

Here Landra

Aha! I found room for JR Baker's Erewhon:

IT WAS NEWS? IT WAS A PLUG? IT WAS BIASED? IT WAS AN ADD? IT WAS WRONG? IT WAS OK. IT WAS BAD. IT WAS DUMB.



Herelandra

Queer Lodgings

from The Hobbit by J.R.R. Tolkien...in this chapter, the travelers arrive at the home of Beorn, who is none

too fond of beggars. Gandalf thinks he can get them on Beorn's good side.....

"I am a wizard," continued Gandalf. "I have heard of you, if you have not heard of me; but perhaps you have heard of my good cousin Radagast who lives near the Southern borders of Mirkwood?:"

"Yes, not a bad fellow as wizards go, I believe. I used to see him now and again," said Beorn. "Well, now I know who you are, or who you say you are. What do you want?"

"To tell you the truth, we have lost our luggage and nearly lost our way, and are rather in need of help, or at least of advice. I may say we have had rather a bad time with goblins in the mountains."

"Goblins?" said the big man less gruffly. "O ho, so you've been having trouble with them have you? What did you go near them for?"

"We did not mean to. They surprised us at night in a pass which we had to cross, we were coming out of the Lands over West into these countries --it is a long tale."

"Then you had better come inside and tell me some of it, if it won't take all day," said the man leading the way through a dark door that opened out of the courtyard into the house.

Following him they found themselves in a wide hall with a fire-place in the middle. Though it was summer there was a wood-fire burning and the smoke was rising to the blackened rafters in search of the way out through an opening in the roof. They passed through this dim hall, lit only by fire and the hole above it, and came through another smaller door into a sort of veranda propped on wooden posts made of single tree-trunks. It faced south and was still warm and filled with the light of the westering sun which slanted into it, and fell golden on the garden full of flowers that came right up to the steps.

Here they sat on wooden benches while Gandalf began his tale, and Bilbo swung his dangling legs and looked at the flowers in the garden, wondering what their names could be, as he had never seen half of them before.

"I was coming over the mountains with a friend or two..." said the wizard.

"Or two? I can only see one, and a little one at that," said Beorn.

"Well to tell you the truth, I did not like to bother you with a lot of us, until I found out if you were busy. I will give a call, if I may."

"Go on, call away!"

So Gandalf gave a long shrill whistle, and presently Thorin and Dori came round the house by the garden path and stood bowing low before them.

"One or three you meant, I see!" said Beorn. "But these aren't hobbits, they are dwarves!"

"Thorin Oakenshield, at your service! Dori at your service!" said the two dwarves bowing again.

"I don't need your service, thank you," said Beorn, "but I expect you need mine. I am not over fond of dwarves: but if it is true you are Thorin (son of Thrain, son of Thrór, I believe), and that your companion is respectable, and that you are enemies of goblins and aren't up to any mischief in my lands -- what are you up to, by the way?"

"They are on their way to visit the land of their fathers, away east beyond Mirkwood," put in Gandalf, "and it is entirely an accident that we are in your lands at all. We were crossing by the High Pass that should have brought us to the road that lies out of your

(continues, page 3)

Perelandra

Vital Statistics

This is Perelandra, a monthly amateur magazine of postal Diplomacy and humanistic studies. Publisher and Editor is P.J. Gaughan, 7500 W. Camp Wisdom Road, Dallas TX 75236. Since I am temporarily rooming with friends, I have no phone right now. Subscription to this monster are 50¢ per issue, but will increase to 75¢ per effective December 1. Subscriptions outside North America are negotiable. Please, don't send me checks drawn on Canadian banks!

STANDBY LIST: Has improved greatly thanks to your tremendous response. The list (in the order they'll be called): Bruss, Conlon, Crosby, Baker, Colandro, Sweeney, Touchette, Makuc, Keeney, Ellis, and Givan. JR Baker and Mike Colandro are requested this month to send in orders for 1984W.

GAME OPENING: Monopoly, Scrabble, Algernon Dip, or MasterMind. As soon as I have five players for any of the first three a game will start. Algernon Dip is a variant where you know only the provinces you control and the locations of any neighboring areas. (For a copy of the rules send a SASE) MasterMind: I will set up a pattern for each player and then accept guesses, giving clues each turn as to how many parts of the pattern you guessed correctly. (If you've played it you know what I mean, if not ask.) If none of these is taken up in the next two months I'll drop them.

RUNESTONE POLL: Perelandra finished 17th with an average score of 7.07 out of 10. Last year's score was 6.93, but 8 zines finished in the top 16 which did not wind up there in 1983--quite a turnover! Last year, my gming was scored 6.75, which would have placed me 29th if I had had enough votes. Well, not only did Perelandra get twice as many votes as 1983 (31 to 16), but six people voted for my gming, putting me 27th in the main list with a 7.33. All of this shows how badly we need a "preferential" system of voting, since "vote inflation" has put Pere ahead of better zines like Magnus and Bushwhacker, and me ahead of better gms like Brown and Kane. When only three zines finish below 5 on a scale of 10, something is wrong.

Still, Europa Express erased any doubt about the most popular zine, finishing a half point ahead of the number two zine, Envoy. Also, House of Lords won the recent Freshman Zine Poll for the class of 1983.

SUBSCRIPTION NEWS: No new subbers this month, first time in four or five months. The complete sublist was printed last time; if I do not have your phone number and you are in a game here it would be a good idea to send it to me. If I forgot to write in your codename ask me for it: codenames are only required for nonpostal orders but may be used as ID any time. Jim Makuc has won a year's sub extension in the PDOR's Auction (see next item).

There is one COA this month: Steve and Daf Langley to 2296 Eden Roc Lane, Sacramento, CA 95825. There will be several people moving this month for school, so be on the lookout for notices.

PDOR's: The People's Diplomacy Organization's Relief Auction is over, and this year it raised \$280.46, to be distributed to hobby service volunteers.

PERSONAL NOTES: This issue is somewhat patchwork, as I am assembling it late and in unfamiliar surroundings. I have found work (night shift in a convenience store) which will allow me to continue in school, barely. I'm still looking for an apartment and/or roommate.

I apologize for being late, and the holiday won't help, so I am extending the deadline for all games in this issue to the 29th of September. Repeat:

DEADLINE FOR ALL GAMES IS NOW 9pm CENTRAL TIME, 29 SEPTEMBER 1984.

