



Herelandra



April

volume 4, number 31

seventy-five cents

CASEY AT THE BAT

Ernest L. Thayer

The outlook wasn't brilliant for the Mudville nine that day;
 The score stood four to two with but one inning more to play.
 So when Cooney died at second, and Burrows did the same,
 A pallor wreathed the features of the patrons of the game.
 A stragglng few got up to go in deep despair. The rest
 Clung to the hope which springs eternal in the human breast;
 They thought, "If only Casey could but get a whack at that--
 We'd put up even money now with Casey at the bat."
 But Flynn preceded Casey, as did also Jimmy Blake,
 And the former was a lulu, and the latter was a fake;
 So upon that stricken multitude a deathlike silence sat,
 For there seemed but little chance of Casey's getting to the bat.

But Flynn let drive a single, to the wonderment of all,
 And Blake, the much despis-ed, tore the cover off the ball;
 And when the dust had lifted, and the men saw what had occured,
 There was Jimmy safe at second and Flynn a-hugging third.
 Then from five thousand throats and more there rose a lusty yell;
 It rumbled in the mountaintops, it rattled in the delli;
 It knocked upon the hillside and recoiled upon the flat,
 For Casey, mighty Casey, was advancing to the bat.
 There was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped into his place;
 There was pride in Casey's bearing and a smile on Casey's face.
 And when, responding to the cheers, he lightly doffed his hat,
 No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Casey at the bat.

Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with dirt;
 Five thousand tongues applauded when he wiped them on his shirt.
 Then while the writhing pitcher ground the ball into his hip,
 Defiance gleamed in Casey's eye, a sneer curled Casey's lip.
 And now the leather-covered sphere came hurtling through the air,
 And Casey stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur there.
 Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped--
 "That ain't my style," said Casey -- "Strike one," the Umpire said.
 From the benches black with people, there went up a muffled roar,
 Like the beating of the storm-waves on a stern and distant shore.
 "Kill him! kill the umpire!" shouted someone on the stand;
 And it's likely they'd have killed him had not Casey raised his hand.
 With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's visage shone;
 He stilled the rising tumult; he bade the game go on;
 He signalled to the pitcher, and once more the spheroid flew;
 But Casey still ignored it, and the Umpire said, "Strike two."
 "Fraud!" cried the maddened thousands, and the echo answered, "Fraud!"
 But one scornful look from Casey and the multitude was awed.
 They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw his muscles strain,
 And they knew that Casey wouldn't let that ball go by again.

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The sneer is gone from Casey's lip, his teeth are clenched in hate;
He pounds with cruel violence his bat upon the plate.
And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now he lets it go,
And now the air is shattered by the force of Casey's blow.
Oh, somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright;
The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light,
And somewhere men are laughing, and somewhere children shout;
But there is no joy in Mudville -- mighty Casey has struck out.

Vital Statistics

This is the thirty-first issue of Perelandra, an amateur magazine of postal gaming, classic literature, and other forms of goofing off. P is brought to you by ~~FATHER JOHN DOE DOGS~~ Pete Gaughan (3121 East Park Row #171A, Arlington TX 76010, 817-633-3208). Subscriptions are 75 cents per issue; make your checks to P.J. Gaughan or the bank will have my neck (no joke!). This issue is guaranteed to contain no April fools, except of course the publisher.

Happy Birthday, Daf!

GAME OPENINGS: The next Snowball Fighting game, named Okar, is already full! The players are receiving, with this issue, a copy of updated rules and maps for the game--if you'd like to get a copy send me a SASE. **PLAYERS:** please send me a one or two-word name you'll use. The game will begin when SnowFight 2 (Forochel) finishes.

There are five positions left in a game of regular Diplomacy. Brian Bailey and John Crosby are signed up. To register send a preference list (sorry, Conrad) and \$20 US. The gamefee includes a sub for the length of the game, and if you're eliminated before W1906 you can get a refund of \$10.

This issue includes the gamestart of my own variant, Hegemony over Sandy Ego, so there will be no more pestering to get players for that.

ON DECK (STANDBY LIST): Same as lastish, but somebody wrote asking off and then I lost the letter (Error, Gaughan). If you want off the standby list, PLEASE tell me in great big capitals so I don't pull this again.

PLUGS: With this issue should be a free copy of Ecotopia #4, which is not much to speak of this time. However, if you'd like to see more of what the Dipcon Committee is doing, you need to sub to E, which costs just 22¢ an issue (send a couple of stamps, if you like). Start thinking now about attending Dipcon at Dragonflight, Seattle's gaming con, August 23-25.

Terry Tallman (7239 Sandpoint Way NE #308, Seattle WA 98115) has openings in a game of postal Origins of WWII. Steve Langley and Don Williams, among others, have been looking for regDip players--but I'm not about to print their addresses and let you go somewhere else to play! Greg Ellis (700 Rio Grande, Austin TX 78701) has a game of Snowball Fighting open, for those who didn't make it into mine (and there were at least two of you!). Bill Becker (810 Turwill, Kalamazoo MI 49007) is looking for a few people to join his postal soccer league when the second season starts up in a couple of months.

And another new zine, but one which I haven't seen: The Diplomacy Review from John Woolsey (Box 7582, Van Nuys CA 91409). Scouting report from Tallman-san says it's fairly dry, with two games and "some theory stuff".

AND A NEWS FLASH: Even as I type, the radio announces that the North American Soccer League is folding. While this pains me less than if the baseball leagues lost their AAA teams, it is more drastic than the NFL going away for good. No NASL, no soccer in the USA. Simple; no World Cup or Olympic teams, reduced youth activity. The Major Indoor Soccer League is not quite ready to shoulder the load alone, though it has more potential than the NASL had.

So, here we go into Spring...Baseball, Hot Dogs, Apple Pie, and Datsuns....

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PLAYLIST for this issue includes Vivaldi's The Four Seasons; "Eternal Ireland: Irish Harp Pub Music" (no, I didn't receive it in time for St. Patrick's); and the 1812 Overture by Tchaikovsky as loud as I can get it on my 8-year-old Emerson receiver.

ONE MORE PLUG: Greg Ellis wants me to mention that he also has a Gunboat game open.

FRESHMAN ZINE POLL: Flick of the Wrist, a dark horse, came from way back to grab the pennant from two spring training favorites, The Inner Light and Not New York. On the junior circuit (Subzine Poll) Sex Apeel beat out Hare of the Dog in the preference balloting but the order was reversed when raw scores were merely averaged. A set of complete results is available from (oh, drat, now I gotta give his address) Steve Langley (2296 Eden Roc Lane #1, Sacramento CA 95825).

