH, BUT STARTED A LOT

Of all the great composers, Franz Schubert (followed closely by Modest Mussorgsky) had the biggest problem getting organized: His mind apparently wandered a lot, because he began an incredible number of compositions during his short life (he lived 31 years), but by the same token an amazing list of these pieces represents unfinished works.

Schubert is known as the composer of the famous 'Unfinished Symphony.' Well, big deal! Lots of composers left unfinished symphonies: Beethoven, Mahler, Bruckner, Shostakovich...and many others left other major works incomplete: The Mozart Requiem, the Chausson string quartet, Mussorgsky's opera 'The Fair at Sorochinsk' - we could go on.

In each listed case, the composer left the work unfinished because he died. That is, in each case - except Schubert's; in this one case alone, the lack of completion has nothing to do with death. Rather, the man simply lost interest. Practically every significant composer (and many minor ones) has left us incomplete works, abandoned for any one of a hundred reasons; in Schubert's case, we have far more examples than normal, dating from all periods of career; there are as many unfinished sketches from his youth as from his maturity. It is almost as if his creativity could never find a focus; in a flash of inspiration, he'd grasp an idea, run with it for a time, but drop it short of the finish because another idea hit him in the midst. Thus we have seven complete symphonies, and three unfinished. There are twenty complete piano sonatas, but eleven incomplete ones. Fifteen full string quartets surround six incomplete ones; and in operas, his worst category, Schubert managed to complete seven - but left another seven fragmentary.

A recent recording has provided us with an unusual opportunity: Schubert may not have finished all that he began, but he did begin quite a lot. And the Radio Symphony of Stuttgart, under the baton of Paul Angerer, gives us a chance to evaluate those repetitive beginnings: Prof. Angerer gives us, in three records, a total of seventeen "Beginnings" - the complete overtures of the Master, in exemplary performances designed to make us sit up, take notice, and admire.

By the term 'overture,' we generally understand a 'beginning' - an introduction to something larger. Overtures are commonly presented as curtain-raisers to operas or ballets; theoretically, they set a mood, or give a hint, or give a chance to have the latecomers seated. It was the custom for the composer to write the overture last (viz. Mozart's 'Don Giovanni,' where Mozart was writing the overture the night before first performance, scribbling off a few pages to have them rushed out to the orchestra for rehearsal). There was also the so-called 'concert overture;' it is usually associated with the Romantic composers, Liszt, Schumann and Dvorak and their ilk, but the form existed as early as Haydn and Boccherini. A 'concert overture' can be thought of, in practical terms, as an 'introduction to nothing;' a piece of music put together in the form of an intro, but unaffiliated with any particular stage piece; it could thus be used to open a concert, introduce a stage production, or stand all by itself as a concert 'filler.' As early as 1779, Haydn had written an overture 'all by itself, to serve as a beginning to any play or opera deemed appropriate, or for which Your Highness' orchestra does not have the correct instruments.' In modern times, this Overture in D had been used as an introduction to the opera 'Lo Speciale;' as a finale to the rather confused Symphony #53; and as a concert piece to stand by itself.

In Schubert's case, the seventeen examples in the form include ten for the stage (introductions to operas or plays) and seven 'concert pieces.' Of the latter group, three are specifically known to be pure overtures in their own right; the other four may have been intended as overtures or may well have been beginnings to stage works that have yet to be identified. In at least one case, we may in fact have the first movement of a projected symphony that never went beyond the one segment. And, at this distance, it is unlikely that we shall ever know for certain.

One of the biggest problems confronting the Schubert scholar is that the composer was absolutely incessant in his desire to put his ideas on paper for future reference. Unfortunately for him and for us, he spent most of his life on the verge of poverty, and one thing that he lacked constantly, and complained about incessantly in his letters, was music paper! Other great composers needed food, or shelter, or acceptance, or money, or love...not Schubert, he needed more music paper! And as a consequence, he was constantly grabbing paper already partly used to jot down yet another inspiration or revision, with the result that musicologists have had a truly dreadful time sorting out one sketch from another. The Tenth Symphony was 'lost' for 150 years because of this; many other works were hidden from view for lesser periods merely because they were written on the back of other things. The Fifth Symphony is written down in full score on twelve-stave paper, but only eleven staves are needed; so, what do you suppose Schubert has done with the unused twelfth staff? Yep! Down there, in different ink, one can find sixteen themes (only four of which can be identified with eventual compositions), two songs and several revisions to the Sixth Symphony!

With the seventeen overtures, the problem of identifying what piece belongs where rears its ugly head quite seriously. Several of these pieces were simply scribbled on the backs of other things; in at least one case, putting the overture back together requires patching together at least three, and maybe four, wholly unrelated manuscripts. It is an astonishing mess, and it is an amazement that it was done at all.

But it was worth it. This is fine music, every note of it, even the earliest 'juvenile' offerings, and conductor Angerer should be commended for his efforts in restoring these pieces to the living repertory. Not one of these compositions can fail to charm; taken together, they give us a mini-survey of the entire spectrum of Schubert's career, save only his very last few years.

Chronologically, the first item on the agenda dates from 1811, when Schubert was 14. Written under the supervision of his teacher, Antonio Salieri (did we all see 'Amadeus?'), the overture to "Der Teufel als Hydraulicus" is short and mostly conventional, but there are modulations and wind passages that could only have come from the brain of a budding genius; Salieri certainly never wrote any such thing. This piece, which is No. 4 in the catalogue of Schubert's works compiled by Otto Erich Deutsch, is the earliest Schubert composition that has yet been recorded.

Proceeding from here through two more works from the same year (overture to "Der Spiegelritter," Deutsch No. 11, and Overture in D, D.12 - the latter is the one that may be a symphony movement), and past a single piece from 1812 (Overture in D, D.26), we come to Schubert's first serious effort for the stage: The opera "Des Teufels Lustschloss" (The Devil's Pleasure-Palace) of 1814. Based on a stock Kotzebue play of the period, it was Schubert's first effort to come to terms with the problems of the stage, and achieve success as a theatrical composer. He was never to succeed.

'Lustschloss' fails as drama by its wooden characters and obvious situations, and no amount of decent music can ever possibly save it. The overture is a piece of real power and dramatic anticipation, but it's all downhill from there.

If anything, 'Die vierjährigen Posten' (1815) is worse. The overture begins uncharacteristically; the blending of horns in the introduction is like nothing else in Schubert, and almost reminds of Weber, hinting at the horn-work that was shortly to appear in 'Die Freischütz.' But very soon, the flutes and oboes bring us back to the composer of record, and the whole is a superb example of Schubert's ability to take an ordinary motif (in this case, Austrian postillion-calls) and weave a warm melodic cloak around it.

On and on, overture after overture, we proceed through Schubert's development as a musician. Two more, both to unfinished operas, date from 1815: 'Claudine von Villa Bella' and 'Die Freunde von Salamanka.' Then we move to 1818, and there are four concert overtures given to us. Two are of unknown intent; the other two are specifically labelled "In the Italian Style" and represent Schubert's attempt to meet the increasingly popular Italian opera stylists (Rossini would soon 'take over' opera in Vienna) at their own game. The second of these, in C Major, is a fine semi-parody and is one of the few works in this collection to have gained some contemporary acceptance.

In 1819 (Schubert was now all of 22) we get the overture to 'Die Zauberharfe,' a play of no great merit for which Schubert also wrote entr'acts. The overture itself, however, has long since been split away and attached to the music written in 1824 for quite a different play, 'Rosamunde,' which - though it has no merit as theatre - has become the only stage-music Schubert ever wrote to have stayed in the repertory intact. The 'Magic Harp' overture is almost universally now called the 'Rosamunde' overture, and as such it has been played and recorded innumerable times. The irony is that when 'Rosamunde' was first given, it was quite a different overture that Schubert extracted to serve as the curtain-piece; but we shall come to that.

The most curious of all the Schubert overtures also dates from 1819. Unattached to a particular stage work, it is an 'off-the-wall' movement in e minor that all critics insist was not an incomplete symphony, but it is truly hard to imagine this strange experiment as anything else. It begins fifty years ahead of its time, with leaping figures in the strings alternating with winds, yet punctuated with clearly rococo trumpet fanfares; it modulates through every imaginable key, flings forte and piano contrasts about with wild abandon, and strains at every moment to find a theme and a tonality. The result is at first deeply disturbing and wholly unsatisfying, and yet Schubert finally wanders - apparently by accident - into a rollicking browse in the major that leads to a truly brilliant finish in which the fanfares suddenly fit and the themes suddenly gel. This work was lost in the maze of Schubert's notes for so many years that no successor could possibly have known it, and yet one wonders if maybe it hadn't somehow crossed the path of Schumann when he first tried a symphony (unnumbered, in g minor, 1832), or of Franz Berwald when he gave us his magnum opus in 1844-45.

Finally, we devolve to the best and the most mature. The one and only Schubert opera that can lay any conceivable claim to holding the modern stage is 'Alfonso und Estrella,' a tragedy on a Spanish theme which the composer set in 1822. It is not good theatre, being an awkward treatment of the Romeo and Juliet theme with stereotyped characters and wooden scenarios, yet for once the music almost saves it. 'Alfonso' is the only one of the

numerous Schubert operas to have achieved staging and/or recording in modern times. It will never rival 'Trovatore' or even 'Fidelio,' but it does give us some magnificent moments (the present writer has made a 'signature-piece' out of the thunderous bass aria, 'Doch im Getümmel der Schlacht' - 'Deep in the thick of the battle'). When staging 'Rosamunde,' this was the overture, charged with tension and rich in soaring melody, that Schubert pulled away to take on a new identity; why it was later supplanted by the opening of 'Die Zauberharfe' is anybody's guess, but it probably relates to the fact that the 'Alfonso' overture, a strong and dramatic piece, simply overwhelms the rest of the 'Rosamunde' music. Another possible reason is far more practical: The 'Alfonso' overture requires trombones, the 'Rosamunde music' - and 'Die Zauberharfe' - do not.

Our journey ends in 1823; Schubert by now is at the ripe old age of twenty-six, and will make his last effort to achieve the stage. By now he will have seen Weber's 'Freischütz,' and will decide that this is the wave of the future, and will couch his new work accordingly. Unfortunately, he will still have absolutely no sense of dramatic theatre, and thus his swan song in the genre - 'Fierrabras' - will, once again, fall flat.

If one were to hear just the overture to 'Fierrabras' - and one can, of course, on this recording - one would expect a drama of intense conflict, dramatic counter-plot, intensive mystery, and tragic resolution. That is what the brilliant overture suggests to us. What the opera gives us is crashing boredom. The situations are so ordinary that they are laughable; the interactions between characters are so blatantly mannequinish that they might as well be presented through canned cartoon footage. It is instructive to contrast this effort with Verdi's 'Il Corsaro', whereby the very best Schubert could give us is contrasted with Verdi's very worst - and Verdi wins. No question that Schubert wrote the better music; but it is just not good theatre, and opera is nothing if not that.

A word about the performances: The recording I've used in this survey is, as I said, performed by the Radio-Symphony of Stuttgart, conducted by Paul Angerer. I had not previously encountered Prof. Angerer as a conductor; I knew him only as a performer of baroque and rococo music on his chosen instruments, the flute and alto recorder. It is nice to note that his elevation to the realm of the leader of a full symphony has been successful; he wields a firm baton and directs his group in a thoroughly brilliant manner. Stuttgart is known as the home of second-rate orchestras; whether they have grown on their own, or whether Prof. Angerer has whipped them into shape, I cannot say; I can only judge that in this case they are top-flight. Especially gratifying is the brass; those trombones and horns literally scream for attention. Dr. Angerer is essaying new territory here, but in a few places - most notably the 'Zauberharfe' (= Rosamunde) overture - he is competing with every major conductor in the world. He need fear nothing. He has this music mastered, and his musicians will stand him in good stead opposite any players in the world.

The set of three records comes from EMI, the world's biggest recording conglomerate, and is marketed as FSM/Pantheon 93-902. It is also available in digital form.

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ON PAIN OF DEATH, DO NOT SKIP THIS: There is in our midst a quiet, unobtrusive little journal called 'The Alamo City Times.' It comes from John Walker, 4819 Corian Oak, San Antonio, TX 78219-1848. Small, but cheap (price is postage plus Xerox fees - i.e. actual cost). But more than anything, 'Alamo' is reliable and an immense amount of fun! Some wonderful press here, and above all else the glow of the Editor's bouncy, off-the-wall personality. John has openings for regular Diplomacy and the 'Gunboat' (anonymous) variant. (more)

You know, in a way it's sad, but it's true. We, in this hobby - yes, I mean all of us, we included - have a tendency to print plugs and game-opening information for the big ones. Give us a thirty-page issue, we'll list the thing every time. But when it comes to the so-called "little guys," like John Walker, we "bigwigs" have an unfortunate tendency to overlook them. And yet, isn't this where the hobby really is? - in these small, personal, unpretentious little journals like John's?

Think it over. If you want a big fat magazine with tons of 'filler' about the California condor and the old Spanish mission road, subscribe to my journal. If you want a game with close personal interaction, write to John Walker. COSTA is nice, but one thing it ain't is intimate. THE ALAMO CITY TIMES is.

So, you fool, why are you reading this? WRITE HIM A LETTER!!!

~~. weeble . weeble . weeble . weeble . weeble . weeble . weeble . weeble .~~

CHARITY DRIVE: At this time I am collecting contributions for the hobby's biggest current charity, Gary Coughlan's Europa Express. You see, Gary has this problem. He prints a nice pudgy journal, replete with all kinds of good reading and like that. He charges \$12 for ten issues, which is a fine price, and he will gleefully receive your checks at 4614 Martha Cole Lane, Memphis, TN 38118-7151. But in spite of all the good things, his typewriter has blown the letter 'R', and Gary obviously needs some repairs. (I am reminded of the ancient 1927 Underwood machine on which COSTA was typed for many years; it had a defective 'a' which stayed with me until that fateful day in 1974 when Kim and Buster broke into my typing room and smashed the whole machine to smithereens - but I digress.)

Right now, sit down, and send me a check for one dollar. (You'll have a hell of a time mailing the thing while sitting down, but maybe you can concoct a plan.) I will collect all proceeds, and forward them to Gary. He will, in turn, go get his stupid typer fixed.

Better still, send me two dollars. I'll forward the second one to John Walker, and you can get in on THE ALAMO CITY TIMES too!

Best of all, send me twenty dollars, and I'll skip to Brazil!

## HOBBY HISTORY DEPARTMENT

### AT LAST! THE TRUTH ABOUT GAME 1962A!!!

You know, I hate to admit it, but...I have been around a while. By the time you read this, I will be just a few days short of 42 years old. My career as a player of this game of ours has spanned more than half my life; I started in 1961, which just happens to be one quarter of a century ago, and I've been playing the game longer than any other human being now involved in the hobby except Rod Walker, who has the distinction of knowing about the game exactly two days before I saw it.

