

COSTAGUANA GOES FEUD! READ ALL THE VICIOUS DIATRIBES IN



Volume 10, Number 18

1st April 1986

Upon landing on the shores of what are now the United States, on 12th October 1492, Christopher Columbus was met with hordes of unwashed savages, who offered corn and syphilis in exchange for trinkets and religion. Columbus promptly shot every single one of them. And thus did we get the well-known song, "Baubles, Bang-les and Bedes...."

THIS IS COSTAGUANA, a journal of postal Diplomacy, published tri-weekly by Conrad F. "Uncle Sleazy" von Metzke, 4374 Donald Avenue, San Diego, CA 92117-3813, USA. Subs and game fees: See next paragraph. Trades: Regrettably, cancelled; see next paragraph. Telephones: Home, (619) 276-2937. Work, well, it would be nice....

TROUBLE TIME: It is regrettable, but true; after seventeen years in the employ of the United States Postal Service, I am out of a job! I never expected this shit-eating treatment, but two weeks ago - wham!, I got the axe!

Those of you who pay attention to such stuff will recall that in January 1986, the Postmaster General (and my ultimate boss), the Hon. Mr. Carlin, was suddenly fired and replaced by a former American Airlines chairman named Casey. Well, Mr. Casey vowed to "cut all the deadwood," and two weeks ago - BINGO! By strict seniority, he axed about 20% of middle management and almost 40% of lower management, and the numbers grabbed me in the snare too. The big problem is that previous 'cuts' have simply allowed excess managers to return to 'craft,' i.e. clerks and carriers; this time, the option was not given, we were all summarily fired. Kaput. Seventeen years down the effing drain. Sixty days' severance pay, and goodbye Uncle Conrad!

Well, I've done my crying and my screaming; now it's time to adjust. It will, I hope, be obvious to you that my first priority is to Jean and the boys. There is no reason in the world that I should shut down this publication - hell, I suddenly have all the time in the world, I might just as well publish - but you must also understand that, from here on, I have simply got to make this effort pay for itself. And on that basis the following "at-cost" fees are announced:

SUBS: 86c per copy, or ten for \$8.78. (The 18c difference pays for the index card, and the ink, necessary to record your sub.)

TRADES: I'm truly sorry, I can no longer afford it. Cancelled!

GAME FEES: No change (because costs are not affected). If you sub, you are welcome to play.

OVERSEAS: Canada, add 2c per copy. Europe, add 47c per copy.

CURRENT SUBSCRIBERS: I will hold to the price you were quoted, and have paid, as long as I can. Please bear with me.

PLAYERS IN ORPHAN GAMES: When I took your game on, I made a formal

commitment to you. You have already been treated badly enough; you will not be 'dumped on' again. Here's how it will work for you:

Two months' severance pay, plus six months' unemployment insurance, will cover the next nine issues. If by any chance your game has not ended after that time, I have talked to my two sons, and - while they are really too young to understand fully - I think they accept that Daddy simply must have an outlet for his stress, and must also maintain his personal honor. Therefore, Ross and Eric have both agreed that, in seven months, if necessary, each will skip every other breakfast for Daddy!

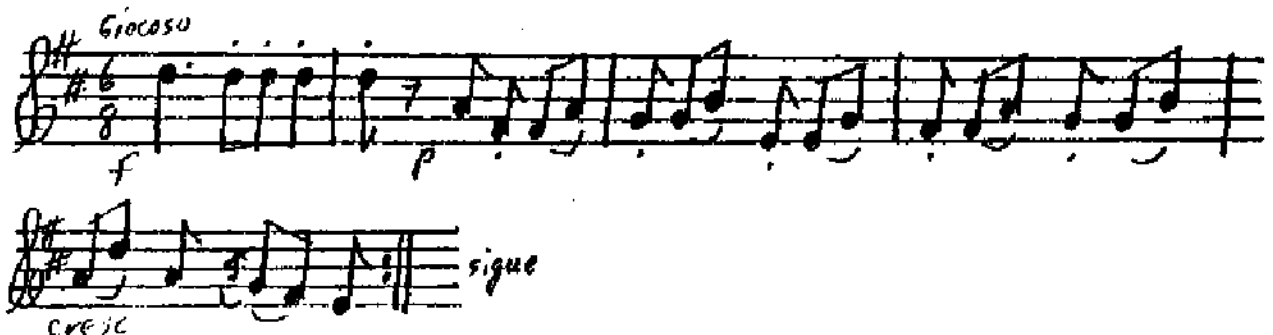
And finally, let me reassure you: If pressures, despite all my efforts, get too overwhelming, I have in reserve a standing offer from Doug Beyerlein to take over. For everyone's sake, I'll try to avoid it, but please know, and join me in thanking Doug for his support, that in the last analysis he will take on my job if he absolutely has to.

(Doug: I think you'd better reconsider. Please believe me: You don't know the situation the way I do. You would be far better off taking Ross, not Eric!)

THE DIPLOMACY 'ZINE REGISTER is a listing of all current publications that feature Our Favorite Game, and is invaluable to players and publishers interested in the current state of the hobby. The REGISTER is published these days by Simon Cadwallader Billenness, 61-A Park Avenue, Albany, NY 12202 (hey! Albany is the State Capitol! Maybe that's why we have such a "capital" publication here!).

Cost of each copy: One measly dollar, and it is well worth it. Publishers: Please write Simon and get your listing updated, or newly included. The deadline was yesterday, March 31st.

EXCUSE ME A MOMENT. Because of the job problems noted above, Jean and I are having a "garage sale" to dispose of excess personal property. Among the items offered for sale is this typewriter, and there's a man here right now who wants to pay me \$50 for it...let me change to another machine....



