

Herelandra

volume 3; number 1 (17)

1 February 1984

Valley of the Dip Giants, Or, A Good Kid Was Had By All

(Dafcon III)

I was finally privileged to meet Terry Tallman, self-proclaimed Hobby Sex God, Nickname Custodian, and Legend In His Own Mind. Larry Peery made his first appearance, since his return to Diplomacy, outside of Southern California. Gary Coughlan finally invaded the West Coast. Hobby old-timers Edi Birsan, Doug Beyerlein, and John Mirassou all had cameo roles.

In spite of it all, Dafcon was a real vacation.

Before I left Los Angeles, where I was visiting family, I told my girlfriend that I hoped I could kick back a little -- not play much, just sit around and try to get my hobby stuff together. I knew it would be larger and less family-like than Dafcon I, but somehow it avoided taking on a tournament atmosphere.

I've already seen three or four write-ups (and will correct those poor drunkards on several counts) but I am still relying primarily on my IBM* for the facts. I rode to Sacramento on Friday the 30th with Rob Whittmond. Rob is a Europa Express subber (currently a 10-dot Germany in 1982CT) and a very bright guy. Despite his unfortunate resemblance to Don Williams, Rob is actually fairly quiet, so the whole trip (7½ hours each way) we conversed much less than last year.

We arrived at Boone Lane to find Don Del Grande and Gary Coughlan already pestering our hosts with conversation about computers, the hobby, Gary's pictures of Dipfests (at least 100 of them), and so forth. It was a nice surprise to meet Don but he couldn't stay for the weekend, so we picked up the chat in his place. More Dippers straggled in (the Redlands caravan, Keeneys and Givans), bringing with them Mike Mazzer and Bob Olsen ... on a cassette tape made in Southern Cal! (Note: the first thing I remember Jim Keeney saying to Don Williams was "Don't believe anything Leudi says to you! Could they be in a game together?? Nah...")

Daf was trapped, to our dismay, in a chair all weekend by a sprained ankle (her own), so it was with regret that the circle broke up to start a game of Civilization. Steve warned us it was long, but I had never played it before and was unprepared for an eight-hour session!

Around midnight Tallbeing called for directions, so I was forewarned when he walked in ten minutes later with Mike Ehli and a very pretty blonde whom he introduced as "Non-Dip Becky". A lot has been made of Tallthing's looks, so since I have photographic evidence I'm going to expose him right now.

He is NOT 6'8" (he's at least 3" shorter than that). Granted, his complexion is what you'd expect after years on the beach (in Seattle), but what hair he has (e.g. his beard) is black. A steel bar connected to Terry and Larry would make a great barbell.

The Saturday game (see pullout, disposable, centerfold Stats section) gave me a chance to get to know the "core" of DIII beyond the Langleys. Gary Coughlan is much quieter and more sensitive than I had expected, but I sort of knew what to expect from his picture and his telephone calls.

*Itty Bitty Mind

1

(continued page 5)

Perelandra

Vital Statistics

MVS (MOST VALUABLE STATISTIC): 30 subscribers. Lost a couple to attrition, but the Dip party publicity brought two or three new "Perries" (well, if you can be a Doomie in Voice of Doom and a Meanie in The End Justifies the Means, why not? I'm taking suggestions, though.).

SPEAKING OF THE DIP PARTY: It was postponed due to conflicting activities of several people. A flyer is enclosed for the following Dippers: Hallmark, Ellis, Hail, Coughlan, Dalrymple, Blanchard, Michalski, Conner, Crow, Briggs, Conlon. The options boil down to a) Arlington one weekend from 3/23, 3/30, or 4/6, or b) South Texas about the same time.

NEW ADDITIONS: Roy Dalrymple, 504 S Van Buren #102, Henderson TX 75652; Don Del Grande, 142 Eliseo Dr., Greenbrae CA 94904; C.M. Hallmark, Box 110247, Arlington TX 76007; James Briggs, Box 6243, El Paso TX 79906.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS (players please note): Jim "World's Greatest Toady" Burgess is now holed up at 100 Holden St. third left, Providence RI 02908 (401-861-6506).

HOBBY FLASHES: Has anybody seen a Hobby Census? (If there was no Dick Martin, Gary Coughlan would have to invent one.) I inquired quite a while back and have no response yet.

Maybe it's my imagination, but there seems to be a decline in the number of new zines and unsolicited samples over the last four months plus.

The Don Miller Dept. here (honoring milestones in publishing, quite seriously) has been defuncted due to lack of interest, as has the Readers Strike Back idea.

Don Del Grande (address in new-sub section above) is running a humongous quiz called the North American Diplomacy Board Hobby Qualifying Exam. No, it doesn't qualify you for anything, but it takes extensive knowledge of both the Dip and wargaming hobbies to even do a mediocre job on the five pages of questions. Ask him about it.

HOUSERULES: I need some input on changes/additions/deletions you'd like to see in my current HRs. When the new game starts up (soon, guys, soon!) I'll be re-printing a whole set. There is one note already: players wanting their game(s) on flyers as discussed last time will be billed for my costs (that is, you gotta send me a stamp each turn).

GAME OPENINGS: Why are they way down here? Because nobody seems to care anyhow (kidding!). There are four slots in a game of Regular Diplomacy, with a gamefee of only \$3; please include preference list when you sign up. There are seven positions for Snowball Fighting: one in the current game (you enter with the same HP as the lowest players and zero HP) and six for the next full game. Rules are available, just ask (yours are in here somewhere, Roy).

STANDBYS: (Alpha order) Albrecht, Burgess, Ellis, Givan, Hail, Keeney, Makuc.

