

Herelandra

volume 3; number 9

25

15 October 1984

An Air Scout for Zodanga

from ER Burroughs'
A Princess of Mars

As I proceeded on my journey toward Zodanga, many strange and interesting sights arrested my attention, and at the several farm houses where I stopped I learned a number of new and instructive things concerning the methods and manners of Barsoom.

The water which supplies the farms of Mars is collected in immense underground reservoirs at either pole from the melting ice caps, and pumped through long conduits to the various populated centers. Along either side of these conduits, and extending their entire length, lie the cultivated districts. These are divided into tracts of about the same size, each tract being under the supervision of one or more of the government officers.

Instead of flooding the surface of the fields, and thus wasting immense quantities of water by evaporation, the precious liquid is carried underground through a vast network of small pipes directly to the roots of the vegetation. The crops upon Mars are always uniform, for there are no droughts, no rains, no high winds, and no insects, or destroying birds.

On this trip I tasted the first meat I had eaten since leaving Earth—large, juicy steaks and chops from the well-fed domestic animals of the farms. Also I enjoyed luscious fruits and vegetables, but not a single article of food which was exactly similar to anything on Earth. Every plant and flower and vegetable and animal has been so refined by ages of careful, scientific cultivation and breeding that the like of them on Earth dwindled into pale, gray, characterless nothingness by comparison.

...The Ptor brothers had given me explicit directions for reaching the point of the city where I could find living accommodations and be near the offices of the government agents to whom they had given me letters. My way led to the central square or plaza, which is a characteristic of all Martian cities.

The plaza of Zodanga covers a square mile and is bounded by the palaces of the jeddak, the jeds and other members of the royalty and nobility of Zodanga, as well as by the principal public buildings, cafes, and shops.

As I was crossing the great square lost in wonder and admiration of the magnificent architecture and the gorgeous scarlet vegetation which carpeted the broad lawns I discovered a red Martian walking briskly toward me from one of the avenues. He paid not the slightest attention to me, but as he came abreast I recognized him, and turning I placed my hand upon his shoulder, calling out, "Kaor, Kantos Kan!"

Like lightning he wheeled and before I could so much as lower my hand the point of his long-sword was at my breast.

"Who are you?" he growled, and then as a backward leap carried me fifty feet from his sword he dropped the point to the ground and exclaimed, laughing, "I do not need a better reply, there is but one man upon all Barsoom who can bounce about like a rubber ball. By the mother of the further moon, John Carter, how came you here, and have you become a Darseen that you can change your color at will?"

"You gave me a bad half minute, my friend," he continued, after I had briefly outlined my adventures since parting with him in the arena at Warhoon. "Were my name and city known to the Zodangans I would shortly be sitting on the banks of the lost sea of Korus with my revered and departed ancestors. I am here in the interest of Tardos Mors, Jeddak of Helium, to discover the whereabouts of Dejah Thoris, our princess. **1** Sab Than, prince of Zodanga, has her hidden in the city and has fallen madly in love with her. (see p10)

Perelandra

spring 1903

1984W - Woz

A GOLD FRONT MOVES IN

Autumn 1902--RUS retreats f swe-oth

Winter 1902--AUS builds a bud

ENG builds f lvp, f lon

GER builds a ber, a mun

Spring 1903--

AUS (Bruss): mar. has f gre,
a ser, a bud a tri.

ENG (Conlon): f lvp-iri,
f lon-eng, f nwy-nth,
f stp-nwy, f eng-bre (a pic
s, a par s).

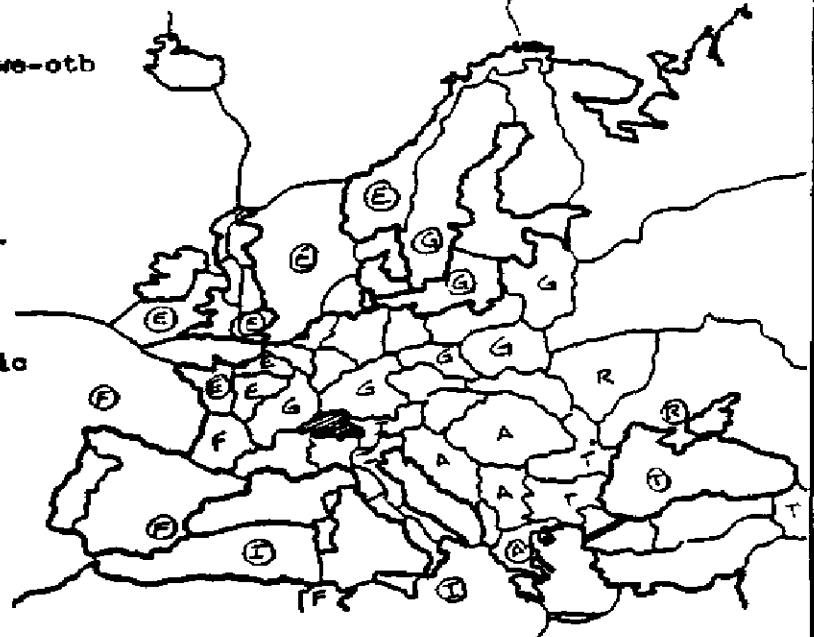
FRA (Makuc): a gas s f bre,
f mid-eng (f bre s /a/),
f spa/sc-mid, a tim u
(a naf h, /nsa/).

