



# Herelandra



volume 3; number 4

20

1 May 1984

## The Lover and His Lass

by James Thurber

An arrogant gray parrot and his arrogant mate listened, one African afternoon, in disdain and derision, to the lovemaking of a lover and his lass, who happened to be hippopotamuses.

"He calls her snooky-ookums," said Mrs. Gray. "Can you believe that?"

"No," said Gray. "I don't see how any male in his right mind could entertain affection for a female that has no more charm than a capsized bathtub."

"Capsized bathtub, indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Gray. "Both of them have the appeal of a coastwise fruit steamer with a cargo of water-logged basketballs."

But it was spring, and the lover and his lass were young, and they were oblivious of the scornful comments of their sharp-tongued neighbors, and they continued to bump each other around in the water, happily pushing and pulling, backing and filling, and snorting and snaffling. The tender things they said to each other during the monolithic give-and-take of their courtship sounded as lyric to them as flowers in bud or green things opening. To the Grays, however the bumbling romp of the lover and his lass was hard to comprehend and even harder to tolerate, and for a time they thought of calling the A. B. I., or African Bureau of Investigation, on the ground that monolithic lovemaking by enormous creatures who should have become decent fossils long ago was probably a threat to the security of the jungle. But they decided instead to phone their friends and neighbors and gossip about the shameless pair, and describe them in mocking and monstrous metaphors involving skidding busses on icy streets and overturned moving vans.

Late in the evening, the hippopotamus and the hippopotama were surprised and shocked to hear the Grays exchanging terms of endearment.

"Listen to those squawks," wuffled the male hippopotamus.

"What in the world can they see in each other?" gurbled the female hippopotamus.

"I would as soon live with a pair of unrolled garden shears," said her innamoratus.

They called up their friends and neighbors and discussed the incredible fact that a male gray parrot and a female gray parrot could possibly have any sex appeal. It was long after midnight before the hippopotamuses stopped criticising the Grays and fell asleep, and the Grays stopped maligning the hippopotamuses and retired to their beds.

**MORAL:** Laugh and the world laughs with you, love and you love alone.

# Perelandra

## Vital Statistics

**CHANGES OF ADDRESS:** Dave Bruss (after May 12) to 724 Forest Avenue, Glen Ellyn, IL 60137. Evans Givan, to 8066 Camstock Court, Citrus Heights CA 95610. Phone numbers, gentlemen?

**GAME OPENINGS:** None in Diplomacy yet, but Snowball Fighting needs just two more to start. Don Williams, Dave Bruss, and Greg Ellis are signed up, and canefee is only \$1.

**BURRT:** If you still want another game of Dip, Jeff Richmond is starting a zine with game openings at \$4 and subscriptions at \$3.50 for ten. Frobozz is being founded because anybody with as much talent as Jeff should be publishing. He is a former guest-gm in Saint George and the Dragon. Send a SASE for a sample of Frobozz to Jeff Richmond, 3313 Platt Road, Ann Arbor MI 48104.

**RUNESTONE POLL:** It's time to reward the best in the postal hobby. The 1984 Runestone Zine and GM Poll is conducted in three parts: send separate ballots for zines, subzines, and gms. On each ballot write the names alphabetically, and rate each on a scale from "0" (slime) to "10" (cream) with no fractions. Rate zines which you have seen more than two issues of since 4/1/83; rate gms you have played under only. Be sure to sign your ballot.

May I make a suggestion regarding the Poll? Don't start with 10 and rate down; begin by giving a "5" to those zines which you consider average, then rate others above or below those. Zeros and tens should show up once in a blue moon.

Send Runestone ballots to Randolph Smyth, 212 Aberdeen St. SE, Medicine Hat Alta. Canada T1A 0R1. Mail before June 15 for the June 29 deadline.

**BOOK REVIEWS:** Nextish I will printing a review column, including about five SF novels I've finished this semester. If you have read any of the following, send me your comments so I can type them up next to mine (or go out and borrow them from the library so you'll know what I'm talking about): The Best of Cordwainer Smith, Triplanetary, Space, 2010, Battlefield Earth, or Trinity.

**DEADWOOD LOTTERY:** Pete Matthews never wrote me, so no free sub. The next candidate is David Humphreys (22 Roseland #4, Cambridge MA 02140). If someone informs him and he contacts me before May 25 he'll get a free six issues of Perelandra.

**CONTEST:** Identify the following excerpts for five issues of any North American zine, free:

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

They left Cloud Keep at midmorning the next day. "Sorren says I will have to get used to being called just 'Errel.' There are no princes in the valley. Do you think you could try that?"

"No," said Ryke.

Errel grinned. "You don't believe in Vanima," he said.

"No, prince."