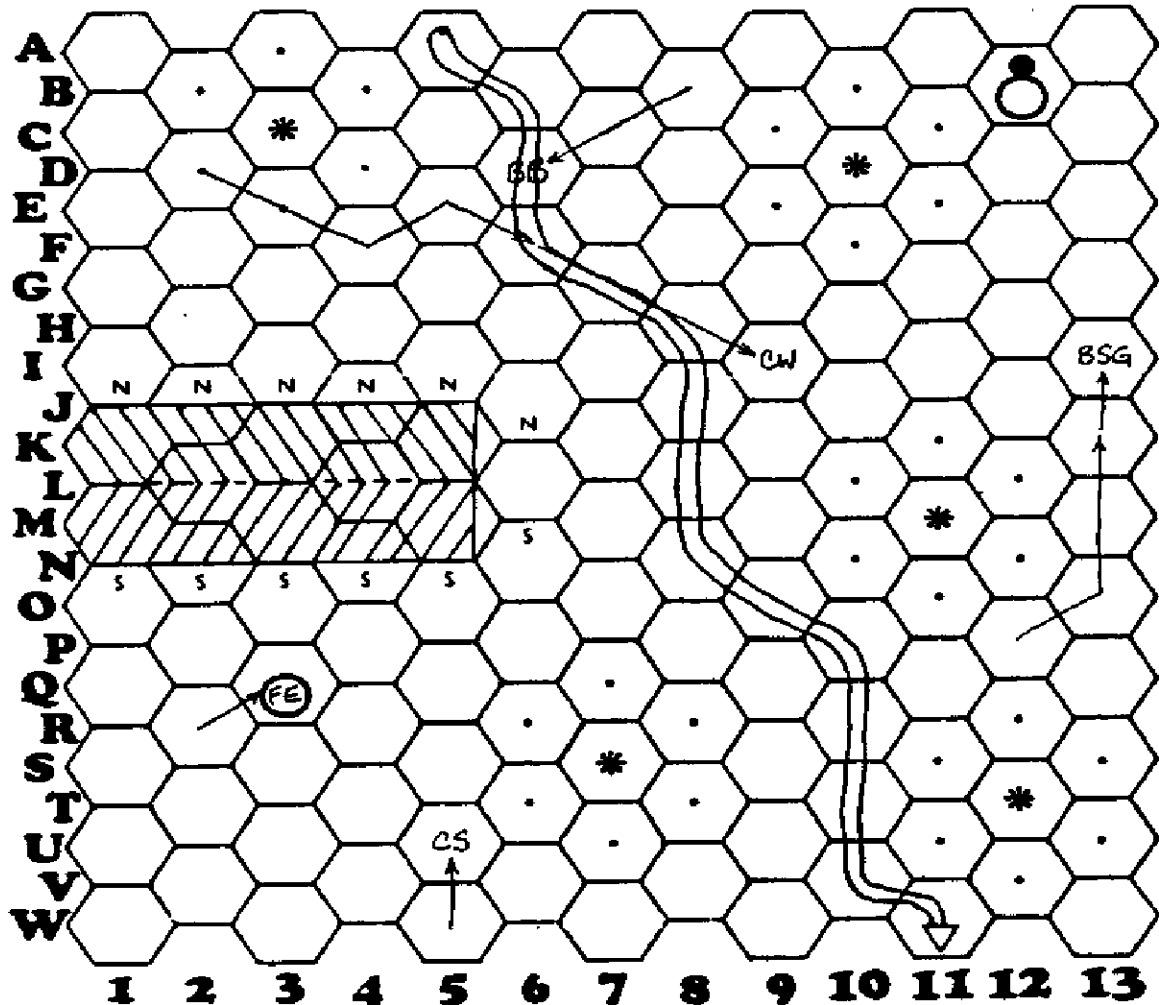
VACATION ODDITIES: Mail count when I got back was 53 pieces, but only 4 non-Dip first class! Larry, the pennies came to \$21.14, with 45¢ in silver and a 1914 copper I can probably sell for 50¢. I intentionally omitted my parents' address lastish because I wanted to be sure nobody would, in the confusion, send mail there; last time I moved I lost one player/subber because of it. Speaking of:

This is Perelandra, the only amateur Diplomacy magazine also devoted to fine literature. Subscriptions are now \$5 for ten monthly issues (\$7 outside North America) and are payable to P.J. Gaughan, 509 Sandpiper Drive #130, Arlington TX 76013. Editor's phone number is (817) 460-3253 but you will be taken out and maimed if you call between 11pm and 8am Central Time. Letters and articles are delightedly accepted and are paid for with cash or sub credits. Perelandra is now the home of the Hobby Small-Fry Protection League.

Will someone please decide what's going on with Dipcon???????????

Herelandra

Snowball Fighting



Hoht gets off to a halting start, as players ignore rules in favor of sheer aggression. Turn 2 orders (all three segments!) are due by 9pm CST, February 25 (Saturday). Turn 1 results:

	<u>starts</u>	<u>ammo</u>
"Battlin' Bob" Albrecht	B 8	2 sb
Jim "Bombinable Snow Grouch" Makuc	P 12	2 sb
Jim "Coke Sniffer" Burgess	W 5	2 sb
Daf "Chilly Willy" Langley	D 2	2 sb
Steve "Four Eyes" Langley	R 2	2 sb

SEGMENT 1

BB moves to D6 (takes 1 sb). BSG moves to K13 (takes 2 sb).
 CS attacks FE with de, moves to U5 (takes 1 sb).
 CW moves to F6 (takes 2 sb). FE moves to Q3, collects head.

<u>fighter</u>	<u>loc</u>	<u>attacked by</u>	<u>HP/VP</u>	<u>net HP/VP</u>	<u>ammo remaining</u>
BB	D6		0/0	10/0	1 sb
BSG	K13		0/0	10/0	2 sb
CS	U5		0/0	10/0	1 sb
CW	F6		0/0	10/0	2 sb
FE	Q3	CS/de/40/--	0/0	10/0	1 di

SEGMENT 2

BB attacks CW with rr. BSG attacks BB with rr (out of range).
 CS collects di. CW attacks BB with rr.
 FE attacks CS with di.