GER (Wittmond): a war-mos,
a sil-war, f swe h,
a kie-ivn (f bal c),
a mun-bar, a ber-run.

ITA (Baker): f tyn-wes, f ion-gre, a vic-tyo (a ven s).

RUS (Rollin): a ukr-mos, a run-ukr / r gal oth/. f sev-run.

TUR (Walker): a ara-sev, a con-run (f bla c, a bul s).



Okay, let's run down the problems. Yes, two German units got lost on the map last month, but the adjudication was correct. Dave Bruss apparently thought seasons were automatically separated so I will not call a standby for Austria. Guy Hail resigns (see press) and JR Baker is now Italy. Guy and John, I did recheck and no, I didn't receive anything from you. Sounds like a South Texas foulup. Thank you Mike Colandro for standby orders--a few format comments are enclosed. ~~DEADLINE FOR SUMMER AND FALL 1903 IS 10pm, 28 October 1984.~~ My telephone number (sort of) is 817-640-0079, but I will be in Indianapolis the weekend of 26-28 Oct. for Con with No Name. If you must, call Dave Kleiman at (317) 271-9217. There are two COAs this month...

Dave Bruss TCU Box 30644 Fort Worth TX 76129

Jim Makuc 2 Forest Pk Ln Ivy House #214 Cornell U Ithaca NY 14853 (607-256-2562)

and new Italian: JR Baker 3100 Meadow Ln N Dickinson TX 77539 (713-337-4110)

Guess what? Since I mailed this out as a flyer I've found two map errors (one was pointed out to me by Rob Wittmond). They are corrected above, and from now on if you have any question, use the written adjudication as final authority. Maps are provided merely as a help. I am extending the deadline (more on this on page two) to 15 NOVEMBER 1984 (9pm), for this game only. Obviously you may still try to reach me at the Kleimans', but since it won't be deadline for you I doubt you will need to. Whew. If you understand all that, then try this:

Dear Fellow 1984W/Woz players:

My NMR must have come as a surprise to y'all. My NMR came as a surprise to me. I sent Pete two sets of orders, one immediately after receiving Perelandra and another after negotiations had been conducted with France & Austria. Apparently the post office failed to deliver them both. Most of you know me as a prompt letter writer and hard bargainer. Because my position has been irrevocably ruined and because you cannot be sure an NMR will not happen again I cannot be as strong an opponent or faithful an ally as I should be. I resign.
---Guy Hail

Herelandra

END of 1906 1983 G - Darkover

BIG BLUE WRECKING CREW

Summer 1906--AUS retreats tus-ven:
TUR retreats mos-sev.

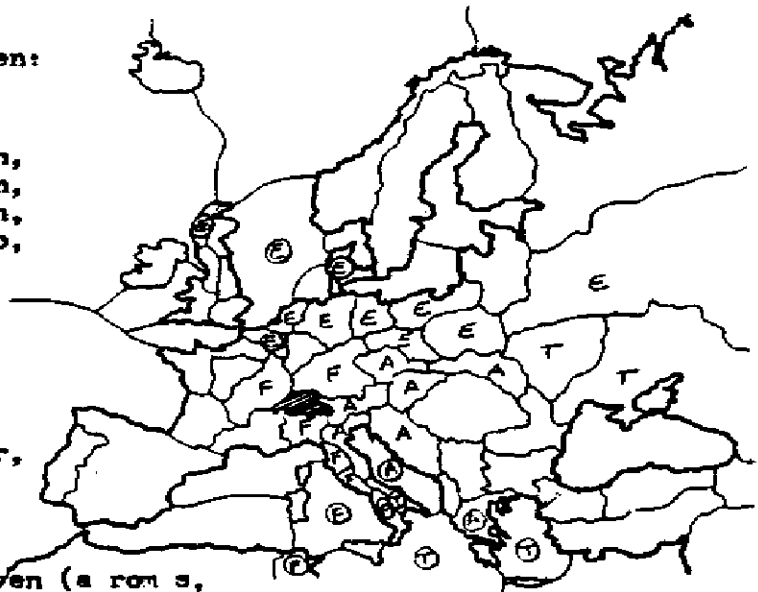
Fall 1906--

AUS (Cusack): f gre s TUR f ion,
a tyo s a boh, a tri s a ven,
f adr s a ven, a gal s a boh,
a boh s a gal, a vie s a tyo,
a ven s TUR f apu.

ENG (Givan): f cly, f bel h.
a lon-hol (f nth c),
a hol-kie (f den s),
a ber s FRA a bur-mun,
a sil-gal (a war s),
a lvn s a mos, a mos s a war,
a pru s a ber-sil 'nso/.

