



CARL MARIA VON WEBER
(1786-1826)

His title was a fake, too!



A COLLAGE. (You figure it out!)



COSTA
GUANATA



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¿Qué pasa, hombre? Ésta se llama COSTAGUANA, una revista chica del juego de mesa "DIPLOMACY" y desperdicios dinórficos, la que está escrito con máquina por Conrado von Metske de Friesner, "Tío Loco," 4374 Av. Donald, San Diego, California 92117-3813, EE.UU. N° de teléfono: En casa, (619) 276-2937. A la oficina, (619) 273-4830 o (619) 273-1208. Use Vd. las dos últimas solamente en caso de desesperación, ¿no?

Precio para suscribir, EUS\$ por 10. Si Vd. suscribe, no es necesario pagar más para jugar en cualquier juego quiere. Me gustaría también cambiar su publicación, cada por cada, para ésta.

For residents of states other than California, Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, Florida and New York, this message will repeat in five minutes in an English translation. Upon request, a Polish edition is available to residents of Chicago.

DEPARTMENT OF SOCIO-CULTURAL NON-ASSIMILATION: A recent event in San Diego County looms, for me, as a striking indication that we in this melting-pot country are really not yet all one with each other. An old American Indian (of the Barona tribe in San Diego), who had spent every single one of his seventy-three years living in a hand-made tent (San Diego Indians never lived in teepees, but this guy was apparently convinced that they should have done), rather suddenly and inexplicably decided last month to become part of the modern "paleface" society. He came down out of the hills into the urban suburbs and bought a tract home! And, contrary to all of his life's experience, he moved right in and tried doing the whole city-dweller bit.

For about three weeks.

Then, suddenly, he decided he couldn't stand it any more. So he rented a flat-bed truck, drove back to the reservation, loaded up his teepee-like tent, and brought it down to his new house. The intent, apparently, was to offload it in the front yard and create an "alternate home" just in case nostalgia took over, or some such. Unfortunately, the gentleman was a lousy driver, and in his effort to back the truck over the curb and position it, he swerved the wrong way and wound up backing the truck into his neighbor's lovingly-tended flower garden. Whereupon the neighbor, who had been dubious about this old guy anyway, got on the horn and called the cops.

At last report, the old Indian was in jail, confused and forlorn, and facing the serious charge of teepee-towing through the tulips....

DEPARTMENT OF MARGINAL ACCURACY: For those who give a flying one, I set my typewriter margins at 5 and 80 and go from there. It should be noted, however, that when I use the manual typer - the Olympia Spanish-keyboard, as I'm doing now - there is a short warning bell - a mere seven spaces - and so I keep one finger poised over the margin release, it being my choice not to hyphenate too often.

ANNOUNCING COSTAGUANA'S FIRST SUBXYN: For the first time in its twenty-one year history, COSTA is going to add a subxyn! (If you prefer, call it a "subzine.") Unlike most subxyns, however, it will not be produced by someone else; rather, I'll do it all myself.

It will be titled CATCH MY SMOKE, and will run games of "Railway Rivals" only. Any chat, letters, etc., will be confined to game-related items and/or news of other railway xyns. Nothing else. Copies will be included with COSTA if you want them, but only on specific request; if you have no interest in railway games, don't bother asking, you'd be bored anyway.

Subs are free, as long as you maintain a concomitant sub to COSTA. No separate subs (to SMOKE only) will be entertained. To play in a game, there will be a one-time game fee of \$2 per player per game. These fees represent royalties which I will pay over to the inventor, David Watts. Please note that David has not requested them; the royalties are entirely my own idea, represent my feelings about what an "amateur" inventor ought to be able to strive for in this hobby, and are intended mainly as a tangible way of saying to David, "Thanks for your thirteen-year effort to provide us with a batch of fun." I will probably institute a similar fee, for similar purposes, with Diplomacy in future.

To play, of course, you must have a game. The board and rules must be obtained from a commercial source; I cannot provide them. "Railway Rivals" is available nationwide in many game and hobby stores, at a cost of approx. \$17. plus tax. If you prefer, you may order directly from the U.S. distributor, Games Workshop, 9110 Red Branch Road, Suite F, Columbia, MD 21045.

If you prefer, I will be happy to sell you the game. I'm not a dealer, all I'll do is go to the local shop, buy one for you and mail it. Send me \$20 and specify parcel post or air mail; I'll ship it with either a refund of the excess postage or an invoice for the difference. (My cost for the game set is \$17.97.) I will supply postal rules to anyone wishing to play. If you are unsure of your interest in the game, and wish to know more, I will gladly send selected rules excerpts and a sample map - just enough to give you the flavour, but not enough to violate copyright - for a long envelope with 22c on it.

Note: Canadians may order games from me, but I cannot vouch for what Customs will do. (I will mark it 'gift.')

If you live outside the U.S. and want the excerpted material, just send a loose stamp (I can use it).

Initially, CATCH MY SMOKE will offer two games - one of each scenario in the commercial game (Western U.S. and Central England). Later, we may well expand to other areas, as demand indicates - apparently over 100 maps exist! Under no circumstances will SMOKE be allowed to exceed four pages. Moves will be every four weeks.

As a special exception, copies of SMOKE will automatically go to two people, and neither will ever be assessed a game fee: Bruce Linsey, who first piqued my interest in railway games, and of course H.E. Our Founder, David Glyn Watts.

If any of this interests you, please let me know.

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HEY! GUESS WHAT? The Postal Service have just released a truly gorgeous stamp issue - Polar Explorations. Four similar designs, se-tenant, honoring Greely, Kane, Stefansson, and Peary/Henson. At last! Good, clear color; precise modelling and engraving; and quality printing! Recommended! At your Post Office now. If they're out, tell the twits to get more!!

THE MAILBOX FILLETH:

((Actually, The Mailbox Keeleth Over with 92 kilos of Bloat))

Jim Your p.o.box / home address bit is confusing me. They can't
Burgess both have the same 9-digit ZIP code!
 ((They don't. The box is 92117-0602, the house is 92117-3813.
I MAY have caused some of the confusion myself, by mistyping one of them
at some point. Actually, it doesn't make the slightest difference which
of them you use. Whichever one is in your files right now is fine, and
don't be put off worrying about changing it or second-guessing it. All
mail to both addresses always goes to the same place - my hand, about 10
a.m., as I pace the floors at work.))

Jim I adore yourazine too ((yeeek! Another spelling of 'zine'))
Burgess but won't bore you with mutual admiration society stuff.
 Rod Walker's letter in 10/19 was his usual masterpiece. As
you know, I've been saying similar things, but not as well. I continue
to support both archives, and dream of the computerized future when
dipsazines will all be produced in that medium and be available for
browsing in an on-line medium. All my published material is saved on
computer tape already, all set to be deposited when such archives become
a bit more feasible.

I also enjoyed the discussion between you and Alan Stewart. I sent
him samples of my twoazines and I'm going to try and get him to trade.
COSTA ranks first among theazines I see, so anything you think better
(i.e. PRAXIS) must be worth seeing. I expect to be upset by the "Runestone"
poll for such the same reasons you will be. You'll finish in the
top three ((I seriously doubt it)) and myazines will place far too high.
I have been complaining for years that the Runestone doesn't tell anyone
anything because each person rates theazines on different criteria. I
expect to be overrated because of printing quality, something I barely
work on and care nothing about. I'm trying to build letter columns that
aren't yet 1/4 of what I want them to be, and that's what's most important
to me. That, and the personality of theazine. On the current inflated
scale, I would rate myself about a six for each. I intend to grow slowly,
and in control, and I have no desire to have my ego overinflated by a
better rating. Do you have any idea what I'm talking about? ((Heck yes!))

Anyway, as a first step I'd like to see the Poll split into four
categories:

1. Promptness. This is a big excuse for undeserved low ratings. Even
if aazine doesn't come out on time, it might be worth reading. Let's
throw this category out to separate the prompt warehouseazines from the
tardy readers'azines.

2. Quality of Game Offerings. To some people, the games are everything.
Let theazine with superior game offerings be recognized as the master at
what it is trying to do. Many goodazines that do this are overshadowed,
but are vitally important to Dipsoidom.

3. Quality of Layout. Some people lay out beautifulazines and really
work at it (Greg Ellis and FENILLETONIST'S FORUM come quickly to mind). They
should be recognized for that effort. I also bring this up because Greg
is depressed at how myazines look compared to his. Let me assure him that
his format is much more pleasant than mine. I've got lots of flashy form,
but no substance...it's a mess.

4. Features and Personality. I rateazines (when forced) on this attribute alone. I also don't believe that to be fair, and as soon as this year's poll is over, I'm going to begin asking that next year's rules be changed.

These thoughts are still preliminary, but I wouldn't mind seeing some discussion. I'll be going public on it in YES, VIRGINIA, THERE IS A SANTA CLAUS, but that has pretty limited circulation and you have an interesting cross-section of readership. I should also note that some of these ideas were pulled from a discussion in MAGUS last year.

((Jim has more letter, and we'll get back to it. Let me respond to the foregoing: On Rod's letter, you'll see my comments on it, and Elmer's reply, and Rod's rejoinder, later on. I agree that Rod writes a persuasive bit, and much of what he says makes a lot of sense. I do not agree that there is any rational purpose served by raking Elmer over the coals, and to the very great extent that Rod's letter does this, I object strenuously.

((I am extremely fond of PRAXIS, as you've gathered, and consider it superior to COSTA in one respect that, for my money, overwhelms all else: Alan's personality is such that every inch of writing is simultaneously structured and free. He imbues every page with himself, but never overwhelms. And the structure causes the whole to flow smoothly at all times. COSTA has relatively little structure, and that is precisely why I like PRAXIS - and MAGUS, and IT'S A TRAP, and EXCELSIOR, and a couple of others - better. I hope, for both your sakes, that Alan agrees to the trade.

((I don't entirely agree that "Runestone doesn't tell anybody anything," but I accept that improvements are possible and ought to be considered. I very much like your category idea, given that each 'zine is given the opportunity to compete in all four; it makes a tricky matrix to use for determining an 'overall' winner, but it is certainly workable.

((The big problem is, and always will be, that in many cases we are trying to compare apples to oranges. There is no way in the world that DIPLOMACY WORLD ought to be held up against the amateur fanzines such as this one; by all rights, DW ought to carry the field every year, and its failure to do so strikes me as a near-total repudiation of it. Similarly, to place EVERYTHING head-to-head with MAGUS is idiotic; the two are in the same hobby, but are in all other ways totally dissimilar, and cannot possibly be rated on comparative criteria.

((As it stands, "Runestone" is a popularity poll, with an edge to the higher-circ efforts. In and of itself, there is nothing wrong with this. But I do think it could be of greater value, at least in terms of the valid interpretation of the results, if some subdividing of votes were done. See last issue for my own, more simplified, position.

((Apart from your very persuasive categories, Jim, I'd like to see a little categorization by magazine type. For instance: "Professional" hobbyzines, like DIPLOMACY WORLD, ought to be grouped together; pure statistical efforts, e.g. EVERYTHING and THE DRAGON'S LAIR, ought to be similarly subgrouped; and perhaps the so-called "mainstream" zines ought even to be cast into groupings according to circulation: 1-25, 26-75, 76 up, something like that. Criteria for rateability in each grouping could thus be staggered to give each group a rational chance.

((I really dig your idea of a forum on this. We have a whole year; readers, please, let's all hash out our ideas and see what we can come up with in the way of poll improvements, or in the vein of establishing that things are okay as they stand. The house rules forum stops this issue anyway; for next issue, let's try "Runestone Poll Forum." Ready? Goll

((I deeply appreciate your expression of fondness for my little xyn, you aren't the only one who has told me it's their favourite. It is not, however, my own. I do not believe I am guilty of false modesty when I suggest that the following xyns will finish ahead of COSTA in this year's poll: In no particular order, EXCELSIOR, MAGUS, PRAXIS, IT'S A TRAP, PERELANDRA, DIPLOMACY DIGEST, DIPLOMACY WORLD. Maybe more; I understand NO FIXED ADDRESS is superb, but I've never seen it; and MURD'RING MINISTERS certainly deserves a high rank and may well get it (I hope). Several others are deserving, but I suspect they won't see the top ranks for one idiotic reason or another. In any case, ranking every publication known to me, and taking the one or two 'big names' that I don't see on faith, I suggest that COSTA will finish twelfth.

((In fact, let's go wild. Here are my official, unbiased (sure!) Top Ten predictions:

((1. MAGUS. 2. DIPLOMACY DIGEST. 3. DIPLOMACY WORLD. 4. NO FIXED ADDRESS. 5. THE DIPLOMAT. 6. IT'S A TRAP. 7. EXCELSIOR. 8. PRAXIS. 9. PERELANDRA. 10. MURD'RING MINISTERS.

((Of these, I will object to only one: DIPLOMACY WORLD. Considering its orientation, it ought not to be competing at all; and, considering its quality vs. price, it isn't all that spiffy. Worth having? Yes. Worth subscribing to under the Peery regime? Certainly. But, in the balance, a candidate for top honors and worth \$3 a copy? Pepperoni!

((New subject: Computer capability. I'm an old-timer; personally, I like the "archaic" mimeo or ditto efforts. I understand your point on making the body of Dip literature accessible on computer, but I wonder if the majority of it is really worth such preservation? In one sense it's jassy to have the complete history of our hobby at our fingertips, but on the other hand, a certain amount of it is deservedly forgotten and would contribute nothing if preserved. Do you really see any need to be able to punch up complete runs of LUSITANIA? BIG BROTHER? THE GRAND CLIMACTERIC GREETKRPILLAR? To name but a few crappy ones. I don't.))

Roberto I hope you are well and that things are moving along just nicely.
 Della Many thanks for 10/19 of COSTAGUANA, another truly splendid publication from the index fingers of your left and right hands!
 Salm Can you tell me if I've sent you any money yet? I can't remember....((Frankly, considering the outpouring of your letters, who cares? You just keep participating, I'm happy....))

The problem with society today is that we live to timetables and schedules, work to and live by set routines, and have generally become 'human robots' to fit into these patterns. To an extent the hobby is being influenced as well, since wherever you turn within the hobby, somebody somewhere is trying to centralise the damn thing! The argument is that Elmer Hinton has to "prove" himself, and statements such as "authorized succession" and "hobby concensus" were used.

The postal games (+ Diplomacy) hobby is what its name suggests - a hobby. It has no set rules, just common-sense ones, and if we allow 'centralisation' to occur then I feel the hobby will begin to suffer.

Duplication of hobby services is not such a bad thing, since should one service be ineffective or useless, there is always a second to take its place. The hobby services are not fighting each other in a competitive market, and there is no need to!

A monopoly is not a good thing, since should things go wrong, no-one can effectively do anything about it. An open, free market is bad in that over-replication can have inverse effects, i.e. hobby services would swap hands frequently since the services would be spread among many people. What is required is an oligopolistic market where there is a limited amount of

competition within the market that will keep the services and the people who run them on their toes, since should they slack, there is someone else who can easily take over!

Also, since no one person owns the hobby and has absolute authority, why shouldn't people like Elmer start up their own services? After all, who is Rod Walker, or anyone else for all that, to tell Elmer or anyone what they can and what they can't do?

In Britain, people like Richard Sharp and Richard Walkerdine may be considered to be, or even consider themselves to be, the hobby's elder statesmen or 'hobby stalwarts,' but it's not a position they hold! (I'm not saying either is!)

There can be no one authority in such an extensive hobby. It will be a black day in the history of the postal games hobby when we have little Hitlers walking round giving commands and setting standards...let's keep the 'hobby' a HOBBY!

((If ever a letter had been written to me with which I agree without qualms, this one is it. I offer one, and only one, slight reservation: In the interests of consistency, I suggest that the "hobby service" functions of game numbering - Boardman and Miller Number functionaries - do not admit multiplicity, in that only chaos - and no conceivable benefit - is the end. Otherwise, Roberto, you are absolutely correct, in my estimation.

((It is a fact that the so-called "old-timers" in this hobby tend to think of themselves as somehow 'special.' That's not invariably true, e.g. I see no such tendency in (say) Fred Davis or Steve Cartier, but it does seem to obtain with certain people - particularly some of those who have at one time been kingpins and have long since ceased to be such except of course in their own minds.

((Rod's efforts to sideline Elmer are but one example. An even better one can be cited in the so-called "codicils" to the Custodianship of the Boardman Numbers. It is held by some that if ever the continuity or the integrity of the numbering system is in jeopardy (God only knows what this means!), it is the prerogative of the past Custodians to reclaim the Numbers from those who currently hold sway. For instance: Dr. Bill Quinn is the current Custodian in North America; I am a former holder of that position. By these supposed codicils, if ever Bill screws up - presumably this could range from making a ruling I don't like to appointing a successor I can't abide - I can summarily waltz in and take the job back, no questions asked. On this basis, Bill would have to be constantly on the lookout over his shoulder, lest he do some silly thing I didn't like - or Charles Wells, or Rod Walker, or Doug Beyerlein, or John Boardman himself - and be summarily booted out of his job. There is no possible way he could function on those terms, and it is both idiotic and insulting to suggest that he do so.

((In reality, these 'codicils' do not exist, have never existed, and represent nothing more than the imbecilic clinging to faded 'power' by some who once held sway but do so no longer. And the same is true with any supposed 'control' over who is an official Archivist and who isn't. If Elmer Hinton wishes to be a hobby archivist, he need only so declare himself such, and proceed to do something appropriately archivistic. He does not need Rod's blessing, nor Larry Peery's, nor Walt Buchanan's, nor anyone else's; the one and only criterion for Elmer Hinton to be a hobby archivist is whether or not Elmer Hinton has an archives. Period. If he does, he is. If Rod or Walt says he isn't, then that statement - plus fifty cents - amounts to the sum total of one cup of coffee at Howard Johnson's.

((Just imagine the hysterical chortling that would ensue if I were to write the following: "Dear Bill Quinn, I find your appointed successor unacceptable, therefore I am reclaiming the Numbers...." More pompous, one cannot get!))

SEVEN (UP)

Steve Langley Thanks for the MAGUS plug. Funny thing, I feel quite the same way about COSTAGUANA. By the way, when are you going to abandon the fiction that an average issue of COSTA runs 24-28 pages?

((Do you, dear readers, have the slightest idea what a boost it is to my ego to have such a letter from the editor of the xyn I consider to be the absolute finest in North America? Wow. I am aglow, I kid you not.

((If there is any reader who does not currently subscribe to Steve and Daf's MAGUS, he or she is an idiot. Send five dollars to them at 2296 Eden Roc Lane, #1, Sacramento, CA 95825-3350. If you regret doing it, you are guaranteed a full and unquestioned refund - from me!

((As to the 24-28 pp. 'fiction,' it's merely my version of truth in advertising. There will come a point, very soon I fear, where I will be financially unable to sustain my current pagination. When that time comes, I don't want anyone whining about how I didn't warn them. Vol. 10 No. 20 cost me, all told, about \$170. to produce and mail. I do not have that kind of disposable income every month; sooner or later, Ross and Eric will starve, Jean will divorce me, and the MasterCard people will haul me into court. You may rest assured that a reduction in issue size is imminent.))

Evans "A few minor complaints"...editorial reply:

Givan 1. I'm tired of hearing about how oppressed left-handed people are. So you smear your ink. Is that my fault? No. It's your own fault for writing upside-down. Not for being left-handed. Learn to hold a pen; then complain! I've met, over the course of many years, a lot of left-handed people. Most all of them try to fit into normal society. Very few do. Have you ever seen a left-handed pool player? It's downright comical. Or a left-handed guitar player? Only Paul McCartney was able to pull that one off. So, face up to it. You ain't normal. You are what y-- are, and you ain't what you ain't.

2. So you have a two-word last name and you wonder why the rest of the world thinks you a bit strange? 300 million people manage, somehow, to get by with only one word for a last name. But not you! No, you have to make some kind of identity statement with your name. Next you'll want to hyphenate your wife's maiden name onto the Matske. Then you'll really be amazed at how stupid the rest of us are.