Hoht results continue →

Herelandra

Snowball Fighting

	loc	attacked by	HP/VP	HP	VP	ammo
BB	D6	BSG/rr/0/-- CW/rr/110/**	1/1	9	1	none
BSG	K13		0/0	10	0	1 sb
CS	U5	FE/d1/70/**	3/0	7	0	1 sb & 1 di
CW	F6	BB/rr/110/**	1/1	9	1	1 sb
FE	Q3		0/3	10	3	none

SEGMENT 3

BB collects 2 sb (impossible on path).
 BSG moves to I13, collects 1 sb. CS attacks FE with d1.
 CW moves to I9 (takes 1 sb), collects 1 sb. FE collects 2 sb.

	loc	attacked by	HP/VP	HP	VP	ammo
BB	D6		0/0	9	1	none
BSG	I13		0/0	10	0	2 sb
CS	U5		0/3	7	3	1 sb
CW	I9		0/0	9	1	2 sb
FE	Q3	CS/d1/50/**	3/0	7	3	2 sb

Before we get into the press (yes, press) a few notes. If you wish to specify your route you may, but the SM (Snow Master) is still the final arbiter of the "shortest" route or "fastest" player (note that we nearly had a 'tie' at D6). You all started with 2 sb and can only carry two at a time; in order to carry any along you must specify that you are doing so. Snowman heads may not be carried. (All this is in the rules.)

Needless to say, hit probs of 100% or more succeed and 0% fail. Please do not label press by segment; I'll just be running it at the end of the whole turn. My reserved dateline is "Snowfort".

Coke Sniffer to all: Hi, everyone. Let's get down to some fast and furious fighting. Keep the snow clean but fight dirty and may the best person win.

CS to Four Eyes (Segment 1): I've got you in my sights. Maybe I can't find you directly but I can fog up those glasses of yours. Take that!...Hah, I dodged, you missed!! (didn't he?) Sniff, sniff. Good stuff, though.

CS to BSG (Segment 1): After reading your Halloween story I'm a tad worried about you! You haven't any brothers hiding in the kitchen . . . do you? I'm a fellow New Englander . . . is that close enough? Let's get Four Eyes! I think it's unfair that he has protection from direct face shots.

Snowfort to CS: The rules say, "to the jaw."

BSG to GM: ((That should be SM)) Us ((That should be We)) New Englanders should be given 12 hit points and a +10% on all attacks. Snowball fights are like rolling out of bed for us.

Snowfort to NEers: You get your percentage for being accustomed to snow -- but then you get a penalty for brain damage.

CS to Four Eyes (Segment 2): Oooh, your kind really makes me sick. I'm gonna git ya wid dis one . . . my word, did I or could I ever commit such a verbal assault on the language? Hey, Four Eyes, are you attempting to confound my delicate intellect ((hey, no fiction in the press!)) with bad snow? See this (points to Dirigible)?... it possesses your name.

CS to GM: Steve and Daf together in the same game? That's worse than any geographical connection, even worse than brothers! It's unfair . . . they'll tear each other apart. I'm getting Steve while I can.

One more press item, on page 9.

He did drink a lot, but I'm a teetotaler and everyone else drinks a lot from where I sit. I have a good friendship with Don Williams -- sort of a mutual-humiliation society -- mainly because he loves great literature and Pythons.

Mike Ehli, to my mind, gets classed with the "great silent majority" of Dip players -- young, unpredictable, smart, but not yet famous enough to have his own reputation outside his local circles or zines. Other examples might be Kevin Tighe, Mark Keller, and myself. The team of Hank Nichols and Maria Sanzone was a real delight; these quiet "observer" types usually avoid me, but they were both very friendly and witty.

Well, Saturdays and Sundays at Dafcon have a predictable pattern. I get up about 8, same as one or two kids; Daf's boys were with their dad, so Don's -- Christine (age 5) and Mike (6) -- filled in, especially for the Rose Parade. Others awaken at staggered times (staggering) throughtout the morning. Then, because so many Conners are locals, the quiet conversations and partisan football hair-pulling (yech) are broken up, as Sacramentoans arrive demanding to play, of all things, Diplomacy. I thought about finding a nice little church Sunday morning before everyone got started, but I didn't have my car. Also I felt a little guilty for not spending some time with Daf in her invalid state so I sat around worshipping her for a little while instead.

Saturday and Sunday flew by. Meals seemed necessary from time to time, so Don and I had opportunities to fellowship with Evans Givan (the Le Ronde pizza conspiracy), and with Gary and Doug Beyerlein (twice). Doug is the first real outdoorsman I've met in Dip, and I wished I'd talked with him longer about it.

Between meals there were games. If I've planned it right you can throw away the numbers without losing much else of value (hmm, worded wrong; the whole zine qualifies under that) if that's how you feel about statistics. In game 2, EFGI never could find a point of alliance, but since Don and Rob are both good alliance players they swept the board. An early EG was broken up by strong French defense (Evans). Vince Bashaw (G) suiciding out gave Don (R) the win.

Game 3 was so frustrating that I almost burned the chart. I went around the rest of the weekend telling people, "I never should've agreed to the draw. It was a dream come true: a good understanding with Russia (I was T), a good jump on the Med, and by Fall 1903 Terry Tallman (A) toadying to me! Yes, folks, the Hobby Sex God was signing anything I put in front of him. I had set up Italy perfectly, so my 1903 gains were rum, nap, and tun. It was only 8:45pm, and we held 18 centers to FG's 16 -- so why did I vote yes?

Late Saturday night, Tallman did a little better. After a bad 1901 as T, he convinced Clark to help him blitz Russia and Italy. I wish they had played this one out, because the end came with AT (16 dots) and EG (18) as the only survivors after 1905! As Terry commented, "Larry is going to regret not playing in this game."

