

Iceland

classic literature

halfway-decent Diplomacy

OK
WAS
DROPPED

Herelandra

volume 3; number 2/18

March 1984

PHIKOOL THONG'S TALE — THAILAND

Phikool Thong was a princess. Phikool is a small, sweet-smelling yellow flower. Thong means gold. The girl was very handsome and was rightly named Phikool Thong.

One day Phikool Thong on her way back from the river with her maids-in-waiting saw a vulture eating a carrion. Phikool ran down the vulture for the foul smell and the maids agreed. They ran to get out of the stench of the place.

Now the vulture was no other than the King of the vultures and he was mightily offended at the remarks of Phikool Thong. He wanted to take revenge by marrying her. The Vulture-King through his magical power made himself into a comely youth and he took shelter in the house of a poor farmer. After some time he induced the farmer to take him to the royal court. When presented to the King the young man startled everyone by seeking the hands of the princess in marriage. The King checked his anger and thought he could easily get out of the problem. He suggested to the young man that if he could span the river by throwing a bridge in one night he would let the princess marry him. The young man agreed and went back. Everyone thought he was a mad fellow.

Next morning the King was amazed to see a golden bridge shining on the river and people were joyfully walking over the bridge and crossing the river. He was aghast. Some time after when the young man appeared and the King had to keep his promise. Phikool Thong was married to the young man. She accompanied her husband in tears. King Sanuraj, father of Phikool Thong was also smitten with sorrow.

The King of the Vultures, through his magical powers, again had made a palace at a distant place. But Phikool Thong was haunted by a stench in the palace. Whenever her husband would approach her the stench increased and she used to be sick. She could never allow the husband to touch her. She would vomit. She inhaled the same stench hundred times over what she had smelt when she saw the carrion being devoured by the vulture.

The King of Vultures wanted to teach the princess a lesson. He put her in a ship made of magic. The ship sailed and when there was nothing in front but the splashing waves of the sea thick clouds came along with sky. They were not clouds but thousands and thousands of vultures and the husband of Phikool took the shape of a mighty vulture and started flapping above. All the crew had become vultures and the ship was deserted but for Phikool. This was a trick to teach Phikool Thong a lesson and to make her submit to the Vulture King's evil wishes.

Phikool Thong prayed and prayed. Suddenly she heard a soft voice, "My child, I am the goddess of the sea, do not fear, hide yourself in the large hole in the spar of the main mast of the ship, I shall take care of you." Phikool saw the hole and got into it and the opening closed. She fell asleep. When she awoke she found a beautiful young lady in a phasin and sabai (traditional Siamese skirt). The goddess consoled her. She asked Phikool for a lock of her hair which was put in a golden locket and that was put in a golden seal casket and thrown into the sea. The locket reached King Phichai when he was enjoying the evening sea-breeze in his ship. He had the golden caske and saw the locket with the lock of hair.

(continued on page 10)

Perelandra

Vital Statistics

Hey, this is Perelandra, a monthly amateur magazine of postal Diplomacy and fine literature. This metaphorical Superman suit is donned by the editor, P.J. Caughan, of 509 Sandpiper Drive #130, Arlington TX 76013 (phone 817-460-3253). Subscriptions are \$5 US for ten issues (\$7 or 14 IRCs outside North America). Printed by alphaGraphics of Arlington, and not protected by copyright.

GAME OPENINGS: The inquiries have been flooding in. WOZ, the next game of Regular Dip, has these intrepid adventurers logged: Bob Albrecht, Dave Bruss, Pat Conlon, Jim Makuc, Mike Rollin, Rob Wittmond. I expect to fill this within the week and will get a gamestart out ASAP. However, I will wait a few days because I have lost the preference lists for Albrecht, Makuc and Rollin. Send 'em in quick guys (my apologies). The last remaining spot costs \$3.

SNOWBALL FIGHTING: ASF 2 has five positions available and a buck apiece. Signed up already is Don Williams, the duck who forgot to fly south for the winter.

STANDBYS: In the order they will be called-- Guy Hail, Jim Makuc, Jim Burgess, Jim Keeney, ~~Jim~~ Bob Albrecht, Greg Ellis, Evans Givan. I am now offering one issue free every time a standby is called and sends in orders, and two free if a standby plays out a position; this appears to be becoming the hobby standard. Also, from now on standbys must have a subscription current to stay on the list, so the following people take note: Ken Gestieher, Ken Iverson, and Jerry White.

DIP PARTY: The long-awaited ArlingCon (you gotta better idea, you let me know) is quickly approaching: March 23rd, 24th, and by golly even the 25th. The tally so far shows three No responses (Gary Coughlan, Dave Bruss, and Guy Hail), six Yes responses (C.M. Hallmark, Conrad (& Leslie?) Minshall, James Briggs, Ken Iverson, Mike Blanchard, and Pat Conlon), and six people still Maybe (Roy Dalrymple, Greg Ellis, John Michalski, Mike Conner, Blaine Fowers, and John Walker). Get your RSVP to me (phone number above) quick, but the housing situation looks a whole lot better since Mike B. and Ken volunteered to help put people up. Thanks a million to both!
and Charles!

Perelandra hereby seconds the motion to appoint Bruce Linsey Hobby Drill Instructor by acclamation.

PERSONAL NOTES: I had just about broken myself of the take-out pizza habit when I left for Christmas break. When I returned to Tejas I found that a new shop had opened within just blocks of my apartment, Tony's Pizza. Coupons littered my doorstep, so I tried it and now I'm hooked again--up to twice a week! It's the best I've eaten in six cities. ... The linguistics crowd has picked up a new appellation from one of our better-humored profs: OWLs, for Ordinary Working Linguists. ... This was the month for meetings. I had phone conversations with Larry Peery about DipCon (more on that in the Op-Ed section), and Steve Langley about writing. Terry Tallman was in Fort Worth this month so we got together and shot an evening's worth of breeze (Diplomatic soup to nuts, including nuts I refuse to name), and I was in Houston one weekend for a symposium on discourse grammar so I was able to have lunch with Greg Ellis. In fact, I did have lunch with Greg, at the Hamburger Gourmet. We hashed out options for a Texas Dipfest (details above) and traded horror stories about the weather in this part of the world. It was fun, everyone.