CONS, CONS, CONS: Besides Dipcon this summer (which you should all try to get to!), there will be several good regional hobby meets. MaryCon (May 31-June 2) will offer one round of Tom Swider's Tolkienesque Dip variant, Downfall of the King, and two rounds of Diplomacy. For info write MaryCon '85, 1309 Hanover Street, Fredericksburg VA 22401.

Peericon V (August 10 & 11) is exclusively Dip and lots of fun. Here's an option for the West Coasters while the Easterners are more likely to try MaryCon. Write to Larry Peery, Box 8416, San Diego CA 92102.

CODENAMES: Players, your codename (written on the cover) is REQUIRED on all non-postal orders, unless I call you (if your enemy figures out a way to answer your phone for you, he deserves an advantage). Please record it somewhere since I don't remind you every month.



1982 HK - Yavin

PLAYERS CRY "UNCLE!"...JIM-BOOB DEFIES TRADITION, SHARES DRAW WITH TOAD GIVAN

Yavin, the first regular game of Diplomacy to appear in Perelandra, has ended with an E/R draw. Blair Cusack nmred out, which gave Mike Colandro a chance to enter the game and help finish it by voting "yes" to the draw. Jim Keeney, coming off a series of illnesses in the game and out, managed to survive in Marseilles. Here's how it wound up:

Game: 1982HK Yavin

Zine: Perelandra (gm: P.J. Gaughan)

Austria: Steve Arnawoodian (dro Sp05); Greg Ellis (out W08).

England: Larry McCloud (res Sp04); Jim Burgess (draw W10).

France: Blair Cusack (dro F10); Mike Colandro (sur W10).

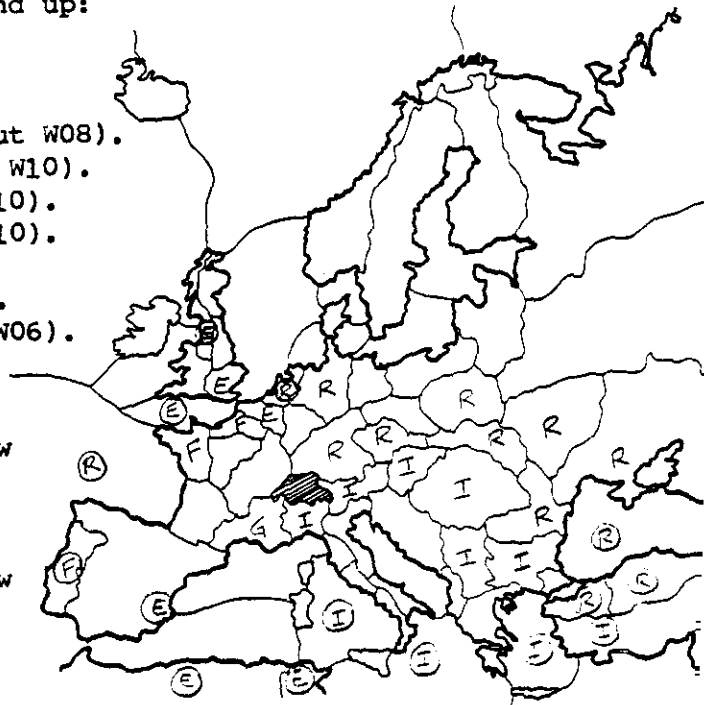
Germany: Dave Marshall (dro Sp05); Jim Keeney (sur W10).

Italy: Larry Peery (sur W10).

Russia: Tim Brown (res Sp04); Evans Givan (draw W10).

Turkey: Bill Highfield (dro Sp03); Mark Keller (out W06).

	01	02	03	04	05	06	07	08	09	10	
Austria:	3	2	3*	3*	3*	3*	2*	Ø			
England:	5	5	5	4	4	4	5	5	5	7	Draw
France:	4	5	5	6	6	6	5	5	5	3	
Germany:	5	5	5	5	4	4	3	2	1	1	
Italy:	5	7	7	8	8	8	9	11	11	10	
Russia:	6	6	6	6	8	9	10	11	12	13	Draw
Turkey:	4	4	3	2	1	Ø					



Everyone is, of course, encouraged to send in endgame statements, length unlimited. Sorry LP, I don't have a recap of the orders. Congratulations to Evans and Jim! My comments next month.

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1983 G - Darkover

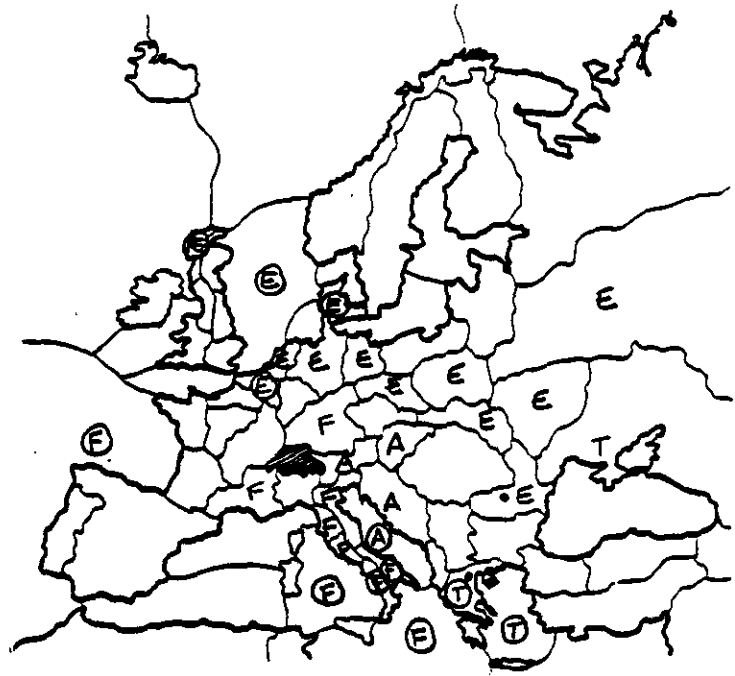
DON'T GET NO RESPECT (FALL 1909)

Austria (John Crosby): f gre s Tf ion /otm; r alb, bul/sc, otb/, f adr-ven (a tri s), a vie-boh, a tyo-pie.

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

France (Greg Ellis): f mid h, f lyo-tyl, a mar-pie, a mun-tyo (a ven s), a rom & a tus s a ven, f tyn-nap, f tun-ion (f apu s).

Turkey (Mark Luedi): a arm-sev (a rum s)/a rum r bud ser bul otb/, f ion-gre (f aeg s).



