## Reefer City:

## Could you make it as a big-time dope dealer? A panel of judges tried it and decided that it was ... fun trying.

By Bob Sebree Angelique Copeland Scot K. Meyer

Battalion Staff
Fred the Head feared a bust coming on. Fred, being an intelligent head and sensing that the market level was as high as he was, dug up his stash of Mexican and Panama Red (a stash, not to be snorted at) and headed, as only heads can to Hippie Haven.

heads can, to Hippie Haven.

He made enough money on the deal to invest in more chic contriband, such as Hash Oils and Lebanese Blonde, not to be con-fused with Lebanese brunettes.

Alas, poor Fred didn't make his conection and hit the Big Bust. But fear not, Fred has a chance to

score again on the next roll of the

"Reefer City," is a new board game that is advertised as being

designed for intelligent heads. By intelligent heads, we don't mean that you need a Ph.D. in narcotics or needle tracks on your arms to

play the game.
The game's inventor, Cam Marcus, originated the idea in 1978 when he was a freshman living in Chittenden Hall on the University of Vermont campus. Marcus noticed how popular games like bacgammon and cribbage were at the university.

After becoming bored with these games, he and friends de-cided to buy a "Dealer McDope"

All of the stores in the area were out of it, and so was Marcus, which may explain why he de-

"It all started by doodling a tic-tac-toe-like pattern. It looked like the layout of a city," he said. Once the game was in playable

form, Marcus and his friends decided to refine and market "Reefer

City."
"But what do I know about business," he said, quite possibly while swilling his mushroom tea "And where am I going to find the money to start production?"

A couple of months of research and \$460 later, he founded Game Makers, Inc., and has been trying to get publicity for his game.

But publicity alone won't sell the game. We took it upon ourselves

to do extensive, scientific research to test the actual socio-economic ramifications of the product.

Since experience is the best teacher, we got together all the in-telligent heads we could find there were none, we had to settle for just garden-variety heads) to

play the game. Fortunately, the game has in-structions even a non-intelligent

head can understand.

Play starts at the square cleverly marked "Start Here."

As the game proceeds the need for intelligence becomes apparent for intelligence becomes apparent for those players who are still coherent enough to care. They must develop a sophisticated strategy which will allow them to play the market while carefully avoiding getting busted. Dealers must try to buy at low prices and then sell as high as possible, high reefering to both the players and the prices. Dope prices vary, reflecting highs and lows in both the market and the individual players.

More than just a hip Monopoly,

More than just a hip Monopoly, the game is designed to reflect the perils of dope dealing. Getting busted is just one of the problems potential dealers face with an unpublic roll of the dies. They must lucky roll of the dice. They must also watch out for a narc dog that will smell a reefer and promptly attack. Like all good dealers, you should be paranoid enough to know that someone is probably watching you, and that one can lose one's best connections to other dealers

But not all the squares contain bad luck. And what seems like bad news at first could turn out to be a news at first could turn out to be a stroke of good luck. One square says "fall in a sewer and find a pound of Panama Red." Other squares bear news like "Good harvest collect \$1000," and "Lite up now," for which the instruction manual suggests you use your immanual suggests you use your imagination.

agination.

Our panel of heads determined that the game, which can be ordered from Game Makers, Inc. for \$14.95 + 2.00 postage and handling, is fun. We do not promise that the game will prepare you for a career as a big city dope dealer. But it is fun.

