



Herelandra

*a zine in search of a*

*Foreign Policy*



# Herelandra



volume 3; number 19

APR. 1

## WHAT DOES ENGLISH SOUND LIKE TO YOU?

Quick, name the vowels of English.

If you said, "ay, ee, eye, oh, you, and sometimes why," you're close...

i as in beet*	ou as in owe	ai as in eye*	ɹ as in rhythm
ɪ as in bit*	ɔ as in caught	a as in mom	ŋ as in button
ei as in way	u as in two	æ as in as	ŋ as in singing
ɛ as in bet	ʊ as in put	ɫ as in battle	ɹ as in butter

\*these include "y" (rhythm, melody, why)

English, with 16 different syllabic sounds, is a bit above the average among the world's 5,103 languages (not counting dead ones). Yet native speakers often refer to it as a harsh language, with sharp, non-flowing sounds. Even Gary Coughlan, with his wide experience in languages (and especially to Korean, a linguistically 'sharp' tongue) says English sounds "plain and unattractive compared to other languages" (Europa Express #A, page 17).

There is a near-universal tendency to be enamoured of foreign languages--something in people is fascinated and attracted by them. However, a people's attitude toward their own speech is highly variable.

Ordinarily people would not have negative attitudes toward their own dialect or language. However, if outsiders have negative attitudes toward a language, and especially if those outsiders have prestige because of economic, political, or other social factors, they may influence the speakers of a language to have negative attitudes toward their own speech. In that kind of situation it is common for people to express positive opinions about the second language. (Barbara F. Grimes, Comprehension and language attitudes. Notes on Linguistics Special Publication #2 (July 1982), p. 30)

In Papua New Guinea and in Senegal people are very aware of linguistic differences and almost militantly proud of them. These attributes range all the way across the spectrum: Americans are generally ignorant of language structure but often feel English is intrinsically superior to other speech varieties; Mexicano speakers (their language is also known as Nahuatl) are purists, aware of every detail of Mexicano organization, but denigrate the language and believe it's good for nothing.

How does this relate to sounds? Each person, in the process of growing up, learns one (or more) sets of phonemes. A phoneme is a psychological unit of sound. For example, in English the phoneme /t/ can be represented out loud as [t], [t<sup>h</sup>], or [ɾ], but English speakers perceive all of these as the same sound, at times even after being shown acoustic and articulatory differences between them. This same phenomenon explains why Orientals "hear" no difference between [r] and [ɹ]--these are the same phoneme in their systems!

When we hear a foreign language, we listen for these phonemes, even if we have no idea what the words mean. Japanese has fewer phonemes, and a higher ratio of 'vowels' to 'consonants'--so we feel it is a soft, simple

(continued on page 4)

# Perelandra

## Vital Statistics

NEW SUBSCRIBERS: Dave Bruss TCU Box 31495 Fort Worth TX 76129 817-923-5525  
Kelly Bagley 7500 W. Camp Wisdom Road Dallas TX 214-298-7839 or -7738  
John Walker 4819 Corian Oak San Antonio TX 78219 512-662-6048

CHANGES OF ADDRESS: Players please note especially...

Jim Keeney 3124 "N" Street Sacramento CA 95816 still 916-456-5174  
Porter & Linda Wightman 646 Wheeling Av Alamonte Spgs FL 32714 305-788-1325

GAME OPENINGS: No regular Diplomacy openings at this time. There have been two or three requests since I filled Woz/1984W early this month, but unless I'm very sure I'll be able to handle the expense and time of regular 16-pagers, I'm not opening another game until one of the present three finishes...just in time to get a "1985xx" no doubt!

There are openings in Snowball Fighting (ASF2). Don Williams and Dave Bruss are signed up; gamefee is only \$1, a pittance for a game which requires no diplomacy, almost no talent (don't believe it? look at Hoth), and which is great therapy. Snowball Fighting originated with two British guys: about the time Trevor Mendham was starting his zine, Atu XVIII, he and some friends had a massive snowfight. The postal game started out as a joke and remains such today.  
STANDBYS: Same as last time--Conrad didn't want on the list after all. I could use two or three more standbys from among those who are not currently in a game here; I had to invoke Executive Priviledge this time in Yavin or else I'd be down to one non-playing standby.

PEERY CHALLENGE: Larry is offering to allow himself to be thrown into San Diego Bay with the other whales, IF the hobby will come up with \$1 for every one of his pounds, to be donated to hobby custodians (the money will be donated). Send contributions to the "Dunk Larry Peery" contest in care of your favorite zine, and winning zine will be priviledged to do the dunking. I'm not entering, so my money is going to North Sealth, West Gorge. No, that's not a typo.

CONTESTS: See one in the Woz gamestart announcement. A new series here, if I get any response: first to identify the title and author of the book this quote came from gets five issues of any zine in North America, free. For such a prize don't expect an easy row to hoe...

Sorren poked at the fire with a stick. She said, "There's a saying in the north: It's colder in the mountains because they reach closer to the night."

A little will be added each month until someone gets it, up to four months.

DEADWOOD LOTTERY: While I'm giving away free issues, I thought of this a few weeks ago when Magus, NSWG, and TMOBR all arrived the same day (all of which have contests). While Terry Tallman fires off his deadwood, I'd be glad to have it. Therefore, any person who loses his sub to NSWG in Terry's Deadwood Roulette has automatically won a five-issue sub to Perelandra IF s/he contacts me within two weeks. Also, I will pick, at random, a name from the Hobby Census each month, who will also win a half-subscription if s/he writes be the next deadline. This month's possible winner is:

Pete Matthews 18 Wellesley Dorchester, Massachusetts 02124

Subscribers, you are not eligible for either prize (sorry, Mike Mazzer) but you do play a part: I will not notify the winners! It's up to one of you to inform them and get them to write to me. There's nothing in it for you, this is all to see what you'll do out of the kindness of your hearts. So, let's see if I hear from Pete Matthews before April 27!