THERE'LL BE A QUIZ LATER: This issue, I'm doing what I often do, only with a twist. All music excerpts in this issue are from different compositions. All the composers are names you will know, I guarantee it. That does not, however, necessarily mean that the compositions themselves are easily identified. Given that some may be very difficult to track down (none will be easy, I'll warn you), I make this offer: Two free issues of COSTAGUANA will be given for any given person's first correct answer; three issues for the second; four for the third; etc.

Give it a try, what have you got to lose? No penalty for wrong guesses. I will warn you, however; none of the items comes from Madonna, Hüsker Dü, Sid Vicious, Little Richard or Bing Crosby.

Mässig, nicht bewegt

I DON'T BELIEVE IT! The guy who bought the other typewriter a few minutes ago just came back; he wanted to know if I'd take \$30 for this one! What does he think I am, desperate? Does he expect me to hand-letter COSTAGUANA? The nerve! Besides, he wouldn't go sixty....

SOME OF MY FAVORITE 'ZINES:

DE PROFUNDIS CLANAVI ("The Profound Clam") comes from the same place COSTA does, and is an occasional one-page flyer used to correct mistakes in the games I run. It does not run games of its own, and the reading material is nil, but the picture of the clam is cute, and - let's face it - even when I screw up, I have a fun way of admitting it. \$5 for ten. Good deal!

DIPLOMACY DIGEST is popped out by Mark Barch, 492 Naylor Place, Alexandria, VA 22304. There aren't any games here either, but the 'substitute' material is a wee bit different than in CLAM. Mark prints only articles on hobby news, strategy, playing styles, and all sorts of other aspects of our hobby. Actually, I find it awfully tiresome, but I know that some of you love this sort of thing, and for your purposes it may be worth it. Besides, it's a hell of a lot cheaper than DIPLOMACY WORLD.

MAD POLICY is from Dick Walkerdine, 144 Stoughton Road, Guildford, Surrey, England. The world's finest Diplomacy journal. Contains lots of games with some (but not much, and not very good) press, a letter column that insults John Piggott a lot, a vast fund of British hobby statistics that might conceivably interest my five British subscribers, and a cartoon on each cover. If you miss this one, it ain't my problem....

RUNESTONE used to be Canada's best, from John Leeder. But it hasn't been seen in seven or eight years, so you may wish to play it cautiously here. (Incidentally, Orphan Honcho, if John has indeed gone belly-up, I could take a game or two....)

KORZENIOWSKI, a new publication from Tomasz Sawiczewski, Bialystoka 44-1, 220 Bydgoszcz, Poland, is published in extremely ungrammatical Polish and runs only variants - specifically, the regular game save only for the fact that Poland is added as an eighth Great Power with armies in Prussia, Silesia and Warsaw. The game is unplayable, but my guess is it's the only way Tomasz can pass the censors.

THE FEUD COMES TO COSTAGUANA

I have resisted immersion in the Great Hobby Feud for a long time, but I can hold off no longer. Recent events have forced me to speak out, and I sincerely apologize to those readers who are royally sick of this stuff, but as Alan Stewart has reminded me, I cannot play ostrich forever. And so I herewith take the plunge.

Bruce Linsey has recently been attacked by his usual host of critics, who are, in alphabetical order...(wait a minute, let me check my paper supply)....

(Nope, can't do it, only two reams left.) Well, anyway, a batch of people have recently excoriated Bruce for his latest obscenity. He's just started a postal game of Empire Builders, and one of his players is - a NEGRO!

Now, please remember how far back I go. When he started the hobby back in 1963, John Boardman was very specific; this was a white man's game, and as long as John was in control, there would be NO NEGROES. I joined in 1965, and Rod Walker came aboard in 1966, and Fred Davis followed in 1967. (Larry Peery showed up in there somewhere, but we have all done our best to forget the fact.) All of us maintained John's tradition, even after he relinquished formal control over the hobby's future. And we have all been pleased to note that all successor publishers have followed our lead, and kept NEGROES out of the hobby.

Now, don't misunderstand; it's not that we're prejudiced. Far from it; some of our best friends are NEGROES. No, our reasons for excluding NEGROES are much more practical, and quite sensible:

IF YOU LET A NEGRO PLAY, HOW IN THE HELL CAN YOU EVER DISTINGUISH BETWEEN THE NEGRO PLAYER AND THE GERMAN PLAYING PIECES??? Answer that!

Well, Bruce Linsey, idiot that he is, has ruined twenty-three years of hobby history in one swoop. So what if it isn't a regular Dip game; the precedent is still there! Linsey, you goddamn shit fuck crap rats DARN IT evil foul rotten inferior evil being whose mother wears old army boots, I obscenity in the spittle of your petunias. Take heed: Do not have children, ever! If you do, I swear, I will absolutely inundate them with filthy letters....

.....

But let's be fair. Even slime isn't wrong all the time. Recently, in a letter published in Steve Langley's THE NOT FOR HIRE (and, incidentally, Steve really isn't for hire; I recently offered him fifty bucks to come do my windows, and he turned me down!), Melinda Holley accused virtually all Canadian publishers of kow-towing to "the dark demented Dalton destroyer" by agreeing to run games of postal Checkers ("Draughts" to you, Simon) using black and green pieces. Melinda, after painstaking research, revealed that Bruce Linsey owns sixty-three shares of stock in the North Andover Dye Works, and she suggests that he stands to make a killing if checkers are switched from white to green.

Well, Melindy-poo - YOU BLEW IT! Don't you know anything? Raw plastic is clear; WHITE PIECES HAVE TO BE DYED TOO! Bruce isn't going to make one flippin' cent on this deal, lady. All he's trying to do is bring the color scheme into line with the requirements of the Irish Mafia, which controls every aspect of life in Massachusetts and has long since turned Bruce into a mindless robot-slave.

