



COSTA GUANA

Volume XII, Number 8



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Hello there. It is your pleasure to be reading COSTAGUANA, a journal of postal Diplomacy and stoic silliness foisted upon a suspecting public by Conrad Friesner "Uncle Connie" von Metzke, P.O. Box 27273, San Diego, CA 92128. Home 'phone: (619) 276-2937. Office 'phone: (619) 487-6384. No game openings, ergo no game fees. Subscriptions ten for two clams. Trades: My pleasure; you offer me all of yours, I'll reciprocate.

READER ASSISTANCE REQUEST: As you must know by now, I'm really not actively soliciting trades and subs, but I do think it would be nice to be known by at least the basic hobby people. But in perfect honesty, I do not have the slightest idea who most of them are.

I would therefore respectfully request that all those reading this drop me a note listing the names and addresses responsible for any Diplomacy journals you consider worth the effort of a trade. I'll do the rest. And eventually I may see enough to explain to me all the current ins and outs of this hobby, which I suspect are just rehashings of the stuff going on back in my day.

In particular, could somebody please tell me the address of Doug Beyerlein?

PERSONAL PROBLEMS DEPARTMENT: Not much to report. This issue is being typed at the end of a two-week vacation. On the second day of said holiday, Ross (he's the five-year-old) came down with chicken pox. So much for all those plans.....

But! I have a note for all prospective parents, and present parents whose children have not yet had the pox: When the big disease day comes for you, do not panic, it isn't critical. However, call your doctor right away and ask if your child can be given a prescription for a magnificent drug called Periactin. It is a total success in relieving all traces of itching, which is always the worst thing about the pox. There are lots of drugs around, and most are very useful; but not many deserve the term "miracle drug." Periactin does.

File this in your scrapbook, or paste it to the appropriate page of Dr. Spock's book.

QUALITY CONTROL DEPARTMENT: One good stiff drink of Scotch and water does wonders for my notoriously poor typing ability. I've learned, in the last six issues, that after about the fourth or fifth sip, I very rarely have any need at all for white-outq.

HOME ADDRESS: I have been asked to print my home address, for purposes of sending Federal Express, telegrams, etc. It is: 4374 Donald Ave., San Diego, CA 92117. However, it is far better to use my business address (don't worry, just because it's a post office, private companies can still deliver): 16960 Bernardo Center Dr., San Diego CA 92128.

ISSUE SIZE this time will be rather small, mainly because: (1) I'm not very inspired; (2) I don't really wish to spend what little of my vacation is left typing this garbage; (3) Not being at work, I don't have access to the office photocopy machine and must thus pay to have this printed.

LAST ISSUE'S SILLY, which will also be our last silly, must have been a thrill to you all. Not one guess was mailed in (as of Aug. 13).

If you care, the answers:

NOW WAIT A DAMN MINUTE! NO GUESSES??? This is idiotic; I don't sit here at this typewriter for you sods to ignore my efforts completely!

You need a prize for incentive, do you? Okay, best score gets a buck in usable U.S. postage. No catch; just prove to me that I'm not wasting my time with this journal.

There were seventeen questions last issue. Anybody who can't get at least a dozen is a furd.

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GAME TWO - Spring 1901

See, I told you! I've had moves for all players for over a week, and yet - did I print them early? Huh? DID I?

Let's get the press ~~over with~~ printed first:

GERMANY TO GAMESMASTER: I would have happily played England and Turkey for several years yet. But you have forced me into playing Germany! It's not that I don't want to grow up: I simply prefer keeping my back to the wall in an alley fight.

JAMUL: Simple solution. Pretend it's today, and to your back is one solid curtain of iron....

GERMANY TO ALL: Germany hereby declares war on Switzerland and invites you to join the cause for freedom! The attack will begin as soon as the climbing gear we ordered arrives from Berne.

GERMANY TO SWITZERLAND: What'd'ya mean, it's cancelled?!?!

GERMANY TO SWITZERLAND: All right, all right, I'll enter into peace negotiations. Please process the enclosed 40,000 ambassadorial credentials for my 40,000 ambassadors recently mobilized in Munich. They will be ready to cross your border in alphabetical order beginning at 0500 hours 29 May 1901. I trust that you'll provide suitable refreshments and ample port-a-potties. (Please do not serve the refreshments anywhere near the potties.) For ease of identification, I have provided each ambassador with uniform clothing.

GERMANY TO SWITZERLAND: What'd'ya mean 'NO'?!?!?! How 'bout if each and every one of the 40,000 promises to buy either a watch or a cuckoo clock? No? Well, just you wait 'till my allies....my allies....uh, hmm, maybe I can use those ambassadors somewhere else.

GERMANY TO ALL: Never mind.

WARSZAWA: "...and I'll leave room in the press for the excessively garrulous Konrad Baumeister."