I guess the point of this is to say: a) finances are less important to me than people; b) I like knowing that someone out there is enjoying this too; and c) do something nice for somebody without expecting reward...nothing feels better.

NON-PLUG: Dan Wilson is starting a zine called The Fuedist /sic/ but since his only purpose will be for people to print their feuds, I'm not going to run his address (so there!) and instead say that I hope he drops the idea fast.

CHAIN LETTER: Whichever Sac'to subber sent me a pyramid-type "good-luck" letter (I suspect Jim Keeney's typewriter) I hung it on the wall for two weeks waiting for the promised bad luck because I didn't pass it on--it never came.

# Herelandra

TURN THREE

ASF1-Hoth

The vote on prose adjudications came up unanimously for (as you'll see below). Votes were 4-1 in favor of no limit on Rattlesnakes, but 2-3 in favor of full-space path hexes. I've retyped the rules and a full, clean copy is available on demand.

Battlin' Bob NMRs this time, but fortunately for him nobody attacked him.

Segment One: The slugfest in the north (no, not you Tallman) has really begun. 'Bombinable Snow Grouch (Jim Makuc) drops a huge bomb - the snowman head - on Chilly Willy (Daf Langley) from point-blank range, smashing her easily. Willy somehow hangs on to the Dirigible she was building.

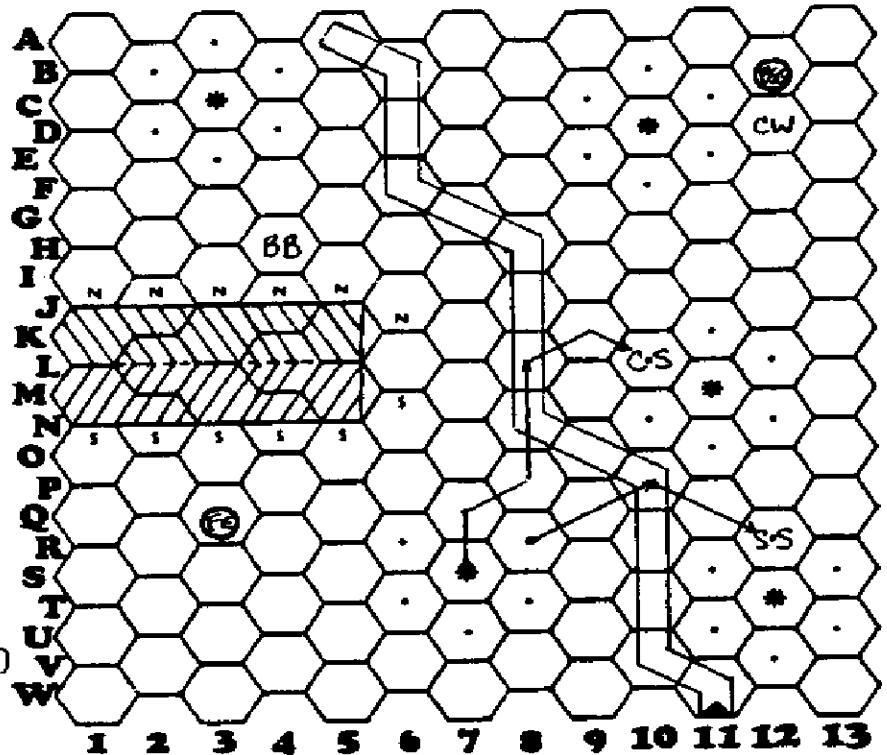
Coke Sniffer (Jim Burgess with proper parentheses) runs screaming towards them, while Silver Snake (Kelly Bagley) pulls himself together and slides onto the path, collecting a Snowball before he leaves the tree. Abandoned, Four Eyes (Steve Langley) supports the arms race up north by building his own Dirigible. Status:

fighter	loc	attacks	hp/vp	hp/vp/ammo	remaining
BB	H4		0/0	9/ 1/ 1	sb
BSG	B12		0/3	7/ 4/ 3	sb
CS	L8		0/0	5/ 4/	none
CW	D12	BSG/sh/80/**	3/0	5/ 4/ 2	sb & 1 di
FE	Q3		0/0	6/ 3/ 1	sb & 1 di
SS	P10		0/0	5/ 3/ 1	sb

Segment Two: Four Eyes launches his Dirigible, but can't decide at whom (no "anyone within range" on di, Steve), so his fearsome weapon splatters harmlessly in the snow. Silver Snake is watching, though, and as Eyes stands up to throw the Snake lets fly, narrowly missing the startled fighter. Coke Sniffer continues his ranting approach, pausing only to collect a Snowball at L10, in the protection of the boughs. At the other end, it's Chilly Willy's turn to plaster the Grouch as the Grouch stockpiles yet another warhead.

BB	H4		0/0	9/ 1/ 1	sb
BSG	B12	CW/di/60/**	3/0	4/ 4/ 3	sb & 1 di
CS	L10		0/0	5/ 4/ 1	sb
CW	D12		0/3	5/ 7/ 2	sb
FE	Q3	SS/rr/70/--	0/0	6/ 3/ 1	sb
SS	P10		0/0	5/ 3/	none

Segment Three: While Four Eyes points out one more Dirigible, and Silver Snake slithers into a corner to whimper self-pity over his missed Rattler (remembering to collect a Snowball along the way), the action around D12 really heats up (?). Coke Sniffer hurls his sole ammo, a Rattlesnake, at Chilly Willy, while the 'Bombinable Snow Grouch sniffs out the same target with a monstrous Dirigible. Willy is smeared as both attacks succeed easily, but not before she lands her own Rattlesnake between the Grouch's eyes! As we go **3**((to page 12!))



# Herelandra

1984W - Woz

NBC MIGHT CANCEL "THE NEW SHOW"  
BUT WE'VE GOT THE "NEW GAME"!!

