

Herelandra

volume 3; number 7

23

August 1984

the opened order —

by Ilse Aichinger

translated from German by Eric Mosbacher

No instructions had come from headquarters for a long time, and it looked as if they were going to stay there for the winter. In the fields all around, the last berries were falling from the bushes and rotting in the moss. Sentries sat forlornly in the tree-tops and watched the falling shadows. The enemy lay beyond the river and did not attack. Instead the shadows grew longer every evening, and every morning the mist clung more stubbornly to the hollows. Among the young volunteers of the defending army there were some who resented this kind of warfare, and they had made up their minds to attack, if need be without orders, before the snow came.

When therefore one of them was ordered one morning to take a message to headquarters, he had an uncomfortable feeling of foreboding. Careless though they seemed in other matters, he knew that they would stand no nonsense in the event of mutiny. Some questions that were put to him after he had delivered his message almost reminded him of an interrogation, and increased his uneasiness.

He found it all the more surprising therefore when, after a long wait, he was given an order in a sealed envelope, with instructions to get back to his unit with it before nightfall.

He was told to take the shorter way, which was shown him on the map and, to his displeasure, a man was detailed to go with him. Through the open window he could see the beginning of the road he had to take. After crossing the clearing it disappeared wantonly between the hazel bushes. He was warned again to take extreme care, and then set off.

It was soon after midday. Clouds drifted across the sun and grazing cattle wandered over the grass and vanished unconcernedly into the thickets. The road was bad, and in places almost impassable because of encroachment by undergrowth. As soon as the driver put on a little speed branches started hitting them in the face. The forest seemed to be waiting for the wood gatherers and the river down below, when they caught glimpses of it from time to time through a clearing, seemed totally unconcerned. On the crests felled timber gleamed in the midday sun. Nothing in nature showed any awareness of the proximity of a frontier.

...The driver bounced the vehicle over the roots of trees, and every now and then glanced back at the man with the order, as if to make sure that his load was all right. This made him angry and convinced him of his superiors' mistrust.

What had his message contained? He had heard that early that morning one of the distant posts had observed movement on the other side of the river, but such rumours were continually in circulation, and it was possible that they were invented by the staff to keep the troops quiet. But it was equally possible that sending him to deliver the message had been a subterfuge, and that the confidence shown in

Perelandra

Vital Statistics

FLASH! GARY COUGHLAN'S EUROPA EXPRESS WINS THIRD STRAIGHT POLL!

--according to John Caruso in Whitestonia, EE has won the Runestone Poll. Again. Congratulations!

Hello, everybody, and welcome to Perelandra, a stranger in the strange land of Diplomacy zines and literature. Publisher and Editor is P.J. Gaughan, to whom subscriptions (\$5 US for ten issues or \$7 from overseas) should be sent at 7500 West Camp Wisdom Road, Dallas TX 75236. Visitors are welcome, if I can figure out where I'm living later this month.

STANDBYS: Boy, do I need some. If you can help, there are free issues available for sending orders or finishing a s/b position. The list right now is Jim Makuc, Jim Keeney, Greg Ellis, Evans Givan, Bob Sweeney, and Pierre Touchette. BOB and PIERRE are called in this issue to standby for Blair Cusack in Yavin and Darkover.

GAME OPENING: Monopoly (up to six players, only Dave Bruss is signed up), Scrabble (up to four, only Roy Dalrymple), or Algernon Dip (John Walker and three or four others). First to fill will start. Gamefee will be a SASE every other turn, with 2-wk deadlines.

Also with a gamestart is Conrad Minshall, who will guest-gm a game of regular Dip in Greg Ellis' Fuelleronist's Forum. Conrad will not charge a game fee, but will require a sub to FF and a \$5 NMR fee for each NMR--that is, you pay \$5, and if you nmr you must pay another \$5 to continue in the game. If NMR fees total more than game costs, the balance will be prize money for those who did not NMR so often. Wild.

NEW SERVICE: Steve Knight (11905 Winterthur Lane #103, Reston VA 22091) has opened a new service called the International Subscription Exchange. In coordination with a British player he is accepting American bucks for European subscriptions. Ask for a copy of the 'Operational Intent' which explains his procedures, or send your dollars, plus your name & address, the zine you want (with the publisher's name & address and # of issues), and any specific mailing instructions. Add 10% to cover overhead and changes in currency rates, and balances will be refunded.

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A FINAL WORD: With this issue I cut three mutual subscriptions. Anduin: Eric, your sub will run to 29, and you may renew it after that. Thirty Miles of Bum Rap: Mark, you have until #33. Electric Penguin: John, please take me off your gamelist. Your sub is through #31.

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SPRING 1902 1984W - Woz

FRENCH SWARM THE MED,
BUT ENGLAND IS BUGGING HIM

AUS (Bruss): a bud-tri,
f alb-gre, a gre-ser.

ENG (Conlon): f edi-nth,
f nth-eng, a bel-bur,
f nwy s Ri bot-swe,
a lon s strikers in Dover.

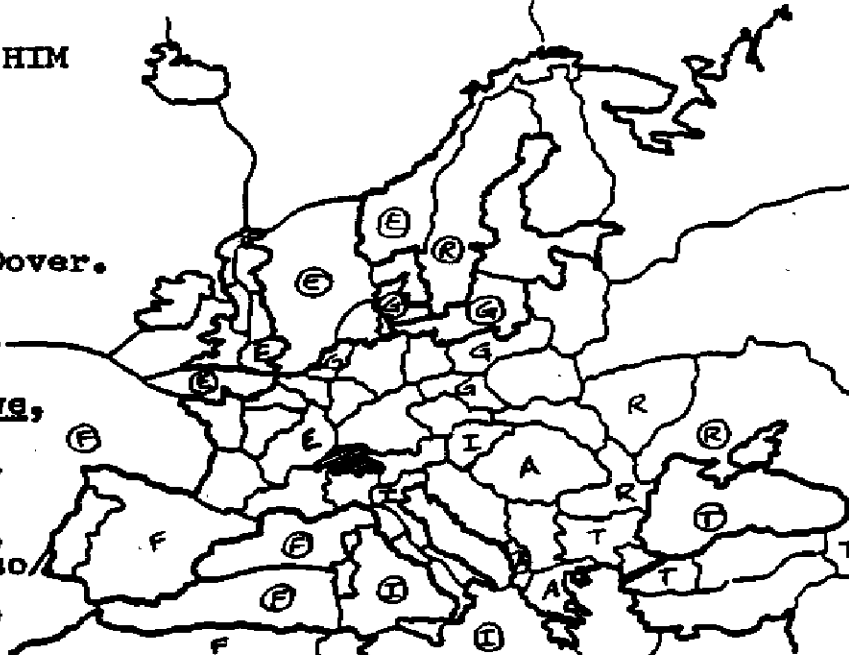
FRA (Makuc): f bre-mid,
f mar-lyo, a por-spa,
a spa-naf (f wes c).

GER (Wittmond): f den-swe,
f kie-bal, a hol h,
a ber-pru, a mun-sil.

ITA (Hail): a tri-vie,
a ven-tri, f nap-tyn,
f ion s Ta bul-gre/nso

RUS (Rollin): f bot-swe,
a sev-rum (a ukr s),
f arm-sev.

TUR (Walker): a con-bul, a bul-ser, a ank-arm (f bla s).



Hey, the South seems organized compared to the North! You're all allowed to be wierd, but just get your Fall 1902 Orders to me before 9pm Central Time, Monday August 27. Boris Badinov takes a vacation this time...

Lon to Rom: You take the low road and I'll take the high road and I'll get to Paree before ya!

Home to Paris:

Hop off you Frogs!

Italian Developmental Intelligence Office, Trieste

Admiral Funichello denies the rumor that our ships are small enough to sail up the Danube to Budapest.

Generale d' Armata Trinata is expected to move his headquarters to Vienna this year.

GER to ENG: I think you're being too hard on poor Dave. He's been having a very hard time lately and I think he's done pretty well, considering.

London: XXX films currently making the rounds:

1. Turkish Sultans On the Lamb
2. A Flock is Cheaper than a Harem
3. What the Turkish Eunuch Saw

Somewhere in Prussia: Led by recently victorious, and recently promoted, Field Marshall von Bierundpretzels, the Kaiser's elite Storm Drain Troopers continued to march eastward, destroying everything in their path. The Field Marshall felt elated, as well he might. The operation had been a complete success. And yet he felt troubled. There was so little resistance -- too little.

That night, after issuing the orders for the morrow's advance he gave orders that he be left alone, and then opened the mysterious trunk that was part of every German Field Marshall's...

UTA to Woz: I have more "Golden Age" press than Erewhon! Keep it up! It's continued on page four.

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FALL 1903

1983HC-Mimir

RUSSIANS FIGHTING ON 3 FRONTS

There were two map errors last time (RUS f bar & GER a den).

AUS (Henry): a tri-alb (a ser s),
a bud-tri (a vie s),
f bul/sc-gre.

ENG (Crosby): f nao-iri,
f nth-lon (a yor s).