Turkey proposes E/F/T draw. If it passes, it will take effect after retreats but before builds. Please be sure to vote with your Spring 1910 moves which are due by 9pm CST 28 April 1985 (Sunday).

- John Crosby 830 Hunterhill Trail Roswell GA 30075 (404) 992-9921
- Evans Givan 8066 Camstock Court Citrus Hts CA 95610-4606 (916) 722-8982
- Greg Ellis 700 Rio Grande Austin TX 78701 (512) 926-5255
- Mark Luedi Box 2424 Bloomington IN 47402 (812) 333-8258

Supply Center Count after Fall 1909

Austria	vie tri bud?ser? gre bul? tyo	7/5 or 4 even or remove 1*
England	edi lvp lon nwy den hol swe bel kie stp ber war mos RUM	13/14 build 1
France	bre par mar spa por tun mun rom nap ven	10/10 even
Turkey	con ank smy sev GRE ???	4/5 or 6 build 1 or 2*

*Okay, I'll try to explain. IF Turkey retreats otb, or if the Turk and Austrian retreats bounce THEN each country will have 5 dots. Under any other combination of retreats, Turkey will gain an Austrian center. You may, of course, make orders conditional on Autumn or Winter; or two players may request separation. Press.....

- France to GM: How could you let an NVR stop us? Arrgh! [[them's houserules...]]
- England to Turkey: OK, OK! You can keep Sev. I don't even want it anymore.
- Paris to Vienna/Ankara: Did you two annihilate Apu again? The losses in this battle have been astronomical! Shall we call an end to it!?
- England to GM: Just to get even, I wrote these orders in the nude. And page numbers wouldn't hurt none, neither. And don't put no "sic's" in this press.
- EM to England: Yes, boss. Anything you say, boss. But how do you know I don't 'dress up' your orders?

Baseball Card Contest

Baseball cards have been attached to each issue. Save your card until the All-Star Game in early July! If your player is named to either All-Star team, you win five free Perelandras. Also, if he is hitting .300 or more at the All-Star break (or, in the case of pitchers, has an E.R.A. under 2.50), you win two free issues. But to claim the prize you have to send the card back to me with proof of the stats (e.g. a newspaper clipping). Hang on to 'em!

(Cards were assigned at random. I don't have a record of who has what, but I do have a list of all the eligible players.)

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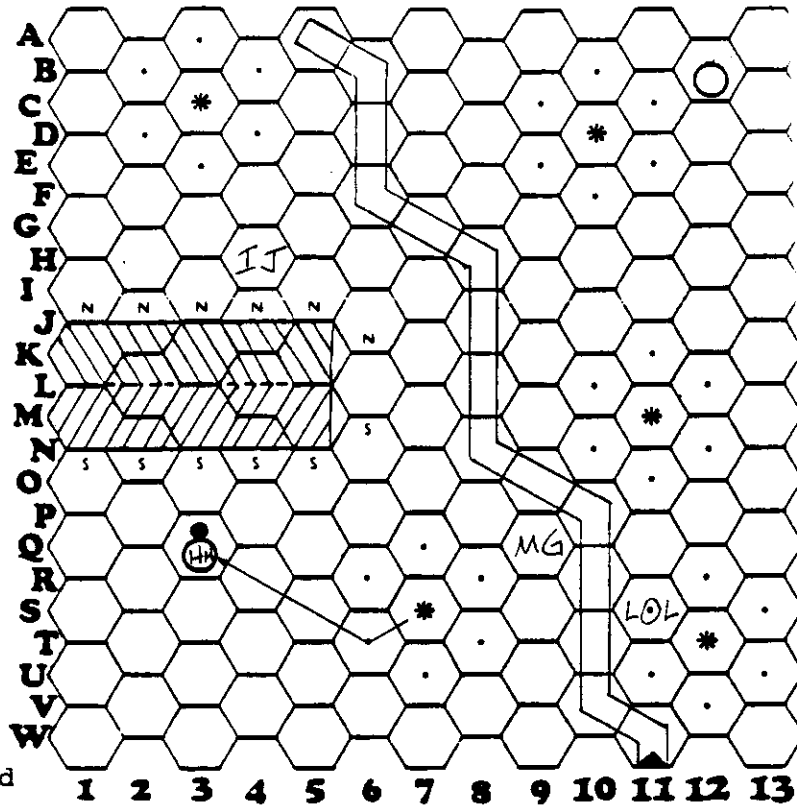
ASF2 - Forochel

TURN TEN: SNOW WARRIORS BAT .625

Segment One: Houston Halfling finishes his scamper to the southern snowman, at Q3, the only movement of the turn (!). "The Furry-Hearted One decides to pack two snowballs... never too many, y'know?" Likewise, Mystery Guest builds up her arsenal--but while she's got her back turned, Little Ol' Lady slam dunks a Dirigible down the collar of her jacket, in payment for last turn's attack.

Segment Two: LOL needs to replace her used Dirigible, so she's back up to three of those monsters...but this time it's her back that's turned as Ice Jackal's ICBM comes blasting out of nowhere. Mystery Guest and the Short One trade shots, despite MG wobbling a bit from the effects of the earlier smash.

Segment Three: The players have been perfect so far, but now the toll begins to tell. MG can't hit on a second attempt as HH ducks behind the snowman; HH has trouble himself, since the nearest player is IJ and therefore his Rattlesnake has to pass over the shed! IJ manages to plaster LOL again, but the biggest shock of the turn has to be the Lady's Dirigible (another!) on the Guest--point-blank range and it's not even close!!!



fighter	loc	segment one	segment two	segment three	hp/vp	hp/vp/ammo left
HH (Ellis-san)	Q3		MG/rr/65/**	MG/rr/75/--	1/1	9/12/ none
IJ (Duck-san)	H4			HH/rr/40/--	0/2	7/12/ 1 di, 7 sb
LOL (Baker-san)	S11		IJ/rr/70/**	IJ/rr/60/**	2/3	7/ 9/ 2 di
MG (daré?)	Q9	LOL/di/75/**	HH/rr/95/**	LOL/di/65/--	4/1	6/11/ 2 sb

Now, you may all be wondering where Chicago Rocket went. Well, so am I. Since Dave doesn't sub here, and hasn't sent me anything (for either game he's in) for two months, I assume he's lost interest. No more CR...you four will have to settle this thing yourselves. Your deadline, should you choose to accept it, is 9pm CST 28 April 1985. That's a Sunday. And, the press...

MG to LOL: Please forgive my errant snowball last turn. It slipped out of my hand when I was faking a shot at Halfling.

