

I'M TIRED OF BEING SMALL-TIME! LET'S CALL THIS ISSUE



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# DIPLOMACY WORLD

## Digest

Tenth Volume, Sixteenth Issue

15th February 1986

In 1836, a North Carolina tobacco farmer was very dismayed to find that a hog had devoured his entire crop. He was extremely angry, and his response created the first case of smoked ham in history....

Thanks, Robert (W. Greier, Jr.). And, hammy or not, this is COSTAGUANA, America's premiere reduced-to-74% journal of postal Diplomacy and insignificant impropriety, published by Conrad F. von Metzke, 4374 Donald Avenue, San Diego, CA 92117-3813, USA. For those of you who don't know how to write, but whose mommies taught them how to dial, the telephone rings if you push the following buttons (preferably in order): (619) 276-2937. If you punch these numbers while I'm at work, you'll be unpleasantly surprised to discover that I ain't home. If I ain't, you may - if you must - call me at work at (619) 273-4830 or 273-1208. Confine those numbers to desperation only, please. My normal work hours are 6:30-3:30 Pacific time. I do not guarantee to be in the office when you call. And I will definitely be off Wednesday the 19th, Thursday the 27th, and Friday and Saturday the 7th/8th.

If you publish, I trade. All-for-all, wot? If you don't publish, I charge money. See next paragraph. If you want to play in a game, first you gotta subscribe. Then you gotta tell me. But you do not gotta send more money, because the only game fees I charge are that you keep your subscription current. Or, to put it another way: If you sub (or trade), you are more than welcome in any game opening I offer, at no additional cost.

COSTAGUANA is a publication of Grendel Press International.

GREEDY INCREASE IN FEES. That last issue brought me up short. Do you have any idea what that bastard cost me? Postage (in U.S.) 56c. Printing 18c. Total SEVENTY-FOUR CENTS PER COPY. And I charged you twenty-two?

Well, okay, last issue was special. Extra-large, and all that. So let's assume a normal issue. Postage and printing would still cost me about 50c per copy. That means that my current 22c-per fee is substantially less than half the actual cost. Well, the fact is I can't afford that. So the rates just went up: From this moment on, the price of COSTAGUANA is fifty cents U.S. per issue.

However:

1. All current subs will be honored at the current price.
2. For a limited time, new subs (or renewals) will be taken at the old rates - 22c per issue in increments of ten. Tell your friends, if any. This offer expires on the date that Vol. 10 No. 18 is printed, i.e. 29th March 1986.

COSTAGUANA GAME OPENINGS

At this time, two games are open in these pages:

1. Regular Diplomacy. Nobody on-list, seven wanted.
2. JIHAD. Dick Vedder's variant based on the period of the Crusades is now open for takers. Rules and map will come forth next issue. Nobody on the list (how could there be, I just announced the opening!).

INTERESTING ODDITY

If you have neighbors who refuse to restrain their dogs, note the proven method used in Sarawak. The only trouble is, it's normally the owners who ought to be shot, not the dogs....

NEW TYPEWRITER

For the foreseeable future, COSTAGUANA will have to be typed on my ungodly Smith-Corona electric, which is a second-rate machine but has the virtue of working properly. My pet, the Olympia Standard, has developed a quirk that I can't seem to get fixed. As the paper feeds through, line by line, the paper twists slightly, so that by the time we finish a page the paper is at a significant center. It looks ridiculous. The machine has been in shop twice now, and no luck. The answer now is to have it "re-rubbered" - which will cost \$50. I ain't got the cash just now, so until I do, we live with this backup typer.

TRIVIA TIME

A few oddities and fun items for you; no prizes, but try them anyway.

1. Nobody responded last time, so I'll try again. (C'mon, Coughlan.) One of the reigning European monarchs during World War I is still alive today. Name this person.
2. How do you pronounce "Sarawak?"
3. Which weighs more, a pound of feathers or a pound of gold?
4. A child playing on the beach had  $6 \frac{1}{6}$  sandpiles in one place and  $3 \frac{1}{4}$  in another place. If the kid put them all together, how many sandpiles would he have?
5. The English language recognizes fourteen specific marks of punctuation. Name them all. (No fair looking them up....)
6. How do you pronounce V O L I X ?

There...was that enough fun for this time?

MARK BERCH DEPT.

Concerning the logic questions printed two issues ago, and 'answered' last time, Mark has these comments:

"With regard to the change of ((a nurse's)) schedule that won't work because it results in a double shift, all I can say is you've never been

## Blow darts cause stir

KUALA LUMPUR. — Dog-catchers who shoot strays with blowpipes have stoked a row in Sarawak where residents complain their poisoned darts are dangerous.

The weekly Borneo Bulletin said parents in Bintulu in the east Malaysian state feared children might be shot instead, as hunters armed with the ancient tribal weapon chased dogs from trucks.  
— Sapa-Reuters.

married to a nurse who worked rotating shifts. I have. There's nothing extraordinary about such a schedule, and Mona from time to time had to work double shifts. I suppose a very strong union might take up such a cause, but usually they have higher-priority things to deal with.

"((As for the cup of coffee)), the diner didn't know he had the same cup. The waiter might have poured the coffee through a tea-strainer to remove the fly. Same coffee, but a different cup...."

((Well, Mark, I must concede to your overwhelming expertise. I have not been married to a nurse of any variety, to be sure. However, my mother was one of those things, and she has indeed told me of her not-infrequent double shifts. She has also pointed out, however, that for some years the trend in competent hospitals has been away from such things, simply because anybody having to work 16 hours straight is a poor risk in the event of a medical emergency. And with the current state of medical malpractice litigation, I'd venture that "exhaustion" shifts are virtual, if not actual, history.

((As to cups of coffee, replete with flies, I suppose that if Mona is busy working double shifts, and Mark can't get any in the usual way, he may as well get it by pulling semantics. Yes, Mark, I realize that the diner may not have had the same artifact of china. But let us carry this one step further: Isn't it also possible that it wasn't even the same waiter, or even the same diner? Nowhere in the puzzle that I saw, did it specify that the waiter or the diner was not a twin! Perhaps we should consider this scenario: In this restaurant, two diners who happened to be twins, separately complained of fly-ridden coffee. The two waiters, who also were twins, got together in the kitchen and merely scooped the flies away and exchanged cups. But meanwhile, the twin diners had, for unknown reasons, exchanged tables....))

SON OF MARK BERCH DEPARTMENT ("BERCH II"): "I very much appreciate the plug, and was delighted with your reprint, and the follow-up story ((on child restraining seats)). I'm surprised that you, who are so careful with words, would call what you did "blatant plagiarism." That requires that one attempt to pass off someone else's writing as one's own, which isn't what you were doing at all."

((Okay, goddamnit, so I got the wrong word. So, sue me! Given my recent history, I was probably drunk as a skunk as I typed those lines. In my present reformed incarnation, I'd undoubtedly have said "implied copyright infringement," or something as pompous. The fact remains that I swiped your article without permission. Do I understand you correctly, that you don't object that I thieved your writing? Gee...you must agree with me, then, that continued harping on child restraints might actually influence someone to change their ways, and prevent some poor tyke from flying headlong into a windshield!

((Maybe it is worth putting it this way: A decent child restraining seat can be gotten for as little as \$25. Do you really want to take a chance on losing your kid merely because you were too cheap to spend that amount, or too lazy to use it?

((Later in the issue, Kathy Byrne will kick in her 2c worth....))

.....

ROSS DEPARTMENT: The other evening, Jean and Ross were playing an old game, where they made a list of letters of the alphabet, and another list of "categories," and then took turns thinking up things in each category that started with each letter. Eventually they got to "parts of the body," and the letter was "D". Jean thought for a while, and finally said, "I can't come up with one, can you?" And Ross considered for a time, then suddenly broke out in playful smiles and said, "How about 'Da Nose?'"

IN MEMORIAM

Feelings are sometimes like little amoebas; unknowing and unwilling porters, we carry them around until a moment of unhappy confluence occurs, and we are swept suddenly into a fever.

