

YR. MAN. BOY. EDITOR

(photo courtesy Leslie Lucas)

Waiting to put Ross and Eric in their cribs



(LEFT) Opinion of COSTAGUANA, with special note of the size of this issue.

(RIGHT) Matt Fleming relaxes at a costume party at which he appeared nude.

RUMOUR: Roberto Della Sala is sunning in Arkansas on holiday.

FACT: He's not on holiday at all! He came over here to take control of

C O S T A G U A N A



This is the Eleventh Volume, the Second Issue thereof

To-day is the twenty-sixth day of the seventh month of the eighty-sixth year of the twentieth century after the alleged date of the birth of the alleged prophet and saviour, J. Christ, Esq. (To quote Mary, "Jesus? Hey, I like that; it's sure a better name than Abner!")

And you are reading COSTAGUANA, a journal of postal Diplomacy and iconoclastic irascibility, edited and published by Roberto Della Sala, 1, Farraline Road, Watford, Hertfordshire, WD1 8DQ, England. However, at this very moment the former dictator is marshalling his armies to stage a counter-coup, and until the political situation is more stable, it might be well to send moves u.s.v. to Conrad Friesner 'Uncle Connie' von Metske, c/o Watford Slough Gaol, 4374 Donald Avenue, San Diego, CA 92117-3813, U.S.A. Telephones (for 'Rad, not for 'Bert): Home, (619) 276-2937. Office, (619) 273-4830, 273-1208. Please dinna use t' former after 10 p.m. Pacific time. Please dinna use t' latter pair at all unless absolutely necessary - but, if y' gotta, don't hesitate. My work hours are 6 a.m. - 3 p.m. During the upcoming deadline week, I'll be off on Monday.

COSTAGUANA loves to trade, all-for-all. If you publish a gameziny, so do I, let's exchange. Subscriptions are also welcome, at the new (higher) rate of ten issues for U.S. \$7.75. Subscribers overseas - also trades - are as welcome as any other, and I do not charge extra for air postage - it's my little subsidy in the interests of international brotherhood or some such rot.

It is very pleasant to be able to report that I am not going to find it necessary to limit subs and trades after all. (The limit on games will, however, stand.) This is because Jean and I have worked out a method of putting issues in the mail together, making it far quicker. Also, above 100 copies the per-piece printing rate drops. I do, however, reserve the right to place trade and sub copies (not player copies) in the mail over a period of several days. Also, see the note on the bottom of Page 31.

NOW AVAILABLE ON DISCS OR TAPE (cassette, reel-to-reel, or nylon-reinforced), a recent concert by the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestral Society of Santa Barbara, conducted by that internationally-stellar maestro, "Uncle Connie" von Greep, and consisting in the following programme:

JONAS VON WRANICKY (1762-1812): Overture, "Das Süßherz des Sigma Chis."

LOUIS VAN BEETHOVEN (1770-1827): Symphony Nr. 6 in F, 'Pastorale.'

(Note: Owing to technical error in the recording booth, this selection is played backward.)

LUIGI CHERUBINI (1760-1842): Requiem Mass in d minor for Male Chorus and orchestra. Featuring the U.S. Postal Service Mail Chorus.

NEW BLOOD

No, this is not a vampire column. I rarely get enquiries from new hobby members any more, but it strikes me that the least I can do, when I do get them, is pass them along in the event that other publishers wish to make contact.

David Coufal, 1085 Wagon Wheel Ave., Colorado Springs, CO 80915
 Peter S. Mateunas, P.O. Box 125, Fly Creek, NY 13337
 Garret Scheuck, 42 Pelham Hill Road, Shutesbury, MA 01072
 Frederick Townsend, 1715 N. Mohawk, Chicago, IL 60614

ZIP CODES: As you may know, the U.S.P.S. is converting to nine-digit ZIP codes. As an employee of that institution, I do what I can to help out. In that regard, let me repeat an offer I've made before, and which is still valid: I will gladly encode your mailing list for you, at no cost. All you have to do is send me your list; it takes me one day per 25 names, and as soon as it's ready I'll send it back.

Postal rates are high enough. This is one way, over time, to help keep them down. So - I'll do my part if you'll do yours. Send me your lists.

ERRATA: Probably no issue of COSTA has ever gone out without a few errors, be they of no great significance (e.g. typing overstrikes) or, by my standards, somewhat more massive (spelling, grammar, whatever). Perhaps I misperceive, but it seems to me that the last issue - weighted down by its outrageous size - had more blatant errors than usual.

1. The introductory paragraph - I haven't played with my Spanish in a long while, and I rather expected to be awkward. But I really didn't plan on the two examples of faulty construction which stand out in that effort. In giving my work 'phones, I used the phrase 'a la oficina,' which means 'to the office;' what we wanted was 'en la oficina,' 'at/in the office.' And the very next line gives a feminine construction for a masculine idea: 'números de teléfono' ought to have given us 'los dos últimos.' Sorry.

2. Rather more regrettably, I guess I must have mis-planned, and the centre staples cut into pages 30-35. Honestly, I still don't know why; there's obviously something I don't properly understand about this photo-reduction business. Let it be said that, before it ever becomes relevant again, I'll resolve the difficulty.

CHILDREN'S T.V. DEPARTMENT: and also

CANADIAN CONTENT DEPARTMENT: Those of you who have children, or spend any time around someone else's, may have an appreciation of the basic crap that passes for 'children's television' these days. Badly-done cartoons of robots-cum-jet planes, super-powered heroic fighters, stronger-than-life 'good guys,' mystical monsters, electronic wizards, etc., etc. - it's all the same special-effects rubbish, with little or no discernible plot, a raft of violence or implied violence, and as often as not a tie-in with a line of overpriced and poorly-made toys that the cartoon people hope you will run out and buy - all sponsored by sugar-coated cereals and McDonald's.

In this sea of depravity - that's what it is, after all - it is nice to be able to point to a few things that rise above the rubbish and actually pique the imaginative skills of a child without resorting to shooting someone with a laser cannon. Public television (PBS), of course, is famous for its programming in this vein: Sesame Street, Mr. Rogers, Electric Company, 3-2-1 Contact, and a number of other efforts. Commercial television is not,

however, noted for its commitment to quality, be it for children or for adults. It therefore comes as an immense refreshment when a superior effort actually emerges on the networks. Never mind that it's a syndication program; we'll take what we can get!

"Today's Special" is produced in Canada, by T.V. Ontario. It is a program which stands squarely in those stellar reaches of programs which educate without pedantry, which rivet the viewer without special effects idiocy or eccentric gimmickry.

The scenario is a department store at night (Simpson-Sears have allowed one of their shops to be used for filming). There are four regular characters: Sam, the night watchman (a marionette, manipulated by the rather well-known Bob Dermer); Muffy, a mouse who lives in the shop and speaks only in rhyme (a hand-puppet, the work of Nina Keough); a mannequin come-to-life by virtue of the 'magic cap' which he always wears (characterized by Jeff Hyslop, an extraordinarily-talented dancer and mime who doubles - and well he might - as the show's choreographer); and Jody, a store employee who apparently works nights a lot (Nerene Virgin, a superior dancer, fine actress and winning personality - and, quite incidentally, the only Canadian performer known to me who is black). The adventures of these four, plus occasional guests and semi-regulars, is the thrust of the entire series.

I could, I suppose, discuss a particular episode as 'typical,' or review the (sorry to be insipid) 'wholesome educational value' of the overall concept. But that's a bit silly, because the program has a 'feel' about it that cannot be transferred to words. That is, I'd venture, its real brilliance. It must be watched to be appreciated, and any parents at all can quite safely sample it with their children without the slightest fear of objection. There is no controversy. There is nothing the least bit questionable. Miraculously, there is also no 'pablum.' And to top it all, adults may enjoy this effort at times too; the exceptional abilities of Mr. Hyslop are sufficient to ensure this.

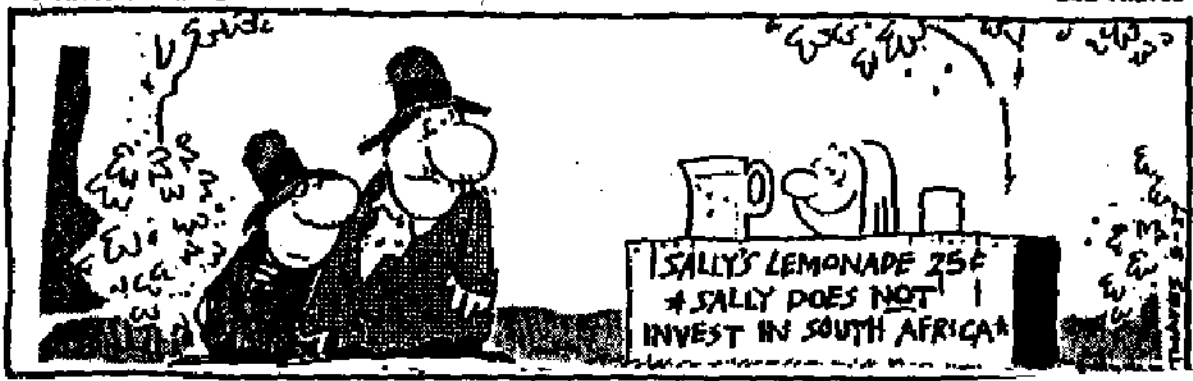
As they say on the otherwise-disgusting networks, "check your local listings." Among other places, if you have cable service, the 'Nickelodeon' channel schedules "Today's Special" regularly. It is worth a thorough search of the local listings. It is even worth a complaint to local TV station managers if it is not on view in your area.

So Canada is the 'little brother' of the U.S.? Not in this case it isn't; "Today's Special" really ought to have credit as one of the finest creative efforts in children's programming in the history of the 'tube.' Please investigate it. I assure you, my glowing review is, if anything, an understatement.



FRANK AND ERNEST

Bob Thaves



SOME COMMENTS FROM NUMBER ONE

Well, golly gee whillikers, COSTAGUANA won the bloody Runestone Poll this year! Wowie! Taking as honest and objective an approach as I can, I really never expected top honours; I did think Top Ten was (ahem) a foregone conclusion, and Top Five a strong possibility. But "the winner?" No, friends, I never once expected that!

At the time I write this, I have only heard the results on the 'phone, I have not read the ensuing full printout, "The Cream Shall Rise." Bruce read off the top ten, and of the names he mentioned, I remember: EUROPA EXPRESS, PRAXIS, IT'S A TRAP, EXCELSIOR, MAGUS, DIPLOMACY DIGEST, NO FIXED ADDRESS, and DIPLOMACY WORLD. Not necessarily in that order. With COSTA, that is nine of the ten; I regret that the tenth name has slipped my mind. Oh - wait a minute, I just remembered it: THE 'ZINE REGISTER.

Okay, I agree, by and large. My own Top Ten choices included most of the above; I did not rank DIPLOMACY WORLD or THE ZINE REGISTER that high, and I did vote much higher than their eventual rankings for PERELANDRA and MURD'RING MINISTERS. The only other note I would make is that I did not vote for NO FIXED ADDRESS at all, having never seen a copy. Oops - I also gave a 'Top Ten' ranking to BUSHWACKER.

Understood that the hobby as a whole cannot possibly be expected to mirror my views, I'm thoroughly pleased that the 'zines I view as superior were viewed similarly by the rest of you. DIPLOMACY DIGEST has been quite brilliant for years, and while - by its very nature - it may never achieve top honors, it will always be in the Top Ten for as long as it exists. Consistent appreciation of that sort is a kudo that Mark ought to take to heart; it says he's a publisher of consistent excellence, which happens to be precisely what he is.

The newcomers in these ranks - IT'S A TRAP (Steve Knight), PRAXIS (Alan Stewart) and EXCELSIOR (Bruce McIntyre) - deserve, I would say, to whop themselves on the backs harder than anyone else in the hobby. They all exploded on the scene with mature, rivetting efforts that belied their ostensible novitiate status; these three gentlemen had the talent to show us that they were seasoned publishing veterans even before they ever put ribbon to paper. And, most astonishingly of all, they arrived on the scene so quickly on one another's heels; I cannot recall a single time in hobby history when three such spectacular efforts blossomed in such a short period. In a very real sense, these are the three winners.

EUROPA EXPRESS and MAGUS (Gary Coughlan and Steve Langley) have been with us a while. They have become stalwarts of the hobby, both for their game quality and readership interest, and they have become bellwethers of their particular brands of approach. You want a 'zine to read and enjoy? You want consistently intriguing chat? You want an unbridled level of give-and-take between editor and readers? Well, there are lots of 'zines that allow you to pursue these avenues, but above all there are MAGUS and EUROPA EXPRESS. They are the sentinels. If other publications do well in a similar vein, it is because those two have laid the groundwork. And it is customary, and proper, to gauge all successors in the light of what these two have accomplished. EE has ~~won~~ the Runestone Poll three times; MAGUS hasn't yet, but it was my own choice this year, and it'll get its day....

I've gone on record opposing the inclusion of DIPLOMACY WORLD in polls of this sort, because it is a horse of a radically different color. It is supposedly the 'professional' magazine of the hobby, and at \$5 a

THIS IS NOT A CLASSICAL MUSIC ARTICLE. So do not be put off by the fact that I want to discuss a new recording of Bruckner's Fourth which I just bought.

It's not the music, though; it's the programme notes. Now, outside of certain special-edition or historic recordings, pop/rock/jazz records do not normally have program notes; that is a function, almost exclusively, of the classics. Biographical data, historical background, quotations/comments from prominent writers, maybe even a capsule analysis of the composition. And with vocal music, a text with translation.

Classical-music programme-note-writers (they are usually musicologists or magazine reviewers) generally seem to do a pretty good job. Not too stuffy or learned, but decidedly highbrow in nature. But occasionally, one will get a bit carried away, trying to sound as impressive as possible and getting lost in the verbiage of his own brilliance.

One of the worst examples I have seen in many years comes on this otherwise superb Bruckner Fourth jacket. It is by a German named Manfred Wagner, and was translated (unfortunately with literal precision) by Clive Williams. You do not have to know beans about classical music to know that no human being could make sense out of claptrap like this:

"The first version of the symphony is characterized by the key words periodicity, punctuation, dynamic impact contrasts, antipodean woodwind writing, an (inaudible) wealth of information and a logical structuring of the thematic material. If the first movement thereby presents the anti-thesis as a pattern of genesis and development, the second movement reacts to the association matrix of its predecessor."

It would require than humankind be rendered immortal before I would have sufficient years left to understand that! (See, I can do it too!) I am particularly fond of the assertion that, in an aural art form, there is an "(inaudible) wealth of information." Does that mean, perhaps, that if I go buy the printed score of the symphony, I will find pencilled in among the notes a list of British Kings, or the ten deepest lakes in the world?

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MARK WEIDMARK has sent along a clipping from the Toronto Globe and Mail in which is stated that the head of Canada Post is suggesting, as a cost-cutting measure, the possibility of postal delivery only every third day. As in the U.S., that sort of dire prediction comes up every now and again, and represents another reaction by postal management against the impossible idiocy of their mandate to "make a profit." We down here have Richard Nixon to thank for that particular stupidity, and Canadians can look to the Trudeau regime. In the sense that these mandates derived from an effort to dismantle an entrenched, top-heavy bureaucracy, they are good. In the literal sense, that a public service ought to break even, they are hogwash.

The problem comes when you understand that both countries have a tradition of mail service being available to all, just as schools and the judicial processes are. And while any fool with half a brain could arrange to make a profit on postal service in New York or Montréal, it is a hopeless enterprise in rural Idaho or on the fringes of Hudson's Bay. Just as with education, it has long been understood to be in the national interest to have access to basic mail service whether one lives in a Manhattan high-rise or a Yukon trapping camp.

Of course the USPS and Canada Post can do better. You want cheaper and more efficient? No problem! But - just don't have the bad fortune to live on a farm or up in the mountains....

THE HOUSE RULES FORUM

First, let me hearken back two issues to Vol. 10/20. The first item discussed, on Page 9, was given an erroneous lead-in. The question being treated with was about "sealed orders," not "neutral orders." Sorry.

QUESTION: Under what circumstances should seasons be separated? If combined seasons are called for, how should players be allowed to get a separation? Is the British ('Prophetic', builds-required-with-Fall-orders) system good, bad, indifferent?

Elmer Hinton A separation must be the prerogative of the Gamesmaster, in the sense of doing so. If he feels that he will be snarled under in conditional orders, it is his administrative option to separate. On the side of not separating, though, I don't think the GM should overrule the players who may feel that the situation is overly complicated for them, by requiring Spring orders with Winter every time or by instituting an overly restrictive separation vote policy (say over 3 requests needed). With novice games I would suggest one request always rules, for obvious reasons. The exception would only be a game specifically advertised as no-separations (in the same way that some no-standby games are played). I see no advantage to Prophetic orders of any kind, over conditionals. See the Novice Handbook for a long discussion of this.

Bob Olsen I tried to dream up a numerical system for figuring out how many votes it would take to gain a separation based on the number of adjustments (i.e. # of adjustments plus # of votes = 7, or whatever), but gave it up as futile and too mechanical. The game I'm running has been pretty dynamic and is now in 1907; every Winter season has been separated so far. That's OK, I'm in no hurry. But in general, two (earnest) requests would probably be enough for me unless the adjustments were really minimal.

I've never played under the British system, so can't say.

Ken Hager I hate separation of seasons, especially when each season is tied to the 'zine's publication period. You often end up with four weeks for the season separation followed by four weeks for the Spring moves. This slows the game and results in loss of player interest. I allow two weeks for a separation of seasons - just enough for the exchange of mail. This does not allow time for negotiations, but they're prohibited for retreats and builds/removals anyway. I then schedule the following Spring for three weeks after the deadline for the separation. This procedure allows me to separate seasons, yet the overall elapsed time from (say) the Fall deadline to the Spring deadline is five weeks rather than the four with no separation (or eight with separation) and strict four-week deadlines. The players are advised of both deadlines so they can already be negotiating for Spring while making Winter adjustments. Hopefully, this procedure will allow for separations, which certainly are beneficial at times, yet will keep the game progressing at a reasonable rate.

Melinda Holley The seasons could be separated if a majority of players votes that they want a particular season separated. Most GMs have a house rule determining the 'magic number' required for separation. Of course, a separation should be requested if a player has a personal problem (death in the family, illness, etc.). If the problem looks like a

long one, most players will resign rather than hold the game more than one season. A GM could require orders with builds no matter what, but if you're running a lot of games that's just more paper to get lost in the shuffle. Most players will send orders with builds even if requesting season separations. If the players want a separation, they can force one by getting enough people (under the GMs house rule) to vote for one. I've never played under the British system, so I can't say for sure. It seems a little confusing to me.

Doug Brown I feel the seasons should be Spring and Fall/Winter. Winter builds and removals are a direct result of the Fall season... an extension of that season, actually. Making a Spring move contingent on retreats and builds can have a lot more variables than the possible Winter adjustments following a Fall. After all, many countries will have no Winter adjustment, while most will add or subtract just one piece. Of course a fair amount of contingency builds and removals would be wise for each player to make. But with these contingency moves, there is still a more limited variance than making an entire Spring move based on how your neighbors may retreat, build and remove.

While I feel a Fall/Winter move is greatly desired over a Winter/Spring move, either is much preferable to a Winter-only move. With 'zines coming once a month, or thereabouts, a Winter playing season can be bleak indeed. Especially if (heaven forbid) you have nothing to do, or are only removing pieces.

When a group of us first started playing by mail (still oblivious to the greater 'hobby'), we found it very natural to combine Fall and Winter. It speeds up the game considerably, and once you start combining seasons in this manner, it becomes an easily-playable joining of seasons.

Bruce Linsey The best solution technically to the how-many-separation-requests question is that one request should be sufficient to separate any season, even retreats. The reason for this is that any board action can affect negotiations, and of course one can hardly write conditional negotiations, right? It's not just a matter of the conditional orders becoming too numerous.

The practical truth is, however, that there are too many players willing to separate seasons out of sheer laziness, and this can ruin a game. Reluctantly, then, I would go with a compromise answer of two requests if there are fewer than three retreats/adjustments, one request if there are at least three retreats/adjustments to be made.

I prefer the North American system of combining autumn/winter/spring and summer/fall to the British fall/autumn/winter and spring/summer combinations, though that's a hasty judgment as I've never tried out the latter type of game. Still, our way seems so much simpler, as one does not then have to account for every conceivable combination of moves. With supports, bounces, etc., all thrown in, it's too easy to miss a crucial Spring or Fall circumstance among all the possibilities.

Randolph Smyth I've played a couple of games under the British system (Fall/Winter combinations) and find it inferior. Conditionals are much more likely to be needed, and much harder to write. In practice, I think most players simply send Winter builds unconditionally, based on what they think will happen in the Fall. Stabs are thereby more

successful, probably more common - games may be more 'exciting' as a result, but at the cost of 'good play,' which I consider more important.

Under our system: I always separate Winter 1901/Spring 1902, and will normally honor any player's request for separation in subsequent years. I only recall one game (out of 30 or so GMed) where I felt this was deliberately abused to slow the game down; but now, the most complicated section of my house rules concerns the requirements for season separations. Without checking, I'd estimate that half my Winters are played separately and half with Spring.

Steve Langley The phrasing of the question implies that seasons are not normally separated. In practice, this is true, but primarily so to speed up the play of the game for all involved. Combined seasons are by no means a part of the 'rulebook' game, but are a convention of play. When, then, should they be separated? In my opinion, whenever any player requests a separation, they should be separated.

Just to demonstrate my lack of consistency, when I do separate seasons, I separate Summer retreats from Fall moves and Autumn retreats combined with Winter adjustments from Spring moves. Unless, of course, I receive a request to specifically separate the Autumn retreats from the Winter adjustments. I realize that conditional orders may be written to cover most cases, and I encourage their use, but I also recognize that the results of a retreat may change an alliance structure, and I do not agree that conditional orders can replace negotiation. (I know, the rulebook specifically enjoins players from negotiation during retreats and adjustments, but the PBM structure allows negotiations, and I tend to bow to reality.)

Should Spring moves always be required with builds? I always ask for the full combination. When I first started out as a GM I thought I should do otherwise. Some situations were just too complex for combined seasons. When I made that decision once, and had seven players disagree by sending in Spring moves, I decided to let the players make their own decisions as to complexity.

Under what conditions should the players be allowed to force a separation? If one of them asks for it, at a minimum.

I have never experienced the British system first-hand and so can only speculate. It would seem to make the games move faster, but would also seem to deny the player sufficient information to make intelligent response to a stab.

One system that you failed to consider is that used by Russ Ruenak in "Who Cares?" Russ has a regular season followed by a short season for retreats or retreats/builds, with no separations in the latter set. It is very faithful to the 'no negotiation' rule and does not slow Russ' games at all.

Conrad von Metzke One thing worth noting, and not commented on directly (because I didn't mention it) is that under the British system there is no such thing as a season separation. All games are two-season, without exception or recourse. With practically all British GMs, a request for a separation of Fall moves and Winter builds would be laughed at. There is no flexibility whatever.

This does not make it bad. Bruce points out, rightly I think, that there's an element of 'laziness' afoot. People will request, and expect, a separation because it's easier to write the request than to plan the possibilities properly. Whatever else you may say about the British method, it does force constant and careful study. I do not know whether Randolph's speculation that British players issue build orders unconditionally is true

or not; it is not true of me, and it was not true of the players in the two British-style games I once ran. There may well be a tendency to assume that whatever your alliance structure seems to be, that will hold; in that sense, Steve and Randolph are correct that stabs are more successful and responses to them more limited. It does not have to be that way, but reality suggests that it probably is so.

I don't know that I really have much more comment to offer. It's pretty straight-forward, yes? If one is going to entertain the possibility of a season separation, one needs to spell out the requirements in a house rule. As Melinda says, most everybody has one, and as she implies, if they don't they ought to. I have no problem with Bruce's suggested criteria, though I might offer (just to make it messier) that an arbitrary number such as he puts forward fails to take into account complexity: There are more permutations for one retreat with seven possibilities (it happens!) than for three retreats with two choices each, one of which in each case is 'off the board.' However, it may be that such matters would be taken care of as a matter of course; the more complex the possibilities, the more likely the players would be to request separation. My own inclination is to make a rule based on number of active participants: Two requests does it with five or more players, one is enough with four or fewer. Or something like that.

Actually, I guess I do have more to say, about Ken's system for split deadlines without slowing the game appreciably. I've used a version of this (the 'postcard' system) whereby, operating on an overall four-week deadline, I call for retreats in two weeks, notify players of those by postal card, and hold the following move on schedule. It's a good method, but when running a lot of games as I am, it's a great deal of trouble to use it often, and it also costs. If a publisher running just one game can produce issues whenever he feels like it, he can then adapt the system to the whole magazine. There's also the problem of mail service to distant points; short deadlines are proving useless for, say, Canadians in the far provinces, and I've had similar reports in days gone by from U.S. military personnel in Korea and Thailand. However, this does not change the basic value of such a method, it merely limits it. When possible within my limits of time and money, and within my players' postal services, I am very fond of this sort of effort to compress game length, and encourage its use.

QUESTION: How strict should a published deadline be? Should the G.M. be absolute, or is it okay (for instance) to take late-arriving moves if the issue hasn't been printed yet?

Steve Langley If the G.M.'s personal clock is so slow that the game has not been printed, then the only thing that not accepting a (late) set of moves serves is that of slavishly following a rule. For some, that is purpose enough. Once the deadline has come, I know if I have any NMRs and I attempt to get orders by 'phoning the players. I do this 'one month in a row,' as I put it. If their orders are habitually late I would rather NMR them and call in a standby who will play. I also adjudicate and type up the games immediately, which makes the question moot in my case, but I would accept late orders if I had not adjudicated and typed the game when the orders arrived.

Doug Brown As a journalist major in college, I enjoyed (sick indeed) my professors following the strict policy of - one minute past deadline, it's garbage. This has been helpful in my life, learning to meet deadlines.

However, as a Gamesmaster I am not sure this is the best course to follow. In my limited experience as Gamesmaster, I've found games to flow much better setting a deadline and accepting any moves that reach before I intend to type them up. Players meeting deadlines have no fear, but those getting in late moves have no assurance that the moves will be used.

Largely, I feel that anything the gamesmaster feels most comfortable with, and states in advance, is just fine.

Melinda I hold strict deadlines. My deadline is always on a Saturday,
Holley and if I don't have moves then, I'm sorry. You could conceivably take orders until the issue is mailed if you want to keep including errata slips. I type REBEL on Sunday in order to get it to the printer on Monday. That sort of schedule doesn't allow for late orders. I don't think, however, that a G.M. should be put down if he/she does take late orders. Most GMs state whether they will or not, so there's usually no confusion.

Robert In my case, since I run only one game, it's ready to be printed
Olsen out the day after deadline, no later. I regard the deadline as the deadline (otherwise it's not the deadline) and so would stick to it regardless...except in some very exceptional circumstance.

Elmer I see no objection to the tradition of accepting of orders until
Hinton a game is adjudicated. If the GM specifically states that the deadline is absolute, before the game begins, that's fine too. Whichever is done should be carried through the game consistently, though. However, that line about 'if the issue hasn't been printed yet' is not a good idea, especially if the game is done first.

Bruce The GM should be rigorously strict in enforcing his deadlines
Linsey (otherwise, why have deadlines?). In VOICE OF DOOM, I would even cut a player off in mid-conversation if he was in the process of giving me his orders over the 'phone and my 8 o'clock deadline rolled around. Luckily that never actually came up, but I did once refuse a guy who called ten minutes late.

Conrad Lots of systems involving deadlines have been used over the years;
von one not mentioned, but which had its advocates, was Steve Cartier's
Metzke 'postmark deadline' requirement. More commonly have been the two methods which all respondents have described here: The 'absolute system' which may even extend to cutting a conversation in half (Charles Reinsel did do that once, by the way), and the - probably more common - school which sets a deadline and reserves the right to adjudicate and print one second later, but will accept whatever arrives before the adjudications are completed. Or the typing is done, or some such.

How about this system: A deadline is set. The GM will, however, accept orders arriving late all the way up to the point where the finished masters are carted off to the printer - even if this involves re-adjudicating a game, re-typing the report, whitening out the call for a standby, etc. That's my system. It occasionally adds work, but I'm happy with it.

In the above responses, I find myself leaning most strongly to Elmer's summary. Or Melinda's. Or Steve's. The latter makes a superb point: "Slavishly following a rule" is not my idea of a Good Thing, especially in what is supposed to be a hobby among friends. I would be the first to concede that this approach leads to indefinable grey areas that could cause trouble. But when I read Bruce's comments about cutting someone off in the middle of

a 'phone call - and remembering quite clearly the night Charlie Reinsel sat in my living room and did precisely that - I cannot escape my fantasy of the following:

GM: "I'm sorry, it's ten o'clock. That's deadline. Your first six moves will go, but the last three are disallowed as being late."

PLAYER: "Well, I guess I'll have to accept the last two orders being disallowed, but I object to the third-from-last. It's your fault! I'd have gotten that order in, except that you took up too much time by starting out saying, 'Hi! How are you? How are the wife and kids?'"

And then, of course, we have the answering machines, which take messages nicely but have no way of assigning times to them. If I come home at ten-thirty and find nine messages, how can I tell which were on time and which weren't? Or if Jean takes a message and writes down "10:05," was she looking at the wall clock (which is correct) or her watch (which is intentionally ten minutes fast)? A little less foolishly, what of the letter which the USPS delivers in five days instead of the prescribed three?

I just can't bring myself to be so rigid. I set Saturday deadlines. I then try to finish typing on Sunday and have the masters to the print shop Sunday evening (mine is open seven days, 24 hours). But if I get a call at 8 a.m. Sunday (or a telegram, or a special delivery letter), I would find myself hard-pressed to throw it out. As to making calls to players, I do it only if the player has specifically authorized it, with the understanding that I may later bill them for the call. (As an aside, I have yet to bother sending anyone a bill.) But on this one I'm with Steve: If a player is sufficiently unreliable, I will probably come to prefer an NMR followed by a new (more faithful) player.

Doug's college experience parallels my own. I learned a lot from the strict profs, and I no longer show up late for doctor's appointments or leave my clothes at the cleaners for three months. But Diplomacy is a hobby, and people are people, and the USPS is - whatever it is, and in any case I do not plan to go down in history as agreeing with Charlie Reinsel!

Whups! I seem to have omitted one, very important, reply:

Randolph Smyth Normally my 'zine is printed and mailed before any postal delivery of 'late' mail is made. For 'phoned-in orders, I'm strict about the deadline, though I may allow a couple of minutes if my 'phone has been tied up just prior to the deadline. (I shouldn't, though.)

The major problem is to protect players who blurt out their orders to a fellow player in the course of a 'phone call immediately after the deadline. This is injudicious since many GMs are more flexible about their deadlines - but such players should be entitled to rely on whatever is published as being the deadline. Otherwise no negotiation could take place until every player receives the 'zine, for fear that the recipient could change his orders for inclusion in a late-appearing 'zine.

Conrad again Well, at the very least, this pretty well underlines Elmer's point that whatever policy is stated in advance of the game must be adhered to throughout.

Beyond that, I want to point up the difference between 'postal' Diplomacy and 'telephone' Diplomacy. Though the two have come closer as 'phone rates have dropped and incomes have increased, still, there is a difference. GMs still exist who will not accept 'phone orders, either

because they have no 'phone or because they adhere to the letter of the term "POSTAL" Diplomacy. Others have a strict 'phone deadline (usually the evening before mail deadline) and a looser postal one. In any case, the argument seems to be, is it better to avert NMRs at all rational cost, or is it important to be a 'strict constructionist?' Well, for my part, I'm a 'loose constructionist,' and in any case I fully endorse the Hinton codicil (which has run through this whole long Forum): It's perfectly okay as long as it's stated in advance and consistently applied. I plan to continue accepting moves, even if it means a re-type and a new paste-up, because I like it that way.