Also, I repeat: I am not available for phone orders until further notice. I will try to make NMR calls at the end of this month if needed, but you have an excellent record so far of making that unnecessary. Keep it up.

This issue is dedicated to Lois Boyer, formerly a teaching assistant and doctoral student at the University of Southern California, who first taught me that there was, even within myself, the ability to create. Meager thanks, Lois, but you always said that the symbol was the most important thing.

Herelandra

Our Guest of Honor

country, when we were attacked by the evil goblins -- as I was about to tell you."

"Go on telling, then!" said Beorn, who was never very polite.

"There was a terrible storm; the stone-giants were out hurling rocks, and at the head of the pass we took refuge in a cave, the hobbit and I and several of our companions..."

"Do you call two several?"

"Well, no. As a matter of fact there were more than two."

"Where are they? Killed, eaten, gone home?"

"Well, no. They don't seem to all have come when I whistled. Shy, I expect. You see, we are very much afraid that we are rather a lot for you to entertain."

"Go on, whistle again! I am in for a party, it seems, and one or two more won't make much difference," growled Beorn.

Gandalf whistled again: but Nori and Ori were there almost before he had stopped, for, if you remember, Gandalf had told them to come in pairs every five minutes.

"Hullo!" said Beorn. "You came pretty quick -- where were you hiding? Come on my jack-in-the-boxes!"

"Nori at your service, Ori at..." they began: but Beorn interrupted them.

"Thank you! When I want your help I will ask for it. Sit down, and let's get on with this tale, or it will be supper-time before it is ended."

"As soon as we were asleep," went on Gandalf, "a crack at the back of the cave opened; goblins came out and grabbed the hobbit and the dwarves and our troop of ponies---"

"Troop of ponies? What were you--a travelling circus? Or were you carrying lots of goods? Or do you always call six a troop?"

"O no! As a matter of fact there were more than six ponies, for there were more than six of us -- and well, here are two more!" Just at that moment Balin and Dwalin appeared and bowed so low that their beards swept the stone floor. The big man was frowning at first, but they did their very best to be frightfully polite, and kept on nodding and bending and bowing and waving their hoods before their knees (in proper dwarf-fashion), till he stopped frowning and burst into a chuckling laugh; they looked so comical.

"Troop was right," he said. "A fine comic one. Come in my merry men, and what are your names? I don't want your service just now, only your names; and then sit down and stop wagging!"

"Balin and Dwalin," they said not daring to be offended, and sat flop on the floor looking rather surprised.

"Now go on again!" said Beorn to the wizard.

"Where was I? O yes -- I was not grabbed. I killed a goblin or two in a flash..."

"Good!" growled Beorn, "It is some good being a wizard, then."

"...and slipped inside the crack before it closed. I followed down into the main hall, which was crowded with goblins. The Great Goblin was there with thirty or forty armed guards. I thought to myself 'even if they were not all chained together, what can a dozen do against so many?'"

"A dozen! That's the first time I've heard eight called a dozen. Or have you still got some more jacks that haven't yet come out of their boxes?"

"Well, yes, there seem to be a couple more here now--Fili and Kili, I believe," said Gandalf, as these two now appeared and stood smiling and bowing.

"That's enough!" said Beorn. "Sit down and be quiet! Now go on, Gandalf!"

So Gandalf went on with the tale, until he came to the fight in the dark, the discovery of the lower gate, and their horror when they found that Mr. Baggins had been mislaid. "We counted ourselves and found that there was no hobbit. There were only fourteen of us left!"

"Fourteen! That's the first time I've heard one from ten leave fourteen. You mean nine, or else you haven't told me yet all the names of your party."

"Well, of course you haven't seen Oin and Gloin yet. And, bless me! here they are. I hope you will forgive them for bothering you."

"O let 'em all come! Hurry up! Come along, you two, and sit down! But look here, Gandalf, even now we have only got yourself and ten dwarves and the hobbit that was lost. That only makes eleven (plus one mislaid) and not fourteen,

((continues, page next))

Hereandra

Our Guest of Honor

unless wizards count differently to other people. But now please get on with the tale." Beorn did not show it more than he could help, but really he had begun to get very interested. You see, in the old days he had known the very part of the mountains that Gandalf was describing. He nodded and he growled, when he heard of the hobbit's reappearance and of their scramble down the stone-slide and of the wolf-ring in the woods.

When Gandalf came to their climbing into trees with the wolves all underneath, he got up and strode about and muttered: "I wish I had been there! I would have given them more than fireworks!"

"Well," said Gandalf very glad to see that his tale was making a good impression, "I did the best I could. There we were with the wolves going mad underneath us and the forest beginning to blaze in places, when the goblins came down from the hills and discovered us. They yelled with delight and sang songs making fun of us Fifteen birds in five fir-trees..."

"Good heavens!" growled Beorn. "Don't pretend that goblins can't count. They can. Twelve isn't fifteen and they know it."

"And so do I. There were Bifur and Bofur as well. I haven't ventured to introduce them before, but here they are."

In came Bifur and Bofur. "And me!" gasped Bombar puffing up behind. He was fat, and also angry at being left till last. He refused to wait five minutes, and followed immediately after the other two.

"Well, now there are fifteen of you; and since goblins can count, I suppose that is all that there were up the trees. Now perhaps we can finish this story without any more interruptions." Mr. Baggins saw then how clever Gandalf had been. The interruptions had really made Beorn more interested in the story, and the story had kept him from sending the dwarves off at once like suspicious beggars. He never invited people into his house, if he could help it. He had very few friends and they lived a good way away; and he never invited more than a couple of these to his house at a time. Now he had got fifteen strangers sitting on his porch!

By the time the wizard had finished his tale and had told of the eagles' rescue and of how they had all been brought to the Carrock, the sun had fallen behind the peaks of the Misty Mountains and the shadows were long in Beorn's garden.

"A very good tale!" said he. "The best I have heard for a long while. If all beggars could tell such a good one, they might find me kinder. You may be making it all up, of course, but you deserve a supper for the story all the same. Let's have something to eat!"

"Yes please!" they all said together. "Thank you very much!"

Odds and Ends

...known in some zines as "space filler" and around here as "Mailbox", "News in Briefs" and other sundry names. I have a letter from Mark Luedi (a grad of the Evans Givan School of Typing) and one other from Bill Becker about United, a postal soccer league which Jim Williams was running in Straight From the Dimmer's Mouth. As Jim has not appeared for four or five months, I'm thinking about restarting the league from where he left off (my own team, the Mavericks, would drop out, of course!). But I'll wait to see what Bill is doing about forming a new league, first.