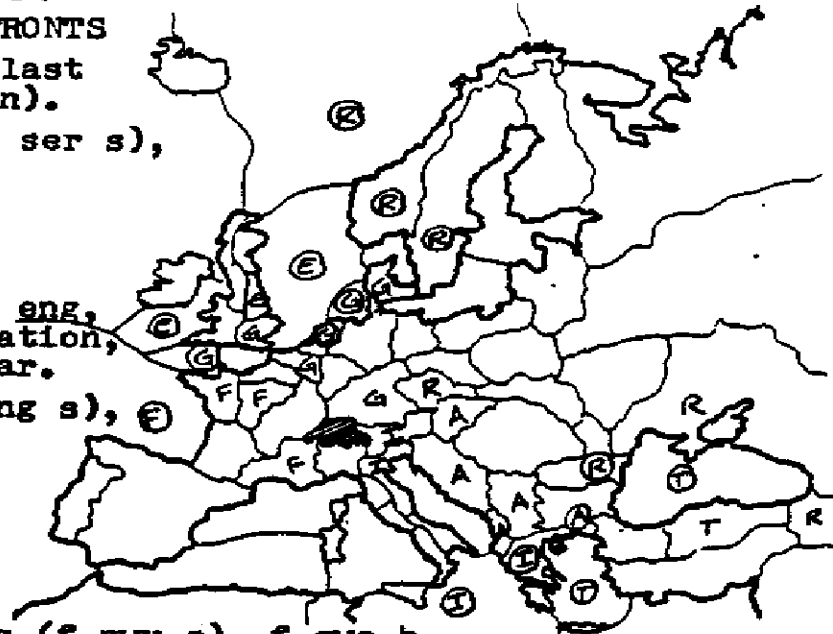
FRA (Sweeney): f mid s Gf eng,
a bre cheers for liberation,
a par s a bre, a bur-mar.

GER (Pakel): a lon h (f eng s),
a bel-bur, a mun-bur,
f hel-hol, f kie-hel,
a den h.

ITA (Kazur): a tyo h
(a ven s), f alb-gre
(f ion s).

RUS (Touchette): f bar-nwg (f nwy s), f swe h,
a gal-boh, a ukr-sev, a arm-smy, f rum s AUS f bul/sc /otm/.

TUR (~~Chalser~~ Givan): a con-ank (f bla s), f aeg-smy.



SUPPLY CENTERS HELD AS OF WINTER 1903

AUS	vie bud tri ser	g/d BUL	5/5	even	Deadline for
ENG	lvp edi	h/d	3/2	remove 1	Winter 1903 and
FRA	par mar spa	per BRE	4/5	build 1	Spring 1904 is 9
GER	mun kie ber	hol den bel lon	7/7	even	p.m. Central Time
ITA	ven rom nap	tun GRE	4/5	build 1	Monday August 27.
RUS	stp mos war	sev swe nwy rum	7/7	even	Mail early!
TUR	con ank smy	h/d	4/3	even	

Thanks to all the players for keeping the ball rolling. Pat & Bob have indicated they will subscribe; Matt only sent orders but is getting this report by flier. All addresses are on pg. 19 except Pat Pakel (633 Paden St Endicott NY 13760 607-748-0353) and Matt Kazur (Box 5492 Washington DC 20016). We even have press:

- TUR to RUS: If you're reading this, I want peace. You want a puppet?
- France: What happened? We're back -- is this life after death? Or more death?
- UTA to France: Wait a turn or two and decide for thyself.
- Italy to Austria: Your retreat has been duly noted. At least we have a possibility of negotiating now.
- GM to Mimir: The game name is from a small planet where an unwitting stowaway is ejected into space, so that six people can be spared. Appropriate for Dip, eh? My reserved dateline is UTA, for Univ. of Texas at Arlington, where I'm a grad student.



(Woz press continued) ...baggage, and yet was never opened in public. In it was a folded board, which opened up to reveal the letters of the alphabet and a few small words, such as "yes" and "no" ((you mean "ja" and "nein"?)), and a small box with holes in it. From this box, the Field Marshall removed a small lizard--cousin, he had been told,--to the Kaiser's own--and asked it the question which had been disturbing him, "Why is there no resistance?" He then placed it on the board, where it began to dash from letter to letter, quickly spelling out its reply: "We are still in Germany."
(more on pg. 21)

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FALL 1908

1982 HK - Yavin

SUPERPOWERS CHEW UP THE LITTLE GUYS

AUS (Ellis): a alb-ser.

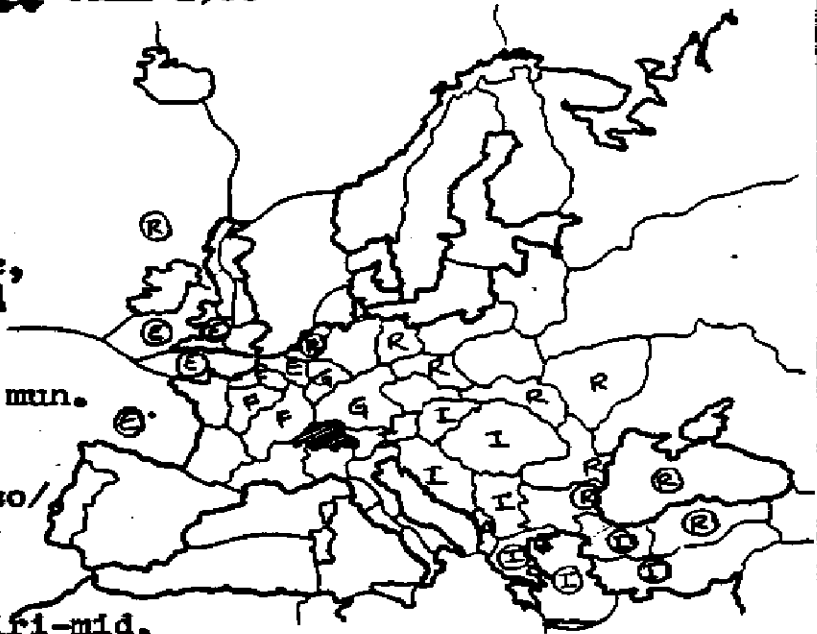
ENG (Burgess): f iri-mid,
f lvp-iri (f wal s),
a lon-bel (f eng c).

FRA (Cusack): nmr. a pic,
a par, a bur h. f mid
/d r naf por spa gas
bre otb/.

GER (Keeney): a ruh ms a mun.

ITA: (Peery): a boh-vie,
a vie-bud (a tri s),
a tvo s Fa bur-mun /nso/,
f aeg-bul/sc (a ser s,
f gre s, f con s),
f smy s f con.

RUS (Givan): f nao s Ef iri-mid,
f nth-hol, a sil-ber, a war-sil, a gal-bud, a ukr s a rum,
f bul/ec h (a rum s, f bla s), f ank-con.



SUPPLY CENTERS HELD, WINTER 1908

AUS edi edi	Just remembered:	2/0	out
ENG lon edi nwy bel lvp	Your standby is Bob	5/5	even
FRA par bre mar spa por	Sweeney (address p.19)	5/5	+1
GER kie mun edi		3/2	even
ITA nap ven rom vie tri tun smy com bud	SER GRE	9/11	+2
RUS stp mos war sev rum swe den ank ber bul	HOL	10/11	+1

Deadline for Winter adjustments and Spring 09 is August 27, 9pm.

RUS to GER: Well, pardner, it was them Southern Californians what made me do it.

RUS to ENG: I ain't no SacToad, no more. I'm a Citrus Beetle. Right, Pete? You can tell the difference because the Japanese Beetles say, "Arr you need is rove."

UTA to RUS: Like sake, you get worse with age.

Non-Native Rhode Islander: This is the wierdest state in the Union and I've seen most of them. It's just a big small town. It's not a person, but it is a chicken. It's almost big enough to be a place. What's a thing? And its condition is very poor. Our governor just died and the power struggle is on to see who will replace him. It works like the Kremlin except that we have to worry about muscle from NY. The law won't let the mayor of our fair capital city be mayor. A travesty of justice. What does all that have to do with Yavin? Oh Blair...weren't you mayor? And Larry...just what connections do you have to Raymond Patriarca, our late governor?

RUS to ITA: If you lied to me, I hope I pushed you in the bay. Or the pool. Your picture will be on every front page in America and the rest of the civilized world.

UTA: What did he do to deserve that, take out Austria? Seriously, thank you Greg for playing out an extremely distasteful position. A two issue sub extension and an invitation to try it again some time is all I can do for you.

This is the last of the games to be typed, after the Olympic ceremonies and during "A Bridge Too Far". Whew!

Herelandra FALL 1906 1983 G - Darkover

AUSTRIANS SLEEP, GERMANS WEEP

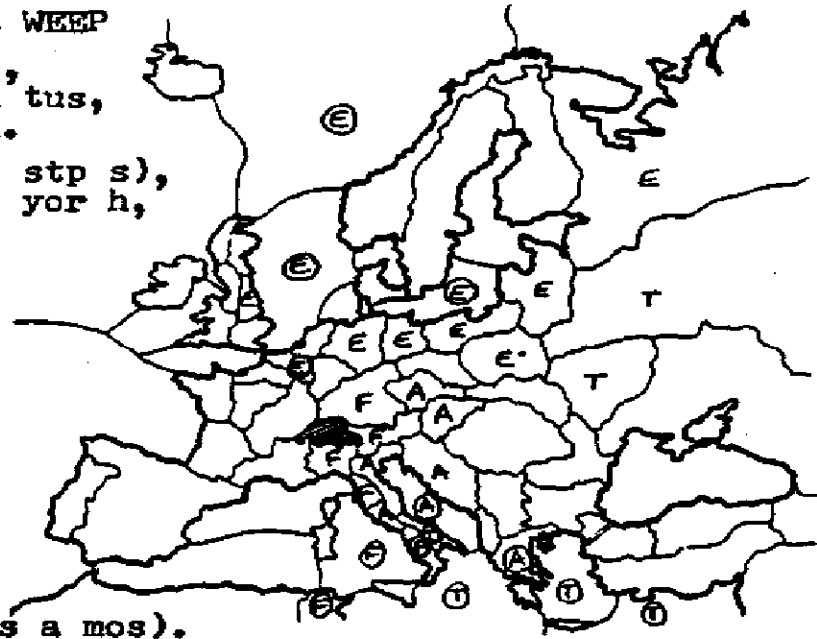
AUS (Cusack): nmr. a boh,
a vie, a tri, a ven, a tus,
f adr, and f gre all h.