QUESTION: If a player fails to submit orders and one of his units is forced to retreat, should it be annihilated (per rulebook) or should it be allowed its appropriate retreat options (per most postal GMs)?

Randolph Smyth The Rulebook method seems unnecessarily draconian even for a face-to-face game, and I don't know why an NMRing player should be so heavily penalized. I've always thought the unavoidable missed moves were bad enough - that is, unless you believe that NMRs are always the player's fault. More practically, I think standbys must be encouraged with a position that remains as viable as possible, rather than frustrated by the enforced disbanding of a critical unit.

Bruce Linsey I prefer that NMRed, dislodged units be permitted to retreat. The retreats (in most North American games) aren't due until the deadline after the (missed) move. Why penalize a player at this deadline when he got his orders to you in time, just because he missed last deadline? To me, GMs who ((follow the Rulebook)) aren't fully aware of the distinction between a move season and the subsequent retreats - these are two different seasons, and should be adjudicated accordingly.

Bob Olsen I prefer to allow the defeated unit to retreat. After an NMR there's a definite chance that the position will go to a standby. And being a standby is a rather tedious task at best; so why make it harder for the entering player? This is, however, a gaming choice, not a realistic one, as Uncle Joe Stalin proved so vividly when he NMRed in 1941.

Melinda Holley I'm one of those GMs who allow a retreat option. I think this is good - if the player has bad luck with the USPS (sorry Conrad), why should he be penalized? The proposed standby player has done nothing wrong, so why should he get penalized? By allowing a retreat option, you give either the standby or the original player the choice of retreating the dislodged unit or removing it altogether. It allows for a better, more flexible, game.

Doug Brown I tend to like retreat options. If a player misses a move, there is already a bit of unfair advantage being handed to his enemies, and to neighboring countries. When playing by mail, an NMRing player is likely to be replaced anyhow. Why put the poor sub in even a worse position by automatically annihilating another piece?

Elmer Hinton In FTF play, where replacements are rare, if a player blows a turn or an order, the destruction of the unit is his own fault and punishment. In PBM play, the use of the standby means asking the question, "Is this just to the incoming player?" Most people, I think, say no. It isn't so much the position as the welfare of the

player of record (future in this case) involved. For consistency it becomes easiest, then, to allow retreats for all in all cases. In FTF play, failing to write a correct move in the race against time is part of the game. In PBM play, this should not be a factor. Moreover, rare is the complete NMR in FTF play; but postally, real-life events can intrude to a greater degree, not to mention the Postal Disservice with which we've all struggled, lo, these many moons. In such cases the penalization is as much due to factors beyond the player's control as it is just reward for failure to be careful. On that basis, the latter point doesn't justify overriding those trapped by the former, I think.

Conrad von Metzke Well put, all! And it's nice to see a certain unanimity for a change. I doubt there is a single postal G.M. left who goes for this rulebook provision, except me - and I am about to change. But let's let Steve Langley have the last word:

Steve Langley The rulebook is pretty explicit. If a player does not order a retreat, the unit is disbanded. It does not say that if a move is missed, the dislodged piece should be annihilated. I just re-read the rules to be sure of my ground here. Since I consider (in all but prophetic retreat games) retreats to be part of a season separate from the move in which the unit was dislodged, I have to say that I disagree with the practice of automatically annihilating such units. I don't feel that most postal GMs are altering the rules, but rather following them. And, yes, I consider it to be good.

Conrad again Well, Steve, I don't read my rulebook in the same way. To me, it says that if moves are not submitted, any dislodged units are annihilated. Period. Nevertheless, I accord with your point that we are really talking separate seasons here, and we ought to act accordingly. But do we have different rulebooks? Mine is copyright 1971 - what's yours?

Let me finish out by commenting briefly on the mentions of the problems with the USPS. Of course it has troubles. We all have our horror stories, and - believe me - as an employee for 18 years, I can match or beat any anecdotes you can relate, individually or collectively. Still, it is a fact that, in the two-and-one-half years I've been back in this hobby since my last absquatulation (look it up!), I have not once received a late move that was mailed in time but USPS-delayed. NOT ONCE! Nor, in that time period, has a single one of my own moves gone astray or been fatally delayed. So - enumerate the failures if you will, but please be fair and take stock of the successes.



NOTES ON SOME PEOPLE WHO SHOULDN'T HAPPEN TO A DOG

In recent weeks, Ronald Reagan has nominated William Rehnquist to be Chief Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court; the people of Austria have elected Kurt Waldheim as their next President; and my wife and I have gone out to dinner and have been served improperly-cooked food which made us a little ill. All three of these events seem to fit a similar pattern.

The retirement of Warren Burger, a Justice of no particular competence, strikes me as unimportant. Considering his position, he is the most insignificant Chief Justice we have had in living memory; he swayed nobody, wrote little, and was even ridiculed for the positions he did take. It is my confident prediction that he will, after his retirement, return to the place from which he came - oblivion.

His probable successor, William Rehnquist, is anything but insignificant. He is a man possessed of a quick mind, a reasoning power of sparkle, and an influence and demeanour of impressive proportions. That he is also rooted in the Neanderthal period of man's history is almost incidental; he will reason, he will persuade, and he will make himself felt. And by nominating him, Ronald Reagan has done it again; he has frightened me.

Mr. Rehnquist is what is commonly known as a 'strict constructionist.' Although that term is oft misused and in any case not absolute, in general it refers to a person who takes the Constitution of the United States at face value, reads it with absolute precision, and refuses to extend it in any form whatsoever beyond its face-value specifics. As but one example, Mr. Rehnquist opposes the use of Federal money for abortions on the grounds (I admit I oversimplify, but not unduly) that the Constitution nowhere says Federal money should be so used. On that basis, he and his ilk insist, each "sovereign State" should decide such things for itself. Never mind the inconsistencies from State to State, never mind the outrageous edicts from places of more medieval enlightenment - the Document doesn't spell it out, therefore screw it.

The fault for this sort of tunnel-vision is very much with the liberal excesses of the recent past. In an honest but often too-zealous effort to correct wrongs this very minute, the extreme liberal elements have been known to go overboard. So, of course, did the reactionary elements. The result has been a polarization which may take some time to resolve.

A few years ago we saw the liberal excesses. Today, we are seeing the reactionary defence and retrenchment. What frightens me is the possibility that, before it finally collapses of its own oxidized obsolescence, the reactionary right may undo a substantial portion of the social progress this country has achieved in recent years, and thereby spark yet another liberal excess. I keep hoping we are not stuck in a vicious circle, or in one of the cyclic patterns diagrammed by Oswald Spengler. I idealize that some day, hopefully soon, the extremes will dissipate to the mere fringe elements, and the central compromise will take over as well it ought. With a legal nothingness like Burger, there was no danger; with a precise and finely-tuned zealot like Rehnquist, it is a very different matrix. We may just be in for a long hot summer - of several years' duration - and in that period, a lot of people may well get badly hurt: Women, minorities, the poor, and the disadvantaged.

I worry.

Over across the Pond, the Republic of Austria has just elected Kurt Waldheim, the former Foreign Minister and U.N. Secretary-General, as its next President. In terms of power, this is of no consequence; Austria has been for some while a minor State, and in any case its President is a

figurehead. Nevertheless, the Waldheim candidacy has raised a series of questions which transcend his electoral success. To what extent should a Nazi-tainted past, forty-one years after the events, continue to haunt a politician? To what extent can Austria expect to be accepted in the world community with a questionable head of state? And is this business, in far-away Austria, of any real importance to an American at all?

In "The New Yorker" magazine for June 30, 1986, an article by Jane Kramer puts a great amount of this in perspective. She demonstrates, by excellent research, that Waldheim is by no means a war criminal; what he is, is an opportunist, a seeker of self-image, and a liar. And there is ample indication that he is a bit of a fool, too. In some ways, he reminds me of the Austrian version of Warren Burger.

Ms. Kramer's analysis is seconded by a wide variety of other sources. Her conclusion - and it is one good possibility - is that Austria, in a day of insignificant statesmen - is looking for someone famous. Waldheim spent ten years as Secretary-General of the U.N. Never mind that his was a tenure of no great accomplishment, of one faux-pas after another, of stealing toilet paper and silverware. Kurt Waldheim, an Austrian, was in charge of the world; who better now to take charge of the nation?

Anti-Semitism remains rife in Austria, but as Ms. Kramer points out, it is the purest possible form of it - anti-Semitism without Jews. There are barely seven thousand left in all of Austria, barely enough to fill one tiny district of Vienna. So that is really no issue at all in this past election. Neither was Waldheim's war record per se; indeed, he was an intelligence officer for a war criminal, but there is no evidence that he committed a single war crime. Moreover, Waldheim's opponent, Kurt Steyrer, held an equivalent position and is just as guilty (if that's the term). No, the real question is not what Waldheim did, but why he felt it necessary to lie about it. No one has yet suggested that he had anything to hide that would have demolished his reputation; not even the Jewish extremists suggest that merely serving in the German army, even in association with war criminals, is in itself enough to brand one for life. So why Waldheim's coverups and falsifications?

Ms. Kramer suggests persuasively that Kurt Waldheim is averting charges, not of criminality, but of insignificance. His was an average war record. This ordinariness does not fit the image of a Great Statesman, as Waldheim apparently wishes. Better, thus, to have no war record at all ("invalidated out for wounds") than one of no importance at all.

Well, whatever the reasons, Austria has chosen mediocrity. They had no real selection; Kurt Steyrer is rather mediocre as well, but at least he is not a liar. Fact is, Austria has suffered under a succession of mediocre leaders for some while; the striking exception is the outgoing President, Dr. Rudolf Kirchschlager, whose retirement is to be regretted. Even the best-known of modern Austrian leaders, former Chancellor Bruno Kreisky, is in retrospect a bit of an idiotic figure: Despite being a Jew and a liberal Socialist, he is on record as characterizing Menachem Begin as a 'murderous terrorist' and Muammar Khaddafi as a 'great statesman.'

On that basis, perhaps Waldheim is the logical extension of modern Austrian history. What Austrians really want, I suspect, is a leader of the calibre of the last President of the First Republic, the late Wilhelm Miklas, who stalled for two days on Hitler's demand for resignation to allow Jews and partisans to flee the country. "Two whole days?" you gasp. "Is that all?" Well, but of course I should remark that he was held the whole time at gunpoint, under threat of summary execution.

Obviously the disquieting dinner I mentioned was caused by poor cooking. Right? Or...maybe, just maybe, was it somehow related to the realization that this world still rewards Rehnquists and Waldheims?

IMPORTANT!

If you did not receive the last issue of COSTA, please tell me. Four copies were returned to me "for better address," without address labels on them. I have no way of knowing whether the labels came off, or whether I somehow managed to mail four unaddressed copies in the first place.

One presumes that, if you are a player, you will have notified me long before now of any omission. But, if you trade or subscribe, you may not have done. This is your chance! I have retained all four returns and am ready to mail them if appropriate. (The postage, by the way, is still valid.)

Let me know.

THE MAILBOX FILLETH

Ralph Morton It's been a super year for my wife and me. The farm is coming along just great, and barring fire, flood or civil uprising, the farm will be virtually self-sufficient in about four years. (We're operating a modest beef-cattle operation.) For our own needs, we're already self-sufficient in vegetables (and then some!), and I've planted 40 grapevines and 88 fruit trees (apple, pear, plum, cherry, peach & apricot) and walnut trees. As well, of the nine fields we have, comprising fifty acres, I've got three of them back in operation, i.e. de-rocked, ploughed and planted (the other fifty acres is forest, where I get my wood for winter). We're learning to do everything ourselves, from making candles to repairing and maintaining farm equipment - ploughs, discs, tractor, back-hoe, etc., etc. Not bad for a fella born and raised in downtown Vancouver, sh? Our goal is self-sufficiency in most everything, and it's an awful lot of work, particularly since we only have nights and weekends to accomplish everything since we both hold down jobs during the day. (Amnesty International exists to protest when a workload such as ours is imposed on political prisoners - ha!) But we thoroughly enjoy the farm and wouldn't trade it for anything. It's a life style which makes one feel he's accomplishing something useful and productive. It gives me a great deal of satisfaction when I sit down at the table and see that everything on our plates is something I've grown, or raised, myself, at a fraction of the cost of purchasing it in supermarkets. And more healthful, too, with no chemicals. (I'm an organic farmer.) With a large freezer full of vegetables, another full of beef and pork meat, and a cold-storage room for the bulkier items, we're well down the road to self-sufficiency.

((Would you believe how backlogged my letter file is? This was from Ralph's Christmas Card of 1985!!!

((I too am an organic gardener. I am constitutionally incapable of sitting among the tomato plants, picking off one aphid at a time with a tweezers; and, this inability on my part is apparently an organic defect....

((Rather more seriously, I am very much committed to a semi-organic gardening style, in that I use as few poisons/fertilizers/sprays/etc. as possible, and then whenever possible those with natural bases - e.g. pure steer manure vs. chemical plant food, etc. I do make a sharp exception with snail pellets, because we are overrun if I don't.

((I can identify very closely, if not to the same degree, with the sense of satisfaction in having done it yourself. Personally, I would be unable to butcher a steer or hog I had raised; I have enough trouble whamming a cockroach. In my case, the satisfaction is in 'fix-it' projects in

the house and yard. Now, I'll quickly confess that I am no 'handyman,' and in general dislike such activities as painting and plumbing. But when possible, I try to do them myself. Sometimes I blow it, and have to call in the cavalry. But more often than I sometimes realize, I don't blow it, and it is very pleasant - a sharp egoboo - to realize that I've undertaken a venture in unfamiliar territory and won!

((Each of us probably has someone whom we admire and envy for his/her accomplishments, while simultaneously recognizing that we could never live the same way. Ralph is such a one to me.

((Please note, however, that Amnesty International has certified Canada free from political repression. Now, if you keep the same schedule after to move to Zimbabwe....))

Matt Did you expect me to write something about the Hinton-Walker feud Fleming that is going on in your 'zine? Good, because....

I have watched many good 'zines (run by people with much less intelligence than you possess) trying to provide an open 'forum' for 'debate' on some supposedly important hobby matter. All they do is let the mouths of the hobby babble on in their unintelligible ways until everyone either is bored or boored. That is, either your 'zine becomes a silly and meaningless publication devoted to two or more egos, or else your 'zine becomes a battleground where people rush to the defense of what they perceive to be their own side. Look at the holy names that have been invoked by your two present combatants...will they not feel the need to write to you and express their side of the story? I hope you cut this out of your 'zine (truly the best 'zine I have ever seen) before, like a deadly cancer, it spreads to the point where cutting it out would entail cutting the whole 'zine.

((More letter to follow. On this point, you're right. I already rue the day I started down this road, and while I do feel some obligation to right of reply, I don't feel an indefinite one. As I write this on July 14, I already have a lengthy essay from Larry Peery to print, and I fully expect a doozie from Elmer. Beyond that, I would feel obligated to give Walt Buchanan some space if he chose to use it; and that is it. After this issue or next (if Elmer's or Walt's item(s) arrive(s) too late for inclusion) I'll cut it off and go on to better things.

((Thanks for strengthening my resolve.))

Don 'Railway Rivals' openings? In an American 'zine? Where have I Del seen that before? (Maybe it was in LIFE OF MONTY issues 60 thru Grande 63, or the LOM listing in the 'ZINE REGISTER....) Anyway, as the undeniable, unquestionable, unimpeachable, unimpearable, unim-grapefruitable father of PBM RR in America, I - well, that's not quite true; a few years ago Pete Doubleday (of THE THING ON THE MAT) spent some time in America on business and GMed his RR games over here, so he gets all the credit. Anyway, could you put CATCH MY SMOKE in my issues of COSTA?

Speaking of RR, if over 100 maps exist, how come the map designators are single letters? For example, E is the Eastern U.S., while K is for at least part of England, and L is for France and thereabouts. (N is for New England - I have a feeling some maps cover overlapping areas.) If you've never seen a PBM RR game, each one has a designator - for example, "RT245K" for a game in THING. I assume that 'T' stands for the 'zine, "245" is the game number, and 'K' is the map.

I assume you're using David Watts' HRs. (My HRs are based on Pete Doubleday's, which are based on David's.) I see no reference to the 'special

runs' cards in the HR's - I think we should make sure that our rules and the British rules are the same. (Only recently did anybody in Britain find out that there is a 1982 Diplomacy rulebook!)

And speaking of David Watts, I assume you'll lift your 'no more trades' and ask to trade for his ROSTERNE GAMES REVIEW - complete with 26 RR games!

Meanwhile...I have to agree that 'VONMETZKE' is a result of computer alphabetizing. (Well, that and "CONRAD F VON METZKE" could come out as "VON METZKE CONRAD F" (using last name first), which many computers will treat as the name "METZKE CONRAD VON." I should know; in my freshman year at high school, the records showed me as "GRANDE D. DEL," and at two separate conventions, my ID was filed under last names beginning with 'G'. At 'Origins,' my registration verification had my name, printed with a dot matrix printer, as "EDELGRANDE." Strangely enough, the registration was correctly spelled (which drove the staff crazy when they couldn't find my stuff in the 'E' pile).

Ahem. Corflu is not the same as liquid paper. Corflu is stencil (mimeo) correction fluid, and is not a very good LP substitute, since it's blue, thin, and smells of ether. Personally, I use Liquid Paper correction film for small mistakes.

Finally, you think your typewriter bell is short? Mine rings five spaces before the margin. If you don't like it, then get a word processor!

P.S. At 'Origins,' I saw a 100-sided die - it looks like a golf ball wrapped in plastic.

((Rest assured, I'm already trading with David. His rules will be the standard here, and I'm writing letters to him like fury clarifying the details to make certain we don't do anything queer that he doesn't do. I don't yet know about Special Run Cards, but will have an answer before lift-off.

((David is the one who quoted the hundred-map figure. What he is talking about is quite a few that have been privately invented and are in use without having been officially 'published' or 'released.' David himself produces about twenty.

((I've rethought, and have decided that CATCH MY SMOKE will in fact be a 'true' subzine in that it will be printed right in with COSTA. How else to popularize this game? So, no special request required, you and everybody else will get it whether you want it or not. So - if I play in one of your games, will you play in one of mine? If not, can I play in one of yours anyway? Please?

((Insofar as I'm concerned, the true 'father' of American PBM RR is Bruce Linsey, whose TRAX is the first American 'zine to run a railway game of any kind (Empire Builder). So the race is on to see whether you or I get to be second. Considering the number of applicants for mine so far (zero), you look like a strong contender.

((I've recently made a friend who is a Burmese exchange student. His name is U No. Care to predict what dot matrices will do to his name? As to filing at conventions, at "stAmPShow 85" I was properly spelled and registered, but the idiot clerk at the check-in desk just couldn't comprehend what he was reading. It took him half an hour to find me, properly filed under 'V' - the clerk simply couldn't be convinced that there was any point in looking through that letter! So, it ain't all the fault of computers, sometimes it's idiots who don't understand logic.

((One hundred sides to a die? How silly. With such small flat surfaces, I'd think it would roll clear across the floor. What's the purpose?))

Lobhaft

WAR'S JUN-KEL, ICH LÄG' IM WAL-DE,

Lobhaft

WENN DIE WIP-FEL Ü-BER MIR SCHWAN-KEN, DAS KLINGT DIE GAN-ZE NACHT,

Not Schubert this time. Rather, two phrases from Hans Pfitzner's 'Die Einsame,' Op. 9/2, text by Eichendorff. The latter phrase is echoed by one of the great accompaniments in Lieder writing, a repeat up a fifth in canonic imitation. Pfitzner's reputation, never really secure, was utterly shattered by his Nazi affiliations, and he is only recently making a bit of a comeback through his chamber music and the best of his hundred songs.

I suggest this to you: If you like Lieder but do not yet know Pfitzner, one hearing of either the above or of 'Zorn,' Op. 15/2, and you will never again forget the man. BASF 20-21087 has twenty of the best songs, including those two. Magnificently performed by Wolfgang Anheisser and Julius Severin, it is a disc to treasure.

.....

Zartig

etc

The preceding was not Schubert, Pfitzner, Bruckner, nor anyone else of importance. It's another one of mine (Fourth Symphony, trio of the Scherzo). Unpublished, unperformed, languishing in my desk waiting for the day when Leonard Bernstein will knock on the door and say, "I see in COSTAGUANA that you have a stock of unrecognized masterpieces in manuscript? Would you mind if I looked them over in preparation for world premières by one of the major orchestras under my ever-progressive baton?"

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THE BEARS GO A' CAMPING

Geologically, the Channel Islands are held to consist in two distinct groups: The southern four, which are a part of the continental tectonic plate, and the northern four, which are attached to the Farallon plate of the eastern Pacific. The latter group is strictly volcanic in nature; the former shows a mixture of volcanic and sedimentary origins. All are rocky, sparsely vegetated, and generally uninhabited.

"Wait a minute," I hear you say. "The Channel Islands? But they're part of England, over close to France, and have names of cows, like Jersey and Guernsey. Right?"

No, not those! The Channel Islands of which I write are the eight promontories off the west coast of southern California, near Los Angeles. They are not very well known (with one exception), even to residents of the area; most of them consist in nature sanctuaries for marine mammals and birds, and only one - Santa Catalina - has a population of any size. The southernmost - San Clemente - is a military reserve used for gunnery practice, and containing a large population of semi-wild goats (descendants of specimens introduced by the military years ago) that has deforested the island and is now dying of starvation; the goats are currently the objects of a controversial extermination program conducted by the Navy from helicopters, despite offers by various conservation and animal-welfare groups to relocate and integrate vast numbers of them. It is all pretty brutal, when you consider that there is no land-based support function for the helicopter gunships, meaning of course that the goats not killed instantly are left to bleed or starve to death....

A more pleasant story accompanies the best-known of the eight. Santa Catalina, twenty miles from the nearest point on the mainland, has been a bit of a tourist mecca for many years. In the 1920s a casino and ballroom sprang up in the only town of consequence, Avalon, and remains active to this day in the latter capacity. The crystal waters have given rise to cruises in glass-bottomed boats to see the marine life, and the area is very gratifying to sport fishermen and sun-bathers interested in escaping the congestion and litter of mainland areas.

Catalina, the second-largest of the Channel Islands, is roughly 25 miles long and from seven miles wide (at its broadest) to a mere quarter-mile (at the narrowest, in the approximate center). Avalon is near the southern tip and is an hour and a half by fast boat from Los Angeles, or twenty-five minutes by shuttle helicopter. Most of the rest of the island was once owned by the Wrigley family, of chewing gum fame, but has been largely deeded to a non-profit institution known as the Catalina Conservancy, which is dedicated to the preservation of several endangered species of plant life on the island. (The Wrigleys still retain about an eighth of the island, mainly in the form of a ranch for breeding Arabian horses.)

The Conservancy is headquartered in Two Harbors, the only other town on the island (pop. about 75). (Avalon has about 4500 permanent residents.) Aside from grants, the Conservancy gains its income from running bus tours of the central and southern island, showing Indian remains and natural features with emphasis on the Conservancy's restoration efforts. These tours are by bus, 40-passenger affairs that careen along the narrow mountain dirt trails barely wide enough for a Jeep and scare the bejeezus out of urban tourists like me. Tours last either 3 or 5 hours and are broken up by a few short hikes to see cliffside scenery and Indian sites. They are narrated by a Conservancy naturalist whose obvious fluency with her field is exceeded only by the inability of her voice to drown out the noisy air conditioner on the bus.

Among other things, we learn as we wobble above the sharp declivities of the Catalina hills that:

- There were two distinct Indian cultures extant on the island. The first is shrouded in mystery and was apparently conquered or absorbed by the second about 400 years ago. The second was an offshoot of the various mainland tribes, semi-nomadic in nature, who lived on shellfish and grasses and survived until the Spanish forced them to evacuate the island in 1832, whereafter they quickly died out.

- Most of the wild mammals on the island are non-native. The Spaniards introduced the goats and pigs, and the North American bison came with a movie crew in the 1920s. Today there are not very many goats left, they having been systematically exterminated; but wild pigs are extensive and generally annoying, and the bison roam the hills fairly freely. The goats and bison were largely responsible for total deforestation of the island. (neither species having any natural enemies to control them), with the result that the basic natural short grass of the island was totally destroyed, to be replaced by the wild oats introduced by the Spaniards. (The native scrub grass still exists on two small rocks just off the island shore, a total of about 500 sq. ft. - and nowhere else on earth.)

- Catalina partisans understandably prefer to dwell on issues of scenic beauty and environmental preservation. They do not much care to discuss the occasional mainlander who sails over, gets drunk, and falls off a boat and drowns - e.g. Natalie Wood a few years ago.

It was to this environment that Ross and I came for a two-night camping trip in mid-July. Ross had never been camping before; I hadn't been in nearly thirty years. So it was, to say the least, a Great Adventure.

We left Los Angeles by fast boat at 6:30 p.m. and arrived at Two Harbors at 8:15. (Incidentally, 'Two Harbors' is mis-named. There is only one harbor. The second, a quarter-mile away in the west side of the island, is separately known as Cat Harbor.) A truck was supposed to meet our group to move our luggage up the hill to the campsite, but it did not show up until almost 10, and when we finally got where we were going and began to pitch tents and secure our food from the predatory wild pigs, it was almost eleven. And if you think that pitching a tent at eleven p.m. by flashlight is fun, consider what thrills it is when one has never pitched a tent before in one's life. In fact, I had just bought the tent that very morning, and hadn't even opened the box. So my first job, by torch, while others drove stakes and spread nylon, was to sit down and read the directions.

"Find a flat spot of ground." All taken by those who knew how to pitch tents; settle for a moderate incline. "Place tent floor-side down." How the hell can one distinguish bottom from top at near-midnight when one barely knows what a tent looks like? "Stake the four corners." A snap - until I hit a subsurface rock with the fourth corner and convert the stake to a pretzel. "Assemble poles." Okay - now where in the hell did I leave the poles? "Take one of the longer ropes and tie a slip knot in one end."

Now wait just a moment; the box specifically says 'Tools required for assembly - hammer.' It says nothing at all about Boy Scout merit badges for knot-tying. "Tie one end of rope to tent pole; stake other end to ground." Oh goody; the subsurface rock has a brother! "Repeat with other pole." Hey Ross - have you seen the flashlight? "Unzip front flap." At last, a direction I understand! (Rrrriippppp!) "If in doubt, call our toll-free number (aw, nuts, I forgot to pack the cordless 'phone!) or ask a more experienced camper (all of whom have been asleep for an hour)."

Well, we got it pitched, all right; poor Rose, he must have thought he had an idiot for a daddy. Now we need the air mattresses and the sleeping bags. Okay, Conrad, blow up the air mattresses...puff, puff, puff...what, they're not full yet? - puff, puff, puff...keep going, at least they're unfolded now...puff, puff, puff...are you sure you don't have a leak somewhere?...puff, puff, puff....

Net result. Ross gets a half-inflated air mattress under his sleeping bag; I settle for doing my own the next day. I set up the sleeping bags. Ross goes to sleep instantly. I toss and turn on the hard ground, finding a total of six thousand, four hundred twelve rocks that I neglected to clear from the tent site. Catalina has a severe erosion problem, but not one of those rocks has been affected by it. At last I settle in and start to sleep; it is one o'clock a.m.

"Hey dad!" I hear the kid yelling - it's not Ross. "What's this funny tall thing?"

"No! Don't touch that, son, it's a tent pole...."

Flop!

It is six-thirty a.m. The otherwise nice child in the tent next door, who at this moment was quite obviously conceived out of wedlock, has just managed to convert my midnight tent-setting exercise into a bright orange nylon blob. Inside the blob we find: One Ross, who continues to sleep, and who could in fact sleep through the siege of Moscow; and one very irritable and insufficiently-slumbered Daddy, who had been laboring under the idiotic thought that he might actually get to sleep until seven, but this stupid watch must be wrong again, it says 5:50....

I am not passionate about "Taster's Choice" instant coffee under the best of conditions. However, I like it even less when nobody has remembered to bring a butane canister for the camp stove! Nor had anyone thought of milk; and dry corn flakes strike me as about as joyous as the fire-bombing of Dresden. Oh well, no problem; hike down the hill to Two Harbors and there's a restaurant, and I have plenty of cash in my...wallet? Funny, I could have sworn I brought that wallet....

Rummage...rummage...scrounge...scrabble...aha! There it is, neatly sandwiched between the uninflated air mattress and the three trillion vicious rocks under my sleeping bag. C'mon, Ross, let's trek down the hill and eat!

Trudge...trudge....

WHADDAYA MEAN, THEY DON'T OPEN UNTIL EIGHT?

Wait...wait....

At last, 'Doug's Two Harbors Café' opens. We order. They serve. We eat.

I, who am fussy, manage one bite. Ross, who will eat anything, manages two. I wince. He frowns.

Trudge...trudge....

"Hey guys...are there any dry corn flakes and coffee crystals left?"

Somewhat later. The whole camp is up and around. Shortly after we have finished our dry corn flakes, someone has found the milk. Immediately after my fourth spoonful of coffee crystals, someone else has found the butane. Now it's time for the day's first hike.

It is proposed, and agreed, that we hike all the way across the island, a total distance (including coming down the hill from camp and going back up again) of 2.5 miles. All goes well until we get across the isthmus; then, one of the gung-ho types in the bunch (I think his name is Ross, but I'm not certain because from this moment on we ceased to be related) suggests that we try going up "that trail on the hill up there." He points to a thousand-foot rock cliff jutting out from the north shore of Cat Harbor. There is an obvious trail, but it is clearly a safety hazard for goats, let alone an out-of-condition forty-two-year-old father wearing leather-soled shoes. "It's okay, daddy. I'll hold your hand!" Up we go.

I will not describe the joys of that climb. Suffice it to say that there were at least two: Coming back down, and getting back down. The part involving the action word "up" cannot possibly be described in terms that will do my sensations justice. I will confine myself to two meaty observations:

1. It is an interesting feature of topography that a mountail trail, which appears to ascend at a fairly steady angle, somehow manages to increase its percentage steadily as you get higher and higher. In fact, as you approach the top, it increases geometrically. At the top, it's 99%.

2. I like Ross. He's a neat kid. And when he makes a promise, he keeps it. True to his word, he held my hand on the entire climb. What he neglected to mention, however, is that he was planning to run up!

After our bedraggled return to camp, we wandered to the beach for wading. The water is wonderfully cool and clear; the ocean floor is rather another matter. When God created rocks, He distributed them very equitably: 50% went under my side of the tent, the other 50% went on the beach at Two Harbors. Unfortunately, I have very sensitive feet - they weren't sensitive before this wade, but ever since....

Ross, of course, has a different recollection. "Those weren't rocks, daddy," he smiles pityingly. "They're just large sand!" He splashed with glee and abandon (and Matthew and Chris and Arthur), and obviously had a total blast. I wonder if I did such masochistic things when I was seven. I imagine I did. That's why my feet have problems now. Poor Ross....

Following a gourmet camper's lunch (I'm awfully good at slopping peanut butter on ant-covered bread), we hiked down the hill again to board the bus tour. Up the dirt track zoomed the bus (I've described this previously), providing some spectacular views of the bay and a clear vision of the island's eastern profile to those brave enough to open their eyes. Eventually we arrived at an oaty plateau (most writers would say 'grassy,' but since the naturalist-guide went to the trouble to discuss the infestation of wild oats, the least I can do is acknowledge them) and - lo and behold, parked right at the edge of the road, right out in the open sun, was our first bison. He was huge. He was also fly-ridden, scraggly and one of the least impressive animals we had ever seen. The guide theorized that he was a rogue male, driven from the herd because of old age and the concomitant inability to snare and hold females. I thought of Jean, and my increasingly-grey beard, and the fact that I never did learn how to tie a hangman's knot....