AUS: Dave Bruss  
TCU Box 31495  
Fort Worth, TX 76129  
(817) 923-5525

ENG: Pat Conlon  
LSU Box 17014  
Baton Rouge, LA 70893  
(504) 334-2719

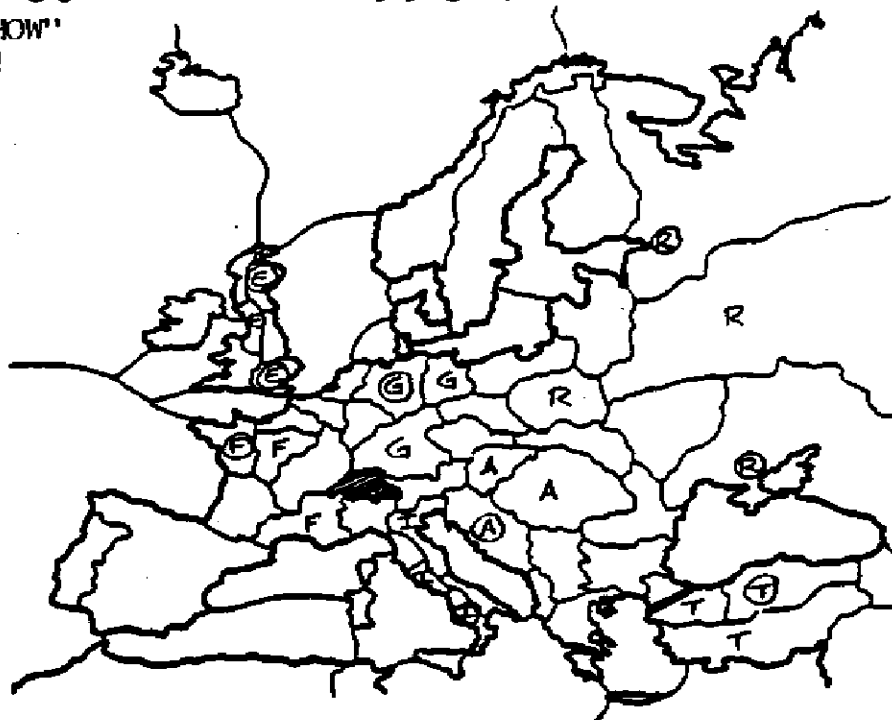
FRA: Jim Makuc  
Box 111  
Monterey, MA 01245-111  
(413) 528-0150

GER: Rob Wittmond  
2723 Vanderbilt Lane #5  
Redondo Beach, CA 90278  
(213) 372-9732

ITA: Bob Albrecht  
1001-1239 12th Avenue SW  
Calgary, Alberta CANADA T3B 3R8 (403) 244-8402

RUS: Mike Rollin 4 Trailhouse Court Rockville, MD 20850 (301) 424-7578

TUR: John Walker 4819 Corian Oak San Antonio, TX 78219 (512) 662-6048



The name "Woz" derives from a short story titled "The Lizard of Woz" in which the main character is a space-cadet (the real kind), four-foot tall Gila monster. Since this lizard is fluent in all the languages of the Earth and since Dave Bruss' TCU mascot is the Horned Frog, I hope we can get some decent lizard press going (the players are hereby dubbed the "Literate Lizards"). My reserved dateline is UTA.

I got lucky with this name for two reasons. Kathy Byrne, the Boardman Number Custodian, was getting close to "W" and so, without my asking, held us up 'till we could get the matching letter. Also, "The Wizard of Oz" is being shown again this weekend--appropriate, since in "The Lizard of Woz" Ynky (the lizard) is cast up on the shores of a strange world where all the people seem to be charactures, also. Two free issues to the first subber who can tell me the author of the sf story and the anthology in which it most recently appeared.

Players, your deadline is still 9pm Central Time, Friday, 27 April 1984. I have tentative orders from all seven of you (barely).

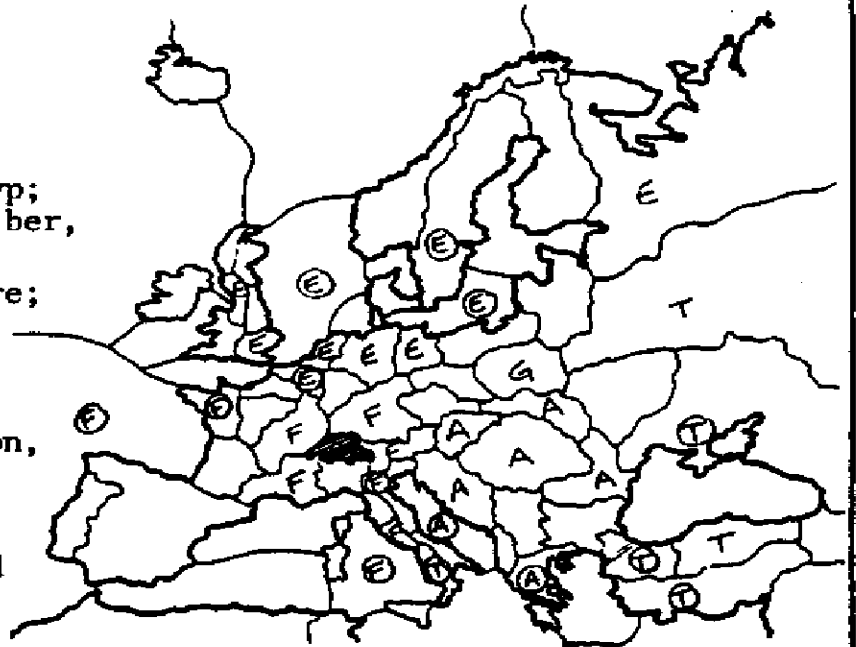
\*\*\*\*\*more on English language to speak. Japanese speakers are fascinated by the precision and complexity of English (and our orthography, or writing system, does nothing to discourage this!). Korean has a basic three-way contrast of most consonants; that is, /s/, /ss/, and /s̥/ are different to Korean ears but not to ours. About 1/4 to 1/3 of the world's languages are tonal; they distinguish between vowels of different frequencies, something like /o/ at high C and /o/ at middle C being two different letters. These languages sound "musical" to us--even though some are intrinsically "harsh" (fewer vowels, fewer continuants, more consonant clusters).