Perelandra is now the official home of the Hobby Small-Fry Protection League (read details in the Op-Ed pages). Eligible applicants are encouraged to send for a membership packet right away.

alphaGraphics®

Printshops Of The Future

Harry & Betay Kalina

Printing • Copying • Binding • Business Cards & Forms

2229-B W. Park Row
Arlington, Texas 76013
(Monniga Park Row West)

Telephone
(817) 460-0991

Herelandra

FALL 1906

1982 HK - Yavin

G AND R CELEBRATE AS TURK
BREATHES HIS LAST!

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

ENG (Burgess): f nwg-cly, f bel h,
f wal h, f eng s Ff nao-mid /nso/.

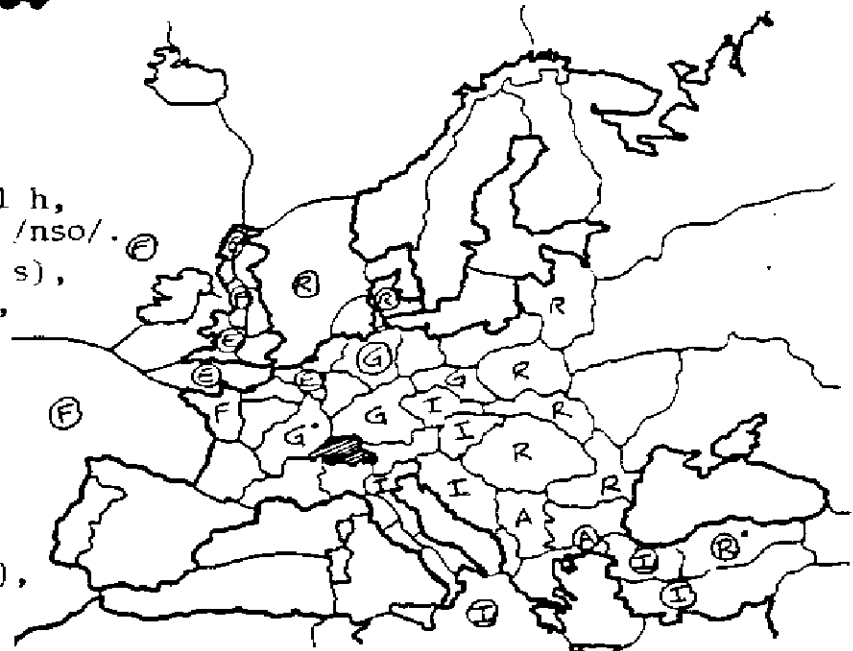
FRA (Cusack): f bre-mid (f nao s),
f lvp h, a bur-mun /d r pic,
par, gas, mar, otb/, a pic-
bre (failed last season but
wasn't underlined).

GER (Keeney): f hol-kie,
a ruh-bur (a mun s),
a sil s a mun.

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

RUS (Givan): f nth s Ef bel (f den s), a stp-lvn, a ukr-gal (a war s),
a bud s Aa ser-tri (a rum s), f bla-ank (Is).

TUR (Keller): a ank-con /d r arm, otb/.



SUPPLY CENTERS HELD AS OF WINTER 1906

AUS ser gre bul	3/3	short one for lack of room
ENG lon lyp edi nwy BEL	4/4	even
FRA par bre mar spa por bel LVP	6/6	build 1 (2 if retreats otb)
GER ber kie mun hol	4/4	even
ITA nap ven rom vie tri tun smy con	8/8	build 1
RUS stp mos war sev rum swe den bud ANK	8/9	build 1
TUR ank	1/0	finally and utterly out

DEADLINE FOR FRENCH RETREAT (and Turkish if you want), WINTER BUILDS AND
SPRING 1907 ORDERS OF BATTLE IS: 9pm Central Time, Tuesday, March 27!

Mark, if you send an endgame statement I'll give you \$1 credit under my new
standby policy. Thanks a million for playing this through. Now the press:

Ger-Eng: Yes. Ger-Russia: Yes, yes. Ger-Italy: Yes, yes, yes.
Ger-Fra: No.

ITA to Ger: Groan. This passes for press in Sacramento??!!

Rus to Ita: You want an alliance? I'm ready. Quit attacking me. That
would be nice.

Rome: Bewilderment has struck the people of Rome as word of the latest fight-
ing filters home. Italian fleets supported Russian units in Turkey while
Italian armies attacked Russian units in Austria. In Germany, Italian
units supported a French attack on German positions in Munich. Strange,
strange. Disasterous? Probably. Confusing? Certainly.

Aus to Rus/Tur: What good is a Turkish Army going to do in Con? If you ever
succeed that will be as far as you go. Get the fleet out first, then
worry about Turkey getting his centers back.

ITA to Aus: They found a more efficient solution.

Aus to Rus, Tur, Ger: Sacramentoads Unite! Oh, they already did. Never mind.

Eng to Fra: You did ask for that support, didn't you?

Ellis to Burgess: Only Rhode Island is so small that they have addresses
like 'third left'.

Aus to World: Once again -- with FEELING!

ITA to World: Lessee --- let's put the rest of this on page 12...

Herelandra

The Op-Ed Page

ON SOCIALISM, JUSTICE, AND THE AMERICAN WAY: or, If Washington Never Told a Lie, Why is His Face on a Dollar Bill Worth 21 Cents?

