



Volume IX, Number 9

10 September 1984

Contrary to popular belief, this is COSTAGUANA, a journal of postal Diplomacy and old smelly socks, published as an enticement to the end of civilization as we know it by Conrad von Metzke, P.O. Box 27273, San Diego, CA 92128. Game fees: \$7 for new players, \$3 for current players. Subs 10/\$2. Trades: You bet your booties, all-for-all.

Oh, and 'phone numbers: Home, (619) 276-2937. Office (619) 487-6384. Mother (619) 462-5843. Woman across the street (619) 274-3989. Credit union (619) 224-3521. Stamp shop (619) 746-1505. Auto mechanic (619) 487-7455. Regardless of which number you call, do not, for GOD'S sake, ask for either Janet or Chick. Those two get enough goddamn calls as it is....

OUR NUMBERING SYSTEM: Nobody has asked, and so I thought I ought to tell you how many issues equal a volume. In the old days, that question came in once a month without fail. But not one of you seems to care. Dumb sods....

Anyway, it's twenty.

A TRIVIA QUIZ for which the prize is \$2 in valid stamps will follow this announcement:

NEW GAME: As discussed on Page 5, I am opening a third and absolutely last game of regular Diplomacy in this journal. Players and/or plugs will be gleefully thanked.

AND AS FOR THE TRIVIA (ooh, I love trivia quizzes):

1. What opera by what composer, containing the (translated) line, "You take the rest of the universe, but leave me Rome," served as a rallying cry for the insurgents in the 1848 revolution in Italy?
2. The head of state of what nation is forbidden by law to be a citizen of that nation?
3. "Schubert's Serenade" is a very well-known song by, oddly enough, Schubert. What is the actual name of the song (either German or English)?
4. Some years ago the U.S. Post Office assigned official two-letter abbreviations for all the states. Which one later had to be changed, and why?
5. The English word "wrought," as in "wrought iron," is a (largely obsolete) form of what infinitive verb?
6. Relative to Hitler's Holocaust, what do Denmark and Bulgaria have in common?
7. What are the two official national games of the Kingdom of Nepal?
8. In Liechtenstein, the word for "pocket watch" is "Klorettile." From what common foreign phrase is this derived?
9. Francis Scott Key wrote our national anthem - but only the words; he stole the tune from a popular song of the period. Name it.
10. How much does a lot (or loth) weigh?

PARENTAL ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE WEEK: On Sept. 1, 1984, the Hon. Eric P. von Metzke, age 2 3/4, waddled into my bedroom at 2:30 a.m. and announced in a loud voice, "Daddy, I have to go poop." This tended to catch me off guard, partially because I had been completely and happily asleep, and partially

because Eric had not, to that point, shown any real interest in toilet training. But I took him at his word, took off his diaper, and placed him in the appropriate location. And within a few moments he had accomplished his announced purpose.

Since that time he hasn't had one single accident. He still wears a diaper at night, just in case (and it's still needed), but during waking hours he has attained perfection. And he is so proud of himself that he has announced several other demands (he's a "big boy now," he points out): No more bottles, no more booster seat, no more car seat, no more naps, no more diapers ever, and he will use his own fork to cut up his own dinner, thank you.

If anyone cares to witness the ultimate in knock-down-drag-out fights, come over to my place when I try to overrule him on the car seat and the nighttime diaper....

DOES ANYONE OWN ANY OLD COPIES OF ANY OF MY PREVIOUS PUBLICATIONS, ESPECIALLY GOOD OLD K. 35?

DRAMA IN THE SENATE CHAMBER!

SACRAMENTO: David Roberti, Hollywood's man in the State Senate, lifted his chin a quarter of an inch. John Francis Foran, a Senator so tactful that he remains in good standing in both the Sons of Italy and the Ancient Order of Hibernians, stepped back quickly from Roberti's rostrum.

For here, into the gilded Senate chamber under two chandeliers, the life-sized portrait of George Washington and the red-letter sign board that tells the 40 Senators what they are doing and what time it is, came the Presiding Officer.

Leo T. McCarthy is Lieutenant Governor of California. The state Constitution gives him little to do unless the Governor is out of state...with one exception: The Lieutenant Governor presides over the Senate.

Constitutionally.

Sometimes.

Not too often....

It is a custom of Lieutenant Governors, as of Vice-Presidents, to be diffident if not paranoid about pretending to be powerful. But as a matter of practical politics, Lieutenant Governors leave the Senate to operate pretty much by itself, and go off to speak to Rotary clubs, church fests, Boy Scout jamborees and other climes where they are judged wise and dynamic, and soothed and petted...and where no one is gross enough to mention the Governor.

But here, in the last week of this year's legislative term, came Lt. Gov. Leo T. McCarthy.