JR Baker sent a delightful cartoon which won't fit this month (I tried, I tried!) about the Erewhon flap. Look for it in the October 1 issue.

Again I remind you: make plans to be in Indianapolis for the unknown Con, Oct. 26-28. I missed PudgeCon because of the new job, but I'll be in Indy!

I have designed a Dip variant which needs playtesting: Hegemony over Sandy Ego. Keith Sherwood has volunteered; I need four more. No game fees, four-week deadlines, run on a separate flyer. The only catch is that you have to give me input on the game's strong and weak points. There are no unusual orders or map quirks, except the game uses no fleets. Sign up quick. Thanks. (more on page 8) 4

Herelandra

FALL 1902

1984W - Woz

FRANCE, RUSSIA HAVE "EGg" ON THEIR FACE;
ITALY, TURKEY FALL FLAT ON THEIRS.

Fall 1902:

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

ENG (Conlon): f nwy-stp, f nth-nwy,
a lon-pic (f eng c), a bur-par.

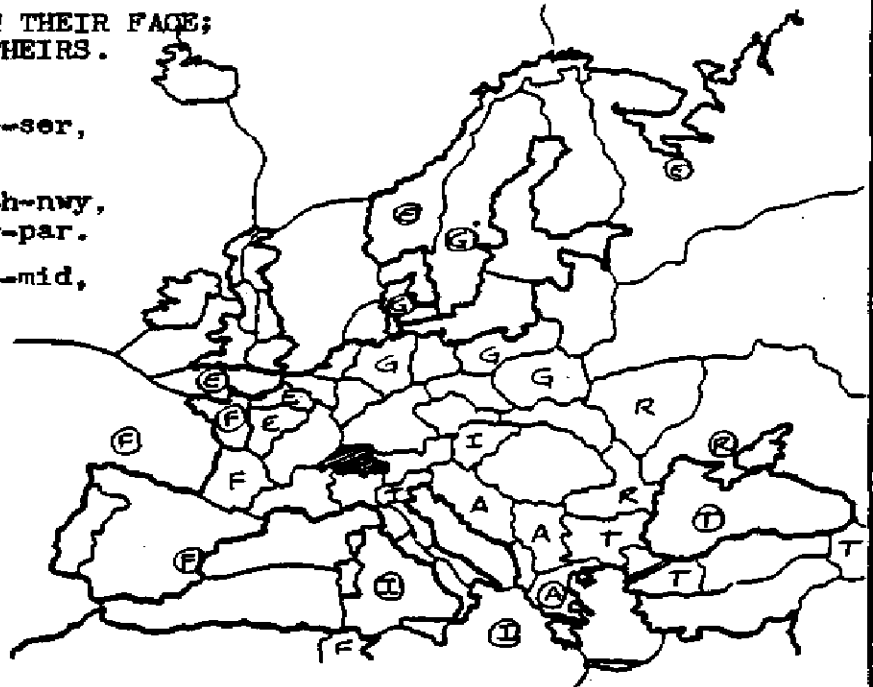
FRA (Makuc): f mid-bre, f wes-mid,
f gol-spa/sc, a spa-gas,
a naf-tun.

GER (WITTMOND): a hol-kie,
a pru-war (a sil s),
f den-swe (f bal s).

ITA (Hail?): nmr. a vie,
a ven, f tyr, f ion h.

RUS (Rollin): a ukr s f sev,
f sev s a rum,
a rum s Aa gre-bul /nso/
f swe s Ea lon-den /nso:
d r ska gob fin otb/.

TUR (Walker?): nmr. a con, a bul, a arm, f bla h.



SUPPLY CENTERS HELD AS OF WINTER 1902

AUS	1/6	bud gre TRI SER	3/4	build one
ENG	lon lvp edi nwy bel PAR STP	5/7	build two	
FRA	par bre mar spa por TUN	5/5	even	
GER	mun kie ber hol den SWE WAR	5/7	build two	
ITA	ven rom nap 1/1 VIE	4/4	even	
RUS	stp mos war sev RUM	4/3	remove one	
TUR	con ank smy bul	4/4	even	

DEADLINE for WINTER 1902

adjustments and for SPRING
1903 orders is 9pm, Central
Time, 27 September 1984.
Standbys: Italy--JR Baker
3100 Meadow Ln, Dickinson
TX 77539 (713-337-4110).
Turkey--Mike Colandro,
1114 Briaridge Dr, Baton

Rouge LA 70810 (504-767-1592). You may make your orders conditional on which
player is controlling a given country. Press? Why not...

TCU to UTA: With the football season nearing, care to wager on TCU's final
record? I say we will be 8-3 at year's end. We will lose to Baylor, Arkan-
sas, and Texas A&M. Yes, we will beat Texas.

UTA to TSU: You're dreaming. YOU beat TEXAS?? Deal. 7-4 or worse and you
owe me tickets to a Sidekicks' game.

TCU to LSU: At least I keep trying, not wimping out like France.

Paris: British authorities are denying rumors, that Lucky Liz the recently-
named military governor of occupied Paris, was seen in the Folies Bergere
wearing spiked heeld & a feather boa.

Mars-Lon: You may have just made the biggest blunder of your short life.

UTA to Marseilles: So what're you going to do about it?

AUS to GER: Thank you. This Bud's for you, Rob.

Vienna Times (still the Voice of Austria): While there is foreign forces oc-
cupying vienna and trieste the times is still in print. The Times will re-
main in print until all forces of the Austrian Unit are destroyed, which will
never happen. Having survived in every war he has entered the Kaise Bruss
shouted (with the middle finger pointed at guy hail) "I have yet begun to
fight."

UTA to Woz: Folks, that's copied exactly as it's written.

AUS to FRA: If you want a southern ally write me, you are the only one I
haven't heard from.

AUS to FRA: By the way did you know england can take three centers from you
this turn.

(continues next page)

Herelandra

SPRING 1906

1983 G - Darkover

ENGLAND ADVANCES, "ITALY" CONFUSES

Winter 1905:

AUS build a bud

ENG build a edi

FRA build a mar, a par

TUR burn f eas

Spring 1906: ((Yes, 1906))

AUS (Cusack): f gre s Tf ion,
a ven-tyo (a tri, a boh s),
f adr a Tf apu, a bud-gal,
a tus-pie /d/, a vie s a boh.