We have been suffering a nationwide epidemic of grief; collectively, we have broken out into a sweat. Psychologists, interviewed within hours after the space shuttle CHALLENGER dematerialized before our eyes, warned of a delayed emotional reaction that some persons would experience. Like many viewers, quite boggled by the paradox of watching death 'live' on television, I dutifully noted the psychologists' admonitions, then dismissed them as applicable to others but not to me. But suddenly, the generalization became unexpectedly personal; feelings I never suspected, surfaced; and, I am sure - as the therapists pointed out - that I am not alone. So I am writing about myself, confident that I'm also writing for many others who have been, or are about to be, ambushed by emotion.

I first realized that my feelings were going to bushwhack me while at a neighborhood delicatessen, when an acquaintance made a weak attempt at gallows humor - not worth repeating - about the shuttle disaster. The deli's owner, a young man with a Ph.D. in chemistry, began talking about the volatility of liquid hydrogen and oxygen, especially together. Conversation turned to the 1967 fire that killed three astronauts on the launch pad. It was not an unfeeling discussion - historical, a bit clinical, perhaps - but suddenly it was too much. My stomach pulled into a knot. Breathing became difficult. There was the sensation of a finger pressing in on my larynx. A mild but frightening tightening began in the middle of my chest. In short, I had most of the symptoms of a cardiac event. It was anxiety, sweeping me into a fever.

I excused myself hastily, and once I was in the fresh air, the symptoms lifted.

By the time I was home, ABC's Peter Jennings was showing a young girl breaking down at her school desk as she tried to express her sorrow. Another brave young girl from Christa McAuliffe's school read a poem. By the end of the news, I was an emotional wreck. Jennings didn't look much better.

I knew then what I was experiencing - a profound sense of loss. But what, really, had I lost?

It seems most unprofessional to write about feelings. It almost seems unprofessional even to admit having feelings. After all, as journalists, we look at the who, what, where, why, when; we are distrustful of the emotional, sensitized to charges of exploitation of tragedy. Moreover, we are paid to sublimate our personal reactions to life while replicating as faithfully as possible the experiences and feelings of others. This is, after all, why we are referred to as a "medium" of print or broadcast - we are, as Webster puts it, "an intervening thing through which a force acts or an effect is produced."

Well, together we journalists may be a "thing," but individually we are humans. And just as it took a poor-taste crack to snap this individual into awareness of his loss, so it took a casual comment by another friend to clarify just what that loss is.

As these words were struggling into being, a foreign colleague telephoned. Would I like to see a movie? No, I need to write about a tragedy affecting me in inexplicable ways. This surprised her. She could not imagine her fellow Germans having the same reaction.

Finally, I understood. Of course Germans, or nearly anybody else, would have a different reaction to such a loss. When Challenger blew up, seven human beings who personified our best image of ourselves simply evaporated. Their fiery demise hit a major cultural nerve: We still identify ourselves as pioneers.

I had thought that was an overused cliché. But, thinking about these seven people blasting off into the unknown - indeed, into eternity - made me think of the many millions of Americans, my family included, who gave up everything they had ever loved to endure unimaginable hardship during voyages to a land that was only a dream. Many never made it. And like these forbears, the astronauts died a quintessentially American death - knowingly risking the comforts of the present for the promises of tomorrow. It was self-sacrifice in pursuit of a vision.

That is what many Americans have done, or want to do. It is restless, adventurous, courageous, idealistic...maybe even a little excessive, even silly. It is American in the best sense.

And as I looked at the official photograph of the group, knowing that it would be flashed around the world, I saw one black, one Asian-American and two women; several Christians, and a Jew. Then I imagined this picture on television in countries where we are perceived as an evil force, and I felt a special pleasure.

This is the America I know can exist. It is the America that much of the world still wants to believe in. We have lost seven irreplaceable people, but I think it is worth noting that in their deaths, they have given us back a wonderful gift - a portrait of our people at their very best.

- Francis J. Moriarty

RONALD McNAIR      RICHARD SCOBEE      CHRISTA McAULIFFE      ELLISON ONIZUKA

MICHAEL SMITH      JUDY RESNIK      GREGORY JARVIS



INTERESTING IRONY DEPARTMENT: Some good friends who live in Virginia, and who know well my interest in music but have no idea that I'm an alcoholic, sent me a most pointed birthday card:

"You'll be thrilled to know that, on his birthday, Beethoven was doing exactly the same thing you're doing on your birthday...."

. . . . .

"...finishing his 5th."

FRANK AND ERNEST

Bob Thaves



THE PLEASURE IS MINE: I have the honor to issue the following report on my friend John Walker:

It would appear that he plans to live. That's rather nice, because his wife seems a very pleasant lady on the 'phone, and I really don't want to have to buy her a sympathy card. Fortunately, John lets me know that I don't have to....

There is, however, a fly in the coffee - er, ointment. In order to make absolutely certain that John will be with us a mite longer, his doctors have proposed a series of radiation treatments - because, you see, the 'lump' that John told us about was in fact malignant. On this basis, John will need a bit of a vacation. Radiology certainly does its job, but it has one major side-effect: It is absolutely exhausting!

Accordingly, the standbys appointed for John's games will take over for (rough guess) the next two or three moves, at which point I anticipate seeing the Terrible Texan back again. In addition, John's own publication, THE ALAMO CITY TIMES, is taking the same vacation that John is. He has two games going, one regular and one 'Gunboat,' and - effective next issue - they will continue under my management in COSTAGUANA until such time as John is able to take them back. I hope that's soon, and not for my sake, either....

The biggest catch to this is that I'm playing in the 'Gunboat' game! Yup, I must confess, I am the infamous French Admiral, Antoine "Puffa-Puffa" de Grasse! Of course I cannot legitimately continue to play under these conditions, and I have therefore resigned my position as France and found a new player (thanks, Person 'X') to assume my duties. I reserve the right, however, to continue my press series unabated....

It seemed best this way. I could, I suppose, have scrounged up a Guest Gamesmaster to adjudicate the thing, thus allowing me to continue to play. But that would take time, and might be awkward. Also, it would be a dead giveaway; the only possible reason for finding a Guest GM would be that I was in the thing, and that would pretty well destroy the point of the game.

And we will (sorry John) temporarily re-name the games in accordance with my COSTA scheme. The regular game, 1979JZ (Honest to God, is this thing really seven years old?), becomes 'The Misshapen Meerkat,' and the Gunboat game, 1985rbj2, resumes life as 'Richard M. Johnson.'

John will be back. Count on it. Until he is, I presume to speak for all of us who inhabit these pages: May your recovery be pleasant, and may you visit your sins upon our houses very quickly again.

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I HAD THE HONOR, the other evening, of delivering a speech in honor of my good friend, Ilana Mysior. She is both a 'buddy' and a brilliant musician, and she has been my accompanist in all my musical endeavors throughout my "career." The local Jewish Community Center held a dinner in her honor (thereby naming her "Musician of the Year"), and my function was to narrate a slide-show on the theme "The Life of Ilana Mysior." I was given a prepared text, but I was thoroughly uncomfortable with it, so I tore it to shreds and worked my own.

It was a most wonderful few minutes. Ilana well deserves her time in the sun, and I was most pleased and proud to have been a part of it. She seemed pleased, too, as did her husband and her mother - and that, after all, is what I was there for.

And as I concluded that evening: "Ilana, we love you." Indeed we do....

TWO NEW GAME STARTS

Within the last few days I've issued notification that two new COSTAGUANA games are now under way. The first is a regular game, "The Convoluted Cassowary," with the following lineup:

A: Evans Givan; E: Robert O'Donnell; F: Larry Botimer; G: Michael Pastilnik; I: Robert Greler; R: Ron Brown; T: Melinda Holley.

The deadline for this was set for COSTA 10/18, on 29th March 1986.

. . . . .

Secondly, the Gunboat variant is under way. This will be dubbed "Schuyler Colfax," and - inasmuch as negotiation is not required - the Spring 1901 deadline was announced for next issue, March 8, 1986.