At the same time there were games of Civilization and Shadowlord running. The Civ. session was sheer madness; it ran from 6pm to 6am, and Mike Ehli wound up going until 3pm Sunday without sleep. Vince (Crete) won this one. Shadowlord was brought out and explained by Hank, who then proceeded to wipe out his three pupils (Don, Mike Stevenson, and me). Each player maneuvers about the board trying to get warriors, merchants, and diplomats on his side, while fighting other players and, occasionally, the minions of the Shadowlord himself (which are secreted around the board). The game is won by eliminating all opposing forces, a simple, quick (2hrs) but well-balanced process.

The big 'event' of Sunday was the arrival of Larry Peery and Mike Maston after an all-night drive...but nobody noticed. Tallman vs. Peery amounted to little more than "Oh, is this...?" "You're shorter than I expected." "You're fatter than I thought." (Who said which is irrelevant.) Larry tried momentarily to convince Terry he was Bob Olsen, but Trollman wasn't buying it.

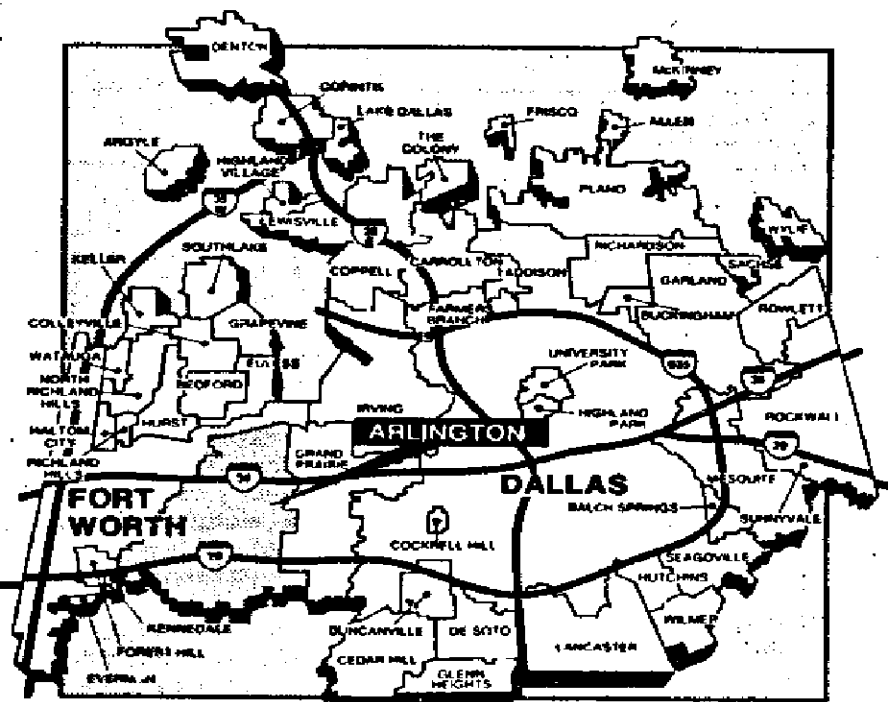
Dear Mr. Gaughan,

Thank you for sending along your opinion of our performance in the White House, and for the example copy of your "magazine". It is heartening to see the youth of our nation involved in worthwhile, stimulating activities. Why don't you find some?

I can understand that you would be attracted to serve with America's prestigious National Security Agency, in your chosen field, linguistics. However, as long as I have a say (about five more years), you will not receive an appointive office in the NSA or any other government bureau.

Of course, you might always slip in through the Civil Service ~~Exam~~ Exam. I would like to be able to follow your career and activities, but naturally with so much waste and fraud in the entitlement programs, and so many real pinkoes running around, it's hard to find an agent to assign to a lower-middle-class prole like yourself.

Sincerely,
Ronald Reagan



SPOTLIGHT ON ARLINGTON

Greg Ellis sends these ideas for a Dip opera: "Search for an Ally"; "The Edge of Knife"; "As the Ally Turns"; "One Knife to Give"; and my favorite, "General Hostility".

Prized Possessions: I am now part of the "in" Dip crowd; I got a letter from John Michalski, with his customary unorthodox "stationery" (back of an insurance application) and envelope (from a mail-order house).

Bob Albrecht and I have a running discussion on pricing going. I have to concede his point:

"What would it cost for 1) 18 issues of Perelandra and 2) three games (assuming there were 3 openings right away)? In Battle Stations it costs \$7.20 US. Name 3 others that could match that."

I can't name 'em, but it would be \$25 here -- yeah, surprised me, too. Glad I'm not a players' zine instead of a readers' zine. Once again, Linda Wightman says things I need to hear:

"I'm sorry you no longer sub to TMP [The Modern Patriot]. And here I was writing, assuming you were reading every word. So none of us in the East is worth reading, huh? Well, I suppose you are right, although slightly more constructive criticism would have been appreciated. Would it help if I become a Southerner? We're in the process of moving to Florida.

"I don't know much about the West Coast hobby. You were our one Western zine, then you moved. (I'm excluding Diplomacy World.)"

I still think of myself, and my zine, as Californian--note the Dafcon talk and the lack of a "Texas clique". (cont! pg. 12)

Herelandra Dafcon III: the Record

CAST OF CHARACTERS (in order of appearance):

Langleys (Steve and Daf; Kim, Megan) and cats (Boogie, Smokey, Jing, Cassie). Fri: Don Del Grande, Gary Coughlan, Gregory Russell, Rob Whittmond, Pete Gaughan, Williams' (Don; Mike, Christine), Mike Mazzer¹, Bob Olsen¹, Hank Nichols and Maria Sanzone, Keeneys (Jim and Diane; Mark Stine), Vince Bashaw, Givans (Evans and Wendy). Sat: Terry Tallman, non-Dip Becky Mifflin, Mike Ehli, Clark Reynolds, Mark Keller, Kevin Tighe, Bill Whitt, John Mirassou, Mike Stevenson, Duane Wilcoxson², Debbie Leonard², Schubels² (George and Patty). Sun: Mike Maston, Larry Peery, Mark Nielson, Doug Beyerlein, Birsans (Edi and Carol; Edi Jr., Yvonne), Don Jones, Pat Clay, Mark Twitty, Jeanette Shearer. Mon: John Schuler, Janet Papenfuss.

