

# Herelandra

December

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seventy-five cents

## THE LOST CONTINENT c j cutliffe hyne

Deucalion, the narrator, has been governor of an Atlantean colony, and little involved in the changes and trends of his homeland. Now, Atlantis faces its most serious crisis ever, as an upstart peasant makes herself Empress, and more...

A murmur quickly sprang up round me, which grew into shouts. "Kneel," one whispered, "kneel, sir, or you will be seen." And another cried: "Kneel, you without beard, and do obeisance to the only Goddess, or by the old Gods I will make myself her priest and butcher you!" And so the shouts arose into a roar.

But presently the word "Deucalion" began to be bandied about, and there came a moderation in the zeal of these enthusiasts. Deucalion, the man who had left Atlantis twenty years before to rule Yucatan, they might know little enough about, but Deucalion, who rode not many days back beside the Empress in the golden castle beneath the canopy of snakes, was a person they remembered; and when they weighed up his possible ability for vengeance, the shouts died away from them limply.

So when the silence had grown again, and Phorenice turned and saw me standing alone amongst all the prostrate worshippers, I stepped out from the crowd and passed between two of the great stones, and went across the circle to where she stood beside the altar. I did not prostrate myself. At the prescribed distance I made the salutation which she herself had ordered when she made me her chief minister, and then hailed her with formal decorum as Empress.

"Deucalion, man of ice," she retorted.

"I still adhere to the old Gods!"

"I was not referring to that," said she, and looked at me with a sidelong smile

But here Ylga came up to us with a face that was white, and a hand that shook, and made supplication for my life. "If he will not leave the old Gods yet," she pleaded, "surely you will pardon him? He is a strong man, and does not become a convert easily. You may change him later. But think, Phorenice, he is Deucalion; and if you slay him here for this one thing, there is no other man within all the marches of Atlantis who would so worthily serve---"

The Empress took the words from her. "You slut," she cried out. "I have you near me to appoint my wardrobe, and carry my fan, and do you dare to put a meddling finger on my policies? Back with you, outside this circle, or I'll have you whipped. Ay, and I'll do more. I'll serve you as Zaemon served my captain Tarca. Shall I point a finger at you, and smite your pretty skin with a sudden leprosy?"

The girl bowed her shoulders, and went away cowed, and Phorenice turned to me. "My lord," she said, "I am like a young bird in the nest that has suddenly found its wings. Wings have so many uses that I am curious to try then all."

"May each now flight they take be for the good of Atlantis."

"Oh," she said, with an eye-flash, "I know what you have most at heart. But we will go back to the pyramid, and talk this out at more leisure. I pray you now, my lord, conduct me back to my riding beast."

It appeared then that I was to be condoned for not offering her worship, and so putting public question on her deification. It appeared also that Ylga's interference was looked upon as untimely, and, though I could not understand the exact reasons for either of these things, I accepted them as they were, seeing

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that they forwarded the scheme that Zaemon had bidden me carry out.

So when the Empress lent me her fingers--warm, delicate fingers they were, though so skillful to grasp weapons of war--I took them gravely, and led her out of the great circle, which she had polluted with her trickeries. I had expected to see our Lord the Sun take vengeance on the profanation whilst it was still in act; but none had come: and I knew that He would choose his own good time for retribution, and appoint what instrument He thought best, without my raising a puny arm to guard His mighty honour.

So I led this lovely sinful woman back to the huge red mammoth which stood there tamely waiting, and the smell of the sacrifice came after us as we walked. She mounted the stair to the golden castle on the shaggy beast's back, and bade me mount also and take seat beside her. But the place of the fan-girl behind was empty, and what we said as we rode back through the streets there was none to overhear.

She was eager to know what had befallen me after the attack on the gate, and I told her the tale, laying stress on the worthiness of Nais, and uttering an opinion that with care the girl might be won back to allegiance again. Only the commands that Zaemon laid upon me when he and I spoke together in the sacred tongue, did I withhold, as it is not lawful to repeat these matters save only in the High Council of the Priests itself, as they sit before the Ark of the Mysteries.

"You seem to have an unusual kindness for this rebel Nais," said Phorenice.

"She showed herself to me as more clever and thoughtful than the common herd."

"Ay," she answered, with a sigh that I think was real enough in its way, "an Empress loses much that meaner woman gets as her common due."

"In what particular?"

"She misses the honest wooing of her equals."

"If you set up for a Goddess---" I said.

"Pah! I wish to be no Goddess to you, Deucalion. That was for the common people; it gives me more power with them; it helps my schemes. All you Seven higher priests know that trick of calling down the fire, and it pleased me to filch it. Can you not be generous, and admit that a woman may be as clever in finding out these natural laws as you musty elder priests?"

"Remains that you are Empress."

"Nor Empress either. Just think that there is a woman seated beside you on this cushion, Deucalion, and look upon her, and say what words come first to your lips. Have done with ceremonies, and have done with statecraft. Do you wish to wait on as you are till all your manhood withers? It is well not to hurry unduly in these matters: I am with you there. Yet, who but a fool watches a fruit grow ripe, and then leaves it till it is past its prime?"

I looked on her glorious beauty, but as I live it left me cold. But I remembered the command that had been laid upon me, and forced a smile. "I may have been fastidious," I said, "but I do not regret waiting this long."

## Vital Statistics

This is Perelandra, a monthly amateur magazine for postal gaming and literature. The Editor is P.J. Gaughan (7500 W Camp Wisdom Rd, Dallas TX 75236; 817-633-3208) to whom (yes, whom, Don) subscriptions may be sent for 75¢ (US) per issue. Currently there is a limit of 50 subscribers, but this policy may change after January. Also, future refunds (if any) will be made at the rate they were originally charged. There will be no further rate increase through 1985, although we are considering some sort of "subscription reform", along the lines of the Treasury...

Also published here is Ectopia, the official newsletter of the DipCon XVIII Administrative Committee. Send a SASE or 20¢ stamp for issue one.

CINDERELLA BITES THE DUST: TCU is 8-3, losing ignominiously to Texas A&M to finish its short-lived run for the Gotton Bowl. I still owe Dave those tickets...