The guide told us that this bison had been lying in the same spot for two days, and she thought it possible that he would remain there until he finally starved to death. She then informed us that is was island policy

that, if a bison was ever found doing this sort of thing, he/she would be watched for four days; if nothing changed in that time, the rangers would come up and shoot it. Personally, I figure the bison wasn't an old rogue at all; he had probably gone on the same hike we had, and was just resting. Lord knows I wanted to rest for four days....

On the bus rolled. After another series of hairpin turns, we came to a truly gorgeous little anchorage on the island's west side, and stopped just long enough to wish we could stop longer. It is called (appropriately) Little Harbor, and held roughly six yachts at anchor - just about all it could comfortably hold. There are no residents; actually, there aren't even any buildings. Nevertheless, there are several picnic tables and a chemical toilet, and an asphalted parking lot with six stalls! And to top it off, someone has seen fit to build speed bumps in the lot! This must be the cheapest possible way to provide the trappings of civilization. If so, the plan is a failure; no quantity of chemical toilets or speed bumps can take away the vision of that harbor, pristine, unspoiled, undamaged by the typical ravages of man. If I were a Catalina bison, I would want to learn to use a chemical toilet, just so I could come to Little Harbor once in a while....

Up again into the hills, to a shelf overlooking Little Harbor, and we come to a turn-out in the road. The bus stops. The guide announces, "Everybody out, we're going on a hike!" As Bill Cosby says, "Right!" We will climb out. We will go on a hike. And we will stay there, twenty-seven rogue bison by the side of the road, waiting for the ranger to come shoot us on Tuesday. Hell, of course SHE can hike all over the hills; SHE wasn't stupid enough to wear leather shoes!

Well, as it turned out, this hike wasn't so bad. The guide took us a short distance, down a slight incline, to what she called an "Indian midden site." As she described it, it represented what amounts to a trash heap; in such places, Indians threw their rubbish, just as we do in a sanitary fill today. To an Indian, "trash" consisted in unusable bones, worn-out hide bits, broken shell tools, and of course all the organic materials that were cast off from the meals. The organic items decomposed into a rich black loam; this colored earth, when liberally scattered with shell bits, is a clear giveaway that an Indian site is involved. This is particularly true when the site is 300 feet above the beach; there were no shells anywhere else around on the precipice, but in this one area (roughly 75 feet square) there were thousands of broken fragments. As the guide theorized, this bluff was a favorite Indian campsite - for no outstanding reason, it was merely very attractive and relatively flat - and, over several centuries, the "rubbish bin" built up into its present-day distinct form. For reasons which scientists have not discerned, all known midden sites on Catalina Island are characterized by a profusion of wild sunflowers growing upon them. The flowers do grow elsewhere, in wild abandon, but they always occur, thicker than usual, at the midden sites. The logical theory is that the black loam is conducive to their propagation, but this is apparently false; elsewhere on the island, the flowers invariably thrive in poor, rocky soil, and do poorly in good earth. "Midden loam" is the best dirt on the island. So why this one striking exception? Soil chemists have been trying for years to find a common denominator, so far without success.

Once back in the bus continued through various twists of the terrain to the Wrigley Arabian Horse Ranch, one of three owned by that famous family, which consisted in a handful of amazingly modest Spanish-style buildings and a host of the most glorious equine creatures on the planet.

At this outpost of the Wrigley empire, the horses are bred and raised for show status; hence all specimens are at the peak of fitness and beauty, and those older than colt status have all at least begun the training that will eventually make them prize-winners. The stables and grounds reflect the residents; it is rare to see an oasis of such cleanliness and obvious polish without any hint of fussiness. In one pen was a goat - the guide told us it was a wild goat which had been tamed as a pet - and my first reaction was that it looked like any other domestic goat only smaller. Prompted by my observation, the guide discussed the "breadbox theory" of the fauna on Catalina Island. According to this theory (to which all relevant species seem to subscribe), when the animal species of the island are compared to their mainland counterparts (none is unique to the island), those larger than a breadbox tend to be a bit smaller than those counterparts; those smaller than said breadbox range a bit larger. This holds true for mammals (bison, pigs, goats, rats, mice, squirrels, foxes, and a couple of others), and for all birds (ravens, eagles) except those which range between the two locales (such as gulls). It also holds true for the two lizard and four snake species known. No mention was made of insects. My candid observation of a few of the latter (earwigs, bees, ants and flies) is that they are just about the same in both places, not only in size but in annoyance.

A short distance from the Wrigley 'spread' (shades of Hoppy and Gene Autry!) lies the Catalina Airport - the "Airport in the Sky." It is 1602 feet above the sea, on a high plateau, and represents the uppermost point of 'civilization' on the island. Usable only by small private planes (the Piper Cub variety), it consists in a short runway, a guidance tower, and a terminal built like a Western ranch and containing a small snack bar that serves "buffalo-burgers" (the result of the annual thinning of the herd), a gift shop that sells small plush buffalos, and a lobby with a fireplace over which hovers a huge embalmed buffalo head. No need to ask what the national animal of Catalina is, eh?

(Interjection of some importance: In general American usage, the terms 'buffalo' and 'bison' are regularly interchanged. In fact, the shaggy brown beast of the American plains - and Catalina - is the North American bison, Latin name Bison bison, while the buffalo is any of several African or Asian species of which the common water-buffalo is the best known. There is no true buffalo in existence, except in zoos, in North America. How Bison bison came to be called a 'buffalo' is beyond me; the fact remains that until 1938 the United States minted "buffalo" (not "bison") nickles, and the Catalina airport serves "buffalo" - not "bison" - burgers. One theory holds that when Columbus discovered America, he erroneously named the natives "Indians" because he thought he was in India, and also called their beasts of burden "buffalos" because that's what "Indians" were known to use. Nice theory. Too bad Columbus discovered the West Indies, and that the nearest buffalo/bison was three thousand miles away on the American Great Plains. No, there has to be another answer. If any reader knows what it is, I will gladly pay one bison nickle for the answer.)

At the airport, it was announced that we'd have a ten-minute potty stop followed by another hike. Ross bought a Coke, and drank it thirstily. I bought a larger Coke, and quickly soaked my sore feet in it.

The hike proceeded down a long, steep 'nature trail' constructed with funds from a grant from TRW Corp. I have yet to understand what the grant paid for; the trail was simply a foot-scraped path marked by a few rocks lined up along the sides. If they'd asked me, I'd have arranged those rocks for them for twenty bucks and a cold beer. Some grant!

Down the hill we wended our way, stepping single file between the two lines of expensively-arranged rocks, across the most blatant spoliation that I saw on the island (a disgusting electrical conduit that snaked across the hills for nine miles to a radio tower on the tallest peak in the whole place; the tower is used to guide 'planes into the airport, the stench of grilled buffalo-burgers apparently not being enough), to an outcropping of greenish rock at the edge of a verdant sloping meadow. Our object was the rock stand, which had been heralded as an Indian quarry. But ranging across the meadow was an obstacle; about two dozen future suppliers of airport burgers were grazing, all except two muscular and unfriendly-looking males; those two were squared off for a fight!

Our guide shooed us back behind the outcropping. Then she moved forward toward the bison, taking one or two slow steps at a time. As she moved a few feet and stopped, so the bison moved a short distance and also stopped. The guide moved again. The bison moved again. And so on. This continued for fifteen minutes; the guide moved a squib, the bison backed off a squib, the guide moved some more, the bison moved some more...neither side making a startling move, neither side giving more ground than the other, yet the result being an inexorable (albeit noble and face-saving) retreat of the bison herd. Finally, our guide determined that the beasts had ranged far enough for safety; she called us back, and we proceeded to look at the rocks.

The quarry was of soapstone, and represented the Indian source of bowls for acorn-grinding. Apparently the Indians would chisel a circle in the side of the outcropping, then jam dry wood into the declivity they had cut. They would then pour water on the wood, and the resulting expansion would break the circumscribed inner segment away from the quarry wall. A series of repetitions of this operation (it took a month to complete) provided the basic material for a good solid bowl. The Indian who had been so laboriously wetting sticks would then hone his 'pop-out' to shape, and - voilá! He had the harder part of his desired mortar and pestle. We were told that archaeologists had found quite a number of broken rock-circles scattered in the meadow near the quarry, and had puzzled for some while over them; our guide's theory (eminently plausible) is that these represent the screw-ups. If (she theorized) after a month of wood-wetting, an Indian found that he had goofed and popped out a broken or misshapen piece of rock, he would quite understandably get furious at all the time wasted, and - in a fit of fury - pick up the offending useless rock and heave it as far as he could into the meadow, presumably accompanied by a bellow of whatever passed for vile invective among those people. After a few centuries of this, it is quite logical that the meadow would be littered with rounded rocks.

From there, we climbed back up the hill - our guide made it easy on us city slickers, stopping every so often to describe the plants along the trail - and boarded the bus for the ride back. We drove back over the same roads to our camp, viewing again the scenery that had proved so startling the first time, and which remained just as startling now, and came away with a rather different appreciation of our terrain than we had had at the outset. We all started with the idea that Catalina was a resort island with some nice hills and campgrounds. We realized that it was really much more; a locale of amazing history, a nature preserve which was well along in the process of rebounding from devastation of the flora, a source of scenery which may well be equalled elsewhere but cannot be bested. All of us learned, and grew, from that winding drive in the hills of a minor islet off the shore of Smog City.

No account of this trip would be complete without a mention of the

young lady who served as our guide and educator. Her name, inappropriately enough for a tour on a crystal-clear day, is Misty. She is tall, stately, strikingly attractive and possessed of one of the most distinctive chiselled faces I've ever seen. She speaks with a thick Southern drawl that belies the mind that forms the words. She was not, by any stretch of the imagination, hired for her cheesecake value, though she certainly could have been; she possesses a crackerjack mind, an assured delivery, an obvious love of her subjects, and a gift for the communication of small details and "trivial" data that can entice even the most bored listener. If there are awards for scientific tour-guiding, I vote Misty the gold medal.

The tour ended, guess what we all did next? Climbed back up the hill to the camp! How did you guess? Once there, Ross and a couple of other boys decided to go swimming. Then Ross changed his mind and decided to go down to the beach but just collect rocks. We climbed down to the beach. Ross then changed his mind again, so I climbed back up, got his trunks and towel, climbed back down, and Ross went swimming.

For three minutes. Then he started collecting rocks.

I must tell you quickly about Ross' rock collection. He loves pretty stones, with unusual colors, patterns or features. He saves them in great droves. We have a yard and a garage littered with them. Generally, he prefers smaller stones; the only exception is that, when I have to lug them back from Catalina in a suitcase, he wants boulders! On this trip he brought back twenty-six pounds of rocks - half that weight in two big quartz monsters alone - and I carried them up from the beach, down the hill (in a suitcase) to the ship, onto the ship, and - back on the mainland - all the way to the car. But Ross is nice; when we finally got home, he offered to carry one of the big ones into the house (fifty feet). So I let him. We got not more than five feet from the car when he asked, "Daddy, I've got my tape recorder and my backpack and this rock and I'm tired. Would you carry the rock in?"

Dinner that night (back to Saturday here) was broiled steaks. I'm glad I was not involved in the preparation; it takes me hours just to get the charcoal burning. As it was, somebody else did it in ten minutes, and we had a wonderful steak dinner around an early campfire; then we roasted marshmallows (miraculously, with all the kids running around with their coat hangers, nobody got an eye poked out), and Ross and I gave out about 9:30. By now we had both air mattresses inflated, I'd cleared a few of the sub-tent rocks, and we both slept gloriously.

This meant, of course, that we woke up first on Sunday, and if you've ever tried to keep a well-rested Ross quiet in the morning, well, believe me, you'd rather sleep on rocks. I begged, I pleaded, I cajoled, and in desperation we finally trudged down to the beach for an early wade, thereby (of course) waking up everybody sleeping on their boats. But at least our fellow campers didn't grump at us for the rest of the day!

Breakfast, which Ross and I desperately awaited when it was finally served, consisted in pancakes, sausage, bacon, cereal, eggs, bread and jam, cinnamon rolls, three kinds of juice, and coffee. And, of course, corn.

"Corn?"

Yup. See, the previous evening, the steak dinner had included corn on the cob. Not all of it was eaten. Therefore, in the spirit of conservation, the idiot in charge of breakfast decided to scrape the leftover cobs and put the kernels into the pancakes. They were awful! More than that, he was such an abysmal slime that he didn't even bother to ask if

anyone objected; he simply added the corn (and believe me, he had tons of it), and to hell with anyone who first cried "Hold, enough!" As a result, not one of the children ate much breakfast, nor did many of the adults - a couple of the latter feigned politeness, but their efforts were transparent. Except, of course, to the wit who was causing it all; he rolled right along, cooking up the corn-cakes, now and again infesting one of them with a few crumbled bacon bits or a dash of sausage grease, until suddenly it dawned on him that he had a backlog: Nobody was coming to the grill any longer to get pancakes, and they were just stacking up on the holding plate; at this point he had about ten of them waiting. And suddenly he looked around. Not one child was in sight; they had all wandered off to play (and plan their strategy for a mid-morning snack). And only two other adults were in attendance: I was there to help wash dishes, and one other man was starting early to pack for the return trip. And at this moment the cook called out, "Hey, what's the matter; doesn't anybody like my pancakes?"

My friends, I am sorry. I tried nobly. But at that moment I was unrestrainable. I laughed. Out loud. For quite a while, in fact. I truly hope the poor red-faced cook didn't take offense....

Well...on second thought, I guess I don't really care if he did or not.

The rest of the morning is barely worth a report. There is something of a let-down about the last morning of a camping trip, even if the journey has spanned a mere forty-eight hours over three days. Ross went swimming a couple more times. We hiked down the hill to 'town' again and got an ice cream cone. I packed, i.e. deflated the lovingly-blown-up air mattresses and dismantled the laboriously-erected tent. The adults divided up the remaining food in an equitable manner (based more than anything on who had space to transport it back home) (Note: Nobody, to my knowledge, took any corn), and by noon all our gear was stacked in the centre of the campsite to await the truck. It came. On time. We loaded. On time. Everyone trudged down the hill for the last time, helped unload the truck, trekked to the dock, and helped load the boat. We had an uneventful (almost dull) crossing, unloaded with relative ease, and went our separate and happy ways.

And then....

Ross and I left the terminal at about 4:30, intent on a fairly quick drive home to see Eric and Jean. And all indications were that our expectations would be fulfilled - for about five miles. And then the hammer fell.

I was driving quite ordinarily, talking to Ross and routinely glancing in the mirrors and out the window to check traffic as I always do. Ross asked a question. I started to answer, and suddenly - SNAP!

It didn't hurt in the least, at first. It was simply a sensation of a muscle in the neck 'popping' as if it had twanged into relaxation after some unknown stress or strain - maybe I'd looked too far into the mirror, or turned too suddenly to answer Ross. No big deal....

So I answered Ross' question, and then, as a reflex, I swallowed.

SCREAM!

I've led a charmed life; never once have I suffered a serious, painful injury. At that moment, however, I think I finally understood the meaning of physical agony. And fear.

I was physically unable to swallow. I tried a couple more times, just to see - same result, screeching pain; I just could not do it. I said something to Ross - SCREAM! Not quite as bad; I could do that; but it was definitely not fun. (Breathing, at least, was unimpaired.)

California freeways do have good points. One of them is the presence of signs, wherever relevant, leading the unfamiliar traveller to basic services: Food, gasoline, lodging, law enforcement, and - *mirabile dictu!* - medical help. At the very next off-ramp stood a big blue 'H', meaning that by taking that exit one would find a hospital. I was scared. Ross was being brave ("Don't worry, Daddy, I'll help you if you need me") and astonishingly calm; I wasn't. I zipped off the off-ramp, followed the signs, and wound up at Kaiser Permanente Harbor Medical Center. It was Sunday afternoon, so only the Emergency ward was open; in we went. I announced (agonizingly and croakingly) a semblance of my complaint; when Ross perceived that I was having trouble talking, he took over and told the receptionist, "This is my Daddy, he broke his neck. Would you please help him soon, because we want to get home!"

Do you remember that old joke about the man shot with an arrow by hostile Indians who, when asked if it hurt, replied, "Only when I laugh?" Now I understand that joke. I was in pain, to be sure, but I was by no means oblivious to the sensitive humor of one small boy, whom I love quite dearly. At that moment I laughed, and was quite unable to stop in spite of the fact that it felt like someone was applying a soldering iron to my throat. In that moment, I think the receptionist first realized that my "emergency" was far from life-threatening.

I was seen very quickly - I am convinced this is because the staff wanted a chance to get to talk to Ross some more. And, in fact, during the entire examination that followed, the nurse and the doctor ran tests on me and kept up a perfunctory discourse on my problem, but they spent the bulk of their time getting acquainted with my son. ("Where do you live?" "In San Diego, on Donald Avenue. Do you know how to get there? Well, you take Highway 110 - that's the one we were on when Daddy got hurt - and you get off on Interstate 405 - Daddy, is it 405 or 605? - Oh, that's right, 605 is the one we don't take - and anyway you follow that until it turns into Interstate 5, which is the freeway you take to my house, only it takes a long time because San Diego is a long way away. Just remember that you have to get off on Highway 52 and you want the first exit which says Clairemont Mesa Boulevard, but that's wrong because it's really called Regents Road until you get up to the top of the hill. That's silly, isn't it, putting up a sign like that when the street is called something else? Would you like to come visit us some day? My Mommy is a really good cook!" I swear to you, dear reader; this is not a precise quote, but it is awfully close. Any errors are undoubtedly due to my hysterical laughing while trying to keep a thermometer under my tongue at the same time. Let it be stated that I failed, and the poor nurse had to take the temperature three times before she finally established that I had no fever.)

Well, Ross or no Ross, they did do their duty. Blood pressure up a bit (137/80). Temperature normal. Throat slightly red. No apparent bleeding. One amazingly speedy X-ray - normal. Well, sir, we don't know exactly what happened, but it doesn't appear critical. We have a non-emergency clinic which opens tonight at 6 p.m., why not go see them? I elected - having been reassured that whatever had happened was not going to kill me - to proceed on home and have myself seen at my own clinic the next day. We left. The remainder of the trip was uneventful, though I had to stare greedily at Ross' dinner because I just couldn't swallow (I did try a Coke; it hurt too; I dumped most of it); we got home at 7:30, and spent the next hour - or rather, Ross did, I avoided talking - reporting on the highlights. ("We swam and hiked and Daddy had trouble with the tent and the pancakes were terrible and, oh yes, Daddy hurt his throat!")

Please note that this is a limited cost breakdown. No effort has been made to try and assess costs of the 'little' things, some of which would defy per-issue or per-piece computations anyway: Address labels, staples, typer ribbons, white-out...no, I've kept it to the big ones, printing and postage. (This being my hobby and not a business, I see no justification in suggesting that my time is worth anything tangible.)

PRINTING & COLLATING (110 copies)	\$101.04
ENVELOPES (for 12 overseas copies)	.88
POSTAGE:	
1 at .86 (overseas surface)	.86
11 at 1.96 (overseas air)	21.56
10 at .76 (Canada)	7.60
73 at .73 (domestic)	53.29
	<hr/>
	\$185.23

Divided by the 98 copies actually mailed out, that gives \$1.89 per copy as my actual cost. If you factor out the 'extraneous' things, like the twelve spare copies I had printed and the excess postage for overseas air, the AAPBE (Appropriate Assessable Pre-Bankruptcy Expenditure) is out to a mere \$1.65 per copy.

My new sub rate charges you seventy-seven and one-half cents per issue. That's less than half my actual per copy cost using the AAPBE method. For my money, if I were spending any of it (hah!), that would be a Good Value. Please consider renewing at the new rate when your sub expires.

Unfortunately for me, I'm the world's worst accountant. In complete frankness, I have not bothered to annotate the duration of any of the paid subs I've received. Or, to put it another way - you may find this incredible, even a bit insane, but I swear it's true - I haven't the slightest idea when anybody's subscription expires. The reason for this idiocy is simple: I've held the rather curious feeling that, if you have enough interest in COSTA to actually plunk down a bit of money, I'd like to have you around for a while. And so I keep sending issues until you somehow indicate (usually by a lengthy silence) that you've lost interest. Then I may get around to asking, and if you reply 'forget it' or don't reply at all, I stop sending issues. Since COSTA was revived early in 1984, the only people to whom I have stopped mailing copies are half a dozen game dropouts and a fellow named Dave Carter, who cancelled his trade.

This kind of policy is either the ultimate in humanistic involvement, or the ultimate in stupidity. I am not prepared to decide that issue. I can state, however, that personal circumstances have now conspired to make it impossible to continue in this vein. I am therefore going to institute a certain precision in records-keeping, effective next issue, with the following result:

From that point on, all subscriber address labels will bear a code. It will consist in a Roman numeral, a slash, and a Latin number. Example: XII/11. This would mean that the last issue on your current paid sub is Volume XII, Number 11. By keeping in mind that there are twenty issues to a volume, you can figure out your sub balance.

Non-subscriber labels will also bear codes: X = trade, C = complimentary. There are four people whose labels will be coded 'X' but who would automatically change to 'C' if ever they cancelled their trades. One of them is Richard J. Walkerdine, and another is Fred Davis. Both have been friends for such a long time that I frankly cannot conceive of Diplomacy without them. The other two - well, you figure them out!

the Gamesmasters' Poll (43 "main," 70 "subsidiary"), plus charts of the vote profiles, and even more charts (for the 'Zine Poll only) of the so-called "head-to-head competition" - how each and every 'zine on the list fared in the voting against each and every other 'zine on the list. Then there are lists of awards, addresses of publishers, names of all the voters, a beautifully lucid explanation of the scoring system, an extended essay on the Poll Forum to be held in COSTAGUANA (with several worthwhile topics to begin the discussion), and...oh hell, this is ridiculous. There is so much in this publication that I cannot begin to discuss it adequately. I would expect that most hobbyists who have more than a casual interest in what goes on around us, would want a copy. If you voted in the Poll, copies are \$1. If you didn't, copies are \$2. Personally, I'd pay ten. Easily.

Bruce can be found at 73 Ashuelot, #3, Dalton, MA 01226.

In this next bit I want to be careful, so nobody will misunderstand. Leaders in almost every field of human endeavour tend to be controversial, and make some enemies. Bruce Linsey is one of Diplomacy's more controversial figures, and certainly has a few people firmly entrenched in a camp of opposition. He also has a list of diehard supporters.

I mention this only because I think it is extremely important to separate a personality from the work he produces. For my part, I don't have this problem, since I happen to consider Bruce the sort of person I'd like to have had for a brother if I'd had one. (I might add that I have the same feelings for a couple of his most bitter enemies.) But you may think of Bruce as you will; his work with the Runestone Poll, to my mind, is one of the great glories of the present-day hobby.

I strongly suggest we award this gentleman an ear-splitting round of applause. He deserves it.

A few more comments on the results of the poll itself. The top five in the Subzine Poll were: D-DAY, HOBBYTALK, MEGADIPLOMAT, ONLY YESTERDAY and HIGH INERTIA. In the GM Poll, the top five were: Gary Coughlan, Mark Larzalere, David Kleiman, Jim Benes and Andy Lischett. Though these are not necessarily the ones I voted for, I cannot disagree with any of their rankings; unquestionably, all that I know anything about are superb.

Gratifying to me is that, of the 86 people who received COSTA at the time I printed the ballots, 51 voted in the poll. Of course many of them probably did not use a ballot from my 'zine, or - even if they did - would have voted anyway. Still, it says something to me about the kind of hobby participation my readership evidences - involved, interested, and active. That's nice.

Curiously, though only 51 readers voted, COSTA received 54 votes. Somebody must be passing copies around!

Several people have written to tell me they voted COSTA top honors in the poll. It intrigues me to note that two of these several didn't vote in the poll at all!

Okay. Sure, I'm proud! And grateful. I mean, thank you all very much for your acknowledgement of my efforts, your support of my activity, and the expectations you've set for me by implication. I'll do what I can to keep to the same level, or maybe even a better one. BUT. I'm really sorry, but I still think MAGUS is better. And PRAXIS. And EUROPA EXPRESS. And IT'S A TRAP. And EXCELSIOR. And DIPLOMACY DIGEST. And two others - gotta keep some secrets!

See also the bottom of Page 39.

REPORT ON MADCON

by Paul Gardner

((Note: This contribution was accompanied by a photo of thirteen of the attendees, which I regret I am unable to reproduce. Perhaps it's just as well, the thing is a bit blurred, and so everybody is out of focus. Paul did, however, get a clear and absolutely unfuzzed image of the door.))

I'll start by sparing you the car ride - a more boring 24 hours you could hardly spend (left my house at 9:30 p.m., arrived Mike Barno's at 2:30 a.m., left Barno's at 4:30 a.m., arrived at Rauterberg's at 11 p.m.) - this is an indictment of the "scenery," not the passengers, Barno and Tom Swider (it was Barno's Grand Prix).

Arriving at Rauterberg's in the dark and just after a game of Dip had started was OK with me. I was so out of it that I actually sat down at a spare table and started writing Dip letters. Fortunately, sense seeped into the brain and I crashed at about 3 a.m. Out in the Diparena, Debbi Peters presided as James Wall (Tur), Matt Fleming (Rus), Dale Bakken (Ita), Tom Johnson (Ger), Paul Rauterberg (Fra), Marc Peters (Eng) and Robert Acheson (Aus) went back and forth. I wish I could tell you how it ended! (It was a draw, but who? I know Wall was close to out but came back to 8 centers.)

Reality dawned at 9 a.m., with people shuffling around acting awake (they couldn't fool me!). Somewhere around noon or one, some games started. Tom Swider got a section of "Castle Risk" (an official variant of Parker Bros. "Risk") going, which ended after just two turns for me - soon enough to get into a marathon Titan game. The Ozogs (Cathy, Eric, Kurt), along with James Wall, Matt Fleming and I, made up a six-some that played from 2 p.m. until 5 a.m. - totally nutso. Kurt got knocked out in the middle somewhere, but for 14 long hours, Fleming led, growing and growing (he had a Level 27 Titan at the end).

All through this nonsense the best part of the whole weekend went on. Paul Rauterberg, our host and owner of a bar in downtown Mad City ((Madison, Wisconsin)), had a couple of pony kegs of local (very good) beer (Sprecher) and barbecued ribs and chicken on hand, plus hordes of locals roaming about. The six of us Titan nuts were shoved into a corner room in the basement (our own choosing) and "the tourists" - friends of Paul's, but non-gamers mostly - peeked in at us as if we really were nuts. We weren't alone; a game of Final Conflict raged in another basement space.

By 4 a.m. all that was long gone - we alone were still awake. Fleming or someone had freed Cathy - she was gone. Matt teleported to my Titan stack - I was wiped out, but stayed to watch as Eric teleported to Matt's somewhat weakened Titan stack with his own Titan which included four Colossi and was able to muster an Archangel and knock out Matt. That left James (who had seemed in danger of imminent death all game long) and Eric (much weakened). Possibly James could have caught Eric and resolved the game by battle, but it didn't seem worth it; we just went to bed. It was already light outside.

Friday's arrivals (in addition to the Ozogs) included Scott Hanson and Frauke Petersen (they taught us "Hase und Igel" - "Hare and Hedgehog," a neat, quick German board game), and Pat Conlon (detouring northwest on his way from Louisiana to Maine where he'll hike the Appalachian Trail for a month or two). I had fun talking to all these people I've met in the mail and known in some cases for years. Bob Acheson fascinated me because of the life he leads. He works in a place so far north in Canada that there are no roads; the company flies them in and out to Edmonton for their off days. From what he said, it sounded like a combination of military life and training for space.

DIPLOMACY TOURNAMENT RATINGS SYSTEM

I suppose it is appropriate, and it is certainly about time. For years, we have had awards and honours bestowed on the top POSTAL Diplomacy players, publishers, game-masters, etc. But - what of the people who do spectacularly well IN PERSON? They get a fleeting recognition from their defeated competitors, they go home, and they never hear another word.

In 1973, I attended DipCon in Chicago. In the Diplomacy tournament that was held there, I achieved a joint First Place with John Smythe of Ohio; third place was won by Jeff Key of Texas. Each of the three of us received the accolades of our fellow tournamenters, and we all went home, and guess what? We did hear another word.

John Koot, president of Games Research, Inc. (the manufacturer at the time of Diplomacy) had other things in mind for us than anonymity. Specifically, John sent each of us an engraved silver bowl (Paul Revere sterling); Smythe and I got large ones, Jeff got a smaller one. Mine was inscribed "Conrad von Metake, Winner, Diplomacy Tournament, Chicago, June 24, 1973." And thus, for thirteen years, I have had tangible proof (I can see it at this very moment, in my china cabinet in the living room) that I achieved something.

Since that time, recognition for in-person tournament winners has been sparse. Every year there are several Cons; after each one, the winners' names appear in the Diplomacy press; and that's the end of it. But now, at last, out of the West rides a champion of the Con-Winner, with an innovative proposal designed to give the in-person player his/her due. This great knight is Sir Del, known in the trade as Don Del Grande, and here's his idea:

He will, henceforward, print a subsine known as MEETING OF MINDS. In it, Don will print his newly-developed North American Tournament Ratings for players who achieve something at the various conventions (DipCon, Mad-Con, Origins, PeeriCon, BeethovenCon, ConCon, etc.). By these means, the in-person player will (finally) achieve his/her just recognition, there being no more silver bowls to go round.

For details, contact Don. Your best bet is to subscribe to his very witty and sparkling LIFE OF MONTY (to which MEETING OF MINDS will be appended), 50c per copy (slightly higher if content excessive) from 142 Eliseo Dr., Greenbrae, CA 94904-1339.

DEAR ROSS

A while ago, I adapted an idea submitted by Walt Buchanan to ask for advice in explaining the nature of Diplomacy to my son Ross, age 7. I stated that I was interested in the sub-surface essence of the game, not the mechanical rules (which he can read as well as I can).

Three people have offered assistance, and their correspondence follows.

Robert Greier The game of Diplomacy is not filled with warmongers, hell-bent on world destruction. It is filled with strategists who move blocks around a board. No one has ever been injured in a game of Diplomacy, nor have their attitudes on war changed. Actually, most of the players understand war better; maybe they realize the stupidity involved in an actual war.

The other, and bigger, problem phase would be the lying involved in the game. We were taught that lying is a terrible thing; our parents, teachers, and religious leaders pushed this at us until we understood

But - can you? How can we explain to you that lying is okay, sometimes, but most of the time it's a sin? That's just not consistent.

If you can separate a game from reality, there's your answer. If not, start only with the rules, and let the rest come in time. When you can figure it out, then you're old enough to understand and comprehend.

And when you do understand why players play the way they do, write me a letter and explain it to me.

Steve 'Diplomacy' is a game of aggression, as most games are, and as
Cartier most real wars are 'games' between countries which sometimes get
 out of hand. The game is played much like "King of the Hill,"
with a lot of little hills instead of one big one. Just as in "King of
the Hill," you can help your friends if you want to, and they can help you
if they want to.

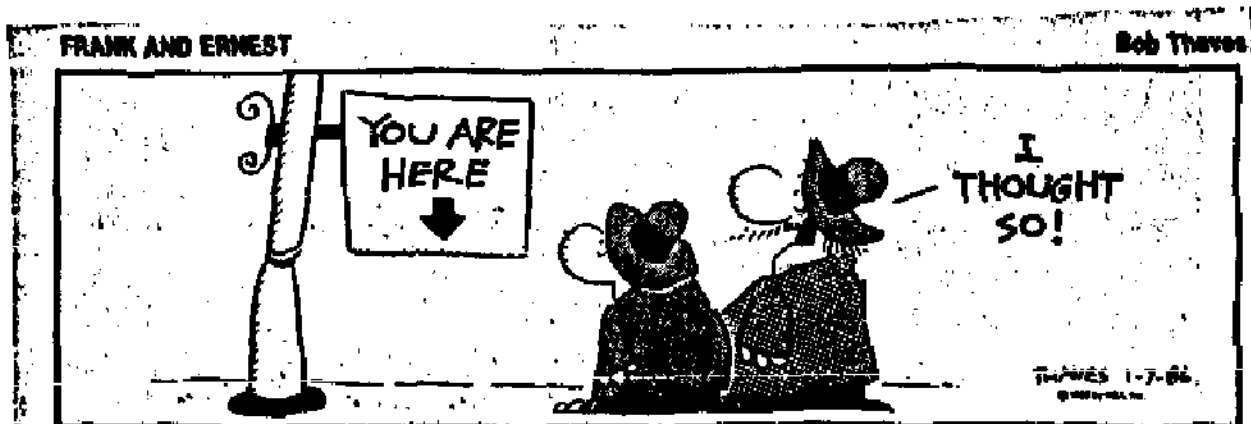
All of us who play "Diplomacy" are one great group of friends scat-
tered all over the world. However, just as when you and your friends get
together and play a game, we sometimes forget we're friends and do mean
things to each other. Thankfully, most of us recover from the meanness
and come back to play another game.