FRA (Elillllis): a bur-mun,
a mun-tyo, f tyn s f nap,
f tun-lon (f nap s), a vie-ven (a rom s,
a tus s).

TUR (LLLLLLLaudi): a sev s a ukr, a ukr s AUS a gal, f ion s f apu,
f aeg & f apu s f ion.



draw votes: Austria announces he will veto any draw which does not include AT

	AUS	ENG	FRA	TUR
EF	n	y	y	n
EFT	n	n	y	y
AEP	n	n	y	n

Yes, if you must know, I'm pressed for time.
Deadline for Winter 1906 (really, Evans!) &
Spring 1907 (including vote on AEFT draw
proposed by Austria) is 10pm, Sunday 28 Oct.
I will be at (817) 640-0079 most of the

month, but the weekend of Oct 26-28 I will be attending Con with No Name at
the Kleimans' (Indianapolis), try 317-271-9217.

Winter 1906--Supply Centers controlled...

AUS home ser gre bul rum ven	8/8	very even
ENG home nwy den hol swe bel kie stp ber war MOS	12/13	plus one
FRA home spa por tun mun rom nap	9/9	plus one (correction)
TUR home sev adr	5/4	minus one

ENG to UTA: I give up. If you want it to be FO6, then FO6 it is.

FRA to UTA (Stop'N'Go?): I submitted all the proposals so you would have
something to print. Feats trying to think up press!

UTA to FRA: See my comments on press in Yavin. (I work at a Gulf "Majik
Market", which is little more than gas, beer, and cigs.)

Turkey to Austria: Psssst.....say, pal, remember me?

ENG to FRA: I see they had a "pre-emptive strike" in Woz. Wonder how we
could get one of them on Austria?

UTA to ENG: Allow me. To be "pre-emptive, the strike must occur before he
attacks or threatens you. Is that why you want to change the gameyear??

WOZ PRESS CONTINUES HERE-----

AUS to Hail, Walker: Thanks for nrring it put me in a stronger position.

AUS to London: Fools overture? How do you mean? Shouldn't it be Born to
run by Bruce?

London: The British Invasion, the hot new rock & roll band, recently opened
its show here with a reworked version of Billy Joel's song "Moving Out".

Some of the lyrics included:

(See page 11)

Herelandra END of 1904... 1983HC-Mimir

SOMEBODY WAKE UP THE BLACK BLOCKS

Summer 1904--AUS retreats f bul-con

Fall 1904--

AUS (Henry): a tri-bud, a via-tri, a tyo-tri, a ser-bul (a con s).

ENG (Crosby???): nmr. a yor h. f edi h /d a/.

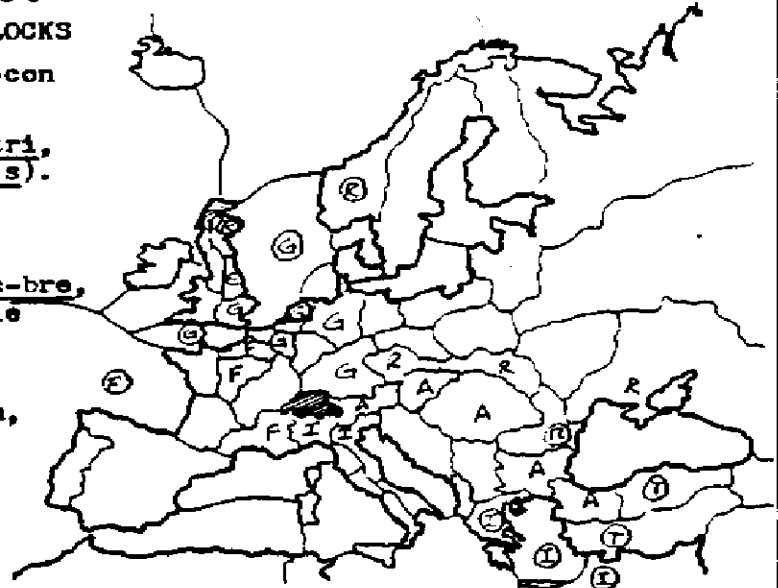
FRA (Sweeney): a bre-par, a pic-bre, f mid-bre, a mar s ITA a pie "in a shocking display of familiarity".

GER (Pakel???): nmr. has a lon, a bel, a mun, a kie, f nth, f hol, f eng.

ITA (Kazur): f eas-swy, a ven h (a pie s), f lon-aeg (f gre s).

RUS (Touchette): a sev h, a ukr-pal, a boh s AUS a tyo /otm/, f bul/ec-run, f nwy-nth. f nwy-edi (f cly s).

TUR (Givan): f aeg-con /d a/ (f swy s), f bla-ank.