Of course, no language is linguistically superior to any other, although it may be politically, socially or economically. The fact that Guanano does not have a word for 'computer' does not mean it never will (they're working on it) or that it cannot be used to teach computer science.

(continues again, page 5)

## TURKISH NAVY PREPARES

- AUS (Cusack): builds a bud  
has a gal, a vie, a rum,  
a tri, f gre, f adr.
- ENG (Givan): builds a lon, a lvp;  
has a stp, a hol, a kie, a ber,  
f nth, f bel, f swe, f bal.
- FRA (Ellis): builds a mar, f bre;  
has a bur, a tyo, a rom,  
a mun, f ven, f mid, f tyn.
- GER (Makuc): has a war.
- TUR (Luedi): builds a ank, f con,  
f smy; has a mos, f sev,  
f nap.



The Italian units are unordered and retreat otb; all Russian units are disbanded (also unordered). Many thanks to Mike and Rick, again, and you have been credited your NMR deposits. There is a draw proposal, which must by house rules wait for Spring 1905 (remember, votes and proposals are announced by country). I have orders from everyone but France.

- ENG to FRA: I wonder who wants a separation of seasons. Couldn't be you, could it?
- ENG to TUR: Thirty Miles of Three Builds.
- WARSAW to WORLD: My concern over Judes was that I don't make fun of, or put down someone else's religion. 'So I didn't want anyone to think I was poking fun at the Jews. What, then, do I hear you cry, am I doingin Warsaw?! It's no 1940 yet.
- UTA to WARSAW: I know what you're doing in Warsaw -- it's what you're doing in Hoth that puzzles me. I'd rather have you make fun of my religion (I can deal with that) than attack my (Ming!
- ENG to UTA: Do you realize what a class act this zine really is? Not only am I in 2 games that don't have Mark Frueh in them, you don't even allow him or his MadLad friends to sub. If word ever gets out, you'll have a jillion new subscribers.
- UTA to ENG: Do you realize what a lowlife zine this is? Not only do I have 2 games with you in them (and at least one other Sacramento), I only have one, honorary, MadLad (Luedi). Send 'em my way.
- UTA to Darkover: I almost forgot your deadline: 9pm CST, April 27 (Friday).

\*\*\*\*\*more on English

The French are famous for their attitude towards French. They insist (as classical scholars once did of Latin) that French is the most beautiful, pure, logical, and natural tongue. They forced it on the educational system of Nigeria even worse than most colonizing powers, and operate an institute to dictate which words are real French and how the language should be spoken.

Linguistically this is all nonsense, since language change begins with the masses. Socially, some degree of snobbery may be necessary for group identity, but let's never forget that, but for the place of our birth, English might sound ugly or amazingly attractive.

-Finis-

# Herelandra

SPRING 1907

1982 HK - Yavin

ITALY BOUNCES BACK, BUT WILL ENGLAND BE THE ONE NEXT SEASON?

AUS (Ellis): nmr. a tri h,  
f bul/sc h.

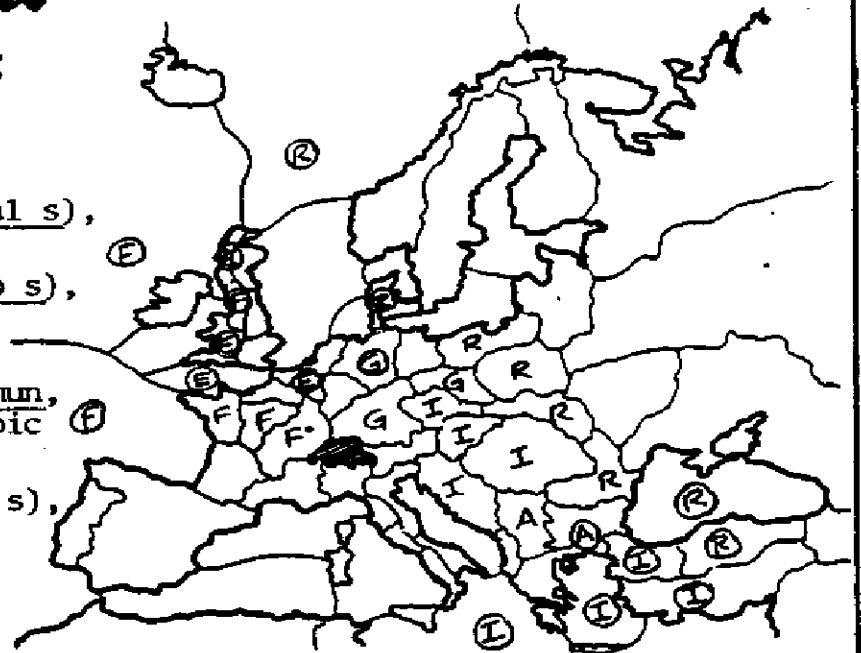
ENG (Burgess): f cly-lvp (f wal s),  
f bel-eng, f eng-iri.

FRA (Cusack): f mid-iri (f lvp s),  
f nao s f lvp, a bre-gas,  
a mar-bur (a par s).

GER (Keeney): f kie h, a sil-mun,  
a mun-bur, a bur-gas /d r pic  
ruh otb/.

ITA (Peery): f ion-aeg (f con s),  
f smy s f con, a boh-gal,  
a tri-bud (a vie s),  
a ven-tri, f nap-ion.

RUS (Givan): f nth-nwg,  
a lvn-pru (a war s), f den h, a bud-vie (a gal s) /a bud a/, a rum-bud,  
f sev-bla (f ank s).



I realize this is out of order, but here's AUTUMN 1906 and WINTER 1906:

FRA a bur r par; TUR a ank r arm.

WINTER: FRA builds a mar; ITA builds f nap; RUS builds f sev; TUR a arm wanders slowly from the board, pausing to thumb their noses one last time at the infidel hoards /sic/. Thanks again and a lot, Mark. THERE IS A COA FOR JIM KEENEY ON PAGE TWO!!! Since Greg told me specifically that he was looking forward to this game, I'm more than positive he'll stay in, and so no standby is being called for Austria...but get on the stick, Ellis.

