

Herelandra

February

volume 4, number 29 seventy-five cents

The Innocents Abroad - Twain

[In the summer of 1867, Mark Twain sailed on a cruise which saw every Mediterranean country, with side trips to Paris, Venice, and the Holy Land. The result of his journals was The Innocents Abroad, his first major published work. While visiting the International Exposition in Paris, he commented on the leaders of two of Europe's Great Powers.]

The two central figures claimed all my attention. Was ever such contrast set up before a multitude till then? Napoleon, in military uniform--a long-bodied, short-legged man, fiercely mustached, old, wrinkled, with eyes half-closed, and such a deep, crafty, scheming expression about them! Napoleon, bowing ever so gently to the laud plaudits, and watching everything and everybody with his cat-eyes from under his depressed hat-brim, as if to discover any sign that those cheers were not heartfelt and cordial.

Abdul Aziz, absolute lord of the Ottoman Empire--clad in dark green European clothes, almost without ornament or insignia of rank; a red Turkish fez on his head--a short, stout, dark man, black-bearded, black-eyed, stupid, unprepossessing--a man whose whole appearance somehow suggested that if he only had a cleaver in his hand and a white apron on, one would not be at all surprised to hear him say: "A mutton roast to-day, or will you have a nice porterhouse steak?"

Napoleon III, the representative of the highest modern civilization, progress, and refinement; Abdul Aziz, the representative of a people by nature and training filthy, brutish, ignorant, unprogressive, superstitious--and a government whose Three Graces are Tyranny, Rapacity, Blood. Here in brilliant Paris, under this majestic Arch of Triumph, the First Century greets the Nineteenth!

NAPOLEON III, Emperor of France! Surrounded by shouting thousands, by military pomp, by the splendors of his capital city, and companioned by kings and princes--this is the man who was sneered at, and reviled, and called Bastard--yet who was dreaming of a crown and an empire all the while; who was driven into exile--but carried his dreams with him; who associated with the common herd in America, and ran foot-races for a wager--but still sat upon a throne, in fancy; who braved every danger to go see his dying mother--and grieved that she could not be spared to see him cast aside his plebian vestments for the purple of royalty; who kept his faithful watch and walked his weary beat a common policeman of London--but dreamed the while of a coming night when he should tread the long-drawn corridors of the Tuileries; who made the misreable fiasco of Strasbourg; saw his poor, shabby eagle, forgetful of its lesson, refuse to perch upon his shoulder; delivered his carefully prepared, sententious burst of eloquence upon unsympathetic ears; found himself a prisoner, the butt of small wits, a mark for the pitiless ridicule of all the world--yet went on dreaming of coronation and splendid pageants as before; who lay a forgotten captive in the dungeons of Ham--and still schemed and planned and pondered over future glory and future power; President of France at last! a coup d'etat and surrounded by applauding armies, welcomed by the thunders of cannon, he mounts the throne and waves before an astounded world the scepter of a mighty empire! Who talks of the marvels of fiction? Who speaks of the wonders of romance? Who prates of the tame achievements of Aladdin and the Magi of Arabia?

ABDUL AZIZ, Sultan of Turkey, Lord of the Ottoman Empire! Born to a throne; weak, stupid, ignorant, almost, as his meanest slave; chief of a vast royalty, yet the puppet of his premier and the obedient child of a tyrannical mother; a man who sits upon the throne--the beck of whose finger moves navies and armies--who holds in his hands the power of life and death over millions--yet who sleeps, sleeps, eats, eats, idles with his eight hundred concubines, and when he is surfeited with eating and sleeping and idling, and would rouse up and take the reins of government and threaten to be a Sultan, is charmed from his purpose by wary Fuad Pacha with a pretty plan for a new palace or a new ship--charmed away with a new toy, like any other restless child;

Perelandra

a man who sees his people robbed and oppressed by soulless tax-gatherers, but speaks no word to save them; who believes in gnomes and genii and the wild fables of the Arabian Nights, but has small regard for the mighty magicians of to-day, and is nervous in the presence of their mysterious railroads and steamboats and telegraphs; who would see undone in Egypt all that great Mehemet Ali achieved, and would prefer rather to forget than emulate him; a man who found his great empire a blot upon the earth--a degraded, poverty-stricken, miserable, infamous agglomeration of ignorance, crime, and brutality, and will idle away the allotted days of his trivial life, and then pass to the dust and the worms and leave it so!

Napoleon has augmented the commercial prosperity of France, in ten years, to such a degree that figures can hardly compute it. He has rebuilt Paris, and has partly rebuilt every city in the state. He condemns whole streets at a time, assesses the damages, pays them, and rebuilds superbly. Then speculators buy up the ground and sell, but the original owner is given the first choice by the government at a stated price before the speculator is permitted to purchase. But above all things, he has taken the sole control of the empire of France into his own hands, and made it a tolerably free land--for people who will not attempt to go too far in meddling with government affairs. No country offers greater security to life and property than France, and one has all the freedom he wants, but no license--no license to interfere with anybody, or make any one uncomfortable.

As for the Sultan, one could set a trap anywhere and catch a dozen abler men in a night.

The bands struck up, and the brilliant adventurer, Napoleon III, the genius of Energy, Persistence, Enterprise; and the feeble Abdul Aziz, the genius of Ignorance, Bigotry, and Indolence, prepared for the Forward--March!

We saw the splendid review, we saw the white-mustached old Crimean soldier, Canrobert, Marshal of France, we saw--well, we saw everything, and then we went home satisfied.

(from volume I, chapter xiii)

This is Perelandra #29, a monthly amateur magazine consisting of postal gaming and classic literature (excepting, of course, the letter column). Subscriptions cost \$.75 US per issue. Write to P.J. "Irish Eyes" Gaughan, 3121 E. Park Row #171A, Arlington TX 76010, or call 817-633-3208. I will trade Perelandra all-for-all for almost any European Dipzine.

One new subscriber I forgot to mention last time: Ken Peel (8708 First Avenue #T2, Silver Spring MD 20910). I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. P at Dafcon IV and the Hobby Small Fry Protection League is considering his application for membership (see HSFPL column elsewhere). A few old standbys in P have departed lately: Gary Coughlan, Roland Sturm, Peter Walker. As a result, there is a bit more room on the sublist, which is limited to 50. We're currently at 43 with two or three about to expire.