. . . . .

For any who care:

A cassowary is a large flightless bird of Australia, rather similar and closely related to the emu and ostrich, albeit rather fatter than the former and shorter than the latter (an emu with a hula skirt is about right). Of the three, they have the least powerful kick and the slowest run - but don't be fooled, the kick can still kill you and they can easily outrun any Olympian on earth.

Schuyler Colfax - well, let the Encyclopaedia Americana tell it:

"Born New York City, March 23, 1823; died Mankato, Minnesota, January 13, 1885. He removed in 1836 to Indiana, where in 1845 he acquired a newspaper at South Bend, which he made the most influential Whig journal in the district. He was a delegate to the Whig conventions of 1848 and 1852; was elected to Congress in 1854 by the newly-formed Republican Party and re-elected until 1869, being thrice chosen Speaker; and in 1868 he was elected Vice-President of the United States, in Grant's first term. Implicated - unjustly, as he and his friends claimed - in the Credit Mobilier scandal of 1873, he spent the remainder of his life in political retirement, making public appearances only on the lecture platform."

Now if only some of the political crooks of our day, like Tricky Dick, would have the decency to retire....

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AND A THIRD ONE READY TO GO

The Cline 9-Man variant is also apparently filled; we're only waiting now on a couple of stragglers for preference lists. I should have the lists to you within the week.

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ROSS JOKES:

Where do you hang a picture of a cow? (uɹ ɹɔɹ ɹɔɹ ɹɔɹ)

What do you do with a green parrot? (ɹɔɹ ɹɔɹ ɹɔɹ ɹɔɹ)

GAME 1904HI - Winter 1907 ("The Extroverted Emu")

It looks like John Walker will be back, but not for a short while. In the meanwhile, I deeply appreciate Paul Rauterberg's agreement to continue the German game on John's behalf.

The F-G draw is kaput. Note that Matt Fleming is now living at 4158 Monona Dr., Madison, WI 53716-1662. This just so happens to be the same house that Paul Rauterberg inhabits; I learned of this awkward situation about nine hours after the last issue was mailed. At the time, I thought little of it; John was almost certainly coming back right away, and besides, both Paul and Matt are honorable people....

But now I wonder. John, in his statement printed last issue, has made his intentions quite clear. But - is this really fair to David? And, will Bill Quinn declare this game irregular because of this 'roommate' problem?

And so, just to be decent about it, I am asking the question of both David and Bill: Under the circumstances, do you mind? If you do, for any reason, please feel free to say so. I solemnly pledge not to reveal which of you objected, nor the reason for doing so. If an objection is tendered, I will simply switch standbys; I know Paul will understand. (He called and brought it up in the first place.)

Spring 1908

The builds were: FRA: f mar. GER: a kie, a ber.

AUSTRIA (Pierce): a con-bul. a bud (s) tri-vie. a bul-rum. a tri-vie.  
 a alb-tri. a arm-sev. a vie-tyo. f adr-ven. f gre-ion.  
 FRANCE (Fleming): a ple-tyo. a tyo-vie. a lvp (h). a ven-tri. a bur (h).  
 f mar-lyo. f mid-eng. f nap-ion. f ion-eas. f row-tyo. f lon (h).  
 GERMANY (Walker, per Rauterberg): a ruh (h). a rum (s) gal-bud. a ukr (s)  
 rum. a sev-arm. a gal-bud. a boh (s) BRE tyo-vie. a mun (s) ber-sil.  
 a sil-gal. a kie (h). a ber-sil. f bel-hol. f nwg (s) edi. f edi  
 (h). f nth (s) edi.

If this game were a Sam Peckinpah movie, the Austrian army Vienna would be splattered all over the wall in little red gobbets. There ain't no retreats.

Fall 1908 moves are due Saturday, March 8, 1986. I'm requesting standby moves for Germany from Blair Cusack, 1208-1375 Prince of Wales Dr., Ottawa, Ontario, CANADA K2C 3L5; these moves will be used only in the event that (a) either David or Bill balks at Paul's presence, AND (b) John is not back yet.

The press are limited to silence.

## THE STANDBY LIST

consists at the moment in the following: Baumeister; Fleming; J.Walker; D.Brown; Rauterberg; L.Henry; Gorham; Walters; Acheson; Minshall; Hoffman; Pustilnik; Cusack.

Of these, the following have indicated that they prefer to serve only in emergencies, or for "throwaway" positions: Baumeister; D.Brown; Minshall; Hoffman; Pustilnik.

If anybody wishes to make changes to the above information, please advise.



GAME 1983CL - THE SUICIDAL SUNI - Fall 1909

The retreats were: RUS a sil-pru; TUR f ion-gre.

ENGLAND (Bakken): f lvp (h). f lon (s) FRE eng-nth. f bal-den.  
 FRANCE (Rauterberg): a sil-mun. a kie (s) sil-mun. a ber (s) sil-mun. a bur (s) sil-mun. a war (h). f eng (s) nth-lon. f nth-lon. f hol (s) kie. f cly-edl. f mid-nat. And also, an order for a nonexistent f edi....  
 ITALY (Baker): a apu-alb. f nap ( ) ion. f ion (c) apu-alb. f tun (s) ion.  
 RUSSIA (E.Henry): a pru (s) mun-ber. a boh (s) tyo-mun. a tyo-mun. a nwy-swe. a mun-ber. f nat-lvp. f hel-kie.  
 TURKEY (Hager): a ven (s) alb-apu. a tri (s) ven. a alb-apu. a smy-con. f aeg (s) eas-ion. f rum (h). f sev (h). f adr (c) alb-apu. f eas-ion. f gre (s) eas-ion.

Retreats: French a ber annihilated; English f lon to wal, yor or o.t.b. Builds/removals may be conditional on this retreat.

Fascinating switcheroo there in Albania/Apulia, eh?

PLEASE NOTE TWO, COUNT THEM TWO, CHANGES OF ADDRESS:

Ed Henry, 31507 106th Place, S.E., No. S-207  
 Auburn, WA 98002-3084  
 Ken Hager, 808 Magnolia Ave., No. 6  
 Pasadena, CA 91106-4609

And the retreat, builds and removals are due SAT., March 8, 1986.

## CENTRES:

E: 2: lvp, den. Remove one.  
 F: 11: par, bre, war, spa, por, bel, hol, kie, mun, lon, edi. Build two.  
 I: 3: rom, nap, tun. Remove one.  
 R: 7: stp, mos, war, ber, swe, nwy, vie. Even.  
 T: 11: con, say, ank, sev, rum, bul, ser, gre, bud, tri, ven. Build one.

MADISON TO JAMUL: Long time no see! Really, it's great to be back. You've got a great little 'zine!

JAMUL TO MADISON: "Little?" "LITTLE?" Okay, buster, next time I put out a tiny 44-pager, you get to type!

(Actually, I was hoping we'd cross paths again; I rather enjoyed your presence our last time 'round. Anybody who comes up with 'Arick' thereby giving his kid a "normal name with a twist" is worth knowing....)

JAMUL TO WORLD: Did I tell you yet that 'Jamul' is my dateline? If you see it, it means I (Conrad) wrote it. It's just the name of a little town near San Diego where I used to live. Pronounced "Ha-MOOL."

RUSSIA TO WOR D: I'm still around. At least the pieces of me are.

JAMUL: Well...not exactly. My son just knocked over the game box, and there are three of your fleets down under the baseboards....

ROME TO PARIS: Thanks for nothing. I only regret that my last stand against Turkey is going to win the game for you.

ROME TO CONSTANTINOPELE: You are going to have to fight for every inch you advance through the Med.

JAMUL: Yeah, but watch that guy; give him an inch and....

.....