Well, for your information, your problem is computers. Like at the Department of Motor Vehicles. They want, and are programmed for, single-word last names. Makes it possible to sort ('alphabetize' for you music-lover types) everybody into lists where they can be found. On a computer you gotta have a standard. Everything has to be done the same, and blanks in the middle of last names is almost universally frowned upon. Also, so is a mixture of upper- and lower-case letters.

I don't mean to imply that all the computers in the world couldn't be reprogrammed to accomodate you and the few others like you. But it would cost a lot of money and time. Who would pay? The same people who always pay, I guess. The ones who don't complain.

So, the next time I wait in line at the Post Office while all the clerks are looking for some Scotch tape to put up the ad to buy stamps for collecting, I'll have a measure of revenge. I'm a programmer. I helped make your double last name a source of irritation to you. (Too bad Gary Coughlan isn't a "Von" or a Mac")

3. I don't care whether you have a tree in San Diego. Move up here, to Sacramento, if you want trees. I wish we had a beach in Sacramento! Tell you what. I've got a whole bunch of trees in my yard. You've got a nearby beach. Let's house-swap sometime.

4. Now get serious. Cars don't croak. They don't wear out. You, the owner, use them up. Left alone, a car would stay in relatively stable condition. You have used up your car, through use, neglect, or mistreatment. It can hardly be the fault of a city. Do you and Steve Langley have the same Logic class or something?

((Well, golly. All I did was express my personal relationship to certain aspects of the human condition, and you - Doberman-like - go straight for the throat!

((Well, this ought to be rather easy to deal with. Inasmuch as it is obviously an offence to you that I am left-handed, I shall immediately change. I'll take great pleasure in using my right hand to hand-letter your copies of COSTA from this moment on. I'll pay particular attention to game reports for the game you're in. Hell, if my mom can change, I can. In her day the schools forced left-handers to write right-handed, and the results were frequently illegible. My mother's scrawl is a good example. Sorry, mom; but, at least now you know why I never obeyed all those "pick up your toys" notes you left for me; I couldn't read them!

((Actually, Jean and I once gave some thought to a hyphenated name. I even considered doing a little rearranging so that the result would be the rather fascinating "Metzke von Kaplan." We decided against it mainly because we realized the mess that would be created; for instance, children have enough trouble in this world without being saddled with a monstrosity like that! I still insist, however, that (to paraphrase Dale Carnegie) "a person's name is his most precious possession," and I think our society must needs make allowances for the eccentric examples of that preciousness. If it does not, we will eventually wind up as a planet of mindless robots, with every single working person a computer programmer or some similar vegetable. Just out of curiosity: You say that it would be possible, albeit at cost, to program for two-word names such as mine. Could you also program to deal with names such as Nguyen Van Truong, Lee Kwan, and Ferencsik Janos, where in each case (Vietnamese, Chinese, Hungarian) the surname is the first of the words?

((You wanna trade houses for a while? Hey, baby, I'm game! You are welcome any time, and please accept all our beaches with my compliments. My only insistence is that you also accept what goes with those beaches: Drunks and hopheads, loud radios, broken glass, and (bayside at least) gross pollution. I have not been to the beach in twenty years. If I never go again, it will be too soon. Except maybe at night in the rain, which I love!

((And finally, on autos: Well, yeah, I gotta give you this one. I did wear the little beast out, all by myself. Perhaps it would have lasted longer if I'd been a little more careful. For instance, it never got its first tune-up until it had almost 50,000 miles on it. Is that bad? And I heard something the other day that it might need an oil change. Gee. So that's what that red light on the dash means! I thought all along it was reminding me to lubricate the squeaky door....))

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ROSS DEPARTMENT: (Hey Patty, this one is interesting, but it isn't funny)

Two facts are needed to fully appreciate this anecdote: (1) Ross was named for my father, "Grandpa Ross," and (2) Ross (my son) has a very strong sense of 'family' and refers constantly to his concept of that unit.

In spite of those facts, it came as a bit of a startlement to me the other day to be told, "Daddy, this summer can we go visit Grandpa Ross?"

This request is unusual principally because my son Ross has never met his Grandpa Ross. This is because Grandpa Ross died in 1972, seven years before "little" Ross was born.

Now, we've told him all the details; he knows that one of his grandparents is dead, and he even knows that he's buried in "a cemetery on King St." No, my son is not confused; what he wants to do this summer is go visit the grave.

I'll do it, of course, but this could get a little tricky. I think Ross is expecting a grassy knoll with a big bronze plaque, maybe even a photo and a batch of flowers. He'll get the grass, but beyond that he's going to get an enquiry at the office to even find the spot, and when he gets there he'll see what amounts to a survey marker. We are not big on honoring the mortal remains of the deceased around here; memories and spirits and teachings and heritage, yes, but not molecules. And so my father's funeral was intentionally based on the concept of 'cheap,' and whatever hasn't become topsoil by this time is marked only by the charts they keep at the cemetery sales office.

This will be an interesting pilgrimage. I think I can deal with the obvious visual questions that will occur ("How come Grandpa doesn't have a big statue like that one over there?"), but I'm not so sure about my ability to handle the more subtle ones ("Are we really standing on top of Grandpa? Are we hurting him? Can he see us? If we started digging right here, would we see him?") Wish me luck....

ERIC DEPT.: As an extension of the above, it is notable (to me at least) that Eric exhibits few if any of the same sentiments. Ross is a very sensitive, at times almost (don't laugh) ethereal, child. Eric is no such thing; he's bright, but we do not waste our time using the words 'Eric' and 'subtle' in the same sentence.

Grandpa Ross made furniture, and a small end table that he built was until recently in Eric's room. But one day Eric got mad and pushed the thing over, and the table was just old enough that one of the legs broke. There is no reasonable way to repair it, so I've tossed it out.

When Ross heard about this, he was livid. "Eric! You broke Grandpa's table! We can never ever get another one! Aren't you ashamed?"

And I swear to you, Eric replied: "No, Ross, I'm not 'shamed. Grandpa Ross is dead. He doesn't know I broke his table!"

And to you, dear reader - don't get upset for me. I haven't stopped laughing yet! For one thing, who can possibly get angry at a four-year-old being cute and honest? For another thing, Grandpa Ross turned those little end tables out like water. I have two more - and my mother has six!

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THE LATEST "BUSHWACKER" provides the first notice I've taken of the so-called Diplomacy World Raffle - buy a ticket for \$1, maybe you win a prize. I am absolutely all in favor of fund-raising for DW, it's a worthy cause, but to do this one through the U.S. Mails the way it's being done is illegal. This is because you must make a \$1 donation to be eligible. Now I have no intention of squealing, and I doubt anyone else will either (I hope not!), but by the same token I can hardly endorse violation of the law and of postal regulations. So I strongly urge you to ignore this raffle.

However, any reasonable DW fund-raiser that stays within the statutes has my full support. Any schemes I hear about, I'll let you know.

bravo klaus TENstedt!

Fred Davis Re: Stamps. Several years ago, I complained to the Catonsville, Maryland, post office because the only coil stamps they had were the boring American Flag ones. "Don't you have anything but flag stamps?" I asked. "What's the matter, you a Communist or somethin'?" said the clerk. I do buy commemorative stamps for my Canadian readers, but it's too much work to do all of my stamps by hand when the Postafix machine does them in 1/4 the time. I just wish they'd get something besides flags in coils. You never mention Postafix machines; mine is now 13 years old and still working great.

We get a very poor selection of commemoratives in Catonsville. Sometimes they don't even carry standard stamps. Once, the girl tried to tell me that there was no such thing as a 37c stamp any more. I said that that was the rate for sea mail to Europe. "Nobody sends mail to Europe by sea mail no mo'" she replied. "Well, I do," I said. I wrote a letter to the Baltimore postmaster about this. Now, they carry 37s in their drawers.

((Postafix machines are little hand-held plastic devices that dispense stamps one at a time, pre-moistened. Just position the thing over the letter and push; works like a chara. And if you aren't rough, they last forever. They'll hold coils of 100 or 500 (but not 3000).

((Stamps other than Flags do come in coils but are rarely stocked as a matter of course; they must be special-ordered, and the easiest way to do this is get a Stamps-by-Mail order form and send it to the nearest Philatelic Center (Baltimore undoubtedly has one, as does Washington of course).

((I hate to tell you this, but the Catonsville clerk (the second one) was 98% correct. Practically nobody uses sea mail to Europe, at least not for normal-weight letters. In most cases, stocking 37s is a waste of time; they never sell. And in truth, there is no 37c stamp currently in print; it has been discontinued, and the only ones around are the leftovers that haven't yet been shipped for destruction. Sooner or later they will be, and then you're out of luck. After that, you'll have to combine 20c and 17c, or 30c and 7c. Good luck finding a clerk that stocks 20c or 7c any more; there is no current rate requiring either and they aren't commonly carried.

((I know exactly what you mean about stamp-licking by hand being time-consuming. Think of what I've gone through lately, manually affixing five or six different stamps to each of eighty-odd copies, just to get some color and variety. Hmm...maybe I should revert to flags after all?))

Bob Olsen I have been very remiss in not writing since you started sending me your zippy (to tell the truth I'm not quite sure why you did... John Walker said to, or something? Gee, that was nice of him). ((Actually, John even paid me to! Full, paid-up sub, for...er...well, quite a few more issues, anyway.)) So time to put that to rights with some miscellaneous ramblings.

You should be more careful with these wild charges about being "tallest person in the hobby." Haven't you heard of Mike Mazzer? He's 7 feet tall if he's an inch, though it must be admitted that I have not measured this directly; just as men used to measure the heights of vast and lofty mountain ranges, I have had to come to my estimates by triangulation. But in any case I'm sure you've got nothing on Mike. Better to pick some other mark of distinction; "tallest Golden Ager" or perhaps "tallest non-consummate genius" would deftly avoid the Mazzer problem....

Calling a halt to human history until the Millenium arrives and every utopian idealist in the world is satisfied with the distribution of wealth and so on is the same thing as calling a halt to progress, permanently. History shows that Perfect Justice is never achieved, so it's pointless to

"ELEVEN LITTLE INDIANS" - Victor Borge

pretend it's going to happen anywhere, anytime. Are you familiar with the study done some years ago by the General Accounting Office? I forget the numbers but it indicated that every dollar spent on the space program returned something like forty dollars to the economy in new technology and knowledge, increased efficiency, and so on. And that every dollar spent on welfare-type programs returned...gee, I forget now...eighty cents is the figure that sticks in my mind. In any case, please record one strong pro-space vote here.

The article on marathon running was very good. As it happens I am currently planning The Next Big Fad; I'm going to hire a doctor to say that sitting on red-hot stoves is the way to perfect health. Every home in America will have one of my special "health stoves," preferably a four-seater so the whole family can join in. Of course it will be necessary to have a line of special designer clothing (asbestos? No, forget it, not organic) and special shoes. I'll take over all the abandoned Woolco stores and put in immense stove-health centers. And of course my pet doctor will allow that, while it's true that the buttocks burns suffered by those who 'train' without supervision by one of my high-priced minions may be a problem, we have a new line of designer burn salves which are just the ticket. I'm looking for a franchisee in the Sandy Ego area; how about it, sport?

The Robert Cheek mystery: Unless there is a multitude of Dipster Robert Cheeks, this R.C. is a hobbyist whom I met in a couple of games back in the (pardon the expression) Golden Age. 1980AA, maybe 1980CM, games like that. I haven't seen Robert's name in a 'zine since 1982 at the latest... surprising that he pops up now.

Finally, on the topic of archives. Up 'til last October I still had all the sizzies I'd collected since my entry in 1979, safe and sound in the basement. Then one dark night the water came and reduced the whole thing to a big pile of soggy mush. To tell the truth I was thinking of getting rid of most of them anyway, but not quite That Way. It's nice that somebody wants to keep an archive, and better if more than one person does it. (My basement, like the Titanic, was considered "unsinkable.") Too bad though, as I would have been glad to dump them all on anybody who wanted them. Anybody interested in a partial run of Rebug Sic Stantibus? That's about all that survived....

((Well, well! That is pleasant; the illusory Olsen, with whose existence I had so much fun toying in TACT, emerges from behind the floorboards.... Nice to meet you! Did you know that you live in the state that boasts the presence of more buildings designed by my father than any other? Every single one of them is in Topeka, at the Menninger Institute....

((I've heard of Mazzer, but have no special knowledge of him. So he takes away my title, eh? No problem; I'll bet I still have bigger feet! Shoe size 17 - beat that one, Mazi!

((Though you may consider it tantamount to such, I do not think it is reasonable to state that I urge "calling a halt to human history." It is, I suppose, possible to extend my views to the advocacy of the abandonment of all experimentation and research, in all fields, until every living being on the planet catches up to the present state of affairs. I do not, however, support any such idiocy. I may well be a Utopian idealist, and proud of it, but I am not an idiot. An end to curiosity, and to the practical applications of it, would indeed cause stagnation and end human progress.

((I do hold, however, that in matters involving the expenditure of public funds, specific costs must be weighed against specific benefits - and by 'specific' I mean that it must be analyzed from whom the money comes and to whom the benefits accrue - and then in turn that package must be weighed again versus the specific social needs of the time.

TWELVE PIPERS PIPING
(or is it Lords a'Leaping?)

((I have no reason to challenge the intent of your comparative figures, regardless of their technical precision. I suggest, however, that the issue of capital return to the economy is quite secondary to the alleviation of human suffering. Our social welfare programs are sorely flawed in myriad ways and need major surgery, but in kernel form they do relieve misery. Medicare and Aid to Dependent Children are two of the foremost examples; for all the wobbles they have built in, they do accomplish a great deal. The space program does no such thing, unless you want to throw in the fact that it does, e.g., provide employment for a few depressed Cuban janitors at Cape Kennedy, and things like that. The overview of its benefits to the society is that it infuses the middle and upper social strata with immense ruboffs, and in the absence of a sub-minimum stratum there'd be no argument.

((Perhaps the gist of this issue, for me, is your imparting to me the idea that I desire for Perfect Justice, which in one interpretation devolves to "horizontal equivalency" in the economic graphs. I agitate for no such thing. My concern is not for levelling of society, but for "equality in the ability to avoid deprivation of basic needs."

((I doubt we even need to consider scrapping the space program to achieve this. There are dozens of other places where money could be rechanneled as well, and we needn't single out a lone target just because it's 'easy' and currently 'vulnerable.' Every morning as I drive to work, I pass the Navy's Blue Angels air show team practicing, and I think of the waste of taxpayer dollars buying gasoline (and replacements for the 'planes that crash) for - what?

((So I stand on my point: Use what money is needed to eliminate sub-standard existence in this country. Go ahead, couple it with all the workfare requirements and such that you wish; I'm not in the business of urging handouts, only the provision of a full chance. And then, with the cash we have left - and, despite the Reagan deficits, there will be lots - go ahead and fund a space program. I'll back it to the hilt. But only after we soar our shuttles above a landscape free of squalour.

((I would take up your franchise offer, but I'll be pretty busy with my own ~~fix-it~~ program to take advantage of new crazes. Lately, I've been franchising newsstands to sell COSTA on the premise that it is, by its content, ten points superior to the "apple a day" bit. It's working, too; last year's newsstand sales topped ten dollars for the first time ever!

((Sorry to hear about your archives; that'll teach you to live near a river! But you do underline the need for multiple collections of Dippy zinnies (hey! I like that almost as much as 'xyn'!), if in fact such publications' preservation has any value at all - which fundamental issue is frankly in some dispute. But, accepting the fundament, there is little question among most of us that diversification is a positive. A certain amount of this hobby's heritage is already irretrievably lost - I refer to Walt Buchanan's lists of items needed for his own archives, back when he was still scrounging - and it would indeed be sad if other items went the same way owing to their existence in but one collection which is then inundated by nature. Whether a specific individual wishes recognition as an 'official' archivist is, to me, specious; if a person helps preserve a heritage, he/she is as 'official' an archivist as is needed. And thanks be unto them, regardless of peripheral issues.))

THREE-TEEN (the first teen)

Roberto Washington, D.C., does have cable T.V.! The Holiday Inn (a Della stone's throw from the Pentagon) next to the airport has cable Sala T.V.

As to whether there is or is not a concentration of 'immigrants' in Washington, that depends on your racial perspective. If one categorises 'Caucasians' into one group and 'Africans' into another, then the opinion must be biased. Does it really matter, when you think about it, that most of one's neighbours are not Caucasian?

From my experience of New York, I would say multi-racial inequality exists because it is inbred. Simple segregation is a statement in itself. Children grow up believing that Puerto Ricans, Africans, Spaniards, etc., don't belong, so history will repeat itself in the next generation as well.

When man accepts that one and all are equal, then inter-racial societies will work. What I don't comprehend is, just because a man is 'African,' why is he less/more than a Caucasian, just because of colour?

We all have two arms, two legs, one alimentary canal, etc. So why categorise?

((It is entirely possible for a large hotel to have cable T.V., yet not have the option available for individual homes, etc. This can occur by virtue of the 'satellite dish,' one of which the Holiday Inn may well have purchased to service its customers. Individuals can also purchase such equipment, but the cost is immense and the space requirement for installation is often greater than that available, esp. in a flat or apartment. So as a practical matter, a given hotel may well have the capacity where the city as a whole does not.

((The racial topic you bring up truly fascinates me, and depresses me as well. I grant that we cannot necessarily compare your experience as an Englishman of Italian extraction with mine as an American of German background. Without knowing, I would guess you are medium height or shorter, with dark hair, brown eyes and an olive complexion. I am extravagantly tall, with green eyes, light hair and a fair complexion. In other words, and please don't take offence, I look like the 'ideal' Aryan WASP, and you (presumably) look like a spic.

((You suggest - speaking as the 'inferior' (according to some idiots) - that this compartmentalization is absurd. I, as the 'superior' (according to the very same idiots) agree wholeheartedly. On the other hand, there are some who reverse the superior/inferior appellations, silly as they may be: I once got refused a date because I was not 'dark' enough for her parents - the lady was a Mexican-American.

((The whole shooting match is insane, but it's pathetically normal. In America, we have the Klan; in the U.K. you have Rev. Paisley. Whatever the differences in detail, it remains the same in essence: Some people are 'better' because they (ahem) "look" better. And in yet other stripes we have Adolf Hitler and his loonies: You ain't blood-pure, you die. Adolf gassed 'em; Pres. Botha shoots 'em; we in America used to lynch 'em, but we gave that up, so now we just relegate 'em to the slums and make 'em economically - and psychologically - depressed and deprived. So what is the difference - live brutally, or die brutally?

((It's human, damn it all. I, as a kid, used to get laughed at because I was too tall and had big feet. I used to laugh at other kids who were fat. And it cycles into adulthood - fuelled, as you say, Roberto, by the prejudices of the prior generation, but present even lacking that. There are a precious few humans on this planet who eschew such trivialities as skin colour, 'racial' heritage, etc., and treat people as PEOPLE. That group appears to be increasing, slowly but inexorably. When it gains a majority, then - and only then - will we have matured. In the meanwhile,

we are still stuck with 'niggers,' 'heebz' and 'spics,' and all the divisive and destructive imputations of those terms and the attitudes that accompany them.

((Too bad.))



Bruce Linsey On the matter of our attack on Libya, I agree entirely with Melinda and disagree with you. It's all very nice to sit back with our hands clasped and mumble noble platitudes about how we ought not to descend to Khaddafi's level, but this is war (as declared by Khaddafi himself), and in war, the sad truth is that people on both sides die. The economic sanctions you endorse would be no more than a perfunctory slap on the wrist. They would do nothing to discourage international, Khaddafi-sponsored terrorism. These people - if that's the appropriate noun - understand no language other than violence. So, yes, it would be desirable to have our students of abnormal psychology analyze the politico-socio-psychological causes of terrorism (at least such understanding might help curb the problem in some future time), but while this is being done we need to fight terrorism and Khaddafi now. The bombing was a good first step, but Khaddafi's back is not yet broken. I think we ought to warn him that the very next act of terrorism will bring on an attack still larger in scale - and when the act occurs, we immediately carry out the threat. The message which ultimately must be made explicitly clear to Khaddafi is that he can, if he wants to go far enough, provoke us into leveling his entire country. The only alternative is to behave in a civilized manner for a change.