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Standby priority is now: Colandro, Crosby, Hail, Bruss, Conlon, Baker, Sweeney, Touchette, Makuc, Keeney, Givan, Ellis. Many thanks to each of you.

There are two game openings available: Four-Handed Dip Chess, and Hegemony over Sandy Ego (2 signed up, need 3 more). HSD is a Dip variant based on a map of San Diego, and will be run free by flyer. Watch this space for a new opening of regular Dip after one of the current games ends (Rob Wittmond is already signed up!); I have not decided about a gamefee, but will probably charge a price to include a sub for the length of the game.

I encourage all West Coast Diplomacy enthusiasts to attend Dafcon IV at the home of Steve & Daphne Langley (2296 Eden Roc Ln #1, Sacramento CA 95825), Dec 28 to Jan 1. Reputed to be on their way are Mike Mazzer, Bob Olsen, Hobby Sex Ghod Terry Tallman, and yours truly. Get in touch with the Langleys (916-927-4077) about rides and/or housing, or call me after Dec 24 at my parents' (415-924-8745).

**HOBBY ANNOUNCEMENTS:** The Freshman Zine Poll, in which zines started in 1984 can be evaluated among their peers, is being run by Steve Langley (address above). 1) Please urge new pubbers to write to Steve so they can be included in the Poll. 2) If you sub to a new zine, send your ballot to Steve before February 22. You may want to wait until the end of January, since Steve will publish a complete list of Freshmen then (I will reproduce his list here in the Feb. 1 Perelandra).

The Runestone Poll, which rates North American zines, gms, and subzines, and the Zine Register, which is a directory of those same things, are now under the leadership of Bruce Linsey (73 Ashuelot St. #3, Dalton MA 01226; 413-684-0567). The ZR is still mainly Roy Handricks' baby, but Bruce will be doing the data-gathering, so if you publish and you have not received a copy of the ZR form, request one from Bruce. The Runestone Poll passing from Randolph Smyth to Bruce has caused a boycott movement, and I will discuss this in an editorial later in this issue.

**FORMAT COMMENTS:** Yes, I made a big deal about it, but I didn't want anybody thinking this was a fake, or worse. Few share my dislike of photo-reduction, but I have to please myself in this thing, too. Although I can now only run 2 pages per sheet, I increase the available space on a page by 31%, so I will stay around 14-16 pages.

There are several new things going on here. There may be a regular column or two, or even (gasp!) a subzine, soon; I haven't been advertising for one, but they seem to pop up. Also, an irregular humor column: A Field Guide to Texas Vehicular Wildlife. If you are thinking about sending press, articles, or letters be aware that I can run anything 8½x11 photo-ready now, provided it's legible. (Some of you had asked; old borders were 6½x11 originals.)

The other major change you will see is that the zine is now produced "in line" --meaning no more skipping around, or very little of it. No more need for page numbers, and no more space filler or "fitting in" the last page. A return to P's roots, as my earliest subbers can attest. You will probably recognize the typewriter; a little home repair has jury-rigged it to last at least until Christmas. Just couldn't bring myself to throw away an old friend...

**DEADLINES:** If you've read this far, congratulate yourself. There will be, as is traditional, no issue of Perelandra for January. The next two deadlines will be six weeks each to accommodate this--

Deadline for 1984W/Woz is 16 December; for all other games, 15 January.

I expect to be in California from 24 December to 3 January, but I won't get to stop in L.A. at all. Pray that Braniff is still in business at Christmas since they have the best fares to San Francisco (\$218 round trip) and even for that I have to scrape the bucket.

Partial playlist for this issue: Beethoven, 3rd Symphony; Brahms, 3rd Symphony Vivaldi, The Mandolin Concerti (Claudio Scimone directing I Solisti Veneti).

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## 1982 HK - Yavin

ENGLAND DROPS THE OTHER SHOE...ON ITALY  
Correction to Fall 1909: a smy-con fails,  
as shown on the map.

Winter 1909: Germany removes a ruh; Italy  
builds f nap; Russia builds a sev.

### SPRING 1910

England (Jim Burgess, 100 Holden St,  
Providence RI 02908): f mid-wes,  
f wes-tun (f naf s), a bel-pic,  
f eng s Rf nao-mid.

France (Blair Cusack, General Delivery,  
Revelstoke BC, VOE 2S0 Canada): f por-  
spa/sc (f gol s), a pic can't believe  
its eyes (a bre s), a gas s a bre.

Germany (Jim Keeney, 3124 N Street,  
Sacramento CA 95816): a mun holds  
and begs for mercy /d r ruh bur boh otb/.

Italy (Larry Peery, Box 8416, San Diego CA 92102): f nap-tyn (f tun s) /f tun d  
r ion otb/, a tus-Elba (Good Fleet Lollipop c), a tyo s Ga mun, a ser-rum  
(a bud s, a bul s), a vie s a bud, f gre & f aeg s a bul, f smy-con.

Russia (Evans Givan, 8066 Camstock Ct, Citrus Hts CA 95610-4606): f nao-mid,  
f hol s Ea bel /otm/, a ber-mun (a kie s, a sil s), a rum s a gal (a gal,  
a ukr, & a sev all s a rum), f con h (f bla s, f ank s).

I/R draw: England & Russia vote no, France, Germany & Italy vote yes, I/R fails.  
Russia proposes E/R draw. Deadline for vote, Summer retreats, and Fall 1910 moves  
is 9pm Central Time, 15 January 1985.

Russia to Italy: Didn't you like that one, either? What else can I try?

St. Peerigrad: Veni, Vidi, Fugi.

Moscow to Berlin: The Russians have come, the Russians have come.

Russia to GM: 10 out of 12 supports doesn't mean I've gone wimpy or nothing.  
Wait 'til next season. The Killer will return!

UTA to Russian Wimp: Of 27 total pieces you have in this ish, 8 are holding and  
17 are supporting. That's wimpy no matter how you slice it. You better thank  
me that Mark Frueh doesn't subscribe here.

Russia to England: Looks like you own a lot of spaces without dots. That's  
still pretty good, though. Look at Austria, Turkey & Germany. And I bet you  
just got a dot.