¹ honorary attendees, on tape. ² Tallman toadies; little noticed by author.

GAME 1, fri eve, Civilization

Gary, Rob, Don W, Maria, Hank, Jim; Pete standby for Jim, Mike E standby for Gary. Won by Don Williams (Crete).

GAME 2, sat aft, Gunboat Diplomacy

	01	02	03	04	05	06	07	08	09	
A Gary Coughlan	5	6	6	6	6	4	2	1	1	
E Jim Keeney	4	5	3	1	1	1	1	0	0	
F Evans Givan	6	6	8	10	9	9	7	8	8	
G Vince Bashaw	4	4	3	3	4	4	5	5	1	
I Mike Ehli	4	4	4	3	2	1	1	0		
R Don Williams	6	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	14*	CONCESSION SP'10
T Rob Whittmond	5	4	4	4	4	6	8	9	10	

*played one short

GAME 3, sat aft, Diplomacy

	01	02	03	04	
A Terry Tallman	5	5	4	5	
E Jim Keeney	4	1	0		
F John Mirassou	5	6	8	9	DRAW W'04
G Don Williams	6	7	7	7	DRAW
I Rob Whittmond	4	4	1	0	
R Mark Keller	6	7	7	6	DRAW
T Pete Gaughan	4	4	7	7	DRAW

GAME 4, sat eve, Diplomacy

	01	02	03	04	05	
A Clark Reynolds	5	5	7	9	9	DRAW F'05
E John Mirassou	4	5	7	8	9	DRAW
F Mike Ehli	3	3*	1	0		
G Kevin Tighe	6	6	6	7	9	DRAW
I Mark Nielson	4	5	3	1	0	
R Mike Stevenson	5	4	4	1	0	
T Terry Tallman	4	5	5	6	7	DRAW

GAME 5, sat eve, Civilization

Jim & Diane Keeney, Clark, Vince, Mike E, Gary. Won by Vince Bashaw (Crete).

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GAME 6, sat eve, Shadowlord
Hank Nichols (winner), Don W, Mike S, Pete.

GAME 7, sun aft, Diplomacy

	01	02	03	04	05	
A Jim Keeney	2	2	2	1	1	
E Don Williams	5	4	4	6	7	DRAW W'05
F Gary Coughlan	5	5	5	6	7	DRAW
G Larry Peery	5	6	7	5	4	
I Pete Gaughan	4	4	4	2	2	
R Doug Beyerlein	7	8	6	7	6	DRAW
T Evans Givan	4	5	6	7	7	DRAW

GAME 8, sun aft, Quasi-Gunboat

	01	02	03	04	05	06	07	
A Mike Ehli	5	4	4	5	3	0		
E Mark Nielson	4	5	5	6	6	6	6	DRAW W'07
F Mike Stevenson*	5	5	7	8	7	7	5	DRAW
G Jim Keeney	5	6	6	5	6	5	8	DRAW
I Bill Whitt**	4	4	2	1	1	0		
R John Mirassou	6	5	5	3	5	8	7	DRAW
T Terry Tallman	4	5	5	6	6	8	8	DRAW

*Evans Givan after 1905 **coached by Edi Birsan

GAME 9, sat aft, Machiavelli

Rob, Clark, Don J, Bill, Mike S, Mike E. Since this was during the main bull session, I ignored it.

Clearly Don Williams was the best Dipper present, by quantity if not by quality of play. Honorable mention to Evans.

QUOTEBOOK

Don Williams Collection---on the Rams: "I'm gonna cry, Daf." again, Rams: "Okay, guys, keep rubbing my nose in it." to daughter Christine: "You want something to drink, honey? How 'bout a beer?" to Gary Coughlan, Game 1: "Ukraine is not a dot." again to Christine: "Don't take your pants off out here."

Terry Tallman Collection---on Leudi: "He played basketball one-on-one with a squash and lost." on publishing: "A zine is just a metaphorical Superman suit these clowns don." After listening to TT go on and on about how experienced he was, Peery asked, "What's the pill we're not taking?" Peery (trying to convince TT he's someone else): "Well, I live in Kansas, and..." Tallman (pointing to Maston): "And the big tall guy is Toto?" on himself: "To get pants that fit I have to buy then two feet too long. I use short-sleeve shirts for jackets." "Gonna take a picture? I gotta get a stool to stand on. Enough people gotta stand in front of me to hide my legs." When Peery tried to get some comments out of the quiet types, TT said, "That's like using equal measures of everything-- 1 lb. flour, 1 lb. butter--maybe it's not what the recipe calls for." Steve Langley: "Have I been eating out of the bowl?"

Herelandra SPRING '04 1983 G - Darkover

A, E/F/T CAN DO NO WRONG
TURKEY PLEASES ALL OF THE PEOPLE
...THIS TIME

Autumn 1903: FRA f ion r adr

Winter 1903:

AUS build f tri GER disb a ber

ENG b a lon, a lvp TUR disb f eas

FRA b a mar

Spring 1904:

AUS (Cusack): a vie-gal,
a bul-rum (a bud s,
a ser s), f gre-aeg,
f tri-adr.

ENG (Givan): a lon-nwy
(f nth c), a lvp-yor,
a bel-ruh, f hol-bel,
a nwy-fin, f den-bal
(f swe s), a kie s Fa
bur-mun.

FRA (Ellis): a mar-gas,
a bur-mun, a mun-tyo, a tun-
nap (f tyn s, TUR c),
f adr-apu, f mid u.

GER (Makuc): a pru-war.

ITA (Mazzer): f nap-tyn /a/, a tyo-ven (a rom s).