ENG (Olvan): a yor-lon,
a edi-hol (f nth c), f bel h,
f nwg-cly, f bal-den,
a kie-ber, a ber-sil,
a pru-war, a war-ukr,
a stp-mos (a lvn s).

FRA (Ellis): a par-bur,
a mar-pie, a man-boh,
a tyo-ven /a/, f tyn s f nap,
a pie-tus (a rom s), f tun-ion (f nap s).

TUR (Luedi): a mos h (a ukr s) /a mos d r sev oth/, f ion h (f apu, f aeg s).

A check of the Rulebook shows that Austria's a tus may retreat to ven or oth, since Venice was not left "vacant due to a standoff." AEFT draw fails--AUS votes yes, ENG no, FRA no, and TUR nvr. France proposes EF, EFT, and AEF draws. Please vote on each with your SUMMER/FALL 1906 orders before 9pm, 27 September 1984. The little press I have is

ENG to TUR: As Boy, or is it Duran?, says: "It's a miracle". About over for you, though. Under my nose? Oh yeah? So's yer granny!

ENG to FRA: I think that mean ole Turkey wants me to stab you. But I won't, will I? Not a chance.

MLDL: The MadLad Defamation League is proud to report one MadLad run out of town. No paper tiger is the MLDL. MoLads? Haw, haw!

ENG to FRA: Hooray! You won the underlined move competition last time. Six out of seven ain't bad. Let's see the super slo mo of that.

Woz press

AUS to TUR, ITA, UTA: How about arranging an evening at Billy Bob's?

AUS to TEX: Almost forgot: god there's no place like Texas.

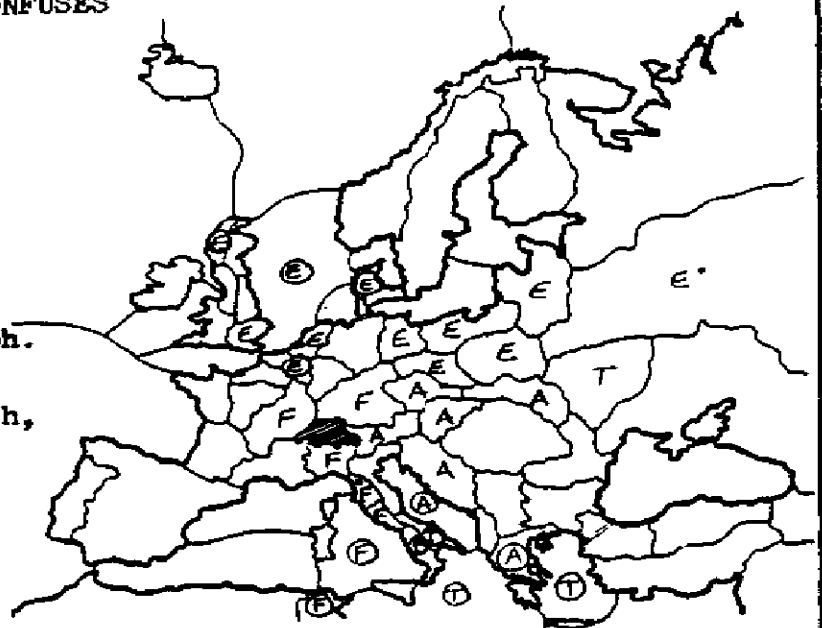
London: The Minister of Defence issued this statement in regard to the apparent invasion of France: "A pre-emptive strike was carried out at dawn on April 16, 1902. The Channel was occupied, preventing French fleets from nearing English shores. A military force of unknown size and composition has been sent to Paris to express British displeasure of French naval increases." The Minister would not answer charges that the French invasion rumors were started by the British gov't to justify the attack.

UTA to London: Nor would he state why the size and composition of the Brit "defense" force was unknown even to his own department.

ENG to GER, TUR: Kudos for your excellent press last season.

Warsaw: Field Marshall von Bierundpretzels, commander of the elite Storm Drain Troopers now occupying Warsaw, has announced plans to rebuild this once-fair city in the most modern German. "No more will Warsaw be troubled by spring floods. My men and I know how to handle flood waters."

UTA to Woz: One more press bit, next page.



Perelandra

WINTER 1908

1982 HK - Yavin

THE TENSION IS KILLING...

Autumn 1908: France retreats
f mid-spa/sc.

Winter 1908: builds

FRA f mar

ITA f rom, a ven

RUS a war

Seasons are separated by requests.

Blair Cusack is still the player
of record for France. I have orders
on file for everyone except England.

SPRING 1909 deadline is 9pm Central

Time, 27 September 1984. I had to
be selective with the press, be-
cause several items were obviously
based on Spring moves. Here's
most of it:

RUS to UTA: Glad to hear that.

I've been on a personal crusade to make sure no sake gets aged. It's been
working, too.

Paris to Russian puppets: I hope you choke on it.

Paris to Rome: I'm tired of playing against these anal pores...how's about a
little helping hand? Address your letters c/o Vichy France.

RUS to ENG: Did you really write all that junk? Well, remember this: I
before E.

RUS to ITA: Sure anxious to see how this one came out. How'd you like the
pictures?

Rome: And, as they say, so much for all that bullshit.

Crete: That's Minos nice of you.

Nice: Beware of Greeks trying to be nice to you.

Greece: That's not nice, that's something rotten in Denmark.

Los Angeles: What's the difference between a Japanese fruit fly and a
Mexican fruit fly?

Austin: Manana.

San Diego: Will somebody shut that man up!

New York: What man?

Lansdale, Pa: Hamster Poo-Poo Uber Alles!!

Dalton, Ma: He said the magic word!

Bakersfield, Ca: No he didn't, I did.

UTA: If any of you have a hard time identifying the last 11 press items, go
have your heads examined. I expect a lot less stupidity in Perelandra
press, beginning with next season.

UTA again: On a lighter note related to this game, Don Williams and I have
been poring over names for the Sacramento Diplomacy Mob (along the lines
of the MadLads (Madison, WI), the ECG, the WCC, the Seattle Gang of Several
and I believe Don has produced one I like: The Sad Sacks. There will be
two immediate objections (Bob Olsen & Bob Sacks) but these can be ignored
if enough people lend their support to the name. Maybe I'll make this a
HSFPL issue; check that section to see what I decide to do.

VOZ PRESS CONCLUDED: London--The British Invasion brings the following Rock
and Roll tunes to Europe...

to France: We Can Work It Out (the Beatles); to Germany: Only the Good Die
Young (Billy Joel); to Russia: Waiting on a Friend (The Stones); to Italy:
Vienna Never Forgets (Billy Joel); to Austria: Fool's Overture (Supertramp);
to Turkey: Sultans of Swing (Dire Straits).