**TABLE OF CONTENTMENTS:** Most of Honor, page 1. Vital Stats, right here. Yavin, 3; Darkover, 4; Woz, 5; Hoth, 6. "Foot in Mouth" (John Caruso's subzine), 7. Press leavings, 10. Hoth press, 11.

Just received USFG today. Any insinuation that John Caruso was not at LepraCon will be dealt with by a squad of trained Texas Aggies who are experts at slughbashing, Woodbashing, Megadipping, and any action involving automatic weapons. All the things I can't do. 2

# Herelandra

FALL 1907

1982 HK - Yavin

RUSSIA (UWISELY?) PICKS ON THE LITTLE GUYS

Summer '07: GER a bur r ruh  
Fall '07:

AUS (Ellis): f bul/sc-gre (a ser s)  
/f bul a/.

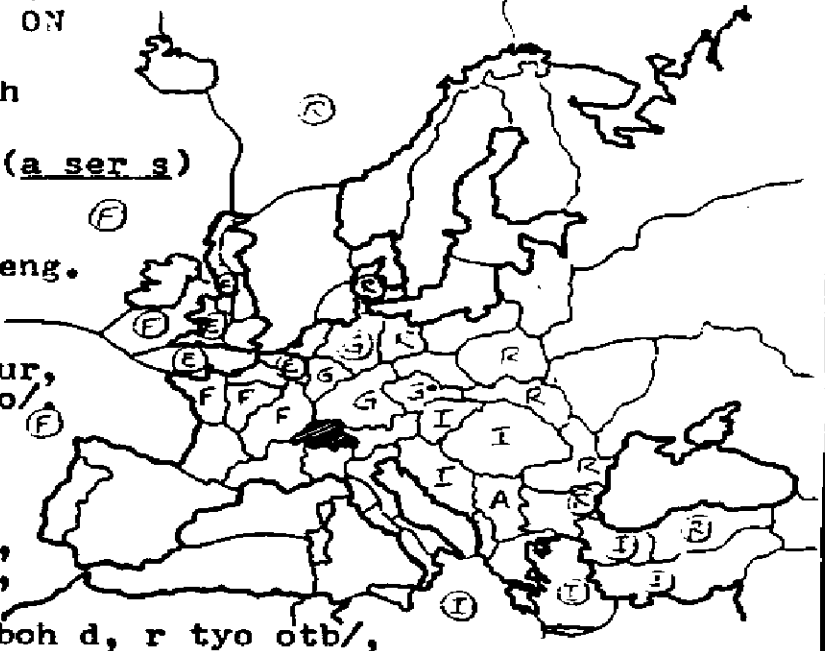
ENG (Burgess): f cly-lvp  
(f wal s), f bel ms f eng.

FRA (Cusack): a bre h  
(f mid s), f lvp-iri  
(f nao s), a par s a bur,  
a bur s ia boh-mun /nso/

GER (Keeney): f kie h,  
a ruh s Ef bel,  
a sil-boh (a mun s).

ITA (Peery): f smy s f con,  
f aeg-bul/sc (f con s),  
f ion-gre, a tri-ser,  
a boh-gal (a bud s)/a boh d, r tyo oth/  
a vie s a bud.

RUS (Givan): f nwg-nao, f den-kie, a pru-ber, a war s a gal,  
a gal s Aa ser-bud /cut and nso/, f bla-bul/ec (a rum s),  
f ank-con.



## SUPPLY CENTERS HELD, WINTER 1907

AUS	ser gre	<del>bul</del>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	3/2	one short
ENG	lon edi	nwy bel	LVP	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	4/5	build one
FRA	par bre	mar spa	por	<del>lvp</del>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	6/5	waste one
GER	<del>ber</del>	kie mun	hol	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	4/3	waste one
ITA	nap ven	rom vie	tri tun	smy con	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	8/8	boring
RUS	stp mos	war sev	rum swe	den bud	ank	BER	EUL	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	9/11	build two

Irrelevant errors: I listed "atri" instead of a ser last time, but sorry Greg you don't get that dot back without a fight.  
Draw proposal: Austria offers an I-R-F draw. Please vote with orders, NVR means no. Remember votes are published by country in this rag. Winter builds/removals and Spring 1908 orders (and Autumn retreat, Larry) are all due before noon, MAY 25 (Friday).  
All players be sure to read page two for an explanation of the deadline and a COA FOR EVANS GIVAN.

Jim to Jim: OK now what

Austria to Bored: Sorry guys, I dozed for a moment. I realize the board position has been drastically altered by my carelessness, but we live and learn.

ITA to Austria: For some of us learning is our life.

Jim to Mark: We will miss you in the Sactoad pond.

Rome: I got a letter from Blair Cusack today. God I wish he would write better so I could read what he is writing. He writes so tiny.