Your suggested economic sanctions are a bad idea not only because they wouldn't halt terrorism, but on another level as well. You say that we should impose these sanctions not only against Libya, but against any country that continues trade with Libya. (Obviously the mere cessation of U.S.-Libya trade would be as nothing, considering its volume.) But it is nearly always a bad move to pressure allies into doing things they don't want to do. Our relations with France, Germany, Italy et al. are already strained enough. Essentially, you propose blackmailing them with a threat to cut off U.S. trade if they don't do something which (at least in their eyes) will certainly increase the amount of terrorism directed against them. In other words, we'd be the rock pushing them up against a hard place. Long after Khaddafi is mercifully gone, the resentment from this action would fester. No, pressuring our allies is not the answer, not in this situation. Kaddafi needs to be shown, immediately and in the only language he understands,

a dozen and a quarter

just what the consequences of his actions will be. So I support Reagan's decision to bomb Libya, and I hope that if necessary he will do it again. And as brutal as it may sound, I'm glad that the attack struck at Khaddafi's immediate family. But - what do I know? I'm just a knee-jerk, die-hard reactionary, right?

((Not necessarily. You have an opinion, honestly thought out and well-reasoned. I happen to think it's a good way to cascade us into the end of Planet Earth, but that doesn't make me any more a knee-jerk leftist than the opposite makes you a knee-jerk rightist. I mean - maybe you are, but not because of this attitude.

((Bruce. If this is indeed war, as you state - and with which I do not disagree - then isn't it true that "all's fair?" I admit to being a radical left-winger, an almost-pacifist, and a whole batch of other 'naumby-paumby' things. Despite this fact, one of my great idols in American politics is Sen. Barry Goldwater. This is because, though I disagree with just about everything he says or stands for, he is clear, honest, and unwavering in support of his ideals. And you may recall that Sen. Goldwater had some very specific ideas about our war in Vietnam, which I considered the modern ultimate in mindless American stupidity and brutality. Barry made a few rather brash suggestions on how to wage the war, and when he was called on them, he pointed out what I consider to be a Great Truth: If you're going to wage a war, you either wage it to win or you get out and forget about it. What you don't do is 'limited strategic bombing,' 'containment assault,' 'limited tactical escalation,' and all the other half-measures that serve more to prolong the idiocy. Gen. Curtis LeMay suggested that we "bomb Hanoi back into the Stone Age." Gen. LeMay was crazy as a loon, but he was also right in one sense: There is no other way to win a war than to destroy the ability of the opponent to fight back. Whatever it takes; firebombs over Dresden, the atomic assault on Hiroshima, sending the "Invincible" from St. Helena to push the Argentinians into the sea....

((Unfortunately, in the case of the terrorism exemplified by Khaddafi, I don't see the war as winnable. In practical terms, the final eradication of this brand of 'war' can only be achieved by the leveling, not just of Libya - because, let's face it, Khaddafi is the extreme, but he's by no means alone - but rather by the total devastation of the entire Arab/Moslem world, from Tangiers to Bandar Seri Begawan, from Ouagadougou to Skoplje. You map it out. This is a war of a radically different sort, and we are so busy responding to it as if it were the Kaiser's Austria, or the house-painter's Germany, that we fail to see the critical distinction.

((What we have here is a Crusade, a Jihad, that is not going to go away even if a few people, or a few hundred thousand people, are killed. We can bomb or not, as the current mood of the country dictates; but we are going to have to confront the real issue sooner or later, and until we do we will solve not one whit of the crisis. If we want to gain revenge and savage Libya, fine; let's do it, but let's call it what it is. We are not confronting terrorism, we are blowing Libyan humans into little bits.

((The Israelis have been operating on a program of tit-for-tat for years, and it has accomplished not one thing. They have been extremely successful in the conventional military sense, but they have failed abysmally in the diplomatic theatre, and they have yet to make a serious effort to confront the roots of the whole syndrome. Until they do take these roots into account, by treating sensibly with the Palestinian issue and the West Bank issue and the Gaza issue and....on and on, it is going to be one confrontation after another, and no matter how many Six Day Wars

SIXTEEN CANDLES....

they win, there will still be an endless and mindless succession of infiltrators, guerrillas, terrorists and agitators undermining the one thing that Israel needs above all else: Stability.

((And here we go, descending into the same realm. We can easily blast Khaddafi's army and air force to smithereens. Maybe we'd even kill Muammar himself, and Lord knows I wouldn't mourn the sonofabitch. But unless and until we annihilate the entire Islamic world - or confront the causes of terrorism - we will solve nothing. And I would think that the least we could do, as an ostensibly civilized nation, is have a good reason to slaughter people.

((As to my economic proposals, I have to concede that you're quite right, Bruce. That was a whole batch naive of me. Not only is it true, as you state well, that such a plan produces negative results, but it also shows a level of hypocrisy in my having offered it up at all. I have been asserting, among other things, that we have no right under either the Laws of the Nations or the Laws of Nature to go kill Libyans. Neither do we have the right to impose our will on the Italians, British, etc., just because they may disagree with us in our conduct of foreign relations. I regret that my unsettled search for a peaceful response to violence led me to such silliness.))

Bruce Thanks for reprinting your 'lung cancer' hoax - I'd been dying
Linsey (heh heh) to see it. Having done so, I'd say that the item is, well, a bit spicy even for my taste. If it caused people needless worry or pain (as this hoax did, because people cared about you), then it's gone too far. There is, of course, plenty of room in the hobby for hoaxes. My own opinion is that real life provides us with enough sorrow and grief that we ought not to add more artificially. But, tastes vary, and I'll also go on record as saying that, having decided to do this prank, you did a superb job of it.

((Yeah, I guess it was pretty good for what it was, considering all the calls and other expressions....

((Hindsight is a wond'rous teacher. Now that I'm armed with that boon, I think I'd give some real thought to such an extravagant stunt again. At the very least, I know full well I'd sandwich any such thing in among some pretty outrageous silliness instead of with perfectly serious material, just so the intent couldn't be mistaken. But then, if I were to have done that, I'd have lost the 'oomph' that made this hoax famous.

((No, you're right, Brux; why add fake misery to the world's cornucopia of real misery? I much prefer my hoax this year, or Rod Walker's of the past; some people got fooled, but nobody got hurt.))

A SUPERIOR ACHIEVEMENT

Exceptionally good, and improving all the time, is Bob Acheson's xyn THE CANADIAN DIPLOMAT. Lots of games, lots of chat (sports a specialty, and interesting even to the unathletic such as I), fine humour, and plenty of openings in regular and a vast quantity of variants. 5/\$2 U.S. to Bob at PO Box 4622, Sta. S.E., Edmonton, Alberta, Canada T6E 2A0. Now there's a rarity! Cheap fees, and quality for both players and readers! Oh, by the way, one of his upcoming is Cline-9, and I'm in it. Wanna join me?

COSTAGUANA GAME OPENINGS:

For the nonce, there are none. JIHAD has filled, and will be started by flyer in a few days. In addition, I have taken over command of an orphan variant from Paul Rauterberg, World War IIb. Both of these are fairly 'big' variants, and in addition the next game I plan to start (Rather Silly Dip) is not teeny either. So I'd better call it quits for the nonce. (Hmmm... that's two uses of 'nonce' in one paragraph. Tatty, to say the least. I ought to elide the second, but unfortunately I'm out of white-out....)

One game ends this time. That leaves us with ten games, which is two more than I want. I will therefore open Rather Silly (actually, I've two players for it already....) as soon as three more games (any three) conclude. This may not be all that long, by the way; two of the ten are not likely to be all that long for this world....

LACK OF WHITE-OUT DEPARTMENT: This could very well pose a problem. Two-finger typists, such as yr. hml. srvt., tend to make mistakes. And I, for one, have over the years become very dependant on my little bottle of white liquid slop to splash over my cock-ups and make it appear to you that I'm far the better secretary than in fact I am. In fact, there are three things above all others that I pride myself on in life: The first are my grammar, the second is my spelling, and the third is my truly artistic way with white-out. In the latter vein, I can show you page after page of paint-overs that in terms of design and balance would have me right up there with Klee, Kandinsky, Miró and Ernst. (Feininger, however, is rather superior to me.)

What I do have, if I get desperate, is a slightly different version of your standard white-out (corflu, liquid eraser, Skru-Up-No-Mor, 's all t' same) called "Pentel." It comes in a red bottle, looks for all the world like nail polish, and is billed on the label as "opaquing fluid." It is a correction 'pen' in that, instead of the typical brush protruding from the cap, one uses the bottle cap tip as a 'reverse stylus' - run it over the offending butchery, and it magically covers same up.

Too bad it doesn't work.

For one thing, one must remove one's coopsie from the typewriter, else the fluid will dribble behind the carriage. For a second, one needs to squeeze the bottle while one paints, and the pressure required is sufficient to slime over, not only the bad stuff, but ten percent of the good stuff as well. And for a third, this particular version of corflu is weak enough that it necessitates (as do most 'one-coat' house paints) nine coats to obscure the miswrite.

I must, I see, go buy more of the standard white-out. I think I have, in my day, tried every bloody brand that exists. Only one has ever done the job decently: Carter's. It's also the most expensive, but in this case I suggest that it's worth it. And even that one has a flaw: The plastic cap threads are too weak, resulting in (after repeated slackening/tightening of the cap) an imperfect seal, in turn resulting in eventual dry-out of the contents.

In other words: Even the best, as it gets older, can't screw any more.

Of course I could, I suppose, switch to the electric typewriter. This is the cartridge type, and I have a correction cartridge to use with it. But this gets awkward. (1) Type cock-up. (2) Back-space to cock-up. (3) Remove typing cartridge. (4) Insert correction cartridge. (5) Type over cock-up. (6) Back-space to former cock-up. (7) Remove correction cartridge. (8) Insert regular cartridge. (9) Type correct letter.

It works, but I don't have that many years left....

as the cannibal said, "ATE TEEN"

NEW GAME NAMES: Until now, COSTAGUANA variants have been named for obscure Vice-Presidents of the U.S. "Jihad" will be the last of these, having already been dubbed "Thomas R. Marshall." But I have now learned (thanks, Key) that another publisher, the ubiquitous Mark Larzale, has been using Vice-Presidential designators for some while. On that basis, I feel a need to change, so from here on variant games will be named for Postmasters-General of the U.S. The first 'victim' is, of course, the W.W.IIIb orphan, which is herewith and hereinafter dubbed "Wilson S. Bissel." And if you think that's obscure, wait until we get to Rather Silly ("Return J. Meigs, Jr.")....

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REJECTION SLIP DEPARTMENT: The following is an Original Article, written by me for Bruce Linsey. Despite the agony and energy which I expended on it, Bruce - politely but firmly - rejected it. Bruce's contention was that it was "inappropriate" for his upcoming Publishers' Handbook, it having little or nothing to do with the subject. Bruce has thus managed to provide me with the first 'rejection slip' I've ever received!

Well, I'm certainly glad it finally happened! I've been saying for years that I wanted a rejection slip just to keep up with all the other would-be-author Joneses in the world. Moreover, I agree with Bruce. And finally, his loss is our (ahem) gain, 'cos now I get to print it here:

WHY, DARLING, I THINK THEY'RE PLAYING OUR GAME!

You who are reading this play postal Diplomacy. You do so because, in 1955, a young graduate student named Allan Calhmer invented a table game worth playing, and because, in 1963, a young physics professor named John Boardman invented a postal format for that game. These statements are fact: Without Mr. Calhmer and Dr. Boardman, we would not be here today. Right?

WRONG.

As a fantasy concept, leading to a plethora of literature, the idea of parallel universes has captivated quite a list of writers. Postal Diplomacy, however, stands as living proof that the parallel-universe concept is not fantasy by any means; it has occurred, it has thrived, and - for all I know - it is going on at this precise moment. And maybe, just maybe, we will 'discover' another hobby out there, parallel to our own, playing the same game, undergoing the same genesis, writing the same articles and devising the same 'classic' ploys. Maybe, if we find them at all, it'll be next week, or next generation. And why not? After all, it has already happened.

Twice.

Dr. Boardman devised the postal play of Diplomacy in 1963 (didn't I just say that?). Well, true; but it is also true that I did the same thing in 1962, and Eric Just did it again in 1966. My effort fell flat; Eric's was a smash success. So who gets credit as the "inventor?" Do I, because I was first? Does John, because he was the first to succeed? Does Eric, because who cares about 'first' anyway? (Who discovered America, Columbus or Lief Erickson?) Do we all get credit, or part credit, or....

NEW 'NILGAI' CONTEST - Invent a cute header for Page Nineteen

In discussing these three separate 'inventions' of our postal hobby, each without precedent or knowledge of the other two, it is important to relate the threads of each effort to the subsequent development of what now exists. What I did, in 1962, was tack together a postal game among friends who were in the process of dispersing from college; my intended players evidenced initial enthusiasm but failed to follow through, and as a result the "world's first postal Diplomacy game" died (short of making even one move) for lack of interest. Dr. Boardman had better luck, but nevertheless met with some difficulty in his pioneer effort; he was able to find only five people to play, and so his first game was foreshortened in that regard, but his participants did maintain interest, complete the game, and help give rise to successor games formed as word spread. Eric was the first to start full-board, and his seven-person game proceeded along quite nicely and gave rise to successors as well. In none of the three cases did the originator have any knowledge of the existence of the others. We have, therefore, three separate postal Diplomacy hobbies, each cut from different cloth, two of them successful, and the same two (John's and Eric's) existing on parallel planes for over a year.

By a duplication of coincidences, each of the three existences came to know the others. Three years after my abortive postal effort, my name was passed via the manufacturer to a friend of Dr. Boardman's, Steve Cartier; it seems I had written a letter requesting a clarification of the rules, and my name had been kept on file and was passed along to Steve when he asked for names to solicit for his new magazine WILD 'N' WOOLY. Similarly, I wrote to the same manufacturer asking for names in 1967, and one of those supplied was Eric's. By these means, all three parallel universes were linked, and have operated as one ever since. But, had Eric and I not had questions on the rules, had we not written to the manufacturer - what then? Is there any possibility that we might have gone on, independently, never learning of the existence of the others? And could it be that yet a fourth (or fifth, or sixth, or....) unrelated hobby exists around us, going blithely on its way with its own set of journals and house rules and internal disagreements and all the other things we have come to know, secure in the knowledge that it is indeed "the" postal Diplomacy hobby bar none? At the extreme, are there perhaps two annual DipCons, each unaware of the other?

Probably not. Since ca. 1972, all Diplomacy games sold have included a postal 'flyer' indicating the existence of "our" hobby and providing names of sources for information. It is of course possible that an independent hobby has been in existence since before than time, or that an old (flyer-less) set remained on someone's shelf for many moons, or that a few sets were mispackaged without the flyer included. Anything is possible. What fascinates me is the "What If?" motif. "What if" a true parallel universe does exist, one minute removed in time from ours, in which duplicating hobbies are present and can never unite? "What if" the parallel hobby is active in the U.S. prison system, running off 'zines in the prison print shop, unable to link with us for legal reasons, where player dropouts represent inmates released or (now and again) executed? "What if"....invent your own speculation.

This article actually started out as a short story on the parallel-universe theme. Because I have no talent for fiction, I was unable to develop the thesis into anything readable. But just because I can't weave my idea that way doesn't mean that the speculations can't be fun. Think on it. What if:

- The 'other' hobby hasn't thought up Gamesmasters. In "our" hobby, Boardman came up with the concept, but neither Eric nor I did, and perhaps that speculative parallel group - you know, the one founded in 1964 by Elmo Tworgle of Laramie, Wyoming - has no system of neutral adjudicators either. Or maybe they go far beyond us to the opposite pole: All moves are adjudicated in the presence of a notary public, or under the supervision of the Reuben H. Donnelly Corp. Printed results are final. Play of the game is open to all except Donnelly employees and their families. Void in Nebraska.

- The 'other' hobby settles its acrimonious feuds more quickly. We tend to print incessant reams of attacks and defenses, and nothing is ever really "settled." Maybe the other guys do it with duels, or Mafia-type 'hit-men,' and get it over with. Smedly Smelch has been insulted by Ferdie Furgatch, eh? Not a problem. Smedly just has a 'black hand' delivered to Ferdie, and follows it up with the inevitable. And following this activity, maybe the Code of Honor requires that Smedly put forth the ultimate conciliatory gesture by adopting all the games that Ferdie (quite literally) orphaned.

- The other hobby has turned commercial. No amateurish mimeo or photocopy publications here; Elmo Tworgle and his followers put out slick products, sandwich the game reports between the Rice Krispies ads and the Tylenol coupons, offer half-off the game fee for anyone who buys life insurance, and encourage active - even cutthroat - competition for readers and players. Each magazine has regional Field Reps to recruit subscribers and sell ads. Area franchises are springing up everywhere. Tworgle himself has moved into Diplomacy Video, and will soon be opening a Diplomacy supper club in Pittsburgh.

Yes. Well, of course, it isn't real, is it? But - can we prove it!? And will we ever really find out? No matter how far-fetched it may seem, you might want to keep the possibility in mind. And, the next time you're at your favorite news-stand, take a very careful look at the magazine racks. If you see a bikini-clad blonde model on a cover, seated on a Russian army instead of a tractor, let me know. I may get to write my short story after all!

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PLEASE HELP

If you are a publisher and run regular Dip games, please please please pay some attention here. Steve Heinowski, 12034 Pyle, Oberlin, OH 44074-9729, is soon to become the Boardman Number Custodian, and in advance of his accession he is trying to accomplish one of the more useful tasks in this hobby. Steve is trying to survey all active games to find out where they all are, which are running smoothly, which are in trouble, which have been abandoned, etc. - in short, he's trying to bring the hobby up to date, and help out players who need help in resuscitating their languishing games. I fired off a list of what I had, and Steve replied, "I wish other publishers were as conscientious!!! This job is tough enough!"

Steve is, if anything, understating the case, and I speak from having been there fifteen years ago. Without the input of us publishers, Steve's efforts will be tortuous, if not truly hopeless. PLEASE HELP!! If you are running any regular games, stop right now, and write to Steve and tell him which ones!

You think it doesn't matter? BULL SHIT! It does too!!!!....

THE BEAR GOT HIM A NEW BOOK!

((Prefatory note: This new COSTA department will be my book review section. The way I'm reading lately, it will likely appear fairly often. "The Bear" is, of course, yr. hmbl. srvnt. We are, in this family, all bears - little term of endearment there. I'm Big Bear, Jean is Little Bear, Ross is Bitty Bear and Eric is Teeny Bear. The last-listed has never really caught on, but the other three are used regularly. The problem in Eric's case is that, if ever you call him Teeny Bear, he immediately and indignantly shrieks, "I'm not a bear, I'm ERIC!" Besides, he is also called Er-Bear a lot, and that seems to suffice.))

I've been having a great deal of fun lately with my new reference volume. It's not the sort of thing one normally sits down with to read, but in this case it brings some fascinating rewards, and some useful tidbits of learning.

"The British/American Language Dictionary," by a Briton raised in the United States (Norman Moss), does not pretend to be a scholarly treatise. It's a handy little reference (166 pages) identifying some of the differences in word usage in the two countries, with emphasis on words that mean different things to the two nations, and on commonly-used terms that are instantly identified in one country and meaningless in the other. Some slang is treated with, but Mr. Moss attempts to exclude those transitory 'fad' words that come and go so quickly that any publication discussing them is out of date by the time they've set the type.