Next time you want to slander someone, you nit, check your facts!

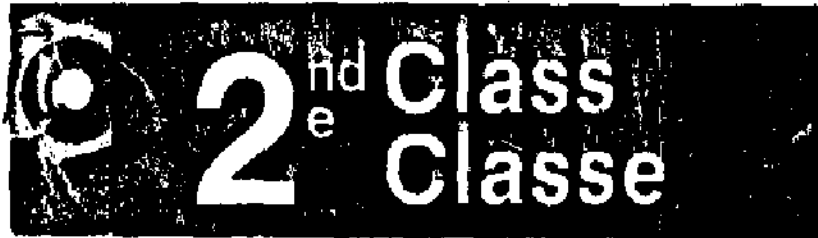
ROSS DEPARTMENT: Two or three days ago, I had occasion to mow the front lawn. (Actually, that's an overwritten sentence; we don't have a back lawn.) I asked Ross if he'd care to come help, and in his usual cooperative way he said, "Sure." So out we went, and Ross started. He mowed two swaths across the middle, then stopped and said, "By the way, am I going to get paid for this?"

Well, of course I saw it coming, but I really felt I daren't set a difficult precedent, so I said, "Well...No, I really hadn't planned to give you any money...."

"Oh," said Ross. "Okay." And he proceeded to mow the rest.

ERIC DEPARTMENT: Eric came to me the other day as I was having a particularly difficult time fixing a small drip in the kitchen sink. "Daddy," said Eric in his cutest four-year-old manner, "Wanna play cars with me?" "Not now, Eric," I said, a bit testily, "I'm busy." "Oh," replied Eric, "I imagine you are, but I also suspect a certain frustration syndrome operating here. Perhaps if you were to use a larger wrench?"

Canada Post
Post Canada



34-997-008 (13-87)

The above may appear to be a sack label for Canadian magazines. In fact, it is actually a statement of opinion by Canadian consumers.

APARTMENT 3G

Alex Kolzhy



?

SEHR SCHNELL



.....
GAME 1979JZ - The Misshapen Meerkat - Spring 1918

You guys better hurry up - the real World War I is about to end! Although, at this rate....

AUSTRIA (Melinda Holley, PO Box 2793, Huntington, WV 25727-2793): No moves rec'd. a's mun, boh, war, gal, arm, sev, con, sil, pru, apu, ven, vie, rum; f's bla, aeg (h).

ENGLAND (Marshal Linder, Rt. 3 Box 218, Carmichael Rd., Owego, NY 13827-9551): No moves rec'd. a's bur, bel, kie, hol, den, swe, mos, stp; f's mid, wes, mar, nth, aka, lvn, bot, bar (h).

RUSSIA (Bart Denny, 1410 Meadow Vista Rd., Meadow Vista, CA 95722-9533): No moves rec'd. a's say, syr (h).

Well, I suppose that's one way to wind a game down....

The English army Kiel may retreat to Ruhr or off the board; Fall 1918 NMRs may be conditional on this.

The deadline for Fall 1918 NMRs is Saturday, April 19, 1986.

And despite all the missed moves, we actually have some press:

DAMASCUS ("a syr h - NMR"): It is difficult to accept that I may not survive this game. Diplomacy has not worked. Begging and pleading have not worked. Voodoo has not worked. I really do hate to have to resort to nuclear missiles, but you aren't offering me much choice. My terms are simple: Survival, or 'boom.'

JAMUL TO DAMASCUS: Hey, friend; my spies tell me that you actually have three missiles. Would you mind terribly telling me what the third one is for?

SICK RIDDLE OF THE WEEK:

Q: What were Christa McAuliffe's last words?

thought processes tend to drift into another milieu. I rather imagine, if it were my problem, I'd have troubles too. I think maybe we all would.

But - reality dictates that we cannot sit around and wait for a 'decent interval' to elapse. The last thing in the world I need is more games, but this is an exceptional case. By separate flyer, I have notified all players of the tragic situation, and have announced the absorption of all nine games into COSTAGUANA. From this point, the games will be referred to as follows:

1983BB - The Antlered Antelope
 1984C - The Big Bison
 1984Y - The Comfortable Cow
 1984AL - The Dumb Dog
 1984BH - The Excellent Elephant
 1985F - The Friendly Frog
 1985AG - The Golden Gorilla
 1985AZ - The Happy Hippo
 1986D - The Ixtaxihualic Iconoclastiphon

We'll set a deadline after the funeral. I would hate to have the family gain the impression that I'm trying to rip off the spoils before the fuckin' stiff is cold, so I'll wait a short while. Deadline will be announced by flyer tomorrow.

There is nothing I can say or do, of course, that will ease the hurt, and I do not pretend to make such an attempt. But perhaps it will be of some use to Mary and her three sons if I offer the following lines, intended for reflection some while down the line when the immediate pain has subsided:

And thence I sailed into the wind,
 The shudd'ring spray abreast me;
 My glowering visage rearward grinned
 And Hades sore oppressed me.

The dinosaur, extinct, as I,
 Leaves naught but fossil traces;
 And aeons hence, I'll think for aye,
 Let's you and I trade places!

Requiescat in pace. And, ethereally speaking, hang loose!

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THIS ISSUE'S TRIVIA QUIZ is short, simple, and designed to be more interesting to the average reader:

1. In general, what is five plus four?
2. In 1980, Ronald Reagan defeated Jimmy Carter for a second term as President. Since that time, how many U.S. presidents have been re-elected?
3. With reference to the famous phrase "E.T., call home," how much would a basic three-minute call have cost?
4. We will all agree, I suspect, that the Ayatollah Khomeini is crazy as a loon. Why?
5. If you have a child, and you go out and buy him a set of building blocks (Legos, Lincoln Logs, etc.), there is always one piece that simply cannot be made to work with all the other pieces. It's the same with all sets. Name the piece.