ENG (Givan): a lvn-mos (a stp s),
a sil-war (a pru s), a yor h,
f bot-bal, f ska-nth,
f nth-nwg, f hol-bel,
a den-kie, a kie-ber.

FRA (Ellis): a mun-boh,
a tvo-ven, a pie-tus,
a rom-apu, f nap-apu,
f tun-ion, f wes-tyt.

GER (Makuc): a war s
Ta mos /d r gal otb/.

TUR (Luedi): f ion-nap,
f aeg-ion (f eas s),
f apu s f ion-nap,
a mos s Ga war (a ukr s a mos).



E/F draws: AUS nvr, ENG yes, FRA nvr, GER no, TUR no. Fails 4-1.
Germany proposes AEFGT draw but ignore that; instead, vote on an
AEFT draw proposed by Turkey. Supply Center Chart for 1906:

AUS	bud	tri	vie	ser	gre	bul	rum	VEN		7/8	+1			
ENG	lon	edi	lvp	nwy	den	hol	swe	bel	kie	stp	ber	WAR	11/12	+1
FRA	par	bre	mar	spa	por	tun	mun	war	rom	NAP			9/9	+2
GER	war												1/0	out
TUR	con	ank	smy	war	sev	mos							6/5	-1

Will Pierre Touchette please submit standby orders for Austria?
Winter adjustments and Spring 1907 orders is 9pm Monday 27 Aug.

*Hey, you know what? I just triple-checked, and we're ahead of
ourselves. It's Winter 1905 not 1906! Stupid, right?

Turkey to England: Just what has gotten into you? First there's
the slime from the bottom of the bucket and now you're talking
about my not being real. I just don't understand, and from
someone who deosn't see a golden opportunity when it's right
under his nose!

ENG to TUR: Just cutting support, like I said.

ENG to FRA: Was that you in NSWG? What were you proposing?
Who to?

Turkey to France: Remember this: it is faraway easier to listen
with a straight face than to talk with one. I enjoyed meeting
you, though, and I'll have to remind myself that you owe me a
couple of stabs.

Turkey to Germany: If you're in Moscow, consider yourself no
longer a protectorate of the Turkish "Empire".

UTA to Turkey: You call that protection??

Turkey to GM: Gee, my handwriting's sloppy!

ENG to Pere readers: The MLDL (MadLad Defamation League) re-
quests that all readers of this zine keep its existance secret
from any and all MadLads. Also, don't tell Tallman, either.
It's too highbrow for him.

UTA to Darkovans: Do any of you realize how hard it is to type
6 this during the Olympic opening ceremonies??? More press, p.21.

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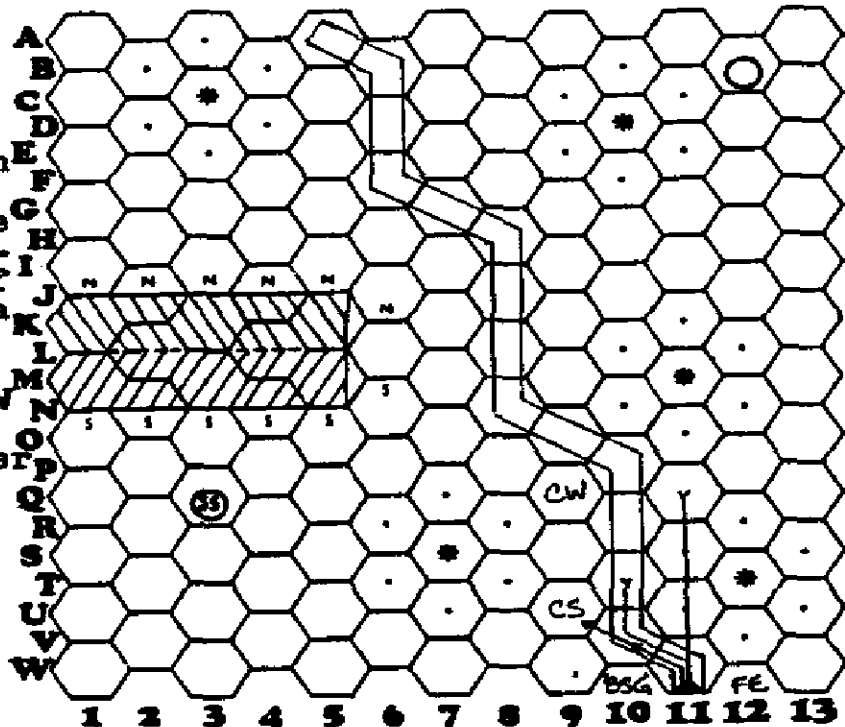
TURN SEVEN

ASF1-Hoth

IT'S FOUR EYES' TURN TO STROKE THE OVEN...

Segment One: 'Bombinable Snow Grouch finds his way into the kitchen at last, just as Coke Sniffer steps out of the door and grabs two Snowballs. CS throws one of these at Chilly Willy, a Demon, and steps aside as the attack finds its mark. Four Eyes hits CW also, as the love alliance breaks down. Silver Snake watches this all very carefully as he packs another Snowball.

BSG: Jim Makuc*
CS: Jim Burgess
CW: Daf Langley
FE: Steve Langley
SS: Kelly Bagley*
*COAs on page 19



name	loc	attacked by	hp/vp	hp/vp/ammo remaining
BSG	K		0/0	0/13/none
CS	V10		0/1	10/ 7/1 sb
CW	Q9	CS/de/75/**	2/0	7/ 9/1 di
FE	Q11		0/1	3/ 9/none
SS	Q3		0/0	5/ 3/ 1 di & 2 sb

Segment Two: Four Eyes is building a Dirigible when, suddenly, an enraged Chilly Willy plasters him with her own di, sending him scampering for the house. Coke Sniffer takes advantage of this momentary lapse by CW to hit her again with a Rattler, as does Silver Snake, who must be wondering when the action will come his way.

BSG	K		0/0	0/13/none
CS	U9		0/1	10/ 8/none
CW	Q9	SS/rr/85/**	2/3	5/12/none
FE	Q11	CW/di/75/**	3/0	0/ 9/1 di
SS	Q3		0/1	5/ 4/1 di & 1 sb

Segment Three: While The Sniff and Willy are grabbing Dirigibles (what could they possibly want with those??), Silver Snake finally scores big: a Dolton Dirigible to Willy's backside!

BSG	K		0/0	0/13/none
CS	U9		0/0	10/ 8/1 di
CW	Q9	SS/di/55/**	3/0	2/12/1 di
FE	K		0/0	0/ 9/none
SS	Q3		0/3	5/ 7/1 sb

Bombinable will be appearing at W11 next turn, second segment. Four Eyes is cooped up until Turn Nine, Segment One. ORDERS for Turn Eight are due before 9pm Monday, August 27. What little press there is starts here and continues on page 13: SS to himself: Hmmm. Let's see. Of the people still in the yard, Chilly Willy has been hitting more people. I think 7

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TURN TWO

ASF2 - Forochel

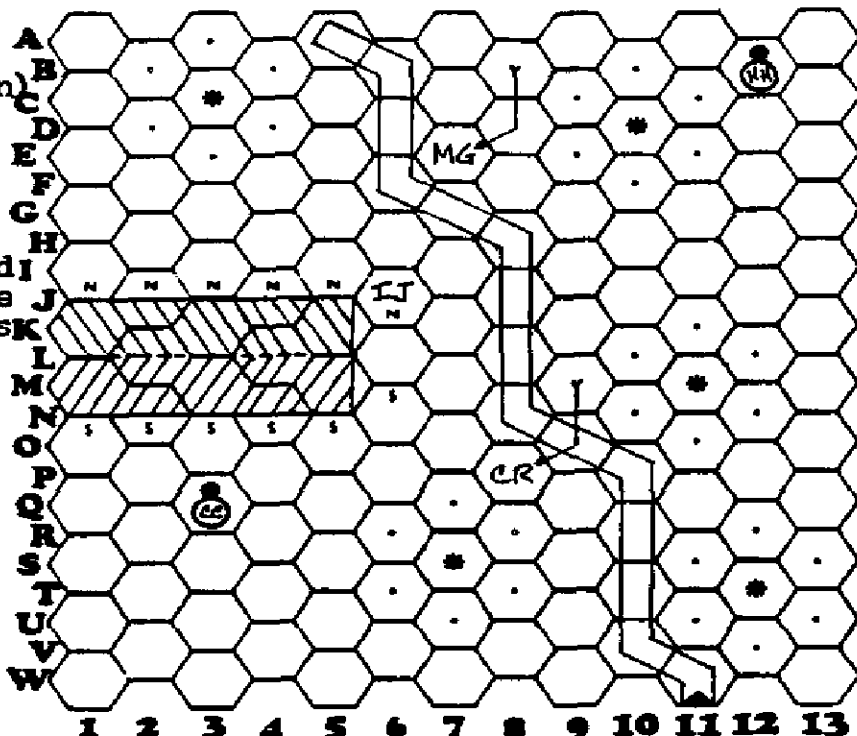
ICE JACKAL CATCHES ON

Segment One: Cold Crier and Houston (now in Austin) Halfling each stockpile 2 Snowballs, while Chicago Rocket moves across the path to a new station. Mystery Guest combines these, picking up a sb and backing away from HH. Ice Jackal isn't so patient as these, however, and he launches a Rattler which smears the Rocket.

CC: Kelly Bagley
 CR: Dave Bruss
 HH: Greg Ellis
 IJ: Don Williams
 MG: ???

CC @Q3, 8hp, 1vp, 2 sb.
 HH @B12, 9hp, 1vp, 2 sb.
 IJ @J6, 10hp, 1vp, none.
 MG @E7, 9hp, 1vp, 1 sb.
 CR @P8 is attacked:

IJ/rr/85/** so he's 8hp, 2vp, no ammo.