In the process of looking through this thing, a great deal of fun can be had. Mr. Moss has a resplendent sense of humo(u)r, and where appropriate he laces his explanations with examples and anecdotes of charm, verve and clarity. His aim is to promote better understanding between two related but different nations, and occasionally to explode false stereotypes one group may still hold about the other. An excellent illustration of Mr. Moss' approach, and of his personal reasons for taking it, may be shown by the following from the Introduction:

"I remember one time when I was a reporter in the London bureau of the Associated Press, coming back to the office with a story about an important sale of paintings, in which I quoted a baronet as saying that someone had 'plonked down a hundred thousand smackers.' The news editor was one of those Americans who still see and portray England as a place where doddering dukes grope their way through pea soup fogs dratting the fact that they've dropped their blasted monocles. He would not allow the phrase in the story because he said Americans would not recognize a member of the British aristocracy talking like that. I wasted a good deal of time trying to persuade him, not just that this was what the man said, but that this was just the sort of thing that he would say."

Some of the entries in the book are of the fairly obvious terms that have come to be known through television interchange and other means. It is now commonly understood in the 'States that the British call the hood of a car the 'bonnet' and the trunk the 'boot.' And I think we all know by now that 'bloody' is no longer a risqué that raises eyebrows and gives rise to tut-tutting the lower-class nature of the speaker. (This equates to the American 'damned,' as in 'My damned car broke down;' this has become ordinary speech for almost everyone, and no longer has anything to do with its original religious forcefulness.)

There are others that probably needn't be there any more because they have become part of both 'languages' with identical meanings. Thus, "buzz off" (to signify "go away!") used to be exclusively British but is now common speech here too. And America now uses the phrase "old boy network" or something close (we more commonly say "good old boy") to signify a group of influential people using their connections to get ahead or gain some behind-the-scenes advantage. The latter case is illustrative of a number of terms which are not precise equivalents, but which are so close that neither side would likely misunderstand.

But the real fun comes in taking on those terms that are used in both places, but with sharply divergent meanings. If I were to point to the other end of my street and exclaim, "That's a long block!", an American would understand that I referred to the length of the street itself, whereas a Briton would assess the apartment building standing at the other end of the street. (Only, to the Briton, the building is standing "in" the street; if I say in London that I live "on" Donald Avenue, the listener will have visions of pitching a tent atop the asphalt and blocking traffic.) Mr. Moss provides a very cute example with the word 'momentarily.' To Americans this means "in a short while," while to the British it signifies "for a short while." If a stewardess announces that a 'plane will take off 'momentarily,' Americans understand that it will be leaving soon, while Britons think that it won't be staying up for very long. As Mr. Moss quotes a British friend, "Every time (I hear that), I have visions of kangaroo-hopping across the country."

Of course if one tries hard enough, one can find omissions that (one will insist) really ought to be there. I was rather surprised to find that "turkey" is defined only in terms of a person ("a loser"), with no reference to its common use for just about anything second-rate. And perhaps I am dating myself, but I wonder why - when the principal British mental institution, Broadmoor, is listed (so that we can understand a reference such as "He ought to be sent off to Broadmoor" to mean "he's crazy"), the American equivalent - Bellevue - is absent. But as Mr. Moss points out, he has made no effort to be exhaustive, and there is no way he can be expected to have selected every possible word that might, by someone's definition, have fit. What is here, is a solid overview from which the reader will learn, about which he will often chortle, and from which he has the chance to share a little bit of understanding with his overseas counterparts. Perhaps I'll publish pieces of my next letter to Walkerdine or Sullivan as an example of what I've learned.

QUESTIONS FOR FURTHER STUDY:

BRITONS: If I come to visit you, and you embrace me warmly, and I yell "Uncle!", am I confused or what?

AMERICANS: If a man dies "on the job" in England, that fact is not normally mentioned in the obituary. Why?

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THE 'ZINE REGISTER, Simon Billenness' quarterly listing of all active hobby publications, will be delayed for its next issue owing to Simon's impending move into "The City." The former deadline of July 31 is now pushed to AUGUST 31. Please keep this in mind when sending submissions, or in anticipating the arrival of the next issue.

CARL THE GIMP, or, The Likely Romantic

The so-called 'Romantic' period in music history has always been the most popular in terms of listener appeal. Beginning with Beethoven (the usually-cited 'First Romantic') and continuing for almost a century until the period died of its own overblown weight with the likes of Tchaikovsky and Franck, this era has given rise to the vast majority of concert favorites, 'hummable tunes,' and adaptations for Muzak. With reduced reliance on the formal elements of music theory, a breaking-away from prescribed form and logic, and the expansion of orchestral color and sonority, Romanticism is commonly seen as a release from the supposed inhibitions and restrictions of the preceding eras. It is thought of as the infusion of human emotion and feeling into music, and is normally associated with the writings of Rousseau and his followers, with the French Revolution, and with the gradual transition from princely states - the last vestige of feudalism - to democracy.

As with most pat definitions, that of Romanticism has its flaws, and the comparisons to earlier periods are fraught with potholes. Haydn, the master of classical form, is full of emotion. Vivaldi, the arch-type of sameness and repetition, almost reeks with color and variety. And that ultimate example of logic and technical purism, J.S.Bach, can bring even the most jaded to tears with his outpourings of intense feeling. Still, it is true that Romanticism is a turning point from which music has never come back. The truth is that Romanticism is an expansion on all that had gone before, but it is by no means - as is sometimes held - a repudiation.

Was, in fact, Beethoven the first Romantic? No, of course not. No one person can be assigned this sobriquet, and any musical historian could list a hundred names of people who have just as much claim as old Ludwig has. The lists of several historians might not even agree. But there is no question that at least one name would crop up everywhere, and would be bandied about as - if not the first - certainly the first who knew that he was one, and was in fact catering for the appellation. He was traditionally trained (mainly by two ultra-conservatives, Vogler and Michael Haydn) but quickly styled himself a quasi-rebel and spent his entire career striving for massive changes in the 'system' that he inherited.

Carl Maria von Weber was very much the true child of his time. Born in 1786, he came of age at a time when musical Europe was in some stage of turmoil; the 'old school' was dead or elderly, the 'new school' was at a rudimentary and unsettled point, and the need was less for a towering giant than for a man of gifts supplemented by a willingness to work within the framework of reality. Weber was indeed such a man.

He was, in the Byronic sense, a typical Romantic. He was born lame, and limped all his life. He barely survived childhood, and was sickly most of the time. He was, in appearance, small and frail, though at the same time strikingly handsome and 'mysterious' (the portrait on the cover page, though glorified, is thought to be typical). And, of course, he died long before his gifts had fully matured. Before he did, however, he started a revolution; and one supposes that he would have been pleased to see the results, considering that a revolution was precisely what he was trying to start.

What Weber wanted to do, above all else, was establish a German-language 'national opera.' There were, in his day, French and Italian

operatic schools in full bloom - the French, oddly enough, dominated at the time by the Italian transplant Cherubini - but there was no cohesive or nationalistically-oriented German operatic tradition, and it was such that Weber set out to establish and encourage.

After a roundabout series of experiments during adolescence and early adulthood, Weber settled in the Saxon capital of Dresden and there proceeded to attempt his mission. He was joined for a time by another musician of significance, the Rhineland Jew Jakob Beer (known to history as Giacomo Meyerbeer), who had been steeped in the Italian tradition but now, under Weber's influence, switched to German-language opera and achieved several successes. But Meyerbeer was a composer of theatrical effect, not of philosophical loyalty; his German operas are frankly indistinguishable from his preceding Italian ones, nor from his subsequent French ones. Much though his friendship and support meant to Weber, he was not the man to provide fuel for the operatic revolt that Weber had in mind. It was left to Weber himself to accomplish this.

It must be understood that it was not *per se* the language of opera that Weber focused upon. It was, rather, the 'soul' - the nationalistic character - that held importance. It is essentially the difference between "operas in German" (of which there were plenty, and which mattered not one whit to Weber) and "German operas". But before one could engender compositions of a national character, one had to have an opera theatre ready to present them, and it was in this regard that Weber turned his initial attentions in Dresden. The Saxon State Opera was of no great consequence when Weber took over, but he quickly made that right (with approval of the Elector, and financing by same) with an ambitious and auspicious first programme of major works by major composers of all nationalities and schools. Weber did not oppose Italian opera, he simply sought to differentiate it, and accordingly his earliest productions as Director rose to the greatest heights with Gaspare Spontini's "La Vestale," a work of uncommon power and overwhelming spirituality considering the typical Italian opera of its day. Having dragooned his audience with such a work, Weber next proceeded to try Beethoven's "Fidelio," and its (moderate) success was shortly followed by Weber's own statements in the field. The two best-known are "Der Freischütz" (1821) and "Euryanthe" (1823).

In the end, Weber did not entirely succeed. He laid foundations, and he provided groundwork on which his successors would build (in two directions: 'serious' German opera and 'comic' German operetta). It is worth noting that Weber was succeeded in Dresden by two men who took his pioneering efforts and brought them to the fruition that Weber had striven for: In the realm of light opera ('operetta'), Albert Lortzing took the reins and set up the musical and theatrical successes that would culminate in Vienna with Strauss, Lehar and Stolz; and in serious opera, Weber would be succeeded after a short hiatus by none other than Richard Wagner.

Weber's contributions to, and influences upon, the history of opera have tended to overshadow his substantial efforts in several other areas. His songs are grossly neglected, mainly because he lived contemporarily with Schubert, with whom there can be no comparison; but this does not render his songs inferior, merely secondary. In choral music he far surpassed most around him, and - if properly approached - can hold head even against Schubert and Beethoven; it had to wait for Brahms to extend his magnitude to new realms. It was Weber, following on the heels of Mozart,

who established the clarinet as an instrument of concert significance: Weber's 'Grand Duo' and 'Konzertstück' are landmarks. And above all, in the orbit of the solo piano, Weber's star is of the utmost significance. If it is true that contemporary artists more commonly illustrate the period with Beethoven, so do they understand that without the less Parnassian but more historically cohesive efforts of Weber and Schubert, there could not have been a Schumann, nor a Brahms, nor a Busoni.

Take, if you will, the four Weber sonatas. In comparison to Beethoven's, or even the best of Schubert's, they are not well known, and in truth they do hold onto a slightly lower rung of the ladder. But to dwell on that fact is to maintain that contemporary scientists of genius are less because they are not Einstein. Weber's four sonatas are far more than secondary period pieces; they are strong individual efforts, sharply and clearly marked as creations of one who had a phenomenal keyboard technique. No effort is made to compete with Beethoven (whom Weber admired greatly; but the two men were not really in the same plane) or Schubert (it is fairly likely that Weber never even heard a note of Schubert's piano works; the two men met and indicated strong mutual admiration, but their dealings were almost exclusively on the level of vocal music); nor does Weber fall back on the salon styles of the other sonata giants of the day, Hummel and Dussek. Virtuosity is always there - Weber was one, after all - but, unlike in Hummel, it never subordinates the true musical value (which is really to say that Weber has a lot of fine ideas and never clutters them up with extraneous diddling). On the other hand, Weber was not trying to splash every mournful depth of the human soul across the keys; Beethoven could do this, and the effects are riveting. But Weber had no such ability, and knew it, and had the sense not to fake it. No trek to the edge of the abyss for him. Musical taste, brilliant figurations, superior themes with ingenuity of development and contrast, and one of the most impeccable senses of timing the world has ever known - these are what we get with these four pieces.

The First Sonata, Op. 24, in G, dates from 1813 when the composer was twenty-seven. Of the four, it is acknowledged the weakest, and yet I consider it unjustly denigrated. The problem is that Weber is here playing to an audience, and there are moments when he flatly descends to specious virtuosity for its own sake (that is, he copied Hummel a bit). But these moments are not many, and I think it unfair that they are often held to tear down the entire piece. It is more valid, I think, to view these importuning passages as evidence that Weber was still working his way to a personal style; he isn't imitating or suffering from vapidty, he is merely unsure of himself. Dwell instead on the passages of real brilliance, and you gain a truer picture of an imperfect but overall strong first effort.

John Warrack, the finest Weber scholar alive today, has a few unkind things to say about the piece, and his unfortunate analysis of it is by far the weakest element in his otherwise masterful biographical study. The whole, he claims, provides "a sense of expressive elements struggling against pure virtuosity and, frankly, losing." Of the first movement - admittedly the weakest - he holds that "there is no real sense of a battle between warring elements...(t)he chromatic adventures are decorative rather than organic." And of the second movement: "...a serene opening promising a movement of considerable depth soon gives way to what is a barely concealed amiable guitar song...." He has no problem with the Scherzo, but he follows this with: "...the whole sonata is allowed to collapse into the brilliant effect music of the Rondo...."

Warrack may well be right about the first movement; it is weak, and while it is hardly a failure, it does have trouble recovering from its altogether-too-apparent awkwardnesses. Weber seems to know what he wants to do, but hasn't quite figured out how to do it. But in the masterly second movement, with its "guitar tune," I hold a very different view. I fear that Mr. Warrack, and others, have been grossly misled by the "promise of considerable depth" aspect; they are defining 'depth' in the Beethovenian sense, and Weber is defining it his own way! The so-called "guitar" episodes provide lightness, floating serenity, and full contrast to the stronger and tauter - but NOT overwhelming - first section. It is an extremely satisfying movement, if only one does not go into it expecting an emotional catharsis.

And as for the idiotic charge that the sonata "collapses" of the superficial weight of the finale, Warrack bases this on a showing of passage references to works of two Weber contemporaries, Johann Ladislas Dussek and Louis Ferdinand, Prinz von Hohenzollern. The charge of resemblance, even derivation, is well-put; the idea that it destroys the movement, and the sonata, is not. I suspect the assumption is that because Weber pays homage to two performers whom he admired, and who happened to be of the so-called 'salon' school, therefore Weber must be writing on the identical level. But there are two problems with this assumption: (1) Just because Weber acknowledges does not mean that he carries his work in the same direction; and (2) both Dussek and Prince Louis Ferdinand - and especially the latter, despite having composed only thirteen pieces in his entire life - were quite capable of rising far above the mere tinkle-tinkle of salon parties (leave that to the likes of Steibelt and Boieldieu). No, this finale of the Weber First is far more than empty imitation. It is effect music, that is true; but, what a fine effect it makes! Rather than dragging the whole down, it rounds it out rather well, thank you. If the first movement is a tad tentative, it gains rather than suffers by being followed with the slow movement that approaches delicacy and warmth rather than intensity and pathos. The Scherzo, with its particularly fine trio, seems to pose no problems for anyone; but it does have a notable feature in that, by its technical finery and power, it artfully brings the work to a jumping-off point, a pause before an explosion of inventive excitement. I cannot imagine a different finale, frankly; this one, which Warrack practically calls insipid, is in fact utterly perfect. It is a perpetual mobile of steady motivation and incessant charm, and it is just what this sonata needs; excitement without an unbalancing depth that would throw the whole radically out of synch. Drag the sonata down? Far from that; this Finale makes it whole!

The Second and Third Sonatas (in A-Flat, Op. 39, and in d minor, Op. 49) derive from the autumn of 1817 - Weber was thirty-one - and can, in terms of this discussion, be taken together despite their great individuality. By now Weber had found his level, there remain no questions of tentativeness or overall quality, and Prof. Warrack returns in his analyses to the level of excellence for which he is justly noted.

Curiously, perhaps, I am less attracted to the Second than I am to the First, but this is naught more than personal whim. There is no denying that, in the four-year gap between the two pieces, Weber has made truly massive strides. What was formerly at times hesitant and rudimentary is now smooth, consistent and rounded. As it starts, so shall it proceed.

As the work opens, a rather Schubertian repeated bass tone leads to an extremely sparse theme of no special attraction, and it bodes to be a rather dull episode - until suddenly, the pedal drops a sixth and the melody intensifies and thickens in a way which is simultaneously unlike Weber and exactly like him. This leads to an interchange in the development (we have a true sonata form here) that looks forward to the sharp intensification/resolution pattern that became a trademark of Bruckner. It is a well-formed section, and it lacks but one thing for greatness: Melodic ingenuity. It tries. Lord knows, it tries. But it cannot, no matter how hard it tries, escape a certain sense of poorly-formed theme, of structure without an actual focus. It is almost as if we have the exact antithesis here to the equivalent movement of the First Sonata: In the earlier piece, the thematic inventiveness is superior, the working-out is erratic; in the later piece, the framework is impeccable but the materials used to form it are weak. Obviously, it would have been nice if Weber could have pastiched the two pieces into a single effort of unquestioned quality; but he didn't, so we have two individual efforts reeking of erraticism. Oh well....

No such problems befall the three movements of the Second Sonata that follow this problematical first one. The slow movement is a study in lyric perfection, a segment of a larger work that would be well-served out of context as an illustration of what can be done if only one has the warmth, the gentleness, and the genius to let oneself go. It hovers about a haunting melody, develops it with genteel caution, and rounds it to a sense of absolute completion. Following this, the sonata needs only a little bravura bounce to bring it to a sprightly end. But....

Weber is no ordinary writer. Had he skipped the Scherzo and finished off with, say, a tour-de-force of technical sparkle - the sort of thing Hummel might have done - he would have achieved fame, fortune, and incessant commissions to repeat the effort elsewhere. And after piano writing progressed beyond this obvious a level, in another ten or twenty years, he would have been left with one of the more exuberant footnotes in history. Instead, Weber holds back, and shows us that he is not merely a composer for effect, but a musician for the ages. So the slow movement calls for a quick, brash follow-on? Weber balks; he adds a Scherzo of unusual hesitation, a movement in which the bass section is inordinately squared-off and only the Trio hints at more to come. And then - and only then....

...does Weber let loose, albeit with one of the scarcest things in music - delicate bravura. Oh, he rounds this thing out, all right; but every inch of the way he resists the ordinary temptation to explode with cascading figurations and splendidiferous bombast. Instead, he treats all that has gone before as a statement of dignity, requiring an active but 'sensible' conclusion. And when he finishes, the listener smiles, and says, "Yes, of course; why didn't Hummel think of that?" The Second Sonata is not a work of overbearing greatness; it is a solid effort of strength beyond the usual, of building slowly and steadily on a limited foundation to achieve something far beyond the average of its day. It bodes well for what was to follow.

It is entirely possible to discuss the Third Sonata very briefly, and still do it justice. This is because there is no controversy whatsoever; it is what it is, and is nothing less or more. And that is three movements of original expression such as had not gone before outside Beethoven. Of the three, it is universally agreed that the middle one lacks something, and that the outer two do not.

Weber has tried something here - omitting a Scherzo - which he is not quite able to carry off. Still, one can almost forgive him the error on the sheer basis that the dramatic opening salvo, followed by the fine taut/loose contrasts that lead forward, and followed again by one of the most gorgeous lyric themes ever invented, make this movement a panorama of all that is good in Weber. A few clashing scale passages seem at first to detract (the impression is one of "He's out of ideas, so he'll run the keyboard"), but as things go along the clash is resolved in a synthesis of all ideas, alternately expanded and contrasted to resolve into one of the multi-purpose codas for which Weber's instrumental works are famous.

The slow movement isn't really bad, it just tries to be too much at once. Obviously intended as a simple intermezzo between two powerful bits, it starts effectively in a light Schubertian vein but begins to pile idea upon idea until it tries to say too much in too short a time. As a result, the ideas are inadequately developed, and the coda is more a dead stop than a rounding-off. The effect is of a pot-pourri of brilliant ideas stated but never carried forward, and in the sonata this becomes a mere hesitation step.

The finale, purest Weber, redeems. Brilliant passagework deriving from the most characteristic theme in this whole series gives us the one and only movement needing no real comment. This is where Weber, the dramatic genius of technical understatement, shines and glows.

With the Fourth Sonata, in e minor (completed in 1822 after three years' work), we arrive at last at unbridled, unmitigated greatness. This is the one that holds head to anything in its day.

From the delicate downward scales of the first theme, building cautiously but quickly to some Chopinesque chords followed by a movement through several dramatic keys - the listener knows something of value is going on here. Warrack calls it "a transitional work into a period that was never to be," by which he means that this e minor Sonata is the only one from Weber's true maturity which ought (but for early death) to have been a 'middle period.' Most commonly cited as the hallmark of this maturity is the complete freedom which Weber now feels, and shows, to traverse various key signatures according to his whim; there is no more awkwardness of complex modulation, rather a sense that this is what Weber had been learning to do all along. (Some have suggested that this is in fact a clear showing of genius versus mere competence: Weber and his 'great' contemporaries - Beethoven, Schubert, Chopin - learned to modulate freely, the lesser people - Spohr, Lortzing, Hummel - either never learned or never tried.)