(Note to some of you younger readers: Do you realize that I had lost more games than you have ever played, before you were even born???)

Hobby history tells us that the first postal game ever played was 1963A - a five-man affair organized by Dr. John Boardman and published in the first postal Diplomacy magazine ever, 'Graustark.' John was, of course, very proud of his pioneering effort, and it was thus not his favorite moment when it was revealed some years ago that someone had beaten him to the punch; yes, friends, there was a game 1962A, begun a full fifteen months before John's supposed 'pioneering' game. And who was the first-ever Gamesmaster, beating John out of his glory? Yup - me!

Well, folks, at long last, here's the truth:

IT AIN'T SO!

In 1961, I graduated from high school. I entered college in the fall, and soon thereafter met Rod Walker; based on many things, one of which was our mutual interest in games, we quickly became friends. And thus it was that, when I saw a classified ad in Saturday Review magazine for a game called 'Diplomacy,' I thought of Rod and showed him the ad. He sent off an order, and the set arrived at his home on a Saturday late in 1961; he brought the game to the campus to show me the following Monday, which is why he has two days' seniority on me. Many games were played over the next several months, up until June 1962; then Rod left school to enter the Air Force.

Before he left, I concocted the idea of continuing our on-campus games by mail; Rod was not the only one of our standard group who was leaving, and many of us agreed that a "postal" continuation would be fun. So we made our plans, and I sent out the first-ever postal Diplomacy flyer a few weeks later.

Years later, we (Rod and I) would throw this first effort in the face of Dr. Boardman, mostly to incite him to lividity and force him to acknowledge that he wasn't 'first' at all. We even "rediscovered" the old records of Game 1962A, published them, and held them forth as proof positive. And so the history of postal Diplomacy was revised to allow for this newly-resuscitated forerunner; 1963A was out, 1962A was in, and John had lost his status as the Founding Father.

Well, guess what? John is the Founder after all! Yes, there was a 1962A; yes, we thought up postal play before he did; but we never made it go - it fizzled before even one move - and the kudos are Dr. Boardman's and no-one else's. Here's what really happened:

Rod went off to the Air Force, and various others in our group went in other directions. I proposed a postal game, to which the others consented, but when I sent out my introductory flyer, the response was underwhelming. Two or three of the proposed players were locals (one being me; we hadn't come up with the gamesmaster concept), and obviously they responded favorably. But all of the out-of-towners either badly misjudged their new-found time commitments, or lost all interest the instant they left the city, because not one of them ever bothered to reply at all. Thus there was not much left of the world's first postal game; it never got beyond country assignments, no move was ever made, and with one exception I never saw nor heard of any of those out-of-town people again.

(The exception was Rod Walker. Five years later, he was home visiting his parents and came out to the college to do some research in the library. I was still there as a student. And as I was walking into the building, Rod was walking out; I said hi, he blinked and finally remembered, we chatted casually, I asked if by chance he ever played Diplomacy any more, he said yes, I told him of the existence of the postal hobby and handed him a couple of 'zines I happened to have with me - one COSTA, it must have been about Vol. I No. 15, and one GRAUSTARK, along about Issue 45 or so. Rod called me that very evening wanting more data. Soon there was ERESHMON, and...well, I'm not sure it's fair to say I had created a monster, but a lifelong friend? Yes indeed....)

So. Who "invented" postal Diplomacy?

On the other hand, who made it work?



It is worth mentioning that there was in fact a third, entirely independent "invention" of the postal hobby. This one occurred ca. 1966 in Oklahoma City, and involved postal games with gameasters for many years thereafter. The two major people involved were Eric Just and Jeff Key. Neither is still involved, to my knowledge, but both were major hobbyists for quite a long while.

So how did the three separate inventors get together? Boardman started out of science-fiction fandom, and one of his early players was a man in Los Angeles named Bruce Pels, who in turn had a friend named Steve Cartier. When Steve began his "Wild n Wooly" in early 1965, he apparently obtained a list of names from the game manufacturer, mine being one based on a letter I had written about a rule interpretation. Steve sent me a sample, I joined, and - zook! Something similar happened with the Oklahomans, only this time I asked the manufacturer for names and Eric's was one of them.

NEXT ISSUE - How I helped start the Spanish-American War.

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GAME 1984HI - The Extroverted Eau - Fall 1907

A little minor slip-up last time; I underlined GER f cly-edl. That was wrong.

AUSTRIA (Pierce): a say-con. a bud-gal. a con-bul. a tri (s) vie. a ven-alb. a arm (h). a vie (s) bud-gal. f adr (c) ven-alb. f gre (s) con-bul.  
 FRANCE (Fleming): a ple (s) tus-ven. a tyo-tri. a lvp (h). a tus-ven. a bur-bel. f wes-aid. f nap (h). f lon-adr. f rom (h). f lon (h).  
 GERMANY (J.Walker): a ruh (s) mun. a sev-rum. a ukr (s) sev-rum. a mos-sev. a gal (s) FRE tyo-vie. a boh (s) FRE tyo-vie. a mun (s) boh. a sil (s) gal. f bel-nth. f nwg (h). f edi (h). f nth-bel.

No retreats. URGENT! - please read the announcement, Page 21, middle.

CENTRES:

A: 9 bud, tri, ser, gre, bul, con, say, ank, vie. Even.  
 F: 11: par, bre, mar, spa, por, tun, ven, rom, nap, lon, lvp. Build one.  
 G: 14 ber, mun, kie, hol, bel, edi, den, nwy, swe, stp, mos, war, sev, rum. Build two.

There is a proposal to call this one off as a draw between France and Germany. Votes next time; one 'no' kills it, votes not cast count as 'yes.'

The builds look fairly simple, so let's try builds and Spring 1908 moves (which may be conditional on builds) and votes on Saturday, February 15, 1986.

FRANCE TO JANUL: Now that I think about it, Orson did say something like that once upon a time.

JANUL TO FRANCE: There was a rumor once that William Randolph Hearst purchased Orson's wells and had them installed at the Castle.

PARIS TO BERLIN: In case you were wondering, my cousin Jacob helped me type all this up.

JANUL: Yes, yes, I know; and he made two copies, and you sent Jacob's letter....

time to turn the page, kiddies....

A RATHER SAD ANNOUNCEMENT: In the last COSTA, the article on the California condor made reference to the last known breeding female, who may have had an infection and was producing defective chicks. Later in the issue I noted that the San Diego Zoo had just captured this condor, and the bird was found to be suffering from lead poisoning. (Cause: Eating nine shotgun pellets!)

Fifteen days after her capture, after a massive effort by zoo doctors, this condor died. Her system had been so thoroughly poisoned that she was unable to eat or even absorb intravenous feedings.

Meanwhile, the Audubon Society has obtained a court injunction against capturing any of the remaining five wild birds, pending a formal hearing in March. By then, the zoo officials suggest, even if they win, there may not be five birds to capture.

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#### FORTY MILES OF BAD ROAD - Steve Sorensen

((EDITOR'S NOTE: This article, by a San Diego free-lance writer, tells an interesting story about the city your Editor lives in. Bear with the author, his opening paragraphs will come clear. I have edited or condensed a few segments that, in their original form, would be meaningless to a non-resident.))

Thursday, November 14, 1985. At ten o'clock in the morning I stood on the steps of the Mission San Diego de Alcalá, longing for a stout Spanish horse to get me over the forty-odd miles of El Camino Real to Mission San Luis Rey. There was a time, not so many years ago, when horses were so plentiful in Mission Valley that nobody much cared whom they belonged to - if you needed one, you simply caught it, saddled it, and rode off. But overdevelopment changed all that: stables became motels, corrals became shopping centers, and now there wasn't so much as a donkey between me and the zoo; and if I wanted to put twenty miles of El Camino Real behind me before sunset, I would have to go it on foot.

I started down the steps, headed west on San Diego Mission Road, then hurried south on Rancho Mission Road, still in sight of the traffic zooming by on Friars Road. Nothing like street names reflecting the surroundings...Of course, I could always drive, but that wasn't the kind of journey I had in mind. The freeways would get me to San Luis Rey in less than an hour; but it wouldn't be over the route of El Camino Real, and when I got there I would still be where I started - in the Twentieth Century. The journey I wanted to take would lead me backward with every step, over a road that no longer exists. Along the way, I hoped to see things that couldn't be seen from the window of a car.

I paused at the willow patches on the banks of the San Diego River to consult my maps. It was my intention to follow the river to the presidio at Old Town, where I would meet El Camino Real; the original mission, after all, had been there, and was only moved to its present site in the Valley after an Indian raid proved the first location unsafe. A survey of the river in 1853 showed a road along the south bank, which meant I would have to cross it. Fortunately, except for a few days out of the year, the San Diego River is not difficult to ford. ((That's a local joke; the river is dry! Only during heavy rains does the old bed fill in.))

Despite heavy rains during the previous two days, the dam at El Capitan had held back the gullywashers from the back country, so my problems were few. After looking around for a while, I found the best crossing to be almost directly beneath the Interstate 15 freeway overpass; I assume travellers from earlier centuries found it to be the same. I paused on the muddy banks, littered with freeway trash and speckled with possum tracks, and wished again I had a horse. I rolled up my pants legs and slogged on through the knee-high water.

On the south side of the river, I found a boulder in the sunshine. Here I paused long enough to wring out my socks and bang the mud from my shoes. Beside

me grew some small patches of watercress, which the Spanish had found useful in treating the scurvy they suffered from after the long voyages from Mexico. I would have liked to taste a sprig of it myself, but after considering the threat of hepatitis, I decided I would take my chances with scurvy. Directly overhead, in another century, cars and trucks rumbled by on the freeway. I scrambled up the bank of the river and struck out west.

There were several footpaths along the river plain, any one of which might have been the original trail. It was impossible to follow them, since most of the plain is now choked with tules, willows, high-rises, and other such obstructions. I made my way as best I could, mainly along today's replacement for the trail, Camino del Rio Sur ((River Road South)). When I stopped near the stadium to catch my breath, a bus driver pulled over and, with a quizzical look, opened his door; I waved him on, but wondered for a moment if maybe this wasn't the reincarnation of the horse I wanted. As I jogged past Saks Fifth Avenue, I considered a stop to replace my soggy socks; but I hadn't even gone two miles yet, so on I went, soggy socks and all.

Even though it was nearly noon by the time I was in the shadow of Presidio Hill, in Old Town, I couldn't resist a short diversion. I dashed up the footpath to the top of the hill, just above where the old Presidio ((fort)) once stood overlooking San Diego Bay. Downtown and the harbor were visible through the trees to the south; the ocean sparkled in the west; and to the north, I could see as far as the white cross atop La Jolla's Mount Soledad. The cross overlooks the route of El Camino Real, and that was where I was going next.

By giving the name El Camino Real ("The King's Road") to what had been an ancient trail, the Spanish explorers made it sound as if it were royalty's personal road. But the King of Spain never saw it and probably didn't spend too much time thinking about it. The name El Camino Real actually means something more like Federal Highway, and besides the 500 or so miles between San Francisco and San Diego, the road continued for thousands of miles in Mexico, Central and South America. In 1959, Governor Edmund G. Brown signed a legislative measure designating U.S. Highway 101 between the Mexican Border and San Francisco as the official route of El Camino Real through California. But, of course, the governor's signature couldn't change history. In fact, through most of San Diego County, Highway 101 doesn't go anywhere near El Camino Real. To determine where the Spaniards' road had actually been, I was relying on a San Diego County survey plan of 1872 (on which El Camino Real is shown as nothing but a foot trail), on the advice of several old-timers whose memories of the route predate most of the county's freeways and subdivisions, and on the diary of Father Juan Crespi, a member of the first party of Europeans to travel the route of El Camino Real.

Of all the journeys on this historic track, none has been better recorded than the first. In the summer of 1769, travelling with a party of nearly sixty men, including soldiers, servants, Christian Indians, and Commander Gaspar de Portola, Crespi left San Diego in search of a land route to Monterey, 450 miles north. After each day's travel, Father Crespi recorded the route and his impressions of what he saw along the way. The geographical descriptions were so detailed and accurate that they can still be used to follow his route through San Diego County - with just enough possibility for error to give historians something to argue about.

I took a copy of Father Crespi's diary from my pack and read what he had to say about the area surrounding San Diego Bay, 216 years ago. After describing its geography, he wrote: "In this port and vicinity there are many large villages of heathen...They are very intelligent...noisy, bold, great traders, covetous, and thievish." Thinking about San Diego today, I realized how little had changed! I climbed back down the hill, past the transients lolling in Presidio Park, and started the trek north - back across the river, of course, only this time on the Santa Fe Railroad trestle. Well, at least I had an Iron Horse....

"We set out from this port of San Diego...about four in the afternoon," wrote Crespi on July 14, 1769. "We went northwest over land well covered with grass on account of the proximity of the estuaries, which have good salt deposits. Afterwards we came upon the beach of the second harbor that San Diego has ((now called Mission Bay and devoted to recreational use)), although it is closed so that it cannot be entered...At about two leagues we came to a very large village of heathens who are in a valley formed by this second harbor where there are some small springs of water." I imagined that I was probably standing somewhere around this heathen settlement when I stopped for lunch at one o'clock; only now the village is a 7-11 Market, and I grabbed a ham sandwich and a beer and went out to sit on the railroad tracks to eat. 150 feet away, four lanes of traffic roared by on Interstate 5. For lack of anything better to do, I counted the number of cars that passed in sixty seconds. There were ninety-five. If there were an average of two persons per car, I figured, that would be 11,400 people driving north every hour, perhaps 200,000 in a day, and more than 70 million in a year. According to the California census of 1850, when El Camino Real was almost one hundred years old, there were fewer than 900 people living in San Diego County. (They didn't count Indians back in those days.) During the time it took me to eat my lunch, I realized, more people would drive over this route than had walked or ridden over El Camino Real during the entire Spanish or Mexican eras.

"Here we left the shore and entered a valley between hills but on the same road," Father Crespi wrote at the entrance to Rose Canyon. It has many willows and some alders" (Crespi confused alders with sycamores) "and live oaks...Though the valley is not very broad, it is well covered with grass, and on all sides there are knolls, ridges, and hills, all of good land. We found some small pools, which contained water enough for the people, but the horses had nothing to drink."

Crespi spent the night near the place which later became known as 'Ladrillo,' where a brickyard stood for many years. A railroad sign still marks the spot. In spite of the freeway and the train tracks, the bottom of Rose Canyon remains much as Father Crespi found it. Sycamores and willows still grow in abundance, and foxes run wild. City streets do not penetrate all the way up the canyon, so at the northeast end, where San Clemente Canyon juts off to the east, one can only get through on foot or bicycle. In several places old roadbeds can be seen, any one of which might have been travelled by Father Crespi.