Herelandra

SPRING 1904

1983HC-Mimir

EVERYBODY WANT TO HELP AUSTRIA...
But He Has Ideas Of His Own

Winter 1903:

ENG burns f iri

FRA has no room to build, plays 1 short

ITA builds f nap

Spring 1904:

AUS (Henry): a tri-tyo (a vie s),
a alb-tri, a ser-bul,
f bul-aeg /d r con otb/.

ENG (Crosby): a yor-lon, f nth-edl.

FRA (Sweeney): a par-pic (a bre s),
a mar-bur, f mid s Ef iri-eng
/nsu/.

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

ITA (Kazur): f nap-ion (f gre s), f ion-eas, a tyo-pie (a ven s).

RUS (Touchette): a arm-sev, a sev-ukr, f rum-bul/ec (TUR s), a boh s As vie-tyo /nso/, f swe-nwy, f nwy-nwg, f nwg-cly.

TUR (Givan): f bla s Rf rum-bul/ec, f aeg s Af bul/sc-gre /nso/, a ank-smy.

DEADLINE for Summer retreat and Fall 1904 orders is 9pm, 27 September 1984.

France to Germany: Nice Diplomatic move that!

AUS to FRA: ?

TUR to AUS: Who can you call? Wopbusters!

TUR to AUS: Well, it's not the "Crocodile Rock", but it's the best I can do.

France: Yech! No room to build!

TUR to FRA: More death, it would seem. A stowaway ejected into space, indeed. I think he believes that stuff.

TUR to Woz: You got great press, guys. See what you can do with this: "Elvis Back From Grave With Amazing UFO Sex Diet". (sorry, Dave)

UTA to TUR: You know, my roommate and I used to sit around thinking up headlines like that (I think our best was "Secret Russian Pickle Conspiracy Shot JFK"). Trouble was, we'd try 'em out on people and they'd believe it!

AUS to ITA: "Duly?" How unimaginative...

UTA to AUS: Well, Mimir is not the most imaginative press game around. I think your theme song is "Gettin' It Done" (rather obscure tune, I'm afraid). However, after three seasons of this thing I still don't know who's allied with whom!

-----more O&Es-----

Several people have written to say they, too, are fed up with feuding. This is admirable, but unless it's translated into action it's futile. Decide now not to answer harsh words with harsh, but to be self-motivated and enough at peace not to value yourself based on what others say about you.

Steve Langley has been laid up for some time with a herniated disk (and it took several doctors several months to figure that out, too). In the midst of this the Langleys have moved across town, so be thinking of them.

Game update: The war goes well in Graustark, where Mr. Y! Terry Tallman and I are grinding the life out of a standby France. No, it's the original player but right now he's just standing around. The new game in Magus is still in the curious stage; and now I'm committed to Greg Ellis' political game. 8

Herelandra

TURN EIGHT, AND

ASFI-Hoth

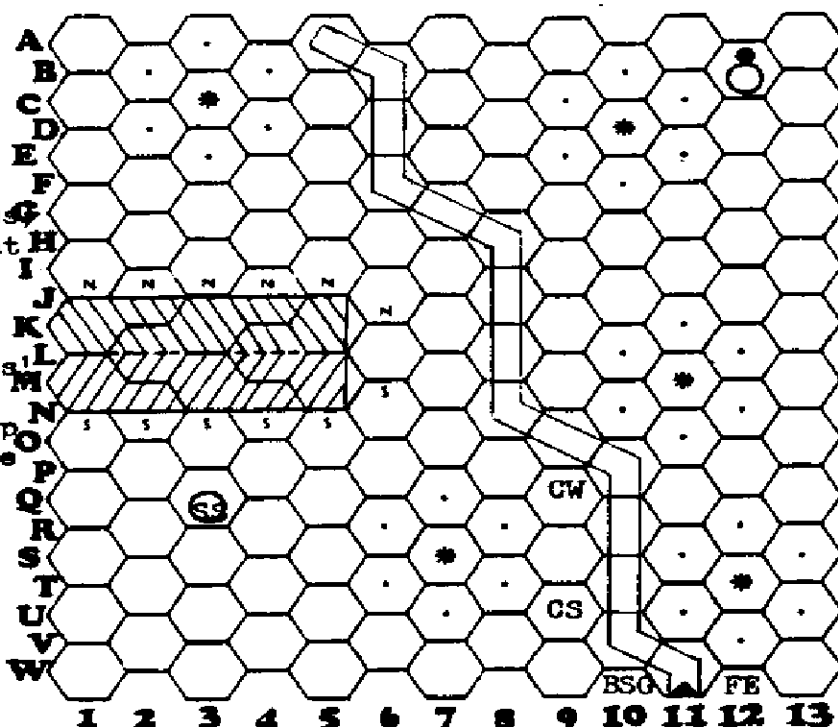
IT'S ALL OVER NOW!

Segment one: 'Bombinable Snow Grouch (Jim Makuc) and Four Eyes (Steve Langley) watch from the kitchen as Chilly Willy (Daf Langley) and Coke Sniffer (Jim Burgess) heave desperate Dirigibles at each other. At point-blank range, neither misses...so Willy wins, even though she finishes with zero hit points! Silver Snake (Kelly Bagley) didn't even bother to show up for what turned out to be the final round. Final attacks:

CS U9 CW/di/55/** 3/3
 CW C9 CS/di/75/** 3/3

Final standings:

Chilly Willy	15vp	Ohp
'B. Snow Grouch	13	0
Coke Sniffer	11	7
Four Eyes	9	0
Silver Snake	7	5



Your comments on Snowball Fighting, and on ASFI in particular, would be very helpful. I don't expect to open another game of SF for a while but maybe there is something I could pass along to future players from you. Thanks for a blast. Now, let me clear up the last of the press:

Sniff Musing: OK, here's how I figure it. Daf got hit by the dirigible last segment....-10 on her hit probability and +10 on mine. If she hits me she wins, but if I hit her, I send her to the kitchen for the duration. I gotta take my shot. Blow on those dice for me, Snowy.

SnowMaster to Sniff: I don't blow on my dice for just anybody, bud.

Chilly to BSG: Race ya!

Chilly to CS: Eat snow, you lilly-livered twerp.

Chilly to Snowy: He hit me wif a snowball! Did you ground him for ten years?