Segment Two: This time Ice Jackal and Chicago Rocket are building -- Dirigibles! --while the others all decide to burn their ammo. Halfling and the Guest trade successful Rattlesnakes, but the Crier's attack on the Jackal wimps out somewhere over the roof.

CC	Q3		0/0	8/1/1sb
CR	P8		0/0	8/2/ldi
HH	B12	MG/rr/80/**	1/1	8/2/1sb
IJ	J6	CR/rr/52/--	0/0	10/1/ldi
MG	E7	HH/rr/90/**	1/1	8/2/none

Segment Three: Cold Crier has another hunch but he's wrong again; this time he storms the S7 tree but nobody's there! Instead, CR is throwing a Dirigible at him, which misses. Jackal shows him how it's done, though, scoring a big three points with his di. The northerners both collect more snow; big battle next time??

CC	Q3	CR/di/40/--	0/0	8/1/none
CR	P8	IJ/di/55/**	3/0	5/2/none
HH	B12		0/0	8/2/3sb
IJ	J6		0/3	10/4/none
MG	E7		0/0	8/2/2sb

There was a map error last month; IJ was at J6 (which is vulnerable to Shed Avalanche) though I had it right in the adjudication.

Mystery Guest Twenty Questions: Do you like chocolate chip cookies? "Yes, yes, a thousand times yes!" Have you ever won as Austria? "NO--the one time I did I believed Russia all the way to my demise." This month's questions---

CC: Has MG ever taken a linguistics course? ((UTA: I can answer that one: no! It's not me, Kelly.))

DW to MG: Do you really understand what you're doing here?

DW to MG: Are you a member of the W.C.C.? ((West Coast Clique))

UTA to Forochel: Dave Bruss has a COA on page 19, as does CC.

Here's the press...

CC to IJ: What does IJ stand for? Itinerant Joker?

IJ to Anyone Throwing Cowchips: I'll eat you first!

IJ to MG: If you think I'm leaving my defensive position to go

8 chasing off across the snow, you must be daft! (more press p 13)

Herelandra DipCon XVII

On Wednesday night, June 20, I get a call from North Dallas. The MadLads had hit town, and DipCon XVII was underway.

That first carload consisted of Mark Luedi, Mark Frueh, Nancy Irwin, Matt Fleming and Dave Kleiman, in Dave's four-door. The long drive had heightened, rather than diminished, their rambunctiousness, and when I met them Thursday afternoon at the Hotel Regent they seemed ready to storm Market Hall for a game of Dip. Due to my efforts at logic, we delayed such an assault and instead briefed each other on the State of the Con.

The conversation consisted mostly of me trying to sort out who would be here and who wouldn't. At one time or another any of these people had definite plans to attend: the 1984 DipCon Committee (Al Pearson, Ed Wrobel, Pat Conlon), Larry Peery, Rod Walker, Gary Coughlan, Jim Briggs. Also, there were rumors about Fred Davis, Mark Berch, Eric Ozog, John Michalski, and Bob Olsen. Only the last two actually showed up, and John's appearances were two 'hello's on Saturday morning; I hear he spent his time in the Third Reich tourney. I'm glad he could make it--everybody had been trying to get information and accommodations for him all week.

However, the MadLads and MadLass were soon restless again, and it remained only to drive to the convention center to register. Mistake! These people had already wandered around the wrong hotel (the Hyatt Regency) looking for me--now they arrived to find 3000 people standing in line to pick up registration packets.

Well, it wound up taking only two hours to get ourselves set up to play Gunboat, 1939, Diplomacy (and Titan, for Frueh). I had pre-registered, and I saw Dave Manuel, from LA, working behind one of the tables, but neither of these helped me any so I had to dish out another \$20. (I haggled for a refund after the weekend was over.) The time in line was spent discussing Nelson Heintzman. Now, Nelson took a Worst Austria certificate (I know, I signed it as Tournament Director) even though he wasn't there, so you know how good he is at Dip. Anyway, the group had made a very humorous cassette to send to Nelson, so there I was, trying to follow their conversation with one ear and the tape (on a Walkman) with the other. We also discussed Name-that-Con, the Dip party Dave, Mark and I will be hosting Oct. 26-28 in Indy; looks as if I'll be bussing to St. Louis or Chitown (bussing white kids out of Dallas? times have changed) to hitch a ride with other Dip players.

Mark and I finally left the Hall for the 20-minute drive to my place, except it took 45 minutes. My ('71 Datsun) pickup overheated about halfway back, but a little coolant fixed that. Very temporarily.

So, we enjoyed a peaceful, conversation evening--instead of running back out to play Trivial Pursuit at the home of one of Dave K.'s subbers. We set up several postal games (including Darkover) and discussed the pluses and minuses of our respective neighborhoods. Mark is personable (affable? Somebody get a thesaurus.), and above all thoughtful--meaning he thinks about what he says before he says it. This doesn't mean that everything makes sense (heaven forbid) but it does cut out a lot of the 'white noise' generated by some college students, notably freshmen and UCLAers.

I had a mechanic look at the engine Friday morning, and he told me my heater hose was rotting but could be driven on for a while: "Just keep the radiator filled." Home again for a huge pancake breakfast, then Mark and I ran off to Origins again.

We first went to Market Hall for the dealers' exhibits. I bought a pair of 20-sided dice (why a pair? I don't know) and a strategy game called "Christians and Lions" (yes, the game board

(continued on page 10)

Herlandra is an arena...), but otherwise the exhibits were a bust for me. Mark was interested in a HUMONGOUS (12' x 10'?) scale model of the Battle of Waterloo, but I pointed out that even if it was for sale, it wouldn't fit under the seat in front of him on the plane home.

Well, on to the Regent for the Gunboat tournament. I barely remember the first round, because my Austria was the only team eliminated on Board 1. But I do remember meeting a bunch of people who were once only names... Jack Brawner: "C'mon, you've never heard of me." Me: "Sure, I have. You're the guy who gave the postal hobby Dick Martin." Jack: "Is that what they say about me?? Oh, no..." Mike Conner: a reserved, wry man with steel-grey eyes and hair. I found it easy to work with Mike, and we talked a while during the 1939 tournament, but he skipped out on Round 2 of regular Dip. Dave Manuel, who I knew from LA. Glad I didn't have to play across the table from him! Lanny Myers, whose gap-toothed grin hides an evil stab. And Guy Hail, lamenting his schedule for the weekends: "I'm not sure I can make it to that seminar because of this tournament..."

Gunboat Round 2 was a bit better. My France and Jered Levy's England made all the safe moves and got to 13 (7 for him) by 1903. Then I took his and mine in '04, and Jered (a local kid) got nervous. I think Oscar Kirchner (Germany) was feeding him a line about me being a great postal player, despite the fact that it was supposed to be Gunboat.. (Neither of them knew me at all.) Anyhow, the kid miswrites a Winter stab while I'm building two fleets; next season he tries again, and he eventually did manage to take two dots from me. But he kept miswriting convoys so I got back all my losses.

Long break here, doing laundry, answering phone (Conrad Minshall calling about 1984p), vacuuming. You know, real life breakin' in.

Okay, I finished 14 out of 21, with Scott Rubin (24 dots in two games), Mark Luedi (19), and Jack Brawner (17) ending 1-2-3. I also met David Wrobel, a student from Albuquerque who seemed interested in the postal hobby. David proved that things can change fast in a weekend: he came in 17th in Gunboat, but won the 1939 tournament (12-center Italy; nobody else had more than 9 on five boards), only a few hours later.

I spent most of the 1939 tournament relaxing. I had some homework, believe it or not: Hebrew vocabulary to memorize. Also Mark Freuh came by from playing Titan, giving us a chance to rip Evans Givan, Don Williams, and the other players in Le Ronde (see News section). But after two game years Cooper Matlock looked up and realized he was supposed to be working security over at Market Hall! Well, no one wanted to leave a 6-center Germany in CD, so they (Mike Conner, the TD for 1939) asked me to standby. Oh, all right. Right away I could see that Mark Luedi (England) needed an ally bad: France was dying stubbornly, and the I/R alliance (Lanny Myers and Ben Schilling) was gobbling neutrals quick. So I turned my back on Ben's bargaining and faced my units toward him; the result was E/G with 16 units in 1907, I/R with 13, and both Mark and I taking hardy bites out of Russia. Felt good.

Conrad Minshall and Greg Ellis arrived from Austin during the 1939--the long and short of the hobby--and a pair from Houston, Dave Frick and Stephen Wilcox, made it in time to play. Thus, I was at least ensured of having two assistants (Greg and Steve) for Saturday. Greg, too, stayed at my place, so we three packed into the truck and left for the night. However, the truck got hot again, and again I had to fill it up. This time, though, it was clearly leaking. Groan.

We did get home, and sat around 'till one gabbing. However, when we got up Sat. morning, the pool of water under the truck

Herelandra was dismaying. We figured out which hose had a hole and patched it up--that is, Greg patched the hose, while Mark assisted and I ran around like a headless chicken looking for transportation. Although Greg did a great job, the one thing I did not want was to be stuck downtown with a broken vehicle. So we limped over to the linguistics center and checked out a van, which naturally needed \$18 of gas.

When we finally got to the Regent, an hour late, others had gotten the tournament started (thank you, Mike and Ben!) and I was able to get Mark and these others into the last game. There were eight boards to supervise Saturday morning, which meant drawing up SC charts, timing (which consisted of yelling a three-minute warning and then "Time!" every twenty minutes), and GMing. Because of our location we had very few problems with kibitzers; because Greg was doing legwork for me, all I got were the tough questions. Example: kid comes up to me (I was given a special GM badge by Origins) and says, furtively, "If I want to keep this guy out of a certain space, y'know, an empty space, can I just support that province?" Now, what do you say to that kind of ingenuity? ..."No."