DEADLINE for Summer retreat and Fall orders is 9pm CST, Friday April 27th.

Burgess to Ellis: Yes, but do you know "the real story"? Keep your eyes and ears open. More on this later.....

UTA to Burgess: Moron what?

RUS to AUS: "Sacramentoads" is a right nice word. I'm forming a Society of Sacramentoads. There'll be a small admission fee, but the proceeds will go to Tallman to help support his habit. Check my new zine, the SacToad Gazette.

RUS to ITA: So, not much changed. Just one less participant. When can we do something that will make a difference?

Paris to Berlin: Where are you going to be in 3 seasons, dummkopf?

ENG to GM: Interested? Yes, I suppose we are, but all things are relative.

ENG to FRA: OK, you won't take my support, take that. Are you getting nervous yet?

Paris to London: Your diplomatic ability looks promising only in light of German imagination. Or is it the other way around? One goose egg looks like another.

ENG to GER: Thanks, but I'd like a letter once in a while too.

RUS to AUS: How many times with feeling can you do it?

UTA to RUS: He's all tuckered out after once now.

RUS to TUR: Sorry. I thought that was what you wanted.

LOOSE NOTES: Mark Keller, are you still writing original material?

As of March, there are 260 issues of this zine outstanding--that is, if everyone takes their subscription only as far as they are now paid, I'll have to run that many.

# Herelandra

## Our Guest of Honor

Many years ago a boy lived down by the sea, where the great green waves came riding in to break on the shore in clouds of salty spray. This boy, Urashima, loved the water as a brother, and was often out in his boat from purple dawn to russet evening. One day as he was fishing, something tugged at his line, and he pulled in. It was not a fish, as he expected, but a wrinkled old turtle.

"Well," said Urashima, "if I cannot get a fish for my dinner, at least I will not keep this old fellow from all the dinners he has yet to come." For in Japan they say that all turtles live to be a thousand years old.

So the kindhearted Urashima tumbled him back into the water, and what a splash he made! But from the spray there seemed to rise a beautiful girl who stepped into the boat with Urashima. She said to him: "I am the daughter of the sea-god. I was that turtle you just threw back into the water. My father sent me to see if you were as kind as you seemed, and I see that you are. We who live under the water say that those who love the sea can never be unkind. Will you come with us to the dragon palace far below the green waves?"

Urashima was very glad to go, so each took an oar and away they sped.

Long before the sun had sunk behind the purple bars of evening, Urashima and the Dragon Princess had reached the twilight depths of the under sea. The fishes scudded about them through the branches of coral and trailing ropes of seaweed. The roar of the waves above came to them only as a trembling murmur, to make the silence sweeter.

Here was the dragon palace of seashell and pearl, of coral and emerald. It gleamed with all the thousand lights and tints that lurk in the depths of the water. Fishes with silver fins were ready to come at their wish. The daintiest foods that the ocean holds for her children were served to them. Their waiters were seven dragons, each with a golden tail.

Urashima lived in a dream of happiness with the Dragon Princess for four short years. Then he remembered his home, and longed to see his father and his kindred again. He wished to see the village streets and the wave-lapped stretch of sand where he used to play.

He did not need to tell the princess of his wish, for she knew it all, and said: "I see that you long for your home once more; I will not keep you, but I fear to have you go. Still I know you will wish to come back, so take this box, and let nothing happen to it, for if it is opened you can never return."

She then placed him in his boat and the lapping waves bore him up and away until his prow crunched on the sand where he used to play.

Around the bend in the bay stood his father's cottage, close by the great pine tree. But as he came nearer he saw neither tree nor house. He looked around. The other houses looked strange, too. Strange children were peering at him. Strange people walked the streets. He wondered at the change in four short years.

An old man came along the shore. To him Urashima spoke.

"Can you tell me, sir, where the cottage of Urashima has gone?"

"Urashima?" said the old man. "Urashima! Why, don't you know that he was drowned four hundred years ago, while out fishing? His brothers, their children and their children's children have all lived and died since then. Four hundred years ago it was, on a summer day like this, they say."

Gone! His father and mother, his brothers and playmates, and the cottage he loved so well. How he longed to see them; but he must hurry back to the dragon palace, for now that was his only home. But how should he go? He walked along the shore, but could not remember the way to take. Forgetting the promise he had made to the princess, he took out the little pearl box and opened it. From it a white cloud seemed to rise, and as it floated away he thought he saw the face of the Dragon Princess. He called to her, reached for her, but the cloud was already floating far out over the waves.

As it floated away he suddenly seemed to grow old. His hands shook and his hair turned white. He seemed to be melting away to join the past in which he had lived.... Then there was only a small pearl box on the sandy rim of shore.



# Herelandra

## The Op-Ed Page

A few more Vital Statistics that didn't fit onto page two, and a couple of personal notes. Origins '84 sent me their promotional flyer and it wasn't much, but it did list the hotels (Dip tourney at the Holiday Inn-Brookhollow I believe), and prices. Pre-reg is \$15 for all four days; make checks payable to DFW Gamesters c/o ORIGINS '84, Box 59899, Dallas TX 75229 before June 10.

Notice: I will no longer list expiring subscriptions for all to see--pay attention when I write "Time to resub!" on your copy.

The zine is being done mostly on the IBM at the Ling. Dept., but I can't burn their ribbons forever.

Now, a bit of news. After a long struggle and lots of college catalogs, I've decided it will be best to stay at UTA until I get my master's degree. It's not my first choice, but the programs I really seriously considered (Indiana U., U. of Washington in Seattle, USC and U. of Chicago) either are too expensive or are-->

At the right you see the return address from John Michalski's last letter. Below? That's me breaking my promise to not print any more cartoons...