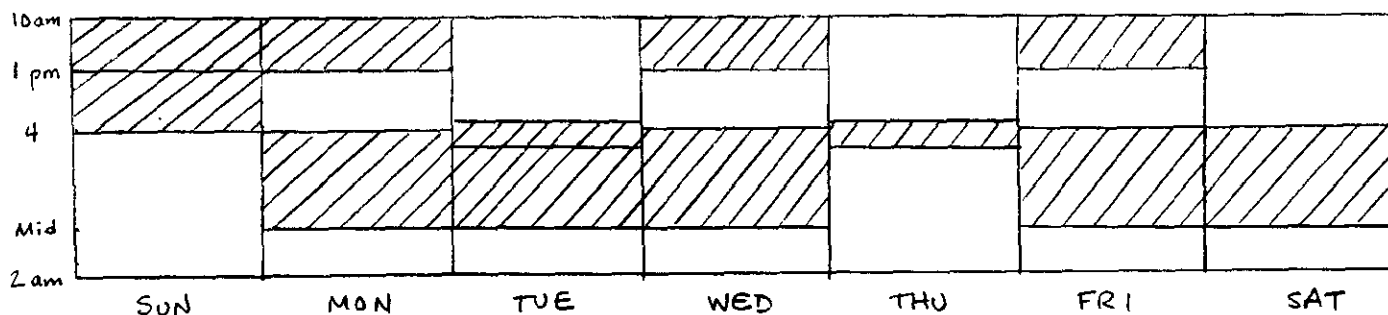
There are two games open here. Four-Handed Dip Chess costs \$1.50, and will run monthly in the zine. Hegemony over Sandy Ego (a Diplomacy variant based on San Diego) will run on a separate flyer and costs nothing; three more players are needed. Rules to both of these were in P #28 and are available from me. An opening of Regular Dip may be offered when one of the current games ends, and Rob Wittmond is on the waitlist. I am considering making the next one a NO-STANDBY game--send me your comments on this.

As you can plainly see, the former Ptyper has been put out to pasture. This is a Coronamatic 2500 which my mother sent to Texas with me--cartridge ribbons, 12-point type, [square brackets], correction cartridge, all standard! (Even has an exclamation point, so I can type letters from Kathy Byrne!) My only fear is that this old film ribbon won't show up. My old buddy Manuel Manual will still be in service for typescript of my M.A. thesis.

What would you all say to another opening of Snowball Fighting, with a new, larger map and a couple of play-test rule changes?

This issue is being assembled especially early, since the dadlines (dadlines?) are staggered and I may not have much time once classes begin. For the players, here's my prospective schedule this spring: Sun, teach English 1:30-3; MWF class 11-12, Baptist Student Union meeting or lunch on campus 12-1; TTh class 3:30-5; work (M,Tu,W,F,Sa) 4-12:30. What does that all boil down to? Turn the page.....

Herelandra



It boils down to, "If you must call me, do it during an open period!" I will TRY to be home on every deadline night, but don't count on it. NMR insurance calls may come the night after the deadline, so don't go discussing your moves until you've seen the report. In general, call afternoons, Sunday or Thursday evenings, or in the wee hours--my regular bedtime is 2 am, but please be sure you check your time zones!

That was a strange bit of space filler, wot?

And now, the Dip:

1984W - Woz

SUMMER 1904: France retreats f mid-por.

FALL 1904: ONWARD, PAGAN SOLDIERS!

Austria (Dave Bruss): nmr. f gre h, a tri & a bud
both h, both /a/.

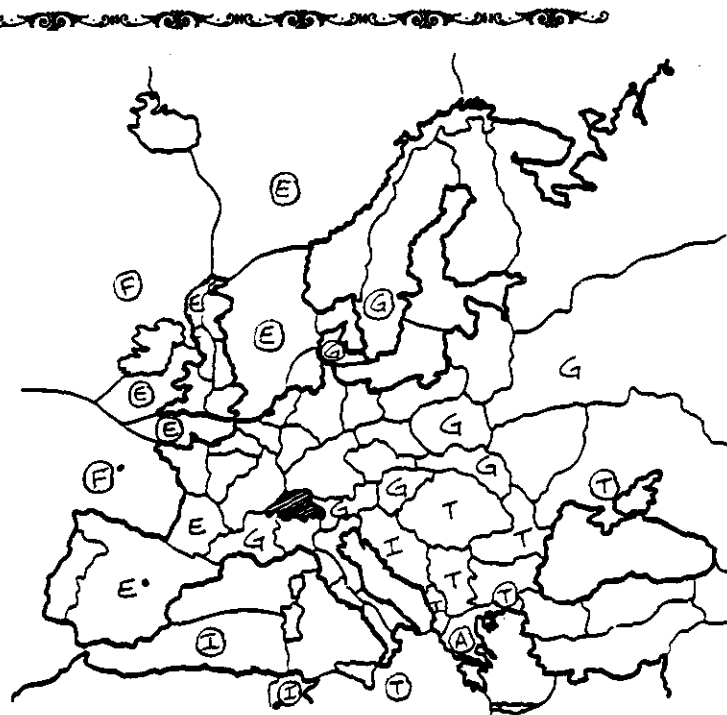
England (Pat Conlon): a cly-lvp, f iri-lvp,
f nwg-nwy, f nth-nwy, f eng-mid, f mid-por
/r bre naf otb/, a gas-spa, a bur-gas.

France (Jim Makuc): f por-mid (f nao s), a spa h
/r por otb/, a tun unordered /r naf otb/.

Germany (Rob Wittmond): f bal-den (f swe s),
a mos cleans sewers, a boh-vie (a gal s),
a war s a gal, a mun-tyo, a mar s English
a gas-spa.

Italy (J.R. Baker): a ven-tri (a alb s),
f ion-tun (f wes s).

Turkey (John Walker): f sev s a rum, a ser-bud (a rum s),
a bul-ser, f con-bul/sc, f eas-ion.



