

"FOUR MOODS OF DADDY"

Eric P. von Metzke

Crayon and Chocolate on Living Room Wall - \$750.

ROTTEN LUCK FOR YOU - THE CHERNOBYL FALLOUT DIDN'T GET ME YET. I'M STILL DOING

COST A. GUANA



Volume Ten, Number 20

31st May 1986

Hey nonny nonny, we meet again! Every month eighty-six people hold their breath, waiting to learn if I've folded my tents - and every month, I disappoint them by publishing COSTAGUANA (which, by the way, is what you are reading, and you'd better stop holding your breath 'cos you're turning a sickly aquamarine), a journal of postal Diplomacy and Sisyphan sacrilege, edited by "Uncle Connie" von Metzke, 4374 Donald Ave., San Diego CA 92117-3813, USA. Printing by We Copy, Inc. Photos by Doug Brown. Subscriptions set you back \$5 for ten (no extra charge overseas for air). Game fees are included in the sub price, should you desire to play. Trades, all for all, are gladly encouraged. This rag is plopped in the posts every four weeks, and from this point will almost always run 24-28 pages.

GAME OPENINGS: At last, the rules and map are done for JIHAD, so the list can fill now - okay? Rules are enclosed for all recipients. The map is a fit-together affair, four pages long, and I frankly can't afford the postage unless (by looking at the rules) you find yourself interested enough to ask. No charge, just a specific request. Okay?

Seven required, and interest has been expressed by five: Touchette, Cartier, Mills, D.Anderson and Baumister. (You five will get maps, of course.) Pref. lists needed from all but Steve.

From the looks of things, the next game openings here will be in about October. Regular Dip, Rather Silly Dip, Railway Rivals (yep!) - all are possibilities. But first, some games have got to end!

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DEDICATION

With this issue we come to the end of Volume Ten, and my tradition is to dedicate this closing issue to someone of importance to my hobbying. In this case, my selected victim is a young gentleman who, without having any

oriented equipment. Pencil sharpeners are oriented by handed people. School desks are right-handed - even when I had full desks to sit at, the students in bygone classes had all gouged their doodles in the left half, thus rendering it useless for writing. Grass shears are right-handed; I am incapable of properly trimming my lawn. Account books are right-handed; have you ever tried to make a legible entry in a ledger with your hand resting atop the wire spiral that binds the book?

I was first insulted in the fourth grade, when our idiot teacher gave out gold stars for penmanship and refused to make allowances for the fact that I - the only left-hander in the class - smeared the ink as I wrote. The most recent insult was the sale at the neighborhood sporting goods store that had baseball gloves at half-price - but only for right-handers, the left-handed gloves stayed at full retail.

The only answer, I suppose, is an armed revolution....using the left arm only, of course.

2. My name is Conrad Friesner von Metzke. That is four words. Please note that in the third of those words, there is no capital letter.

The name is, of course, of German derivation, but I am not a German. I am an American, born and raised in the United States, and I don't speak enough German to put in your eye.

If I were a German, I would be alphabetized under the letter 'M'. But in the United States, I am listed under 'V'. Because the mentality of the average person cannot accept that the first letter of one's surname is lower case, I am invariably listed as 'Von Metzke.' Furthermore, because it is beyond the ken of most humans that one's surname should consist in two words, I am as often as not listed under 'M', which is not because people know enough German to do it right, but rather because they cannot accept the unusual.

Some fools actually run the two words together, as if that will make it okay: 'VonMetzke.' My driver's license has never been right. Every time I renew my library card, I have to fight with the typist. It took me three years to fix my paychecks. And it's all because we train our functionaries to treat all surnames as 'Smith,' with the only distinctions being the actual letters used.

3. I do not give two hoots in a hog wallow whether or not, as Betty Smith said, "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn." I do, however, care whether or not a tree grows in San Diego, specifically in my front yard. My home is built atop a subsoil of impacted clay, and growing anything with deep roots is a joke. Growing anything with shallow roots is a disaster in a high wind. This is, I presume, the apotheosis of nature's revenge against me for all my transgressions. Well, phooey! I want a goddamn TREE!

4. There is something seriously wrong, but unpleasantly normal, about the fact that my car will last about another three months before it croaks - which happens to coincide exactly with when Jean's car is paid for. I think this represents the ultimate in planned obsolescence - and also, proof positive that Detroit has all of American society by the balls.

5. On the other hand, I suppose I could live in Ethiopia....

ENCLOSED you will already have found (since it probably plopped into your lap) a ballot for the Runestone Poll. This is intended to catch any stragglers who may not have responded yet, though I suspect most of you have. Please vote, if you haven't yet done. (If you have, you can't vote twice, so throw this one away.) Note that the deadline is almost upon us.

This is generally felt to be the premiere poll in the hobby. Founded many years ago by Canada's John Leeder, and named for his marvellous magazine, it has generally been the bellwether of a publication's success/failure/improvement/popularity/etc. Accordingly, we publishers place some stock in the results. Of course it would be nice to be #1, but we ain't gonna do that (unless we're MAGUS - a little plug there....). What we are going to do, however, is see how the hobby views us in relation to our own perceptions of other journals. If you, the voters, rate us highly, we will know that we are doing what we ought to be doing, and with luck we will keep doing it. If you rate us lower, we'll know that we need to re-think and improve.

Admittedly, the poll is imperfect. Despite the weighted matrix used, it is inevitable that the "big-time," many-paged magazines will do better than the little ones with small circulations. For instance: I don't care what the 'truth' of its relative merit is, COSTAGUANA will place higher this year than it did last. (It was 42d in '85.) That's partly because circulation has tripled, pagination has almost quadrupled, and printing quality has soared. None of these is inherently a good reason for a better rating, but I'll get the ruboff all the same. (Never mind, of course, that an issue now costs me \$110 to produce, where last year it ran \$20.) Voting should be on the basis of such things as: Is the thing prompt? Is it accurate? Is it fun to read? Be it four pages or forty, do you enjoy reading it? Subtracting pagination for games you're not in, what overall percentage of the magazine consistently appeals to you? (100% of four pages deserves a higher ranking than 50% of forty pages.) I respectfully request that you keep these things in mind when voting.

And while we're about it, I wonder if I might express an idea about the Poll which would make me feel better about it, even though I recognize the unfeasibility of said idea. Well, actually, I have two unrealistic ideas; they are:

1. As of now, a certain minimum number of votes in the poll - I think it's ten - is required before a journal will be rated at all. This is fine for the large and medium efforts, but some of the small ones have trouble meeting this minimum. For example: COSTA has a circulation of about 85. Thus, only 8 2/3% of the readers need to vote for it to be rated. But if a little guy has only fifteen recipients, the percentage required leaps to 67! It would be tough, perhaps impossible, but I sure wish it were possible for the Poll Custodian to change the minimum requirement from 10 votes to (e.g.) 30% voting participation of the 'zine's recipients. Thus, it would be necessary for 26 COSTA people to respond in order to get me rated, but only 5 for the fifteen-circ thing. Much fairer, considering the respective editors' levels of activity. But - to do it! That's the rub. 'T'would be nice, tho....

2. Again, compiling and maintaining the required information would be awfully tough, but: I'd love to see a magazine's rating weighted, regardless of voting patterns, for "historical reliability." Examples, off the top of my head and quite random: A xyn which has gone for ten years without a significant lapse ought to get a 20% bonus factor, tacked on automatically. Five years a 10% bonus; etc. A

before 75% of the current hobby was born, who played their first game to kill time while waiting for Jesus to march to Calvary - we will cast our votes based on our historical understanding of a given publication's OVERALL record. But you who are newcomers cannot do this. To you, COSTAGUANA (again, e.g.) looks like the cat's meow, and (e.g.) GRAUSTARK looks, well, pleasant. Which 'zine gets the higher ranking? COSTA, of course; these days, it is better, by any standard. But have you allowed for the fact that GRAUSTARK has published consistently and reliably for twenty-three years without a lapse, whereas COSTAGUANA has gone belly-up three different times (or was it four?). No, of course you haven't, you couldn't, you weren't there.

Based on all that I've said, I predict two things of this year's poll:

1. COSTA will finish far ahead of GRAU in the poll;
2. COSTA will radically improve its standing from 1985; GRAU will not.

In my opinion, this result - which will occur - is wrong. Furthermore, COSTA will finish ahead of POL SI FIE, BUSHWACKER, KAISSA and a couple of others that ought, by all rights, to range far higher. You want the ultimate? I predict that COSTA will finish within five places of DIPLOMACY DIGEST. By all rights, it should not finish within fifty.

'Nuff said?

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URGENT ATTENTION PLEASE:

The next page of this issue is a fake. DO NOT BE SUCKERED. It is, in fact, an exact reproduction of the front page of COSTA VIII/14, April 1, 1977 - the so-called "Lung Cancer" April Fool joke that I once played. Walt Buchanan was kind enough to copy and send this to me, and I thought you might enjoy seeing the fake for which I am most notorious. Note how I craftily inserted the "fake" announcement smack in the middle of perfectly ordinary 'straight' information? (As I recall the rest of the issue, it got sillier as we went, but not having more than the one page, I can't check.)

Anyway, lots of people fell for this one too. Fred Davis and Hal Naus called with truly moving statements of support. The late Bob Ward tried calling, but got no answer, so he simply flew down. John Fleming offered free room and board if I wanted to come to New York to consult Sloan-Kettering - a major gesture here, since John had just been fired. Many others were extremely kind in one way or other.

For some while, I felt a bit guilty about this one. It was a little much, after all. Or (heh heh)...was it?

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JUST TO ADVISE YOU WHO ARE NEW: COSTAGUANA and its editor do have some distinctions, and it may be that - because I haven't mentioned them in a while - you are unaware of them.

1. COSTA has the distinction of being the only postal Diplomacy magazine ever produced by the hectograph process. I only wish I could find a hecto for sale, I'd buy it just to show you what it looked like. ("printing by Jell-01")

2. The editor has the distinction of being the world's tallest Diplomacy player. Whatever else he is, he is that. I freely offer my 6'8" scarecrow frame in challenge to all claimants.

DEDICATION: This issue is cheerfully dedicated to

JOHN LEEDER

who is as good a friend as one can aspire to have in life. He's one of the few to whom I can say: I admire you (without feeling inferior), I respect you (without qualifying any of my principles), I love you (without being misunderstood) - and I'm glad we got to know one another.



COSTA GUANA



MORSE

Volume VIII, Number 14

1 April 1977

Omigod, not again - the sewers have backed up once more, so here is the effluent - COSTAGUANA, a journal of postal Diplomacy and Haynesque heresy dribbled forth by Grendel Press International, a wholly-owned subsidiary of Conrad Friesner von Metzke, P.O. Box 626, San Diego, CA 92112, USA. Telephone: Home (714) 565-1432, work (714) 293-5405 or 293-6450. Subscription rate three dollars U.S. for thirteen pitiful issues. Foreign air subs, double that rate. Game fees, six dollars U.S., of which five dollars U.S. is a deposit that will be refunded if you don't wander off in the middle of the game without leaving a note. Trades: Well, I've become rather more flexible about this one lately, so you're quite welcome to enquire; shit, I even trade for STORMBRINGER!

ANNIVERSARY: This issue comes out on the day on which COSTAGUANA begins its thirteenth year of publication. And if anyone thought the first two pages of this were the real issue, they deserve whatever they get.

Today is also the 245th birthday of Franz Josef Haydn, the greatest composer of music ever to have lived. So to a limited degree, John Leeder has to share the dedication; the principal limitation is that Haydn was probably born yesterday (it's a point of contention), not today.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT: If you smoke, stop. Right now. I've gone through two to three packs a day for years, and it causes problems, let me tell you. And one of those problems may cause you a problem.

I hate to break this to you amid the gaiety of our anniversary issue, but COSTA is probably going to have to fold again. And therefore, you'd better be prepared. You see, it seems I have lung cancer.

Now of course the doctors all assure me there's hope, and they plan to try all sorts of things - which will make issues irregular, by the way.

...of the last-but-one (per original); and, to top it all,
I used the same typewriter!

Thank you very much, Walter, for a most wonderful contribution!

ROSS DEPARTMENT: The following lyrics were jointly composed by Ross and Jean,
and are to be sung to the tune of "I'll Never Fall In Love Again":

What do you get when you go to school?
You read enough books to drive you nutty -
That's what you get for all your study!
I'll never go to school again....
I'll never go to school again!

What do you get during language time?
You learn enough facts to fill an ocean -
That's what you get for your devotion!
I'll never go to school again....
I'll never go to school again!

Don't tell me what it's all about,
'Cause I've been there and I'm almost out!
Out of that math and reading group -
But after this, I'll give you the scoop!

What do you get when you go to school?
You learn lots of things you'll want to remember -
So, for at least until September -
I'll never go to school again....
I'll never go to school again!

FRANK AND ERNEST

Bob Thaves



BOOK REVIEW DEPARTMENT: "The Nuremberg Trial," by Ann and John Tusa. New York, Atheneum, 1986; 519 pp., \$22.95.

Several issues ago, COSTAGUANA ran a form of "trivia quiz" on the International War Crimes Tribunal at Nuremberg in 1945-6. Now, almost as if some psychic power had heard my questions, comes this superbly-written and thoroughly-documented exposition of the origin, conduct, and denouement of this most famous trial in our time.

It begins with the exhaustive preliminary work by the legal experts of four countries to determine the format of the trial, the legality and propriety of such a proceeding, and the (seemingly interminable) wrangling among the Four Powers' representatives over what specific charges and grounds could be used for indictment, and how each of these charges could be proved in the light of amazingly little precedent. And all the while, all four Powers had to grapple with meshing their rather different legal systems into a unified foundation to conduct one single trial; as an example, the authors point out that, while legal precedent is an overwhelming component of British law, and a substantial element in American, it is far less important in French and (at the time at least) insignificant in Russian. Another kicker that had to be overcome was the necessity (for purposes of achieving international acceptance of the outcome) of avoiding a pure 'show trial' with the result a foregone conclusion. The Russians, at first, wanted essentially that; the French were only slightly less inclined. But as the negotiations and finally the trial went on, the Justices bent over backward (and in some cases, the Russians bent the farthest) to achieve exemplary fairness. And the result came to be seen, both by the Justices at the time and by the world community afterward, as a titanic step in the evolution of international law and standards to which nations would be held.