In another mile, at the Gilman Drive freeway exit leading up the northwest corner of Rose Canyon to the University of California, I came to one of the most perplexing problems concerning the route of El Camino Real through San Diego County, and I sat down in the clover to ponder it. Some historians - including the respected Richard F. Pourade in his popular series of books on San Diego history - have claimed that Crespi's route continued up Rose Canyon, which at this point shifts in a wide arc to the northeast. The railroad follows that route today because it offers the most gradual grade out of the canyon. But that route adds nearly five miles to the journey, and as I sat there studying the landscape, I couldn't believe that anyone travelling on foot or horseback would have gone that way. I brought out Father Crespi's notes and read: "Following the same direction to the northwest, we ascended a large grassy hill, all of pure earth, and then found ourselves on some very broad mesas of good soft ground, all covered with grass." Looking to the northwest, up Gilman Drive, I could see a natural route all the way to the top of Torrey Mesa. Consulting the survey map of 1872, I saw that the road at that point clearly went up what later became, first Pacific Coast Highway, now Gilman. When a trio of college girls in jogging shorts trotted past me and headed up Gilman Drive toward UCSD, I carefully weighed the historic evidence before me, and followed the joggers.

It was a long, hot mile to the top of Torrey Mesa, and the coeds quickly outdistanced me. "We saw seven antelopes running together on this mesa, and at every moment hares and rabbits came running out," Father Crespi wrote. The antelope disappeared long ago, but the rabbits still abound. Father Crespi also described seeing small oaks and chaparral, which can be found in the few vacant lots

where houses and condominiums haven't been built. Farther on, near UCSD, the mesa has been taken over with groves of eucalyptus trees.

The old road across Torrey Mesa passed just east of the UCSD central library - close enough that Father Crespi could have admired his reflection in the mirrored glass as he rode by. By the time I got there, my water bottle needed refilling, so I borrowed the services of the library's drinking fountain. And, while there, I couldn't resist another diversion.

Riding the library elevator to the fifth floor, I sought out the diary of Sgt. Daniel Taylor, who in January of 1848 had marched through San Diego with the Mormon Battalion. His observations along El Camino Real, while not as precise as Father Crespi's, were at least as vivid. "Travelling in sight of the ocean," he wrote, "the clear bright sunshine, with the mildness of the atmosphere, combined to increase the enjoyment of the scene before us. We no longer suffered the monotonous hardships of the desert, the cold of the mountains. January seemed as pleasant as May. Much of the soil over which we passed was very rich, and the vegetable growth exceedingly luxuriant. The water was clear and good, being mainly cold mountain streams somewhat warmed by the brilliant rays of the sun."

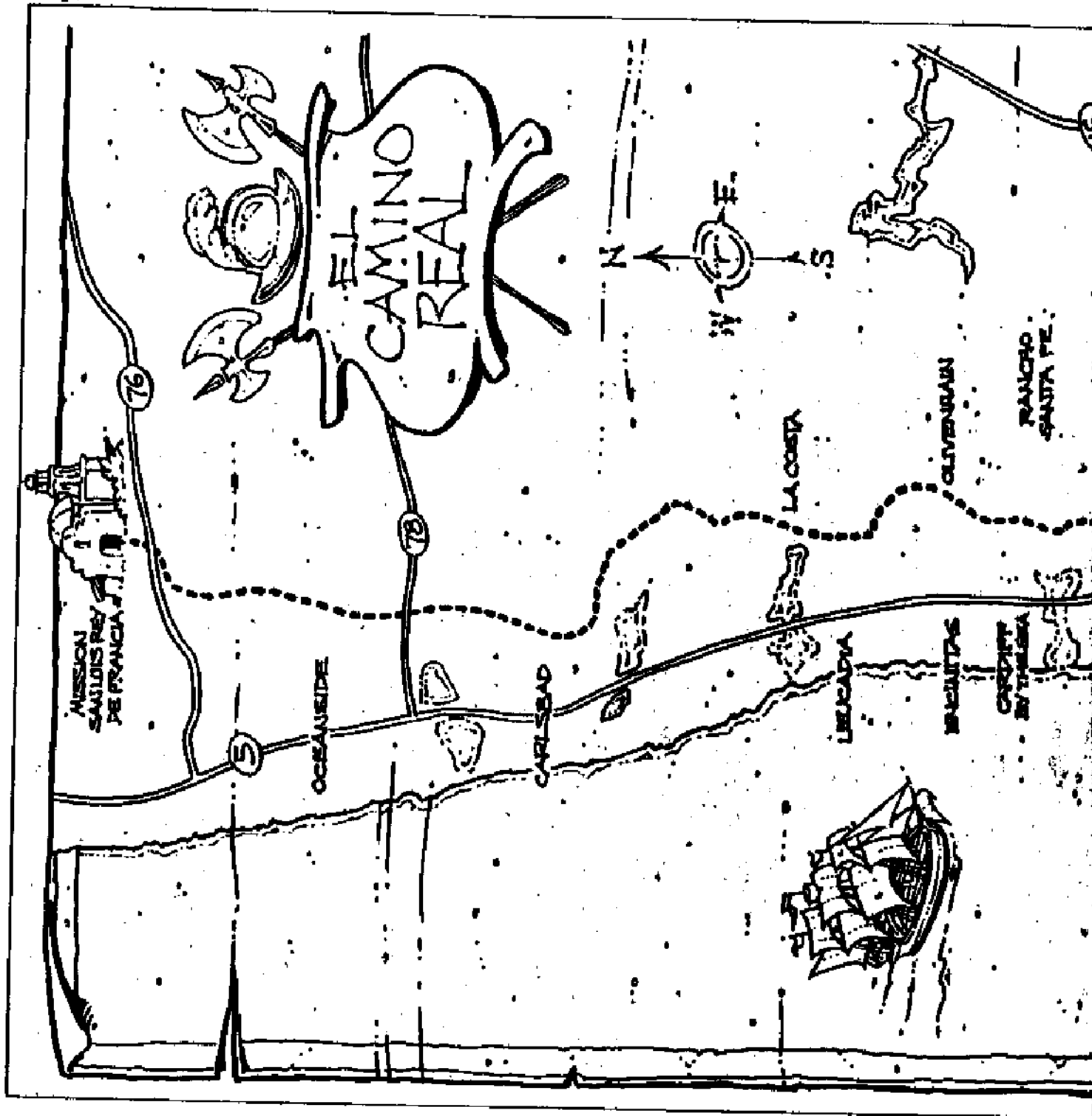
While I was still on the fifth floor, I went to the window and studied the route ahead of me. When I had it fixed in my mind, I rode the elevator back down and continued on my way.

North of the library, the route dropped into a narrow canyon. Nobody passes that way any more, but the old roadbed of Pacific Coast Highway can still be seen, cracked and crumbling, with yerba santa and Indian tobacco growing up through the pavement. Beyond that canyon for a time, the old road has been obliterated, but it picks up again a mile or so beyond, where it parallels the freeway in the canyon bottom until it reaches Sorrento Valley - San Diego's version of "Silicon Valley." Now, it is all high-tech offices, assembly plants, and warehouses. But Father Crespi saw something else: "We came to a very beautiful valley which, when we saw it, seemed to be nothing less than a cultivated cornfield or farm on account of its mass of verdure. On a small eminence in this valley we saw a village of heathen, with six little straw houses. Upon seeing us, all of them came out into the road, in great good humor and making demonstrations of joy. We descended to this valley and saw that its verdure consisted of very leafy wild calabashes and many Castilian roses."

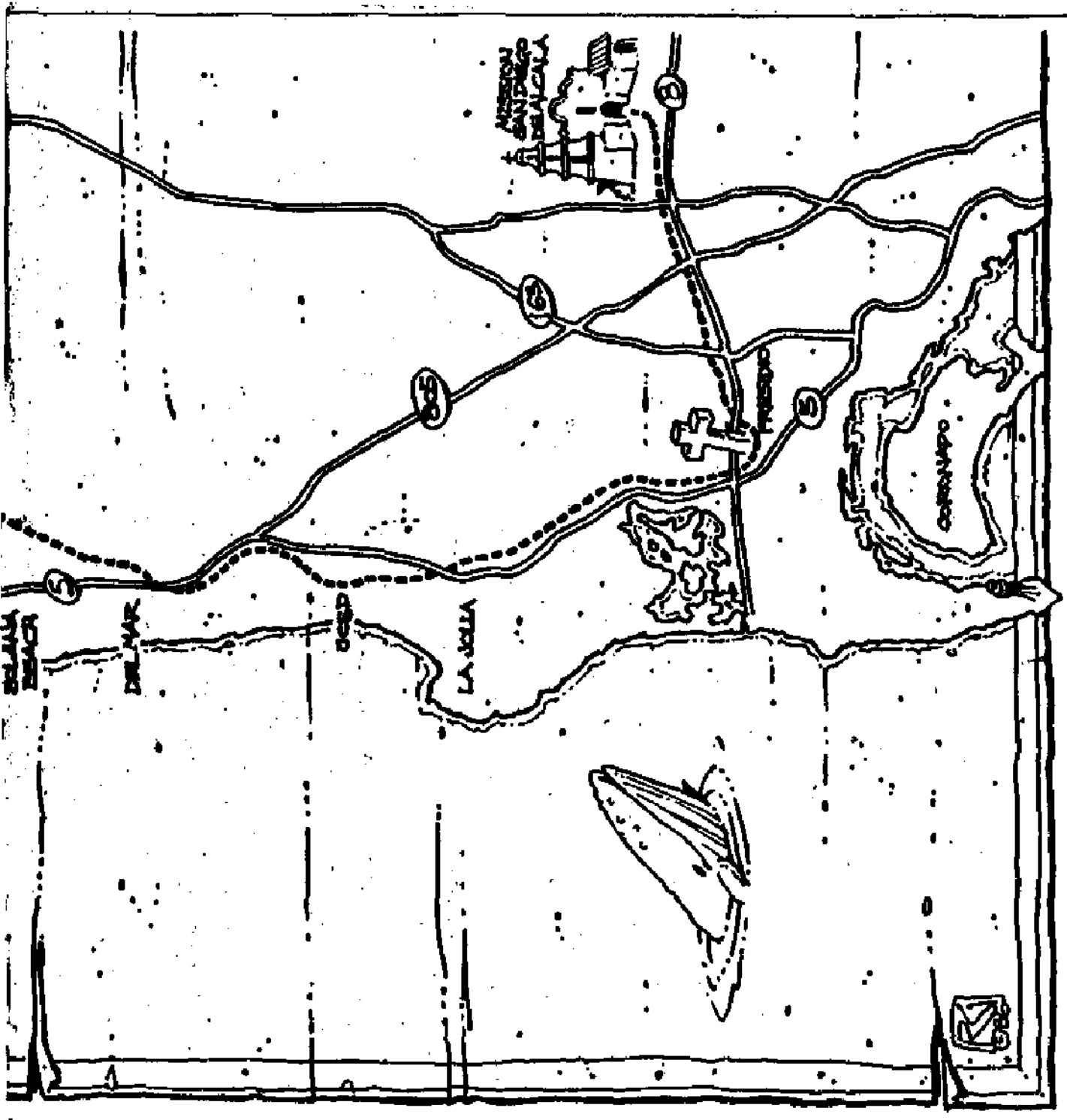
The extreme west side of the valley has held out against development so far, and as I hopped across the shallow creek and rejoined the railroad tracks, I gazed west and saw what Father Crespi had meant. If I had seen a village of naked heathens there, I might almost have waved; the impression was not, at that moment, far-fetched. But my reverie had to be cut short; it was nearly dark, and I still had two more miles in today's segment.

"In about half a league's travel, at the end of the valley we came to a medium-sized pool of freshwater, in which we saw two pots of baked clay, very well made," Father Crespi wrote. I arrived there at dusk and found things much as the good Father described them, though the clay pots were gone. As Father Crespi would say, this day's march had covered seven leagues, or about twenty-one miles. Father Crespi and his party had taken two days to cover the same distance, though that included the time it had taken their scouts to explore the route ahead of them. In later years, Spanish horsemen would ride the entire forty-four miles from Mission San Diego to Mission San Luis Rey in one night. After my seven leagues on foot, I had a pretty good idea how their horses must have felt.

Friday, November 15, 1985. At ten in the morning I was slogging around in circles through the mud and clay behind the Shell service station on Carmel Valley Road, just east of the freeway. For many years a monument stood there marking the route of El Camino Real, but the entire corner had been bulldozed to make room



for a housing subdivision, and I couldn't find the monument anywhere. I went back to the Shell station, but none of the attendants knew what had happened to it. I went to the 'phone booth and called the construction company building the subdivision, but I could only get their sales office, and they had no idea what had happened to the monument. I had the feeling I was witnessing history being forgotten.



I set off across the bulldozed fields, slipping and sliding over the fresh clay. After a half-mile or so, I at last came to a paved road and a road sign that said "El Camino Real." I passed through a new subdivision of homes, all empty, until I came to a notch in the mesa. There I paused long enough to look out over the entire San Dieguito Valley, as Father Crespi had done; "It seems this place is near the sea, judging by our view of it as we came down the valley.

The hills that surround the valley are not very high and are all of pure earth, covered with pasture, the only thing lacking to the site being trees. Many scorpions have been seen, but no one has been bitten by them."

I limped past a horse ranch where a frisky appaloosa romped across the pasture, stirring within me the compulsions of a horse thief. I checked them, and continued on to the bridge over the San Dieguito River. This was said to be a difficult crossing during the rainy season, but with the dam at Lake Hodges, the river was barely trickling now.

Father Crespi recognized the potential for the San Dieguito Valley, and he envisioned a mission built there some day. But the soldiers in his party, who were sometimes paid their wages in land, had other plans for it. One of them named the watering hole there "The Well of Osuna," and in later years one of his relatives was awarded the Spanish land grant to Rancho San Dieguito, now called Rancho Santa Fe.

Today the most pleasant stretch of El Camino Real winds through the large estates of Rancho Santa Fe. The pastoral solitude that can be found there is so rare in the coastal area now that it seems to have become the exclusive privilege of the very rich. I strolled down the eucalyptus-lined boulevard like a feudal lord overlooking his landholdings.

"We climbed a bare hill which followed soon afterward with a small wood of little trees unknown to us, and some chaparral," Father Crespi wrote of the area around Rancho Santa Fe. "Passing over it we came out upon some broad grassy mesas, and...descended to a very green valley, with good level land covered with alders."

The green valley he describes is at San Elijo Lagoon, and upon arriving there I was confronted with another route-finding dilemma. At the intersection of El Camino Real and La Noria Street, I found a chain across the old road, detouring modern-day travellers onto La Noria. I couldn't imagine Father Crespi wasting his time with such a detour, and since there wasn't a "No Trespassing" sign across the old route, I assumed it was a public right of way. I stepped over the chain and forged on.