Roberti, the Senate's President Pro Tempore who is built like your generic junior college running back, hiked both shoulders. And he rose. And he banged a gavel.

This is the Capitol's version of "Hail to the Chief," of Gabriel sounding his horn, of Michael Jackson dancing in two directions at once. The Senate stirred. Sen. Wadie Deddeh raised his shimmering grey head from a seven-inch-high stack of legislative amendments and other tablets. (Deddeh, like McCarthy, Roberti and Foran, is a Democrat.)

Sen. Jim Ellis looked up from his back-row seat. He lowered his chin. (Ellis is a Republican.)

Sen. Oliver Speraw, champion of the outer spaces of San Diego County, also is a Republican and managed not to be made giddy or animated or even overly interested by the arrival of the state's highest-ranking elected Democrat. Sen. Bill Craven, also a Republican, who occupies the back desk

nearest the door, looked at McCarthy and reached for a cigarette. But for the Democrats, this was as near to high drama as the final hours of a legislative session allows. Roberti announced McCarthy's presence.

Applause - the kind that greets announcements of runner-up winners at the homemakers' club gardenia show - strolled across the chamber.

McCarthy waved.

No one waved back.

McCarthy, veteran politician, smiled.

The Lieutenant Governor leaned and whispered into Roberti's right ear. Roberti, who like many leaders is confident about his sense of humor, spoke promptly into the microphone. Nodding toward McCarthy, Roberti said, "He told me he didn't want to take the job of presiding away from me. But I told him that this was my first day of presiding!" (Foran actually does most of the presiding that the Lieutenant Governor avoids and the President Pro Tempore shuns.)

Foran laughed. For this is the late summer silly season when goldfish are swallowed by otherwise intelligent students, when brighter Sacramentans flee a weather more suited to Death Valley, and when politicians fatten themselves for the slaughter of the post-Labor Day campaigning.

Suddenly, McCarthy was gone.

Roberti's chin was back down there.

Foran stepped toward the rostrum.

Craven patted his pocket, in search of another cigarette....

- R.H. Growald
(San Diego Evening Tribune)

ROSSERICROSSERICROSSERICROSSERICROSSERICROSSERICROSSERICROSSERICROSSERIC

Fred Davis and Matt Fleming have kindly sent me some names and addresses of other publishers with whom they suggest I trade. I shall solicit.

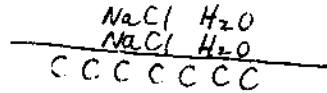
I am particularly grateful for Doug Beyerlein's address; I've owed Doug a letter and a packet of issues for some time now, but was unable to send them owing to a lack of address. You see, Doug wrote me this letter but foolishly omitted his address from it. He must have thought I had it (I didn't) or that I would have smarts enough to take it off the envelope (I didn't). However, better late than never.

I've also been offered ideas for publishers who will engage in "mutual subs" - I buy their magazine, they buy mine. This is not an arrangement that interests me, thank you anyway. I understand the logic: Why should someone who prints fifty pages trade even-all with someone who prints six? A few deals like that and it's instant bankruptcy. But, though I applaud the dedication and energy of those good publishers who crank out ream after ream, I am not sufficiently interested to shell out money merely to have someone else shell out money to me (presumably, they will shell less).

I will trade all-for-all without batting an eye. I will sell subscriptions for the mere cost of my postage. But I will not subscribe. Personal quirk; I date from an era when mutual trades were hobby-wide and practically automatic. As a matter of private ethics, I must abide by the dicta (which I helped establish) of that, admittedly bygone, era.

And may I say a hearty welcome to Keith Sherwood of La Jolla, California, our latest subscriber. Hope you like. If you do, you can name a concert hall after me, to go with the one they named after you over at the Art Museum....

SILLY SUPPLEMENT: Michael Pustilnik advises that he (or a friend) has solved one of the ones none of us could get:



He reads it as "Saline, saline over the seven seas." Well, hell, what could be more obvious than that?....

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SILLY SECOND SUPPLEMENT: Okay, here we go from two issues ago:

PART ONE: 1. Three coins in a fountain. 2. Nine lives of a cat. 3. Seventy-six trombones in the big parade. 4. Twenty thousand leagues under the sea. 5. Eight furlongs in a mile. 6. (I don't have the slightest idea.) 7. Nine Beethoven symphonies. 8. Zero Mostel. 9. One hen, two ducks, three squawking geese, four Limerick oysters...(I'll explain this one later.)

PART TWO: Split pea soup. 2. Horse sense. 3. Two peas in a pod. 4. One under par. 5. Easy on the eyes. 6. Pig in a poke. 7. Head over heels in love. 8. The principal theme (for solo trumpet) of the Te Deum by Jan Ladislav Dusik.