Winter 1904--Supply Center chart

AUS	via bud tri ser bul CON	5/6	plus one
ENG	lvp ddf	2/1	even
FRA	par mar bre spa por	5/5	plus one**
GER	mun kie ber hol den bel lon	7/7	even
ITA	ven rom nap tun gre	5/5	even
RUS	stp mos war sev swe nwy run EDI	7/8	plus one
TUR	ddf ank swy	3/2	even

DEADLINE for Winter 1904 builds and Spring 1905 orders is 10pm, Sunday 28 OCTOBER 1984. My semi-accessable phone is (817) 64C-0079, but the weekend of Oct 26-28 I will be at the Con with

No Name in Indianapolis, care of Dave Kleiman (317-271-9217). According to my houserules I'm not supposed to call a standby for England so I won't; if John misses next turn ENG will go into permanent CD (however long that lasts).

STANDBY FOR GERMANY: Greg Ellis, 700 Rio Grande, Austin TX 78701 (512-926-5255).

STP to VIE: Yeah...Nothing beats an Italian Wep for greed... **correction

AUS to ITA: Well, Ace--what's going on?

ITA to AUS: One thing I am rarely accused of is "imagination"....

STP to ROM: Nothing personal.

STP to Paris: Bonjour, jupere pouvoir vous rencontrer prochainement en vue d'une entente. ((Pierre, I really appreciate it, but forgive me, my typer doesn't speak French, and can't read your handwriting.))

Paris to Rome: I could stabilize this front if you could decide whom to bother!

Paris to GM: Did I see things or is there a Russian unit in Silesia on the map and Bohemia in the orders?

GM to Mimir: Yes, it was "a boh". I have told other Pere players before, if there is any discrepancy the map is 'wrong'--always use the written adjudication.

Paris to Constantinople: "Think"--if he only could...

TUR to RUS: Whose side are we on, anyway? Is Austria the bad guy? Or Italy? Or you?

STP to Berlin: Hey, Well...what is new in Berlin? In StP, there's a lack of correspondence, but the girlfriend, the friend and the school are all a month overdue. Seriously, will get back on track...

STP to the World: Lack of correspondence by us will be forgotten...

AUS to TUR: I'll write one day, Evans. Probably. Maybe. If I get around to it. Provided I still exist. ((More on next page...))

Herelandra

SPRING 1909

1982 HK - Yavin

WHO'S FIGHTING WHOM?

error last time: f ank-con should be underlined.

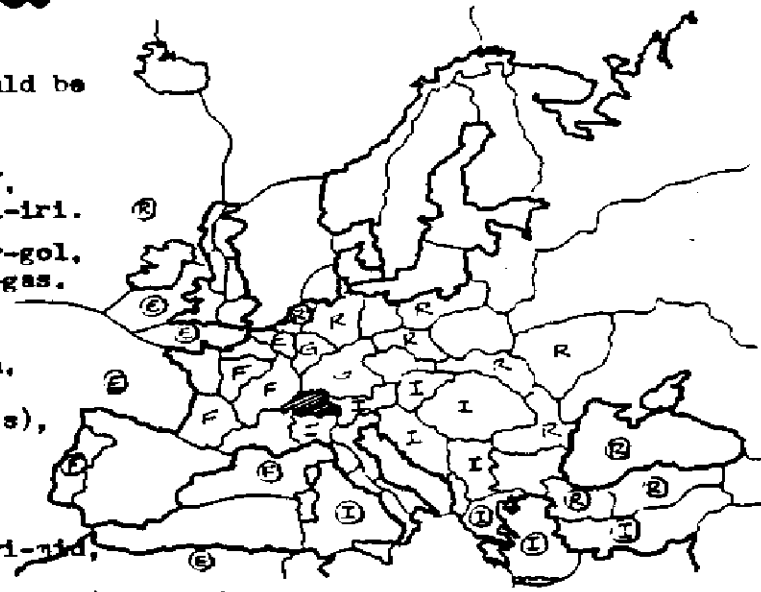
ENG (Burgess): f eng s a bel,
a bel s GER a ruh-bur 'nso',
f iri-mid, f mid-naf, f wal-iri.

FRA (Cusack): f spa-por, f nar-gol,
a pic-bur (a par s), a bur-gas.

GER (Keeney): a ruh ms a sun.

ITA (Peery): a tyo s GER a mun,
a ven-pie, f rom-tyn,
a bud-rum, a tri-bud (a vie s),
f aeg-con (f smy s),
f con-bul/ec 'd a/
(f gre s, a ser s).

RUS (Givan): f nao s ENG f iri-aid,
a ber-kie (f hol s),
a sil-mun, a war-pru, a gal-rum (a ukr s), a rum-ser,
f bul/ec-con (f bla s, f ank s).



DEADLINE for Fall 1909 orders is 10pm Sunday, October 28. My very temporary phone is (817) 640-0079: the weekend of Oct 26-28 I will be at the Con with No Name in Indianapolis, probably staying with Dave & Lori Kleiman (317-271-9217). Press...