The first instinct, I suppose, is to presume that all this legalistic recitation is bone-dry reading. It is no such thing. Nor is it outrageously confusing to the lay reader; explication of all obscure points and tangles is thorough and orderly, without ever being oversimplified. And, intertwined with the procedural and the judicial background is a full discussion of the personalities involved, defendants, lawyers, justices, even a few of the more prominent staff. We learn how the chief American prosecutor, Robert Jackson, came amazingly close to losing the case against Hermann Goering, and how it was restored by the supposedly mediocre Briton, Sir David Maxwell-Fyfe. We come to understand the most brilliant of the various defense lawyers, German naval Lt. Otto Kranzbuehler, whose thorough preparation, grasp of the evidence, no-excuses approach to the enormity of the crimes, and spectacular examination of the witnesses undoubtedly won his client (Doenitz) the shortest prison term meted out.

But I reserve my highest praise of all for the manner in which the Tusas present the accused to us. Because of the bestiality of the crimes involved, it is the norm to sensationalize these acts, and to give us the perpetrators as unredeemed monsters. The Tusas do not sensationalize; we learn some of the brutal and gruesome truths, but only in their context as trial evidence; there are no lurid word-pictures here. And when, in a few cases, a defendant appears

bring out that he frequently asked leading questions of his superiors about suspicious facts he gleaned - no mention is ever made of his blithe acceptance of patently ridiculous answers, or no answers at all, for eleven years.

One thing lacks. Ten of the original twenty-four indicted were given prison terms or acquitted; we do learn their dates of death, but nothing of what became of them after release. Those who wrote memoirs (Doenitz, Fritsche, Papen, Ribbentrop - he was one of the executed - Schacht and Speer - the latter volume became a best-seller) appear in the Bibliography, but no details are provided. Doenitz, for example, finished his prison term, then became a high-ranking officer in the West German Navy. But we don't learn this from the book; and, what of the rest?

A final, piddling critique; slightly better proofing would have caught a few howlers that may make one suspicious of the authors' scholarship until one understands them as simple slips. E.g.: At one point mention is made of the rumor that the executions of the condemned were botched, and that Gen. Jodl supposedly took quite a while to die. Later, in the capsule biographies of the defendants, a misprint lists Gen. Jodl's year of death as 1947, a year after the executions! There are some others (beginning right on the dust-jacket), mainly obvious, but all annoying.

In heaping praise on this strong bit of work, it is only fair to mention that it cannot give everything. The Tusas do a fine job of summarizing, of hinting at some of the more immense aspects of this event, but they cannot - nor should they be expected to - provide a totality. Take the testimony given by the most repugnant defendant of all, Julius Streicher, the man whom Hitler actually fired in part because of his excesses in Jew-baiting. The Tusas are able to impart some of the diseased flavor of his courtroom performance, but the only way one can ever fully grasp such things is by reading the original. Most good libraries (especially University libraries) have the official transcript of the trial, in twenty-two volumes. Some day, if you really want to absorb the depths of the Holocaust, set aside a couple of hours, find a Transcript, and read Streicher's own words. They will change you for all time.

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ERIC DEPT.: The other day, after I scolded Eric for something or other, he had the following conversation with me...well, actually, it wasn't a conversation, he delivered the following lines shotgun-style, and I never got a word in!

(Frown) "Daddy, are you mad at me?" (Smile) "No, you're not mad at me, are you?" (Frown) "But you are annoyed with me, aren't you?" (Questioning gaze) "Are you "big" annoyed or "little" annoyed?"

ERIC DEPT., PART TWO: Dinner the other night was enchiladas, beans and rice. Eric sat down, took one look, and exclaimed, "Oh boy! I love Chinese food." "But Eric," said Jean, "It's Mexican food." "No it isn't, it's Chinese," said Eric. "Look!" And he took his fork and piled the enchilada and the beans on top of the rice. "See? Chinese. With Mexican in it!"

THE HOUSE RULES FORUM

QUESTION: Are 'neutral' 1901 orders, in the event of a missed move, of benefit to a game?

Ken Peel I like the idea of sealed general orders. As far as I know, you and Rod Walker are the only people currently using them in their house rules, although I understand that the practice was more common some years ago. Some may knock the system because it helps prevent players from gaining unearned windfalls due to the (gasp!) possible NMRs of others. In my philosophy of the game, no player has the inalienable right to unearned gains. Too often Diplomacy games are thrown or skewed from drop-out players - and, certainly, I accept the blame for a good share of that myself. ((Me too.)) A mechanism to buffer the effects of an NMR or player change in a game is a good idea in my book.

Randolph Smyth I allowed "sealed orders" when I was living in Ottawa, close to friends who did know how to play. Since then I've disallowed them for practical reasons, but have no objection in principle. I feel that they are at least as legitimate as proxy orders, where one player orders another's units - and the latter practice is widely accepted though uncommon.

Melinda Holley I've never played in a game where this was used, so I've no basis for a decision. I don't think I'd like it, though.

Elmer Hinton "Sealed orders" falls in the crack between various areas. Phantom orders are considered irregular because the players have no time to negotiate with the player submitting the orders. (A phantom player is a standby called in the turn of the NMR before the deadline so the NMR doesn't actually occur.) General orders, on the other hand, allow a player to submit orders whom the others have not been able to negotiate with, but who does so under the wishes and intentions of the player of record, and so the latter's will is presumably kept. However, my own ruling is that they would be irregular because the heart of the game (of any negotiation-dependent game) is the fact that moves, whether surprising or not, especially the stab, are things which are decided on a turn-for-turn basis. The players, negotiating with the player of record, will not have been able to express their will to, or discuss with, the person actually writing the orders; the general orders, long since written, cannot express the player of record's actual desire on the specific turn in question. Moreover, I don't know what kind of lazy players some people have, but when I play, I judge an opponent's game record, ability and individual strengths and weaknesses. A critical turn, judged against one type of player, whose orders are written second-hand, under General Orders, by one of different talents, without prior identification of the player to me, is unquestionably unfair. With Phantom Players, I think that General Orders should be a thing of the past, or a thing of variants only.

and he should play it. If he reneged on his obligation to the other players, it was most certainly not my place to step in.

Bruce "Sealed orders" are harmful to the game. The assumption being made is
Linsey that the player must choose his own strategy, but that he is not necessarily responsible for his own tactics. Unless one believes that tactical skill plays no role whatsoever, it is not legitimate to let a non-player decide a player's orders.

Conrad One argument against the system that I note is lacking, but which I
von rather expected, is that which holds that a missed move is (by the
Metzke nature of things) an integral possibility in the same sense that a real army may well screw up through failure to receive orders, etc. That is, nobody gave us the "reality" argument. Just as well, I guess, I never had much use for that chestnut anyway.

Peter has the real answer, of course; you don't want to miss a move, send a tentative set the minute you get the last result! But of course, the system of sealed (a.k.a. general) orders was designed in part for emergencies, those times when you get the results the day after your mother dies. Unquestionably, it is most commonly used to cover for negligence, but that's by the bye; all of us being human, what's wrong for allowing for occasional slips and covering them?

Konrad's oh-so-flimsily-veiled barb at the unethical GM who constructs neutral orders himself is worth remarking. I know it's done, of course; and I know full well who does it. I admit nothing. And in any case, I don't do it any more! But Konrad's right, the temptation (for the sake of ease) is ever there, and as Randolph points out there are situations where it won't work for lack of suitable neutral friends. And even if people exist, there may come a time when none is available for whatever reason. Then what?

My answer is, if I'm going to use the system, I am going to have to be prepared to follow through at whatever cost. If my local friends are all out of town on some fateful day, I'll just have to reconcile myself to spending a few bucks and 'phone someone. Given that I have prepared myself to carry the matter to such lengths if need be, there is no awkwardness in administering sealed orders here. Other GMs may not be able or willing to go this far; in that case, they may not be candidates for adopting it. Or, as Randolph, they may use it for a time and then find it necessary to discontinue. It's got to be treated with individually by each GM.

On that basis, is the system of value at all? I admit to a prejudiced outlook; I like it, and always have. By posing this question, I wanted to see if some writer would persuade me that I was wrong, by presenting reasoning that carried me to the other side. None has.

I do not question that certain "monkey-wrench" factors exist when sealed orders are used. No neutral player can be a party to elements of negotiation which call for such things as specific supports, exchange of centers, threading of fleets through the Med, in a certain order, etc. Nor will the neutral player necessarily be the tactical equal of the player of record - this imbalance could

tilt either way. And a third popular screw-up can occur when a player of record fails to update sealed orders which have become obsolete; in theory this could lead to a devastating result.

My feeling on all of this is that none of these objections outweighs the solid fact that sealed orders will prevent a NMR, and any competent and rational set of orders is superior to that. It is inconceivable to me that a GM would institute this house rule and then proceed to find move-makers who were hopeless idiots, or who would subvert their guidelines just to be silly. I do not feel I'm naive when I say that I presume a certain level of sense and integrity from those GMs whose games I join. On that basis, I am afraid that I do not see the massive dichotomy implied by Bruce (tactical abilities); nor do I accord with Elmer's objections to the lack of specific negotiation, given that the stand-in is operating on the player of record's expressed written intent and outline.

John Caruso and I discussed this in these pages some while ago, and we never did come to agreement. I held then, and I hold now, that to negotiate with the player of record implies negotiation with the potential stand-in, on the basis that the "real" player will quite logically write into his sealed orders whatever has developed through the negotiations. All the extravagant examples in the world will not convince me that Turkey is going to ally with Austria against Russia, and then write into his sealed orders, "Support Russian moves on Austria." All this is by way of saying: I do not deny that Bruce and Elmer make valid points. I merely do not consider them major.

The little matter of obsolete sealed orders, caused because someone has failed to update, is, on the other hand, quite commonly a massive thing. The bulk of sealed orders are written early in a game, in the first blush of enthusiasm and while alliances are still fluid. Later, as things change, the immediacy of providing the GM with an envelope to hold "in case" wanes, and as a consequence I have several times had an envelope opened to find instructions to support countries which had been eliminated, ally with powers that had for five seasons been locked in deadly battle, move toward certain provinces that the power had long since conquered and passed beyond, etc. It can be, and it fairly often is, a real miasma. Accordingly, moves made on the basis of such obsolescence could very well prove to be worse than no moves. Tough luck for the player? Sure, in a way; if somebody fails to update, it's their problem, not mine. But I think you can see the potential for real game damage here; a solid alliance, doing nicely, could perhaps survive a missed move at some point, but a complete reversal caused by a NMR plus obsolete sealed orders?

I remain unpersuaded by the 'irregular' and 'tactical' arguments, but the matter of the stale envelope persuades me. Sealed orders are passed when next I publish rules (they'll be issued to all players next time). See? As a classic liberal, I am capable of change and persuasion, even if I have to do it myself!

QUESTION: Should a GM list retreat options for a dislodged unit, or should the players be required to analyze the possibilities for themselves?

Ken I do not provide (retreat) information since I feel it falls beyond
Hagar the GM's authority to do so. The GM would never list potential moves

Baumelster create more opportunities for GMing error. I would suppose most players are familiar enough with the rulebook to figure it out.

Elmer Hinton It doesn't matter if he does or not, but it is better if he does so, in that no error will be made, especially by novices, over such things as open spaces due to standoffs. In fact, a GM who does not list the options might be construed as denying the players their full and correct adjudication of the turn. The only advantage in not doing so would be for the GM to snicker over some player's later mistake - a form of vicarious participation not to be encouraged.

Stephen Wilcox The only thing that matters here is consistency. It would not be fair to do it for some and not for others.

Melinda Holley As a GM, I list possible retreats for a dislodged piece. I don't believe this is GM interference. Experienced players know their possible retreats. Novice players can use the information and make the game more enjoyable.

Randolph Smyth I list the options, but I remember a couple of times when I made a mistake! In any case, it's the players' responsibility to verify my list.

Ken Peel Couldn't care less, as long as it's stated one way or another.

Konrad von Metzke I don't mind telling you, this question - and your responses to it - were the substantial impetus for some of the foofaraw that I stuffed into my April Fool's issue concerning GM interference in adjudications and/or using a 'neutral' coin of vantage to give the players too much information. Although I am aware of, and careful about, efforts that reveal more than a referee should tell, I think there are limits to what is 'interference' and what is 'normal GM procedure.'

If one accepts that listing retreat options is improper for a GM, the logical extension becomes this: Ought not the GM also to avoid listing ownership of supply centers, success or failure of moves, and just about everything else that a GM routinely does in this hobby? There comes a point where this level of reasoning gets silly. At its ultimate extension, we ought not to have a GM at all, lest he/she say something untoward and overly revelatory. This brings us right back to Game 1962A, with - either effectively or actually - no GM at all.

I am especially interested in the apparent contrast between Konrad's and Elmer's letters, concerning the potential for error. On the surface, Konrad is saying that listing options will increase mistakes, where Elmer holds that doing so will reduce them. Actually, they're speaking to two different levels. Any time a GM does anything, the possibility of error is there. Elmer is, rather, dealing with player error caused by inadequate data. Quite distinct, really.

Unquestionably, the more things a GM does, the greater the potential for error, but that fact alone cannot be held forth as a reason for not doing something that needs doing. If it were, the GM would have to withdraw from doing anything, lest he goof.

Elmer's point makes a lot more sense to me. Let me carry his thesis one step along, and phrase it this way: If a GM lists options, then certainly there may be an error, but as Randolph says, the players need to check all adjudications and mention mistakes when found. In such a case with a retreat option, the flub can quickly be fixed, often in advance of the subsequent deadline, certainly by the time of it. But if options are not printed and the GM errs in computing the options, and if a player orders a retreat that the GM has incorrectly deemed impossible, then we have a much greater snarl and a longer delay, and we may even have subsequent moves printed - and revealing player intentions - only to have to pull them back to correct the error.

There is a very fine line - numerous shades of grey, indeed - in some of these supposedly "technical" matters, as to whether a GM is performing a service or an interference by doing something. I don't know that I buy the arguments advanced that novices will be helped by this stuff, whereas it won't matter to experienced players; to give a novice a boost over a seasoned veteran is very blatant favoritism, no matter whether in a good cause or not. If a novice needs guidance, it ought not to come from a sitting neutral arbiter. However, players (all players) need to know, and are entitled to know, that the GM knows what he is doing. This hobby has gone beyond allowance for poor gamesmastering; we no longer need to tolerate it. The odd slip here and there, no matter; but a steady stream, no. And on that basis, it seems to me that it is well that GMs present their competence to the players in an unbroken stream of proper rulings and analyses. To keep records straight, keep players aware, and prevent delay-causing error (or delay-causing reliance on error), I say that such things as listing retreat options, supply centers owned, and the like, is quite proper and in fact quite ordinary.

QUESTION: Would it be acceptable for a GM to have no house-rules at all, or something as laconic as "Games will be run by the rulebook and by common sense?"