SnowFort to CW: No, I threw you both out of the game--you hit him too!

Chilly to Snowy: Well, he hit me first!

Four Eyes to Chilly Willy: I knew if I came over to help you out you'd get me. Why don't I ever listen to myself?

Chilly to Four Eyes: Next time my dirigible is going into you Doctor Dentons.

Four Eyes to All: This kitchen is a mess! Melting snow, pools of slush, pancake mix all over the stove, and no one but me to clean it up. It just isn't fair.

Chilly Willy to Four Eyes: You better hope you're out of that house before I come back in.

SnowSage (GM) to Four Eyes: As you were once heard to say, "Life's not fair." Get to it.

Four Eyes to SnowMaster: Uh, where should I start? Is there a mop or something?

CS to the Game: Congrats, guys & pal. An excellent game. One way or another I'm sure the game is over, right Boss? I gave it all I had.

CS to BSG: Sorry....but you were in the way, I had to torpedo you.

CS to SnowFort: My moves this turn presume that I get 3vp's if my dirigible zonks Daf. What would (or did) happen if ss also hits her with a simple snowball? ((you both get all the points to which you're otherwise entitled.))

Herelandra

TURN THREE

ASF2 - Forochel

THERE'S A NEW KID IN TOWN

Segment One: Cold Crier (Kelly Bagley) mrrs this month, but nobody attacked him anyway. Chicago Rocket (Dave Bruss) decides to "run like hell" (all items in quotes are copied from your orders verbatim) to S11, because he sees Ice Jackal (Don Williams) preparing another Snowball. In the North (regardless of what Greg wants to call it--see press Mystery Guest (???) and Houston Halfling (Greg Ellis) again trade accurate Rattlesnakes.

Note: We have a new player, J.R. Baker (address p.19 lastish). J.R.'s nom de snow will be "Little Ole Lady" and he will begin at the start of Turn Four at V4 with 2sb and 5hp. Welcome

Now back to the Segment One adjudication:

name	loc	attacked by	hp/vp	hp/vp/ammo left
CC	C3			8/1/none
CR	S11			5/2/none
HH	B12	MG/rr/80/**	1/1	7/3/2 sb
IJ	L6			10/4/1 sb
MG	E7	HH/rr/90/**	1/1	7/3/1 sb

Segment Two: Chicago Rocket is "still on the run" and reaches U13. Ice Jackal does attack him, with a Demon, but movement and distance save the day as CR is untouched. Halfling throws another Rattler at the Mystery Guest, which lands perfectly again, but the Guest responds with a Demon that is equally effective.

CC	C3			8/1/none
CR	U13	IJ/de/25/--		5/2/none
HH	B12	MG/de/50/**	1/1	6/4/1 sb
IJ	L6			10/4/none
MG	E7	HH/rr/65/**	1/1	6/4/none

Segment Three: First, a note to Halfling about conditional orders. "Close enough" is not defined in this game; try "X spaces away" or "within or at range" instead. Now, HH is the only one with any ammo, and he uses it to plaster the Guest one more time. But Mysterious is building a Dirigible (shudder!) and both Jackal and Rocket are collecting two Snowballs!

CC	C3			8/1/none
CR	U13			5/2/2 sb
HH	B12		0/1	6/5/none
IJ	L6			10/4/2 sb
LOL	V4			5/0/2 sb
MG	E7	HH/rr/90/**	1/0	5/4/1 di

Gobs of press this time, and me with a strange typer, so bear with any errors...

MYSTERY GUEST TWENTY QUESTIONS:

MG to DW: You could say I'm a premier WCCer. What about you?

IJ to MG: Are you a boy-type person? Are you over the HILL 25 years old?

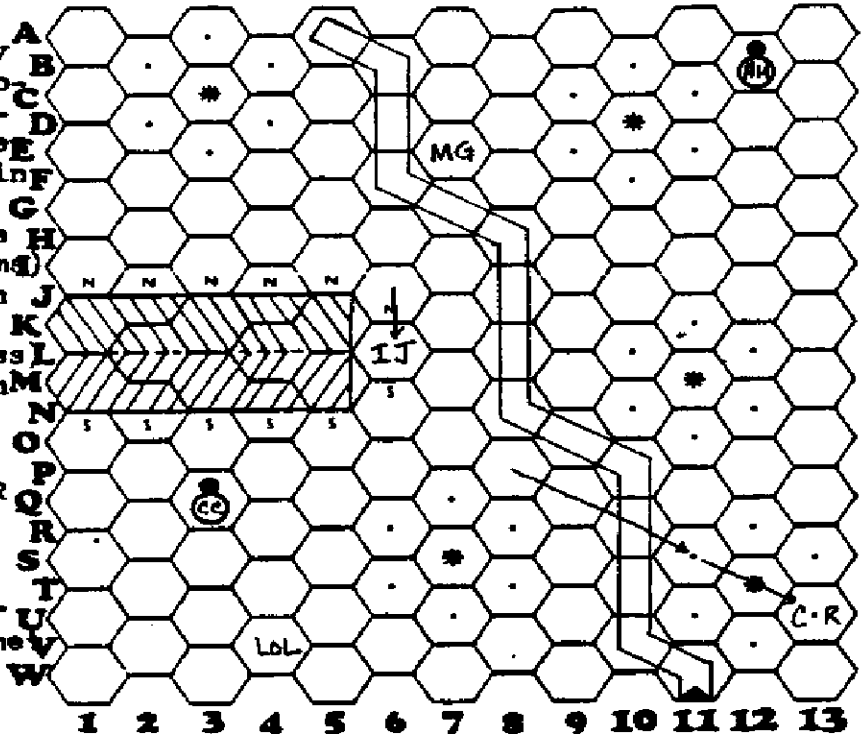
SnowMaster to IJ: You're tired of life, aren't you? The Over The Hill Gang will have your neck. And you're only confusing the kids in the crowd.

IJ to SM: It just goes to show you, never trust anyone under the age of seven.

(Me? I'm twelve.)

(Madness continues, page 11)

10



Herelandra

Snowball Fighting

Ice Jackal to Snowforbrains ((Who, me??)): "Ice Jackal catches on"? Whaddya mean? I had this game down pat in Turn One...I, uh, just wanted to see who was doin' what to who. Yeah, that's all...

Snow Master to IJ: That should be "to whom".