RUS to ENG: I wasn't sure what you wanted me to do, if anything, so the Russian fleet goes home. Our work here is done.

UTA to Yavin: The last entry was obviously held over, and I remind you again to tell whether old press is superseded. I also took some flack this month for commenting about "stupid" press: if you could not deduce that I was targetting a certain brand of press (notably, the obscene and the inane, both of which were represented lastish), you need help. If the shoe fits...

RUS to UTA: Wow! What weird press last time! Listen, I want you to know I'm all for less stupidity in the press. Wish I could be a little less stupid for you, but I'm already as stupidless as I can get.

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

London to UTA: OK, I'll have to pass on press this month. I have nothing intelligent to say. ((Actually, that's very intelligent of you...))

RUS to UTA" Actually, I think you should let the guru of Sacramento, Steve and Daf ((AHA! A two-headed guru. An endangered species, I believe.)), name the Sacto Mob. We don't need no cow-pokes from Texas calling us names. We're capable of calling ourselfs our own names ((sic)); and doing it quite literally, too, thank you.

MIMIR PRESS CONTINUES HERE-----

TUR to ENG: It would be insanity for us to crossgame. Don't you think? So, let's do it. I'll get Germany and you get Austria.

PAR to UTA: You don't know? Hell, I don't know!

Paris: In a scandalous scene, the German ambassador has been caught, photographically, leaving a rather sleazy bordello on the east side of the city. When confronted by our reporter, he was quoted as saying, "What the hell, soon the damn Rooshins will be in Berlin anyway!"

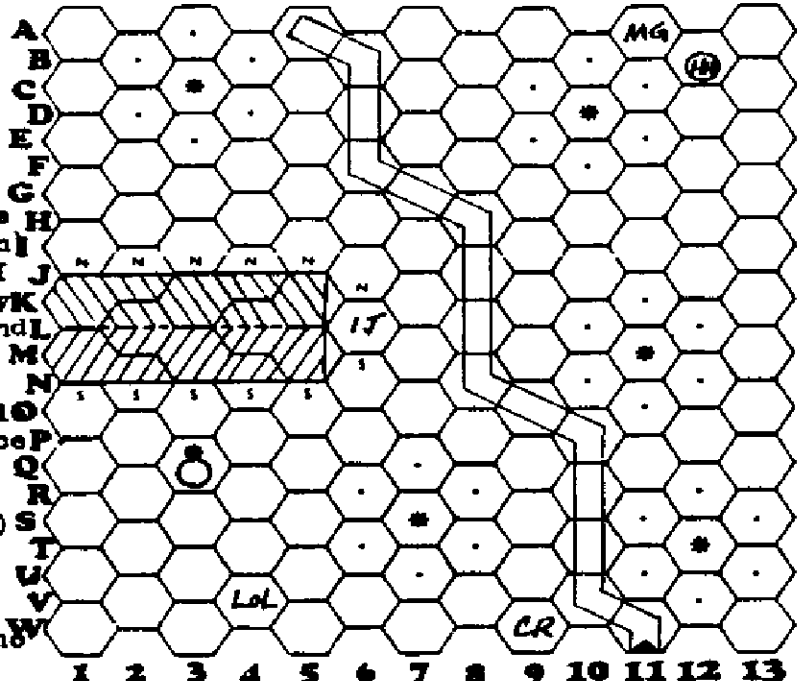
Herelandra

TURN FOUR AND

ASF2 - Forochet

DON'T YOU FORGET IT...

Segment One: YAWWWWN. Oh, excuse me. Snowball Fighting. Yeah, I'm just, um, sleeeeepy. ZZZZ. Ruh?! Oh. Well, two of you collected 2sb (HH and IJ). And two of you moved (CR to W9, MG to A11). And one resigned (Kelly). Lessee (yawn) there was someone else... oh, I remember. This Little Ole LadyK dropped by, took one look aroundL and harrumphed into the yard. M ((Note: items in "" are quoted N from your orders.)) "The Little Ole Lady looked at what had onceP been her prise flowerbed in horror. ((The horror! The horror! Don, name that tune!)) S Oh, those impudent little rap-scallions! How could they do this? Her astonishment turned to anger and although she had no recollection of picking up the



snowballs, when Cold Crier peeked out from behind the snowman she hurled a Dolton Demon at him and quickly DODGED. ((And missed him miserably.)) (There's old snow fighters and there's bold snow fighters, but, there's no Old Bold snow fighters!) How true. LOL. With only one (failed) attack, let's move on to...