#8 of Part Two was, of course, intended as sheer idiocy. #8 of Part One (Zero Mostel) is, if you ask my humble opinion, one of the most brilliant things I've devised in many years. Naturally, nobody figured it out.

As for Part One, #9, I kind of expected that two or three of you would get it, because I know you know it; you got it from the same source I did. As I understand it, Jerry Lewis recited it on television many years ago with the explanation that it is used as a test for radio announcers. The candidate is required to repeat the whole thing in Old McDonald fashion; somebody reads "One hen," candidate repeats "One hen," then they go to "One hen, two ducks," and so on - repeating the whole sequence each time with one more added.

The entire thing, as taught to me by Dan Alderson, goes this way:

One hen. Two ducks. Three squawking geese. Four Limerick oysters. Five corpulent porpoises. Six pairs of Don Alverso's tweezers. Seven thousand Macedonians in full battle array. Eight brass monkeys from the ancient sacred crypts of Egypt. Nine apathetic sympathetic peripatetic diabetic old men on roller skates with a marked propensity for procrastination and sloth. Ten lyrical spherical diabolical denizens of the deep who haul stall around the corner of the quivvy of the quo of the quay all at the same time. Eleven....

Well, Dan tells me that Jerry Lewis started on a number eleven, but at that point broke off the routine.

Oh. Who won? Why, Fred Davis, of course. Among other things, though he did not identify the musical quote, he did at least recognize it for what it was...four bars of music and nothing else. (He thought it was Mozart. Bah!) So - five stamps for you, Freddy C.

FINGAL'SCAVESONANDSTRANGERTRUMPETCALMSEAANDPROSPEROUSVOYAGEST.PAULFAIRMEUSINE

we will now change typewriters

TIME FOR THE GAMES, GUYS!

Game Two

I now have the address of the Boardman Number Person, and will go get us a number, which will cost me 20c and you better be grateful or else....

And to the player who asked if both games may be listed on one sheet of paper, I can only reply that these are your games; do whatever you wish. I copy moves from your letters onto my own sheets anyway, and I couldn't care less what I copy from. I might draw the line at used toilet paper, but that's just about all that concerns me.

FALL 1901

AUSTRIA (Pierce): A BUD-RUM. A SER (S) BUD-RUM. F ALB-GRE.
ENGLAND (Johnston): A EDI-NWY. F NWG (S) EDI-NWY. F NTH (C) EDI-NWY.
FRANCE (Fleming): A GAS-SPA. A SPA-POR. F MID-IRI.
GERMANY (Walker): A KIE-HOL. A RUH-MUN. F DEN-SWE.
ITALY (Peel): A TYO-MUN. A APU-TUN. F ION (C) APU-TUN.
RUSSIA (Cartier): A GAL-RUM. A STP-NWY. F RUM-BUL. F BOT-SWE.
TURKEY (Stevens): A BUL (S) AUS BUD-RUM. A ARM-SEV. F BLA (S) ARM-SEV.

No retreats, but the Russian fleet in Rumania is hereby converted into a very small and badly squashed pattie of Spam.

HOWARD JARVIS TIME: The various players are required to pay property tax on the following possessions:

- A: vie, bud, tri, ser, gre, rum (6). +3
- E: lon, lvp, edi, nwy (4). +1
- F: par, bre, mar, spa, por (5). +2
- G: kie, mun, ber, hol, den (5). +2
- I: rom, ven, nap, tun (4). +1
- R: stp, war, mos (3). Whoops....
- T: ank, con, smy, bul, sev (5). +2

And Belgium and Sweden remain independent kingdoms.

WINTER 1901 BUILDS ARE REQUIRED BY MONDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1984.

Is now the time to mention, by any chance, another of my screwy house rules - the one that says that the first player eliminated in a game gets a free place in the next one I start?

i'll PROBABLY REGRET EVER SENDING SUCH OBNOXIOUS NONSENSE

BERLIN UND MUNICH (BUM) ARMY (somewhere in Western Europe, on the move - maybe): In a typical BUM army news release, Colonel Hans "Cluck-Cluck" Pretzel announced that BUM (South) was trying to conduct the non-productive "advance to the rear" maneuver. It is also commonly referred to as the "un-move," "yo-yo march," or "Austrian shift."

AN URGENT ANNOUNCEMENT: A letter from John Walker has just given us the answer to one more of the unknown sillies. Remember this one?

AMOUS

Well, it is "amorous." John points out that U is the logical symbol for "or." And somebody expected me to know that one???

ANOTHER ANNOUNCEMENT: Next issue will see the publication, this time in alphabetical order and complete as I have it, of all player/subscriber names, addresses and telephone numbers. If you want your number included, please send it now. (Joke: I have yours for your home but stupidly lost my listing for your office.)