SnowFort to MG: Hawhahawhaw! Neither LOL nor I believe that's how it really happened!

MG to Snowy: Of course that's how it happened. What are you trying to do--start a fight?

Snowy to MG: Hon, the fight started ten turns ago!

Oops, a couple of game and rule notes I fergot...The deadline is for Turn Eleven, obviously. Some of you are still making dumb mistakes. Example: the only attack which may be aimed at "nearest opponent" is the Rattlesnake. Also, conditional orders may only be used in Segment Three. Conditionals should be as specific as possible, since my interpretation of "If anyone has been dumb enough to come my way" may be very different from yours.

Now we resume our regularly scheduled program.

LOL to MG: Strange! Do you always strike out so cruelly against unwary people who have done you no harm and are innocently reaching out to share some friendship and pleasure? Oh....

NOW I know who you are!

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IJ to Snow-for-Brains: I'd like to hit you with all cylinders--heck, I'd like to hit you with the whole car.

SnowMaster to IJ: Okay. I told you I'd take off 2hp. They're gone. And that joke was worse than Steve Martin. Worse than Henny Youngman. Worse than MILTON BERLE.

IJ to S-F-B: That's low, Gaughan, even for you that's low. I'm really hurt...

SnowMaster to Forochel: Well, gang? Do I take away his hp? I certainly won't retract the line about Uncle Milty...

MG to Snowy: To err is human, to forgive divine.

SM to IJ: Off the hook because of my undying devotion to the Guest, but don't think this means you'll get away with it again. Next time she might make sense.

IJ to PJ: Are you saying my MG doesn't make sense?! I'm outraged!! [[No, you're outside.]] Heck, I'm so smashed on 'Southern Comfort' I can barely stand on four legs, but ole MG makes perfect sense to me.

IJ to MG: Speaking of 'scents', yours is driving me crazy! I'm hungry like a wolf, crazy like a fox and...and...and out of other comparisons. Sigh.

MG to IJ: It's either feast or famine with your press, Toothsome. How about we stick to a well-balanced diet?

SnowMaster to himself: MG is a veterinarian? Boggle...

LOL to IJ: You may be strong, but odor isn't everything.

SnowFort to LOL: Well put! Ball's in your court, Jack.

IJ to LOL: Well, granny, where's my drink?

SnowFort to IJ: Groan. A winner for LOL. Game, set, and match.

IJ to MG: Oh, yes! Oh! Oooohh!! Ah! Ah! Now...gasp...nao...put the leash on my collar... y-yeah...Oh, more!

SnowMaster to MG: I was just considering locking him up.

IJ to MG: More! More! More!

LOL to SM: Got any whips and chains in the basement, or are they all out in the shed?

Snow Master to LOL: Apparently they are not all in the shed any more, but I just replaced that lock.

IJ to PJ: Say, what would it cost me to get you to unlock the shed for me and the MG? It is pretty cold out here. C'mon, we'd be out in an hour or two--your mom would never know.

SM to IJ: \$693,276,481,378,049,187,448,392,200,819,633,298,522,340,142,998,370,663,477,443.64.

IJ to PJ: You are no fun. Read my lips--NO FUN.

IJ to HH: What's the matter, Short Stuff, not talking to me anymore? You got something against wild animals?

HH to IJ: I had a rest. You want a rest? Stand still at H4 for a few segments.

HH to MG: Shall we finish this up killing each other, or should we use these cannon fodder around us?

MG to Toothsome: Oh, well, if you can't beat 'em join 'em!

IJ to Green-at-Heart [[Flattery will get you nowhere.]]: "Short, dark, and 'brutally handsome'"? Moi? Come, come--devilishly charming, sensually superior, and yes, intelligent to the point of illegality--but 'brutally handsome'? Who is this 'Lynne' person and how would she like to meet a furry-hearted fellow like me on a cold, dark winter night?

SnowMaster to IJ: How? With as many bodyguards as possible.

IJ to SFB: And you still didn't answer my question--why do these people keep doing the "now-I'm-here-now-I'm-gone dance?" Sure, let 'em go screaming for the kitchen but let 'em go minus point from now on. If I hit 'em, I hit 'em, I don't care what their mothers say, y'know? I remember as a kid how people would always scream "TIME OUT!" just before they were about to get tagged or whatever. That mentality bugs me. The very least you could do would be to offer 'bonus' points for those of us stupid enough to stay out here in the 10° weather.

IJ to MG: C'mon, Slushboots, want to share my position? We can hold the vermin back forever, ...and then...

SM to IJ: She's not stupid enough to stand on your hex, where it is now -10°.

LOL to MG: Silk? Satin? Or leather? I think I'd prefer Satin. Why? Sorry I asked.

SM to LOL: You'd be warmer in leather, although that's not why IJ is wearing it...

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LOL to HH: Close only counts in horseshoes, handgrenades, and neutron bombs.
SM to LOL: The list gets longer every year...
LOL to HH: And if you don't say "Sir", you lose one token to the warp.
IJ to MG: Say, what happens if we go off the side of the map? I wonder if we fall off the edge of the Earth and disappear forever, or what? [[Probably what.]] Might be fun-- what do you think...want to follow me out to "A14"?
SM to Forochel: Well, here we fall off the edge of the press, and down down down into the reality that is...

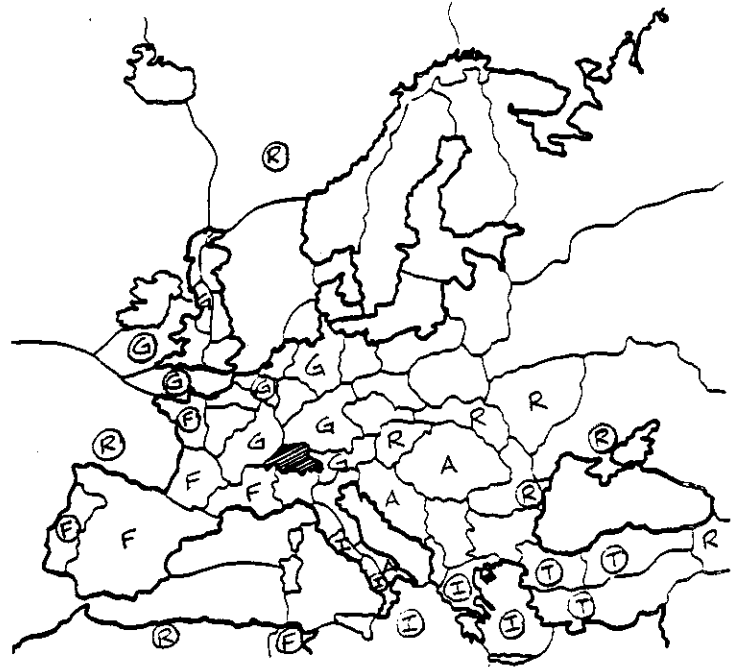
1983HC-Mimir

SLOW AND....STEADY??