Segment Two: "I'll show you whipper-snappers how it's done," she ((LOL)) cackled as she dropped down on one knee and began building a massive dirigible. She called out across the yard "Sick him, Come on Ice Jackal old boy, SICK 'EM!?" Then, as Cold Crier turned to face ole Jackal, she stood up and see segment 3 for the dramatic conclusion. Meanwhile, (yawn) Chicago Rocket is going after the preoccupied Lady with a rattlesnake--perfect!--and Mystery Guest has run up next to the Halfling to smash him with his dirigible! Houston Halfling has Ice Jackal on his mind: while the Jackal lays in two more snowballs, HH plasters him (response to press negotiations last time??).

fighter	loc	attacked by	hp/vp	hp/vp/ammo
CR (Bruss)	W9		00/1	5/ 3/ 1sb
HH (Ellie)	B12	MG/di/60/**	3/1	3/ 6/ 1sb
IJ (Williams)	L6	HH/rr/85/**	1/0	9/ 4/ 6sb
LOL (Baker)	V4	CR/rr/100/**	1/0	4/ 0/ 1sb & 1 di
MG (??)	A11		0/3	5/ 7/ none (HChummm sss)

WHAT?? Oh, uh, Segment Three: LOL: "stood up and lobbed the Dirigible high up in the air, arching ever so gracefully, to come slamming down on the snowman and Cold Crier, who thought he was safe there." But CC got wasted, maybe that's why he's running back inside. The Rocket takes another chance to hit the Lady un-awares, while MG collects another di. But the Halfling has been waiting for the chance to do this, sending conditional orders &c &c, and now he reaches over, grabs the Snowman's Head, and kaBLAM!! decks the Mystery Guest solid! What is Ice Jackal doing during all this? Snore. He's packing another pair of SBs! Does he think you can rest on you laurels (or on your 9hp/8sb armory??)

CR	W9		0/1	5/ 4/ none	
HH	B12		0/3	3/ 9/ 1sb	
IJ	L6		0/0	9/ 4/ 8sb	press is...someplace
LOL	V4	CR/rr/90/**	1/3	3/ 3/ 1sb	around here. look
MG	A11	HH/sh/60/**	3/0	2/ 7/ 1di	harder. boy am i
(CC		LOL/di/60/**	3/0)		worn out...zzzzzzza.

Okay, boys and girls...turn five is due 28 October 1984.

Herelandra

Snowball Fighting

FOROCHEL PRESS, believe it or don't

MYSTERY GUEST TWENTY QUESTIONS (I HATE THE "Q" ON THIS MACHINE...)

MG to IJ: No, I'm not a boy-type person, and no, I'm not 25.

Ice Jackal to Mystery Guest: No fair asking my questions. Me an WCCer? Hmmm, no, I'm not...but my duck is! I think I've got your number, but just to make sure: do you and a certain senile senior citizen throw a wild bash in a nameless/shameless northern California city every year: a bash which has become rekknown for the depths of deplorability, debauchery and drunkenness (that is, mine!) to which it, to turn a phrase, aspires?

LOL to MG: Is your birthday really Nov 5, '49?

SnowFort to LOL: Oh, boy, are you gonna get it...

CR to IJ: I don't care what you say, I'm still superior. ((Just like the lake?))

IJ to CR: Come out, come out wherever you are, you sleazesucking, psychotic six-year-old.

IJ to MG: "Defensive position"? Hm...between that, Snowforbrain's comment and the fact that I know something about ASFL, I'm beginning to get a picture and Idefinitely like it! Now if we could only get you out of those cold wet things, just so I could tell for sure...

Mystery to Jackal: Hm, "negotiate through the mails"? Is that a euphemism? I'll give you a hint. My initials are SBTI and California is where I make my home.

IJ to CC: Uh, don't look now, but there's a Li'l Ole Lady sneaking up behind you...no, no really...okay, you've seen that trick before at the movies. Fine. It's your neck.

SF to IJ: That's the same line LOL tried...

LOL to IJ: Sick 'em!

IJ to CR: Come back here and fight like a six-year-old...or I'll track you down (your "scent" is unbearable... did you soil your pants, or are you just happy to see me?) and bite you puny little legs off!

LOL to CR: Who's afraid of the big bad Jackal? (and stay out of my roses!)

CR to all: I'm thinking of transferring to Marquette (WI) or Boston College in January. As an accounting major. May I have some votes on the schools?

SF to CR: Isn't that a drastic response to LOL? Well, BC yes, Marq. no.

IJ to CC: I thought "CC" was for "Cold Crier" not "coldcocked." Who knocked you out? Wake up, get up, and get your mittens back on.

IJ to SM: SNARL!! SNARL!! (Paws theground, huffs and puffs, etc...)

Snow Master to IJ: LOL already asked and got no answer...

IJ to Snowforbrains: Who's Afraid of Virginia Jackal? Or is that maybe "whom"?

IJ to CR: ASK NOT FOR WHOM THE SNOWBALLS GO, THEY'RE THROWN AT THEM!! AAAAAA aarrraooooooooo!! ((SM: sigh))

IJ to LOL: Why, Grandma! What big ears you have...and Grandma, what a little red nose you have...and Grandma, is it true you are short-sighted and have false teeth? Shucks...you're a goner.

IJ to Snowforbrains ((Don, if you try to use that in the press once more, you lose 2hp)): In case you were wondering, I graduated summa cum laude from the Charles Colson and Gov. Lamb School of Ethics towards Elders.