# DipCon at MaryCon '86

DipCon at MaryCon '86 is a three-day Diplomacy and Diplomacy variant tournament, Friday, May 30 through Sunday, June 1, on the campus of Mary Washington College in Fredericksburg, VA (50 minutes south of Washington, D.C. on interstate 95 - ground transportation available hourly from Washington National Airport). Those unable to arrive before Saturday can still participate in DipCon, the annual national Diplomacy championship, by selecting DipCon (option #2). A minimum of two rounds of Diplomacy must be played to be eligible for 1st, 2nd, or 3rd place plaques, or the seven "best country" trophies.

**Friday events:** VariMaryCon (Diplomacy variant tournament), Tournament of Champions (one-round tournament for 7 top placers of past MaryCons), first round DipCon (standard Diplomacy tournament, run by the national DipCon administrative committee), round table seminar with Allen Calhmer (inventor of Diplomacy), and open gaming beer party. **Saturday events:** additional rounds DipCon, DipCon Society meeting (which will select the site of 1987 DipCon), and open gaming beer party. **Sunday events:** final round DipCon, and awards ceremony.

For additional information on travel, schedule, or other matters, contact MaryCon at the address below (see form), or contact Ken Peel, 8708 First Ave. #T-2, Silver Spring, MD 20910, tel.# (301) 495-2799.

## PRICE PACKAGES INCLUDE:

VariMaryCon\* (May 30) lunch, dinner, beer party, lodging;  
(May 31) breakfast.

VariMaryCon (local) (May 30) lunch, dinner, beer party.

DipCon (option #1) (May 30) dinner, evening beer party, lodging;  
(May 31) breakfast, lunch, dinner, beer party, lodging;  
(June 1) breakfast, lunch.

DipCon\* (option #2) (May 31) lunch, dinner, beer party, lodging;  
(June 1) breakfast, lunch.

DipCon (local) (May 31) lunch, dinner, beer party; (June 1) lunch.

\*Those attending both VariMaryCon and DipCon should select "VariMaryCon" and "DipCon (option #2)." Total cost = \$87.

NAME: \_\_\_\_\_ ( ) VariMaryCon\*.....\$35  
ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_ ( ) VariMaryCon (local)..\$20  
\_\_\_\_\_ ( ) DipCon (option #1)...\$77  
\_\_\_\_\_ ( ) DipCon\* (option #2)..\$52  
\_\_\_\_\_ ( ) DipCon (local).....\$32

TEL. #: \_\_\_\_\_ Total enclosed: \$ \_\_\_\_\_

MAKE CHECK PAYABLE TO "MARYCON," AND MAIL TO:

MaryCon '86  
1309 Hanover Street  
Fredericksburg, Virginia 22401

NOTE: Every effort will be made to room you with the person(s) of your choice. All rooms are double occupancy and are connected to another room (total of 4 persons). Sheets and pillow cases are provided. You must supply your own blankets.

GAME 1984C - The Distaught Dingo - Ker-BOOM!

Well, folks, the end has arrived. The draw proposal (to include England, Germany, Russia and Turkey) has passed "unanimously" - in other words, at least one of you voted yes, and nobody voted no.

I will be pleased to print any end-game statements that any of you care to submit; just have them to me my next issue (March 8). At that time I will also print what I can in the way of a game summary. (As it stands, I have no records of the game under Rod; I can only summarize its history under my brief tenures. If any of you has past records, I'd be deeply grateful for a summary - supply centres by year plus player history - or, if you're too busy for that, then the loan of the game history will be fine. I'll pay postage. Both ways.)

With the next issue, the subscriptions of Don Del Grande, Nelson Heintzman and Stephen Wilcox will run out. If you've any interest in fixing that, now's your chance.

And, for now, let me conclude with the French press for this (unplayed) season:

BREST TO JAMUL: I've heard that 1962A was a 5-player game. How, then, can it be 1962A if it's a variant?

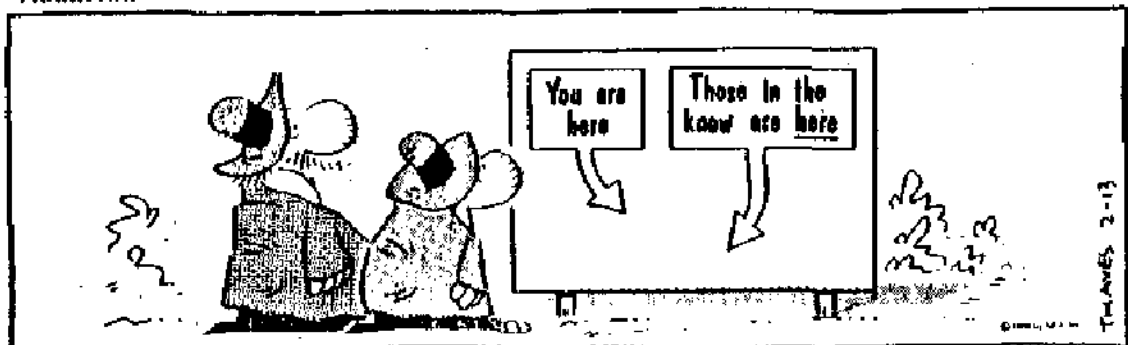
JAMUL TO BREST: Well, last issue the "mystery" of 1962A was explained; it had seven players but never got anywhere. But you still ask a valid question: How can a five-player game have a Boardman number if it's a variant? (John Boardman's very first game, 1963A - which, as I explained last time, is the real first-ever postal game - was, in fact, a five-player game.)

Answer: It isn't a variant at all! It is, rather, an "irregular" regular game, i.e. a regular game played under the rulebook but with some special circumstance that distinguishes it from your every-day, run-of-the-mill seven-player game.

In 1963, we were all operating under the original (1959) edition of the Rulebook. That set of rules specifically set forth that, if only six players were available, the game would use the normal board with Turkey (and Bulgaria) eliminated; if only five could be found, Russia would also be eliminated; and so forth, down through three players. Until such time as the rulebook was revised, all games (there were several) involving fewer than seven players were given Boardman numbers and classified as "irregular" standard games. Thus is 1963A so listed.

FRANK AND ERNEST

Bob Thaves



### THE POTATO CONNECTION

It's a fact of life: Some countries are musically 'civilised,' others are not. There are enough significant classical musicians from Austria, Germany, Italy and Russia to fill several volumes; but, in the converse sense, there are some countries not represented at all, and others represented only sparsely.

If you ask me to name (e.g.) an Austrian composer alive in (e.g.) 1790, I will use every sheet of paper in this house. If you ask me to name (e.g.) an Irish one, I will put my entire list - in large capitals - on the back of the stamp with which I frank the envelope.

In the history of music, only one - count them, one - Irish composer has achieved stature as a 'major' figure. He was a man who, in many important ways, was a typical - even stereotypical - Irishman: He had red hair; he was a drunk; he was a wee tad "wild" in the scheme of things; and he left us a brace of musical compositions that inevitably underline his romantic, untamed nature. One of the more popular novels of the early 19th century in England was the Rev. Charles Maturin's "The Wild Irish Boy." The book had nothing to do with music, but it well might have done.

Ireland's contribution to Great Music was born in 1782 in Dublin, and he was named John Field. He was an unchecked prodigy on the piano, and as a teen came to the attention - through intermediaries - of the Grand Master of the pianistic concert circuit of the day, the Italian transplant Muzio Clementi. By the time Field came to his attention, Clementi had transmogrified his life's work into the realm of piano manufacture, and he quickly hired Field as a "demonstrator" - Clementi would build the piano, Field would play it for the prospective buyer, and the sale would be made.

After a successful run in London, Clementi took his commercial 'act' to Paris, with Field in tow; and after a run of sales there, he moved on along the musical route of the day and finally arrived in St. Petersburg. In that newly-enfranchised musical capital, Clementi made less of a stir than he had anticipated: His reputation had, for once, not preceded him significantly, and the Russian gentry heard Field's performances on Clementi's pianos and lionized, not the builder of the instrument, but the redhead who played them. John Field became a literal overnight sensation.