Dr. John Boardman presents the  
Moral Majority, Inc.  
499 South Capitol St.  
Washington, D.C. 20003



"America is back — standing tall, looking to the '80s with courage, confidence and hope."  
Ronald Reagan, State of the Union address, Jan. 25, 1984

# Perelandra

heavy on transformational-generative theory, which is dominant in the field but definitely not where the action will be five or ten years from now. UTA is still the best applied track in the country, and the only serious tagmemic-theory school, even if Arlington is a drag. I now expect to graduate in December 1985.

One thing this means is I will not be living in Bloomington IN this fall, and I will be in the Dallas area for DipCon. I don't know where I'll be, but if I have room you can stay with me and commute (35 min one-way) to the Con.

But to make it up to Mark Luedi, I will help him host a Con in the Midwest next fall. Since I'll be at DipCon and PudgeCon (Wichita around Labor Day), it would be nice to do it later in the semester, say Hallowe'en or Thanksgiving. Here's a letter from Mark:

Are you serious about being in Indiana this fall?! Great, if you are! It'd be either Bloomington or Indianapolis (Dave Kleiman). ...Indy may be the best site for a con. It's an hour closer for those coming down from the north.

Yes, I'm serious, and if we talk about it enough early we might make it big enough to draw a few people I want to meet besides you.

While I'm in the Mailbox, how about the Hobby Small-Fry Protection League? ...Mark Luedi again:

Beginning to find that Perelandra is really growing on me. What's this small publishers' business?! How is it that TMOBR doesn't qualify? I can't help it if people keep sending me money (well I suppose I could).

And Jim Burgess:

I'm afraid that we must disqualify you from the leadership of the HSFP League. You don't (or won't) qualify on any of the three counts. I'm afraid that I must log an official protest. If you print a retraction we may let you out of town with your hide intact. Otherwise, you will be sentenced to summer in Dallas without air conditioning.

How astute can you get. Did you stop to think that I set up the requirements so that I wouldn't qualify? The HSFPPL was a joke (after all, Cheyenne is a joke); I think of P as a "small zine" and it's tone fits that, but look at the size of this monster and the time it takes me (about 15 hours during deadline week). I guess the only thing I have left to hope for is that it never reaches "hobby institution" status.

This brings me to another thought. I'm at issue #19, two months short of my second anniversary. Where's the rest of the class of '82? With Highfield finally acknowledging that he's folded, I think we're already down to 5 (me, NSWG, Winsome Losesome, No Fixed Address, and The Prince).

Finally got my tape recorder, typewriter (cap shift) and car fixed. The car got fixed twice, then ran into a Datsun 280Z (stupid car) and so back into the shop it goes next week. The play button on the taper has been shot for a year, so I've spent three weeks listening to all my cassettes; no mean trick since I'm probably the only person in the hobby whose tape collection is 20% sermons and Bible studies!

9 Keep going, there's more on page 13.

# Herelandra

# ArlingCon

Expecting Jim Briggs around 3am, I went to bed Thursday night the 22nd having just hosted a Japanese family to dinner. I was exhausted but didn't expect much sleep.

I didn't get much, but it wasn't Jim that woke me. A huge peal of thunder shook me out of bed, and when Jim did arrive at 7:30am, it was after eleven hours' drive through terrible storms. We sacked out for a couple more hours (though Jim's No-Doz kept him awake), then spent the day playing Russian Civil War (he won) and Snowball Fighting (I won), with lunch at the now-famous Tony's. Mike Blanchard, who lives nearby in Mansfield, arrived around 6:15pm, and as I slipped out to pick up Greg Ellis from the airport Mike and Jim were whaling away at one another in S.F.

I made it to D/FW Regional, but with my truck on its last legs. Since Greg was nowhere to be seen and since I couldn't drive faster than 35mph, I got a tow home in time to find out his flight was delayed in Houston. Mike went to get him.

At the apartment I also found three new faces: Charles Hallmark, Ken Iverson, and Ken's friend Chris, all locals. We talked of mail troubles, fake names and linguistic universals until the "airport shuttle" returned, when the Dip started.

The first game went 9:30p-2:30a with a stop for pizza. It was a typical face-to-face with one exception: no time limits. This meant that the usual side-switching was multiplied as people had "one more talk" each season. After Turkey (Ken) and Germany (Chris) "miswrote" orders in Spring 1901, both turned on me in the Fall (I was Russia). Italy (Jim) fainted towards France (Greg) but then turned back to attack Austria (Mike).

By Fall '02 G took Moscow with Turkish help, and I had to rely for the rest of the game on a solid pact with England (Charles) for any existance. A western triple (EFI) stayed firm in the Med and in Germany until it got so late that we had to declare at 7-way draw (somebody said something about "like kissing your sister" but he obviously doesn't know my sister).

This game stands out for finally proving Mark Berch wrong: you can open Turkey 'a bul-con'.

Greg went home with Mike and Jim stayed on my couch. First thing in the morning I had to walk to the grocery store for some breakfast, and the weather was much nicer. Conrad Minshall arrived about 11am from Austin, so five of us played Spies!, an SPI game which is so easy it should take only two hours; we made it last until 4:30 with Conrad winning.

Another Tony's break, and since only Charles had shown up we started a six-player game with Austria ordered by one of us (player determined by die roll). However, we got 'CD' three times out of four, so A was effectively neutral.

In Spring '01 Russia (Mike) was in sil, gob, and stp, and I was Germany, so I didn't expect much out of this game either. Once Austria was eliminated, a predictable three-on-three fight sprang up, E (Charles again)-F (Conrad)-G (me) versus I (Greg)-R (Mike)-T (Jim). Mike was knocked out in Fall '05 by a combination of pressures from G and T, but this only brought me up against the yellow hoarde. The Southerners made the early mistakes; when the tide of luck turned, France failed to hold spa in Fall '06, and G failed to support pru the following Spring. Hence it was a relief to concede victory to a 15-dot Turkey, who had stabbed Italy just then, in Fall 1910. We cleared out of the game room of my apt. complex. (continues)

# Herlandra

Instead of going right to bed, Jim, Conrad, Greg and I played a final game of Snowball Fighting, with Ellis winning over Briggs. This kept us up so late that Jim got a late start Sunday morning back to El Paso and Greg missed the early flight to Houston. This left three of us, and the result was Intimate Dip, a gunboat version where players bid for control of the neutrals. This was fun while there were neutrals on the board, but once they were gone I had to beg for a three-way draw despite my lead (Italy, 14 centers). Conrad finally took Greg to the airport about 4.