There are also a very few of us (like your Uncle Rod Walker, and
sometimes your dad) who just can't act 'mean' enough to their friends,
and they don't play in any games for a long, long time. There are some
real countries, like Switzerland, that do the same thing. They keep in
touch with their friends, but even with wars all around them, they don't
get into any of the "games."

If you actually play in a game yourself, you will have to write a
lot of letters to all of the other players, and spend a lot of time trying
to see everything as if you were looking at it through their eyes, and
understand how they feel all the time. It can get very difficult. Most
people never even try to play this game because it takes too much time.

Very truly yours, Steve.

((Actually, let's stop here. I have a suspicion there will be more
for this column next time; let's allow for that, and make next issue a
continuation.))



TRAVEL TIPS FOR YOUR FAMILY

Still haven't decided where to go on holiday this year? Nelson Heintzman supplies a brochure which may interest you; slick-printed and with some stunning photos, it goes along these lines:

"You can enjoy the changing seasons every day of the year. Fall is particularly lovely, with 6000 trees contributing to the colors. In spring, wild pheasants and mallards nest here, each hen hatching up to a dozen chicks. Every March chipmunks and squirrels emerge by the thousands to renew their numbers.

"When you visit bring along a camera, since many of the small animals here are quite tame. If you have binoculars too, bring them and see how many kinds of birds you can spot. So far, visitors have identified 157 species...maybe you will find the 158th."

It goes on like this, and I was all set to hop on the 'phone and make reservations for the whole family. What stopped me was the realization that...well, er...let's just say the hotels in the area are a little off-beat as far as check-out is concerned. This travel brochure is for Forest Lawn Cemetery and Mausoleum in Buffalo, N.Y. - vacations among the dear departed. You snuff 'em, we stuff 'em, and then we plant a tree and invite the tourists!

Forest Lawn West (in Los Angeles) has long been famous for this kind of thing. In L.A.'s case, the specialty is sculpture; garish statues all over everywhere, some of them incredibly asinine in their blatant excess, and as a few grieving widows kneel with their rosaries in attempted peace, twelve thousand leering tourists snap their shutters to record 'atmosphere.' Buffalo seems more sensitive - the place apparently really is gorgeous - but somehow I do not think of myself as touring cemeteries to watch the chipmunks 'renew their numbers.'

However, there is historical value in visiting the gravesites of the famous dead, and Forest Lawn in Buffalo has a few of those. President Millard Fillmore is there, as are several prominent Generals of the Civil and Spanish American Wars, and the man who first set foot on the North Pole: No, not Adm. Peary, but the unfortunately little-known Frederick A. Cook, who first set foot on 'the top of the world' on April 21, 1908. He returned from that expedition to slander, ridicule and insult, and died 32 years later embittered and forgotten. Yet those who know the Arctic (one good example is the wonderful writer and naturalist Farley Mowat) know Dr. Cook's work, and revere him.

I'm not much for the world of mortal remains. I'd be much happier becoming topsoil for someone's petunia garden, than being cemented over and crowned with a statue. But the reality is that the dead will be honored, and what better way than in what verges on a nature preserve in the heart of an Eastern metropolis? Sooty factories? Crumbling brownstone? Ah, but just a few blocks away is this park, where the trees are in bloom and the chipmunks cavort.

If it's true that "in death there is life," this is the way to do it!

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THE RUNESTONE POLL FORUM begins next issue. Contributions are already to hand from Bruce Linsey, Jim Burgess, and Mark Larzelere, and of course I have my own ideas to throw out. I hope you'll toss in your own views.

ONCE UPON A DEADLINE

Just recently, Bruce Linsey has produced a massive publication with the above title, 204 pages all told in three parts. He has also put out the Runestone Poll results under the title THE CREAM SHALL RISE. Perhaps, just for a moment, we ought to consider reversing the titles; not that it would make any sense, but it would clearly indicate the quality of the huge explosion that is now titled ONCE UPON A DEADLINE. It is, without batting an eye, an instant classic.

Ostensibly, it is "a handbook for Diplomacy publishers and gamesmasters." That is true. It is simultaneously hogwash. In reality it is for everyone whose interest in this hobby is the slightest whit greater than casual. To resort to a line that sounds a bit ponderous, but is very true: A Diplomacy household, without this handbook, is an empty household indeed.

Rather loosely, the whole is divided into two principal sections: 'Gamesmastering' and 'Publishing.' Within each section one can find article after article, drawn from an incredible variety of sources, by virtually every writer in the history of the hobby. Some of the articles don't really deserve that title; they're just a paragraph or three touching on some salient point that has occurred to Bruce as he put this giant together. Others are many pages long, and invariably impressive. As a quick example, the first item in the 'Gamesmaster' booklet is a very long and detailed article by Doug Beyerlein on the methodology of adjudicating games; it is so comprehensive, and so specific, that one cannot imagine anything more needing to be said. And who better to write it? Doug is, without the slightest doubt, the finest and most precise gamesmaster this hobby has ever seen. If he doesn't know it, it doesn't exist. Bruce has made the definitive selection for his book, and the same holds true throughout; for article after article, Bruce makes you wonder what could possibly come next, and yet he always finds something that makes you think, "Well, of course!, why didn't I think of that!"

The world is full of bargains, some of which really aren't. This one really is. It costs three dollars, and twice that would have been cheap. Such hobby service publications are ineligible for such awards as those of the Runestone Poll, but I predict that someone, somewhere, will quickly invent a 'special award' for Bruce for this bit of work. It evidences love, commitment, and hours of joyous reading. We've come to expect these qualities of Bruce, but somehow, even with his overwhelming reputation, he has surprised us all with the magnitude of this effort.

Send Bruce Linsey \$3 at 73 Ashuelot, #3, Dalton, MA 01226. Do it now.

It would probably be worthwhile indulging in a detailed review of the contents, but unfortunately I haven't the time to read the entire package before this issue has to go out. Next issue I'll go into more depth. For now, let's just say that virtually every significant writer in the history of the hobby is well represented, ranging from older reprints to original ("first-time-in-print") items commissioned specifically for this publication. The sections on house rules are of special note, in that they include some of the Forum material that has been appearing in COSTA (even some of the items I'm printing this issue are there), plus a fascinating and provocative interchange between Bruce and Paul Gardner. There's an article by me on press, a trillion items from Mark Berch, John Leeder's famous annihilation of Mick Bullock on the subject of standbys...and on, and on, and on, and... so far I've read about 1/3 of the total, and my interest hasn't waned once!

THE MUSIC GOES ROUND AND ROUND...

Our staff photographic genius, Doug Brown, is off on holiday, so we have no cover photo of some old dead musical fogey with which to grace this issue. Fear not, the rotting corpses will be back next time, but for now I'm inclined to go off in a different direction and sample my own collection of records. I'm going to go pull a few favorite items off the shelf and comment briefly on them; emphasis will be on the less-known bits (Lord knows I have enough of those!), and the focus will be on the music, not the specific recording (since the vast majority of my collection is older and no longer available).

Ernst von Dohnányi - Concerto #2 in b minor

At the turn of this century, three Hungarians came to prominence and electrified the musical world with their gifts and their promise. It was a period when the Hungarian national consciousness was taking firm root, and these three musicians were seen as the artistic expression of that growing movement. In two of the cases, the promise was fulfilled; Zoltan Kodaly and Bela Bartók became two of the giants of twentieth-century music, all the while remaining true to their Hungarian roots. The third went off in a different direction, and is viewed today as something of a traitor to Hungary. Ernő Dohnányi moved into the Austrian musical mainstream, Germanized his name, became an international concert pianist, and composed a host of well-received works in a neo-Romantic, thoroughly German vein. Eventually he came to the United States, finished his career in Florida, and has retained a certain popularity for his piano compositions since his death in 1960. Not a great composer, he was nevertheless a good one, and his better efforts will probably always hold a place in the second ranks of their period. His best known piece is 'Variations on a Nursery Tune' (based on 'Twinkle Twinkle Little Star'), which is not only fine music, but a hell of a lot of fun.

The Second Concerto is a great deal more serious; it has qualities reminiscent of Rachmaninoff, and several nods back to Brahms. Unlike the initially-more-pleasing First Concerto, this one never descends to the turgid or the slightly confused, and at no point does it ever fall into bombast despite continuous suggestions that it is about to. The curious second movement lacks depth but makes up for it with gentleness and delicacy; the Finale seems all along to be going somewhere explosive but, in a fit of whimsy, doesn't. One impression that lingers from this and all Dohnányi's work is that of Hollywood; he might have done well writing quality film scores. The drama, and the sense of timing, are there; all that lacks is the ability to arrange moods to order. In a film, you must go where the script leads you; in Dohnányi, when he wants to go off on his own unprogrammed tangent, he just goes. This is true stream of consciousness writing, except that sooner or later the puzzle is always fitted together, the logic always becomes clear.

To my knowledge, the only recording of the Second Concerto ever made was done in the mid-fifties, with the composer playing and Sir Adrian Boult conducting. On Angel. It's worth a search; it may well be available even now in some historical series or other. It certainly should be.

Franz Josef Haydn - Symphony #67 in F

When you write 108 symphonies, and happen to be one of the greatest musicians in the history of music, you are not really in the realm of the obscure. Still, 108 is an awful lot, and no matter how popular you become, something is going to fall through the cracks in that long list.

Though many conductors have grown quite fond of this curious and atypical 67th, it has never really caught on, and probably never will. It is too gentle, too quiet, too wistful and too strange in its sonorities; the truth is that it doesn't sound like Haydn. His typical driving string themes are here replaced by softer, songlike lines; putting the first movement into a dancing 6/8 metre guarantees this right at the outset. Later, an indication to the violins to play 'with the wood of the bow' (on muted strings, no less!) provides the second movement with a wispy, distant quality found nowhere else in the Haydn symphonies. The minuet is the most normal movement, but even it is reduced in its ebullience. And with the Finale, which Haydn has cast in three-part song form (the second of the three being in slow tempo), the whole is rounded out to a warm, peaceful unity. The thing is full of surprises - in that it is typical Haydn - but they are not of the sort that jump out at you, they don't raise eyebrows or quicken heartbeats; they just bring smiles and thoughts of, "Gee, that's very nice."

No, it doesn't sound like Haydn. But serious students of his work will know that only he could have done this. So I guess I was wrong after all; precisely for being so atypical, it is completely typical.

Oh well. That's Haydn for you.

Douglas Lilburn - Concert Overture, 'Aotearoa'

A student of Ralph Vaughan Williams, Douglas Lilburn (born 1915) is the pre-eminent serious musician in a corner of the world that we tend to forget about: New Zealand. The tendency is to assume, I think, that whatever musical life exists 'Down Under' is whatever is imported from England or the 'States. To some extent this is true, at least as far as achieving international recognition is concerned. But Mr. Lilburn's striking, atmospheric piece proves that there's a real musical life of purely local origin very much alive on those obscure islands.

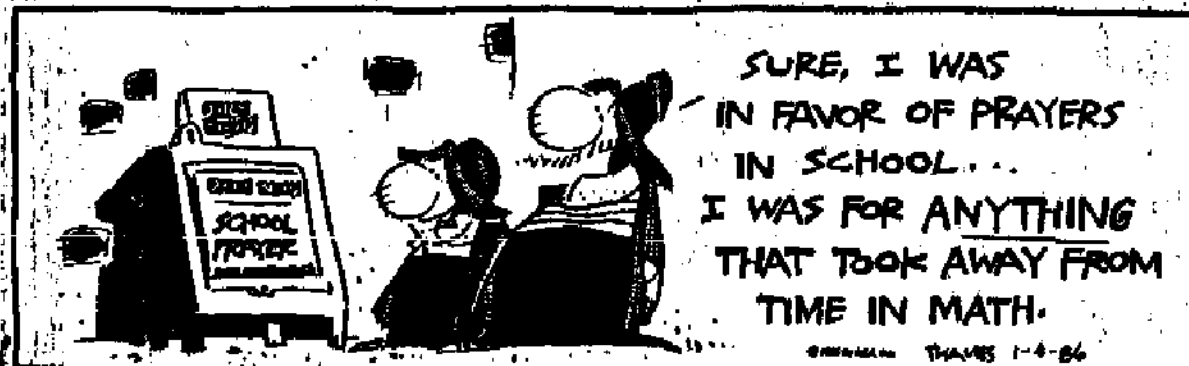
'Aotearoa' is a Maori word meaning, 'Land of the Long White Cloud.' Mr. Lilburn is, of course, painting a tone portrait of his homeland, and just as New Zealand is known as a place of stark contrasts, so is the overture a tour-de-force of ever-changing sonorities. It is incredible to hear just one one man's ear can conceive of, and what his mind can then put into an orderly, ever-growing succession of images. Though Mr. Lilburn has delved into electronic musical experimentation, in this 1940 composition he stays well within tonal bounds and normal instrumentation.

I find myself at a loss to describe this music, I'm afraid; some things cannot be transferred into words. The cover photo on my recording shows snow-capped peaks rising above a mist over a crystal lake. There is no geyser shown, nor a Maori artifact, nor a fjord...well then, not only are words inadequate, so are pictures. Shall we just listen?

.....

FRANK AND ERNEST

Bob Thaves



THE MAILBOX STILL FILLETH

Bruce I hate to say I told ya so, but check out EXCELSIOR 12, p.16,
 McIntyre last paragraph, penultimate sentence. I told ya so! ((In
 the cited reference, Bruce predicted COSTA would finish #1
 in the Runestone Poll.)) (Also of note in that issue is your name sandwiched
 between McGonigle and Milewski - not between Touchette and Wagner - despite
 the fact that a computer did the alphabetical sort. If my obsolete C-64 can
 do this, surely any computer worth its salt ought to be able to! It makes
 a man wonder whether a computer programmer would look in the last volume
 of Grove's for information on Beethoven....)

Conrad, I have a confession to make, a hell of a confession for one
 with as fragile an ego as have I. The news that COSTA had finished first
 overjoyed me. It made me happier to hear that you'd won the poll than to
 hear that my readers had miraculously held onto fifth place for XL. In fact,
 when Brux told me over the 'phone, I almost didn't hear where XL had finished,
 because I was looking for something to throw in celebration.

Isn't it interesting how it's becoming fashionable for publishers to
 be modest when anticipating their zine's standings in the poll? You thought
 you'd be beaten by ten or so, I thought I'd be beaten by at least fifteen.
 We both said so in print, and we both believed it (at least I know I did).
 I don't know about you, but right now I'm trying to figure out what the
 hell I've done right over the past twelve months. It's much easier to list
 all that's been wrong.

I have only the top ten as I write, but even with that the results can
 be commented upon. I've always thought that zines could be placed on some
 kind of line, extending from a game-reports-only zine (on, let's say, the
 left) to a creative-writing type of effort with fewer Dip games (on the
 right). Not that all zines fit into one or the other, just that you can
 sort of place a zine somewhere between these two extremes. Looked at this
 way, the poll results show a massive shift to the right. Last year we had
 SLEEPLESS KNIGHTS and THE DIPLOMAT in the top ten, two excellent zines that
 concentrate on games. This year all of the top ten are zines that have
 featured many things other than game reports.

It's a rare zine that can put together great articles and letters with
 interesting (to the onlookers as well as the players) game reports. COSTA,
 DOLCHSTOSS and EUROPA EXPRESS are three that spring to mind immediately.
 Might be interesting to do a statistical study of the correlation between
 zine ranks in the Runestone and their editors' ranks in the 'GM poll. I
 think it's slowly changing, especially when you consider the type of zine
 that was common (as I'm told) 20 years ago, or 15 or 10, with the best of
 today.

((Let me break in and discuss the preceding, then we'll get on with
 Bruce's letter. I distinctly remember that when Bruce called, I asked
 (all innocence and everything), 'What did I do, make Top Ten?' Actually,
 Bruce had called the night before - so had Nelson Heintzman - and had
 left messages that said simply, 'Congratulations.' So I knew something
 special had happened. But even then, I was still thinking Top Five or
 Ten, because I already knew that MAGUS or EUROPA EXPRESS had won....

((In looking back over my predictions and self-deprecations, I think
 perhaps I overdid it a bit. I like COSTA, and enough people have been
 telling me that they like it so that I knew it would do well. But I had
 no serious thoughts that it would do that well....

((I'm not so sure the matter of publishers' modesty is a question of
 fashion. Especially in the case of readers' zines, I've found that quite
 a few of the better publishers are basically insecure people who are much

more comfortable expressing themselves in print than they ever would be in person. Accordingly, they worry - usually excessively - that what they write will achieve acceptance. When such people read other sines, never mind that the other editor is going through the same personal pangs, the fear factor is missing.

((Let me toss out a strong, but I think significant, example. I happen to think Steve & Daf Langley's MAGUS is truly wonderful. Recently, Daf had a massive bout with a brain tumour, and Steve wrote quite a bit about it in the magazine, including some very personal and private feelings that let us readers look, for a few moments, into his soul. Now, that's a pretty overwhelming thing Steve was able to do; I'd guess he did it because, well, first of all he had to say something - you don't just let that sort of thing zip by unnoticed - but, more to the point, because he had just experienced something massive and shattering, and he needed to share. The MAGUS readership is a bunch of friends. With friends, one shares. And in doing it this way, one has the opportunity to dump a load on them, and let them absorb privately, and come back to you in whatever way is most comfortable for them. In asserting your private right to release, you've preserved their private right to assimilate. No threat, no risk of rejection, and - best of all - no fear of saying the wrong thing, because you've left yourself the option of going back with white-out. No one, from God on down, has yet invented verbal white-out.

((Now don't take this as Conrad speaking for Steve, because I really haven't the slightest idea what he was feeling, or whether he's an insecure person, or anything else. Perhaps I should have used my own example. If I walk up to somebody and announce, "I'm an alcoholic," some of them are going to look a little ill and inch carefully away. I've just confessed; they aren't prepared to handle something like that; I might be diseased; I might be dangerous. And in any case, they haven't thought about it yet, and haven't the slightest idea what to say! But if I do it in print, then in the first place nobody perceives any danger - I'm driving in San Diego, there's no way I can run over your kids in Baltimore or Dallas or Huntington - and in the second place you have private time to react; I've given you your own recourse to white-out.

((These two examples are big ones, but the same holds true for almost anything. In writing these pages, I am revealing myself; my interests, my opinions, my fears, my mere ability with and choice of words. But when it comes time to vote in the Runestone Poll, people simply do not cast votes based on my interests and fears, do they? Of course not. Those are mine. Nobody is going to vote for me because I expressed my alcoholism, and nobody is going to vote for Steve because he cared about Daf.

((Well, the truth is, I voted for Steve because he cared, but what I based it on was the eloquence of his words, the intensity with which he grasped my attention, the skill with which he narrated his horror. What Steve may or may not see, and what most writers of our types often forget, is that we write everything this way; if we have a way with words, it comes through whether we're talking tumours or drunks or the antics of our sons or the mere fact that we just ran out of potato chips.

((What we see, and your letter proves it, is the screw-ups. Oops, misspelled a word here. Oops, made an adjudication error there. Double oops, the printer had a backlog and I was three days late in mailing. Oh God, the silly thing has totally gone to the dogs, I only got ten pages of letters this time, the cover photo was blurred, Bruce Linsey doesn't like me (or COSTA) because he thinks we should nuke Khaddafi, and besides in 1967 I orphaned a game and in 1951 I kicked my dog.

((Publishers always note their errors; readers rarely do. I have a personal bugaboo; I often white-out a typing error, then keep on typing while it dries, and forget to go back to type the fix-it. So COSTA is scattered with blank spaces. I hate that. But has anyone else noticed? Probably not. They are reading the 649,337 letters that appear in print; I'm focusing on the 9 that don't.

((In my living room, I've panelled one wall. I did it myself. And in the top moulding is one huge gouge, caused when the knife slipped. It looks awful. That is, it looks awful TO ME; nobody else can even see it, and I've even pointed it out and was met with blank stares. The point is that I made a mistake, and it bothers me, and I dwell on it. Now, if my error had been massive - left the moulding off altogether, or painted it purple - then people will notice. And if I publish two weeks late every single issue, you're damned right people will notice, and they'll be upset. What they will not notice, much less care about, is imperfect normalcy. I tried it once. My publisher was in fact backlogged, and the zine was two days late. Instead of my usual custom of apologizing, I didn't say a word.

((Nobody noticed!!!

((When it comes time to appraise the Diplomacy press every year, your readers - and mine - are going to remember that they loved to read what we'd written. They're going to recall that, each time an issue arrived, they ripped it open and dove with one hand while reading it. They are not going to care about the time they had to squint because the printer was weak, or that mysterious word COSTA UANA. They will remember the fun and the verve and the time Steve cared about his wife.

((Maybe it is some kind of sin to be perennially self-effacing.

((Concerning the Zine Poll vs. the GM Poll, take a look at Mark Laxelere this year. Second in GM, 59th in Zine. Does that prove your point, or does that prove your point?

((Honestly, I don't see that the zines 20 years ago were all that much different. We were more limited by format - photocopy was more expensive, so we stuck to ditto and mimeo - and, because the rulebook had problems, there tended to be a lot of rulebook discussions. Beyond that, things were generally the same. Some zines ran games on two pages, others ran chat on twenty. Some old-timers tend to think of the era ca. 1965-72 or so as the 'Golden Age.' No. No more so than today is. The only big difference is that we tend to have fewer messy folds these days, maybe because we have so many ways of averting them.))

Bruce Is what I do in Point Roberts (mailing my zine to all American
McIntyre subbers, along with any letters I happen to bring along) illegal
 by American postal regulations? I have no sympathy with anyone
who tells me it's against Canadian laws, because you're taking money away
from Canada Post, etc. (I assure them that when Canada Post cleans up its
act, consistency-wise, I will stop going to Point Roberts.) I paid 53 cents
Canadian to mail XL to the U.S., and paid 39 cents American (53.6 cents
Can.) to mail them from Point Roberts. However, I do not pay taxes that
would be used to keep the USPS from losing money, and thus I am getting
something for nothing, and thus there is probably a law against it some-
where. At least that's my logic.

Not that I'm going to change the arrangement if there is a law against
it; I'd just like to know.

Is there a ZIP directory for the new nine-digit codes? Would it be
worth the trouble of finding them out for my American subbers? Speaking of
ZIPs, have you ever noticed that typing a Canadian postal code requires a

virtuoso-like ability in manipulation of the shift key? Just like typing F StP-GoB in a game report. Up and down, up and down, up and down....

((No. I hadn't noticed the up-and-down problem in game reports. What I type for the order cited is "f stp-bot." Doug Beyerlein, long ago, noted that as a two-finger typist I had invented - in self-defense - a notation system that used strictly lower-case, thus avoiding the up-and-down problem. What Doug never mentions is that I did indeed invent the system, but I've never used it. I still have to shift for: (1) the brackets around the abbreviations (h), (s) and (c); (2) the abbreviation for a second country in any two-power order ("a par (s) GER ruh-bur"); and (3) the underscoring below any failed order. In fact, the latter has been the source of most of my GMing errors; I type through the order series, sticking as much as possible to lower case, then I go back and underscore where needed. Sometimes I forget to go back.

((As to Canadian postal codes, depends on your typer. Some have the numerals as upper-case, which averts this shifting. My computer terminal is this way, and if only I had a printer it would save me a lot of shifting. As it is, yes, of course I've noticed, I have ten Canadian subbers and have to pop the fucking carriage upstairs all the time. I have eleven British victims as well, and they pose the same problem, albeit in different patterns.

((I strongly endorse your use of 9-digit ZIP codes ("ZIP + 4") for all your U.S. people. But it's no bother for you; just punch out a printout of your list and I'll encode it for you. There are books, but they are massive; California alone takes four volumes, each the size of a big-city 'phone directory. The entire nation is in thirty-six volumes. At eight bucks a book, do it the easy way; use me!

((There is nothing whatsoever illegal about your Point Roberts system. For one thing, the USPS doesn't draw on tax revenues any more except in a few cases ('educational' categories). For another, we have no limitation on the use of our postal services by visiting foreigners, any more than any other country does; those who tell you it's illegal in Canada are spouting tripe. What, in the last analysis, is the difference between you mailing fifty copies of XL in Washington, and the Japanese visitor mailing fifty postal cards to Osaka from Disneyland? For my part, I have long been tempted to post COSTA from Mexico, because the rates are so much lower; what costs me 73c here would run a mere 34c there. The problem is that it would extend the transit time by at least two weeks. Also, my best time to run down to Tijuana would be on my 12-1 lunch hour, and unfortunately the Mexican post office closes from 12-3 for siesta. Oh well. One of these days, mainly for the fun of having the first-ever 'Mexican' Dipsine, I going to do it. When I do, I'll run off the game reports and send them to players separately. That done, I'll be free to let the things go as slowly as necessary.))

Melinda Your mentioning about Ross and his grandfather reminded me of
Holley an occurrence about ten years ago. My younger sister and I were
 researching our family tree. We had the occasion to visit the
cemetery where our watar al great-grandparents and great-great-grandparents
were buried. This is a rural cemetery just south of Athens, Ohio. Part
of the cemetery is still used for burials.

The cemetery lies on a hillside. About half-way down, the ground slopes
into a depression, then completes the hill. Along on this journey was my
mother, who had vague recollections of visiting there as a child; my older
sister; her three daughters; my younger sister; and I.

My mom and older sister stayed close to the car. My eldest niece (age
13) stretched out on the hood of the car to work on her tan. My middle niece
(age 11) came with my younger sister and me. The youngest niece (age 10)

The related experience has to do with enquiring at the office in order to locate a grave site. I hope you have better luck with your enquiry than I did with mine once. I had it on good authority that a certain Buffalo abolitionist of the antebellum period, George Washington Jonson, was buried in Forest Lawn. I was interested in locating his marker and so, several years ago, inquired at the cemetery office. They checked their computer: No dice. However, subsequent research resulted in an affirmation from yet another source that, indeed, said Jonson did so reside in said location. Hence a year later I tried again at the cemetery office. Once again, someone dutifully consulted with their computer: Sorry, no such listing. This time, however, I was more persistent. I quoted my sources referring to the whereabouts of Jonson's remains. A helpful clerk checked with a large metal index file from which the computer information had been transferred at some remote date. Again, same results, no such listing. Ready to turn and flee in failure, I stood my ground and expressed amazement that a current university professor as well as a county historian twenty years in the past could both be wrong in their facts. Patiently, the clerk indicated that she had one more place to look. In a few minutes, she came back carrying a huge musty old ledger - the very 19th-century ledger used to record the burials at the time of their occurrence. I gave her Jonson's death date and she opened up the ledger and started searching. I watched her run her finger down the column of names, written with that peculiar quaintness which 19th century writing so often has (both in style and appearance). Suddenly her finger stopped, and she whispered, "Oh my God!" She had found his name and location in the original ledger! Somehow, over the decades, his name had not been transferred to the vertical metal file, and of course would not have been in that file for transfer to the computer, whenever that happened! The clerk was mortified ((Excellent symbolism!)), but I breezily assured her not to worry, since I was not a relative, just an interested amateur historian. But, can you imagine that, all these years and years, lost in your own graveyard! Why, I feel like I rescued him from limbo! And he's buried in a very pleasant place: Up a small knoll, overlooking a nice pond which is shaded by trees and visited by scores of birds who mingle about in familial contentment. Pretty nice spot for eternal rest....

P.S. That last earthquake hit San Diego, didn't it? You O.K.?

((Yup, I'm fine. Two items tipped over in our china cabinet; no breakage, no other problem. I was on Catalina at the time, and all we saw was a bag or two of food, tied above the ground to avoid the pigs, swaying when there was no breeze. Eric and my mother - Eric was staying with her for the night - were the only ones who really noticed it; my mom dragged Eric out of bed and made him stand in the doorframe until the shock subsided. But again, no damage, except a sleepy and grumpy Eric.

((As to the grave problem - actually, you may very well have saved him from limbo! There will obviously come a day when that old ledger will deteriorate, and if you hadn't inquired before that happened, who knows? My father had a similar problem with his birth certificate, which was not transferred from one records center to another when Toledo rebuilt its city hall. Ever thereafter, he had to rely on his baptismal certificate, which bugged him no end since he was a confirmed atheist....))

Fred C. Have just returned from our 4-day weekend in New York to attend Davis, Jr. the Mensa Convention. We paid our respects to "The Lady" from the air-conditioned comfort of the Hyatt Hotel, where a giant TV screen had been set up in the Ballroom for our use. There was no point in trying to get closer. Some people who went down to The Battery or

Staten Island spent up to four hours trying to get home afterwards. I love the Statue of Liberty, too, but we'll pay our visit in a month or two when the crowds die down. Besides, I've probably visited the Statue of Liberty about 20 times in my lifetime, the first time being at the age of three.

On cable TV in Washington: There is no cable TV in the District of Columbia. You should have caught this when Roberto Della-Sala said his hotel was next to the Pentagon. The Pentagon is not in Washington, it's in Arlington, Virginia! All of the Washington suburbs have had cable for years, but not Washington itself, due to political infighting. I'm constantly amazed that many people do not realize that the District of Columbia and the Washington metro area are not one and the same thing, but, rather, a crazy-quilt of various political jurisdictions. Generally speaking, each County in Maryland and Virginia has its own cable TV system, depending on which company did the most bribing of the most members of the respective city or county councils.

It is also correct that many ritzy hotels in both Washington and Baltimore City have installed their own cable service. This also includes some of the fancier apartment buildings. Where I live, in Baltimore County, we've had cable TV for about seven years, but one mile away in Baltimore City the cable service is just getting started. In both Baltimore and Washington, the first company which was awarded the franchise was unable to do the job, and the bidding and awarding had to be done all over again. In both cases, the original franchise was awarded on the basis of factors not related to the technical ability of the winner to provide services.

On non-mainstream postal Diplomacy inventors: There is now a total of five known inventors of postal Diplomacy. Number Four is the group which played Mark Stegeman's World Diplomacy variant in the Boston area. When they broke up, they continued playtesting the various versions of World Diplomacy by mail. One of these players was Ken Peel. Many of the players, I'm told, did not know there was an adjacent mainstream of postal Dip for some time. I believe it was Ken who made the connection between the two groups, but I'd prefer you ask Ken for the specific details of how this came about. ((Hey Ken....)) ((Actually, I think Doug Brown was in on it too. Hey Doug....))

Number Five was recently discovered within Mensa. Some Mensans in the Seattle area were playing what we would call a 'local' game by mail. (I.e. all of the players lived within the State of Washington.) A Mensa lady named Kate Robison was printing the results of both a regular game and of a variant called "Asian Dip." in a zine called THE DIPLOMATIC RAG. She saw the listing of the Postal Diplomacy S.I.G. in the Mensa BULLETIN and wrote to me to find out if other people were also playing the game by mail. Needless to say, I quickly brought her into the mainstream and obtained a copy of Asian Dip. for the Variant Bank. (It's a very well-designed map, by the way.)