AUS to FRA: Amazing! They get you on the ropes and you just come right back and kick their butts. Somehow I picture this as a Russia/Italy/France draw just waiting for the rest of us deadwood to vote for it. I'm ready!

ITA to AUS: I think Evans may have something to say about that.

RUS to ENG: I hope you like this. You owe me one.

Sactoad Jim to Sactoad Evans: OK I made my move now it is up to you

(more on page 10)

# Herelandra

SPRING '05 1983 G - Darkover

THE LINE FORMS HERE

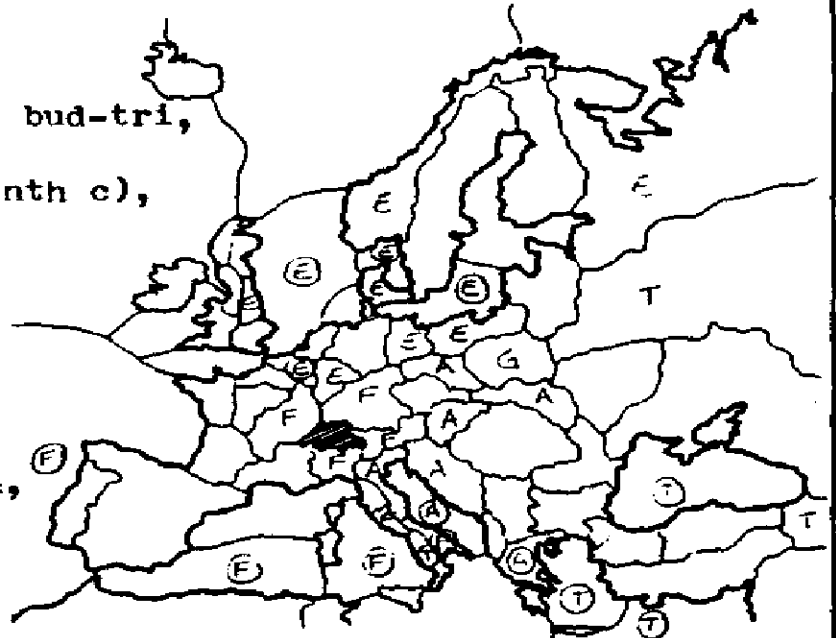
AUS (Cusack): a gal-sil,  
a rum-gal, a vie-tyo,  
a tri-ven (f adr s), a bud-tri,  
f gre-ion.

ENG (Givan): a lon-den (f nth c),  
a lvp-yor, a hol-ruh,  
a stp-lvn (f bal s),  
a ber-pru, a kie-ber,  
a nwy-stp, f swe-ska,  
f bel h.

FRA (Ellis): f mid-wes,  
f bre-mid, a mar-nie,  
a bur s a mun, a mun  
s a tyo, a tyo s a mun,  
f tyn-ion,  
f ven-aou (a rom s).

GER (Hakuc): a war s  
Ta mos-lvn.

TUR (Luedi): a mos-lvn (GER s), f sev-bla, a ank-arm, f smy-eas,  
f con-aeg, f nap-rom.



I omitted a nwy last time (drat). Pleeeeease read page two; I have an explanation of the deadline and EVANS GIVAN HAS A COA. Austria proposes an E-F-A-T draw; Turkey announces he will vote Yes (but he is not bound by this announcement). NVR is a No, but please vote with your orders. Deadline for said orders (Fall 1905) is noon, MAY 25 (Friday).

Warsaw to ENG: Do you think you could send just one little fräulein to us? It is so lonely, and the sauerkraut is terrible!

Lon to War: This time I really mean it. I'll save you. No foolin'.

Warsaw to UFA: Please don't crossgame! I admit it's cold in Warsaw, but I'm not in Siberia yet, so keep Both in Both! Can't take a joke can ya?

UFA to Warsaw: Sure I can; I let you play here, right?

Turkey to World: Sorry I've been out of touch for about 6 weeks.

Par to Board: Jeez! All the letters I got this season! Is it really writer's cramp, or do I smell a conspiracy?

Par to Con: I realize an attack on England will eventually need fleets, but don't you think you are being a bit premature?

Par to UFA: Now there is a snowball fight for you: the MadLads vs. the Sacramentoads!

ENG to FRA: I sure hope you didn't. Did you?

Par to Lon: Luedi made me do it! Honest Evans, I would never have built that way except he said he was an honorary MadLadder and he would have his buddies infest every game I am in if I didn't build that way. What did you do to the MadLads anyway?

UFA to Par: MadLadder?

ENG to AUS: It sort of looks like you're surrounded on all sides. And that's much worse than just plain surrounded.