Ken Peel I think at least basic house rules are important, as much to protect the GM as the player. When we started playing World Diplomacy postally, we had no specific house rules, but then we were a close-knit group of friends and the whole idea of potential misconduct by the GM was beyond the pale. I have experienced that house rules are more important for novices than for long-time players. There are certain very common practices in postal play that sometimes take novice players by surprise. I have seen cases where more clearly stated procedures at the beginning of a game would have saved a lot of grief later in the game. Still, my preference for house rules is that they should stay as basic as possible and hinge on common sense of the GM to the extent practicable. Some players like more detailed and voluminous house rules than do I, but that is just a matter of personal preference.

a codified constitution, I'm sure you can run a little game of Diplomacy without house rules.

Randolph
Smyth There is nothing fundamentally "unacceptable" about a lack of house rules, though as an ombudsman I would lean heavily in favour of the player in case of any dispute. I wouldn't enter a game without house rules myself, even if the GMs reputation was beyond reproach - I often use the house rules to my best advantage, and want to know where I stand without the trouble of asking for a ruling in every situation.

Melinda
Holley I imagine you could get by with no HRs, but I could foresee some unnecessary game delays while possible conflicts got straightened out.

Stephen
Wilcox I guess no HRs would be okay. As a player looking for a new 'sine to play in, I always check the HRs for answers to several questions: How will the countries be assigned, is it a DIAS game, how will S.O1 be handled, etc. All the things we have been talking about here.

Elmer
Hinton Acceptable to have no HRs? NO! Let me quote from the Novice Handbook: "Each gamesmaster and/or publisher will have a set of policies and standards which he will use to guide him in various situations. Every GM has these. It is an unfortunate fact of life that there are a number of gamesmasters whose policies and standards are not written down, however. This is not the most considerate behaviour toward players, since it means that you are at the mercy of the GM."... "It is the responsibility of the Gamesmaster to inform you of these measures long before the game commences, without resorting to making them up as he goes along. Moreover, without a written set of thoughtfully-constructed house rules, the GM may (whether by accident or by design) alter them without the players' knowledge or consent."

Conrad
von
Metzke Into the category of things commonly referred to as "house rules," I lump three specific and distinct categories: (1) Actual changes to the printed rules, (2) Individual procedural elements which will remain constant and on which the players may rely, and (3) Procedures which may vary according to current conditions.

I agree completely that house rules ought not to change during the course of a game without player approval. When one joins a game, one has every right to know what to expect, and to rely on the information provided. Stephen hits it on the nose for me: When I join a game, I want to know certain things. A set of house rules will give me the answers. Armed with these data, I can decide to play or look elsewhere, as I choose, but at least it's all up front.

I suggest that my three categories are of great importance, for the following reasons (category by category):

(1) It is understood by almost everyone known to me that, unless otherwise specified, the printed commercial Rulebook shall govern. If a particular GM wishes to make modifications, he must so state, else his players will be flatly misled. Note that virtually every set of house rules known to me begins with a statement equivalent to, "The rulebook shall govern unless otherwise stated."

Most commonly included in this category are changes to the "Draws Include All Survivors" provision (Rule II) and the "NMR-retreats are disbanded" codicil (Rule XIV/3). There may be others in a given instance.

(2) Into this grouping I heap those rules not related to the rulebook, but which the GM has established for whatever reason to govern the game, and which there ought not to be a need to change throughout. I refer here to such things as press policy, separation of seasons requirements, and the like.

(3) The items which I view as falling under this heading are things which must necessarily remain the prerogative of the GM, and which may be subject to change without player consent as circumstances change. For instance, a GM's change of circumstances may require a revision in his policy vis-a-vis telephone moves. Or, he may have started out with moves due every third Friday, but be forced to alter this at some point to every fourth Tuesday. This kind of thing cannot be dependent on player approval; if they must be changed, they should be, without recourse.

I accord entirely with Ken's view that house rules ought to be kept as simple as possible. The more one writes into house rules, the more one stands a chance of confusing someone. Necessary data must be provided, but there is no need to wander off into an essay which contributes nothing.

I suggest strongly that house rules consist in those items from my categories (1) and (2) that the GM wishes to adopt, but ought not to include anything in category (3). This is because rulebook changes, and constant policies of procedure, should be provided the player in advance, and should not be changed throughout. A person who joins a game under certain suppositions has every right to expect that those suppositions will retain validity. It equates, I suppose, to the principle of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence that ex post facto laws shall not occur, nor will the terms of contracts be altered during their life without agreement of the parties. If I borrow \$500 tomorrow at 10% interest, the rate cannot be changed next week to 15% without my approval. If I join a Dip game tomorrow with the understanding that I can write black press, I ought not to be stopped from writing it three weeks hence.

Years ago, before the revisions that gave us the 1971 rulebook, a great deal more was required than is today. The old rulebooks suffered from certain confusions and omissions, and clarification of these points gave rise to a variety of "clean-up" house rules that came to be hobby-standards and were generally called after their perpetrators: The Koning Rule, The Miller Rule, The Brannan Rule, The von Metzke Rule, and a few others. Nowadays, these rules are not needed; the current rulebook clears them all up. Whether one agrees with its provisions or not, the current rulebook is exemplary in that it does not leave questions unanswered or subject to variegated interpretation.

It is well to cover all bases, of course, but I think that can normally be done with a fairly simple set of house rules. And, for everyone's sake, let's leave it at that!

THE FORUM CONTINUES! For next time, let's treat with these matters:

1. Under what conditions and circumstances should seasons be separated? Should Spring moves always be required with builds? Under what conditions should

(Franz) Josef, lived 1732-1809, Father of the Symphony, Father of the String Quartet, etc. He is the famous one. That Josef had a brother at all is not always known; that his brother was a significant musician in his own right, who even outstripped his sibling in some areas, is an unheard-of notion. But "Junior" - (Johann) Michael Haydn, 1737-1806, is no mere shadow. He is certainly best known as his brother's brother. He ought to be known as himself; had he been an only child, he would be, he's quite good enough for that distinction.

Michael was not the meteoric genius that his brother was; he was, rather, a steady, reliable, impeccably-trained court musician (his entire professional career was spent as Court Composer to the then-seal-autonomous Archbishop of Salzburg) who could always charm, entertain, or underline a solemn occasion. Never, however, did he storm the heavens, nor did he try, nor even want to. His big chance to become greater than he was came in his old age, in 1802, when his older brother's health failed and the latter retired as Kapellmeister to the Esterhazy family. Michael was offered the job. It meant more money, more prestige, and a chance to disseminate his works to the world; the Archbishop demanded exclusive rights to all his composers' works, whereas Prince Esterhazy didn't. Michael hesitated about ten seconds before refusing the job offer; he was happy. Joseph's successor became Johann Nepomuk Hummel instead; Hummel lasted a few years before being fired for neglect of duties. Michael stayed in Salzburg, composing exclusively for his ecclesiastical patrons until his death in 1806.

In many ways, he was a lot like his brother, which is to say a lot like most prominent composers of the era. He wrote in virtually all forms, and was extremely prolific in most of them. He was a fine performer on several instruments, but was a virtuoso on none. He considered his religious music his best effort, and hoped to be remembered for it above all else.

But in Michael Haydn's case, a special problem arises in assessing his place in history. The problem is Joseph Haydn. It is simply not possible to consider the younger brother's contributions without the inevitable comparison (however subconscious) to the elder brother's unquestionably greater work. When one says Haydn, one means Joseph. If one wishes to comment on Michael, it is necessary to say something like, "You know, Joseph's brother?" It is rather like the Bach problem: "Bach" means J.S., to refer to one of the sons one must mention the Christian names. Ditto the composer-son of Mozart, or the composer-grandson of Wagner. Michael Haydn, partly because he was only one of the Very Good Ones and not one of the Great Ones, and equally because he had a brother who was one of the Great Ones, will never be a household name. There will never be multiple recordings of his music from which to choose. And that is very good for Joseph Haydn, to be sure; but a real loss both for Michael and for us.

It says something unflattering, I guess, that Michael Haydn's best-known composition is a truncated version of a choral motet, in the version "O worship the King" as found in nearly every Protestant hymnal in America. After that, occasional performances can be heard of the Turkish March from the incidental music to "Zaide," of one or two wind serenades, and of one or two string chamber pieces. A Symphony in D Minor has also surfaced of late, championed by Sir Neville Marriner. And at one time (though no longer), a Symphony in G Major was

heard once in a while - but not because it was Michael Haydn's; rather, because Mozart wrote an introduction to the first movement of it, and thus inadvertently caused the piece to be listed in the catalogue of Mozart's own works as Symphony No. 37, K.444. Most of Michael's other compositions, powerful or otherwise, live today only in musty library scores, or in textbook footnotes. The religious music for which Michael longed to be remembered, and which Joseph insisted was superior to his own, is rarely done. The infrequent exceptions to this pattern prove that the situation is an aesthetic abomination, but somehow correction does not seem to be imminent. Somehow, the world of music appreciation treats Michael Haydn the way Carl Maria von Weber's father did in 1801; in that year, the young Weber began studies with Michael Haydn, and ever thereafter the father billed his child for "a pupil of Haydn" - but, as Weber biographer John Warrack notes, Weber's father "carefully neglected to mention which Haydn."

One of the most interesting and unusual recording projects in recent years was the releasing of two M. Haydn Masses - the "Oboe" Mass in G, of 1777, and the Schrattenbach Requiem in d minor of 1771. They were performed by the Choir and Orchestra of the University of Missouri, at Columbia, and recorded and released on the University private record label. Additional major Michael Haydn compositions have been issued from Hungary (on the Qualiton/Hungaroton labels), in Germany (Deutsche Grammophon), and via various U.S. manufacturers (NHS, Vox, Society for Forgotten Music and the now-defunct Westminster). Not one of these discs is commonly found, save only Maurice Andre's exemplary reading of the Trumpet Concerto. For the reader of erudition, with a willingness to search the byway-literature, nearly all bear consideration.

Of all the Michael Haydn works known to me (and that total is, you'll forgive the pomposity, impressive), the landmark is the Schrattenbach Requiem. Written at the end of 1771 - in an intentionally archaic and austere style, to match the subject's personality - for the funeral of Haydn's first patron, Archbishop Sigismund, Graf von Schrattenbach, it is highly coloured by the fact that Haydn's own infant daughter died at about the same time; the impression is that while the work was nominally for the patron, it was effectively a personal outpouring.

The entire piece is composed vertically, something unheard-of by 1771. One section after another is a progression of modulating chords, careful key progressions, and four-part counterpoint (lots of fugues), most in the minor leading to spectacular trumpet-crowned Picardy thirds; the inclusion of Baroque brass parts, both in tutti and fanfare roles, gives a flavour largely obsolete in music by this date, save in the works of Michael Haydn and one other remarkable composer...who else? Brother Joseph!

In 1777, in honour of the Saint's Day of Schrattenbach's successor, Archbishop Hieronymus Colloredo, Michael Haydn wrote his so-called "Oboe" Mass, a work that can hold head to anything from his brother's pen prior to the late sextet in 1796-1802, or from Mozart's save the (unfinished) c minor K.427. If you tote the numbers in that paragraph, it sounds as if this Michael Haydn piece is the seventh-best in the entire post-Baroque, pre-Romantic period in music. Well, that may well be; it's certainly not unreasonable to suggest it

the composition calls for four solo oboes, two extra trumpets, double timpani, two cornets, serpent, and three trombones. For all this, it is the first oboe and first bassoon that carry the day, along with some lush choral writing and a truly lilting part for the 'castrato' (soprano). Special note needs to be made of the male chorus/trombone interchange in the 'Qui tollis' of the Credo. Michael truly knew his instruments, and their effects. Compare said 'Qui tollis' with Süssmayr's completion of the same section in the Mozart Requiem, in which the stunning trombone effect is turned into hash by endless repetition.

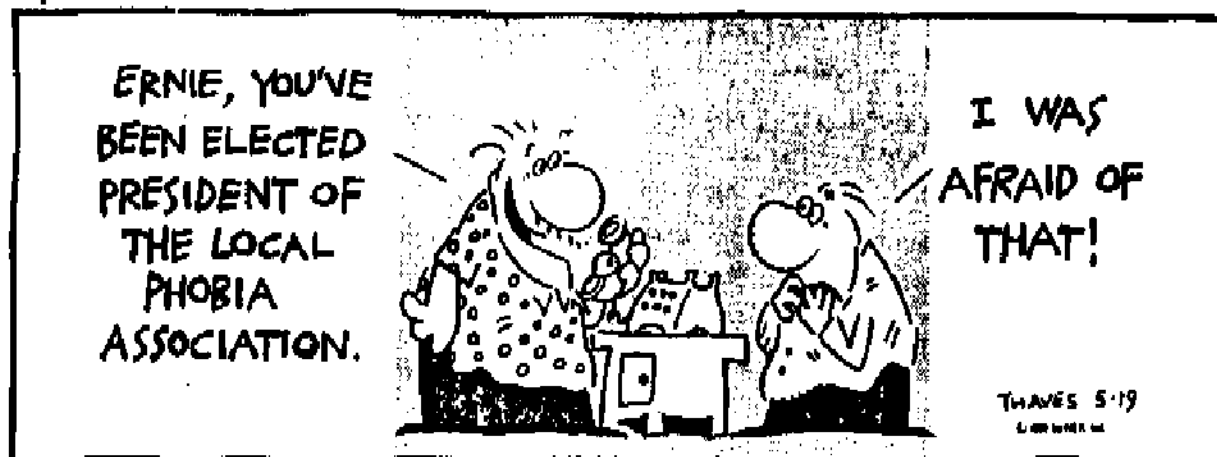
Less of a revelation awaits the seeker in the instrumental works, but there is nothing to be ashamed of either. It is silly to try and compare Michael Haydn the symphonist, or chamber composer, with his brother, or with Mozart. On the other hand, to put Michael Haydn against the second rank of composers of the era - Wanhal, Ditters, Boccherini, even Christian Bach and Kraus - allows the younger Haydn to shine as an equal. His style, for all the conventions of the period, can be distinguished. His concept of balance is utterly perfect; his sense of melody is strong; and above all else, he is inevitably 'fun.' And his trademark in the symphonies, triple-stop chords in the strings against wind fanfares to conclude - is, for all its presentation as a cliché, an original and effective signature.

It is unfair to mislead. We are dealing here with a musician of strict upbringing, austere demeanour, and carefully-regulated output. Neither Haydn's orderly personality, nor his employer's austere conservatism, would have had it otherwise. Michael Haydn was an epitome of his day and time, and if the reader has no touch with the music of the period, it is pointless to proceed. In short, and to shadow Michael with his brother yet again, if one does not perceive charm in Joseph's music, Michael's will not carry the field either. Nor will one be persuaded by anyone else of the time, neither Wanhal nor Kraus nor Wagenseil nor Cimarosa nor Salieri nor even Mozart and early Beethoven.