I will leave many holes in this essay, knowing that I cannot begin to say everything necessary. The biggest of these is the argument about whether America needs a new economic system at all. If the world's largest economy can't keep her people healthy and well-fed then maybe this is hopeless, but I won't take this line of thought.

Socialism does depend on someone's altruism. The reason for the failure of socialism in the past is that attempts always relied on the self-denial of a few. Most tries degenerated into communism because an elite was formed which had no reason or motivation to treat its populace decently. My alternatives are either a benevolent dictator (impossible) an enlightened monarchy (in short supply these days) or a representative democracy. The latter is not only the most just form of government, it also happens to be the one we have in place. Hence, the only thing needed to institute socialism is to elect socialist thinkers. (Socialism and democracy are not incompatible; where do you think we got "Social Democrats"?)

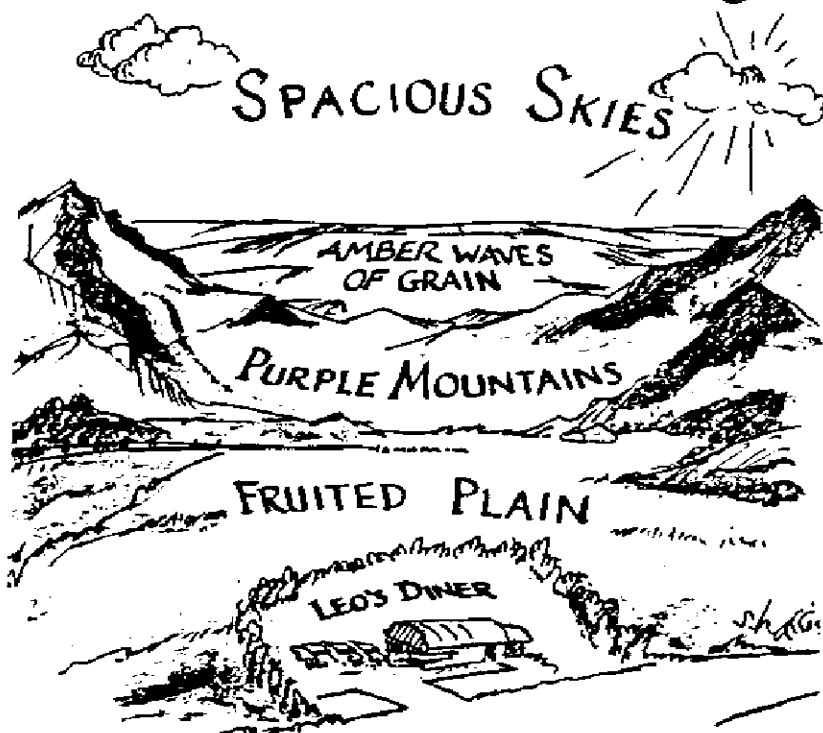
A socialist democracy could collect taxes roughly equal to current levels and still provide a level of economic stability. The practical steps I would take:

1. Eliminate all farm and industry subsidies and instead use price and salary ceilings. If wages were based on productivity, productivity would increase.
2. Nationalize medicine. Most million-dollar occupations (law, sports) are not only overpaid, but an inordinate drain on the money supply, diverting funds to luxuries instead of necessities.
3. Institute incentive programs similar to the PRC's. After someone produces X goods give him an ever-increasing percentage of any further sales.
4. Cut military spending to defensive levels. Big-ticket offensive weapons can be replaced with items such as anti-missile defenses at half the price.
5. Standardize transfer payments. Currently, taking in taxes and paying out benefits is the single most complicated sector of government. Why not a basic entitlement program for everyone, guaranteeing income at a level sufficient for survival but too low to discourage idleness?

These are a few simplistic answers, and Evans will groan when he sees them, but enough of you asked that I decided to say it. I'm still in the process of sorting out my priorities as a citizen, so gentle criticism is welcome. Could you tell by reading this that I drew up three rough drafts and tossed 'em all?

EDITORIAL NUMBER TWO: I hereby announce the creation of the Hobby Small-Fry Protection League. Purposes of this organization will be to support and encourage publishers who do not seek big sub counts but quality material; to fight for small-fry rights, such as the right to be insulted and feuded with along with the big guys; and to promote small-fry interests such as holding DipCon in Cheyenne, WY. Membership is open to publishers A) whose sub list is less than 30; B) who run fewer than four games; or C) whose page count is less than 10. Please include sample for verification of claim. Non-publishers may become associate members if they are playing in fewer than four games. No fees.

Op-Ed continues on page 13.



Herelandra

FALL 1904 +

1983 G - Darkover

EIGHT BUILDS DUE AS TWO NATIONS BOW!

AUS (Cusack): a gal-war, a bud-vie,
a rum s Tf bla-sev, a ser-tri,
f aeg-gre, f adr-ven.

ENG (Givan): a fin-stp (a nwy s),
a yor-hol (f nth c), f bel h,
f swe-gob, a ruh-kie,
a kie-ber (f bal s, Fs).