Thoughts for Thanksgiving: Wishbone, Dressing, Bone, Bonehead, Bone in the  
throat, any kind of bone will do; match up the above list with the six par-  
ticipants in this game. Winner gets to carve up Turkey even further.

Paris: Yes, Virginia, there is a thing called mercy (and a thing called pure  
horse's-ass luck).

Russia to GM: Do you believe Pepsi is sweeter than Coke? Which do you want with  
your pizza?

UTA: Coke is the pits--too much sugar. How about a root beer?

UTA P.S.: I keep getting the feeling this thing is going to end soon--not from  
any solid data from players, just a hunch. Your thoughts (which will, natch,  
be kept in confidence) are invited.



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## 1983 G - Darkover

ANOTHER FRENCH ANNIHILATION--BUT IT'S AN AUSTRIAN THAT BITES THE DUST

FALL 1907

Austria (Blair Cusack, General Delivery, Revelstoke BC, VOE 250 Canada): f gre s Tf ion, a ven-apu (f adr s), a tyo-ven (a tri s), a gal-boh (a vie s) /a gal d bud rum otb/.

England (Evans Givan, 8066 Camstock Ct, Citrus Hts CA 95610-4606): f cly, f nth, f bel, f den, a hol, a kie, & a ber all ~~wind~~ ~~but~~ hold; a boh-gal (a sil s, a war s), a pru & a mos s a war, a lvn s a mos.

France (Greg Ellis, 700 Rio Grande, Austin TX 78701): a mun-tyo, a bur-mun, a pie-ven (a rom s, a tus s), f gol-tyr (f tun s), f tyn-nap, f apu-adr /a/.

Turkey (Mark Luedi, Box 2424, Blomington IN 47402): a ukr s Aa gal /otm/, a sev s a ukr, f ion h (f aeg s).

E/F draw--Austria votes no, England, France & Turkey vote yes. Austria proposes AEFT draw, England repropose EF draw. Deadline for votes, Autumn retreat, Winter adjustments, and Spring 1908 moves is 9pm, 15 January 1985.

Winter 1907 supply center chart

A	home ser gre bul rum <del>win</del>	8/7 even or -1, based on retreat
E	home nrw den hol swe bel kie stp ber war mos	13/13 even
F	home spa por tun mun rom nap VEN	9/10 -2
T	home sev	4/4 even

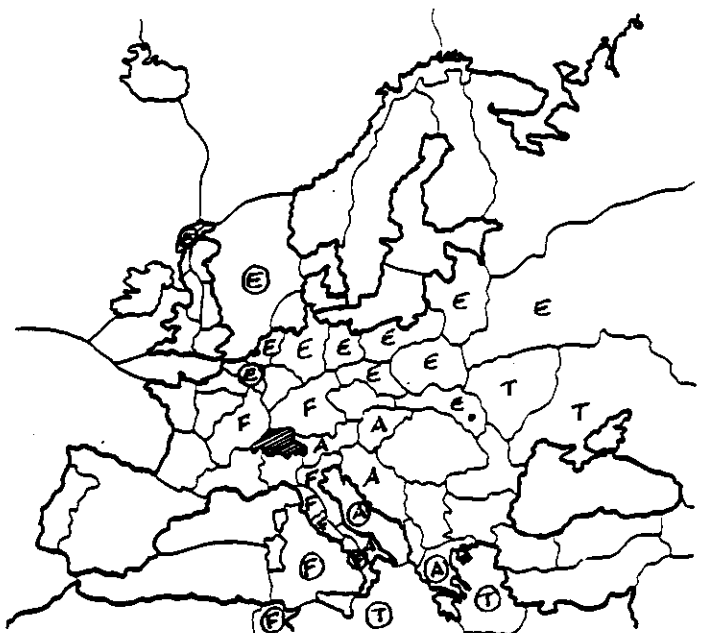
E to A/T: Give up. You can't win. You can't share. You can only place.

England to France: Good job, for a writer of weekly serials.

England to GM: Is this the proper time and place to point out or gloat about the resounding defeat of the champion of bleedin' heart liberals? It is? OK!

Har de har. Next time, maybe they can run a baby baboon and an illegal alien. That will get out the vote.

UTA to England: Yes, this is the time and place. And you gloat so well. It's too bad Ronnie Ray-gun couldn't get a heart transplant while he was in Louisville--even artificial is better than nothin'. More elsewhere, maybe.



## 1983HC-Mimir

GERMANS ARE RED IN THE FACE, AUSTRIANS GET A BLACK EYE!

Corrections to Spring 1905: f tri-ven succeeds, as shown on map; omitted "a kie s a mun" but map was correct.

Summer 1905: Russia retreats a boh-sil.

FALL 1905

Austria (Ed Henry, 4072 SW Hanford, Seattle WA 98116): a bul h /d r ser otb/, f ven-tri /d r adr apu otb/, a bud-tri, a boh-gal (a vie s) /a boh d r tyo otb/

England (John Crosby, 830 Hunterhill Tr, Roswell GA 30075): a edi-lvp /d r yor otb/.

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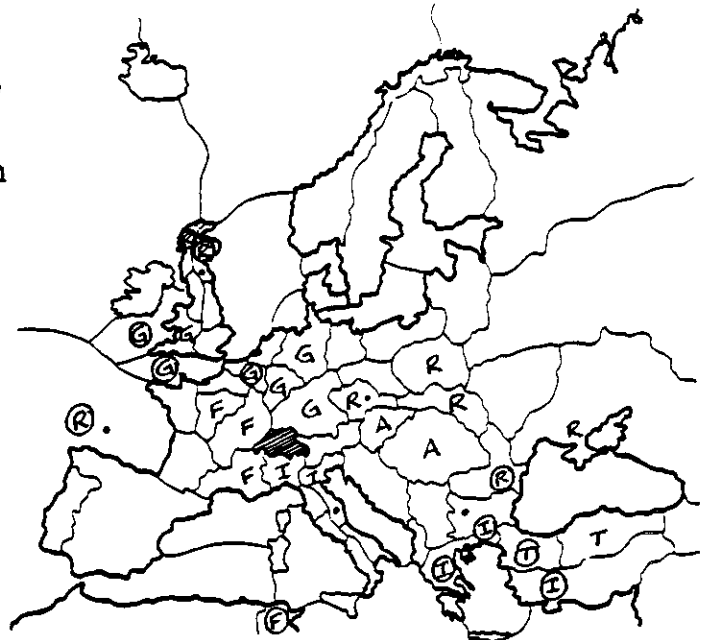
France (Bob Sweeney, 614 Custer, Fort Leavenworth KS 66027): f wes-tun, f mid-bre /d r gas spa por wes naf otb/, a par-bre, a bur s Aa boh-mun /nso/, a mar s a bur.