IJ to CC: IJ stands for Ice Jackal, mon and...that's "Jackal" as in big, sharp, pointy teeth. Now, quit asking questions, quit lobbing snowballs at me, and quit hiding behind the shed; we need to give the Chicago Ruffian the snow job of his life.

SM to IJ: Two out three already. You must be pretty intimidating.

Ice Jackal to Mystery Guest: Okay, deal time: I won't lob ANYTHING in your direction if you don't lob anything in mine. (I hope we hurry up and find out who you are so I can ~~lie to you~~ negotiate through the mail instead of here with all these snot-nosed kids standing around.

Jackal to Halfling: Same deal with you as with MG. Besides, you don't look like more than a mouthful anysaw, and you certainly won't fill my tummy.

CR to MG: I invite you to fight the Ice Jackal.

MG to SM: Do you think they know who I am yet?

SM to MG: I doubt it--if they knew who you are they would realize you need no invitation to attack Don/IJ.

Ii-ce J-j-jackal to Snowforbrains: C-c-could y-you m-m-m-maybe turn the th-th-thermostat up a b-bit? It's f-f-f-f-freezing out here!!

SnowFort to IceJack: I get it. You stood in line twice for teeth and missed out on the "Smarts" department, right?

IJ to UTA: And another thing, how did I end up at J6? We both know that that's a stupid place to stand, what with the roof there and everything. Did I really do that? ((You bet, booby.))

CR to CC: Keep throwing at the Ice Jackal.

CR to IJ: So you lied! Big, fat, hairy deal. You'll get yours.

IJ to CR: Neener-neener-neener! You can't catch me!

CR to IJ: Hey, you ugly baboon! Can you find me behind this tree?

IJ to CR: That's what you are, what am I?

SM to Forochel: Can you tell that Don has two small children?

IJ to UTA: Pretty good stuff, huh? (Seriously, folks, how many of you remember those ditties from childhood?)

IJ to CR: I'm rubber, you're glue: everything you say bounces off me and sticks on you!

Ice Jackal to Snowforbrains: It's snow, it's snow,
So it's big snow balls I'll throw:
I'll throw 'em quick
and hope they hit!
It's snow, it's SNOW!

MG to IJ: Defensive position? Hmm, that's one I've never heard of.

CR to Snowfort: Was the snow last December a fluke or will I again be able to throw snowballs in Texas?

SnowFort to CR: The forecast is for a milder winter with very little snow here.

HE to Snowfort: Is that an A or an O? Anyway, how dare you sir! I am not a northerner (in reference to editorial comment during segment three of Turn 2)! Although I may be somewhat above the Mason Dixon of your limited scenario, please observe that I am indeed facing south!

CR to Snowfort: Any word on the Bruce ((Springsteen)) concert? Hell, he puts on one awesome show. ((Nothing yet; still checking.))

IJ to Himself: Something strange in this neighborhood,
So who do I call? SNOWBUSTERS!
There's snow comin' down, an' it don't look good,
Who do I need? SNOWBUSTERS!
(I ain't afraid of no snow...)

SnowMaster: Whoooo-YA! ((Explanation for non-Angelenos: This is the official sound of an LA rock station, and curiously resembles someone regurgitating.))

IJ to Snowforbrains: Okay, so it ain't Michael Jackson. Who asked you anyway?

SnowMaster to Forochel: Deadline for Turn NINE is 9pm September 27 (Thurs). //

Perelandra

Deadwood Lottery

I remind the reader of what has gone before: a free sub was offered to some poor, unsuspecting Dip player, his for the taking--but with a catch, that I would not notify the winner. One of my readers had to take it upon himself to get the winner to write to me before a certain deadline. After four months of no response, Greg Stewart's name came up and, having heard about the Lottery, he wrote to claim his prize, thus:

The desperate man was

adrift on a piece of deadwood far out on the Perelandran Sea. The deadwood measured 3 paces by 6.71 paces. He had forgotten how he had measured the .71th of a pace, but somehow it seemed correct and comfortable. The swirling brine occasionally lapped over his barefoot. It felt much like thin blood. Warm and salty and thin. But not red. There was a branch sticking out of the deadwood on one end. It was like a gnarled finger pointing out nothing of importance. But it was much thicker than a finger, it was more like a leg. It bent a little at the knee. There was a hole in the knee not much larger than the thin nude man's hand. He did not know what was down in the hole. Sometimes at night he could hear what at first sounded like a train rumbling far away. But after careful listening, the sound could only be coming from the hole. It was always rumbling or squeaking or bubbling these days. He was certain that there was something down there.

It had only been six days since he had been 'shown off' the Starcruiser "Gallipolis" but it had seemed much longer. All he had done was introduce the game of Diplomacy to the fierce warlike Kinkpaws from Gamma Fomalhaut. So much for intelligent interstellar aliens. They had given him a trial of sorts. Unfortunately it was entirely in the language of the Kinkpaw, which consisted of tying knots in various appendages. The judge was gravely offended by the desperate man's silence. Or perhaps his lack of silence. Could it be that his clumsy attempts to knot his fingers came off like the gruntings of the insane. Whatever they had though had little bearing for him in the end. For when the prosecutor had extended his finger-appendage in accusation at the desperate man, he had gotten it bit. They had perfunctorily thrown him out the airlock. He had just been lucky that the ship was only a hundred feet above the Perelandran Sea.

A clicking sound came from the hole in the limb. The desperate man went over and listened carefully. It almost sounded like a voice. He listened some more. Yes, one could say that the sound was definitely a voice. 'Feed me', is that what it said? No. This is not the little shop of horrors. "Feed me." There, that time the voice was definitely louder.

"Hey, thing in there," the desperate man yelled into the hole, "I ain't got NOTHIN to feed you."

"...mumble mumble...an old shoe...a dirty teeshirt...mumble mumble"

"I told ya, NOTHIN!" cried the thin nude desperate man.

"mumble mumble...who do you think you are...grumble grumble..."

"I am the desperate man, arteeste extraordinaire, knower of all arcane, and the True God Of The Kinkpaw."

"...gizzlpikin liar...rabble...scum...FEED ME..."

"Why should I?"

"...mumble...get you safe ashore...mumble..."

"But I ain't got NOTHIN."

"How bout a foot or perhaps a finger or thumb or even your 618 Short Dickey..."*

"Hey Maybe I aint from Camp Wisdom, but there aint no way (barring a horrendous accident) that I'm gonna part with my 618!"

"Very well...mumble...bout a quart of blood?...ounce of brainf...you know something nonvital...mumble"

"Over my cold moldering body" retorted the desperate man.