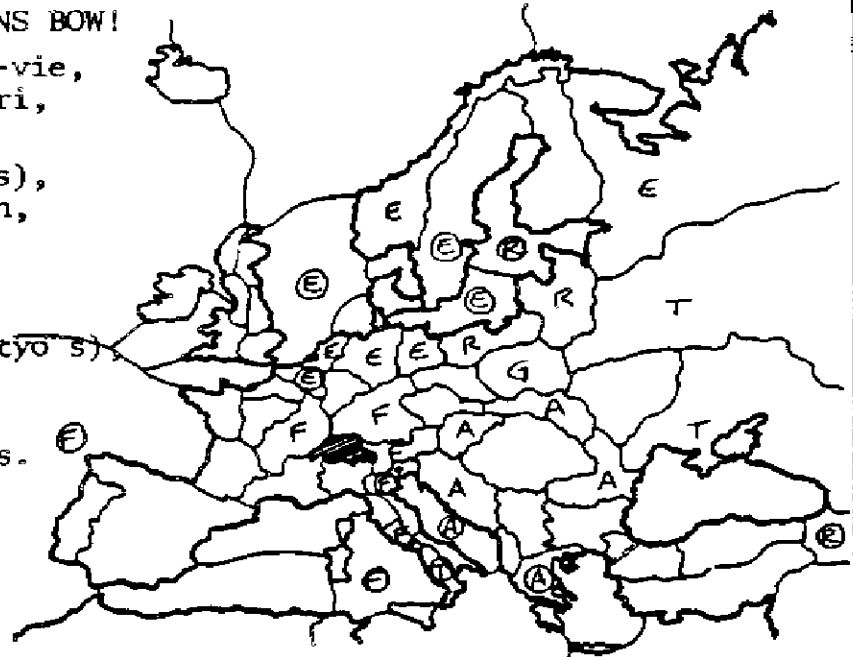
FRA (Ellis): a gas-bur, a mun
s Ea kie-ber, f apu-ven (a tyo s),
f mid waves to Ef bel,
a nap-rom (f tyn s).

GER (Makuc): a war s Ta ukr-mos.

ITA (Mazzer): a ven ms a rom
/both d; a rom r tus otb;
a ven r pie tus otb/.

RUS (Ragsdale): a stp-lvn
(f gob s), a sil-pru,
f sev-arm.

TUR (Luedi): a ukr-mos (Gs), f bla-sev (As), f ion-nap.



SUPPLY CENTERS HELD AS OF WINTER 1904

AUS	bud tri vie ser gre bul RUM	6/7	build one
ENG	lon edi lvp nwy den hol swe bel kie STP BER	9/11	build two
FRA	par bre mar por spa tun mun VEN ROM	7/9	build two
GER	WAR	1/1	even (and still in!)
ITA	VEN ROM NAP	3/0	over and out
RUS	MOS SER WAR STP LVN	5/0	backed out
TUR	con ank smy NAP SEV MOS	3/6	build...THREE?!?!?!?

Far be it from me to deny Mike his retreats but basically I only need to set a deadline for five of you now. I don't have the guts to arbitrarily declare separate seasons here, but if two players request 'em (hint hint) you'll get 'em. Mike and Rick, I'm really glad you both played here and I hope you'll stick around. You both, I believe, have a \$1 NMR deposit to be returned (sub credit okay?). GENTLEMEN, DEADLINE FOR WINTER BUILDS, SPRING ORDERS, AND ENDGAME STATEMENTS FROM THE TWO DEPARTED POWERS IS: 9 pm CST March 27th.

Turkey to Austria: Surely a mistake rudder stuck perhaps?

Russia to World:

Ita to UTA: Ever have one of those games, Pete?

UTA to Ita: You kidding? I'm having one of those careers . . .

Fra to Eng: I thought Turkey would want to grow, not shrink. In any case he won't be at 4 will he?

Eng to UTA: So the Super Bowl trophy returns to California, where it belongs. Tell you what: next year we'll let the Rams go for it. Maybe. Could be that next year is the year for America's Team. ((UTA: Gag.))

Fra to Evans, UTA: There are no real teams in California. But then, I am from Houston -- what would I know about real football? ((UTA: Indeed.))

German Army Warsaw to World: Here we drink, sing, and play with the frau-leins watching the war. Oh the things of war we saw, in Warsaw.

World: Gag.

Fra to Ger: Keep working your way wouth and maybe you can meet the Marines in Beirut. Hopefully the Americans will be gone by the time your German contingent gets there, though.

UTA to Darkover: More where this came from, page ~~18~~ 11

Perelandra

Our Guest of Honor

From Ricardo Palma (1833-1919), Peruvian Traditions, comes "Fray Gómez's Scorpion". Palma was one of the few fiction writers of his day to rely on native folktale and legend; and before him Latin American literature is predominantly chronicles kept by men travelling with the European explorers. These two phenomena combined to inhibit the growth of a truly indigenous regional literature until the twentieth century.

Fray Gómez was in his cell one morning, given over to meditation, when a couple of timid knocks sounded on his door, and a plaintive-toned voice said, "Deo gratis . . . Praised be the Lord."

"Forever, amen. Come in, brother," answered Fray Gómez.

And the door of the humble cell opened to admit a ragged individual, a vera efigies of a man crushed by poverty, but whose face revealed the proverbial forthrightness and honesty of the Old Castilian.

The entire furnishings of the cell comprised four rawhide chairs, a table that had seen better days, a cot without mattress, sheets, or blankets and with a stone for a pillow.

"Sit down, brother, and tell me frankly what brings you here," said Fray Gómez.

"Well, father, I want to tell you that I am an honest and decent man . . ."

"That is plain, and I hope you will continue that way, for it will give you peace of heart in this life, and bliss in the next."

"You see, I am a peddler, and I have a big family, and my business does not prosper because I am short of capital, not because of laziness or lack of effort on my part."

"I am glad, brother, for God helps a man who works as he should."

"But the fact of the matter is, father, that so far God hasn't heard me, and He is slow in coming to my help. . . ."

"Don't lose heart, brother, don't lose heart."

"But the fact of the matter is that I have knocked at many doors asking for a loan of five hundred duros and I have found them all locked and bolted. And last night, turning things over in my mind, I said to myself, 'Come, Jerónimo, cheer up and go ask Fray Gómez for the money, for if he wants to, a mendicant friar and poor as he is, he'll find a way to give you a hand.' And so here I am because I have come, and I beg and request you, father, to lend me that trifling sum for six months, and you can be sure it will never be said of me:

The world is full of folks

Who reverence certain saints,

But whose gratitude ends

When they've answered their complaints."