The actual process of running the games is fairly dull, because it's eight hours of the same things: trying to get a minute sitting down. But Greg and I had a chance to talk politics, Conrad handed me a five-dollar bill in plain sight of the other players, two different games had the same support question (as in f spa s f wes-mid, f mid s f naf-wes), and I finished two liters of Dr. Pepper by 5:00.

There were only five boards Saturday evening, but it was still the first round; Origins couldn't give us a room for 20 tables on Saturday, but they could give us one on Sunday when we knew we wouldn't need it. (For my gripes and suggestions see the editorial on the next page.) In addition to splitting the first round, the "B" half was divided into two by the DipCon meeting. Most of the postal players had played in the morning half, so they had to come back from dinner or open gaming (again, Titan, in the next room over) for the meeting. It opened with Mike Conner's announcement about his cat (see News section), then Greg read the proposed amendments: proxy voting, zone changes, and the "no-host" convention clause. Proxy voting is a typically fannish activity (SF cons, etc) but since Dip is no longer in that same breed of hobby it went down to a unanimous no. The zone change would have made mid-America compete directly with California for future DipCons and so it too was shot up. The vote to remove the requirement of a host con was, on the other hand, much debated. Matt Fleming led the opposition, feeling that it would open the way to irresponsible hosts. Conrad, supporting the San Diego bid, and I tried to press the case for breaking from the big, problem-filled host conventions like Origins. It passed, about 2 to 1.

Finally, the site selection. Dave Manuel represented Strategicon in Anaheim, and presented all the advantages of a big comprehensive con. However, that wasn't what the thirty voters were looking for, especially after the no-host vote. And Dave's presentation ran overtime (the charter permits 15 minutes, he took 25-30) and was not very polished: he repeated himself, including a line about not having Risk players in the same room (there were four boards, the Origins semifinals, in our room, but they were unobtrusive) which did not go over well.

Conrad's program was more detailed and a bit shorter, with me answering questions about San Diego occasionally. Conrad wore a Peericon t-shirt under his vested suit and did a strip-tease, but too many Dippers wanted to play other games, or didn't trust Larry Peery (just reporting the facts here). So it came to me. I had already stepped into the hall twice to calm down the players, who

(continued on page 17)

Herelandra

The Op-Ed Page

Before I launch into something someone might not enjoy, a mushy sentimental word if I may. I'm really proud of my adopted hometown, L.A. I quote a Dallas sportswriter:

They said L.A. couldn't pull it off and they were wrong. The smog, the traffic, the distant venues -- no way, L.A. Wrong again, Olympic torch breath.

...Yes, L.A. finally got excited about something. You come here for Super Bowls and World Serieses and you're just another convention in town. Just another screening or opening. The end of the world will be just another special bulletin in L.A. But the Olympics are, like, wow, bigger than Bob Hope. Or even Bob Hope watching Michael Jackson. Or Hope watching Jackson watch 'Gremlins' while breakdancing.

It's hardly started, but I'll bet it only gets better.



When the Committee was chosen to supervise next year's DipCon, I allowed myself to be elected. Terry Tallman and Rod Walker had sent specific word that they, too, would like to be part. The 3 of us are now deciding which one will act as Chairman.

This puts me in a unique position: able to do something about the complaints which have surrounded the last two or three DipCons. I have my own complaints, which I'll add right now. But this doesn't mean Dragonflight will be perfect. It just means we can listen to you and try.

The biggest problem this year was publicity. Origins did absolutely nothing for us, and I never heard of a DipCon newsletter (as required by the charter) either. Origins also changed their dates, killing any publicity that had been done in the postal hobby up to then. If any effort had been made, say in March, to inform just the publishers and urge them to plug the con, we could have had 125 at the tournament instead of 91. Bob Olsen, John Michalski, and Jay Schufeldt all found out about it the last week before the con.

Jay had another problem also: facilities for gaming. He apparently couldn't find the Diplomacy Sunday morning. Although I tried to inform all players of what was happening and when, several people were confused about scheduling and registration. It was not clear to me that those who signed up for the morning first round could still use their tickets in the evening if they missed earlier, and this forced several people to pay twice for one tournament. Also, our rooms were a disappointment: at first we were in great shape for the variants, but they (very politely) asked us to move to a corner of an open-gaming area so a seminar could be held in the original room. Thanks a lot. When we got back into the first room for Dip on Saturday, I was asked to allow several boards of Risk in the back 1/3rd. They were not much of a problem but it didn't impress me any. Finally, the room we got Sunday morning had not been cleaned up overnight. Now, I had cleaned the tables between rounds Saturday, but I expected a little more from the convention for "first-thing-in-the-morning!"

Finally there was personnel trouble. Me. I didn't know I was the Tournament Director until three weeks prior. I would have said yes if I had been told the situation was so desperate much earlier. Also, I had no time to recruit people to specific jobs and specific times; the guys who helped were marvelous, but I was overtaxed. We also had trouble because we dealt with several levels of Origins management, instead of one liason. Ben Schilling got so angry at one point that he blew up at an official (I was told this happened twice) and so they nearly decided to cancel Diplomacy altogether.

Perelandra

Snowball Fighting

(Hoth press continued) she should be my next target.
CS to FE: It was your partner that stood there and let BSG hit her from behind. Quit complaining.
CS to CW: What mittens? Only the finest Corinthian leather for me!
SnowMaster: Right down to the whip he uses...
CS to Snowy: As far as I'm concerned you deserve every bit of it. New Englanders and Californians just don't get along. Where are you from again?.....
SM to CS: When I was in California I refused to be known as a Californian; I was proud to be a (Ohio) Buckeye. Now that I've been away a while, Californian is a much nicer label.
CS to FE: Where's 'Bombinable'? Where is he? I don't see a thing?
SM to CS: Four Eyes just went in to tell BSG he can come out.
CS to Perelandrans: Anybody try the recipe? Mike Mazzer had one published somewhere recently too (was it EE?) ((yes)), mine is better though. Someone want to do a taste test? ((I refuse to eat anything either of you has recommended.))

(Forochel press continued)
Ice Jackal to Mystery Guest: Houston Halfling? Not only can't I see the little runt, I can't throw that far. Besides, Chicago Ruffian is a better target.
IJ to CR: You are a better target, you know.
Ice Jackal to Mr. Snowforbrains: Are we having fun yet?
Snow Master to Ice Jerk: Only if you're schizo.
IJ to HH: Okay, here's the plan: we ally and take out Austria by 1903, then...
SM to IJ: I refuse to let you mess with any of the Austrias in my zine.
IJ to Snowforbrains: Awwww...you never let me have any fun.
IJ to CR: Sorry I lied to you, an' I know my mommy told me not to, but see, I'm a Dip player and I can't help it.
SM to IJ: Wait a minute. I'm playing Austria in a game with you!
IJ to Snowforbrains: Hee, hee, hee!

Assorted Jive

Greg Stewart has won the Deadwood Lottery in style; he sent me a three-page "Desperate Man" piece which I just can't squeeze in this month. Greg wins eight issues, a dubious place on my dubious sub-list, and the chance to be published in yet another zine.

Because of the new orphan arrived here, however, I have to start keeping an eye on the subber count now. 50 is the absolute limit; I can barely afford to keep publishing now. So, no new Deadwood game, much as I love 'em. And an announcement: about December 1 there will be a price increase, to 75¢ per issue. I expect to drop back to 15 pages after this month, but I will still need to raise rates. I think it's only fair to tell you now in case your sub is coming up for renewal in the next few months.

Currently I'm looking for both a job and an apartment, and the week of August 10-20 I will be in Amarillo (for my girlfreind's family's reunion) and Glorieta NM (Christian camp). Do not try to phone me this month. I will try to get cards out with my new phone before I leave for vacation, but do not use any old numbers you might have. The Camp Wisdom address is still good, since that is just a mail drop for me anyway.

I still plan on attending PudgeCon but finances will be the tie-breaker. If I can work some this month to pay for gas, great. I am also considering taking a leave from school, but I'll go into that later.

Herelandra

Our Guest of Honor

(continued from page one)

him was sheer dissimulation. If his message had contained something unexpected, it would emerge from the contents of the order that he was taking back. He said to himself that it would be better to find out what it said now, while they were travelling in an area under enemy observation. When he was asked why he had broken the seal he could give some explanation on these lines. He felt the envelope in his pocket and fingered the seal. In the failing light the itch to open it mounted like a fever within him.

To gain time he asked the driver to change places with him. Driving calmed him. ... At a spot where the track suddenly curved and plunged downwards in a suicidal manner they escaped without harm, but immediately afterwards the vehicle came to a halt in the middle of a mud patch. The engine had failed, and the cries of the birds made the quiet deeper than ever. Ferns grew all around. They dragged the vehicle out of the mud. The driver set about finding out the cause of the trouble. While he was lying underneath the vehicle the man hesitated no further, but broke open the envelope, scarcely bothering even to preserve the seal. He leant over the vehicle and read the order, which said that he was to be shot.

He managed to put it back in his breast-pocket before the driver scrambled out and announced that everything was now in order. He asked whether he should drive on. Yes, he should. While he bent over the starting-handle the man wondered whether to shoot him now or while he was driving. He had no doubt now that his driver was an escort.

...The man rested his revolver on his knees. When the first shot rang out he had the impression that he had fired prematurely, against his will. But if his companion had been hit, his ghost must have had great presence of mind, because it accelerated and drove on. It took a relatively long time to discover that it was not the driver but he himself who had been hit. His arm sagged, and he dropped his revolver. More shots rang out before they reached the cover of the wood again, but they missed.

The ghost in front turned his cheerful face towards him. "We were lucky to get across," he said. "That field was under observation." "Stop!" the man exclaimed. "Not here," the driver answered, "we had better go a little deeper into the wood." "I've been hit," the man said in desperation. The driver drove on a little way without looking round, and then stopped. ... "The order," the man said, and felt in his breast-pocket. At the moment of his deepest despair he had read its contents in a new light. The orders said the bearer was to be shot, but mentioned no names. "Take it," he said, "my coat is covered in blood." If his companion refused to take it, it would put the matter beyond doubt. After a moment's silence he felt the envelope being taken from his hand. "All right," said the driver.