For all we know, there may be a group of postal players in Brazil. The Portuguese-language pirate version of Diplomacy is sold in Brazil under the name "1914." It is basically a translation of the 1961 G.R.I. rulebook, except that Italy starts with F Rom, and N.Af is a supply centre. Thus, it is similar to the "Fleet Rome" variant, but has been given its own catalogue number in the Variant Bank. A British player who was posted to Sao Paulo discovered the game through a Brazilian friend. All attempts to contact the company which manufactures the game have failed, but, given the length of time it's been on the market (12 to 15 years), the chances are that someone may have figured out how to play it by mail by now. Any volunteers to fly to Brazil and find out first-hand?

On Robert Cheek: Perhaps there are two Robert Cheeks in the hobby, like we have two Ron Browns. The Robert Cheek I know began subscribing to BUSHWACKER in May 1979, and has been playing in several variant games in my zine ever since. He recently visited us on a trip to the East Coast. He told me at the time that BUSHWACKER was the only zine he was playing in. This doesn't rule out that he might have played in a regular game somewhere else in 1980, but I got the impression that he preferred to play only variants now. Why don't you just ask Robert if he was the same person who was in a 1980 game with Bob Olsen? Since I recommended that he subscribe to COSTA, you have his address.

((To stick with my usual pattern of last item first - no I don't have his address, except as you kindly provided it. However, I shan't use it - if he'd wanted a COSTA sub, he'd have contacted me accordingly. My guess is that there is but one Robert Cheek, and he read a copy of COSTA during his travels - whether at your house or elsewhere I don't know - and somehow got it in his head to send me a mysterious postal card. Insofar as I am aware, he does not know to this day that I printed his card.

((On the matter of cable TV, I'll be perfectly honest; I did not know that the Pentagon was in Arlington! Such, I guess, is the penalty of a sheltered childhood; I guess I spent too much time learning of the meaning of Life and the theories of God to worry about where our military headquarters was built. Oh well, now I know. I'm not surprised, though, that a visitor to your area, in town for a mere few days, didn't have the same knowledge of the governmental system in your area that you have or that I should have had. Thus the cable TV error - to most people, Washington is Washington, even if - by dictate of some obscure City Council - it isn't Washington.

((Some day, I have a suspicion, we will learn that the invention of postal Diplomacy is not only not unusual, it is fairly commonplace. Not to take away from Dr. Boardman - whose efforts in 1963 were special - but let's face it, seven people available for gaming, short of a convention or club situation, is a bit hard to concoct very often. Lord knows I always had trouble.... I'd be very interested in knowing, in addition, why the two groups you mention escaped the game-box flyer. Any ideas?

((Insofar as Brazil is concerned, I can understand that a pirate game will obviously not include the flyer, but I wonder how likely postal activity really is in such a place? Let's face it, literacy in Brazil is limited. The intellectual activity of wargaming must indeed be even more limited yet. There cannot be more than four cities - Rio, Sao Paulo, Bahia and Brasilia - where such things might logically occur. So I suspect that a postal hobby is improbable.))

John Walker Now you've got me worried about you, you rascal. Rather than have you burn out, effort-wise or financially-wise or both, I would much prefer the COSTAGUANAs I first saw: The little fellers of a couple years ago. Yes, yes, yes, your huge issues are a pleasure to receive and digest. But, just as each game is merely a structure that encourages maintaining friendships rather than letting them lapse through lack of reason to write, your zine is a kind of "mega-structure" (if I may put a further twist on the King's English (twist - English - get it?)) ((No....)) that puts you at the center of all that inter-personal communication. In short (not exactly the right word to use in reference to you, I know), as the GM and pubber, you may not be an active participant in all the communication that goes on, but you are totally involved in it. Does that make you feel better? I hope so.

Sure, you've withdrawn from active hobbying before, and you may do so again. Please know that, whatever you do, you have my best wishes and

((Yoicks. I'd better deal with this right now, and get back to the letter later. Did I overstate my concerns, or perhaps over-imply troubles? T'was not to cause concern, though believe me I appreciate the thoughts - and would have expected no less of you, sir. But I wasn't heralding a Big Boom - I was just preparing the ground for the inevitable, which is (if you will) a reduction in issue size and a 'hold' on the expansion of my hobby involvement. For some months now I have steadily broadened my hobby activity; it is important that my readers realize (a) that I have reached my limit, and (b) why. That way, when I stop broadening, nobody is going to drop me a note which reads, "Why have you stopped broadening?" I've already answered that; if I broaden any more, I'll go blooey!

((I can, and will (and should!), unequivocally state this: You are looking at the largest issue of COSTAGUANA in history. You are also looking at the last of the "big ones." With this issue, I have shot my wad, I have cleaned up my backlog and have brought myself to Ground Zero again - is that enough clichés for you? From here on - well, let's make that 'from next time on' - I'll be confining myself to issues of rational size, and if anybody says "But why is the issue so small?," I'll laugh in their face! For the future, if any subscriber wants another 'monster' issue, no problem, I'll be honored to do one. I'll type up to whatever level they select. All I'll require is that the requestor (1) take care of the kids while I type, and (2) pay for the damned thing.

((Now. Where were we in your letter?....))

As a pubber, I've been surprised at the heady feeling I get by creating each issue (even such a small zien as TACT) and by the feedback from each issue. However, similar to Matt Fleming's TBFF, I've kept it very small because of the limits on my time, money and effort that I'm willing to invest. Forgive me for even sounding like I'm offering advice to such an old-timer but I realize that, for me and TACT, many of the rewards that make the zien worthwhile must come from its creation, not from the feedback.

Okay, I'll quit harping on that and go on to harp on something else (practicing my harping to I'll be ready to play one). I do like the stamps on the cover. Collage? No, I graduated in '70. Teepee-towing? Aargh! Margins? But how long are your lines in inches. ((7 1/2)) Yes, the polar exploration stamps are nice!

Could you start another subzien - one for the R.Walker - E. Hinton debate? - and don't send me a copy? - and I'm sorry my letter making fun of Elmer's spelling of 'their' contributed in any way to Rod's 'ghost writer' crack.

Hey, so where's TACT in your top 10 list?

Patty ((John's wife)) enjoys the Rosa and Eric Depts. ((She might just enjoy the real thing even more. Be on the lookout for a rather loud parcel.))

((Oh, by the way - hi, Patty!))

Lack of white-out? Why not get a computer? That way you don't have to worry about not being able to screw - just worry about a screw being too loose. (Pardon, your rejection slip is showing.)

"On the job?" Sounds nasty.

99 subbers? Would you consider running the games on monthly flyers and sending the rest only to those actively interested? Sorry, I said I'd quit that topic.

The cartoon on p.46 was a joy. Reck? Try Linda Ronstadt.

Could you please send me Suzanne's address (for my brother-in-law)?

((Ham. How to comment on the pot-pourri letter? Well, a few things want comment, and a few don't. Quickly, 'cos I got much more to type....

((The cartoon on P.46 is from a strip called 'Mother Goose and Grimm' (the title had to be cropped to fit it in). Shortly after I snared this one, the strip was dropped from our local paper. Reason unknown - but, a public outcry began very quickly with the result that after two weeks it was reinstated. I love it! Its only weakness is that usually the graphics are so heavy that it won't copy very well.

((Linda Ronstadt - well, I don't mean to brag, but I did try her once. That was in 1968, before much of anybody had ever heard of her. We were introduced by a mutual friend, a folk-rock singer whom I'd hired for my coffee house. Nice lady (Linda, I mean) (well, actually, so is the friend, Mary McCaslin), but we really had very little in common, though she is in fact a superb musician - far better than a lot of snobs give rock musicians credit for. For one thing, she's one guitar-player who doesn't need to use chord charts.

((Walker/Hinton, as you'll discover later, has this issue as its last hurrah, and then we're done! And - boy, will I be selective about that kind of thing in future!

((Actually, TACT was in my top 10 list - so was TBFY. Well...maybe I should call it a 'top 13 or so' list, since I ranked about that many xyns equally. No...actually, I ranked it a 9, I think, and I can only say I wish I'd gotten the Lilliput Edition before I voted. Wait until '87!

((I have a computer. An obsolete T.I. 99A. What I need is a word processor, a monitor, a printer, and a disc drive. Which reminds me....

HELP! ATTENTION READERS!!

Conrad is desperate for help. Can anyone tell me how I can compute (= pre-plan) how much of a program will fit for storage on a cassette tape? Please tell me! My stamp collection needs you!

((I plan to get a decent computer system in approx. 8 months. That's when one of our CDs will mature, and I'll spin off some of the interest. Right now, I'm using spare cash for a good bicycle, and for camping equipment.

((Naturally I love the feedback to COSTA, but I agree with you that joy of creation must predominate, or it ain't worth it. I grant that with more subscribers comes more feedback (generally), but the fact is that you must enjoy cranking the thing out - even if nobody says a word - or you might as well hang it up. COSTA is, to me, an experience in creating something fun. Not everyone will like everything, but almost everyone will enjoy something, and in any event I certainly enjoy it all. The one production job I hate is stapling; the other one I used to hate was collating, which is why I'm willing to subsidize the extra cost of this photo-reduction method, to avoid spreading the pages out on the table and then walking round and round one hundred times grasping page after page and juggling them in order. Rod Walker used to have a little jingle about that: "Collate, collate, real great; collate, collate, can't wait." To the tune of a Colgate toothpaste song of the period (1962).

((But just wait until I get my new ditto machine!))

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ANSWERS TO LAST ISSUE'S BRITISH-AMERICAN QUIZ:

1. In America, the expletive 'Uncle!' has nothing to do with family relationships. It simply means, 'Stop! Enough!'
2. In British slang, 'On the job' means 'having intercourse.'

I have wanted to establish contact with the British hobby for some time. Quite awhile back (some time last year, as a matter of fact), Cathy Ozog mentioned something in her sine akin to our N.A. Zine Register for Britain. So I sent Steve Knight some bucks to order it for me through the exchange service he participates in. From this I figured I would pick a couple to try. I have never seen the damn thing. The reason I mention this to you is that I was spurred to sample the British hobby by your sine reviews, and am going to sample a couple of the ones you recommend. I haven't received anything yet, but I will let you know if I do. ((Just in case you don't, I am sending you two or three samples from my own pile. You'll probably have them before this.)) If you are interested, I can also review them. Perhaps your readership might be interested in someone else's viewpoint.

((I'm sufficiently interested in your reviewing them that I will even offer to supply the material! How about I send you two copies - if you think that's not enough, I can up it - of each British 'sine I get, and you can do your reviews based on that and also use them to decide which might interest you for subscription purposes. The only condition I must impose is that, when you're all done reviewing and deciding, you must send the copies on to Elmer Hinton for the archives - I'll pay postage. This does not apply to the first packet I'm sending, those are duplicates.))

The stuff you write on classical music I find of some interest, though a large part of your critiques goes over my head. I am not really familiar with classical music, and my appreciation of it is mostly limited to "I like that!" I suspect that the way I was introduced to classical music, coupled with the attitudes of my peers, is largely responsible for my not being into the genre. Classical music was thought to be elitist (we didn't use that word, but that's what we meant). My peers were contemptuous of those who professed to like the stuff. ("They don't give a damn about some trumpet playin' band. It ain't what they call rock 'n' roll." -Dire Straits.) And my introduction to classical music was in a school lesson. It was presented as something to be learned, not something to be enjoyed. With all of this, it is a wonder I can even listen to and like any of it. But I do. The instrumental stuff. I never have learned to like classical singing. I can appreciate the talent, effort and technical ability that goes into it. But I just don't like the sound.

((This letter now goes into great detail on rock; I'll print that part next issue in the 'Milgai' section.)) What it all comes down to is personal taste. I like a large variety of music. I have some 800 albums, covering a large time span, and a wide music spectrum. If there is something you would like to check out, ship me a cassette and I'll tape it for you. If you like it, you can buy it. If not, you're not out anything but the postage. I'm sure others of us would do the same. Bob Olsen and Paul Rauterberg both have large record collections. And I'm sure there are others.

Speaking of Bob Olsen, don't worry about losing your claim to being the tallest hobby member. I've met Mike Mazzer, and he isn't a human monster. Olsen sees him that way because of what Mazzer has done to him in so many games. Incidentally, see if you can coax Bob into writing to you. His letters are very entertaining. Bob is arguably the most entertaining writer in the hobby. ((Ahem!)) At least he's lots of fun.

((I'm currently working on the possibility of getting a decent cassette machine, to hook up to my excellent stereo system. If I can swing it - it costs about \$350 - I'll take you up on your offer, and reciprocate. If not, I can't reciprocate, but I'll still put together a list of a few ditties which interest me.

((I agree completely about the secondary-school system of teaching music "appreciation." It was presented to me the same way; I was luckier (I guess that's the right word) to have had a home-life background which overcame the academic ineptitude of my school presentation, but I have no doubt that those of you who first learned of classical glories in high school had a hard time finding it anything but dry and sterile. Good for you for overcoming it! And what, pray tell, is wrong with appreciating music based on the 'I like it' system? As you say, it's all the personal taste; some of us go nuts studying the beast, others just listen and enjoy. Big difference!

((I have yet to have any contact with Mike Masser. When and if I do, my first duty will be to find out how tall he is. Frankly, I'm rather proud of the title I thought I held until Olsen came along; at 6'7 3/4", I'd held the title for one hell of a lot of years, and I was quite loathe to give it up.

((Somewhere in existence there is a wonderful photograph, taken at DipCon 1973 by Doug Beyerlein, of me standing back-to-back with my (until Masser) closest competitor, Lew Pulsipher. Doug's hair-trigger imagery proved conclusively that I had stomped poor Lew to fudge - by approximately half an inch. Of course, I'm now at that age where I'm going to start shrinking a bit - i.e., the old bod will begin to compress itself - and so I suppose my title won't hold forever. But I'll keep it as long as I can. Screw you, Masser!

((Bob Olsen. Hey, if he'll write me a letter, I'll print every word. You're quite right, his muse is smashing!))

Robin Many thanks for the extract from Porter in 'The New Yorker.'
 ap Cynan In fact, I have seen the two Welsh National Opera productions as well as DOKTOR FAUSTUS and THE MASK OF ORPHEUS. I disagree with Porter when he says that he did not consider that the WOZZECK did the work justice; I have rarely been as moved in the theatre as by that particular production - right at the end of the third act, when the child comes to inspect the corpse of his mother, a white cloth was dropped at the rear of the stage, and as the inspection of the corpse took place, so red dye was sprayed onto the cloth from the top, to drip downward rather in the manner of a Jackson Pollock. There followed, as the child left the corpse to continue playing, afterward to leave the stage, as I say, there followed a similar spraying, but this time of black paint - the symbolism, first blood, and then (presumably) death itself, is at a simplistic level, but the dramatic effect was total, with the quiet chords that close the piece! There was at least ten to fifteen seconds' silence after the music stopped.

As for the OTELLO, I cannot see why quite so much praise has been heaped on this production: Well-sung, certainly, but the staging did not seem particularly special to me - but then, this was my first OTELLO, and I've never previously enjoyed televised stagings. Touché, I suppose.

Porter doesn't say very much about the Birtwhistle, does he? I hope you enjoyed my presentation in MONOCHROME - if it has reached you by now! FAUST was quite wonderful - I went to see it a second time, and enjoyed it just as much, if not more, since I had a better seat for myself alone than I could ask those who attended with me on the first occasion to pay for (grammar Robin!). Thomas Allen was excellent, but the general diction was not beyond improvement. Is it not absurd that the re-issued DGG Fischer-Dieskau set has no libretto?

A query: 'The New Yorker' states that Beaumont's book on Busoni is published by the Indiana U.P. Could you enquire as to its price? I am disinclined to pay Fyber's £30 in the UK, so a US price of (say) \$40 or less might find me seeking out an American edition and paying postage....

A glorious performance of Monteverdi's ORFEO from the Proms tonight and it is being followed now by a studio recording of last year's BBC SO performance of Reich's THE DESERT MUSIC - excellent.

I am continuing to receive COSTAGUANA and enjoying sundry portions thereof, although a few U.S.-oriented items to nothing for me. Since I am at present playing in a "rather Silly" in Brian Dolton's BELA LUGOSI'S DEAD (which took over from his LOKASENNA) with an 11 1/2 VP Russia to a 12 1/2 VP Austria, there being but a total of 8 other VPs outstanding, how could I resist the opportunity to play in your RSD? If air mail can cope with things, count me in, although I shall have to resist the wicked temptation to conduct transatlantic diplomacy by telephone, which is a rapid route to Carey Street!

((Alas, I can but spew forth saliva in jealous horror as you describe your experiences in actually attending the Welsh National productions of various things. You must understand that San Diego is a bit of a byway in the world of culture: We have our own, rather decent, opera company, but they are not known for experimentation with the less-travelled routes of the repertory. I have not, of course, seen FAUSTUS on stage; it having never been staged within a trillion miles of this metropolis. Further, WOZZECK has never arrived here either; the twentieth century has been presented here purely in the form of Menotti plus Prokofiev's LOVE FOR THREE ORANGES and a thoroughly charming mounting of Carl Orff's DER MOND twenty years ago. I know the DGG recording of FAUSTUS of course, Fischer-Dieskau being the next thing to God in this home - if DGG have reissued it without text, they are insane, it cannot possibly hold head under those conditions, and Busoni is thereby ill-served - and WOZZECK comes to me from the absolutely ancient Met. performance on discs under Fritz Stiedry, the equally ancient East Berlin effort under Herbert Kalfner, the more modern (but not superseding) DGG set under Rafael Kubel'k, and - not least - my wife's treatise on the work which constituted her M.A. thesis in 1973.

((From having been on stage often enough, I can tell you that quite usually the so-called 'obvious' symbolism is the most effective. From your description I'd have to call the red/black paint-spraying a touch of theatrical brilliance, and if that set the tenor of the whole production I would be equivalently disinclined to take Porter's denigration for a farthing. Some years ago - I touched on this in my letter - the San Diego Opera attempted the 'Ring,' and when it came to the Magic Fire they resorted to the cheapest and most obvious of media - lights cast through celluloid. Conversely, when they staged DON GIOVANNI two years later, they somehow felt the need to amplify the descent to Hell with flash powder and all manner of pyrotechnics. Never mind that the GIOVANNI singing surpassed anything the 'Ring' had to offer; which staging do you suppose triumphed? Sure enough - the simple celluloid, precisely because it was not overmuch and thus detracted not at all from the drama or the singing.

((Your comments on televised opera ring rather true, though I have happily noted glorious exceptions. Not long ago, our P.B.S. did Monteverdi's INCORAZIONE DI POPPEA, a truly splendid rendering of a difficult piece. I also remember a wondrous ENTFÜHRUNG on the same channel. On the other hand, I recall with uncontrollable quivering the attempt to do BOHEME au naturel, or was it TOSCA, which in either event failed as theatre despite the glories of Milne (my idol!) and Domingo. Halfway into Act I my thoughts roved to closing my eyes, and my Act II the thought became reality, and it

rendered the effort infinitely more palatable. On the other hand, it could be worse; if there is anything inferior to your average televised opera, it has got to be your average televised ballet. SWAN LAKE with instant replay? Please forgive me while I void my stomach....

((I shall enquire after the Busoni book and advise. If the price is not outrageous, I would gladly buy and ship same. And consider yourself enrolled in RSD with thanks and welcomes.

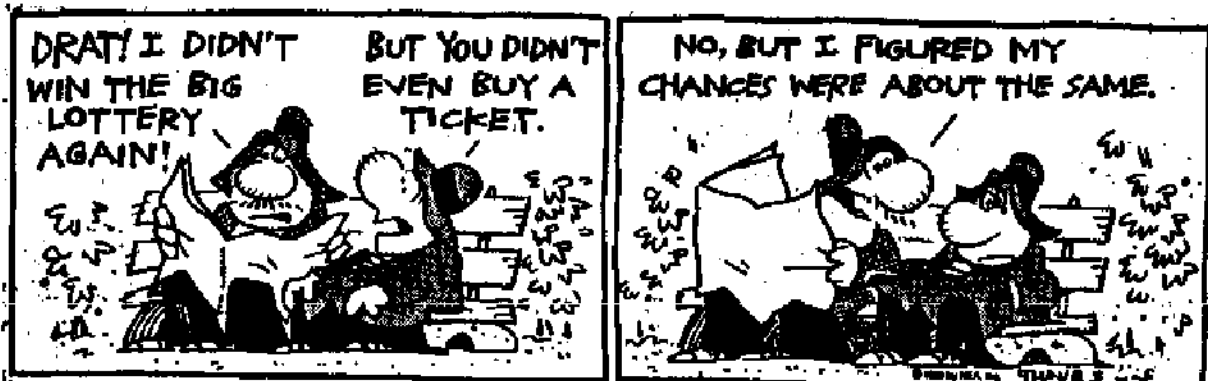
((In autumn our opera company will do IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA, not in itself remarkable, but for the lead they've engaged Hermann Prey, and on that basis alone I shall be joyfully reporting all four performances to you.

((Och, I've omitted to comment on OTELLLO. Well of course I dunno about the Porter-noted production which you've seen, but of my three - one by San Francisco Opera, two by the local lot - none struck me as of any great quality. OTELLLO may be one of those rarities, apart from the 18th-century genre of opera seria, which might actually do better without staging. The music and the singing and the libretto and the drama, yes; but perhaps the Shakespeare original strikes too strongly to allow the (excuse the perversion of the language) quasi-transmogrification that Boito gave it to ring quite true. Maybe I'm jaded. What San Diego lacks in quality opera, it far more than makes up for in quality Shakespeare: We have a replica of the Stratford theatre, and every year three of the plays are lovingly rendered in stirring productions. I have seen far more Shakespeare OTELLLOs than Verdi, and I cannot accept the latter on its own terms, sad to say. Even worse, I guess, was the year I was engaged to sing Nicolai's MERRY WIVES the same season our Old Globe did the play; in retrospect, I only wish I had not attended the stage effort. It ruined the far-inferior operatic treatment, and reduced my performance to a mere vocal exercise.))

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

I am at this point left with far more letters unprinted than printed. Two from Doug Brown, a gem (of great length) from Malcolm Smith, additional items from Mark Berch, more from the Fleming person, data from David (Watts), beatifications by Bruce (Linsey), mumbblings from Mark (Larselore), fulminations of Fred (Davis) - believe me, if I had time to type a listing of the backlog, I'd have more than enough time to type the content of it! But I don't. Sooner or later we must get to games, not to speak of the Archives problem. And perhaps now is the perfect time. But never fear. Letters remaining unprinted this round will, I swear, see the light next.

You knew what COSTA needs? A check-list of letters on file....



GAME 1984HI - The Extroverted Emu - THE END

France (Matt Fleming): What is one supposed to say for an end-game statement? I have never been sure, but I will deal with this game on two levels.

As the game played itself out, distinct negotiating and strategic patterns could be detected. Austria, France and Germany were playing an aggressive diplomatic game, while England, Italy and - to a degree - Russia were not far behind. Austria was the aggressive "block-mover" and this, to me, set the stage for the rest of the game. Austria, Germany and France did well, while Italy (faced with no help in the east, little help from me as France and an aggressive Austria) floundered, and England succumbed to letter-writing between Germany and France. Russia and Turkey were inconsequential.

As France and I made some mid-game mistakes, I tried for all my worth to stir things up by flip-flopping between A/G, but all this did was cause me hardship as neither Austria nor Germany (good players that they are) bought into my scheming. In the end, the self-destruction of Russia drew German armies east, while my attempts to patch things up with Germany worked.

The second level of this game was the fun that it engendered. John Walker, Ken Peel, Dave Pierce and Uncle Connie are all people that make life more interesting. More than that, they made some truly miserable days worth living, as the mailbox gave me a chance to reach in and drop my problems, while pulling out the "incessant imbecility" of COSTAGUANA. I am happy to say that the 'Emu' hasn't really ended, it just lost its official standing.

Austria (David Pierce): When the initial letters of negotiation for this game arrived in my mailbox, I thought I had it made. Everybody wanted to be my ally! Well, I have this thing about telling direct lies to anybody, but I misled Russia into believing that I would support him against Turkey and had a very gratifying '01. After '01 Russia was, for all practical purposes, down the tubes, so I negotiated a non-aggression with Italy and what I thought was to be a game-long alliance with France, and turned on Turkey. Turkey wasn't as easy as I thought he would be, but I was making steady progress and made the first move against Germany when Fleming stabbed me. (He stabbed me in a total of four different games in four different sines that same month.) From that point on I devoted myself to keeping Fleming from getting a share of the win. From the time Rauterberg took over for Walker, I kept trying to give him the game, but he wouldn't take it. Every time I would leave a center open for him, he would ignore it and support France into one of the centers I was trying to defend. I kept hoping that Walker would return in time to win, but time ran out on me, and the game ended 17-17.

Walker/Rauterberg and Fleming played great games. In spite of Matt's multiple stab, I enjoy playing with him as an ally as well as against him. Now that he's a MadLad, maybe I'll see both him and Paul more often.

I applaud the GM for a well-run game with very few adjudication errors. Those that did occur were quickly corrected/ His concern for fairness is exemplary. I truly appreciate his being concerned about the fairness of my playing against roommates, but I have known both Paul and Matt long enough to know that that was no advantage to either of them since they would both stab their mothers if they thought it would gain them an extra center.

AND ON THE NEXT PAGE we'll have Germany's statement. Inasmuch as he has cleverly prepared the same photo-ready (albeit with a light ribbon), I need only cut-and-paste and I can save myself a lot of typing. Shall we see if it works?

1984HI Endgame Statement for Germany:

Usually my endgame statements are pretty weak. (By the time the game ends my position is usually pretty weak.) This time I'm going try harder.

Thanks for the play of the game. Thanks to all. That's the important part.

The longer I'm in this hobby, the more I realize that it is the people who are the hobby and that a game is merely an opportunity, a vehicle, a device to interact with those people. So this endgame statement is oriented toward the people who made this game.

Conrad von Metzke, GM and pubber, thanks. For thinking of and using temporary substitutes for me in this and other games while I was unable to play, special thanks. And for lots of other thoughtful acts, thanks again.

Costaguana just gets better and better. Why, in just the last few weeks I've recommended to several people that they sub. Conrad, your sub list should zoom very soon! Please don't thank me - I was glad to do it.

(Don't take that seriously. I know you've reached your limit. Actually I've recommended to everyone I know that they cancel their subs. What are friends for???)

Bill Quinn, Boardman Number Custodian, for BNC services and for attention to this game's peculiar temporary substitute problem, thanks.

Paul Rauterberg, peculiar temporary substitute, for substituting temporarily (and peculiarly?), thanks. When Paul took over, Germany had a good chance to either win outright or continue in an alliance that Matt Fleming and I had been working on for over a year. When Paul gave Germany back to me, I definitely could choose to win or draw. Therefore, thanks!

David Pierce (Austria), Jim Stevens (Turkey), Steve Cartier (Russia), Ken Peel (Italy), and Matt Johnston (England) all had great influence on the course of the game. Everyone was willing to write and negotiate. So many good players in this game made forming one definite alliance that much harder.

My part was easy - I accepted every offer of alliance sent my way ... and that's not too far from the truth. Everyone seemed to go to war and about all I did in my letters was say, "Look out behind you!"

Russia went after England, Turkey went after Russia, Austria went after supply centers and Italy didn't. (How's that for a snooty analysis?)

David Pierce (Austria) dominated his part of the map while Matt Fleming (France) and I worked to make our alliance work. We did work, too. Not only did we seem to strike it off personally (that's not too presumptuous, is it, Matt?) but we wrote. And wrote. More than once our letters crossed in the mail. We began to work as an alliance, seeing moves that would work for F/G. If anyone's interested, Matt is a better tactician than I am.

Yes, I was tempted to win outright but for once I looked ahead. After attacking and beating someone I had worked so hard with, so what? Would I feel good about the win? Who would I share the elation with? So I "settled" for the accomplishment that was more important to me.

So what was wrong with a 3-way with David Pierce? Nothing. I would have been delighted with it (I'm happy to survive). It would have been my best result so far. David is a fine player. I apologize for not replying to all his letters because there is no excuse for that rudeness. I just have trouble sending bad news to someone. By the time the game wound down to the three of us, an active game-long alliance just had the momentum to finish the game.

So, to all the players in this game, thanks.

Matt and I worked harder in this game than I think I'll ever work at a game again. (Oh, no! Does that mean I'll never win a game? Oh, well, so what?) As the game progressed, my wife patiently listened to me talk about my "silly" hobby and just how well this particular game was going. For months on end I'm sure she got sick of hearing me say, "Boy, could I stab Matt Fleming! BOY!! Could I stab Matt Fleming!!" So, yes, thanks to the other players, and especially Matt, but also thanks to my wife Patty.

Finally, the complaint. Yes, the complaint. Little beknownst to some, nay, many, nay, most of you out there in Greater DipLand, the official result of this game may in some doubt be! Aye, 'tis true! In Costa last, 'twas 'nounced that a two-way draw was proposed and agreed to. Fair enou', I'll settle for that. So the game is o'er (this is an endgame statement, after all). But how many of you know that two two-way draws were proposed? Indeed! Not only was the "standard" F/G draw proposed but, to show just who was in charge, a G/F draw was proposed!! Really! All I can do is compliment C. F. v. M. for not actually announcing the result either way! (Pretty sneaky, w'ot?)

The end (of the endgame statement).

AND NOW FOR THE G.M.: When one undertakes to publish a Diplomacy sine, one longs - nay, even drools - for a game like this. With a single exception, it was one of the joys of my 21-year hobby career.

The exception was, of course, the Ken Peel affair. I still have the guilts about that one. It is, I think, to his eternal credit that Ken was able to bounce back from my (let's be candid) vicious diatribe and renew our friendship - and in the process, teach the 'old dog' the new trick of keeping his mouth shut until he learns the facts. In the sense that Ken helped me grow, even that matter was a positive.

Beyond that comment, I am somehow at a loss for words. If ever a game has been more fun for the Gamesmaster, I would challenge the claimant to prove his/her point: And I'd venture that if Bruce Lindsey were to run a "joy of GMing" poll, the EMU would win hands down.

Not to slight anyone, you're all great people - and congrats to Matt and John, of course, on their well-earned joint result - but let me mention two people to round my words off. Bill Quinn, the Boardman Number Custodian, deserves a strong commendation for the forthright manner in which he dealt with the tricky 'roommate' problem. He called it candidly, and whether or not I agree, he is to be honored for his attention to the matter and his refusal to equivocate. May his successors learn from the quality of his work!

And then there's David Pierce. Undaunted by hopeless odds, unfazed by the obvious intentions of his adversaries, David kept right on plugging away, sending moves and trying against all odds to change the result. In failure in the game, he succeeded beyond his wildest dreams - in gaining the respect and admiration of those around him. Last issue, I made a few glowing comments about one Doug Baker, a player in the SUNI game. Those

remarks could as well appear here, apropos of Mr. Pierce. He did a magnificent job throughout, and for my money he shares equally - in all respects save the statistics - in the result.

Actually, a third mention is of importance. Paul Rauterberg was never really in this game. He played on temporary assignment, knowing full well that it would be short-term, on behalf of John Walker during the latter's recent illness. This is the sort of duty that could be pretty thankless - lots of planning, negotiating and weighing of options, all the while knowing you'll get no formal credit no matter how brilliant you are. Moreover, many people find themselves under even greater pressure playing for someone else; if they butcher their own games, they can always try another, but if they butcher a friend's position.... Paul handled the matter superbly, and I offer my strongest possible thanks for his efforts.

Well...I suppose I should at least type a few thousand lines about the winners. Nice going, you two!

And so - that's the EMU. All except for the statistical bit.