Overall, and in spite of some spritely effects particularly in the scherzo, this is Weber's most melancholy piano piece of all. The slow movement is even subtitled 'Consolante,' though it is not the tragic tour de force that Beethoven would have given us. The feeling is best classed as 'resignation.' Which leads one to wonder: Did Weber know this would be his last Sonata? Could he foretell his own impending end? No matter, in a way; it remains one of the landmarks of its type, and would be so if Weber had lived to ninety.

For anyone interested in essaying these sonatas on discs, the best (and, curiously, cheapest) bet is to buy two sets of three records each: 'The Complete Weber Piano Music,' played superbly by Hans Kann. The sets are Vox 5450 and 5451. A stronger performance of the Fourth Sonata (with the third) by Annie d'Arco was once available here on L'Oiseau-Lyre, and might be worth a hunt. (It is still in print in England.)

GAME 19860 - The Convolutated Cassowary - Spring 1902

AUSTRIA (Evans Givan, 8066 Camstock Ct., Citrus Heights, CA 95610-4606):
a gal (s) bud-rum. a bud-rum. a vie (s) gal. a ser (s) bud-rum.
 f gre-aeg.

ENGLAND (Robert A. O'Donnell, Star Rt. 1, Box 732-37, Winston, OR 97496-9527): a lon-bel. f edi-nth. f nwy-bar. f nth-ska.

FRANCE (Larry Botimer, 13833 11th St., #3, Bellevue, WA 98005-2948): a pic (s) ENG lon-bel. a spa-mar. a par-gas. f eng (c) ENG lon-bel.

GERMANY (Michael Pustilnik, 140 Cadman Plaza West, #13-J, Brooklyn, NY 11201-1844): a hol-bel. a bur (h). a kie-den. a mun (s) bur.
 f den-hel.

ITALY (Robert W. Greier, Jr., 35171 Gromley Road, Salem, OH 44460-9510):
 a tun-naf. a pic (h). f rom-tyn. f tyn-lyo.

RUSSIA (J. Ron Brown, 1528 El Sereno Place, Bakersfield, CA 93304-4601):
a sev (s) rum. a ukr-gal. a war (s) ukr-gal. a mos (s) sev. f rum (s) sev. f swe (h).

TURKEY (Melinda Ann Holley, PO Box 2793, Huntington, WV 25727-2793):
 a bul (s) AUS bud-rum. a arm-sev. f con (s) bul. f bla (s) AUS bud-rum.

Retreats: None. Of course, the Russian fleet Rumania does have a slight problem of non-existence....

So what's next? Fall 1902? Okay - due SATURDAY, 26 JULY 1986.

ITALY TO ENGLAND: Hopefully you'll reconsider. I don't much feel like dancing while other powers grow.

AUSTRIA TO ENGLAND: Them's fightin' words, bub. I'm buildin' fleets from now on.

MOSCOW: Help! Help! Won't someone help me? Melinda's got me by the ba... by the ba...by the privates!

ITALY TO WORLD: General Robert (Mussolini) Greier explained at the christening of the newborn child (Muamar Quaddafi) that te did not dislike the French people, just their music. He summed it up by saying, "Who is this Johann Michael Haydn, and what's his relationship with a fat soprano?"

JAMUL: One of the reasons most Diplomacy journals are segmented by subject is so that readers won't read them all as a unit and make mush out of them. Some people, on the other hand, do it anyway....

AUSTRIA TO G.M.: Of course with the trees comes a lot of degrees. Above 100 of them at the moment. It's about uncomfortable....

JAMUL: Well, don't feel lonely, San Diego will have days like that. During an average year, it often has as many as three of them....

ST.PETE TO VIENNA: Please don't bother to attack us anymore. We have all the attention we want from the Sultness!

ITALY TO JAMUL: Well, there's Mother Theresa, she's into pinochle, and...ah, there's Mother Margaret the shuffleboard champ. Both fine ladies, but they kept the hot water tank low.

JAMUL: I can understand, I used to get tanked a lot too....

ST.PETE TO CON: Does a Sultness have a haremness?

JAMUL: (Heh heh) Yess....

W. Elmer Hinton Jr.

I read Rod Walker's essay (Costa 10.19, pgs 12-13) with a little bit of puzzlement. I couldn't imagine you wanting feud material, or Rod going so far out of his way to misconstrue so many well documented facts; altho he excels at pointing out the ridiculous, I was amazed that he would target himself with such an effort. It was only when I reached the "Mongo" section that I realized that his letter, like your April fool issue, was nothing more than a joke. Like the mythical Mongo, Rod decided to have some fun at the expense of your readers by foisting off the Marley archivist myth once again. Unfortunately, Rod, there are those who don't know the facts as you and I do, and might be misled into believing your numerous wholly inaccurate portrayal of events surrounding the Archive. The readers should be aware that Rod's letter is entirely (to use his favorite word) a fictive account. So I'm afraid that I'll just have to take your generous offer Conrad (CVM 5/5/86: "And I guarantee, no matter what else I do next issue, you will have a couple of pages reserved to reply to Rod's letter" and clear things up. Oh, I know it is hardly necessary- after all, just the fact that Rod provides no documentation is a give-away that it is all a joke, but unlike Rod, I feel a duty to keep the truth clear. So forgive me if I ramble on; Conrad, after all, it takes longer to dispell a charge than to make up one.

Allow me to begin with a digression. There is the tiniest chance that Rod actually believes some of what he claimed. This hinges on his challenge to ask Walt Buchanan, the prior hobby Archivist, for his opinion. So let's take a look at that individual's conduct.

Seven and one-half years ago, Conrad was the editor of Diplomacy World. He looked for a replacement. Of the applicants, I was chosen on Dec. 16, 1978. The next day Mark Berch was told this by Conrad, and Mark published the news in Diplomacy Digest. On the 19th, Conrad informed Walt. I spoke with Walt later that day and he confirmed this; I also spoke with Conrad the evening, so Kaissa #26 went out with the news. And then, 7 Christmas Eves ago (12/24/78), Berch again called Conrad and was told at that time that change occurred; Jerry Jones was to receive D.W., which he did.

For a long time afterward I believed Walt who stated emphatically that this change had occurred over his protest, and I felt no little distrust of Conrad as a result. Later on I realized it was Walt who was the villain of the piece, as I'll explain below. I won't quote from your Claw & Fang issue Conrad, concerning this, but perhaps you will regale your readers with your estimate of Walt Buchanan's level of veracity?

About this same time Walt, who had been making abdication noises for a few months, began discussing my acquisition of the Archive. Some time earlier Rod Walker had put his eye on the job and asked his friend Scott Marley to put in an application (Marley, Utopia Ltd.#1, 5/79; "Last August Rod Walker who was at the time assisting Conrad von Metzke with DW. asked me if I would take over the job of archivist for DW."). Marley, who was under the mistaken impression that the archive was an arm of DW instead of Walt's personal project, admitted that he hadn't received zines from any source by then (Conrad, Jerry or Walt). Rod's assertion that IDA was involved is wholly false. The record shows no IDA involvement in either choosing an archivist for itself nor in helping Walt find one (Podunk News #50, showing all 1978 business; well as individual issues of D.R. and C.C. to which I was a subscriber) in 1978. As an IDA council member for the next two years I can confirm that no such business occurred later as well. Nevertheless, Rod pushed his protest to the hilt, but without success. He even admits last issue, "that was as close to a direct anointing as we got.", or in other words, Walt did not confirm Marley as his successor. Rod claims 'tacit approval (poor in weight considering my active aid from Walt), and Rod seems to express regret over his lack of documentation, (such as I have...).

As late as April, when I spoke to him, Walt confirmed that choice had yet been made. As I say, we had discussed this since January, but Walt wanted to await more applicants before deciding the issue. I wrote to him at the

end of a few months expressing interest, (4/16/79; "I am writing not only to ask if anyone else has offered to take the Archives from May-78 on,") and making my proposal. General interest was high at that time, and the hobby knew well that the position was coming open, with no choice yet made. Jerry Jones made this clear in a flyer (1/10/79; "As for the Archives. There is still some confusion over who will be maintaining them. It seems that I asked someone to do it and that Rod Walker has asked someone else."), and Fred Davis actually got a mistaken report which he published in Bushwaker #89, 1/79. ("The new Archivist will be Konrad Baumeister." with the name encircled and the word "wrong" written in the margin). Walt's reply to my letter was (4/23/79), "I was very interested in your proposal. Could you call me..."right away to discuss it?" Discussion was spirited.

At this point you can see that in April 1979 Walt Buchanan was still Archivist, that the as yet unfinished search for a replacement was underway, and that Marley was nothing more than Rod Walker's personal protege and not in any way hobby Archivist. Rod's revisionist attempt to insert Marley in some hallowed position in 1978 is what falls to the ground, in light of this evidence. Moreover, as Marley admits receiving nothing (and he was a bit puzzled about it); because Jerry Jones agreed to hold off on sending him any material until Walt had made a final choice, and Walt did the same.

The critical piece came the next month, on 5/14/79, when Walt wrote me to say that he was going to choose Marley after all, but, "if you are interested still, in the position, however, I would still encourage you to maintain a complete collection of Dippy pubs from last May on. Then if Scott drops the bubble, you could take over the 'Archives with my full support.'" (Emphasis mine). Conrad, enclosed is a copy of both sides of this card. Walt was thinking so hard of May 78 that he misdated it but the postmark (Miami/76) is clear and definitive; after his May 5, 79 remarriage (this time to a Sandy Stubbs) he honeymooned in Florida (see Utopia Ltd.#1). When I received this card I called immediately to find out what had swayed him. He moaned that he was being pressured to choose Marley; that he wanted me to know that I was his first choice anyway. Right. I asked him to not bow to pressure, and to instead wait it out, not name Marley, and not send him anything either. Walt agreed to this and, in spite of what I may think of his word, he was apparently telling the truth this time, as Rod confirms that Walt never did give that direct approval. Based on Marley's dropping out, however, I did have such approval. We waited. By July it was evident that Marley was a poor choice. From the first of his May-79 (not 78) announcement of his collection and his zine Utopia Ltd., he treated the matter cavalierly. I put this to Walt and while he wanted to give Marley a bit more time he decided to put forward a proposal of support for me. (W.B. 8/18/79; "However, I still hope you will consider building a backup archives. In fact, if you want to send me money for shipping, I will start sending you my spares for this endeavor.")

I didn't like this idea of a backup very much, although the theme will recur with Walt, as you will see. I accepted the situation and sent off a check, plus a list of my holdings the next month. For the third time, the question of Walt's veracity was to come to the test.

I got a card from Walt a couple of weeks later which said that, instead of sending the Hoosier Archive duplicates to me directly, they would go to Mark Berch first; he would send them to me afterward. I phoned Berch right away and got a different story; the zines now belonged to him and he would send them to whomever he liked; and that Walt was fully aware of both facts when he wrote to me... you be the judge of the card: "I'm really glad you wrote. I thought I'd sent a card when I"((cashed))"your check. Things are so hectic around here! ~~Before~~ After I 1st heard from you, Mark Berch reminded me of a promise to send him most of my spares to check for articles. I talked to him tho & he plans to send them to you. From my end I can use the \$15 to send the rest of the spares & others as I get them. Do you want regular wargaming mags also? Is the above OK? I'm impressed w/your cataloguing." Once again, Walt was the good guy and everybody else, Conrad, Mark, etc., were the bad guys. Yes, I finally saw the light.

I don't like to be taken advantage of; I wrote to Walt and laid out the scenerio- that I no longer considered the others the bad guys. I had the dis-

ting impression that Walt tended to say whatever the listener wished to hear at the time, provided that he came out smelling clean- forget about what Conrad, Mark, or Rod for that matter, smelled like. He tried again to convince me he was blameless and that he supported me as Archivist against the others who pressured him; "W.B. 10/1/79: "I'm sorry you feel the way you do altho I understand. Unfortunately y/letter to Berch undid a lot of what I accomplished w/phone calls to him. He will now need more convincing that you should be Archivist. He will still send you the material tho, as soon as he can & I'll still keep working on him."... "Once you've proved yourself, I'll then consider sending the earlier Archives." I didn't like that "proved" business for one thing; and I was getting a very different story from Mark.

Mark made no bones about wanting Rod's choice to prevail, but he knew enough of what was really going on to attempt a neutral course. As outlined in his on 2/22/80, and 5/13/80, (and later notes), he spelled out that he would, after retaining whatever spares he wished (perhaps 1/3rd of the total) the remainder would be divided equally between Marley and myself provided "you must agree to co-operate with each other in swapping duplicates from the material."... "It is inevitable that some material will be duplicates for one of you but needed by the other." Though I sent him my want list and my duplicate list, the only thing I ever received (beyond a very few issues of Utopia) was this note in full; "Elmer-- Too busy to worry about spares for at least another month. I'll send you a letter then. (S.) Scott".

Finally, some years later I saw an item in DW and got curious, so I wrote Walt again and he reiterated his standing offer concerning the pre-M 78 zines; "As to getting Hoosier Archives, I thought I'd told you all along that a condition was your collecting all zines from 1978 on"... Since my own interest at that point was in determining if the collection still existed, and I had no intention of doing what he asked any longer- except as a coincidental part of building the Granite Archive, I dismissed this as more Walt fluff. At that time (April 1982) Marley was long disappeared, and with Walt's prior word in hand- that with Marley gone I could presume his full support as hobby Archivist, I had the only "anointing" as Rod would say, has ever been given.

Of course, as I say, considering Walt's level of veracity, Rod might be able to tell a slightly different story. I have no doubt that the full truth would resemble a bastardy hearing for the court of Amber. However, the above is the only documented, accurate story to the best of my archive's reach. Other documentation, though unlikely, would still be welcomed for whatever light it might shed. It would not change what has already been admitted, though, and that is that Scott Marley was never made Archivist, and so the present disposition of his collection has no bearing on that title. That is to say, Larry Peery has no possible claim to such a title, even if he wanted it. Of course if Rod had bothered to ask Larry about it he would have learned that we are co-operating and Larry has no desire for the title. Rod also trips himself up in claiming that such an entity must have certain lists (as a list of holdings), when indicating Larry might claim something of an Archive, since (in spite of Fred Davis' error recently in Bushwaker) Larry will not have such a list for two years, he estimates, while mine is out. (Which, by the way, I have cautioned Larry to take slowly; I know the horror of some aspects of archival work when haste is employed- and as Conrad mentions I am a professional archivist; though you should have said N.H. Archaeological Society. We do a lot of work with NHHS, but my interest has always been more toward Passaconaway than Strawberry Banke, so technically I've done such work for only three groups, none actually NHHS. Porgive my accuracy bug.)

Not only is Rod's interest in such things poor, but, unforgivably enough I have a number of zines in the archive from him, in a rather off way; (Rod Walker, 12/22/79: "The zines I'm using for stationary are occasional extractions of no consequence."), this on the back of THE DIPLOMAT #73(2/5/75). Of no consequence? Well, perhaps not to such as you. However, for one so concerned with the future of the Archives, your past actions look quite suspect.

That brings me to a subject I would have liked to avoid, but like the fake Mongo story (Rod's continuance of the feud he has with John Boardman)

and the fake Marley archive story(which I guess he feels he must continue to defend beyond all reason), so too his little indictment of my interests or methods in the past, cannot go un rebutted.

Unfortunately, Rod's statements about "strongarm tactics" and his apparent concern for offices which I might gain are what my psychology instructor called an example of "projection". With one not so shining exception, Rod has taken every post he has ever magaged to obtain and made rather a bad mess with each. He was BNC, he will tell you; that he nearly fumbled them to oblivion he will avoid telling you (but Conrad, you were the next BNC who cleaned up his mess, so again, you should be the one to speak on this). Rod also made every effort while an IDA council member to disrupt proceedings and "strongarm", to use his word, the council, even to usurping the role of the President by asking to collect and print council votes (a little piece of business that he tried to get me to do the previous year, but which I refused to be a party to). His recent contretemps with Diplomacy World, which he drove to near folding, is fresh in everyone's mind, I trust.

As to fictive organizations, I don't have the slightest idea of what he is talking about, since I have none, existing or non-existing. I do own a business, Gamesmasters Publishers Assn., a legally chartered partnership. However, Rod knows all about that:(R.W. 2/19/80: "Your information that GPA is a commercial enterprise is gratefully received here. I had suspected as much."... "Since GPA is primarily an attempt to make money, I must apologise for any statements I made unjustly criticizing it." I know he knew this because he told Mark Berch at least: (M.B. 2/22/80): "With regard to GPA, I hear from Rod that this is a business-like organization, a commercial outfit."

So, whatever he is blathering about is beyond any reconning. However, Rod had his own fictive group "NADF", for which he tried to obtain the IDA treasury after driving IDA to destruction. He failed of course, the council wasn't as simple minded as Rod's ego demanded them to be. However, he did claim a wide acceptance in spite of certain "members" who disavowed any connection, and NADF was buried and forgotten.

As for rates- yes I'm a professional. Poor Rod; so out of touch with the hobby and fact, wants to castrate me for charging \$3 for a game turn when of the 200,000 some game turns; consisting of about 120 titles run by 60+ professional companies like GPA, the average fee is \$4 per turn. Of those 200,000 turns run per month, less than 1% are amateur rate turns by amateur GMS, and include all of Diplomacy. Those latter do run around 50¢ average, all told. What that has to do with the Archive, Rod doesn't tell you; and here is something else he knows he didn't tell you- Granite Archive copying is 12.5¢ per page plus postage where no research is required, and has been for the last 6 years. I don't think that's out of line and any intimations from Rod about strongarming money for zine copies is repugnant.

As for offices, again, Rod is indulging in projection. I make no secret that I apply for offices religiously. I always apply for the Boardman Numbers when the time comes around. So did Rod this last time. However, when it comes to strongarming,...well, you be the judge of this letter I received from Rod at the time of the Agosta-Kendter transfer: (2/5/80): "The hobby grapevine informs me that you have shown more than a casual interest in the Boardman Numbers. Forget it."... "the BN's operate under certain preconditions regarding thier transfer. These involve circumstances under which I would resume the custodianship in order to protect the independence and integrity of the numbers. If some unforeseen situation arose which would lead to transferring the Numbers to you, I would invoke the previously mentioned preconditions and resume the custodianship myself." At the time I was dubious of Rod's ability (or arrogance) to pull this off and asked Mark Berch if he knew of such an agreement (or would "covenant" be a better word?) and he replied: "With regard to this business about the BNC in your exchange of letters with Rod Walker, I must say that I mostly disagree with Rod in this matter. I see nothing wrong with your taking a more than casual interest in the Numbers (the same could be said about me), nor do I see anything wrong with your putting your oar in the water, as Rod put it, to try to get the BNC post. I also do not agree with Rod's theory of the various Riders on the Numbers, nor do I

see the value of his gratuitous remarks about your qualifications for the job."

Naturally, when this arose again last issue I decided to call upon a past BNC, as Mark is not, for a clarification of the matter, so I called Kathy Byrne. She said, for quote, that there was, to the best of her knowledge and belief, no binding restrictions on that office; no veto powers, and no covenant-like precondition allowing any takeover by any past BNC. She said that most BNCs co-operate with past BNCs when they have a problem, or need advice, but that this, too is not required. There is no "Walker-lein" on the Boardman Numbers! Ghod, Rod! Strongarming offices, indeed!

To recap this dreadfully drawn out proof; (for which I do again apologise Conrad, however, it is much harder and longer to disprove charges, especially with evidence, than it is to make them up out of ones own head),

Marley was never Archivist; Rod admits this in saying no direct appointment was made. He is also remiss in his recall since neither IDA nor Walt were involved much before January 1979, if at all. There is one reference in a listing of Marley as "NAVB Archivist" though why NAVB would need a custodian and an archivist is a bit strange. Of course, Marley himself was not clear on many facts (for example, in Utopia Ltd 6, 2/80 he wrote "On top of that Mark Berch has all the spares from Walt Buchanan, and I get first dibs on any he doesn't want.", which, as Mark will tell you, was not the case; which I already described above). Walt himself may have made things worse by trying to be soothing to whomever he was addressing at the moment, but his letters still live on, as does his statement of support for me, now that Marley is gone, and his continued offer for the original Archive as well. He may, today, even be willing to deny these things, but the zines, letters and facts remain as a bulk of indisputable evidence.