THE MAILBOX FILLETH

Sir Neville Watterson: "You will have appreciated long before I have that my very hurried draft on the Labuan "Crown" issue, was very much a hurried draft, and not the brushed-up version which I had put to you in my previous letter. I thought that I had a little time and dashed it off, and sent it to you. Having only now picked it up again, I am regretting my haste.

"In the meantime, I have recently 'discovered' the Mr. L. Brueckheimer to whom I had referred, and he has given his permission for me to reproduce his article as a Part II, and my time has been spent on this. However, from your point of view, you could have been misled by a few things which I have just observed - that is in addition to some re-writing!

"So, in detail:

((Sir Neville now lists about two dozen corrections and amplifications to his manuscript.))

"From this you will understand that I regret dashing off the draft in haste, and sending it on to you, without doing what I had already written to you. But it is perhaps just as well, as it will probably let you see where you have something to add. I am looking forward keenly to hearing from you."

((Well, of course, you'll have my personal reply already. At this stage of your manuscript, I still feel that you need to be less cavalier about the 16c error of colour - in its day it was by no means an outrage to profiteer from remainders - and you must also, of course, delve deeper into the unusual perf. 16 varieties despite your suspicions.

((Your observation on the lack of known postal usage of the 50c re-entry is perhaps overwrought. Could it possibly be so simple as that we just haven't found an example yet? The theory of a Freudian slap at King Edward strikes me as a little excessive, especially since usage of the 3c as late as 1910 on mourning covers is recorded.

((And finally, on the Settlements overprints, I stand in league with Commander Burnett. It is of course true that Messrs. Parker and Pead were noted for their excesses in speculation, but as Forrester-Wood pointed out in his letter to Mann (Selsor and Bunch both have copies of Jefferies' reproduction), Lee doesn't really counter Thorndyke in his citation of Shipman's explication of Castle's discoveries from the Moore collection of Rowell covers. I still think you ought to ask Brian Cave about it....))

Doug and Marie Beyerlein: "...but just because we have no children of our own shouldn't deter you. You know, of course, that both of us claim handsome salaries. Thus Eric would never want for a thing, and we are so eager that - merely in anticipation of the possibility - we have just redecorated the spare bedroom in the 'He-Man' motif. However, I really don't think parcel post shipment is the answer. Can't you just teach him to use the bathroom on a bus, and pop him on a Greyhound?"

((Hum...not a bad idea. It would have to be a through bus, though; he's really not old enough to change in downtown L.A. And you'd have to be at the depot early, in case he fell asleep and forgot his stop. He is only four, you know.))

Bruce Linsey: "You really did get carried away with that house-rules forum, didn't you? I really had hoped that you'd keep the final product down to a reasonable size; as you'll recall, I always did subscribe to the Bauhaus theory that "less is more," and kept my own house-rules as succinct as possible within my fifty-two page limit. As but one example of many, your Rule Two,

which you spin out to ridiculous length ("In all matters not otherwise covered in this set of House Rules, the commercial rulebook, 1971 edition, shall be the authority"), could easily have been condensed to my version ("The 1971 rulebook will be the 'bible' unless otherwise specified herein"), thus saving ten words. However, I do approve of your having left out the twenty-nine sentences with which I amplified my rule - I was, after all, aiming at novices, which you are not, helping them understand such things as the proper definition of 'commercial' in the capitalistic sense, and the fact that the year 1971 was per the Gregorian, not the Julian, calendar, etc.

"But I still applaud your attempt, however unsatisfactory."

((Well, Brux, that's the burden of being an essentially wordy writer. Perhaps if I give you a brief rundown on the genesis of the finished product, you'll better understand why six pages is the best I could do.

((My final version was in fact the fifth attempt. The first draft ran upwards of a hundred pages, and I typed it in the full knowledge that it would require a great amount of pruning. However, I felt very strongly that it would be best to start at the maximum, and pare it of inessentials, rather than strive at first for succinct exposition and risk a troublesome omission.

((The biggest difficulty was in casting aside some of my truly wondrous prose, and it took four rewrites before I finally gutted the thing properly. The first hurdle was the hardest - actually finding something to cut! For three days I agonized over every single line, alternately determining to cut just about everything, and leaving this monster draft alone altogether.

((The breakthrough finally came when, in a sudden flash that woke me up at 3:30 a.m., I realized that the section on press releases really did not require an entire chapter from La Mort d'Arthur as an example. It was a tough choice - I really hated to call my monk friend and tell him that I no longer needed to have him hand-engage it - but I summoned my gumption and cut the whole thing. Next went the recipe for shrimp jambalaya, which turned out to have too much oregano anyway.

((And so it went through the various drafts. The nine-page chart of comparative calipered measurements of every piece in my game set, exited in Version Two; the autobiography of Allan Calhmer wandered out in Version Three (but will soon appear separately as a Bantam Original); and by the time I got to the fourth version and made the choice to delete the do-it-yourself plan for a nuclear heat-seeking missile, I felt I had finally gotten to a true level of nitty-gritty. (Well...no, that's not quite right. Version Four had me to 'gritty,' but in truth the 'nitty' didn't come until Version Five. Sorry.)

((I'll have to agree with you one one level, though. I am gradually beginning to understand that four pages of rules really don't require a two-page index....))

Rod Walker: "Hi. How are you?"

((Fine, thanks.))

John Piggott: "Anaximander the Great said it best, as I am frequently wont to point out via the following transliteration: LAZA GRIXOLA'NA AO-TUILLE FORGROTTY KHAAAAA O'GREEP U S Q'HMMM LAZA.