There was an error in last month's adjudication. Turkey has army armenia, not fleet. Postcards were sent to IART. However, apparently two did not receive theirs. Also, one player did not get his copy of Pere (!) and another requested a season separation. So, what you get is...

WINTER 1906

Austria (Ed Henry): remove f adr. has a tri, a apu, a bud.
France (Bob Sweeney): f mid r otb. build f bre. has f tun, f por, a spa, a mar, a gas.
Germany (Greg Ellis): build a kie. has f iri, a lvp, f eng, f bel, a bur, a mun, a tyo.
Italy (Matt Kazur): remove a pie. has a rom, f nap, f ion, f gre, f aeg.
Russia (Pierre Touchette): build f sev. has a vie, a gal, a ukr, f rum, a arm, f mid, f naf, f nwg.
Turkey (Evans Givan): build f ank. has f smy, f con.



Deadline for Spring 1907 is 9pm CST, 28 APRIL 1985 (Sunday). Sorry for the slip-ups. Press:
Turkey to Liberal Democratic Slugs: Go ahead. Make my day.
UTA to Turkey: Yeah, I thought you'd like that episode.
Austria to Germany: Pretty patronizing for a fellow who inherits a good position and then can't follow through, aren't you? And WTH is a MadLad, and who cares?
Italy to Germany: What is a "MadLad"?
Germany to GM: Bud Light does not a MadLad make. MadLadism has grown beyond a mere geographical idiom. It is an attitude. A lifestyle. It represents more than mere mental deficiencies. MadLad has attained the status of stereotype. Does one have to live on a ranch to be a 'kikker', or near the ocean to be a 'surfer', or go to a prep school to be a 'prep-pie'? No! To be MadLadian one should not need to be from Madison.
UTA to Don Williams: And you thought you were the master of blends...
UTA to Germa and Italy: "MadLad" originally meant a Dip player from the Midwest. Now it also denotes the style of play dominant in that area: hard-core, greedy, treacherous, and most of all effective. Now, which did you mean, Greg? Do you want a MadLad, or someone who has learned to play like one??
Turkey to Russia: So, you besmirch the mighty Turk? The cemeteries are full of the ranks of Turk besmirchers.
UTA to Turk: Look, I only gave you that country as a joke. I never expected you'd MAKE something of it, for crying out loud--or else you and Ellis would've never seen each other again!
Austria to the Good Guys: Sure hope there's some of you out there.

Herelandra

1985 A?

Hidalgo

GAMESTART, or, Here's Another Fine Mess We've Gotten Ourselves Into

Hidalgo is a fictional Latin American country in "Sleep Well of Nights", a fantasy short story by Evram Davidson. It is also the playtest game of the Dip variant, Hegemony over Sandy Ego. The rules were published here three issues back, and are available for a SASE. Hidalgo will run on a flier separate from Pere, but occassionally I'll update the rest of you on how the game is progressing. The players are:

- Flyboys: John Walker, 4819 Corian Oak, San Antonio TX 78219, 512-662-6048
- Navy Dipsters: J.R. Baker, 3100 Meadow Land, Dickinson TX 77539, 713-337-4110
- Suburban Dip: Jim Burgess, 100 Holden St, Providence RI 02908, 401-351-0287
- University: Keith Sherwood, 8866 Cliffridge Ave, La Jolla CA 92037, 619-453-4913
- Xenogogic: Larry Peery, Box 8416, San Diego CA 92102, 619-280-2239

Deadline for Spring 1980 orders is 9pm CST 12 May 1985 (Sunday). A Miller Number is being researched, since there is not yet a variant designator for HSE.

1984W - Woz

TIME ON HIS HANDS

Error in last season: Germany could retreat to bur also (but did not...)

SUMMER 1905: France nmr, f mid r otb. Germany r a mar-pie.

FALL 1905:

Austria (Dave Bruss): nmr. f gre h /a/.

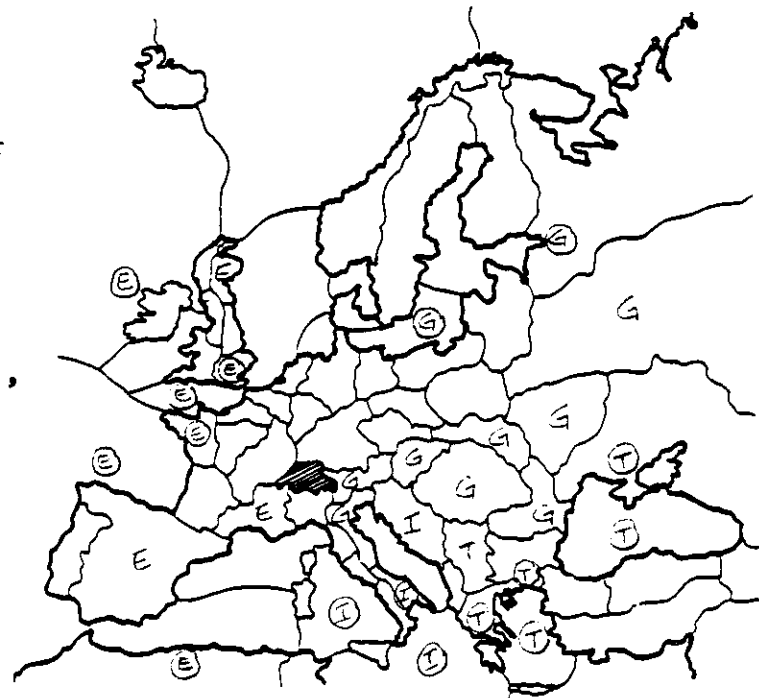
England (Pat Conlon): f eng, f bre, a edi, a spa, a mar all hold. f nth-lon, f iri-mid (f nao s), f mid-naf.

France (~~J.R. Baker~~): no units.

Germany (Rob Wittmond): f bot-stp/sc, f bal u, f den h /nsu/, a pie-ven (a tyo s), a vie s, a bud, a gal-rum (a bud & a ukr s), a sil-gal, a mos-sev.

Italy (J.R. Baker): f tyn s f ion h, f nap-apu, a tri-ser.