Rod's zeal in crusading against the evils of Elmer Hinton, has unfortunately brought him to accuse me of things quite far from the truth; and, also no farther from the truth than his own back yard. He is hardly in touch with the hobby or with me, has obviously read none of Foundation. He wants to rear the crusading trumpet for, if anyone, Larry Peery. Yet, if he had bothered to ask anyone, or Larry, he would have been told that Larry and I have already discussed the matter thoroughly and came to an understanding. While I have the only legitimate claim to the past title, it is months past since it was made clear to all concerned that I warned I would pursue it only if Larry did likewise, and he quickly disavowed this. He has plenty to draw his interest, and the Archive is not part of it, save that it continue to exist, and be used properly, which is what we all want. He intends to call his collection the Taco Archive, if memory serves and mine continues to be the Granite Archive, and as such I will sign myself Archivist whether Rod Walker approves or not. Especially if not. I am glad to see him echoing many of the things said in Foundation, although I doubt he knew of them.

In short, Rod's desire to protect the hobby from my dreaded clutches he oversteps himself in his ignorance. The fact that of all the plugs and reviews I've recived in such places as Costaguana, Diplomacy Digest, and Bushwaker, to just name a very few, I have yet to receive this brand of opposition, but that many of Rods statements are echoed in only one other place the previous month- a flyer by Robert Sacks, says a great deal about Mr.Walkers perception and judgements, I think.

And as you point out, Conrad, since I am the only one doing the work in this area...well, now I'll depart. My past and current statements in Foundation should, added to this, leave matters perfectly clear. Please, Conrad, do add your own comments .

.....

Conrad here. First let me clarify that Elmer did include several photocopies of postal cards from Walt Buchanan. In my view, neither their authenticity nor the accuracy of Elmer's quotation from them is a matter of question. Nor, for that matter, is Elmer's interpretation of their meanings and intent.

There is a great deal of this on which I cannot comment intelligently; I just wasn't there, and don't know. My knowledge of many of the personalities does lead me to state that Elmer's interpretation and recitation of events is more than merely plausible; I'd call it probable.

In one specific case, I was involved, and I do know what happened. This concerns the handover of DIPLOMACY WORLD from me to Jerry Jones. At the time, I had just edited and published my first solo issue of DW, and very quickly realized that I had taken on far more than I could ever handle alone; and so, in one of the very few purely rational acts I've performed performed in my hobby days, I let it be known far and wide that I just couldn't keep up. And I called for someone to take over.

There were three offers. In the order received, they came from: Elmer; Helena Rubinstein (no, not that one!) of New York, whom I suspected to be 'fronting' for the Robert Sacks crowd (and, though I never proved it, I think now that this was wrong); and Jerry Jones.

Of the three, I knew Elmer fairly well and Jerry slightly. To me, both would have been acceptable. So would have Helena, based on several very long conversations with her. Now, frankly, my main interest was in getting the hell out; I really didn't have all that big a stake in who got me out. And in practice, I had full authority to do anything I chose to do. The course I chose had both good and bad elements in it: I consulted the two people most concerned with the subject (Rod and Walt), and I made assurances to all three parties that I'd give them DW. The last is quite probably the most abysmal action I have ever taken in this hobby, and I bear full blame.

Rod and Walt both expressed the same attitude: "Anybody but Elmer." As a matter of fact, Jerry Jones came forward largely as the result of a recruitment effort to find an alternative. (Rod and Walt had the same Sacks-front suspicions about Helena.) Or, to clarify in another sense, Jerry came forward only after no other viable offer, save Elmer's, had surfaced. Jerry was at least in part a pure 'stop Elmer' candidate.

My two great regrets in this matter are that I lied to two people who didn't deserve it, and that I failed to indicate to anyone that I actually had a spine. If I had it to do over, I would at the very least make no specious promises, and I would probably have requested a statement of intent (a formal proposal, with full details) from each of the three, and then decided by myself on the basis of who seemed best for DW, rather than who would get me out of it the quickest.

I do not say that, on that basis, I'd have chosen Elmer. I just don't know. But he did deserve, at the very least, to be rejected on honest grounds. As I read Elmer's letter, it is the pettiness and the dishonesty to which he objects as much as to anything. In my view, he has every right to be pretty damned peeved, and his objections to a pattern of outrageous treatment by a succession of supposed hobby 'stalwarts' are well taken.

Let me comment also, this time briefly, on the matter of the Archives. I do not happen to think that the issue of who is Walt's anointed successor as official hobby archivist is of any importance. Walt was self-anointed (if at all) in the first place; he got the title mainly because he was the only one seriously trying to do such a thing. But it has been pointed out many times - most recently in this very issue of COSTA by Bob Olsen - that a multiplicity of archival storages is a good thing, and Rod is correct when he asserts that a hobby archivist exists whenever someone establishes an Archives and does something useful with it. Except perhaps in the settlement of old (and maybe even valid) grievances, which I suggest are not of contemporary significance, there is no useful purpose to be served by giving a second thought to who is an "official" archivist in our midst. I care only who has the material, and who is making it usefully available. Elmer meets

those criteria. He therefore has my full support in his efforts. But so would anyone else who undertook to do the same work.

I'm not sure how long this discussion can go on and still be useful. Nevertheless, I'm willing to go one more round. On Page 43 will be found Rod's late-arriving rejoinder, and we will presumably have another installment next time. Exchanges of this sort, however, carry with them the great risk of degenerating into feuds, whether or not any given participant desires them to or not. I must therefore assert my right to curtail any discussion which I feel is trending that way. That right will not, however, be used to restrict a legitimate right of reply.

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UPDATE ON NEW GAMES

MARSHALL (Jihad): Solicitations for preference lists are now out. The game will start shortly by flyer, and the lineup and a Miller Number will be announced next issue.

BISSEL (W.W.IIIb): Apparently Paul's last adjudication, typed in April, was never in fact mailed. I have therefore reprinted it and set a new deadline of July 12 for Winter 2018 adjustments.

For both of these games, standby players are urgently needed. I will supply rules and maps to anyone interested.

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

THE CIRCULATION of COSTAGUANA now stands at 98. This is the highest I've seen in ten years (of course, for six of those years I was inactive), and it is obvious that with a very tiny effort I could break one hundred and set off some fireworks or something to celebrate a milestone....

There's only one problem. I'm saturated. I've reached my limit. I can't go any higher!

It is my considered opinion that I would be courting disaster, both in terms of workload and finances, to exceed one hundred. It has been in the back of my mind for some while that 100 would be my absolute max, but - as I never really expected to get this close - I never bothered to discuss it. But - here we are.

I must therefore announce that I can no longer accept subscriptions or trades not already established. Other publishers will be so kind, I beg, as to note this fact and stop plugging my journal. I love you for your kind words, but I just can't deal with any more.

Next issue, I will be including a 'reader response' form that will, among other things, have the effect of clearing out any deadwood on my mailing list. This may help a squib, though in honesty I doubt we'll find more than four or five names - if that - in said category. So for the moment, COSTAGUANA is closed to new people.

ERIC DEPT.: Yesterday, Eric threw a toy down the sewer. He regretted it instantly, and came running to me: "Daddy, I lost a toy. Will you climb down and get it?" Knowing the truth, I said, "No, Eric, if you threw it there, it's gone!" Eric considered a moment, then asked, "Well, will you go find somebody who will say yes?"

THE MAILBOX FILLETH (yet again!)

Mark I do not agree with your statement that "changing rules in mid-stream is fraud," without player approval. That is much too sweeping. Consider:

1. "So that is why the 'zine will have to go from tri-weekly to monthly. Incidentally, I noticed that I actually put 'tri-weekly' in the house rules. Change that to 'monthly.'"

2. "In reviewing my HRs I see that I said, 'The GM will reveal who voted how on draw or concession votes.' Take my word for it, that was a typo; it should read 'will not.'"

3. Ditto, except it's "...reveal who proposed a draw/concession."

4. "The BNC has been firm that my method for handling standby-replacement players will make the game irregular. I can't persuade him otherwise. And so, henceforth the new procedure is...."

5. "The house rule providing for NMR insurance (i.e. I call you collect) is now suspended because I no longer have a 'phone, and it's about a 15-min. walk to a pay 'phone. And the 'phone orders will be accepted only the night before the deadline' rule is also trashed."

6. "The house rule of 'a resigning player may choose whomever he likes as a replacement' is being modified to add 'except someone already in the game.'"

7. "Of all the dumb ideas I've ever had, the house rule 'game results are available by 'phone 2⁴ hours after the deadline' takes the cake. This time, I had twelve such calls in one evening! And two new games are starting! So, scratch that from your HRs!"

8. "I'm such an old-timer that I've always used the original 1961 G.R.I. rulebook with suitable revisions. I didn't realize that the later rulebooks cancelled the 'coastal crawl.' Thus, please cross out House Rule 18."

9. "The local player I had used for creating orders from 'general orders' has left town, and I don't want the expense of doing this by long distance, so cancel H.R. #7, general orders are no longer viable."

10. "I'm so impressed by Cvm's arguments in favor of general orders that I'm going to use them, so add this to the house rules...."

Let us suppose that one - or a majority - of the players objected (e.g. to #10 - "I don't NMR and I don't want those who do to have that protection" - or #2, "My current strategy is based on being able to smoke out what ally doesn't want the 3-way, and joining with my other ally to wipe him out"). Do you stick to your position that there's no justification?

((Yep. I do indeed. Inasmuch as you've delineated ten examples, let's take them one by one - or, at least, in related groups:

((I must admit that I get the feeling, Mark, that you didn't read my comments very carefully. Either that, or I was far more obscure than I thought! It was my impression that I said, quite clearly, that certain mechanical aspects of game-running must at all times be left to the needs of the GM, and if circumstances change, these things must automatically change. That's why I suggest leaving them out of house rules altogether; make them 'policies' but don't lock into them. If someone does lock themselves in, well...hey, I warned you! I refer here, of course, to your examples 1, 5, 7 and 9. #7 is a little iffy, but it is probably related to the GMs inability to cope with the flood of calls - wife objects, or kids are awakened, or some such - and thus falls into the same general category. Note, Mark, that I used a couple of these as specific examples myself! Am I really getting so old that I'm that vague?

((In Examples 2 and 3 you are asserting a mere typo. The issue, to me, is to what extent players have joined the game based on said alleged typo. All players will have joined with the understanding gained by the original (erroneous) wording. If any has joined specifically because of it, they are entitled to have the game bound by it. A GM can certainly fix the error for future games, but for existing ones, it must ethically stand as written unless all players agree to the revision.

((Example 4 is a rather exceptional situation, and I can see arguments both ways. Again, however, I would point out that players have joined the game on the basis of the original policy, and they may not wish to change even when informed of the BNC ruling. My guess is that most players would understand the situation and concur with the proposed alteration. But if one did not, then despite the consequences I aver that the original policy must stand.

((Example 6 is absurd. I will take one hell of a lot of convincing before I will accept that this sort of thing is not assumed by all potential players even before house rules are written. I have, it is true, stated that altering house rules mid-stream is fraud. I thought it went without saying - but I guess not - that I expected players to be at the very least rational and of average intelligence. If any player extends the so-called "miswrite" you cite to the level you imply, they deserve to be resoundingly laughed at.

((Examples 8 and 10 are precisely the sort of ex post facto changes that I abhor. Okay, so a GM likes 'general orders' all of a sudden. How nice. Get your players to agree, and you got it. If someone objects, then hold it back for future game starts only. Beyond that, I say it's fraud.

((I think what you're trying to say, Mark - among other things - is that there are a lot of badly-written house rules running around. You're quite right. But I cannot agree with your implication that, however stupidly he may have concocted them, a suddenly-enlightened GM may arbitrarily elect not to be bound by them. In the case of certain mechanical things - the sudden lack of a 'phone - there may be no choice; they ought not to be 'rules' in the first place, but on the other hand players really do need to read house rules with a certain common sense. It strikes me as pretty obvious that if a GM writes a rule about 'phone orders, and suddenly finds himself 'phone-less, the fact of life is that the rule just changed, no matter how loudly anyone objects.

((In some cases, e.g. the 'coastal crawl' example, it might (and then again it might not) be relevant to discuss whether or not the rule has seen application theretofore in a given game. But even if the rule hadn't yet come up, I'd be hard-pressed to respond to an assertion such as, "I joined this game precisely because it was the only coastal-crawl game still going. I want an Ombudsman!")

Mark I don't see why Ken Peel bemoans the paucity of DIAS openings.
Berch All one needs to do is make a mental resolution to veto all non-DIAS draws, and then the game becomes DIAS.

((True. But read the draw house-rule pretty carefully. If it's one of those 'majority rules' things - i.e. unless one may is an absolute veto - then the above won't work. Fortunately, such charades are scarce....))

BUY "RAILWAY RIVALS!"

Pete Jim-Bob ((Burgess)) says you're running 'Rather Silly Dip.'
 Gaughan This is the last straw, and I will simply not go on with
 COSTAGUANA any longer. My sub check is enclosed.
 P.S. Whether you really are a figment of Rod Walker's imagination is
 irrelevant to me.

((Ta for the check. My own in return, for PERELANDRA - without
 which I suppose I can live, but who the hell wants to? - is separately
 sent. I am at a complete loss to understand the effective difference
 between reciprocal subs and an actual trade, but hey, it's your life....

((Rod Walker is a brilliant man, and I love him dearly and respect
 immensely his mental prowess and imagination. However, it is asking just
 a bit much that he could think me up.))

Jake This may not be a topic you wish to discuss, but as you are a
 Walters sage regarding all topics, here goes....

Doctors in Massachusetts are spending thousands, perhaps mil-
 lions, to lobby for laws restricting awards on medical malpractice suits.
 They are trying to scare the public by saying doctors are leaving due to
 insurance costs. A recent survey by the Boston Globe showed that the
 public largely blames lawyers for the problem. That same paper just had
 an investigative team publish its results - that 4% of the doctors are
 responsible for 52% of the jury awards. In 1983, 800 medical malpractice
 cases were filed. About 80 went to trial, the majority of which were won
 by the doctors. Only two cases resulted in awards over 1 million. Of that
 4%, the paper discussed two surgeons, both of whom were asked by hospitals
 where they practiced to leave, and were denied privileges due to deaths and
 accidents. But, the AMA took no action, and the hospitals and fellow doc-
 tors gave glowing recommendations - and, the doctors moved out of state and
 maimed other people. As one who has never tried a malpractice case, but
 knows others who have, I can say that the same doctors are in court over
 and over. Neither the AMA nor the insurance companies punish that 4%.

Say what you will about lawyers, but in Massachusetts at least the
 dishonest and hopelessly incompetent are reported and removed. It may
 take a while, but action is taken.

One other point - I work hard and produce quality products - contracts,
 wills, etc. Like anyone else, though, I can make a mistake. A year or so
 ago I screwed up a provision of a will. I noticed it two days later, ate
 s--- by calling the client, and fixed it up. If I'd been in an operation,
 and had left a sponge in or something, my mistake would have had more serious
 consequences. Even the best can make a mistake - and awards against doc-
 tors go with the territory.

((Well, hell, I can't agree that I'm a "sage on all topics," but it
 happens that here you've hit one of my pets.

((I cannot speak for Massachusetts. In California, both the AMA and
 its state equivalent, the CMA, have very poor records. But so do the legal
 equivalents, the ABA and the CBA. Neither profession is effectively policed
 internally. Our court systems out here have had better success, perhaps
 more with lawyers than with doctors purely by virtue of their greater power
 in the legal arena. But it is still true that California has a reputation
 for effective dealing with any professional against whom the preponderance
 of evidence weighs.

((I am, however, an advocate of the thesis that this whole 'malpractice'
 business has gone far and away over the brink of rationality. I've no
 qualms with ferreting out the scum and stomping them into the mud. But
 an attitude has developed among the consuming public that professionals
 in any field - especially the legal and medical, but also the accounting
 and plumbing and ice-cream-vending and so forth - must be perfect. No

professional is allowed, by public demand, to be human; mistakes are not tolerated. I hear this at work every day about the USPS, but of course we don't have the lawsuit problem to contend with, only the intolerance of the public which wants it all. Doctors and lawyers and others don't have the same options.

((Courts tend to hold professionals such as doctors and lawyers to a higher standard than, say, plumbers and interior decorators. This is quite as it ought to be; the consequences of a slip can be so much more severe, even life-threatening. If a doctor mis-diagnoses or leaves a sponge in, and the patient dies, can the patient then be made whole? Ditto the bad lawyer whose client is sent to the gas chamber. Whereas with, say, a plumber, the worst one will normally suffer is a flooded room,

((But no matter how much the professional may hold in his/her hands, the fact is that human beings are fallible. Perhaps proper surgical procedure will serve to avoid the unremoved sponge, and any failure is *prima facie* negligence. (My mother, an RN with surgical background, would agree with that.) But a mis-diagnosis? How about selecting one course of treatment over another - if the course selected proves a failure, can we hold the doctor accountable because he didn't pick the other one? Where is the dividing line between incompetence and mere human (or scientific) imperfection?

((Just as there are quack doctors who need curtailing, so there are shyster lawyers deserving of the same treatment. But that is a long way from blaming the legal profession for the increase in malpractice rates and all other ills in the health care world. And there is no question in my mind that lawyers need to stand ready to serve those plaintiffs who do have appropriate causes of action.

((And so, Jake; up to a point I agree with you. The medical profession does need a bit better effort at self-control of incompetents. So does the legal. But, unfortunately for lawyers, until the medical people clean up their act - regardless of whether the legal ones ever do - it will be lawyers suing doctors, and thereby getting blamed for escalating fees. Just as I, as a postal manager, will get blamed if one of my carriers mis-delivers a letter. It may be unfair, but - well, it comes with the territory. It's the way the public views the relationships between professions. If you know a way to change this view, I'd love to hear it!))

Robert Greier Well, it's now been a couple of months since the Libyan bombing. I believe one must allow some time to pass before we understand the broad effects of the raid.

The day after the raid, the world worried, Would Quackdaffy retaliate? How would the world take a U.S. military action? Would the British people accept the risk their government had taken?

The question I ask is: Why?

The Americans who died were not within our borders. They were on foreign soil. Therefore, is it not the responsibility of the countries where they died to take action? If, for instance, an Italian was murdered in the U.S., would our government not feel responsible? Wouldn't we retaliate in some way, whether the aggressor was a raving maniac or a helluva nice guy?

The military men who died in the German disco are fairly good examples of an outdated idea. In 1945 the occupation of Germany made sense, they had been our enemy and the occupation was a regrouping of the German people, a changing of their ideas, the reason for living.

In 1986 our occupation is a breakpoint from Soviet aggression. Armed with some conventional means and a lotta nuclear warheads, we keep the European continent safe for democracy.

A wonderful line, but who keeps Europe safe for Americans? Is that also our responsibility? Can we alone clear the world of assholes like Khaddafi?

So I find myself wondering, not if the bombing was the right answer, but if we're asking the right questions.

((Good point. After thirty-one years, are we still in occupation of Europe, or are we now there by invitation and mutual agreement? If by invitation - and I think that's it, since if any country invites us to leave, we do - then aren't we entitled to expect a certain level of local security?

((It's questionable whether we ought to police the globe even if we could, but inasmuch as we can't anyway, we ought not to feel that we have to try. If others can't shoulder their share, let's help them learn how to upgrade. If others won't, maybe we ought to just go away and let them fend for themselves?))