Germany (Greg Ellis, 700 Rio Grande, Austin TX 78701): a wal-lvp, f iri & f eng s Rf nao-mid, f nth-bel, a mun s Ra sil-boh (a ruh & a kie s a mun).

Italy (Matt Kazur, Box 5492, Washington DC 20016): f smy h, f aeg-bul/sc (f gre s), a tyo-ven (a pie s).

Russia (Pierre Touchette, 1 rue Georges, Masson Quebec, JOX 2H0 Canada): a sil-boh (a gal s), a war s a gal, f rum s If gre-bul/sc /nso/ (a sev s), f nao-mid, f nwg-edi (f cly s).

Turkey (Evans Givan, 8066 Camstock Ct, Citrus Hts CA 95610-4606): f con s If aeg-bul/sc (a ank s).



Winter 1905 supply center chart

A	vie bud tri ser	<del>WZ</del> <del>CON</del>	6/4	-1*
E	lvp		1/1	even*
F	par mar bre spa por	TUN	5/6	-1
G	mun kie ber hol den bel lon		7/7	even
I	ven rom nap <del>WZ</del> gre	BUL SMY	5/6	-1
R	stp mos war sev swe nwy rum edi		8/8	even
T	ank <del>WZ</del> CON		2/2	even

**TWO-WEEK DEADLINE:** Because of the complexity of Autumn retreats and Winter adjustments, and because we have some extra time this turn, Autumn and Winter ONLY are due 9pm 18 DECEMBER 1984.

Spring 1906 will be due 9pm, 15 January 1985. Get those builds and retreats in NOW!

France: The Paris Gazette reports the untimely death of the German Minister of War--Msr. Pikel. It is hoped (but doubted) that cooler German heads will prevail in the upcoming years...

France to World: Does anyone else notice how STRONG G/R is getting? (with Italy's temporary help)

StP: No surprise!

France to Austria: Where did I put your address?

Germany to F/I/A: Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda...

UTA to France: He seems to have a slightly different view of the alliance structure around here.

Germany to France: I'm Greg now.

StP to Berlin: Greg, let's say that it's YES.

StP to Constantinople: Yes!

StP to Vienna: No! Ashamed, aren't you? ((I think that's what he wrote...))

Vienna: Fleet Constantinople, manned entirely by renegade Russians and Italians, finally pulled the plug.

StP to Rome: Yes or no!

Italy to Austria: Why did you build a fleet when you knew it would cost you two centers? You seem like a firm believer in stubbornness for stubbornness' sake.

Austria to Italy: Save your stamps for chain letters, or other profitable pursuits...

StP: French stuff? Yes, you can read that; you know, "Dictionary".

UTA: Hold it Pierre. I'm a linguist--a dictionary alone does not mean you'll be able to translate (if it did, the market for linguists would shrink severely).

Turkey to France: You going to let Germany into the Med? If you do, I'll suicide out on you. And I'll give your address to James Wall.

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LOL to CR: Crossgaming? Naughty boy.

Publisher to Woz: See SnowFight 2 below for details.

London to UTA: Why do you keep splitting our press into so much filler? You're spoiling our enjoyment, not to mention our attempts at ego-boosting.

UTA to London: Partial explanation lastish, more this time. One other reason was to goad the players in the other games to write!

London to UTA: Players should be allowed to dateline press from any city they control. It can make for a much more interesting situation. Besides, we all know that Rollin isn't capable of the "Storm Drain Trooper" press. He's forgotten how to write.

UTA: And how to move, also.

UNAM to UTA: "Comp. Sci."? "engineering"? Shucks, no! Estoy aprendiendo español al Universidad Nacional Automata de México (UNAM). It's a branch of the University of Mexico here in San Antonio.

UTA: CS and engr. were my guesses on John's field of study. I had two years of high school Spanish (in addition to 4 of German, plus 4 of German and 2 of Japanese, and 1 of American Sign Language, in college), but I've forgotten nearly all of it. So we have me at UTA, Dave at TCU, Pat at LSU, and Rob tells me his company (Hughes?) is paying him to go back to school (USC?).

UNAM to UTA, LSU, TCU, SMU, OSU, USC, MIT, UCLA ((YECCCH!)), IBM, ABC, XYZ, NBC, CBS, PBS, GMC, GNP, GOP, NYSE, AM/FM, AC/DC, LS/MFT, P's&Q's, M&M's, &c: What is this? Perelandra's "Alphabet Soup" press game? I like PBM Dip because the mailman brings me so many           .

UTA: Okay, contest time. Fill in that blank, everybody.

Paris to Burgundy: Obviously, you forgot to consult your prophetic lizard before moving into Burgundy, you reptile!

Rome: Today His Holeyness the Popejr., champion of the little people, signed into law the first admendment to the 10 Commandments:

#11--Thow Shall Corrispond!

and in the speach that followed explained how silence & suspicion are the work of the Devil. He called upon all good Christian soldiers to send forth episals of good will and to work harmoniously to rid the map of all those who do the Devil's work.

UTA: Sic. JR, I need your permission to edit press for spelling, but your handwriting is a joy. Russia has paid the penalty for his sin, at the hands of the good Christian...Turk??

TASS to AUS: You're welcome for the NMR. Perhaps you can return the favor some season. What's that? So soon? Oh, well, we all make mistakes. DIJAD(oggone) H! I am very glad you don't quit when your position has been "irrevocably ruined".