SUPPLY CENTERS OWNED AS OF WINTER 1904:

Austria	bud vie gre set	4/1 even
England	lon lvp edi nwy bel par stp bre SPA	8/9 build one or two
France	naf spa por vat	4/1 remove (or retreat otb) 3
Germany	mun kie ber hol den swe war mos MAR VIE	8/10 build 2
Italy	ven rom nap tri TUN	4/5 build 1
Turkey	con ank smy bul rum sev SER JUD	6/8 build 2

No standby is called for Austria, because it is down to one dot. Deadline for Autumn retreats, Winter adjustments, and Spring moves, which may be conditional on retreats & builds, is 9pm CST SUNDAY 24 FEBRUARY 1985.

HAC/USC to UTA & LSU (How's that for alphabet soup!): Doozo gaikokugo no puressu wa eigo mo kaite kudasai. Hito wa wakarimasen.

UTA: Translation of HAC/USC press item--"Please, print foreign-language press in English too."

Herelandra

Some people don't understand."

((more Woz press after games →))

UTA to USC: Okay, when I can translate I will. Following is a translation of the two German press releases from last season.

LSU to UTA: Can you speak German? I lived in Germany for three years. Ever been there? Which states? I've been to Frankfurt, Munich, Heidelberg, Stuttgart, and Garmisch; I liked Heidelberg best. Right now I'm studying German in school, too. It's my minor.

UTA to LSU: Yeah, I've studied German a long time. While I was in high school, I got to spend three months in Austria. Never got to see Germany, but we drove through Bavaria to get to Switzerland. Vienna was nice, and Salzburg, but the high points for me were the Salzkammergut ((a lake district)) and the Danube. And now I speak (and write!) German like an Austrian!

UTA: Now back to our regularly scheduled Fall press...

Moscow: Here in the one-time Russian capital, they're calling it "The Case of the Missing Czar." Storm Drain Troopers pursuing what appeared to be the Czar after his daring escape this spring found that they were actually chasing an English transvestite disguised as a woman disguised as the Czar. Boris Gadinov had pulled another fast one. No one knows where the real Czar actually is, but rumour has it that he is hiding out among the riff-raff in English-polluted St. Petersburg. Many of the Storm Drain Troopers here favor "going in and getting him out." They hold a personal grudge against him for this city's "almost total absence of even elementary flood control measures. Not to mention the lack of running hot water!"

UTA: The secret of a strong alliance: question your ally's sexuality, and call him polluted...

St. Petersburg: Several hundred miles north of here the borders of Russia, Norway, and Finland converge. This long-neglected, perma-frosted region has been the scene of much activity the past seventy-two hours. An as yet unknown government or organization has tested a new weapon. The cigar-shaped object, which scientists are calling a "missile", was launched from somewhere beyond the Bering Sea. It flew across the Norwegian border and crashed in a lake in northern Finland. The Norwegians have accused the Russians of violating their airspace. The Russians deny the charges ((good, since they don't have an army to launch a "missile" anyhow.)). They are, however, clearly worried, believing that the object was aimed at them. They are also very interested to learn where it was launched from. Naval search parties have criss-crossed the navigable portions of the Bering Sea but have found no ships. One wag suggested that the ship is even now located deep under water, below the searching vessels, and that the "missile" was launched from these same depths. The Finns have already begun proceedings to sue for peace. They admit they don't know to who they will be surrendering.

Denmark: It caused a sensation here today when an English submarine was discovered to have run aground near a sensitive military installation. Fortunately, units of the Imperial German Navy were near at hand to tow the grounded sub back to sea. As yet there has been no official explanation of the incident, however rumour has it that it has something to do with the recent English tendency to promote equal opportunity in the armed forces. When questioned on this, navy spokesmen have no comment, though at least one was heard to mutter something suspiciously like "Damn women drivers!"

UTA: As we continue south, the battle heats up...

Paris to Rome: You don't know me, Mr. Baker. You never will. I am your assassin. It was quite easy tracking you to Houston. One cannot direct the Italian forces from afar without leaving a trail. Finding your particular house was more difficult, but not impossible. It was clever of you to use two different addresses--one for the phone company and one for the postal service. But I found you, as I found the others. Your two boys look very much like their father; the daughter is already turning heads. Oh, there's no need to worry for them. I was paid for only one death--yours. The arrangements for your accident are nearly complete. If you are a praying man, perhaps now is the time to put your soul at rest.

Marseilles: Life is leisurely in this sun-drenched city on the Mediterranean. It is at least 11 o'clock before Field Marshall von Bierundpretzels rolls out of bed. Still asleep, Monique protests the disturbance, but soon finds ease again. What energy that girl had the night before! And imagination! The peasant girls of Burgundy offered nothing like this! The Field Marshall strolled out onto the patio, where servants quickly provided him with

Herelandra

coffee and the morning paper. Scanning the headlines, he saw that the English were beside themselves with moral outrage about conditions in Burgundy and were also incredibly pleased with the way they had "tricked" him into going to Marseilles. "Fools!" he thought. "Well, I wish them well with their clinics in the countryside. It's the city life for me!"

ASF2 - Forochel

TURN EIGHT: THE LITTLE PEOPLE GET OUT OF EVERYBODY'S WAY.

Segment One: As Houston Halfling runs for the kitchen, and Mystery Guest steps out of his way, Little Ol' Lady and Ice Jackal glance over and see that Chicago Rocket is standing under the conifer, staring up into the branches! This is too good to resist, so they both paste him with Rattlers.

	hp/vp/ammo
CR L10 IJ/rr/95/**	
LOL/rr/95/**	2/0 1/ 6/ 1 sb
HH V10	--- 0/11/ ----
IJ L6	0/1 7/10/ 1 sb
LOL S11	0/1 10/ 5/ 1 sb
MG Q9	0/0 10/ 8/ 1 sb

Segmento Duo: The Halfling reaches the house. The Rocket is still gaping at the sky, so LOL and Mystery Guest take their shots. But the Jackal realizes that his cover is blown, and scurries around the corner of the shed with his one precious Snowball.

CR L10 LOL/95/**	MG/100/**	2/0	0/ 6/ none
HH K		---	0/11/ ----
IJ H4		0/0	7/10/ 3 sb
LOL S11		0/1	10/ 6/ 1 di
MG Q9		0/1	10/ 9/ 2 sb

Segment Three: With HH in the kitchen and CR on his way, the remainder rearm. These builds (IJ 2 sb, LOL 1 di, MG 2 sb) are reflected in the standings at left.