"Of course, the boob never had to deal with the Underground, else he'd probably have given us Q'HMMM with a superlative prefix.

"Walkerdine, of course, routinely excoriates me for this observation, or has one of his great gross of toadies do it for him, but the mere application of an inferior mind to the interpretation of a Great Truth does in no way

GAME 1985D - THE NARCOLEPTIC NILGAI - Spring 1905

- AUSTRIA (Dick Martin, 26 Orchard Way N., Rockville, MD 20854-6128):
a vie-tyo. a tri (s) vie-tyo. a bud-ser.
- ENGLAND (Robert Greier, Jr., 35171 Gromley Rd., Salem, OH 44460-9510):
f lon-eng. f edi-nth. f stp no - nwy. f nwy-swe. f nth-hol.
- FRANCE (Kevin Tighe, 2026 Agate, Eugene, OR 97403-1751): a pie-ven.
a nar-pie. f bre-eng. f wes-tun. f spa sc - wes.
- GERMANY (Paul Gardner, Rt. 1 Box 2338, Newfane, VT 05345-9734): a bel-hol.
a mun-kie. a ruh-bel. a den-swe. a war-mos. a mos-stp. f kie-
den. f nwg-nwy.
- ITALY (Pat Jensen, 712 Minnesota Ave., Albert Lea, MN 56007-3621): a tyo
(s) ven-tri. a ven-tri. f gre-alb. f ion-ess. f tyn-tun.
- RUSSIA (Conrad Winshall, 3702 Tarragona Lane, Austin, TX 78727-6049):
f bot-swe.
- TURKEY (Michael Pustilnik, 140 Cadman Plaza West, Brooklyn, NY 11201-
 1852): a sev-mos. a bul-rum. a rum-bud. a ser-alb. a con-smy.
f bla-con. f smy-ess.

I am somehow reminded of a baseball game I once saw years ago - a scoreless tie through ten innings, and then, one batter into the eleventh, it started raining!

Ain't no retreats. Fall 1905 Moves are due Saturday, April 26, 1986.

And, to keep the lack of retreats company, there is also no press.

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Etwas langsam

WENN AUS DER TIEFE KOMMT DER FRÜHLING

p

"It wasn't until Fat Gret started cooking for us that the pressure let up."

Günter Grass, The Flounder

"Richard saw his embarrassment."

Sir Walter Scott, Ivanhoe

"That's not the Empire today. We know better now."

Stephen Leacock, An Apology for the British Empire

"The method of printing these stamps locally is interesting."

H.D.S. Haverbeck, et al., The Postage Stamps of Nepal

NOVA SCOTIA GAME WARDENS IN A RACE AGAINST TIME

It is dawn on an unusually sunny day in November. Normally, Nova Scotians spend September through May in virtual hibernation, but this particular day, Senior Enforcer of Natural Selection Laws (SENSL) Fred "Tom" Irwin has a rare autumn opportunity.

"It simply amazes me," said Irwin, "how many people there are who seem to get their kicks from squishing animals. At times, I wonder if maybe they're not out there actually looking for a species to extinguish."

When "Tom" Irwin first took over as chief game warden in the province, headquartered in Yarmouth, wildlife seemed to thrive. That was in 1961. "Actually," said Irwin, "I think it was as much an illusion as anything. Sure, we had a batch of animals, but I really think that we looked at their sheer teeming numbers and just assumed they were all safe. Oh, of course, we had a few incidents - poachers, out-of-season hunting, mass slaughter, that sort of thing. But we never really worried, because no matter how many critters the bastards potted, we still had absolute hordes roaming the land. But man! were we wrong!"

Irwin insists - and his colleagues back him up - that the bubble of illusion burst fairly suddenly. Records in the Provincial Archives in Halifax, however, show that the revelation was more than 'fairly sudden.' It occurred, in fact, in the space of one hour, on 19th July 1974, and transformed Irwin and his subordinates from lackadaisical 'government functionaries' into naturalistic revolutionaries. As but one of many cases in point, the New Acadian Blue-Eared Nony Squirrel serves to illustrate Irwin's new-found militancy.

The Blue-Eared Nony Squirrel, which - despite its name - is not a true squirrel, but rather a member of the sparrow family, has existed in Nova Scotia since recorded history first began there in 1679. (Indian legends, imprecise but nevertheless considered credible, date the Nony Squirrel as far back as October 17, 1676.) The earliest settlers considered it a pest, mainly because of its overwhelming numbers; one early missionary, Fr. Octavus "Tom" l'Ouellette, noted in his diary for May 10, 1690, that "...despite our best efforts, and in contradistinction to our traps and lures, the natural populace of those goddamn birds that infest our skies where'er we attempt to build our huts, hath yet again shat upon us and driven us for stench, into the woods for yet another Spring." Other chroniclers of the period refer to devastated harvests, ruined tents, and even first-born sons carried off into the wilderness.

Perhaps the most incredible account of all was left by another missionary, Fr. Hercule-Achille "Tom" d'Attaignant-Smythe, writing in a letter to his sister in France in early 1692: "In the morn, we have risen and praised the Saviour for His graces and especially the mildness of His winter; and thence did we repair to the fields to sow our seeds, in the fullest certainty of His munificence. But no sooner did we begin our labours, than a dark cloud in the sky transmogrified itself into a horde of vicious and devilish birds, which the natives call 'squirrels,' which swarm did thence descent from the heavens and eat our seed, tear asunder our ploughs, shred our garments, madden our horses, and perform insidious fecal acts upon our lunches."