After a time, Clementi moved on. But this time, his "associate" didn't follow; Field stayed behind under the patronage of several figures at the Russian court, and he remained for more than thirty years. Occasionally he would leave to do a tour in the West, but always he would come back to his adopted home, and always he would achieve greater recognition than he'd had when he left. When other virtuosos would come to town, Field would invariably be put up against them in a public "competition," and - equally invariably - Field would emerge the popular winner. Home turf seems not to have been the reason, since when Field went on tour and got into competitions on someone else's ground, Field won there too. He made a lot of powerful enemies that way, but somehow none of them ever really managed to come back to haunt him. With the single exception of Hummel, none of these competitors has survived in music history as Field has. Even Clementi is today less well remembered.

Field's life ran the course one might expect from a stereotypical "Wild Irish Boy." He was, of course, the obligatory alcoholic; he never married, and was well known as an outrageous (albeit decorous) womanizer; and he was lionized and adored and held forth on a pedestal for a great number of years. Only in about the last year of his life did his history catch up to him; he

set forth on a tour of Italy in 1835, having not left Russia for some great while. But this time, success was not overwhelming; by now, Chopin was all the rage, and in any case Italy was not terribly receptive to Field's cool, even-handed, almost delicate keyboard styles. To top it off, in the middle of the tour Field's health broke (he suffered by this time from rectal cancer and possibly also from cirrhosis); he was rescued by one of his Russian patrons and brought back to St. Petersburg, but he never recovered; he resumed a semblance of his former career for a while, but in early 1837 contracted pneumonia and died. The (probably apocryphal) story has Field on his deathbed, being attended by a French priest who asked him if he were "Calviniste ou Catholique," to which Field supposedly replied, "Non, je suis Claveciniste!"

Of the relatively few compositions left us by Field, almost all have been recorded. There are nineteen Nocturnes for solo piano (a form made immortal by Chopin, but which Field invented); four short Sonatas; and seven Concerti for the piano with orchestra. There are perhaps half a dozen miscellaneous bits remaining to be taped, but scholarly sentiment is that they are of no great consequence.

The Sonatas are rather minor, albeit pleasant, and have been recorded only once - very badly. The Nocturnes have actually become somewhat popular, and the four or five best of them can (and presently do) hold head to anything written in the same period save only the masterworks of Beethoven. And with the Concerti, again it is only Beethoven who can outclass Field at his best; even Hummel, whose considerable talents are currently in real vogue, can at best give Field a run for his money in the concerto vein, but cannot hope to outstrip him. And it is here, and only here, that Field even overwhelms Chopin.

All seven of the Concerti have been recorded and released in Ireland, and re-released to the international trade from Holland on Fidelio GSM 55-58, a four-record box featuring John O'Connor, pianist, and the New Irish Orchestra directed by Janos Füst. The first four concerti have also been recorded at other times, notably by Rejma Kyriakou (the first on RCA, the other three on Vox) who apparently set out to do the series but stopped short. Perhaps she was deterred by an inability to master the Fifth - which is probably unmasterable on account of vapidity. Oh well....

It will probably serve, for our purposes here, to give but a brief overview of the seven works in order; if one wishes more depth, one can simply go buy the boxed set of records and read Patrick Piggott's notes, or one can go to a fine library and study one of the two critical biographies in existence. By way of quick characterization, Field has been held to be a synthesis of "the classicism and form of Haydn, the salon filigree of Hummel, the romantic candle-light of Chopin - but with the erotic overtones of the latter replaced by the cleaner lines of Irish nationalism."

In other words, to understand where Field stands in history, first listen to: Haydn's D Major (or G Major) Harpsichord Concerto; Hummel's A Minor (or the first movement of the B Minor) Piano Concerto; either of the Chopin Concerti; and "Danny Boy."

Field's First, in his favorite key (E-Flat), is the only authentic Field composition that is probably not entirely his own work. It is generally held, that the comparatively tight orchestration was at the very least corrected and touched up by Clementi, under whose tutelage Field was operating at the time. Nevertheless, certain fingerprints point to the "Wild Irish Boy" no matter how Clementi-esque the whole: Quite apart from the distinctive piano figures throughout, the Italian could never have conceived of such trivial niceties as the trumpet/drum crescendo leading to the introductory restatement in the first

movement (if Field stole that anywhere, it was from Mozart, K.504, or from Beethoven, C Major Concerto). And, of course, the second movement's use of "The Last Rose of Summer" does not come from anywhere even close to Clementi's homeland.

By common consent, the Second Concerto, in A-Flat, is Field's best. It is a truly beautiful piece, and I categorically assert that it is one of the Great Moments in Music, well-deserving of a top ranking in the repertory. It strikes me as of minor importance that the thematic material is not original (throughout, Field has used traditional Irish and Scottish tunes); the significant point is that Field has taken comfortable and familiar material and woven it into a tapestry that absolutely cannot fail to charm, and the solo part shows off the performer without ever descending to the banal. This concerto is Field's only composition to have remained in print since his lifetime; it was a favorite of Schumann's (he called it "divinely beautiful"), of Clara Schumann's, of Chopin's, and later of Pachmann's and Friedmann's.

With the third concerto (which may actually be the second), we revert to the favorite E-Flat key, and find Field for the very first time completely on his own. No Clementi was here to help; no borrowed tunes shored him up; this time, he did it all himself. This piece approaches Hummel as no other in Field, and there are occasional moments of hesitancy and insecurity; to top it off, the themes verge on the ordinary. But if one will allow oneself to follow the composer along into the developmental passage-work, a surprise awaits. From moderate approval in the conservative opening, one finds oneself carried into the middle and thoroughly charmed and captivated, without however the slightest recognition at first that it is the same "ordinary" piece that is having this effect.

E-Flat again for the Fourth, but were it not for the expected key signature, one would almost guess a different composer. The hesitation is gone; the tentative gestures are nowhere in evidence; the almost meek harmonic structure of the Third, as well as the bold but awkward Second, suddenly radiate confidence; and the entire piece speaks of sudden maturity and new-found intensity. The delicate slow movement in particular is one of the great moments of its era.

Number Five, in C, is at the same time wonderful and trashy. Field is here striving for effect, by way of direct competition with his rival Steibelt; when the latter gained fame with his storm music, Field wrote storm music; when Steibelt threw percussion in for a bravura climax, so did the Irishman. There is a viciously difficult cadenza here, accompanied and through-composed; another grasp at applause. And there is even a second piano in evidence, as part of the orchestra, designed to further bolster certain blatancies. And yet, in spite of all this brouhaha, the piece has real value; the first movement at least can easily be performed without all the add-ons (and is so done in the O'Connor recording) with nothing lost but noise, and much gained.

The Sixth (in C) is the weakest of all; it suffers from too many ideas, too much modernism without real point, and in the Finale, too much haste. Even here, though, there are moments. Above all else is a wondrous section late in the first movement which, if pulled out of context, could easily be attributed to the best period of Schubert's career - and yet, at this stage Field had never heard of Schubert!

With the Seventh and last, we slide into the minor keys (the piece is in c minor) and into a certain tragic vein. It was with this composition that Field was first introduced to Chopin; the latter was at first unimpressed but eventually changed his mind, and it is easy to see why; aside from Field's greater delicacy, this is the closest to Chopin's own lyric/tragic vein (the Second Sonata) that you'll find anywhere.

An adventure, then; a chance to learn and experience the less-known, and see where Romantic pianism had its roots. If only you will venture his way, John Field will pay amazing rewards.

## GAME 1985D - The Narcoleptic Nilgai - Fall 1904

AUSTRIA (Martin): a vie (s) bud-tri. a bud-tri. a ser (s) bud-tri.  
 f gre (s) TUR eas-1on.  
 ENGLAND (Stafford): f cly-edi. f stp no (s) nwy. f nwy (s) stp. f nth (s)  
 nwy.  
 FRANCE (Tighe): a war-pie. a gas-mar. f mid-wes. f spa sc (s) mid-wes.  
 GERMANY (Gardner): a bel-hol. a ruh-hol. a mun-tyo. a den (h). a war-mos.  
 a mos-stp. f nwg (s) RUS swe-nwy.  
 ITALY (Jensen): a tyo (s) tri-vie. a tri-vie. f aeg-gre. f ion (s) aeg-  
 gre. f wes-spa sc.  
 RUSSIA (Wrobel): a swe-nwy. f bot-swe.  
 TURKEY (Pustilnik): a con-bul. a rum (s) bul-ser. a sev (s) rum. a bul-  
 ser-. f bla (s) con-bul. f eas-sky.