Jim Briggs is an ardent gamer, but not a Dip player. He was very wound up from lack of sleep while he was here, so I am mystified how he wound up winning one game. Greg Ellis is a truly fun fellow, who is just self-depreciating enough to balance his extreme confidence in his postal games. These two are physically and ideologically similar (short and Republican) but each fits well his role as soldier (Jim) or student and husband (Greg).

Conrad is a tall, lively computer mavin. We had two brief conversations on linguistics (he brought some old textbooks to show and sell) and he was very considerate with his smoking. He seemed immensely interested in writing and should be good if all he does is translate his natural personality and articulateness to paper.

Ken Iverson and his friend were really not around long enough for me to talk with, but the other two locals were clearly opposites. While Charles is quiet and intellectually-oriented, Mike is outgoing, joking, and folksy. I found myself drawn to Charles (anyone who dubs a game the "A.E. Houseman Memorial" can't be all bad), especially since Jim couldn't figure him out.

I was sorry to see John Michalski, Bob Olsen, or Pat Conlon (Pat's motorcycle was run over in a parking lot) but there'll be other chances--I'll be at PudgeCon, as I said. Thanks to all for making ArlingCon possible.

	01	02	03	04	*		01	02	03	04	05	06	07	08	09	10
A Mike	5	6	6	7	*	A neutral	2	0								
E Charles	4	4	5	6	*	E Charles	5	6	7	6	7	7	8	7	7	8
F Greg	5	6	7	7	*	F Conrad	5	5	5	5	6	5	3	2	2	2
G Chris	5	4	2	1	*	G Pete	5	5	5	6	6	6	5	4	2	1
I Jim	4	4	4	4	*	I Greg	5	6	6	6	5	7	8	8	10	8
R Pete	5	4	4	3	*	R Mike	6	5	2	2	0					
T Ken	4	5	5	5	*	T Jim	5	7	9	9	10	9	10	13	13	15

Intimate Dip - first column refers to amount of money held over to next year (country starts with \$20 and adds one for each center held each winter), or to country which controls that neutral (x means tie bid, country in CD); note Italian SCs.

	\$\$/01	\$\$/02	\$\$/03	\$\$/04	\$\$/05	\$\$/06
A neutral	I/ 2	I/ 1	R/ 0			
E Greg	20/ 4	13/ 6	2/ 8	10/ 9	19/ 9	
F neutral	R/ 4	x/ 3	E/ 4	I/ 2	I/ 1	
G neutral	R/ 3	E/ 3	E/ 2	x/ 0		
I Pete	10/ 6	3/ 9	12/10	10/12	0/14	
R Conrad	10/ 8	18/ 7	10/ 9	10/11	21/10	
T neutral	x/ 3	I/ 3	R/ 1	R/ 0		

Amazing fact: Holland managed to stay neutral all through the first game (the seven-way draw).

# Herelandra

go to Turn Four, Chilly is nearly ready for the kitchen, but we hear her yell defiantly:

Chilly to BSG: Come out from behind that snowman you snivelling coward!

UTA to Hoth: More (much more) press later. Final status for Turn Three:

BB	H4		0/0	9/ 1/ 1 sb
BSG	B12	CW/rr/110/**	1/3	3/ 7/ 3 sb
CS	L10		0/1	5/ 5/ none
CW	D12	CS/rr/90/**,BSG/di/70/**	4/1	1/ 7/ 1 sb
FE	Q3		0/0	6/ 3/ 1 sb & 1 di
SS	R12		0/0	5/ 3/ 1 sb

SnowMaster to Hoth: Be sure you double-check your orders to take advantage of everything. For example, a Dirigible hit adds 10% to attacks on that person next segment. Deadline will be April 27, a Friday.

CS to SM: There are a few problems with our "new" player. Who taught him the rules? He messed up a move in Segment 2 and then dropped the tree on himself (not to mention me) ((OK, I won't)). I'll bet his forgot to mention that he took his snowball with him and would have left it behind. Besides, as low man on the pole he should have begun with zero sb, like Albrecht. I must protest vigorously! Why didn't you give him a VP for doing a point of damage on himself?

SM to CS: You lose, Sour Grapes. SS's orders mentioned carrying his ammo, and the rules are clear that you can't score on yourself (else types like you, desperate for a win in something, would stand under the tree and fire away!). Kelly's error was simple: he intended to go to R6 instead of R8 on the first seg, throwing off his other orders.

The Sniff to Four Eyes: I'll sniff over here, thank you. Nyah, nyah! You can't even see me to chase me!! What a move, you had me dead to rights.. but couldn't see. Go back to the kitchen.

BSG to CW: Take this one down your throat!! And that!!

CW to BB: Scummy filth? Wait until I get you in my sights! I'll stick one of those dirigibles where the sun don't shine.

Snowfort to CW: That's bad grammar but a good attitude.

Chilly Willy to Four Eyes: You're kinda cute, fogged glasses and all. Let me get rid of this snow grouch and we'll hit 'em on the beaches - uh, you get the idea.

Four Eyes to Chilly Willy: They won't hit you. These guys are all too polite to throw snowballs at a lady.

Chilly Willy to Steve: They're throwin' snowballs at me, Steve; but I'm throwing 'em back!

SS to CW: Good shot! You're doing real well in this game.

SS to SF: Who shovelled the path?

Snowfort to SS: Oh, these players can all shovel it with the best of 'em.

SS to FE: Look out behind you! ((Sorry, didn't work--he was looking.))