Houston Halfling will be out Turn 9, Segment 3; Chicago Rocket will be free Turn 10, Segment 1. Remember, Greg, you get two Simple Snowballs but must move off the "porch". DEADLINE for Turn Nine is 9pm CST, SUNDAY 24 FEBRUARY 1985. Two sets of phone orders, one nmr, and one player with no moves to send in, whaddy get? Only one set of press releases (and a little gem from...)

LOL to IJ: Meet me at the back door. (See more press after games -)

MG to HH: All the towels are wet, there's no milk in the refrigerator and there's a pit trap right inside the back door. And we did it just for you. Enjoy, Shortstuff! I'll be waiting for you when you come out.

SnowMaster to MG: Pit??!!?? I kept my eyes peeled all the time you were *peeling* sitting in there! Where's the trap??

MG to SnowMaster: I know there's no pit trap, but it was fun to think about for a while, wasn't it?

SM: Fun like a brick to the head, for a minute. I want him ALIVE, thanks.

MG to IJ: Nice igloo you've got. Plan on throwing any of those walls anytime this game? Go ahead, CR looks lonely.

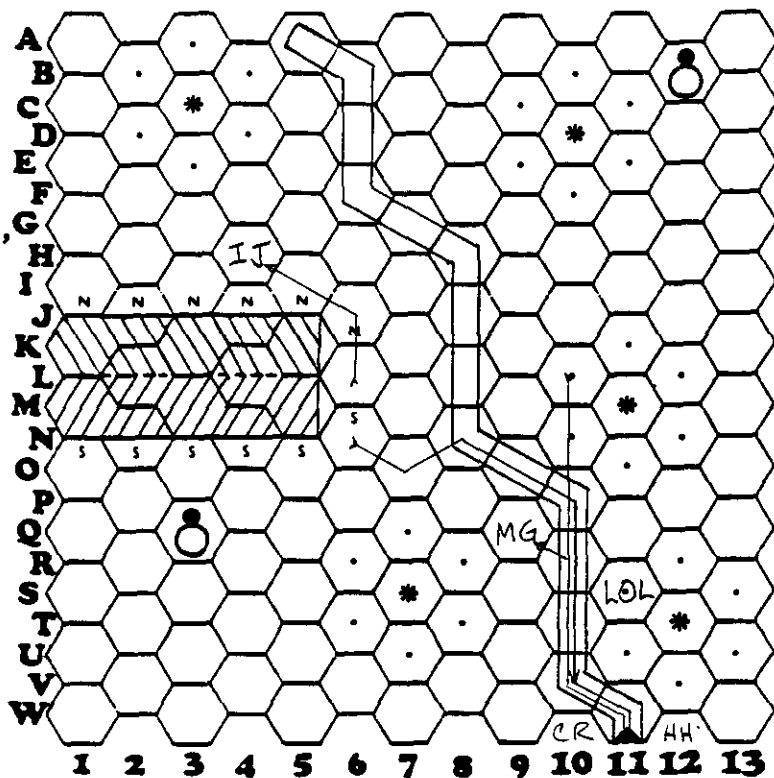
SM to IJ: Such persuasiveness--she commands and you throw.

MG to LOL: If you like my purr, you'll love me growl!

MG to HH: Yes, I am a female. Now, let me guess. You're of the simian persuasion, right?

SM to MG: Your heart's in the right place, but don't abuse the vernacular along with the Hobbit!

MG to Snowy: Sorry about that, Sweetie, I couldn't resist.



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SnowMaster to MG: All you're interested in is creaming HH and making out with IJ!!!
MG to SF: That kind of interest makes the world go round. Calm down though. I'll keep it snowy, rather than earthy.

1983HC-Mimir

BOLD MOVE BY THE FROGS--JUST ENOUGH, TOO LATE

Corrections: A, F, and I were all +1, not -1; Turkey has f ank, as in the Nov. report.

AUTUMN 1905: Austria retreats a bul and a boh to the box; f ven-adr. England nmrs, a edi is blown away. France retreats f mid-por.

WINTER 1905: Austria builds a tri. England nmrs, plays 1 short. France builds f bre. Italy builds f nap but "is not interested", or some such...

SPRING 1906

Austria (Ed Henry): a tri-apu (f adr c), a vie-tri, a bud-rum.

England (John Crosby): no units.

France (Bob Sweeney): f tun-tyn, f bre-mid (f por s), a mar-spa, a bur-mar, a par-gas.

Germany (Greg Ellis): f iri-lvp (a wal s), f eng-pic, f bel-pic, a ruh-bel, a kie-mun, a mun-tyo.

Italy (Matt Kazur): a ven h (a pie s), f nap-tyn, f gre-ion, f bul/sc-gre, f smy-aeg.

Russia (Pierre Touchette): A boh-vie (a gal s), a war s a gal, f rum-bla, a sev-rum, f mid-naf, f cly-nao, f edi h.

Turkey (Evans Givan): f con-smy, f ank-bla.

DEADLINE for FALL 1906 is 9pm CST, SUNDAY 24 FEBRUARY 1985. Press? Yess.

Vienna to StP: Ashamed of what?

UTA to Vienna: I think my poor transcription of Pierre's press has chased him off...

Turkey to Austria: It's true, then, what Tallman said. Enlightenment does come from Seattle.

Austria to France: Call me foolhardy. Go ahead...

Paris to Berlin: I hardly call supporting a Russian fleet to Mid as non-aggressive, but...

Germany to Turkey: I have no designs on the Med, but suicide out against whomever you please.

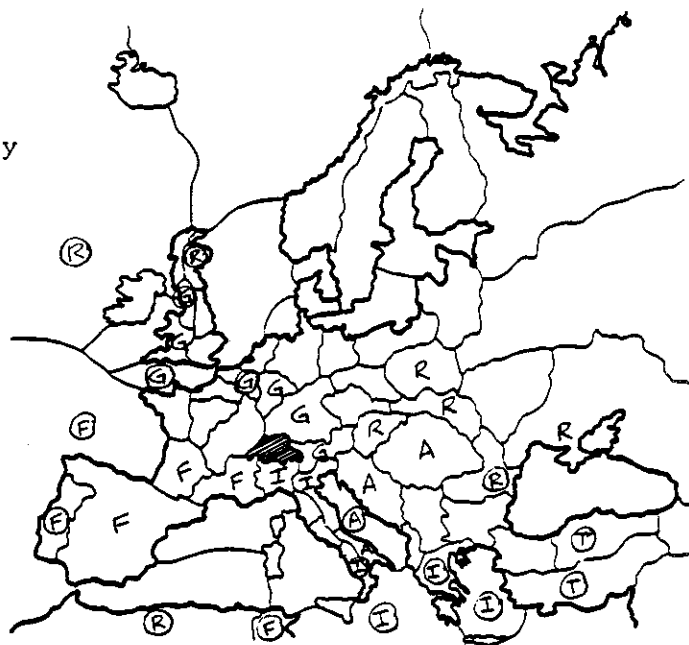
Turkey to GM: How's that? No holds or supports. Did I get creamed?