The retreats are pretty messy, so pay attention: The Italian army Trieste may retreat to Venice, Albania, or o.t.b. The Italian fleet West Med. may retreat to Lyon, Tyrrh., Tunis, N.Africa, or o.t.b. The Austrian fleet Greece may retreat to Albania or o.t.b. The Austrian army Serbia may retreat to Albania or o.t.b. Builds and removals may be conditional on any combination of these retreats.

Ed Wrobel has resigned as Russia (coward!) and will be replaced by Conrad Minshall, 3702 Tarragona Lane, Austin, TX 78727-6049.

## CENTRES:

A: 3: vie, bud, tri. Remove one.  
 E: 5: lon, lvp, edi, nwy, stp. Build one.  
 F: 5: par, bre, war, spa, por. Build one.  
 G: 8: mun, ber, kie, den, bel, hol, mos, war. Build one.  
 I: 5: ven, rom, nap, tun, gre. Even.  
 R: 1: swe. Remove one.  
 T: 7: con, sky, ank, sev, rum, bul, ser. Build one.

Ain't it nice to be under way again at last? The deadline for retreats, builds and removals is Saturday, March 8, 1986.

K.F. to G.M.: "Narcoleptic Nilgai?" Whatever happened to monkeys and bears?

JAMUL TO K.T.: Oh, they're there, all right. The bears are just down the hill, and the monkeys are breeding like crazy all over the upper mesa. It's just that, when you have the World's Finest Zoo (TM Reg.), you tend to like to pinpoint the unusual. So what if the 'unusual' becomes the 'weird' here?)

JAMUL TO ALL: Did I mention that "Jamul" is the gamesmaster's dateline? Anything starting that way is mine. For an explanation, please see "The Suicidal Suni," bottom of P.9.

PARIS TO BERLIN: I felt neglected. Didn't you feel neglected?

PARIS TO ROME: Don't worry, I won't let you feel neglected.

JAMUL TO ANY INTERESTED PARTY: Some of you have indicated, "Use whatever press Keith gave you." Keith gave batches to me, but in all honesty I don't think I'll bother. Some of it is outdated. Other items are unintelligible, or are "in-jokes" for Keith. And of course, some of it refers to rock music. I'm very sorry, but COSTAGUANA has a flat policy of refusing to discuss hobby feuds, rock music, or anything else which is just plain garbage.



ROSS DEPARTMENT: Ross and Eric received valentines from their Grandma Millie, in each of which was a dollar bill. When Ross opened his and exclaimed "Wow! A dollar!," Jean made the mistake of saying, "Yes, that's about all Grandma can afford." Ross instantly asked (with a worried look), "Is Grandma poor?" "No," replied Jean, "She's not poor, but she doesn't have a lot of spare money." Ross thought about this for a few moments, then said: "Well, it's very nice of her to share her spare money. I love spare money!"

//////////////////// ..... //////////////////////

GAME 1983AC - The Wistful Wombat - Fall 19/2

AUSTRIA (Rauterberg): a rom (h).

ENGLAND (Pustilnik): a stp (h), a pie (s) lyo-tus. a tyo (s) mun-boh.  
a ber (s) ruh-mun. a mun-boh. a mar (h). a kie (s) ruh-mun. a ruh-mun.  
 a bel-bur. f naf (s) wes-tun. f mid-spa sc. f spa sc - lyo.  
 f wes-tun. f bal (s) ber. f eng-mid. f lyo-tus. f nwy (s) stp.

FRANCE (L.Henry): f tyn (s) nap. f nap (s) AUS rom.

TURKEY (Walters): a ven-rom. a pru-ber. a boh-vie. a lvn-stp. a sil (s) pru-ber.  
 a apu (s) ven-rom. a mos (s) lvn-stp. a ukr-war. f con-aeg.  
 f alb-tri. f lon-nap. f aeg-ion. f adr-ven. a sny gives victory party for English.

The Austrian army Rome is squished. No retreats.

CENTRES:

A: 0: OUT!

E: 18: lon, lvp, edi, nwy, swe, stp, den, hol, bel, ber, kie, mun, par, bre, mar, spa, por, tun. Build one,

F: 1: nap. Remove one.

T: 15: con, sny, ank, sev, mos, war, rum, bul, ser, gre, bud, vie, tri, ven, rom. Build one.

And there we have it, friends: A WIN! For statistical purposes, we will assume that all builds and removals are properly made, and will end the game after 1912 with a clear-cut English victory.

My personal heartiest congratulations to Michael for a well-played and nicely-finished game. My strong kudos also to Jake for a truly superior effort; you didn't win, but you sure as hell played well! And finally, my deepest gratitude and appreciation to Lu and Paul for making this game fun.

Bill Quinn - enter this one in the records!

I would be pleased to print any end-game comment, from any player, in the next issue. At that time I will also publish an end-game summary (to the extent that I can; I have no data prior to the time I took over), and consign this one to the ages and the record-books.

Some final press:

CONSTANTINOPLE: Congrats to Mike, you should wind it up here....

FRANCE TO ENGLAND: One way you should thank us for the win is NOT move f lyo-tyn lest you cut support for my survival. Congrats!

JAMUL: Me too - congrats! But can't any of us spell the whole word???

# THEE QUEEN SPEAKS

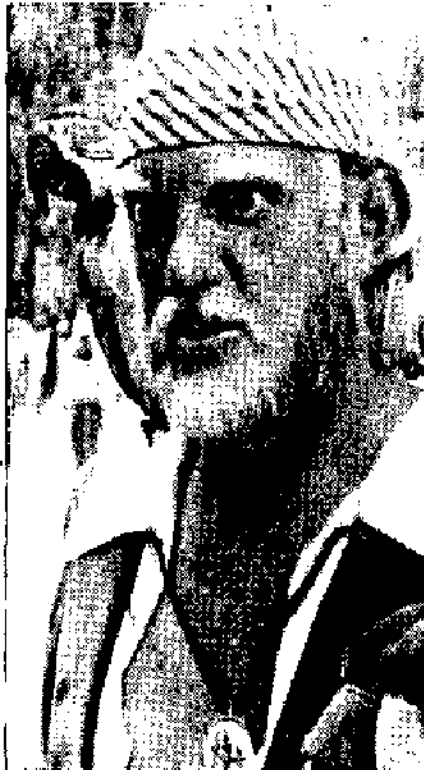
ENGLAND (AP) - Queen Mattie Flem II, right, spoke today in the Royal Court.

Queen Mattie (as (s)he is commonly known), claimed lasting love for all countries.

"Of course that doesn't mean we won't backstab anybody on the board," thee Queen stated.

Thee Queen's right-hand man, liquor manufacturer and rogue Johnnie Walker (above left), has had some questions as to thee Queen's intentions. But his eyes continue to bug out at displays of his/her Royal Body.

Russian Czar Dugoff Brownski, meanwhile, prepares for war (right). The Czar stated, "Ever since Flem II rose to power, she's promised me the moon...little did I know she'd attempt to send me there through a stab in the back. Personally, I remember King Peel, and question if Flem II is of royal blood. I hope to find out."



MOORE

## SHIPPING THEM OUT

You have to like the way Donald Regan has taken charge as White House Chief of Staff. He is a take-charge guy. He has put everybody on notice that a take-charge guy has now taken charge. He has sent them a message: "Shape up or ship out!"

Remember Margaret Heckler? Of course not. She was a member of the President's cabinet. Secretary of Health and Human Services. Being in the President's cabinet these days is not like having a role in a TV sitcom. You don't get heard of, much less remembered, especially if you are Secretary of Health and Human Services. This is why you don't remember Margaret Heckler.