Despite efforts of sundry varieties at control by d'Attaignant-Smythe and his successors, and by generations of Nova Scotians well into the present century, the population of Nosy Squirrels defied containment, and it is now estimated that the approximate population in 1690 had quadrupled by 1900. The first scientist to attempt a study and census of the bird population was Prof. Egbert-Marie "Tom" Huggles, who in 1697 set out on foot on a walking survey of Nova Scotia; by the time of his death in March 1699 (he was eaten alive by six Nosy Squirrels), he had traversed about 95% of the province, and had estimated that there were over twenty of the birds alive at that time. Prof. Huggles' work was carried forth and completed by his disciple, Crandall Q. "Thom" Gzushk, M.A., F.R.G.S.L., M.B.E., I.O.U., who published his (and Huggles') findings in a definitive treatise, "My (and Prof. Huggles') Findings," in 1701. At that point the Nosy Squirrel population was believed to consist in twenty-three individuals.

For over two hundred years thereafter, Nova Scotians, sometimes as individuals and sometimes in organized groups (the pre-planned group efforts came to be known as "Nouvelles-Pogrommes"), exerted every effort to eradicate the Nosy Squirrel population. Trapping, shooting, poisoning, burning and salting of habitat, shaking of fists, jeers and insults, and all manner of bird-oriented travel posters, were all to no avail. By the time of the second population survey in 1906, conducted by the Ecuadorian biologist Dr. Alfonso Edwigo "Tomás" Salvatierra-Madrugales de Pinzgauer-Schlachschlössisch - who, despite numerous obstacles, managed to complete his survey prior to his death in 1907 from bird-bites - the Nosy Squirrel population was held to be nearly 100.

Control first succeeded only in 1922, and it came about in a most unusual way. Only once has the presence of a Nosy Squirrel ever been recorded outside the confines of Nova Scotia (they are known to be afraid of water, which explains most of it; how they recognized the land border with New Brunswick has never been explained). That was on October 19 of that year, when a young male Nosy Squirrel, apparently mistaking the Pictou-to-Charlottetown ferry for a granary, took passage across the Northumberland Strait, became seasick, and was rushed to a veterinary hospital on arrival on Prince Edward Island. While in isolation for diagnosis, this squirrel apparently was seduced by a homosexual male veterinary nurse, and - on recovery and return to Pictou - began a most uncharacteristic pattern of behavior that, within six months, seems to have resulted in a 75% reduction in Nosy Squirrel reproduction. Notes left by naturalist Dr. Evan McCurlee-Tom on his death in 1931 (he was sodomized to death by Nosy Squirrels) indicate an approximate population by that year of only 55. By the year of the next reliable survey, 1947 (the work of Gretel P. "Thomasina" Smackalipski, M.D., an associate of the well-known Dr. Kinsey; her brilliant career was tragically ended in 1948 by being beaten to death with bird-purses) the population was down to about thirty.

When, in a 1957 observation, the numbers had dwindled to barely two dozen, Canadian conservationists began to worry - in the opposite direction. "Tom" Irwin put it this way: "Okay, so they're pests. But even pests deserve a chance at life - look at Richard Nixon. So we developed a program to save them - not in any great numbers, of course; nobody would want that - but at least in sufficient quantity to preserve the species."



NEW ACADIAN BLUE-EARED NOSY SQUIRREL

Photo by Ross "Tom" von Metzke

Irwin's predecessor, Tamurlaine W. "Tom" Glickstein, began the program of "sexual re-orientation" of the Nosy Squirrel population in 1960. Bolstered by a grant from the Simpson-Sears Foundation, Glickstein trapped four male individuals and subjected them to intensive electro-shock bombardment, drug therapy, and frequent religious counselling. Simultaneously, Glickstein installed over two thousand loud-speakers in the trees of the Nosy Squirrels' main habitat, over which he broadcast the behavior modification tapes of Laura Huxley and the self-motivation speeches of Norman Vincent Peale. After Glickstein's death in 1964 (he suffered a fatal concussion after being hit on the head by a loud-speaker), "Tom" Irwin took over and, with only slight modification, continued Glickstein's efforts.

"No," said Irwin modestly, "I didn't change very much. I did get rid of the electro-shock, drugs, religion, and all the loud-speakers. Instead, I tried mass meetings at which I laid it out on the line. Either they quit piddling around with the boys and take up girls, I told them, or they'd wind up being a mere footnote in "Tom" Tomson's next edition of his 'Natural History of Nova Scotia, and Guide to Cut-Rate Pharmacies.' They bought it, too. Two or three balked a bit, but when I compared them to Joe Clark, they fell into line immediately."

The result appears to be a stable population (73 individuals at last count) and a gradual re-acceptance of the species into the natural environment of the Nova Scotians. "I'm hopeful," summarizes Irwin. "It looks good - and if it falls flat, I still have all the loud-speakers...."

GAME 1986ArbPCPoog32.7 - SCHUYLER COLFAX - Fall 1901

This is, in case you've forgotten, the anonymous 'Gunboat' game.

AUSTRIA (John Walker, 4819 Corian Oak, San Antonio, TX 78219): a vie-tyo. a gal-war. f alb-gre.
 ENGLAND (James Early, 3705 Uruguay Dr., Pasadena, TX 77504): a yor-nwy. f nth (c) yor-nwy. f lon-eng.
 FRANCE (Michael Keller, 9 Chadman Ct., Baltimore, MD 21207): a bur-bel. a spa-por. f bre-pic.
 GERMANY (Sir Neville Watterson, 71 Carnarvon Close, Sydney, NSW, Australia): a sil-war. a ruh-hoi. f den-ska.
 ITALY (Mark Berch, 492 Naylor Pl., Alexandria, VA 22304): a ven-tri. a rom-apu. f ion-tun.
 RUSSIA (Don Del Grande, 142 Eliseo Dr., Greenbrae, CA 94904): a sev-ars. a ukr-war. f rum-bla. f bot-bal.
 TURKEY (Carl Seniello, 880 Johnson Ferry Rd., Atlanta, GA 30342): a arm-sev. a bul (s) bla-rum. f bla-rum.