(continued, next page)

Herelandra

The argument continued long into the night. Neither side making any headway. Finally, near morning, the desperate man curled up on the opposite side of the deadwood and fell into a sound sleep.

THUNK THUNK THUNK

could that be something thunking on wood? The desperate man dreamed he was being chased by D. Stafford, T. Mainardi, K. Byrne, C. Junning and R. Rusnak across a giant map of Europe. He dreamed he was a dot and the giant dip players were dropping colored wooden pieces from an unimaginable height trying to squish him. Thunk went a Russian Army, Thunk went der Deutsch Fleete, Thunk went the British army...

Suddenly the desperate man woke up. What a horrible nightmare! It was a tremendous relief to know that all that Thunking was just a dream. THUNK Oh no, the desperate man scanned the skies for a gigantic Byrne. THUNK But no the sky is empty. THUNK Must be Thing-in-there making another plea for food. THUNK Tough life Thing-in-there, you'll not be seein' any grub from this sailor today. THUNK The desperate man moved closer to Thing-in-there's hole THUNK and discovered that the sound was coming from elsewhere. THUNK The sound was coming from a nearly empty WildTurkey Grog/Bilgewater bottle. Within a few microseconds the bottle was in the hands of unkempt unruly Raskol known as Ayatollah Desperatemani by some but mostly as the desperate man. He quickly uncapped the bottle and was preparing to guzzle when he heard:

"...mumble mumble...thirsty...need a drink...bad...mumble"

"Find you own bottle barnacle breath, this one's MINE MUMBLEHEAD!!!"

"...No it isn't..."

"Yes it is!" cried the desperate man in a victorious voice. As he lifted the bottle to his lips he noticed that the contents had evaporated and was even now drifting about a foot above his head in an ever expanding cloud. Immediately the nude man leaped high into the air and inhaled deeply. By the time he landed the mist was twenty feet across and somehow seemed to be turning solid. The solid finally settled into the shape of an enormous turkey.

It gobbled, "I am the Turkeydjinn of the bottle. You have freed me after an eternity in the lamp...gobble gobble...i mean bottle. They stuck me in a lousy bottle while all the others got lamps just because I had a 1.78 GPA that Genie Power Ability and finished dead last behind all the others I got stuck with lousiest jobs and anyway what I'm trying to get around to saying is that you are hereby granted 57 wishes or was that flavors? Oh well be that as it may today is your lucky day because I can get you whatever you want Wholesale and get it for you now in the twinkle of an eye. What say you?"

"Hey, Thing-in-there can you eat bottles?"

"...mumble...sure...mumble..."

"Good! Here you go!"

"BBEWWWWWAAAK....."

went the giant Turkeydjinn.

"...mumble mumble...gulp..."

"Good riddance. This piece of driftwood was gettin kind of crowded. How was i going to feed that giant turkeydjinn anyway? Hard enough trying to feed Thing-in-there. Besides stupid turkeydjinn looked more like a chicken. even bawked when I fed him to you. By the way thing-in-there, maybe you could belch up a couple of wishes, Hmmm?"

MUMBLE ... MUMBLE ... MUMBLE

"...hiccup...scuse me...BELCH..." Thing-in-there expelled an object out of the entrance of his lari. The desperate man picked it up.

"I said a wish ... not a wishbone. That's gratitude for you. I feed him my sole and only possession in the whole world and what do I get in return? Garbage."

"...mumble mumble...not garbage...stick one end of bone in hole and break ...whoever has bigger piece...grumble...pets wish."

(continues to finish, next page)/3

Perelandra

The desperate man put one part of the wishbone into the hole and held the other half. He gave his hand a quick jerk and SNAP! He was holding what was obviously the smaller half. Disappointed he began to speculate on exactly what a stupid thing-in-there could possibly wish for. Considering the undoubted lack of brain capacity of that darkness dwelling whatever it is, it would probably wish for a dog biscuit or some such. The nude man soon concluded that thing-in-there would be in need of expert counsel. He placed his face next to the hole and spoke:

"...mumble mumble...need some help...grumble grumble...stupid twit...mumble..."

Alarmed, the desperate man tried to speak once more:

"...mumble mumble...what have you...mumble...done you...mumble...fool/thing-in-there"

Fool/thing-in-there replied:

"Ta ta and thanks a lot old chap. I couldn't have done it without you. But enough of this fun and play I have urgent business elsewhere. I will leave you a small token of my gratitude inside the hole. Cheerio and away I go!"

A flash of light came from the driftwood limb. And a small being flew out. It was impossible for the desperate man to make out just what the small being was. It zipped off into the blue and the desperate man thought he heard it say before it disappeared: "We'll meet again some day soon I vow!!!"

"...mumble grumble...by the tigers cage so i can dispose of your body...mumble...more quickly...mumble..."

The desperate man went over to the hole and reached down..."mumble...I hope its...mumble mumble...either...mumble...an outboard motor...or...grumble...a turkeydjinn sandwich...mumble..." and pulled out eight issues of Perelandra.

"mumble...I'll get you for this...grumble...P.J.'thing-in-there'Gaughan...mumble"

*Note: Gregory Stewart's address is 618 Short Dickey, Greenfield OH 45123.

Hobby Small-Fry Protection League

CURRENT MEMBERSHIP: Pete Gaughan, Terry Tallman, Don Del Grande, and Ed Wrobel.
PLAYER ASSOCIATES: Guy Hail, John Walker, Conrad Minshall. (It will be noted that Guy and John both mured this month in Woz. Conspiracy theorists, look!)
SUBZINE ASSOCIATE: Michael Ehli.

Resolutions: all three passed, to tremendous apathy. (There were votes, but not all of them read 'yes' or 'no'.) As a result, I abandon the title of Generalissimo, and due to lack of organization the HSFPL may now be promoted or insulted by anyone.

As seen above, Mr. Wrobel's petition for membership was approved.

Now, as to the "Nuke the Big Guys" ~~program~~ program. Each month or two, a non-small fry publisher will be chosen to receive, by mail, an HSFPL Nuke. Design and artwork for the Nuke is underway here in Dallas.

Those who were refused entry to the HSFPL have no one but themselves to blame. But we accept your support, in the way that gays appreciate open-minded straights, women thank liberated men, etcetc. We of the oppressed minority (who type our name poorly at best) will not forget you when we rise up in power.

Look at all that space.

Thanks, good will, and Godspeed to all my readers.

Pete

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



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