... They carried him into one of the houses across a yard in the middle of which was a well. Two dogs snuffled about him. The wound hurt. They laid him on a bench in a room on the ground floor. The windows were open, and there was no light. "You look after him," said the driver, "I mustn't lose any more time."

When he came round he felt that his wound had been dressed. He thought it an unnecessary service carried out by the angels for a man who had bled to death, an act of mercy performed too late. Only when he noticed that an officer from the staff was standing at the foot of the bed did he realise with horror that he was not dead.

"It's just as well you didn't know the wording of the message. We had an extraordinary code-phrase for the beginning of the operation!"

Herelandra

News in Briefs

Recently I asked Ron Brown (of Canada) why he has done so well in postal Dip (1 win, 3 draws, 0 survivals, 0 eliminations; good for 113th place on Stephen Wilcox's rating system). His answer:

I guess I do well in games because I don't play many at a time? I don't know. Just have a knack for it I guess. There's a group I play face-to-face with occasionally who got tired of me always finishing in a draw or win, so last time we played they all ganged up on me. At least I survived until the end that time.

John Walker writes letters on paper that is 3" by 5", so I refuse to print any of his stuff.

Okay, now on to the Hobby-Small-Fry Protection League matters. Membership consists of myself, Terry Tallman (NSWG), Don Del Grande (Life of Monty), and the following player-associate member John Walker. However, Mr. Walker was a wiseguy again and sent a cancelled 20¢ stamp, so he is suspended for one month. In addition, four people have tried to enroll without proper credentials. Mark Luedi's zine does not qualify; I have never seen Grouch Grines (Jim Makuc), and "The Boob Report" (Jim Burgess' subzine) has not yet been published. Also, Mr. Ed Wrobel of Virginia has requested membership but cites special circumstances, below.

HSFPL members (three of us) are asked to vote on the following: 1. A program to "nuke the big guys" will be instituted. 2. The HSFPL will have no organization. 3. Mr. Wrobel will be allowed to join. (Please read his letter before voting.) No vote received will count extra.

Ed Wrobel: Before you summarily reject my request for membership in the HSFPL please consider the following.

Sure, I'm not exactly "uninvolved" but I am definately outside the hobby mainstream. ((So is Larry Peery. Does that make him Small-Fry?)) Although I publish a zine, I don't GM any games and I don't print any regular postal Diplomacy games. ((Aha!)) Politesse began as a face-to-face zine and that remains its primary purpose. How many face-to-face zines are there around? Moreover, P is the official journal of the Washington Area Retinue of (Tacitly) Highly Organized Gamesters (WARTHOG), a small-fry non-organization if ever there was one. Further, I am the nominal Player Rights Custodian of the PDO (nominal because unrecognized by the Grand Kommissar). My record as an opponent of the Hobby Establishment is clear: I have spoken out against the Berch/Davis/Walker conspiracy to capture DipCon; I trade with zines like Bersaglieri; I haven't had a letter published in Voice of Doom this month. As a player I have been oppressed by Bruce Linsey ((who hasn't?)), Fred Davis and Rod Walker. ((Now I'm impressed)) Mark Berch has written me lengthy, argumentative letters, some of them off the record.

To cap it off, I have, in the last issue of Politesse, renounced the Hobby Establishment and pledged to return P to the purity of its original purpose: providing a forum for WARTHOGs to snort and grunt and have a good time.

Waddya say?

----- (letter dated 11 July)

Don Del Grande: Obviously, the HSFPL has to protect the little pubbers from such things as slow gamestarting (i.e. no games in the 'zine for months after debut -- I speak from experience!), subber burnout, dirty folding, things like that there, no "and" in the sentence to make it a run-on (actually, it's a sentence fragment isn't it?). (You have... ((cont'd next page))

Herelandra ...to remember -- my 800 in the SAT came in the math section; my verbal was 470.) I still remember when Retaliation came out in single issues -- when Whitestonia was all white -- when Europa Express wasn't reduced -- when people anxiously awaited a new 'zine announced in Envoy back in mid-1980 from a middle-of-nowhere place (pop. 1500) called Greenbrae, CA (and it still is in the middle of nowhere)...the hobby needs protection from the small-fries! I think you're taking a big step by registering the names and addresses of the small-fries in the hobby. That IS the intention of the HSFPL, isn't it? -----(letter dated 6 July)

Guy Hall: Will you also be offering ballots for the hobby mascot election? You didn't even mention its death in your Origins note.

Guy, in our ever-growing effort to serve our readers, I have tracked down an answer to your question: no. However, Kathy Byrne (address on page 19) is accepting ballots for a successor to Caruso, who died unexpectedly three days before DipCon. (Caruso was Mike Conner's cat. What did you think I meant?)

Actually, John Walker did send some proposals for HSFPL but they will have to wait until we vote on the frivolous stuff.

Bob Olsen: If you read SF I recommend Paul Williams' books, the Pelbar Cycle, a series which is up to its sixth volume so far. It's post-atomic-holocaust reunification-of-civilization stuff, a fairly common theme, but well handled. Really the books are more than anything about change--the true subject of all great SF.

One other thing--perhaps you could do me a favor. Do you still have the Second Dound Best Austria certificate I almost won at DipCon? ((See DipCon writeup for details.)) If so could you possibly write a great big VOID on it and send it to me? I'm gaining considerable sympathy with this story of my latest pathetic fiasco, confirming my position as Sad Sack of Dipdom, and would like maybe to enter that historical document in the next PDO Auction--"The closest Olsen ever came to a decent game" or something similar. I'm also considering offering a bound volume of my losing endgame statements at some point. (dated 26 June)

Fred Davis informs me that the Don Miller Memorial Award fund is down to \$.94. If you would like to contribute to this prize given for meritorious service to the hobby, send a check made out to Fred at 1427 Clairidge Road, Baltimore MD 21207.

Larry Peery has editorialized, in Xenogogic 18:3, about my 'most blatant power play' in accepting the leadership of the HSFPL and seeking the post of Chairman of the DipCon Society Committee. I am dismayed by Mr. Peery's bigoted and reactionary comments and hope that the other members of the Committee will not be swayed by such obviously incompetent commentators. Besides, I have two Libyan marksmen on my payroll.

Evans Givan and Jim Meinel recently stabbed me to death in Le Ronde (1982HX) in Magus. Evans' "goodbye" letter to me was a classic ("According to the verbal adjudication, you're history."), and maybe someday when I'm in a vindictive mood I'll print it. In the meantime, a few stray comments at DipCon indicate that the opposition (Mark Frueh and Don Williams) is scared:

Evans Givan: Apparently the mindless minions of MadLand can't believe the rather distasteful number Meinel and I did on you.

Herelandra

GRUMBLE CITY

...had waited an extra hour beyond the one expected. Most had gone to grab dinner, but came back only to sit in the foyer. So I told the Society, "Put a watch on this." It took me 4 minutes to show that the advantages of a big con (variety, cost, and prizes) and of a Dip-only affair (socializing, open gaming, and postal publicity) could be combined by going to Dragonflight in Seattle. (The Committee will be publishing a newsletter with details later.) Differing accounts of the vote have been published; I thought Mike counted 12-4-3 Seattle-Anaheim-S.D. The apathy was overwhelming at times, but consensus was clear.

Frankly, that was the cue for the Posties to split and the local Dippers to come, grumbling, back in. Stephen Wilcox was my asst. in the evening (for their troubles, Greg and Stephen got registration refunds) and seemed to really enjoy it. However, I was already dead on my feet, with no break from 9am on. I had dealt with the Origins people about putting the Risk tourney in the back of our room; with players about gming; and with one group of local players who apparently were refusing to negotiate, running off to another room each turn to plan and returning in time for the deadline (I determined that this was a legal, if low, tactic, and that only two of the three knew each other before the con.).

The games slowly ended, and even Stephen left by midnight. He and Dave Frick had a room at the Holiday Inn across the street where several people (Conrad, Michalski, Greg & Mark) had gone to crash/chat/game. But it took the full eight hours, until 2am, for the last game to end, a four-way draw in 1909. I loaded up the van, picked up my pair of guests, and drove home, a zombie.

While I don't recall the drive home, I do remember what followed: I sat up until 4:30 calculating the seeding for Round 2. Can someone bring a computer to DipCon XVIII? So by the start of the Sunday round I had been at work 19 hours and asleep three. I set up the second round, five boards, in a daze, but halfway through the process two more players showed up. Here was my one big boner: instead of telling them to wait, I shoved them in on the last table, bumping off Ben Schilling and Dave Frick. When I figured out what I had done, I nearly broke down there, but I was able to think hard enough to scrounge some kibitzers and eliminated players to set up a sixth board, with Dave as Austria, for his score. He turned it into a Best Country certificate.

I'm not looking for sympathy. We live and learn, and I enjoyed DipCon. But I'll be dead if I do the same thing to next year's GMs. Anyhow, the first-round winners (Pete Dorman, Mark Harris & Mike Bernal) were either quickly attacked or didn't show up Sunday, so the second tier had the best shot at the tournament. Things looked good for Stephen until his board realized he might win; Jack Brawner and Dave Kleiman had 3-ways in round 1 but faced stiff opposition as a team in round 2. Cream, still, will rise: Jeff Key watched David Claman pull off a 20-center win as Turkey on Table 2, giving him 34.81 tourney points. So Jeff took his Russia, Table 4, to a 19-dot win for 34.82. David stood by and shook his head, grinning. (Harris finished third; a complete list is available for a SASE plus a 20¢ stamp.)