Melinda Holley:

Economic sanctions simply would not work against Khadaffi or anybody else. There is no way that the US could get our trading partners to cut off Libya. The country exports oil to Europe. As long as oil is a valuable commodity, Libya will not be the victim of mass economic sanctions. Any special interest group in the US will scream bloody murder if the government wanted to impose sanctions on any country not falling in with the sanctions against Libya. Getting the point across is not enough. We have to do something. Every country knows our position against Libya and has for some time. That didn't stop Khadaffi.

Your comment about not descending to the level of terrorists sort of reminds me about the noble Roman Senators who retired to the Senate chamber to await the invading Goths. No doubt the Roman Senators didn't want to descend to the level of the Goths. They got destroyed.

Discussions on terrorism and the causes of terrorism are usually held by the victims. When does the terrorist attend such discussions? Never. The terrorist is too busy planning to blow up another airplane. The old adage of "He who lives by the sword will die by the sword" also means that it's very rare that one who employs violence will step away from it. Terrorism is a means to an end. If a country or person or organization or whatever refuses to give in to the terrorist, then violence is seen by the terrorist as a legitimate way of getting what he wants. Descending to the level of the terrorist is like hitting the mule with a 2x4...you have to get his attention first.

((Okay, I've already retreated from my economic bit, many pages back. As to the rest - well, let's do the next letter and then comment.))

Dick For the record, I think that bombing Libya, while regrettable,
 Martin looks like it was the right thing to do. For the time being,
 the terrorists (all of them) are laying low. The reprieve is
 a welcome one, as I was getting very tired of the hijack of the week on
 my evening news.

Sanctions as you propose them are a poor substitute for a little
carefully chosen brutality. What, you think it better to destroy the
 relations between the U.S. and most of the rest of the free world with
 total sanctions against our allies unless they do our bidding? What better
 possible result for the terrorists? ((Okay, Okay! I goofed!!!))

Indeed, terrorists seem to be thinking twice before machine-gunning
 innocent tourists. Sure, the individual terrorists may be suicidal, but
 their leaders are not. Is Khomeini leading his human wave attacks against
 Iraq? When was the last time the Colonel was in Athens airport? Does any-
 body even know where Abu Nidal is? These leaders will do nothing to jeo-
 pardize what they stand for most - themselves. If the point is made that
 terrorist leaders are vulnerable, they will be more reluctant to order the
 blowing-up of a planeload of vacationers.

Better to rise up against this undeclared war, and thereby bring an
 end to it. I sure hope it works.

((I guess my whole problem with this whole issue is that I see our
 raid as an attack on symptoms, not causes. Yes, there's been a bit of a
 respite. If I really thought it was anything more than temporary, I'd be
 a lot happier. If I had any faith that a few selected strikes against the
 terrorist leaders would really squelch the 'war,' I might even endorse it.
 But I'll just betcha what we've got here is a retrenching or restructuring,
 maybe even covering tracks so we won't find a 'smoking gun' next time. Who
 knows? One thing I'm very confident about: In the control of fanatic Arab
 terrorism, we haven't even made a dent.

((I can only come back to the same point I've harped on all along; I
 have nothing new to add. The sub-structure of this issue is far too deep-
 rooted, far too complex, to be contained merely by the lancing of a boil
 or two. Qaddafi is the screwiest of them all, and the most powerful, but
 he had predecessors who upset us greatly (Arafat, Habash), he has con-
 temporaries who could carry the field just as well (Hafez Assad is the
 best example, but don't sell Iraq's Sadaam Hussein short, he's nuts too),
 and he will have successors if he should falter. (I tend to view Khomeini
 on a bit of a different plane; there are factors at work there that are
 unique - memories of CIA support for the Shah's secret police, etc.)

((It's been oversaid, but it's still true: We are trying to use con-
 ventional Western wisdom and methods to combat an Eastern holy war. The two
 do not mesh. There's a close parallel with the British in India, with the
 Habsburgs in Mexico, maybe even with the Russians in Afghanistan. It is
 significant, I think, that while more rational Arab leaders clearly disavow
 Qaddafi's methodology, not a single one of them has contradicted his princi-
 ples. Even the extreme pro-American Arab and Moslem leaders, e.g. Qaboos
 of Oman and Hassan al of Brunei, endorse his aims to the hilt even while
 denouncing his actions.

((For the record, as Dick would say, I really hope I'm full of hot
 air and you're right as rain. But please forgive me if I don't hold my
 breath.))

The next four pages constitute Rod Walker's reply to Elmer Hinton's
 letter on pp. 30-34. Elmer is, of course, invited to respond next issue.

Rod Walker:

I'm going to try to manage a brief reply to Elmer Hinton's ~~666K~~ letter, but this will no doubt go on a bit. Let me admit, right off, that I have long doubted (and still doubt) Elmer's motives and competence with respect to the various hobby services he's tried to take over. Whether my doubts are justified will have to be judged by any interested person for him/herself. I do not want to go into them in your lettercol, which would subject you and your readers to a long exchange which most people would find boring and futile.

Elmer's letter reads like a mud-slinging political campaign. It's full of distortions and nonfacts. I was disappointed that Elmer felt he had to lie so extensively about me, but I wasn't surprised [his recent nonfactual attacks in KAISSA on the BNC (and Miller Award winner), Bill Quinn, are exemplary of how he treats people who disagree with him]. I see no reason to bore your readers with pages of correction to Elmer's pages of false witness. If they feel otherwise, let me know and we can deal with it then, but it all seems pointless.

Indeed Elmer's whole letter seems pointless. Nobody is questioning his right to set up an archive of hobby publications and do whatever he wants with it. I only question calling it "(The) Archive", which implies a sort of "official" (in this hobby?) status. It suggests (obviously deliberately) that his archive (which after all is essentially a private collection) ought to be accorded priority or favored treatment over somebody else's archive. It might even discourage somebody else from attempting a similar collection. In today's decentralized hobby, that sort of puffery is an affront.

Two things should be immediately obvious to anyone who thinks about all this: First, if Elmer (or anybody) had a working archive of hobby publications (usefully catalogued and easily available at reasonable cost), every self-respecting publisher would be anxious to have his stuff in that collection. Elmer (or whoever) wouldn't have to resort to puffery, character assassination, and other questionable tactics to gain recognition and support. The fact that Elmer does engage in such things is a direct measure of how valuable his "service" is ... which is to say, not very. That could change (see end of letter).

Second, Elmer has been in this hobby for around a decade, and has been fooling with the "archive" thing for almost that entire time. All he has managed to produce in that many years has been a sketchy catalogue of what is evidently a skimpy collection. Does this suggest a reason for my skepticism regarding Elmer?

Anyway, it appears he missed the point of my letter. The question of an "official" capital-A archive is (and should be) a dead issue. The only time such a thing might have existed was in the person of Walt Buchanan, who later appointed Scott Marley his successor. [See the 10 May 1978 or 79 postcard to Elmer: "We have decided to pick Scott Marley as the Archivist."] Neither Scott nor Walt has designated any follow-on (although if a claim were to be made, Larry Peery would have the best case), so the issue an "official" A-archive should properly be regarded as a dead one.

[I don't intend to argue with Elmer as to whether the IDA did or didn't also appoint Scott. I'm working strictly from memory; that he can't find any reference to it in his collection is no proof it didn't happen. As I recall, it was done at the same DipCon meeting at which Elmer was impeached for malfeasance in office. Since the IDA is long since defunct, this line of argument is ultimately sterile, anyway.]

It must be observed that Walt Buchanan's status was never "official". By

1978 he was simply the hobby's only active archivist, by default. Until 1972 there was at least one archive fully as large and as well catalogued as his mine. In fact, I published more, and more thorough, bibliographic catalogues and studies than Walt ever did. If he was regarded as the "official" [A]rchivist, it was because he had earned the respect and cooperation of the hobby's publishers (something Elmer has failed to do in all these years), not because he demanded obsequious genuflection to the Capital A.

Nobody should object to Elmer Hinton running an archive. If he wants general acceptance of some sort of pseudo-official status for it, I suggest he needs to earn that, just as Walt Buchanan earned it, and not expect instant recognition as the putative heir to a nonexistent title. If he were to spend his energy and time on compiling a real and useful archive, with useful catalogues, instead of abusive letters and editorials, we might see some real progress and a genuine contribution to the hobby. The mountain has labored, lo, for a great time, and we have yet to see more than a little smoke. [This is, by the way, another reason I question Elmer's motives. He's avid to take over other large-scale hobby projects, when in fact an honest archive would be quite enough to occupy him full-time.]

If we reduce this dispute to practical terms, what Elmer appears to be striving for, more than anything, is to get people to send him their private collections of 'zines so he can add them to his private collection. He sees the "official" pose as a necessary inducement. It seems nearly everyone who has anything to contribute to the Hinton Diplomacy Library finds his blandishments as unconvincing as I do. Believe me, Elmer, I understand. I'm a collector, too, and I empathize with the needs of acquisitiveness. (I still have an extensive, if selective, collection of early Dipzines.) It seems to me that you've failed to amass the sort of collection which you've had both time and opportunity to obtain. Perhaps it would be better to stop trying to blame others for that failure and concentrate on the nitty-gritty of collecting. It can be done; I know because I did it and I was around when Walt did it. All you need are substantial helpings of trading, good will, research, and ready cash. A Diplomacy archive is essentially a private collection, nothing more. An honest approach, recognizing this fact, will make you sound much less like a pompous ass. I'd also recommend an honest and productive approach to the question of a useful and productive archive; see later in this letter.

Some other specifics:

1. The Buchanan postcards sent to Conrad aren't at all convincing. They are conditional and noncommittal. The one quoted, the "big gun", uses "could" where a commitment would have "will". The only real question is whether Walt is willing to ship Elmer his Diplomacy collection, which obviously he isn't.

2. The postcard whose 1978/9 date Elmer regards as so important has a "1979" postmark all right, but the 2nd "9" has the tail drawn in by hand (that much seems obvious in the xerox). Why this was done, for clarity or deception, I can't tell. The top part of the "9" could easily be the top of an "8", but the other 9 isn't distinct enough for comparison. At the very least, Elmer has compromised his own evidence. But assuming 197⁹ is correct, so what? The bottom line is, the "Hoosier Archive" is Walt's personal property. He, and he alone, can decide to deed it over to Elmer. These postcards, regardless of date, do not create an obligation on his part to do so.

3. "Fake" MONGO? Well, now, maybe 'tis and maybe 'tisn't. Even Conrad himself has offered various opinions a different times. I can certainly certify that I have the originals and that if they were subjected to analysis it would find (to the extent that might be possible) the materials thereof are

from the early 60s. Everyone is welcome to judge for her/himself; a complete set of copies (published as RUDDIGORE 2) can be got from me for \$1.

4. Elmer seems (helas!) so very upset that I would use the backs of miscellaneous old 1-sheet 'zinelets for letters. That's very fannish, you know. I'm nothing if not fannish. I have, Elmer, had sets of those 'zines on sale for years. You know that: I published a catalogue (which I believe you obtained a copy of) and advertized them in D.W. (I suppose now the prices would have to be higher.) I haven't tossed them (yet) and you're still welcome to buy them. If you're so concerned with the preservation of such arcanelly minor items, I can give you a current price on any of the sets or on the whole schmeer. Cash in advance, of course. They'll even have virgin reverses!

5. If Elmer charges 12½¢/page for archive copies, that is less than I would have expected on the basis of his incredible Diplomacy fees (of which more anon). Whether this is reasonable depends on his actual xerography costs. It seems not unreasonable for one who just wants a short item. It would be ridiculous to order whole 'zines at that rate--but then, no collector would ever accept a copy if an original might be available somewhere.

6. I find it reasonable to be wary of any rate quoted by someone who charges \$3 per season for a Diplomacy game. Diplomacy isn't the same sort of game as the "professional" simulation and role-playing games for which such fees are normal. A reasonable fee is that set by the industry standard, and in postal Diplomacy, the industry standard is (and always has been) GRAUSTARK. John Boardman charges \$18 flat, or about 50¢/season if the game lasts until 1909 and you don't count Winter. In practice, GRAU games are closer to, say, 35¢/season. Some GMs charge a little more than that, but I'd guess John's losing money in most instances. I can see no motive for charging more than 8 times the industry standard except that of making a hefty profit. Please understand: I don't question Elmer's right to charge outrageous fees. I merely question the common sense of anyone who pays them. Now: if I know that Elmer charges outrageous fees in one area, ain't I justified in being suspicious of other fees he charges, even if they appear to be more nearly reasonable? (Pace, Confad; I figure if Lord Peter Wimsey can say it....)

In the final analysis, an archive (or any other hobby-related project) has to be judged by what it does. Not even Walt Buchanan had what I consider a truly working archive. He had a catalogue of his holdings (which seldom, if ever, saw print after 1974), but not of the contents, which would be the heart of the matter. I would not consider any archive a real asset to the hobby until it's producing something like my old INDEX TO DIPLOMACY PERIODICAL LITERATURE. That was a quarterly listing of every article and feature (game analyses, important letters, variants, &c.) which appeared in the hobby press. I produced a complete listing for 1971 and was well into 1972 when I dropped from the hobby. (I know Elmer is unaware of the circumstances, or he would have tactfully--I hope--avoided his unnecessarily cruel remark regarding Conrad's rescue of the Boardman Numbers then.)

Until Elmer begins producing a useful topical index of Diplomacy literature, his Dipzine collection can't be of much use to the concerned hobbyist. Anybody who is committed to being an archivist on that scale probably deserves a Capital A and would probably (I'm not giving you a blank check, Elmer) perhaps maybe have my concerned support in getting his hands on a complete collection. I'd also like to suggest that if Elmer is really concerned with hobby literature, he ought to learn the rudiments of English spelling and grammar. Elmer's usage is an embarrassment, if not to himself, at least to anyone with a modicum of respect for our language.

I would hope, though, that such a massive resource could provide copies at a lower fee. Perhaps Elmer could work a deal with publishers whereby if they send him copies gratis, he'll provide copies of their material at a substantially reduced rate. But this assumes he starts making a topical index available. Without it, who cares?

I'd like to see at least 2 such collections in this country...for greater accessibility as well as insurance against disaster. Right now we don't even have one. All the rhetoric Elmer Hinton can muster doesn't change that fact. Only a lot of hard work by Elmer (or some other dedicated person(s)) can change it. Elmer, you may know a lot about archiving, but you have yet to show it. A mere general catalogue is nothing. Where are the subject/topic indices, the bibliographic studies, the statistical compilations, the articles? (Have you thought about getting a ghost writer who can spell?) I have never claimed to be an archivist, much less an Archivist, but I was doing all those things before you got into in the hobby. If you're an a or Archivist, then I challenge you to start behaving like one. It would also help if you were less overbearing, less demanding, and more cooperative. Give your collection the time, effort, and attention it deserves, and you may find your present puny results will be vastly improved. After all, nobody is under any obligation to help you; so try earning their help instead of sitting back and assuming you deserve it.

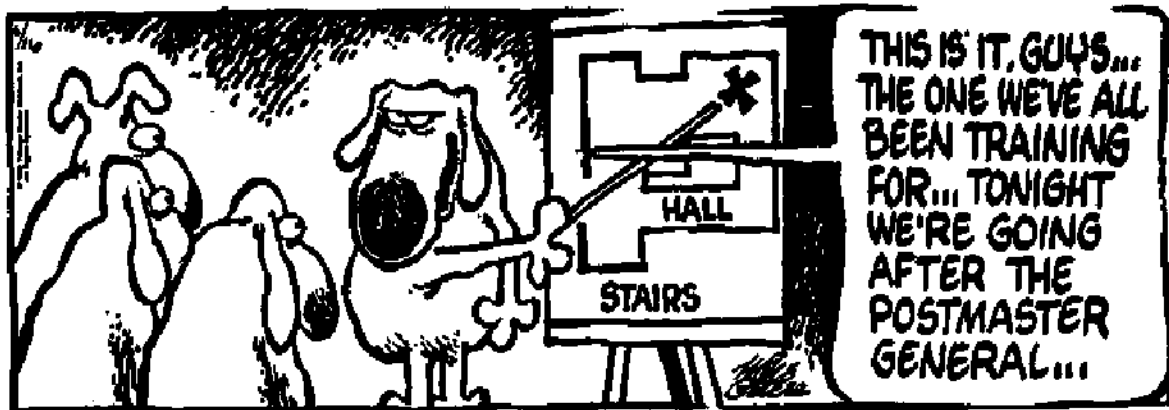


Conrad again. Well, you guessed it; I showed Rod a copy of Elmer's letter in advance. It struck me as a good way to compress this dialogue into fewer issues. I certainly would have accorded Elmer the same courtesy save only that Rod got his reply to me only today, June 28.

Elmer gets right of reply next time, of course, and then I'll call a halt in these pages. Unless new factual evidence, or new contributors, crop up, I really think this feud-in-the-making (which we certainly don't want here, do we?) will by then have run its course. I will, of course, append my own comments at that time.



Next issue will also see two areas covered that were planned for this time, but have fallen by the space-limitations wayside: The final segment of the House Rules Forum (which is already typed, and an advance copy of which has gone to Bruce Linsey to help him finish off an article), and the responses to my son Ross' question, "How do you play Diplomacy?" Contributions to the latter are still welcome!



That was a pretty stupid place to begin a game report, eh?

FRANCE (Paul Rauterberg, 4158 Monona Dr., Madison, WI 53716-1662): NMR!
 a's ber, kie, ruh, pie, mun; f's lyo, mid, iri, nwg, lvp, den, naf (h).
 ITALY (Doug Baker): f tyn-nap.
 RUSSIA (Edwin Henry, 31507 106th Pl. S.E., #S-207, Auburn, WA 98002-3084):
 a pru (s) sil-ber. a sil-ber. a vie-tri. a swe-den. a stp (s) nwy.
 f nwy (h). f cly-edi. f ska (s) swe-den.
 TURKEY (Ken Hager, 15434 Sherman Way, #2-114, Van Nuys, CA 91406-4239):
 a tyo-mun. a ven-tyo. a rom (s) apu-nap. a ser (h). a bul-rum.
 f eas-aeg. f gre-alb. f rum-bla. f sev (h). f apu-nap. f ion
 (s) tun. f tun (s) ITA tyn-wes.

Retreats: French f den to bal, ska, nth, or the netherworld. French
 a ber is not going to be present at the next reunion....

Centres:

F: 11: par, bre, mar, spa, por, lon, lvp, hol, bel, mun, kie. Even.
 I: 0: Well, gee, it's been fun....
 R: 11: war, mos, stp, swe, nwy, den, edi, ber, vis, tri, bud. Build three,
 but room for just two of 'em.
 T: 12: con, smy, ank, sev, rum, bul, ser, gre, ven, rom, nap, tun. Even.

For a French standby, let's beg Robert Acheson, PO Box 4622, Sta. SE,
 Edmonton, Alberta, Canada T6E 2A0.

For next time it's gonna be a little complicated. For one thing, Ed
 will be on reserve duty July 10 to 27. For another, I'm a believer in
 holding things to minimums when a significant player change occurs. So:

Winter 1911 and Spring 1912 (which may be conditional) are due Sat-
 urday, July 26, 1986. If Paul continues, that's what I'll print. If
 Robert takes over, I'll print only the winter and go from there.

RUSSIA TO FRANCE: Thanks....

RUSSIA TO TURKEY: Thanks....