Sniff to Chill: Here's one more. Don't expect Steve to help you...he doesn't even know where you are. By the way, if you think this is cross-gaming you're right! Take that, you conniving dot grabber!!

CS to SM: I don't know how you feel about crossgaming, but in Snowball Fighting it's just too good an opportunity to pass up. You see, in Pudgecon II I'm Russia and she's Germ. ((Whatever floats your boat.))

Four Eyes to Anyone: Where did everybody go? You guys all afraid of a few dirigibles?

SS to CS: We should stop snowing each other before we both end up in the kitchen. ((Oh, no, a peacenik!!!))

Lovely Willy to Snowfort: This is fun. Thanks for thinking of it and thanks for inviting me!

Snowfort: You're welcome, but I only thought up the part about printing it here. And keep it down, the others don't know I asked you! See page 13!

BSG to SM: What do you mean ther's no ombudsman for Snowball Fighting! I hereby nominate for this post:

- 1) Kathy Byrne - everybody knows she has a heart of ice.
- 2) Eric Kane - he is suffering from permafrost of the brain.
- 3) Woody - everyone knows where Woody is frigid - Next Hamster please.
- 4) Mark Luedi - he's just a general all-around flake.

If it's all right with the SM all players vote by next deadline.

SS to BSG and SF: I can provide a neutral snowfield. (I already clobbered SF in a face-to-face one-on-one game on the way down to Houston.)

Snowfort to BSG: I can barely follow your logic (I promise, folks, that's what he wrote) and it's not all right, but if everybody want to vote, go ahead, I'll print it. What's the beef?? (to coin a phrase)

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## the Mailbox

I'm not sure I can fill these last two pages, but I'm committed to trying. How about a joke first? Definition of a seance: party where she who levitates is host.

There was surprising little reaction to my statements on economics, probably because most of you don't feel they're worth the effort. Fine with me; comes ze revolution you all lose your 'eads! (Just kidding! Just kidding!) Evans Givans:

You were right; I did love your last issue.

...You probably heard the groan when I read your editorial. I immediately sat down and wrote a knee-jerk reply. Then I tore it up. Suffice it to say I disagree with 95% of it. And the other 5% has me concerned.

(second letter) Back to the political nonsense for a bit. Do you really believe the way you come across? I suspect so. I don't think you're trying for the hobby Hubert H Humphrey award. What do you think it would take to change you to a conservative?

Yes, Evans, allowing others to hold divergent points of view is a "new stage in life"--but I'm not sure it's so bad. Greg Ellis promised a concise rebuttal to my ideas, but I haven't even seen a verbose one.

Steve Langley and I have had a postal discussion on "doing your own thing", as a writer and as a publisher. I'm doing it; if sometimes I'm obviously wrong, someone tell me, but this is for real folks. The only concession I make to other people's reality is that I sometimes take firm stands where I'm still a bit undecided (or slightly more extreme than I really am). I do this because it's easier to argue definate propositions: the more specific the hypothesis, the sooner it is proved or blown away.

Hubert H. Humphrey? I don't know enough about him to be honored. I don't know what it would take to make me 'lose' my faith in Christ, but only that would turn my head politically since most of my reasonings begin or depend on the Bible.

I recently recieved this answer to a sample:

Just a note to say thank you for the sample of your newsletter. I eventually received 7 replies to about 12 requests, and have decided that The Diplomat best suits me right now. Thanks for the interest you showed in me.

13 I hope our paths will cross again in this hobby. ----->

# Herelandra

It was signed "Shalom, Craig Mills". Such courtesy should not go unnoticed, so thank you, Craig...but I bet you don't last long like that out in the "real (Dip) world".

I've had trouble getting the straight facts on 1981HG, which started out in ijahad! #15, went to The Modern Patriot when it folded, and went into limbo thereafter. Kathy Byrne:

Here you might have to help me - because I'm not even sure if the info given me on 81HG is accurate. Bill Highfield has ended the game by stating that all players voted for a concession to the 9-center English player in 1905. Scott Hanson has dug up an end-of-game for me - if there is any doubt that this game did not end in a concession, please let me know and I will get it rehoused.

I don't think that's quite feasible now, Kathy, with player interest nil. What I'm trying to do is find out how I would up doing in there. The record should show me "resigned fall 1905" because of my Japan trip, but the game results I have show me still in and nmring (understandably) in Spring '06. I sent Fall '06 orders and voted for the concession, but then never saw another set of results (I have #s 8, 11, 14, 15, 16, but in all but 14 the games are on "separate flyers" which I didn't get).

Why bring this up here? Because I want somebody to send me a photocopy of a final game report. Bill and the players won't answer me, so I'm turning to those of you who might 1) know Bill, or 2) sub to TMP. I don't want to overturn the vote, just find out what went on.

Steve Langley: I'm not quite sure what became of MIT in your school shopping. I suspect that if money was a controlling factor that MIT will be out even if it was not already out. I suppose you have thoroughly investigated scholarships. There are many many private scholarships that go begging each year just because no one applies.

At Cal Tech I roomed with Lyndon Hardy who found several such scholarships. He didn't even need them, he was already a National Merit Scholar, but he qualified and applied and came away with some six or seven thousand a year above his tuition. He actually made money from his scholarships while an undergraduate.

I was a NM Scholar also, and had BEOG, loan, and Honors (USC) support, but I never profited and always had to have a 15-20 hour job. Otherwise, it would've been Cal State Fullerton or (shudder) UCLA. But as a graduate, I'm not eligible for more than three-fourths of the resources I used to be, and I'll admit to lagging a little in my pursuit of financial aid. Glad to hear you bought a stereo with your tax refund; want a few classical cassettes so your kids grow up with real music?

Enough noodling. I hope you all get the chance to enjoy the weather as I have (softball team is 1-1 with me as catcher) even in New England. There. A whole issue with no April Fool jokes!

Love,  
Pete

Herelandra

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*You should've gone  
for Greece.*

*Larry Perry and Mike Marton  
Box 8416  
San Diego, CA 92102*

We trade

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