Others certainly socialized more than I did. My only shot was at breakfast and dinner Sunday: the former was McD's with a group, though the shop didn't open 'till 8 because of a power outage; the latter was a different McD's with James Woodson, where we discussed literature, the Navy, and 1984P--not that any of these are related, mind you. But I am glad for the experience, even if I couldn't speak above a whisper afterwards; even if the van cost me \$25 incl. gas; even if you (whoever) didn't come! Be there, 17

(continued) with me taking the flack. This is completely irresponsible of the DFW Gamesters, especially since their own policy shifts, etc, had caused the mess.

The 'e' on this typer is shot, so now we switch. I have a set of brief suggestions here; others have already been sent to the other two members of the Committee, as we are already exchanging letters discussing DipCon 18. These are not Committee Gospel; they are merely my observations from one DipCon.

1) A room large enough for tables and aisles. We had the first but not the second.

2) Microphones. This may not seem important to you, but my explanation of the procedures at the start of each round was lost in the shuffle. And timing was possible, but unpleasant.

3) One coordinator--different from the tournament gm, if possible. One person should be responsible for any and all contact with the host convention, and should develop those contacts before the con.

4) More room for open gaming (Dip). This will be easier at Seattle, where the dorm constitutes one big gaming hall, but there was no really good place to play without noise and crowds.

5) We should require some notice of intent to play in the final round, or at least request that those who are sure they won't be back say so.

6) Several basic houserules need to be laid down now for all DipCons. One board asked me to approve a win for a 9-dot Turkey about one hour before the end of the round. I refused, saying that either he gets over 11 dots or it's a DIAS draw. So they played out the hour and voted on a new draw and went home, but I was forced to make an on-the-spot decision and explain it to them when I could have been dealing with other finishing games.

Along the same line, more gms are needed to prevent what happened at least once: players setting up an endgame and then claiming they had played it to that point. Because I had an assistant this was prevented, but one board, to my mind, 'faked' a full three seasons in this manner. If everyone agrees to play two turns with minimal diplomacy because they can see the outcome forming & want to get it over, fine. But they should be required to play it. Since Greg and I were looking elsewhere at the time, it was possible to cheat.

7) Better publicity, including directions within the building to Diplomacy. This would include advance arrangements for personnel, something Dragonflight is very good at.

8) Finally, better logistics. The DipCon Society meeting should be given two hours; even if it doesn't last that long we can sit around gossiping about those that didn't come. And I doubt anybody can set up a worse schedule of play than we had here.

Oh, one more thing about that 9-center win. One of my reasons was that he did not have the most centers; the player in the lead wanted to give it to him because he (the leader) wouldn't be back for round two anyhow.

Overall the con was fun, but these things were constantly getting in the way. I am glad to be getting away from Origins, and look forward to your suggestions for Dragonflight.



One last DipCon note--I have pictures for sale. They are color prints from slides, good exposures. 75¢ in US cash or stamps for each one you request...

#2: The MadLads sign in! (Nancy, Mark, ~~Matt's~~ back, Mark and
(continued page 20)

Herelandra

the Lineup

If there are two addresses, the first is the current one and the second is an occasional address (for instance, parents') for "backup". An asterisk indicates a new subscriber, _____ = COA.

- Kelly Bagley Box 1050 Kirkland WA 98033
*J.R. Baker 3100 Meadow Lane N Dickinson TX 77539 713-337-4110
Jim Briggs 5940 Redbrook Rd San Deigo CA 92117 619-279-4964
Dave Bruss 3474 Dryden #1042 Fort Worth TX 76109 817-923-9918
until 8/18 @ folks': 724 Forest Av Glen Ellyn IL 60137
Jim Burgess 100 Holden St 3left Providence RI 02908 401-861-6506
Kathy Byrne 160-02 43rd Av Flushing NY 11358 212-353-9695
Mike Colandro 1114 Briarridge Dr Baton Rouge LA 70810
504-767-1592
Pat Conlon Box 17014 LSU Baton Rouge LA 70893 504-769-2060
Gary Coughlan 4614 Martha Cole Ln Memphis TN 38118 901-362-7206
*John Crosby 830 Hunterhill Tr Roswell GA 30075 404-992-9921
Blair Cusack Gen. Delivery Revelstoke BC Canada V0E 2S0
214-657-1037 604-837-5507
Roy Dalrymple 504 S Van Buren #102 Henderson TX 75652
Don Del Grande 142 Eliseo Dr Greenbrae CA 94904 415-461-2692
Greg Ellis 700 Rio Grande Austin TX 78701
Evans Givan 8066 Camstock Ct Citrus Hts CA 95610 916-722-8982
Guy Hail 1103-B Lorrain St Austin TX 78703 512-479-8642
C.M. Hallmark Box 110247 Arlington TX 76007 817-275-1584
Anna Harrell 18520 Prairie #31 Northridge CA 91324
*Ed Henry 4072 SW Hanford Seattle WA 98116 206-938-0312
Eric Kane 109 Hicks Ln Great Neck NY 11026 516-466-0797
Jim Keeney 3124 N Street Sacramento CA 95816 916-456-5174
Steve & Daf Langley in transit to new home
Mark Luedi Box 2424 Bloomington IN 47402 812-333-8258
parents': Route 1 Box 351D Honor MI 49640 616-325-7621
Jim Makuc c/o John Makuc 318 Elmwood #1 Ithaca NY 13850
until 8/25 @ folks': Box 111 Monterey MA 01245 413-528-0150
David Manuel Box 758--10318 Oakgate Bellflower CA 90706
213-867-4140
Mike Mazzer 1900 Kelton Av Los Angeles CA 90025
Conrad Minshall 3702 Tarragona Ln Austin TX 78727 512-837-4039
John Mirassou 966 El Rio Dr San Jose CA 95125 IF I decide to
go ahead and play in his zine, Electric Oregon's Penguin.
*Bob Olsen 6818 Winterberry Cir Wichita KS 67226 316-686-7935
Larry Peery Box 8416 San Diego CA 92102 619-280-2239
Rick Ragsdale Box 543 Scott AFB IL 62225 618-624-8461
Jeff Richmond 3313 Platt Rd Ann Arbor MI 48104 313-971-7793
Mike Rollin 4 Trailhouse Ct Rockville MD 20850 301-424-7578
Ben Schilling 24730 Roosevelt Ct #315 Farmington Hills MI 48018
Roland Sturm Heimgarten 20e 4650 Gelsenkirchen West Germany
*Gregory Stewart 618 Short Dickey Greenfield OH 45123
*Bob Sweeney 614 Custer Fort Leavenworth KS 66027 913-651-4864
Terry Tallman 820 W. Armour St Seattle WA 98119 206-285-4374
*Pierre Touchette 1 rue Georges Masson Quebec Canada J0X 2H0
John Walker 4819 Corian Oak San Antonio TX 78219 512-662-6048
Peter Walker Box 324 Omeme ON Canada K0L 2W0
Rod Walker 1273 Crest Dr Encinitas CA 92024 1325
The Wightmans 646 Wheeling Av Alamonte Spgs FL 32714 305-788-
Don Williams 217B Craig Ct Redlands CA 92374 714-793-6751
Rob Wittmond 2723 Vanderbilt Ln #5 Redondo Beh CA 90278 213-
*Ed Wrobel Box 3463 Arlington VA 22203 372-9732

If I'm missing some information for you (If you're married I'd like to know your spouse's name), let me know right away. The total is 46 subscriptions for about 51 people. PLAYERS: Your codename should be written here; use it! **ZUCCHINI**

Herelandra

Dave at registration)

- #3: Ludes plots strategy at 'home' (under-exposed slightly).
- #4: Setting up for Gunboat (Ben Schilling, Luedi, David Wrobel, Guy Hail, Kleiman, Fleming)
- #5: Pushing blocks 1 (Richard Dawson, Wrobel, Scott Feldman?)
- #7: Pushing blocks 2 (Fleming, Schilling, Hail, George Tertysnyj, Lanny Myers)
- #8: High-level conference on 1939: Bob Olsen & Mike Conner.
- #9: "You want anchovies?" Greg Ellis & Mark Luedi @ Pizza Inn.
- #10: Wilcox shows 'em how it's done: (Stephen and several unknowns)
- #11: Irwin & Schilling try to beat the home team (a trio of Dallas players).
- #12: Conrad Minshall tells off Woody Jr. (James Woodson) while Mark Frueh looks bemused. As usual.
- #13: The California delegation--Jay Schufeldt & Dave Manuel. (Not pictured: Pete Dorman)
- #14: Here I caught all the big fish! Olsen, Luedi, Michalski, and Conner.
- #15: A hand of Bridge (J.R. Baker, Woodson, Dave Frick, Wilcox)
- #16: Board 12: Greg Ellis, Chris White & two anonymouses.
- #17: Eliminated early (Luedi Irwin & Ellis) (the short people of the con)
- #18: Conrad prepares for his DipCon Society striptease. (Waiting anxiously: Guy & Libby Hail, Frueh, Fleming, Irwin, Luedi & Ben)
- #19: same thing but Libby has an even prettier smile.
- #20: Minshall pitches for San Diego '85.
- #21: Waiting for McDonald's (Michalski Brawner? Olsen Ellis & Schilling) (Oh, and Luedi)
- #22: Jeff Key takes first place with this game (Mark Harris, a local, Doug Ingram (best of the unknowns) and Jeff).

OPINIONS ON EREHWON

No, not the zine, but the announcement of it in Diplomacy World. Both zines are edited and published by Rod Walker. The announcement was a full page and a cover line. Erehwon had a long leave of absence from the hobby before its return, and Rod calls its restart 'news', worthy of notice in a DW article, and he would give other old-time zines the same space. I believe it may have been news, but certainly did not have enough impact on the hobby to warrant any more than a brief note. (Most new zines receive a paragraph or less in DW's news section.