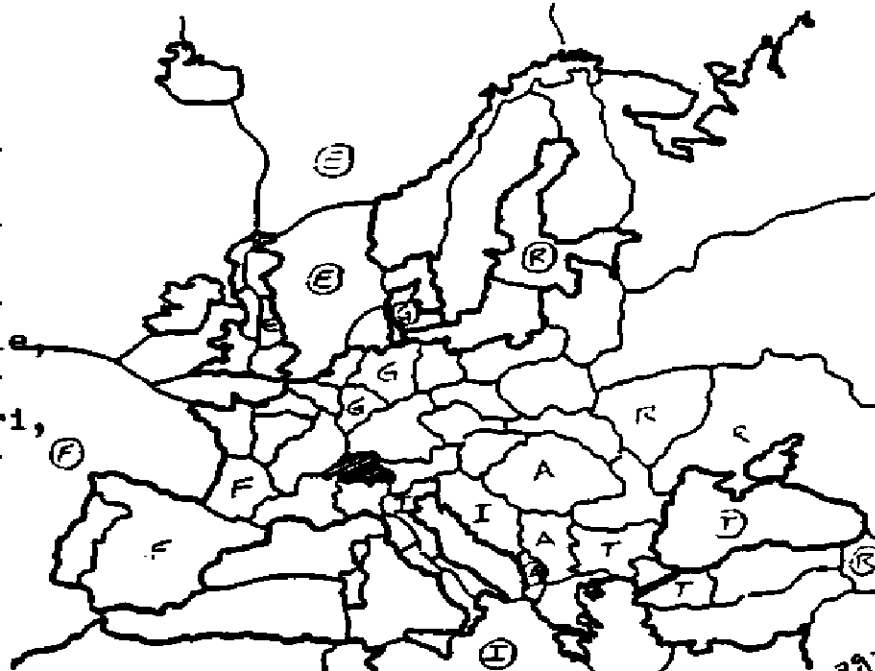
Par to Whoever proposed the draw: I don't think I am ready to pass any draws quite yet, so I intend to vote no, regardless. Unless, of course, you had the foresight and intelligence to suggest a concession to France. That's another matter entirely.

# Herelandra

SPRING '01 1984W - Woz

NONCOMMITAL WEST,  
ANTAGONISTIC EAST

AUS (Bruss): a vie-bud,  
a bud-ser, f tri-alb.  
ENG (Conlon): f lon-nth,  
a lvo-yor, f edi-nwg.  
FRA (Makuc): f bre-mid,  
a par-gas, a mar-spa.  
GER (Wittmond): a ber-kie,  
f kie-den, a mun-ruh.  
ITA (Albrecht): a ven-tri,  
a rom-ven, f nap-ion.  
RUS (Rollin): a mos-sev,  
a war-ukr, f sev-arm,  
f sto/sc-bot.  
TUR (Walker): f ank-bla,  
a con-bul, a smy-con.



I beg you to read page two, since DAVE BRUSS has a COA there. Also check out my explanation of the deadline. Players, please let me know whether a second set of press supercedes old stuff or is an addition to it. Your deadline for Fall 1901 orders is noon, MAY 25 (that's a Friday). Press:

Article in the "Moscow Enquirer": Ivan Plopsky, notorious for a series of spectacular robberies, has committed yet another one. From under the noses of hundreds of visitors at the Imperial Zoo, Plopsky made shnooks of the Moscow Police by kidnapping the famous "Literate Lizard" from its cage in broad daylight. The lizard is the only one known to be in captivity. Says Boris Radinov, chief of the Secret Police, "Both reptiles, Plopsky and lizard, will be retrieved. Both will be treated like lizards they are." The Enquirer welcomes any information on the whereabouts of the lizard and/or Plopsky. Our contest, "Beat Radinov to the Lizard", will be announced shortly.

AUS to ITA: Long live Gretzky.

Lon to GI: Lizard jokes?!? You must have a screw stripped upstairs.

Paris: Sorry guys, but my lizard jokes just aren't up to par tonight. So I'll have to settle with wishing you all good luck and may the horniest lizard win.

Tur to Ruh: Why did the lizard cross the border?

Ruh to Tur: Who are you calling a lizard?

Tur to Ruh: If the alligator shoe fits...