But it does not work precisely in reverse. One may find little to attract in most of the lesser contemporaries, and still leap at the greater efforts of Joseph Haydn. Of only two men is this not true; of just a pair it is requisite that one cannot appreciate the one without the others. One of this pair is Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. It is of the other that we have been speaking.

FRANK AND ERNEST

Bob Thaves



THE LOGO CONNECTION: Two issues ago, I put out a call for logos to be used for the various COSTA games. Response has been - well, er - limited. Roberto Della Sala, John Walker and Doug Brown have supplied suggestions. The rest of you have remained, uncontributing, in your burrows.

Last shot. You send 'em, I'll include them in the voting portfolio. But you better do it by next issue, June 28, or you is ess-oh-all. Than kew.

/ /

A GUIDE TO MARATHONING - should you go insane

Every spring they run the Boston Marathon, and every spring thousands of seemingly normal Americans sit by their TV sets and say, "You know, I should try that!"

One can only assume that this is some mysterious disease and that we will soon have a vaccine for it. In the meantime, those afflicted should realize that today's marathon is not like the good old days back in ancient Greece, when the contestants ran naked for 26 miles and then dropped dead behind a rock. No. Things have changed. They are much more complex. So if you still want to run one of these things after watching a Boston race, you will need to know what it takes to make it for 26 miles. Which is why I have prepared the following eleven-point guide on how to approach your first marathon:

1. CHOOSE THE RIGHT RUNNING SHOES. Once upon a time, people ran in sneakers. Once upon a time, you got free silverware at the gas station, too. Today, the educated marathoner realizes the value of "Nike" footwear, and will often drop out of law school in order to afford two pairs. But never fear. You, the first-time marathoner, should be able to purchase a good running shoe, which is computer-designed and made from the hide of a puma, by simply refinancing your mortgage or selling one of your children.

2. CHOOSE THE RIGHT CLOTHING. Once upon a time, people ran in sweatshirts. These were the same people who ate with silverware from gas stations. Today, you must dress the part of a serious marathoner if you are to fool even one person along the course. The right outfit consists of a sleeveless mesh singlet, which is made from a single spool of Korean thread and costs no more than \$485, and running shorts, which should be made of a quick-dry material in case it rains or someone throws his beer at you for a laugh.

3. EAT THE RIGHT PRE-RACE MEAL. Many expert books on marathonning that cost upward of \$17.95 suggest loading up on pasta and cake the night before the race. You may be skeptical, since most fat people have been following that regimen for years, and they didn't have to pay \$17.95, either. As a first-time marathoner, I suggest you try Mexican food instead. It won't help your carbohydrates, but it can provide a serious-enough stomach ache to make you forget the whole thing and stay in bed.

4. USE THE BATHROOM BEFORE LEAVING THE HOUSE. Need I say more?

5. IGNORE THE SERIOUS RUNNERS. At every big marathon, there are a dozen or so world-class runners who are favored to win. You will never see these people. They are of absolutely no concern to you. By the time you finish, these types will have celebrated a birthday and will be debating the merits of the wine.

THE MAILBOX FILLIETH

Peter Sullivan Interesting to see you say that "The relative success rates of the seven Powers are just about what they've always been, and I don't foresee any major shifts." By contrast, Walkerdine's figures for U.K. games show huge swings over time - see the table in Mad Policy 114. Further, the figures are more unbalanced now than they've ever been. Thus, whilst Germany was picking up 22.3% of the Calhaver points from games started in 1981-3, England was picking only 8.1%. (A fair distribution would see everything getting 14.3% of course.

Well, it seems to be traditional that I tell you what I'm doing whilst writing this to you. Watching cricket on the telly - whilst Rain Stops Play, they're re-running the highlights of last year's final.

Libya - the most interesting point from the British point of view is the actions of Mrs. Thatcher. The general British opinion of Reagan's mental capacity was already low - one satire series had a running joke about "The Search for the President's Brain." Much more surprising was Mrs. Thatcher's acquiescence in allowing Reagan to use the U.S. bases in the U.K. Two years ago, WPC Yvonne Fletcher was policing an anti-Gadaffi demonstration outside the Libyan embassy when she was hit by gunfire coming from within the embassy. After several days' siege, we were forced to let all the embassy staff - including the killer, whoever he was - go, because under international law they all had diplomatic immunity. This statesmanlike attitude from the British government led to no retaliation from Gadaffi. But in the week after the American raid, there was an attempt to blow up an El Al jet leaving London. If Mrs. Thatcher's advisors couldn't foresee the difference in response to the closure of an embassy and the bombing of Tripoli, why not?

((I'm not in the least surprised that U.K. stats show that the hobby remains in a state of flux. You people have a much more vital and inquiring activist play style than we do; in many respects I would have to insist (sadly) that the U.S. hobby is stale. Over here, countries are played 'traditionally,' which is both utterly predictable and boring. Over there, people still seem inclined to try weird stuff. Witness the incredible variety of variants you have going or awaiting over there; we haven't seen anything like that deluge since Don Miller was active twenty years ago. In short, your hobby is being kept fluid - I wish I knew how! - where ours is not. Of course there are still several of us crazies shovelling against the tide, but we remain the exceptions.

((It may just be that this all has something to do with the relative levels of marketing going on. In Canada, Waddington's are rather active in sales, which is I imagine why the Canadian hobby is - per capita - more growth-prone than the U.S. equivalent. Avalon-Hill here still make the game, and do sell it, but they have long ceased to give it any great push, and - despite disclaimers - I am convinced that it is on its way out as a current item. I'm willing to bet there is a strong commercial push for the game sets in the U.K., and that sales are solicited actively. Am I right?

((I never ceased to be amazed at what inanities will amuse you Brits. Nor do I always understand the amazing differences between our supposedly related

used in Europe, Africa, Asia, etc., because of Khadafi's terrorism. So Khadafi's daughter died. An infant child died - sucked from an airplane - because of Kad-
affi's terrorism.

So what are we - or any country - to do? Appeal to the U.N.? That's a joke. Sue in international court? Good luck. Economic sanctions? No chance.

Reagan did correctly. Show Khadafi what it's like to be on the receiving end. Show people in Libya what people around the world have gone through.

Does anyone honestly believe ignoring Khadafi is a viable alternative? It's not a matter of avenging Vietnam (or any other military debacle). It's not a matter of making German discos safe for U.S. servicemen. It's a matter of a powerful man setting loose armed and deadly murderers. Terrorists are not guerilla freedom fighters. They are murderers pure and simple. Let's not forget that Libya harbored The Jackal (the infamous assassin) or that Khadafi's best friend in Africa was Idi Amin.

No offense, Conrad, but I think you're clinging to a child's night light.

((No offense taken, Melinda, believe me.

((Let us not misunderstand. I have neither respect nor use for Colonel Khadafi - spell it however you will - and I agree wholeheartedly that some effort is required to curtail the bloodthirstiness that emanates from that lunatic's domain. And he's not the only one; since your letter (and Peter's letter), evidence has surfaced that Syria's not-quite-as-crazy-but-equally-brutal Hafez Assad is in on this too. Plus, of course, the terrorists themselves: Abu Nidal, George Habash, Yaser Arafat, etc., etc....

((No, of course we can't hide in the sand and ignore it. But I cannot accept that we should descend to the same level in countering it. If we do that, moral problems aside, we are merely treating symptoms. To my view, our attack on Libya resembles the doctor who, on seeing a patient with back problems because of bone cancer, chooses to prescribe physical therapy to relieve the back pain. What is appropriate is to ignore, or at least subordinate, the back pain and lance the cancer.

((We can, if we choose, and to quote Gen. Curtis LeMay, "Bomb (Libya) back into the Stone Age." It won't solve a thing. It is an attack on symptoms alone. Melinda, you claim to detest Reagan's domestic policies. I suggest to you that his approach to foreign problems is indistinguishable. There are too many welfare cheats; answer, cut off welfare. Forget any consideration of what causes the 'welfare syndrome' in the first place, just polish the surface and the roots will either disappear behind the screen or simply rot.

((Khadafi is not the sort of screwball who responds to tit-for-tat. He is, you must remember, on a 'holy crusade,' and I see little difference between him and Hitler. The principal distinction is the relative levels of power and sophistication. He would respond to total destruction of his domain, or to his own death; but little short of that would be likely to show him his error.

((Moreover, we have many other factors we need to take into account. The resentment against colonialism, in Libya and elsewhere, remains strong. The stigma of support of Israel still weighs against the U.S. And there is a whole host of local feuds of which we have little understanding. We operate myopically. To us, the only issue is the burst of gunfire at Schwechat Airport. Khadafi supported it, therefore let's get him - that's our approach. I suggest we need very much to come to grips with why

armed Arabs were occasioned to show up at Schwechat in the first place. It was hardly just random violence.

((I agree with you, Melinda, that the U.N. and the I.C.J. are not going to solve our problems. Economic sanctions might, however, and I really wonder if perhaps the lack of support for such things isn't just an international repudiation of Ronald Reagan. He is, let's face it, held in great contempt for his oft-demonstrated stupidity. Not even Gerald Ford was so ridiculed. Perhaps if the sanctions had been suggested by someone held in more respect, we'd have seen greater response.

((But, realistically, how about this: Economic sanctions - total, and no exceptions. And, sanctions also against any trading partner who fails to support us. Again, total. In this way we get our point across, without descending to the same level as Khadafi and his minions. And we also leave ourselves the option to discuss the underlying motivations, and come to sensible terms on those. I recognize, of course, that I oversimplify. But as an outline, try this: The U.S. deploras terrorism. It abhors the Khadafi mentality that foments terrorism. Nevertheless, we understand that there may be more to this than shows on the surface. Therefore, we will embargo (economically as well as politically) Libya and any other country that does not do likewise; but, we will also open ourselves to any discussion, unconditionally, that anyone wishes to have on the subject. Thus, we do not descend to their level, but we respond emphatically.

((I might conclude with a thought on Peter's remarks on the Embassy problem: As I recall, the biggest difficulty was in assigning the murder of Miss Fletcher to a specific individual. Diplomatic immunity does not extend to such crimes, but one must at least indicate a particular suspect. Failing that - inasmuch as your authorities could not say "We endeavour to indict Mohammed So-and-so" - they were hamstrung.

((No - I take it back - let us conclude with something else that Peter touched on. I would suggest very strongly that it is not appropriate to base one's actions on whether or not Khadafi will retaliate. That's Chamberlain/Daladier diplomacy. We ought not to kow-tow to him merely because he may cause trouble if we don't. But, we ought to be very sure of our ground before we indulge in a response that will specifically incite, and in any case will bring us down to the same level as, such a one.

((Perhaps if everything else fails, then we can consider blowing the sonofabitch out of the water. But let us try something a bit less animalistic first.

Larry Peery I read Rod's letter, and your comments, with interest. It so happens I agree with both of you. However, you, for the first time ever that I can recall, made what I consider to be a foolish statement. I refer to the first paragraph on Page 14.

That fact is that I am, at the moment, doing nothing with the Archives except preserving and protecting them. Now that may seem a small thing to you, but to me it is quite important. I'm sorry I don't have fireproof file cabinets or air-conditioned storage vaults to put the Archives in, but I don't. But, at a time when the Archives needed a home (else Scott Marley's dad would probably have fed them into the family fireplace), I offered a place of sanctuary for them. And when the hobby was about to leave the world

better clarified, when I wrote as I did, that my intent was to point out the extreme value of Elmer's efforts, and by no means to detract from yours.

((I admit, and retract, that I wrote the line: "Of what value is an Archive...in a garage in San Diego?" Of course it has no value as it stands, but - as you rightly point out - it is being held against the day when someone with the time to handle it properly takes it over. On that basis, it has immense value.

((My point was to defend against the impugning of Mr. Hinton's effort and intentions. I still strongly support his works. But I did not intend that you be slighted in the process, and I humbly retract any such implication.

((I accept that you have no time to administer the Archives - but I know someone who does. Interested in talking about it?))

Larry ((Again!)) I happen to have a large collection of international
Peery and domestic commemorative stamps that I've acquired over the last year. I also happen to have my late brother's passport, complete with a wide variety of stamps from places like you keep talking about in COSTAGUANA, you know, all those tiny little esoteric islands in the Pacific? I've been toying with the idea of doing a color cover for DW using the stamps for the illustrations. Is it legal to produce cancelled stamps in such a way?

((Gee, I have no recollection of mentioning an esoteric Pacific island in quite some while. However, if you wish me to remind you of the glories of Vanuatu, Rarotonga, Nauru and the "triple threat" - Henderson, Ducie and Oeno - then I'll be glad to do so.

((There are no restrictions whatsoever governing the reproduction of foreign stamps. You may do as you please. Cancelled stamps of the U.S. have also no proscription. As to unused, valid United States postage stamps, they may be reproduced without alteration as long as the illustrations are at least 20% larger or 20% smaller than actual size. Failing this, you may reproduce actual size if you (a) use black and white, or (b) 'break' the picture (the usual method, used in stamps catalogues, is a small white line across the stamp - only about half a millimetre wide, but it's enough to stay legal). Tape a piece of thin string across it; it works famously.

((May I suggest that, if you do go through with this, you take your selected stamps down to the copy shop and run a trial? Some colours do not reproduce well - red is very poor much of the time. Also, stamps manufactured by certain processes (e.g. with glazed paper) don't work. Try it first, and pick a few alternates.))

Pat You gave me a hell of a scare with the fake issue. I haven't
Jensen been in a frame of mind where I keep copies of my orders, and I was a bit removed when I ordered my units. I did notice the overall flavor of those games (all NMRs, etc.), but wasn't sure since the real issue arrived a week later.

After three months of playing Diplomacy with only essential writing, I got the spare time back. Applying to colleges, and for financial aid, and'

three weeks missed at school in two months, is over. It looks like I'll be going to U. of Minnesota, Morris, full scholarship, and I'll put the make-up work off. Unfortunately, summer is coming, and that makes it tough to get off letters. (It's raining right now.)

As a native Minnesotan, I hate the cold of winter but don't think I could live without the white stuff. Maybe I'll move south and buy a big freezer.

((Wow! Full scholarship? Hey, that's pretty impressive in this day and age when everybody's leaning toward partials or loans. Congrats!

((Amazing, really, how many people from parts of the nation that actually have seasons insist that, while they hate shovelling snow and driving on icy roads, they can't live without the miseries. Think of the benefits of getting away from that. Out here, we don't rake leaves. We don't have to buy coal. There hasn't been a single day of my life when I couldn't walk out of the house when I pleased - no preliminaries like clearing a path, just open the door and go. And as for that fool Bing Crosby, what exactly is a "white Christmas?" Hell, last Dec. 25 it was 77 degrees, I gave my son a new bicycle, and he was out riding it without a coat at 9 a.m. And if you dote on the change of seasons, no problem; we have four of them just as you do: Spring, Summer, Late Summer and Early Spring.