London: The British Invasion have climbed to the top of the charts once again with Political Rock, this time a tribute to England's foremost military commander:

Lizzie on the Sly with Demons

Picture yourself entranced by a beauty

Whose sensual pout makes every man sigh.

Suddenly you're helpless, she's grinning so wicked

The girl with the world in her eye -

- Lizzie on the Sly with Demons -

Jimmy the Frog had fallen so heavy

Her whim was his every command

He split his forces and she stabbed the poor boy

She used him and left him unmanned -

-Lizzie on the Sly with Demons -

Something so wicked, born of the devil

Lurks behind that siren's disguise.

She feeds on your trust and the blood that you've lost

And you're gone -

- Lizzie on the Sly with Demons -

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Turkey to Italy: Now, why would I be helping somebody who has one of my dots?  
Beats me.

UTA to Turkey: Because you're a wimp? Or because you're a Killer?

Turkey to Onlookers: See, this game is really confusing. I've been in it about 6 months and I still don't know what I'm doing. Also, I don't know what anybody else is doing. And neither do they. Mostly we submit random orders, and spend our time trying to figure out what is happening in Woz or reading Xeno.

UTA to Mimir: Well, here's your chance to avoid Xeno this month...

## 1984W - Woz

CAN TURKEY'S ILL-GOTTEN GAINS STOP THE SINGING PLUMBERS?

Summer 1903: Russia nmrs. a rum a.

FALL 1903

Austria (Dave Bruss, TCUnbeleeveable Box 30644, Fort Worth TX 76129): f gre-ion, a ser-gre, a tri-vie (a bud s).

England (Pat Conlon, Box 17014 LSU, Baton Rouge LA 70893): f nwy h, f nth-nwg, f lon-eng (f iri s), f bre h (a pic s), a par-gas (G s).

France (Jim Makuc, 2 Forest Pk Ln, Ivy House #214 Cornell U., Ithaca NY 14853): f mid-nao, f spa/sc-mid, a gas-mar, a tun-spa /imp/.

Germany (Rob Wittmond, 2723 Vanderbilt Ln #5, Redondo Beach CA 90278): f swe h, f bal-den, a sil-war, a war-mos (a lvn s), a bur s Ea par-gas (a mun s).

Italy (J.R. Baker, 3100 Meadow Ln N, Dickinson TX 77539): f wes-tun (f ion s), a ven-tri (a tyo s).

Russia (Mike Rollin, 4 Trailhouse Ct, Rockville MD 20850): nmr. a ukr u, f sev u /a/.

Turkey (John Walker, 4819 Corian Oak, San Antonio TX 78219): a arm-sev (f bla s, a rum s), a bul s a rum.

Winter 1903 supply center chart

A	bud gre <del>XX</del> ser VIE	4/4	even
E	lon lvp edi nwy bel par stp BRE	7/8	build one
F	<del>XX</del> mar spa por tun	5/4	but even
G	mun kie ber hol den swe war MOS	7/8	build one
I	ven rom nap <del>XX</del> TRI	4/4	even
R	<del>XX</del> <del>XX</del> <del>XX</del>	3/0	out. Out?! What?!
T	con ank smy bul RUM SEV	4/6	build two

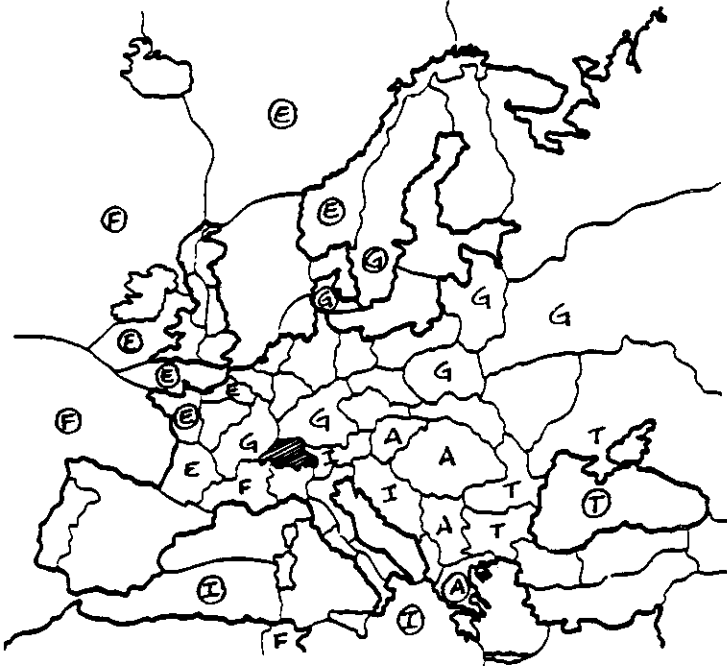
So Boris Badinov bites the big one. I would have liked to hear more from him, but I know Mike is probably relieved to see this end for him. Deadline for Winter builds and Spring 1904 orders is 4pm 16 December 1984. That's a Sunday night and I will not be home after 4, so if you must call in orders better do it Saturday!

TCU to UTA: How 'bout them Frogs? I'd rather see the Sidekicks play the Chicago Sting ((Major Indoor Soccer League)), than a Mavs' game.

UNAM ((Walker)) to UTA & TCU: 5-2? 6-1? Big deal! UNAM is undefeated and untied!

UTA to UNAM: Are they also unplayed?

TCU: Sorry for not writing this turn--busy with tests and all. Will write better next time.





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Nachrichten für Berlin (excerpt): The High Command announced today that, in line with Germany's historic mission to bring the benefits of German Kultur to the world, the 2nd Storm Drain Troopers, who have recently done such great work in Warsaw, are moving to Moscow to try and repeat their success. Because of the magnitude of the project they will be supported by the 1st Storm Drain Troopers, who have been working on irrigation projects in Livonia. The Troopers operations in Warsaw will be taken over by the 1st Bavarian Army, now in Silesia, provided they can stay sober long enough to do so.