GAME 1984HI

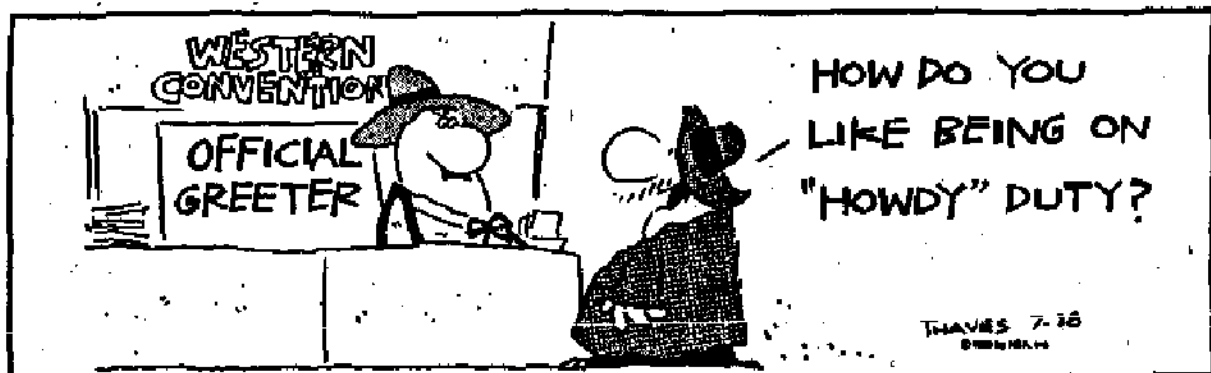
JOURNAL: Costaguana. GM: C.F. von Metske.

A: David Pierce (out F.10). E: Matt Johnston (dro S.05), c.d. (out F.06). F: Matt Fleming (DREW F.10). G: John Walker (DREW F.10) (N.B.: W.07 - S.10 played for Germany by Paul Rauterberg). I: Ken Peel (dro S.04), c.d. (out F.07). R: Steve Cartier (out F.04). T: James Stevens (dro W.03), Keith Sherwood (out F.06).

	01	02	03	04	05	06	07	08	09	10
A	6	8	8	9	10	10	9	7	2	-
E	4	4	3	3	1	-				
F	5	5	7	8	9	10	11	13	16	17
G	5	7+	9+	10+	11	13+	14	14	16	17
I	4	4	2	1	1	1	-			
R	3	2	1	-						
T	5	4	4	3	2	-				

When this game started, Ken Peel welcomed it by way of turning the Boardman number into a statement: "1984? Hi!"

Well, guess what? "1984? 'Bye!"



GAME 1983CL - The Suicidal Suni - Winter 1911

Bob Acheson takes over in France. Despite having said I'd hold it to Winter this time, in looking it over I really don't see the need, so in the hope that nobody will screech, let's go on.

France retreats F Den-Hel. Russia builds A War, A Mos.

FRANCE (Bob Acheson): a kie (h). a ruh (s) kie. a pie-tyo. a nun-sil.
f lvo (s) naf-wes. f mid-eng. f iri-cly ((sic)). f nwg-nth.
f lvp-wal. f hel (s) nwg-nth. f naf-wes.

RUSSIA (Ed Henry): a pru (s) ber. a tri-tyo. a ber (s) war-sil. a den-
kie. a stp-fin. a war-sil. a mos-stp. f nwy-nth. f edi (s) nwy-
nth. f ska (s) nwy-nth.

TURKEY (Ken Hager): a tyo-boh. a ven (s) rom-tus. a rom-tus. a ser (h).
a run-gal. f aeg-ion. f alb-adr. f bla (h). f sev (h). f nap-rom.
f ion-tyn. f tun (s) ion-tyn.

No retreats. Fall 1912 moves due Saturday, August 30, 1986.

WHYDIDTHECHICKENCROSSTHEROADTOGETTOTHEOTHERSIDE?ITWASEASIERTHANGOINGAROUND.

GAME 1985AJ - The Tergiversatory Tapir - Spring 1908

AUSTRIA (Jake Walters): a tri-bud. a ven-tri.

ENGLAND (Matt Fleming): a vis-gal. a swe-lvn. a wal-ion. f lvp (h).
f edi-nth. f nth-den. f nwy-swe. f bot (c) swe-lvn. f tun (s)
FRE ion.

FRANCE (John Walker): a lvn-war. a stp-mos. a tyo (s) tus-ven. a kie
(h). a tus-ven. a sil (s) lvn-war. a mar-pie. f wes-tyn. f rom
(s) tyn-nap. f tyn-nap. f ion-apu.

ITALY (Michael Pustilnik): a bud (s) RUS ser-tri. f nap-ion. f gre (s)
nap-ion.

RUSSIA (Deug Brown): a ser (s) ITA bud. a gal-war. a war-pru. a ank-
con. a mos-lvn. a sev-mos. f con (h). f eas-ion. f bal (s) mos-
lvn. (Also, an order for a non-existent 'f aeg.')

The Austrian a ven is gone from our world.

A proposal has been made to call an E/F draw. It has also already been vetoed. So forget it.

Fall 1908 moves due Saturday, August 30, 1986.

THESURGEONGENERALHASDETERMINEDTHATSMOKINGCAUSESCANCERHEARTDISEASEANDCAVITIES

GAME 1985HE - The Delirious Dik-Dik - Fall 1904

The retreating Turkish fleet is gone. Nobody sent in moves; partly my fault, I had forgotten that Conrad Minshall was out of town. No real harm done...and in Italy, Pat Jensen takes the reins, long may he wave!

AUSTRIA (John Walker): a gre-bul. a bul-con. a ser (s) bud-rum. a smy
(s) bul-con. a vis-tri. a bud-rum. f aeg (s) smy.

ENGLAND (Simon Billenness): a lvp (h). f nth-den. f nwg-nth. f nwy (h).
f bel (h).

FRANCE (Bob Acheson): a gas (s) spa. a mar (s) spa. a bur (s) mar. f bre-
mid. f spa sc (s) mar.

GERMANY (Daniel Gorham): a ruh-bel. a hol (s) ruh-bel. a ber-mun. f den-nth. f iri-eng.
 ITALY (Pat Jensen): a ven-tyo. a pie-mar. f lyo (s) pie-mar. f wes-spa sc.
 RUSSIA (J.Ron Brown): a ars-ank. a sil (s) pru-ber. a pru-ber. f bla (s) ars-ank. f rum (s) bla. f swe (s) ENG nth-den.
 TURKEY: a ank (h).

The Turkish a ank excuses itself. The Russian f rum may retreat to sev or o.t.b. The German f den may retreat to ska, hel, kie, bal or o.t.b. And the English f bel may retreat to pic or o.t.b.

We're going to use the 'interim deadline system here - a perfect time. Retreats and adjustments will be due Saturday, AUGUST 16, 1986, and will be sent out by flyer. Then, Spring 1905 moves will be due Saturday, August 30, 1986.

Centres

A: 9: vie, bud, tri, ser, gre, bul, rum, con, any. Build two.
 E: 5: lon, lvp, edi, nwy, den. Even.
 F: 5: par, brs, mar, spa, por. Even.
 G: 4: kie, mun, hol, bel. Remove one.
 I: 4: ven, rom, nap, tun. Even.
 R: 7: nos, sev, war, stp, swe, ber, ank. Build one.

Obviously any o.t.b. retreat will affect the build totals.

Bob, if this interim bit will prove a problem (if you're away at the mines), let me know and give me a couple of times for a 'phone call.

PARIS TO ROME: You've lost your advantage; it's time to reconsider this attack.

PARIS TO BERLIN: It looks like the French troops won't be needed in London. Although, I can spare an army to help maintain civil order in Munich.

LINEARSEPARATORSARETHEBUILDINGBLOCKSOFWORLDCLASSDIPLOMACYPUBLICATIONSALWAYS

GAME 1986AG - The Bisexual Bear - Spring 1902

AUSTRIA (Nelson Heintzman): a gal (s) TUR bul-rum. a ser (s) TUR bul-rum. a bud (s) gal. f ion-tun.
 ENGLAND (Bart Denny): a yor (h). f edi-nth. f nwy (s) edi-nth. f lon-eng.
 FRANCE (David Anderson): a mar (s) par-bur. a por-spa. a par-bur. f eng-bel.
 GERMANY (John Crosby): a hol-bel. a ruh (s) mun-bur. a mun-bur. a kie-mun. f den (h).
 ITALY (Robert Greier): a tun-naf. a pie-mar. f tyn-lyo. f nap-tyn.
 RUSSIA (Blair Cusack): a war (s) ukr-gal. a ukr-gal. a nos-ukr. f sev-ars. f swe-fin.
 TURKEY (Stephen Wilcox): a bul-rum. a con-bul. a say-ars. f bla (s) any-ars.

The French A Bur may retreat to Pic, Par, Gas or o.t.b.; Fall moves may be conditional, and are due Saturday, August 30, 1986.

At last! A game with a buncha press! It starts to your right....

ITALY TO GERMANY: Nice builds. Care for a game of leap frog?

VIENNA TO CONSTANTINOPLE: Me next then, right?

ENGLAND TO ITALY AND GERMANY: I'm interested.

FRANCE TO ENGLAND: I'm glad to have a friend, at least you didn't build in Liverpool.

AUSTRIA TO ITALY: Truth is relative, my young sir, and like beauty lies strictly in the eyes of the beholder; like fate, moreover, it can be ever fickle, and like a woman ever changeable....

ITALY TO AUSTRIA: Dreamer!

FRANCE TO ITALY: Sticks and stones may break my bones, but Wops will never hurt me.

Wanna stone?

ENGLAND TO FRANCE: Am I supposed to feel better about you because you claim you don't remember, on the very first turn of the game, breaking our agreement? Christ!

AUSTRIA TO JAMUL: 'AC' - The Bisexual Bear? How'd you ever arrange that? What's your next game, 'DC' - The Two-Way Tiger? Give me a break!

JAMUL: You knew, I'd never even noticed! I don't think Bill Quinn was playing a game, but now you've got me wondering....

Hmm. Maybe I will try to get 'DC' and then we can turn this rag into a real breeze!

.. .. .

GAME 19860 - The Convoluted Cassowary - Fall 1902

AUSTRIA (Evans Givan): a gal-ukr. a ser (s) rum. a vie-boh. a rum (s)
TUR arm-sev. f aeg-grø.

ENGLAND (Robert O'Donnell): a bel-hol. f nth (s) bel-hol. f bar-nwy.
f ska (s) RUS swe-den.

FRANCE (Larry Botimer): a pic-par. a nar (s) gas-bur. a gas-bur. f eng-
mid.

GERMANY (Michael Pustilnik): a hol-bel. a bur-mar. a den (h). a mun-
ruh. f hel (s) den.

ITALY (Robert Greier): a naf-tun. a pie-ven. f tyn-ion. f lyo-tyn.

RUSSIA (J.Ron Brown): a sev (s) TUR arm-rum. a ukr (s) TUR arm-rum.
a var-gal. a nos (s) sev. f swe-den.

TURKEY (Melinda Holley): a bul-ser. a arm-rum. f con-asy. f bla (c)
arm-rum.

Retreats: Ger a bur to Pic, Bel, Mun or o.t.b. Ger A Hol to Kie or o.t.b. Aus A Rum to Bud or o.t.b. Adjustments, such as they are, and Spring moves may be conditional.

CENTRES:

A: 5: vie, bud, tri, ser, gre. Even.

E: 5: lon, lvp, edi, nwy, hol. Build one.

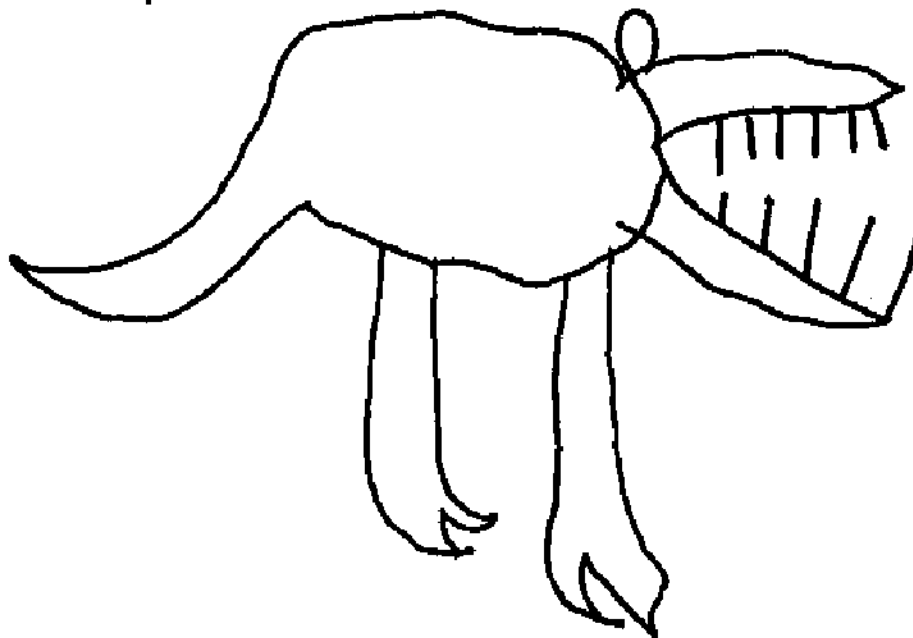
F: 4: par, bre, nar, spa. Even.

G: 4: kie, mun, ber, den. Remove one.

GAME 1985D

The Narcoleptic
Nilgai

Fall 1906



France retreated F Wes-Spa sc, and A Tyo-Pie. Austria, presumably scenting doom, omitted to spend a lousy 22c to say farewell....

AUSTRIA (Dick Martin): Somehow, the Austrian position lacks substance....

ENGLAND (Robert Greier): f bre-gas. f lvp (h). f nwy (h). f mid-naf.

FRANCE (Kevin Tighe): a pie-tus. a mar (s) lyo-spa. f lyo-spa sc.
f spa sc - por.

GERMANY (Paul Gardner): a ruh-mun. a sil-gal. a boh (s) AUS vie ((sic)).
a den-kie. a lvn (s) mos. a mos (h). f hel-den. f bel-eng.
f wal-iri.

ITALY (Pat Jensen): a tri-vie. a tyo-mun. a ven-pie. f tun-naf. f wes
(s) tus-lyo. f tue-lyo.

RUSSIA (Conrad Minshall): f sve-nwy.

TURKEY (Michael Pustilnik): a ser-rum. a gal-sil. a ukr (s) sev-mos.
a bud (s) ITA tri-vie. a bul-sev. a sev-mos. f bla (c) bul-sev.
f ion-tyn.

Retreats there are none.

CENTRES:

A: 0: 'Bye!

E: 5: lon, lvp, edi, nwy, bre. Build one.

F: 4: par, mar, por, spa. Even.

G: 9: kie, ber, mun, war, mos, stp, den, hol, bel. Even.

I: 7: ven, rom, nap, tun, tri, vie, gre. Build one.

R: 1: sve. Even.

T: 8: con, may, ank, bul, ser, bud, rum, sev. Even.

The two builds, and Spring 1907 moves, are due together on Saturday, August 30, 1986. Moves may, of course, be contingent on builds.

THE NILGAI CONTESTS:

1. In the tie-breaker, the decision is substantially eased by Dick Martin's failure to respond. Got enough tapes, eh? Well, Michael was less silent; he identified the predecessor to our nickel as the "half-dime." That's good for one tape or disc of his choice. (As to Beethoven, the answer is G.)

2. In the new quiz, quite a few of you sent guesses, and every single attempt to identify the first person on my mailing list was correct: Bob Acheson. The second part, however, proved far more formidable: Guesses generally focused on the letter 'W', e.g. Stephen Wilcox and Don Williams. However, one of you went to a hell of a lot of trouble to search through the relevant issue and identify the true answer: And that answer is Jeff Zaree, who issue-before-last was mentioned as dropping out of the 'Colfax' game, but who remains on the mailing list by virtue of having bought a sub. And guess who got it right? Yup. Pustilnik again. Geez, he must be trying to match Rauterberg's collection.

Okay, Michael. I now officially owe you two tapes or discs of your choice; you tell me what you want, I'll go get 'em and send 'em. If you prefer, price the items locally and tell me the totals and I'll whip out a check. Maximum value \$20 total. And don't give me some hogwash about "aw, that's okay, you don't have to pay;" I run a legitimate quiz zine here, and I pay my prizes. Ask Paul.

THE NEW NILGAI QUIZ

will be a ten-question affair on various subjects. I'll hold off on it until next issue, though, to allow me time to prepare something suitable. Keh heh....

THE ROCK EDUCATION OF UNCLE CONNIE

is coming along nicely. We now have (a) several more recommendations, and (b) four more tapes.

I have fascinating letters from Bob Greier and Derwood Bowen which will appear here, but again, I'm postponing 'cos I need more time. The simple truth to all of this stalling is that putting out this massive issue has exhausted me, and I need some space! (But, boy!, did I get a backlog cleared!) Gimme time...

The four new tapes are: Pink Floyd, 'Dark Side of the Moon;' Clash, 'Sandinista;' Peter Gabriel, 'So' (based on Paul's recommendation this issue in his commentary on MadCon); and Pink Floyd, 'Ummagumma' (cassette, which doesn't contain everything on the two-record disc set). The last-named represents my recommendation to all of you - it's about seventeen years old, but it lacks nothing for its age; after all, one of my favorite operas (Jacopo Peri's 'Euridice') has existed for three hundred and eighty-four years, and it's still fresh to my ears.

Oh - also, Simon Billenness, that transplanted son of New Wave, has a few things to offer us too. And one of them I have tried for, and cannot find; even the expert clerk I know at the music store has never heard of it. "Colossal Youth," by the Young Marble Giants. In my drive to follow the recommendations of my respected friends, I hereby offer a

NILGAI REWARD!

Find me a copy of this tape (or disc). Buy it for me. I guarantee to pay the cost, whatever it is, and I'll pay you for it plus buy you one tape of your choice for yourself. I WANT THIS FUCKING TAPE!! (Or disc.)

I'm looking forward to next issue, when I offer a curious (but valid) comparison between Peter Gabriel (wow!) and classical tenor Kurt Equiluz.

Oh by the way...anybody around here like jazz?

((I've always wanted to type that page number....))

((Which reminds me of two jokes I dearly love:

((1. "Wanna do 68 with me?"

"What's 68?"

"You do me and I'll owe you one."

((2. "Knock knock."

"Who's there?"

"Fuck."

"Fuck who?"

"Fuck whom!")

BERLIN: The German government deploras the buildup of heathen forces to the south. We wish you would all go away.

PAUL TO PAT: Sorry about all those nasty things I said about Albert Lea. I'll bet it's actually the nicest flat place in the world (yuk yuk)....

JANUL: You want flat? Try Indianapolis. Or my ex-wife's chest...anyway, in Indy, if you want anything other than totally horizontal, you have to stand on tiptoes and imitate the Leaning Tower....

G-F: Do you still exist?

JANUL: Well, I just got 'Redwood Curtain,' so something is still alive.

TURKEY TO GERMANY: The easy way is not necessarily the fun way.

ENGLAND TO GERMANY: A quick kill in England? Halt! I may buy it in this game, but your fleets will be no match for the Ottoman armies.

GERMANY TO AUSTRIA: Do you still exist? Is there still rock 'n' roll in Vienna? Not Air Supply...choke, gasp, retch....

TURKEY TO ITALY: Get well soon!

ENGLAND TO ITALY: Get 'em! Grind 'em into moose manure!

JANUL: And then play it on your stereo and enjoy "Husker DU"

GERMANY TO TURKEY: That was just a joke, wasn't it? A joke in very bad taste, trying to get Uncle Connie to buy Air Supply, Flashdance...well, Diana, but she's rock history (Supremes/Motown). Don't do it, Uncle Connie. If you can find the Keither, just ask him which is the most putrid, wretched radio station in S.D. There you'll find Air Supply and save yourself some bucks.

ENGLAND TO TURKEY: Kill, crush, wangle, destroy, tear his arms off! Those are the nice things I want you to do to 'em....

GERMANY TO ENGLAND: AC/DC? Deep Purple? Boston? Much better. Admittedly I burned out on Boston in '77, and my favorite Deep Purple came out about '71 or '2 ("Smoke on the Water" - "Machine Head" was the album, I think) ((yup)). "Dirty Deeds Done Dirt Cheap" is my favorite AC/DC, with Bon Scott's evil leer - hilarious!

PAT TO CONRAD: Congratulations on the sine poll. Don't bother to write about how you don't deserve it, you do. Your criteria of a good sine (reading it all) are good ones. It may take a while to read COSTA, but I do, and I enjoy it.

JANUL: Well, thanks! I do deserve it, I am the greatest...oh, never mind. Anyway, considering the issue izes lately, I've been seriously considering offering, with every sub, a free magazine rack for the john!

GERMANY TO UNCLE CONNIE: I see Dick, Conrad and Robert cheated and listed more than four albums, so I'll add: (1) Little Feat, "Feats Don't Fail Me Now"; (2) Springsteen, "The Wild, The Innocent" and "E Street Shuffle"; (3) Pete Townshend, "Empty Glass." Also substitute "My Aim is True" for "Imperial Bedroom" as your Elvis Costello album.

NEWFANE TO JAMUL: Save yourself some \$s. Put Elmer and Rod on a separate flyer with a sub list of two (guess which two?). Improve the gine for the rest....

JAMUL TO NEWFANE: Okay, goddamnit, I goofed! Wait until next issue! See how much of this stuff you see!

JAMUL TO NEWFANE, II: Unless Walt wants space....

AW, SCREW IT.

I'd just as soon go on with the rock discussion right now, never mind waiting until nextish.

SIMON BILLENNESS: Do you still want some rock recommendations? Well, here're some anyway.

Joy Division: "Unknown Pleasures." This is the group's first album. Personally, I don't think it's quite as good as their second "Closer," but I reckon it's more accessible. The music is very dark and brooding - marvellous stuff for depressives.

Talking Heads: "Stop Making Sense" or "Little Creatures." By contrast, these are superb upbeat records. The Heads draw heavily on black music but retain the originality. I reckon you'll love them.

Young Marble Giants: "Colossal Youth." If you find this one, you'll be very lucky. It's only available on Japanese import in Britain, which is a shame because it's a masterpiece. Very minimalistic (no drums!) and absolutely fascinating! The sort of album you listen to in the dark with headphones.

UNCLE CONNIE: Okay, I'm hunting. My headphone jack is out of whack just now, but when it works, what I listen to is Carl Orff's "Fantasia after William Byrd." Utterly rivetting! The same music on which Benjamin Britten built his "Young Person's Guide," only for four orchestras with incredible interchange. Another possibility is the old Jechum recording of the Bruckner Eighth, where the conductor has doubled the harps and the engineer has split them across the two tracks. What you do is, you put on the 'phones, put on the slow movement where the full orchestra runs up the scale at the big climax (the big climax, at the cymbal crash and modulation from C Major to E-Flat Minor), and then you tell me that rock is better!

DERWOOD BOWEN: I have never heard "Quadrophenia." ((Permit me to lend it to you; look for it included in the packet of British 'zines.)) My all-time favorite Who album is "What's Next?" Side One is a good collection of songs, especially 'Baba O'Reilly' and 'Bargain.' But Side Two is it! Each selection is really strong, finishing up with the disillusioned "Won't Get Fooled Again." If you liked 'Quadrophenia,' check this one out.

Other older ones to check:

Jethro Tull, 'Benefit.' My favorite Jethro Tull work.

Traffic, 'John Barleycorn Must Die.' Steve Winwood's voice, the haunting melodies, make this a classic.

The Beatles, 'Magical Mystery Tour.' I am a *big* Beatles fan, but this one is a goodie!

Pink Floyd, 'Dark Side of the Moon.' This is the album that brought them to the attention of the public. Alan Parsons produced this classic.

Blood, Sweat and Tears, 'Blood, Sweat and Tears.' This album was played a lot. It contains the big hit, "Spinning Wheel," which was played by every marching band in the world, but the album is outstanding.

Some newer stuff:

Van Halen, "Van Halen." Their first album, and my favorite. Strong, high-powered, loud raucous rock. This was never meant to be pretty.

The Clash, 'Sandinista.' Dan Stafford turned me on to this. These guys are capable of some excellent things.

Dire Straits, 'Love over Gold.' From the longue-in-cheek 'Industrial Disease' to 'Telegraph Road,' a real gem.

The Pretenders, 'The Pretenders.' This was made when this style of music was new.

Jefferson Starship, 'Freedom at Point Zero.' Still has some of the old Airplane people, plus the new blood that changed the sound to bring them into the '80s.

UNCLE CONNIE: Let's call it quits for now. More tapes to follow, and more 'Education of the ol' Uncle' will ensue.

!! !! !! !! !! !! !! !! !! LINEARSEPARATORSSUCK !! !! !! !! !! !! !! !! !!

GAME 1986Bcn05 - William Rufus DeVane King - Fall 1902

AUSTRIA (Kevin Tighe): a war-ukr. a rum-ser. a vie-tri. a bud (s) vie-tri. f gre-ion.

BARBARY STATES (Jake Walters): a lib (s) eth. a eth (s) lib. f was (s) spa sc. f spa sc (s) ITA pie-mar.

ENGLAND (David Anderson): a den-bel. f en.c (s) den-bel. f ir.s-w.a.o. f nth (c) den-bel. f sve-den.

FRANCE (Jeff Hoffman): a mar (s) por-spa sc. a gas-par. f m.a.o.-can. f por-spa sc.

GERMANY (Michael Pustilnik): a boh-vie. a pic-par. a ruh-bel. a mun-kie. f hol (s) ruh-bel.

ITALY (Conrad Minshall): a tri (s) GER boh-vie. a pie-mar. a ven-tyo. f ty.s (s) nap-ion. f nap-ion. f g.o.l. (s) pie-mar.

PERSIA (John Crosby): a sgy-lib. a ale (h). f jor vo - s.m.s ((sic)). f s.m.s.-ore.

RUSSIA (C. Friesner von Metzke): a ukr (s) sev-rum. a sev-rum. f kaz-mos.

TURKEY (Robert O'Donnell): a bul-con. a smy-ank. f aeg-smy. f con-aeg.

Please note, apropos of the Persian orders, that Jordan does not border the East Med., and the order "a arm-ale" was issued for the unit which is already in Alexandretta.

Retreats: Fre A Mar to Bur or o.t.b. Ita A Tri to Alb, Ven, or o.t.b. Your next orders (mine too!) may be conditional.

CENTRES:

A: 5: $\forall\forall$, bud, tri, ser, gre, war, $\forall\forall$. Even.

B: 5: alg, ser, tun, eth, spa. Even.

E: 6: lon, lvp, edi, den, nwy, sve. Build one.

F: 3: par, bre, por, $\forall\forall$. Remove one.

G: 6: kie, mun, ber, bel, hol, vie. Build one.

I: 6: rom, nap, ven, pie, cor, mar, $\forall\forall$. Even.

P: 5: arm, jor, ira, egy, ore. Build one.
 R: 4: mos, sev, stp, rum, ~~my~~. Build one.
 T: 4: con, smy, ank, bul. Even.

Total 44. Still neutral: Can (1).

In future we'll do our best to have two-season games. This next round, however, it will be held to retreats and builds. This is principally because the GM, Simon Billenness, is moving house, and it would be well, I think, to keep his burden to the minimum.

Winter 1902 retreats, builds and removals are due FRIDAY, AUGUST 29, 1986. Here are the addresses:

1st - 15th August - Simon Billenness
 c/o Sylvia Passoff
 333 N. Rutherford Ave.
 Massapequa, NY 11758
 (516) 293-8453

From 16th August Simon Billenness
 630 Victory Blvd., Apt. 6-F
 Staten Island, NY 10301
 (no 'phone yet)

Obviously, if you plan to ring your moves, you need to do it early on. One presumes that Simon will have a telephone hook-up at his new home, but it might be best not to count on that prior to deadline. Simon also advises that if you do ring his interim address ("c/o Passoff") and he's not present, leave a message or ring again; no-one else there is in any position to accept moves.

Why don't we all try the USPS this time?

There are no press.

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

ROSS & ERIC DEPT.

By the time you read this, Ross will have seen his first real baseball game; he and I, and his Grandpa Bill, are going on 30th July to see the Padres lose to the Reds. Next issue will have a full report on the effect of this experience on our little squirt.

Shortly after you see this issue, on 16th August, Ross, Eric and I are going camping. One night only, but that's probably enough when you consider that Eric has never been camping before. We'll pitch our tent somewhere quasi-civilized in San Diego's Laguna Mountains, and - armed with our new lantern, our new camp stove and our new sleeping bag for Eric, we'll see what we shall see as to how successful this sort of enterprise can be.

Well, other fathers have done it; so can I. There remain two fears that only experience can deal with: (1) What about poison oak? (2) How the hell am I supposed to fix breakfast and watch both of them? Granola bars, maybe?

And finally, apropos of the camping plans, Ross recently asked, "Daddy, when we go camping, can I help put up the tent?"

"Sure, Ross," I answered innocently.

"Good. Maybe with me helping, you'll do it right!"

THE GREAT AND GLORIOUS COSTAGUANA MAILING LIST (Players Only Edition)

(Players in 'Gunboat' are not necessarily included)

ACHESON, Robert - PO Box 4622, Sta. S.E., Edmonton, Alta., CANADA T6E 2A0
 ADDISON, Bob - PO Box 7393, Silver Spring, MD 20907-7393
 ANDERSON, David - PO Box 3761, Pontiac, MI 48059-3761
 BAUMEISTER, Konrad - 11416 Parkview Lane, Hales Corners, WI 53130-2442
 BILLENNESS, Simon - o/o Passoff, 333 N. Rutherford Ave., Massapequa, NY 11758
 (until 15th August); 630 Victory Blvd., #6-F, Staten Island, NY 10301
 (thereafter).
 BOTNER, Larry - 13833 11th St., #3, Bellevue, WA 98005-2948
 BROWN, Doug - PO Box 584, Penngrove, CA 94951-0584
 BROWN, J. Ron - 1528 El Sereno Pl., Bakersfield, CA 93304-4601
 CARTIER, Steve - temporarily in limbo
 CROSEY, John - 1496 Washington Lane, West Chester, PA 19382-6871
 CUSACK, Blair - 1208-1375 Prince of Wales Dr., Ottawa, Ont., CANADA K2G 3L5
 DENNY, Bart - 1410 Meadow Vista Rd., Meadow Vista, CA 95722-9533
 FLEMING, Matt - 445 W. Gilman, #401, Madison, WI 53703-1041
 FRUEH, Mark - 4320 Wallace Ave., St. Louis, MO 63116-1330
 GARDNER, Paul - Rt. 1, Box 2338, Newfane, VT 05345-9734
 GIVAN, Evans - 8066 Camstock Ct., Citrus Heights, CA 95610-4606
 GORHAM, Daniel - 800 S. Euclid, Fullerton, CA 92632-2613
 GREIER, Robert W., Jr. - 35171 Gromley Rd., Salem, OH 44460-9510
 HAGER, Ken - 15434 Sherman Way, #2-114, Van Nuys, CA 91406-4239
 HEINTZMAN, Nelson T. - 2255 Delaware Ave., #C-4, Buffalo, NY 14216-2621
 HENRY, Edwin - 31507 106th Pl. S.E., #3-207, Auburn, WA 98002-3084
 HOFFMAN, Jeff - 3 Canoe Brook Dr., Princeton Junction, NJ 08530-1601
 HOLLEY, Melinda Ann - PO Box 2793, Huntington, WV 25727-2793
 JENSEN, Pat - 712 Minnesota Ave., Albert Lea, MN 56007-3621
 KELLER, Mark S. - 2 Senses Ct., Sacramento, CA 95831-3775
 LISCHETT, Andy - 2402 Ridgeland Ave., Berwyn, IL 60402-2431
 MILLS, Craig - 688 Bluff St., #202, Carol Stream, IL 60188-3412
 MINSHALL, Conrad S. - 3702 Tarragona Lane, Austin, TX 78727-6049
 O'DONNELL, Robert A. - Star Rt. 1, Box 732-37, Winston, OR 97496-9527
 OZOG, Eric - 1526 N. Lawler Ave., Chicago, IL 60651-1565
 PETERS, Marc - 1814 Cameron Dr., #3, Madison, WI 53711-3357
 PUSTILNIK, Michael - 140 Cadman Plaza West, Brooklyn, NY 11201-1844
 SWARTZ, Don - PO Box 4757, Louisville, KY 40204-0757
 TIGHE, Kevin - 2026 Agate, Eugene, OR 97403-1751
 TOUCHETTE, Pierre - 1 rue Georges, Masson, P.Q., CANADA J0X 2E0
 WALKER, John C. - 4819 Corian Oak, San Antonio, TX 78219-1848
 WALL, James - 114 N. Franklin, #1, Madison, WI 53703-2310
 WALTERS, R. Jacob - PO Box 1064, Brockline, MA 02146-1064
 WILCOX, Stephen - 5300 W. Gulf Bank, #103, Houston, TX 77088-2906

If you're not listed, I threw you out! (Or screwed up....)