Berlin: It is late at night, and the man reading at the massive desk in the center of the room is obviously tired. He turns the page he is reading, and then, sighing, places the thick report he was reading among the many similar documents lying on the desk. "War is coming, that much is clear," he muses aloud, "and Germany must strike fast and hard. But where?" Rising, he slowly moves to a large table, on which is engraved a minutely detailed map of Europe. He studies it for several moments, and feeling the awesome weight of his responsibility as Kaiser, turns to the one aid that has never failed him. From a large terrarium resting on the far north of the map, he plucks a lizard, and places the small reptile in the center of Germany, (and turns to page 10)

# Herelandra

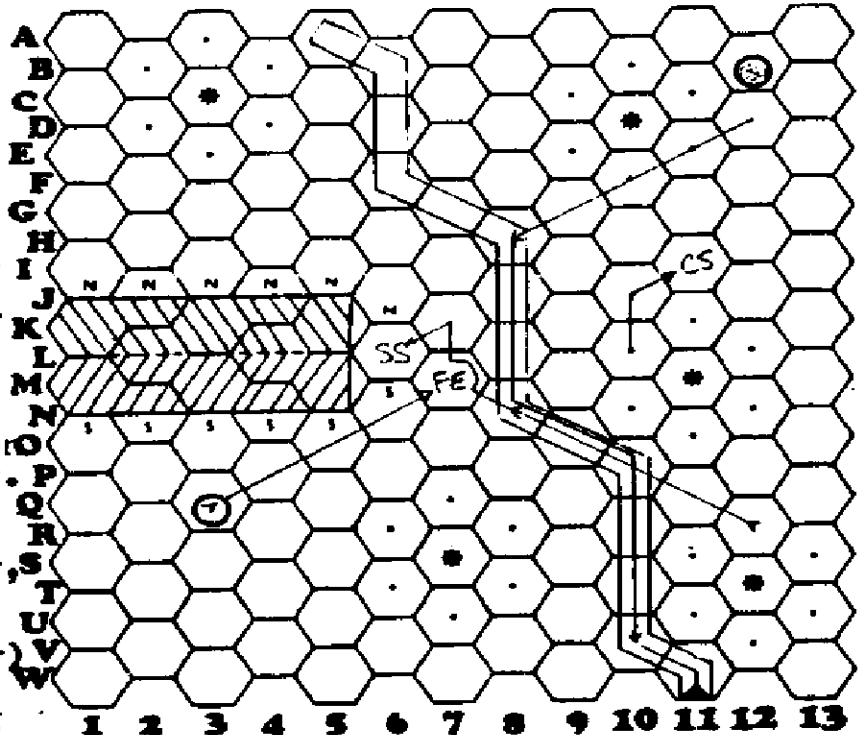
TURN FOUR

ASF1-Hoth

BATLIN! BOB WIMPS OUT!

Yes, that's right: no orders from BB two turns in a row, so into the kitchen and out of the game he goes.

Segment One: The 'Bomb-inable Snow Grouch (Jim Makuc) finally kills off his main opposition, Chilly Willy (Daf Langley), by placing a Rattlesnake squarely between her retreating shoulders. Coke Sniffer (Jim Burgess) slips in a little closer to the new leader, casually picking up a Snowball at I11, while Four Eyes (Steve Langley) finally abandons his snowman-outpost, lugging an abominable Dirigible



along. With everyone else on the move, Silver Snake's (Kelly Bagley) Conifer Storm narrowly misses the Sniff.

fighter	loc	attacks	hp/vp	hp/vp/ammo	remaining
BSG	B12		0/1	3/ 8/ 2	sb
CS	I11		0/0	5/ 5/ 1	sb
CW	H8	BSG/rr/65/**	1/0	0/ 8/	none
FE	M7		0/0	6/ 3/ 1	di
SS	R12		0/0	5/ 3/	none

Segment Two: Chilly Willy ~~streaks~~ runs down the path, headed for the warmth of the kitchen amid cries of derision (and an ill-advised insult from Silver Snake). The Snow Grouch is so occupied in piecing together a Dirigible that he fails to notice Coke Sniffer's attack--the Rattlesnake catches him full in the jaw! The Snake screeches to a halt on the path, not wanting to cross the line of fire as Four Eyes picks off the Sniff with his own wicked weapon.

BSG	B12	CS/rr/95/**	1/0	2/ 8/ 2	sb & 1 di
CS	I11	FE/di/55/**	3/1	2/ 6/	none
CW	V10		0/0	0/ 8/	none
FE	M7		0/3	6/ 6/	none
SS	N8		0/0	5/ 3/	none

Segment Three: With a final obscene gesture, Willy ducks into the house. The belligerence calms down a bit as Coke Sniffer and Four Eyes both cast about for ammo, and Silver Snake scuttles around Eyes to crouch against the shed. However, the Grouch takes revenge on the Sniff, scoring badly enough that CS begins to consider running home to Mama himself!

One attack: CS--BSG/rr/115/\*\*. Final standings: BSG at B12 with 1sb & 1di (2hp/9vp); CS at I11 with 2sb (1/6); CW at kitchen until Turn 6 Segment 1 (3vp); FE at M7 with 2sb (6/6); SS at I6 unarmed (5/3).

Hoth press is on page 11.