((Of course, I've never built a snowman nor worn a mitten....maybe you could build a naked snowman in your freezer and flash it at everybody who shows up for a visit?))

Robert Having received a copy (Vol 10 No 17) from ((illegible)), I
 Check would like to congratulate you. While reading it in Oklahoma
 I found it makes an excellent flyswatter! I will keep it
 handy on the rest of my vacation.

((Strange. Anybody know who this person is, who sent me this mysterious postcard from Sallisaw, OK?

((Little does he realize - COSTAGUANA was designed with fly-swatting in mind. What the hell do you think I print ten extra copies for? By the time those ten have gotten soggy with fly guts, the new issue is out and I can start again.

((Oh yes. The item marked ((illegible)) was rendered thus on the back of the card by the postal cancellation.))

Jake I've noted the responses to the 'seat belt question,' and was
 Walters pleased to learn that most everyone uses one. Anyone who wants
 to go without one, or allow their child to go without one, should
 stop by my office. I have some photographs that demonstrate why the human
 form was not made to go through windshields, be thrown from vehicles or become
 part of the dashboard. On a personal level, a girl I was dating in college
 was killed - she was a passenger in the front seat without a seat belt.

harnessed.

((My own pet project for the safety-conscious engineers in Detroit (hah!) is the automatic non-speeding engine. It is perfectly possible to gear an engine so that the car driven by it can not go over 55 miles an hour. Some leeway is advisable, of course, to allow acceleration in an emergency, but there is no reason we who are likely to be at the receiving end of those turbo-charged monstrosities, need to permit them to exist at all. Aside from auto racetracks and perhaps law enforcement or emergency vehicles, I see no need for a vehicle capable of outrageous speeds. Okay, so it's our inalienable right to own such a thing. So what? It's also our inalienable right not to be squished by such a machine, and I suggest that the latter right transcends the former.

((I'm with you all the way on the insurance bit, Jake. How'd you like to refine it a bit more? No personal injury sustained by a person not wearing a seat belt, regardless of severity or fault (and excluding such innocents as minors and incompetents) is compensable by a jury award of damages. If that's a little much, we could moderate it a bit and say that a jury can award compensation only for actual damages - not punitive or general - and only proportional to the degree of harm that would likely have accrued to a similar plaintiff wearing a belt.

((For many years I have blithely assumed that this whole business would be solved eventually, a step at a time. Each year, I figured, we'd add one more safety regulation or factory feature - by legislation if no other way - and would devolve to a level of relative sanity and safety sooner or later. Now, I'm not so sure I was right. I felt the same way about the lunacy of firearms - attempting to understand why each gradual step at control was so small, but accepting that change was inevitably gradual - but now I see I failed to make proper allowance for our current Fool in the White House. Given time, or perhaps a successor of equally attenuated mental powers, he will quite possibly erode every progressive action we've achieved in the current century. Remember last issue my comments on Peter Sullivan's letter, where I suggested that there are drawbacks to a written constitution? Well, here's a big one. When the Second Amendment to our Constitution was adopted, there was an undoubted need to secure the individual right to bear arms. That was two hundred years ago, in the days of hostile Indians and an as-yet largely unsettled national government. The amendment is not only ludicrous in 1986, it is demonstrably destructive.

((I accept, and encourage, that each of us ought to have the right to commit suicide, any way we choose. But to take someone else with us, with a gun or a car or whatever, is not a right we should have, nor one that we need.))

John Walker COSTAGUANA 10/19 arrived just before Patty and I went on vacation with her folks. They are very nice people who pretend to be as interested in me as they are in they're daughter. (That's Elmer Hinton's influence at work there.) Having a brand new COSTA gives me a good deal to read, and having some time off from work gives me time enough to write to you with my comments.

First, of course, how many issues of COSTA are thier in a volume? (Get out of here, Elmer!)

By way of a "thank you" to the three standbys ((who took over for John during his cancer therapy)), I'm putting them on THE ALAMO CITY TIMES' mailing list.

In 1984HI, you were absolutely correct that my health prevented me from caring what happened, and it would have been a question I didn't need at the time (whether or not I objected to being replaced by another player's roommate). I also agree with Bill Quinn's need to mark the situation as special. Also, if David Pierce had objected, that would have been understandable. All I can say is, I'm delighted by the way everyone voiced there concerns (Elmer, quit that) and reached a sensible conclusion.

In 1985HE, Heidi should be bouncing back soon - and I'm looking forward to that! She bounces so well! Tom Ockert's remarks were most encouraging. My first press series was in Rod Walker's ERENWON a couple of years ago. Rod rejected my first witty press items, and explained that he was looking for a developing plot that supported continuing characters. That series has not yet ended! ((It doesn't help that ERENWON has folded.)) My second press series was in PERELANDRA. It ridiculed a couple of the other players but, I hope, only in a fun way - no malice intended. Heidi is my third series. Puffa's sex-laden press ((my doing, in ALAMO)) gave me the underlying theme (a dirty old man and an innocent, young, fun-loving girl). So far, every issue in a press series has taken me a long time to write. Trimming out unneeded words, setting up puns, finding the right phrase to set a mood, etc., all take effort.

With any luck the two games you kindly took off my hands will be off yours soon, and two of my three (as player) may end soon. This would reduce you're (Elmer's touch again) load by four games! Whether by design or chance, COSTA has become a reader's 'zine. I like it! If there (slipped one passed Elmer!) is anything I can do to make the load less of a burden, please let me know. I did notice how much you spent on stamps, and the peachy flesh-colored cover. (('Scuse me, that was SALMON!))

And on to game entry fees and preference lists. An idea I'm considering for T.A.C.T.'s next game opening is to let players bid on each country they'd be willing, or like, to play. For example, if you'd like to play Austria, you might bid \$10. If Germany is just 'okay,' you may bid only \$5 for it. If you think all the other countries stink, you wouldn't bid on them at all. When enough bids are in for a gamestart, the game starts. ((!)) I'll assign countries to get the most money for me...and return any excess. Minimum and maximum bids would be set at, say, \$5 and \$20. (Wow!) Sure, as a GM/pubber I can do what I want (and no one has to play either), but do you see any objection to this? It allows players to express their desires in a very meaningful way without getting stuck playing a country they didn't want.

"Associate with homosexuals," huh? Well, if I remember right, John Wayne "laid hands on" or "touched" a heck of a lot more guys in his movies than gals. And he lived in California! There (ha ha, Elmer!) must be something in there somewhere.

provide some recognition and be useful as qualification for some pompous-sounding event. But then this seems to be a rather informal, unstructured hobby.

Please be gentle to yourself.

((I suppose two things are worth noting before I comment on specifics.

((One: The above is heavily excerpted from John's massive missive. Some things I felt were best curtailed, e.g. comments on his strategy in specific games. I printed everything (once or twice rephrased) that I thought was open to the public.

((Two: The 'Elmer Hinton' jokes need a little clarification lest some poor soul be misled. Elmer is a bright and fascinating guy. But he does have a small problem: Sometimes (thank God not in his own publications!) his typing is - well, problematical. Shortly before I did my recent April Fool's issue, I received a letter from Elmer which was replete with some of the more exotic typing I've seen in a while. So I satirized it. Elmer has pretty well indicated that he took no offense - and certainly none was intended, I respect the man immensely - but it is probably best to clarify that John is merely satirizing my satire.

((Now to substance. How many issues in a COSTA volume? I've been giving thought to varying that; how about Vol. Ten has twenty, Vol. 11 has sixteen, Vol. 12 has thirty-seven....In truth, reality is almost as bad. Of the ten COSTA "volumes" intended to be twenty issues each, only three have been completed.

((As you well know, I'm a big fan of fun press series too. I don't quite see why Rod should impose a limitation - geez, let the guy try! - but then, I'm not he. I've done a few series in my day to, beginning in 1965 with the Andrzej Sawiczewski stuff for WILD 'N' WOOLY, and continuing to the present where I'm doing three series: "Puffa" for you, the ZSOS stuff for PRAXIS, and a new thing that I'm just now formulating for MAD POLICY. Tom Ockert was quite right, Heidi is quite spectacular, and that even disregarding the tape measure; please don't stop again. I had great hopes for the 'Suzanne' series in my other Gunboat game, but....

((Your proposal for auctioning off countries in a game list leads to no formal objection - there's nothing precisely wrong with it - but I wonder if anything significant would come of it. I suspect that there are really very few people running around who care all that much which country they play; certainly I'd think their preferences do not translate to dollars. My favorite position is Austria, yes; but not \$15 worth! I think I'd probably bid "five bucks for whatever country is left over after you sort out the rest of the bids," and I'd be willing to bet your other players would go somehow along the same basic lines. Do you happen to recall a speculative proposal I made some issues ago, to stagger game fees according to the statistical performance of the country assigned? The few people who commented on the idea, unanimously agreed that the idea was absurd. All agreed that the issue was really one of intensity of negotiation. This was tied in with the issue of preference lists versus random draws, and I well remember in particular Stephen Wilcox's notes (he prefers random, you may remember) indicating that a truly serious and good player can do well with any position.

I would be willing to bet that, given your \$5-\$20 bracket, you would find rather few of your bids much above the minimum. But, what the hell? Try it! It can't hurt, and I assure you I'll gladly put in my \$5 worth....

((I'm not sure I really want the distinction of "Senior Diplomat." It's too much fun meeting new people and having the attendant blast. And quite honestly, I doubt that my so-called "reputation" has much effect; ninety per cent of the people currently active have never even heard of me, much less any news of my being a "master player." I certainly meet your ten-year, fifty game criteria, but I haven't won twenty (or even ten) ever! Boardman hasn't played more than five, and his last game was twenty years ago - and he has never won! Rod, too, is no master winner; he operates the same way I do, he meets people and writes press and the hell with the tactics or the statistics. He and I are a squib more serious now than we once were, but not too much.

ROSS DEPARTMENT

((Hi, Patty!))

Ross and I are members of a group known as Indian Guides, a YMCA-sponsored activity stressing camping, nature craft and the like. It's intended strictly for fathers and sons. The head of our local group is a very nice gentleman named Euidio Del Conte, first name pronounced "eh-NEE-dee-eh."

Tonight in the mail, we got a new roster of the group members, and our name was misspelled. At first, Ross was very upset, feeling we had been slighted or something. But I explained that typing errors were no big deal, and he quickly calmed down. Then he began thinking, and a few minutes later he walked in and told me, "Daddy, we have to get that list fixed! Call Mr. Del Conte. Euidio-tely!"

OVERSEAS OPERATOR DEPARTMENT

Just a few minutes ago (today is May 28), the 'phone rang. It was a thick English accent on the line, advising me that his name was Malcolm Smith and that he was calling from Norway to see if I might be interested in playing in a variant game with him! I asked all sorts of asinine questions, continually punctuating them with amazed expletives that he would actually ring me from Europe at roughly five in the morning (his time), but we finally calmed me down and Malcolm told me that Ken Peel really did want to run the variant we had in mind. I said something stupid like "Well, why don't I ring Ken and get it set up?" whereupon Malcolm said, "No, don't do that.

British hobby (and the Continental too, if you read their languages) tend to be far more chatty than we are. And, if you don't like chat - well, why are you wasting your time with COSTA, the 'zine that gets chattier by the second?

I could easily recommend good overseas 'zines until I turned blue. Let me confine myself to three superior efforts:

1. MAD POLICY. From Richard Walkerdine, 744 Stoughton Road, Guildford, Surrey GU2 6PG, United Kingdom. Price by air roughly 90c a copy. I have for some time insisted that this is the world's best overall Diplomacy publication. It still is. No American should be without it, unless all you want to do is play games, in which case you ought to avoid me too. The letter column and attendant repartee are the essence, and there are also statistical compilations of British games that are well worth seeing even to an America-only player, for comparison as well as understanding of the trends of the broader hobby.

2. BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY. From Malcolm Smith, Granliveien 11, 1086 Oslo 10, Norway. In English. Malc is a writer without peer; his travelogues, game comment, discussions of his tribulations with a new computer, and just about anything else under the sun, are classic! This fat and beautifully-produced digest is a joy to read, and read again. No insult is intended when I say that the games are quite incidental; one gets this one to read Malcolm, not to conquer Europe. Specific cost unknown, but a good guess is \$1/copy by air.

3. O'EST MAGNIFIQUE. Yep, it sure as hell is! Young upstart Peter Sullivan (36 Bushey Hall Road, Bushey, Watford, Herts., WD2 2ED, U.K.) has rather quickly assured himself a major place in the hobby lists with a publication that seems incapable of anything but improvement from issue to issue. The occasional blur on his mimeo is a very tiny blot on an otherwise exciting - yes, really; exciting! - mixture of chat and good games. Peter has openings in an international variant which I plan to join, so come see me get stomped. Price, around 90c per issue.

The easy way to subscribe to these or any other overseas journals is to use the International Subscription Exchange. Send a few dollars (7 or 8 ought to do) to Steve Knight, 2732 Grand Ave. South, Apt. 302, Minneapolis, MN 55408-1476. Steve will arrange the transfer of funds to the publisher, and save you the hassle of an (expensive) bank draught or a (slow) postal order.

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I've been considering for some while the direction COSTAGUANA ought to take, as concerns game content. And I think I've latched on to the answer as it fits best with my wishes and desires. What we'll do, as current games wind up, is set the game load at eight. Once there, then - every finish, one open. We'll alternate openings between regular and variant, and the variants offered will be as diverse as I can make them. Next up will be the first ever (I think!) American section of Rather Silly Dip. This is

the game that nearly destroyed Walkerdine. The game that Denis Jones is threatening to inflict on us in an international version. The game that takes the regular board and adds a Soothsayer, Monstones, a Mastermind (if you answer his questions, you do better in the game) - all kinds of other screwy stuff. Estimated start time, September. Watch for rules.

THE MAILBOX CONTINUES TO FILL UP

Kevin You're right about Husker Du - crap. I first became interested
Tighe in New Wave for its humor. They take slow standards and play
 'em fast, and then take the fast songs and play 'em even faster.
Usually New Wave original songs aren't very good. If you ever feel in the
mood to experiment again, I can highly recommend....

((Well, we'll get to the recommendations when we get to the NILGAI game. But now I'm all confused. When it comes to rock, there seem to be a trillion different types...New Wave, Punk, Neo-Punk, Heavy Metal, Psychedelic...those are a few I've heard. I've heard lots more but can't remember all the labels.

((How do I know what kind of rock I'm listening to? In a way I suppose it doesn't matter, except in the sense that if I go out to experiment, and I have learned that I enjoy (e.g.) Heavy Metal but don't like (e.g.) Punk, then I can pick only groups that fall in my preferred category.