The dirt road became a dirt path as it descended toward the lagoon, passing behind orange orchards and tennis courts. Within a few hundred feet, the path became wet, then boggy, and finally plunged into the tule swamp at San Elijo Lagoon, now swollen by the recent rains. After consulting my maps, I pushed on, determined to follow the route I knew to be correct. When the water was nearly waist-high and the muck was sucking the shoes from my feet, I suddenly recalled reading a passage from the diary of Father Crespi's friend, Father Pedro Font, who in 1776 described an encounter that a group of runaway soldiers had with just such a tule swamp. "One deserter who saw himself about to be captured, in order to get away jumped precipitately into one of these mires, trusting perhaps that he might be able to swim, but was swallowed up and unable to get out, and it was impossible to aid him, he remained there drowned and buried in the mud."

Of course I didn't recall the entire quote as I stood there slowly sinking, but the last phrase was especially vivid. After a brief but animated struggle, I made my way back to solid ground; and then, without further consulting my maps (which I had decided were only an approximation of geographic reality), I chose an alternate route.

I skirted the edge of the lagoon, hopped several barbed wire fences, and finally came to a section of cow pasture that seemed firm enough to bear my weight. As I plodded across, a herd of cows stared down their long faces at me, as though I were the first person to pass this way in a hundred years.

At Manchester Avenue I stopped, glanced northward, and faced yet another dilemma. The modern-day El Camino Real picks up about a half-mile to the west, climbs the bluff, and then continues through Encinitas to La Costa. But a more obvious route lay directly ahead, along Rancho Santa Fe Road. Should I trust the road signs, I wondered? Or my own instincts?



After some hesitation I consulted my maps again and found that both the county map of 1872, as well as a topographical map of 1903, showed roads following both routes. I decided to let Father Crespi decide which road to take: "In about half a league we came to another little valley with many live oaks, where we found a small stream of water, which ran a short way in the midst of some blackberry bushes," he said. This seemed to describe the area where the town of Olivenhain is today. "Then followed extensive hills with good land and pasture." (Such hills can be found on Rancho Santa Fe Road, but not the modern El Camino Real.) "After about one more league of travel, we descended to another very green valley." (Today this is known as Green Valley.) So, I concluded, Father Crespi had followed Rancho Santa Fe Road, or the version of it that existed in his day, and I would do the same.

As I trudged up the hill to Olivenhain, the ancient wisdom of the foot traveller slowly dawned on me: The rest route is always the easiest route. This might mean going around treacherous bogs during the rainy season, avoiding washed-out creek crossings, accepting short cuts once they are proven to be short, and even avoiding well-travelled routes if it is easier not to be seen. In other words, there wasn't just one El Camino Real, there were many Caminos Reales, and they were changing all the time. Even today, as I had discovered, what is called El Camino Real could be obliterated by a subdivision, then recreated somewhere else by a road sign.

From Olivenhain I turned northwest to Green Valley, and there rejoined the modern El Camino Real. From here it was a short mile to Batiquitos Lagoon. "We made camp near a hill which has two springs of water," wrote Father Crespi, describing the area at La Costa resort. "Both springs are surrounded by Castilian roses, of which I gathered a branch with six roses open and twelve about to open."

It was now three in the afternoon, and I, like Father Crespi, decided to call it a day. Part Two of the trek had covered four leagues, or about thirteen miles.

Saturday, November 16. Once again the weather was clear and warm - two reasons for a foot traveller to be joyful. I left La Costa and started north, and was immediately surprised to realize that I was walking uphill. I had driven this section of road many times, and had always thought it was flat. As I trudged, exhaust snaks from the transit buses billowed around me, and the people inside turned their heads to stare at the foolish man walking when he could have ridden.

After the subdivisions of La Costa come the industrial parks at Palomar Airport, and then the road descends to Agua Hedionda ('Stinking Water') Lagoon, named after the stench left by the lagoon at low tide. In spite of its name, it's a beautiful little valley, wooded with sycamores, which Father Crespi once again confused with alders: "We descended into a valley full of alders, in which we saw a village, but without people. This valley...is not very far from the shore, and at the end of it we saw an estuary, although the sea was not visible. We continued on our way in the same northerly direction, over hills and broad mesas supplied with good pasture, and...descended to a small, very green valley, which has a narrow plain...We pitched camp on the slope of the valley on the west side. The water is collected in pools, and we noticed that it flowed out of several springs, forming about it marshes, or stagnant pools, covered with rushes and grass." Crespi's camp was at Buena Vista creek, probably in the parking lot of Plaza Camino Real shopping center. Today, the creek is still flowing, but the shopping mall has decidedly reduced the greenness.

The road climbed over Fire Mountain, then dropped into Loma Alta Creek. The countryside, as Father Crespi with his agrarian eye might have said, was of good soil well covered with grass. In spite of Crespi's optimistic observations, which no doubt were intended to impress the Viceroy back in Mexico with

the possibilities for developing a chain of missions in California, San Diego County was too dry to become much of a farmland. The valleys Crespi pictured covered with fields of wheat and corn were instead used to raise people, and for that purpose they are proving to be among the most fertile in the nation.

I climbed one last hill, then stood on the high ridge overlooking the broad San Luis Rey Valley. It looked huge. Father Crespi tells us that it "...was so green that it seemed to us that it had been planted...it has many wild grapes, and one sees some spots that resemble vineyards." Father Crespi knew immediately that the San Luis Rey Valley was a perfect site for a mission. In terms of physical attributes - water, flat land, and good soil - there is nothing in the county to match it.

As I started down the long hill, I could just make out the mission, a mile and a half away, on the other side of the valley. Though the area's geography seemed to have changed little, the area's population has undergone a change that Father Crespi no doubt would have approved of: "Soon after our arrival the heathen came to visit us. There were more than forty Indians, naked and painted from head to foot in several colors...The women were modestly covered, wearing in front an apron of threads woven together. To cover their breasts they wear little capes made of hare and rabbit skins. But all the men go as naked as Adam in Paradise before he sinned, and they did not feel the least shame in presenting themselves before us...just as though the clothing given them by nature were some fine garment." On my day in the valley, as I completed the final two blocks to the mission, I saw one bare-chested Marine out jogging; every other resident I came across was modestly covered.

I passed San Luis Rey Auto Salvage, the River Bottom Inn, and the Blue Room Beauty Salon. It seemed to be an inelegant approach to what had once been the most prosperous mission in all of California. At the entrance to the mission grounds, which had once covered 15,000 acres and had provided food for as many as 3000 people at one time, a cracked and peeling sign now reads, "Por Favor No Cortar Los Nopales" - "Please Don't Pick The Prickly Pears."

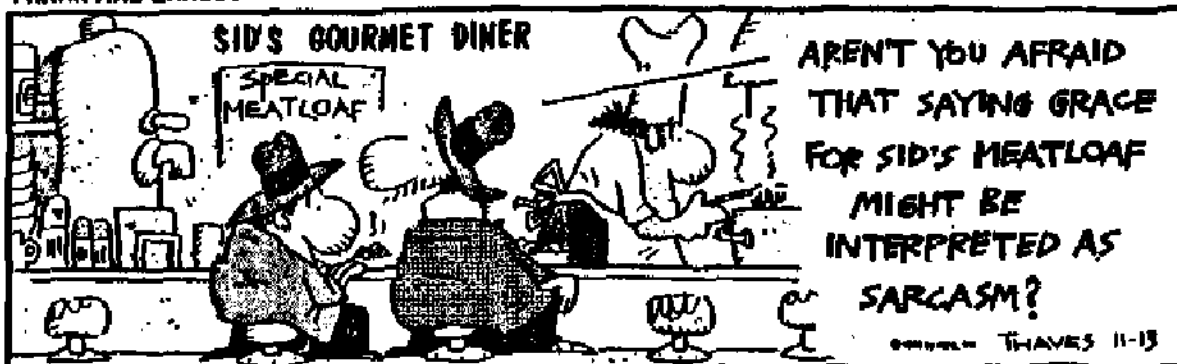
At 1:30 in the afternoon, with my journey behind me, I stood on the steps of the Mission San Luis Rey, looking up at its brilliant, white walls. They were beautiful in the afternoon sun and had the look of something permanent, something built to span the centuries.

Looking back to the south, toward the land I had travelled in the last three days, I had the odd sensation that the distance had been somehow compressed. This is the pedestrian's paradox - on foot, distances seem shorter rather than longer. Maybe this is because the footsteps give the distance a human scale that the body can understand. Walking all the way to Monterey not only seemed possible to me, but also a very good idea. It wasn't so far. By following Father Crespi's diary, and his pace, I could get there in about nine weeks. Distance is only time, and if one thing is certain, the time will pass whether you're walking or not.

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FRANK AND ERNEST

Bob Thaves





As such, it chronicles Game 1984C, adopted from Rod Walker, and is intended to report this poor old game's current status, and also bring it into synchronization with the magazine itself. You who are reading this will have the dubious privilege of seeing this twice: Now, and when it's published as a part of the next full issue. Whoopes.

Today is January 11, 1986, and this is game 1984C (oh, did I already say that?), and I'm Conrad. So what are we waiting for? Let's boogie....

Well...no, let's not. Let's throw out one more line before things get going, and I promise, after this I'll shut up about it: Thank you all for your patience while we got this game re-started.

Well, let's get the bad news out of the way right off the top. I asked Keith Sherwood to take over poor benighted Italy; unfortunately, I caught him just as he was making big plans to withdraw from the hobby! So we are stuck with one more player change; Italy is now and forevermore the property of Dan Gorham, 800 S. Euclid, Fullerton, CA 92632-2613. Dan's 'phone, if anyone cares to use it, is (714) 526-2131.

Okay (are you panting and drooling in anticipation?) - here goes....

#### 1984C - The (Increasingly) Distraught Dingo - Fall 1906

The Italian moves were made, if I didn't clarify, by Keith.

ENGLAND (Wilcox): a bre-spa. f nwy (s) GER den-swe. f nth-ska. f mid (c)  
bre-spa. f eng-bel.  
FRANCE (Del Grande): a gas-bre.  
GERMANY (Henry): a boh (s) ber-sil. a mun (s) ber-sil. a ber-sil. a den-  
swe. a par (h). f kie-bal. f hel-den.  
ITALY (Sherwood): a ven (h). a pie (s) ven. f nap (s) tyn-ion. f tyn-ion.  
f tun (s) tyn-ion. f spa sc - por.  
RUSSIA (Kleiman): a war (s) sil. a sil (s) vie-boh. a tyo-pie. a tri-ven.  
a fin-swe. a lvn-pru. a vis-boh. f swe-bal.  
TURKEY (Heintzman): a rum-gal. a ser-alb. f eas-ion. f aeg (s) eas-ion.  
f adr (s) RUS tri-ven. f ion-tun. f naf (s) ion-tun.

The moves with lines under them don't work. The following retreats are indicated:

RUS f swe to bot or o.t.b. ("off-the-board")  
ITA f tun to wes or o.t.b.  
ITA a ven to tus, rom, apu or o.t.b.

Builds and removals may, of course, be made conditional on any or all of these retreats.

#### CENTRES, 1906:

E: 6: edi, lvp, lon, nwy, bel, spa. Build one.  
F: 1: bre. Even.  
G: 7: mun, ber, kie, den, swe, hol, par. Even.  
I: 4: rom, nap, mar, por. Remove two.  
R: 8: mos, stp, sev, war, bud, vie, tri, ven. Even.  
T: 8: say, con, ank, bul, rum, ser, gra, tun. Build one.

And now we're going to move this game into the magazine. The next deadline is only TWO weeks away; retreats and adjustments must be here by Saturday, Jan. 25, 1986. That is fourteen days from today. By the time you read this, it will only be about ten days. Please DO NOT FORGET! Than kew.

For the sake of our new player - and, Lord God who art in Heaven, I hope this is the last change - I am listing all player addresses yet again:

Stephen Wilcox, 5300 W. Gulf Bank, #103, Houston, TX 77088-2906  
 Nelson T. Heintzman, 2255 Delaware Ave., #C-4, Buffalo, NY 14216-2621  
 Don Del Grande, 142 Eliseo Dr., Greenbrae, CA 94904-1339  
 David Kleiman, 651 Fenster Ct., Indianapolis, IN 46234-2224  
 Daniel Corham, 800 S. Euclid, Fullerton, CA 92632-2613  
 Lu Henry, 6056 Waverly, Dearborn Heights, MI 48127-3227

PRESS (you read it here first):

GASCONY: The French Forces Running In Every Direction (FRENCH FRIED) are making their last-gasp effort to salvage some remnants of a supply line in the wake of increased Anglo-Italian efforts on the Iberian peninsula. Curiously enough, the French garrison of tourists that just happen to be stuck in Lisbon have developed a new strategy: sitting on beach chairs and watching the English and Italian navies battle it out along the coast. Meanwhile, the black market has had a run on French-Portuguese-Italian-English dictionaries. And simultaneously, the LAST, FINAL, CONCLUDING section of the Tales of Marseilles has been released:

THE LAST, FINAL, CONCLUDING SECTION OF THE "TALES OF MARSEILLES"

Part One: When.

(Apparently, when the other members of the party saw the "Part One," they decided to take matters into their own hands - not to mention the author's neck. The surrounding villages have announced that statues will be erected in the party's honor to celebrate "the saving of French literature.")

JANUL: A news flash has just arrived! It seems that the French Rather Excited Forces Running In Every Direction (FRENCH REFRIED) have been given a massive jolt in their quest to get out of the literary business. On a lark, they attempted to occupy a printing firm located on the French west coast - and, by Georges, they got it! And so now we get to look forward to "Son of the Last, Final, Concluding Chapter...."

There is one possible salvation. In typing the last issue of COSTAGUANA a week ago, one of my typewriters broke down. Would anyone care to hex the other?

GASCONY TO JANUL: 287 That's 2/3 of the answer to Life, the Universe, and Everything, isn't it? (Does this mean that you also happen to know my plans to travel back in time to 1961 - after all, if D&D teaches real magic spells and devil worship, then the DOCTOR WHO RPG is just as capable of teaching time travel - to begin 1961A and claim the title "Father of PBM Diplomacy?")

JANUL TO GASCONY: Yes, I was aware - in a manifestation of that mystical wisdom which we founders evidence - of your plan. It is for nought. Nobody would ever believe 1961A. It is to laugh! Good Lord, look how long it took me to suck people into believing 1962A!



The shock has worn off. Now the strain begins. Not much sleep last night. I apologize to all for whatever you feel I owe you an apology for. (Matthew, I won't accept a solo win even though everybody tells me what a so-and-so you are. So there.) I hope to indulge in one last letter-writing campaign this weekend. With any luck, I'll write Conrad and ask him to cancel this yucky stuff. I better go. I do have to make sure some things are the way I want them.

//

Conrad here now. In a separate note, John has specifically requested that I ask for standby players in all his games, just in the event. I will do so, but I am specifically asking people that I believe will agree to these terms: Please play for John until he is able to return. The probabilities are you'll not have to play at all, or at most one turn. But regardless, John will remain the player of record throughout, and you standbys will be playing temporarily on his behalf, but will not actually 'take over.' I'll concoct some suitable compensation later on.