RUS (Ragsdale): f bal-gob, a lvn-stp, a sil-war, a rum h (f sev s)
/a rum a/.

TUR (Luedi): a ukr s Ga pru-war, f con-bla, f ion c Fa tun-
nap.

NO NMRs, and only three failed moves! However, the order-writing was a little sloppy this time; please keep track of a's and f's. No retreats, either: FALL 1904 orders are due by 9pm CST, Feb. 25.

Ger to World: That press release last turn ((to Judes)) was supposed to read: Ger to Ludes. Pete probably couldn't read my writing. Hope no offense was taken.

UTA to Ger: Certainly they've been offensive. How do you think they wound up in Kiel, Munich, and Silesia?

Eng to UTA: "Reborn Rams" I reckon. They've got new blow dryers, new designer jeans, new drugs. They're just like the Dodgers. What more could you ask? The only real football teams in California are the Raiders and the 49ers.

UTA: Ouch! You know where to get a guy! But what about the USC Trojans? Is my loyal toady neglecting to kiss-up??

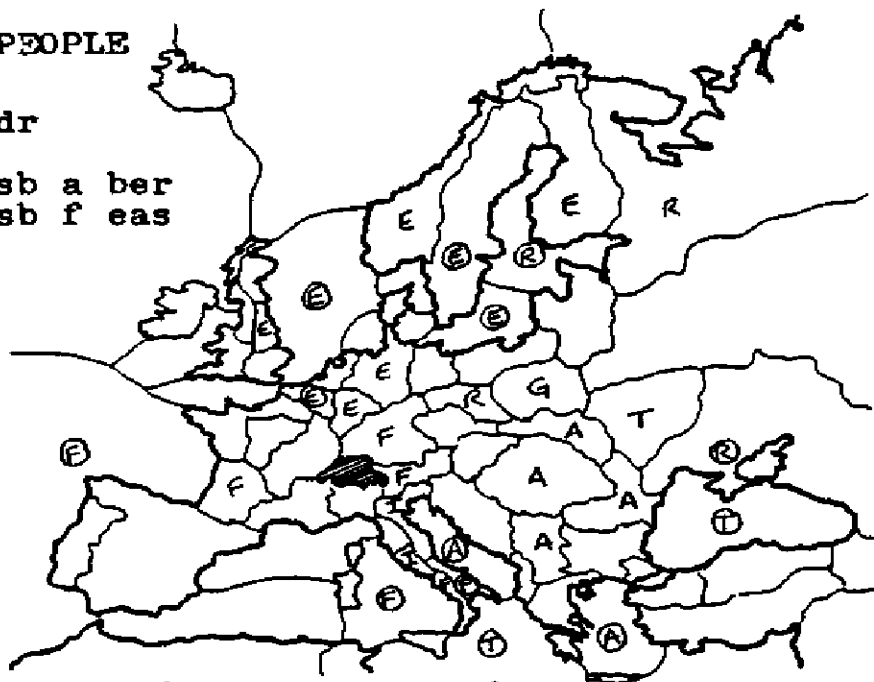
Eng to Fra: Doesn't look like Turkey was willing to stay at 4 centers too long.

Ger to UTA: I'm really in trouble! Ronnie won't even send any Marines!

***** Hoth press

Battlin' Bob to Yard Turkeys: OK, you silly Americans, I'm gonna show you haw a real Canuck snowfights! Hope you've got lots of extra dry socks!

SM to Bob: Well, only the Grouch managed to keep his virginity stay dry this time. I appreciate all of you trying this one out, and I have another sucker in the wings who's thinking about entering the game (with 7 HP and 0 VP, of course). I can see it would be a mistake to play this with only 3 or 4; the board is too big.



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SPRING '06

1982 HK - Yavin

STILL NO BREAKTHROUGHS

AUS (Ellis): a ser-tri,
f bul/sc-gre.

ENG (Burgess): f nwy-nwg,
f nth-bel, f eng-mid,
f lvp-wal.

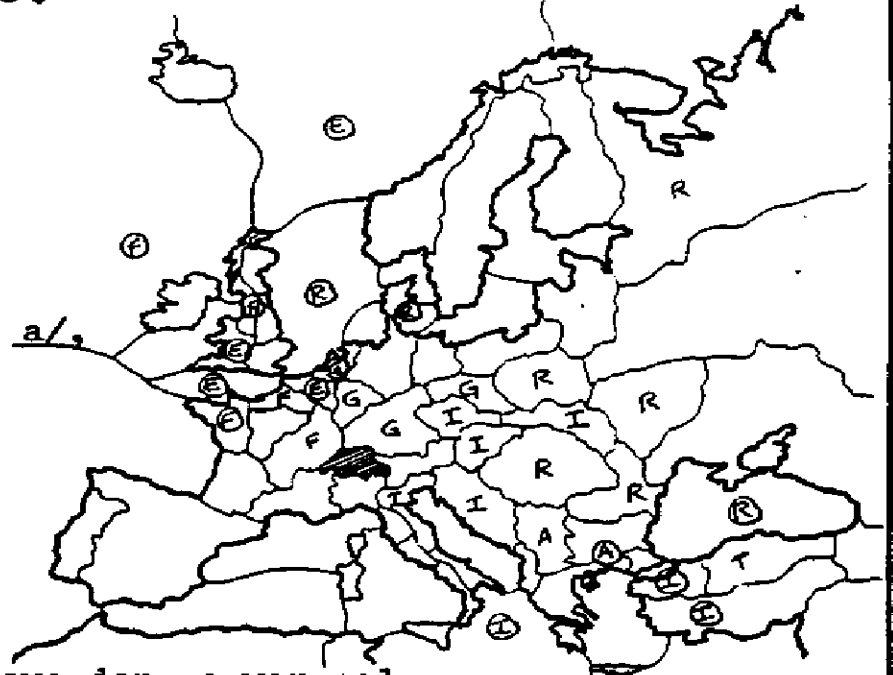
FRA (Cusack): f bre-mid,
f iri-lvp (f nao s),
a ruh-bur (a bel s)/a bel a/,
a pic-bre.