Current total circulation 102 (including me as a player in 'Cline').
 Oh - I suppose I ought to remark that players signed up for 'Rather Silly'
 and 'Railway Rivals' are also not necessarily included above.



THE GREAT AND GLORIOUS COSTAGUANA WORD GAME

Many long issues ago, before I won the 'Runestone' Poll and became God, I ran a series of games that proved lots of fun for several of us. I've just come into possession of another along the same lines, and thought we might play with it as well.

This was given to me by a local friend, and was supposedly created by a local group of nurses. I do not have an answer sheet, so we're going to have to do some work here if we expect to get them all.

EXAMINE EACH OF THE FOLLOWING AND IDENTIFY WHAT EACH ACRONYM, PHRASE OR ABBREVIATION SHOWS.

SAMPLE: 26 - L of the A * 26 Letters of the Alphabet

1. 16 - S. and N.B.K.
2. 100 - M. of the S.
3. 16 - T. of N.N.C.
4. 16 - M. on a D.M.C.
5. 4 - S. and S.V.A.
6. 12 - J. on the S.C.
7. 10 - D. in a D.
8. 2 - W. don't M. a R.
9. 8 - O. in a C.
10. 9 - L. of a C.
11. 80 - D.A. the W.
12. 9 - a S. in T.S.
13. 64 - O. in a G.
14. 40 - T. and A.B.
15. 6 - C. in a S.P.
16. 25 - C. of B.R.
17. 1 - H. on a U.
18. 12 - D. of C.
19. 10 - L.I.B.
20. 7 - D. and S.W.
21. 13 - in a B.D.
22. 101 - T. to D. with a D.C.
23. 8 - N. in an O.
24. 66 - B. of the B.
25. 206 - B. of the B.
26. 1 - P. for Y.T.

Answers - if we get them (I have twelve) printed next time. No prizes, just some fun (I hope). Note: In my opinion, two of these are defective. Can you figure out which, and why? And thanks to John Worthey for this....

GAME 1984Ygf24 - Wilson S. Bissel (formerly 'The Fatted Calf') (World War IIb - Winter 2108)

Sorry for the small delay in re-starting. I decided at the last minute to hold up on this until this issue, partly because I'm cheap and didn't want to fork out postage, and partly because I wanted to settle the matters of the Miller Number and the rules. (Note we now have a Miller Number; as to rules, I still ain't got, but I know where I can get them, and I'll have them by next deadline.)

All players have agreed to continue - welcome, and thanks!

Special note to Mark Frueh: Please mark Check #457 out of your check-book as void; I've torn it up. Why? Well, believe me, I appreciate the thought, but I have a policy: If I take an orphan, all players get free subs for the duration of the game. In days gone by (long gone by, thank God!) I created quite a few orphans of my own; this "nobody-ever-pays-for-an-orphan" policy is my way of repaying the hobby. So, maybe it ain't the same people I screwed over in the 'seventies - well, hey, it's the best I can do. Anyhoo, nobody owes me money, let's just finish this thing off before it grows moss.

Please check my player mailing list (p.73); three players in this game have new addresses since last you heard.

Also, we have a standby for this game available, so from here on I anticipate a fairly smooth process.

In COSTAGUANA, a slightly different game-naming system obtains than you may be used to. Regular games are named for zoo animals (with a silly adjective added); variant games used to be named for obscure U.S. vice-presidents, but when I learned that another GM was doing the same thing, I immediately shifted gears and started naming variants after obscure U.S. postmasters-general. (I work for the Post Office.) Wilson S. Bissel was the first of two Postmasters-General in the second administration of Grover Cleveland; he served from 1893-1895 and was from New York. I know absolutely nothing else about the man, but as a postal employee and stamp collector, I cannot let him drift into total obscurity. Welcome back to life, Willie-baby!

AUSTRALIA (Eric Ozog): Builds F Western Austr.

BRAZIL (James Wall): Even .

CANADA (Konrad Baumeister): Even.

CHINA (Matt Fleming): Even.

EURO. COMMON MKT. (Mark Keller): A Mali /r/ Mau. Removes F Gr.S.

INDIA (civil disorder): Even.

PERU (Jim Burgess): Builds F Inca.

SOUTH AFRICA (Don Swartz): A Sud /r/ Zai.

U.S.S.R. (Marc Peters): Builds F Kam.

WARSAW PACT (Mark Frueh): Even.

WEST AFRICA (Andy Lischett): Removes A Gha.

If there is a check in this space _____, you have Spring 2109 moves on file. If there isn't a check, or if you want to change what you've sent, Spring 2109 is due SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1986.

THIS IS

THE END

OF THIS

PAG

E

DIET DEPARTMENT, COSTAGUANA DIVISION

When this issue is finally done, I will have produced the largest single publication I've ever done, and I'm willing to bet it will prove the most expensive production in hobby history (aside, of course, from DW).

In some ways it has not been fun, but it will have been useful. The major accomplishment of this issue is that my backlog is now cleared out. From this point on it will be possible to be a little more selective in arranging content, in such a way that I won't have a need for monster issues or clearing of backlog. Attrition in the games will help over time, too. But, by employing creativity, I find that I can do even more to help out. I refer to the imaginative use of the typewriter.

Typed pages waste a lot of space. I've considered this situation for quite some while now (at least ten minutes, which is how long it takes to drive home from dropping Ross and Eric at school), and I've realized that part of my space problem is merely poor planning and misuse of skills readily available.

Some examples:

1. My writing tends to wander. Simple sentences are best. Can you believe how much space I wasted on my camping trip article, when all I really had to say was, "Ross and I went camping. It was fun. Buffalo are big. The end."

2. If one writes clearly not to say succinctly enough it will not be necessary despite the conventions and or high school English classes to set apart clauses dependant or otherwise with space-wasting punctuation

3. If you have the right kind of typer, you don't really have to leave all these blank lines between sentences. You might even reduce it to half-spaces all the way; it could be a real boon.

4. There really is no reason to indent.

5. I have often wondered just why most typists insist on using these big wide margins for ever

6. Eliminat unnecessary ltrs frm wds.

7. I can always save eight letters and one space by changing my name to John Doe!

Be prepared, in future, to see some implementation of these and other ideas in these pages. But...perhaps not ^{all} _{of} them.

.....

GAME 1986 ? - Thomas R. Marshall ('Jihad') - Final countdown

We're ready. In about ten days (not more) you'll get the game list, a reprinted map (better quality, and a few touch-ups), and some clarifications of points that have confused a couple of you.

So why the stall? Well, unfortunately, one player is in a state of flux just now, and has no address. So until he does (he says 'the first week of August') he can't get mail.

Yeah, I know you're eager. Me too. But we'll still be going just about when I'd planned; first moves will be due two issues hence, meaning late September, meaning just when you're getting the kids back to school and are too busy to make moves....

SEE ALSO P. 86



Uncle Connie

Julie Starbrite:

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

SCHOYLER

COLFAX

Game 1986Arb32



Suzanne

'Gunboat' - Winter 1902

The retreat: Russ A Sev-Mos.

The builds: ENG, F Lon. FRA, F Bre. ITALY, A Ven, F Rom (one short).
TUR, A Con, F Smy.

- Spring 1903

ENGLAND: a nvy-swe. f lon (s) eng-nth. f den (s) hel-kie. f hel-kie.
f eng-nth.

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

GERMANY: a pru-war. a hol-kie. f swe-bot.

ITALY: a bud (s) vie-gal. a nap-apu. a vie-gal. a ven-tyo. f rom-nap.
f tun-ion.

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

TURKEY: a ser (s) rum. a sev (s) rum. a con-bul. f smy-ase. f bla (s)
sev. f seg-ion. f rum (s) sev.

The retreat: Rus A Gal to Boh, Sil, or poof. Fall moves may be conditional (now why do I always say that? You know!), and are due on Saturday, the 30th day of August of 1986.

And now, building to a smashing climax with Suzanne, here are

THE PRESS

ENGLAND TO FRANCE: Your last move attempt was less than amusing. If you build in Brest, I guess this means WAR! Germany (Mr. Knockwurst) and I will attack Belgium in alliance. Your growth could be at an end, and Turkey will likely control the game. If you stay out of the Channel - I will too - we will wipe Germany and then on to Italy and Russia before Turkey. We will win!

ITALY TO FRANCE: If you want to see some action, let's meet somewhere! Say, London, Kiel, Warsaw?

FROM FRANCE WITH LOVE TO ENGLAND: My dear Royal Cousin, sorry about my last moves, but our secret service reported that you were going to try for our seaport of Brest. Now that we know you are firm in your alliance, so are the French! Long live the French-English Friendship Alliance!!!! (By the way, wish you could have been here for the beheading of our former

members of the secret service. Just to make an example of them, they were tortured for several days, then whipped naked through the streets, and finally had their painful existence come to an end on the chopping block!)

ROME TO CONSTANTINOPLE: Go easy on the fleets. Let's not rock the boat, okay?

TURKEY TO RUSSIA AND ITALY: While you form a shield wall against me, beware of your other neighbors!

NAPLES TO MARSEILLES: I screwed things up meeting my lover in Naples. But I build two, with one on hand for later. The French Riviera will see pizza yet!

GERMANY TO ENGLAND: Wassamatta - no epica anglie?

ROME TO PARIS: Why don't you rename the English Channel to the French Channel?

FROM FRANCE WITH LOVE TO SUZANNE: Would you like to join our secret service corps? We seem to have a few openings!

ENGLAND TO SUZANNE: Now, after seeing your picture, I remember why I play these games. Stay away from that frisky Ed Meese.

GERMANY TO G.M.: Nice logo. Got anything in color?

JAMUL TO GERMANY: Funny you should write that after I already decided on this issue's cover. (If it works!)

ITALY TO JAMUL: Canadian bacon? Yech!! Heathen!

JAMUL TO ITALY: Heathen my patootie! You want something disgusting, there is actually a place in town that has Turkey and Pineapple Pizza!

((And now - fasten your seat belts, cross your legs for safety, and....))

SUZANNE to UNCLE CONNIE and the GANG FROM GUNBOAT -- Hi again! Thanks guys for a real experience -- I've NEVER, EVER lost a game in only four moves before. I mean, even in chess I'm usually good for at least 10.

I wasn't sure whether I'd write again, because you got to admit that most of your contributions are still pretty BORING! Fleets, armies, blah, blah, blah. That cute JAMUL guy sometimes has a witty comment, but there isn't much for him to respond to.

But then I saw the "logo" for the game, and thought whoa, whoever thought that one up must have an imagination. So, my creative logo designer, thanks very much -- that's a very flattering fantasy of what I might look like. (Actually it's not too far off, but I don't think I've ever been photographed in precisely that pose before! Maybe one day . . .)

Well, as you know, I lucked into a summer job at a national park somewhere in the northwest -- don't ask me how I got it! I'm not really qualified for any of this, though I'm outdoorsy in an amateurish way.

Anyhow, now that the pressure of school is off, I've been able to do something about these sexual fantasies of mine -- though nothing turns out exactly the way you expect it to, you know?

Things were pretty quiet for the first couple of weeks here, but one morning I was sent along with another girl (Sandy) to check on the campers in the wilderness area. Sandy had been along the trail before -- it takes about four hours through some rough terrain to cover it. I thought our supervisor was rather "liberated" in letting a couple of women tackle this, but I heard later that it was his way of breaking us in.

Anyway, we we're hiking along this trail, and had checked people at two sites without problem. The campsites are about a half-mile apart, so they're fairly isolated. At the third site nobody was around, which isn't unusual -- if the camp looks lived in, we just try to catch them the next time. But Sandy said there was a small waterfall and pool not far off the trail, which I had never seen of course, so we dediced to take a look. And sure enough, as we came down through the trees, we could see a couple swimming in the river. I was just about to call a greeting, when suddenly Sandy ssshhhhhed me.

"Come over here a minute," she whispered, and lead me over to a rock outcropping that completely concealed us, while still giving us a clear view of the pool.

In a few moments the couple emerged from the water. I guess they were about 25 to 30 years old. The woman had dark, shoulder length hair, soft pretty features, stood maybe 5' 6''. The man was reddish haired, with a beard and a trim muscular body -- about 5' 11''. And . . . they were both naked!

Well, why the hell not? What's wilderness camping for, if not to get back to nature. But this couple had more in mind. Their foreplay must have begun in the water, because the man had a whopping big erection -- I'd never seen a cock so big, except in the movies. In a second they were standing on the bank, embracing. They stood in exact profile to us. He began to fondle one of her breasts while running his other hand up and down her back and ass. She had one hand wrapped around that super-cock and sort of tugged at his balls with the other.

"How'd you like some of that up your pussy?" Sandy whispered at me, grinning. I was somewhat taken aback by her . . . crudeness? I might think and write that way in Costa, but I've never talked that way in public -- even in the girls' locker room.

But putting aside how the question was put, the idea was rather appealing! But something odd struck me. I pulled Sandy down beside me behind the rock.

"Hey, how'd you know about this?" I asked her. "You knew something was up before they even got out of the water."

"I didn't exactly KNOW, dummie," Sandy replied, hushing me to keep my voice down. "I sort of guessed. I met these guys last summer -- and at the time, they said it was . . . a sort of annual thing for them."

"So what happened last summer?" I whispered back.

"Suzannel Later, alright? We're missing the show!"

So we crept back to the top of the outcropping, and found our horny couple had repositioned themselves. They had moved over to this large fallen tree, and the woman was bent at the waist, her hands on the trunk. The man was screwing her from behind. We didn't have a good view of the "action" any more, because they were now mostly facing us, but we could tell by the jiggle of the lady's breasts each time that beautiful rod was sent home. She was sort of swinging her head back and forth in rhythm, and her delighted moans were very audible. They were on a slight incline, so the man was able to remain fairly erect (his posture, that is!), holding onto her hips. They seemed to keep this up for quite a while, though it was likely only five minutes, before the rhythm got very frantic. The woman seemed to be in the midst of a whopper orgasm when she threw her head back with a cry -- and looked us both straight in the eye!

I immediately rolled back, practically injuring myself on an exposed root. Sandy didn't even budge.

"Hey, look who's here!" I hear from beyond the outcropping. It can only be the woman's voice. "The ranger girl!"

"Tremendous!" This is the guy. "Come on over, we're okay."

Sandy moves out from behind the outcropping and hops down to the bank. I am frozen.

"It's Sandy, isn't it?" comes the woman's voice. "Nice to see you. We didn't think we'd ever meet again after last year."

"I enjoyed the job so much I came back for seconds," Sandy replied, laughing.

"That's super," says the woman. "But I thought I saw someone with you?"

"Yeah. Suzannnnnnne, you can come out now."

I begin to drag myself to my feet.

"Oh, ohhhh!" exclaims the woman. "You brought another girl with you this time? That's very naughty of you . . . do you think you're up to this Craig?"

The quiet Craig was apparently up for it, because as I came out from behind the outcropping and down to meet them I realized with a shock that this guy still had an erection -- whether he had never lost it or quickly recovered, I don't know, but I now found myself in the company of two other women, and one guy with the most fantastic boner I had ever seen. I can tell you, gunboaters, I never had a fantasy that prepared me for this!

"I think Craig's up for it," Sandy said, and both women laughed. It seemed that as I was sizing up Craig (11 or 12 inches) Craig had been sizing up me, and was apparently pleased.

"Yup, long and blonde, that's how I like 'em, eh babe," Craig joked, slapping the woman on her bare ass. I found this rather strange, since his wife(?) was neither blonde nor long, though she was beautiful. "Hey, how about a swim for old time's sake, Sandy?"

Sandy and Craig started off for the water, and I blurted out: "But we didn't bring suits?" They didn't seem to hear me.

"Don't worry. This'll be fun, Suzanne," the woman whispers into my ear, close. "By the way, my name is Donna. Let me give you a hand."

I am stunned again -- pretty near comatose, because I can't believe this is happening. I can't believe Sandy didn't give me any warning. I can't believe the size of Craig's cock. And I can't believe that Donna is unbuttoning my uniform shirt, slipping it off my shoulders, unsnapping my bra (from the front) and admirably caressing my tits and tentatively touching my nipples with her tongue before dropping to her knees, loosening my belt, unzipping my zipper, pulling my pants down off my hips, slipping a finger inside my panties and gently exploring my pussy, and finally slipping my panties off altogether with butterfly strokes down my ass and the back of my legs.

I've been like a statue though all this -- though pliable when I was needed to be. Donna stood up, somehow managing to nuzzle her own erect nipples against mine. She must have been on tippy toe. "Ready for a swim?"

"Sure," I replied, though I wasn't too sure about anything.

Somehow I had missed Sandy's disrobing, for she and Craig were already in the water. Donna lead the way and dove straight in from a rock near the waterfall . . . I followed suit, and came up gasping! I'd forgotten these streams were glacier-fed. Cold!

Anyway, I soon warmed to the spirit of things, as it seemed that the cold water had its effect on Craig's cock, and we made up a game in which each of us dove under water and gave him a "bubble job", seeing who could

stay under the longest. Pretty soon we were all laughing uproariously, and loudly humming the theme from "Jaws" every time it was someone's turn to "Dive, dive, dive!"

After about half-an-hour we retreated to the sunshine on the bank, and it was time for Craig to do his thing. He took us one at a time, while the other two watched. Maybe I won't go into all the details about this -- let's just say he managed to fuck all three of us (Sandy first, me second, Donna last) in three different and creative positions (oh, alright, if you MUST know, in MY case he went down on me until he knew I was ready, and then he sat on a rock and I sat in his lap, facing him, literally impaled on this giant cock . . . he played with my breasts and I rocked back and forth until I came . . . um, twice I think).

So, gunboaters, what do you think? I'll tell you, it's strange when something that sounds like a sexual fantasy becomes a reality. I'll probably never see Craig or Donna again (unless I pull Sandy's trick). I got myself thoroughly screwed, in a thoroughly kinky fashion, but something's missing. You know, since that day I sometimes fantasize about Craig -- not about his y'know'what, but about him as a person. I fantasize a personality for him . . . maybe he's an architect who designs beautiful homes, maybe he enjoys a special kind of music, maybe he's a Big Brother -- I don't know! But somehow I don't think either Craig or Donna are that kind of people -- they seemed to have nothing but sex on the brain, which is damned scary, because I'm like that sometimes.

Make that a lot of the time, for Chrissakes!

Well, Conrad, looks I'll I've broken your photocopying budget again ... but, heck, maybe I'll just send you some color slides of life in our "au naturel" national parks, and then you won't have to stand in line with all the other postal employees for the matinee at the Pussycat theatre downtown. It'll save you a bundle. How's about that? Love, Suzanne.

JAMUL: Whew! And to think that Ross and I went camping to see buffalo....

JAMUL II: I suppose some readers will see the preceding as pornography. Well, for the record, here's how I feel about that:

1. Webster defines 'pornography' as "Material which depicts erotic behaviour and is intended to cause sexual excitement." No comment is offered as to right or wrong, good or bad, etc.

2. Some courts have dealt with pornography in terms of 'redeeming social value' - possibly the ultimate in intangibles. For my money, the imaginative use of the language is a major factor. Thus, I judge by such things as, did the author say 'cunnilingus' or 'crotch-gobble?'

3. Perhaps my views are slightly coloured by the fact that my very first girlfriend was named Sandy. As a matter of fact, her name was (how appropriate) Sandy Ball. I cannot help but think I may have mentioned that fact to Suzanne during one of our coffee-meetings....

4. I am a firm and absolute believer that sex in all its forms, unless involving coercion or violence, cannot be other than healthy. When expressed with creativity, it can give us health of body and mind as well as the pleasure of fine writing.

5. Suzanne is special to me. She needs no defense. End of sermon.

THE NEXT TWO PAGES consist in last season's 'COLFAX' press, which as you may remember was printed for players only by flyer. Here's the flyer.

SCHUYLER COLFAX - Press for Fall 1902

RUSSIA TO JAMUL: There are a lot of things that I must learn about this game. I have never heard of the "I lost interest" ploy. This game is opening my eyes a lot. Glad that I joined!

JAMUL: The "I lost interest" ploy? Extremely famous! Think of it this way: If you write a press release, and I start a response and then lose interest, I just stop typ

ENGLAND TO FRANCE: I vacated the Channel, hopefully never to return. If you occupied it, which I doubt, go back to the Mid-Atlantic and after those stinking pizza makers. We're allies.

KAISER TO ENGLISH KING: You wouldn't like it over here - cold, damp, rotten food; there ain't a burger in 200 miles of the joint. C'mon, all we fellow Germanics under the skin want to do is help the BEF to its rightful lands so cruelly lost over the last thousand years....

KAISER TO CZAR: However, I'm open to any suggestions right now....

KAISER TO SULTAN: See note to Czar; ditto.

KAISER TO GOD: Wait 'til I get my hands on you for this one....

ITALY TO TURKEY: And if I go for the Frenchman, what, pray tell, will you do?

FROM FRANCE WITH LOVE TO ITALY: No, I don't truly believe the Brit, and as far as Italians being better lovers, welllllllllll noooooooooow let's see some action so we can judge it!!!!!!!

ENGLAND TO RUSSIA: I did not take St.Petersburg this time because I'd like still to see you recover and take on the evil Turk. But on the spring move, I expect some support into Sweden.

SUZANNE TO ENGLAND, RUSSIA AND TURKEY: Thanks for being friendly, but it seems that I'm not very good at this game. I'm right in the middle of starting my summer job, at a national park in the northwest, so I haven't much time right now - but maybe Conrad will let me have a few words next issue even if France and Italy toss me on my duff out of the game.

'Bye for now - Suzanne.

JAMUL: Oh, you needn't worry; elimination is no barrier to verbosity. I'd be honored to have you continue your contributions...in fact, for me, it's easier this way, you can write whatever you wish without worrying about the stupid units....

FROM FRANCE WITH WONDER TO TURKEY: So you don't want Rome???? And they announced in the last issue that they were the world's best lovers!!!! Now just what do you expect to find in Norway? Norway????? I can't believe it!!!

CLYDE TO SYRIA: Nah na na na na nah.

ROME TO JAMUL: It's simple to understand. Everybody intends to take the other six. See?

JAMUL: Oh, okay. You mean like, with Austria, "one down and five to go?" Yeah, that makes sense....

KAISER TO ARCHDUKE: Get the hell out of there! Where am I going to hold Oktoberfest with all your hobnail-booted tourists cramming the place?

HELJOLAND TO MUNICH: Hope you survived. Hel to Kie in the spring?

JAMUL: The preceding is an Edsel-type press release - obsolete....

NAPLES TO MARSEILLES: All depends on how you fix it. Try sausage and double cheese.

JAMUL: Yerch! Try taking the sausage off and substituting Canadian bacon!

FROM FRANCE WITH DISBELIEF TO ENGLAND: Did our alliance and treaty of peace call for English naval units in the Channel??? Please remove the same and we can win the game together!!!!

JAMUL: Edsels are in this year!

KAISER TO JAMUL: Hey, I thought if it was without press it was 'Gunboat' but if it was with press it was 'Anonymity?'

JAMUL: Hmm...you may be right. I don't really know. When I first played this thing, twenty years ago, it was 'Anonymity' and there was no such thing as 'Gunboat.' Now that I've come back to the hobby after a hiatus, I find that there are ten trillion 'Gunboat' games but no 'Anonymity' at all. I just assumed they'd changed the name. But maybe not...are we playing the wrong game? Does that make us irregular? Shall we try AnonyMetamucil?

//x//

I CANNOT HELP MYSELF! I simply can't resist reprinting, from Mark Berch's latest DIPLOMACY DIGEST, one of the warmest and most touching comments ever made on a Dipzine - his statement about COSTA's win of the 'Runestone' Poll:

"COSTAGUANA has won the Runestone Zine Poll for 1986. This result was richly deserved. Between Conrad's superb writing and the exceptionally neat letter column, you have a sensational zine, one of only three that I rated '10' in the Poll...((there follow comments about my decision to limit subs, which as you know has been rescinded)) (His decision) should not, however, deter you from trying to get this extraordinary zine. Write him anyway...and put on the full grovel treatment. Alternatively, ask to go on the waiting list. Every zine has some turnover, and Conrad implies that he will be pruning some deadwood out. In addition, I stand willing to form a secondary market in COSTAGUANAs. If you would like to sub, but can't, or if you do sub and are willing to pass your copies along to someone else, contact me and I will try to match people up. I know this is an extreme action to take, but COSTAGUANA-deprivation is not a pretty thing, and my subbers to DD do deserve the best."

Mark - thank you. Actually, that's a stupid thing to say; it expresses at best a mere tenth of how I feel for the generosity of that paragraph. Obviously you won't need to suffer the secondary market, but that doesn't change in the slightest the truth of the following:

Maybe it was smog. Maybe it was somebody's cigarette in the next booth. Maybe I was fuming at the poor waitress service, or at the cost of colour photocopying. I dunno. But I kid you not, as I read your statement over breakfast this morning, I could swear that it was not coffee steam clouding my glasses....

That one hit home, Mark. You can never know just how much.

And one more - one of those really special things that happens once in a lifetime. I've no idea how well it will reproduce, but I'll try it. It's from John Walker.

*It couldn't have happened
to a nicer person!*

or a better 'gine!

John

ONCE UPON A DEADLINE

Way back on an earlier page I made some comments on Bruce Linsey's latest publication (with the headline title), a handbook for publishers and gamemasters. I stated at that point that a further review in depth would follow.

Today - the day I intend to go to press at last - the latest DIPLOMACY DIGEST wandered in from Mark Berch. And in it, there is an in-depth review that is so thoroughly germane, so utterly fitting, so - PERFECT! - that I find myself utterly compelled to snatch it from him, wholly without permission, and reprint it here. Normally I'd ask first, but I haven't time if I plan to include it now. Forgive me, Mark; it's just that I cannot imagine doing a better job, and - as do you - I want people to buy the thing.

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For publishers and GMs comes ONCE UPON A DEADLINE, the new Handbook - with emphasis on the 'book.' This astonishing publication runs over 200 pages, and by the usual hobby standards, these are oversized pages. There are well over 100 items appearing here, ranging in size from a fraction of a page to 5-plus-page jobs. 29 people wrote material for this publication, and when reprinted material is included, you will hear the voices of 80 people - surely a hobby record.

The result is a publication of both diversity and depth. Almost every topic imaginable has been covered. Handling the Cloaked Error, the Great Joint Orders Coup, game-ending votes, the Psychology of Folding, conditional orders and keeping game records are just a few examples of topics which are seldom written on, but which are important.

Even more impressive are the topics on which you are exposed to several different points of view. Should We Blacklist Dropouts? Should results be given out by 'phone? Trades vs. Mutual Subs - Which is Better? Strict vs. Lenient GMing. Best of all are topics on which a whole range of people contribute. For example, what actually constitutes GM interference? Bruce sets out ten hypothetical situations. You can then sit back and hear ten different people approach these questions, and you'd be surprised at how varied the responses are. The excellent House-Rules Forum which recently ran in a number of issues of COSTAGUANA has been collected here, and it reflects a lot of careful thinking about how games should be run, and what choices a GM makes, whether he realizes it or not.

It is this diversity of viewpoint that is not only OOAD's greatest strength, but also the way in which it most faithfully reflects the game and hobby of Diplomacy. Postal Diplomacy is fascinating in large part because the game draws into it such different approaches and philosophies of play. And the hobby is vibrant because it presents, and integrates, a wide variety of views and values. Unlike, say, THE GAMER'S GUIDE TO DIPLOMACY, which largely presents one person's view, OOAD presents a wide array of views, exactly as the hobby itself does. It makes for the most well-rounded hobby publication I have ever seen.

((Mark now goes into a fairly extended discourse on the content of OOAD. Rather than reprint this, I'll offer you two choices: You can either subscribe to DD, or buy OOAD. My suggestion is that you do both.))

Unfortunately, since this was put out by Bruce, it's inevitable that some publishers will not tell their readers about this publication, or will dump on it for just that reason. Indeed, that began well before it came out. Dick Martin, who hadn't seen a single page of it, writes (in LIFE OF MONTY #63) that "it's a one-man show, by Bruce Linsey, for the greater glory of Bruce Linsey," and that "it's another desperate grasp for attention by Linsey. And John Caruso has made some disparaging comments as well. ((Mark's explication discusses this further. The gist is - and I fully concur, if anything even more strongly - that advance panning merely because there's a Linsey involvement is obscene. Those who do such things demean merely themselves. Okay, so you don't like Bruce. Fine. That's your affair, and we accept it. Now would you please be so kind as to shut the hell up and let the rest of us judge OOAD on its merits instead of on your infantile prejudices? Thank you.))

Even if you never intend to publish a zine or GM a game, I am sure you will find this of interest and value. Anyone who reads this will gain a greater understanding of, and appreciation for, what GMs and publishers do. And if it tempts you to start up a zine, try a subsine, or contribute to one, or perhaps guest-GM a game; so much the better. These activities are a lot of work, but immensely rewarding, and there are many different ways of going about doing it. That message comes very clearly through the Handbook.

I'm an Archivist, and I've seen it all. In my view, this is the richest amateur publication ever to arise from the Diplomacy hobby. Of course, not every single essay in here is first-rate; that would be virtually impossible for something of this size. But taken collectively, this publication is a triumph. Everyone who contributed should be pleased that their writing appeared in such a splendid vehicle. ((We are, we are....))

I cannot urge you too strongly to buy this. \$3 from Bruce Linsey, 73 Ashuelot St., #3, Dalton, MA 01226-1403.

((Mark then offers, for his subscribers, to lend them the \$3 if need be, and to refund the purchase price in full if anyone is dissatisfied. I'll go him one better: If you are a COSTA subscriber and want it but haven't got the bucks, just say so; I will buy you one. No loans; a free gift, just 'cos I like you. And I will also echo Mark's money-back offer: If you buy it and don't like it, send it back to Bruce; I'll refund the price myself.

((And to Mark - thanks, I hope, for not being upset that I swiped your review. It said it all, quite nicely.

((And finally - This stolen review came from DIPLOMACY DIGEST, which Mark has published nearly forever. It costs \$4.50 for ten issues. If there is a better investment in this world, with the possible exception of food, I'd like to know about it. Mark lives at 492 Naylor Place, Alexandria, VA 22304-2227. A good time to write would be NOW!)

// //

JIHAD UPDATE (cf. P.76): Uh-oh. The one player mentioned whose address is in limbo, has now fallen into even greater limbo. I've fired off a note requesting clarification. If he's still in, fine; we start. If he has to withdraw, I'll be sorry - but we'll still start, by virtue of promoting the already-on-tap standby to full status. (And we even have a second standby too!) So - a week or a squib more, and we're off!

THE GREAT AND GLORIOUS ARCHIVISTS' DEBATE

EDITOR'S NOTE: A certain percentage of the readership has expressed a desire that I ash-can this discussion/debate/interchange/"feud"/whatever. Agreed. What follows is the end. I admit freely that I regret ever having gotten it started in the first place (by printing a letter I should have refused). Having done that, however, I insist that a reasonable right of reply is only proper.