((Here are a few rock singers/groups I know a bit about. Some I like, some I don't. How would you (or any other interested reader) classify each:

Ozzie Osborne
Bo Diddley
Madonna
Men At Work
Deep Purple
Springsteen
Sha-Na-Na
Meat Loaf

(('Slow ones fast, fast ones faster,' eh? You sure you aren't thinking of Hermann Scherchen? Oh, by the way, the Husker Du tape I bought was 'New Day Rising.' Good? Bad? Unimportant 'cos it's all rubbish?))

Mark Postal situation: Typically COSTAGUANA was being mailed on a
Weidmark Monday and received here ((in Canada)) on the Friday of the
 following week (11 days). Your April Fool issue was mailed on
a Tuesday and received the next Tuesday (7 days). No. 18 also took 7 days.
Frankly, I have never received anything from California in less than a week,
so barring some freakish anomaly of efficiency, it could be that those little
green first class stickers are indeed chopping three to four days off the
time in transit.

obliterator to hand. I am a collector, and recognize the problem, and yet I slime through stamps with my pen all the time.

((The reality is that these days, stamps are mass-produced in such quantities that the damage to collectors by the occasional slobbering of ink strokes is infinitesimal. Particularly with countries such as the U.S., which may produce half a billion of any given issue, the complaints are idiotic. Now, if you were to take up collecting postally used stamps of Bhutan or Chad, or (in my case) Brunei, it's another story; those things are bloody scarce!

((Course, if you wanna talk about old stamps, things change. The most famous - and most valuable - rare stamp in the world, the 1856 British Guiana 1p magenta, is an aesthetic mess, with its sloppy pen cancel. Not much choice in this case, only one copy has ever been found, but I'm still waiting for some dolt of a collector to complain about this one!))

Mark ((Again! - different letter)) ((The reference here is to my Weidmark memorial essay to the 'Challenger' crew)) Do you remember the debate we had (you and I specifically) in the mid-seventies on the merits of the space program? You couldn't see the sense of it when there were so many problems deserving of attention at home, and I was right up there with Skylab and all that pioneering adventure. I recently read an article by a Canadian correspondent in Washington; it was by no means a typical reaction to the Challenger tragedy - the only one I read to cast a shadow of doubt on the merit of what those seven people were doing. But it has its point. Is technological advancement really doing anything to advance the fate of the mass of mankind?

((Heck, yes, I remember our debate! I also recall that you had quite a few endorsements from other readers of mine, and I stood alone. And it is only fair to remark that I really haven't changed my mind; I'd still prefer to see the immense quantities of money spent on space, rechanneled instead into such things as hunger alleviation, small farmer bailout, etc.

((I must clarify, though - and I don't mean to imply that you didn't make this distinction yourself - that there is a vast gap between support for the space program per se and support for the survivors of seven specific individuals. There is no question in my mind that those folks, and the other astronauts of all countries, are proceeding with an ideal to which they are thoroughly committed, and which they view in a positive and beneficent sense. They really believe they are pioneering man's future, and are helping to make things better for future generations. I accept their sincerity while disputing their conclusions. I am, frankly, beginning to wonder if man hasn't progressed sufficiently in some areas for all time. Maybe in certain realms it's time to stop seeking improvement and time instead to live with what we have.

((The current, and classic, example is nuclear power. Three Mile Island before, and Chernobyl now, underline the difficulties here. Ideally, the harnessing of the atom for peaceful purposes could benefit us all - but do we really need the benefit in the first place, and is the benefit worth the current level of risk?

((In one of my favourite 'small' journals, REDWOOD CURTAIN, editor Kevin Tighe regularly asserts the value of alternative energy sources which do not incur risks: Solar energy, wind energy, etc. I think he's right. With appropriate effort and commitment, these sources could easily deal with our fossil-fuel crisis, but the thrust seems to be 'bigger and better' instead of 'simpler and safer.' Granted, nuclear power makes possible all sorts of conveniences that cannot be had with solar energy. But do we really need such things? Would we all not be better off, perhaps, without our outrageous level of reliance thereon? I do not mean to suggest that we need to consider a reversion to open fires, horses-and-buggies and sundials. But: Consider. Of all the 'modern conveniences' you do not currently own, which do you absolutely have to have to be happy? And of those you do own, which could you just as well go without?

((Thus with the space program. Must we have it? What are our gains? Do we have to have the mineral resources on other worlds? If so, what's so bad about a little more conservation of what we have already? Do we need room for population expansion? Wouldn't a more active birth control program do just as well? These concerns, and many others, illustrate my underlying difficulty with our space effort - WHY?))

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INTERRUPTION

A major crisis has come to hand. Walt Buchanan warned me that it might; apparently his son Bill has hit him up the same way at some point. Well, now Ross has gotten to me, and I have a problem.

Nope, it ain't the Birds and Bees bit; that will come, I'm sure. This time it's the Armies and Fleets dilemma. Specifically, Ross has watched me produce this journal, and adjudicate its games, and has enquired:

"Dad - how do you play Diplomacy?"

What should I do?

I'm worried. I don't want to put him off, but I also don't want to explain the game to him in such a way that he will be put off by the implied violence, or made namby-pamby by the avoidance of the violence, or whatever. Could you help? Could you offer a few suggestions on how I might explain this game of ours to Ross - or, how Walt might explain it to Bill? It's not the mechanics I care about, Ross is perfectly capable of reading the rulebook. It's the essence, the spirit, the underlying motivation.

What, pray tell, do I say to him? All suggestions (preferably for publication) will be appreciated.

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I'm going to break off the letter column now and do the games. Once

a par. Has: a's pic, spa, par; f eng (4).
GERMANY (Michael Pustilnik, 140 Cadman Plaza West, #13-J, Brooklyn, NY 11201-1844): Builds a kie, a mun. Has: a's hol, bur, kie, mun; f den (5).
ITALY (Robert W. Greier, Jr., 35171 Gromley Road, Salem, OH 44460-9510): Builds f rom. Has: a's tun, pie; f's rom, tyn (4).
RUSSIA (J.Ron Brown, 1528 El Sereno Place, Bakersfield, CA 93304-4601): Builds a war, a nos. Has: a's sev, ukr, war, nos; f's run, sve (6).
TURKEY (Melinda Ann Holley, PO Box 2793, Huntington, WV 25727-2793): Builds f con. Has: a's bul, arm; f's con, bla (4).

The deadline for Spring 1902 moves (on file if checked here _____) is Saturday, June 28, 1986.

ITALY TO FRANCE: Fooled us this tim , bus soon, very soon....

ITALY TO BOARD: General Robert (Mussolini) Greier proclaimed at the TFB (Tortured French Bleeps) Charity Weenie Roast that France must fall to the civilized ways of the Italian people. He proclaimed these immortal words: "We will get those mothers - and, pass the onions, please!"

JAMUL TO BOARD: Okay, here are the onions, and...I'm lonely. Would you please introduce me to one or two of those mothers?

LONDON TO ST.PETE: Well, that's what he wrote to me. Maybe he's lying to both of us. Whom do you want to trust?

JAMUL: Johnny Carson? (No, that's before your time....)

AUSTRIA TO ITALY: Now, if I see an army in Venice, I'm afraid I'll have a conniption.

AUSTRIA TO FRANCE: Lucky guess? Or inside info?

JAMUL: Yes.

CONSTANTINOPLE TO VIENNA: Let's try to get it right this time.

ITALY TO FRANCE: It takes two hands to handle an Italian bleep.

JAMUL: Why is this, that I don't understand half of what goes on in this magazine of mine?

LONDON TO PARIS: Can you forgive me for those nasty sayings? Hope so. I'd like to be your friend.

TURKEY TO JAMUL: You want a tape of Austria's explanation? VHS or Beta?

JAMUL: Love to see it, but I can't use either of those. Have you got Masking?

// //

WHAT DID THE GRAPE SAY WHEN THE ELEPHANT TROD ON IT?

It didn't say anything, but it gave a little wine.

GAME 1985HE - The Delirious Dik-Dik - Fall 1903

Following Spring, the German fleet North retreated to Norwegian.

- AUSTRIA (John Walker, 4819 Corian Oak, San Antonio, TX 78219-1848 - this move per Jake Walters): a alb-gre. a bul (s) gre-con. a tri-bud. a gre-con. a vie-bud. f aeg (s) gre-con.
- ENGLAND (Simon Billenness, 61-A Park Ave., Albany, NY 12202-1722): a yor-hol. f nth (c) yor-hol. f edi-nvg. f nvy (s) nth. f bel (s) yor-hol.
- FRANCE (Robert Acheson, PO Box 4622, Sta. SE, Edmonton, Alberta T6E 2A0): a gas (s) bur-mar. a bur-mar. a par-bur. f pic (s) ENG bel. f eng-mid.
- GERMANY (Daniel Gorham, 800 S. Euclid, Fullerton, CA 92632-2613): a ruh (s) hol. a hol (s) ruh. a mun-bur. f den-nth. f nwg-nat.
- ITALY (Paul Rauterberg, 4158 Monona Dr., Madison, WI 53716-1662): a pie-mar. a ven (h). f lyo (s) pie-mar. f tyn-woo.
- RUSSIA (J. Ron Brown, 1528 El Sereno Place, Packersfield, CA 93304-4601): a sev-arm. a ukr-gal. a gal-sil. f bla-ank. f rum-bla. f swo (s) ENG nth-den.
- TURKEY (Robert Anderson, 320 Oceana, Oscoda, MI 48750-1418): a ank-arm. f smy-bla ((sic)). f con (s) smy-bla.

The Turkish fleet Constantinople cannot go anywhere, and is grunched.

Please note that, effective with the next move, John Walker will resume the play of Austria. Welcome back, laddie! And a great big huge round of thanks to Jake for his kindness in holding down the fort while John got irradiated.

As for the Winter, Austria gains Con and builds one. Turkey is even at two. Nobody else gains or loses a thing. So let's just move along.... The Austrian build, and Spring 1904 Moves, are due Saturday, June 28, 1986.

The 'phone connection was rotten, and I may have misheard Robert's Turkish move. Even if to Aegean, though, it makes no difference....

PARIS TO LONDON: Why do half you Yanks that I try to 'phone have unlisted numbers?

JAMUL: Well, but see on in this issue for a possible solution.

PARIS TO ROME: That's the price I pay for making a tactical error.

PARIS TO MOSCOW: You didn't notice his, but unfortunately Paul noticed mine.

JAMUL: You want an audience? I'll come notice yours too, if you like....

PARIS TO ROME: Paul, get on with your life, get that bar running, take another trip, and most of all don't forget to NMR!

DAILY BLATTER: The Great German Battleship "The Bismarck" is now at sea in

she was that Dr. Stein had come so quickly to her call. He appeared to be a man of many parts, seeming to combine the best of men from all walks of life. She knew that her now-unconscious boss had probably dug deep to find him, and that the self-made Dr. Stein would never go to pieces in a crisis.

Having found "F. N. Stein" in her boss' personal ledger, she had wondered about the several lines of notes that had been carefully inked over. She wondered if Dr. Stein had something shocking in his past.

But it didn't matter. He had come as quickly as a bolt of lightning... two bolts, in fact. The instant he had arrived, electricity had filled the air, and she was thrilled by the spark of his touch. She had explained to Dr. Stein the lack of cash in the house, and he had charmed her by saying simply, "Call me Frank, and we'll charge it." His eyes (one blue, one brown, both red and black) rested below a prominent forehead with a most unusual duelling scar. He was very much a lady-killer!

Taking the boiling water back to the library, Heidi was glad to see Dr. Stein straightening up after his examination. "Well?" she asked.

"Well, that was my examination, he replied. "Now we'll see about the patient."

His joke told sweet Heidi that the old man would be fine, and she smiled. But, still wanting a diagnosis, she raised an eyebrow and asked in a firm, no-nonsense voice, "Well?"

"Yes," he replied, glad that the old man was well.

"Yes' what?" she pursued.

"Yes....ma'am?" he answered, not at all sure what she wanted.

Realizing that there had been some miscommunication, Heidi controlled her irritation and asked carefully, "Well, how is he?"

Puzzled that she should now answer and ask the same question that he had just answered twice, the doctor, famed for his unique way of handling situations, explained very slowly, "He...is...well."

Relieved that Dr. Stein was not going to do anything to her boss, Heidi thought that she could take care of the old man now. "Thank you for coming, Dr. Stein. You must have other patients waiting to see you."

"Oh, my, yes. I have quite a following."

Hearing the yapping of dogs and the angry shouts of men, Heidi stepped to the window. A large mob with torches and sharp farm tools was surging toward them! "Ah, there's my following now!" explained Dr. Stein as he packed his bag.

"Those farmers from the mountains are your patients?" Heidi asked.

"Sure! The hills are alive with the sound of new sick!"

Groaning with disgust, Heidi voiced her concern. "Quick! Make a bolt for the door!"

Smiling, he replied, "No need for that. Use one of mine!"

As he reached toward the side of his neck, Heidi sang out, "No, you big dummy! Get out! It's a trap!"

"Yes, it's just von Trapp after another," muttered Dr. Stein.

"Please," Heidi begged, "We don't have time to play around, or it'll be surtains for all of us!"

"I know, I know," said the doctor as he left, "And I've got a long, long way to run...."

JANUL: On second thought, would Jake Walters mind keeping this position permanently?

FIRST FARMER (radioing to base on his C.B.): "We've got Heidi. Repeat, we have got Heidi. Over."

SECOND FARMER: "Roger. And hammer Stein over the head, and get him too!"

FIRST FARMER: "Really? You want him too? Gee...you live and Lerner. Love and behold, there he goes now!"

////////////////////////////////////

WHAT DO YOU GET IF YOU CROSS AN ELEPHANT WITH A MOUSE?

Exceptionally large holes in the floorboards

+ # +

GAME 1983CL - The Suicidal Suni - Winter 1910

The Russian fleet retreated off the board, thus giving Russia another build. And absolutely all of the draw proposals were voted down.

Adjustments: France built F Bre, F Mar. Russia built A Nos, F StP N. Turkey built F Smy. And Italy divested himself of A Alb and F Nap.

Spring 1911

FRANCE (Paul Rauterberg, 4158 Monona Dr., Madison, WI 53716-1662): a ber (s) bur-mun. a kie (s) hel-den. a ruh (s) bur-mun. a pis-tyo. a bur-mun. f mar-lyo. f bre-mid. f iri (s) wal-lvp. f nwy-nth. f wal-lvp. f hel-den. f nwg-nth. f mid-naf.

ITALY (Doug Baker, 1222 Jefferson Ave., Kalamazoo, MI 49007-3129): f tyn-ves.