GER (Keeney): a ber-sil,
f hol s Ef nth-bel,
a kie-ruh (a mun s).

ITA (Peery): f ion-gre,
a boh-gal, f con s Rf
bla-ank /nso/ (f smy s),
a ven s a tri, a gal-bud
(a vie s, a tri s).

RUS (Givan): f den-nth, f swe-den, a war-gal,
a mos-stp, a bud s Aa ser-tri (a rum s a bud), a sev-ukr,
f bla s Ta ank-con.

TUR (Keller): a ank-con.



Dig it: no retreats, no nmrs, ... but also no action. This was going to be titled THOSE AWFUL GREEN THINGS... but then I remembered that most of you don't have Canadian blocks (where France is very dark green). FALL 1906 moves are due before 9pm CST, Feb 25.

Rome: I thought UTA was an airplane serving the South Pacific?

Rus to Tur: There. Did we get it right this time?

Rus to Ger: See Rus to Tur.

Eng to Rus and Ger: I sure hope this works out. Did everyone do what they said they would do? If so ...

Eng, Rus & Ger to Fra: Take that you dirty dog!

Rome: Well, guys, it was really great meeting so many of you at DAFCON! We even had the GM there. A really wonderful exciting experience talking to all of you about this great game we are wallowing in. I have decided that only the Russian player is worthy of an alliance. Now, will the real Russian player please roll over so I can tell which one of you he is. ...Don't worry, Blair, I didn't sell you out. I wouldn't trade our alliance for the whole bunch of them!

Eng to Italy: I shall prove you wrong and I can press my butterflies just fine on my own thank you.

Eng to Fra:

!!

Rus to Ger and Tur: Everyone else in this game thinks we have an advantage because we live so close to each other. What a joke.

UTA to Rus and Eng: Help! I'm lost amidst all this witty, incisive, "gang press". (Will Ger listen to Rus? Will Italy leave Fra for Tur??)

Eng to Rus: I'm not, as you can presently see! According to the Frenchman we were allies but it seems that he omitted to mention to me the part of the agreement where he got all my centers. Fret not, he shall be crushed for his despicable behavior.

UTA to Board: THAT'S IT!!! The name for my Dip Opera: All My Centers!

Herelandra

DAFCON III

PART III

Also on Sunday, Rob took off for Reno with non-Dip Becky, but forgot to tell me he was coming back (panic). Upon his return I pointed out that he didn't even know her name, but Rob merely said, "It didn't seem important at the time." Sarek would be proud.

Three more games on Sunday (I know I missed a couple like Fantasy Forest or Lie, Cheat and Steal). Game 7 was the "All-Star Game": A, Jim K; E, Don; F, Gary; G, Larry; I, yours truly; R, Doug; and T, Evans. For me it was a bust. I even prefer Austria to Italy; I hoped to get in some heavy-duty negotiating with these hobby big names, but was relegated to cannon fodder by 1902.

I managed to take Greece by convoy despite A's failure to support me, and Gary was all too glad to arrange a bounce in mar, because he had a secure Western Triple Alliance. FEG vs. RT would have been a good show (at Dafcon I we had two attempts at FEG, both failures), but Larry did the inexplicable: he stabbed Don for one dot. I thought, and I believe everyone else did at the time, that this was a fake, and the Triple was still firm. But Don proceeded to really with Doug. This was also promising, but the result was still a four-way draw with everyone surviving...pretty revolting with the game in '05.

Game 8 started as game 7 was winding down; Jim Keeney kept having to sign his "puppet" orders for Beyerlein while trying to play in the other room. The turkeys in 8 were too lazy to play a real game of Dip, so they decided all negotiations were permitted, but only over the table so everyone could hear: Quasi-Gunboat. It, too, broke down into a traditional East-West battle, but since FG couldn't squeeze E completely out, Russia (Mirassou) had a chance to put the game away for RT. However, in one devastating season he miswrote an order AND was attacked well by G, so another draw.

A game of Machiavelli got going after dinner runs, but just then some instinct struck the Dippers and, like the swallows to San Juan Capistrano, we homed in on Daf's throne in the living room. In about five minutes, the circle included me, Mark K, Steve, Doug, Don, Tallquasi, non-Dip Becky (and her able interpreter, Gary), John M, and Larry. Daf was thrilled, but Terry and Larry dominated the conversation with Steve and me right behind. I spent most of my energy trying to get people to not discuss Bill Highfield (successfully but clumsily) and we eventually discussed publishing, cons, travel, and politics.

Well, politics got TT and LP off in a corner, so soon four or five floating conversations were underway. Steve and I talked about ourselves to each other for a long while, and it was definitely the bright spot of the trip for me. As the talk dwindled down, the jam session started: Mirassou on guitar, Maston on ukelele, Stevenson doing the low humor and Williams doing the Shakespeare. This went on until after I went to bed (Zam) but I was around long enough to catch the highlights: John singing "Gilligan's Island" to the tune of "Stairway to Heaven", and playing "Dueling Banjos"; Mike S singing "Wildwood Weed"; John and Don doing Python's "Brave Sir Robin" (this got Steve out of bed); the whole group singing "Pinball Wizard", "BadBad LeRoy Brown", and the Dafcon theme song, "Hotel California!"

One nice thing about not publishing in January is being able to read everyone else's write-up before yours. Among other things, Tallman did not tell the MadLads (by phone) to stab and kill. Terry was concerned that everyone get a word in on the call, so he shouted into the receiver, "Mike Ehli says to grab dots. Oh, and Mark Keller says to grab dots. Gary Coughlan..." Yes, Mike E was a standby for Civilization, but he sat in for Coughlan, who was rebuked (and kicked) for snoring in the gameroom before curfew. Also, no Don, Rob was not at breakfast Monday (I thought your kids woke you up before we left?!).

