

COSTAGUANA



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This is COSTAGUANA, a penny-ante magazine of postal Diplomacy and awkward altruism published tri-weekly, once I get my damned schedule straight, by Conrad F. von Metzke, P.O. Box 27273, San Diego, CA 92128-0926. There is no such thing as a game fee for the simple reason that, for now, I intend to spend my time salvaging orphan games. Subscription rate: Free to players and standbys, 10 issues for 97.50 Austrian Schillings otherwise. Trades: No thanks, unless I've approached you.

FOR THE NEXT MOVE ONLY, I regret that I will not be reachable by 'phone. You are respectfully requested and instructed to disregard the telephone number you've been given. If you really must, you may call me at work - just this once, I will never again accept moves at work - on deadline day between 8:30 a.m. and 5:30 p.m. Pacific time. Ask for me personally. The number (it is a postal service facility) is (619) 487-6384.

Calling me at the number you got from me in previous letters will only lead to dire embarrassment. I beg you to take this plaint to heart.

STANDBY PLAYERS: The one game going in this magazine doesn't have any, and I really think it would be wise to get one or two. Unfortunately, I'm not in touch with a sufficient segment of the hobby yet to dredge them up on my own. So! - if any of you is in any other game, could I ask you to solicit at least one of your fellow players to take on the job? I have always offered my reliable standbys a bribe, and you're authorized to offer it too: Each is entitled to a free spot in the next original game I start. And in spite of what I wrote above, there will be one of those within a few months - if nothing else, in order to pay the standbys!

IT IS AN ELECTION YEAR, and being utterly fascinated with politics, I trust you won't shoot me if I babble from time to time on the subject. (You may too, if you're nuts enough.) I should begin by pointing out that I almost always lose. I remain an unrepentant liberal idealist, and in an era when liberal idealism is on a popularity par with botulism, I am not expecting a landslide my way. I nevertheless hope, and try.

As a practical matter, I've already lost two. George McGovern is gone, and John Anderson might as well be. Gary Hart looked interesting briefly, but I don't see him sustaining. So I think it will be Walter against Ronald, and while on the issues I can easily embrace Mondale, I think he is destined to be a disaster. He is boring. He is tainted with Jimmy the Peanut. He appears (whether validly or not) to be owned by the AFL-CIO, whose popularity is about on a par with liberal idealism. He is, in sum, a nice enough non-entity who gives us a lot of somebody else's great ideas and makes us so eager to rush out and vote for him that we will all likely schedule something much more fun for that day, like a dental appointment.

This country is getting desperate. We need a leader, and we just aren't getting any lately. There is a tendency these days toward a certain sameness,

1902 SUPPLY CENTRES:

A: vie, tri, bud, ser, rum (5). Even.
E: lon, lvp, edi, nwy, stp (5). Build one (or two if retreat is o.t.b.)
F: par, bre, mar, spa, por, bel, hol (7). Build one.
G: kie, mun, ber, den (4). Build one.
I: ven, rom, nap, tun (4). Build one.
R: mos, war, swe (3). Remove one.
T: con, smy, ank, sev, bul, gre (6). Build two.

Build and removal orders may be conditional on the English retreat, and all of these items must be into me

NOT LATER THAN FRIDAY, APRIL 13, 1984.

Resolutions for future issues:

1. Buy a bottle of white-out.
2. Get a standby player or two.
3. Stockpile a few more nukes; the more we can destroy ourselves, the safer we are....