# FOOT IN MOUTH

Issue #7

April 20, 1984

This is issue #7 of the subzine that is fast becoming America's #1- FIM. Well, if it ain't becoming #1 on the charts, it sure as hell is becoming the most widely circulated, and most read subzine, even if the issues don't resemble each other. This gossip and non-sense is put out by me, Grizzly at 160-02 43Ave Flushing, NY. 11358. If you write, prepare to get brow beaten by me, that or expect me to print your letter, in FIM, in the zine of your choice, or mine, or Kathy's, or Vendetta Woody's. There might even be a brave soul of 2 among you who would dare to call. For those ~~idiot~~ ~~idiot~~ so desiring, my number is 212 353-9695, but hurry. The area code is allegedly changing in the Summer. Just about the time most of the college Joes will be leaving school, heading home to bum off their families and have a free ride for the summer, not like us working class people. Tell me about it- I know some of you out there are full time college students and have been for 25 years. Your families must be simple-minded antelopes. I heard that even Pete is a 38 year old student.

Speaking of simple-minded Pete, this subzine, excuse me, roving subzine, is appearing in Perelandra, you know, the zine that was allegedly named after a suspected infamous Californian. Do you realize that Pete actually begged me to do a FIM for him. He said it would enhance his readers, and improve the zine so much that he could raise the sub fees to \$49 an issue. I don't know about being worth \$49 without FIM, but with FIM in here, his zine is worth a million.

Alot has been happening in the last few months. John Michalski found a job, and has all but stopped pubbing his former, #1 roving subzine, MES, Mark "I'd rather stab you and lie to you than ally with you" Frueh won the most coveted Nixon Award, Ed Wrobel got remarried, Ken Peel called me up, and I had a great time at LepreCon. Oh, you all thought I didn't go? Well I fooled all of you, I was there. It was a very enjoyable Con, and my thanks to Ken and Joan for being such gracious hostesses. Some of the highlights of the Con were when Mike "T-Bone" Ehli played risk and was sucked in by host Ken. Ken won the game, but it came down to a single die roll, and true to Eric Kane fame, very old "T-Bone" rolled a "1" to Kens "2". Mr Corbin earned himself the nickname of "Killer Dog" in this game for his give no quarter-type style. He tried to obliterate everyone, and did, that killer dog. Another interesting game was the Civilization game we played. My cute daughter Cathy Cunning, during the course of the game, played a calamity card on "Killer Dog". You should have seen his eyes liteup! He was so mad that you could have roasted marshmallows on his forehead. After he finished chasing Cathy around with a mace, the game settled down to what its supposed to be, more disasters than on Ripley's Believe It Or Not. Terry Tallman, I believe, pulled a win out of his ... in this one. Ali Corbin, Kens beautiful sister claimed that ~~Y/E/L/Y/O/D~~ Terry cheated, but

# Perelandra

this is page 2 of FIM

Terry is so big and mean, no one wanted to try to challenge him. Ali Corbin turned out to be a real cutthroat player after all. In a Gunboat diplomacy game, she allied with my Little Piggy Joan. Joan was German, and due to her benevolent nature, was Christened with the nickname of "Exterminator Extrom" (EE-hmm, where did I hear those initials from?). Joan sort of eliminated everyone who was knocked down to 1 center. Kind of cute if you ask me. Ali also turned out to be a helluva ~~shit~~ cardplayer. Terry Tallman lost his shirt, so we put a bag over his and took pictures of him. "Killer Dog", the creep that he is, wouldn't let Joan play cards with us. But little does he know, after everyone went to sleep, Joan and I played some head to head poker. Why did you all think she was so tired on Sunday? We even let Samantha play until she fell asleep, then Joan and I really got into some party games. Brothers Stephen and Michael Lee were there too, but they were so insignificant that they left no lasting impression on me. The only thing I can remember is that they look more like father and son. Jim and Linda Bumpas dropped in on Saturday with their new baby girl. Did you ever see a 7 week old bounce? Neither did I until Jim dropped the poor girl. Lucky for them that she landed on the bed. Did I get everyone? I know Derwood Bower wished he had gone, as did Pete Gaughan. Then again, had you seen what Joan did to me when she picked me up, you'd be counting your blessings that you didn't go. On the way back from the airport, the oil light came on. I asked Joan about it and she said that it always does that and that it'll go out in a minute or 2. Sure enough, the light went out, right on cue. But so did the car, in a cloud of smoke. Poor Joan, noone (Ken) checked the oil and obviously the car needed some. I mean, you can't drive 100 miles needing oil. So Joan seized the engine. For those of you who don't know what that is, it means she broke the car and now they can't come to Flushing this summer. I guess things could have been worse- we could have been in Seattle. As it was, it was ONLY a 56 $\frac{1}{2}$  mile walk. So I carried Samantha, and we alternated jogging and walking. We made it to the Corbin mansion in just under 3 days. When I arrived, the 1st thing Ken said is "where's your SASE for the new dip game". He didn't even seem to care that me and Joan were gone and alone together for days, or that we didn't bring the car with us (that was just too heavy for me to carry or push or pull, but we tried for the 1st 5 miles, until we realized we might make better time if we "junked" the car. Do you know some fool actually paid us \$500 for the car. I told him it needed to cool off and a few quarts of oil. Who said westerners aren't gullible.) The ride back to the airport in Portland was a little less eventful and I caught my plane, on time. I'll tell you, its a good thing I'm in such good shape. But if you think I'm in good shape, you should see my Little Piggy. And Samantha, thru the whole thing, just laughed and giggled. Despite all of this, and Ken unhospitality, it was a very enjoyable weekend. We have to do it again sometime. How about next year?