(continued and concluded, page 13)

Merelandra

Our Guest of Honor

From the opening lines of Oscar Wilde's "The Fisherman and His Soul" (next month: selections from Thailand and Latin America)...

And when she saw that she could in no way escape from him, she began to weep, and said, "I pray thee let me go, for I am the only daughter of a King, and my father is aged and alone."

But the young Fisherman answered, "I will not let thee go save though makest me a promise that whenever I call thee, thou wilt come and sing to me, for the fish delight to listen to the song of the Seafolk and so shall my nets be full."

"Wilt thou in very truth let me go, if I promise thee this?" cried the Mermaid.

"In very truth I will let thee go," said the young Fisherman.

So she made him the promise he desired, and swore it by the oath of the Seafolk. And he loosened his arms from about her, and she sank down into the water, trembling with a strange fear.

Every evening the young Fisherman went out upon the sea, and called to the Mermaid, and she rose out of the water and sang to him. Round and round her swam the dolphins, and the wild gulls wheeled above her head.

And she sang a marvelous song. For she sang of the Seafolk who drive their flocks from cave to cave, and carry the little calves on their shoulders; of the Tritons who have long beards, and hairy breasts, and blow through twisted conchs when the King passes by; of the palace of the King which is all of amber, with a roof of clear emerald, and a pavement of bright pearl; and of the gardens of the sea where the great filigrane fans of coral wave all day long, and the fish dart about like silver birds, and the anemones cling to the rocks, and the pinks burgeon in the ribbed yellow sand. She sang of the big whales that come down from the north seas and have sharp icicles hanging from their fins; of the Sirens who tell of such wonderful things that the merchants have to stop their ears with wax lest they should hear them, and leap into the water and be drowned; of the sunken galleys with their tall masts, and the frozen sailors clinging to the rigging, and the mackerel swimming in and out of the open portholes.

[I want to apologize for the insufficiency of this section over the last few issues...in my sight, anyway. Because of the growth of the letter column and possibly another game, 14- and 16-page issues will become more common, though I won't be raising rates this year. I want to get all the letters in, so let's go back to that.]

Actually, I should point out that this has been a bear of a weekend, although January went along great before this. On top of papers to grade and homework to submit, my brakes went out, so I spent five hours waiting for the privilege of paying \$86 for a master cylinder. Still, I had three weeks in heaven with my family and girlfriend, and when I got back to Texas I found a Japanese couple in two of my classes--they're even willing to tutor me so my conversation skills don't slide any further.

This was also the month that my hobby contacts came to life. I have sent a check to start getting Emhain Macha and started two new games (things I've planned for a while). I guess I do view the hobby's coasts as quite different - what do you think? - and I prefer the less-confrontational style of the 'Out Many' (Steve Langley version of the 'In 6'). I guess I started to lose interest when Woody, Bill, and Dave Marshall dropped out of my games and Ron Brown let his sub lapse; suddenly I had a lot less motivation to keep up with the East.

(this keeps up, next page)

Perelandra

Next Opinion is from the man who doesn't believe in Liquid Paper, Gary Coughlan:

"The Dutch and German zines only recently have introduced letter columns and the subbers in both countries aren't too thrilled about it in the main. They want their game facts and that's it. Press is rare in both countries. Zines are put out by teams; it's rare that you'll find a single editor in either country. ...

"Both countries are partial to other games than Diplomacy. Quite often the British zine Hopscotch will have rules printed to many of the games it runs and these are faithfully translated into Dutch and German."

I get quite a collection of intellectual-discussion letters from Rod Walker, which to my shame I don't hardly do justice to in my replies. But THESE two also keep me on my toes: Greg Ellis

"I understand exactly what you mean by labels. People have a difficult time deciding exactly what I am. I mean what do you call somebody who subs to both Perelandra and The Modern Patriot and agrees with them both most of the time? I am an Economic conservative who thinks that the U.S. should legalize most of the 'vice' crimes to get the tax benefits. The Moral Majority would love me for half of my views and put me on their hit list for the rest."

and Jim Burgess:

"I'm in the mood for a socialism argument so let's add some spice to the szine sic .

"One thing I have never understood about people with socialist leanings ... is the issue of organization. Any sytem must have an organization and when it comes down to brass tacks you can shove ideology out the window, you must have a structure of power. The problem with all of the attempts at socialist systems, no matter how committed the leaders were, is that someone has to run things. Until I see a better way of deciding who that someone is I prefer our imperfect system. ... I would be the first to jump on the bandwagon if I saw a way for socialism to work without relying on altruistic behavior."

and let's toss in Guy Hail:

"While you may not like the phrase 'civil liberties', such liberties allow people of widely differnt faiths, ideologies, incomes, etc., to co-exist peacefully."

All of this is tantalizing, but you'll have to wait for next month for my ideas. Hint: I objected to the phrase, not the liberties themselves. As Jim said elsewhere, it's the way we think about these things that never gets discussed (vs. the things themselves). I wish I could go to 16 pages now! Stick with me, and I'll try to make a little more sense in March. A chiara!

DAFCON III

PART IV

And, finally, I have a hobby secret to reveal. Judy Winsome and Terry Tallman publicized their own mystery identities, but I have been trying to keep mine under wraps. Daf, however, has heaped piles of mushy flattery on me which rightfully belong to my much-younger brother, Mike. Yes, I've been sending Mike in my stead to all hobby meets, mostly because he's less emaciated and ugly (can't scare the kids at a family con). Besides, there were already too many Mikes and Marks in the Hobby anyway.

He tells me I should use this as a closing anecdote: they returned from dinner Saturday evening to find Terry holding court on postal Dip specifically and the postal gaming hobby in general with half a dozen groupies. Evans took one look at the adoring fans and said, "Look at Tallman the Hut!"

Perelandra

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