On the western front, Operation "Save the Wine" has been a complete success. The Burgundian wineries are now well-protected and the uninterrupted flow of wine is assured. The only bad news is that Field Marshal von Bierundpretzels has not yet been able to meet the British commander "Lucky Liz", despite his having visited most of the bordellos and cabarets in Paris.

WOZBUSTERS (Turkish Area Scandal Service): Word of strange happenings has passed from Wozzian to Wozzian. Far and wide, Wozzites talk of Russians who no longer rush, Celts who no longer sell, French who no longer ... uh, well, umm. ((UTA: Celts is pronounced "kelts", no matter what the NBA says.))

No longer do the happy Wozzians laugh as yet another Italian government enters through the Roman Revolving Door. Not even one Wozzure cracks a joke about the Italian who snuck into Government House through the kitchen door disguised as a junior baker and quickly took charge (Visa or M/C).

But the Wozzooms are hearty and have never been able to find laurels comfortable enough to rest on (Hardy's was the "comfortable" one). There are rumors that a horde of Wozzums under the command of the famous General Bierundburps are even now on the march to stop such rambling press as this!

Rest easy, Pere reader, and sleep well tonight, for soon the Wozzese will be in your dreams -- just don't feed them after midnight.

UTA: It's only 10:30, but the gremlins in my eyelids say "Sack out, stupid!" This press is fun--after it's typed. See you again in two weeks; meantime, let's get to the last of the gaming for this issue (and also, as it turns out, the least!)...

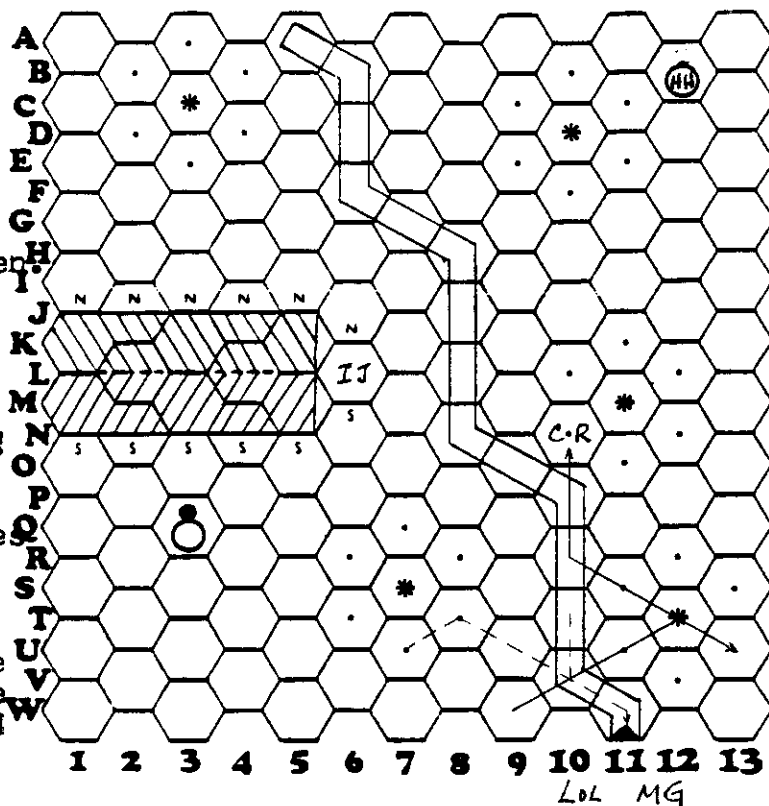
## ASF2 - Forochel

WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE?

TURN SIX, all three segments  
Ice Jackal falls asleep yet again! This time he's mesmerized by the quick movement around the door, as Mystery Guest and Little Ol' Lady both reach the kitchen. Chicago Rocket is also moving--over to the side of the yard--and picks up two snowballs while slowly advancing on the remaining players.

With Jackal nmrng, Houston Halfling knows just what to do: throw for the gut! His first toss is right on the mark, but the second one sails high, smashing up against the side of the shed. He grumbles about his bad luck (see press) but goes back to replenishing his supply.

(Yes, action greatly compressed this time since there wasn't much of it. Stats are on the next page, along with deadline and press.)



LoL MG

# Herelandra

CR--Dave Bruss, TCU Box 30644, Fort Worth TX 76129; HH--Greg Ellis, 700 Rio Grande, Austin TX 78701; IJ--Don Williams, 217-B Craig Ct, Redlands CA 92374; LOL--J.R. Baker, 3100 Meadow Ln N, Dickinson TX 77539; MG--who knows? Addresses will not be printed again. Deadline is 9pm, 20 December 1984 (Thursday); LOL and MG will begin their turns at the start of Segment 2 (Turn 7) on W11, but may not end there (e.g., both of you scoot!). REMEMBER, THAT'S A SHORT DEADLINE FOR THIS GAME, SINCE THERE'S NO NEGOTIATIONS GOING ON ANYWAY.

Attacks on IJ this time: HH/rr/85/\*\* and HH/rr/85/--. Standings:

Press:

	<u>name</u>	<u>loc</u>	<u>hp</u>	<u>vp</u>	<u>ammo</u>
CR to UTA: Sorry about the press but it was written at 3:00 am following an all-nighter.	CR	N10	4	5	2sb
UTA to TCU Soul Brother: I can dig it.	HH	B12	3	10	2sb
HH to CR: Hey, as long as Jackass is between us...?	IJ	L6	9	6	5sb
HH to SF: How did a 90% Demon miss?	LOL*	K	10	4	2sb
Snow Fort to HH: Just barely. (96, Greg)	MG*	K	10	7	2sb

\*stats as of when they return

CR to UTA: I still want to see the Sidekicks play against the Chicago Sting. (I'd like to take my girlfriend, but if you'd like the chance to meet your company is more than welcome.)

UTA to CR: Never let it be said that I came between a friend and his flame. I will probably wait until I can take someone else to see the L.A. Lazers.

HH to IJ: Picking on a Little Ol' Lady like that! Why don't you pick on somebody your own size, like the Rocket over there.

HH to LOL: Knock down CR on your way to the kitchen. How about a new category for Texas Bull: Best Snow Warrior?

SM to uninitiated: TB is J.R.'s zine for a Texas Dip poll.