GM to Death Wish Turk: Sorry, you're quite healthy. What's going on? You get a toad to obey, and first thing you do is steal his dot. I am going to send this to Mark ~~Frueh~~ Frueh.

Germany to England: Sorry, but I can't think of a reason to keep you around.

UTA to Germany: He couldn't either.

Austria to Italy: Stubborn? Me? Nah...I just don't like you.



1983 G - Darkover

THE TURKS RETRENCH --- Correction to lastish: A was even or +1, F was +2.

On the Date Difficulty: All was fine until Fall 1905. Because the SC chart that winter was the same as the previous one, I neglected to fill in a new set of numbers in my game records. Mark Luedi is correct, and we go back to the previous line of years ... this is 1909!

AUTUMN 1908: Austria nmrs, a gal retreats to the box.

WINTER 1908: France builds f bre & f mar; Austria nmrs.

Herelandra

SPRING 1909

Austria (Blair Cusack?): nmr. F gre, f adr, a tri, a vie
a tyo all hold. a apu h and /a/.

England (Evans Givan): f cly, f nth, f bel, f den,
a hol, a kie, a ber all hold. a gal-ukr (a war s,
a mos s), a sil-gal, a pru-sil, a lvn s a mos.

France (Greg Ellis): f bre-mid, f mar-gol, a bur-
mar, a mun-tyo, f nap-apu (a ven s, a rom s),
a tus s a ven, f tyn-ion (f tun s).

Turkey (Mark Luedi): a sev-arm, a ukr-rum,
f ion s Austrian a apu, f aeg s f ion.

AEFT: A nvr, E no, F no, T yes.

EF: A nvr, E yes, F yes, T yes. Both fail.

Standby for Austria is John Crosby, 820 Hunterhill
Trail, Roswell GA 30075 (404-992-9921). This game
needed a little excitement, so I adjudicated it in
the nude.

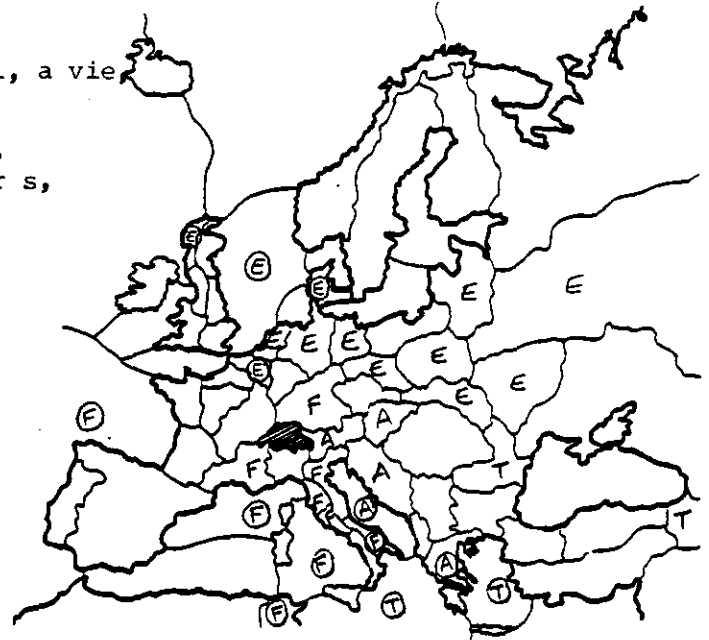
DEADLINE for FALL 1909 is 9pm CST, SUNDAY 24 FEBRUARY 1985.

England to Turkey: Would you consider letting me have Sev? Just so I could say I had all of
Russia, you know? Naturally, I wouldn't go any farther toward your dots.

UTA to England: You silver-tongued devil, you.

England to France: Yes, indeed, they are. Nylon, too, I think.

UTA: ?????



1982 HK - Yavin

...AND WE WERE SO CLOSE TO FINISHING, TOO

Correction: a sev-rum failed last turn.

SUMMER 1910: Germany retreats a mun-bur. Italy
retreats f tun-ion.

FALL 1910

England (Jim Burgess): f tun h (f naf s), f wes-
spa/sc, f eng-bre, a bel s Russian a mun-bur /nso/.

France (Blair Cusack?): a pic, a bre, a gas,
f gol all hold. f spa/sc h /r por oth/.

Germany (Jim Keeney): a bur-mar.

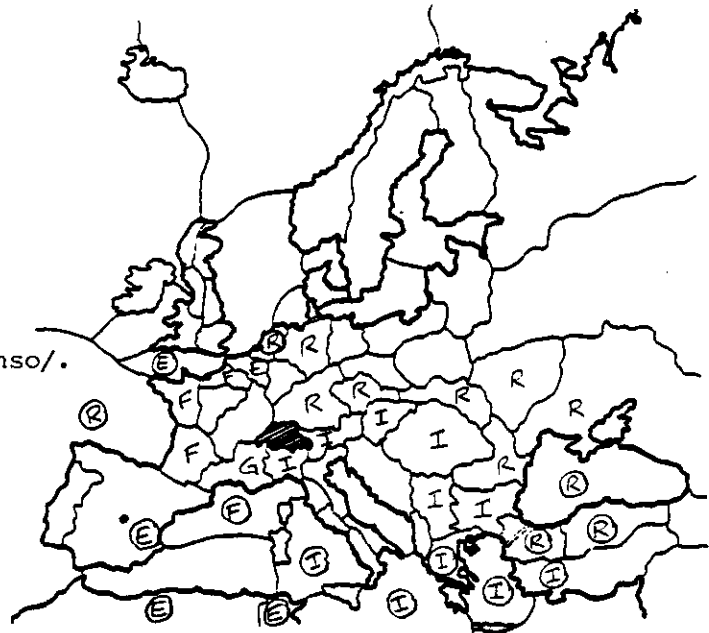
Italy (Larry Peery): f tyn ms f ion, a tus-pie,
a tyo h, a vie ms a bud, f smy-con (a bul s)
(a ser, f gre, f aeg all s a bul).