For Germany in Emu - Paul Rauterberg, 4158 Monona Dr., Madison, WI 53716-1662.  
For Austria in Dik-Dik - Jake Walters, P.O. Box 1064, Brookline, MA 02146-1064.  
For France in Tapir - Robert Acheson, P.O. Box 4622, Sta. SE, Edmonton, Alberta, CANADA T6E 2A0.

Obviously I, and all others among us, wish John a speedy recovery and an end to the tension.

The high probability is, of course, that this is only a scare. Nevertheless, John's point about taking responsibility for your own state of well-being is extremely well-taken. I have little personal sympathy for the so-called "health nuts" who go to outrageous extremes - some of their activities with vitamins are, in fact, quite dangerous - but, short of the ridiculous, a solid and unflagging investment in your own well being is a good investment indeed. And the key to it all, I would amateurishly pontificate, is personal awareness. John knows his family's history with cancer; ergo, he obviously pays attention to that sort of thing. If it's lungs in your family, quit smoking. If it's not lungs, quit smoking anyway. And hiking forty miles on an old Spanish trail may not be for you, but a decent ration of exercise ought to be there somewhere.

Ah, hell, you've heard all this before. You don't need me to tell you what to do. (Unless, of course, you aren't doing it....)

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SPACE FILLER #1:

I learned (or want to think that I learned because it's convenient) that the plural of octopus was octopuses when referring to different species, and octopi when referring to two or more of the same species. (Rather like fish's plural is fish for more than one fish of the same species, but fishes for more than one fish but of different species.) Of course, if one had a tank full of the octopods a misapplication of this is understandable.

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On the next page will appear two of the most exciting items that have ever graced the pages of COSTAGUANA; these are historical items (taken from pages of earlier issues) and will serve to kick off a new series: "The Best from COSTAGUANA." I fully expect rave reviews....

First, before we start the historical reprints, let me commend to you something wonderful. He is a gentleman younger than I, an Israeli named Gidon Kremer, and he is quite rapidly becoming one of the finest and most stylish classical violinists now active. The radio tonight broadcast a recent performance of the Beethoven Concerto (with the Philadelphia under Muti) which, save only for some outrageously intrusive cadenzas that show off Mr. Kremer but discombobulate the flow of the music, is easily the smoothest and most finely-wrought essay of this gentle piece that I have heard since I first came to know the work twenty-five years ago. To this time, I have lived (gladly!) with a single recording, made in the late 'fifties by Joseph Szigeti, with the LSO under Menges. It has been out of print for twenty years, yet I challenge anyone to find a better.

Well, we may have the challenge met here. If Mr. Kremer will only bypass his chosen fioratura interludes and revert to the originals, he will have a performance to shake the heavens. And then he can record it, and I can replace the old scratched Szigeti.

Suggestion for partnership: How about VPO/Bernstein?

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#### THE BEST FROM 'GOSTAGUANA'

Today, we bring you "The Hazelrigg Variant." Let me explain.

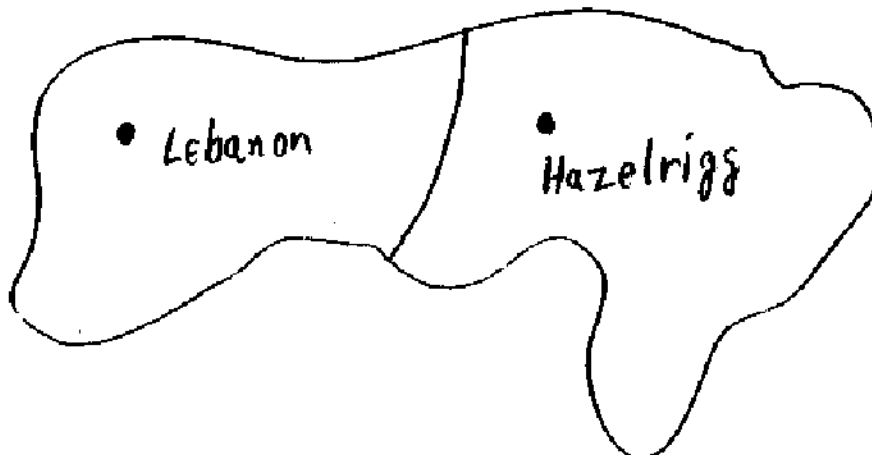
In 1973, I flew East to visit Walt Buchanan. While there, Walt took me on a tour of his neighborhood, and the tour passed through the tiny town of Hazelrigg, which looked for all the world to consist in exactly one grain silo! And yet, all the maps and highway signs suggested the presence of a "settlement." Walt assures me that, in all his years in the vicinity, he has yet to find the settlers.

In commemoration of this visit, and of Walt's magnificent hospitality (he was very explicit in giving directions to the nearest McDonald's), I have designed a two-player variant Diplomacy game based on the geography of Hazelrigg, Indiana, and its neighboring town (Walt's home), Lebanon.

#### RULES:

1. Unless otherwise stated, the rules of Standard Diplomacy apply.
2. The two powers are Hazelrigg and Lebanon. Hazelrigg begins the game in Spring 1973 with Army Hazelrigg. Lebanon begins in the same season with Army Lebanon.
3. The first player to obtain a majority of the centers is the victor.

#### MAP:



**THE BEST FROM 'COSTAGUANA', Part II**

Over the years, COSTAGUANA has presented an immense amount of verbiage on the great classical composer Franz Josef Haydn (1732-1809). Among other things, I have brought to your attention the fact that Haydn wrote 108 symphonies, not the 104 he's usually credited with. Of the 108, one is the popular Sinfonia Concertante of 1791; the other three add-ons to the original total (they are generally known as Symphonies A, B and C) are generally little-known and seldom performed. Symphony A was, in fact, first published only in 1955, as a back-cover pocket insert to H.G. Robbins Landon's monumental study, "The Symphonies of Joseph Haydn" (Barrie & Rockliff). Symphony B was printed a few years later by Ernst Eulenber, Zurich. But poor Symphony C - it has never been published. For whatever reason, nobody has yet seen fit to give us a full performing score of the piece, and this is a shame, because without Symphony C we can never have a true Complete Edition.

Therefore, as a public service, COSTAGUANA presents herewith the complete score to Joseph Haydn's so-called "Symphony 'C' in D Major":



Well, friends, there you have it. Symphony 'C' is finally in print! Er...what's that you say? It looks a little incomplete? Oh! I'm sorry, I must have neglected to mention; Symphony 'C' has been lost. No copy of the full score has ever been located; all we have left to evidence the piece is a short notation of its first theme in Haydn's own catalogue of his works.

Oh well...at least we have the little bit that remains in print finally. Perhaps conductors of stature will now be moved to program it, such as it is....



**SPACE FILLER:**

The waiter asked, "Would you like to order, madam?"  
Being deliberately stupid for the sake of this space filler, she asked, "What? Why, I don't even know what that is!"  
Puzzled, the waiter asked, "Madam?"  
"Yes!" she answered, delighted that he understood. "What is that?"  
TACTfully changing the subject, he asked, "Perhaps you would like a plate of our chef's best spaghetti?"  
Never one to dwell on one topic overlong, she replied, "Oh, I don't think I'm that hungry. Perhaps just one spaghetti?"  
Pursing his lips to keep from laughing, the waiter confirmed, "Very good, madam. Coming right up."  
"Oh, no!" she exclaimed, "I don't want any of that unless you tell me what it is! I ordered one spaghetti."  
"Of course you did. My mistake. One order of 'spaggius' coming right up."  
"Oh, could you wait just a few minutes? My husband said he'd be right in."  
Hoping that his day would improve with the arrival of the husband, the waiter replied, "Certainly, ma.... Of course I'll wait. I'll be back in just a few minutes."





A POEM, by Conrad

NOTE: I do not write poetry. But in a queer moment, I penned the following in response to a fascinating bit of writing received from COSTA's newest trader, Robin ap Cynan of Wales. It is (for what little it's worth) dedicated to Robin in admiration of his mind, and to Rod Walker, my dearest friend, who taught me the poetic form of the Clerihew.

TO BUSONI, FROM HIS BANKER

Busoni, Ferruccio!  
Thy muse cries, "Ferruccio!"  
A master they vote you, so  
Please pay the note you owe.

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THE FOLLOWING is a dual 'plug' for unrelated things, albeit from the same source.

1. It is inconceivable to me that any recipient of this journal does not already subscribe to 'Diplomacy Digest,' the premiere "serious" publication our hobby has to offer. It has been faithfully distributed for eight years now by Mark Berch, 492 Naylor Place, Alexandria, VA 22304, and it currently sells for \$4.50 for ten.

In its earliest days, 'Diplomacy Digest' was conceived as a vehicle for articles on the game and the hobby: tactics and strategy, novice advice, reprints of classic pieces, news, etc. It has never wavered in its mission, and it has never disappointed in its quality. 'Digest' does not, and has never, run games; it is strictly and stringently reading material, invariably of the highest quality. This summation is not, however, to aver that it is "dry." It is not. Mark has a wondrous sense of humor, and it leeches through in his own writings and in many of his selections for reprinting. But neither does humor rule the day; there is serious business here as well. From the 'Digest' one can learn, and laugh, and enhance one's appreciation, and broaden one's horizon, and....

And one can normally do all of these things in every issue.

If you do not currently subscribe, I respectfully suggest to you that you have made a grievous error. Please, for your own sake, rectify this at once.

2. In his Issue 86, Mark Berch departed from his normal format very briefly, but quite significantly. The 'Digest' generally sticks strictly to Diplomacy, in keeping with the purpose set forth when Mark started up; "Normally," as Mark tells us, "I keep my private life completely out of the 'zine, with rare exceptions...."

One of those rare exceptions gave us the following essay, and while Mark did not specifically authorize me to reprint it, I'm doing so anyway. There is the ever-so-slight possibility that someone will take Mark's message to heart, and if that happens, I guarantee that Mark will not only overlook, but endorse, my blatant plagiarism.

"It was at dusk on Nov. 10, 1984, when Lester Green was driving east on Duke Street in Alexandria, Virginia. Without warning and despite a good deal of traffic, he executed a 'U'-turn. Why he did this, we don't know. The fact that he'd been drinking, and the light had turned red while he was speeding, might have had something to do with it. This brought him directly into the path of "incoming traffic," viz. Mona ((Mrs. Berch)), who plowed right into him. The car suffered extensive damage; the passengers did not. Joshua (15 months) was completely unharmed. I had some inconsequential bruises; and Mona got some minor whiplash.

"The moral of the story, as you may have guessed by now, is seat belts and child safety seats. We were all wearing them. We hit Green so hard that I am certain that without them we would have had serious injuries, and Joshua could have been killed. I know many of you probably don't bother with them (figuring you are an expert driver), or wear them only on unfamiliar roads, or far from home, or at high speeds. Mona's an excellent driver, but there's no way she could have avoided hitting him. She was doing no more than 30 m.p.h., a few miles from home, on a road we've driven hundreds of times.

"Even more crucial are child safety seats. A recent issue of the Journal of the American Medical Association reported on results in Tennessee since 1978, when that state became the first to require safety seats for kids under 4. In that time, the use of such child restraints has quadrupled, and the number of kids killed has dropped by more than 50%. 81 children were killed in that time, and only 2 were in safety seats. Those without seats were eleven times more likely to die than those restrained. Travelling in parental arms left them just as vulnerable as if they were entirely unrestrained. Now, there are those who argue that such a law is too much government intrusion, that people ought to be allowed to make their own choices about risks. That's a valid argument in many cases, but not this one. It's not the child's decision as to whether to sit in a safety seat, it's the adult's. But it's the child who will pay the immediate price for such negligence.

"On the way home from the trial where Green was convicted of reckless driving, we saw a car with a child standing in the back, probably standing in the back seat. Had that driver been in our accident, the child would have been a rocket, headed straight for the windshield."

Conrad's turn. Let me tell you another story - NO! goddamn it, read it - about some people close to my home. Over the back-yard fence live the Blevins. They are a very pleasant, neighborly couple in their sixties, and they have two sons. On weekends, and at other times as needed, they act as "baby-sitters" for their grand-children.

When we first had a child (Ross), the Blevins shared in our joy, sent a present, and shortly thereafter promised Ross an occasional playmate in the form of Christopher, their first grandchild, born three months after Ross. When we had our second (Eric), the Blevins sent another present and another promise of a playmate - Robert was born three weeks after Eric.

Because our neighborhood is largely devoid of young children, and because the Blevins are such nice people with apparently healthy values, Jean and I spent a lot of time looking forward to the impending playmate-ships. Unfortunately for quite a few of us, the results were not pleasant. The Blevins' daughter-in-law did not share our values, and omitted to supply her boys with restraining seats.

It is a fact that there are bad drivers, and drunk drivers, everywhere. One of them crossed the path of the aforementioned family one horrendous night about two years ago. The drunk determined, in his stupor, that the lane he needed to use was the same one that the Blevins kin were in, and the result sent two-year-old Robert, like Mark's rocket, into the windshield and thereafter into the morgue.

Four-year-old Christopher was not in the car that night. And the present-day result can be summarized as follows: Ross has a playmate. Eric does not. And the Blevins' daughter-in-law has, and desperately needs, a psychiatrist.

Please do not think that this is silly; I'm serious. I swear to you that I will give you a free lifetime subscription, unlimited game entries, and just about anything else I can afford, IF ONLY you will pledge to me that you will restrain your children in safety seats and (later) seat belts.

**IT MATTERS!**

THE SILLIES: Last issue I presented three problems in logical analysis (cf. Page 9 last time). The responses have not overwhelmed, but a couple of them fascinate.

We'll deal with Question One last. Question Two involved a change of schedule for employees at a hospital, and of those who pecked away at it, only Jeff Hoffman caught it: "During the third week, Mary will work 4 to midnight and then, since it's Thursday and her shift changes, she will have to work midnight to 8. (That's 16 consecutive hours.) Her union probably will have something to say about that." And I have a suspicion that her union will not be terribly polite, either.

Question Three concerned a fly in the coffee, and how the diner knew that he had gotten the same cup of coffee a second time.

Several of you (four, to be precise) suggested that the cup of coffee came back cold. I suppose it could be, but look at the problem again: "When he went to take the first sip...He promptly recalled the waiter...(and) the waiter...came back soon...." Yes, I suppose the temperature could have dropped, but I suggest that this is unlikely.

Nobody mentioned it, but let's touch on it. Had the diner added milk, and had the cup come back still 'light,' any fool would have known. Still unlikely; "any fool" most probably includes the waiter, right?

Jeff Hoffman (again! - whaddaya want, a prize or something?) offers this: "The diner, a male in drag, noticed the lipstick stains on the cup from his first, aborted, sip of coffee." Come on, Jeff, what do you think this is, California? (Er...wait a moment....)