Mystery to SM: I didn't fall! I was tripped! HH left his sled on the lawn last night and it got covered with snow. I think he should lose 2hps for not putting his toys away. If I hadn't had so many clothes on, I coulda hurt myself.

HH to LOL: When you see MG with some of his/her clothes off, let me know who it is.

SnowFort to Forochel: I think I'll send you all to the kitchen, I get better press out of there! And with IJ calling for a striptease from outside...

Mystery to Ice Jackal: Wash your mouth out with snow! What kinda kid do you think I am?

HH to SF: Can I run over to that shed and kick in Don's snow balls?

SF to HH: Sorry, you can run over but he has them well guarded by an attack-trained goose.

HH to MG: Ya missed me, ya missed me, now ya gotta dry yer socks!

MG to SM: Is there any cocoa around here?

SM to HH: Looks like the socks will have to wait. ...Over here, love.

MG to SM: Where's a towel? My hair is still wet.

SM to MG: Well, move over by the stove.

MG to SM: Can you help me take off my boots?

SM to MG: Yes, just a minute! ...Tthhhere!

MG to SM: How do you turn on the stove? I want to heat some milk.

SM to MG: The blue knob on the left.

MG to SM: Do you have any marshmallows?

SnowMaster to Mystery Guest: Yes, for crying out loud! Right above the sink! You've been in here before--aren't you a big girl enough to remember that??!

MG to SM: Gee, sniff, you don't have to shout at me. Sniff.

Sm to Mg: Aww, I'm sorry, hon. Don't feel bad. You know you were giving away your identity with the whole dialogue thing anyhow. C'mon, cheer up.

MG to SM: Could I have a tissue?

SM to MG: Sure, here. Now, look up, we've got company. Little Ol' Lady's just out on the porch, see? Put on a bright face--that's better. In case it helps,

# Perelandra

two of 'em already had you pegged. Now, here she is...  
LOL: Oh (she sighed as she entered the kitchen), it's sooo nice in here. First things first--

2 teaspoons brown sugar  
1 teaspoon butter  
1 teaspoon cocoa  
a dash of cloves  
2 tablespoons rum, no, make it 3

Fill with hot water & stir with a cinnamon stick -- here you go, Mystery my dear, this should take the chill out, and unlike other medicines this tastes good! (But if you put enough rum in, anything will taste good.) Now, let me help you off with those dreadfully wet things, dearie.

Just one look at those lovely dark eyes and I can see why they call you Mystery! Have you ever tried putting the Evil Eye on one of those boys? Here, let me show you, we can start on Ice Jackal...

SnowMaster to Forochel: Boy, this is a Little OLD Lady! Her "Evil Eye" worked! I wonder...does she sell apples to dwarves' housekeepers? Anyway...

LOL: But where are my manners, let's get those damp rags off and in the dryer; there, that's better.

Why, child, you're hardly anything but skin and bones! We'll have to fatten you up a bit; another toddy? Let's make some Snowballs:

2 eggs  
1 cup sugar  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped dates

OK, Dearie, mix all this up in that skillet - low heat - and cook it until it thickens (about ten minutes). Boy, would I like to use that skillet on Chicago Rocket's fat head. But I might damage a good skillet. Yes, that looks about right--now stir in

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped nuts  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon rum--no, a little more  
2 cups of crushed Rice Chex

Now mix it up real good, Dearie, and let it cool while you help me find the  $3\frac{1}{2}$  oz. can of shredded coconut.

How about another little toddy?

Ah - here we are. Now, put a spoonful of that mixture over here on the coconut and roll it around 'til it makes a Snowball, about  $1\frac{1}{4}$ " around. Now we'll have about 4 dozen to plaster the boys with! Now let's go soak in the hot tub while we wait. Eat your hearts out, boys!

SnowMaster to LOL: You'll have to eat all of those--you're only allowed to take two with you.

SnowMaster to Forochel: What have I done?? It's another Chomps & Miams here!

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## The Op-Ed Page

the Runestone Poll and Bruce Linsey

In the immortal words of ... no, I used that one, didn't I?

If you hesitate to read this because you dislike feuds, keep reading. I do not and will not feud. Every person mentioned here who is still active in the hobby receives Perelandra, and I am at least on speaking terms, if not good friends, with all of them. That should not change as a result of this editorial.

Further, all parties have the right to reply--but I will edit letters for length, and will edit out inflammatory, unreasonable, or slanderous material.

# Herelandra

After all, what's an editor for?

Bruce Linsey, publisher of Echo of Doom (formerly Voice of Doom), has been chosen by Randolph Smyth to supervise the 1985 Runestone Poll. Bruce generates, by his own admission, controversy--VoD was widely enjoyed for its topical arguments, and Bruce is very outspoken.

This is fine. John Michalski was far more irritating and he is now generally admired for his contribution to the hobby. The problem now is that more serious controversy has risen around Bruce. Jim Meinel, in a mass mailing, has requested that the hobby choose a different pollster because of Bruce's reputation and charges being levelled against him. First, the controversy, then why I wonder whether the hobby should support Randolph's current choice.

There are several charges against Bruce which remain unsubstantiated to me (ie, I have not seen any supporting evidence). Some are clearly fabrication or hyperbole--if Bruce did everything he is accused of he would not have had time to hold down a job. Also, Bruce has denied these.

But the substantiated charges remain. First, Bruce made long-distance phone calls to hobby members which he tried to bill to unsuspecting third parties. There has been more than one instance, and the phone company has been forced to demand payment from Bruce. The question has been raised, considering this, whether Bruce would be scrupulously honest in an evaluation of his own zine and subzine in the Poll.

Second, and more seriously, Bruce complained to Bill Highfield's Navy ROTC commander about 'death threats' Bill had made, 'threats' to Bruce mailed to other Dipsters. While the outcome is still unclear (Bill left the hobby and dropped out of school and ROTC, but indicated that folding his zine was due mainly to disagreements elsewhere in the hobby), Bruce endangered Bill's Navy career unnecessarily, without cause, and possibly vindictively.