AND YET ANOTHER: I must revoke my award on Page 4 to Fred Davis for getting the most answers to the Last of the Sillies. John Walker beat Fred by one. John gives us the previously unknown Part One, #6 - Two Bars on a Human Being. And his answer for Part Two, #8 - the music - is, "The national anthem of COSTAGUANA." Well, now, I hadn't thought of that idea, John, but it's not a bad try. However, it is assuredly not my anthem. If I were to select one, it would be this:

That's Schubert. Those are the first bars of the voice part, which follow a long piano introduction, of one of my favorite songs by that gentleman: "Waldes-Nacht," a piece which is absolutely perfect for my voice and which (I flatter myself) I do rather well, thank you. Did I ever bother to tell those of you who don't know me that I am a trained, and very good, classical singer? I took up that activity as a hobby at the age of 33, which is idiotically late in life; less than a year later I won a special award from the Metropolitan Opera Guild and went on to give a number of local concerts in which I emphasized forgotten and neglected great music. I eventually settled my deepest interest on the songs of Schubert, with occasional forays into the writings of Beethoven and Pfitzner; I am now engaged in recording all the songs of Schubert on private tapes (i.e. for my own use; there's no commercial value or potential); and "Waldes-Nacht," which at eight minutes is the longest song Schubert ever wrote, is the best thing on the first of these tapes. (At this writing, there are fourteen tapes of twenty songs each. That is less than half-way.)

GAME ONE - Fall 1905

AUSTRIA (Robson): A SIL-MUN. A ROM-NAP. A RUM (S) SER. A SER (S) RUM.
 A VEN (H). A TYO (S) SIL-MUN. A VIE-GAL. F NAP-TYN.
 ENGLAND (Pustilnik): A STP (S) RUS MOS. F NTH (S) DEN. F SWE-BAL.
 F IRI-WAL. F NWG-NAT. F DEN (S) NTH.
 FRANCE (Johnston): A PIE-TYO. A PIC-BEL. A HOL (s) KIE. A KIE (H).
 F MID-WES. F WES-TYN. F ENG-MID.
 GERMANY (Fleming): A MUN (S) BER. A BER (S) MUN. F HEL-NTH.
 ITALY (Stevens): F TUN (S) FRE WES-TYN.
 RUSSIA (Cartier): A MOS (S) WAR. A WAR (S) MOS.
 TURKEY (Walters): A GRE (S) BUL. A BUL (H). A SEV-MOS. F AEG-ION.
 F ION-NAP. F BLA (S) BUL.

There are no retreats.

CURRENT TERRITORIAL AGGRANDIZEMENT BALANCE SHEET:

A: vie, bud, tri, ser, rum, rom, nap, ven (8). Even.
 E: lon, lvp, edi, nwy, swe, den, stp (7). Build one.
 F: par, bre, mar, spa, por, hol, bel, kie (8). Build one.
 G: mun, ber (2). Remove one.
 I: tun (1). Even.
 R: mos, war (2). Even.
 T: smy, con, ank, sev, bul, gre (6). Even.

Well, gee...this looks like a good chance to try the postcard system again. Those having builds or removals, please send them immediately; I'll notify everybody by card.

And Spring 1906 will be due Monday, October 1, 1984. Please note; I'll do my best on the postcards, but even if they don't arrive, moves (conditional on builds if need be) are still due on that date.

Finally - see Page 5 for an explanation of why the change in deadline days.

WARSZAWA: FROM: Gen. Bigheinski, Cmdr. 4th Army (Warsaw)
 TO: Gen. Abd al Raschul, Cmdr. 1st Army (Moscow)

Help! We have French to the west of us, Americans to the south, Englishers to the east (or Italians in English uniforms), and Poles to the north! Even worse! Although the snow is 8 meters deep, we keep running out of ice! Send ice by air, immediately! And tanks as soon as you can....

Also, could you tell me why a general in the Russian army has a name like "Abd al Raschul?"

JAMUL: A little inter-marriage in the Crimea?

GERMANY TO ENGLAND AND FRANCE: I hope that I have not sacrificed myself in vain. You two should wake up and see what I have saved you from.

JAMUL: I dunno - what? A German victory?

THE LAST PAGE

Not much left to write, so we'll end it after a couple more notes.

I now have the address of the Boardman Number person, so I'll write and get a number for Game Two. Those who care about the game being "official" are welcome to be thrilled.

John Walker states that any prize he has won in the sillies contests is to be donated to Rod Walker for a hobby service project of Rod's choosing. Okay, John, the donation is made - and thanks.

The recipe for crottled greeps, and the salacious exposé of Anita Beth Hughes, will both have to wait. In the former case, I have no old copies of my publications to work from. In the latter case, I find it very difficult to type such material owing to the constant problem of drooling all over the paper.

And finally,

von Metzke .
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San Diego, CA 92128

FIRST CLASS

FIRST CLASS