Russia (Evans Givan): f mid s English f wes-spa,
f hol s English a bel, a sil-boh (a mun s, a gal s), a kie s a mun, a rum s a gal (a ukr s,
a sev s), f con h (f bla s, f ank s).

ER draw: All parties voted yes except France, who was nvr. Supply Center Chart for 1910:

E	lon edi lvp nwy bel SPA TUN	4/6	build 2
F	par bre spa spa por	5/3	remove 2 or 1
G	MAR	1/1	even
I	nap ven rom vie tri bud ser gre smy bul	11/10	remove 1
R	stp mos war sev rum ank swe den ber hol con kie MUN	12/13	build 1

Standby for France is Mike Colandro, 1114 Briaridge Dr., Baton Rouge LA 70810 (504-767-1592).



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England reproposes the ER draw. Deadline for retreat (1), adjustments (6/7), moves (?) and draw vote (1) is 9pm CST Sunday 24 FEBRUARY 1985. Or maybe in February...

Russia to GM: See, all those holds and supports just lull the opposition right off to sleep. Right, Larry? Larry?

UTA to Russia: You're addressing the wrong opposition.

St. Peerigrad: And you thought you'd seen whimpy orders before!! At least these orders won't offend anyone's sensibilities.

UTA to Russia: Hmm, he's picked up on your tactic.

Russia to England: I sort of changed my mind a little. Shouldn't make much difference.

Russia to Italy: Next time, I'm really going to let you have it. May your dots increase!

England: Well, that's that. It won't be long now.

Russia to GM: First Reagan, then the 49ers. What more could a body want out of a year?