But somebody remembered Margaret Heckler; that somebody was Donald Regan. "What have you been doing today?" the President asked him late one evening. "Remembering Margaret Heckler," said Donald Regan. "Is Margaret Heckler somebody I ought to know," the President asked. Donald Regan took charge: "Don't bother your head about it," he said. "I'll handle this."

Margaret Heckler hadn't shaped up, so Donald Regan shipped her out. Soon she will be our Ambassador in Dublin.

"Is that a better job than being a Cabinet member?" the President asked Donald Regan. "Why bother your head about questions like that?" Donald Regan asked. Well, because Margaret Heckler had just 'phoned him, identified herself as a Cabinet member and said she was being shipped out, the President said.

The President looked troubled; Donald Regan took charge. "Being booted out of the Cabinet and sent to a quiet embassy is a promotion," Donald Regan told the President. And the President went on television to announce that being booted out of the Cabinet was a promotion. It looked as if the President might be able to shape up, after all.

There were problems, though. These were created by certain people close to the President - people who had not shaped up. Who, for example, had allowed Margaret Heckler to reach the President on the 'phone? If any old Cabinet member could get the President on the 'phone like that and bother the President's head, the country could slide into a situation where the President knew all his Cabinet members by name. Somebody has not shaped up.

The President was soon due in Geneva for a photo opportunity with the big Soviet enchilada, Mikhail Gorbachev. If Cabinet members got through by 'phone to bother the President's head with their parochial concerns about diplomatic and military matters, the President might look confused when he reached Geneva, and the photo opportunity would be spoiled.

While worrying about the lack of shape-up along the 'phone lines, Donald Regan realized that a man at the President's very elbow was bothering the President's head with parochial concerns about diplomacy and warfare. This man was Robert McFarlane, the President's national security adviser.

Robert McFarlane had not shaped up. A man who had shaped up would not bother the President's head before talking it over with Donald Regan, saying, "Do you think we ought to bother the President's head about this one?"

Robert McFarlane had not shaped up, so he shipped out. When the President asked why, he was told that Robert McFarlane wanted to hunt for a job that paid better than the White House.

"Isn't it strange," asked the President, "that an old marine like Robert McFarlane, who has devoted his life to the national security field, would quit when he's got the best job available in his line of work, and just so he can make a little more money selling insurance, or advice, or whatever he's going to sell?"

"Don't bother your head about that," said Donald Regan.

But the President's question troubled Donald Regan. It had a subtlety that was inconsistent with the President's blunt, open, regular-guy style. Somebody had planted that question in the President's head. Somebody very, very close to the President. That somebody was bothering the President's head. That somebody had not shaped up.

Who could it be if not Nancy Reagan?

Donald Regan is studying lists of places to which a First Lady can be plausibly shipped out without raising too many eyebrows. After which the problem of her husband can be tackled. Unless, of course, having seen the First lady shipped out, the President takes the hint and starts to shape up....

-- Russell Baker  
(thanks to Michael Pustilnik)

/ /

GAME 1985HE - The Delirious Dik-Dik - Spring 1902

John Walker needs a vacation to follow up in the medical vein, but he tells me he will be back just as quickly as possible. I am going to rough-guess a couple of seasons. In the meanwhile, my thanks for agreeing to hold the fort, Jake....

AUSTRIA (Walker, per Walters): a tri-alb. a ser-bul. a vie-tri. a bud  
(s) RUS sev-rum. f gre (s) ser-bul.  
ENGLAND (Billinness): a yor-lon. f nth-ny. f eng-bel.  
FRANCE (Acheson): a spa-gas. a bur (s) ENG eng-bel. a par (s) bur. f bre  
(s) por-mid. f por-mid.  
GERMANY (Gorham): a ruh-bur. a hol (s) ENG eng-bel. a mun (s) ruh-bur.  
f kie-den. f den-ska.  
ITALY (Rauterberg): a ven (h). a tun-apu. f rom-tyn. f ion (c) tun-apu.  
RUSSIA (Ron Brown): a stp-mos. a ukr (s) sev-rum. f sev-rum. f bot-swe.  
TURKEY (R.Anderson?): NMR!! a's bul, arm; f's smy, bla (h).

There are no retreats. There is also no Turkish army Bulgaria any more, because I just pitched it into the sewer....

Could I ask for standby Turkish moves from Blair M. Cusack, 1208-1375 Prince of Wales Dr., Ottawa, Ontario, Canada K2C 3L5.

And Fall 1902 will be due Saturday, March 8, 1986.

DAILY BLATTER: Italians do it again! They invade Austria and build a navy to do it???

Austria new super-power with huge army, will soon control all south and east Europe!

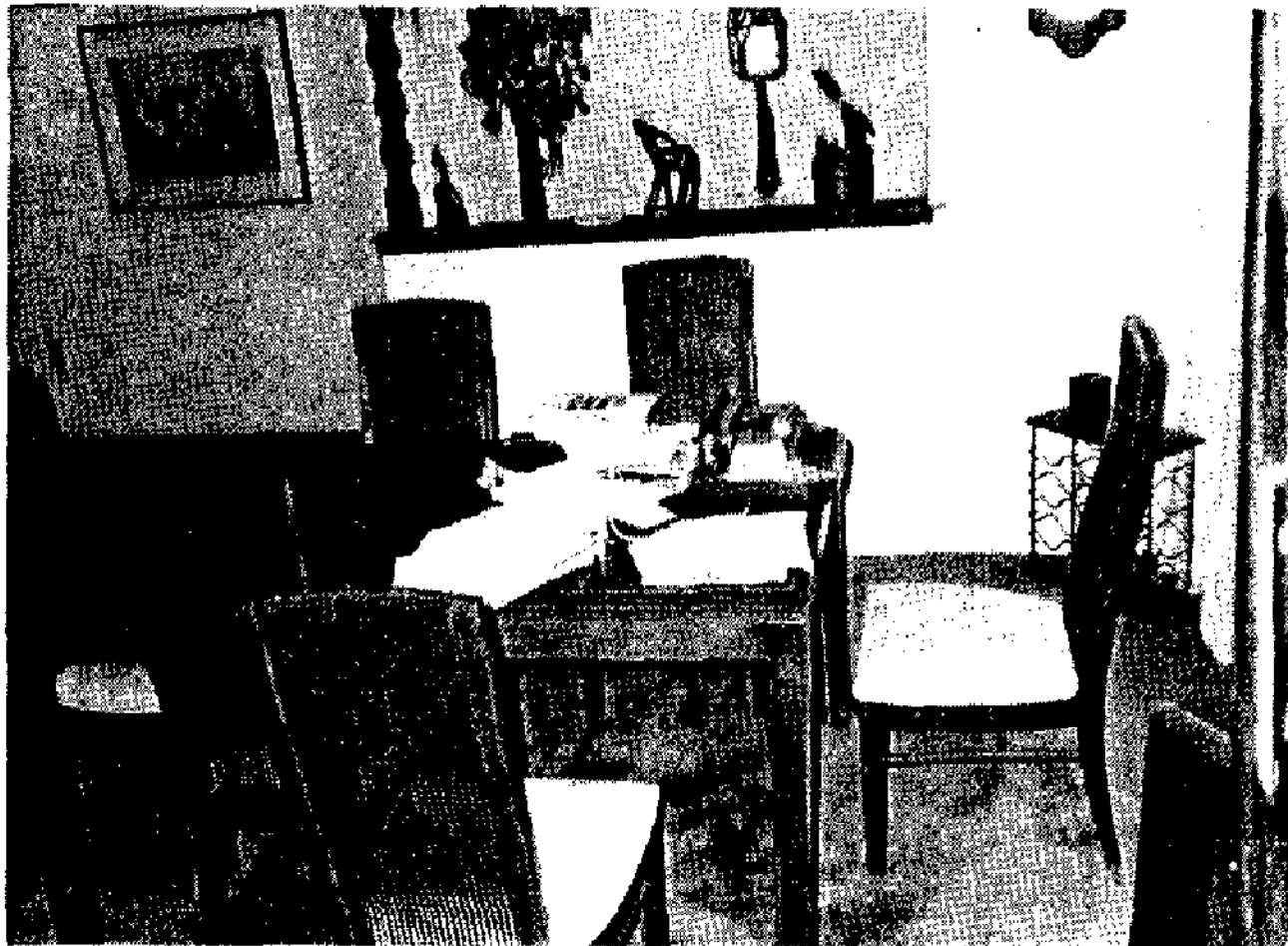
JANUL: Actually, they already do, though some of the pieces are a funny color.