"What made you think, son, that you would find such a sum in this poor cell?"

"Well, father, the fact is that I wouldn't know how to answer that; but I have faith that you will not let me leave empty-handed."

"Your faith will save you, brother. Wait a minute."

And running his eyes over the bare, whitewashed walls of the cell, he saw a scorpion that was crawling calmly along the window frame. Fray Gómez tore a page out of an old book, walked over to the window, carefully picked up the insect, wrapped it in the paper, and, turning to his visitor, said, "Take this jewel, good man, and pawn it; but don't forget that you are to return it to me in six months."

The peddler could hardly find words to express his gratitude; he took his leave of Fray Gómez and like a flash was on his way to the pawnbroker's shop.

The jewel was magnificent, worthy of a Moorish queen, to say the least. It was a brooch in the shape of a scorpion. A magnificent emerald set in gold formed the body, and the head was a sparkling diamond, with rubies for eyes.

The pawnbroker, who understood his business, greedily examined the jewel and offered the peddler two thousand duros on it; but the Spaniard insisted that he would accept only five hundred duros for six months, at a Jewish rate of interest, of course. The papers or tickets were made out and signed, and the money-

Herelandra

DAFCON III PHOTOS!

THE
GROUP
SHOT



Evans 'Blade' Givan, Daf 'Looker' Langley, Steve 'Magician' Langley, Don 'Duck' Williams, Rob 'Yoga' Wittmond, Diane 'I don't want to be seen with him' Keeney, Jim 'Diet Pepsi' Keeney, Mark 'Twilight Zone' Keller, Mike 'Fnord' Ehli, 'Non-dip' Becky Mifflin, Gary 'Y'all' Coughlan, and Vince 'Who, me?' Bashaw. Back row: Terry 'Sluglover' Tallman.



Larry and Evans flank
yours truly in the All-
Star Game

Edi and Carol Birsan
demonstrate Yiddish
sign language for
Daf and Steve... or
is it telepathy?



Herelandra

DAFCON III PHOTOS II



Gary smiling

Mike writing

Rob meditating

Below is the Sunday night discussion: Doug, Don, Gary, Becky, John, Terry, Daf, and Larry. Mark K's back in foreground.



right: Terry, Mike Stevenson, Steve (standing), Mike E, Larry, Don Jones, Clark Reynolds. I might be wrong about "Don" here. "CENSORED" by request...



John picks while Daf, Gary and Don grin. Rob (in yoga position) was excited all weekend by Steve's sci-fi collection.

Herelandra

TURN TWO

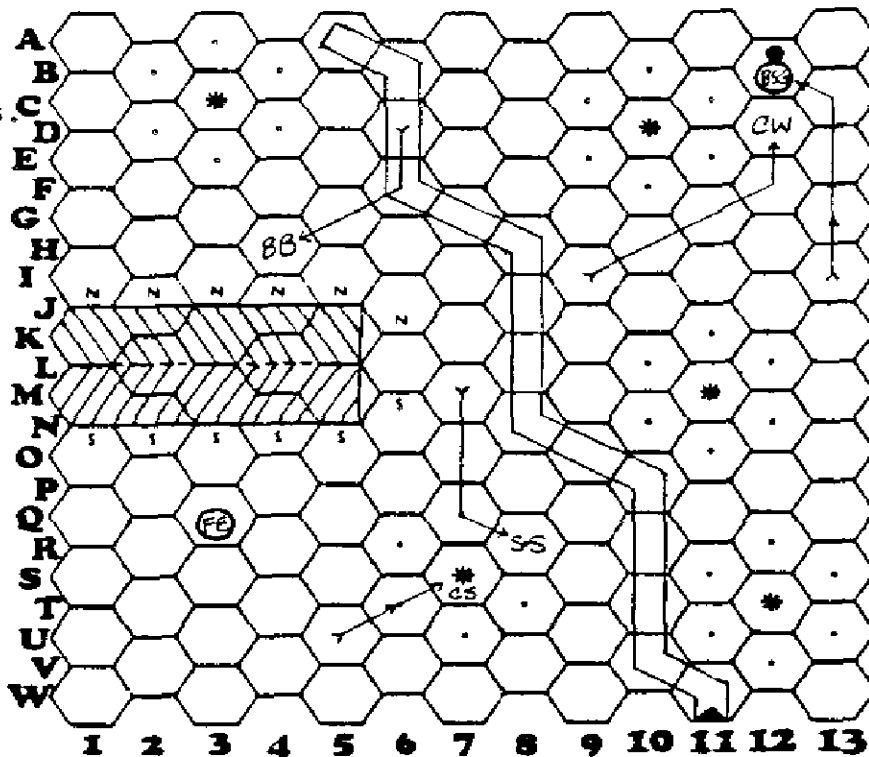
ASF1-Hoth

"ASF1" stands for American Snow Fight #1, and the yard is now full of snow warriors.

The new kid on the block is Kelly Bagley (7500 W. Camp Wisdom Road, Dallas Texas). His game name is Silver Snake (SS) and he starts at M7 as low man on the pole:

name	loc	ammo	
BB	D6	none	(Albrecht)
BSG	I13	2 sb	(Makuc)
CS	U5	1 sb	Burgess(
CW	I9	2 sb	(Daf L.)
FE	Q3	2 sb	(Steve L.)
SS	M7	2 sb	(Bagley)

Rules notes and press will follow the orders--and the rules items are fairly important. Everybody please comment this month on your opinion of the changes.