Well, the answer I had, and the likeliest I'd think, is that the diner had added, not the obvious milk (or lipstick), but the invisible - SUGAR!

And now to Question One. That was the one about the two cannon-balls, which asked which of them would strike the ground first. The laws of physics tell us that both will arrive on the ground at the same time; gravity is a vertical phenomenon and has nothing whatsoever to do with 'muzzle velocity' or any other horizontal factor. And once again (Ghosh, this guy's a pest!), it's Jeff Hoffman who hit it first. "The downward acceleration on both balls is the same." Yeah, I know, Jeff, I just said that!

However, Mark Borch catches the laurels in this case for the following response, which I will reprint without further comment (maybe).

"The answer to your cannonball question is, 'It depends.'

"First, we need the angle of the cannon; was it pointed up or down? "Fired straight out" doesn't really answer that. We also need to know about the intersection between the cannonball and the air. The fired ball will have air flows above and below, which will either lift or push down depending on what kind of spin the cannonball has. Also, will the fired ball go far enough to encounter an up-draft or down-draft? Third, we need to examine the terrain. Will the fired ball go over a cliff, or encounter a hill? Hitting a hill can cause a premature contact with the ground, as a pilot for a Japanese airliner discovered not too long ago. Those are factors which can go either way, but some are absolute. For example, even if the terrain is entirely featureless (e.g. fired over a calm ocean), the earth is not flat, but curved. That is, the ground, viewed from above, curves down and away, meaning that the fired ball will hit the ground later. In fact, if the muzzle velocity is great enough, the ball will never hit ground, and will either go into an earth orbit (and will take either a long time to return, or disintegrate on its way down), or will escape earth's gravity altogether. On the other hand, an ordinary cannon fires by means of explosives, which means, in effect, hot gasses push the ball out. But the hot gasses will heat the cannon ball, causing it to expand, making it bigger, tending to make it hit the ground earlier. We also need to consider whether the cannon was also put at the top of the tower (you didn't actually say), the effect of the shock wave (and for that we need to know, for

starters, whether or not the ball is going faster or slower than the speed of sound)....

"As I said, it depends...."

Well, thank you, Mark, I appreciate your analytical efforts. But I must admit that I'm a little surprised at the depth of your analysis. Considering your obvious abilities, I'm shocked to note that you obviously can't read.

Muzzle velocity was carefully explained, in code, mixed about with the 'Dik-Dik' game moves. The issue of the Japanese airplane (do you suppose the pilot was ex-Kamikaze?) is a blatant red herring, inasmuch as no fool would shoot a cannon into a bloody mountain!

Or perhaps I misled you; did I forget to mention that rather large mole hill a thousand yards down-trajectory?

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SPACE FILLER:

Sitting down in the swank San Diego restaurant, the husband asked his wife, "Has anyone asked to take your order?"

"Well, yes. But he was trying to confuse me, so I told him to wait until you got here."

"Good for you," he congratulated her. Catching the wary waiter's eye, he called, "Waiter! Menu, please!"

A quick glance was enough for the man to realize that this was called an Italian restaurant for a very good reason. Sadly for him, he was not quick enough to stop his wife.

"Waiter!" she complained, "These menu are unreadable!"

Quickly jumping to the waiter's rescue, the large man said, "Oh, just bring me two orders of whatever my wife ordered."

Without a word, the grateful waiter left.

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I HAVE BEEN ASKED to explain the return address on the cover page last issue. Specifically, "What does 'USA/E.U./V.S./G.C.' mean?" (Yeah, I know you know, Gary. So don't bother to read this bit, okay?)

'U.S.A.' is obvious. 'E.U.' (occasionally written 'EE.UU.' for no apparent good reason) is the Spanish abbreviation for United States - 'Estados Unidos.'

'V.S.' is the German: 'Vereinigten Staaten.' And 'G.C.' is the very same in Russian, if you understand that the symbol 'C' in Russian is equivalent to our English 'S'.

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SPACE FILLER:

"How do you like it?" the waiter asked.

Obviously delighted, he said, "These are the best spaghetttuses I've ever had!"

~~#####~~

Ha. Twenty-eight pages gone, and still most of the games to go? Yikes!

THE HOUSE RULES FORUM

Last issue I propounded a series of questions concerning house rules, with the aim of revising my own. Quite a few replies came in, and believe me, I am grateful for the time you all took.

Perhaps I ought to have qualified my purpose last time. I set this up as a 'forum,' with the idea of getting ideas, suggestions, examples, etc., from the Great Outdoors. I did not, however, intend that you interpret this as a 'vote,' such that whatever a majority of you decides is what will be. Randolph Smyth puts it this way: "You can write your rules however you want as long as you enforce them fairly and consistently." True enough, as a practical matter, a publisher always sets out his/her own rules, more or less on the basis that if a given person doesn't like them, they are free to play elsewhere.

A quick example (purely at random, and no "singling out" intended): Elmer Hinton has a rule specifying that moves must be submitted on one side of the paper only, and that the paper must be of a certain size. Sound silly? Maybe - until you understand his point. Elmer likes to keep all game records, and his filing system has been set up to accomodate certain things. Short of investing in a bit more material (at some cost) to accomodate legal-size or A4 paper, he would have a mess on his hands if he tried filing odd scraps or oversized items. No, the rule isn't quite as silly when looked at that way; you may wish to argue the necessity of saving absolutely everything in a game, but then, keep in mind also that Elmer is an archivist. This is the way archivists work. To me, the restriction isn't necessary, but then I have a whole different filing system. Big deal. And in any event, Elmer spells it all out up front; if you aren't comfortable with his quirks, you're under no obligation to play.

One more bit of preliminary, and then we'll get to specifics. Randolph winds down his letter with this: I'm rather surprised to see you still asking this kind of question after publishing for so many years. Surely, by this time, your house rules reflect your experience of what works and what doesn't? Some of your proposals seem constructed deliberately to make trouble for yourself, where the alternative leaves you worry-free. There are several reasons for following the general trend of other North American GMs: (1) Players expect it, and know what to expect when a dispute does arise; (2) Problems that come up now have probably come up before and can be resolved without going through an entirely new logical process; (3) Experience seems to show that the commonest rules lead to the fewest problems - maybe this just means that most GMs are lazy, but there's nothing wrong with that!

"I have a couple of unusual house rules in Fol Si Fic, but only because I have found good (to me) reasons for rejecting the usual ones. Perhaps it would be easier to support your variations if you explained why you're considering such oddities in the first place. (A desire to prove that you're imaginative isn't good enough!)"

Well, I do see your point about the commonest probably being the easiest. The basic process known as "gaining experience" is often merely a matter of devising shortcuts. There was, however, a specific reason why I put forward each of my ideas; I did not discuss the reasons, intentionally, because I thought it best not to risk influencing the responses. However, I'll certainly discuss them now, one at a time, as we go.

One general comment, though: Certainly you're correct that I have the experience to know most of what works and what doesn't. However, please note that in each of the subjects brought forward here, any of the possible variations will 'work' nicely. My real interest is, what is best for the progress of the game

and for the players? Whatever choices I finally make out of all of this will be things that will work for me without any significant inconvenience. But, among other things, one of my motivations here was simple curiosity: I wondered what the world at large was thinking. Even if I eventually decide against the mainstream, it's still nice to know.

And finally, a small confession: Another of my motivations was purely to generate some interaction between me and my readers. I had sensed a certain 'drying-up' of interest (rightly or wrongly), and wanted a stimulant injected.

NOW. To the specific items.

I. Should a player who defrauds me in one game be dropped from all games? Should a player who drops out (by missing moves) of one game be dropped from all games?

Randolph Sayth "The only trouble could arise (in throwing a player out of a game when he's done nothing wrong) when rating the game. You'd have to be able to back up your reasons for throwing out the player; as long as this could be done, I see nothing wrong with your present rules. Controversial, but O.K.

Conrad Minshall "I think your punishment is a bit severe. 'B' ((drop from all games for fraud, but not for NMR)) sounds like a more reasonable policy."

John Walker "A. I view ((throwing someone out of two games)) as one punishment, and therefore it is reasonable. ((Confining it to just the one game)) I view...as similar to the Government's practice of suspending all new contracts for a company convicted of defrauding the Government (unless you're as big as General Electric, of course).  
"B". Yes.

Mark Berch "Expel from both games for deception of the GM, but not for dropout. I do not want to play with a cheat, period, even if he did his cheating in another game. On the other hand, his dropout could be just an accident; carelessness. Oddly enuf, I faced the mirror image question once. Tony Watson NMRed me in F.01, ruining my game as you can imagine. He admitted getting my orders, saying that he had gotten a personal letter from me, and recalled seeing some orders on the same sheet, but threw them out. I protested that he had no such house rule, nor had he ever mentioned such a prohibition in the 'zine, but he refused to accept my version of what the orders had been or to do a replay. So I resigned. He then retaliated by expelling me from the other game, proclaiming for the first time a new rule that you couldn't just resign from one game at a time."

Jeff Hoffman "Defrauding the Gamesmaster: By all means, toss out a player who defrauds the GM. If he/she is going to insult your position as GM, then you should not respect his/her position as a player. It is not appropriate to defraud the GM. Punishment should be across the board (and 'zine).

"NMR 'All Games' Clause: Imagine this situation. I have NMRed in both games I play in your 'zine. (I was very busy, didn't get around to it, whatever.) For Game A, I have enough correspondence on hand to decide on my moves for the next season. So I get them ready and mail this set of orders off. But for Game B I am waiting for a letter from England

in order to co-ordinate my moves. (I realize that the wise thing to do would be send orders for B in with A, but they may change, so I decide not to bother.) I wait for England to write but I hear nothing. Finally, 3 days before the deadline I write orders and mail them (too cheap to call). The orders are delayed in the mail and reach you after the deadline. Oops, two NMRs in a row in game B. I have clearly failed my responsibility for game B. But why toss me out of game A also? "My opinion on this subject is that a NMR shows a lack of respect for the other players, not the GM. Two NMRs in a row is grounds for removal from that particular game, but this removal should not extend to other games. Removal from one game is punishment enough."

Stephen  
Wilcox "I feel that your 'B' statement is most accurate. If someone tries to deceive you, kick them out of that game, your 'zine, and your life!! If someone just NMRs out, just drop them from that game but let them continue in any other that they apparently still are interested in."

John  
Crosby ((First of all, John's opening paragraph should have been back in the introduction; sorry, guy, I missed it until now.)) "First and foremost, house rules have to be neither reasonable nor appropriate. So long as the rules are clearly and concisely stated, house rules are the prerogative of the GM or publisher." ((More or less what Randolph had said, and I had agreed with, two pages ago. Of course it is worth mentioning that if a GM has rules which are too outlandish - severely inappropriate or outrageously unreasonable - then nobody will want to play. But John is quite right, as long as it's up front, it's not WRONG. It may be lousy salesmanship, but so what?))

John  
Crosby ((In the right place this time)) "I feel it is reasonable to get the 'double whammy.' The fraud issue addresses a basic approach to conduct of the games and interaction of those involved. 'Guilty in one - guilty in all' is thus reasonable. "With regards to NMRs the question is a little more difficult. But the real question is whether players are to be allowed to selectively commit suicide in a game for whatever reasons they choose. Players owe it to the other contestants to pursue the game to its completion. Selective withdrawal should not be permitted; thus, 'out in one - out in all' is reasonable."

David  
Anderson "In the case of the fraud, that's cheating; out he goes in all games, I say. But with NMRs, that's just negligence; out they go from the one game, certainly, but not in the other(s)."

Evans  
Givan ((This one is going to be tricky; Evans has written one long flowing paragraph that touches on two or three of the questions. Let me try breaking it into components....)) "It seems you are considering the NMRing player and what should be done about him. (You've thrown in the deceiver of the GM for good measure.) In my opinion, the subject player is scum and no punishment can be too hard. So, kick him out of all games."

Conrad  
von  
Metzke I might also note, before I tell you my views, that David Kleiman responded obliquely to this question by sending a copy of his house rules; he uses the 'out in one, out in all' concept for both situations. I should also tell you that David Anderson's responses, above and hereafter, were given on the 'phone, and I have written 'sentences' for him based on my notes; I don't take shorthand, so all I have are his kernel ideas, not his words.

My purpose in asking this question was mainly to find out what the present-day hobby felt about the NMR problem. Years ago, we came up with all sorts of ideas to deal with it: Dropping offenders in all their games was possibly the mildest. At various times we tried refundable deposits, NMR fees, black lists, and public excoriation of the villains. (I tried that not long ago in COSTA, and those of you who were with me then will remember that it proved to be a tremendous blunder.) None of these solutions ever showed signs of success, and I had the feeling that the pendulum had swung to the acceptance of reality; NMRs will occur, and they are preventable (if at all) only on a limited scale. Thus, we might as well learn to live with them and quit getting ulcers.

I don't know that I go quite as far as Evans does with his 'scum' assessment; certainly that's a good word for a fraud, but maybe it's a wee bit strong for the NMR culprit; Jeff points out a very plausible scenario to underline his case. It's odd that Jeff, who had no possible way of knowing, almost exactly described a situation that happened to be my own, back in 1972. My father was ill and in the hospital, and I was having trouble keeping up. In one magazine where I had three games going, I missed one deadline altogether. On receipt of the issue, I fired back moves for two of them (fairly basic situations), but in the third I needed to consult an ally, so I wrote to the ally and held off the moves until I got an answer. Well, the ally responded, and the mails didn't delay anything, but in the midst of this situation my father died, and just to make things even more fun, my wife left me the same day. Needless to say, Diplomacy suddenly lost all priority for a time, and I missed again in the third game. This is perhaps an extreme case - almost any GM would agree to a deadline extension given those facts, as in fact the one in my case did - but Jeff's point isn't really altered merely because the situation is extreme. For whatever reason, technically I NMRed in that third game. But did I do anything really wrong in the others?

But I must also look the other way, because John Crosby has a truly valid point. There are players out there who do engage in the 'selective suicide' system - they drop out without warning the minute they lose interest (= start losing) and continue only when they do well - and in the process mess up a lot of games for a lot of people. I have one particular individual in mind, who has been doing it all over the place for ten or twelve years now, and (though he's not involved in COSTA, I won't have him) is apparently still at it. To me, there's Evans' "scum." Surely an 'out in one, out in all' rule effectively stymies this kind of crap?

My decision - to drop the fraud across the board, but drop the NMR character only where he has actually offended - is based on the recognition that the Crosby description represents a fairly rare case. I completely agree with John (and others) that, whatever the rule, it must be applied with consistency. Therefore, I will feel far better knowing that I will have a rule that will make it possible to allow for Jeff's outline, or with my father trauma. When the 'selective suicide' creep comes along, I'll deal with it some other way. (We GMs do have a grapevine, you know!) To this end, I will be adding an unrelated house rule that states simply, "The management reserves the right to refuse service to anyone." That'll fix it....