QUOTE OF THE CON: From Mike Ehli- "This is the 2nd best con I've ever been to." It was only the 2nd con he's been to.



# Herelandra

this is page 3 of this FIM nonsense

There have been many comments by alot of people on different types of GMS and HRs, whether they are "strict", hypocritical, lenient, good or poor, and whether they change the actual rulebook rules. My point here isn't to discuss anyones HRs or GMing in particular, but just to make a point. That point is, the rules you use do not matter as much as being consistent in your decision. What I mean by consistent is that in each and every case with the same conditions, you rule the same way. All GMS have little idiosyncracies they prefer to use- whether they call NMRing players, if they use standbys, etc. A GM should try to use rules that he is familiar with, and comfortable with, and taper them with some common sense, and attempt to keep them resembling the rulebook rules, unless of course, the GM is running a variant, in which case, the sky is the limit in changes or variations. There are also some traditional GM courtesy rules that a GM can bestow to his players; such rules as collect calls for NMRing players; sending the game results to a player whose sub has elapsed and giving him a chance to resub, just in case he may have overlooked it the previous month; accepting phoned in orders; using standbys; sending out conference maps with the turn results; These are just a small example of the way a GM can try to be helpful and make the game a bit more enjoyable for the player. And after all, isn't that what its all about? Making the game enjoyable and playable for the player, while providing the player with the best GMed game that the GM can accomplish.

I suppose I could comment on particular GMS HRs, but the point is, if I don't like the rules, I don't and shouldn't play there. Pete asked me about his rules- well, if I was looking to join a game, which I'm not at present, his rules are very satisfactory, and fair. Yes, I'd play here. Sure I don't happen to agree with all of his rules, but his rules are his guides, and are quite acceptable for me. I could find things wrong, somewhere, with most of my GMS rules, little things, but I still play there. Thats because there is enough acceptable to me for me to be satisfied with the HRs, just the way they are.

Mark Frueh has won the Nixon Award this year as Dipdom's #1 liar in diplomacy games, a well deserved award.

Don Del Grande is coming East this spring for MaryCon and is making the trip North to our house. He demanded a Byrne-Con for his appearance, and said that if he didn't get it, he'd attack me in every zine in America. Failing that, he said he'd not come North. Come on Don- I dare you to come North and attack me. I'll even throw a ByrneCon for you anyway, and pick on you the whole weekend. Do you accept my challenge or are you going to wimp out like Graber does all of the time? What about you Pete? Can you Make it to NY June 8-10? Do you dare?

I guess I should about wrap this issue of FIM up before I stick both feet in my mouth. Thanks for being such an attentative audience. Take care and have fun.....



# Perelandra Woz press

(continued) It remains motionless for a moment, and then suddenly moves. The Kaiser squares his shoulder. "So be it."

UTA to Woz: Can you tell Rob is a Doomie? Not even a paragraph break! I wish one or two of you press writers were in Yavin.

Lon: The integrity and freedom of the Austrian Empire will be upheld by the English monarchy.

AUG to WIG: Thank you.

AUG to ITA: Hello! Are you there?

UTA to AUS: Is he ever!

Warsaw Post Office: Excerpt from a recent report to the Tzar--

"...is obvious that capitalist western post offices are less efficient than Imperial Postal Service. Lack of mail from the West can only be explained as lost mail. Suggest we stop learning from their examples and give lessons instead."

Gascony: Leapin' Lizards!

AUS to TOR: Thank you for the kind words about the Frogs. That's why I came here.

TCU to UTA, LSU: I don't know about you guys but I hate the end of the semester.

UTA to TCU: Would you rather have an endless one? Seriously, my opinion is pretty well expressed elsewhere in this.