SEGMENT ONE

BB moves to H4. BSG attacks CW with de, moves to G13.* CS attacks FE with de, moves to T6. CW moves to D12 (takes 2sb). FE collects di. SS moves to R8 (takes 2 sb). *(takes 1sb)

	loc	attacked	hp/vp	hp/vp/ammo	remaining
BB	H4		0/0	9/ 1/	none
BSG	G13		0/1	10/ 1/	1 sb
CS	T6		0/0	7/ 3/	none
CW	D12	BSG/de/55/**	1/0	8/ 1/	2 sb
FE	Q3	CS/de/80/--	0/0	7/ 3/	2 sb & 1 di
SS	R8		0/0	7/ 0/	2 sb

SEGMENT TWO

BB collects 2 sb. BSG moves to B12.* CS moves to S7, collects 1 sb. CW collects di. FE attacks CS with di. SS attacks FE with de, moves to Q5 (move impossible, sits tight). *(takes 1 sb)

	loc	attacked	hp/vp	hp/vp/ammo	remaining
BB	H4		0/0	9/ 1/	2 sb
BSG	B12		0/0	10/ 1/	1 sb
CS	S7	FE/di/25/--	0/0	7/ 3/	1 sb
CW	D12		0/0	8/ 1/	2 sb & 1 di
FE	Q3	SS/de/50/**	1/0	6/ 3/	2 sb
SS	R8		0/1	7/ 1/	1 sb

SEGMENT THREE

BB attacks anyone within range (FE) with rr. BSG collects 2 sb. CS attacks SS with de, dodges. CW attacks BSG with di "and prepares to die!" FE attacks CS with rr. SS storms S7.

Conifer Storm on S7: for shot, 95%/**; for storm, 70%/**. Affects SS & CS.

	loc	attacked	hp/vp	hp/vp/ammo	remaining
BB	H4		0/0	9/ 1/	1 sb
BSG	B12	CW/di/70/**	3/0	7/ 1/	3 sb
CS	S7	FE/rr/45/--,SS/cs/70/**	2/1	5/ 4/	none
CW	D12		0/3	8/ 4/	2 sb
FE	Q3	BB/rr/35/--	0/0	6/ 3/	1 sb
SS	R8	CS/de/70/**,SS/cs/70/**	2/2	5/ 3/	none

Press on pg.12...

Perelandra

more folktale

He understood there was a lady in distress. King Phichai made for the ship where the Princess was in hiding.

On the way he was caught hold of by Kakhao, an evil ogress who wanted the King to love her. King Phichai tricked her and continued his journey. He reached the deserted ship tossed by the rough waves. As soon as he came on the ship the great hole opened up and Phikool Thong came out, resplendent in beauty -- a bashful young damsel. She told her story and begged King Phichai to take her away. King Phichai was in love with the girl at the first sight. Just at this time the King of the Vultures appeared in the sky. He could not lay his hands on the captive princess so long and now he must take revenge on her rescuer. But King Phichai killed the King of the Vultures by a poisoned dart from his great bow.

Phikool Thong was taken by King Phichai to his kingdom. They married and lived happily. She bore the king two sons, Luk and Yom.

But the ogress Kakhao whose overtures King Phichai had rejected was out to take revenge. One day Phikool Thong saw a lovely large lotus flower in the lake near the palace. She wanted to pluck the flower. The flower was no other than the ogress Kakhao. As soon as Phikool Thong had plunged her hands in the water and touched the flower she was dragged inside the water and changed into a gibbon. The ogress took the shape of the new queen and went back to the palace. The King could not make out that she was not Phikool Thong but her two boys felt she was a different woman. They had seen their mother going down the river and told their father the story. The boys would come to their mother, now a gibbon, every day. The King secretly followed the boys and saw the gibbon. The gibbon instructed the King that the ogress be killed and her blood be brought for her bath and then only she could get back her original self.

The King did as he was told. Phikool Thong became her old self. They all lived happily for ever in spite of other troubles brought on them by the sister of the ogress Kakhao.

Puzzling structure in this tale: even though it is a hero/heroine story we are given rather graphic vocabulary (this is a fairly literal translation). Also, why introduce a new character in the Closure formula (the last sentence which is represented in English by "And they all lived happily ever after.")? This is from P.C. Roy Chaudury, Folk Tales of Thailand.

The Literary Arts

lender comforted himself with the hope that after a time the owner of the jewel would come back for more money, and that with the compound interest that would pile up, he would be unable to redeem it, and he would become the owner of a jewel so valuable in itself and because of its artistic merit.

With this little capital the peddler's affairs went so well that, when the time was up, he was able to redeem the jewel, and wrapping it in the same paper in which he received it, he returned it to Fray Gomez.

The latter took the scorpion, set it upon the windowsill, blessed it, and said, "Little creature of God, go your way!"

And the scorpion began to crawl happily about the walls of the cell.

((Everyone likes a happy ending, right? Well, I have a gloomy one for next month. And remember, I'm still taking your suggestions.))