Turkey (John Walker): f bla s f sev, a rum-bud /a/, f alb-gre (f bul/sc & f aeg s), a ser-tri.



Supply Center Chart for Winter 1905--and a couple of surprises, I'm sure.

Austria	gxp	1/0	out
England	lon lvp edi nwy bel par bre gxp spa MAR	9/9	even
France	por	1/1	build one, no room, CD
Germany	mun kie ber hol den swe war mos gxp vie VEN BUD RUM STP	10/13	build three
Italy	gxp rom nap tri tun	5/4	even (1 annihilated)
Turkey	con ank smy bul gxp sev ser gxp GRE	8/7	build one (2 ann.)

No standby will be called for France, who will never have a unit again anyway. Going CD, however, means that a draw or concession may pass with only four votes. And right now, Italy proposes a concession to Germany. Please vote with Winter builds and Spring 1906 orders, which are due before 9pm CST, 28 April 1985 (Sunday). Press on next page...

Peerilandra

Rome to (Alamo) Paris: "Good judgement, failure to exercise." 750 demerits and forfeiture of all 'attaboy's.

Rome to Constantinople: If you can't dazzle 'em with brilliance, baffle 'em with bullshit!

UTA to Rome: Maybe you need a little help? Alamo is Con (John, San Antonio, get it?).

Somewhere in Northern Italy: The Army of the Wine marched grimly on, leaving another peaceful Italian village in ruins. The Field Marshall's wrath had been tremendous. "I came to France to find culture, not English punks!" And so they had marched east out of France, destroying all in their path. Things looked bad for the innocent Italian people in that path.

And yet even at this worst of times, there was a glimmer of hope. A few bottles of fine Italian wine had been salvaged from the last village, and the Field Marshall had begun noticing the many beautiful young Italian girls. Indeed, after camp had been made for the night, he was heard to remark to his aide, "Maybe this trip to Italy isn't such a bad thing after all. Perhaps a short vacation in Venice would be nice...I hear there are many opportunities for cultural activities there."

Paris to UTA: (re Alamo) Birds of prey succeed because they instill fear in their victims. Fear causes panic. The panic-stricken prey makes the mistake that kills him.

Paris to Rome: Your dreams will be haunted by the feel of a lizard crawling across your corpse, and the shadow of an eagle swooping down on you.

Papa Bakir to Abdul Hubba-Hubba: Let me show you the difference between my naval maneuvers and your navel maneuvers! Mine are a bunch of cunning stunts!

Paris to Ankara: As long as you write press like that, your value shall far exceed that derived from your elimination. You shall have my support in your fight for survival.

UTA to Paris: Well, he stopped this season, and look what happened...

Berliner Zeitung: TURKS FIRE ON STORM DRAIN TROOPERS PURSUING CZAR! First Storm Drain Trooper headquarters in the Ukraine confirmed today that members of the elite Truthahntoter brigade had been fired on when attempting to pursue the Czar south of the Donau. They were able to withdraw when the Prussians in Vienna came to their relief, drawn by the sound of gunfire. The Foreign Ministry reports that an official protest has been lodged with the Turkish government, and that our ambassador has been instructed to demand that the Czar be turned over to Germany immediately, lest Turkish-German relations be irreparably damaged.

Ufacik to ScumBum: I love it when she says durmak, dinlenmek or jin!

UTA to Woz: Don't forget to vote on the concession; nvr=no.



I need a little help from somebody out there. I wanted to print, in this same issue, a poem entitled "Casey's Daughter at the Bat". However, I know of only one source for this and local libraries (including UTA) don't have it. Please look for Sports Poems, edited by Knudson and Ebert. If you photocopy that poem and send it to me, I'll credit you with an issue of Pere (first copy received, only). Thanks.



The next two pages take a little explaining. First, we have page one from the most recent issue of ~~Pere's Revenge~~ Peerilandra, where Larry spoofs Pere and other Irish things. This issue was fairly interesting for a change, but I'm not about to reprint all three pages of drink recipes and "B.V.D. Bach" highlights. Ecotopia, which follows Peerilandra, is published here bimonthly bi-the Dipcon Committee.

As I said earlier, everyone should consider Dipcon this year. Among other things, you'll be able to request a room on the same floor with other Dipcon attendees, something most big cons can't arrange. Total cost for the con (membership, reg, Dip, and room) should come to \$40-50 (rooms can be two or three nights, shared or single, linen or no)...cheap compared to Origins.

Apparently the Dragonflight folks are really excited that Dipcon is coming. It may not be much to you but some of us don't get to see other Dipsters often, and we take every chance seriously. So consider that 40 or so postal players should be attending (most from outside the Pacific Northwest; some big names, too!) and add 65+ locals trying to win those precious awards, and the Seattle Gang of Several's beer bash, and a co-occurring Titan tourney...it's going to be a load of fun.

Peerilandra

SPECIAL ST. PATRICK'S DAY ISSUE

17 March 1985

Box 8416, San Diego, Calif. 92102

INTRODUCTION

PEERILANDRA is an occasional zine devoted to the glorification of Pete Gaughan, and the beautification of Larry Peery; and the furtherization of the understanding of all things great and small that are Irish. This issue is devoted to information designed to promote your understanding of and enjoyment of St. Patrick's Day.

SHAMROCKS TO SHILLELAGHS (by Liz Brody)

It must be the luck of the Irish---Or maybe the native gift of gab---which accounts for the universal celebration of Ireland's national holiday, St. Patrick's Day. Unmistakably, the lure of the lore is strong for Irish and non-Irish alike. From shamrocks to shillelaghs, Irish traditions come alive every March 17th amidst city-wide parades, packed pubs, and gallons of green beer. Here are a few landmarks in Irish folklore.

Patrick, the patron saint of Ireland, was actually not Irish himself.

Born about 390 A.D. in the British Isles, he was captured by Irish raiders and sold into slavery at age 16. For six years he herded cattle on the lonely Slemish Mountain where he found solace in prayer. After escaping to the Continent, he was eventually appointed Bishop of Ireland and sent back to spread Christianity. There are many tales of his miraculous missionary activities and since his death he has been regarded as the spiritual father of his country.