ST.PETERSBURG: The minor naval clash between German and Russian forces off the coast of Sweden was downplayed by the Tsar at a recent Royal Ball. When asked by guests about the incident, the Tsar shrugged and said, "It was just a simple misunderstanding. Our small fishing fleet was about to enter the harbor of its destination in Sweden. Approaching from the south, unknown to them, was a German fleet. A Russian sailor on deck flashed a message to his mate in the fore-castle. Using Morse code the message read, "This porthole is fuckin' broken." The Germans, seeing the message, slightly misinterpreted it to read, "This port holds fuckin' broads!" At this point the Germans came full steam ahead into port just as the lead vessels of our fleet arrived. As a

result of this surprise, a few shots were fired but no harm was done. Our fishing fleet is expected to land in Sweden this spring, as a matter of fact!"

At that point, a beautiful blonde Ukrainian beauty sidled up to the Tsar and whispered something in his ear. The Tsar smiled, excused himself, and left with the lovely lady....

JAMUL: Oh, of course...off to the Royal ball....



Preparing the Magazine - A Well-Organized Work Area Awaits

/ . . . . . , /

GANE 1985AJ - The Tergiversatory Tapir - Winter 1905

John Walker will indeed be back, but he'll need a little time to get organized (medically), so we'll run a standby for a while on his behalf. Unfortunately, Bob Acheson apparently didn't get my request in the last issue; either he overlooked it or I neglected to direct him to it. So for this season I took John's sealed orders, handed them to an "anonymous local friend" named Rod Walker, and said, "Fake it!" Rod gave me a retreat, a build, and a set of unopened sealed orders right back. ("What could possibly be more obvious?")

For next time, let me see if I can induce Bob Acheson to try again....

Note that in the last move listing, the French order A Nwy-Swe failed.

AUSTRIA (Walters): Has: a's rum, vie, sev, bud (4).

ENGLAND (Fleming): Builds a lon. Has: a's mun, lon; f's nth, nwg, den, tun (6).

FRANCE (Walker, per Acheson, but this time as stated earlier): Retreats a nwy-fin. Builds a par. Has: a's kie, fin, tyo, bel, bur, par; f's lyo, wes, nap (9).

GERMANY (Caruso): Removes a lvn. Has: f bal (1).

ITALY (Pustilnik): Has: a's tri, ser; f's rom, ven, gre (5).

RUSSIA (D.Brown): Builds a mos. Has: a's ukr, war, nwy, sil, mos; f's aeg, bul ec, bot, stp nc (9).

Note that Matt Fleming now lives at 4158 Monona Dr., Madison, WI 53716-1662.

For Spring, I have two proposals requiring votes: (1) An Eng/Fre draw; (2) "DIAS." I'm not quite certain what "DIAS" means, but I am guessing that it stands for "Draw Including All Survivors." Votes, please, with moves, and as usual, one 'nay' kills it/them, and one 'yea' passes it in the absence of nays, and votes not cast are treated as abstentions.

Spring 1906 moves are due Saturday, March 8, 1986.

ANONYMOUS PLAYER TO WALKER: Enemy, neutral or ally, we're all pulling for you. Get well!

JAMUL: You know what I like best about postal Diplomacy? You never really know, until you need them, just how many friends you have out there....

VIENNA: Be aware, my friends in Rome, that my centers will be handed to the Russian, or the Frog, while I fight you to the last. Your attacks weakened my alliance with Russia, so I joined you against Russia - and you stab again! You swine!

JAMUL: "Swine?" Hey, I hadn't thought of that; shall we name the next game after that?

/ /

GAME 198JHK - The Ambidextrous Aardvark - END!

Only one final statement has been received, from David Anderson (Italy). Here it is, in all its solitary glory:

"I got lucky in this game. I have to thank France for his dots, which I probably wouldn't have drawn in the game. I tried to go for the win, but it proved costly as it incurred the wrath of Turkey. With him and Russia pressing on me, I did my best to hold them off, while on the west side, I tried and got a stalemate line, but I had to try and keep Germany and France alive. Unfortunately, I was not able to keep to that endeavor.

Turkey finally realized that our war was futile and that we should go after the oncoming E/R juggernaut. So with a lot of trust and a little luck, we got the draw, and I now have 1.9 Calhaver points. I have one win, one 2-way, two 4-way and even a 7-way; so, see, Chuck, I'm not a win-only player!"

Well said, Dave! For my own part as your final Gamesmaster, my statement is much shorter but very sincere: I had a great deal of fun working with you all, ultra-reliable and friendly as you all are. Any one of you is welcome in these pages any time you're in the mood! Thanks very, very much.

With this issue, the subscriptions of Chuck Egli and Pierre Touchette come to an end. May you both have happiness, and may we cross paths again....  
And now, here's the final summary:

GAMESMASTERS: Keith Seeler (to F.02), Doug Beyerlein (to F.06), Conrad von Metzke.

JOURNALS: Manifest Destiny / Efglart / Costaguana.

AUSTRIA: Greg Doyle (out F.04)  
ENGLAND: Robert Anderson (Draw S.10)  
FRANCE: Paul Rauterberg (out F.08)  
GERMANY: Michael Keller (out F.09)  
ITALY: David Anderson (draw S.10)  
RUSSIA: Chuck Egli (draw S.10)  
TURKEY: Pierre Touchette (draw S.10)

	01	02	03	04	05	06	07	08	09
A	3	3	1	-					
E	4	4	4	4	6	7	7	9	9
F	5	6	6	6	4	2	1	-	-
G	5	5	6	5	3	2	2	1	-
I	5	6	8	10	10	11	13	11	12
R	6	5	3	4	5	5	5	7	7
T	4	5	6	5	6	7	6	6	6

And after two and a half years real-time, and three gamesmasters, we still had all seven original players finish their positions. Wow!

Okay, Bill Quinn; this one is now yours for the history books!

/...../...../...../...../...../...../...../...../

And now it is early Sunday morning, and time has run out. I had every intention of putting a great deal more in here - for instance, the entire House Rules Forum is absent - but owing to pressures at work I've been unable to prepare very much of this one in advance, and now I suddenly find I have a twinge of the flu, and Ross has an earache. So that pretty well takes care of what I'll be doing today, and typing COSTA ain't one of them....

So let me beg off this time, and I'll spend the next three weeks getting the next one into better shape. Hey, we can't always be wonderful, eh?

Thanks, and 'bye.

EMANATOR

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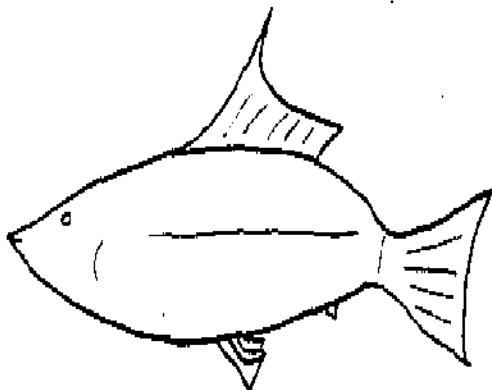
GAMEFINDER

Some day I'm going to print all the wrong page numbers, just to make you read the whole issue!

AARDVARK	22	SUNI	9
CASSOWARY	7	TAPIR	21
DIK-DIK	20	WOMBAT	17
DINGO	12		
EMU	8	COLFAX	7
MEERKAT	6	JOHNSON	6
NILGAI	16	KING	7

FIRST CLAB

TO



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