Herelandra

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Bob Albrecht 1001-1239 12th Avenue SW Calgary, Alberta Canada T3B 3R8
James Briggs Box 6243 El Paso TX 79906
Jim Burgess 100 Holden Street third left Providence RI 02908
Kathy Byrne 160-02 43rd Avenue Flushing NY 11358
Pat Conlon Box 17014 LSU Baton Rouge LA 70893
Gary Coughlan 4614 Martha Cole Lane Memphis TN 38118
Blair Cusack General Delivery Revelstoke BC Canada V0E 2S0
Roy Dalrymple 504 S. Van Buren #102 Henderson TX 75652
Don Del Grande 142 Eliseo Drive Greenbrae CA 94904
Greg Ellis 9430 Concourse #1612 Houston TX 77036
Evans Givan Box 15761 Sacramento CA 95852-0761
Gay Hail 1103-B Lorrain Street Austin TX 78703
C. M. Hallmark Box 110247 Arlington TX 76007
Anna Harrell 18520 Prairie #31 Northridge CA 91324
Eric Kane 109 Hicks Lane Great Neck NY 11026
Jim Keeney 1917 28th Street #C Sacramento CA 95816
Mark Keller 9536 Shunway Orangevale CA 95662
Steve and Daf Langley 4112 Boone Lane Sacramento CA 95821
Mark Luedi Box 2424 Bloomington IN 47402
James Makuc Box 111 Monterey MA 01245-111
Dave Marshall Route 3 Box 361A Russellville KY 42276
Mike Mazzer 1338-B Harvard Street Santa Monica CA 90404
Conrad Minshall 3702 Tarragona Lane Austin TX 78759
Larry Peery Box 8416 San Diego CA 92102
Rick Ragsdale Box 543 Scott AFB, IL 62225
Mike Rollin 4 Trailhouse Court Rockville MD 20850
Terry Tallman 820 W. Armour Street Seattle WA 98119
Peter Walker Box 324 Omemeo ON Canada K0L 2W0
Rod Walker 1273 Crest Drive Encinitas CA 92024
Porter and Linda Wightman 57 Rossiter Road Rochester NY 14620
Rob Wittmond 2723 Vanderbilt Lane #5 Redondo Beach CA 90278

If you need to know when your subscription runs out, check the mailing page. Players, if you need to know your codename (required on non-postal orders), just ask; also, if you need the phone number of another player, I have it.

Late additions: John Mirassou 966 El Rio Dr. San Jose CA 95125
Roland Sturm Heimgarten 20e 4650 Gelsenkirchen West Germany
Don Williams 217-B Craig Court Redlands CA 92374

press

Fra to Rus: See what happens when you play Gunboat and everyone else is playing Regular Dip?

Russia to England: Please accept the surrender of our forces in Bothnia, Livonia and Prussia. Save our brave troops from the horror of internment by one of the barbarian nations attacking from the south!

UTA to Russia: I'm breaking out the violins...

Italy to Leudi: A better idea would have been for you to keep playing in Xevious ((GM: HUH?)) and drop this game instead. At least from my standpoint.

Eng to Ger: Ludes or Judes. Either way didn't mean diddly to me. Care to explain?

Fra to Ger: I didn't mind Jude, but I found Lude to be Rude.

UTA to Confused Eng: Ludes is short both for "Quaaludes" and "Leudi". Not that they're associated. Thanks to all for not NMRing (two in a row!)

Ita to UTA: You liked the tape? Why?

UTA to Ita: Why not? It gave me a good laugh* and a little insight into how your (and Olsen's) sense of humor works.

Herelandra

Snowball Fighting

There are a couple of format changes I'd like to make. Would anyone object to/enjoy a prose commentary with embellished descriptions of the action each segment (in place of the "BB moves to H4" you get now)? Also, what information do you feel you need in the columns: keep the separate current/running totals? print outcome percentages instead of ** and --?

But there are two serious rules changes to vote on:

A. The requirement that named targets on Rattlesnakes be within range should be dropped. (Yes or No) This would make it possible to fire from A1 to W13, however small the hit prob.

B. Movement onto the path counts as a full snow hex. (Yes or No) Right now, moving on is 1/2-space and moving off is a full space towards the four-space limit.

By the way, I forgot Kelly's ZIP code: 75236. Thanks for making him feel at home!

Chilly Willy to Steve: Help me, Steve! They're throwin' snowballs at me!

Snowfort to Chilly Willy: You're imagining things.

BB to CW: Prepare to die, scummy filth!

Snowfort to CW: Then again, maybe not.

BSG to SM: Player Abuse! (last turn's press) You wimp. It's easy for you to shoot off your mouth (which, by the way, is what SM stands for, shooting mouth) while you're in your snow"farting"fort! I challenge you to a duel you spineless jellyfish. Pick a zine with a neutral snowfield and I'll stuff that mouth full of snow!!

CS to BSG and SM: You two may have your own arguments. Leave me out. How come I'm winning if I've got such brain damage?

SnowMaster to New Englanders: You love abuse and we know it. The Grouch just needs somewhere to vent his spleen...and it looks like Chilly Willy is within range to vent it for him.

Four Eyes: Fog my glasses will you? Sniff snow!

Four Eyes to Snowfort: Did I get him? I can't see a thing. ((nope))

Chilly Willy to BSG: It's going to be you and me, baby, toe to toe. Sort of a "Thrilla in Vanilla" as it were.

Four Eyes to Chilly Willy: I'd ask you to come down and help except I know who you'd be helping.

Chilly Willy to Snowfort: When I joined this game I didn't think you'd let them hit me.

Snowfort to Lovely Willy: Who said I wasn't making up this whole game anyway just to attack Steve? If I slip up and hit you, I apologize profusely.

SS to all: See, the slippery Silver Snake has been suckered by Snowfort into sneaking into this silly snowball scenario.

Four Eyes to Snowfort: Dot snatcher! ... Dot snatcher!

WHITE
SPACE

press

Peerijavo: Giant banners began appearing around town today reading:
REMEMBER PEERIJAVO. Why was not immediately clear.

Rus to Eng: Keep at it. One more time and he'll be hopelessly sucked in.

Eng to Rus: Sorry I didn't have time to write but your proposal was acceptable. I'll get back to you this time.

UTA to Yavin: Send press! This game is getting pretty exciting, and I have lots of space. Thanks for not NMRing recently--shows you're all interested.