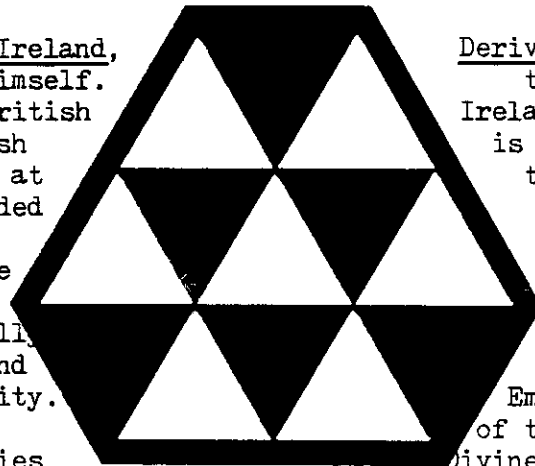
A cudgel, or thick stick, the shillelagh

was originally used for fighting between feuding families. Later it became the trademark of the dancing Irish stageman. The name comes from the Shillelagh Forest in Wicklow which at one time was full of magnificent Irish Oaks from which the cudgels were originally cut.

The leprechaun is the best known

of the Irish fairies (others include the fairy-woman banshee, the drinking cluricaune, the joking fir darrig, and the Sandy Ego Dippy player). He is typically a small old man who lives alone making shoes. He possesses a hidden crock of gold. Should you run into a leprechaun, capture him immediately and ask where the treasure lies. Keep your eyes on him until the secret is told. Most leprechauns will trick you into glancing away at which point they vanish forever.

Until you find a lucky shamrock or happen to catch a leprechaun, sip an Irish coffee, toast to St. Patrick's Day, and enjoy the rich flavor of Ireland.



Derived from the Gaelic word "seamrog",
the three-leaved shamrock is Ireland's national plant. St. Patrick is said to have used it to illustrate the doctrine of Holy Trinity.

Four leaved shamrocks are very rare and give luck to anyone who finds one.

The harp was Ireland's emblem
even before the shamrock.

Embedded in the Irish mythology of the "Tuatha de Danann," the Divine Fairy People, the harp had magical powers that could cause joy, sorrow, and sleep. In human hands the harp has been a principal instrument for the Irish, bestowing a very real musical magic.



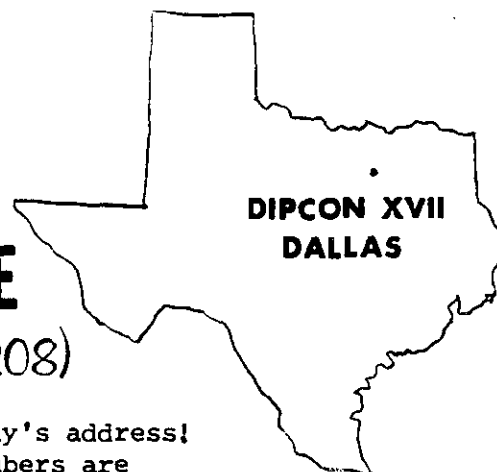
AUGUST 23 to 25, 1985
Host con: Dragonflight

20 March 1985

ECOTOPIA 3

OFFICIAL NEWSLETTER OF THE DIPCON ADMINISTRATIVE COMMITTEE

published by the Chairman, Pete Gaughan (817-633-3208)



...who is oh, so glad he didn't run off masters with everybody's address!
We have two more changes to the Committee this time. The members are

Chairman Pete Gaughan 3121 E. Park Row #171A Arlington TX 76010
Host Con Liason Terry Tallman 7239 Sand Point Way NE #308 Seattle WA 98115
Tournament GM Ben Schilling 24730 Roosevelt Court #315 Farmington Hills MI 48018

Rod Walker has resigned from the Committee and is leaving behind many other aspects of his Diplomacy involvement. We appreciate the help and advice Rod has provided and congratulate him for going out like a gentleman. Terry's new telephone number is (206) 526-0719; I don't have Ben's number. Ben was on the Committee for Dipcon XVI, and ran the Gunboat Dip tourney at Dipcon XVII, so he brings a great deal of experience to this year's con.

I am still waiting for a mailing from Terry which will present the registration process and fees for Dragonflight. If it arrives soon it will be distributed right away, otherwise I'll wait and make it part of Ecotopia 4. There are three more issues of E due: 15 May, 15 June, and 15 July (though the last issue may be pushed back into September if there is little to print). Let me summarize the items the Committee has settled to date.

- *There will be seven rounds of regular Diplomacy, beginning five hours apart. Players who wish to be eligible for prizes must play in three rounds, including the Final on Sunday morning. The Final Round will not be seeded by previous scores.
- *Games will be played to conclusion. The only acceptable outcomes are an 18+ center win; a unanimous draw (providing the draw-ers hold 18+ centers) or concession (winner must be largest power on the board); or an imposed DIAS draw. The last condition will come into play when the GM determines that a stalemate exists and the players cannot agree on another outcome.
- *Friday's activities will include a two-round tournament of Gunboat Diplomacy, and a hobby seminar (topic and panelists to be announced).
- *A Souvenir Booklet will be published, following Dipcon, with all the tournament scores, comments on notable games and events, results of the Dipcon Society Meeting, a brief Dipcon history, possibly photos, and advertisements. Persons interested in advertising should write to Terry directly.
- *According to the latest word I have, Dragonflight will accept requests to be housed on the "Diplomacy floor" in the dorm. The Committee feels this will encourage socializing and open gaming.
- *A bid for Dipcon XIX (1986) will definately be offered from MaryCon in Virginia; there might be one from AtlantiCon; apparently there will NOT be a bid from any southern California groups. Ecotopia 5 (June) will carry the complete text of any Charter proposals received to that date.

Perelandra

That covers it to now, but what's still up in the air? Well, the scoring system, for one. Terry claims to have a good plan which would balance the win/draw and SC-count factors. Also undetermined is which zone-rotation proposals will actually make it into formal amendments; so far I have real proposals from Ed Wrobel and Don Del Grande, but three other ideas (at least) are wandering around yet. Finally, there is the question of how to distribute funds. I already have inquiries from two people who want to apply for money. This is being sent to each of the major "custodians" with a request that they send me a basic statement of where they are and whether they might need help from Dipcon funds.

Here are my personal ideas on each of these topics. I liked the scoring system used at the last two Dipcons, with the exception that I would make the final SC count worth a full point each instead of one-tenth. However, I will wait to see Terry's system. The overwhelming majority of my mail supports a known (not secret) system.

I have come down on the side of a three-zone system, the one presented by Ed lastish. It is the simplest yet, and still accomplishes the main goal of any rotation: forcing the con, whenever possible, to move west (or east) to the next zone.

On the question of finances, I have one answer: don't get your hopes up. This is not going to be another LA Olympics; Dipcon will have a surplus, but a small one. And I point out that whatever the other members may think (I haven't polled them on this), I feel the Boardman and Miller Number Custodians, and the Orphan Service, are our top priority. Other functions such as game opening lists and service zines should not expect to receive funds at the expense of these three, though there may be something for them.

the Op-Ed Page

I have promised not to bring feuds into Perelandra. I now find that is insufficient. Several good friends are nearly losing my respect because they continue to feud; also, just when I thought I'd avoided it, I've been afflicted with the weariness that comes from one too many feud-gossip sessions.