HH: Hey IJ--catch!

LOL to HH: Okay, kid, I'm going to count to 3 and if you're not out from behind the compost heap...

HH to MG: I guess we are just too good for these wimps. Care to sit over here and lob Rattlers at them? Notice who doesn't have any HP yet?

IJ to HH: Glad to see you're staying safe and sane over there. I was thinking we do have a lot in common: we both have hairy feet, big appetites and pointy ears. Oh, and we'd both like to "attack" the mystery guest.

Mystery to SnowMaster: I'm sorry for just beating the deadline again. I'll do better next time.

SM to MG: What is this, another euphemism?! Quit it already!

IJ to SM: Intimidating? Moi? I'm just a cute little old cuddly Ice Jackal... not the Big Bad Wolf.

(editor's rebuttal, page 9)

Herelandra SM to IJ: Cuddly??? For crying out loud, you're 12 years old (bleeocch), have hairy feet, and talk with the worst lisp I've ever heard...

IJ to SM: I jussssst love sssibilantssss... don't you?

SM to IJ: No. I love humorous, relevant press. And I'm sure the others in the game feel the same way.

IJ to game: Hisssssssssss!

SM to IJ: Fine: see if I defend you when they bomb you out of sight.

IJ to SM: Do you realize how tough that is to do between a mouthful of two-inch teeth?

SM to IJ: Do you realize how tough it would be to do with a mouthful of snow?

IJ to CR: P-p-p-p-l-l-l-l-a-a-a-a-o! (Placing your tongue just behind tightly closed lips and blowing will give you a rough approximation.)

IJ to SnowMaster: Hey, you, linguist, do they have a name for that?

SM to IJ: Yeah: Bronx cheer, or "raspberry".

IJ to Snowforbrains: Oh...I thought it might be more technical than that--pardon me.

SM to IJ: Oh, technical he wants. Okay: ballistic laminolabial trill wela. 2 points if you can tell me what that means (anybody). Written [E1].

HH to S&M: Is this turn nine due at 9pm, or turn 4 due at 4pm?

SM to HH: I confused your game with Beth; next turn is #5, due at 9pm.

CR to SM: Bruce ((Springsteen)) will be here on Nov. 25 or so.

CR to all: Anyone wanting tickets let me know. We will be sleeping out for three days to get good seats.

IJ to Springsteen Fans: What's the big deal about "The Boss"? You want Springsteen, listen here...

Ya' can't hit the Rocket!

Ya' can't hit Chicago, he's a runnin' away...

I gotta'snake in my pocket...

C'mon there ole Rocket, wan't you come out and play?

Or how about...

I can't see the Crier!

I can't see the Crier, I'll miss my mark

But if I lob it higher,

Maybe I can get him with an arc. (?)

Or maybe...

My arm is tired!

My arm is tired and it's gettin' dark.

You may be a liar,

But doing Springsteen is a lark!

Ice Jackal to Mystery Guest of my Dreams: "Baby, we were born to run!" Whoo-ya!

SnowMaster to Ferochel: Even if Jackal can't play more than one tune, my arm is tired too (and all ten fingers). Here I am typing this, and I already have a set of orders for next turn. Sigh. And Whew. And all those good editorial-type comments. These days, I have to write out a press adjudication for crying out loud...but I love it. Just one problem: Don't let this become a one-man show, folks (PLEASE!!!). See you in two weeks.

Well, as I mentioned last time I am working at a local stop'n'rob, namely a Gulf "Majik Market". We're not 24 hours because there has been a lot of trouble with this store: managers quitting, personnel disappearing, etc. The last four weeks or so things have straightened out: dollars up 125%, stock in place, store clean, and employees on time. Problem though. Due to transfers and resignations we are down to one manager (been here 3 weeks) and two pecns (one has been here 2 weeks and guess who the other is? yep, I have seniority at this shop!).

The job is mindless enough for me to read journal articles from Language or Makkai's Phonological Analysis (fairly mindless themselves), but I'm pulling in 15% more than I did when I was teaching---and sweating over it for 20-25 hours a week! However, I'm working MWF 4pm-12midnight, plus one weekend night (alternating Sun or Sat) so my social life is shot again and home-

Herelandra

Our Guest of Honor

(Zodanga continued) His father, Than Kosis, Jeddak of Zodanga, has made her voluntary marriage to his son the price of peace between our countries, but Tardos Mors will not accede to the demands and has sent word that he and his people would rather look upon the dead face of their princess than see her wed to any than her own choice, and that personally he could prefer being engulfed in the ashes of a lost and burning Helium to joining the metal of his house with that of Than Kosis. His reply was the deadliest affront he could have put upon Than Kosis and the Zodangas, but his people love him even more for it and his strength in Helium is greater today than ever.