RUSSIA (Edwin Henry, 31507 106th Pl. S.E., #S-207, Auburn, WA 98002-3084): a war-pru. a bud-vie. a boh-sil. a swe (s) stp-nwy. a nos-stp. f stp nc - nwy. f lvp-cly. f den-nth.

TURKEY (Ken Hager, 15434 Sherman Way, #2-114, Van Nuys, CA 91406-4239):

a tri-tyo. a ven (s) tri-tyo. a rom (s) adr-apu. a bul-ser. a con-bul. f any-eas. f gre-ion. f rum (h). f sev (h). f adr-apu. f ion-tun. f tun-ves.

Retreats: French F Nwy to Ska, Bar or o.t.b.; Russian F Den to Ska, Bal or o.t.b. Fall moves may be conditional on either or both of these.

And speaking of Fall moves - they're due Saturday, June 28, 1986.

RUSSIA TO WORLD (what's left of it): Watch while Rauterberg and I turn the north half of the board into hash. or worse....

GAME 1986AC - The Bisexual Bear - Fall 1901

AUSTRIA (Nelson T. Heintzman, 2255 Delaware Ave., #C-4, Buffalo, NY 14216-2621):
a gal-rum. a bud-ser. f alb-ion.
ENGLAND (Bart Denny, 1410 Meadow Vista Rd., Meadow Vista, CA 95722-9533):
a edi-yor. f nwg-nwy. f nth-lon.
FRANCE (David Anderson, PO Box 3761, Pontiac, MI 48059-3761): a bur-mar.
a spa-por. f eng-bel.
GERMANY (John Crosby, 1496 Washington Lane, West Chester, PA 19382-6871):
a kie-hol. a ruh-bel. f den (h).
ITALY (Robert Greier, Jr., 35171 Gromley Road, Salem, OH 44460-9510): a rom-
tun. a pie (s) PRE spa-mar. f tyn (c) rom-tun.
RUSSIA (Blair Cusack, 1208-1375 Prince of Wales Drive, Ottawa, Ontario K2C 3L5):
a nos-war. a ukr-rum. f sev (s) ukr-rum. f bot-swe.
TURKEY (Stephen Wilcox, 5300 W. Gulf Bank, #103, Houston, TX 77088-2906):
a con-rum. a bul (s) con-rum. f bla (c) con-rum.

Centres:

A: 4: vie, bud, tri, ser. Build one.
B: 4: lon, lvp, edi, nwy. Build one.
F: 4: par, bre, mar, por. Build one.
G: 5: ber, mun, kie, hol, den. Build two.
I: 4: rom, nap, ven, tun. Build one.
R: 5: nos, stp, sev, war, swe. Build one.
T: 4: con, smy, ank, bul. Build one.

Still neutral (4): rum, gre, bel and spa.

I do not believe I have ever seen a standoff of that magnitude around Rumania so early in the game. Wow! Was this a put-on to amaze your ol' GM?

Builds (only!) will be due Saturday, June 28, 1986.

FRANCE TO ITALY: Well, from my eyes you already look like a damn fool with no dignity.

ITALY TO AUSTRIA: Wut dus u tak me 4, a bone fido cuntree boy ediot? That stretigy wude onle led tu mi deaf feet.

JANUL: At last! Someone who writes like Malo Smith sounds!

TURKEY TO RUSSIA: Sorry, Austria got to me first.

TURKEY TO AUSTRIA: Okay, Greece is yours. Thanks for the help into Rumania.

JANUL: Er... 'excuse me, is my hearing aid turned off?

ENGLAND TO WORLD: I apologize for not writing last turn. Besides the fact that spring is in the air, I've been very ill. Diplomacy was just not on my mind.

FRANCE TO JANUL: All my clouds have a copper lining, for sometimes my strategy becomes nearly penniless.

JANUL: Line them with foam rubber. Then all attacks on you will bounce!

ITALY TO SWITZERLAND: Loud mouth. I had them all fooled, but your impassable ass warned the world. Maybe I'll build a B-1 in the winter and test your defenses.

ENGLAND TO FRANCE: Congratulations on helping me look the twit. Now, do you cherish the idea of a three-way against you? Seems to me our last word was, "The Channel is neutral for the time being." You've managed to rally all your neighbors against you in Spring 1909. Well played!

JANUL: It's a divine gift....

FRANCE TO ENGLAND: I don't remember writing F Bre-Eng. Really!

JANUL: I do....

// //

GAME 1984HI - The Extroverted Ecu - Winter 1909

Austria retreated F Ion-Tyn, and A Smy off the board. Then, Austria removed A Con, A Alb and F Gre. France built A Par, A Mar, and declined the third. Germany built A Ber, A Kie.

AUSTRIA (David Pierce, 13521 Pleasant Lane, Burnsville, MN 55337-2718):

a apu-ron. f tyn-wes.

FRANCE (Matt Fleming, 4158 Monona Dr., Madison, WI 53716-1662): a tri-ser.

a vie-tri. a lvp (h). a ser-gre. a bel (h). a ven (h). a gas (h).

a mar-spa. a par-gas. f ron (s) nap. f nap (s) rom. f eng (h).

f ion-tun. f lon (h). f smy (s) GER ank-con.

GERMANY (John Walker, 4819 Corian Oak, San Antonio, TX 78219-1848 - these

moves by Paul Rauterberg): a ruh (h). a bul-con. a rum-bul. a ank

(s) bul-con. a bud (s) ukr-run. a gal (s) bud. a tyo (h). a ukr-

run. a mun (h). a boh (h). a ber (h). a kie (h). f hol (h).

f nwy (h). f edi (h). f hel (h).

No retreats, and no press! Note that John Walker will resume play with the next move - welcome back; and a deep thanks for all your help, Paul.

Matt has moved, but dammit, I cannot find his new address! Well, I'm sure the old one will do for the moment....

Fall 1910 Moves are due Saturday, June 28, 1986.

Oh wait - there is some press!

WALKER TO FLEMING: You haven't told anyone about us being second cousins, have you?

visiting dignitaries. Upon meeting either girl, usually a visitor could only say, "What a pair!" Tonight, however, with a couple of foreigners on a double date, they made quite a foursome - and the guys were looking their best too.

The two men were Jake the Rake and Robbie Rambo. They had been on temporary duty and were now grabbing a little R & R. An occasional shriek from one of the girls revealed that R and R was not all they were grabbing!

As the evening's social whirl came to a close, the men invited the girls up to their suite of rooms. But the evening's revel had taken its toll, and they fumbled trying to put the key in the lock. As far as is known, neither one ever got it in.

JANUL: Oh well. There go my newsstand sales at Seven-Eleven....

-- -- -- -- -- OO -- -- -- -- -- OO -- -- -- -- --

(Linear separator illustrating Ilke and Elke)

GAME 1985Hrb32 - Richard M. Johnson - Spring 1904

All draws were defeated. And the two one-unit players have not been heard from (Italy was my ill-fated replacement, Jeff Zarnie, and Russia was Marshal Linder), so we'll let those positions lapse into anarchy.

Following this move, this game will return to John Walker's THE ALAMO CITY TIMES. If you've forgotten, John is at 4819 Corian Oak, San Antonio, TX 78219-1848. Telephone (512) 662-6048. Because John and I neglected to discuss deadlines, I'm setting an arbitrary one, and hope it works well for him. But if it hits badly, please don't be put off if the report is a few days later than you might expect.

Nobody who currently receives COSTAGUANA because of this game, will cease receiving it now that the game is back home. Oh, and by the way - Vice-President Richard M. Johnson now returns to his grave and oblivion; this becomes "Davy Crockett" again.

AUSTRIA: a ven-pie. a rom-tus. a tyo (s) vie-boh. a war (s) TUR ukr-mos.
a vie-boh. a bud-gal. a tri-vie. f nap (s) TUR ion-tyu.

ENGLAND: a stp (s) RUS lvn-mos. a edi-nwy. f mid-veg. f nwg (c) edi-nwy.
f nwy-sve. f den (h). f eng-mid.

FRANCE: a spa-mar. a bre-gas. a bur (s) pic. a pic (s) bur. f wes-tun.

GERMANY: a hol (s) bel. a bel (s) kie-ruh. a ber-sil. a kie-ruh. a sun
(s) kie-ruh.

ITALY (anarchy): a pie (h).

RUSSIA (anarchy): a lvn (h).

TURKEY: a ukr (s) sev-mos. a run (s) ukr. a sev-mos. f bla-con. f gre
(s) aeg-ion. f ion-tun. f aeg-ion.

No retreats. But, please read on....

As concerns the "NMR-ally" system that John originally had going, I have never used it during my tenure. Until now, nobody had sent any EXR orders! Well, this time some were sent, but they are not being used (for Italy and Russia) because:

- A. John never sent me a list of people's NMR-ally choices;
- B. I do not interpret the rule as applying to countries in anarchy;
- C. My replacement as France was never told of the rule.

Perhaps John would be so kind, if he resumes the system, to clear all this up.

For next time there are two proposals for voted conclusions: (1) A/T draw, (2) A/E/T/G/T draw. Votes with moves, please; under John's system, votes not cast count as 'no.'

The deadline for Fall 1904 moves and votes is Saturday, June 21, 1986. That is three weeks from this issue and does not coincide with COSTA games.

Finally - thanks, all of you, for helping this interim duty turn into a distinct pleasure. Sorry I can't get back in the game, but it would be a little queer, eh? I do, however, reserve the right to keep going with Puffa - but you really must excuse me this one time, I'm up against the wall just trying to get this issue out at all.

GERMANY TO JEAN-PIERRE: Is that what's called stripped and ready for action?

JANUL: Well, sort of. It might also be called "drooling uncontrollably."

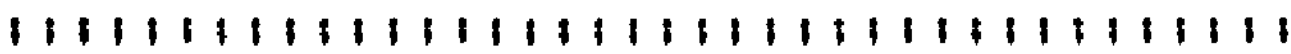
MR. X TO ENGLAND: Sure, you are right about the desperate need for an E-F-G triple alliance. You can see from my moves, I believe you. Had to go for Tunis though, either I get it or block up Turkey another year. My bet is I get it...no second-guessing, Janul!

JANUL: Las Vegas loves types like you....

GERMANY TO ENGLAND AND FRANCE: If I'm not attacked, my units will move east. This turn is purely defensive.

MR. X TO GERMANY: Hopefully, a triple alliance E-F-G. I will only build fleets in Marseilles if possible, and since I gave you Belgium, I have no intentions to attack you now. Your borders are safe from me. Meet you in Vienna - go for it!

JANUL PREDICTS: Assuming appropriate follow-up, the outcome of this game can be decided by one move. The move could have been made this turn, but wasn't; it can still be done next turn. Care to guess what it is?



~~.....~~ IV JANUL: Crafty strategy displayed by Germany. Leaving Denmark, Kiel, Berlin and Munich open makes him appear weak.

JANUL: Yeah, it's a classic strategy, oft-used over the years. I think they named the ploy "I Lost Interest"....

TURKEY TO RUSSIA: It's not that I really want any of your centers, it's just that I've never played Turkey and steamrolled Russia. I'd like to try, okay?

ITALY TO JANUL: Sorry 'bout that.

JANUL: Hey, no problem! I just work here.

LIBYA TO WORLD: Quick, mine the Aegean! Here comes Turkey!

PARIS: The streets were filled with joyful crowds of people at the news of the alliance of the English with the French. "It is like the old days," said one tearful vet! One young miss said, "My, but I would like to meet some of those good-looking English soldiers!" Still, an ancient one shook his head and said aloud for all to hear: "Never count your gifts until you have them!"

TURKEY TO AUSTRIA: Don't worry about your rear. I promise to protect it from Russian invaders and Italian despoilers. Your units and mine will fit snugly together, I can see it now.

JANUL: Isn't there a brand of diaper called 'Snuggles?' And don't we all know what they're full of?

RUSSIA TO SUZANNE; or is that Vienna: Please don't quit the game! Russia needs an Austrian friend. Maybe we can help each other. And don't listen to the vile thoughts of the French! Maybe there is some place we can get together and really 'see' each other. Maybe at the smallest river in the world? You know where that is, don't you?

TURKEY TO ITALY: Leave her alone! Allacking a fair lady who practically invited you in. If you were a true gentleman (or gentlewoman) you'd vacate Trieste and start worrying about France.

ITALY TO FRANCE: Are you trying to insult me? Don't you realize Italians are better lovers? Do you really believe the Brit?

LONDON TO VIENNA: Now if you moved into Munich - stay put. I'm coming to Kiel to give you a hand.

JANUL: At last! Someone who understands what's happening. Now would you tell me?

MARSEILLES TO NAPLES: Rat poison????!!!! Pizza????!!!! Now really, aren't they the same?

TURKEY TO FRANCE: I don't want Rome, I want Norway!

GAME 1985AJ - The Tergiveratory Tapir - Fall 1907

The draw proposal was vetoed. The Russian F Swe /r/ Bal, and the Italian F Ion /r/ Gre.

Note that, resuming with next move, John Walker is with us again, and a glad welcome to him - and a round of thanks for a generous Bob Acheson!

AUSTRIA (R. Jacob Walters, PO Box 1064, Brookline, MA 02146-1064): a tri (s)
vie-bud. a vie-bud. a ven (s) tri.

ENGLAND (Matt Fleming, 4158 Monona Dr., Madison, WI 53716-1662): a boh-vie.
a den-swe. a lon-wal. f nth (h). f nwy (s) FRE fin-stp. f swe-bot.
f tun (s) FRE ion.

FRANCE (John Walker, 4819 Corian Oak, San Antonio, TX 78219-1848 - this
move per Bob Acheson): a pru-lxn. a fin-stp. a tyo (s) ENG boh-vie.
a kie (h). a tus (s) tyn-rom. a mun-sil. f spa ec - wes. f tyn-rom.
f lyo-tya. f ion-aeg.

ITALY (Michael Pustilnik, 140 Cadman Plaza West, #13-J, Brooklyn, NY 11201-
1844): a bud-tri. f nap-rom. f apu-ven. f gre-ion.

RUSSIA (Doug Brown, PO Box 584, Penngrove, CA 94951-0584): a ser-tri. a gal-
vie. a sil-war. a ank (h). f stp n - nwy. f con-aeg. f smy-eas.
f bal-kie.

Retreats: Aus A Vie evaporates. Rus F Stp to Bar or out the window;
subsequent orders may be conditional.

Matt Fleming has a new address, but damnit, I've lost it already. I
imagine mail to the old address will get through nicely, though, and when
I find the correct thing, I'll let you know.