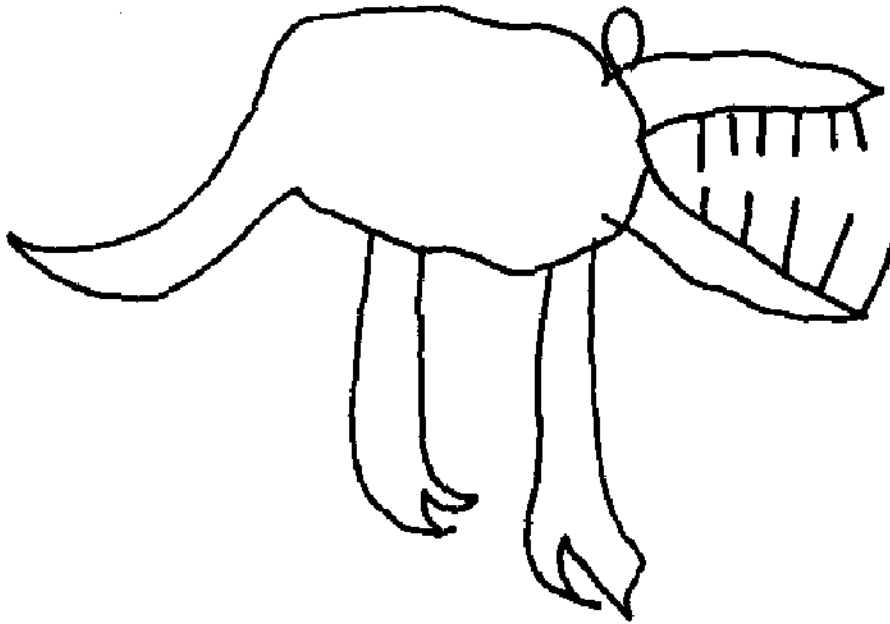
JAMUL: Whassamarra, don't I get in this too?

ITALY TO WORLD: Banzai and farewell!

TURKEY TO ITALY: Unless I've miswritten an order this season should mark
 the end of our struggle. You put up a grand defense and it's been a
 pleasure playing against you. I really wish you'd accepted my offer
 to turn against France so we wouldn't be at this point now. But, I
 understand your resolve. Again, thanks for the spirited opposition.

JAMUL TO ITALY (and WORLD): May I please add my own appreciation here?
 Doug Baker stands, to my way of thinking, as a shining example of the
 kind of player we Gamesmasters hope and pray we will run across once in
 a while. He is, though I admit I barely know him, a pleasant fellow.
 But he is also the ultimate in reliable and faithful players no matter
 how wretched the position. He invariably sent moves in duplicate just
 to be certain he never missed. His orders were always early. He was, in
 short, one of those players I never had to worry about; I knew Doug would
 be there. Mr. Baker, sir, you are welcome in my world any day of the week.
 Thank you very much.

Hmm...just enough space to start the next report, eh?

GAME 1985D

The
Narcoleptic
Nilgai

Spring
1906

For those who may still have questions, this game is not "Nervous Nellie," nor is it "Narcissistic Narwhal," nor even "Non-Normal Noodle." As the new logo clearly proves, this is indeed the nasty, nefarious, nihilistic, nibbling Narcoleptic Nilgai. Illustration courtesy Alan Greier, age six.

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

a gal-ukr.

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

f nat-mid. f bre (s) nat-mid. f cly-lvp. f nwy-ath.

FRANCE (Kevin Tighe, 2026 Agate, Eugene, OR 97403-1751): a tyo-ven.

a mar (h). f lto-tyl. f wes (s) lyo-tyl.

GERMANY (Paul Gardner, Rt. 1, Box 2338, Newfane, VT 05345-9734): a ruh-bel.

a sil-war. a mun-boh. a den-swe. a lvn (s) stp-mos. a stp-mos.

f kis-hel. f bel-ath. f lvp-wal.

ITALY (Pat Jensen, 712 Minnesota Avenue, Albert Lea, MN 56007-3621):

a tri (s) ven-tyo. a ven-tyo. a rom-ven. f tun (s) tyl-wes. f tyl-

wes. f tus-lyo.

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

f swe-nwy.

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

11207-1844): a ser (s) bud. a rum-gal. a ukr (s) mos-war. a bud

(s) rum-gal. a mos-war. a con-bul. a ank-sev. f bla (c) ank-sev.

f ion-tyl.

Retreats: Austrian a gal to vie or o.t.b. The Turkish army Moscow has, after careful consideration, elected to terminate its participation in this game. The French fleet West Med may be going back to naf, spa, or over the rainbow. And the French a tyo has the options of fleeing in ignominy to mun, vie, pie or blocey. Of course your fall moves may be made conditional on any of the multitudinous permutations of this....

And speaking of Fall 1906 moves - if they ain't here by July 26, 1986, they ain't here!

Okay, so that's the boring stuff (aside from the portrait of Our Founder.) The fun starts overleaf.

BREST: As the Grand Admiral sat, smoking his last cigarette, he pondered the reasoning behind the new naval construction in Kiel. "Could revenge be the possible motive?" he turned over in his mind. "Of course not," he resumed, "We have done nothing to offend the German Kaiser.

"Then does he wish to control the grand islands of Great Britain?" he discussed with himself. "Surely he realizes the Ottoman Empire will break his back, while his gains will be minimal."

He rose his hefty frame to walk to his bunk, realizing the only possible strategy was a suicide attack aimed at weakening the German military machine. "What do I care if Turkey wins the war, sweet revenge will come with Germany's loss," he murmured as he dozed off to dreamland. His last thoughts were that the Kaiser must be a total idiot....

ITALY TO GERMANY: Right.

ENGLAND TO TURKEY: Please, PLEASE destroy the German menace, it would be just desserts.

ENGLAND TO ITALY: See, SEE, I told you, hang in there. So what if Germany is pissed at you, he'll be pissed at me now. Hey France, wanna piss Germany off? What say, Turkey?

CONRAD TO DICK AND CONRAD: Makes you feel wanted, hey, being ignored like that?

=#)=

And now, before we get to music, let's run through the last Nilgai contest and see who wins a tape/disc this time. The quiz was: Predict the orders in the 'Suni' game for Ita f tyn and (as a tie-breaker) Fre a ruh.

Dick and Michael got the first one right: F Tyn-Map. Nobody got the tie-breaker correct (inasmuch as France missed his moves). We therefore have a tie, and we'll need yet another tie-breaker....

Okay, we're going to go hog-wild this time. We will have both a tie-breaker, for which only Dick and Michael are eligible (and the winner will receive, postpaid, a cassette or LP of his choice, max. value \$10). We will also have a new contest for everyone. I'm not going to be able to afford to keep this going forever, but it sure is fun for now while I'm learning about rock....

TIE-BREAKER: Basic question: Name the coin that preceded the U.S. nickel as a five-cent piece.

Tie-breaking tie-breaker: In Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, in c minor, what tone of the scale (by letter name) is sounded first by the first violins? (Your choices are: a-flat, b-flat, c, d, e-flat, f, g.)

NEW NILGAI QUIZ for all players: COSTAGUANA has a mailing list of ninety-nine people, if you include me as a player in 'King.' Of these 99, name the first one on the mailing list in alphabetical order. (His name is printed in this issue.) As a tie-breaker, name the last. (His name does not appear this issue, but it was printed in the last one.) Actually, I had planned to ask you to name the one in the exact centre, too - #50 - but that turns out to be silly because he would be wholly unknown to you. (In case you care, it's Denis Jones of London.)

And now it's time to get into rock.

Thanks very much to all of you for your recommendations. Every single player threw out a few ideas, and even one non-player had some comments. I have taken the lists, and started buying. So far I have four tapes, and more will be bought as budget allows. And you know what?

I LOVE IT!!!

Here's what you suggested:

MICHAEL: Air Supply's Greatest Hits, Flashdance soundtrack, and Diana Ross' "To Love Again" ("which isn't exactly rock, but....")

PAT: Planet P. Project's "Pink World."

DICK: The Clash, "London Calling" or "Sandinista." Bob Dylan, "Blood on the Tracks." Springsteen, "E Street Shuffle" or "Born to Run." U-2, "Unforgettable Fire." The Who, "Quadrophenia."

PAUL: Who, "Quadrophenia." Elvis Costello, "Imperial Bedroom." U-2, "October." Steely Dan, "Katy Lied."

KEVIN: The Bobs, "I Hate the Beach Boys." The Pretenders, "Pretenders I" or "Learning to Crawl." Laurie Anderson (no album title specified).

DICK (later letter): Stevie Wonder, "Innervisions."

CONRAD: Sparks, "Indiscreet" or "Propaganda." Mothers, "Overnight Sensation." The Destroyers, "(untitled)." Woodstock. Patti Smith, "Easter." The Kinks, "'One for the Road." Elvis Costello, "My Aim is True." Creedence Clearwater, "Cosmos Factory." The Stones, "Through the Past Darkly."

ROBERT: AC/DC, "Back in Black." Sammy Hagar, "VOA." Deep Purple, "Perfect Strangers." Boston, "Boston." Krokus, "Ballroom Blitz."

BOB OLSEN: Joy Division.

Bob (Olsen) also offers the following comments on the groups I listed and asked for classification of:

"Ozzie Osborne - sick garbage. Madonna - mindless rubbish. Men At Work - one-hit wonders, boring division. Deep Purple - has-beens from 15 years ago. Springsteen - competent but grossly over-hyped. Sha Na Na - a joke. Meat Loaf - repulsive trash. Bo Diddley - The Originator. 500% more man than the rest of this sorry crew, and the only one who commands a permanent place in my collection."

Uncle Connie responds: In many cases I agree. I've listened to at least one album by each of the above, and my feelings generally parallel yours. Mostly where we disagree is a matter of degree, not of intent: For instance, "mindless rubbish" is being a bit too generous with Madonna. There are three - no, make that four - places where I want to make some comments:

Bo Diddley - No question, Bob, he's one of the Great Ones. My only codicil would be that there are others who deserve mention in the same breath (yeah, I know, I didn't mention them either): Chuck Berry, Fats Domino, Howlin' Wolf, and of course the "Queen" himself, Little Richard.

Springsteen - Agreed, he's hyped beyond rationale, but that doesn't detract from his importance. To me, he's rather more than merely "competent."

Men At Work - They've done a number of songs I find impressive, and on stage they're excellent. You're right that they're flashes in the pan, but I think 'one hit' is selling them short. Though, considering that they have not progressed very much, it may not much matter.

Deep Purple - Now here's the one and only place where we disagree completely. I find them a phenomenally brilliant group, ever-changing and growing, experimenting with all manner of things from symphony orchestra to classic rock to heavy 'new wave.' They are by no means "The Originators," but they are certainly "The Expanders" - taking whatever is presented and carrying it into depths never imagined by the creators. These people, unlike most rock players, are true musicians.

=#)=

And now to Part One of The Rock Education of Uncle Connie:

Of all the albums suggested, I owned exactly one: Flashdance. Good stuff! Highly geared for mass appeal, but - so what? There are some fine things here, and Ross and I are quite taken with the whole bit....

(Perhaps I should have mentioned: 'The Education of Uncle Connie' also includes Ross, who likes Madonna and needs a bit of 'culturing'....)

Okay. So based on your recommendations, I've started to buy a few things. More will be forthcoming, but we have to allow for my budget, which ain't great - I do not intend to abandon my collection of Every Recording Ever Made of the Music of Joseph Haydn (I'm over 3,000 now). Anyway, at this juncture I've bought four cassettes:

THE CLASH: Cut the Crap
 U-2: Unforgettable Fire
 THE WHO: Quadrophenia
 PRETENDERS: Pretenders I

Unfortunately the last one listed is defective, and I haven't gotten back to exchange it yet. So I only get to comment on the first three:

Clash. This isn't the specific album suggested, but my shop didn't have what I wanted, so I decided to try the group and not worry about the specifics. Overall impression: Fantastic! I hear a lot of reggae influence here, but moulded with a strong beat and occasionally some really fine lyrics. 'Dictator,' 'Cool Under Heat' and 'North and South' are especially strong. A lot of this is pretty derivative, but the Clash perform with such blatant joie de vivre that who gives a flying one?

U-2: Not bad, but not great. Excellent instrumentals. Grabbing lyrics. A little repetitive from song to song, and an awful lot of derivation (Dylan and Marley in particular) - but still, truly fine as background and worth further investigation. I will be looking for the other albums suggested.

The Who: Now here we have the cream, no pun intended. This isn't just good rock; this is fine, original music. NO WONDER they have the reputation they've got. I suggest to you that the first song on the tape, 'I am the Sea,' is destined for immortality; it is a moment of extreme enervation and alone is worth the price of the tape. But The Who don't stop there; 'The Dirty Jobs', 'Is It In My Head?', and the truly beautiful 'Love, Reign O'er Me' stand out among a series of unbroken brilliant cuts. I can, and will, listen to this one until the stupid tape wears out - and then I'll buy another.

Please stay tuned. The budget is good this months, and Part Two will follow.

GAME 1986Bcn05 - William Rufus deVane King - Spring 1902

Although I did remark to one player about the possibility of a missed move this turn, I neglected to allow for the 'NMR insurance' system Simon had announced. Thus, all moves did in fact come in.

AUSTRIA (Kevin Tighe, 2026 Agate, Eugene, OR 97403-1751): a war-mos.
a rum (s) PER smy-sev. a vie-tyo. a bud-tri. f gre-ion.

BARBARY STATES (Jake Walters, PO Box 1064, Brookline, MA 02146-1064):
a eth (s) alg-lib. a alg-lib. f mor-wms. f sao (s) spa. f spa
sc (s) ITA ple-mar.

ENGLAND (David Anderson, PO Box 3761, Pontiac, MI 48059-3761): a den (s)
nwy-swe. f lon-enc. f lvp-irs. f nth (s) lon-enc. f nwy-swe.

FRANCE (Jeff Hoffman, 3 Canoe Brook Drive, Princeton Junction, NJ 08550-
7601): a mar-spa. a bur-gas. f bre-mao. f por (s) bre-mao.

GERMANY (Michael Pustilnik, 140 Cadman Plaza West, #13-J, Brooklyn, NY
11201-1844): a mun-boh. a bel-pic. a kie-ruh. a ber-mun. f hol (h).

ITALY (Conrad Minshall, 3702 Tarragona Lane, Austin, TX 78727-6049): a tri
(s) ple-tyo. a die-tyo. a ven (s) tri. f rom-tye. f nap-ios. f cor-
gol.

PERSIA (John Crosby, 1496 Washington Lane, West Chester, PA 19382-6871):
a egy-eth. a arm-ale. f for wo - "ems" ((sic)). f sms-cre.

RUSSIA (Conrad von Metzke, 4374 Donald Ave., San Diego, CA 92117-3813):
a sev-ukr. a geo-sev. f kaz-mos. f swe (h).

TURKEY (Robert O'Donnell, Star Rt. 1, Box 732-37, Winston, OR 97496-9527):
a bul (s) AUS rum. a smy-cre. f aeg (c) smy-cre. f ank-con.

The Russian fleet Sweden is dislodged and retreats off the board.

Fall 1902 moves are due FRIDAY, JUNE 25, 1986. Gamesmaster is Simon
Billeness, 61-A Park Ave., Albany, NY 12202-1722. Phone (518) 463-8485.

LONDON TIMES: The Prime Minister didn't think of anything today. Every-
one wonders what he will think of next.

MOSCOW TO VIENNA: What will I offer you to call off your attack? Hah! It
is to laugh! HUsk your dU, you silly twit....

/ /

GAME 1986Arb32 - Schuyler Colfax - Fall 1902

Total magnificence, that's what this is....

AUSTRIA: a mun-ber. f ion-gre.

ENGLAND: a nwy-swe. f nth-den. f hel (s) nth-den. f eng-nth.

FRANCE: a ruh (s) bur-mun. a spa-gas. a bur-mun. f mid-eng. f bel-nth.

GERMANY: a pru-ber. a hol (s) ENG nth-bel. f swe (s) ROS bal-den.

ITALY: a bud (h). a nap (h). a tyo-vie. f tun-ion.

RUSSIA: a sev (s) gal-rum. a ukr (s) gal-rum. a gal-rum. f bal-kie.

TURKEY: a ser (s) rum. a arm-sev. f bla (s) arm-sev. f rum (s) arm-
sev. f aeg-grc.

Retreats: Austrian army Munich, don't make no diff. Russian army
Sevastopol to Moscow or off the board.

On the next page we present our LOGO for this game, along with other
d ta....



Uncle Connie

Julie Starbrite:

"I may be just a fantasy, but I'm still me!"

SCHOYLAR COLFAX

Game 1986Arb32
Fall 1902



Suzanne

CENTRES:

- A: 0: out.
- E: 5: lon, lvp, edi, nwy, den. Build one.
- F: 6: par, bre, mar, por, bel, mun. Build one.
- G: 3: ber, hol, swe. Even.
- I: 7: rom, nap, ven, tun, vie, tri, bud. Build three (room for two).
- R: 4: mos, war, stp, kie. Even.
- T: 7: con, smy, ank, sev, rum, bul, ser. Build two.

Still neutral: Spain and Greece.

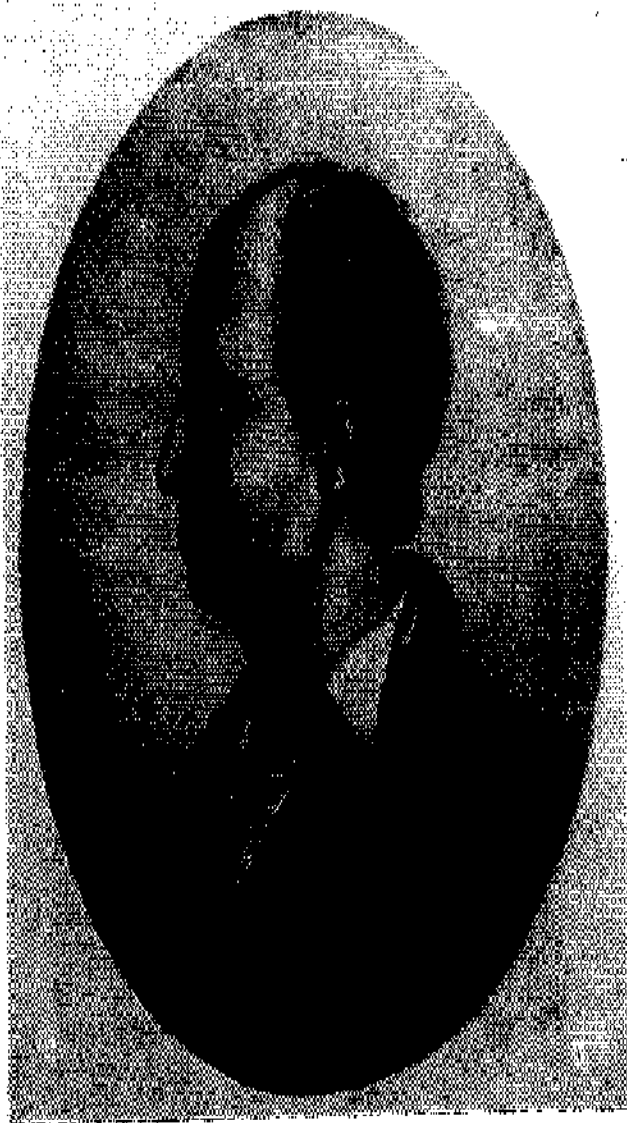
Winter 1902 and Spring 1903 moves (latter may be conditional on former) are due Saturday, July 26, 1986.

Press for this game is too extensive to fit in the remaining space on this page, and I cannot do another; this has got to be it. So I'll type it separately, enclose it for COLFAX players only, and reprint it for the rest of you next issue.

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

So there you are - a monster issue, much too much for me to handle comfortably again. Look for future issues to run in the 28-page range rather consistently. I guarantee, if they don't, I'm on a fast road to burn-out.

Until next time - I love you all, or at least have feelings of pragmatic toleration....



WHO ARE THESE CURIOUS GENTS?

Hint: All three are dead.
Which one does my son Ross
want to go 'visit'?

(Answer inside)

**IF NOT DELIVERED (AFTER YOU'VE
DOUBLE-CHECKED YOUR 3982s),
RETURN TO (BUT BEWARE A 3555):**

**C. F. von Metzke
Manager, Station Operations
Wm. H. Taft Station
5052 Clairemont Drive
San Diego, CA 92117-9998**



**THIS IS NOT OFFICIAL MAIL!
If no stamps appear above, I'm a
crook! Call the Inspectors!**

GAMEFINDER

Every single move you wrote was
miswritten. To prove it, see:

BEAR	49	SUNI	49
CASSOWARY	29	<u>TAPIR</u>	47
DIK-DIK	48	COLFAX	55
EMU	47	KING	55
NILGAI	51	MARSHALL	soon

TO:

FIRST CLASS

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