GM: A flat tire? A flat cola? A flat in Bhopal?

~~~~~  
Hey, a few late notes (since I have two sets of mail since the deadline). Jim Burgess has sent an essay on his trials as a graduate student, which will probably see print next month. I am still receiving the various mass mailings on the Anti-Linsey Movement. Rod Walker sends along a copy of his collected verse, and it's very good! (May I confess to a wee bit of surprise?) AND...here's some late press from JR Baker:

1984w/Woz Italy

Rome: The Pope jr. (champion of the little people) today announced that even worshippers of horned demons are preferable to the scum of the earth that serve aboard Turkish naval vessels and asked all the world to join him as he cast the first stone at one of the shapey belly dancers that was attempting to sway the crowd.

Italy to LSU: Ex tridens scientia.

Italy to HAC: Quid pro quo.

ASF 2/Forochel Little Ol' Lady ((Ed, that's "American Snow Fight"=ASF.))

LOL to HH: Why don't you come out and see me some time?

LOL to SF: See, I told you snow in Galveston was "bull"! We got a few snowflakes, but they melted when they hit the ground! Hope you enjoyed yours.

SnowFort to LOL: As you'll see in a minute, I was in California.

LOL to MG: Meet you at L4 for a huddle.

LOL to IJ: Meet me at the back door with a dirigible and we can play Phi Slamma Jamma on HH's head. ((Phi Slamma Jamma is the starting five of Houston's b'ball team...U of Houston.))

LOL to CR: You deserve the John Jacob Astor trophy.(Astor was having a drink when the Titanic struck the iceberg. He quipped, "I sent for ice, but this is ridiculous.")

And now.....for those of you who missed out, THE DAFCON REPORT, or,

## BATTLESTAR SACRAMENTICA

So there I was, surrounded by ferocious ocelots, alone in the wild Sierras in the deepest winter the mountains had seen for a decade. My one objective: to reach sanctuary in the valley below--but the cats were making things difficult for me. They circled menacingly...

No? Well...okay...

So there I was, surrounded by all the comforts of a Marin County condominium. My folks have been living there for six months now, so the place has already developed a "homey" feel; even our cat, Velvet, has her spot picked out in each room. Free food, evenings spent at the movies with my sister, days in the wilderness with my mom; my mind was really pulling itself together after only five days in California. And I was supposed to leave all this for a week-end of bullying, lying, sarcasm and cramped spaces? You bet!

The Afflerbachs (Chuff and Carolina) were going to Dafcon IV on Saturday; Don Del Grande came on Sunday. These were both unsatisfactory for me, so I took a Greyhound bus from San Rafael into SF, then out to Sacramento, Friday afternoon. The ride was brightened by my seat-mate, a pretty freshman from UC Davis. But at the end of the line was Steve and Daf to make the trip a dream.



# Herelandra

The Langleys have moved to a two-bedroom apartment since Dafcon III, and this made it hard to find a place where a game was not already in progress. There was a small Titan game in session when I arrived, and I was introduced to Keith Anderson and Bob "Death Wish" Seki, both passengers of the Toadfather's. Several locals were in and out over the weekend, but surprisingly the biggest contingent was from Southern California! The Birsans, the Sac'to crowd, even Bob Olsen and Ken Peel, couldn't match a group including Mike Mazzer, the Williams' (ALL of the Williams'), Jay Shufeldt, Ron Spitzer...in fact, Ken came from D.C. by way of L.A....and, above all, Amanda Mazzer. Yes, Little Miss Arab made her debut, and it was essentially a flop. She didn't believe in Doodle Langley; she didn't talk half the time; and she didn't get lost or dirty once over three days. Doodle and Christina Williams were, once again, my designated friends, much to my delight.

Friday night I played my allotted one Dip game (doctor says cut down, I cut down). This year I abandoned any pretense of record-keeping, short of a few quotes and names. But I will recall this game a long time: AUS Spitzer, who is friendly outside the game but terribly intense within it; ENG Anderson, a half-punk UW student, and a brilliant tactician; FRA me; GER Daf Langley! and I thought to myself "I might actually survive this one."; ITA Mark Twitty, the scourge of Sacramento, and the best ftf-er I've met; RUS Terry T, whom I knew I'd have to keep away from Daf; TUR Don Williams, who manages to mangle his way into every draw at Dafcon.

F/G quickly jumped England, but got no further than taking away his neutrals--Anderson, with three fleets on his home soil, held off our attack for more than two years. I had promised Italy no attack from the outset of the game, and he quickly swung east, so by 1904 the board was F/G vs. E, R/T vs. A/I, with R and G on good terms. The crucial move was Daf sending one army south to help Terry take Bohemia; this broke the Austrian's back.

But I saw it coming: Daf had to stab either me or Terry. We could get nowhere against Keith, and I could pick up dots by stabbing Italy--but she had nowhere else to go. Well, two or three seasons of agonizing still didn't decide it for her, and she finally just caved in. I realigned with Anderson, and E, F, and R divided up the German centers.

In the East there were a collection of feints and stabs which one of those players might be able to relate to you. But eventually it came down to me, claiming I would "back up" Italy against the Turkish attack, and then trying to take Tunis from him. Trying, because in the last season I misordered two units and effectively left him quite alive. However, I got lucky again when the remaining players, growing tired, went for a draw, F/R/T with E and I alive. The other biggies could have easily taken me out and gone on to a two-way...

Well, on to the con proper. This year's conversation site was the master bedroom, and it seemed that each evening, as other things wound down (for example, I played, and won, a 10-hour session of Titan on Saturday afternoon), people would gravitate back there. We had Peel talking about heady capital politics, Mazzer and Olsen talking about each other, and the Toadfather trying not to discuss Bruce. But it was the comments from Shakespeare (Steve), Daf, and my fellow acolyte Don that tied all the madness together. Eventually, eight or seven of us drove to a Winchell's to gossip in peace, but the atmosphere at the house was not to be ruined by feuding.

The Dungeons & Dragons session was much longer and more involved than I'd imagined. Terry's hudorc (human-dwarvish orc) was a riot, but very convenient when I fell from a twenty-foot height (he caught me). The Birsans provided the comic relief as two smart-aleck humans (cleric and magic-user) while Don and I (the only lawful-good members of the party) tried to maintain our sanity. Steve's dungeon was full of obvious problems we nearly didn't solve, and a whole society that we had to understand before we could get anything accomplished. After minimal hacking and slashing, and a lot of brain work, we made our way to a treasure room that was booby-trapped; Daf was possessed by an evil magician, and killed me. Later I learned that Don had managed to find the wish-solution that restored the party to health and wealth so I guess my character can go on to fight again. (Mike Mazzer as Miraslav the dwarf, Ken Peel as an elf, and Bob Olsen as a hobbit were all typecast.)

I had several minor successes in the gaming: in one Titan battle, my 4 Rangers creamed Bill Lewis' Guardian and 3 Cyclops'; in D&D, I was rear-guard while everyone else was being frustrated trying to defeat a dragon, and I picked off a few of the enemy. However, most of my time was spent trying to learn: Terry and I were wiped clean by the other two Seattleans at Four-Handed Chess.

# Pereleandra

A few quotes:

Steve: You don't like the corn in the chili? Eat around it.

Ron Spitzer: I don't lie.

Steve: Never trust a woman, especially in Diplomacy. Keith: I can count four women I can trust. Steve: That's a large number, actually.

Daf: Have't you proposed to Amanda yet? Lee-Paul, aka Doodle: No--I'm only five.

Daf: Well, she's five.

Edi Birsan gave Terry and me the benefit of his experience with Dipcons long ago. Evans Givan and John Huestis were quite sick, but managed to drop by so we could cheer them up. Diane Keeney, Don, Mike, and I all discussed "Hot Dog I" and all agreed that Mike should attack England (Huestis) instead of Italy (Keeney). Mike came through, and Diane is safe for another turn or two, thanks to my persistence...right, Diane?

Now, all that is said and done. What I really want to say is that while I love the Langleys, and I'm good friends with Don, Terry, and a few of the kids, this Dafcon felt very much like Dipcon. Too little time (we've said that every year), too little space, and (dare I say it?) too little organization. It's entirely impossible to avoid, but we had several people (Bill Lewis and Don Del Grande spring to mind) drop by but find out that they were too late to get into games they wanted to play. And no bull session such as last year--is it necessary (is it possible?) to set out time for such a rap group, a no-gaming period?