The Russian fleet Rumania retreats to Ukraina.

In line with my new policy of the gamesmaster not revealing too much to the players, and thus interfering from what really should be a neutral posture, I'll let you all figure out what works and what doesn't. Then you can figure out who owns what, and send your builds/removals.

I've had a request to speed this game up a bit; seems reasonable to me. So Winter 1901 Builds, Spring and Fall 1902 moves, Winter 1902 builds, and all press for seasons through 1907 is due in tomorrow, April 2, 1986.

VIENNA TO ROME: I could sure use an ally. Interested?

BERLIN TO MOSCOW: I could sure use an ally. Interested?

CONSTANTINOPLE TO LONDON: I could sure use an ally. Interested?

PARIS TO VIENNA: I could sure use an ally. Interested?

ROME TO BERLIN: I could sure use an ally. Interested?

LONDON TO CONSTANTINOPLE: I could sure use an ally. Interested?

MOSCOW TO PARIS: I could sure use an ally. Interested?

JAMUL TO SIR NEVILLE: Just found a 4c perf. 15 with the dagger flaw. Interested?

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

In line with my new policy of the Gamesmaster, who is after all a neutral functionary, interfering and thus unfairly advantaging someone, I'm going to let you take care of announcing the builds to yourselves. I must also advise you that Paul Rauterberg has found it necessary to resign; sorry to see you go, Paul, hope the insurance will cover all the rebuilding. The new Italian player will be - well, I don't want to interfere here, so I'll let him tell you himself.

The deadline for Spring 1903 moves is...no, that could tip the scales too. Well, just send 'em, and hope they're in time....

GAME 1984HI - Winter 1908 - THE EXTROVERTED EMU

The more I get into this newfound crusade of mine concerning Gamesmasterial neutrality, the more I realize how the merest hint of favoritism can affect the play. From this season forward, I will no longer be listing unit positions after the moves; I will announce where they were when the season began, but in order to avoid any prejudice on my part, you players will need to advise people where the units ended up.

You may do this any way you see fit. However, to avoid any aura of interference, I can no longer, in good conscience, list player names and addresses. Somebody might just be unduly influenced.

AUSTRIA:	Retreats	.	Removes	.	HAS:	Armies
	, fleets		.			
FRANCE:	Builds	.	HAS:	Armies		
	, fleets		.			
GERMANY:	No changes.	HAS:	Armies			
	, fleets		.			

Please send your next moves by the deadline.

.....

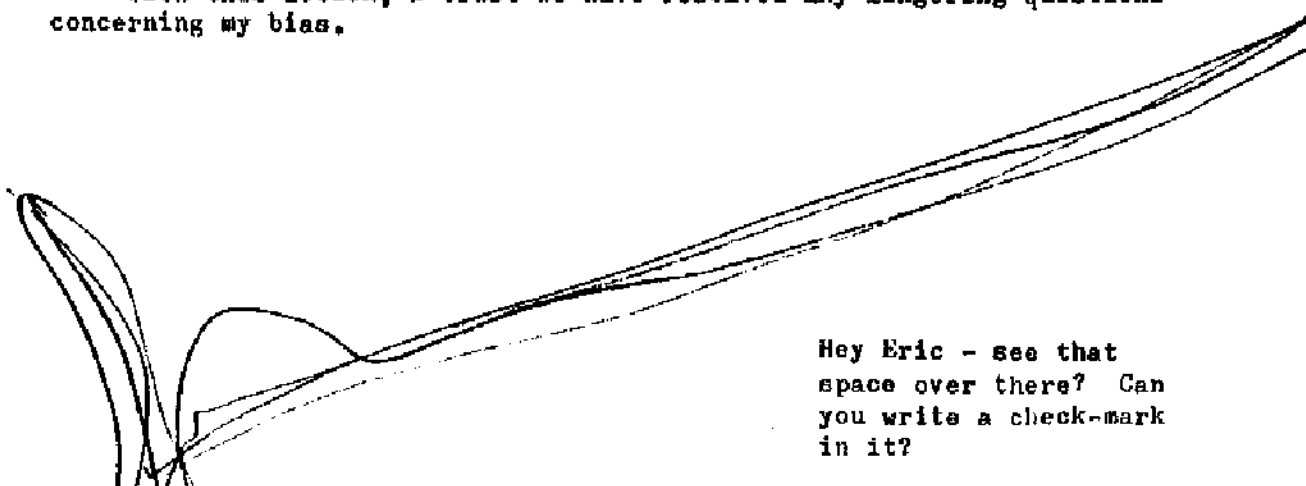
GAME REPORT

In this game, one player has protested on two levels. First, he avers that the animal name I selected "unduly advantages players in warm climates." Second, he insists that the Boardman Number assigned "provides at least one other player with a code which he can use to unfairly learn moves in advance."