Herelandra

I was going to do something in here about the different ways languages "sound" to us, inspired by Gary Coughlan's write-up of his travels through Europe...but here I am without my copy of EE in front of me, so maybe next time, eh? I'll also take this chance to blow my own horn in the elections: I had Gary Hart pegged from the outset as the only Democrat with a chance to beat Walter (A President named Walter?) Mondale. I'll vote for him unless John Anderson is serious about an independent campaign again.

AND NOW: DIPCON. Several people finally got off their duffs this month. I finally wrote another batch of letters requesting information, and offering to help with preparations. Larry Peery finally got around to calling me about DipCon and, as usual, wanted me to take a whole lot more responsibility than I can. The DipCon committee finally wrote to me; seems they passed my letter back and forth trying to figure out who would handle it. And Avalon-Hill finally answered my query about the whole matter--by mailing my letter back to me. The only change on it was the addition of the Origins address.

So: DipCon will be held in Dallas, at the rather nice Market Hall, in conjunction with Origins' gaming and fantasy con. Dates: JUNE 21-24 (this is a change). The DipCon meeting will be 9:00 pm Saturday (thank you Kathy Byrne for this). Origins will begin sending out preregistration propoganda in mid-March, so look for it or write to ORIGINS '84, Box 59899, DALLAS TX 75229. I still do not know whether I will be living in Arlington this summer, but it looks more likely every day.

There have been legitimate fears raised about the quality of the tournament if it is handled by certain Texas gamers. Fear not; the DipCon committee apparently has begun to set times and standards, and all should proceed smoothly.

Now, the good stuff. The mailbox is full this time. Rob Wittmond sent two letters this time, with comments about the zine...

I must admit that I am drawn in part by the game opening, as my current games look to be reaching a stage where they are either about to end of at least become largely devoid of interest, so that I'm looking for new games. Nevertheless, I really am impressed by the quality of your zine, though being a Doomy I am naturally unimpressed by its size. ...

Dafcon III was much different for me than most of those who attended, primarily for two reasons. The first is that I am something of a scifi nut, and the Langley collection was too great an attraction for me to resist. I only actually read two books, but that took up a lot of time. The second reason, of course, was non-Dip Becky, with whom I spent a lot of time talking, as, as you remember well, went to Reno with. A very nice, fun, and attractive woman.

Also chipping in with two letters is new subscriber Conrad Minshall:

I'm a third year grad student at UT Austin, working on an MS in Computer Science. Artificial intelligence is my main interest these days. I have a BS in CS (with a minor in linguistics!) from Ga. Tech. We might have a common interest there in natural language processing. If so, I hope you're into semantics and not syntax.

Twenty-seven years old and finally entering the PBM hobby. There are weekly dip games at UT; it's not a shortage of FTF games that has me interested in playing by mail -- I see the PBM as an opportunity to improve my writing skills. (Programmers tend to be perfectionists.)

Perelandra

((more Conrad--)) Thus their writing productivity is terrible. PEM diplomacy offers a no-risk chance for me to experiment.

We're stuck now--no other state will ever accept an ex-Texan. Best we lie back and enjoy it like good ((arma))dillos.

((second letter)) What's sociolinguistics? The interactions between a language and its society? ((Perfect!)) Sounds awfully fuzzy to me. Discourse grammars are interesting -- studied them some in a recent "Computational Semantics" class.

Anything linguistic tends to be fuzzy--what do you think the vocabulary of computers was like in 1940? By the way, I forgot to include Conrad in the standby list, but he's right after Guy Hail.

Evans Givan: Well, I thought I'd write a short note saying how much I enjoyed the latest Perelandra. I could hardly help it, of course, since you wrote about me in such glowing terms. Flattery will definitely get somewhere.

More important, though, was the fact that you and you alone have remembered to print Don's brilliant remark about Ukraine. I was about ready to start my own zine just so it would be immortalized.

John Caruso (a nice surprise): ...I enjoyed your zine very much. It was very relaxing and soothing.

Are you going to LepreCon in Philomath, Ore. March 17? I may show up there -- so all the NW thrillseekers can meet a REAL MAN, not a Terry Tallman poor excuse, lousy substitute of a man.

James Briggs: I guess I was a little too vague when I responded to Ken Peel's comment on how a publisher should print his material, and for who. I agree that if I don't want to print it, I won't. We can't all be Larry Flynn, and even he publishes what he wants! I'm afraid EJM (The End Justifies the Means) just wouldn't be the same if I printed every little squabble and bit of gossip that came along. What I meant in printing for the Subbers is printing for the majority of the subbers who get the particular magazine. In your own case, people just wouldn't get Perelandra if they didn't want to hear about fine literature.

Rod Walker: Mandatory subs--that's my method, and I will drop (not just remove) a player whose sub lapses. If Kathy Byrne doesn't like that, tough. I understand and respect Mark Berch's argument ((in Dip. World)) and that's fine if the GM wants to operate that way. I don't have time for all the bookkeeping involved. ... I would rather run a 'zine that I can put out within the 1-oz. limit and charge what it's worth to put it out in terms of printing and postal costs ((than sort fliers)).

Larry Peery: The only problem with playing in Graustark is his two week deadlines. I found, back in 1971, that I couldn't keep up with them and that correspondence was way behind the moves. And John's very strict about NMRing and you're out! Good luck.

Yes, folks, I'm playing in GRAUSTARK now (it's three weeks, Larry). I also have games waiting in Electric Penguin and Xenogogic, but I don't know how many games I'm in because Modern Patriot's "Enterprise" game is in limbo. Either five or six.

Not enough room for another letter, so I'll put these questions up before the house. Write me this month and tell me about the one time you remember best from your childhood when you "done good" (won something, etc.). And don't forget to wear the green!



Herelandra

509 Sandpiper Drive, Apt. 130
Arlington, Texas 76013



Larry Peery
Box 8416

San Diego, CA

92102



We trade

Your sub ends with issue

60

First Class Mail