Bruce has said that his letter to ROTC was prompted only by fear of Bill's threats. I feel this is an unreasonable response because:

1. Bill's 'threats' were a form of rhetoric. He usually used phrases like "I'll kill you!" or "Death to (X)" to indicate the intensity of his political beliefs. In most contexts this was obvious: in late 1982 he 'threatened' Mario Cuomo and Daniel Moynahan; in early 1983 he 'threatened' me twice because he found out I was a socialist and because I owned an imported truck (I have never taken these seriously); and in August 1983 he 'threatened' Keith Sesler because Keith had parodied Bill as a Communist (when in fact Bill's nationalism and militarism were often exaggerated to the level of satire).

2. In another context, when Bill and Bruce were on good terms in April of 1983, Bill used "I'll kill ya, OK?" in what is clearly a friendly, joking manner.

3. In early September last year, Bill and Bruce were at odds, apparently over Bill's friendship with a former student of Bruce's. Whatever the source of the tension, Bill wrote a calm letter to Bruce trying to repair the relationship--not the act of an angry would-be killer.

4. In late October, then, Bruce responded very formally, warning Bill to stop or he would report him to the authorities. Bill issued no further 'threats' after he was warned.

It appears Bruce's action may have been merely vindictive since at this time he refused to repay a debt he had incurred to Bill; his 'warning' letter to Bill is very menacing, pointing out that Bruce had already contacted Federal authorities about Bill's language; and, even after Bill ceased, Bruce still went to the ROTC in late January 1984. None of this qualifies Bruce for a position of responsibility in the hobby.

I reject the ugly labels attached to Bruce by other zines. I have no documentation except on these two subjects, so for me Bruce is proved guilty of no

# Herelandra

more than extreme insensitivity and a severelack of judgment. But Bruce has several enemies, notably Jim Meinel, Terry Tallman, and Steve Langley, who are convinced of his unethical pattern. Some Dipsters wonder whether Bruce will be honest in reporting evaluations of their zines in the Poll.

Whatever you think about Bruce, you must realize that Randolph has every right to give him the Poll. This hobby's tradition, in every public office such as the Boardman Number Custodian, is for the current public servant to name his own successor. They have the right to ensure that the job will be conducted in a fashion they approve of, and the people we trust for the job should also be trusted in this. The alternative is a hobby-wide plebescite every time a custodian resigns.

Also, there is very little good in the proposal for a substitute poll. It would divide the hobby into two camps, based on nothing but hearsay and innuendo. Also, I feel the hobby does need a single major poll (for many unrelated reasons) while a boycott poll would defeat just this purpose.

I have already told several people that I would support Bruce Linsey. I apologize to those of you, but I have changed my mind. I do not believe I can send a ballot to Bruce, thereby validating his being entrusted with this responsibility. Likewise, I will probably send my Zine Register form on to Roy Hendricks directly (though I realize I may have given a different impression in the Vital Statistics). However, I cannot encourage a substitute poll, on the basis of hobby unity and organization. My only apparent course is not to vote, unless Randolph appoints a new pollster.

Fortune has provided a couple of months to think about all of this, and the ruminations above are only the start. But you'll have to go elsewhere for more on the feuds. I will try to keep the discussion here limited to the Poll and ZR. Try, he said.

## SOCIETY FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF GOOD ENGLISH

Headquarters: 65 Woodland Road Pittsford, N.Y. 14534

SAGE is a national organization of private citizens who are alert to misuse of the English language in advertising, media, and publishing. They notify editors, writers and ad firms of errors in printed matter. For more detailed information, write to the address above. Membership is \$5 per year and has several benefits, including the privilege of participating in the selection of the recipients of the Award of Merit and the Dunce Cap of the Year.

John Walker has developed a form for submitting orders in postal games. (An 'order blank'?) I'm interested to see whether any others of you have such a device (I don't know of any players here who use one)--send me a copy.

Well, have I actually finished this thing? I've had a tension headache for three straight days now. P is not the culprit; you see, I found out two weeks ago (AFTER the deadline to withdraw from classes) that one of the courses I'm currently enrolled in, a course that I find boring and irrelevant, is NOT required for the M.A. This means I've been wasting my time in it. Add that to a sputtering truck and strange hours (stayed up till 5 twice this week) and the headache is understandable. But the zine will go out on time tomorrow, and I'm going to see "Buckaroo Banzai" at last (!!) so I may be in much better sorts after the weekend. Hope the movie is wierd enough. ...Love someone this month that needs it, in honor of the Author of Christmas. And my love to you, in His name,

Pete

# The Last Word

Arthur Simon, whom I excerpted earlier, has brother Paul--formerly an Illinois Congressman, now Senator.

These are selections from his book The Tongue-Tied American:


The ultimate aim of security is to keep this nation safe from a foreign attack. It is impossible to keep our country secure and to protect our citizens abroad unless the world's oppressed have some sense of hope, unless the world's merchants are able to trade without fear of violence, and unless the world's armies are free of constant apprehension and are not too taut. To move in that direction--literally, the direction of survival--it is imperative that U.S. policy be geared toward (1) understanding potential foes; (2) reinforcing ties of friendship with allies and with potential adversaries; and (3) communicating directly with the millions of the world's most desperate peoples.

...Rarely in the history of nations do we find that it did any harm for the leaders and peoples of two nations to talk to one another. The lesson of history is that the dangers almost always exist in not talking.

...Unless we create special incentives for our people to learn Hindi, Urdu, and a host of other languages now almost totally ignored, we invite uninformed decision-making--decision-making that misunderstands the public mood and may hurt the very people we hope to help. ((He points out that nobody in the Foreign Service political section could speak Farsi during Iran's 1978 revolution, and that of 120 Western news correspondents there, only one could--Andrew Whitley of the BBC and the London Financial Times.)

...We would regard with pity and some contempt a foreign ambassador or lesser diplomat in Wash. who could neither speak English nor read the Post.

F J Gaughan  
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Dallas, Texas 75236

  
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still seek  
Him

Rod Walker  
1273 Crest Dr.  
Encinitas, CA 92024

We trade  Erewon  
Your sub ends with issue

First Class Mail