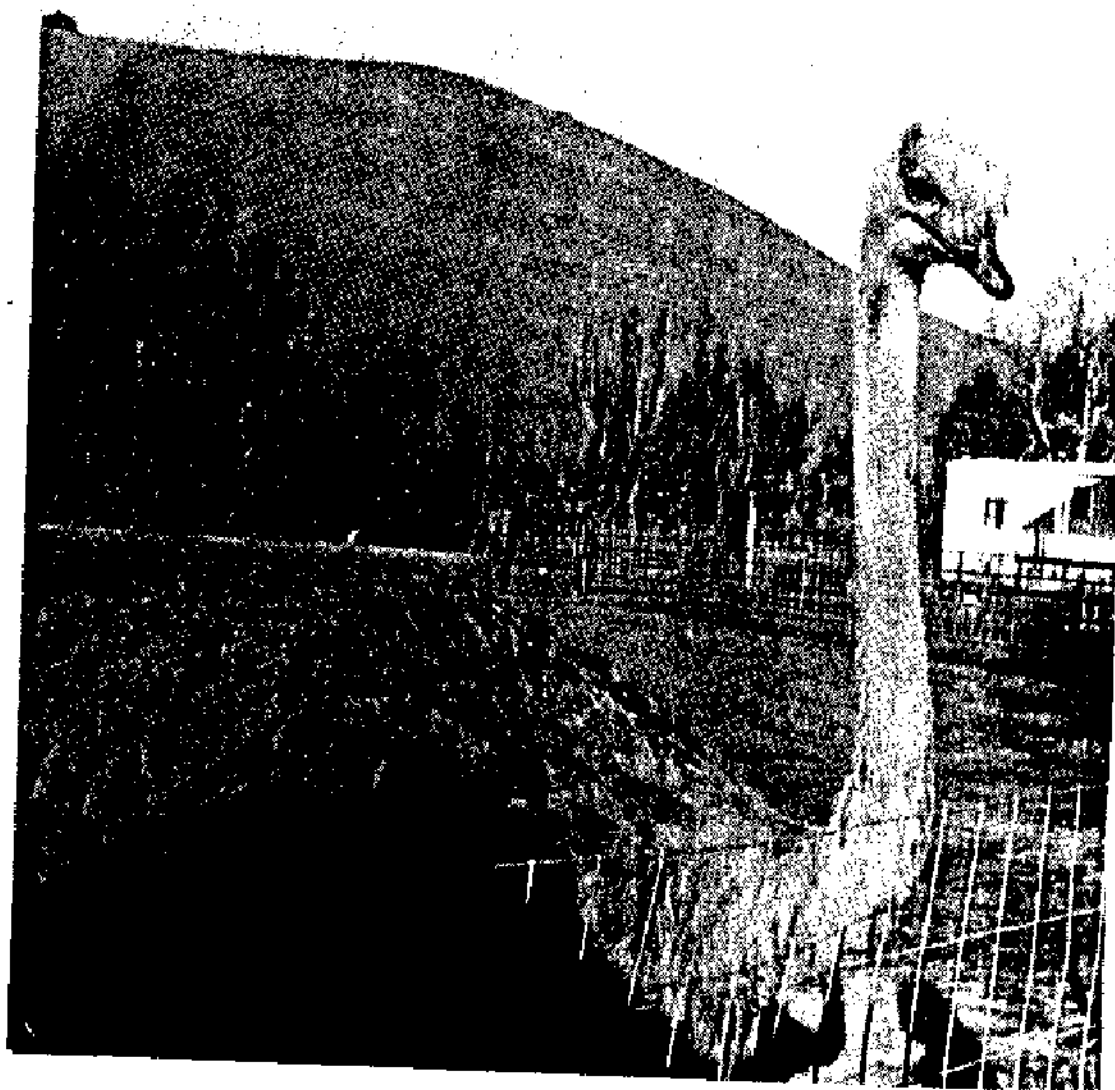
I must agree that I, as a neutral functionary, have no place dealing in such matters. I am required, in all ways and at all times, to be absolutely impartial. Therefore:

In future, in this and all other COSTAGUANA games, I will list nothing. No moves, no names, no numbers. I will merely subdivide a segment of page, head it "Game Report," and place a check mark in the space below if that game is yours. You will then know that you must contact all other players in the game to determine their moves, their identities, and any other information you may need.

With this action, I trust we have resolved any lingering questions concerning my bias.



Hey Eric - see that space over there? Can you write a check-mark in it?



ABOVE ↑ - The Carniverous
Camel (cf. 1983 BO)

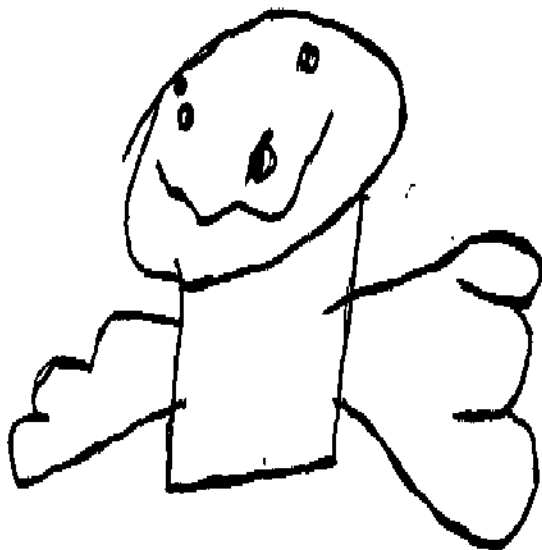
RIGHT → - T. Theodora
O'Tree, M.P.

BELOW ↓ - Diane "Bubbles"
Tomson, San Diego's most
controversial night-club
entertainer.



FRUMB

C VON METZKY
4374 DONALD AVE
SAN DIEGO CA 92117



A Here there be Postal Duties

Two :

GAMEFINDER

Here are where the games are,
if you wish to avoid the 'filler.'
On the other hand, if you don't
wish to read what I write, why don't
you just go away?

FIRST CLASS

AARDVARK	\$&	PORCUPINE	\$#
APTERYX	"(SQUID	&\$
AXOLOTL	"	YGGDRASIL	'
BEAR	""		-
BEAR	+&		
BEAR	#	COLFAX	%%
BEAR	%T	JOHNSON	#&
CASSOWARY	&&	KING	!:
EMU	++	ÜBELOHE-	
MEERKAT	#&	ZAUBERNSEE	;;

Steve Knight
2732 Grand Ave. S., #302
Minneapolis MN 55408-1416