II. Shall standbys be solicited for vacant positions whenever and wherever possible, or shall 'hopeless' positions (one or two units, usually) be allowed to lapse into anarchy?

Mark            "If you've got 'em, use 'em!"  
Berch

David           "It's best to replace anything significant, but in the case of hopeless  
Anderson       one-unit spots, I wouldn't bother."



- Stephen Wilcox "I have seen too many one- and two-center powers placed into civil disorder, only to break the only stalemate line available in the stop-the-leader alliance attempting to be formed. Whenever possible, call a standby for any one-center power. If none are available - call me!"
- John Crosby "Gamesmasters are not omniscient. The determination that a position is hopeless presumes such powers. Replacements should be found whenever possible for all games, regardless of country size."
- Randolph Smyth "((Not replacing 'hopeless' positions)) eliminates your discretion as a GM in favour of a mechanical rule, which puts an end to arguments but can work greater injustice. Most of us have been in games where the decisions of a one-centre power have been more important than those of a 4-5 centre one. Putting the former but not the latter into civil disorder in the event of a drop will skew the game more seriously than by using common sense. ((Replacing everything)) solves all problems, if you have enough willing standbys to implement it."
- Conrad Minshall "I like ((replacing everything)). I just haven't seen a small, hopeless position which didn't affect the rest of the board. And yes, you may always call on me for one or two center positions that need a replacement."
- John Walker "'Always try to find a replacement' seems the most consistent."
- Jeff Hoffman "I strongly agree that any and all units on the board should have an active player assigned. I want to present an example to support my case.  
 "Imagine Germany has overrun the Western powers and is facing Italy and Turkey. England has been reduced to one unit stuck in Portugal. Germany has set up a blockade of the Mediterranean, with a fleet in the Mid, and a support. Assume that the English player then drops out. If England is declared to be doomed and just sits there in civil disorder, then Germany has received a great advantage in the game. Italy (or Turkey) can't capture Portugal and use it as a support for an attack on Mid-Atlantic. Germany, in effect, has been assigned the unit in Portugal. If a player is assigned to play England, then Germany is forced to either provide more support for Mid or negotiate with England to keep its support. Likewise, with a co-operative England, Turkey and Italy have a chance to break out into the Atlantic.  
 "I admit that being asked to take over a doomed position may not be the greatest opportunity in the world. But it can be fun. If given such a case, why worry? It was the previous player that got the country into such a mess, there is no onus on you. What have you got to lose? You should play Diplomacy to have fun and to win. You should take over doomed standby positions to have fun.  
 "I feel strongly that players who volunteer to be standbys should realize that they probably will end up with poor positions. This should be stated and made clear at the beginning."
- Conrad von Metzke Well, gee, all but unanimous, eh? David must feel a bit lonely.... I had really intended that this question lead to a discussion of the ethics of a GM arbitrarily deciding that a position is doomed, but it didn't go that way at all; only John Crosby even touched on that aspect. I guess maybe I closed that door myself when I wrote into the original question that I was "going to fix" the ethical aspect. Oh well....

Anyway, I should think it would be obvious what I'm going to write into my new rules: "Whenever possible (according to the availability of willing bodies), any position left unplayed on the board will be assigned a player."

Good heavens, it's obvious I have no lack of people! Conrad (Minshall) and Stephen have just publicly volunteered! Jeff pretty well hinted at it. And from prior personal correspondence, I have Dan Gortan and Lu Henry. So I guess we can pretty easily put this whole issue to rest. (By the way, I want it known in all corners of the hobby that I reciprocate wherever needed. Any GM who needs a volunteer for sleazy positions, I am available. And I promise to take it seriously, too.)

An aside to Conrad - I read into your words that you will take on only small positions; you do NOT want bigger ones, yes? I'll operate on this assumption unless you correct it.

Actually, I'll be honest; I like Mark's incredibly concise summation the best. I mean, doesn't he just sort of grab the meat of the issue and wham on it? No room for misinterpretation there....

Finally, Jeff is quite right that standby volunteers will "probably" end up with lousy jobs. But there are exceptions. In my career, I have had occasion to replace:

A. One seventeen-unit position. (Eventual result: A stalemate. The game was a lock at 17-15-2 when the standby took over. It never changed.)

B. One sixteen-unit position, with the lucky replacement looking at two unstoppable centers and a guaranteed win after one move. (He did it, too.)

C. One messy, hopeless four-unit position being attacked from three sides. I figured the guy would probably write some cute press and disappear after two game-years. However, I guessed wrong; the new player took it seriously, started writing and persuading, and wound up six game-years later with 18 centers and a win.

And let me interject, finally, an unofficial policy that I've used for many years with my standby list. I do my very best to equalize the opportunities for all people who have the kindness to make themselves available; that is, if I give a guy a miserable wreck one time, I try like hell to get him something worthwhile the next time I need him. It doesn't always work, but I do try.

III. This was really two questions, so let's break them down:

IIIa. Should replacement players not be allowed at all, ever?

Mark Berch "Don't like either one ((IIIa or IIIb)). Player's diplomacy should affect the moves, not whether or not a new player comes in. ((I think this answer applies more to IIIb; let's wait.))

Stephen Wilcox "No. See preceding discussion ((on Item II)). Always find a replacement."

John Crosby "As long as this is stated up front, it would be acceptable."

Conrad Minshall "Okay, although I prefer standbys. I am playing in one such game."

John Walker "This would seem unrealistic - countries find a replacement and I'd prefer that the GM did too."

Randolph Smyth "The British system. I don't like it; Tenacity alone ensures a fairly good finish in most games, and the final result is little more than a lottery if a large power drops out."

Conrad von Metzke Okay, people, I confess; I threw you a curve here. Under no circumstances did I ever intend to adopt either IIIa or IIIb; I just wanted to see what the feeling was out there. In the case of IIIa, as Randolph points out, numerous British publishers use this as the standard, and they have been committed to it for some time. Some American and Canadian publishers have tried it too - well, wait a minute, I can't think of any Canadian, so I'll withdraw that - and the results have been, to say the least, controversial. Most notable among the U.S. proponents was the late John Koning; it was the one and only thing he ever did in MASSIF that I was never able to endorse. It was also the standard for Charlie Reinsel, easily the most unusual publisher this hobby has ever had - hell, Charlie would make a ten-page article all by himself! - and the result was that a huge percentage of the Reinsel games were pure travesties.

John Crosby is quite right, if the rules were stated in advance, there is nothing actually wrong with it. Conrad (Minshall) tells us that he's actually involved under the system, and I gather he's not unduly put out by it. Still, I think I'll go with the majority; if volunteers can be found, let's have standbys.

See also the next answer for an interesting perspective from Jeff Hoffman.

IIIb. Shall we allow replacements only if all active players agree to them?

((This system was used, twenty years ago, in Steve Cartier's WILD 'N' WOOLY. As I recall, only once did a replacement actually get in a game.))

Mark Berch "Player's diplomacy should affect the moves, not whether or not a new player comes in. Besides, this is almost tantamount to saying no replacements. There will almost always be a veto."

Evans Givan "Lots of people think it's better to continue a game with a replacement. It seems that 'no-standby' games have their following too. I believe accomodation can be made to both sides of this issue by announcing the rules at game start."

John Crosby "Rules should definitely state whether replacements will or will not be permitted. If a vote were instituted, an alliance might be able to block a replacement to their benefit. I do not feel this is the way the game was meant to be played."

Randolph Smyth "The way you phrase this, I don't think replacements would ever be approved in practice. There is always one player who stands to gain from another nation's inactivity, and he would be a fool not to veto the replacement. I think it would turn out virtually equivalent to 'no replacements,' with the extra work of conducting the votes."

Conrad Minshall "Seems ridiculous. Surely you'd never get everyone to vote for replacement!"

John Walker "Heck, no - no country would accept a leader dictated by its equals."

Jeff Hoffman "If seven players write to you and ask you to be their GM for a postal Diplomacy game, then they have formed a group among themselves. You are not the organizing factor. If one of the original seven drops out,

the remaining six should have the right to decide what to do, whether to allow a new player in (and whether they will decide who that new player is or to ask you to find someone), or to declare that country in civil disorder for the remainder of the game.

"If you make the announcement that seven slots are open for a game of Diplomacy and you'll take the first seven who express interest, then you are the organizer. If a player drops out, then you should toss in a new player just as you 'tossed' the players together initially."

Conrad Well, as I said back there somewhere, this was a trick question. I  
von have been committed to the concept of standbys for twenty-one years,  
Metzke and I ain't changing. But I really did want to know what you thought.

The concensus here appears fairly solid. John Crosby says it for me; this proposed rule is not in keeping with the intent of the game. Mark, Randolph and Conrad (Minshall) all point out the realistic absurdity of getting unanimous agreement. John Walker drags in the real-world perspective, to advantage I think; he's right, of course. Evans, somewhat apart from the rest, doesn't state a formal opinion; rather, he suggests that it's really a matter for up-front revelation in the house rules, and it's fine either way as long as everybody knows it in advance. (Little argument there, I'd say.)

Jeff, however, goes off on a tangent, and I suggest to all of you that you go back right now and read his reply one more time. Jeff has hit upon a crucial point; who has control of a game?

I assert in my current house rules, and will assert in any future, that at all times the game is the property of the players, to do with as they please. Jeff makes the distinction between games put together by the players, and games put together by the GM. I suggest that the difference is well worth studying; but I also suggest that, having studied, the distinction evaporates. In my view, no matter how the thing started, the game is always the property of the players. ALWAYS, they are free to vote anything they wish, and get what they want. Jeff's dichotomy has real merit, but only to the extent that it is agreed to in advance.

#### IV. Neutral 1901 Moves.

I'm going to hold this discussion until next issue; all contributions will be retained, and published next time unless withdrawn or superceded.

The reason is that I omitted to mention one crucial factor: As my rules now stand, any player who misses a move in 1901 is replaced instantly; there is no 'two-misses-and-you're-out' bit. Miss in 1901, and I use neutral moves and replace you on the spot.

Armed with this information, would anyone care to change (or add to) his comment?

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SPACE FILLER:

"I don't know why you left such a big tip. I fix you meal after meal at home, and I never get tip number one."

"He earned it."

"And I don't? Well, you can just guess the kind of 'service' you're going to get at home from now on!"

"But, dear...."

"No buts about it! Time after time you have to be a big spender with the money you say I'm wasting, but all you ever give me is one alibus after another...."

HOUSE RULES FORUM - Vol. II

In addition to the held-over "Neutral 1901 Moves" question, with my new information - anyone who wishes to add, subtract, or newly contribute is welcome - I put forward the following new ideas:

V. How do you feel about country preference lists when a new game is begun? Should they be used, or not? In commenting, please consider the following:

A. What happens if preference lists are requested, but only (e.g.) five people submit them. What happens to the other two?

B. Should preference lists, if used, be 'stage-managed?' That is, should the GM use the lists to give everyone their highest possible choice (even if that requires denying someone his unique first choice, so as to give everyone else a better slot), or should the preference lists be used literally even if that sticks someone with a sixth or seventh choice?

C. If preference lists are not used, and random draw is the rule, is it acceptable to 'stage-manage' the random draw, i.e. to guarantee that a player who has joined more than one game doesn't get the same country in both?

VI. Other than demonstrated cheating, are there any legitimate reasons for a GM to expel a player from a game?

VII. Most house rules, mine included, permit players to vote to end the game in any way they wish; draw, concession, whatever. In such votes, what do you think the criteria should be? You need not limit yourselves to these points, but here are a few specifics that interest me:

A. How many 'yes' votes should be required to pass any given proposal? One? Half? Unanimous?

B. The reverse - how many 'no' votes should cause the proposal to fail? Is one enough?

C. Most GMs treat votes not cast as abstentions. A few treat them as automatic 'yeas'; I know of at least one who calls them automatic 'nays'. Which do you prefer?

D. In announcing the result of a vote, should the GM announce who voted how? Should the vote totals, even if without names, be indicated?

VIII. It's my intention, in my next rules, to prohibit black press - press written by one player in such a way that it appears to have come from someone else (e.g. Germany datelines his press 'Paris'). Opinions?

Well, folks...that's it. If you have any other points you want thrown about, let me know, we can hash them next time. Until then - 'bye from the Forum....

TUMBLEWEEDS

T.K. Ryan





"Oh, but it isn't," she urged as she fell into a dreamlike state, "You could leave Europe. Go to America!"

"Ach!" exclaimed the old man, "Would you have me become a darned Yankee?"

"Why, you silly old poopsie!" she continued, "All you have to do is live in the Southern United States! They don't call them Yankees at all!"

"Hm, that is most tempting. I've always wanted to live in a warmer climate."

"Of course! There's Georgia or Alabama or Mississippi or Louisiana or....."

"Or New York? Isn't that tropical?" he asked hopefully.

"Oh, no. That's definitely Yankee country. Why, it's almost as cold as the great frozen North."

"Drrrr. Please don't ever mention Britain again."

"I wasn't," she said, "I was talking about Canada."

Walker to All: Sorry I couldn't punch that press up as much as I'd like but there's been a damper on my humor lately. If everything comes out okay, I hope to gently insult each and every one of you Yankees (and foreigners). Perhaps that's why I'm so crummy at this game: I like people so much I hate to make someone else lose. As little as I've been writing letters lately maybe I ought to stick to gunboat.

JAMUL: Uh-oh...Captain Kirk to Sulu, "Raise insult shields!"....

JAMUL AGAIN: Yeah, John, I know what you mean about hating to make others lose. Isn't being nice a burden?

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GAME 1983AC - The Wistful Wombat - Winter 1911

Oops, I guess last season was 1911, I seem to have typed off a year....

Builds: England, A Lon. Turkey, F Con.

Spring 1912:

AUSTRIA (Rauterberg): a rom (h).

ENGLAND (Pustilnik): a stp (h). a pls (s) mun-tyo. a mun-tyo. a ber (s) bur-mun. a bur-mun. a mar (h). a kie (s) bur-mun. a bel-ruh. a lon-bel. f mid-naf. f nat-mid. f spa sc - wes. f wes-tun. f bal (s) ber. f eng (c) lon-bel. f lyo-tyu. f nwy (s) stp.

FRANCE (Henry): f tyn-ion. f nsp-apu.

TURKEY (Walters): a ven-rom. a pru-ber. a boh-tyo. a lvn (s) mos-stp. a sil (s) pru-ber. a apu (s) ven-rom. a swy (h). a mos-stp. a sev-ukr. f con-aeg. f gre-alb. f ion-tun. f aeg-ion. f adr-ven.

Ta-dum! No retreats, no press, and we'll just keep it super-simple. Fall 1912 moves are due Saturday, February 15, 1986, and I'll be waiting eagerly....

Aw, heck! Couldn't one of you have had the decency to send just a little press? One or two lines would have been plenty; then I wouldn't be stuck with another of these silly bottom-of-page useless spaces....