I believe Rod should have labelled the 'Sandy Ego' piece, as it was titled, a paid ad. There are several things to remember, however, before I run some of your reactions. 1) Rod did not, to my knowledge, leave any outstanding debts or orphaned games when he folded. 2) Rod has claimed before that DW is a hobby service, in some way not the same as his 'private' zine, Erg. 3) Rod has added this comment since issue #21, when I published part of a letter from him:

((Kathy Byrne)) got on my case about my comment in your 'zine about giving LDNS a big coverage if it revives, but that was a misunderstanding. I had no idea that Jerry's fold was so bad. I should have known, or suspected, I suppose, but I didn't. ... I did assure her that I would take the precaution of checking the previous status of the defunct 'zine out before I give it the "Good Housekeeping" seal or whatever. ... I agree with your comments on bad folds generally, but at some point one must deal with the fact that one is being unforgiving. This business of out-

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Herelandra Hoth press

(continued) The Field Marshall said, "Oh," and then returned the lizard to its box, and the box and board to the trunk.

Lons: Alarums and Palpitation! The heathen French & evil Deutchers have built three new fleets in the west. Old plans for coastal watch towers manned by the citizenry have been dusted off. Long-neglected Home Guard militias are once again meeting regularly. "One if by land, two if by sea," said the silly lizard.

WOZCON 1902: PRIVY TO HISTORY (Turkish Area Scandal Service):

"Not me!" "Well, I'm not!" "Well, I'm sure not!"

"Don't look at me! I brought the pretzels!"

"Well, somebody's gotta!"

"Why?" "Well,..."

"See? If 'somebody's gotta', you do it!"

"Oh, no! Not me! You do it!"

The discussion continued for a short while before the men finally agreed that no one would be forced to ally with England.

"Sheesh, but I'm not surprised. The guy doesn't even like lizard jokes."

"Yeah, once I heard him say, 'Ynky is kinky.'"

"Ha! Don't forget the 'integrity and freedom of the Austrian empire' business."

"Oh, yeah! Then he said, 'You have dooomed yourself, my friend.'"

(laughter)

"What did he say last time?"

"Something to Nicholas..."

"'But all is not lost.'!"

"That's it! Wow, talk about the kiss of death!"

"Encouragement from England! That really shook Nicky."

"Where is Nicky, anyway?"

"He left ... trouble at home..."

"End of semester?" "Nah, something important, I think."

"Probably a plumbing problem -- he does have the only throne in Europe that flushes." (renewed laughter)

"Probably gonna get a Nobel Peace Prize for non-fighting the Turks!" (laughter again)

"All he has to do now is figure out how to get into Sweden!"

"He could go to England and enlist!" (screams of laughter)

"Oh, no. They have immigration laws!" (howls of you-know-what)

"Lucky Liz wouldn't have him!"

"The girl with the akin-tight alligator pants?"

"Did you hear about that? The Prime Minister told Edward it was time to invade Belgium so the old dummy sent his army a broad. Get it? 'a broad'?"

The French Premier's joke brought the group back to the reality of jointly declaring both war and peace on England so that he would not encourage any of them.

Bel: Once again, Lucky Liz has outguessed male military minds. MCPs may read that last as "baffled sensible strategists." Moving swiftly towards Picardy, while sweet-talking the horny Admiral deGrasse into invading the Channel, Liz has thwarted any French assault on English soil for the next few years.

Darkover press

ENG to UTA: Who is "Brux", anyway? And why do we hate him?

UTA: Me? Hate Bruce Linsey (aka B~~ru~~x)? You once compared me to Hubert Horatio Humphrey and you speak of hate? Fiend!!

Turkey to Austria: Too bad, I don't have anything to say to you. Maybe it has something to do with the fable of the tortoise 21

and the hare.

Perelandra and-back-in will be with us forever.

Having said that, here are the letters I've accumulated in two months on this subject. First is a stray comment from Xenogogic by Larry Peery---

Some people have recently raised a flack about the way the re-birth of EREWHON was handled in DIPLOMACY WORLD. Being one of the few people in the hobby who was present at the birth of EREWHON and the birth of DIPLOMACY WORLD perhaps my opinion may be of some interest. Frankly, I am far less worried about how the subject was handled in DIPLOMACY WORLD than I am in the tone that EREWHON has taken since it has reappeared among us. This is not the EREWHON I knew and loved eightteen years ago.

Pete here. I do not know whether XENO was given this treatment when it restarted several years ago. Now the letters:

John Caruso (dated 31 May): I don't want to sound like I am agreeing with Rod Walker about his DW plug of Ere, but I must agree with him. If DW is his private publication, then he can do as he wishes with regard to plugs. However, I would hope that if Jerry Jones does come back, that Rod wouldn't give him the kind of plug he gave Ere, until he straightens out his debts. I know of two people whom Mr. Jones owes money to, from his poor fold a few years ago.

Ben Schilling (2 July): I agree that it was news. I don't think that it deserved a full page, nor, with the exception of "Giggles" Michalski's zine ((Brutus Bulletin)), would the restart of any of the other zines that you listed in your letter in Perelandra warrant such a response. Both von Metzke and Horton left games in the lurch with the fold of Claw and Fang. Most of these games had to be ruled irregular because of their actions. ... Finally, if Pete or I or anyone else were to take out a full-page ad in Diplomacy World to advertise a zine, I'm sure that you'd ((Rod)) actually label that page as an ad, not news. When you took over Diplomacy World, you said that you were doing so to prevent exactly this sort of abuse.

Kathy Byrne (30 May): I couldn't believe it. I felt that he should have put it right in with his other zine plugs. I thought it was tacky, but he is the editor and can choose to be biased towards anyone he chooses. Although he claims that Rod Walker's views are not expressed in DW, I must admit that full-page plug definately shows he does have biased views ((in DW)).

((Kathy goes on to explain the LDNS prize game where so many \$\$ were lost after the fold.))

Bob Olsen (26 June): I agree with you on the DW article on Erewhon, fondly referred to, by me, as the "puff piece." The conflict-of-interest problem seems to me quite obvious; I guess we can hope it doesn't happen again. As for whether this, that, or the other hobby fossil zine might revive and receive the same rapturous attention, ... I just don't see such things as being of wide enough interest to merit such splashy coverage. There's too much nostalgia around nowadays, anyway. As no less a philosopher than Ricky Nelson once said, if memories were all I sang, I'd rather drive a truck.

Ed Wrobel (two letters; 29 June): I wrote to Rod to tell him I thought it was in poor taste and he responded with a real nasty postcard. ... Gee, I thought he wanted feedback on DW especially since he's calling it a Hobby custodial project and all.

((I asked Ed for some clarification, and got his second letter))

(10 July): Rod's full page advertisement for Erewhon in DipWorld

(continued on page 23)

Perelandra is not, in itself, worthy of criticism. Rod is the editor of each zine and it is to be expected that he would wish to use the larger circulation publication to promote the smaller.

A difficulty arises, however, in Rod's presentation (in the same issue) of Dip World as a service to the hobby, specifically stating that he does not claim DW as his own zine and, further, that he wishes input on DW's content and format. Moreover, he appeals to the reader's feeling for the hobby-at-large in encouraging resubscription to DW. In this context, the Erewhon advertisement was, at the least, a tactical error. It provided ready ammunition for cynics and Rod's enemies to point to his use of the alleged service to promote his own zine. Even worse, it has caused moderates, such as myself, to question Rod's judgement.

Rod's reaction to criticism on this issue (in No Fixed Address and Politesse, as well as Perelandra) has driven me into the so-called WalkerBashing camp. On the one hand he asks for feedback about DW and, when he gets it, he lashes out at his critics. Rod has provided me with a not-so-gentle reminder that he plugged my own zine (albeit in a quieter voice). I was grateful for the plug but I did not foresee that it made me a "back-stabbing ingrate" for daring to criticize the editor of Diplomacy World. Like you, I feel that the Erewhon piece could have been toned down considerably and I told Rod so.

As to the question of whether the page was "news" or an advertisement -- perhaps Steve Hutton said it best when he called it "so obviously self-serving that the mind boggles at the thought that anyone could try to palm it off as legitimate news."

There's nothing wrong with plugging other zines but if you want to set yourself up as a servant to the hobby, use a little discretion when pueddling your wares. The entire incident has only served to sour me on both Erewhon and Dip World.

I, too, have been soured lately, but not only on this issue. Larry and Conrad have both told me, by phone, of their increasing distaste from the increase in fueding. Kathy Byrne says she may stop publishing "Kathy's Korner" in Whitestonia due to the many personal attacks against her circulating around the hobby. Terry Tallman has raised several issues (among them, copyright and Bill Highfield's being viciously chased from the hobby) only to have others snarl back in his face.

This sort of activity is certainly at a peak for my brief tenure in the hobby (since 1980) and probably getting worse than it ever has. I assure my readers that I will keep personal warfare out of Perelandra, because my hatred of hearsay, etc, is as strong as anybody else's. Fortunately I do not know most of the parties personally and do not subscribe to their zines, so I remain happily unaware of details most of the time.

I will also continue my policy of not responding to insults or attacks on me, since I learned as a child that bullies want you to respond. They're not worth it.

So goes another month. If things don't get back to normal (and if someone doesn't define 'normal' for me quick) pretty soon I'm going to join the French Foreign Legion. I am considering taking a leave of absence from school, or dropping down to one course this semester and then working full time. I'm not tired of school; I love it. But I am tired of living hand-to-mouth. Right now I owe Visa \$400, loans for school \$5000+, and have to move before August 16. Not fun. Maybe a year of building the bank account will change that. Future notices as they become available. For now, thanks for hanging in with me. Best fishes, PA 23

P J Gaughan
7500 W. Camp Wisdom Rd.
Dallas, Texas 75236

We trade

Your sub ends with issue *60* **First Class Mail**