Accordingly, I expand my folly. I will no longer comment on feuds: no letters, no responses and most of all, NO PHONE CALLS. I will not refuse mail...but don't count on me reading it.

They say that any form of carbon, even old, dirty motor oil, can be put through enough pressure to form a diamond. Well, here's the gem that has been produced in me. Some say we enjoy feuding. Bosh. Nobody is enjoying this. But...

WE APPARENTLY DON'T HATE FEUDS ENOUGH.



[[So the next thing I do is publish an argument. Ah, me. Well, "Mr. Ed" Wrobel refuses to take his medicine lying down...]]

from Ed Wrobel:

Dear Mr. PeeriCloneLandraGaughan,

I take the heartiest and most public exception to your unprecedented, unethical and unsmall attempt to expel me from the Hobby Small-Fry Protection League. Exactly whom do you believe yourself to be: the Mr. Big Boil of the Small Fry?? Harrumph!

My Small Fry credentials are impeccable, if somewhat impure. So I don't meet the letter of the law--is it not the spirit that truly guides us in our smallish tasks? Just last night I was sifting through my megaDip correspondence and chanced across my expulsion notices from Voice of Doom and Bushwacker, and the quasi-expulsion notice from Erewhon. Sure, you can say that I wasn't kicked out of Europa Express, Diplomacy Digest, or Xenogogic, but who has been?

I've been a thorn in the side of the Big Boys for almost a year now. Doesn't that count

Herelandra

for catbox liner?

Replacing me with Peel is the ultimate insult. He tried to tell me he didn't seek membership and anyway it doesn't matter which of us is in since we're fraternal but that's bunk! This is my pride that's on the line. Where would Peel be today without me and his WATS line??

I demand a plebiscite, and ombudsperson and a custodian, as well as a second chance. Justice, Gaughan, justice!!

[[1. You have failed to understand the HSFPL's raison d'etre, and indeed do not perceive what lies at the heart of Small-Friism. (Obviously ideological drift.) Small-Friism claims that every member of the Dip hobby is endowed with the inalienable right not to participate in the place, time, or manner dictated by those who are in power. That is, anyone may decide to occupy only a small backwater instead of the hobby mainstream. I myself have made this choice.

[[2. The HSFPL exists to defend the rights of Small Fry, not to perform acts of terrorism on Big Wigs (though we do permit nukes). If you can't avoid making others hate you, we can't be held responsible. (Besides, what were you doing subbing to those Mainstreamers anyway??)

[[3. The HSFPL membership qualifications are quite specific, and you don't meet them.

[[\$. As for my being Mr. Big Boil (actually, Generalissimo), "Yes, as a matter of fact I do own the whole damn road."*]]

*seen on many Texas bumpers...

On another tack, John Walker proposes an 'unqualifications' committee to determine which HSFPL members have gotten too big. Members please vote by April 28.

The Last Word

One thing Mark Twain used to constantly complain about was the complete lack of a new joke. Some tales are as old as humanity itself. This one is from an oral tradition of the Middle East, but you can probably find a modern retelling pretty easily.

I'll run as much as I have space for this month, and give the conclusion next time. Can you guess how it ends??

One day a bunniah, or banker, was walking along a country road when he overtook a farmer going in the same direction. Now the bunniah was very grasping, like most of his class, and was lamenting that he had had no chance of making any money that day; but at the sight of the man in front he brightened up wonderfully.

"That is a piece of luck," he said to himself. "Let me see if this farmer is not good for something."; and he hastened his steps.

After they had bid one another good day very politely, the bunniah said to the farmer:

"I was just thinking how dull I felt, when I beheld you, but since we are going the same way, I shall find the road quite whort in such agreeable company."

"With all my heart," replied the farmer; "but what shall we talk about? A city man like you will not care to hear about cattle and crops."

"Oh," said the bunniah, "I'll tell you what we will do. We will each tell the other the wildest tale we can imagine, and he who first throws doubt on the other's story shall pay him a hundred rupees."

To this the farmer agreed, and begged the bunniah to begin, as he was the bigger man of the two; and privately he made up his mind that, however improbable it might be, nothing should induce him to hint that he did not believe in the bunniah's tale. Thus politely pressed the great man started:

"I was going along this road one day, when I met a merchant traveling with a great train of camels laden with merchandise---

"Very likely," murmured the farmer; "I've seen that kind of thing myself."

"No less than one hundred and one camels," continued the bunniah, "all tied together by

their nose strings--nose to tail--and stretching along the road for almost half a mile--"

"Well?" said the farmer.

"Well, a kite swooped down on the foremost camel and bore him off, struggling, into the air, ...and by reason of them all being tied together the other hundred camels had to follow--"

"Amazing the strength of that kite!" said the farmer. "But--well--yes, doubtless, yes--well--one hundred and one camels--and what did he do with them?"

"You doubt it?" demanded the bunniah.

"Not a bit!" said the farmer heartily.

"Well," continued the bunniah, "it happened that the princess of a neighboring kingdom was sitting in her private garden, having her hair combed by her maid, and she was looking upward, with her head thrown back, whilst the maid tugged away at the comb, when that wretched kite, with its prey, went soaring overhead; and, as luck would have it, the camels gave an extra kick just then, the kite lost his hold, and the whole hundred and one camels dropped right into the princess's left eye!"

"Poor thing!" said the farmer. "It's so painful having anything in one's eye."

"Well," said the bunniah, who was now warming to his task, "the princess shook her head, and sprang up, clapping her hand on her eye. 'Oh dear!' she said, 'I've got something in my eye, and how it does smart!'"

"It always does," observed the farmer; "perfectly true. Well, what did the poor thing do?"

"At the sound of her cries, the maid came running to her assistance. 'Let me look,' said she; and with that she gave the princess's eyelid a twitch, and out came a camel, which the maid put in her pocket--("Ah!" grunted the farmer)--and then she just twisted up the corner of her headcloth and fished a hundred more of them out of the princess's eye, and popped them all into her pocket."

Here the bunniah gasped as one who is out of breath, but the farmer looked at him slowly. "Well?" said he.

"I can't think of anything more now," replied the bunniah. "Besides, that is the end; what do you say to it?"

"Wonderful," replied the farmer, "and no doubt perfectly true!"

[to be continued]

Herelandra

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