Following are 'reasonable replies' from Elmer Kinton, Mark Berch and Larry Peery. The only other 'reasonable right' I had held space for was Walt Buchanan, but he has chosen not to get involved, so after this, it is at an end in these pages. Naturally, I reserve the right to interject the odd comment....

W. Elmer Kinton, Jr. You say you want a reply to Walker's letter of last issue, eh? Well, frankly, I don't believe it deserves one after the way in which he has insulted the intelligence of your readers with his most recent letter. He starts out by saying that I lie. He fails to point any lies out, of course. He goes on to say that he has no documentation - only memory, and we must be content that his "memory" is better than the documentation that has completely damned his allegations. He then repeats his prior assertions, in spite of their having been disproved a few pages earlier. He concludes by attempting to define a field where he admitted having no experience, and offers to sell to me issues of his zine (a slap in the face of those who have gone out of their way to donate fully, or for postage alone, hundreds of zines in just the last two months).

Frankly, Conrad, such letters as Rod's last are seen for the mendacious diatribes they are, without any further effort on my part. When Rod has facts, when he has become well-informed about current events and has documentation to offer, then let him speak. Not before.

I will note only two points in passing: (1) In his meagre attempt to throw doubt on a postmark which was not altered in any way prior to copying, is easily put to rest: At your request, Conrad, I will send you the card for examination. Your experience with postmarks may decide the case. (2) If Rod can point out a single lie about Bill Quinn, he is welcome to make that attempt. However, it is a considerably weak ploy to try to face down the facts of the case being argued by dragging in side issues and unrelated arguments. If he wishes to argue the facts pertinent to the Archives, he may do so. If he wishes to argue another case, he may do that too. However, having to reply to one of his porridges of lies, innuendos and unrelated incidents is not worthwhile. I will take the advice of Eric Verheiden, who said the following to me when we both sat on Walker's rigged IDA board: (5-9-80) "As for Walker, he deals in personalities to an extent that I do not approve of. I've been on the receiving end of it before and I suggest you simply ignore it."

((I think I can comment on the issue of the allegedly forged postmark now; there's no need to send me an original, I've seen the clear photocopy. I have been a postal employee for 18 years, with wide experience in all manner of postmark. I'm also a certified Expert for the American Philatelic Society, with a specialty in forged postmarks - admittedly from British Borneo, but oddly enough the problems are fairly common in their essence to all parts of the world. Anyway: There's no forgery here. What Elmer has is a cancellation applied by a rotary die hub suffering from ink buildup. Happens all the time, especially with the old Mark II machines commonly in use in the 'seventies. Curiously, I explained the essence of this to Rod before he wrote his letter....))

Mark Elmer's letter on hobby history mentions me many times, and I'd
Berch like to put some comments in.

His first episode deals with the transfer of DW from you, not to him, but to Jerry Jones instead. In this, I functioned as a reporter, trying to get the story out. For those interested, see DIPLOMACY DIGEST 19. I was rather surprised, to say the least, that no one, not you, not Jerry, not Walt, bothered to tell Elmer that he wasn't going to get it after all; he actually learned that from me. With regard to your comments on this, I must say that they are somewhat at variance with what you wrote in CLAW & FANG 98 on the matter. In that letter, you said that you were quite bitter about what some unnamed person (but you said it wasn't Jerry Jones) had done to Elmer. You said that you actually supported such actions, though you weren't proud of that, nor kindly disposed to those who instigated it. I must say that this didn't come through at all in your essay in the last COSTA.

((May I interrupt? I haven't the slightest recollection of writing the letter to CLAW & FANG, but if those were the sentiments I expressed, they are largely accurate. Nor do I think they are very much at variance with last COSTA. In both cases I acknowledged that I supported the action against Elmer; in both cases I expressed distaste for this role; and in both cases I exonerated Jerry. The principal difference, it would seem, is that in my later essay I have come to realize that I am most upset by my own spineless behaviour; perhaps in CLAW & FANG days I hadn't fully arrived at that analysis. This theory is supported, I would think, by your remarking my failure to do Elmer the simple civility of even telling him. If there are other discrepancies not treated with in your summary of my C&F letter, perhaps you'd be kind enough to send me a copy of that portion of the issue, and I'll gladly treat with it.))

The archives business is another matter. When I started up the reprint zine DIPLOMACY DIGEST, I had only a modest-sized collection, and cast about for more material. This included writing Walt Buchanan in the latter part of 1977, to see if he had anything to unload. Walt was very enthusiastic about DD. He had done some reprinting in his HOOSIER ARCHIVES, but this was on a much bigger scale. He had nothing then, but promised to help later.

In mid-1978, Walt announced that he was closing the 'Hoosier Archives.' ((NOTE: We must distinguish between Walt's zine and his collection, both of which bore the same title. In my style, the zine is in CAPS.)) This involved two actions. The first was to divert the stream of trade copies which was coming in for DW. Pubbers were told to send their issues to you, Conrad. As I understand it, you weren't interested in storing them, so you turned these copies over to Rod, who in turn shipped them to Scott Marley, who didn't do much of anything with them, but was interested in collecting them. As I understand it, the selection of Scott was done by Rod, and later ratified (though not publicly) by Walt. Scott was later to move to NYC when he got a job with GAMES magazine, and turned over all his zines to Larry Peery, who appropriated the title of Archivist, which infuriated Elmer Hinton, who insisted that either no-one carry the title of Archivist or, if anyone did, it be he. Got that? A quiz will follow.

The other of Walt's actions was to take care of the 'Hoosier Archives Spares.' In this regard, Elmer says, "Marley, who was under the mistaken impression that the archive was an arm of DW instead of Walt's personal project...." In reality, the 'Hoosier Archives' was some of each. Walt got his zines from two sources. The first was trade copies for DW, which he continued to get even after he was no longer publishing DW. In fact,

Walt was even able to persuade many publishers to actually send him two copies of their zines for one of DWI (It's not surprising that Walt won nearly all his postal Dip games. How many people today could talk pubbers into a 2-for-1 trade?) In addition, Walt talked people into turning over their zine collections to him, usually at the point when they were leaving the hobby. This was very important for gaining material from the 60s, and for gaining British material. Walt was able to do this on the basis of having earned people's respect for what he was doing, and because he was personally very well liked. Except for a small group in NY City, Walt was a very popular figure in the hobby, and had an extensive network of personal contacts. People were also very appreciative about DW - nothing else like it even remotely existed in the hobby.

All of this generated a lot of duplicates. Walt was extremely anxious to get rid of them. We are talking now some time in the latter half of 1979. I contacted him again, and I still wanted the spares. He was very pleased to send them to me, because he was very pleased with DD. I did talk to him on the phone at the time. I don't remember all the details, but he did tell me then that Elmer was also interested in the zines, as well as Scott. I told him that once I had the zines, I would dispose of them as I saw fit. Unlike Walt, I had no interest in saving duplicates. I would distribute them to whoever wanted them. Walt was extremely leery of Elmer, to say the least. In part, he was relying on what Rod told him (Rod was very opposed to Elmer, and opposed to my even sending Elmer spares. Rod was very bothered by the non-amateur status of GPA. He felt that Elmer was one of those who dropped in and out of active hobby involvement, had such trouble getting along with people that he'd never be able to be an effective archivist, didn't always tell the truth, etc., etc., etc.) But in part, Walt didn't fully trust Elmer. Walt felt that Elmer was extraordinarily pushy, that what Elmer really wanted was the main collection, and that the spares were just something he'd make do with. (This latter point seems to be consistent with Elmer's letter which you printed.)

You must understand what we are talking about. There were 18 boxes, each 50-60 pounds, close to half a ton of zines. For this I paid Walt the UPS bill ((cheke!)), 50c each for the boxes themselves (!), and a long-term DD sub, which just finished this past year.

About this time I got an incredible letter from Elmer, the first time I'd ever heard from him. It was the most belligerent letter I'd ever gotten in my life, full of accusations about how I'd stolen the spares, something which was manifestly impossible. It was to be the first in a fitful series of extraordinarily confrontational letters from him, demanding and accusatory. I was later to learn that quite a few other people had run into the exact same problem. Fortunately, something has changed, since his letters to me recently are quite different, and I get along fine with him, albeit we often disagree. Elmer's recent "Novice Handbook" and his standby pool are very constructive jobs.

Anyhow, I also heard from Marley, who also wanted them. He didn't have any particular plans, but he was pleasant, and he was (supposedly) getting the DW trade copies, and he did send me a catalogue of his holdings, so it was clear he had gotten some stuff from Rod's collection.

So I set up the plan for sending zines to each of them. As I sorted the material (I later got half a dozen boxes from Doug Beyerlein too), I filled boxes in pairs and sent them off. Scott and Elmer were required to agree to trade spares with each other. Marley agreed, but never actually expressed any interest in doing this. Elmer grumbled quite a bit, but agreed, but wanted to know how this was to work out (pound-for-pound?

all-for-all?). Incidentally, I offered spares to Keith Sherwood too, but he was only interested in material from the '80s, of which I had few spares. When Scott dropped the whole business, Elmer was released from any duplicate trading obligation, and so now the zines go to him.

Elmer says, "Mark made no bones about wanting Rod's choice ((of who would get the original archives)) to prevail...." I have no such recollection. As best I recall, I didn't care who got the original archives, since I was going to give the spares to whoever I pleased. And, as I recall, Walt was in no big rush to get rid of that part of the collection of zines he had.

As for "A"rchivist, it's been pointed out by all that a multiplicity of archives is certainly desirable. Beyond that, I don't even see the need for the hobby to have one designated "A"rchivist with the others "a"rchivists, in the sense that one is the 'official' Archivist for the hobby and the others are not. I don't quite understand why Elmer was so bent out of shape when Larry used "A". In fact, if we are asking, "Mirror, Mirror on the Wall, Who's the Most Archivy of All?," it seems to me the answer is Berch. After all, the Berch Archives, unlike the others, is actually putting out a substantial product - a long history of reprints in DD, including 'Theme Issues.' And I've provided records for BNCs, etc., etc.

I wish the exchange between Walker and Hinton were not so cluttered with so many side accusations (e.g., Hinton: Rod has taken every sort of post he has ever managed and made rather a bad mess with each," with one unspecified exception. And Walker's complaints about sub fees.) It's unfortunate that Elmer resorts to such harsh attacks on people (like Quinn) whom he perceives as being 'in his way.' It's unfortunate that Walker feels he is the one who can set standards for when an archive is a "real asset to the hobby." The standards Walker set, Walt never met!

But we need pay them no mind, as we have Berch around as a paragon of good behavior and archivability. But I must take notice of the importance Hinton and Walker and possibly even Peery attach to the way the first letter in the word is handled. And I will not be left out. No.

Henceforth, I expect to be called Archivist.

((Nothing like trying to heal the waters, eh?

((First and foremost: Sorry, unlike most typewriters in this culture, mine - neither of mine, in fact, has the circled 'a' character.

((As to Mark's point on who got the archives that I once held, the facts are these: At the point of one of his many dropouts, I gained Rod's bound archive volumes: All manner of old zines bound into binders. I did nothing with them except at one point research them thoroughly for data on lingering orphan games. To this I added (but at no time organized) all the trade copies that came to me for DW and/or for my own zines at the time. The latter batch was simply dumped into boxes, and never processed in any way. When I, in my turn, dropped out for a time, I simply gave Rod back his bindered volumes - which, in many cases, he then routed to Scott - and dumped the rest. Literally. I distinctly remember having to space that disposition over three weeks, because San Diego's trash collectors have a weight limit of seventy pounds per can, and I had only four cans to disperse them in.

((There isn't really much else for me to comment on. Mark has given a clear, sensible, and detailed explication of the matter as he has seen it, and I would venture that there is no-one alive who has seen it more clearly or has the capacity to discuss it more lucidly. I am inclined to treat Mark's discourse as definitive.

((However, it is not complete. To round out the picture, we really need Larry Peery. And...funny thing!...))

REFLECTIONS ON THE ARCHIVES: A GARAGE IS NOT A HOME

By Larry Peery, Custodian

I have appreciated reading the views of others and the past history (or pseudo-history) of the Archives that has appeared in the last few issues of COSTA. It was stimulating to say the least. My own views are based on the exchanges I have had over the years with most of the people mentioned in these articles and letters; my own recollections of past events; and documents I have in my possession.

As far as I am concerned I am Scott Marley's heir apparent (if I can use that term) or successor as the hobby's archivist if I so wish, but that does not give me any special powers or privileges, only an awesome responsibility. In fact I do not see myself as Scott's successor or as the hobby's Archivist. Rather I see myself and my role in this case as that of care-taker, custodian, trustee, or, I suppose, regent. As for the past, I am satisfied that the line of succession from Walt Buchanan to myself is intact and valid. The fact is that it exists. The question is what does it mean?

The on-going dialogue in COSTA (if he can call such a collection of self-serving pontifications a dialogue) reminds me of a bunch of children "name calling" in a school yard, indulging in personalities during streets fights, or telling tales out of Sunday school. I am embarrassed for all of them. And I am disappointed. I was disappointed that all of these people seemed more concerned about the past than the future and, to me, that is what is important.

For the record I do want to correct any misimpression that anyone may have gotten from reading Elmer Hinton's remarks about our exchange of communications. That exchange led to no agreement except that we agreed that we disagreed on the basic principles and issues involved. I did, however, personally promise Elmer that I would work with him to improve his Granite Archives, and that we would work together on a modus operandi to attempt to cooperate in the future.

There is, I suppose, a parallel between what I did with the Archives and what I did with DW, although it wasn't on my mind in either case at the time. DW's house was in disorder when I took it over. Order has been restored. The Archives' house was in danger when I took them over. Their security has been restored. That was my most important job at the time, to give them a safe refuge.

There has been, for me, too much discussion of The Archives, the Archivist, and the personalities involved in this for all the wrong reasons. Perhaps it is time to step back and examine the archives and the archivist in conceptual terms. Here's my effort.

I suggest that the Archives Project (or archives project if you feel less threatened by lower case letters) is really a two part entity with one part consisting of the archives (or The Archives if you feel that gives it more importance) and the other part consisting of the archivist (or The Archivist if you are a power hungry egomaniac). This seems to be a reasonable division to me. The Archives consists of what is in the archives, wherever they are located and whomever has custody of them. The Archivist is the person who has custody of The Archives and uses them for the benefit of the hobby at large. Normally it has been one person who both had custody and used The Archives for the hobby's benefit, but who is to say it must be that way, or that it should be that way? There is, I think, more than enough authority, responsibility, and work to go around. There has been, in this discussion, too much concern about titles, authority, and responsibility; and not enough about the work involved---or who will do it.

Consider The Archives which are now in my custody. As of 1 July, 1986 they consisted of some 44 cases of Diplomacy materials, each case containing approximately 600 items, or something close to 25,000 items in all; and the collection continues to grow at the rate of 1,000 items per year. As near as I can tell the complete collection breaks down to 7 cases from Peery's personal collection, 2 cases from the IDS Archives, 1 case from the Don Miller Memorial Collection, 3 cases from Mark Berch collection, 3 cases from the Rod Walker collection, and 25 cases from The Archives obtained from Scott Marley. That last collection represents the accumulation, over the years, of items and donations from dozens and dozens of hobby members, dating back to the earliest days of the hobby. So much for the quantity.

But it is the quality of The Archives that is truly impressive. It spans the entire history of the hobby from 1964 to the present. There are complete sets of every major hobby publication. There are curiosities and one-of-a-kind items that are unique. And there are duplicates, triplicates, and more of many of the 'zines. For instance, there are two cases, or more, of publications by John Boardman, including many multiple copies of GRAUSTARK 100, 200, 300, 400, and 500. My personal archives represents the cream of the hobby's earliest years and duplicates complete sets that exist in The Archives, as well as in some of the other collections. More recent years are also well duplicated, because of the Walker/DW and Archives parallel collections. All in all there is nothing like it anywhere. It is, unquestionably, the hobby's single most important physical asset.

And then there is the Archivist. What is his or her role? He actually has three of them. He must physically care for the Archives if they are in his possession. That is no small job. It requires a lot of space, storage containers, and physical stamina to move all of those things around. The total weight involved has got to be at least a thousand pounds and on a warm day it seems like a ton.

Even more important than his physical responsibility is the fact that the Archivist must intellectually and emotionally care about The Archives. It takes a very special kind of person to be an archivist; which is why archives of importance are so rare in the hobby.

The jobs of the Archivist are many. They consist of "must dos," "should dos," and "wishful fantasies."

The Archivist must, for example, keep an inventory of what is in the Archives, what is not in the Archives that should be, and what is out on loan at any given time. This last is very important because there are individuals in the hobby who will borrow and not return from any library, including the Archives.

The Archivist must keep a catalogue of what the Archives has, preferably one that is published periodically and available to the hobby at large, and it must be updated regularly.

The Archive must deal with the backlog and day to day acquisitions that need processing in order to become a permanent part of the Archives.

The Archivist must be able to go out and acquire for the Archives new publications and other Diplomacy related items in order to keep the Archives as complete and current as possible. It takes a peculiar combination of hard sell and soft begging to make the Archives work.

The Archivist should be able to make available to hobby members reprints of materials from the Archives on a cost-plus basis, although much of the need for this service has been covered by Mark Berch's DIPLOMACY DIGEST.

The Archivist should maintain a lending library to make loans of duplicate items in The Archives; especially for those doing major hobby related research and original writing.

The Archivist should work with other archives to establish and maintain an archives network so that alternative and back-up sources of hobby materials are available.

Finally, the Archivist must work to gain hobby support for and use of the Archives by hobby members for the improvement of the hobby as a whole. What good is an archives if no one uses it? The Archivist must be able to beg, borrow, and cajole acquisitions for the Archives out of oftentimes hesitant hobby publishers, collectors, etc. because he will usually lack the funds to purchase such materials. At the same time he must convince hobby members that a seemingly exorbitant printing/postage charge for reprints, or other services, is the only way the Archives can support itself financially. Or he must be willing and able to financially underwrite the costs of maintaining The Archives to the tune of hundreds or thousands of dollars a year.

The Archivist is our Librarian of Congress, our Copyright Office, and our Smithsonian all in one. To me this is all too big a job for one person, unless that person is a specialist and committed to the Archives on a full-time (hobby-wise) basis. I cannot conceive of anyone adequately fulfilling the job of hobby archivist on this scale and still continuing to do other things, such as publish a 'zine, gamesmaster extensively, etc. There just aren't enough hours in the day. Perhaps it is time to consider a team effort, because where in one person are we going to find these kinds of physical resources, skills, and attitudes: a storage capacity equivalent to a large bedroom or garage; an on-site reel time computer capability; a copying service of high quality; cataloguing skills; financial security; time for a long term commitment of 2-3 years minimum; an attention to detail;

and, above all, the special "collectionist fanaticism" fever that affects the true archivist?

That, in summary, is the kind of person we need to take custody of the Archives and fulfill the role of hobby Archivist. Someone has to give The Archives a home, not a garage.

Since I now have had custody of The Archives for about a year perhaps I should report on what I have done and not done in that role during the last year. My basic philosophy has been that actions speak louder than words and sometimes silence and inaction is the best course of all.

For those who don't already know the story of how I, of all people, happened to come into possession of the hobby's archives perhaps I should explain. Last summer (1985) Scott Marley, the hobby's Archivist, was offered a job in New York. There was no way he could take the Archives with him. Nor did he wish to leave the materials at his parents' home (His father isn't a Dippy fan and the temptation of a large fireplace and the high price of firewood in southern California might be too much...). He wanted to find someone who would take custody of and assume responsibility for the archives physically and, equally important, continue the work of the archivist. Scott and I had talked previously about the Archives and he knew how important I believed they were. I had no interest in them myself but I wanted them kept safe and sound. So, through the good offices of Rod Walker, who encouraged both of us, Scott and I arranged a transfer of the Archives from his place to mine. I drove up with a hatch-back and he proceeded to walk me through the Archives, explaining what was there, how he had it organized, what his cataloguing system was, what he had done---and not done---and what needed to be done. He turned it over to me, lock, stock, and barrel. I told him bluntly that I did not have the time at the moment to use the materials he had entrusted to me but that I would see that they were kept safe and sound and, someday, transferred to an individual(s) who would and could use them for the hobby's benefit, if I decided not to do so myself. And so we brought two carloads of stuff down to San Diego to my draughty old garage where, to this day, it sits, gathering more and more.

I have, as best as possible given the circumstances, preserved and protected the Archives as placed in my custody by Scott Marley. For them my garage was a place of temporary refuge, not a home. Simple preservation and protection was my first job. It is still my most important one.

But I have not been totally inactive with the Archives in the past year. Most of my efforts, like most of my efforts with DW, have not been public ones. I have tried to do what had to be done, and done quickly, to save other materials for addition to the Archives, and to encourage others in projects that might be of use to or make use of the Archives. Here are some examples.

We (meaning Scott Marley, Mike Maston, and myself) have, to a great extent, completed a catalogue of substantial proportions of most of the Archives, including the Peery, IDS, Don Miller, and Scott Marley materials, which accounts for about three-quarters of the materials in the archives. This catalogue is partially computer-based and partially on file cards (thousands of them). Eventually we'll have a complete computerized catalogue of the entire archives with cross-referencing. To give you an idea of how big this project is we used three computer floppy disks for this year's BBB. The Archives project will require eight times that number.

Obviously such a project is going to be incomplete so I have agreed to work with Walt Buchanan, and his son Bill, on an independent computer-generated index system which will combine the Hoosier Archives and The Archives holdings. That ought to include it all.

I encouraged Jim Meinel's plan to create a computerized Encyclopedia of Zines, with information on all the hobby's publications. And although that project died stillborn I hope someone will someday revive it.

I have supported, on DW's behalf, a project by J.C. Hodgins and others to prepare an annotated commentary on DW's Reprint Series as a model of what other publishers can do with their own 'zines.

I have encouraged other publishers and hobby activists to establish and maintain their own personal archives, and publishers to set aside designated sets of their publications for eventual deposit in the Archives.

I have continued to make selective acquisitions for the Archives to fill out the few remaining gaps in the collection. Approximately 40 hobby publications are routinely added to the archives regularly, and from time to time special collections are added as well, especially those of historical importance.

Reprints of materials from the Archives have been made available to hobby members on a very limited basis and tentative plans for a lending library of Archives materials have been established and are being tested.

I have worked with other members of the hobby, both active and inactive, to create a four part hobby archives network with collections in the east, midwest, west, and Canada.

I have, to a limited extent, participated in the public discussion of what the Archives are and what the Archivist's job ought to be.

And, most importantly, I have continued to search for a qualified and worthy successor to take over the Archives. I hope I have made it plain that my chief concern is to find an individual who has the philosophy, resources, and skills needed to do the job. I am not interested in their ideology or their pedigree.

The Archives are a trust and a responsibility, one I take very seriously. They are the hobby's most valuable and important single asset, not a bargaining chip in a game of MegaDip. When I find the person or persons who share that philosophy, who possess the assets and skills I have described, and the strong sense of mission and personal commitment the job demands; the Archives will have found a new home and I will have custody of my garage again.

Saving DW was an act of faith in the future of the hobby, on both our parts.

Saving the Archives was a pledge to the hobby's past that it would not be forgotten, or misused by the present or future. I made that pledge. Now someone must redeem it.

The Archives need a home.

Are you the right person for the job?

((Conrad here. I cannot disagree with one point that Larry makes; Larry is noted for a certain - er - verbosity, one element which may translate into printing difficulties for me as concerns the margins of his 'photo-ready' copy - but in this case I think he's surveyed the issue effectively.

((I am left with but one question, and I really wonder what the response will be. Because of this lingering question, I am willing to keep this matter open one more issue - SOLELY FOR THE RESPONSE TO THIS HYPOTHETICAL QUESTION.

((Dear Larry: Suppose you received an application tomorrow from Elmer Hinton requesting custody of the archives you currently store. In the absence of a conflicting request, what would you reply?))

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PHOTO-READY COSTAGUANAE (that is the plural, is it not?)

In future, your contribution will have approx. a 5 trillion per cent better chance of being printed if it is typed photo-ready.

My photo-ready requirements are: (1) A clear, reasonably dark ribbon; (2) Impeccable spelling and grammar; (2) Horizontal line length max. 7.5"; (4) The first four lines of the text indented and left-justified at ten spaces.

I do reserve the right to censor based on my version of good taste and/or potential libel or feud-potential. Beyond that, if you follow my typing guidelines, your contribution will be printed. If you accord with a different format, printing of your material will depend entirely on whether or not I feel like re-typing it.

Exceptions will depend entirely on my whim.

.....

SAYONARA, COLOUR COVER: For this special longest-ever issue, a cover had been intended in full colour, and I've alluded to it throughout the issue. (Well, twice.) However, now that I've actually run a proof and seen it, I think it would be a waste of money - the colour is not that good, and it costs 55c per copy. So, obviously, this cover that you have in hand is not colour, and costs much less. However, I think it'll do nicely.

IN RE: ORPHAN GAMES

Recent news from the North American Orphan Games Honcho, Jim Burgess (he's the one who finds a home for your game if your publisher bellies-up) indicates that his funds are dry to continue the service. It costs bucks, believe me - I've been there - and there is a limit to how much personal subsidizing one can do for one's service position.

There used to be a strings-attached funding from Robert Sacks, but it would seem that has dried up - thank God, because Lord knows we don't need him telling us what to do. I vote we forget Sacks, let him rant in his own obscure world, and make arrangements to fund the service ourselves.

Larry Peery has already made major efforts to supply funding, through donations channeled through him. I'm going to do something similar: From this point on (beginning with RATHER SILLY DIP.), all COSTAGUANA games (not including RAILWAY RIVALS, which has a separate deal) will have a game fee attached in addition to the required sub. The fee is U.S. \$2. I will keep the subscription money (I can no longer afford not to), but the \$2-per will be understood to be a donation to the U.S. (sorry, it's strictly U.S., not North Amer.) Orphan Service. I'll forward all money at the time a game start is announced.

Naturally, this won't represent a major source of revenue: I'm not going to be starting too many games very soon. So in the meanwhile, I respectfully endorse Larry Peery's donation call - cash, or a book of stamps - to be channeled through him (or me, for that matter). Larry is at PO Box 8416, San Diego, CA 92102-0416. You know where I am.

Meanwhile, I happen to have two odd checks on hand that I'm sending on to Jim as starter-money. One is a sub fee from Doug Baker, and the other is a rebate I got from excess food purchased for the group that went on the Catalina trip. Total \$18 and change. That ought to tide Jim over until Larry or I start funneling....

As to the little matter of Bob Sacks, I thought a few comments might be worthwhile - mercifully few, if you please. He is a New Yorker who has been around this hobby for quite some while, and has been extremely controversial throughout his presence. Curiously, he is an exceptionally bright guy, but virtually everything he has ever involved himself in has either fallen apart through internal dissent or kicked him out to go on without his influence. The problem is that Sacks seems incapable of working without controlling; if he is to be involved, he must 'own' it. In cases where he hasn't had a dominant position, he has spent most of his time trying to get one, and in the meanwhile levelling incessant criticism at the principals whom he is trying to unseat. The result is inevitable unpleasantness. (Whoops, there goes the syntax....)

Most of Diplomacy's 'names' over the years have run afoul of Bob, and most have at some point thrown up their hands in disgust and flatly stopped paying any attention to him.

In fact, I paid so little attention that I was unaware, until Jim Burgess mentioned it recently, that Sacks was now funding hobby services, albeit with the usual raft of conditions involved. For all I know, Bob did tell me about it; I've had half a dozen letters from him in the past couple of years. I've never opened a single one, because frankly I don't care in the least what's in them.

Postal Diplomacy has been telling Sacks for years, please go away, you are of no consequence to us and we really don't want you around. For whatever masochistic reasons, Bob hasn't listened. But I guess we need to repeat the message from time to time, lest the newer initiates get

suckered in. Whenever given a foot in the door, Sacks turns the appendage into a crowbar. For quite a number of years, this hobby has survived quite nicely without such participation. I trust and hope we won't see that fact change merely because Sacks' efforts have now turned to money.

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And so I arrive at the tailing-off of the longest thing I've ever published. It seems somehow ironic that, as I come to this spot on the ninety-sixth and last actual page, I have run out of things to say! I have no idea how to fill the rest of this space!

I am a firm believer that when I have nothing to say, I ought to stop saying it. I will therefore close laconically, and leave you to your other life:

Infinitesimally small though our Diplomacy hobby may be in the cosmic totality that we call life on Earth, it is nevertheless a brotherhood and sisterhood of committed and dedicated people who come together in joy and glee for the common purpose of sharing one of the most unusual experiences allowed us in this modern age of nuclear threat and earthquake and smog, an experience which no doubt numerous of the uninitiated would give their eye teeth to share if they weren't so busy worrying about impending starvation or the reduction of their Medicare benefits, fears which will, quite apart from the economic ramifications, inevitably temper their susceptibility to recruitment into these burgeoning ranks of sharers of stabs and slanders promulgated in ways designed to maintain the warmth of the personal intercourse while indulging in dining-table contests of such slavering brutality that the pit bulls of this world would be put quickly to shame, though not to sleep of course, inasmuch as the breed was created by selective genetic manipulation solely for the purpose of combining in a single sporting arena the essential elements of the stadium, the boxing ring, the execution chambers at Auschwitz, and the abattoir, although of course not one of these citations precisely parallels the exact vista which unfolds when the lover of bloodbaths, having been scalped a ticket and having queued for the best part of an evening, finds himself witnessing merely the advance preparations required for a Vietnamese luncheon, sans chef of course, who will arrive presently but who is at this moment aboard a small leaky boat somewhere in the vast reaches of the South China Sea, alternately retching over the gunwales (pronounced 'gunnels' for those unfamiliar with the novels of Douglas Reeman) and throwing dice to determine if 'salvation' will be by Thai or Bruneian patrol vessel or Kampuchean pirate ship, the latter of course consisting in being on the receiving end of an unpleasantly-sharp rapier, or perhaps a slightly-used M-1 rifle left over from Nixon's blatant incursion into the territory of that unfortunate nation, during which the American invaders vied for the honour of dying by a bullet fired by someone other than either a Viet-Cong or one's own inept gunners, and the Kampucheans took turns escaping in advance the mass graves destined to be populated by Pol Pot, a man who went Hitler one better in that Pol accomplished his version of population control without recourse to writing a turgid book which Senator Cranston would eventually reprint, much to the chagrin of its author, who had undoubtedly hoped that his more extreme rantings would go unnoticed by those in a position to challenge them, which of course they did anyway because in those days Cranston was as insignificant as Robert Sacks is now, which is very, as we have seen, and will again, unless I run out of space, which by some preternatural blessing I just did.

Amen and adieu.



BACK BY POPULAR DEMAND

LESLIE LUCAS

(Actually, I guess that's "Front by popular demand")

GAMEFINDER

Because of the size of this issue, and the resultant inability to use staples in folded copies, it will be necessary to mail issues in envelopes. This will preclude the usual cute lines about the stamps. However, your need for the Gamefinder is more acute than ever, and it is thus not omitted. Your gratitude may be communicated by cash, draught or money-order. No stamps.

BIBLICAL BEAR	64	WILSON S. BISSEL (W.W.IIb)	75
CONVOLUTED CASSOWARY	65	SCHUYLER COLFAX (Gunboat)	77
DELIRIOUS DIK-DIK	63	WILLIAM R. deV. KING (Gline)	71
EXTROVERTED EMU	59	THOMAS R. MARSHALL (Jihad)	76
NARCOLEPTIC NILGAI	67	RETURN J. MEIGS, JR. (Silly)	soon
SUICIDAL SUNI	63	HUBERT WOKK (Logical)	late
TERGIVERSATORY TAPIR	63	IRWIN SHAW (Author)	dead

And to make it even screwier - once we get going with Railway Rivals, those games will be named for the operas of Luigi Cherubini.

WATCH THIS SPACE FOR "IL CRESCENDO"