## TRUMPETS AND HAUTOBOYS!

This is it, folks; this is where we tie the record. Forty pages is the largest Diplomacy journal I have ever published (and I've only done that once before), and here we are again! Let us all cheer and throw confetti....

But don't get too tired doing it, because when we get to the next page and break the record...WATCH OUT!!

GAME 1985AJ - The Tergiversatory Tapir - Fall 1905

The Russian retreat was to Ukraina.

AUSTRIA (Walters): a rum (s) gre-bul. a gre-bul. a vie (s) gal-bud. a sev (s) rum. a gal-bud.  
 ENGLAND (Fleming): a boh-mun. f nth (s) den. f nwg (s) FRE nwy. f den (s) FRE hol-kie. f tun (s) FRE lyo-tyu.  
 FRANCE (J.Walker): a hol-kie. a nwy-swe. a pic-tyo. a pic-bel. a bur (s) ENG boh-mun. f lyo (h). f spa sc - wes. f tyn-nap.  
 GERMANY (Caruso): a ber-lvn. f bal (c) ber-lvn.  
 ITALY (Pustilnik): a ven-tri. a tri-ser. f tus-rom. f adr-ven. f ion-gre.  
 RUSSIA (D.Brown): a ukr-rum. a pru-war. a swe-nwy. a sil-mun. f stp nc (s) swe-nwy. f bul ec (s) ukr-rum. f aeg (s) ITA ion-gre. f bot-bal.

The Austrian army in Greece goes boom. The French army Norway may retreat to Finland or off the board; Winter adjustments may be conditional.

Your next task is to read the important information beginning in the middle of Page 21.

## CENTRES:

A: 4: vie, bud, rum, sev. Even.  
 E: 6: lon, lvp, edi, den, mun, tun. Build one.  
 F: 9: par, bre, mar, spa, por, bel, hol, kie, nap. Build one.  
 G: 1: ber. Remove one.  
 I: 5: ven, rom, tri, ser, gre. Even.  
 R: 9: mos, war, stp, nwy, swe, bul, con, say, ank. Build one.

It is proposed that this game be called a draw among England, France and Italy. Votes next time, please. As usual, one 'nay' kills it; votes not received are mere abstentions.

Winter adjustments, with the retreat and votes, are due Saturday, February 15, 1986.

The amount of press submitted is rather small.

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GAME 1985D - The Narcoleptic Nilgai (formerly 'Blanca') - Fall 1904

Okay, guys. No more waiting. I do not work six or seven days a week, go to school four nights, and have an apartment that floods and ruins Beatles records. I just work five days, don't go to school at all, have two small sons that take up a million hours, and collect the postage stamps of Brunei.

Keith says he's sorry. He looks it, too. I understand completely; I've been there, and the guilts can overwhelm. Well, at least he done sumplin' 'bout it....and I'll just betcha he'll be back (he says eight months).





Spring 1909:

ENGLAND (Dale Bakken, 1814 Cameron Dr., #3, Madison, WI 53711): f iri-lvp. f lon  
(s) FRE bel-nth. f bal (c) FRE kie-lvn.

FRANCE (Paul Rauterberg, 4158 Monona Dr., Madison, WI 53716): a mun-sil. a kie  
(s) bel-hol. a ber (s) mun-sil. a par-bur. a mar (s) par-bur. f bre-eng.  
f nth (h). f bel-hol. f lvp-cly. f spa sc - mid.

ITALY (Doug Baker, 1222 Jefferson Ave., Kalamazoo, MI 49007): a apu-ven. f tyn-  
ion. f nap (s) tyn-ion. f tun (s) tyn-ion.

RUSSIA (Ed Henry, 32120 45th Place SW, #C-5, Federal Way, WA 98023): a sll (s)  
bur-mun. a boh (s) bur-mun. a bur-mun. a vie-tyo. a swe-nwy. a bur-mun.  
f nwg-nat. f hel-kie.

TURKEY (Ken Hager, 14013 Old Harbor Lane, #306, Marina del Rey, CA 90291): a tri-  
ven. a bud-tri. a alb (s) bud-tri. a say (h). f con-aeg. f rum (h). f  
sev (h). f adr (s) tri-ven. f eas (s) ion. f ion (h).

Retreats: Russian a sll to pru, war, gal, or off the board. Turkish f ion  
to gre or off the board. Fall moves may be conditional on these.

The deadline for Fall 1909 moves is Saturday, February 15, 1986.

BLOODY BRIT: Break up the R-T and I'll make France stop beating me up.

JAMUL: This is the Gamesmaster speaking. ("Jamul" is my dateline; it's a small  
town in San Diego County where I once lived. It's pronounced "ha-MOOL.") My press  
policy is simple: No black press, anything else welcome in any quantity. I will  
edit only if I absolutely have to for space or libel. Only one condition: I do  
not print press dealing with hobby feuds.

You might also note that my notation system differs from Keith's. Moves  
which are underlined fall. All others succeed.

Hi, Paul. Welcome back, Dale. Pleased to meet you, Doug, Ed and Ken.

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Oh by the way - the previous page set the record. Whee.

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HISTORICAL ODDITY DEPARTMENT: Want to try a real triviality? Name the one and  
only person who sat on one of the thrones of Europe during World War I and is  
still living today.

1/31/31/31/3 1/31/31/31/3 1/31/31/31/3 1/31/31/31/3 1/31/31/31/3 1/31/31/31/3

ANOTHER HISTORICAL ODDITY: During the Second World War, the Japanese occupation  
forces were notoriously brutal with their prisoners of war and civilian internees;  
far more so than the Germans and Italians. Word got around, and as it became in-  
creasingly obvious that the Japanese were going to lose, they started a few cos-  
metic tricks to improve their reputation.

In the internment camps in Borneo, which had been established in December  
1941, prisoners had been allowed to send three postcards per year, not more  
than twenty-five words each, to their relatives. (Very few were actually sent  
on.) In May 1945, however, the rules were changed; all prisoners were at that  
time supplied with one card each, instructed to write the usual twenty-five words,  
and then - out of the blue - informed that five percent of all cards posted would  
have to include one of seven sentences (prisoner to choose which) supplied by

the Japanese authorities. A month later, in June, a second assignment of the same nature was made, and a new list of eleven required sentences was supplied. A friend of mine, Mr. P.H.H.Howes, was one of those prisoners, and he has recently published a list of the total of eighteen sentences which the prisoners had to add to their postcards.

These are some of the best:

"All officials in this camp are kind and generous so there is no need for you to worry about me."

"Borneo is a land of perpetual summer, full of natural beauty, with plenty of bananas, papayas, pineapples, mangosteens and coconuts."

"I wonder when this present war will end and I shall be able to see you again my darling. My heart is filled with longing for you."

"How happy I am when smoking a cigarette in the shade of the coconut leaves in this comfortable dreamland which is full of beautiful flower gardens and delicious fruits. I imagine your smiling face."

"We are saying to each other we must be grateful for the fact that the relief money and goods which were sent through the International Red Cross Society have been distributed smoothly and fairly by the favour of the Japanese Army."

"Borneo is a beautiful place for living, a dreamland where the scenery is beautiful, little birds sing and delicious fruits grow."

"We really have an impression that moral principles to learn exist in the Orient when we recognize the real aspect of benevolence of the Japanese Army."

"Forgetting I am a prisoner of war on concert evenings when the moon is shining I remember the parties we used to have at home and again my heart is filled with sentimental feelings."

It goes on like that....

This batch of crap was forced on all prisoners in five of the six camps set up in British Borneo - that is, all surviving prisoners, inasmuch as less than 20% of the prisoners survived the war. The sixth camp, on Labuan, did not have to do the assignment. That's because, by May 1945, every single one of the 1500 prisoners at this camp was dead.

For an account of the treatment of prisoners in the camps in Dutch Borneo, see "The Seed and The Sower," by Col. Laurens van der Post.

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And so we come to the long-awaited end. Bet you thought I'd never shut up, eh? Well, I shall. And, believe me - it was bunches of fun doing a biggie like this, but....

NEVER AGAIN!

'Bye.

P.S. - Saw body had asked. Circulation this issue, 65 (or c'7).

Munroville MN 55408

#302

2732 Grand Ave. S.

Steve Knight

TO

38	ARDVARK
38	DIX-DIX
19	DINGO (old)
21	(new)
9	EMU
40	NILGAI
41	SUNI
40	TAPIR
39	WOMBAT

This time, of all times, you may want to skip the gibberish. If so, look here!

CAMERINDER

FIRST CLASS



USA

SAN DIEGO CA 92117-3813

4374 DONALD AVE.

C F VON METZKE

FROM

## CLINE NINE-PERSON DIPLOMACY (Variant)

((Note: These rules are as written by me for Diplomacy World #17, with slight emendations.))

The Cline 9-Person Variant was originally designed in 1966 with the aim of "rounding the board, i.e. giving a more circular aspect to a game which the variant designer felt was too rigid in its east-west polarization. Casting historical accuracy to the wind, he tacked two new powers onto the southern border, thus grossly expanding the Mediterranean theatre and offering the southern powers many more options. The result is, of course, that all players have more options.

The game has been played rather extensively since its original publication and the results of those games have caused a few changes. This is therefore the fourth version of the Cline Variant, the changes being the work of Dick Vedder, Lewis Pulsipher, Conrad von Metzke, Harold Naus, Reginald Forester, David Potter and Fred C. Davis, Jr.

Robert Benton Cline, the designer, hasn't been active in postal Diplomacy for many years. ((This paragraph went on to discuss what Bob was doing with himself in 1976; it seems a little silly to reprint it, since I have now lost touch with him.))

Because of printing requirements, the map given here is really too small to be useful for face-to-face play. It will work for postal play if photocopied full-size, and can be used with grease pencils and a plastic overlay, or can be copied in quantity and used in 'conference map' form. For face-to-face use, it is recommended that a homemade extension to the commercial Diplomacy board be added on the bottom, with an overlay for Turkey and Russia as needed. The map presented here is Fred Davis' major improvement to Dick Vedder's rendering of Lew Pulsipher's upgrading of Bob Cline's original extension of the commercial conference map.

### Rules:

1. Unless otherwise specified, the standard rules of Diplomacy apply.
2. In addition to the seven usual powers, the following are added:
  - A. BARBARY STATES: Begin with Fleet Tunis, Fleet Morocco, Army Algeria.
  - B. PERSIA: Begins with Fleet Jordan (West Coast), Army Arabia, Army Iran. (NOTE: For fleets, Iran is double-coasted.)
3. Turkey begins with Army Constantinople, Fleet Ankara, Fleet Smyrna. The other six powers start as usual.
4. The following neutral supply centres are added: Piedmont, Corsica, Canary Islands, Ethiopia, Egypt and Crete. Tunis is subtracted as a neutral centre (it becomes a Barbary home centre); thus the total centres in the game is 45, and victory is achieved by holding 23.
5. The new province of Canary Islands acts as if it were a coastal land province. Thus, armies may be convoyed to and from it, but may not be convoyed through it.
6. There are two special moves in this game. The first involves the 'off-board' province, Antarctic Sea, whereby fleets may round Africa. To effect this move, a fleet would move from West Atlantic to Antarctic Sea to Indian Ocean, or vice-versa. These are the only provinces which may be used for this move, and armies may not be convoyed through the Antarctic Sea. Supports are possible as usual for this maneuver; note, however, that only Indian Ocean and West Atlantic border Antarctic Sea; Mauritania, Sahara and Ethiopia do not.

7. The second special rule involves the Volga Canal, which cuts through Sevastopol. Fleet action is now possible in this sector. The Caspian Sea exists as a board space; Iran has a north coast on the Caspian; Moscow also has a coast on it; and fleets may be built in Iran (by Persia) or Moscow (by Russia) and may thence traverse the Volga Canal. The Canal operates in precisely the same way that the Kiel Canal or Bosphorus do in standard Diplomacy, viz: A fleet could move from Caspian, to Georgia (or Moscow), to Sevastopol, to Black Sea (or Armenia, or Rumania). A fleet entering any of the canal provinces is presumed to occupy the entire province, as usual. Armies are not affected by the canal, thus (e.g.) an army move Moscow to Georgia is possible without a 'convoy'. In fact, as with Kiel, fleets may not convoy through the canal provinces.

8. The final special characteristic of this game involves the 'Moses' Crossing rule for Ireland to Clyde, and for Sicily to Naples. With these pairs of provinces, both armies and fleets may move directly (in one move), without regard for apparently intervening sea spaces or (in the case of armies) without recourse to convoys. However, this characteristic does not alter the standard fleet moves North Atlantic to Liverpool or Tyrrenian to Ionian; these moves are as legal as ever. There is one catch: Simultaneous criss-crossing moves in these areas, if otherwise unsupported or equally supported, will stand each other off, e.g.: The simultaneous orders Fleet Tyrrenian to Ionian and Army Sicily to Naples would result in a standoff. This fact in turn leads to two quirks: (1) If one of these moves has greater support (F Tyn-Ion, versus A Sic-Nap, A Rom (s) Sic-Nap), the unit with greater support moves and the other does not; (2) If criss-cross moves are made without recourse to the 'Moses' rule, then the standard rules of Diplomacy take precedence, viz.: Fleet Tyrrenian to Ionian, versus Army Sicily to Naples, Fleet Ionian (c) Sicily-Naples; just because the so-called 'Moses' bit exists doesn't mean you have to use it, and in the cited case (as in the regular game), the army would move by the convoy and the Tyrrenian fleet would stay put.

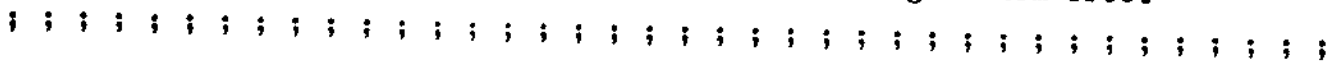
9. The Suez Canal divides Egypt precisely as the Kiel Canal divides Kiel, and the same rules apply.

10. With the new provinces, the first three letters of the name are normally sufficient to identify them. Exceptions would be West Africa (W.Af is suggested), West Atlantic (W.At), South Atlantic (S.At) and South Mediterranean (S.Me).











In a sense, the above rules (which will be used for the game open now in COSTAGUANA) represent yet a fifth version of this game, because the rule on the 'Moses Crossing' has been newly modified to incorporate the criss-cross conflict business; this was not part of any previous version.

Copies of these rules and the map are available to anyone interested. Price 22c U.S. Those signing up to play here will get them free.



# Cline-9-Man IV

by Robert B. Cline + Fred C. Davis

-  CANALS
  -  IMPASSABLE
  -  SEA BORDER
  -  NATIONAL BORDERS
  -  PROVINCE BOUNDARIES
  -  HOME
  -  NEUTRAL
  -  HOSES CROSSINGS
- CERTAIN STANDARD ABBREVIATIONS ARE USED PLUS: COR. — CORBICA SIC. — SICILY
- HOME } SUPPLY CENTRES  
NEUTRAL }