Sevastopol Regional Propoganda Office: A punitive raid was carried out today against foul Armenian smugglers. The Armenians have been smuggling in a type of moonshine distilled from live lizards and attempting to pass it off as quality Russian vodka. Local police became suspicious when several peasants started growing scales and forked tongues. Ivan Arudrunk, commander of the expedition, when asked to comment on the raid, replied, "World must be rid of foul lizard killers at all costs. Besides, Russian peasants can only be mutated with Russian wodka, not cheap foreign bilge water!"

UTA to RUS: Thanks for the press. I apologize for guessing that you were married; who is that woman who answers your phone?

## 1982HK press

RUS to ITA: This is going to be interesting to see how the mind-reading came out. I still think we're too far apart. But, who knows better than a Southern Californian?

Illis to Burgess: My ears are always open. I can't shut them. My eyes, however, are recovering from the strain I caused them when I tried to find Rhode Island on the map. You need to get a bigger state or a shorter name. Would your mail get to you if I addressed it "Jim-Rob, Rhode Island"?

*Goodbye*

This is Perelandra, a monthly amateur magazine of postal Diplomacy, Snowball Fighting, and the liberal arts. Subscriptions are \$5 for ten issues (US funds only) within North America; pay to the Editor P.J. Gaughan, 509 Sandpiper Dr. #130, Arlington TX 76013 (817-460-3253). No bod ynotic edth at id idnt run acol ophonlast ti medo esanyo nerea llyr eadt he sethings? Loo' for an address/phone change around the first of June, but keep sending your cards, letters, articles, spare change, and old jazz albums to Sandpiper until then. If I print it you get credit (or \$\$) for it.

Playlist: Dallas Mavericks vs. Los Angeles Lakers (an agonizing game for me--I love 'em both); more Rick Wakeman; Brahms, Third Symphony; Grofé, Grand Canyon Suite.

# Perelandra

# Snowball Fighting

I know there's more press in the mail, but I gotta get this done. Only one player voted for an ombudsman (guess who?) so it's safe to say everyone else considers it a dead letter--after all, we can take a joke. I apologize for all the typos lastish--especially a missing VP in Chilly Willy's column. Turn 5 is due May 25, people.

SS to SF or SM or whatever: What's a peacenik?

SS to BSG: What's an ombudsman?

SS to all: Who has obviously never played Dip before?

SS to Whatever: Haven't you explained to these guys that I'm in this game because I love SF, not because it's PRM?

Whatever to SS: Why don't you? You have their addresses.

BSG to SF: Anyone with a little imagination could follow my logic. If you need a little help look at the words: ice, frost, frigid, and flake, and see if a season of the year comes to mind, one that starts with a W and has snow. As to what's the beef, don't ask me you're the one who wrote ASF1 has no ombudsman on my cover of Perelandra!

Sniff to Chill: Go 'wan hide in the kitchen. See if I care. I'll be waiting when you come back.

SnowFort to Sniff: I think you'll be waiting in the kitchen.

SS to CW: Why didn't you 'dodge'? You were at point-blank range!

Oh well, I suppose a female's place really is in the kitchen.

SS to Pete: Am I in danger of her taking me seriously?

Pete to SS: Yes -- grave danger.

SS to CS: (indignantly) I taught myself the rules!

BSG to CW: You're all wet! While you're in the kitchen, do you think you could heat up some hot chocolate for me? I'm sure I'll be inside in a minute and we can talk things over.

SS to Pete: 'Bad grammar?' Is it bad politically, socially, or economically?



Pete to SS: Socially. Also, it's not very politic to question your GM.

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And now a few words from your sponsor. I've typed this thing in precisely six hours, a new record. Of course, having someone else do three pages helps. Although I want to thank John, I should point out that anything anyone says in a subzine or article here is their problem. Letters of comment will be printed here but don't pick on me for his opinions. We simple-minded antelopes have all we can handle just getting through life.

Speaking of life, I slept a total of 8 hours the last three days. One term paper down, two to go, then finals, plus grading papers for my English classes--worse than having the flu when everyone else is running about in swimsuits outside. I've already told 'em I won't return to teach next fall. Gotta find a job I don't take home with me. In the meantime, I will be moving out of here on May 25 (hence the deadline) but can't move into my summer house until June first. As soon as I firm up plans for summer and fall I will send the new address(es) to the players, but I trust my postman here to not lose anything that makes it this far.

Also about the deadline: Friday is really much better for me. I would like to know how you feel about possibly losing a day or two in months like these, if I promise to mail the results by Tuesday.

The softball team went to the finals (a first for a Baptist Student Union team here) and lost. Between that and the lack of sleep I feel like death warmed over; worst are a cold and a badly swollen little toe. But things are still looking up. Turning in my paper in Phonology yesterday was almost a religious experience (I might have been hallucinating after staying up all night but that prof actually seemed to smile). Best wishes to all,  

Perelandra

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