"I have been here three days," continued Kantos Kan, "but I have not yet found where Dejah Thoris is imprisoned. Today I join the Zodangan navy as an air scout and I hope in this way to win the confidence of Sab Than the prince, who is commander of this division of the navy, and thus learn the whereabouts of Dejah Thoris. I am glad that you are here, John Carter, for I know your loyalty to my princess and two of us working together should be able to accomplish much."

Pete here. I find it interesting that Burroughs should have presumed that the advance of science should have created animals and foods more colorful and distinct than ours, when our current myth is that foods will all be grey, plastics or small white pills. Also note that his "observer", Carter, spends much more time in the Barsoom novels reporting the speech of others than any contemporary hero, if or not. Often his own words are omitted or merely indirectly referred to.

And now for a little dessert...

"Clonmacnoise" T.W. Rolleston

In a quiet water'd land, a land of roses,
Stands Saint Kieran's city far;
And the warriors of Erin in their famous generations
Slumber there.

There beneath the dewy hillside sleep the noblest
Of the clan of Conn,
Each below his stone with name in branching Ogham
And the sacred knot thereon.

There they laid to rest the seven Kings of Tara,
There the sons of Cairbre sleep--
Battle-banners of the Gael that in Kieran's plain of crosses
Now their final hosting keep.

And in Clonmacnoise they laid the men of Teffia,
And right many a lord of Breagh;
Deep the sod aboe Clan Creide and Clan Connall,
Kind in hall and fierce in fray.

Many and many a son of Conn the Hundred-fighter
In the red earth lies at rest:
Many a blue eye of Clan Colman the turf covers,
Many a swan-white breast.

I don't push it in the "bare opening" section but I still need players for a variant based on a map of San Diego. No gamefee: any takers??????????



Herelandra

WOZ PRESS:

Jimmy the Frog isn't going nowhere: He never knew what had hit'em.

He convoyed armies to Africa and lost his heart there;

A snake in the grass coiled and bit'em.

Now the venom is killing him so slow-low-low-low...He oughta know by now
France can pay such a price for a naval show, And get himself buried at sea.
That's just the way I play.

Yeah, that's what I'm all about.

Move over, poor fool, 'cause I'm...Moving Out!

Munich: The scene here is one of pandemonium, as the newly formed Army of the Wine prepares to march. Led by the hero of Warsaw and Holland, Field Marshal von Bierumdpretzels, the Army's mission is to protect the fertile vineyards of Burgundy from English marauders and insure that there are no interruptions in the smooth flow of French wine into Germany. In addition, it is rumored that the Field Marshal hopes to meet with his plannorous and unpredictable counterpart, the British commander "Lucky Liz".

AUS to all: So I screwed up on my press. Oh, well, we all make mistakes.

TCU to UTA: And if I win I want Nava tickets. ((TCU is now 3-1, and is a 20% point favorite over Rice Saturday.))

Warsaw: Fritz Pickundshuffe, chief engineer of the 2nd Storm Drain Troopers, read the reports of his men with great satisfaction. Despite the fact that the Vistula had flooded nearly half again as high as was normal in the spring, the city of Warsaw remained dry, thanks to the modern German flood control techniques he and his men had introduced. Despite this, he does not feel content. How could he when he knows that Moscow was at that very moment suffering from floods! He knew that Moscow might be defended, and that the people would certainly be hostile, but despite that he was determined to help them. Like all Storm Drain Troopers, he is a man with a mission, and he is prepared to take any risk, make any sacrifice to further that mission--to bring modern flood control techniques to the world!

UTA to Warsaw: Reminds me of "The Roads Must Roll!" Please note that you may not dateline press from an opponent's home so. This is your only warning: further items will not be printed. ((This one was from Germany.))

(continued)...work is usually rushed through early in the morning. A large part of my work this semester is on Vietnamese; twice a week I have a session with a Vietnamese immigrant who will drill me in sentences, which I then transcribe, practice, file, and analyze. Also, I'm coming to terms with my M.A. project, which will discuss the narrative structure of a yet-undecided language (Sign language, Japanese, or German). I want to do primary research--listening to storytelling--not library research per se.

I don't want to leave the impression that my social life is a complete waste. I have just been to my first rodeo (at the State Fair of Texas here in Dallas) and it was fun (though not having Wrangler jeans, boots, or a cowboy hat put me distinctly out of place). Also, having come to a new set of terms with my friend in California (i.e. she just doesn't feel ready to settle down in any definition of that term), I have been seen in the company of a Baylor nurse. And this week is the annual Phi Beta Kappa dinner for North Texas. (I know, big whoop-dee-do.)

I mentioned Steve Langley's back lastish. He is doing much better already; surgery did the trick. I'm not getting much sleep, and am subject to another bout of migraines, but my diet and exercise look good.

Well, enough of this. I should have been in bed two hours ago (as the Forochel players know quite well). KK is still coming; Mazzer still prints fantastic press (currently, in Flick of the Wrist); Graustark chugs along towards #500 (Nov. 2). All's well in the Dip world. G'night.

Pete

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We trade 

Your sub ends with issue

 **First Class Mail**