JAMULDORF: The problem is that Baumeister is not authorized to write press for this (or, with luck, any other) magazine. Them's the breaks when your parents can't even spell your name right.....

RIGATONI NEWS SERVICE (Vaduz): After deep meditation in his winter retreat in the Alps, the famous Italian philosopher and master chef, Smudgio Baribaldi, announced his conversion to pacifism and disarmament. Mr. Baribaldi revealed, based on his newly-embraced philosophy of life, his intention of establishing a revolutionary approach to Italian cuisine, to be published in his forthcoming book, Lichtenstein Zeitgeist. Smudgio mentioned with particular pride his recipes for Spaghetтини del Roma no Bumbum, Zucchini Ripieni del Piecenic, and Frieze Italiano.

Mr. Baribaldi finished off the interview with a plea for all countries of the world to "make bread, not war," and to accept his emissaries in the spirit in which they are intended. He particularly requested tolerance on the part of the Austro-Hungarian Emperor for any temporary misdeeds by his personal representatives. "Re-education is moving ahead apace," Smudgio assured, "but news does travel slowly through the mountain passes."

JAMUL IN KÄRNTEN: Conversation overheard in the garden during intermission of this evening's concert by the visiting Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra of Klagenfurt:

"Had you heard that Giulio Child is taking over Italy?"

"Thank God! I was getting royally sick of the garbage our local deli was importing from the last regime. Nothing could be worse than the Canneloni alla Hog Jowls they sold me last week."

"Wanna bet? I was there this morning, and they tried to sell me their new house special. They claim it caters especially for this year's Music Festival."

"Oh, I'll bet that was yummy....."

"Well, actually, the food was the best they've sent in years. But have you ever tried eating lunch while all the waiters march around the room singing "Oh, Oh, Spaghetti-o's"?"

IBERIA (October 1807): He knew it was a gamble. All that he had built with the skill of his armies could come crashing down with their defeat. And defeat was a strange possibility. Could they quickly subdue the entire peninsula? If the English stayed out, perhaps they could. Would an army be annihilated in the indefensible Portuguese countryside? If it were left by itself (due to some unseen activity along the Rhine and Rhone), then it might. And what of his commanders? Could Massena, Ney, Soult and the bumbling Junot carry off a quick conquest? The great one himself was on the march in Gascony, but he was relying on his brilliance to cover four fronts. His reputation would have to cover three of them, his armies the fourth.

Toulon, Maregno, Lodi were all in the past. The near-run things of Eylau and Friedland were fresher memories. Le Tondu himself had said, "The time we have for war is short." How long left on the fuse?

It was a gamble.....

AUSTRIA (Robson): a sil (s) vie-gal. a rom (s) nap. a rum (s) bud-ser.
a bud-ser. a ven-tyo. a tyo-boh. a vie-gal. f nap (s) rom.
ENGLAND (Pustilnik): a stp (s) RUS mos. f lon-nth. f nwy-swe. f iri (h).
f nat-nwg. f nth-den.
FRANCE (Johnston): a mar-pie. a bur-pic. a hol (s) ruh-kie. a ruh-kie.
f mid (s) bel-eng. f bel-eng. f wes (s) mid.
GERMANY (Fleming): a mun-boh. a ber-sil. a kie-mun. f hel-kie.
ITALY (Stevens): f tyn-tun.
RUSSIA (Cartier): a mos-sev. a war-gal.
TURKEY (Walters): a gre (s) bul. a bul (h). a sev-mos. f śmy-aeg. f bla
(s) bul. f ion-nap.

The German army Kiel is annihilated. There are no retreats.

Fall 1905 Moves are due Friday, 7 SEPTEMBER 1984.

See, the reason for all the extra space left between here and the linear separator below is that I thought I'd be smart and get the issue all typed in advance except, of course, for the moves. So I allowed plenty of space for every eventuality - complex retreat instructions, announcement of a standby, even a squib or two of press. And nothing happened!
So. Draw a picture or something.

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IF GOD WERE PROCESS ORIENTED

In the beginning, God created the heaven and the earth. The earth was void and without form, so God created a small committee. God carefully balanced the committee vis-a-vis race, sex, ethnic origin and economic status in order to interface pluralism with the holistic concept of self-determination according to adjudicatory guidelines. Even God was impressed; so ended the first day.

And God said, LET THE COMMITTEE DRAW UP A MISSION STATEMENT. And behold, the committee decided to prioritize and strategize. And God called that process empowerment. And God thought it sounded pretty good. And evening and morning were the second day.

And God said, LET THE COMMITTEE DETERMINE GOALS AND OBJECTIVES, AND ENGAGE IN LONG-RANGE PLANNING. Unfortunately, a debate as to the semantic differences between goals and objectives preëmpted almost all of the third day. Although