I'm certainly not complaining. I was cheered and calmed by all the friendship I got. But I look for every way to increase the enjoyment, and I think one way FOR ME is to avoid any game that takes longer than two hours. Cons are for the people I meet--those who want to come and play games endlessly are welcome to it, and I'm glad to see them enjoying that. But I get the feeling that deep down I'm one of the Fantasy Forest crowd. (That's a kid's game.) Kids seem to play games and yet make eye contact--talk to each other--laugh, scream, etc... Probably why D&D was so welcome for everyone; we got to sit and get to know each other (or each other's characters, who were much better representations of our real selves!).

Short of what I'm doing right now (snacking on c-chip cookies and Postum, while putting together Pere) I can think of few things I like better than spending time with Dipsters. Thanks.

\*\*\*\*\*

Okay, people, stand back. It's time for the serious stuff: the

## the Hobby Small Fry Protection League report

Big news this time! Ed Wrobel is being purged from the rolls for failing to pursue a career as a small-fry publisher. Besides overpaging his zine, Wrobel consistently refused to give postal Dip the space it deserved. Hence, Wrobel is an ex-HSFPL member.

Into the void leaps Ken Peel, who has picked up Politesse. Ken appeals for membership, but has no postal game in his reincarnated magazine. Hence, he will be accepted as a provisional member, provided he fills out the application form and gets a gamestart.

So the list is now: P.J. Gaughan, T. Tallman, D. Del Grande, G. Ellis, K. Peel\*. Associates are J. Walker, G. Hail, C. Minshall, and M. Ehli.

I've heard that some of you believe the HSFPL to be just another impotent, eccentric hobby takeover attempt. Heh heh. We petitioned the Postal Service for an increase in rates, and we got it. We threatened large publishers with nuclear warfare--and Voice of Doom folded. And now we have another major publisher on the run, afraid for his zine's life. Heh heh. Think what you will, suckers.

Yes, I'm talking about DON WILLIAMS. A.k.a. Roach, Duck, Welsher, Acolyte #2, and many things too horrifying for a family zine. Don publishes Fiat Bellum, which masquerades as a subzine to Magus. Well, okay Duck, we feel nice so we'll let you have that one. However, he also prints and distributes a ZINE called Flick of the Wrist. Reviving a grand tradition, FotW runs only one game (the current one is Heart of Darkness, 1982IY). There are about 15 readers and subs are free, with roughly 15 pages of press per turn.

Aha! you say. He's small fry, right? Wrong, copy-toner-breath! Duck refuses to admit that

# Perlandra

Flick is a zine; he calls it a "newsletter", whatever that is. Too good for us, eh Williams? Well, just wait. He can handle anything, too!

How about a few page letters? Well, I wonder what does "illegible non-carbonium" mean? Berk had letters and the computer used this process in letters lately, and I'm completely in the dark. What does the context indicate something like "letters that are illegible"?

## Mailbox

Along comes announcement that Robert Fisher (aka the editor of the "New York Game Board") will publish a zine directory, which seems to be a list of the one Ray Hambrick, Bruce Lindsey and Cathy Gunning are associated with it, I believe.

I have several letters of sympathy about my resignation. I'm not fully over it, but vacation sure helped. And on that vacation, here's what:

Everything here is back to normal. (I think I'm Starvill). I cleaned all day Tuesday and the place looks (at least) like a new place. I found a total of 3 towels, 1 tube of toothpaste, 1 bottle of shampoo, one shower cap, 1 comb, 1 straight cutter, 1 pocket knife and a pair of slippers (slippers) with a hole broken under the punch. ((And a half-gallon of cheap Scotch Whisky. I guess I don't have it...)) Lee-Van is enjoying the fact that he's so busy that even his kid has come home from L.A.

Conrad Mitchell writes a P.S. I heard "Business Boycot" if it wasn't wise enough, go see "Boycott Boy".

Conrad, I never did see "Business Boycot". The theater I was going to go to only ran it one week, and it wasn't running with the same quality as the other ones. I'll go see ZTC or something like that.

Mark Berch (tag end of a much longer letter): and when, some day, you lose a player's name, or accidentally print something you shouldn't have, or whatever, and the player says, "Boycott Pete! He tried to ruin me!", what will you say?

Pete: Some thing I've always said, and now I'll say it. Can we discuss this or are you set against me? Well, I don't see how I can be a strong believer in the "Early Written Order" rule - this month alone, I got 10 copies of your orders which, believe me, left only one interpretation but probably would have been discarded under some rule.

Greg Elias: Since I have played in all your games since June 81, when do I get into MOZ?

Pete: Hmm, let's have the players vote on it next time I need a standby.

Pete Yanlyn: Many thanks for the sample copy of Perlandra which seems to be a fine little zine - very nicely produced if a little on the thin side by British standards.

Pete Goughan: And hopefully a little on the thin side by American standards.

Kathy Dymar: I'm really glad to hear that you will be continuing with school and Perlandra (app). Like I told you, if you need help with your games till you start feeling better, don't hesitate to ask.

We all get down now & then. And what to do, we should take advantage of the many friendships we have made. Your friends will help you through the rough times. Just as, I'm sure, you'd help them if the situation was reversed.

Pete: Kathy also sent a card and talked a while on the phone, and she made me realize just how precious my Dip family is to me. Among other things, two different zines were dedicated to me this month, and I have an open line to three different Dipsters whenever I need an ear. YXOO.

Minor players: Ed Henry has moved to Box 287, Kent WA 98112. Phone unknown.

AND...since most of you missed it last time, we extend the deadline on the contest, and add two questions. For one free issue, identify Harry Conelina's computer-truck collaborator; for three issues, tell us where we got the English word "meander" (hint: from a noun). For three issues, who, what, or where is Yannet? And for five freebies, identify the source of this quote: "I am; but who I am none knows or cares."

Thanks and love to all. *PK*

# The Last Word

[Grethari is a prince, lost and adopted in a foreign land. Geirlaug is a princess, orphaned in that foreign land, who leads him back to his own country. But a spell makes Grethari forget his "sister", and now he is to be married to a vain but lovely princess who, mercifully, remains unnamed in this German folk tale.]

The oldest men and women in the town agreed that nothing so splendid had ever been seen as the bridal procession to the great hall, where the banquet was to be held, before the ceremony was celebrated in that place. The princess was in high good humour, feeling that all eyes were upon her, and bowed and smiled right and left. Taking the prince's hand, she sailed proudly down the room, where the guests were already assembled, to her place at the head of the table by the side of the bridegroom. As she did so, three strange ladies in shining dresses of blue, green, and red, glided in and seated themselves on a vacant bench immediately behind the young couple. The red lady was Geirlaug, who had brought with her the forester's daughters, and in one hand she held a wand of birch bark, and in the other a closed basket.

Silently they sat as the feast proceeded; hardly anyone noticed their presence, or, if they did, supposed them to be attendants of their future queen. Suddenly, when the merriment was at its height, Geirlaug opened the basket, and out flew a cock and hen. To the astonishment of everyone, the birds circled about in front of the royal pair, the cock plucking the feathers out of the tail of the hen, who tried in vain to escape from him.

"Will you treat me as badly as Grethari treated Geirlaug?" cried the hen at last. And Grethari heard, and started up wildly. In an instant all the past rushed back to him; the princess by his side was forgotten, and he only saw the face of the child with whom he had played long years ago.

"Where is Geirlaug?" he exclaimed, looking around the hall; and his eyes fell upon the strange lady. With a smile she held out a ring which he had given her on her twelfth birthday, when they were still children, without a thought of the future. "You and none other shall be my wife," he said, taking her hand, and leading her into the middle of the company.

It is not easy to describe the scene that followed. Of course, nobody understood what had occurred, and the king and queen, who had been present, were so shocked that they could not witness her rage and fury were beyond belief. The guests left the hall as quickly as they could, so the royal family might arrange their own affairs, and in the end it was settled that half the kingdom must be given to the despised princess instead of a husband.

## Perelandra

3121 East Park Row, no. 171A  
Arlington, Texas 76010

Happy New  
Year, Don "Pando"  
Williams!

Larry Peery

MIMER players: note COA at the bottom  
of the last page inside!!!

PLEASE STANDBY, Mike and John

We trade

Your sub ends with issue

That evening, Grethari was  
married to Geirlaug, and they  
lived happily till they died,  
and made all their people happy  
also. ((But you knew that  
already, didn't you?))

First Class Mail