Centers:

A: 2: tri, ven. Even.
E: 9: lon, lvp, edi, nwy, den, swe, mun, tun, vie. Build two.
F: 11: par, bre, nar, spa, por, hol, bel, kie, ber, rom, stp. Build one.
I: 3: nap, bud, gre. Remove one.
R: 9: mos, war, sev, rum, bul, ser, con, smy, ank. Build one.

This isn't all that complex, save maybe the Italian removal, so just
write a trillion conditionals, and that way I can call for the Russian
retreat, all adjustments, and Spring 1908 moves on Saturday, June 28, 1986.

RUSSIA TO ENGLAND: Wise up, bloke! A Draw proposal is never going to fly
because France is not planning on taking a draw. Gee, when his current
armies in the east capture another two this year, he can build fleets and
have you outmanned 12 to 8. ((Almost!)) Of course, we'll likely just go on
our merry way until Russia is reduced from about 9 to 5. By that time, at
the current growth rates, France should have you about 17 to 10, and "WALLAH,"
a victory.

I'd suggest you propose next season that all draw proposal votes be

Yep, that's what this game is. It is not Nuptial Neuroses, nor is it Necropiliac Norseman, and it is especially not Ninety Nurfballs.

So. On with (for the last time), THE NILGAILEPTIC WARCO!

Two errors last time - one caught in time to notify you (via CLAM-O-GRAM), one not. A, there was no German retreat to be made. B, the Italian move F Tus-Pie should have been underlined.

Draw proposals failed.

Retreats: Aus A Tri-Alb; Eng F StP off the board.

At player request, we will hold to Winter orders only this time.

AUSTRIA (Dick Martin, 26 Orchard Way North, Rockville, MD 20854-6128):

Removes a vie, a alb. Has: a gal (1).

ENGLAND (Robert W. Greier, Jr., 35171 Gromley Rd., Salem, OH 44460-9510):

Has: f's bra, cly, nwy, nat (4).

FRANCE (Kevin Tighe, 2026 Agate, Eugene, OR 97403-1751): Removes f mid.

Has: a's tyo, mar; f's wes, lyo (4).

GERMANY (Paul Gardner, Rt. 1 Box 2338, Newfane, VT 05345-9734): Builds f

kie. Has: a's ruh, sil, sun, den, lvn, stp; f's kie, bel, lvp (9).

ITALY (Pat Jensen, 712 Minnesota Ave., Albert Lea, MN 56007-3621): Builds

a rom. Has: a's tri, ven, rom; f's tun, tyn, tus (6).

RUSSIA (Conrad Minshall, 3702 Tarragona Lane, Austin, TX 78727-6049): Has:

f swe (1).

TURKEY (Michael Pustilnik, 140 Cadman Plaza West, #13-J, Brooklyn, NY 11201-

1844): Builds a con, a ank. Has: a's ser, run, ukr, bud, nos, con, ank; f's bla, ion (9).

Spring 1906 moves should include votes on the following draw proposals: F-G, G-T, F-G-T and E.F.G.I.A.R.T. Also, if I do NOT already have tentative spring moves for you, I will check this spot:

All this rot is due Saturday, June 28, 1986.

Now to the NILGAI "where-did-I-change-ribbons?" contest. I should have realized that, as Dick pointed out, the process of photo-reducing the master obliterated any clues that might have been there. (I assure you, on the master it's quite clear.) The correct answer is (ooh, are you salivating?): The first item of carbon-film type is the line under the English order "f nwy (n) stp." The first actual word so typed was "FRANCE."

Nobody got it right, but let's see who got close. Kevin missed it by the most; he guessed the Turkish order a rum-gal. Pat came closer with Rus f swe-nwy, but as a practical matter they aren't even in contention. Next we come to the curious and difficult decision in analysis posed by Dick's answer: "A wild guess would be "A" as the first thing typed...."

Consider. Dick has typed a single letter of the alphabet, without relating it to any specific portion of the moves. He did have the decency to make the letter a capital, which narrows it a bit; nonetheless there are seven capital A's to choose from, and even if we give the poor sod the benefit of the doubt and pick the one closest to the correct answer - that would be the A in FRANCE, which is on a different line than the A in

ENGLAND but is nevertheless only thirteen characters (not counting spaces, which have nothing to do with ribbons, and not counting the carriage return, which Dick rightly points out cannot be taken into consideration) away from the proper point - we still aren't even in the ball park.

This leaves Michael and Paul. Now you'll have to pay very close attention here, because the extreme subtlety of difference in their answers gives us a clear-cut winner. Paul guessed the word "bre" in the English order "f eng-bre." Michael's guess was the dash in the same order. And thus, by exactly one space - or roughly two millimetres in the photo-reduced form - Paul has it.

Or does he? Let's try this from another direction...by actual linear measurement, it is one and seven-eighths inches from the nearest point of the correct answer to the nearest point of Paul's guess. However, it is a mere fifteen-sixteenths of one inch from the correct answer to Pat's guess, way down in the Turkish orders.

I find this one a very difficult decision, and I may have to contact an Ombudsman, but I honestly think that on the basis of Dick's principle of not counting carriage returns, thus rendering the judging an exercise in horizontal analysis - as if the whole thing were one long ribbon-like line stretching from my kitchen to a point just east of the neighbor's driveway - I must award Paul the win.

Actually, I probably ought to give Robert and Conrad consolation prizes for having the good sense not to get involved in this silly thing in the first place....

A NEW NILGAI QUIZ - Same prize as last time, one record or cassette of your choice, you pick it, I buy and ship - and, Paul, yours will be en route in a day or two -

Refer to Page 37 of this issue, and the game "The Suicidal Suni." Note the poor forlorn Italian fleet. Next issue will probably be its last move; for your quiz, predict the order issued next time for this fleet. For purposes of breaking a possible tie, you might also predict the order for the French army Ruhr.

PRESS TIME:

TURKEY TO JANUL: And what, may I ask, is wrong with "Dallas"? Your wife has excellent taste. "Dallas" is only topped by "Knot's Landing."

JANUL TO TURKEY: Oh, good grief. Somehow I just can't get excited about seeing how many different bullet holes J.R. can survive. I keep hoping J.R.'s real mother - you know, Peter Pan? - will swoop down and carry him off to Never-Never Land, from which he will (I hope) Never-Never return....

ITALY TO ENGLAND: Hang? I know one person who would like to see me hang....

JANUL: Who? J.R.?

FRANCE TO G.M.: Try using a half-line instead of a full line between press items, might save a couple of pages that way. And please, no smart remarks about using cocaine to save trees.

JAMUL: Last issue was typed on the electric machine, which has no half space. This issue, on the manual Spanish-keyboard Olympia, does, and I have indeed used it. I think I may have saved twenty pages at least. (Spanish keyboard, you ask? Sure! ~~LIHN~~ all of which would look better if I'd clean the keys.)

Cocaine to save trees? I don't get it. The only way to save trees is to stop chopping them down. What do we do, have a national contest? You don't chop a tree for a year, you get five ounces free?

ENGLAND TO JAMUL: Quite seriously, music is like sex with a lady. Sometimes you're in the mood for a slow seductive Franz kind of evening. Others, you feel the need for a Jeff kind of woman, a fast-moving, obscene evening. (My wife's got a lot of outfits, oh goody!)

JAMUL: True enough, but when she dresses up in her Franz outfits, I tend to gag on the wig powder.

ROCKVILLE WORM-MONGER TO JAMUL: Have I ever been sat on by a fat soprano? Matter of fact, I have. But he wasn't a soprano before he sat on me!

JAMUL: Well, if that's your style, it's just lucky he didn't sit on Ozis Osborne!

ENGLAND TO GERMANY: I hope in our next game we're allies, you're a helluva guy to fight against.

JAMUL: Next let him tell you about how he plans his moves while sitting in trees taking pictures of white slime.

ROCKVILLE TO "SUZANNE": Hey, your press didn't bother me in the least (well, it did, but in a good way). I suppose we're just not used to that sort of thing in this male-dominated but usually asexual hobby. Sorry you didn't get the response you expected, as your writing was quite good. My response, for the record, amounted to "Whoa!"

TIGHE TO G.M.: Now wait a minute! That special Haydn birthday issue back in March consisted only of his photo on the cover. Where was the article about the man's life and music? Boy oh boy, I can hardly wait for your special Bach issue!

JAMUL: Who needed an article? Just take a long look at that face; doesn't it just sing to you? No, actually, I ran out of time...and in any case, I don't want to dump too much on you at once. The near appearance of the portrait of a classical composer on the cover of a Diplomacy magazine was enough new ground broken for one year.

Of course, then there's this issue....

Owing to space and time constraints, I am going to postpone the various recommendations of rock (thanks to you all!) until next issue. This will also give me a better chance to buy, hear and evaluate.

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GAME 1986Bcm05 - WILLIAM RUFUS DE VANE KING - Winter 1901

As usual, press first in this one:

ANKARA TO VIENNA: We did, we did. Don't you believe me? I'm hurt by your lack of trust.

AUSTRIA TO ITALY: Say, that was cute! Prepare to eat it.

ENGLAND TO GERMANY: So how are you enjoying my press series "London Times?"

JANUL: Further installment to follow....

AUSTRIA: I seem to be up to my ears in Conrads.

JANUL: Don't worry. We're both changing our name to 'Alligator,' and then you'll be up to something else in us.

ANKARA TO TEHERAN: You said that you were going south, not towards Crete! Crete is urkish!

ITALY TO AUSTRIA: (illegible) (and probably unprintable anyway)

AUSTRIA TO ENGLAND: You aren't so boring after all.

LONDON TIMES: Prime Minister Anderson announced that the Liverpool ship builders have completed "The Yellow Submarine" to do battle against the "Blue Meanies." He said that it was just done 'Yesterday' with a little 'Help' from some friends, although it took a little more than 'A Hard Day's Night' and is now on 'Penny Lane' for special viewing. Luckily, the P.M. did not know many more songs to try and be punny with.

JANUL: Okay, let me try a few. Shortly after towing the submarine to "Frühlingsehnsucht" harbor, the ship's chief "Aufenthalt" Dr. Gurk strode up the "Lied im Grünen," shrilling "Hägare Klage" every inch of the way, until suddenly "Ganymed" leaped from the "Florio" and.....what's that, this makes no sense? But I thought all you had to do was take Schubert song titles and sprinkle them round....tch. Oh well.

The Game

A change to last issue's printed adjudication occurred, and was communicated to all players, owing to a late-arriving set of orders (or some such silly excuse). The changes were:

BARBARY: f was-spa no. f sac (s) was-spa.

a ven, f rom, f nap. Has: a's tri, pie, ven; f's rom, nap, cor (6).
PERSIA (John Crosby, 1496 Washington Lane, West Chester, PA 19382-6871):
 Build f jor wo. Has: a's egy, arm; f's jor wo, sma (4).
RUSSIA (Conrad von Metzke, 4374 Donald Ave., San Diego, CA 92117-3813):
Has: a's sev, geo; f's sve, kas (4).
TURKEY (Robert O'Donnell, Star Rt., 1, Box 732-37, Winston, OR 97496-9527):
 Build a smy. Has: a's bul, smy; f's aeg, ank (4).

Gamesmaster for this game is Simon Billenness, 61-A Park Avenue, Albany, NY 12202-1722. Telephone (518) 463-8485.

Deadline for Spring 1902 moves is **FRIDAY, JUNE 27, 1986**. Note that is one day earlier than for all other COSTA games.

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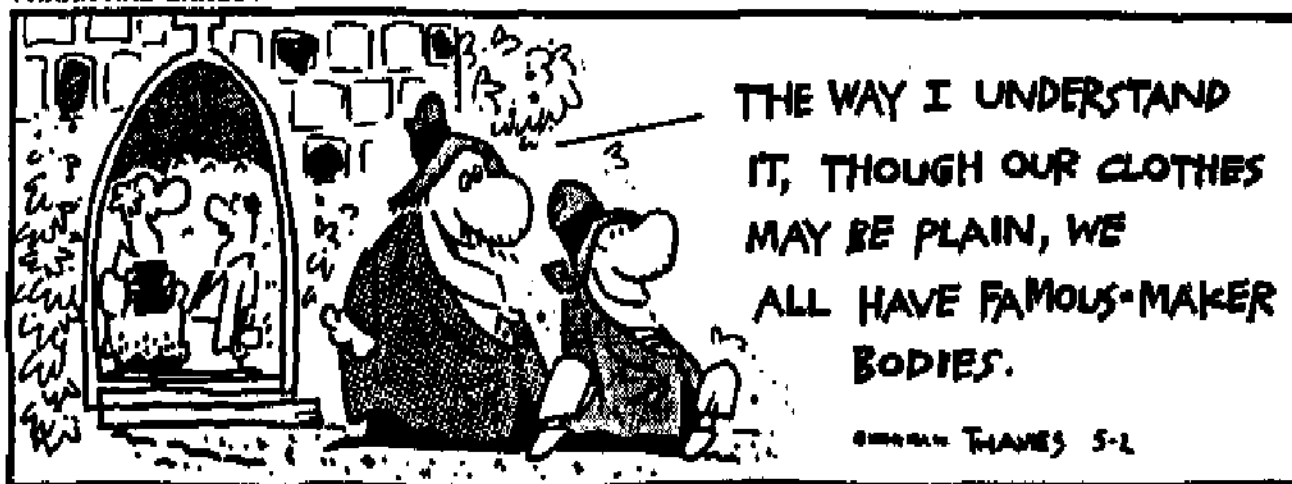
For some unknown reason, this issue has not proceeded as smoothly as I'd hoped, and as a result I'll be lucky to have it mailed on time. But we'll be fairly close. Obviously I need to get a bigger head start.

Next issue will involve more catch-up. It will also see a huge article by Elmer Hinton, representing his reply to Rod Walker's letter printed last issue. It would have been nice to get the reply in this time, but it was only received on the day of deadline, and runs to five pages. So the space will certainly be made available, as promised, but it can't possibly occur this round.

And so. Another typing marathon ended, another month's waiting ahead. I trust you'll all be back, and in the meanwhile be well?

FRANK AND ERNEST

Bob Thaves



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WOULD YOU LIKE A DATE?

No, my friends, this is not Leslie Lucas. In fact, the chick in above photo croaked many years ago. But she serves well to illu the inherent spiffitude of my family. The above is my Aunt Gretchen (1905-1980). Details next issue.

RATOR:

Conrad F. von Metzke
374 Donald Avenue
San Diego, CA 92117-3813
S A



Under the spreading chestnut tree,
The village smithy stands;
Soiling all the stamps above
With his filthy hands....

NDER:

Look for your games here; then,
For your good reading in PRAXIS.

VICTIM:

FIRST CLASS

	38	TAPIR	43
ARY	34		
K	35	COLFAX	41
	39	JOHNSON	40
	44	KING	47
	37	MARSHALL	(not yet)

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